

EXTRAORDINARY

**LIFE AND CHARACTER**

OF

**MARY BATEMAN,**

THE

**YORKSHIRE WITCH;**

TRACED

FROM THE EARLIEST THEFTS OF HER INFANCY,

THROUGH A

MOST AWFUL COURSE OF CRIMES AND MURDERS,

TILL

**HER EXECUTION** at the **NEW DROP**, near the **CASTLE** of **YORK**,

ON MONDAY THE TWENTIETH OF MARCH, 1809.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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**I**T is the province of history, impartially to record the actions of men and nations, with a view to the instruction of posterity. The scenes of history are extremely wide and spacious; and they every where afford the most ample scope for thought and reflection. Its treasures are inexhaustible; they have been accumulating from the earliest periods of society, and he who neglects to avail himself of them, for the regulation and conduct of life, moves in a contracted sphere, and acts an injudicious part.

Among the various branches of history, the **CRI-MINAL RECORDS** of all nations have claimed a considerable share of legislative attention, and of private study. Here human nature is exhibited in its darkest shades. Here the seeds of vice are traced in all the stages of their growth, to a maturity of the grossest crimes; the recesses and depravity of the heart are laid open, and the inefficacy of the most cautious concealment is so made manifest, as to carry full conviction to the mind.

Here giddy and unwary youth, ever more inclined to follow passion, than the sober dictates of experience and age, see the abyss laid open; they then recoil at crimes, and shrink from every propensity which leads to inevitable ruin. Reflection and fear are the barriers of safety on either hand. The consequences of idleness, gaming, intemperance and bad company, are fully explored. They see a multitude of young and neglected people, who perhaps in the early progress of vice, did not intend to go

beyond a certain line ; yet, after a while, the feeble grasp of resolution gave way to the pressure of temptation, and the torrent rolled them away into the vortex of irretrievable ruin. Thus vicious by habit, impelled by wants, and allured by incitements, they became desperate and hardened, and stopped at nothing to accomplish the gratification of their wishes.

The Magistrate also may here study his duty ; and, in fact, this is the chief school in which he should acquire knowledge, and qualify himself to act with vigour and effect. Contemplating on a broad scale the consequences of crimes ; and minutely tracing their origin and progress, he will see the necessity of nipping vice in the bud ; as the prevention of crimes, is in every view, preferable to the punishment. And that magistrate, who with a fortitude undismayed, inforces industry, empties the haunts of infamy, and subjects the public houses to regulation and controul, must be regarded as one of the first guardians of the public weal, and God's best gift to his country.

And if the study of this branch of history be interesting and instructive to every class of men, it must be peculiarly so to youth ; and well selected cases of this nature must be a desideratum in every virtuous family.

The recent case of Mary Bateman, almost unrivalled in the annals of British atrocities, will be found an interesting narrative. And the other narratives, which shall follow in a series of numbers, will be found admirably well adapted to interest and improve the heart, and convey to the mind that rational and moral instruction ; which should ever be the first object of all our reading and study.

*LIFE, &c.*

OF

## MARY BATEMAN.

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**M**ARY BATEMAN, the subject of this tragic memoir, was born at Aisenby, in the parish of Topcliffe, near Thirsk, in the North-riding of this county, in the year 1768. Her maiden name was Harker, and her parents, small farmers at that place, have always maintained a reputable character.

So early as at five years of age, Mary Bateman began to display a knavish and vicious disposition. At that age, she stole a pair of morocco shoes, and secreted them for some months in her father's barn; at length she brought them out and pretended she had found them, but an enquiry proved that this was only one of those fraudulent devices which so strongly marked her future life. It is not uncommon for children to discover early propensities to vice, but it certainly is the duty of a parent, under the like circumstances, to bring his child before the offended person, and after a full discovery of the little plot, make it ask forgiveness in such a way as shall completely deter it from repeating the same fault. This apparently is the only sure way to eradicate vice, and instill the principles of truth and virtue.

At so early an age she forfeited the confidence of her friends, and her subsequent behaviour was not calculated to regain it. Many were the frauds and falsehoods which she practised in her juvenile years; but we pass them over, to hasten to those flagrant acts of fraud, artifice and cruelty, which, in her more advanced life, have rendered her so notorious.

About the year 1780, she left her father's house, and became a servant in Thirsk. In that town and neighbourhood she lived in various places, and quitted them under very suspicious circumstances. About the year 1787, she left

Thirsk for York, and lived near a year in that city as a domestic servant; at length she was detected in some pilfering tricks, and left her place in disgrace, leaving behind her both her clothes and wages, From York she came to Leeds, this was in the year 1783.

During the time she had been in service, she had lived with a mantua-maker, and being naturally of a very sharp and active disposition, contrived to pick up so much of the art as enabled her to do a little business in that way, mixing with it a certain share of witchcraft, and making up the deficiencies of one concern, by the productive properties of the other. She was employed as a mantua-maker, when John Bateman, first became acquainted with her; in the year 1792, after a courtship of three weeks, they married, and strikingly verified the adage, that "short acquaintance makes long repentance."

From this period she began to make a figure as a thief, a witch, and a smooth-tongued deceiver. As soon as they were married, not having a house of their own, they went into furnished lodgings, in High-court-lane, Leeds. Not more than two months had passed over their heads before Mrs. Bateman broke open the box of a fellow lodger, and stole from it his watch, some silver spoons, and two guineas. This affair she got over by restoring the stolen property.— That she should rob other people's lodgers cannot be wondered at, when it is known that she robbed her own; a young man of the name of DIXON, who lodged with Bateman's when they were house-keepers, had as he thought frequently missed small sums of money out of his box; at length two guineas disappeared, and a strict enquiry proved that his hostess was the offender; he threatened, and she protested her innocence, but at length agreed to hush up the disgraceful business by returning him his money.

Some time after this she went to a linen-draper's, in Leeds, in the name of Miss Stephenson, and begged that they would send materials for three silk petticoats, one of which the said Miss Stephenson would keep, and return the other two. The articles were sent—and two of them returned, the other she retained, and directed that it should be charged to Miss Stephenson.

At another time she got a gown-piece and two webs of cloth, in the name of Mrs. Smith; and at another, a piece of flannel, in the same fraudulent way.

About a year after their marriage, they took a house in Mr. Wells's yard, and furnished it in a tolerable comfortable manner; when one day, soon after post time, she went to the shop where her husband was at work with a letter, apparently overwhelmed with sorrow; this letter purported to be from Thirsk, where her husband's relations lived; and stated, that his father, who was the sexton and town's cryer of that place, had taken a dangerous illness, and intrusted Bateman, if he wished to see his father alive, to hasten off to Thirsk directly. He laid down his tools, borrowed a small sum of his master, to defray the expences of his journey, and set off on the spur of the moment. Judge what must have been his surprise, when, on entering the town, he saw his *dying father* in the streets, crying, "To be sold by auction, &c." "I am glad," said the astonished son to his father, "to see you so much better." "Better," said his father, "nothing has *ailed* me." An explanation then took place, and it appeared that the letter was all a fabrication of this wicked woman's. The husband returned to Leeds enraged at the trick that had been put upon him, but quite at a loss to guess the motive. The motive, however, became sufficiently obvious at his return—she had, in his absence, dismantled the house, sold every article of the furniture, and appropriated the money, as she said, and as was probably the fact, to hush up some robbery she had committed.

Some time after this Bateman went to see his friends, and in his absence she sold his clothes, along with many other things that she had stolen from a neighbouring taylor.

In the year 1796, a tremendous fire broke out in a large manufactory in this town, and by the falling of one of the walls, many unfortunate people lost their lives. This calamity which harrowed up the feelings of every individual in the town and neighbourhood, of common sensibility, Mary Bateman improved to the purposes of her wicked frauds. She went to Miss Maude, a lady known for her charitable and humane disposition, and telling her that the child of a poor woman had fallen a victim amongst the rest, and that she had not linen to lay the child out on, begged she would for pity's sake lend her a pair of sheets—this request was complied with; but the sheets, instead of being applied to such benevolent purpose, were pledged at a pawnbroker's shop. Three similar instances occurred at the same time, and all the sheets were disposed of in the same way by this abandoned woman. Nor did her frauds from this calamity

end here. She went round the town, representing herself as a nurse at the General Infirmary, and collecting all the old linen she could beg to dress the wounds, as she said, of the patients who had been brought into the Infirmary, but in reality to dispose of them for her own emolument.

Impositions and frauds committed against benevolence, are peculiarly atrocious; and it were much to be wished that the benevolent, who are most disposed to pardon an impostor, would bring the delinquent to justice. Had severer measures been taken with the subject of this history, it might have saved the lives of several deserving people.

Bateman, disgusted with his wife's vile practices which were indiscriminately played off upon friend and foe—upon her husband and upon strangers, entered into the supplementary militia, but he took with him his plague, that is, his wife. And here a wide field opened for a woman of her disposition. She practised her old arts, and learnt fresh ones. Of her exploits while in this situation we have no information sufficiently specific, to lay before the public; but when she quitted the army with her husband in the year 1799, on their return to Leeds, they took up their residence in Marsh-Lane, near Timble-Bridge; Mary then began to practise on a large scale; the two grand qualifications by which she was distinguished in the estimation of love-sick girls, and nervous women, viz. *fortune telling* and *charms*. In both of these occult sciences she had acquired a perfection of knowledge. And if any consideration could awe and deter the credulous fair from paying attention to impostors of this description, it surely would be the punishment that awaited this worst of women. She could on all occasions foretell the fortune of another; but could by no means perceive the dark and lowering cloud suspended over her own head. Mary Bateman had no doubt, in the early part of life been a consulter of fortune-tellers; but her keen perceptions saw through the cheat; and having been a pupil she next became a master in the art.—Such are the deceptive gradations of fraud and falsehood, first we countenance the practice of them in others, and then we are prepared to practise them ourselves.

Here her acts of wickedness were numerous and aggravated. At this time, she had not found out the fascinating name of *Miss Blythe*; the lady that then performed the mysterious rites was a *Mrs. Moore*; she herself, as she said,



had no skill in casting nativities, or reading the stars, but Mrs. Moore was quite a proficient in this way, and to Mrs. Moore she referred all knotty points—it is hardly necessary to say, that Mrs. Moore like Miss Blythe, had no existence but in the artful mind and lying mouth of Mrs. Bateman.

The first experiment in witchcraft, that has come to our knowledge while Mrs. Bateman lived in this situation, was made upon a Mrs. Greenwood, whom she attempted to persuade that she, Mrs. Greenwood, was in danger from domestic misfortunes of committing suicide, and that *her* skill would be necessary to prevent so dire a catastrophe.—Next she informed her, that her husband, who was then from home, was taken up for some offence and placed in confinement, and such was the enormity of his crime, and the resentment of his prosecutors, that four men had been set over him to watch him; and if four pieces of gold, four pieces of leather, four pieces of blotting paper, and four brass screws were not produced that night, and placed in her hands to give to Mrs. Moore to “screw down” the guards, her husband would be a dead man before morning. In vain did Mrs. Greenwood plead that she had no pieces of gold—this difficulty Mrs. Bateman proposed to overcome, by suggesting to her that she might either borrow or steal them—the latter proposal startled her intended dupe, and fortunately for her, she had fortitude enough to emancipate herself from the witch’s trammels.

The family of Barzillai Stead, a person who had been unsuccessful in business, next became the objects of her iniquitous exactions. Upon the husband’s fears she contrived to work with so much success, by representing the bailiffs to be in continual pursuit of him, that she obliged him to enlist, and to share his bounty with her and her imaginary wise woman. Her next object was to arouse the jealousy of the wife; this she did by assuring her that it was the intention of Barzillai to take with him, when he went to his regiment, a woman out of Vicar-Lane, Leeds, who as she said, was at that time pregnant by him. In order to prevent this calamity, it became necessary to *screw down* the rival queen; this was to be effected by the agency of Mrs. Moore, but Mrs. Moore’s screws would never drive without money: three half crowns were to be produced for this purpose, and two pieces of coal; the coals were to be placed at the woman’s door in Vicar-Lane; they were then to be laid on the fire—the woman was to

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be thrown into a sound sleep—the fire was to communicate to her clean clothes, which had been washed in contemplation of the intended journey, and the clothes being consumed, she could not of course elope without them. The morning after this charm had taken effect, Stead left Leeds to join his regiment, and left the woman behind him, who by the bye had never any existence but in the mischievous brain of Mary Bateman. She then was left at liberty to play off the whole artillery of her frauds upon the credulous and unsuspecting wife of Stead; to enter into all the expedients she adopted to fleece this poor woman, would swell this article to an inconvenient length, we shall only mention a few of them, observing, that she obliged her to sell or pawn every article in her house that would raise money, and drove her to such a state of desperation, as to lead her victim to attempt the dreadful act of self-murder. While Mary Bateman was practising upon this woman, her dōpe was confined in child-birth, and the LEEDS BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, that Society which seeks out the sick and forsaken; and administers to them aid, when they have no other helper, found this woman in her destitute situation, and determined to apply a guinea to the relief of her present wants. This sum was given to her at three payments of 7s. each, and out of this guinea Mary Bateman had the art and inhumanity to extort 18s.!! Persuading the credulous woman that she would “screw down” the Benevolent Society, or as she explained it, make the managers that they *could not* refuse her relief whenever she thought proper to apply to them.

At another time she persuaded Stead's wife, that it was the intention of her husband's father to murder her, and that it was in the power of Mrs. Moore alone, to prevent the calamity; but even she, witch as she was, could not effect her preservation without the agency of money: for this purpose a guinea and a screw were to be placed in the hands of Mary Bateman, the guinea was raised by pledging some articles of the first necessity in her house—all almost that were left: the charm so far answered that her father-in-law did not murder her, and for the best possible reason, the diabolical design had never entered the head of any person but Mary Bateman herself.

Terror was the great engine by which this woman carried on her frauds, and as the wife of Stead had still a few articles of furniture and clothing—the last sad wreck of

their property, she persuaded her if something was not done to prevent it, her daughter who was then only about eight years of age, would, when she attained the age of fourteen, become pregnant of an illegitimate child, and that either she would murder herself, or would be murdered by her seducer, to prevent which, 17s. was to be placed in Mary Bateman's hands—this money she was to hand over to the invisible Mrs. Moore, who was to reduce the coin to a "silver charm," which charm was to be worn round the girl's arm till the period of danger was past, and which charm when the bubble burst three months after, was cut from the child's arm, but by a strange transmutation of metal, this silver had turned to pewter.

The furniture and clothes were now all gone, and nothing remained but a few tools left by Stead when he went into the army: but even these could not escape the cruel avarice of Mary Bateman, who was never at a loss for expedients to effect her wicked purposes: she persuaded Stead's wife that it was in the power of Mrs. Moore—Mrs. Moore again! to "screw down" all the officers in her husband's regiment, and so to screw them, that they could not avoid giving him his discharge; but then money must be raised, and how? why nothing remained in the house but the tools, they of course must be sent to the pawnbroker's; there they went; and every farthing they fetched was paid to Mary, to get her friend Moore to interpose her *kind* offices for the liberation of the soldier. This charm failed, as the officers were too much for the witch.

In the midst of these scenes of fraud in one party, and weakness in the other, a relation of Stead's came over to Leeds in a state of pregnancy, and forsaken by her lover. This young woman was a fine subject for the artful Mary Bateman, who soon learnt her misfortune, and undertook, on condition that a guinea was given to her, for Mrs. Moore to make the lover marry the young woman. The money was paid, but no lover appeared. It was then found out that he was too strong for the first charm, and that more money and more screws would be necessary to screw him down to the altar of hymen. Still he came not; and the girl finding the money she had fast diminishing, procured a service in a respectable family in Leeds, the master of which being a bachelor, Mary soon contrived to persuade the silly girl that she could by her arts, oblige him to marry her. Here a difficulty arose—the unborn child was in the

way ; but Mary, ever ready to undertake any business however desperate, engaged to remove the impediment, and for that purpose administer certain medicines to the ill-fated young woman ; these medicines produced the desired effect and abortion ensued. The master after all was not to be caught ; but the girl's former sweetheart coming over to Leeds, married her, though she was, at that time, owing as is supposed to the medicine given to her by Mary Bateman, in a very emaciated state, and in speaking of her connexion with this vile woman, she used the following remarkable expression :—" Had I never known Mary Bateman, my child would now have been in my arms, and I should have been a healthy woman—but it is in eternity, and I am going after it as fast as time and a ruined constitution can carry me."

We cannot pass over the misfortune and death of this young woman without a pause for reflection. When unprotected and unguarded innocence has thus the calamity to be seduced and abandoned, the conflict at the idea of exposing her name to the public, is indescribably great. The laudable pride of our nature revolts, and looks every where to find some avenue of escape. To think of a temporary retreat, the method often adopted by persons in better circumstances, almost universally fails of effect : Some unguarded circumstance betrays the whole plot ; and involves perhaps a reputable family in a series of mortifying dissimulations, to impose upon the public. But to admit, during the prevalence of passion, the idea of destroying an infant, is infinitely worse. The evils incurred are a thousand times greater than those which are avoided. What conscience unseared ? What mind which has the smallest vestige of humanity, can admit the idea of incurring an eternal anguish to avoid a moment's shame ? Who, to hide a reproach from the public, and a reproach which future virtue may remove, would cause the mind for ever to be haunted with the idea of murdered innocence ? Hence, as the subject of this memoir was the sole adviser and first agent in this crime, we shall be less surprised at all the atrocities which follow.

A little before this time, Stead's wife had opened her eyes through the spirited interposition of a neighbour, to the impositions practised upon her by Mary Bateman, and had got free from the shackles with which she had so long been bound. When it was first suggested that she had been

deceived, she thought it impossible—with difficulty the secret was wrung from her, that she had “charms” sewed up in different parts of her clothes. These charms she parted with as her life’s blood, having been so infatuated as to suppose, the charms could not be taken away without the loss of her life. But when they were removed, and she found she still breathed, and breathed more freely than before, the scales fell from her eyes, and she threatened Mary Bateman, that if she did not give her money to redeem her pledged clothes, furniture, &c. she would have her committed to prison for the fraud. The witch then raised her four guineas, and promised that the whole of her property should be redeemed; but she did not keep her word. It may gratify the curious to know of what materials a charm is made; It is a long piece of paper tied on a knot, inclosing a small piece of rag, and a piece of gilt leather.—Such at least were the charms found in the garments of Mrs. Stead.

While she lived in this situation, she became acquainted with a tradesman’s wife of the name of Cooper; this woman she persuaded, that her husband, Mr. Cooper, was about to abscond, and to take with him all the property he could raise, and that she might not be left quite destitute, Mary prevailed upon her to convey as much of the furniture as she could out of the house, including an excellent clock, and to lodge all this furniture at Bateman’s; there it did not remain long, Mary took it all to the pawn-broker; got for it all it would fetch, and left the abused husband and his credulous wife to redeem it at their leisure.

Two petty robberies about this time mark the course of this vile woman. The first of a watch which she contrived to steal from the sign of the Anchor, in Kirkgate, Leeds, then kept by Mr. Crookes; and her next exploit was the stripping of a clothes’ hedge, in the presence of a boy who was set to watch the clothes.

Blown upon as the credit of Mrs. Bateman’s witchcraft then was, she removed from Timble-bridge to the Black dog yard, at the Bank. While she lived in the above situation one of her hens laid a very celebrated egg, remarkable for bearing this inscription:

“*Crist is coming.*”

But as so singular a phenomenon was not likely to obtain all the credit necessary for carrying into effect her fraudu-

lent intentions, unless supported by some kind of proof; she had the cruelty to force up at different times, into the ovary of the poor hen, two other eggs bearing similar inscriptions, and these were of course deposited in the nest; but that it was not *natural* to this hen to lay *marvellous* eggs is very clear, for on being removed out of Mary's possession, she produced eggs of the *common* kind. Persons however, flocked from all quarters to see the wonderful egg, and they who dared to disbelieve, and to insinuate that some fraud had been practised, stood as good a chance of being mal-treated by a credulous multitude, as he who in Italy should venture to question the reality of the miracles wrought by the thumb of *Thomas the Apostle*, or he who in Spain should be so fool-hardy, as not to fall down and prostrate himself before the miraculous works of the *Lady of the Pillar*! Mary's motive for producing those eggs is not well made out, but it is supposed that she had at that time a notion of imitating a certain other celebrated woman, by taking upon herself the priestly office, and in order not to set out in the world without stock, she very prudently resolved, that those who came to see the miracle, should pay for the gratification of their curiosity; a penny each was therefore demanded from the inquisitive multitude. And in justice to Mrs. Bateman, we must say, that we do think this miracle of her's, as good in its kind, and proceeding from as *worthy* a motive, as any miracle that has been wrought these sixteen hundred years!!

Numerous as have been the unfeeling and unnatural frauds of Mary Bateman, none of them exceeded in cold-blooded villany the act which follows:—A person of the name of REBECCA FISHER, with a family of seven children, was confined in child-bed; on the first day of her confinement, Mary went to visit and condole with her, and as the poor woman's circumstances were too low to hire a nurse, the neighbours performed for her those little domestic offices, that people in her situation stand so much in need of; Mary amongst the rest tendered her services, but she determined not to let those services go unrewarded, for she actually stole from this distressed family two of the children's shirts and a loaf of bread!

While Mary Bateman lived at the Bank, she committed another of those atrocious acts, that shew her to have been destitute of all the feelings of humanity. A poor man a neighbour, who earned his living, and supported his

family with the assistance of a horse and cart, sickened and died, leaving a widow and four children, the eldest a boy about 15 years of age. The widow, who was only the step-mother of these orphan children, was persuaded by Mary Bateman that the eldest boy meant to sell all the little property his father had left, and appropriate the money to his own use; to prevent which, she advised the mother to sell the horse, cart, and furniture, as soon as possible, and to quit Yorkshire; this advice the infatuated woman took, turned every thing into money, and left the children to go to the workhouse; what became of the unnatural mother was never known, except perhaps to her deceiver, for she quitted Leeds, and has never since been heard of.

One day while standing in the Shambles, a gentleman, living in Meadow-lane, in Leeds, bought a leg of mutton, and requested that it might be sent home immediately. Mary, ever on her watch for her prey, hastened to the bridge, over which the butcher's boy had to pass, and when she saw him approach, made towards him in a great hurry, pretended that she was the gentleman's servant, scolded the boy for being so long on the road, and taking the mutton by the shank, gave him a bump on the back, telling him she would carry it home herself. It is almost unnecessary to say, that when the time for preparing dinner came, the joint had not arrived. The master went to his butcher to enquire about this neglect, but he was informed that the meat had been sent an hour ago, and was taken from the boy by a woman, whom he described, and whom the gentleman recollected to have seen at the stall when he was buying the meat, and whose residence he luckily knew to be in the Old Assembly-room-yard, in Kirkgate; he accordingly posted down to her house, and the first object that presented itself was his leg of mutton hung at Bateman's fire. After upbraiding Mary with the theft, she agreed to pay for the mutton, and the matter was compromised.

But all those artifices, frauds, and impositions, however flagrant in themselves, bear little proportion to the larger scale of crimes on which she now advanced. The wicked subject of this narrative contrived to ingratiate herself, as she well knew how, into the good graces of a family of the name of Kitchin, two maiden-ladies of the quaker persuasion, who kept a small linen-draper's shop, near St. Peter's-square, in Leeds; there is every reason to suppose that she had deluded these unfortunate young women with some

idea of her skill in looking into futurity, or at least, that some of her friends, a Mrs. Moore, or a Miss Blythe perhaps, could read their destiny in the stars! Miserable delusion! How many harmless people have been its sacrifices, is only known to him from whom no secrets are hid. For some time Mary was the confidant of the Miss Kitchens. She was frequently at their house; she assisted in their shop; and even to their domestic concerns her interference extended. In the early part of September, 1803, one of the young women became ill; Mary Bateman procured her medicines, as she said, from a country doctor; these medicines, like those administered to Perigo and his unfortunate wife, were of powerful efficacy, and in the course of less than one week, Miss Kitchen died. In the mean time, her mother hearing of her dangerous situation, came over from Wakefield, and though in good health when she left home, the mother as well as her other daughter took the same illness, and a few days placed them in the chambers of the grave, at the side of their ill-fated relation.

Previous to the death of one of the sisters, a female friend of the family was sent for, and when she arrived, the poor sufferer seemed oppressed with some secret that she wished to communicate, but her strength failing her, she expired, and with her the cruel history of her fate.

Only ten days elapsed from the time this family became sick, to the time of the death of the mother and two sisters; the complaint of which they died was said to be the *cholera morbus*; a complaint, let it be remembered, attended by symptoms resembling those produced by poison. It did not, however, suit the purposes of Mary Bateman to give the disorder so mild a name, she represented it to be the plague, and the whole neighbourhood shunned the place, and would as soon have entered into the most infectious wards of a pest-house, as into this dwelling. Mary alone, in the face of all danger, was ready to afford her *friendly* offices; and when the persons composing this unfortunate family were buried, the door was closed, and a padlock placed upon it.

It ought to have been observed, that a physician of eminence in the town, on being called in to visit the last surviving sister, was so strongly impressed with the opinion that her sickness and sudden death proceeded from poison; that he examined, with much care many of the vessels in the house, enquired if any water for poisoning flies had been used, and expressed a wish to open the body; but the



family being all dead, and no person at hand who thought themselves authorized to give that permission, the corpse was interred unopened, and with it the opportunity of detection. It ought to be remarked, that during the time of the fatal illness in Miss Kitchin's house, Mary Bateman was unremitting in her attention—she administered their food, and from her hands the medicine was conveyed to their lips. Some time after the death of these ladies, their creditors looked over their effects, when it was found their house and shop had been plundered of almost every thing they contained; and to add to the embarrassment of their affairs, the shop-books were missing; in fact their property had dwindled down to nothing; so nearly so, at least, that the creditors only divided eight-pence in the pound!

Many reflections naturally arise out of the melancholy fate of this unfortunate family; but the most important one, is the caution it affords against listening to the deceitful suggestions of pretenders to skill in the knowledge of future events, or to a power to alter the dispensations of heaven. Such pretenders, male or female, are always impostors, and those who apply to them for their advice and assistance, or give ear to their artful stories, will reap for their labour disappointment and misery, and perhaps in the end, be untimely precipitated, as there is too much reason to suppose the persons above alluded to were, out of time into eternity.

It is true, that the time was, when in England persons were burnt by the hands of the common executioner for witchcraft, an opinion then prevailing, that, by the aid of some supernatural and evil agency, such a crime might be committed. This error has long since been exploded, in the minds of well-informed people, but there are those who are so ignorant as to suppose that such creatures as witches still exist. They are not witches who think so. And it is hoped, that if this book should fall into the hands of any who entertain this ridiculous notion, the narrative of crimes it exhibits, and the dreadful consequences of those crimes, both to the deceiver and deceived, will correct their dangerous error. Human powers God has bestowed upon mankind, and left them to a certain extent to exercise those powers either for the benefit or injury of themselves or their fellow-creatures: but *supernatural* powers—those powers to which witches and fortune-tellers lay claim, must proceed directly from God; and can it be supposed, by any person possessing common sense, that he will bestow such powers,

not upon *good* men nor upon *good* women, (for good people never pretend to dive into futurity, or to foretell future events), but is it, we say, to be supposed that he will bestow such power upon *bad* men, or upon *bad* women?

Young women are perhaps of all other persons, the most subject to become the dupes of fortune-tellers, and amongst young women, servant maids are generally found in the front ranks, pressing forward to take a peep into futurity. It is amongst persons of this description fortune-tellers in general, and Mary Bateman in particular, have found a large share of their votaries; and no wonder, for she pretended that she could not only foresee the designs of fate, but that she could even force fate to comply with her designs, and get young women husbands to their own liking! Kind-hearted creature! Who that felt any impatience to repair to the altar of hymen, would not *seek* such acquaintance, and having found it, would not strain every nerve to keep on good terms with a person possessed of such enviable powers. Two young women, then servants in Leeds, had long been in her toils, and she had fleeced them pretty handsomely; and not only them, but their friends, for she had prevailed upon one of them to rob her mother of several articles, and amongst the rest of a large family bible. When she had got all from them that could be extorted without awakening the suspicions of their friends, she sent both these deluded girls, at different times, to seek services in Manchester, cautioning them if they met, not to speak to each other, on pain of breaking the charm. When they arrived in Manchester, Mary contrived to keep up a correspondence with them, and got from them even the clothes they wore, so that they were almost reduced to a state of nakedness. One day these poor destitute girls met in the streets of Manchester—the meeting being quite unexpected, they both burst into tears, and their emotions became so violent, that further concealment was out of the question; they thereupon related to each other their sad history, and by comparing notes, found that they were both the dupes of Mary Bateman. They then wrote to Leeds, and laid their case before their friends, who interfered in their behalf, and got from the witch part of the property she had so wickedly extorted. Be it remembered however, and let the remembrance prevent others from falling into the same snares, that though all the girls' money and clothes went, no husbands came!

Another case resembling this has come to our knowledge ; but in this part of the narrative names are suppressed, to prevent those who have already suffered severely for their folly, suffering a second time. Some of them are still in service, and convinced as they are, by dear-bought experience, of their former weakness, we are little disposed, by the exposure of their names, to lessen the confidence they possess in the families in which they live. The witch had contrived to ingratiate herself into the good opinion of the young woman to whom we now allude, and had got from her several sums of money for the purpose of curing her of an "evil wish," laid upon her by an old beggar woman whom she had refused to relieve. This cure was to be effected by Miss Blythe, to whom a pocket-handkerchief was to be sent. In due course the directions arrived, and Miss Blythe, who like Mrs. Moore, could never put her charms in motion without money, required that different sums, amounting in all to five guineas, should be produced, and as much wearing apparel as was worth about the same sum ; but this money and these clothes were only to be kept till the *evil wish* was removed, and then to be restored to the owner. The period fixed for the opening of the mysterious bags in which these articles were deposited had arrived, when one day a person brought a fruit pie to the young woman, telling her that her sweetheart had sent it. This pie she tasted, and let a fellow servant partake with her, but though very nice in appearance, the taste was extremely hot and offensive ; they in consequence desisted from eating it, and the young woman took it down to Mary Bateman, to ask her opinion. Mary affected that she knew nothing herself of such things, but she would send it to the sagacious Miss Blythe. This, as the simple girl supposed, was done, and Miss Blythe informed her that it was very well she had not eaten much of the pie, for if she had, it would have been her last, as it was "full of poison !" Soon after the girl opened the mysterious bags, and found that her guineas had turned to copper, and her clothes to old rags !

Credulity and vice were Mary's best friends. Instances of her skill in turning the former to her own purpose, will be found very plentifully spread through this history. —The circumstances now to be related refer to the latter. A young man, with whom she was acquainted, had made a young woman a mother without making her a wife ; the child, however was not yet born, and Mary

persuaded him that she could by her "charms," prevent the girl filiating it on him; but two guineas were necessary to make the charm take effect; the two guineas were accordingly paid—the child notwithstanding, came at the appointed time; (if the *mother* had applied to the witch instead of the *father*, this might have been prevented,) but it came and was sworn to its proper father: enraged at being thus duped out of his money, he swore vengeance against his deceiver, and Mary to appease him returned the two guineas, which she had not by her, but as the story goes, she was met by a "*man in black*" as she was going out of her house, and he gave her the money.—Black or white, the money was restored.

In the year 1807, Bateman's family, who owing to the villainous conduct of Mary, never remained long in one place, removed into Meadow-Lane; while living in this situation, a very extraordinary circumstance occurred, and the opinion of the people in the neighbourhood was, that she was in some way privy to that transaction. A man of the name of Joseph Gosling, a cloth-dresser, had been long out of employ, and his family, which consisted of a wife and 4 children, were reduced to a great extremity of want. One day, the whole family had been out for some time, when one of the children, a boy about 7 years of age returned, and found on the table a small cake; the mother and others of the children soon after returned and partook of this cake, which they soon discovered had a very keen and pungent taste, this however did not prevent them eating several mouthfuls of it; they soon after became sick to such a degree, as to render medical aid necessary.—Mr. Atkinson the surgeon, was then sent for, and by administering emetics, saved the lives of the family. On analyzing the cake, it was found to contain a large quantity of arsenic. It is impossible to say, why or by whom this poisonous bread was placed in the situation in which the boy found it, and the only reasons why it is supposed to have been placed there by Mary Bateman, is the knowledge that poisonous drugs were much in use by her—that human life, was in her estimation of little value, and that the cries or tricks of the children, might inconvenience her. None nor all of these motives, are such as would influence people in general, to punish the children with any severity of punishment, but it must be recollected, that the conduct of such women as Mary Bateman, if any such are now left alive, is not to be measured by the same standard as we should measure the conduct of other human beings.

In the month of April 1807, Judith Cryer, a poor old washer-woman, and a widow, was occasioned some uneasiness, by an impropriety in the conduct of her grandson, a boy of about eleven years of age. Winifred Bond, a person who had some dealings with Mary Bateman, either as her dupe, or her agent, recommended the old woman to apply to Mary, as a person who could remove the cause of her distress. Judith consented to consult her; Mary soon found out the foible of the poor woman; it was indeed a striking feature in her character, to discover the peculiar weakness of her dupes, and by directing the artillery of her frauds to that part, she contrived to effect her vile purposes. An inordinate fear about the future fate of this darling grandson, was the spring in Judith's mind, on which the witch found she could play with the most success; she recommended that an application should be made to Miss Blythe, a lady of her acquaintance, who she said lived at Scarbro', but who in fact had no more existence than the invisible Mrs. Moore. She then undertook to write to her *dear friend*. In a few days an answer was received from this lady which shocked Judith beyond description; the letter contained a representation of a gallows, with its usual appendage, a rope; (that instrument by which the witch has since paid the forfeit of her own life to the offended laws of God and man) the letter also stated that the grandson would be executed before he attained the age of 14 years, unless the melancholy catastrophe was prevented by the old woman raising four guineas, and applying it as Miss Blythe should direct. To raise such a sum seemed as impossible to poor Judith as to pay the National Debt. At last however she contrived to scrape it together, with the most extreme difficulty. When raised, it was as Mary pretended, to remain unapplied till she received further instructions from Miss Blythe; the instructions at length arrived, and ordered that three guineas should be put into a leathern bag, and sewed up in Judith's bed, where they were to remain untouched and unlooked at, until the boy had attained the age of 14. The former part of these directions, were, as far as concerned Judith faithfully complied with, Mary as she thought deposited the money as directed; but when the witch was apprehended, for her depredations on William Perigo, which will be mentioned more particularly hereafter, Judith opened her bed, took out the bag and found it empty! The guineas had disappeared! And this was the only witchcraft in the case. To

add to the cruel exactions of Mary Bateman, she had obliged poor Judith to wash for her three months to defray the expences of postages, incurred in the sending of letters to, and receiving them from Scarbrough. Letters that were never sent or received.

In the year 1808, Bateman's family removed to Campfield, in Water-Lane, and here Mary met with a new and profitable subject, for the exercise of her villainous arts.—The wife of James Snowden, a neighbour, had a sort of presentiment, that one of her children would be drowned; but whether this notion proceeded from some terrific ideas originating in her own mind, or was suggested to her by Mary Bateman, we are not informed, though after the skill in that way displayed, in the case of Judith Cryer's grandchild, it is natural to suppose that it arose from Mary's suggestions; whatever might be the cause of this opinion, Mary Bateman offered her services, or rather the services of Miss Blythe, to prevent the effect and save the child from a watery grave. Miss Blythe was then represented to be at Thirsk, and a letter was received from her, directing that James Snowden's silver watch should be sowed up in the bed by Mary Bateman, this was accordingly done: And here it may not be improper to remark, how artfully this wicked woman carried her plans into execution. The charms were put in the *bed*; in that place where of all others, they were most likely to operate on the minds of her dupes, or her victims. Here during the silent watches of the night, when the mind is most susceptible of frightful ideas, the unhappy people would, reclining their bodies on the charm, rivet the fantasies it conjured up, so strongly in their imaginations, as to make them immoveable.

Next, money to the amount of twelve guineas was required, to prevent the boy being drowned; for this purpose letters were received, or rather appeared to be received from Miss Blythe, who directed that this money should also be sewed up in the bed, to be restored to the abused people as was pretended, when the charm had taken effect. By and by it was found necessary to increase the terrors, and in addition to the death of the son, Miss Blythe suggested, that the daughter would become a prostitute, unless the family left Leeds, and removed to Bowling, near Bradford. The bed, containing the charms, they were allowed to take with them, but it was thought expedient to leave a considerable portion of their property in the house, and leave the key with Bateman's.

At length they expressed a wish to be allowed to rip open the bed, and take out the watch and money, but the proper time they were told, had not yet arrived; and before the property was taken out, the family of Snowden was to take a *dose*, which was at that time in preparation for them, and was to have been administered about the end of October, 1808. Happily for them this dose was never taken.

At this juncture, so critical to the family in question, Mary Bateman was apprehended for the frauds committed on William Perigo's family, and the wilful murder of Perigo's wife, by administering poison, of which she had died nearly two years before. This event naturally created a good deal of interest, and a narrative of the transaction was published in the LEEDS MERCURY of the 22d of October; the evening of that day Snowden was passing in a public-house at Bradford, when the Mercury was produced, and the narrative read by some person in the company. Snowden heard the relation with violent emotion, and as soon as it was finished, he started from his chair and hurried home with all possible expedition. His first care was to give his wife a hasty and confused notion of the imposition that he supposed had been practised upon them, and next to unrip the folds of the bed; when lo! instead of watch and money, he found—a coal! He then came over to Leeds, and found his house, which he had left in the care of Mary Bateman, plundered of almost every thing it had contained; and on a search warrant being procured, part of the property was found in Bateman's house.

John Bateman, the husband, was in consequence apprehended and committed to prison, to take his trial for the offence, either as a principal or an accomplice. At the following Sessions his trial came on, and he was acquitted, more on account of his good fortune than his good conduct.

And here we think it proper to pause a moment, to enquire how far John Bateman may be supposed to have taken a part in his wife's frauds, robberies and murders. From the best information we can collect, we find that he maintained, up to the time they married, an irreproachable character; it is proable, therefore, if he entered into any of her wicked schemes, he was the tempted, and not the tempter. This supposition derives strength from the circumstance of the impositions which she practised upon her husband, and some of which are narrated in the early

part of this history. It is also proper to remark, that John Bateman, worked for sixteen years with one master, at his trade of a wheelwright, and was remarkable for sobriety of conduct, and close application to business, not having lost a single day during the whole of that period, except when he visited his friends. A man of such habits could not surely listen for a moment to any plan of deliberate murder. There is another reason for acquitting him of all suspicion on this head; it will perhaps be thought a singular one, but we do believe that no *man* could have been guilty of so much cruelty with so little motive. *Women*, as they are naturally much more amiable, tender and compassionate than the other sex, become, when they pervert the dictates of nature, more remorseless and cruel, and can conceive and execute the most diabolical of crimes. Instances are not wanting in history of the truth of this observation. In English history we have a Mary whose bloody persecutions are not to be equalled by the persecutions of any male sovereign that ever swayed the British sceptre—not excepting her tyrannical and remorseless father. But while we say thus much in favour of John Bateman, and endeavour to free him from the supposition of having participated in the malicious and deliberate murders of his wife, it is not to be imagined that he could be altogether ignorant of her frauds, or free from criminal connivance at them. One fact has been mentioned which places that subject out of doubt. It is now ascertained, that the bedstead which William Perigo left at a public house in Leeds, to be forwarded to Miss Blythe, at Scarbro', (and of which more by and by), was fetched from that house by John Bateman himself—that he took it to his master's shop, and from thence conveyed it home; stating in answer to some enquiries that were made, that *he* had bought the bedstead. We have thought it right to make these observations on this subject, and we hope that the awful fate of Bateman's wife, will make him, if he has, as is to be feared, departed from the paths of integrity, trace back his steps as quickly as possible, and by setting his unfortunate children a good example, and inculcating upon their tender minds a regard for honesty and truth—shew them, as he well may from his own experience, the miseries of a vicious course, and deducing therefrom the comforts of a virtuous one.

Another anecdote of Mary's latter dexterity and deception we think worthy of being recorded; the precise time we have not ascertained, but the fact is indisputable:—She



took a jaunt to York, and there looked around for some objects of credulity, and well knew that those who had *faith* enough to give credit to *Joanna Southcott's* fancies, would be the fittest persons on whom to impose her delusive and vile arts, she entered the house of a poor widow woman, that resided in an alms-house, and begged to be informed, if there were any of *Joanna's* followers in the city? Said that she was a stranger, and had come to York to spend a few days, and would be extremely glad to spend some time in their company. The widow replied, that there were several such persons in the city, and that she believed in *Joanna* herself. Mary expressed high pleasure, that her good fortune had directed her to a *believer*. By the bye, it is here proper to note, that the deep-scheming wretch is believed to have previously attended some of these people's meetings, and there marked out this unfortunate widow for her prey.

Mary then began to intreat, that the widow would have the kindness to point out some SEALED friend's house, where she might lodge for a few days, and where she might enjoy their precious company. The widow could not recollect any *believer*, that was likely to take in a lodger; upon which Mary's countenance became very sad. The kind widow, observing it, added, that tho' it would be inconvenient for her, yet as she seemed to be a clean kind of woman, she should have a part of her bed, which produced a flood of thanks from her grateful guest.

Mary now wishing for an opportunity to reconnoitre the widow's trunks, begged of her to go and buy her a little meat, urging, that she was so unacquainted with the city, she could not go herself, (not choosing to recollect that she had lived in service in York, for a length of time;) this, however, the widow declined, prudently considering it rather improper to confide so far in a stranger, and procured a girl, who was dispatched to buy the meat. Soon as the mutton was boiled, Mary took care to eat it all herself, but the broth she offered to her hostess; the widow not having been invited to partake of the meat, refused to accept the broth, and Mary urged her to sup it again and again, and again and again lamented that it should be wasted. However, much against Mary's will, the broth was at last thrown out, and since Mary found lodgings in the Castle, the widow strongly suspects it was

*Batemanized*, and intended for her destruction, for Mary took care not to touch it herself.

After a day or two thus spent in mutual harmony and edification, Mary decamped; but how was the widow surprised, and vexed to find her coffer emptied of a few guineas, of which her daughter had lately made her a present, and her house stripped of some of her wearing apparel.— But Mary was gone to start fresh game.

Few hearts are so hard as not to feel the impress of tenderness towards a parent, or affection towards a brother. But in the obdurate subject of this history, either those feelings had been obliterated, or had never been brought into existence, as the following incident will shew:—A brother of Mary Bateman, who had deserted from his Majesty's navy, came with his wife to live in Leeds, and lodged with Bateman's. Mary finding that her lodgers were a restraint upon her, determined to be quit of them: for this purpose she wrote, or procured a letter to be written to her sister-in-law, stating, that her father was on the point of death, and summoning her to attend to receive his last blessing. The affectionate daughter answered the summons instantly, but when she arrived at Newcastle, where her father lived, she found him in perfect health.— In the absence of his wife, Mary contrived to persuade her brother, that she was inconstant and was plunging him in debt, and so far succeeded as to induce him to write to his wife, and tell her she need not return, for he would not receive her. She did however return, and convinced him of her innocence; when on examining their trunks it was discovered, that Mary had in the wife's absence stolen their clothes, and disposed of them for what they would raise.— This as might be expected roused the brother's indignation, but she soon removed him out of the way, for she actually went before the magistrates, and lodged an information against him as a deserter; he was in consequence obliged to quit Leeds, and afterwards entered into the military service. This did not however content Mary, she wrote to his mother and consequently to her own, told her that her brother had been apprehended as a deserter, and that if she could send 10*l.* a substitute was ready to go, and would be accepted in his stead. The ten pounds were sent—Mary pocketed the money, and, unfeeling wretch as she was, laughed at the misery her vile arts had produced.

Many other facts press for admission into this History, but having already given a tolerably good specimen, they must be passed over, to come to a narrative of the most remarkable circumstance, in the life of the wretched heroine of this tragic tale, and of that crime for which she suffered on the fatal tree. The melancholy history of the frauds and barbarities practised on William Perigo, and Rebecca his wife, by Mary Bateman, are so extraordinary and incredible, that they will live when her person is forgotten, and will

*“Damn her name to everlasting fame;”*

operating as a warning, not only to the present but to future ages, to shun the practice and detest the deceptive art of fortune-tellers.

On the 21st of October, 1808, Mary Bateman was apprehended by the Chief Constable of Leeds, on a charge of fraud, and was, after undergoing several long examinations, before the magistrates of the borough, committed to York Castle, on suspicion of the wilful murder of Rebecca Perigo, of Bramley. At the Assizes she took her trial, and was found guilty of the offence. A copious report of the trial is subjoined.

# TRIAL

OF

## MARY BATEMAN,

*At the Castle of York, for the Wilful Murder of Rebecca Perigo, of Bramley, in the West-Riding, on Friday the Seventeenth of March, 1809.*

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BEFORE SIR SIMON LE BLANC.

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JURY.

JOHN ELLERBY, FOREMAN.

*John Hewson,  
Robert Middleton,  
J. Green Paley,  
John Quicksfall,*

*Robert Mewban,  
Appleton Bennison,  
Francis Rindley,  
John J. Hayes,*

*Samuel Kirkby,  
Jonas Horsfall,  
Watson Benson.*

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**MR. WILLIAMS** opened the case *pro forma*.

Mr. JOHN HARDY, Recorder of the Borough of Leeds, then rose and addressed the Jury in a very candid and luminous speech; he observed, that he had to detail circumstances of as extraordinary folly on the one hand, and of iniquity on the other, as ever came before a court of justice. The event which occasioned this prosecution, took place so far back as May, 1807; but he should be able in evidence to shew, why the charge was not brought forward at a more early period. In the black catalogue of human crimes, none manifested so much depravity as that of poisoning. It was one of those of which the commission was most easy and the prevention most difficult. When we received injury

through the medium of that food, from whence we sought refreshment, or that medicine to which we looked for relief in sickness, we might be truly said to be every hour in danger; and in the midst of life to be in death.

Mr. Hardy then proceeded to narrate the circumstances of the case; but as the facts are afterwards stated in evidence, it will be unnecessary to enter at length into them here; it is sufficient to say, that by a number of frauds, which may rank amongst the most artful and diabolical that ever entered the human imagination, the prisoner at the bar contrived to plunder the poor family of Perigo, of money to the amount of nearly 70*l.* and of clothes and furniture to a considerable amount; affecting all the time that this property should be restored. These frauds, it would appear, were committed under the pretence of engaging a Miss Blythe to relieve Perigo's wife from the effects of an "*evil wish*," under which she was supposed to labour; and in order to carry on the delusion, and bring about the melancholy catastrophe, numerous letters, purporting to come from this Miss Blythe, were received. When however, the appointed time for restoring the property arrived, certain poisonous drugs were, at the instance of the prisoner at the bar, and in one case by her own act, introduced into the food of Perigo and his wife, and from the eating of which she died, and he escaped death almost by a miracle. It appeared also, that on the morning of the prisoner's apprehension, when by appointment she was to meet Perigo alone, a bottle containing a poisonous mixture of the most deadly kind was found in her possession.

At that part of the opening where the learned gentleman mentioned the sufferings of Perigo and his deceased wife, from the poison administered to them by the prisoner, he made the following striking observation:—"Here ensued a scene which, if the prisoner be guilty, and have a heart accessible to any compunctuous visitings, must, in the bare recital, produce a punishment greater than any which the law can inflict upon her. Imagination can scarcely conceive, much less can language describe, the agony and torment which so rapidly hurried one of these deluded creatures to the grave, and under the effects of which, the other will continue to labour to the last moment of his life."

Having stated, in a very perspicuous manner, the substance of the facts to be proved by the witnesses, Mr. Hardy said, "Such is the nature of the evidence I shall have to adduce;

and from thence it will be for the Jury to pronounce whether the prisoner is guilty or no? That the deceased was in fact poisoned by the powders, there can be no doubt; and the Grand Jury has thought fit to put the prisoner on her trial for the offence. The question is, whether the prisoner did actually give the powders in question, and whether she knew them to be poison? This is to be collected from the particulars to be stated in the evidence.— The thoughts of the heart are known only to the searcher of all hearts; but when these thoughts produce acts, it is from a consideration of such acts, and of all the circumstances accompanying and connected with them, that human tribunals form a judgment of the intention of the party.— When a crime has been committed, we naturally expect that the person charged with it, should have had some motive, which appears likely to have urged him to it. If a murder has been perpetrated, and we find that malice or revenge have been rankling in the heart of the accused, our experience of human nature lamentably convinces us that these are motives but too abundant. If a murder and robbery have been committed on the highway, upon a person unknown to the perpetrator, here, though malice or revenge could form no motive to the murder, yet we shall find that the deed has been done either with a view of rendering the robbery more easy, or the detection of it more difficult.— Now what, you will ask, was the inducement of the prisoner? The circumstances of the case, I fear, will enable you to anticipate a ready answer to this question. It will be in proof, that she had been in the habits of obtaining, from time to time, considerable quantities of property from this infatuated prosecutor, by a system of fraud and delusion which she well knew could not long escape detection. The danger of being exposed and punished as an impostor and a cheat, was every hour imminent, and must, at no distant period, inevitably overtake her; but the danger of being detected in administering poison in this way, was problematical and uncertain. Her policy, therefore, undoubtedly was to avoid the exposure and punishment which were certain, by incurring a risk in which the probabilities of detection were infinitely more remote; for had this credulous prosecutor, together with his still more infatuated wife, fallen a victim to her schemes, she would not only have thus swept from the face of the earth the only two witnesses in the world of her frauds, but the means by which she had got rid of them, would themselves have been enveloped in

impenetrable mystery. The letters burnt—all traces of their communications with the prisoner gone—found poisoned with their doors and windows closed upon them, report and conjecture would naturally have imputed the catastrophe to suicide. That suspicion would never have attached to the prisoner, the event has shewn, for she would never have been supposed to be a murderer had not Providence preserved the life of the prosecutor, to detect her as an impostor and a cheat."

Mr. Hardy dwelt at great length on this subject, and particularly remarked on the letter, in which the powders were directed to be taken, having come open from the prisoner. That she had directed these letters to be burnt at her own house, was an instance of the deepest subtilty; as were also the contents of the letter of the middle of April. If they were taken ill in consequence of eating the powders, she had therein told them they were to be taken ill; if they were brought to the verge of the grave, yet they were not to despond; for though they seemed to be dead yet they should live. Such assurances were most likely not only to induce them to take the poison, but to abstain from calling in advice. The letter ordered them to begin this course of medicine on the 11th May. For what purpose was this time appointed? Why, she had promised to bring them home 20*l.* on the 20th May. The five first powders they took were innocent, evidently for the purpose of inspiring these misguided people with greater confidence; and the poison was then to be taken just four days before the money was to come; but it had never come yet, nor ever would. They were directed not to let the little boy eat of the pudding. Why so, if it was harmless?—Perhaps she wished to spare him, because he was ignorant of her deceits. Another, and a less charitable motive, he feared, however, might be assigned.—She might apprehend that if he partook of her fatal bounty, the symptoms might, from his youth and weakness, appear too soon in him, and thus give a premature alarm to her intended victims. They were ordered to keep the doors shut, for fear of an enemy: they had no enemy, however, except herself; but the doors being shut, might have prevented the neighbours from rendering them assistance. They were not to have a doctor, for they were assured they should not die; but were directed, if taken ill, to have recourse to the honey-pot saturated with poison. "Good God!" he cried, "can any person after this entertain a doubt, that the prisoner at the bar

wished their destruction! Could any person have laid so diabolical a plan with more art, or a greater probability of eventual success! When too Perigo was complaining to her of the poverty and wretchedness to which he had been reduced, what but a consciousness that the honey was calculated to produce some decisive effect could have induced the prisoner to say to him, "I hope you will flourish as much as ever, but you happen did not eat all that honey;" What but such a consciousness could have made her so anxious afterwards to gain possession of the honey pot! All this it is incumbent upon her to explain. Advert too to the important circumstance that happened in the last, though not least striking scene of this extraordinary tragedy. How came the prisoner to be leaving her house that morning with a large phial of poison in her pocket! How happened she to have it when she was going, (as she had appointed), to meet the prosecutor alone, that very Perigo who so lately had escaped being poisoned by ingredients that will be proved to have passed through her hands. With this fact to condemn her, how will she disclaim a knowledge of the nature of deleterious drugs! To what purpose will she say that the pills of arsenic were to be applied that were afterwards found in her house!

"This chain of circumstances all evidencing intention and design in the prisoner at the bar, must impress every mind with a conviction of her guilt, unless she can explain or contradict them by satisfactory testimony. If the observations which I have felt it my duty to make, appear uniformly to lead to an inference of the prisoner's guilt, it is because after having travelled round this case with anxious solicitude, I have not been able to find a position in which it presents itself in an aspect favourable to her innocence,— You will give to my observations however no weight, but what they may be entitled to from their application to the facts proved in this prosecution. There may be doubts, in a case of circumstances there must be, but the prisoner can expect to have the benefit of no doubt, but such as *forcibly* and *powerfully* resist the conclusions which, go to establish her guilt. If when the doubts are put into the scales with the probabilities of the case the latter decidedly kick the beam; you will firmly and manfully discharge the awful duty that is imposed upon you. You are not called upon to say that you are certain of the prisoner's guilt, certainty is not attainable by the infirmity of human tribunals; but if at the conclusion of the evidence, laying your hands upon your



hearts, you honestly and conscientiously *believe* her to be guilty, you will so pronounce her, if no, you will acquit her. Next to the facts of the case, your attention will be directed to the observations of his Lordship; by him no comment will be omitted that can be considered either of importance to the interests of public justice or *fairly* advantageous to the prisoner at the bar. She is now in your hands to be dealt with according to the evidence and your oaths, and may that Almighty Judge who "bringeth to light the hidden things of darkness, and maketh manifest the counsels of the heart" lead your minds to that verdict which shall be consistent with justice and with truth."

The prisoner had no Counsel.

The first witness examined on the part of the prosecution, was SARAH STEAD. She stated that she lives at Leeds, where she had resided five years; knew Win. Perigo and his wife, who was her aunt, and they had resided at Bramley, near Leeds, as far as her memory extended. On Whitsuntide, 1806, she went to Bramley to visit her aunt, who complained of a fluttering in her side, and which her aunt said she had been informed arose from having an "*evil wish*" laid upon her. Witness mentioned the prisoner as a person whom she thought could cure her; she did not then know her name, but she was acquainted with her person, and she then lived in the Black-Dog yard, at the Bank, in Leeds. Witness said, she called at the prisoner's house the same day, and told her she had been at Bramley, and had found her aunt very low and poorly, and that William Perigo had been to some country Doctor who told him his wife had had an "*evil wish*" laid upon her. The prisoner told the witness she knew a lady who could cure her aunt, but did not mention her name or where she lived; said she would write to her, and would have an answer in a fortnight. William Perigo came to her on the Tuesday following, and she directed him to the Black-Dog yard, Bank, there to enquire for Mary Bateman. When she, the witness, was at Mary Bateman's on Sunday night, she desired her to tell her aunt to send a flannel petticoat, or any garment worn next the skin, for her to send to the lady. Witness said, she was then servant to Mr. Skelton, of Leeds.

WILLIAM PERIGO stated, that he lived at Bramley, was, or rather had been a clothier, and was 48 years of age; that his wife's name was Rebecca Perigo; that he had been mar-

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ried twenty years to her, and that she was the same age as himself within a month; that his wife had, in general a very good state of health; was never confined a week to her bed on account of illness since they were married. In the spring of 1806, his wife complained of a *flacking* in her breast; whenever she lay down; remembers his niece, Mary Stead, calling at his house, and that in consequence of what she had told them, he went to the prisoner's house, taking with him the under garment of his wife; that he found the prisoner at the door of her house, and on his enquiring for her said, she was the person. That this first meeting was at the latter end of July 1806. Prisoner desired him to walk into the house, and asked him if he was Sarah Stead's uncle, and if he had brought the flannel petticoat, to which he replied in the affirmative. Prisoner then said she would send it to Scarbro' by that night's post, to a lady she called *Miss Blythe*, and he, the witness, was to call again on Tuesday or Wednesday following. The first meeting was on a Saturday. Accordingly the witness went again to her house on the day appointed, when the prisoner informed him that she had received a letter from Miss Blythe of Scarbro', *of what his wife was to do.* The prisoner then read the letter to him, which directed Mary Bateman to go to W. Perigo's house, at Bramley, and take with her four guinea notes which she, Miss Blythe, had sent to her, and put them in the bed which Perigo and his wife slept in, one in each corner, and they were to remain there 18 months, or they would do no good at all; and that Wm. Perigo was to give her, the prisoner, four other guinea notes for them, which were to be sent to Miss Blythe, at Scarbro'. The letter also stated, that his wife had broke the former charm by talking about it; and that she, Miss Blythe, would not take her under hand unless she would make her a promise never to mention a word of what was going on. This letter he said; was signed Miss Blythe. At this meeting, the prisoner agreed to meet the wife of the witness on Kirkstall-bridge, on the 4th of August, his wife went at the time appointed to meet her, but did not see her, and in the absence of his wife, Mary Bateman arrived. William Perigo went out to seek his wife, leaving the prisoner a considerable time in the house *alone, (which time she probably employed in making an inventory of his furniture)* On the return of the witness and his wife, Mary Bateman said she was come to fulfil the directions of Miss Blythe's letter; that she had brought with her four guinea notes, which she gave into the hands of

Wm. Perigo, who examined them and saw they were real guinea notes, and William Perigo gave her four notes of the same value in return. Mary Bateman then proceeded, in the presence of Wm. Perigo and his wife, to sew the notes which were supposed to come from Miss Blythe, in four small silk bags. Witness was sure the notes were put into these small bags, and his wife opened the bed-tick and put in two of the silk bags, one in each corner, and himself did the same with the other two bags, conformable to the directions of the letter. Witness said he accompanied the prisoner part of the way home, who told him to call occasionally at her house when he came to Leeds, as there might be another letter from Miss Blythe. Witness proceeded to state, that in about a fortnight he received another letter from Miss Blythe, brought by the prisoner's son to his house. This letter was unsealed. The letter stated, that Mary Bateman would come in a few days to his house, and that he was to get two small pieces of iron made in the shape of a horse shoe, but they were not to be made in the town of Bramley; that these horse-shoes were to be nailed on the door threshold by Mary Bateman, not with a hammer, but with the back part of a pair of pincers, which pincers were to be sent to Miss Blythe to Scarbro'. The prisoner came in a few days to execute these directions, and as Wm. Perigo had not got the iron prepared, he went to Staningley, a neighbouring village; and got them prepared during her stay, and on his return, Mary Bateman nailed them on in the manner directed by the letter, and Wm. Perigo carried the pincers to Leeds, to be sent by Mary Bateman to the place of their destination, were they were to remain until the expiration of the 18 months. In a fortnight or three weeks, the witness received another letter, to the following effect, which came by the post-boy from Leeds, signed either M. Blythe or Miss Blythe, he could not say which, directed for Wm. Perigo, Bramley, near Leeds.

About the middle of Oct. 1806, he received the following Letters:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND—You must go down to Mary Bateman's, at Leeds, on Tuesday next, and carry two guinea notes with you and give her them and she will give you other two that I have sent to her from Scarbro'; and you must buy me a small cheese about six or eight pound weight, and it must be of your buying for it is for a particular use and it is to be carried down to Mary Bateman's, and she will send it to me by the coach.—This letter is to be burnt when you have done reading it."

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—You must go down to Mary Bateman's on Tuesday next, and take four guinea notes with you and she will give you other four in exchange for them, which I have sent, and when you have read this letter it must be burned."\*

From the beginning of December, 1806, to the time he received the letter next inserted, he received a letter similar to the above about once a fortnight, sometimes by the prisoner's son, and sometimes by the post, in which he was requested by Miss Blythe, (by which name they were all signed) to deliver various articles of furniture, wearing apparel, and other property; and also to pay different sums of money to the prisoner, to be sent to Miss Blythe, at Scarbro', all of which were to be returned at the end of eighteen months from the 4th of August, 1806. During the above period, the witness paid to the prisoner various sums of money, amounting in the whole to about 70*l*; and also delivered to her during the same period, the following articles;—

## LIST OF ARTICLES

Extorted from WILLIAM PERIGO by MARY BATEMAN, from December 1806, to April 1807.

One Goose.	Six Strokes of Malt.
Two Pairs of Men's Shoes.	A Quantity of Tea and Sugar.
A Goose Pye.	Two or Three Hundred Eggs.
A Tea Caddy.	A Pair of Worsted Stockings.
Several Shirts,	A Pair of new Shoes.
A Counterpane.	A Pair of Black Silk Stockings.
A Piece of Woollen Cloth.	Three Yards of Kuaresbro' Linen
A Silk Handkerchief.	Cloth.
A Silk Shawl.	Ten Stones of Malt.
A Light Coloured Gown Skirt	A Piece of Beef.
A Light Coloured Cotton Gown.	Three Bottles of Spirits.
Two Pillow Slips.	Two Table Cloths.
A new Waistcoat.	Two Barrels.
Sixty Pounds of Butter.	Two Napkins.
Seven Strokes of Meal.	

For all the money so paid, he received a small bag, sewed up, containing, as he supposed, a sum equal to that he had paid. For instance; if he paid Mary Bateman two guineas, he received a bag containing the same sum; if a guinea in gold, the same, and so on; and that these bags were put into the bed as they were received, with a strict injunction that they were not to be looked at until the expiration of the stipulated period, or it might kill them all.

[The Judge here said, he thought it was not necessary to go into the whole transactions of the eighteen months, but

that the Counsel for the prosecution had better select such instances as they thought most for their purpose.]

In March, 1807, he received a letter, purporting (as all the letters did), to come from Miss Blythe, to the following effect:—

“MY DEAR FRIENDS.—I will be obliged to you if you will let me have half a dozen of your china, three silver spoons, half a pound of tea, two pounds of loaf sugar, and a tea cannister to put the tea in, or else it will not do—I durst not drink out of my own china. You must burn this with a candle.”\*

About the beginning of April, 1807, he received the following letter, with the Scarbro’ post mark :

“MY DEAR FRIENDS.—I will be obliged to you if you will buy me a camp bedstead, bed and bedding, a blanket, a pair of sheets, and a long bolster must come from your house.—You need not buy the best feathers, common ones will do.—I have laid on the floor for three nights, and I cannot lay on my own bed owing to the planets being so bad concerning your wife, and I must have one of your buying or it will not do—You must bring down the china, the sugar, the caddy, the three silver spoons and the tea at the same time when you buy the bed, and pack them up altogether—My brother’s boat will be up in a day or two, and I will order my brother boatman to call for them all at Mary Bateman’s, and you must give Mary Bateman one shilling for the boatman, and I will place it to your account. Your wife must burn this as soon as it is read or it will not do.”\*

In compliance with the directions of the above letter, he stated, that he purchased the articles therein-mentioned; that the prisoner went with him; that he bought the bed and bedstead of a Mr. Dobbin, in Kirkgate, and the furniture, &c. of a Mr. Musgrave, of the same place; that the bed was sent to Mr. Sutton’s, Lion and Lamb, Kirkgate, where it was to remain until called for by a boatman of the brother of Miss Blythe, who was to convey it to her. The person of whom it was purchased, observed, that it was a strange thing to send a bed so far. A set of china was also sent to Miss Blythe, and a tea-caddy, and a number of other articles, amounting in the whole to 15 or 16*l.* the bed cost 8*l.* these articles were all sent previous to the middle of April, 1807; and all the letters referred to had been burnt either by himself or by Mary Bateman, at her house, in his presence. The witness proceeded to state, that he received a letter brought by the prisoner’s boy, about the middle of April, 1807. This letter was to the following effect:—

“MY DEAR FRIENDS.—I am sorry to tell you, you will take an illness in the month of May next, either t’one or both, but I think both,

But the works of God must have its course.—You will escape the chambers of the grave, tho' you seem to be dead yet you will live—Your wife must take half-a-pound of honey down from Bramley to Mary Bateman's at Leeds, and it must remain there till you go down yourself, and she will put in such like stuff as I have sent from Scarbo' to her, and she will put it in when you come down, and see her yourself or it will not do. You must eat pudding for six days, and you must put in such like stuff as I have sent to Mary Bateman from Scarbro', and she will give your wife it, but you must not begin to eat of this pudding while I let you know. If ever you find yourselves sickly at any time, you must take each of you a tea-spoonful of this honey, I will remit 20l. to you on the 20th day of May, and it will pay a little of what you owe.—You must bring this down to Mary Bateman's and burn it at her house when you come down the next time. \*

In consequence of the destruction of this letter not being proved, and no notice to produce it having been given to the prisoner, the judge said the contents of the letter could not be given in evidence. The same informality prevented all the letters marked with an *Asterisk* from being received.

Pursuant to the directions in this letter, witness stated, that his wife took the honey to Mary Bateman's, that when she returned she brought six powders with her; the witness went to Mary Bateman's house, and talked to her about the letter he had received, and said it was a *queerish* thing that Miss Blythe should be able to foresee that they should be ill; Mary Bateman said, she Miss Blythe knew every thing relating to him, but if they followed her directions all would be well. The prisoner also told him that they were to do with the powders each day as they were marked, or it would kill them all. The prisoner then mixed a powder in the honey in his presence, and he took the honey home. On the fifth of May witness received another letter from Miss Blythe, which after reading once or twice over and copying a few lines from it, he afterwards destroyed; he said the copy he had taken was also destroyed, the witness was then desired to state the contents of this letter, which he recited as he did all the letters that had been destroyed, from memory, as follows :

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—You must begin to eat pudding on the 11th of May, and you must put one of the powders in every day as they are marked, for six days—and you must see it put in yourself every day or else it will not do. If you find yourselves sickly at any time you must not have no doctor, for it will not do, and you must not let the boy that used to eat with you eat of that pudding for six days; and you must make only just as much as you can eat yourselves, if there is any left it will not do. You must keep the door fast as much as possible or you will be overcome by some enemy. Now think on and take my directions or else it will kill us all. About the 25th of May I will come to

Leeds and send for your wife to Mary Bateman's; your wife will take me by the hand and say, "God bless you that I ever found you out." It has pleased God to send me into the world that I might destroy the works of darkness; I call them the works of darkness because they are dark to you—now mind what I say whatever you do.—This letter must be burnt in straw on the hearth by your wife.

The witness proceeded to state, that in consequence of these directions on the 11th of May, Monday, they began to eat of the pudding, a powder being put in each day as marked on the paper, and that they found no particular taste in the pudding for five days. And that on Saturday the witness was coming to Leeds, without seeing the powder put in, when his wife reminded him, that it was necessary he should see it put in. Witness said his wife had made the pudding earlier than usual for that purpose. Witness saw the powder put in which was four or five times larger than any other powders. On his return from Leeds, about twenty minutes after twelve o'clock, his wife had prepared a small cake from some of the dough, which was left after making the pudding, which she broke in two pieces, and one of which he eat. Witness said the cake tasted very keen, and observed to his wife, if the pudding tasted as bad he would not eat it. When the pudding was ready he eat a single mouthful, but it was so nauseous that he could eat no more of it, his wife however swallowed three or four mouthfuls, but was unable to eat more, and she carried the pudding into the cellar, and was there seized with the most violent vomitings. His wife said this was the illness predicted by Miss Blythe, and they should take the honey; Witness took two spoonfuls of it, and his wife took six or seven, this made them worse than before. The vomiting continued incessantly for twenty-four hours; his wife would not hear of a Doctor being sent for, as that was contrary to Miss Blythe's directions, who had assured them that their sickness should not be unto death, and though they might seem to be dead, yet should they live, for that she was to destroy the works of darkness. Witness said a violent heat came out of his mouth, which was very sore, that his lips were black, and that he had a most violent pain in his head twenty times worse than a common head-ache, every thing appeared green to him. Witness had also a violent complaint in his bowels, he could eat nothing for several days, and began to get better only by hair breadths. The witness then proceeded to detail the symptoms of his wife, which were similar to his own, only more violent, her tongue swelled so that she could not shut her mouth; she

was constantly thirsty, entirely lost her strength, and expired on Sunday the 24th of May. Before she died he sent for Mr. Chorley, a surgeon from Leeds, but as she died before his arrival, a messenger was sent to acquaint him with this circumstance, and therefore he did not come.— His wife before she died made him promise, not to be *rash* with Mary Bateman, but to wait the appointed time. Witness himself went to Mr. Chorley on the day after the death of his wife; Mr. Chorley having examined him, and heard his account of the symptoms, expressed his opinion that he had received poison into his stomach. Witness said his wife was perfectly well immediately before eating of the pudding, on Saturday. By the directions of Mr. Chorley a paste was made of the flour of which their pudding had been made from, and given to a fowl, but it received no injury, and the witness said it was alive to this day. A part of the fatal pudding was also given to a cat, which it poisoned, but the result of this experiment was detailed by another witness.

Witness now went into a detail of transactions subsequent to the death of his wife. In the month of June, a short time after that event the witness went to the prisoner's house, and acquainted her with the death of his wife, and told her he was sorry they had not a doctor when they were sick, but they did according to the directions of the letter; Mary Bateman said "Perhaps you did not lick up all the honey as directed in the letter" and I said "no I am afraid it is that honey that has done our job." Prisoner asked what he meant, he replied if they had not been directed to apply to the honey, that he should have got a doctor. Prisoner said he had made her very unhappy, and that if he would bring the honey down she would lick it up before his face and satisfy him.

About the beginning of June, Perigo received a letter to the following effect, purporting to be from Miss Blythe:

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—I am sorry to tell you that your wife should touch of those things which I ordered her not, and for that reason it has caused her death; it had likened to have killed me at Scarbrough and Mary Bateman at Leeds, and you and all, and for this reason, she will rise from the grave, she will stroke your face with her right hand, and you will lose the use of one side, but I will pray for you.—I would not have you to go to no doctor for it will not do. I would have you to eat and drink what you like and you will be better.—Now my dear friend take my directions, do, and it will be better for you.—Pray God bless you. Amen. Amen. You must burn this letter immediately after it is read."\*



Soon after this witness was ordered by Mr. Chorley, to Buxton, and having on his return called on the prisoner, she expressed her surprise that he should have gone to a doctor contrary to Miss Blythe's command, and had she known he had been going to Buxton, she would have given him a bottle that would have cured him on the road.

After his return from Buxton he received a letter in substance as follows :

" *My dear Friend,*—I was looking at your planet and I saw you was coming home from Buxton, if you had stopped a few days longer there I should have had the pleasure of seeing you there. I have happened a misfortune at Scarbro'. A air balloon was setting off there, I was riding with my brother in a whiskey, and the horse took fright and threw us over and I got lamed in the hip, and I saw it good for me to go to Buxton, my sister is going with me and we shall take shipping at Scarbro' to go to Liverpool for my sister comes from there, and I sent to Mary Bateman's for the veil that covered Mary Bateman's child's face when it was born, for no ship will sink when they have such a thing in it for the roads between Liverpool and Scarbro are so difficult. I will send you a few lines when I get there. This letter must be burned as the other."\*

In September 1807, he received a letter to the following effect, dated Buxton :—

" *MY DEAR FRIEND,*—I will be obliged to you to send me one of your wife's gowns, and you must carry it down to Mary Bateman's at Leeds, and an express officer's servant from Buxton will call for it there, and I shall get it safe. I have sent this letter in another I sent to my cousin Wilkinson near Wibsey, and told him to put it into the Post Office at Bradford, and I knew you would get it soon."\*

In October he received the following :—

" *MY DEAR FRIEND,*—I am sorry to tell you, that you should send me such a shabby gown as this; when I know you had better, for I want one to appear in company in at times; owing to the planets, concerning your wife's death, I will be obliged to you if you will send me one of your wife's best gowns, a petticoat, or a skirt, whether you please, and your family bible, for it is for me to sit upon in the coach, when I come from Buxton to Manchester to meet you there, and I will let you know when you are to come, you must send the parcel down to Leeds, by the carrier, and an express officer's servant from Buxton will send a woman for it, and he will enter it in at Leeds, and I shall get it safe."

The next demand was made in the following letter received in the same month :—

" *MY DEAR FRIEND,*—I will be obliged to you if you will let the old woman have a guinea and a half to buy a waggon of coals with to warm my house, and they are to be bought at Mr. Fenton's, near Leeds, or else it will not do."\*

Another demand was made in October in the following letter :—

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I will be obliged to you if you will let the old woman have one stone and a half of flour; four ounces of tea, a pound or two of sugar, and a quantity of eggs, and you must blow one of the eggs and put a guinea note into the inside of the shell, it is for a particular use, I have sent this letter in the inside of a box of clothes to the old woman at my house.”\*

The only two letters which Perigo had preserved were produced in court for the purpose of proving the hand writing of Mary Bateman, which was done by Mr. Wright, wheelwright, of Leeds, who said he had known the prisoner 17 years, and was acquainted with her hand-writing, and that the letters shewn to him were of her writing. These letters purported to come from Miss Blythe; the following are *literal* copies of them :—

“August 12, 1808.”

“MY DEAR FRIEND.—I send you these few lines to let you know that I shall get to Wittwell in Boland on Friday next, so I could wish make yourself happy thou love of mine, till thou see me tap thy shoulder for it would not do for the to know the moment, for it would put the in such fear and do not let Mary reed this leter of freedoms, for I have not wrote to her of a long time, and for her husband is not likely to get no better and he says it is long of you and wont hardly let her stur, ybu may tell her to make her self easy on me not sending to her, it is for a reason, now mind and bury this near the other. I have sent this by a drover, which he promised me to put into the post. I gave him a shilling, he is going to shear in the low country and I told him I would see him near Leeds as he came back, now mind what I say and be looking for me and do not seam fluttered when I hit you the tap God bless you. Amen and Amen.

“August 28, 1808.”

“My dear Friend,—I could wish you to make yourself content as possible you can aboute your concerns, for I will right all when I come to you which I hope will be soon but I want to settle some Business with my unekiel Wilklnson as soon as he comes out of Iarland, for if I was to come before he would not settle my rightings and I have expected him a month, but as soon as he lands I can tell by his planet, but not till then, so you may look for a leter end of next week after and then me, for as soon as he come I will satle and come to you with Goy never to part, with 1000 pounds for you. God bless you and comfort you in distress, now look for the leter for your relations is the worst. I sent a line to Mary at the same time By the same Man and desired him to get mary son to come and show him were you live that came for Aples to Leeds; now look for my tap when you get the other leter. God bless you till I see you. Take a walk every day in the fields by the road side every day after you get the other leter.”

The last letter witness received was in September 1808, and was to the following effect —

“MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am sorry to tell you, that you should think so much evil of Mary Bateman, when she has been such a trusty servant to you. I wonder that you should think that I have destroyed your property, to think what I have done for you, it has cost me many a hundred pounds; and it is the last time that I shall take any one under hand again for it has nearly killed me. You must burn this letter at some public house in Leeds, and get a pint of beer, and burn the letter in the same fire at the house you get the beer.”\*

William Perigo proceeded to relate, that on the 19th of Oct. 1808, he opened the bed in which all the bags were sewed up, and having opened the whole of them, he found no money whatever. In the bags in which he expected to find guinea notes he found only waste paper, and where he expected to find gold he found only a halfpenny or a farthing. But the four silk bags in which he saw four guinea notes put, he could not find at all, nor could he give any account how or where they were gone. Upon making this discovery, the witness went to Leeds, and saw Mary Bateman, and said to her “I am sorry to think you should use me in this manner,” to which she replied “How?” He then said, “I have opened the bags and there is nothing in them but bits of lead, plain paper, bad halfpennys and bad farthings,” at which she did not seem at all surprised, but said, “you have opened them too soon,” he answered, “I think it is too late.” He then said he would come down to her house in the morning with two or three men and have things settled. The prisoner begged that he would not, and said, if he would appoint a time and place to meet alone, she would satisfy him; to this the witness consented, and the Leeds and Liverpool canal bank near the bridge, was fixed as the place of meeting. The witness was here asked if he had at the last meeting given the prisoner any bottle, he said he had not. The witness then proceeded to state, that he met the prisoner the next morning, and that two persons accompanied him, who kept at some distance. When he saw the prisoner he told her he had brought two persons with him. Prisoner then sat down upon a stone, and pretended to vomit, and said, “that bottle which you gave me yesterday night has almost poisoned me and my husband, who is ill in bed in consequence of taking it;” then turning to a woman that was near, she said, “did not you see him give it to me?” but the woman walked away without speaking, and witness told the prisoner he would scorn to give a dog such a bottle as she described; at this moment Wm. Duffield, the chief constable, came up and took the prisoner into custody. The witness went with

Wm. Duffield to search the prisoner's house, when the following articles, being his property, were found: a camp-bed, a tea-caddy, a set of china, a barrel and a piece of cloth, a gown and a gown skirt, and a pair of pincers, two or three hat boxes and a fender, and part of a sack in which some malt had been sent to her. Witness also stated, that he brought with him to Leeds, at the time the search was made the honey pot, which he took from the place where he had originally placed it, being apprehensive of falling, he gave it to Joseph Stockdale to bring with him; the honey was subsequently given by another witness into the hands of Mr. Chorley. On the conclusion of his examination, the prisoner asked several questions as to some money, which she stated to have paid for some of the articles found in his possession; but Wm. Perigo said, he had never received a single shilling for them: the prisoner also said, that she had never given his wife any powders, or him any honey. The judge asked Wm. Perigo if he was certain of what he had advanced on these points, to whom he replied, "I'll abide by it while I live, and I will abide by it in another world for ever." The examination of Wm. Perigo occupied upwards of four hours.

THOMAS DOBBIN, a broker in Leeds, stated, that the bed and bedstead was bought from him under the circumstances mentioned by Perigo.

Mr. WILLIAM HICK stated, that he was book-keeper at Mr. Hick's Coach-office, in Leeds, that he knows William Perigo, and remembers him bringing a parcel to their office. William Perigo requested him to direct it to "Miss Blythe, Centre-Hotel, Buxton." This, as appeared from an examination of his book, was on the 2d October, 1807; about three weeks after, a woman came to enquire for this parcel, and desired him to write to Buxton about it, which he promised to do, but forgot; the woman called a second time, but with no better success. *The publication of the frauds of this woman, in October last, led to the recovery of this parcel, which was a valuable family bible; it was returned from Buxton in November last, to the Mayor of Leeds, and is now in the possession of William Perigo.*

WINIFRED BOND said, she was acquainted with the prisoner, and was employed by her to go errands for her; that she has frequently carried letters to different towns, to be put into the Post-office. Witness could not read. She has also several times carried letters to William Perigo, of Bram-

ley, and whenever she carried a letter, she always brought something back with her. Upon one occasion, she brought a brewing tub, at another some malt; also flour and tea. Mary Bateman used to instruct her what she was to say, if William Perigo asked any questions of her; at one time she was to inform him, that she, the witness, was employed by Miss Blythe to make fires in her house, at Fulneck, and prepare it for her reception. The witness stated, that Mary Bateman afterwards obliged her to leave Leeds, and go to Haworth, near Kighley. On the Judge asking the witness how she could oblige her to go, witness said "she was afraid." His Lordship then interrogated her as to the nature of her apprehensions, which, as she explained them, arose from a fear of some supernatural power, of which she supposed the prisoner to be possess. The husband of the prisoner was usually at his work as a wheelwright.

ROSE HOWGATE lives at Bramley, knew Rebecca Perigo very well, they were children together; she enjoyed a general good state of health. Witness went to William Perigo's house about ten o'clock on Saturday morning; his wife was then very well, and washing. Witness went in again in the afternoon, and found them both very sick, and vomiting; the colour of what came from them was green and yellow and very frothy. Witness at this time only staid to light a candle, but when in her own house she heard them continue to vomit. On the following day, Sunday, witness went in again, and found them both very ill in bed. Wm. Perigo complained of a great heat coming from his mouth: Rebecca Perigo appeared to have the same symptoms, but more violent; her mouth was turning very black. She attempted to put her tongue out, but could not, it was so much swelled. Witness did not see them again until six or seven o'clock on Sunday evening; they were both in bed. William Perigo appeared to be in the same state he was in on Sunday night; his wife still continued to vomit; the colour of the matter was green and yellow, and was as before very frothy, and she appeared to be worse than on Sunday, and she complained of a very great heat and dryness; her tongue continued to be very much swelled. On Wednesday William Perigo began to be a little better, but the wife grew worse and worse. On the Sunday following saw Rebecca Perigo again; she appeared to have become worse; assisted to lift her out of bed, as she was unable to stand. Her mouth was exceedingly black, and her tongue so much swelled that she could not close her teeth, and it was with

great difficulty they could get any thing into her mouth. Her breath was very offensive. At noon, witness again visited her, and found that she was then dying, and she expired in about ten minutes after she went in. Witness was present when the body was laid out, and said her body was covered in every part with black and white spots, but particularly about her neck and stomach. After she was dead, a great quantity of froth came out of her mouth, and her body was so offensive that every person about her was under the necessity of smooaking. The lips of the deceased were exceedingly black. MARY PERIGO deposed to the same effect.

ROSE HOWGATE, and JOHN ROGERSON proved, that a part of the pudding of which Perigo and his wife had eaten, was given to a cat and produced its death; they also proved that the cat vomited a green and yellow matter, and that three fowls having pecked a part of this matter, died the day following. JOSHUA HOBSON stated, that he made some dough of the flour from which Perigo's pudding was made, and gave it to a fowl, which was still alive and in good health.

JOHN ROGERSON, and JOSHUA STOCKDALE, confirmed Perigo's statement respecting the contents of the mysterious bags, and the conversation which took place when Perigo and Mary Bateman met, on the morning when she was taken into custody.

WILLIAM DUFFIELD stated, that he apprehended the prisoner on the 20th of October, and that on searching her, he found a square glass bottle full of a liquid; the bottle had Dr. Solomon's name on it; that he locked it up and never parted with possession of it until he delivered it to Mr. Hammerton, an assistant of Mr. Chorley, surgeon of Leeds. He afterwards searched the prisoner's house, and found many articles which were claimed by Perigo and which Wm. Perigo enumerated. At a subsequent examination, he found some pills, but as this was some time after the prisoner had been in custody, the Judge thought it would be improper to go into any enquiry respecting them. Wm. Duffield said, the prisoner's husband was not ill in bed, and that he did not appear to ail any thing.

THOMAS GRISTY said, he was eleven years of age, and lived on Cavalier-Hill, Leeds, and that he remembers, about two years since, going with Jack Bateman, the prisoner's son, to Mr. Clough's shop in Kirkgate; that Bateman gave him

a paper, and Clough said he could not let him have the article named in it, for it was poison; went with Bateman to his mother and told her Mr. Clough would not let him have any. The prisoner asked the reason why he would not, and Bateman said he did not know.

Mr. CLOUGH stated, that he was a surgeon in Leeds, and remembers two boys coming with a paper on which was written 4*d.* of arsenic; one of the boys said it was to kill bugs with, but he refused to let him have it, telling him it was poison. Witness could not identify the person of the boy, nor exactly when it was, but supposed it to be about two years since.

Mr. THOS. HAMMERTON, assistant to Mr. Chorley, proved the receiving from one of the witnesses a jar, containing honey, and from Mr. William Duffield a glass bottle, containing some liquid; both of which he delivered to Mr. Chorley.

Mr. THOS. CHORLEY stated, that he had practised as a Surgeon, at Leeds, nearly seventeen years. That Wm. Perigo came to his house on the 25th of May; that he was on horseback, and so unwell that his servant was obliged to assist him to alight. Wm. Perigo complained of a great numbness in his hands and feet, with loss of power. He was feverish, his tongue was white in the middle, and red on the sides; complained of being costive, and of a pain in his bowels; and that altogether there appeared to be a great diminution of sensation. These symptoms, with what Wm. Perigo had described of his previous state, led him to express an opinion, that he had received some poisonous substance into his stomach. The symptoms, Mr. Chorley said, were very peculiar, and he knew of no natural disease, which left such symptoms. On the Judge asking him if he formed an opinion merely from what he observed, and of what Wm. Perigo complained of at that time; he said that the opinion he had formed, was from a consideration of the previous account, and the symptoms that then presented themselves. Mr. Chorley added, that it was probable that the poison was a metallic or mineral poison. Mr. Chorley proceeded to state that he had received from his assistant, Mr. Hamerton, a jar, which he had in his possession ever since, and of the contents of which he gave the following account: He first tasted it; it was very acrid, styptic, and permanent upon the tongue; he then took a small quantity of it upon a clean knife, and rubbed it with his finger, a change of colour immediately took place; further rubbing

produced numerous globules of quicksilver, the iron was blackened by it, this change of colour led him to suppose that it must be a mercurial composition, and having made a solution of it, and subjected it to a series of tests and experiments, it was his opinion, that the mixture in the pot did contain honey, and corrosive sublimate of mercury. And in order more fully to satisfy himself, he made a mixture of corrosive sublimate and honey, which yielded the same result. A small part of the mixture in the honey pot was made into pills and given to a dog, the pills were washed down by a solution of the same, the dog began instantly to vomit, refused food and died on the fourth day; on opening the dog, he found a high degree of inflammation. In answer to a question from the Judge, he said, the corrosive sublimate of mercury, had the appearance of a white powder: and it was a powerful poison. Mr. Chorley, then proceeded to state the contents of the bottle which was found upon the prisoner when she was apprehended. The bottle and the different products from it were produced in court, it contained a liquid which was a spirit, probably rum, and two powders, the lighter powder was like oat meal, the other had all the specific qualities of arsenic, and was in fact arsenic. Mr. Chorley, said he had been in court during the the whole time the symptoms of Rebecca Perigo's illness and death had been described by the different witnesses, and he was of opinion from what he had heard related by them that the symptoms were unequivocally the symptoms of poison, and that the deceased had died of poison.

DR. LAWSON, of York, and JAMES LUCAS Esq. now consulting Surgeon at Masham, and formerly of Leeds, were examined respecting the symptoms, as they had heard them described, attending the death of Rebecca Perigo, and both concurred in the opinion that they could not have arisen from any natural disease, but were such as would be produced by corrosive sublimate of mercury being received into the stomach.

Mr. HEMINGWAY, solicitor, in Leeds, a gentleman whose patient and laborious investigations contributed materially to the developement of this dark and mysterious affair, stated that he was present during the examination of the prisoner before the Magistrates at Leeds, and what she said on that occasion, was taken down in writing. The examination of which the following is a correct copy was then read:



Borough of Leeds, in the }  
 County of York. } “ THE examination of Mary Bateman the Wife of John Bateman of Leeds, in the said Borough, wheelwright, taken at Leeds aforesaid, this 6th day of January 1809, before me one of his Majesty’s Justices of the peace for the said borough.

“ Who saith that all the letters were written by Hannah Potts except the last five or six.—That it is better than three years since she was at Leeds, she has been from Manchester to Bedale, at Richmond and Masham, that she was not at Leeds, when Perigo was to bring down the wheat, that she gave him half of the money to buy the cheese with, he did not buy a half a peck of wheat, that there was not a letter that afternoon, she never had any honey or powders; Wm. Perigo’s wife never brought any honey pot to her, this examinants’ house, that she never talked to William Perigo or his wife about any honey, that her husband or any one else never fetched any powder, that William Perigo gave her a bottle the night before she was taken, when she met him, and that William Duffield took the bottle out of her pocket the next morning; that her husband never did take any of it, but she did and she was very ill after it and many seed her pick up, that the bottle was delivered to her by him, that William Perigo bought the coat piece and said it would make her husband a jacket, there is not half of the money true, some of it is and what they bought in Kirkgate is true, that she has sent letters at different times, she has paid 11d a shilling, and fifteen pence for postages, but it is utterly false that ever did send for any poison by any person.

“ *Mary Bateman.*”

“ Taken before me, EDWARD MARKLAND.”

This finished the case on the part of the prosecution. The prisoner made no defence except denying the charge.

His Lordship then addressed the Jury, and said, the prisoner was charged with the wilful murder of Rebecca Perigo, by administering, or causing to be administered, poison to the deceased, with intent to occasion her death; and the question for the Jury to determine was, Whether the prisoner procured poison to be taken by the deceased, no matter by what means, with that intent. In case of murder by poison, it was not necessary that the party, as

in other cases of murder, should be at hand, because death by poison may be as surely accomplished at a distance as on the spot; nor was it at all material that the poisonous matter should be delivered by the hand of the party; any contrivance to induce the party to take it with intent to produce death, was as much wilful murder as if the offender had administered it in person. To come to a conclusion as to the guilt of the prisoner, it was necessary that three points should be clearly made out. 1st. That the deceased died of poison. 2d. That that poison was administered by the contrivance and knowledge of the prisoner. And 3d. That it was so done for the purpose of occasioning the death of the deceased. A large body of evidence had been laid before them to prove that the prisoner had engaged in schemes of fraud against the deceased and her husband, which was proved not merely by the evidence of Wm. Perigo, but by the testimony of other witnesses, and the inference the prosecutors drew from this fraud, was the existence of a powerful motive or temptation, to commit a still greater crime, for the purpose of escaping the shame and punishment which must have attended the detection of the fraud; a fraud so gross, that it excited his surprize that any individual in this age and nation could be the dupe of it. But the Jury should not go beyond this inference, and presume that because the prisoner had been guilty of fraud, she was of course likely to have committed the crime of murder; that if proved, must be proved by other evidence. His Lordship then proceeded to recapitulate the whole of the evidence, as detailed in the preceding pages, and concluded with the following observations. "It is impossible not to be struck with wonder at the extraordinary credulity of Wm. Perigo, which neither the loss of his property, the death of his wife, and his own severe sufferings could dispel, and it was not until the month of October in the following year, that he ventured to open his hid treasure, and found there what every one in Court must have anticipated, that he would find not a single vestige of his property; and his evidence would come to the Jury with the observation which would arise from this uncommon want of judgment. His memory however appeared to be very retentive, and his evidence was confirmed, and that in different parts of the narrative by other evidence; and many parts of the case did not rest upon his evidence at all. The illness and peculiar symptoms which preceded the death of his wife, his own severe

illness, and a variety of other circumstances attending the experiments made upon the pudding were proved by separate and independent testimony; and he thought it most strange that in cases of so much suspicion as it appeared to have excited at the time, the interment should have taken place without any enquiry as to the cause of her death, an enquiry which would then have been much less difficult; though he thought the fact of the deceased having died of poison was well established. The main question was, did the prisoner contrive the means to induce the deceased to take it?—if she did so contrive the means, the intent could only be to destroy—poison so deadly could not be administered with any other view. The Jury would lay all the facts and circumstances together, and if they felt them press so strongly against the prisoner, as to induce a conviction of the prisoner's having procured the deceased to take poison, with an intent to occasion her death, they would find her guilty; if they did not think the evidence conclusive, they would in that case find the prisoner not guilty.

The Jury, after conferring for a moment, found the prisoner *Guilty*—and the Judge proceeded to pass sentence of death upon the prisoner in nearly the following words:—  
“MARY BATEMAN, you have been convicted of wilful murder by a Jury who, after having examined your case with caution, have, constrained by the force of evidence, pronounced you guilty; and it only remains for me to fulfil my painful duty by passing upon you the awful sentence of the law. After you have been so long in the situation in which you now stand, and harrassed as your mind must be by the long detail of your crimes, and by listening to the sufferings you have occasioned, I do not wish to add to your distress by saying more than my duty renders necessary. Of your guilt, there cannot remain a particle of doubt in the breast of any one who has heard your case.— You entered into a long and premeditated system of fraud, which you carried on for a length of time, which is most astonishing, and by means one would have supposed could not, in this age and nation, have been practised with success. To prevent a discovery of your complicated fraud, and the punishment which must have resulted therefrom, you deliberately contrived the death of the persons you had so grossly injured, and that by means of poison, a mode of destruction against which there is no sure protection; but your guilty design was not fully accomplished.—

And, after so extraordinary a lapse of time, you are reserved as a signal example of the justice of that mysterious Providence which sooner or later overtakes guilt like yours; and at the very time when you were apprehended, there is the greatest reason to suppose, that if your surviving victim had met you alone, as you wished him to do, you would have administered to him a more deadly dose, which would have completed the diabolical project you had long before formed, but which at that time only partially succeeded, for upon your person, at that moment, was found a phial containing a most deadly poison. For crimes like yours, in this world, the gates of mercy are closed. You afforded your victim no time for preparation; but the law, while it dooms you to death, has, in its mercy, afforded you time for repentance and the assistance of pious and devout men, whose admonitions and prayers and councils, may assist to prepare you for another world, where even your crimes, if sincerely repented of, may find mercy.

“The sentence of the law is, and the Court doth award it, That you be taken to the place from whence you came, and from thence, on Monday next, to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and that your body be given to the surgeons to be dissected and anatomised; and may Almighty God have mercy upon your soul.”

The prisoner having intimated that she was pregnant, the clerk of the arraigns said, “Mary Bateman, what have you to say, why immediate execution should not be awarded against you,” on which the prisoner pleaded that she was twenty-two weeks gone with child. On this plea, the Judge ordered the Sheriff to impanel a Jury of Matrons; this order created a general consternation among the Ladies, who hastened to quit the court, to prevent the execution of so painful an office being imposed upon them. His Lordship in consequence ordered the doors to be closed, and in about half an hour, twelve married women being impanelled, they were sworn in court, and charged to enquire “whether the prisoner was with quick child?” The Jury of Matrons then retired with the prisoner, and on their return into court delivered their verdict, which was that, “Mary Bateman was not with quick child,” (in fact she was not with child at all). The execution of course was not respited, and she was remanded back to prison.

As soon as she returned to her cell, she took her infant child and gave it breast, a circumstance which considerably affected the gaoler, who attended her on this melancholy occasion. During the brief interval between her receiving sentence of death and her execution, the Ordinary, the Rev. George Brown, took great pains to prevail upon her ingeniously to acknowledge and confess her crimes. On his touching on the subject of the quaker ladies, whose sudden death is mentioned in another part of this memoir, she seemed perfectly to understand his meaning, but wished to avoid all further pressing upon that subject, by saying, she was at that time confined in child-birth; but the impression left upon the mind of the Ordinary was, that she knew much more on this subject than she chose to communicate. Though the prisoner behaved with her usual decorum, during the few hours that remained of her existence, and readily joined in the customary offices of devotion; no traits of that deep compunction of mind, which for crimes like her's must be felt where repentance was sincere, could be observed; she maintained her caution and mystery to the last. On the day preceding her execution she wrote a letter to her husband, in which she enclosed her wedding-ring, with a request that it might be given to her daughter. In this letter she lamented the disgrace she had brought upon her husband, and her family, but declared her entire innocence of the crime for which she was about to suffer, though she acknowledged she had been guilty of many frauds. The letter also stated, that she had made her peace with God. It will hardly be credited, though it is a certain fact, that this unhappy woman was so addicted to fraud, that even when in confinement on a charge which affected her life, she was incapable of refraining from her witchcraft. A young female prisoner had, in her presence, expressed a wish to see her sweetheart; Mary Bateman took the girl aside, and said, if she could procure a sum of money, to be made into a charm and sewed into her own stays, the young man would be compelled to visit her. The simple girl complied; and Mary Bateman having prepared a potent spell, it was bound round the breast of this young woman. No sweetheart made his appearance, and the faith of her young dupe, unlike that of Perigo's, begun to waver, and in a fit of despair she unbound the charm, to take out her money, but it vanished away.

This circumstance being represented to the Governor of the Castle, part of the spoil was refunded; and Mary Bate-

man directed that she should have clothes of hers to balance the account—but the balance was paid by the friends of the prisoner.

On Sunday night the Ordinary visited her again; but finding her obstinately bent on denying the crime for which she was about to suffer, he represented to her the danger and folly of her conduct—exhortation and remonstrance were alike in vain. At five o'clock on Monday morning, she was removed from her cell, from her infant child—it lay asleep on the bed, unconscious of the dreadful fate of its mother. She stopt a moment, and kissed it for the last time; at this moment, if ever, she must have *felt*: her emotion might not be apparent, she might, by long habit, have been able to conceal the workings of her heart, but it must have been a moment of unutterable anguish. Severed now from the world, for her husband never visited her after her conviction, the few remaining hours of her earthly existence were, apparently at least, devoted to religious subjects—with what sincerity or with what effect, the all-seeing eye of the Almighty alone can determine.

The dreadful noise occasioned by fixing the apparatus of execution, might now probably be heard by this unhappy woman, but nothing appeared capable of moving her; when the solemn rites of communion were proposed, the necessity of confession was again intimated without effect, and she joined in this rite without unburdening her mind of its guilty secrets. The hour of execution arrived; the sheriffs and his attendants demanded her body for execution, and after a few moments they proceeded to the fatal platform. The number of persons assembled was much greater than is usual on such occasions, and they had come, many of them, a considerable distance, and not a few from Leeds. The appearance of the prisoners upon the platform created a visible emotion among the spectators, an emotion not of brutal insult, as once in the metropolis disgraced the British character, but of awe and deep commiseration, which reflections on the enormity of her guilt only rendered more poignant. The most respectful silence prevailed during the few moments spent in prayer, except when interrupted by a half suppressed ejaculation for mercy on the wretched sufferer. The moment when the Executioner was preparing to finish this awful scene the ordinary again addressed the culprit in a low tone of voice, enquiring if she had any communication to make, she

replied she had not ; she was innocent. The next moment terminated her existence as to this world, and sent her to another and much more awful tribunal. Her body after hanging the usual time was cut down and sent to the General Infirmary at Leeds, for dissection.

In this awful manner terminated the earthly career of Mary Bateman. The curiosity excited by the singularity and atrocity of her crimes, extending to the viewing of her lifeless remains ; though the hearse did not reach Leeds until near midnight, it was met by a considerable number of people ; and so great was the general curiosity to see her, that the sum of thirty pounds was raised for the use of the General Infirmary, by receiving from each of the visitors the sum of three-pence.

The first emotion which arises on the contemplation of the life of Mary Bateman is astonishment and indignation at the enormity of her guilt : to warn others against practising crimes of so black a dye cannot be necessary, but it may be useful and necessary to caution those in the humbler walks of life from being deluded by the professions of those who pretend to see into futurity. This attempt to pry into our future lot is impious and forbidden. This History will prove that it is as absurd as it is impious, and may produce the most pernicious effects.

Mary Bateman was neat in her person and dress, and though there was nothing ingenuous in her countenance, it had an air of placidity and composure not ill adapted to make a favourable impression on those persons who visited her. Her manner of address was soft and insinuating, with the affectation of sanctity. In her domestic arrangements, she was regular, and was mistress of such qualifications in housewifery as, with an honest heart, would have enabled her to fulfil her station with respectability and usefulness. Her husband was sober and industrious, and had constant employment ; she had not therefore the plea of want (poor as it is), to extenuate her crimes : but her numerous schemes of fraud failed of enriching her family—how the money was expended, or what has become of it, is uncertain ; but the fact is, that her husband is now in extreme poverty, his house is broken up, his furniture sold, and his debts still remain unpaid, which verifies a vulgar proverb, "*That what is got over the devil's back, is lost under his belly.*"—Such are the fruits of villany even in this world ; what the retribution

of crimes like these will be in a future state, is too terrible an idea to be dwelt upon.

To sum up the character of Mary Bateman is not a difficult, but it is a painful task; to contemplate so horrid a portrait of what human nature may become is distressing. It must however be observed, that incontinence and drunkenness have never been imputed to her. But her character in all other respects is dark, her vices were emphatically those of the heart. She was callous to distress, incapable of natural affection, and with a heart so completely steeled against the compunctuous visitings of nature, that she could devise and perpetrate the most horrid and atrocious crimes, even that of murder, with cool deliberation, and apparent composure; could embrace the victims she was about to precipitate into an untimely grave, with the appearance of affection, and implore the blessing of heaven on the deadly poisoned bowl. No ties of blood were held sacred by her, the tender affections of parents, husband, brother were trampled on. She betrayed and robbed her brother, deceived her husband, plundered her aged mother, and brought the grey hairs of her father with sorrow to the grave.

Such was the character, such the life, and such the death of Mary Bateman; it is a horrid and most shocking tale, but it is full of instruction, and the moral may be read in every line. The guilty deceiver and the deluded victim each furnish an appropriate and an impressive lesson, and teach that the "crooked paths of dishonesty end in sure destruction," and that "those who trust in *Diviners* shall be confounded and perish."

FINIS.



EDWARD BAINES, PRINTER, LEEDS.