

A DESIRE FOR REPOSE

SARAH J. SLOAT

a desire for repose

came

with a can of hot water, and

“a little Marsala
with the tumbler of wine,

and

more wine:

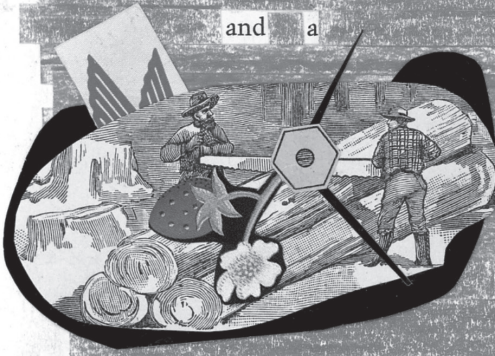
a shut door

and

pet dogs

and a

nightshirt,



and

CLASSIC CRIMES: DEAR SIR

SARAH J. SLOAT

CLASSIC CRIMES

6 WINDSOR PLACE, 4TH MARCH 1865.

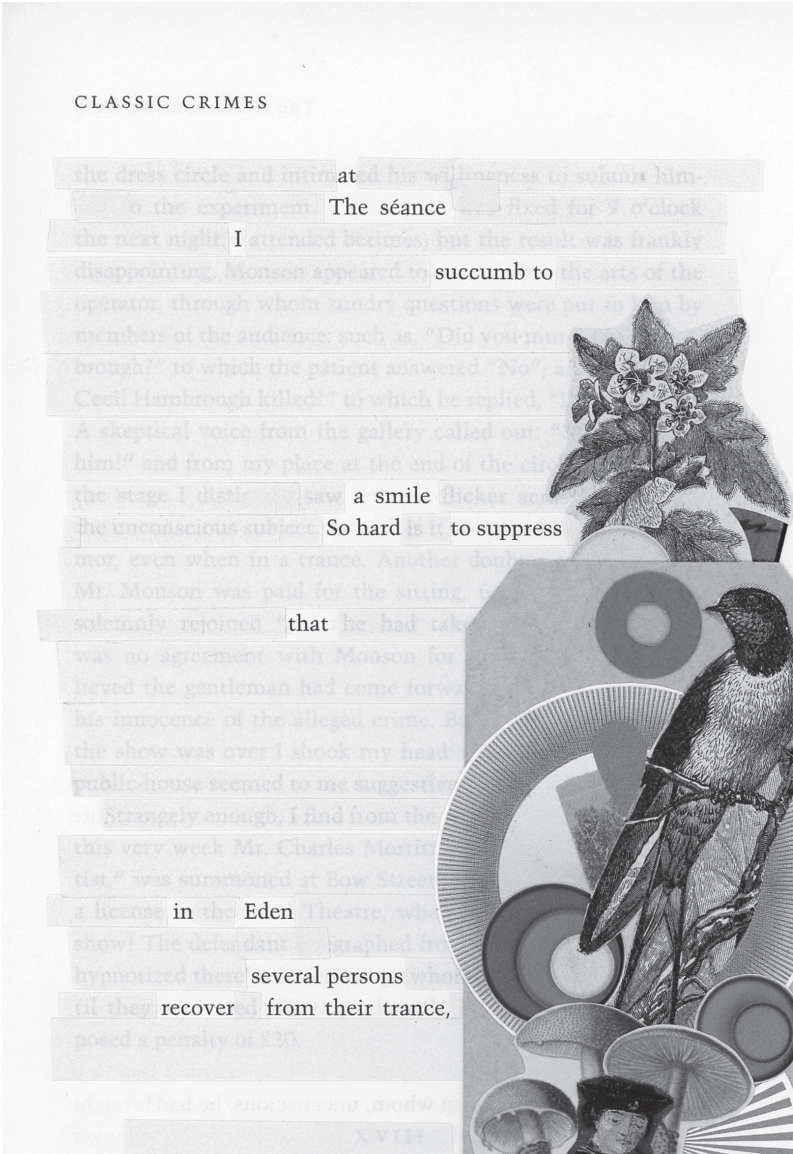
Dear Sir,—I am surprised that I am called on to certify the cause of death in this case. I only saw the person for a few minutes a very short period before her death. She seemed to be under some narcotic, but Dr. Pritchard, who was present from the first moment of the illness until death occurred, and which happened in his own house, may certify the cause. The death was certainly sudden, unexpected, and to me mysterious.— am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

James Paterson, M.D.



CLASSIC CRIMES: AT / THE SÉANCE

SARAH J. SLOAT



CLASSIC CRIMES: AND YET

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CLASSIC CRIMES

of her most brilliant rival, and morally of much greater appeal. And yet Madeleine has many "points" to which the humble genius of Jessie can make no claim. Her amazing correspondence in Victorian care so outrageously outspoke, her equally astounding courage, coolness, and seeming unconcern in a situation fraught with such danger and disgrace, and more notable than all in one of her age and sex, her complete lack of sensibility, her colossity of heart, in face of the ruin and devastation which she had wrought upon her hapless kindred.

Apart from personal and professional feeling, I am moved to return to this old tale by the circumstance that I have before me a reprint of the case, which a former owner has "embellished" by the insertion of divers cuttings from a contemporary Press, relating to the nine days' wander of the thief. These are of value as giving us some notion of how the affair was regarded at the time. Although I have been living with Madeleine, I hesitate to add, merely in a literary sense, for many years, they are to me instructive "news," so I have thought it worthwhile to give some excerpts from them for the benefit of readers like minded with myself. They do not solve the mystery, but they lighten a little our darkness as to the reactions of her fellow citizens to the startling features of her case.

While I have neither wish nor intention to journey ever again the traveled road of the evidence, it occurs to me as possible, having regard to the precedent of a learned Judge's historic question to counsel, "Who is Corrie Gilchrist?" that some readers of this inconsiderable essay, whether by ill-luck, inadvertence, defective education, or other causes to the present writer unknown, may never even have heard of Madeleine Smith! Such ignorance is to be deplored, and so far as may be in the space at my disposal remedied, I shall there-