

a desire for repose

came

with a can of hot water, and

"a little Marsala

with the tumbler of wine,

and

more wine:

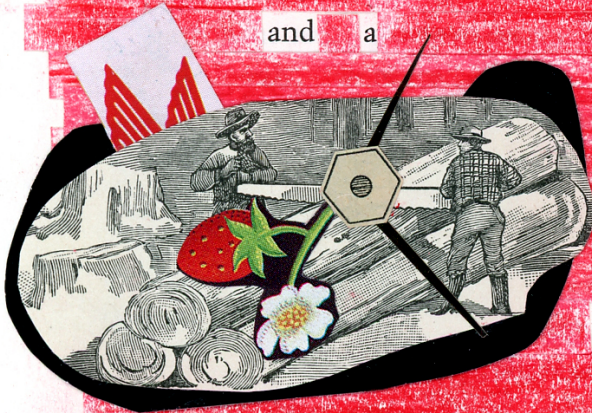
a shut door

and

pet dogs

and a

nightshirt,



and

collapse

that ministering angel

CLASSIC CRIMES

6 WINDSOR PLACE, 4TH MARCH 1865.

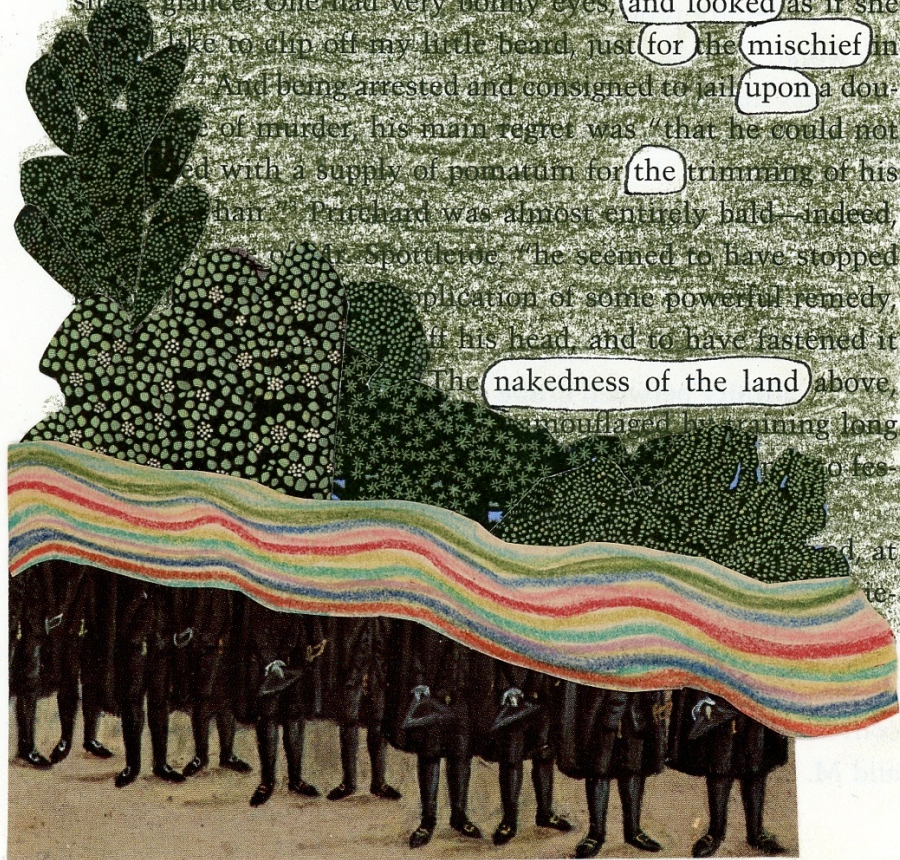
Dear Sir,—I am surprised that I am called on to certify the cause of death in this case. I only saw the person for a few minutes a very short period before her death. She seemed to be under some narcotic, but Dr. Pritchard, who was present from the first moment of the illness until death occurred, and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

James Paterson, M.D.



12. *Trial*, pp. 149, 331.

affording, in comparison with the fertile Frenchman, but poor soil, and that the mustaches of the Kaiser and of his subject Oscar Slater each influenced evilly the wearer's fortunes. Of all such unscrapped scoundrels Dr. Pritchard may be hailed as king and emperor. To none of them can with more propriety be applied the phrase of Adrian Harley: "You carry matters with too long a beard." In these days of whitewash and psychology it might be plausibly maintained that no man so heavily handicapped with hair could be otherwise than wicked, the umbrageous growth in question, like the fabled Upas Tree of Java, blighting all with its baleful shade. Be that as it may, Dr. Pritchard gloried in his shame; his beard was to him as the apple of an eye. To his daughter Fanny, at her school in Edinburgh, between the deaths of his two victims, he writes: "I hope to be over again soon. . . I liked all your companions on a single glance. One had very bonny eyes, and looked as if she would like to clip off my little beard, just for the mischief in her eyes." And being arrested and consigned to jail upon a double charge of murder, his main regret was "that he could not have been supplied with a supply of pomatum for the trimming of his beard." Pritchard was almost entirely bald—indeed, as noted by the Spottiswoode "he seemed to have stopped the application of some powerful remedy, and to have fastened it on his head, and to have fastened it there." The nakedness of the land above, unencumbered by staining long hair, was a source of great satisfaction to the doctor.



CLASSIC CRIMES

the dress circle and intimating his willingness to submit himself to the experiment. The séance was fixed for 9 o'clock the next night. I attended besides, but the result was frankly disappointing. Monson appeared to succumb to the arts of the operator, through whom sundry questions were put to members of the audience: such as, "Did you murder Cecil Hambrough?" to which the patient answered "No"; "Did Cecil Hambrough kill you?" to which he replied, "No." A skeptical voice from the gallery called out: "What do you mean?" and from my place at the end of the circle I distinguished a smile flicker across the unconscious subject. So hard is it to suppress a smile, even when in a trance. Another doubt occurred. Mr. Monson was paid for the sitting, and he solemnly rejoined that he had taken no agreement with Monson for the purpose. He believed the gentleman had come forward to prove his innocence of the alleged crime. But the show was over I shook my head. The public-house seemed to me suggestive of a public-house. Strangely enough, I find from the papers of this very week Mr. Charles Morrison, a "medium" was summoned at Bow Street to give a license in the Theatre, which he refused to show! The defendant was charged with having hypnotized several persons who were unable to recover from their trance, and was fined a penalty of £20.



of her more brilliant rival, are morally of much greater appeal. And yet Madeline has many "points" to which the humble genius of Jessie can make no claim. Her amazing correspondence 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 amiability, her callousness 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 report of the case, which a former owner has "embellished" by the insertion of divers cuttings from the contemporary Press, relating to the nine days' wonder of the trial. These are of value as giving us some notion of how the affair was regarded at the time. Although I have been living with Madeline 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 over again the traveled road of the evidence, it occurs to me as feasible 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 cause to the present writer unknown, may never even have heard of Madeline Smith! Such ignorance is to be deplored, and so far as may be in the space at my disposal, remedied I shall, therefore, furnish first an outline of the general question at issue, which will enable these benighted persons to appreciate the