

Glasgow poisoning case : unabridged report of the evidence in this extraordinary trial.

Contributors

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**GLASGOW
MURDERING CASE.**

UNABRIDGED REPORT

OF THE

**EVIDENCE IN THIS EXTRAORDINARY
TRIAL, WITH ALL THE**

PASSIONATE LOVE LETTERS

WRITTEN BY THE PRISONER TO THE DECEASED.

(FROM THE SHORT HAND NOTES OF THE TRIAL)

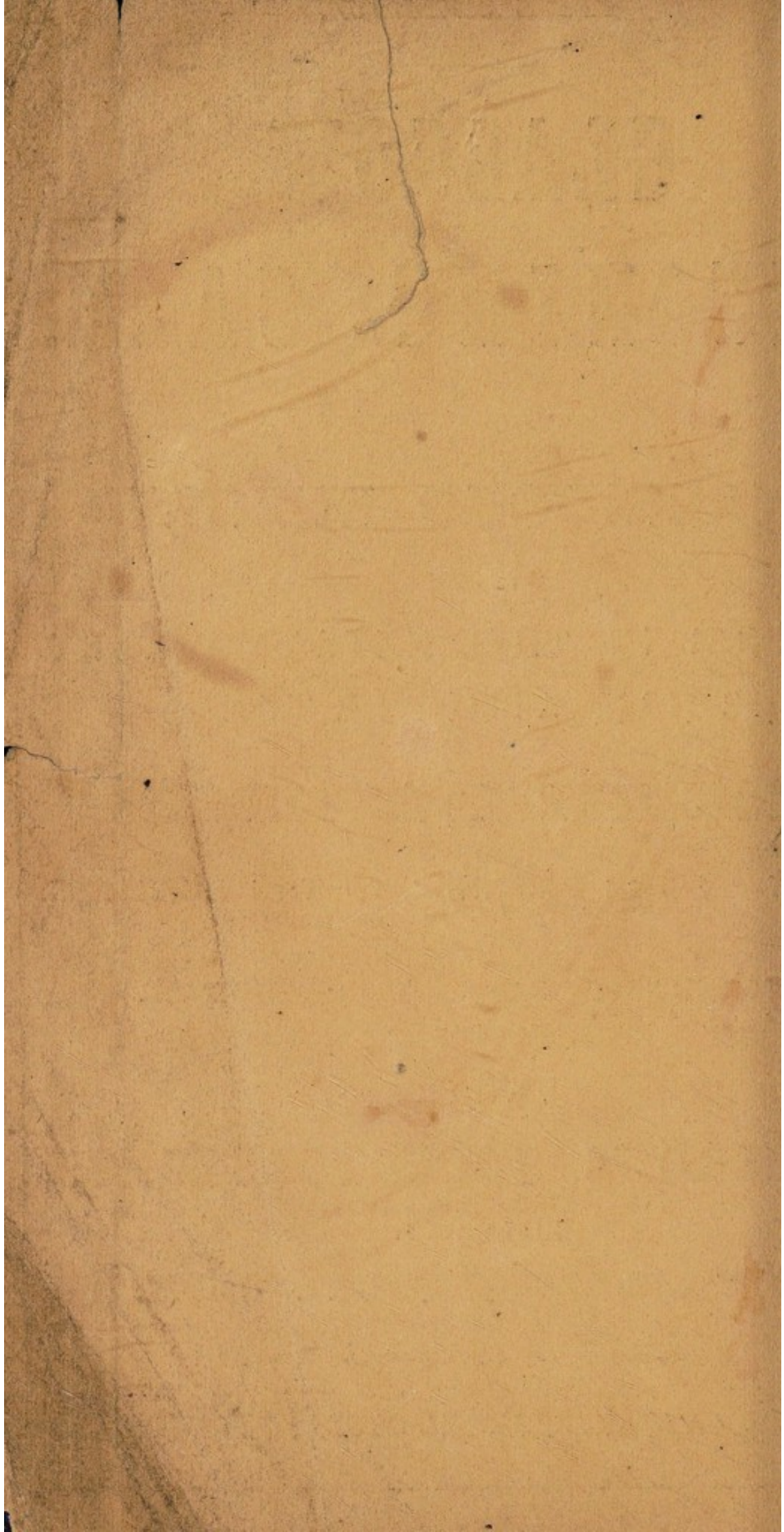
WITH

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS,

INCLUDING

PORTRAIT OF MADELEINE SMITH.

GEORGE VICKERS, ANGEL COURT, STRAND.



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THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY, EDINBURGH, DURING THE TRIAL OF MADELEINE SMITH.

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THE
GLASGOW POISONING CASE

TRIAL OF MADELEINE SMITH,
FOR
POISONING HER LOVER, EMILE L'ANGELIER,
BEFORE THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICIARY, EDINBURGH.

THE trial of Miss Madeleine Smith for poisoning her lover, Emile L'Angelier, at Glasgow, will take rank as one of the most remarkable in the criminal records of this country, of not merely our own age but of preceding times. When Palmer's catalogue of crimes came to light, the more respectable portion of society regarded his villainies as altogether exceptional; startling as they were, they were still the acts of a desperate gambler—a turfite and a betting man—one of a class that numbers amongst its members few honest men, and a legion of rogues, cheats, and liars, and which is very generally considered as altogether without the pale of decent society. The motive, besides, by which Palmer was actuated was the mere vulgar one of lucre.

Now, as regards Miss Smith, she occupies a very different rank in the social scale. She is the daughter of a retired architect, moving in the best Glasgow circles; is young, handsome, accomplished, and indeed received her finishing education at a boarding-school near London; we may presume too, that she is what is called well brought up, as she appears to have regularly frequented a place of public worship, and attended family prayers in her father's house. It is abundantly proved by the very remarkable letters read during the progress of the trial—a passionate series of epistles that are on a par with the world-renowned letters of Heloise to Abelard, and those of her prototype and namesake, Rousseau's famous heroine, then to one portion of the intercourse, secret and guilty as it might be, between Madeleine Smith and L'Angelier, she had the most intense love for her paramour. This love gradually paled before the advances of another suitor who presented himself before her with honourable intentions, and backed with her father's approval. L'Angelier, it seems, would not be shaken, but at the first hint she gave him of a desire to cancel their engagements he turns upon her, and threatens to place her letters in her father's hands the result of which would be, as she sorrowfully pleads, that "he would put me from him as a guilty wretch. On my bended knees I write you and ask you, as you hope for mercy on the judgment-day, do not inform of me, and bring your once-loved Mimi to an open shame. Oh, for God's sake, for the love of Heaven, hear me. I grow mad." Then it is, according to the case as presented on the part of the Crown, that Madeleine Smith seeks to rid herself of her lover.

"The first important point in the inquiry," observed the Lord-Advocate in his masterly summing up of the evidence, "is that Emile L'Angelier died of arsenic. The symptoms he exhibited were those of poisoning by arsenic; the stomach and intestines when examined and analysed were found to contain a great quantity of arsenic. The next question is—By whom was that poison administered? What is the evidence that connects the prisoner at the bar with the death of L'Angelier? This young lady (the prisoner) returned from a London boarding-school in the year 1853. She met L'Angelier somewhere I believe about the year 1855. L'Angelier's history has not been very clearly brought out. It is plain, unquestionably, that in 1851 he was in very poor and destitute circumstances. Of his character, I say nothing at present but this—that it is quite clear that by energy and attention he had won his way up to a position that was at least respectable—a position in which those who came in contact with him plainly had for him a very considerable regard. When Miss Smith therefore first became acquainted with L'Angelier he was a man moving in a respectable position, bearing a respectable character, liked by all those

who came in contact with him, spoken of by the three landladies with whom he lodged in the highest possible terms—a man of whom the Chancellor of the French Consulate spoke as respectable and steady—a man spoken of by his employers and fellow-clerks in Huggins's warehouse also in the highest terms. These two persons met; they were introduced—I assume clandestinely. After a time, it seems, an attachment commenced, which was forbidden by her parents. It is only right to say that the letters of the prisoner at that period show good feeling, real affection, and a proper sense of duty. This went on; the intercourse was again renewed; and in 1856 it assumed a criminal aspect; and she had soon so completely committed herself to him, that she belonged to him, and could with honour belong to no one else. But her affection began to cool; another suitor appeared; she endeavoured to break off her connection with L'Angelier by coldness, and asked him to return her letters. He refused, and threatened to put them into the hands of her father. There is much that is dishonourable in this case, but not that. It would not have been honourable to allow the prisoner at the bar to become the wife of any honest man. It was then she saw the position she was in; she knew what letters she had written to L'Angelier; she knew what he could reveal; she knew that if those letters were sent to her father, not only would her marriage with Mr. Minnoch be broken off, but that she could not hold up her head again. She writes in despair to him to give her back her letters; he refuses. There is one incident—she attempts to buy prussic acid; there is another incident—she buys arsenic; there is a third incident—she buys arsenic again. Her letters, instead of continuing demands for the recovery of her letters, again assume all the warmth of affection they had the year before. On the 12th of March, she had been with Mr. Minnoch, making arrangements for her marriage. On the 21st she invites L'Angelier to come, with all the ardour of passion, to see her; she buys arsenic on the 18th, and L'Angelier dies of poison on the morning of the 23rd. The story is strange, and in its horrors almost incredible."

Before her trial, for the few days the prisoner was in Edinburgh prison, her hours were spent in light reading, with occasional regrets at the want of a piano; while she met the officials with an air of pleasantry and ease more akin to the gaieties of a drawing-room than the gloomy realities of a jail.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30.—FIRST DAY.

OPENING OF THE COURT.

Early in the morning, which was wet and dull, a considerable crowd had assembled in the Parliament Square, round about the entrance door of the High Court of Justiciary; and on this being opened, as the clock of the adjoining church of St. Giles struck the hour of eight, a rush was made for admission. None were, however, permitted ingress save the special and common jurors cited for the occasion, the members of the Faculty of Advocates, the Writers to the Signet, and other branches of the legal profession, and the members of the corps of the Edinburgh and Glasgow press. These several classes did not fill more than one half of the available accommodation in the Court-room; but the doors were inexorably shut against all others until the Court was formally opened. Even then only those were allowed to enter who had obtained tickets of admittance from the officers of Court. By the time that the Judges arrived, the crowd of people in the neighbourhood of the court had become very great.

Precisely at five minutes before ten o'clock there entered the Court two Lord-Advocates, accompanied by the Solicitor-General and Donald Mackenzie, Esq., one of the Advocates-Depute. At the same time they appeared on the other side of the bar, the counsel for the accused, the Dean of Faculty (John Inglis, Esq.), George Young, Esq., and A. McCreiff, Esq. At twenty minutes past ten o'clock, the Lord Justice-Clerk took his seat on the bench, accompanied by Lords Ivory and Handyside.

After the appearance of their Lordships, the Court was delayed for some time by the non-appearance, in answer to her citation, of Mrs. Jenkins, a most material witness in the case; but after the lapse of a little while she was found, and about 25 minutes to 11, when all eyes were turned in the direction of the bar, a very young lady of short stature and slight form, with features sharp and prominent, and restless and sparkling eye, was seen to ascend the trap-stair, and step into the dock with all the buoyancy with which she might have entered the box of a theatre. This was the prisoner Madeleine Hamilton Smith, who took her seat with perfect composure, being attended on her left hand by the matron of the Edinburgh Jail, and, as usual, by a policeman on either side.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONER.

One writer describes her personal appearance as more than ordinarily prepossessing. Her features, he says, express great intelligence and energy of character. Her profile is striking, the upper part of her face exhibiting considerable prominency, while the lower part is cast in the most delicate mould, and her complexion is soft and fair. Her eyes are large and dark and full of sensibility. She looks younger than her reputed age of 21, but at the same time, her countenance betrays the effects of confinement and anxiety, in an air of langour and weariness, which

her natural spirits and strength of mind in vain attempt to conceal. She was elegantly but simply attired in a white straw bonnet, trimmed with white ribbon and mounted with a figured black veil, which, however, she did not make use of to conceal her face with. She had on a visite trimmed with lace; her gown was of brown silk. She held in her gloved hands a cambric handkerchief and a bottle of smelling salts. Her figure seemed to be less than the middle size, and girlish and slight.

Her portrait has thus been sketched by another pen:—Miss Smith is about five feet two inches in height. She has an elegant figure, and can neither be called stout nor slim. She looks older than her years, which are twenty-one. I should have guessed her age to be twenty-four. Her eyes are deep-set, large, and some think beautiful; but they certainly do not look prepossessing. Her brow is of the ordinary size, and her face inclines to the oval. Her nose is prominent, but is too long to be taken as a type for the Roman, and too irregular to remind one of Greece. Her complexion, in spite of prison life, is clear and fresh—indeed, blooming—unless the colour with which it was suffused was the effect of internal excitement and nervousness. Her cheeks are well coloured, and the insinuation that a rosy hue is imparted by artificial means, made by some portions of the press, does not seem well founded. Her hair, of which she has a rich profusion, is quietly arranged in the fashion prevalent before the Eugenie style. She was dressed simply, yet elegantly. She wore a brown silk dress, with black silk cloak, with a small straw bonnet, trimmed with white riband, of the fashionable shape, exposing the whole front of the head. She also had lavender coloured gloves, a white cambric handkerchief, a silver-topped smelling bottle in her hand, which she never used, and a wrapper thrown over her knee. Altogether she had a most attractive appearance, and her very aspect and demeanour seemed to advocate her cause.

During the whole day's proceedings the prisoner maintained a firm and unmoved appearance, her keen and animated expression and healthful complexion evincing how little, outwardly at least, she had suffered by the period of her imprisonment and the horror of her situation. Though, on once looking round, a dark veil was thrown over her face, the interest she took in the proceedings was yet evident. Her head never sank for a moment, and she even seemed to scan the witnesses with a scrutinising glance. Her perfect self-possession, indeed, could only be accounted for by either a proud consciousness of innocence, or by her possessing an almost unparalleled amount of self-control. She even sometimes smiled with all the air and grace of a young lady in the drawing-room, as her agents came forward at intervals to communicate with her.

The indictment charged the prisoner with intent to murder, and with murder; and it set forth that on the 19th or 20th of February last, the prisoner, in the house in Blythswood Square, Glasgow, occupied by her father, did wickedly and feloniously administer to Emile L'Angelier, now deceased, a quantity or quantities of arsenic or other poison in cocoa or coffee, or some other article of food or drink, with intent to murder the deceased, and that he having taken the said arsenic or other poison so administered by her, did in consequence thereof suffer severe illness; that on the 22d or 23d of February she repeated the crime, and also on the 22d or 23d of March, and that he died on the latter day in consequence of the

said arsenic or other poison having been so taken by him, and was murdered by the said Madeleine Smith.

After an objection taken by the prisoner's counsel to some superfluous words contained in the indictment, which words the Lord-Advocate might be deleted, the Lord Justice-Clerk having called her Majesty's Advocate for her Majesty's interest, addressing the prisoner (who stood up), said—You, Madeleine Smith, or Madeleine Hamilton Smith, being charged with intent to murder, as also murder. Are you guilty or not guilty? The prisoner replied, in a clear sweet treble—no trace of hurry or emotion perceptible in the voice, no trembling on her tongue—“Not guilty.”

Here further detention took place, in consequence of the non-appearance of another most material witness, namely, Professor Frederick Penny of the Andersonian University, Glasgow. During this delay, some person on leaving the court banged one of the side doors, near which the prisoner was sitting, which caused her to start in considerable alarm,—her chest positively heaving with the excitement.

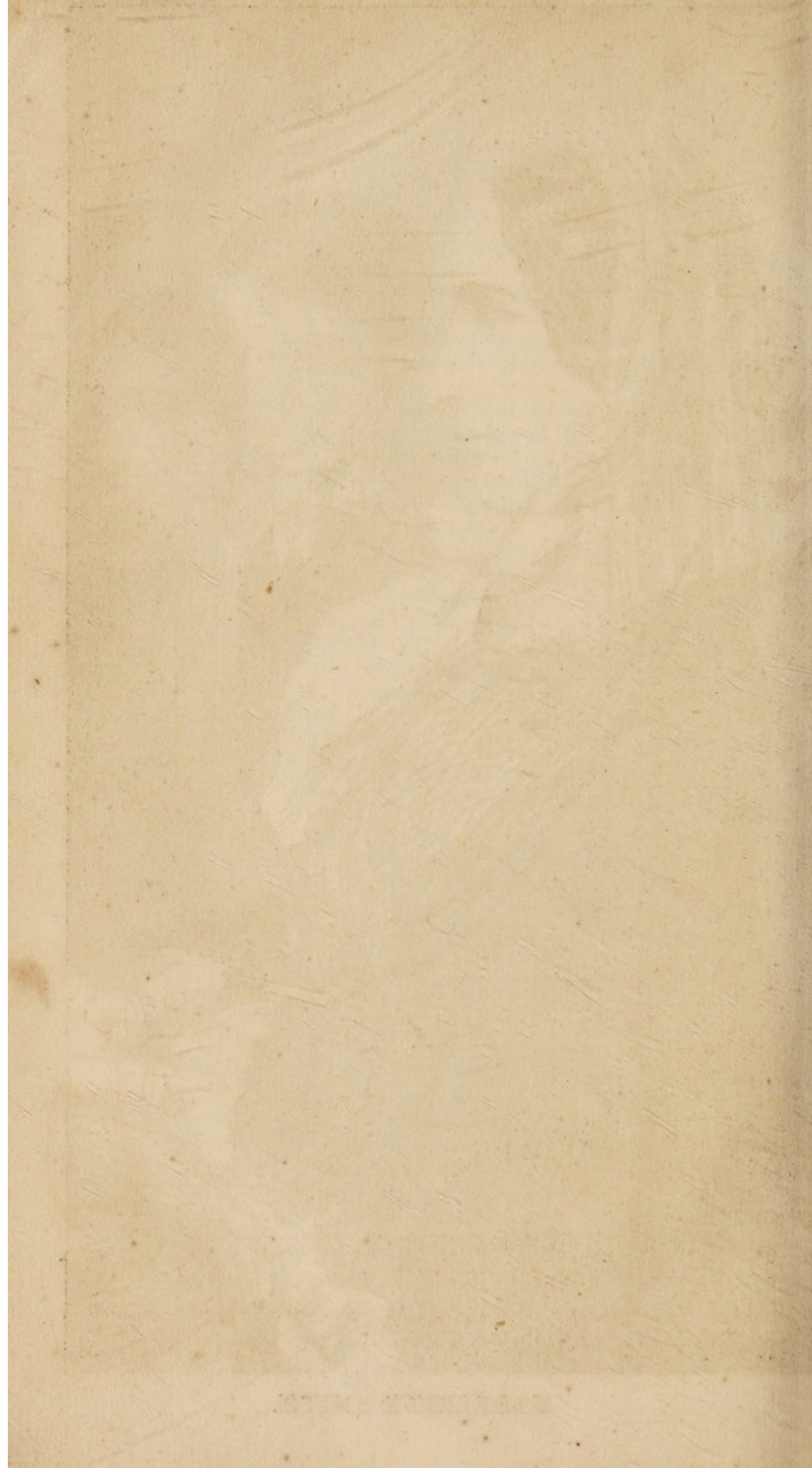
Dr. Penny having at length arrived, was rebuked by the president Judge, and the following jury was then empanelled:—James Christie, farmer, Hailes; James Pearson, farmer, Northfield; James Wall, farmer, Kilpult; Charles Thomson, coal merchant, York Place; William Sharp, Auckland Villa; Archibald Weir, bootmaker, Leith; Hugh Hunter, cabinetmaker, Circus Place; Robert Andrew, cowfeeder, Nether Liberton; George Gibb, shoemaker, Glover Street, Leith; William Moffat, teacher, Duke Street; David Forbes, Scotland Street; Alex. Thomson, Torphichen; Charles King, Shakspeare Square; Andrew Williams, clerk, Parkside Place; Alex. Morrison, carrier, Linlithgow.

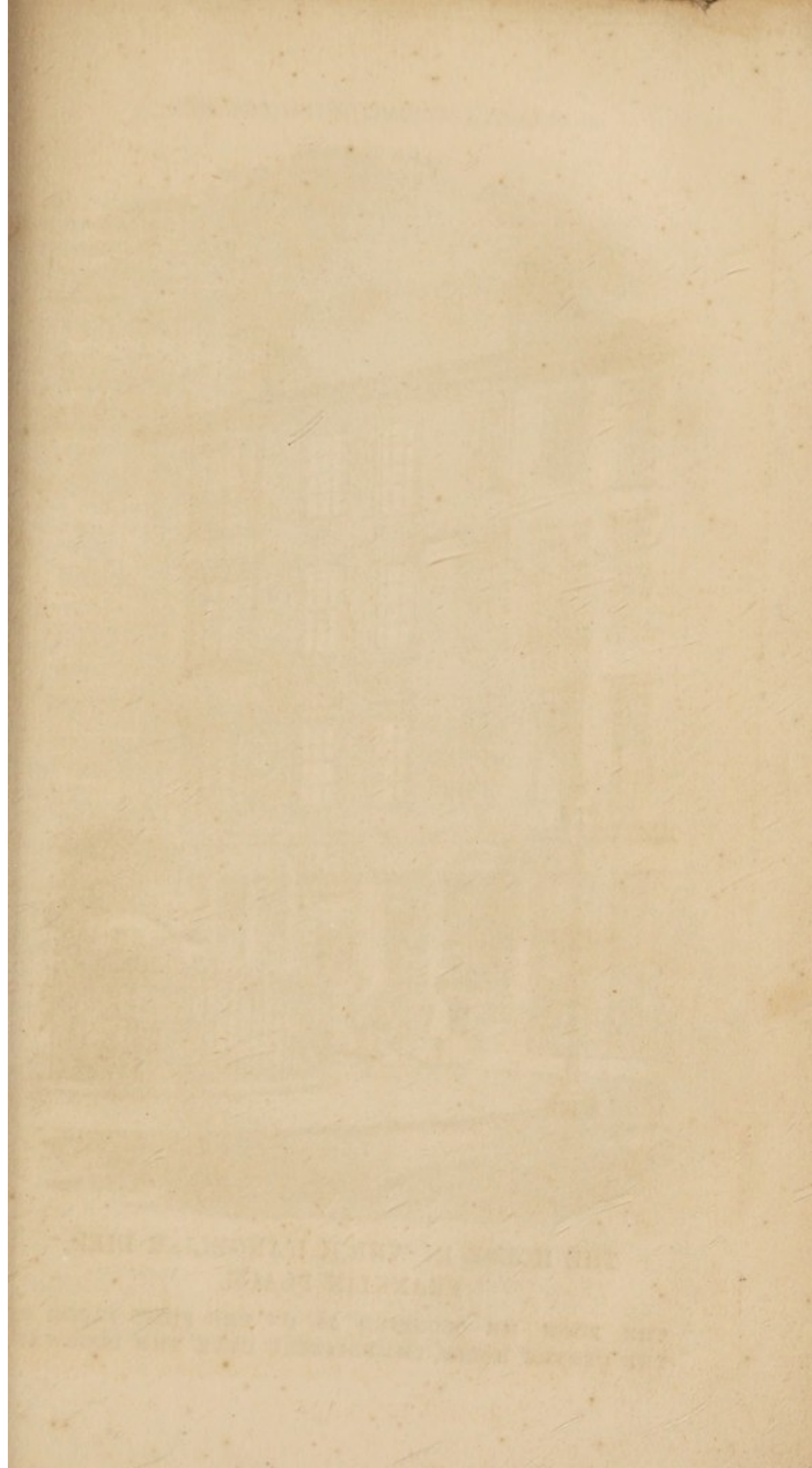
ASPECT OF THE COURT.

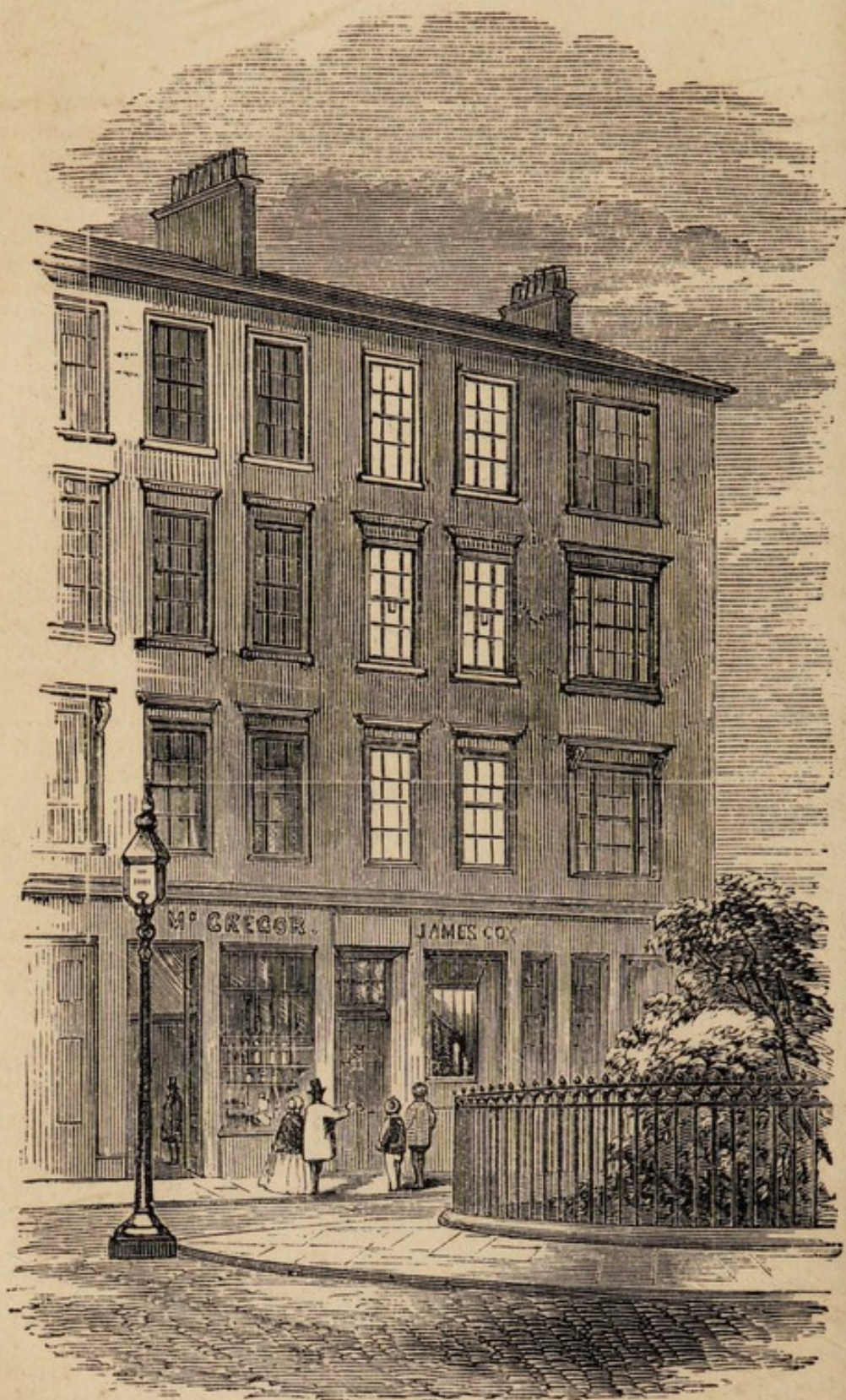
The scene in the court-room is such as the High Court of Justiciary has never presented before in the present century. The whole of the Faculty of Advocates would seem to be there, filling more than their own gallery; a goodly array of Writers to the Signet appear in their gowns; upwards of a score of reporters for the press are ready to ply their busy pencils; the western side gallery abounds in mustachioed scions of the aristocracy; ministers of the Gospel are there gathering materials for discourses; and civic dignitaries are in abundance. A few—a very few—ladies are mingled in the throng. Among the clergy were noticed Principal Lee, William Pulsford, the celebrated Independent preacher, Dr. Andrew Thomson, Professor Harper, and Mr. Hibbs, an episcopalian priest, who “goes in for preaching about Palmer and Dove, and will no doubt have a morning sermon one of these Sabbaths devoted to Madeleine Smith. Later in the day Lords Cowan and Ardmillan, on being relieved from their duties elsewhere, come and sit in undress on the bench: so did the venerable Lord Murray, and Lords Wood, Deas, and others. In the midst of all this excitement, seated at the bar, with hundreds of eyes fixed steadily upon her, Madeleine Smith is the only unmoved, cool personage to be seen.



MADELEINE SMITH.







THE HOUSE IN WHICH L'ANGELIER DIED,
FRANKLIN PLACE.

THE ROOM HE OCCUPIED IS ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF
THE CENTRE HOUSE, IMMEDIATELY OVER THE DOORWAY.

THE PROSECUTION.

Mr. Archibald Smith, Sheriff-Substitute of Lanarkshire, was the first witness called. On entering the witness-box he was sworn after the following form:—One of the Judges rose up, held up his right hand, and ordered the witness to follow his example, and repeat after him the words of the solemn appeal to the Almighty.

The witness then said—I know the prisoner. She was judicially examined before me, and emitted a declaration on the 31st March. She was examined on the charge of murder before her declaration was emitted. The greater part of the questions at the examination were put by me. The statements made in the declaration were all given in answer to questions. The answers were given clearly and distinctly. There was no appearance of hesitation or reserve. There was a great appearance of frankness and candour.

Mr. George Grey, clerk in the Sheriff-Clerk's Office, Glasgow, stated that he was present when the declaration was emitted by the prisoner.

Ann Duthie Jenkins, with whom L'Angelier lodged, deposed that he came to live at her house in July of last year, and continued with her to his death. The witness said—"The deceased enjoyed general good health. I recollect his having an illness about the middle of February. That was not the first serious illness he had since he came to lodge with me: he had one eight or ten days before. One night he wished a pass-key, as he thought he would be out late. I went to bed, and did not hear him come in. I knocked at his door about eight in the morning, and got no answer. I knocked again, and he answered, 'Come in, if you please.'

The witness was here removed, and the Lord Advocate preferred a request that the Court would allow the medical witnesses to hear that part of the evidence descriptive of the symptoms manifested by M. L'Angelier before his death; but the Dean of Faculty objecting to this course, the Court, as both parties would not consent, refused to admit the medical gentlemen.

Witness resumed—I went into Mr. L'Angelier's room. He said, 'I have been very unwell; look what I have vomited.' I said I thought that was bile. It was a greenish substance. There was a great deal of it. It was thick stuff like gruel. I said, 'Why did you not call upon me?' He said, that while on the road coming home he was seized with a violent pain in his stomach, and when he was taking off his clothes he thought he should have died. He was not able, he said, to ring the bell. I advised him to go to a doctor, and he said he would. He took a little breakfast, and then went to sleep until nine o'clock. In about an hour I went back to him. Then he said he was a little better, and he would go out. Mr. Thuot, who also lodges in my house, saw him. His place of business was two streets off. He rose between ten and eleven o'clock. After going out, he returned about three in the afternoon. He said he had been to the doctor, and brought a bottle in with him. He took the medicine, and complained of being very thirsty. The illness made a great change in his appearance. He looked yellow and dull to appearance. He became dark under the eyes, and the red of his cheeks seemed to be more broken. He complained of being very cold after he came in. He lay down upon the sofa, and I placed a railway rug over him. He never was the same after his illness. When asked how he felt, he was accustomed to say, 'I never feel well.' I have nothing by which to remember the date of this first illness. I think the second was about the 23rd of February. On a Monday morning about four o'clock, he called me. He was vomiting. It was the same kind of stuff as before, in colour and otherwise. He complained on this occasion likewise of pains in the stomach, and of thirst and cold. I did not know he was out the night before. He did not say anything about it. I put more blankets upon him, put jars of hot water to his feet, and

made him tea. I gave him also a great many drinks—toast and water, lemon and water, and such drinks. This was because he was thirsty. He did not rise until the forenoon. He had bought a piece of meat for soup on Saturday the 21st (date shown in a pass book), and I recollect that this meat was sent home on the Saturday before this second illness. Dr. Thomson came to attend him, and left a prescription for powders. L'Angelier was about eight days confined to the house at that time. He took two or three of the powders, but I do not know whether he took the rest. He used often to say that he did not feel that he was getting better. Some time after this he went to Edinburgh, where he stayed about eight days. Recollect his coming back; it was, I think, a Tuesday. Thuot told me he was coming back that evening, and I got in some bread and butter for him. (Identifies L'Angelier's pass-book, containing account with Chalmers, a baker, St. George's Road). The entry for the bread is on the 17th of March. He returned that day about half-past ten. He was in the habit of receiving letters, but I thought they were addressed in a gentleman's hand. There were a great many letters in the same hand. He never told me whom those letters were from. Remember seeing the photograph of a lady lying about the chamber. (Identifies the photograph). I said, "Is that your intended, sir?" He said, "Perhaps some day." Knew from Mr. L'Angelier that he expected to be married. About September 1856, he wished to engage a dining-room and bed-room. He told me he was going to be married in March, and would like to remain with me. I did not agree to do so. There was one time I said it would be a bad job for him to be ill if he got married. When he came home on the 17th of March, he asked me if I had any letter for him. I said no. He seemed disappointed at not finding a letter. He stopped at that time until the 19th. Before he went away he said that any letters that came were to be given to Thuot, who would address them. He said he was going to the Bridge of Allan. He went away about ten o'clock in the morning. A letter came for him upon the 19th. It was like the letters which had been in the habit of coming, and I gave it to Mr. Thuot. I don't remember receiving any letters on the Friday, but there was one on the Saturday, more like a lady's handwriting. I also gave this to Mr. Thuot. Mr. L'Angelier said he would not be home until Wednesday night or Tuesday morning following. He was very much disappointed at not getting a letter before he went away; and he said, "If I get a letter perhaps I will be home to-night." I next saw L'Angelier on Saturday night about eight o'clock. Was surprised to see him so soon. He said the letter sent brought him home, and on his asking when it came I told him that it came on Saturday afternoon. I understand that he had been at the Bridge of Allan. He said he intended to go back to-morrow morning, and desired to be called early. Do not remember whether he said he was going back to the Bridge of Allan. He looked much better, and, on being asked, said he was a great deal better. He went out that night about nine o'clock. Before going out he said, 'If you please, give me the pass key, for I may be late.' He told me to call him early. It was about half-past two in the morning, as far as I can remember, when I next saw him. He did not use the pass key in coming in, but rang the street bell with great violence. I rose and asked who was there, and Mr. L'Angelier answered. When I opened the door he was standing with his arms across his stomach. He said, 'I am very bad; I am going to have another vomiting of that bile.' The first time I saw the vomitings I said it was bile. He said, 'I never was troubled with bile.' He said he thought he never would have got home. I went into the room, and before he was half undressed he was vomiting severely. It was the same kind of matter as I had seen before. The vomiting was attended with great pain. I asked, 'Whether he had been taking nothing to disagree with his stomach;' he said, 'No, I have taken nothing since I was at the Bridge of Allan.' He was chilly and cold, and wanted a jar of hot water applied to his feet, and another to his stomach. I got these for him—two pairs of blankets and mats. He got a little easier, but about four o'clock he became worse; and on my proposing to go for the doctor he said he was a little better, and that I need not go. About five o'clock he again got

worse, I went for the nearest doctor, Dr. Steven, who said he could not come so early, but told me to give him twenty-five drops of laudanum, and put a mustard blister on his stomach, and said that if he did not get better he would come. Shortly after this, at L'Angelier's request, I went again for the doctor, and he came. When the doctor came he immediately ordered him mustard. I said to the doctor, 'Look what he has vomited;' the doctor said, 'Take it away, for it is making him faintish.' I got the mustard, and the doctor put it on; and I think he gave him a little morphia. The doctor stayed about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. I took the doctor into the dining-room and asked what was wrong with him. The doctor asked whether he was a person that tiddled? I answered he was not. I said that this was the second time this had occurred, and asked what could be the reason. He said that that was a matter for after explanation. The first time I went back L'Angelier asked what the doctor had said. I replied that he thought he would get over it. L'Angelier said—'I am far worse than the doctor thinks.' About nine o'clock, when I drew the curtains, he looked very ill, and I asked if there was no one he would like to see? He then asked to see a Miss Perry in Renfield Street. I sent for her. He said that if he could get five minutes' sleep he thought he would be better. These were the last words I heard him use. I came back to the room in about five minutes; he was then quite quiet; and I thought he was asleep. The doctor then returned, and I told him that he was asleep. The doctor then went in, felt the pulse, and lifted L'Angelier's head, which fell back; the doctor then said he was dead. I had no reason to suspect where he had been. I knew that there was a private correspondence kept up, but I did not ask him where he had been, and he never told me." The witness then proceeded to say that Miss Perry subsequently came, that Thuot, Dr. Thomson, and some other persons were there, and that Mr. Stevenson, a person employed by the same firm as L'Angelier had been, also arrived. The witness asked Stevenson to "look up what belonged to L'Angelier," and Stevenson accordingly examined the pockets of the deceased's clothes, which lay upon a chair. In the waistcoat pocket was found a letter, which witness recognised as that which came on the previous Saturday. Some one said—either Thuot or Stevenson—on the production of the letter, "This explains all."

On cross-examination, witness said that L'Angelier had laudanum, among other medicines, but he refused to take it. When he died, his right hand was clinched. When Miss Perry came in, witness asked, "Are you the intended?" She said, "Oh, no; I'm only a friend." She seemed very much overwhelmed. Witness did not remember what she did when she entered the room where L'Angelier died. Witness thought she kissed the dead man's forehead more than once. She seemed very sorry, but not in violent grief. She seemed crying very much. When witness said to Miss Perry how sorry the lady would be that he was going to be married to, she desired witness not to say much about it, or to say nothing about it.

A short interval took place at this period, during which the Judges and Counsel retired. One of the officers brought and offered Miss Smith some refreshments, but she very politely declined to partake of anything. At half-past three the Court resumed.

Mrs. Jane Gillon, or Bayne, residing at Bridge of Allan, said—I recollect Mr. L'Angelier coming to my house on 19th of March, between five and six o'clock evening. He took lodgings. 19th March was on Thursday. He remained till Sabbath. He had that morocco bag with him. He seemed in good health and spirits. He left on Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. He did not tell me why he left. He intended to stay longer.

Charles Neil Rutherford, druggist, Bridge of Allan, deposed—I was postmaster at Bridge of Allan at the beginning of this year, but not now. That envelope has been stamped at my office. On the 22d March, a gentleman of the name of L'Angelier left his card at my office. I gave this letter to him when it was called for. The letter B on the post-mark indicates the time of arrival, which is about half-past ten. The mail leaves Glasgow about seven in the morning.

Mr. Fairfoul, guard to the Caledonian Railway said—I was guard of the train that left Stirling on the 22d of March at half-past three. A gentleman, apparently a foreigner, went by that train going to Glasgow. I did not know his name at the time. He did not ask me how he could get to Glasgow. This daguerrotype was like the gentleman referred to.

William Stevenson, warehouseman, of Glasgow, deposed that L'Angelier was employed in the same establishment (Higgins and Co.). L'Angelier got leave on absence in the month of March, and went to Bridge of Allan. Witness received a letter from the deceased while he was at Bridge of Allan, dated the 20th of March, stating that he would return on the following Thursday. Witness was therefore surprised when he heard that L'Angelier was dead in Glasgow on Sunday the 22nd. The letter to witness from deceased, said that he felt much better, though his limbs were "all sore," and scarcely able to bear him. The letter found by witness in the pocket of L'Angelier after his death was produced and it ran as follows:—

"Why, my beloved, did you not come to me? O, beloved, are you ill? Come to me. Sweet one, I waited and watched for you, but you came not. I shall wait again to-morrow night, the same hour and arrangement. Do come, sweet love, my own dear love of a sweetheart. Come, beloved, and clasp me to your breast. Come, and we shall be happy. A kiss, fond love; adieu, with fond embraces.—Ever believe me to be your own dear, fond
MINI."

Witness proceeded to say that he knew Mr. L'Angelier had a memorandum book. He got it from deceased's lodgings. Shown a memorandum book, and asked if that was the book, he replied that it was, and that he took it with him to the office, and put it into a parcel and sealed it up. He saw it subsequently given up to the public authorities.

A label on the book, in the witness's handwriting, declared that it was found in L'Angelier's desk at the office. On being asked for an explanation of these discrepant statements, witness said—I put it in his desk sealed up, and it was opened afterwards, and labelled when taken out.

By the Court—Did you put that sealed parcel into L'Angelier's desk after you sealed it up?—I did.

By the Dean of Faculty—When you put it into the desk, was it sealed up?—It was not. Did you take it out of his desk?—Not after it was put in till the officers got it. Did you take it out of his desk at any time whatever after you put it in?—No.

Witness admitted that the lock of the desk was defective, and that L'Angelier had complained to him that the boys in the office had got at and rummaged the desk. The entries in the journal terminated on the 14th of March; they were in L'Angelier's writing—some of them in pencil. Witness found a number of letters in a little leathern case; they were handed over to the police.

The Solicitor-General was about to ask the witness to read the entries in the Journal, but the Dean of Faculty interposed.

A short discussion then ensued, as to how far the memorandum book could be received as evidence, and the Judges retired to consider the objection urged by the Dean of Faculty. During this interval the female warder in attendance on Miss Smith twice pressed upon her to partake of some refreshment, but the accused, in spite of the urgent entreaties of her attendant, steadily persisted in her refusal.

On the return of the Judges into Court, the Lord Justice-Clerk intimated that the entries in the memorandum-book could not be read at that stage of the case, and the trial was adjourned till Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.—SECOND DAY.

ON the second day of the trial, the prisoner entered the court with the same degree of self-possession that she had previously exhibited. She sat for some time unveiled, and never during the day even slightly hung her head, except when reference was made to her love letters sent to the deceased. The chief part of the day's proceedings was taken up by the examination of the medical witnesses. The weakest evidence was taken first, and the strongest afterwards. The tall figure of Dr. Christison, and his countenance pale from recent indisposition, contrasted with the shorter stature, but powerfully intellectual head, of his immediate predecessor, the professor from Glasgow. The moment perhaps during the medical evidence when the audience were most excited was when the great amount of arsenic which had been discovered was stated by Dr. Penny. Miss Smith appeared to give great attention to the statements of the medical men.

Stevenson, the witness last examined, was recalled. He said—I first gave up seven letters to the Procurator Fiscal, six of them being among those found in the office desk of the deceased, and the seventh being the letter found in his vest pocket. I did not on the 24th or 25th of March entertain any serious apprehensions of the case forming the subject of a criminal charge. I felt uncomfortable, but nothing further. My feelings of discomfort pointed me to a quarter where some explanations were likely to arise from, but nothing more. I did not look at the dates of the letters I gave up at first, and only marked the envelopes with the word "desk" to signify I had found them there. The Fiscal did not mark them that I saw. I took a note of the postmarks, but did not preserve it. The Fiscal did not tell me to do so. I found letters of M. L'Angelier in his tourist's bag, the desk in the warehouse, a leather portmanteau in his lodgings, also, I think, the desk in his lodgings, and one in the vest pocket. I cannot tell how many letters were in the desk at the warehouse. They were very numerous. Part of them were wrapped in two brown paper parcels, sealed with the company's stamp, and part lying loose. They had apparently been sealed by the deceased. I am not aware whether the seven letters I gave the Fiscal were in a sealed packet or lying loose. I cannot identify any of the letters found in the desk, excepting the sixth I have mentioned and the seventh I found in the pocket. I do not know how many I found in the travelling bag. I should say under a dozen. I read a portion of them. I can't say how many I found in the portmanteau. There were a good many of them. They were partly tied with twine and tape, and partly loose. I could not now distinguish those found in the portmanteau, nor those found in the desk in the lodgings. I cannot tell how many there were of the latter. (Shown a large number of letters from Miss Perry, which he examined.) These letters I cannot speak to individually, but I saw letters in the same handwriting among those I delivered up. One of the signatures is "M. A. P.," others "Miss Perry." I saw letters in this handwriting in all the different repositories of the deceased. I cannot tell how many I saw altogether in this hand, but there were a good many, though not so many as in the other handwriting. I did not attempt to divide them. My impression was that there could not be one-half so many in this hand as in the other. (Shown a packet of 199 letters, being the subjects of the second inventory for the prisoner.) Judging from the bulk of the parcel now shown me, I should say that there might be 250 or 300 letters altogether in all the handwritings. I know that deceased had other correspondents besides those whose letters have been found. I had seen letters addressed to ladies in England, and he had also correspondents in France. He was a vain person, vain of his appearance—very much so. He was of a very mercurial and excitable disposition. He was a packing clerk to Huggins's warehouse. I am not aware what money he had when he went to Edinburgh or Bridge of Allan. I saw the first medical report made by Dr. Thomson. It was made on Tuesday,

the 24th. (Shown seven medical reports, Nos. 155 to 161 in the Inventory of the prosecution). It is not among these. I saw it and read it. It is on a small slip of scroll paper. There is a report there by Dr. Thomson and Dr. Stevenson. It is dated March 28. The report I speak of was made on the 24th. That report was given to me, and I gave it to Mr. Young at the Fiscal's office. I don't think I've seen it since. (Shown No. 1 in second inventory of the prisoner—see portemonnaie). That was got in the vest of deceased. There are two rings inside of it. These are the rings I have already spoken to as found in his pocket. I do not think I gave this up to the Fiscal at first. It was locked up in one of the drawers. It was not got out till the afternoon his clothes were packed up in one of the portmanteaus, which was some time after. I recollect giving several articles out of the portmanteau to the agents for the prisoner, but am not certain if this was one of the articles. (Shown letters, which he identified to be in the handwriting of L'Angelier.)

This witness was cross-examined at great length as to the entries in his memorandum-book with reference to his proceedings in this matter, which entries were somewhat incomplete and irregular.

By the Court.—When I was first precognosed I understood there was a criminal charge against some one in connection with L'Angelier's death, and I believe that was known I was the first person who had looked into his repositories. I think it was after I gave up the letters in the desk to Murray. I am not aware that the Sheriff was present on any of the occasions. I understood at the time who it was that the letters in the first handwriting were from, and that the charge was murder. The party was in custody by this time. Neither the Sheriff nor the Fiscal examined the repositories of deceased, so far as I saw. The letters from the various places were put into a bag, but no inventory was made. There were no letters left. The officers got everything that was in the repositories of the deceased, including those in the second handwriting (Miss Perry's). Murray and another officer got away a brown paper parcel of letters from the lodgings, but I cannot say that the parcel was sealed. In the course of my precognitions I was asked to put my initials to some of the letters only.

On this witness being relieved,

The Lord-Justice Clerk said—I think it right to say that I know of no duty so once so urgent and so imperative as that of the Sheriff superintending the direction of every step in a precognition for murder, and in the experience of myself as an old Crown officer, and of my brethren as sheriffs, the course which this case appears to have taken is unprecedented. You are at liberty to go, Mr. Stevenson. Your memorandum-book has not been kept, perhaps, very regularly or scientifically, but I think you have done everything according to the best of your judgment and experience, nor do I suppose there is any imputation in this matter against you.

The Dean of Faculty—Oh, no; quite the contrary.

The Lord-Advocate—I think it right to say that, perhaps, before the end of the case, in some respects the observations of your Lordship will be modified.

The Lord-Justice Clerk—That may be. I only speak as to the examination of one witness who had apparently first received possession of all the letters to be founded on in support of this charge.

The witness was desired to be in attendance, lest he should be called for again.

Dr. Hugh Thomson, physician, Glasgow, was next examined. He said—I knew the late M. L'Angelier. He first consulted me about a year ago as to a bowel complaint, from which he recovered. He consulted me again on the 3rd of February as to a cold, a cough, and a boil on his neck. I prescribed for him. I saw him next about a week after. He was better of his cold, but another boil had made its appearance on the neck. He came to me again on the 23rd. He was very feverish, his tongue was much furred, and it had a patchy appearance from the fur being off in several places. He complained, and said he had been vomiting and purging. He had the general symptoms of fever. I took his complaint to be a bilious fever, and prescribed an aperient draught. He said he had been unwell for a day or two, but he told me he had been taken worse during the night. I continued to visit him on the 24th, 25th, and 26th. On the 24th of

February I prescribed some powders for him; he was then in much the same state as on the 23rd. He had vomited the draught I gave him on the 23rd. On the 25th he was rather better, and had risen, but was on the sofa undressed. On the 26th he was considerably better and cooler, and I did not consider it necessary to repeat my visits. It did not occur to me that these symptoms arose from any irritant poison, though the symptoms were just those that would have ensued from poison. He looked very dejected and ill-like. His colour was darker, and there was a dark shade about his eyes. I saw him again about the eighth or tenth of March. He was in much the same state. He said he was thinking of going to the country. I did not give him any prescription or advice, but about the 26th of February I told him to give up smoking, which I thought was injurious to his stomach. I never saw him again in life after the time I last spoke of. On the 23rd of March Mr. Stevenson and M. Thuot called, and told me that M. L'Angelier was dead; they requested me to see the body, and give my opinion as to the cause of his death. They did not know I had not seen him in his last illness. I found the body laid out on a stretcher, dressed in grave-clothes. The skin had a slightly jaundiced hue. I said it was impossible to give any decided opinion on the subject without opening the body, and requested Dr. Steven to be called. I saw what he had vomited, and the landlady told me of his symptoms before death. After Dr. Stevens came he corroborated the landlady's statement as to the symptoms, but he could not account for his death. There was no resolution come to on the Monday. On Monday afternoon I was called upon by Mr. Huggins and another gentleman, and I said the symptoms were such as would be produced by an irritant poison; it was such a case as in England would have been the subject of a coroner's inquest. Next morning Mr. Stevenson called, and said Mr. Huggins requested me to make an examination. I said I would require a colleague, and Dr. Steven was fixed upon. We made the examination on Tuesday at midday. We wrote a short report the same day, and afterwards an enlarged report. (Shown 155 of inventory—the later report—which stated that death might either have arisen from poison, or from internal congestion arising from exposure to cold or fatigue). That is a true report. I was summoned to attend the Procurator Fiscal's office the day after I had written that report. The stomach was put into a sealed bottle and delivered to Dr. Penny. On the 31st I was requested to attend at the Ramshorn churchyard to aid in an inspection of the body. Dr. Steven, Dr. Corbet, and Dr. Penny were present. The coffin was opened in our presence, and the body taken out. I recognised it as the body of L'Angelier. It was particularly well preserved. We removed various portions of organs of the body for analysis. A report was made of the state of these organs to the effect that on the smaller intestine and other organs there was a considerable quantity of arsenic. All the substances removed from the body on the exhumation were left with Dr. Penny. When I came on the Monday, Mrs. Jenkins showed me what deceased had vomited or purged. It was not preserved that I know of. I had first made a short report to Mr. Stevenson before the report of the 24th of March. When I attended M. L'Angelier in February there were no symptoms that I could say were not those of a bilious attack.

Dr. James Steven, physician of Glasgow, was now called. His evidence was as follows:—I was sent for early in the morning of the 23rd of March by Mrs. Jenkins, who stated that a lodger of hers was ill. I myself had been ill for about a week, and I was unwilling to go out at night, and I thought from the description given I might prescribe without going. It was named to me as a bilious attack, and seemed from the description of symptoms to be so. I told her to give him hot water to make him vomit, and then to give him some laudanum. Mrs. Jenkins came back for me, and when she said he was a Frenchman I thought I had better go, lest he might not be understood by those attending him. When I saw him his features were pinched, and he appeared both mentally and physically depressed. I spoke to him. His voice did not seem particularly weak when I first entered, but it became weaker while I was there. He complained of his breathing being painful, but it did not seem hurried. He also complained of coldness and pain over the region of the stomach. I dissuaded him from

speaking, and ordered more blankets and hot water. He seemed to have vomited effectually, and I prescribed a little morphia. His pulse was not very weak, but the circulation was somewhat weaker at the extremities. He complained of thirst, but he seemed not to wish to drink much, as it increased the pain of vomiting. He wanted cold water, and was unwilling to take whisky, which his landlady spoke of giving him. I ordered a vessel filled with his vomiting to be removed, because it was offensive, and a clean vessel put in its place, that I might see what he vomited. He said "This is the third attack I have had. The landlady says it is bile, but I never was subject to bile." He mentioned how dull he felt being so ill and away from his friends. He spoke several times of "his poor mother." I stayed about half an hour, having applied a mustard poultice when I called again at a quarter past 11. His landlady told me he had been quite as bad ever since; she had just been in the room, and he had now fallen quiet. When I went in I found him dead. He was lying on his right side, with his back towards the light, his knees a little drawn up, one arm outside the bed-clothes and another in. They were not much drawn up—not unnaturally drawn up. He seemed in a comfortable position, as if he was sleeping. I went again that day when Dr. Thomson was there. I asked him if there was anything particular in his previous symptoms, but we were both at a loss to account for the cause of death. The landlady said she thought it was natural causes. I refused to give a certificate of death without making an examination. I made a report next day along with Dr. Thomson; and I was also present at the second examination, when the body was exhumed. I had never attended any case in which there had been poisoning by arsenic.

Frederick Penny, professor of chemistry, Andersonian University, Glasgow.—I recollect on the 27th of March last being communicated with by Dr. Hugh Thomson and one of the clerks of the Fiscal, who came to my laboratory in the Andersonian Institution and delivered a bottle, of the contents of which they asked me to make an analysis. It was closely secured and sealed. I broke the seal and examined the contents, which were a stomach and a reddish-coloured fluid. I was requested to make the examination for the purpose of ascertaining if those matters contained poison. I commenced my analysis on the 28th (Shown No. 157, being a report of the first analysis made.) Its conclusions are that the different processes through which the stomach and its contents were passed proved that they contained arsenic; and, secondly, that the quantity found was considerably more than sufficient to destroy life. The stomach contained about 82 grains of arsenic, in addition to five grains that had been made into powder by the testing processes through which the substance was put. It is not easy to give a precise answer as to how much arsenic would destroy life. It has been known to be destroyed by two or three grains, but four or six are generally considered to be sufficient. I saw the body exhumed. (Shown No. 158, being second report of analysis referring to the death of P. E. L'Angelier.) The conclusions of that analysis are—first, that the body of the deceased contained arsenic; and second, that it must have been taken by him while living. I have no opinion to give as to how long before his death the body had contained arsenic. (Shown No. 209, a list of articles delivered to Dr. Christison on the 11th of April, chiefly the bottles containing the stomach and intestines). These articles were entirely in my custody till I delivered them to Dr. Christison. In the course of this investigation I was asked to make a report regarding arsenic bought at Mr. Currie's, druggist, Sauchiehall Street, and Mr. Murdoch's, North Street, Andersonston. The object was to ascertain if the articles sold as arsenic by them really contained that substance, and in what quantity. Murdoch's contained 95.1 of pure white arsenic, and Mr. Currie's, 94.4. Mr. Murdoch's contained carbonaceous matter, and Mr. Currie's particles of indigo. I should not have expected to discover any part of the indigo in the contents of the stomach, though such had been taken. If Murdoch's arsenic had been administered, and if it had settled down in the contents of the stomach, as in this case, I should have expected to find some traces of the carbonaceous matter. Suppose there had been prior administration of arsenic a month previously, and that arsenic had been bought at Murdoch's, I certainly should not have expected to find traces of the

carbonaceous matter. Various articles were delivered to me by Mr. Wilson, said to have belonged to deceased. There were twelve bottles, two paper packages, and a cake of chocolate. I examined them to ascertain their general nature, and to see if there was any trace of arsenic. (Witness stated the contents of each bottle and packet, none of them having any trace of arsenic). I identify the bottles now produced. Excepting the solution of aconite in one of the bottles, none of their contents is of a poisonous nature, and the quantity of the solution of aconite would not have been sufficient to destroy life. The bottle is half-full, and has about two ounces in it. If the whole bottlefull had been taken it would not have been sufficient to destroy life. Aconite acts as a poison by producing insensibility, coldness, and death. I never heard of prussic acid being used as a cosmetic. I should think it highly dangerous so to use it. I am not aware of any action it exerts to whiten the skin. I should say it would be very dangerous to use arsenic as a cosmetic. If rubbed into the skin it might produce symptoms of poisoning by arsenic. I have heard of arsenic mixed with lime, or other matters, being used as a depilatory. Arsenous acid is not so used; it is usually the yellow sulphide. In the entire stomach of the deceased and its contents, there was arsenic to the extent of eighty-two grains and seven-tenths, or nearly one-fifth of an ounce. That was exclusive of the white powder, which weighed five grains and two-tenths. The two together came to nearly ninety grains. I did not determine the quantity in the organs of the body removed on exhumation. In the small intestines there must have been a considerable quantity. When the contents were allowed to repose arsenious acid crystallised out of them, and deposited abundantly on the sides of the vessel. I cannot give you an idea of the quantity in the small intestine. It was a very appreciable quantity, but I should not like to guess. If deceased, when attacked by symptoms of arsenical poisoning, vomited a great deal, the arsenic would be carried off by the vomiting or not according to the mode of administration. If given with solid food and in a solid state, a large portion of the arsenic would be ejected from the stomach, but if it were stirred up with a liquid, and thereby thrown into a state of mechanical suspension, I should not expect any considerable quantity to be ejected by vomiting. I could not say what proportion would be ejected by vomiting if administered in a fluid. I should not be surprised if in such a case as much had been ejected as remained. Judging from what I found of the state of the body, the dose of arsenic must have been unusually large. There are cases on record in which large quantities have been found in the stomach—larger than in the present instance. In one case 120 grains were found. I cannot tell of any case in which a large quantity has been found in which the arsenic was administered by another party. In the case I have referred to the poison was voluntarily taken. It would be very difficult to administer a large dose of arsenic in a liquid. Nothing in the appearance of the body indicated the time at which the arsenic was taken. The utmost period that I have known to elapse between the administration of this poison and the appearance of the symptoms is eight or ten hours, or thereabout. Very often the symptoms appear in an hour. There are cases in which the symptoms have been late in appearing, and in which death did not take place for two or three days. The greater part of the colouring matter in Currie's arsenic might be removed by adding cold water and agitating the two together. With great dexterity the greater portion might be removed, but it would require the skill of a chemist to remove it. Murdoch's arsenic was coloured with carbonaceous matter. It had the character of coal soot. I cannot tell by the examination of a dead body whether the arsenic has been administered in one dose or several. I think the external use of arsenic in any way very dangerous. There are cases in which it has been applied to the whole skin, and symptoms of poisoning ensued—vomiting and pain, but not death. In one case it was rubbed upon the head. From the remembrance of general reading, it is my impression that it would produce eruption of the skin. I should not like to wash myself in water in which arsenic had been put, but I can give no further answer on that point. Arsenic is absorbed by the blood, and it is through its rapid absorption that it reaches the vital organs. There are cases in which inflammation of the intestines has

been produced by external application of arsenic. Cocoa or chocolate are substances in which a considerable dose of arsenic might be conveyed. I have found by actual experiment that when 30 or 40 grains of arsenic are put into a cup of warm chocolate, a large portion of the arsenic settles down to the bottom of the cup, and I think a person drinking such chocolate would suspect something when the gritty particles came into his mouth; but when the same or a larger quantity was boiled with the chocolate, instead of being stirred or mixed with none of it settles down. A larger proportion of the arsenic dissolves by being boiled with the chocolate than by being thrown into it. Coffee or tea could not be made the vehicle of a large dose of arsenic in that way. I could not separate the soot from the arsenic by washing, but a very large quantity of it may be separated in that way. The period between the administration and the appearance of the symptoms varies in different persons, and more especially according to the mode of administration. Pain in the stomach is among the first symptoms after a large dose, and may exist before vomiting commences. Ten to twenty grains might be given in coffee, but not a large dose, such as we have been referring to.

The Lord Justice-Clerk, as witness left the box, said that more satisfactory, lucid, and distinct evidence he had never heard.

Dr. Christison, professor in Edinburgh University, then gave evidence as follows—I recollect Dr. Penny bringing to me various substances, said to be portions of the body of L'Angelier. I made analyses of them with the view of ascertaining if they contained arsenious acid or other poison, and made a report (This report was then read. It thus solemnly commenced—"I certify on soul and conscience that I received on the 11th ultimo, for chemical examination from the hands of Dr. Frederick Penny, of Glasgow, a box containing various articles connected with the case of Pierre Emile L'Angelier, who is supposed to have died of poison"). After subjecting to the usual processes the white powder given me by Dr. Penny, which he had found in the stomach of the deceased, I found it to be oxide of arsenic. The quantity of arsenic in the stomach was considerable, and more than sufficient to destroy life.—Witness was referred to passages in his work on the subject of poisons, one of which described symptoms similar to those which the deceased experienced as resulting from poison. Witness said—If I found all these effects it would lead me to suspect arsenic or some other irritant poison. Sometimes the effects of arsenic pass off quickly, sometimes they continue for months, causing indigestion, weakness, loss of strength, emaciation, and occasionally diarrhoea. The report of Drs. Thomson and Steven was read to witness, and he was asked, Is there anything in that description you would expect to find after a frequent administration of arsenic? Witness said it was a very natural appearance after a frequent administration of arsenic, but the appearances might proceed from previous diseases arising from other causes.

The Lord-Advocate described the symptoms of M. L'Angelier's repeated illnesses as deponed by Mrs. Jenkins, when Dr. Christison said—I can have no doubt the cause of death was poisoning by arsenic, and that being the case, I should have entertained strong suspicion as to that being also the cause of his prior illness. The symptoms I have described are just those that have occurred in the repeated administration of doses singly insufficient to cause death. Witness then read a report upon Murdoch and Currie's arsenic, which he found to contain the usual proportion of arsenic and of colouring matter. The indigo in Currie's was not real indigo. If colouring matter had been administered with the arsenic I should have expected to find it in the small intestine. I did not see it, nor did I search for it. My attention was not directed to colouring matter in the arsenic. If colouring matter had been administered with the poison, I think it might have been found. Some of the components of soot are insoluble. I should have expected to find it but for the vomiting, which, however, would not have removed it entirely. I should have found true indigo had it been there. It appeared to be what is called waste indigo that was in Currie's arsenic. I was informed by Dr. Penny of the large quantity of arsenic found in the stomach. If there was great vomiting and purging, I should suppose the quantity of poison

swallowed by the deceased to be much greater than the quantity found in the stomach and intestines. Much would depend on the means taken to facilitate vomiting. Hot or cold water freely taken would greatly facilitate the discharge of the poison. It is quite impossible to tell the quantity vomited. It would be reasonable to suppose that as much was vomited as remained; it might even be four or five times that quantity. There was nothing in the description of the case inconsistent with the supposition of death from a single dose of arsenic. All the symptoms which have been described to me in this case might occur, and have been found, in cholera. If there were a sense of choking and soreness of the throat, these are more symptoms of arsenic; I don't think they have occurred in cholera. The ulcers found in the duodenum and other parts might have been the indications of a disease which would present the symptoms of bowel complaint or cholera. The ordinary time that elapses between the administration of arsenic and death is from eighteen hours to two and a-half days. The exceptions to this are numerous. Death has supervened in two hours. The time between which the poison is administered, and the manifestation of the symptoms, is generally about two hours. There are cases in which it was seven and even ten hours. It does not appear that the quantity of the dose affects this; speaking within certain bounds, of course. I think the dose in this case must have been double, probably more than double, the quantity found in the stomach. A dose of 220 grains may be considered a large dose. I can't say if, in cases of as large a dose as this, they were intentionally administered; in the greater proportion of cases of suicide, the dose is generally found to be large. That is easily accounted for by the desire of the party to make certain of death; but murder by injuries, as well as in cases of poison, is often detected by excess of means. In almost all cases of murder by poisoning, there is more poison used than is necessary to occasion death. The very fact that poison is found on the stomach at all, proves that more was given than was necessary, for it is not what is left that causes death, but what has been on the stomach. I do not recollect any case of murder by arsenic in which anything approaching to eighty-eight grains was found on the stomach of the deceased; but I cannot rely on my recollection as to a negative fact of that kind. In some articles of food it is easy to administer a large quantity of arsenic, and in others it is difficult to do so. A large quantity is not easily conveyed in a liquid. It would only convey what was easily soluble, or so fine as to be suspended in water. It is a very rare occurrence that anyone is able to eat a hearty meal after once having taken arsenic; but one remarkable case of the kind is recorded in the French books. Cocoa or chocolate is a vehicle in which a great deal might be administered. Active exercise or a long walk would hasten the effect of arsenic, or of any but narcotic poisons. That a man should take poison at Bridge of Allan, come to Coatbridge, walk eight miles to Glasgow, and reach Glasgow in good health and spirits, I should think very unlikely. The colouring matter might have been present, though unnoticed. A previous administration of arsenic would quicken the effects of the subsequent one, and the constitution would become more susceptible of the effects of the poison.

Amadée Thuot was examined through an interpreter. He said—I am a clerk in Glasgow, and lodged in March last with Mrs. Jenkins. I knew M. L'Angelier, and had seen the photograph shown me in his room, and believed it to be the portrait of his intended. I knew of his being in correspondence with a lady, but never saw any of the letters. I knew of the lady wanting some of her letters back. I remember going with L'Angelier to the Broomielaw on one occasion, and of his stopping at a house near Blythswood Square to deliver a letter. He made a slight noise with his stick on the window. It was the second window from the corner of Blythswood Square. After L'Angelier's death I showed that window to a police officer. L'Angelier sometimes went out at night; he told me he went to his intended's house. I recollect his becoming very ill one morning after he had been out at night. I asked him in the morning if he had seen the lady; he said he had, and that he had been ill in her presence. I do not think he was out the night before the morning of his second illness. I understood that his intimacy with the lady (whose name he never told me) was against

the desire of her family. I understood that the house at which the letter was delivered was the house at which the lady lived. I left town on the Saturday before L'Angelier died, and did not expect him so soon from the Bridge of Allan. I have seen M. L'Angelier take laudanum several times. I told him once that he took too much. He said he could not sleep without it. He once told me he had taken a great deal of laudanum. I have seen him take it four or five times. I never saw him take much except may be when he was suffering a great deal.

Auguste Vauverte de Meau, chancellor to the French Consul in Glasgow, was next called, and deposed as follows—I knew M. L'Angelier for about three years. I also knew Miss Smith, the prisoner. I was acquainted with her family. I knew there was a correspondence between them—L'Angelier told me so, though I did not wish his confidence on the subject. Mr. Smith lived some time at Row. L'Angelier lodged with me once or twice at Helensburgh. I told him he should go to Mr. Smith and tell him of his attachment to his daughter and ask his consent to their marriage. He said that Miss Smith had already asked her father's consent, which he refused. I have had very little intercourse with deceased since I was married, which I have been for a year. I remember L'Angelier coming to my office a few weeks before his death. I spoke of having heard that Miss Smith was to be married to some one else—namely, a Mr. Minnock. L'Angelier said it must surely be false, but that if it was to come to this he would forbid it, and that he had in his possession documents that would be sufficient to forbid the bans. I don't recollect if he said he had heard anything on the subject from Miss Smith. I did not see him again. I did not think I was at liberty to speak to Mr. Smith of M. L'Angelier's attachment to his daughter while he lived, but after his death I thought it my duty as a gentleman to tell Mr. Smith of the correspondence between his daughter and the deceased in order that he might take what steps he might think proper for her exoneration in case anything might come out against her. I told him that the deceased must have had a great number of letters from his daughter, and that the letters might fall into the hands of strangers. I told him that I understood no seal had been attached to L'Angelier's property, and that the letters might be read by numbers of people. I went at Mr. Smith's request to Mr. Huggins. He was not in his office, but I saw two other gentlemen. I told them what I was charged to ask, but they said they could not give them without the consent of Mr. Huggins. I asked that those letters should be put under seal till they could be disposed of. I think this was on the Monday. Next day I told Mr. Smith what the answer was. In the interval I heard some rumours which induced me to go to Miss Smith's residence, where I saw her in presence of her mother. I apprised her of the death of L'Angelier. She asked me if it was of my own will that I had come. I said, No, that it was at the special request of her father; and I asked her to put me in a position to contradict the statements which had been made as to her relations with M. L'Angelier. I asked her if she had seen him on the Sunday night? She said she did not. I observed that he had come from Bridge of Allan by special invitation given by her in a letter written to him. She replied that she was not aware that he was at Bridge of Allan; that she did not give him an appointment for Sunday, but wrote on Friday evening, making an appointment for the following day. She said she expected him on Saturday, but he did not come. I put the question five or six times in different ways, and told her my conviction that she must have seen him on Sunday; that he came from Bridge of Allan on special invitation to see her, and if he had committed suicide he was not likely to have done so without knowing why she sent for him. I also said that the best advice I could give her was to tell the truth, because it was a serious affair, and might lead to inquiry, and that if she did not speak the truth as to her having seen him, a servant, or a policeman, or somebody passing, might be able to show he was there, which would throw a very strong suspicion on the motive that could have led her to hide the truth. She then rose and said, "I swear to you, Monsieur Meau, that I have not seen L'Angelier;" not on that Sunday only, but not for three weeks, or for six weeks, I am not sure which. Her mother was present. I asked her how she, being engaged to another gentleman, could

carry on a clandestine correspondence with her former sweetheart? She told me she had done so in order to get back her letters. I asked if it was true that L'Angelier was in the habit of having appointments with her in her house; and she told me that L'Angelier had never entered into that house, meaning the Blytheswood Square house, as I understood. I asked her how then she had her appointments to meet with him. She told me that L'Angelier used to come to a street at the corner of the house (Main Street), and that he had a signal by knocking at the window with his stick, and that she used to talk with him. I asked her if it was true that she had signed letters with L'Angelier's name as his wife, and she told me she had.—On cross-examination this witness said—I lived at Helensburgh in the summer of 1855. L'Angelier visited me there. He once came on a Saturday evening. We spent the whole evening together. On Sunday we went a good distance on the Glasgow Road, and returned. L'Angelier, instead of following me, went down stairs, and in a short time I went down to inquire why he did not come to his dinner, when I met him returning, excessively pale. He told me he had been frightfully sick. He sometimes complained of being bilious, but I cannot recollect at what period. Once he told me he had an attack of cholera; this must have been last year. I was then acting consul, and he did duty as my secretary for some weeks. He told me that he had been on one occasion attacked by a burning pain at the heart, but L'Angelier had often complained to me, and, as I thought, without any great cause, and therefore I paid little attention to it. I knew that he was in the habit of taking laudanum, and never knew him come to Helensburgh without having it in his carpet-bag. He once spoke to me about the use of arsenic, but that is now a considerable time ago—I think on a Sunday in the winter of 1853-54. I do not recollect how it arose, but we had a long discussion as to the possibility of a person taking arsenic without being injured by it. I ridiculed the idea of its being possible to take it without danger, while he maintained that it was possible to take it in a small quantity. I cannot, however, precisely recollect the conversation, and should be afraid to make any statement as to the purpose for which he said the arsenic might be taken. He once told me about his having been jilted by a rich English lady, and that he was "like mad" for about a fortnight after, and went about without taking food. He was an excitable person. Any cause of grief affected him very much.

By the Court—I had less intercourse with L'Angelier after I was married. I feared he might take some rash step with Miss Smith; and as I had some young ladies under my charge, I did not think it proper to keep up my intercourse with him. I mean that he might have proposed to make an elopement with Miss Smith; indeed, I felt sure he would propose this, as he told me that he would do so in the event of Mr. Smith not giving his consent to his daughter's marriage with him. I understood from L'Angelier that Miss Smith had engaged herself with him. The reason I went to Mr. Smith after L'Angelier's death was that, as I knew the letters were love letters, it was much better the family should have them in their hands than strangers. My opinion of L'Angelier was that he was a man of regular habits, that he was religious and exemplary in his conduct; his only fault was excessive bragging. He boasted of his appearance, of his grand acquaintance, and of his influence. For example, he would say of Miss Smith, "I shall forbid Mademoiselle to do so and so," or "She shall not dance with such an one." He seemed jealous that others should pay attention to Miss Smith—not of Miss Smith paying attention to others. The photograph shown me is very like L'Angelier. He was about twenty-eight or thirty years of age.

The court adjourned at six o'clock till ten next morning.

THURSDAY, JULY 2.—THIRD DAY.

The prisoner still looked fresh and animated, but in the course of the day became a little more restless and excited than she had previously, and particularly when her former school companion, Miss Buchanan, and the gentleman to whom she was latterly engaged, Mr. Minnoch, were in the box.

Charles O'Neill deposed to the accuracy of a plan which he had made of the house, 7, Blythwood Square, occupied by the prisoner's father. It was situated at the corner of Blythwood Square and Main's Street, entering from Blythwood Square. It consisted of two floors—a street floor and sunk floor: Mr. Minnoch and Mr. Douglas residing in the floors (or houses, as witness described them) above. There were six windows altogether in the lower and partially sunk floor: three looked into the area in front, to Blythwood Square, two to Main's Street, and one into the area behind. The windows in Main's Street were stanchioned outside with iron bars. The window of Miss Smith's bed-room were one of these. The window-sill was about eighteen inches from the level of the street—the window-panes about six inches from the street. Therefore any person standing in the street and putting his arm through the railings could easily touch the windows; and anything let fall inside the railings would fall on the level of the sill of the window. Anything so let fall could be taken in from the window. There was an area door leading to Blythwood Square, and a door at the back of the house leading into a lane. There was a wall between the back area and the lane.

The prisoner's declaration was then read as follows. It was dated the 31st of March:—

My name is Madeleine Smith. I am a native of Glasgow; twenty-one years of age, and I reside with my father, James Smith, architect, at No. 7, Blythwood Square, Glasgow. For about the last two years I have been acquainted with P. Emile L'Angelier, who was in the employment of W. B. Huggins and Co., in Bothwell Street, and lodged at 11, Franklin Place. He recently paid his addresses to me, and I have met with him on a variety of occasions. I learned about his death on the afternoon of Monday the 23rd of March current from my mamma, to whom it had been mentioned by a lady, named Miss Perry, a friend of M. L'Angelier. I had not seen M. L'Angelier for about three weeks before his death, and the last time I saw him was on a night about half-past ten o'clock. On that occasion he tapped at my bed-room window, which is on the ground-floor and fronts Main's Street. I talked to him from the window, which is stanchioned outside, and I did not go out to him nor did he come in to me. This occasion, which, as already said, was about three weeks before his death, was the last time I saw him. He was in the habit of writing notes to me, and I was in the habit of replying to him by notes. The last note I wrote to him was on the Friday before his death—viz., Friday the 20th of March current. I now see and identify that note and the relative envelope, and they are each marked No. 1. In consequence of that note I expected him to visit me on Saturday night the 21st current, at my bed-room window in the same way as formerly mentioned, but he did not come and sent no notice. There was no tapping at my window on said Saturday night, nor on the following night, being Sunday. I went to bed on Sunday night about eleven o'clock, and remained in bed till the usual time of getting up next morning, being eight or nine o'clock. In the course of my meetings with M. L'Angelier he and I had arranged to get married, and we had at one time proposed September last as the time the marriage was to take place, and subsequently the present month of March was spoken of. It was proposed that we should reside in furnished lodgings; but we had not made any definite arrangement as to time or otherwise. He was very unwell for some time, and had gone to the Bridge of Allan for his health; and he complained of sickness, but I have no idea what was the cause of it. I remember giving him some cocoa from my window one night some time ago, but I cannot specify the time particularly. He took the cup in his hand,

and barely tasted the contents, and I gave him no bread to it. I was taking some cocoa myself at the time, and had prepared it myself. It was between ten and eleven p.m. when I gave it to him. I am now shown a note or letter and envelope which are marked respectively No. 2, and I recognise them as a note and envelope which I wrote to M. L'Angelier, and sent to the post. As I had attributed his sickness to want of food, I proposed, as stated in the note, to give him a loaf of bread; but I said that merely in a joke, and, in point of fact, I never gave him any bread. I have bought arsenic on various occasions. The last I bought was a sixpenceworth, which I bought at Currie the apothecary's in Sauchiehall Street, and, prior to that, I bought other two quantities of arsenic, for which I paid sixpence each—one of these in Currie's, and the other in Murdoch the apothecary's shop, in Sauchiehall Street. I used it all as a cosmetic, and applied it to my face, neck and arms, diluted with water. The arsenic I got in Currie's shop I got there on Wednesday the 18th of March, and I used it all on one occasion, having put it all in the basin where I was to wash myself. I had been advised to the use of the arsenic in the way I have mentioned by a young lady, the daughter of an actress, and I had also seen the use of it recommended in the newspapers. The young lady's name was Jubilee (Giubilei), and I had met her at school at Clapton, near London. I did not wish any of my father's family to be aware that I was using the arsenic, and therefore never mentioned it to any of them, and I don't suppose they or any of the servants ever noticed any of it in the basin. When I bought the arsenic in Murdoch's, I am not sure whether I was asked or not what it was for, but I think I said it was for a gardener to kill rats or destroy vermin about flowers, and I only said this because I did not wish them to know that I was going to use it as a cosmetic. I don't remember whether I was asked as to the use I was going to make of the arsenic on the other two occasions, but I likely made the same statement about it as I had done in Murdoch's; and on all the three occasions, as required in the shops, I signed my name to a book in which the sales were entered. On the first occasion I was accompanied by Mary, a daughter of Dr. Buchanan of Dumbarton. For several years past Mr. Minnoch, of the firm of William Houldsworth & Co., has been coming a good deal about my father's house, and about a month ago Mr. Minnoch made a proposal of marriage to me, and I gave him my hand in token of acceptance, but no time for the marriage has yet been fixed, and my object in writing the note No. 1, before mentioned, was to have a meeting with M. L'Angelier to tell him that I was engaged in marriage to Mr. Minnoch. I am now shown two notes and an envelope bearing the Glasgow post mark of 23rd January, which are respectively marked No. 3, and I recognise these as in my handwriting, and they were written and sent by me to M. L'Angelier. On the occasion that I gave M. L'Angelier the cocoa, as formerly mentioned, I think that I used it must have been known to the servants and members of my father's family, as the package containing the cocoa was lying on the mantelpiece in my room, but no one of the family used it except myself, as they did not seem to like it. The water which I used I got hot from the servants. On the night of the 18th, when I used the arsenic last, I was going to a dinner party at Mr. Minnoch's house. I never administered, or caused to be administered, to M. L'Angelier arsenic, or anything injurious. And this I declare to be truth. (Signed) MADELEINE SMITH.

The next witness was the prisoner's school companion and friend, and was to have been her bridesmaid, namely, Miss Buchanan. She was attended in the Court by her father, Dr. Buchanan, of Dumbarton, and entered the witness-box with great difficulty, and evidently much distressed.

Mary Jane Buchanan said—I am acquainted with the prisoner Miss Smith. I was with her on the 6th of March in Sauchiehall Street, when she went into Currie the druggist's shop. She asked for arsenic. She was told she must sign her name. The shopman did not ask what she was to do with it, but I asked her. She said it was to kill rats. She got the arsenic—I think sixpennyworth.

The shopman suggested phosphorous paste to kill rats, but she said it had been tried before, and it was unsuccessful. She said they were going to the Bridge of Allan, and that there was no danger of leaving arsenic in the cellars while the family were absent. I think she asked how much would be a dose for the rats, and he said the quantity she named would kill a great many. She said she only wished it for that purpose. We had no more conversation about it, but I laughed at the idea of a young lady buying arsenic. Miss Smith said nothing, but she laughed with me. I was at school with Miss Smith at Clapton, near London. We were a year there together, and I have been acquainted with her since. I am familiar with her handwriting. I examined a number of letters in the Procurator Fiscal's office, which I came to the conclusion were in her handwriting. I think I first became acquainted with Miss Smith in 1852 or 1853. In the course of the last spring she wrote to me, telling me she was engaged to be married. This was in the end of February last. The gentleman was Mr. Minnoch. She spoke to me also on the subject on the 6th and again on the 30th of March. On the last occasion she spoke of the marriage as being to take place in June. She spoke of no doubt or difficulty about it. I live at Dumbarton. I was visiting Glasgow on the 6th of March. I had visited at Mr. Smith's house at Row where they lived there, and I also visited at Bythwood Square when I was in Glasgow. Miss Smith was not in when I called on the 6th of March, but she came in while I was there. We went out together. She said she wished to talk with me about her marriage, but I had no time to wait. She said she would walk so far on the way with me. There was a school promise between us that whichever of us was first married should have the other as bridesmaid. We went from Bythwood Square to Sauchiehall Street, and along it. This was the way I was going. On coming to Currie's she said, "Oh, just stop a minute; I want to go into this shop." There were two young men behind the counter. We both went forward to it. She asked for arsenic. The man said she must sign the book. She said she would sign anything they liked, and signed "M. Smith," and asked if that would do, and the man said, "Yes." Miss Smith first asked the young man, "How do you sell arsenic? Would sixpence worth be a large quantity?" I did not sign the book. Everything was done very openly. When we were at school together at Clapton I remember something about arsenic. I remember either at lesson or in our evening reading of our reading an account of the Styrian peasants taking arsenic to give them breath in climbing steep mountains, and about their having a peculiar plumpness and rosiness of appearance. I remember Miss Giubilei, who was a pupil-teacher in the school. She was at the reading at the time, I think. We were always obliged to be at the evening reading, and I should think that Miss Smith would be there. I met Miss Smith by appointment on the 6th of March. She knew I was coming, and she wrote me, making the appointment at half-past one. I saw her on the 30th. I think I was with her from three to half-past four. I saw her then in her own house. I had been visiting Glasgow for a week or two. Nothing particular passed between us on the 30th. I asked her about her marriage, and we spoke of it together.

Mrs. Walcot (formerly Augusta Giubilei) said—I was a pupil-teacher in a school at Clapton in the year 1852. I never advised the prisoner to use arsenic as a cosmetic, or to apply it to her face and arms diluted with water; nor, indeed, to use it in any way. I never had any conversation with her about the use of arsenic, that I recollect. I believe I never had any conversation with her at all about the use of cosmetics. I recollect a fact occurring on our reading of mountaineers taking small quantities of arsenic to improve the breath, and that those who so took it were remarkable for their plumpness. I believe I never had any conversation with the prisoner about this passage.

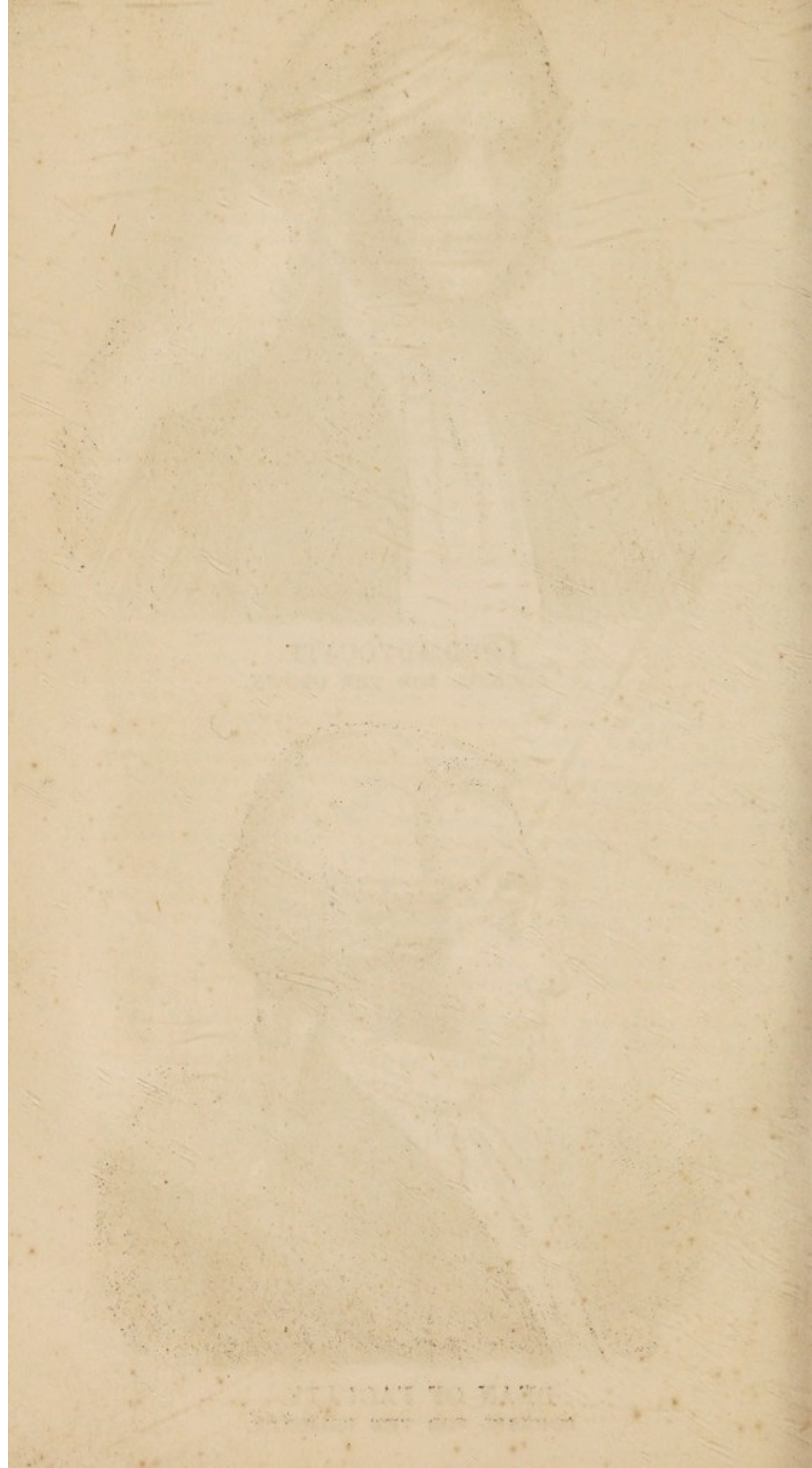
William Murray, lately page to and residing with Mr. Smith—I went into Mr. Smith's service in November, and slept in the room as you go in at the low front door, on the left hand side. Miss Madeleine Smith slept on the right hand side beyond the kitchen—a room which has two windows to Main's Street. There were also a cook and housemaid in the house, named Christina Haggart and Charlotte M'Lean. They slept in the room at the other end of the passage, on the left

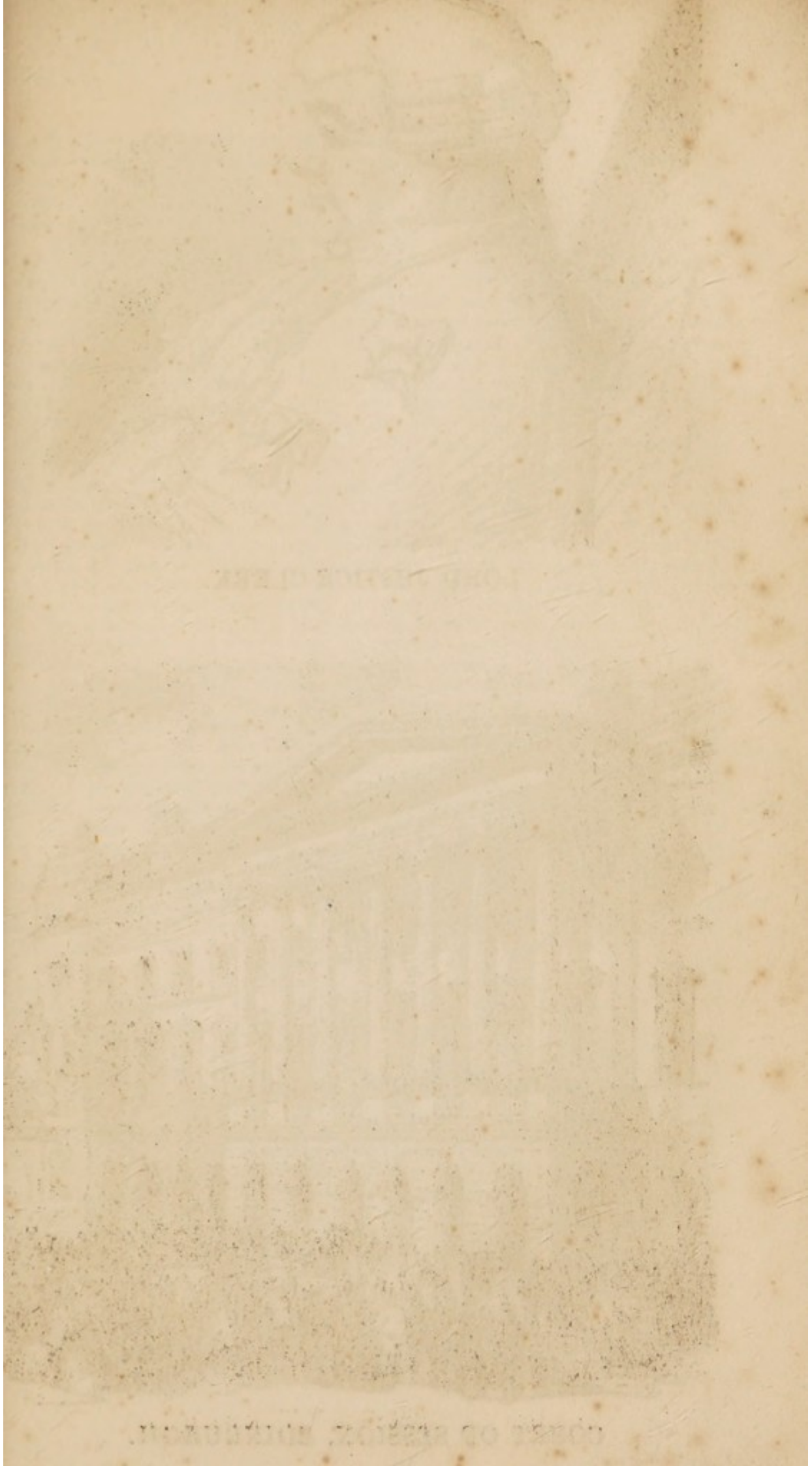


LORD-ADVOCATE.
COUNSEL FOR THE CROWN.



DEAN OF FACULTY.
COUNSEL FOR THE PRISONER.







LORD JUSTICE-CLERK.



COURT OF SESSION, EDINBURGH.

Miss Madeleine once sent me to an apothecary about four months ago. I recollect her being missed from home one morning. It was about six weeks or two months before that I was at the apothecary's. I went for prussic acid. She gave me a line, with the words "a small phial of prussic acid." I took it to an apothecary's, Dr. Yeaman's, in Sauchiehall Street, but they would not give it me. I went back to Miss Smith, and told her so. She said "Very well; never mind." She said she wanted it for her hands. I did not know M. L'Angelier by sight or otherwise. I have posted letters for Miss Smith. I have observed sometimes something like that name, but I could never make out what it was. It was my business to lock the area gate, but I sometimes forgot. I went to bed about ten on Sunday, the 22d March. I sleep very sound. I heard no noise before morning. Miss Madeleine had not gone to her room when I went to bed. It was on the Thursday after the Sunday Miss Smith was found missing. Mrs. Smith told me about ten o'clock she was missing. She came back at night. I recollect Christina Haggart being unwell that Sunday. She kept her bed till about six o'clock. After coming down from worship on Sunday night I went to bed. I went to Dr. Yeaman's as the nearest shop. Miss Smith did not tell me to go to any particular shop. She was in the bed-room, and called me from the kitchen quite loudly when she sent me on the message. She said she wanted a small phial of prussic acid, and I must take care of it, for it was poison. The shopman asked me who it was for, and I told him. He said he could not give it without a physician's line, for it was a very rank poison. The family last winter were Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. John Smith, and Misses Madeleine, Bessie, and Janet Smith. I think Miss Janet will be about 12 or 13. She always slept with Miss Madeleine in the same room and bed. I remember all the servants and family were at prayers the night of Sunday, the 22d. The usual hour is nine o'clock. When I came down, I first went into the kitchen and stopped about five minutes, and then went to bed. I was waiting at breakfast next morning. Miss Smith was there just as usual. There was a young man named Mackenzie, who visited Christina Haggart at the time. She is married to him now. Miss Smith and Janet sometimes got hot water in a jug from the kitchen before going to bed. I did not see Mackenzie that Sunday night. I heard nobody go out or come in on the night of the 22d. There are two keys to the area gate. One of them is generally kept in the kitchen, hanging on a nail. The keys of the front door are generally left in the inside of the door. The entrance to the back area is not a gate, but a door. It is too high for me to climb. There is broken glass on the top.

George Yeaman, physician, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, said—I recollect a paper presented to me by my assistant, on which was written "half an ounce of prussic acid." This was four to eight weeks previously to Glasgow election, which was on the 31st of March. When the line was brought to me, I went into the shop and saw a boy. He told me he came from Miss Smith, Blythswood Square. I asked whether he knew what he wanted. He answered that he thought it was poison. I then said if Miss Smith would call herself, I would see whether or not she could have it. Miss Smith did not come that I saw or heard of.

George Murdoch, druggist, Sauchiehall Street, deposed as follows—Shown 185 of the inventory, being his register of all arsenic he sold in retail. There is an entry there, dated "February 21. Miss Smith, 7, Blythswood Square, sixpence worth of arsenic for garden in country house. (Signed) M. H. Smith." Miss Smith came alone for it, as far as I remember. I was in one of the back rooms when my assistant called my attention to a lady wishing to purchase arsenic, and I came forward and recognised Miss Smith. I named to her the form we must keep. She said it was for her country house. I was aware Mr. Smith had a house in the country. I signed the register, as also my assistant. It was common white arsenic mixed with soot, in the proportion required by the Act. I saw Miss Smith again on the subject, when she called and inquired if arsenic should not be white. I said it required to be sold coloured. She did not then purchase any more. James Dickie delivered to Dr. Penny afterwards a similar quantity of arsenic to that given to Miss Smith, and from the same bottle. My

shop is three or four minutes' walk from Blythwood Square. The family were in the habit of dealing with me. One and a half ounce is the quantity usually sold for sixpence. The arsenic was not, I think, paid for, but charged to Mr. Smith's account.

At this period of the evidence, the judges and jury retired for lunch. As soon as the crimson robe of the junior judge, following those of his seniors, vanishes through the door of the judicial dais, the Court becomes a sort of miniature Babel. Everybody is discussing the evidence, while munching away at a sandwich or a biscuit. The prisoner, as usual, refuses even the slightest refreshment. Others may be thirsty amid the hot excitement, but, when the female attendant offers her a glass of water, she will not have it. There she sits, refusing meat and drink, or a moment's retirement in her cell, with a smelling bottle in her dainty little hand, which she never uses—a splendid specimen of physical power, and of such endurance as only a will of terrible strength could attain.

James Dickie, assistant to Mr. Murdoch, was next called and corroborated his master's evidence.

George Haliburton, assistant to John Currie, druggist, Sauchiehall Street, said—Mr. Currie keeps a registry-book of the sale of poisons. I see an entry on March 6. It is "March 6, Miss Smith, one ounce arsenic, to kill rats." My signature and her signature follow. Miss Smith said the rats were in the house in Blythwood Square. I recommended phosphorous paste, but she said she had tried that and it had failed. She said the family were going away that day to Bridge of Allan, and she would not take care to put it down herself. She got the arsenic and paid for it. Our arsenic is mixed with indigo to colour it. I find another entry on the 18th of March, exactly the same as before. She then came in and asked for another sixpence worth. She said she had come back for it because the first was so effectual, she having found seven or eight large rats lying dead. Mr. Currie was in at the time, and he made some objection to her getting it. I told him she had got it before, and he allowed her to get. A young lady, whom I took to be her sister, was with her. I never heard of arsenic such as I gave Miss Smith being used as a cosmetic, but a preparation of arsenic is used as a depilatory for taking hairs off the face. That is the yellow sulphurate of arsenic. Both purchases were made quite openly. Miss Smith was accompanied by a young lady on the first occasion whom I did not know. The young lady said she thought that arsenic was white, but I told her we were obliged to colour it by Act of Parliament.

John Currie, druggist, corroborated Haliburton's evidence as to the sale of arsenic to Miss Smith on the 18th of March. He further deponed—I recommended her to take some other preparation to kill rats, and she did not insist upon it, but she would prefer having arsenic, as it had answered so well before. I told her she must sign the book, which she readily agreed to do; and from her affability and frankness I had no suspicion.

William Campsie, gardener at Mr. Smith's house at Rowaleyn, parish of Row—I never got any arsenic from Miss Smith to kill rats, and do not recollect ever having any conversation with her on the subject. We were very much troubled with rats, but had not used arsenic to destroy them. We had used phosphor paste, and found it to be effectual.

The next witness is one for whose coming the audience and Miss Smith herself looked anxiously, namely, Mr. Minnoch, the gentleman to whom she was to have been married so soon. He entered the Court in a confused manner, and half crossed the open space, so that he had to be led back to the witness-box; and though he gave his evidence distinctly, it was in a low voice, every now and then clearing his throat or biting his lips. He never once turned toward the prisoner, who leaned forward across the rails, looking up at his handsome face, till he left the court, and the door closed behind him.

William Harper Minnoch deposed as follows—I am a merchant in Glasgow, and a partner of the firm of John Houldsworth & Co. I live in Main's Street, above the house of Mr. James Smith. I have been intimately acquainted with his family for upwards of four years. In the course of last winter I made proposals of marriage to Miss Smith. She accepted them. The time of our marriage was fixed between us. Previously to that, I first asked her generally, without reference to any time. She accepted me on the 28th of January, and we arranged more particularly on the 12th of March. From the 28th of January to the end of March there was nothing which suggested any doubt to my mind as to the engagement continuing. I had no idea that she was engaged to any other person, and I was aware of no attachment or peculiar intimacy between her and any other man. The marriage was fixed to be on the 18th of June. Last season I made Miss Smith a present of a necklace; it was some time in January, before the 28th. She went along with her family to the Bridge of Allan on the 6th of March; she remained there till the 17th. I visited the family while they were there, after leaving I received a letter from Miss Smith (No. 133); that is the letter. After she came home from Bridge of Allan she dined in my house with her father and mother; that was on Monday, the 19th of March. I met her at dinner again at Mr. Middleton's, on the 25th of March. I was not aware of anything wrong at that time. I called on Thursday morning, the 26th, at her father's house. She was not in the house. I was informed she had left the house. I went to Rowaleyn in company with her brother, Mr. John Smith, to look for her. We went by train to Greenock, and then on board the steamer, and we found her on board. It was going to Helensburgh, and then to Row. She said she was going to Rowaleyn. I went on to Rowaleyn with her and her brother; and then we ordered a carriage and drove her up to Glasgow to her father's house. On reaching Glasgow I had no conversation with Miss Smith. I saw her again on the Saturday following. I had heard a rumour that something was wrong. She told me on the Saturday that she had written a letter to M. L'Angelier, the object of which was to get back some letters which she had written to him previously. She made no further statement at that time. I saw her again on the Sunday. There was no conversation on the subject then. I saw her on Monday and Tuesday. On Tuesday morning she alluded to the report that L'Angelier had been poisoned, and she remarked that she had been in the habit of buying arsenic, as she had learnt at Clapton school that it was good for the complexion. I had heard a rumour that he had been poisoned. She said nothing further, and that was the last time I saw her. Before she made these statements to me I was not aware that she was acquainted with L'Angelier. I was not acquainted with him myself. When we met her in the steamer I asked her why she had left home, and she said she felt distressed that her papa and mamma should be so much annoyed at what she had done. Mr. Smith told me that she had left the house that morning; and I asked him the reason, and he said it had been for some old love affair. She told me not to press her and she would tell me all. We took her back to her father's house and left her there. On the 31st of March it was she who introduced the subject of L'Angelier's death, referring to the report of his having been poisoned. I had called to inquire for Mrs. Smith, having heard she was unwell. My meeting with Miss Smith that morning was so far accidental.

Mrs. Clark, wife of Peter Clark, curator of the Royal Botanic Garden, Glasgow, said—The late M. L'Angelier lived with us two years. He went from my house to Mrs. Jenkins's, Franklin Place. I formed a very good impression of his character. He seemed very steady and temperate. He never was late out while he lived in my house. His general health was good. He occasionally visited my house after he went to Mrs. Jenkins's. I observed that a month or two before his death his health became affected. He had spoken to me about a lady. He told me her name; it was Miss Smith. He spoke of her by her first name, "Madeleine" and "Mini." He gave me to understand that there was a mutual attachment be-

tween him and this lady. He told me of an interruption to the correspondence. I don't remember when that was; it was while he lived in my house. He said the intimacy was afterwards resumed. I understood that it was interrupted because of Mr. Smith's displeasure. I understood from him that the correspondence subsisted while he was living with Mrs. Jenkins. He told me that Miss Smith and he were to be married, but he did not say when the marriage was to be. I last saw him on the 5th or 6th of March. He did not speak of Miss Smith that day. He left my house about the beginning of July, 1856. Shortly before his death he spoke of a second interruption to his intimacy with Miss Smith; it was within two months of his death. He told me that he was afraid they would not get their end accomplished, as Miss Smith's father was putting stronger obstacles in the way than ever. He came to my house first in May, 1854. He complained of the climate not agreeing with him. He said that he was occasionally troubled with symptoms approaching to diarrhoea. He told me he was not in the practice of taking cholera medicine, but he told me he took it at that time. I saw the cholera medicine in his room. I understood from him that he was not acquainted with Miss Smith's family. When he said he was to be married to her, he said his intention was to have the bans secretly proclaimed. He had a very great horror of taking medicine, and did not take it while in my house.

Thomas Fleming Kennedy, cashier to Huggins and Co., on being called, said— I knew L'Angelier four years and a-half. He was a well-behaved, religious young man. He enjoyed general good health while in our warehouse. I think his health first became affected in February. I am not sure if he was not ill in January, but he was laid up for a week in February, and got leave of absence in March to recruit his health. He told me of his attachment to Miss Smith. He said very little about it, and I knew nothing further than that there was an intimacy till shortly before his death. He came to me one morning and asked what he should do about the correspondence. I advised him strongly to give back the letters, but he said he would not. That would be about a fortnight before the 23rd of February. He said that she had written asking for the letters. He said he would never allow her to marry another man as long as he lived. I said it was very foolish. He said he knew it was—that it was infatuation. He said, "Tom, she will be the death of me." It was in February that L'Angelier first told me of Miss Smith's desire to break off her engagement with him. I said, "You ought to give up the letters and be done with it." I made the remark that the lady was not worthy of him. He said he would not give up the letters. He said he was determined to keep them, but he threatened at the same time to show them to her father. He said, "She shall never marry another man as long as I live." I never supposed that anything was wrong with him. His first serious illness, so far as I remember, was in February; but I think he was slightly complaining in January some time. I have heard him say on one or two occasions that he was subject to bowel complaint.

John Murray, sheriff's officer, deposed that he had searched all the druggist's shops in Glasgow and the neighbourhood, and found no poison bought at any of them under the name of L'Angelier. In cross-examination, the witness deposed that in several places he had visited arsenic was sold, but no register was kept, and he had not visited any of the manufacturing chemists or druggists.

At the conclusion of this witnesses evidence the Court adjourned. Outside the excitement seemed to be on the increase. The great steps of the High Church opposite the entrance to the court, the surrounding piazzas, and the balcony of the Union Bank above, were crowded with spectators, eager to catch a glimpse of the prisoner; while a dense mass of people thronged the whole of the Parliament Square and surged over the area.

FRIDAY, JULY 3.—FOURTH DAY.

Precisely at three minutes after ten the prisoner appeared at the bar,

accompanied by the jail matron and the police constables as before. Hardly a perceptible trace of additional anxiety could be seen on her countenance. In the course of a few minutes the judges took their seats on the bench. The Court-room was crowded to excess, a great number of ladies being scattered through the hall and galleries.

The evidence for the prosecution was resumed to-day by the examination of William Hart and Peter Taylor Young, Joint Procurators Fiscal for the lower ward of Lanarkshire. Their evidence chiefly related to the mode of recovering and attesting the documents in the repositories of the deceased, also to the preparation of the case and the communication of copies of the documents to the prisoner's agents.

Andrew Murray, jun., writer to the Signet, proved the accurate printing of the portion of the correspondence founded on by the Crown, and which was printed for the use of counsel on either side.

Rowland Hill M'Donald, controller of sorting department, post-office, Glasgow, was called to identify the postmarks on numerous envelopes.

Robert Monteith and Robert Sinclair, packers, in the employment of Huggins and Co., deposed that they had addressed letters for L'Angelier to "Miss C. Haggart," both at India Street, where the family resided before Whitsunday, 1856, at the country house at Row, and latterly at 7, Blythswood Square. L'Angelier did not wish his handwriting to be known.

Janet M'Donald, postmistress at Row, remembered letters coming to the post-office at Row in 1855 and 1856, addressed "Miss Bruce; to be called for," and which one of Mr. Smith's servants called for. Did not know of any person named Miss Bruce at Rawaleyn.

Catherine M'Donald, Bridge of Allan, deposed that the family had resided in her house there from the 6th to the 17th of March.

Dr. Robert Telfer Corbet was then examined. He said—I assisted in the examination of the body of M. L'Angelier on the 31st of March, and concurred in the report then made. The conclusion we came to was that deceased had died from the effects of irritant poison. The morbid appearances were of two kinds—one showing the recent and immediate action of irritant poison, and the other effects of some antecedent administration. The ulcers on the duodenum were such as I think an irritant poison administered a month before might have produced. I think the inflammatory action and ulceration were indicative of the administration of arsenic. Jaundice is not a common, but an occasional, symptom of irritant poison. Extreme thirst is one of the symptoms, and shows itself very early. That is not a symptom of British cholera in the earlier stages. A dose of arsenic generally exhibits its effects in half an hour or an hour. Longer periods have been known, but they are unusual. The early appearance of the symptoms would depend more on the mode of administration and the state of the stomach than the quantity. It would operate more quickly, I think, if there had been repeated doses. I have read of cases of murder in which large doses have been administered. I cannot say I have heard of eighty grains, but I have read of cases in which the authors describe the doses as being large. Twenty grains would certainly be a large dose. I cannot tell of any case of homicidal administration in which so large a dose was given. I state upon the authority of Dr. Taylor that jaundice is a symptom. (Shown Dr. Taylor's work, and asked to point out the passage). I do not know the fact except from reading. I think Taylor refers to Christison as his authority.

The Dean—No, not Christison, but Marshall. If you can find a single line except the one now shown me, in which Taylor refers to Marshall as his authority, I entreat you to show it to me.

Witness—I am not aware that it is mentioned in any other part of the article than the page to which you allude, but I would require to read it over.

The Dean—But surely when you come here to swear, as a man of skill, that jaundice is a symptom of arsenical poisoning, you are prepared to give me a better

answer than that. Do you know that there is a life depending on this inquiry? Pray, keep that in mind.

Witness—I know jaundice to be a secondary symptom of arsenical poisoning by my reading.

The Dean—And is there any reading that you can point to except what I have shown you?

Witness—Nothing.

The witness then proceeded to say that the ulcers might be produced by other causes than irritant poison. I have never seen ulcers in the duodenum except in this case, but I should conceive that any cause of inflammation of the upper intestines would produce them. The presence of jaundice would not sway me very materially in the view of arsenical poisoning. I have made a great many post-mortem examinations.

Dr. Penny was recalled and re-examined for the Crown. He said—I have made experiments as to the effect of the colouring matter in the arsenic of Murdoch and Currie, as to how far the colouring matter could be afterwards detected. I administered Murdoch's to a dog, and I found no difficulty in detecting the soot in the stomach of the dog. I administered arsenic coloured by myself with indigo to another dog, and I had no difficulty in detecting the indigo in that case. I administered to another dog a portion of the arsenic sold by Mr. Currie, and I detected black particles in the stomach, but could not undertake to identify the arsenic found with the arsenic given. I found carbonaceous particles, but could not undertake to say that they are of themselves sufficient to identify any particular description of arsenic. I could detect no arsenic in the brain, but I found it in the stomach, as well as in the texture of the stomach. I made myself acquainted with the quality of the colouring matter in Currie's arsenic before administering it to the dog. The particles found in the dog's stomach bore a close resemblance to the colouring matter, both in their physical appearance and their chemical properties. Their appearance and properties were indeed identical.

Christina Haggart, or Mackenzie, next appeared in the witness-box. She deposed as follows:—I have been married to Duncan Mackenzie since the end of March last. I was previously and for about two years servant in the family of Mr. Smith. Miss Smith was the eldest of the family. Miss Bessie is a grown up young lady, perhaps about two years younger than Miss Smith. Miss Janet is about twelve or thirteen. John, the eldest son, is about sixteen or seventeen, and was in an office in Glasgow. James is two years younger. He was till the end of March at a school in Edinburgh. The first winter I was with them they lived in India Street, Glasgow. While they were living there Miss Smith pointed out a French gentleman to me from the window, saying he was a friend of hers; but she did not tell me his name. I never heard his name, that I remember, till I was examined. The photograph shown me appears to be a likeness of him. He once came into the house at India Street by the back gate, which Miss Smith requested me to open for him. It was on a Sunday, and the family were all at church except the youngest sister. Miss Smith took him into the laundry. They shut the door after them. He remained about half an hour. He came at night afterwards on several occasions—three or four times. He came about ten o'clock, before the hour the family retired; but, so far as I remember, they were not at home. On these occasions he stood at the back gate, and did not come into the house, to my knowledge. I sometimes opened the gate when he was not there, that he might come in; and at other times I found him waiting. Miss Smith generally went out to him. The back door was a good way from the laundry, but they might have gone in there without my seeing it. I once pointed this gentleman out to Duncan Mackenzie, my present husband, as it friend of Miss Smith's. I have spoken to that gentleman. He made me a present of a dress while we lived in India Street. He did not say what he gave a for. I never saw him that I remember in the neighbourhood of Rowaleyn, where the family had a house in which they lived during the summer. Letters were sometimes addressed to me for Miss Smith at India Street. She said they were

coming from her friend, and asked me to receive them. I thought she meant M. L'Angelier. I could not tell the number of letters that came in that way. Letters came to Rowaleyn addressed in the same way. I was sent for letters addressed to Miss Bruce at Rowaleyn, which I obtained, and gave to Miss Smith. Miss Smith has given me letters to post, I think to L'Angelier, but I could not read the name. I have posted letters to his address, from India Street, from Blythwood Square, and from Rowaleyn. I once delivered a letter to the same address in Franklin Place: I left it at the house. In the Blythwood Square house there is a back door, opening to the area in the back lane. Miss Smith asked me once to open that back door. That was a good long time before she was apprehended. I could not say how many weeks. I think not so much as two months. It was at night—past ten—when she asked me to do this. I slept in the room next the back door. The cook—Charlotte M'Lean—slept with me. I opened the back gate, but saw no one there. I left it open and came into the house, leaving the back door of the house open. On going into the kitchen I met Miss Smith in the passage, going towards the back door. I then heard footsteps coming through the gate. I did not hear where Miss Smith went to. I did not hear the door of my room closed. I was in the kitchen half an hour or so. Charlotte M'Lean was in the kitchen at the time. We usually went to bed about ten or eleven, but I cannot say if we stayed up longer than usual that night. Miss Smith wished us to stay in the kitchen a little. While I remained in the kitchen, I did not know that she was in my bed-room, but I had no doubt she was. When we heard Miss Smith go to her room we left the kitchen. We heard the door of Miss Smith's bed-room open, but we did not hear the back bed-room door open. When we went we found our room door shut. There is a front area to the house. The key of the door is sometimes in the kitchen and sometimes in the boy's room. I heard from her mother that Miss Smith was to be married. This was some time before she was apprehended. I asked her what she was to do with her other friend, and she told me that she had given him up. I asked if she had got back her letters. She said, "No; I do not care." I once in India Street refused to receive letters for her. I also refused at one time in Blythwood Square, but I don't remember if she made any remark. She said she could receive letters in at the window. This was before I had refused. I have seen L'Angelier in Main's Street, close to the house—he was walking slowly along. This was in the beginning of the last winter. Miss Smith could have passed from her bed-room to the kitchen or up-stairs without being overheard by us. I never saw any rats in our house in Blythwood Square. I remember Sunday, the 22nd of March. I was unwell that day, and kept my bed in consequence. I got up between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. I saw Duncan Mackenzie that evening: he came between seven and eight. I was at family worship at nine, as also was Miss Smith. Mackenzie remained below. I left Miss Smith in the dining-room, and did not see her again that evening. I went to bed at ten. Mackenzie left shortly before that time. We heard nothing in the course of that night, and knew nothing of any stranger being in or about the house. I remember Miss Smith leaving home unexpectedly on the Thursday following. I remember her being at an evening party, between the Sunday and the Thursday: I cannot say if it was Wednesday evening. The key of the back door was kept that night in my bed-room. It was about eight in the morning that Miss Smith was missed. There was a key to the back gate of the area, of which I had charge. It is a wooden gate in a high wall. The key of the back door of the house generally stood on the wall. The back gate was sometimes locked, but more generally "snibbed." The key of the low front door was always left in the lock, as also the key of the high front door. It was the key of the front area gate that the boy kept. I had charge of Miss Smith's bed-room. I never during February or March saw the water she washed in peculiarly black or peculiarly blue. I think it was soon after Miss Smith pointed out her friend that I knew of the correspondence. It was in April or May of 1856 the family went to Row. It would be a good while before this I knew of the correspondence. After I had

received some of the letters I declined to take more. Her mother found out that something was going on, and forbade me to receive any letters. The family came back from Row in November last. I do not remember how long it was after the family's return that this gentleman came to the house, but it was a good while. I remember the family going to Bridge of Allan. It was a good while before this that he came. Mrs. Smith told me that Miss Smith was to be married before we went to Bridge of Allan in March. The interview of the gentleman with Miss Smith might have been in the lobby. Her youngest sister slept with her, and she would be in bed by that time. My present husband was pretty frequently about the house at that time—several times in the course of a week. Duncan Mackenzie went out by the back door on the Sunday night. I saw him to the outer gate, and "snibbed it." I have no reason to suppose I did not lock the inner door as usual. After leaving Miss Smith in the dining-room I did not see her that night. She gave me no reason to suppose she had had any meeting. I do not know if Miss Smith and Miss Janet went to bed together that night. The lock of the back door makes a considerable noise when it is turned. It is close to my bed-room. The window of our room looks into the back area, and is secured by iron stanchions. When the family went to Bridge of Allan the servants were left at home. I saw Miss Smith when she came back on the Thursday from Row. She had a small carpet-bag with her. It was not very small, but it was such as a lady might carry. It was in India Street that I was desired by Mrs. Smith not to receive letters for Miss Smith, but I did receive some afterwards.

Charlotte M'Lean said—I was cook in Mr. Smith's family for six months, up till last Whitsunday. I never saw any gentleman visiting Miss Smith without the knowledge of her family, nor had heard of it. I never got letters to deliver or post to M. L'Angelier. I never knew of her receiving such letters. I never saw letters come addressed to Miss Bruce. I remember one night Christina Haggart asking me to remain longer in the kitchen, as some person was speaking to Miss Smith. I afterwards heard her go into her bed-room, on which we went to our room. I was at family worship on Sunday night, the 22nd of March, and left Miss Smith upstairs. I did not know of any person being in during the night. I heard no noise. It was near 11 that night when we went to bed.

Duncan Mackenzie was then called, and said—I was married recently to Christina Haggart. I visited her on Sunday, the 22nd of March, and left about 10, by the back gate. I visited her when the family lived in India Street. She once pointed out a gentleman to me at the back door of the house, but she did not tell me his name, nor anything about him. I spoke to this gentleman. I was coming up to the house, and he asked me if I was going in. He asked if I knew Christina. He requested me to ask her to go out to speak to him. She went out. I did not hear what they said. I was not jealous about this, but she was afraid I might be. I had a letter afterwards, signed "M. Smith," telling me it was her friend I had seen, and hoping nothing would arise between us in consequence. I did not preserve the letter. I never saw that gentleman again. I was frequently about that house afterwards, and subsequently about the house in Blythswood Square, but never saw him again.

James Galloway deposed to having seen L'Angelier going up Sauchiehall Street on Sunday, the 22nd of March, about nine o'clock. That would be in the direction from Franklin Place to Blythswood Square. He was walking rather slowly.

Mary Tweedle deposed to his calling at Mrs. Parr's, St. Vincent Street, at twenty minutes past nine, on Sunday, the 22nd of March. He called for a Mr. M'Alister, who was not in. Blythswood Square is five minutes walk from the house.

Thomas Kavan, night constable, Glasgow Police—My beat in March last included the north and east sides of Blythswood Square, and thus included Mr. Smith's house at No. 7. (Shown photograph of L'Angelier.) I have seen that person more than once. I saw him at least two months previous to my being examined about him. I saw him in Main's Street. As well as I can recollect, it would be ten or eleven o'clock. He was standing at the lamp-post near the lane.

He once accosted me and said, "It's a cold night, policeman; do you smoke?" I said "Yes;" and he gave me two cigars. When I saw him he was about the breadth of this courthouse from Mr. Smith's house. I recollect having seen him some ten or twelve days after the first time. He was passing along the garden side, on the north side of Blythwood Square, going east towards West Regent Street. He was passing opposite 5 and 6, which are west of No. 7, and he was going east. I saw him again a fortnight or three weeks previous to the time I was examined. I saw him at the corner of West Regent Street coming towards Blythwood Square. It might be between nine and ten o'clock. I never saw him again. I was examined on the 2nd of April. I was on my beat on Sunday, the 22nd of March. I am quite sure I did not see him that night.

William Young, photographer, Helensburgh, being shown the photograph found in L'Angelier's lodgings, said—I made this photograph. It is a portrait of Miss Madeleine Smith. It was done in September, 1856, at her desire.

Mrs. Towers, sister to Miss Perry, was next examined. She deposed as follows—I live in Chester, but in March last my husband and I lived at Portobello, near Edinburgh. I remember L'Angelier coming to visit us there. He dined with us. He talked of his health almost the whole time. He said he had been given cocoa and coffee, but after taking them they had disagreed with him, and he had been very ill. He said he had not been accustomed to them. He said he thought he had been poisoned: this was after speaking of the coffee and cocoa. Nothing was said or asked about who had poisoned him.

James Towers, husband of last witness, said—I was at one time a merchant in Glasgow, but resided in Portobello in March last. I had met L'Angelier at my sister-in-law's in Glasgow. I remember his dining with us in March. He told us he had had a very violent bilious attack or jaundice: he had had two attacks after taking cocoa or coffee. He said he thought himself poisoned after taking the cocoa and coffee. I asked who would poison him, or what object could there be for that? but I do not recollect that he made any answer. He told us he was going to return to Glasgow, and was after that going to Bridge of Allan. He looked quite well. I understood he had taken the coffee and cocoa at different times. He ate a good dinner and talked a good deal. He certainly was of a talkative turn. He spoke much of his complaints, and seemed fond of talking about himself. I thought him a vain person. He said he had always taken coffee, but he was not surprised the cocoa had disagreed with him as he was not in the habit of taking it.

Mary Arthur Perry—I live at 144, Renfrew Street, Glasgow. I knew the late M. L'Angelier. I became acquainted with him in 1853. We both attended the chapel of St. Jude's. About the spring of 1855 I came to know him more intimately. In the summer of 1855 he was engaged to a lady named Madeleine Smith, and I was made aware afterwards of the progress of his attachment and correspondence. In August, 1855, he brought her to call on me. I after that received several letters from her. [Shown and identified Nos. 11, 19, 20, and 27, as letters from the prisoner]. No. 27 is signed "Mini." It is a pet name, and the name which M. L'Angelier called her. [Also shown and identified 29, 45, and 83, also letters from Miss Smith written at long intervals. Shown 141]. That is a letter from M. L'Angelier to me. It is dated the 20th of March, and says:—"I should have come and seen some one last night, but the letter came too late, so that we are both disappointed." L'Angelier frequently visited at my house. He had generally good health, but latterly was not so well as formerly. I think he told me in February he had heard of another gentleman paying his addresses to Miss Smith. He said at one time she had denied it, and that at another time she evaded the question. He dined with me on the 17th of February. He told me then that he expected to see Miss Smith on the Thursday following. I did not see him again till the 2nd of March. He was then looking extremely ill. We had some conversation about his illness. He said, "I never expected to see you again, I have been so ill." He did not tell me he had seen Miss Smith on the 19th of February. He told me he had had a cup of chocolate, which had made him ill. It was on the 9th of March he told me this, when he took tea with me. On the 2nd, he

said he could not attribute it to any cause; but on the 9th he said, "I can't think why I was so unwell after getting that coffee and chocolate from her." I understood him to refer to two occasions. He was talking of Miss Smith when he said "her." He did not say whether the illness he had on taking the chocolate was the same illness of which he had spoken on the 2nd of March, but I did not know of his having any other illness. On the 9th of March he was talking of his extreme attachment to Miss Smith. He said, "It is a perfect infatuation I have for her; if she were to poison me I would forgive her." I said, "You ought not to allow such thoughts to pass through your mind. What motive could she have to do you any harm?" He said, "I don't know that; perhaps she might not be sorry to get rid of me." All this was said in earnest. I interpreted the expression to mean to get rid of her engagement. There seemed to be some suspicion on his mind as to what Miss Smith had given him, but it was not a serious suspicion. I never saw him again alive. He said to me that he had once offered to Miss Smith to discontinue the engagement, but she objected to it then. She wished afterwards that their photographs should be returned to each other. He had offered to return her letters to her father. He received a message on the 23rd of March about ten o'clock that M. L'Angelier was very ill. I went about mid-day and found him dead. I called on Mrs. Smith, and intimated the death to her. I saw the prisoner, but did not intimate it to her. She recognised me and shook hands, asking me to walk into the drawing-room. I asked to see Mrs. Smith privately, and said that Miss Smith would become acquainted with the object of my message. I never had seen Mrs. Smith before. I had a warm friendship for M. L'Angelier, and thought him a strictly moral, indeed a religious man. He was very regular in attendance at church. I was very much agitated and startled to find him dead. I was not acquainted with Mr. Smith's family. L'Angelier told me when the engagement was first fixed he wished to inform her father, but he objected to that. He asked her to speak to him herself, which she also refused. This was a source of much distress to him at the time. M. L'Angelier was acquainted with Miss Smith's sister, but not her father or mother. The engagement had only existed a few weeks when Miss Smith was introduced to me. L'Angelier told me he had met Miss Smith first at Mrs. Baird's. I was aware that the intimacy was disapproved by the family, and that the engagement was broken off at one time. I never knew whether the father and mother had abated in their dislike to the intimacy. I wrote on one occasion to Miss Smith, advising her to mention the matter to her parents, and I advised L'Angelier not to renew the engagement after it was broken off. The engagement was renewed provisionally, Miss Smith having promised, on a proper opportunity, to tell her parents. I knew they met clandestinely. I corresponded with both of them. (Shown No. 11 of the third inventory for the prisoner). The postmark of that letter is the 7th of February. The letter said:—

"Though you have not told me so, I am in hopes, dear, L'Angelier, that you have been receiving such kind cheering notes from Mini that you are quite comfortable and happy, at least a great deal less sad than you were the last evening I saw you. I felt so sorry for you then, you were so ill and miserable, and I feel sorry that you should be so solitary in Glasgow, with no one to cheer you. To-day I saw Mini with her mother and Bessie (at least I took it to be her mother). Mini looked quite well, and I believe she saw me. Are you suffering also from your neck? With kindest wishes for your happiness and Mini's. I am, dear L'Angelier, ever your friend,
M. A. PERRY."

Witness also identified other letters shown as being from her to L'Angelier. We had corresponded at intervals for the last two years. He used to address me as "Dear Mary," or "My dear Mary," but never "Dearest Mary." I was introduced to him by a lady named Philpot, who is now in England. I believe his mother lived in Jersey. I never inquired her occupation. He had two sisters, also a brother, who died. I remembered the date of L'Angelier's first illness, after my first precognition. It was mentioned in my presence then that the first illness was on the 19th, but I also remember it from other circumstances. When

the 19th was spoken of, one of the clerks said that is the date he mentions of his first illness in his pocketbook. I took notes of my precognition afterwards. I was advised to do so by a friend, that I might be clear and distinct. Down to the time the 19th was mentioned by the clerk I had not remembered the date of his illness. On the 2nd of March L'Angelier said that on his first illness he fell on the floor, and was unable to call assistance. At last he crept on his hands and knees and knocked on the wall, when the landlady came. He said he never had anything like it before. His second illness he called jaundice, or a bilious attack. It was some time prior to March that he told me of the proposals to discontinue the engagement. He imagined she seemed to be getting cool, and said if she wished to break it off he would accede to her wishes. At that time she did not wish to discontinue it. He spoke of this as having happened some time before. It was after that that she proposed a return of her letters, and when he offered to return her letters through her father I understood this to be a consent on his part to give up the engagement. Miss Smith would not accede to the proposal to give her letters to her father, and the engagement remained unbroken, as I understood, at Miss Smith's desire.

A lengthened discussion then took place as to the admissibility of the letters, which were objected to by the defendant's counsel, on account of the careless and irregular manner in which they had been recovered, and because they had no proof that all the documents had actually been recovered. It was replied that no objections had been taken sufficient to exclude the documents, and that any objections that were of any weight were matters for the jury. The Court decided that, whatever observation as to the mode of recovering and attesting these documents might be made on behalf of the prisoner, no ground had been stated sufficient to exclude them as evidence.

The Court then adjourned.

Throughout the day the prisoner never ceased surveying all that was going on around her; she watched every word of every witness, returned every stare with compound interest, glanced every second minute at the down-turned eyes in the side galleries, and even turned right round upon the reporters immediately behind her, to see how they got along with the note-taking, which is carrying her name and deeds into every British home.

SATURDAY, JULY 4.—FIFTH DAY.

To-day, although the prisoner appeared cool and collected as usual at the opening of the Court, yet she scarcely maintained her jaunty, indifferent air, but appeared to feel acutely the exposure which her letters made.

The evidence for the prosecution was resumed on Saturday, by the recall of Dr. Christison, who gave the following evidence—I think it would be very unsafe indeed to use arsenic by putting an ounce into water and washing in it. I should expect inflammation of the eyes and nostrils, and probably of the mouth, to result from it, and, once taking hold of the skin, arsenic being an insoluble solid, it would not be easily got rid of. I never heard of arsenic being so used. A preparation of arsenic is used as a depilatory. It is a sublimate of arsenic and a sublimate of lime, but it is only used for removing hair. Arsenic is not absolutely insoluble in cold water. If put into cold water originally, a 500th part is all that would probably be dissolved, but if the water had been first boiled and then cooled, a 32nd part would be dissolved. It is only the finer powder of it that would be suspended in the water. If an ounce were put into a basin of water, not much of it would be suspended in it without agitation. I cannot ab-

solutely say whether washing in it might not be productive of dangerous results, but I think it would be a very imprudent thing. I should not like to do it myself. I cannot say how long the finer powder might remain suspended. I should say that in three or four minutes scarcely any of the arsenic would remain in suspension, but I am speaking without authority. There is a controversy as to whether arsenic has any taste. Dr. Orfila, a much better authority than I am, maintains that it has a taste; but experiments were made by myself and two other scientific gentlemen, so far as it was possible with so dangerous a substance, and we found the taste very slight indeed—a little sweetish. The other gentlemen concurred in that opinion. It has always struck me as very strange that neither Orfila nor any of the authors who have doubted my observations have said they made any experiments themselves. Orfila merely expresses his belief that it has a taste. I think the taste is not such as, taken in coffee or cocoa, could possibly be detected. Several persons who have taken arsenic largely without knowing at the time what it was observed no taste—sometimes a sweetish taste, sometimes an acrid taste; but in regard to the acrimony there are two fallacies—first, that when asked afterwards about it they confounded the roughness of it with the acrimony; and, secondly, the burning effects slowly developed by the poison afterwards. The arsenic was in these cases sometimes given in a simple fluid, such as coffee or water; sometimes in thicker substances, as in soup. I cannot say what quantities were given in the cases referred to. I have only seen two cases of poisoning by arsenic in my lifetime. The cases I have referred to are merely recorded. In the arsenic we tested we took it both in a solid and liquid state, and allowed it to pass along the tongue as far as we could do it with safety, and allowed it to remain a couple of minutes in the mouth, and then spat it out. We took, perhaps, one or two grains each in our mouth, and we kept it sufficiently long to ascertain the taste.

The Dean—The taste of that quantity.

The Witness—In the great majority of criminal cases the quantity of arsenic taken is not ascertained, even within a presumption. Orfila once maintained that there was arsenic in the human body, but he afterwards retracted that opinion. It is new to me to hear that any author has said that arsenic is naturally found in the stomach.

THE LETTERS WRITTEN BY THE PRISONER TO L'ANGELIER.

The letters founded upon as evidence for the Crown were then read. They were very numerous, and show the nature and progress of the attachment and intimacy between the prisoner and the deceased:—

No. 1 of inventory for the Crown, letter enclosed in envelope, bearing the postmark "April 3, 1855":—

My dear Emile,—I do not feel as if I were writing you for the first time. Though our intercourse has been very short, yet we have become as familiar friends. May we long continue so! And ere long may you be a friend of Papa's, is my most earnest desire. We feel it rather dull here after the excitement of a town life. But then we have much more time to devote to study and improvement. I often wish you were near us, we could take such charming walks. One enjoys walking with a pleasant companion; and where could we find one equal to yourself? I am trying to break myself off all my very bad habits; it is you I have to thank for this, which I do sincerely from my heart. Your flower is fading.

"I never cast a flower away
The gift of one who cared for me—
A little flower, a faded flower—
But it was done reluctantly."

We shall be in town next week. We are going to the ball on the 20th of this month; so we will be several times in Glasgow before that. Papa and Mamma are not going to town next Sunday; so of course you do not come to Row. We shall not expect you. Bessie desires me to remember her to you. Write on Wednes-

day or Thursday. I must now say adieu. With kind love, believe me yours ever sincerely,
MADELEINE.

No. 5; fragment of letter enclosed in envelope, posted at Rowe, Helensburgh, April 18, 1855:—

My dear Emile,—I think you will agree with me in what I intend proposing—viz., that for the present the correspondence had better stop. I know your good feeling will not take this unkind; it is meant quite the reverse. By continuing to correspond, harm may arise; in discontinuing it, nothing can be said.

No. 11 is a letter from the prisoner to Miss Perry, without date.

Dearest Miss Perry,—Many kind thanks for all your kindness to me. Emile will tell you I have bid him adieu. Papa would not give his consent; so I am in duty bound to obey him. Comfort dear Emile; it is a heavy blow to us both. I had hoped some day to be happy with him, but, alas! it was not intended; we were doomed to be disappointed. You have been a kind friend to him; oh! continue so. I hope and trust he may prosper in the step he is about to take. I am glad now that he is leaving this country, for it would have caused me great pain to have met him. Farewell, dear Miss Perry, and, with much love, believe me yours sincerely,
MIMI.

No. 13 is in an envelope, addressed to M. L'Angelier, at Jersey, and bears the Helensburgh postmark of September 4, 1855.

Monday, 3rd.

My dearest Emile,—How I long to see you. It looks an age since I bade you adieu. Will you be able to come down the Sunday after next? You will be in town by the 14th. I do not intend to say anything till I have seen you. I shall be guided by you entirely, and who could be a better guide to me than my intended husband? I hope you have given up all idea of going to Lima. I will never be allowed to go to Lima with you, so I fancy you shall want to get quit of your Mini. You can get plenty of appointments in Europe, any place in Europe. For my sake do not go. . . . It will break my heart if you go away. You know not how I love you, Emile. I live for you alone; I adore you. I never could love another as I do you. Oh, dearest Emile, would I might clasp you now to my heart. I am quite tired of company. What would I not give for to be with you alone? Oh! would we not be happy? Ah! happy as the day was long. Adieu for to-day. If I have time I shall write another note before I post this; if not, I shall have a letter at the garden for you. So, dearest love, a fond embrace. Believe me, your ever devoted and fond
MIMI.

No. 15, postmark "3rd December, '55."

Tuesday, two o'clock.

My own darling Husband—I did not expect the pleasure of seeing you last evening; of being fondled by you, my dear Emile. Our cook was ill, and went to bed at ten. That was the reason I could not see you; but I trust ere long to have a long interview with you, sweet one of my soul, my love, my all, my own best beloved. Never fear for me; I love you well, my own sweet darling Emile. Do go to Edinburgh, and visit the Lanes; also, my sweet love, go to the ball given to the officers. I think you should consult Dr. Macfarlan—that is, go and see him, get him to sound you, tell you what is wrong with you. Ask him to prescribe for you; and if you have any love for your Mini, follow his advice, and, oh! sweet love, do not try and doctor yourself; but, oh! sweet love, follow the M.D. advice. Be good for once, and I am sure you will be well. Is it not horrid cold weather? I did, my love, so pity you standing in the cold last night, but I could not get Janet to sleep, little stupid thing. . . . My own sweet, beloved, I can say nothing as to our marriage, as it is not certain when they may go from home; and when I may go to Edinburgh is uncertain. My beloved, will we require to be married in Edinburgh, or will it do here? You know I know nothing of these things. I fear the baus in Glasgow, there are so many people

know me. If I had any other name but Madeleine it might pass, but it is not a very common one. But we must manage in some way to be united ere we leave town. How kind of Mary to take any trouble with us! I shall never, never forget the first visit I paid with my own beloved husband, my own sweet dear Emile—you sweet dear darling. If ever again I show temper (which I hope to God I wont) don't mind it—it is not with you I am cross. Sweet love, I adore you with my heart and soul. I must have a letter from you soon. When may we meet again—soon, soon I hope and trust. Sweet darling, you are kind to me, very kind and loving. I ought never in any way to vex or annoy you. Are these Officers nice fellows? Why are they here? But, pet, I must stop, as they will be in shortly. Much, much love; kisses tender; long embraces—kisses, and dove. I am thy own, thy ever fond, thy own dear loving wife—thy

MIMI L'ANGELIER.

No. 17, in envelope with Helensburgh postmark, April 30, 1856:—

Tuesday, April 29.

My own, my beloved Emile,—I wrote you Sunday night for you to get my note on your birthday (to-day), but I could not get it posted. Disappointment it was to me—but—“better late than never.” My beloved, may you have many happy returns of this day . . . I wish we were more alone; I wish I were with you alone—that would be true happiness. Dearest, I must see you: it is fearful never to see you, but I am sure I don't know when I shall see you. P— has not been a night in town for some time, but the first night he is off I shall see you. We shall spend an hour of bliss. There shall be no risk—only C. H. shall know I have been reading “Blackwood” for this month. “B” is a favourite publication of mine. . . . Only fancy, in turning out an old box yesterday, I got an old note-book, three years old, and in going over it, many of the pages had the name L'Angelier on them. I did not think I had been so fond of my darling then. I put it in the fire, as there are many names in it I would not like to see beside yours, my own sweet darling husband. Now, this is a very long letter to-night. I must conclude with a fond, fond embrace, a sweet kiss. I wish it were to be given now.

One or two scrawls, in the form of letters, found in envelopes in L'Angelier's desk, and addressed “Mimi,” were proposed to be put in in evidence, but there being no proof that they had ever been despatched or intended to be despatched, the Court disallowed them as evidence.

The clerk then read No. 21, post-mark, “Helensburgh:”—

My own, my beloved Emile,—The thought of seeing you so soon makes me feel happy and glad. Oh! to hear you again speak to me, call me your own wife, and tell me you love me. Can you wonder that I feel happy? I shall be so happy to see you. I cannot tell how I long to see you, it looks such an age since I saw you, my own sweet pet. I am well. Cold quite gone. P. has been in bed two days. If he should not feel well and come down on Tuesday, it shall make no difference; just you come, only, darling, I think if he is in the boat you should get out at Helensburgh. Well beloved, you shall come to the gate (you know it) and wait till I come. And then, oh happiness! Won't I kiss you, my love, my own beloved Emile, my husband dear. I don't think there is any risk. Well, Tuesday, 6th May. The gate, half-past 10. You understand, darling. My beloved Emile, I feel so delighted at the idea of seeing you, I cannot write. I hope you will be able to tell me that you shall get married in September. Darling, I love you and shall for ever remain true. Nothing shall cause me to break my vows to you. “As you say” we are man and wife. So we are, my pet. We shall, I trust, ever remain so. It shall be the happiest day of my life the day that unites us never more to separate. I trust and pray we shall for ever remain happy and loving. But there is no fear of that, we are sure to do so love, are we not? But I must stop as P. wishes me to go and read the papers to him; it is 11 o'clock, night. So if I don't write any more forgive me love.

Beloved of soul, a fond embrace, a dear kiss till we meet. We shall have more than one love, dearest. From thy own, thy ever devoted, and loving wife, thine for ever,

MIMI.

No. 23, postmark "Helensburgh, 7th; ' month illegible, year 1856. It reached Glasgow on the 6th of May:—

Wednesday morning, five o'clock.

My own beloved Husband.—I trust to God you got home safe, and were not much the worse of being out. Thank you, my love, for coming so far to see your Mimi. It is truly a pleasure to see my Emile. If we did wrong last night it must have been in the excitement of our love. I suppose we ought to have waited till we were married. Yes, I did truly love you with my soul. I was happy. It was a pleasure to be with you. Oh, if we could have remained never more to have parted. . . . Beloved, we shall wait till you are quite ready. I shall see and speak to Jack on Sunday. I shall consider about telling mamma. But I don't see any hope from her. Darling Emile, did I seem cold to you last night? Darling, I love you—you, my own Emile. I love you with my heart and soul. Am I not your wife? Yes, I am. And you may rest assured, after what has passed, I cannot be the wife of any other but my dear Emile. No, now it would be a sin. . . . I shall always remember last night. I dread next winter. Only fancy, beloved, us both in the same town, and unable to write to each other: it breaks my heart to think of it. Why, beloved, are we so unfortunate? I shall always remember last night. Will we not often talk of our evening meetings after we are married? Why do you say in your letter:—"If we are not married," I would not regret knowing you. Beloved, have you a doubt that we shall be married some day? I shall write dear Mary soon. What would she say if she knew we were so intimate? She would lose all her good opinion of us both, would she not? Adieu again, my husband. God bless you and make you well. And may you yet be very very happy with your Mimi as your little wife. Kindest love, fond embrace, and kisses from thy own true and ever devoted Mimi, thy faithful

WIFE.

No. 31, letter in envelope, posted at Helensburgh, June 14, 1856:—

My own, my darling Husband,—To-morrow night by this time I shall be in possession of your dear letter. I shall kiss it and press it to my bosom. Hearing from you is my greatest pleasure—it is next to seeing you, my sweet love. My fond Emile, are you well, darling of my soul? . . . I am well. I am longing so to see you, sweet pet, to kiss and pet you. Oh, for the day when I could do so at any time. I fear we shall spoil each other when we are married, we shall be so loving and kind. We shall be so happy, happy in our own little room; no one to annoy us, to disturb us. All to ourselves, we shall so enjoy that day.

No. 35, in envelope, posted at Helensburgh, June 27, 1856:—

Friday night.

Beloved, dearly beloved husband, sweet Emile,—How I long to call you mine, never more to leave you! What must occur ere that takes place, God only knows. I often fear some cloud may yet fall on our path, and mar our happiness for a long time. I shall never cause you unhappiness again. No, I was unkind, cruel, unloving—but it shall never be repeated. No: I am now a wife—a wife in every sense of the word—and it is my duty to conduct myself as such. Yes, I shall behave now more to your mind. I am no longer a child. Rest assured I shall be true and faithful wherever you are near love—my constant thought shall be of my Emile who is far far away. I only consent to your leaving if you think it will do you good, I mean do your health good. Your income would be quite enough for me—don't for a moment fancy I want you to better your income for me—no, dearest, I am quite content with the sum you named. When I first loved you I knew you were poor. I felt then I would be content

with your lot, however humble it might be. Yes, your home in whatever place, or whatever kind, would suit me. If you only saw me now (I am all alone in my little bed-room), you would never mention your home as being humble. I have a small room on the ground floor—very small—so don't fancy I could not put up in small rooms, and with humble fare. But if you think it would do you good—a tour—go by all means for six months or so. I trust you will take great care of yourself, and not forget your Mimi. Oh, how I love that name of Mimi! You shall always call me by that name; and, dearest Emile, if ever we should have a daughter, I should like you to allow me to call her Mimi, for her father's sake. . . . As you ask me, I shall burn your last letter. It was my cold which prevented me going to Arrochar. . . . I was ill the beginning of this week, so if I should have the happiness to see you on Tuesday night I shall be quite well. I think I feel better this week. I cannot eat; I have not taken any breakfast for about two months, not even a cup of tea, nothing till I get luncheon at 1 o'clock. I don't sleep much. I wonder, and so does M—, that my looks are not changed, but I look well as if I eat and slept well. I don't think I am any stouter, but you can judge when you next see me; but I must go to bed, as I feel cold, so good night. Would to God I were by your side. I would feel well and happy then. . . . I am thine forever, thy wife, thy devoted, thy own true

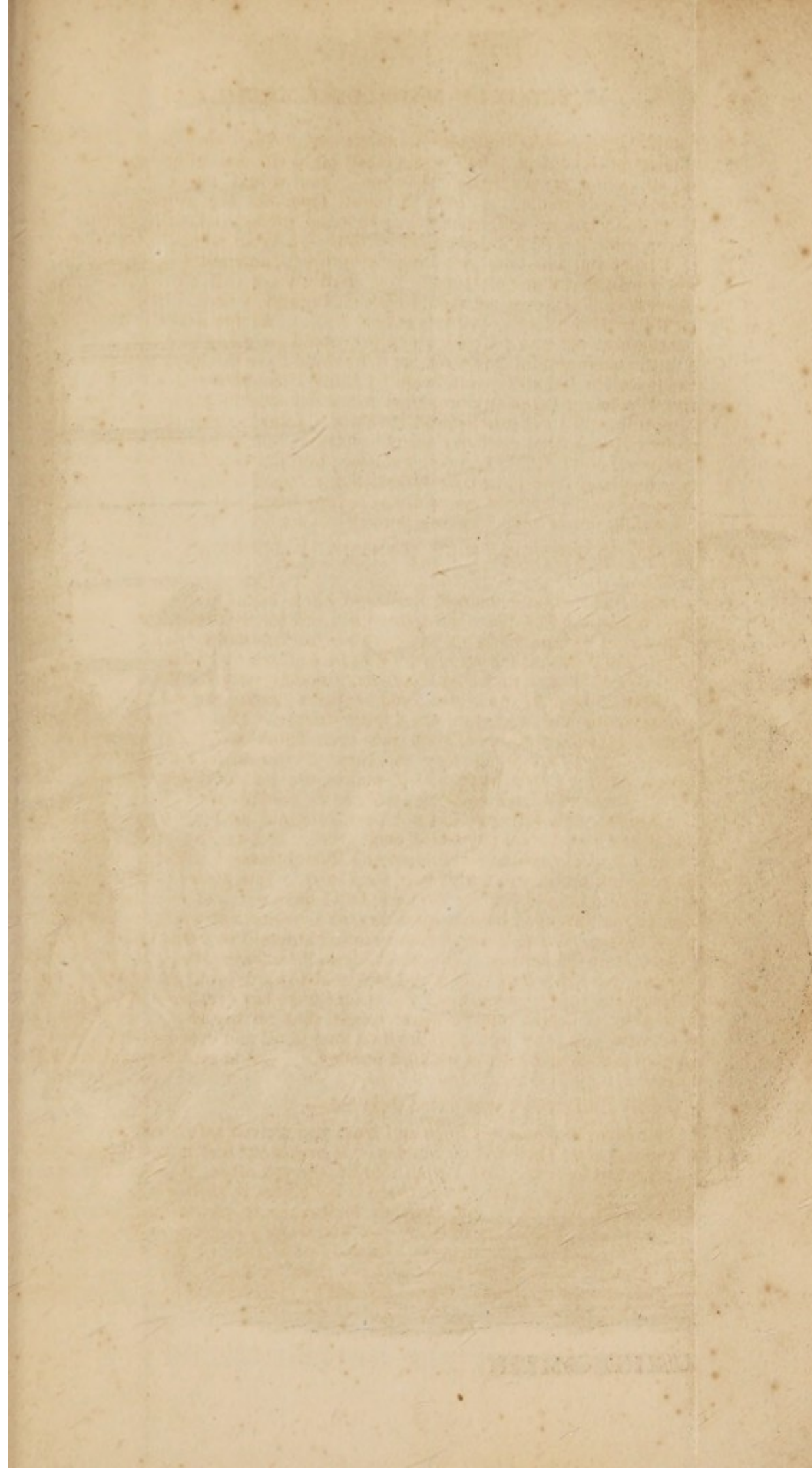
MIMI L'ANGELIER.

No. 37, in envelope, with postmark Helensburgh, 15th of July 1856:—

My sweet, beloved, and dearest Emile,—I shall begin and answer your dear long letter. In the first place, how are you? Better, I trust. You know I feel disappointed at our marriage not taking place in September. But, as it could not, why, then, I just made up my mind to be content, and trust that it may be ere long. We shall fix about that at our next meeting, which I hope won't be long. Emile, dear husband, how can you express such words—that you mar my amusements and that you are a bore to me. Fie, fie dear Emile, you must not say so again—you must not even think so—it is so very unkind of you. Why, I would be very unhappy if you were not near me. Do not weep, darling, fond husband—it makes me sad to think you weep. Do not do it, darling; a fond embrace and dear kiss to you, sweet and much-beloved Emile. Our intimacy has not been criminal, as I am your wife before God, so it has been no sin our loving each other. No, darling, fond, Emile, I am your wife. I shall cease to be childish and thoughtless; I shall do all I can to please you, and retain you truly, dear, fond love. You know I have wished as much as you do to give you my likeness, but I have not had an opportunity. I promise to you you shall have it some day, so that promise won't be broken. If I did not sign my name, it was for no reason; unless it is a stranger I never do put Smith, only Madeleine. You shall, dear love, have all your letters back. Emile, love, you are wrong. If I did feel cool towards you in winter, I never gave thought of love to any other. No other image has ever filled my heart since I knew you. I might admire some people, but on my soul I never did love, since I knew you, any but you, my own dear fond and ever-beloved Emile. I am so glad you go and take a walk on Sunday. I would rather you did so as go to church.

No. 41. This letter was dated July 24—

My own beloved Emile,—I hope and trust you arrived safe home on Monday. I did so enjoy your kind visit on Sunday. It makes me feel in good spirits for a week, after seeing you. Oh! I wish I could see you often, it would be such a comfort to both of us. But I hope there is happiness in store for us yet. When we are married, it will be my constant endeavour to please you, and to add to your comfort. I shall try to study you, and when you get a little out of temper, I shall try and pet you, dearest, kiss and fondle you. I was not astonished at your thinking me cool, for I really have been in fault. But it is my way. But I must change it to you. I shall try and be more affectionate for the future.





EXTERIOR OF THE COURT DURING THE TRIAL OF MADELEINE SMITH.

You know I love you dearly. Ah! Emile, you possess my love, I could not love any other as I do you, and believe me I shall ever remain true to you. I think a woman who can be untrue ought to be banished from society. It is a most heartless thing. After your disappointment, dearest Emile, I wonder you would have had any confidence in another. But I feel that you have confidence in me, or you would not love me as you do.

No. 43.—Envelope addressed “Mr. L’Angelier, Bothwell Street, Glasgow.” Postmark, Helensburgh, July, 1856.

Beloved and Darling Husband,—Dear Emile, I have just received your letter. A thousand kind thanks for it. It is kind, and I shall love you more for writing me such a letter. Dearest, I do love you for telling me all you think of me. Emile, I am sorry you are ill. I trust to God you are better. For the love of Heaven take care of yourself; leave town for a day or two. Yes, darling, by all means go to Mrs. M’Lans; it will do you much good, only come back to me. Yes, Emile, you ought, in those sad moments of yours, to consider you have a wife. I am as much your wife as if we had been married a year. You cannot, will not leave me—your wife. Oh, for pity’s sake, do not go. I will do all you ask, only remain in this country. I shall keep all my promises. I shall not be thoughtless and indifferent to you. On my soul I love you and adore you with the love of a wife. I will do anything. I will do all you mention in your letters to please you, only do not leave me or forsake me. I entreat of you, my husband, my fondly loved Emile, only stay and be my guide, my husband dear. You are my all, my only dear love. Have confidence in me, sweet pet. Trust me. Heaven is my witness I shall never prove untrue to you; I shall—I am your wife. No other one shall I ever marry. I promise I shall *not* go about the streets, Emile, more than you have said. We went about too much. I shall not go about much. But one thing you must promise me is this—that if you should meet me at a time in B. Street or S. Street you will not look on me crossly. For it almost made me weep on the street last winter sometimes when you hardly looked at me. I shall take lessons in water colours. I shall tell you in my next note what I intend to study. It will rather amuse you. P. gave me the dog “Sambo,” Syke breed—“Pedro” the coachman got for me, English breed. They had their names when I got them. I am sorry you dislike melons, as they are a favourite of mine. I hope, dear pet Emile, you will get nice lodgings; I always thought the gardens were too far away from your office. How nicely the 12s. would suit us at Hillhead. I hope we may meet soon. P. or M. are not going from home. We intended to post to Arrochar, so it would be no use your being in the boat. I shall not see you till the nights are a little darker. I can trust C. H., she will never tell about our meetings. She intends to be married in November. But she may change her mind. Now, Emile, I shall keep all my promises I have made to you. I shall love and obey you—my duty as your wife is to do so. I shall do all you want me, trust me, keep yourself easy. I know what awaits me if I do what you disapprove—off you go. That shall always be in my mind—go, never more to return. The day that occurs I hope I may die. Yes, I shall never wish to look on the face of man again. You would die in Africa. Your death would be at my hands; God forbid. Trust me I love you, yes love you for yourself alone. I adore you with my heart and soul. Emile I swear to you I shall do all you wish and ask me. I love you more than life. I am thine, thine own Mini L’Angelier. Emile, you shall *have all* your letters the first time we meet. It may cost me a sigh and a pang, but you shall have them all. I wonder what you would do with one of my drawings, a stupid black looking thing. Minnoch left this morning, say nothing to him in passing. It will only give him cause to say you did not behave in a gentlemanly manner. Do not do it. He said nothing to me out of place, but I was not a moment with him by myself. I did not wish to be alone with him.

No. 47, in envelope with postmark, "Helensburgh, August 11, 1856:"—

Wednesday afternoon.

Beloved and ever dear Emilie,—All by myself. So I shall write to you, my dear husband. Your visit of last night is over. I longed for it. How fast it passed! It looked but a few minutes ere you left me. You did look cross at first, but, thank Heaven, you looked yourself ere you left—your old smile. Dear fond Emile, I love you more and more. Emile, I know you will not go far away from me. I am your wife. You cannot leave me for ever. Could you, Emile? I spoke in jest of your going last night, for I do not think you will go very far away from me, Emile, your wife. Would you leave me to end my days in misery? For I can never be the wife of another after our intimacy. No one heard you last night. Next night—it shall be a different window—that one is much too small. I must see you before you go to Badgmore. I am so glad I have your letters, as they are such a pleasure to me. I read and read them over again—and I love them so. I hope you will correct the person who told you of our having been at the Tweedie's and Rait's. As for Tweedie, jun., I don't know him even by sight. So, sweet love, you may hear much that is false when you have heard of two such simple things being wrong. I shall tell Jack some day. You know Miss Dougall. I remember long long ago of seeing you meet that young lady opposite to Aunt's windows, whether by appointment or not I cannot say. Aunt told me then you were engaged to her. I had a letter from Aunt this morning, in which she says she saw you—but you did not look well. Your hair is so long that it makes you look (now don't be angry) not near so good-looking. Are you cross at me for saying that. No, love, you are not. I must have a letter from you very soon—the beginning of the week, perhaps Wednesday. Miss Bruce, P. O. Row. You shall tell me all your arrangements.

No. 49, in envelope, postmarks all illegible:—

Thursday evening.

My own dear Emile,—How must I thank you for your kind dear letter? Accepted a fond embrace and dear kisses, and assurances that I love you as much as ever, and have never regretted what has occurred. I forgive you freely from my heart for that picture; never do the same thing again. I am better though I have still cold, it is more my cough that annoys me; but I shall take great care, dear love, for your sake. I hope you will get away. Do you not find the horror of being obliged to ask a master leave to go from home for a short time? I do wish you were your own master. Will you not try when in England to get some other situation with a larger income? I wish you could get one out of Glasgow. You dislike Glasgow and so do I. Try and see what you can do while you are away. I cannot see you ere you go, for which I am sorry. You forget that my little sister is in my bed-room, and I could not go out by the window or leave the house and she there. It is only when P. is away I can see you, for then Janet sleeps with M. You see I cannot see you. If you go on Monday, don't write me again till I tell you. If you do not go, write me so as I may not write to Bagdmore, C. H. I did tell you at one time that I did not like Minnoch; but he was so pleasant he quite raised himself in my estimation. I wrote to his sisters to see if they would come and visit next week, but they cannot."

No. 51, addressed to M. L'Angelier, Helensburgh, 29th September, 1856, reached Glasgow.

My own ever dear Emile,—I did not write you on Saturday as C. H. was not at home so I could not get it posted. I don't think I can see you this week. But I think next Monday night I shall, as P. and M. are to be in Edinr., but my only thought is Janet, what I am to do with her? I shall have to wait till she is asleep, which may be near 11 o'clock. But you may be sure I shall do it as soon as I can. I expect great pleasure when I see you. As a favour do not refer to what is past. I shall be kind and good, dear sweet love, my best loved husband. I do love you very much. What cold weather we have had. Mr. Minnoch has

been here since Friday; he is most agreeable. I think we shall see him very often this winter; he says we shall, and P. being so fond of him, I am sure he shall ask him in often. I hope to hear from you very soon. Will you, love, write me soon? You know how much I love to hear from you. Nothing gives me more pleasure, sweet love, my own dear Emile.

No. 53, in envelope with postmark, "Helensburgh, October" (day and year illegible):—

Tuesday morning.

My dear Emile,— Our meeting last night was peculiar. Emile, you are not reasonable. I do not wonder at your not loving me as you once did. Emile, I am not worthy of you. You deserve a better wife than I. I see misery before me this winter. I would to God we were not to be so near the M. (the Minnochs). You shall hear all stories and believe them. You will say I am indifferent because I shall not be able to see you much. I forgot to tell you last night that I shall not be able of an evening to let you in. My room is next to B., and on the same floor as the front door. I shall never be able to spend the happy hours we did last winter. Our letters I don't see how I am able to do. M. will watch every post. I intended to speak to you of all this last night, but we were so engaged otherwise.

No. 55, Envelope addressed Mr. L'Angelier. Sunday evening, 11 o'clock. Postmark, Helensburgh, October 20, 1856.

Do you know I have taken a dislike to C. H.? I shall try and do without her aid in the winter. She has been with us four years, and I am tired of her, but I won't show it to her.

No. 57, postmark of envelope "Glasgow, November" (day and year illegible):—

Friday night, 12 o'clock.

My own darling, my dearest Emile,—I would have written you ere this, but as I did not intend to be out till Saturday I saw no use in writing. . . . Sweet love, you should get these brown envelopes; they would not be so much seen as white ones put down into my window. You should just stoop down to tie your shoe and then slip it in. The back door is closed. M. keeps the key for fear our servant boy would go out of an evening. We have got blinds for our windows. . . . I have been ordered by the doctor, since I came to town, to take a fearful thing called "Pease Meal," such a nasty thing, I am to take at luncheon. I don't think I have tasted breakfast for two months, but I don't think I can take this meal. I shall rather take cocoa. But, dearest love, fond embraces, much love and kisses, from your devoted wife.

Several letters follow, which are chiefly taken up with directions as to how they shall communicate with each other by the back door or her bedroom window, the family being now in Blythswood Square. In No. 67, posted at Glasgow, Dec. 5, 1856, she says—

. . . . I wept for hours after I received your letter, and this day I have been sad, yes, very sad. My Emile, I love you, and you only. I have tried to assure you no other one has a place in my heart. It was Minnoch that was at the concert with me. You see I would not hide that from you. Emile, he is Papa's friend, and I know he will have him at the house; but need you mind that when I have told you I have no regard for him? It is only you, my Emile, that I love; you should not mind public report. You know I am your wife, and that we shall shortly be united; so it matters not. I promised you I should be seen as little in public with him as I could. I have avoided him at all times. But I could not on Wednesday night; so, sweet love, be reasonable.

No. 69, addressed to Mr. L'Angelier. Posted at Glasgow, 8th Dec. 1856.

My dearest love, my own fond husband, my sweet Emile—I cannot resist the temptation of writing you a line this evening. Dear love, by this time

you have my parcel. I hope ere long you may have the original, which I know you will like better than glass-likenesses—won't you, sweet love? . . . Emile, I don't see when we are to have a chance. I don't know, but I rather think P. and M. will go into Edinburgh with James in January, but I don't hear of their being from home in February. I rather fear we shall have difficulties to contend with—but we must do our best. How I am to get out of the house in the morning with my things—which will be two large boxes, &c.—I don't know. I rather think they must go the night before. And for that I would try and get the back-door key. The bans give me great fright. I wish there was any way to get quit of them. What stupid things they are—I don't see the use of them.

No. 73.—Posted 17th December, 1856.

My own beloved, my darling—I am longing for Thursday to bring me your dear sweet letter. . . . Beloved Emile, I don't see how we can. M. is not going from home, and when P. is away Janet does not sleep with M. She won't leave me, as I have a fire in my room and M. has none. Do you think, beloved, you could not see me some nights for a few moments at the door under the front door?

But perhaps it would not be safe. Some one might pass as you were coming in. We had better not; but I would so like a kiss, dear; and I think I could also say you would one from your Mimi. Am I right?

No. 75, in an envelope with postmark, "Glasgow, Dec. 19, 1856"—

My beloved, my Darling,—Do you for a second think I could feel happy this evening, knowing you were in low spirits, and that I am the cause? Oh, why was I ever born to annoy you, best and dearest of men? Do you not wish—oh yes! full well I know you often wish you had never known me. I thought I was doing all I could to please you. But no. When shall I ever be what you wish me to be! Never! Never! Emile, will you never trust me—she who is to be your wife! You will not believe me. You say you heard I took M. to the concert against his inclination, and forced him to go. I told you the right way when I wrote. But from your statement in your letter of to-night you did not believe my word. Emile, I would not have done this to you. Even now I would write and tell you I would believe. I would not believe every idle report. No! I would not. I would, my beloved Emile, believe my husband's word before any other. But you always listen to reports about me if they are bad. Would to God we could meet. I would not mind for M. If P. and M. are from home—the first time they are you shall be here. Yes, my love, I must see you—I must be pressed to your heart. . . . O, yes, my beloved, we must make a bold effort. I shall do it with all my heart, if you will. I should so like to be your wife ere they leave town end of March. Oh, these horrid bans! I will go to Edinburgh for twenty one days, if that will do. I am so afraid of Glasgow people telling P., and then there would be such a row. You see, darling, we would have a greater chance of making up if we were off than if he found it out before we were married.

No. 91, envelope addressed. Posted January 16, 1857, at Glasgow, during the night.

My very dear Emile,—I ought ere this to have written you. Well, my dear Emile, you did look cross at your Mimi the other day. Why, my pet, you cannot expect I am never to go on St. Street. Sometimes I must. It is not quite fair of you. I have kept off that street so well this winter, and yet when you meet me, and the first time you have bowed to me this season, that you should have looked so cross. When I saw you, my little pet, coming, I felt frightened even to bow to you.

No. 93 was as follows:—

My sweet Beloved,—I could not get this posted for you to-day. Love, I hope you are well. I did not sleep all night, thinking of own pet. Dearest Emile, all this day I have wished for you one moment, to kiss you; to lay my

head on your breast would make me happy. I think I shall see you Thursday night. I think P. is not at home. But you shall hear. Adieu, my loved one, my husband, my own little pet. Adieu. God bless you! I am your wife, your own

MIMI L'ANGELIER.

I did love you so much last night, when you were at the window.

No. 95, the envelope with postmark "Glasgow, 21st Jan. 1857:"—

My dearest Emile,— . . . Why no letter, pet, on Monday night? It was such a disappointment to your Mimi. I cannot see you on Thursday, as I had hoped. Jack is out at a party, and the boy will sit up for him, so I cannot see you. A better chance may soon occur, my dear pet.

MIMI.

No. 97—Thursday 12 o'clock—postmark, 23d January, 1857:—

I was very sorry that I could not see you to-night. I had expected an hour's chat with you; but we must wait.

Another letter was found in the same envelope:—

Emile, my own beloved—You have just left me. Oh! sweet darling, at this moment my heart and soul burns with love for thee, my husband, my own sweet one. Emile, what would I not give at this moment to be your fond wife? Emile, I adore you. I love you with my heart and soul. I do vex and annoy you, but oh, sweet love, I do fondly truly love you with my soul to be your wife, your own sweet wife. I never felt so restless and unhappy as I have done for some time past. I would do anything to keep sad thoughts from my mind. But in whatever place some things make me feel sad. A dark spot is in the future. What can it be? Oh, God keep it from us. Oh, may we be happy. Dear darling, pray for our happiness. I weep now, Emile, to think of our fate. If we could only get married, and all would be well. But alas, alas, I see no chance, no chance of happiness for me. I must speak with you. Yes, I must again be pressed to your loving bosom, be kissed by you, my only love, my dearest darling husband. Why were we fated to be so unhappy? Why were we made to be kept separate? My heart is too full to write more. Oh, pardon, forgive me. If you are able I need not say it will give me pleasure to hear from you to-morrow night. If at ten o'clock don't wait to see me, as Janet may not be asleep, and I will have to wait till she sleeps to take it in. Make no noise. Adieu, farewell, my own beloved, my darling, my own Emile. Good night, best beloved. Adieu, I am your ever true and devoted,

MIMI L'ANGELIER.

The clerk was then desired to turn back to letter 97, and read a passage which stated:—

I don't see the least chance for us, my own love. M. is not well enough to go from home, and I don't see how we could manage in Edinburgh; and I could not stay in a friend's house there without their knowing, so we will be obliged to put it off. I see no chance before March.

101—Postmark Feb. (day illegible) 1857:—

I felt truly astonished to have my last letter returned to me, but it will be the last you will have an opportunity of returning. When you are not pleased with the letters I send you, and if there is a coolness on both sides, then our engagement had better be broken off. You much annoyed me on Saturday by coming so near me; and I think we had better be strangers in future. I trust to your honour not to expose me, and I trust you will return my letters. C. H. will get the parcel from you, and on Friday I will send you all your letters. You may be astonished at my sudden change, but the reason is that I have felt a coolness towards you. My love for you has ceased. I did once love you very dearly and fondly, but my love for you has gone. I might have gone on and become your wife, but I would only be miserable. It has cost me much pain and many sleepless nights to tell you this. I know you will never injure the character of one you so tenderly loved. I know you have the honour of a gentleman, and I know when I ask you that you will comply.—Adieu.

No. 103 (February 9) complains of no answer having been received, but 105, evidently written next day, acknowledges L'Angelier's answer as follows:—

Monday night.

Emile,—I have just had your note. Emile, for the love you once had for me, do nothing till I see you. For God's sake do not bring your once-loved Mimi to an open shame. Emile, I have deceived you. I have deceived my mother. God knows she did not boast of anything I had said of you, for she, poor woman, thought I had broken off with you last winter. I deceived you by telling you she still knew of our engagement. She did not. This I now confess, and as for wishing for an engagement with another, I do not fancy she ever thought of it. Emile, write to no one—to papa or any other. O! do not till I see you on Wednesday night. Be at Hamilton's at 12, and I shall open my shutter, and then you come to the arena-gate, I shall see you. It would break my mother's heart. Oh, Emile, be not harsh to me. I am the most guilty, miserable wretch on the face of the earth. Emile, do not drive me to death. When I ceased to love you, believe me it was not to love another. I am free from all engagement at present. Emile, for God's sake do not send my letters to papa; it will be an open rupture. I will leave the house. I will die. Emile, do nothing till I see you. One word to-morrow night at my window to tell me, or I shall go mad. Emile, you did love me. I did fondly, truly love you too. Oh, dear Emile, be not so harsh to me. Will you not, but I cannot ask forgiveness—I am too guilty for that. I have deceived. It was love for you at the time made me say mamma knew of our engagement. To-morrow one word, and on Wednesday we meet. I would not again ask you to love me, for I knew you could not. But oh, Emile, do not make me go mad. I will tell you that only myself and C. H. knew of my engagement to you. Mamma did not know since last winter. Pray for me—for a guilty wretch—but do nothing. Oh, Emile, do nothing. 10 o'clock to-morrow night—one line, for the love of God.

Tuesday Morning.

I am ill. God knows what I have suffered. My punishment is more than I can bear. Do nothing till I see you. For the love of Heaven, do nothing. I am mad. I am ill.

No. 107 has no postmark:—

Tuesday evening, 12 o'clock.

Emile,—I have this night received your note. Oh, it is kind of you to write to me. Emile, no one can know the intense agony of mind I have suffered last night and to-day. Emile, my father's wrath would kill me—you little know his temper. Emile, for the love you once had for me, do not denounce me to my P. Emile, if he should read my letters to you he will put me from him—he will hate me as a guilty wretch. I loved you and wrote to you in my first ardent love—it was with my deepest love I loved you. It was for your love I adored you. I put on paper what I should not. I was free because I loved you with my heart. If he or any other one saw those fond letters to you, what would not be said of me? On my bended knees I write to you, and ask you as you hope for mercy at the judgment day, do not inform on me—do not make me a public shame. Emile, my love has been one of bitter disappointment. You and you only can make the rest of my life peaceful. My own conscience will be a punishment that I shall carry to my grave. I have deceived the best of men. You may forgive me, but God never will. For God's love, forgive me, and betray me not. For the love you once had to me do not bring down my father's wrath on me. It will kill my mother (who is not well). It will for ever cause me bitter unhappiness. I am humble before you, and crave your mercy. You can give me forgiveness, and you—oh, you only—can make me happy for the rest of my life. I would not ask you to love me or ever to make me your wife. I am too guilty for that. I have deceived and told you too many falsehoods for you ever to respect me. But, oh! will you not keep my secret from the world? Oh! will you not, for Christ's sake, denounce me? I shall be undone. I shall be ruined. Who would trust me? Shame will be my lot. Despise me, hate me, but make me not the public

scandal. Forget me for ever. Blot out all remembrance of me. . . . I have used you ill. I did love you, and it was my soul's ambition to be your wife. I asked you to tell me my faults. You did so, and it made me cool towards you gradually. When you have found fault with me I have cooled. It was not love for another, for there is no one I love. My love has all been given to you. My heart is empty - cold. I am unloved. I am despised. I told you I had ceased to love you—it was true. I did not love as I did; but, oh! till within the time of our coming to town I loved you fondly. I longed to be your wife. I had fixed February. I longed for it. The time I could not leave my father's house. I grew discontented; then I ceased to love you. Oh, Emile, this is indeed the true statement. Now you can know my state of mind. Emile, I have suffered much for you. I lost much of my father's confidence since that September; and my mother has never been the same to me. No, she has never given me the same kind look. For the sake of my mother—her who gave me life, spare me from shame. Oh, Emile, you will, in God's name, hear my prayer. I ask God to forgive me. I have prayed that He might put in your heart to spare me from shame. Never, never while I live can I be happy. No, no, I shall always have the thought I deceived you. I am guilty; it will be a punishment I shall bear till the day of my death. I am humbled thus to crave your pardon, but I dare not. While I have breath I shall ever think of you as my best friend, if you will only keep this between ourselves. I blush to ask you. Yet, Emile, will you not grant me this my last favour?—if you will never reveal what has passed. Oh! for God's sake, for the love of Heaven, hear me. I grow mad. I have been ill, very ill, all day. I have had what has given me a false spirit. I had resort to what I should not have taken, but my brain is on fire. I feel as if death would indeed be sweet. Denounce me not. Emile, Emile, think of our once happy days! Pardon me, if you can; pray for me as the most wretched, guilty, miserable creature on the earth. I could stand anything but my father's hot displeasure. Emile, you will not cause my death. If he is to get your letters, I cannot see him any more; and my poor mother, I will never more kiss her. It would be a shame to them all. Emile, will you not spare me this? Hate me, despise me, but do not expose me. I cannot write more. I am too ill to-night.

No. 111, postmarks illegible and date uncertain :—

Dearest sweet, Emile,—I am so sorry to hear you are ill. I hope to God you will soon be better. Take care of yourself. Do not go to the office this week; just stay at home till Monday. Sweet love, it will please me to hear you are well. Do not come and walk about, and become ill again. You did look bad on Sunday night and Monday morning. I think you got sick with walking home so late, and the long want of food; so the next time we meet I shall make you eat a loaf of bread before you go out. I am longing to meet again, sweet love. We shall be so happy. I have a bad pen—excuse this scroll—and B. is near me. I cannot write at night now. My head aches so, and I am looking so bad that I cannot sit up as I used to do; but I am taking some stuff to bring back the colour. I shall see you soon again. Put up with short notes for a little time. When I feel stronger, you shall have long ones. Adieu, my love, my pet, my sweet Emile. A fond, dear, tender love, and sweet embrace. Ever, with love, yours,

MIMI.

No. 113; postmark, "Glasgow, Feb. 27, 1857 :"—

My dear, sweet Emile,—I cannot see you this week, and I can fix no time to meet with you. I do hope you are better. . . . We go, I think, to Stirlingshire about the 10th of March, for a fortnight. Excuse this short note, sweet love. With much fond, tender love and kisses; and believe me to be yours, with love,

MIMI.

No. 117; postmark, "Glasgow, March 4, 1857" :—

Dearest Emile,—I have just time to write you a line. I could not come to the window, as B. and M. were there, but I saw you. If you would take my advice,

you would go to the South of England for ten days; it would do you much good. In fact, sweet pet, it would make you feel quite well. Do try and do this. You will please me by getting strong and well again. I hope you won't go to B. of Allan, as P. and M. would say it was I brought you there, and it would make me feel very unhappy. Stirling you need not go to, as it is a nas y, dirty little town. Go to the Isle of Wight. I am exceedingly sorry, love, that I cannot see you ere I go. It is impossible; but the first thing I do on my return will be to see you, sweet love. I must stop, as it is post time. So adieu, with love and kisses, and much love. I am, with love and affection, ever yours,
MIMI.

No. 119 was a copy of a letter in deceased's handwriting, taken by a copying machine. Its reception was objected to on the part of the prisoner. A debate took place, and the Judges by a majority decided that it was admissible in evidence, leaving its authenticity and value to be determined by the jury. It was as follows:—

Glasgow, March 5.

My dear sweet Pet Mimi,—I feel indeed very vexed that the answer I received yesterday to mine of Tuesday to you should prevent me from sending you the kind letter I had ready for you. You must not blame me for this, but really your cold, indifferent, and reserved notes, so short, without a particle of love in them (especially after pledging your word you were to write to me kindly for those letters you asked me to destroy), and the manner you evaded answering the questions I put to you in my last, with the reports I hear, fully convince me, Mimi, that there is foundation in your marriage with another. Besides, the way you put off our union till September, without a just reason, is very suspicious. I do not think, Mimi, dear, that Mrs. Anderson would say your mother told her things she had not; and really I could never believe Mr. Houldsworth would be guilty of telling a falsehood for mere talking. No, Mimi, there is foundation for all this. You often go to Mr. M.'s house, and common sense would lead anyone to believe that if you were not on the footing reports say you are you would avoid going near any of his friends. I know he goes with you, or at least meets you in Stirlingshire. Mimi, dear, place yourself in my position, and tell me am I wrong in believing what I hear? I was happy the last time we met—yes, very happy. I was forgetting all the past, but now it is again beginning. Mimi, I insist on having an explicit answer to the questions you evaded in my last. If you evade answering them this time, I must try some other means of coming to the truth. If not answered in a satisfactory manner, you must not expect I shall again write to you personally, or meet you when you return home. I do not wish you to answer this at random; I shall wait for a day or so if you require it. I know you cannot write me from Stirlingshire, as the time you have to write me a letter is occupied in doing so to others. There was a time you would have found plenty of time. Answer me this, Mimi—Who gave you the trinket you showed me; it is true it was Mr. Minnoch? And is it true that you are directly or indirectly engaged to Mr. Minnoch, or to any one else but me? These questions I must know. The doctor says I must go to the Bridge of Allan. I cannot travel 500 miles to the Isle of Wight and 500 back. What is your object in wishing me so very much to go south? I may not go to the Bridge of Allan till Wednesday; if I can avoid going, I shall do so for your sake. I shall wait to hear from you. I hope, dear, nothing will happen to check the happiness we were again enjoying. May God bless you, pet, and with fond and tender embraces believe me with kind love, your ever affectionate husband,
EMILE L'ANGELIER.

No. 123; postmark, "Bridge of Allan, 10th of March, 1857" (reached Glasgow at 5.30 p.m.):—

My own best loved Pet,—I hope you are well. I am very well, but it is such a cold place, far colder than in town. I have never been warm since I came here. There are very few people that we know staying in the village. Have you ever been here, my own dear little pet? I hope, sweet one, it will

make you feel well and strong again, and that you will not again be ill all the summer. You must try and keep well for my sake; will you, will you, my own dear little Emile? You love me, do you not? Yes, Emile, I know you do. We go to Perth this week to see some friends. I am going to Edinburgh the end of this month. B. will, I think, go too. I saw you pass the morning we left, and you, little love, passing the front door; but you would not look up, and I did not know where you were going to. We shall be home Monday or Tuesday. I shall write you, sweet love, when we shall have an interview. I long to see you—to kiss and embrace you—my only sweet love. Kiss me, sweet one—my love, my own dear sweet little pet. I know your kindness will forgive me if I do not write you a long letter; but we are just going to the train to meet friends from the north. So I shall conclude with much love, tender embraces, and fond kisses. Sweet love, adieu.—Ever, with love, yours,

MIMI.

No. 125; postmark, "Bridge of Allan, March 13, 1857" (reached Glasgow 10.45 same night):—

Dearest and beloved,—I hope you are well. I am very well, and anxious to get home to see you, sweet one. It is cold, and we have had snow all the week, which is most disagreeable. I feel better since we came here. I think we shall be home on Tuesday, so I shall let you know, my own beloved sweet pet, when we shall have a dear sweet interview, when I may be pressed to your heart, and kissed by you, my own sweet love. A fond, tender embrace; a kiss, sweet love. I hope you will enjoy your visit here. You will find it so dull; no one here we know, and I don't fancy you will find any friends, as they are all strangers, and don't appear nice people. I am longing to see you, sweet one of my heart, my only love. I wish we had not come here for another month, as it would have been so much nicer; it would then be warm. I think if you could wait a little it would do you more good; but you know best when you can get away. Adieu, my only love, my own sweet pet. A kiss, dear love; a tender embrace, love and kisses.—Adieu, ever yours, with love and fond kisses, I am ever yours,

MIMI.

No. 133 is a letter to Mr. Minnoch, with the postmark "Stirling, 16th of March, 1857:"—

My dearest William,—It is but fair, after your kindness to me, that I should write you a note. The day I pass from friends I always feel sad; but to part from one I love, as I do you, makes me feel truly sad and dull. My only consolation is that we meet soon again. To-morrow we shall be home. I do so wish you were here to-day. We might take a long walk. Our walk to Dunblane I shall ever remember with pleasure. That walk fixed a day on which we are to begin a new life—a life which I hope may be of happiness and long duration to both of us. My aim through life shall be to please and study you. Dear William, I must conclude, as mamma is ready to go to Stirling. I do not go with the same pleasure as I did the last time. I hope you got to town safe, and found your sisters well. Accept my warmest, kindest love, and ever believe me to be yours with affection,

MADELEINE.

The correspondence closes with the letter previously read, addressed by the prisoner to the deceased at his lodgings, forwarded to him at Bridge of Allan, with the Glasgow postmark of March 21. This letter was received by the deceased on the Sunday morning, and was found in his vest pocket after his death. It may be proper here to reprint it:—

Why, my beloved, did you not come to me? Oh, my beloved, are you ill? Come to me, sweet one. I waited and waited for you, but you came not. I shall wait again to-morrow night—same hour and arrangement. Oh, come, sweet love, my own dear love of a sweetheart. Come, beloved, and

clasp me to your heart; come, and we shall be happy. A kiss, fond love. Adieu, with tender embraces.—Ever believe me to be your own dear, fond
MIMI.

The LORD ADVOCATE then proposed to put in a memorandum book of deceased's, which led to some debate, and it was ultimately resolved by the judges on the bench to consult the other judges of Justiciary.

The Court adjourned at 5 o'clock till Monday.

Interesting as were the proceedings on the earlier days of the trial, in this respect, those on Saturday surpassed them all. On the previous occasions the relatives, friends, and acquaintances of the deceased were examined; persons who had been his confidential friends, and others who had beheld his face only once in their lives; on this occasion the dead man himself, as it were, and the girl accused of causing his death, were placed in the witness-box. Letters written in the silence of the night, when no eye save one beheld the hand that traced the words, were read in a crowded hall of judgment, with a multitude of strangers listening eagerly to what was intended for the eye and ear of one alone. Burning effusions in which, with the veriest extravagance of Italian passion, every possible term of endearment was lavished on the object of affection; wild appeals, in which the mind appeared to be verging on distraction, were read coldly and unsympathisingly by the aged Clerk of Court, for the purpose of being used as evidence against the writer. No wonder that Miss Smith's veil was down when she entered the Court that day; during the reading of the letters she stooped forward, and leaning her elbow on the railings, upraised her hand so as partly to shield her face. But soon she appeared comparatively relieved, for her prosecutors were merciful, and in most instances the meekest skeleton of the selected letters was given. Only those effusions were read in full which were absolutely necessary for the case; of numbers only a few sentences were read, and all objectionable expressions, all gross and indelicate allusions, were carefully and studiously omitted. The reading of these letters was a battle-field on which every inch of ground was contested. Every assumed doubt about the dates, every half-rubbed postmark was seized upon by the counsel for the defence, who maintained the fight to the last. The audience were in a painful state of excitement. When the letter was read, which, after receiving Minnoch's first proposal, Miss Smith wrote to L'Angelier breaking off their engagement, a general stir took place in the court, which continued increasing till the time when the letter to Minnoch was read; and the others, almost contemporaneous, in which her relations with her former lover were apparently resumed.

MONDAY, JULY 6.—SIXTH DAY.

The Court was about as full on the sixth as on the previous days, but there was hardly the same amount of excitement visible among the audience. The prisoner seemed more lively than she did on Saturday, and smiled occasionally during the recital of the evidence which showed that L'Angelier had been in the habit of giving arsenic to horses and of using it himself.

The Judges first gave their opinion as to the reception of the deceased's diary or memorandum-book, the entries in which were made opposite the dates February 11 to March 14, and one or two of which were offered in proof of the first and second charges of the indictment. The Lord-Justice Clerk and Lord Handyside

were of opinion that it would be highly dangerous to receive as evidence a writing which might have been idle and purposeless, or might have been a record of unfounded suspicions and malicious charges, which was only meant for the eye of the writer, and was subject to no test by which the seriousness or truth of the statements therein made could be ascertained. Lord Ivory, on the other hand, considered that the evidence should be admitted quantum valeat. The evidence was rejected, in accordance with the opinion of the majority of the Court.

The following letter was put in as evidence by the Lord-Advocate:—

Monday.

If P. and M. go, will you not, sweet love, come to your Mimi? Do you think I would ask you if I saw danger in the house? No, love, I would not. I shall let you in; no one shall see you. We can make it late—twelve, if you please. You have no long walk. No, my own beloved. My sweet, dear Emile. Emile, I see your sweet smile. I hear you say you will come and see your Mimi, clasp her to your bosom, and kiss her, call her your own pet, your wife. Emile will not refuse me. . . . I need not wish you a merry Christmas, but I shall wish that we may spend the next together, and that we shall then be happy.

Mrs. Janet Anderson was examined to prove, that at a party at Mrs. Wilkie's on the 5th of February, the prisoner denied that the necklace she had on was given her by Mr. Minnoch, and said it was given her by her papa.

This closed the evidence for the Crown.

THE DEFENCE.

The Dean of Faculty said that reference would necessarily be made to affairs of a delicate nature, in which the deceased had been engaged at an earlier period of his life, and he was anxious to avoid names being mentioned unnecessarily; and he had no doubt his learned friend on the other side would assist him in doing so.

Robert Baker, grocer, St. Heliers, Jersey, was called and said—I lived at Edinburgh in 1851-52, and acted as waiter in the Rainbow Tavern. When there I was acquainted with Emile L'Angelier. He lived in the Rainbow between six and nine months, so far as I can recollect. We slept together. The tavern was then kept by Mr. G. Baker, an uncle of mine. L'Angelier was then in a very destitute state, living in fact on my uncle's bounty. He was waiting till he could hear of a situation. I took him for a quiet sort of a person, but he was very easily excited. He was at times subject to low spirits. Latterly he told me on more than one occasion, he was tired of his existence, and he sometimes spoke of suicide. On one occasion he got up in the night, and opened the window. I asked him what he was doing, and he said if I had not disturbed him he would have thrown himself out. The windows are about six stories from the ground. He was very often in the habit of getting up during the night, walking about the room and weeping. I was aware he had met with disappointment in a love matter, but he did not mention it to me—my uncle told me of it. I have heard him talk about it to others. It was some lady in Fife. He was distressed, because, having no situation, he could not keep his engagement with her. We were in the habit of taking morning walks together. We occasionally walked to Leith pier. He one morning told me he had a good mind to throw himself over, as he was quite tired of his existence. I have heard him read of newspaper accounts of suicide, and he would say this person has done what he should do if he had the same courage. L'Angelier was a Jersey man, and I had met him there some time about 1846. (Shown No. 1, first inventory for prisoner). That is a letter from him to me, written in Dundee. (In that letter he says, after saying he had just landed in Dundee, and had got a situation in which he was working for board and lodging only, and with almost no salary:—"I never was so unhappy in my life. I wish I had the courage to blow my brains out.")

William Pringle Laird, nurseryman, of Dundee, gave evidence as follows—I was acquainted with the late Emile L'Angelier. I knew him when in the service of Dickson and Co. in Edinburgh, in 1843. I took him into my own employment in 1852. He remained with me from February till the end of August

or the 1st of September. He was a very sober young man, kind and obliging, but excitable and changeable in his temperament. He was very dull and unwell when he first came to me. He did not tell me the cause at first, but he shortly afterwards told me of a cross in love he had got. He told me it was reported the lady was to be married to another, but that he scarcely believed it, as he did not think she could take another, because (as I understood him to say) she was pledged to him. He told me who she was. I believe she was in the middle station of life. After this I saw the lady's marriage in the newspapers. L'Angelier saw the notice of the marriage. William Pringle, my cousin, was my apprentice at the time. He, or some other one, told me of something L'Angelier had done, which led me to speak to him. I told him I was sorry to see him so sad, and was still more sorry to hear he had taken up a knife to stab himself. He said very little. I said what I could to soothe him; but he said he was truly miserable, and he said he wished he was out of this world, or something to that effect. He was in a very melancholy state after this. He was gloomy and moody, and never spoke to any one. I had frequent conversations with him. He attended church regularly and was a very moral lad, but he did not show anything particularly religious about him. He sometimes went to church with me, and sometimes to the English chapel. He often told me of being in Paris during the Revolution of 1848. He told me he was engaged in it. He told me he was a member of the National Guard. He was rather a vain man. He came to me as an extra hand. He offered to come for bed and board, and 8s. or 10s. a-week, and he got that.

William Pringle, nephew to the last witness, and for some time his apprentice, said—I slept with the deceased, and had frequent conversations with him. I told him I had heard of a marriage being in the newspapers—that such a lady had been married. He seemed much agitated, and he ran once or twice behind the counter, and then he took hold of the counter knife and held it as if to stab himself. I stepped forward and he put it down again. I don't remember what he said. He was particularly melancholy after this, and I felt a little afraid he might do himself some mischief.

Andrew Watson Smith, an upholsterer in Dundee, said—I was acquainted with L'Angelier. I was then living at Newport, opposite the Tay. He was in the habit of coming to see me there, and on such occasions we slept together. I thought him a very excitable sort of character; he was often in very high spirits and often in very low. He told me of a disappointment in love he had had—that he had been engaged to a lady for a number of years, and they loved each other very much; but that the match had been broken off, and he frequently felt inclined to destroy himself. He showed me a ring he had got from the lady. I think her name was engraved on it. He sometimes spoke about drowning himself, and said that he never could be happy again. I have a faint remembrance that he said he had once gone to the Dean Bridge, in Edinburgh, to throw himself over, because this lady had jilted him. He did not say what had hindered him. Self destruction was a very frequent subject of conversation with him. He appeared to be serious when he spoke of it, but I did not seriously apprehend that he would do it—I did not think he had the courage. It was in his low moods he spoke about suicide. He told me about having been in France at the time of the revolution, and that he had felt very nervous after leaving there, which he attributed to the excitement; he thought he frequently heard a noise behind him, as of a number of rats running along. When he spoke about the lady who had jilted him, he was always very excited, and once I remember his crying, as if in great grief. When he talked of destroying himself, it was by means of drowning that he threatened to do so.

William Anderson was next examined. He said—I had a nursery and seed shop in Dundee in 1852, and became acquainted with Emile L'Angelier while he was in Mr. Laird's shop. I had occasional conversations with him. He seemed of a sanguine and excitable disposition, and his conversation was that of a vain person. When women were the subject of conversation, he spoke much about them, and boasted of his success with them. Once in my own house,

when the conversation turned that way, he told me he was very intimate with two ladies in Dundee, and that it seemed to him his attachment was returned; that they were very beautiful girls, and worth a considerable sum of money. I understood him to mean, not that anything improper had occurred—that he loved them, and they loved him in return. I did not take this to be bragging merely; he seemed in earnest. I remember he said he did not know very well what he would do if he was jilted by any lady, but he would have revenge upon her in one shape or another. He was occasionally irritable in his disposition. He had more of a French, Spanish, or Italian, than an English temperament.

William Ognvie, assistant teller in Dundee Bank, gave evidence as follows:— In 1852 I was secretary to the Floral and Horticultural Society in Dundee; meetings were sometimes held in Mr. Laird's back shop. In this way I became acquainted with L'Angelier. He was very variable in his spirits, remarkably so. His conversation was generally about ladies. He sometimes seemed vain of his success with them. He talked about the ladies looking at him as he passed along the street, and boasted of considerable success in obtaining their acquaintance. On one occasion in Mr. Laird's shop, while speaking of his sweethearts, he said if he got a disappointment, he would (taking up a long knife) think nothing of putting that into him. He was not speaking of any real case, but generally. The idea seemed somewhat to excite him. He has spoken to me about travelling in France. He led me to understand he had been travelling in that country at one time with some persons of distinction, and had charge of all their baggage, carriages, horses, &c. He mentioned that the horses were very much knocked up with some long journeys, and that he had given them arsenic to recruit them. I asked what effect that had? He said it made the horses long-winded, and thus he was enabled to accomplish the journey. I asked, was he not afraid of poisoning the horses? In reply he said, "So far from that, I have taken it myself." I told him I should not like to follow the same example, but he used some expression to the effect that there was no danger. He said another effect of it was that it improved the complexion. I inferred that he took it himself for that purpose, but he did not say so in so many words. He also said he sometimes suffered pain in his back and had difficulty in breathing, and that arsenic had a good effect in relieving him. I think he once showed me something white in a paper, and said it was arsenic. He either showed it to me or said he had it. I have seen him several times taking poppy seeds in pretty large quantities. I expressed on one of these occasions my surprise, as I understood they were poisonous; and he said he could take them in large quantities, and that they were better than filberts. He said he had taken these poppy seeds in such quantities that he had become quite giddy. He said he had done so when he was at Dickson's, in Edinburgh. I became acquainted with him in 1852. He never told me he had been jilted. I did hear of that, but not from him. We had just one conversation about arsenic. He did not say in what shape or quantity he took it. The reason I thought poppy seed dangerous was that opium is extracted from them. I cannot say whether he gave the horses arsenic on one occasion, or throughout the journey, but I think it was on one occasion. I knew he was a foreigner, but he spoke remarkably good English. I only once heard him speak French. I am quite certain it was arsenic he spoke of giving the horses. He spoke in English.

David Hill said—I am a market gardener in Dundee, and was in Mr. Laird's employment in 1852. I recollect one day finding a small parcel in a wood north of Dundee, which I thought was arsenic. I brought it to Dundee, and was told it was arsenic. This was before L'Angelier came to Dundee, but I told him of the circumstance afterwards, and he said, "Oh, that was nothing strange, as he used it regularly." He did not tell me for what purpose he used it. I have been trying to remember, but cannot now do so. I have been trying to remember since I have been asked about this affair. I told it first to Mr. Laird, my late master, and Captain Miller of Glasgow came to me. He was the superintendent of police at Glasgow, and he is now a messenger-at-arms. No one was with me when I spoke to L'Angelier about this. He said he used it regularly. I did not inquire, and he did not say, in what way.

The next witness was a somewhat seedy-looking gentleman, of the name of Mackay, calling himself a merchant, who came into the court with the knuckles of his right hand bound up, and created much amusement by stating that he considered L'Angelier a liar, the latter having told him that one day in Princes Street he had overheard a lady making a remark upon the elegance of his feet.

Edward Mackay gave the following evidence—I am a merchant in Dublin. I was in the habit of visiting Edinburgh in the course of my business. I occasionally visited the Rainbow, and got acquainted with L'Angelier there. This was in 1846, and I continued to see him at the Rainbow until a day or so previous to his going to Dundee. I had several conversations with him, and saw quite enough of him to enable me to form an opinion of his character. I formed anything but a good opinion of him. I considered him a vain, lying fellow. He was very boastful of his personal appearance, and of ladies admiring him. He boasted of his high acquaintances repeatedly, and the high society he had moved in; that was when he returned from the Continent, when he became more or less of a man; he was quite a lad when I first saw him. He mentioned several titled people whom he had known, but, not believing anything he was saying at the time, I did not store up any of their titles. Shortly before he went to Dundee I met him one evening in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh. He was sitting in the garden; I came on him accidentally; he had his head in his cambric pocket handkerchief, and I put my hand on him, and said, "L'Angelier." He held up his head, and I perceived he had been crying; his eyes had the appearance of much weeping. He mentioned that a lady in Fifeshire had slighted him; but I made light of the matter. He made a long complaint about her family; he was much excited. He said ladies admired him very often. I can remember on one occasion particularly he came in when I was reading the papers in the Rainbow; he told me he met a lady in Princes Street with another lady, and she had remarked what pretty little feet he had. I had said he was a rather pretty little person, and I had no doubt he had gone out and concocted the story that she had said she had admired his feet, they were so pretty. I never believed anything he said afterwards. It was a common thing for him to speak of ladies admiring him in the street. To a certain extent I believed the story about the Fife lady, for I had seen him weep about her.

Miss Janet Christie, who occasionally met L'Angelier at the house of a friend, deposed to having heard him say that the French ladies used arsenic to improve their complexion. This might be about four years ago.

Witness could not recollect where this conversation occurred, or who was present at the time. Witness thought him rather a forward and pretentious young man.

Alexander Millar said—I am in the employment of Huggins and Co., and I knew L'Angelier. I remember his telling me he was going to be married. He told me first about nine months before his death. He fixed different dates. These dates passed; but in February he told me he was really to be married in about two months. He told me on that occasion who the lady was. I gave the story little credit. He was very sensitive; easily depressed, and as easily elated. On one occasion he said he wished he was dead. He has talked to me about people taking their own lives. He said he did not consider there was any sin in a person taking away his life to get out of the world when tired of it. I objected to this. When he said he wished he was dead I was going to remonstrate with him, but some one came in. He seemed serious in his conversation. He complained several times of having had diarrhoea, and about the middle of February he complained of having had pain in the bowels. Almost since I knew him he complained of it, but latterly he complained more frequently. He appeared to receive a great many letters—had several other correspondents besides Miss Smith. We had the impression in the office that he was a young man of regular habits and a worthy young man. I believe it was on the 19th or 20th of February that he told me he had been almost dead the

night before; he said he was very much pained in his bowels and stomach. He felt very weak when speaking to me. He did not say if he had been anywhere the night before. He was not regularly in the office after that; he was almost entirely absent after that from illness.

Agnes M'Millan said—I was at one time in Mr. Smith's service as table-maid. I was there about a year. It is three years last May since I left. Miss Smith was at home at that time. I remember on one occasion Miss Smith said something about arsenic—that she believed it was used for the complexion, or that it was good for it. I do not remember anything else.

Several druggists were here called to prove that they had been on various occasions asked for arsenic to use as a cosmetic.

William Roberts, a merchant, Glasgow, said—I became acquainted with the deceased about 1853. He dined with me on Christmas-day of that year. After dinner he became very ill, with stomachic pains and vomiting. I sent for cholera mixture, and I think he got a good deal of it. Cholera had lately appeared in town, and we were very much frightened. He was afterwards taken home in a cab. He appeared to get better, for he called on me next day, or the day following that, to apologise for having become ill.

Cross-examined,—At that time I thought him a nice little fellow. He sat in chapel with me for three years. I had occasion to change my opinion of him, but not from anything within my own knowledge.

Charles Baird deposed as follows—I am a son of Robert Baird, merchant Glasgow. I have an uncle in Huggins and Co.'s warehouse, and through him became acquainted with L'Angelier about two years ago. I remember on one occasion finding him very unwell in his lodgings in Franklin Place. It might be the last fortnight of September or first fortnight of October, 1856. He had just come in from the office when he became suddenly ill. He put his hands on his stomach, doubling himself up, and went to the sofa, complaining of great pain. He afterwards went to bed. I saw him next day, and asked him how he was. He said he had had a very bad night of it, and he said he had sent for a medical man. I think he said Dr. Steven, of Great Western Road. He has been in our house, but never met Miss Smith there, to my knowledge. Our family know the prisoner. Mr. Jenkins was at home when L'Angelier was so ill. I could not say she was present when he told me he had sent for Dr. Steven.

Robert Baird—I am the brother of the last witness, and was acquainted with L'Angelier. It is not less than two years since I became acquainted with him. I remember his asking me to introduce him to Miss Smith. He asked me several times to do so, and seemed very anxious about it. I introduced him to her on one occasion. I asked an uncle of mine to introduce them, but he declined. I think I asked my mother to ask Miss Smith some evening and I would ask L'Angelier, and so introduce them, but she declined. They never met in my mother's house, to my knowledge. I introduced them in the street. He did not ask to be introduced to Miss Smith's father, but he expressed an anxiety or determination to be introduced to him. She was not alone. Her sister was with her. I am nineteen years of age. He repeatedly expressed a desire to be introduced to her father.

Elizabeth Wallace said—I keep lodgings in Glasgow. M. L'Angelier lodged with me when he first came to Glasgow, about the end of July, 1853. He remained till the month of December, 1853. He alluded to his having been in the navy, and that he had been a lieutenant at one time. He did not say whether it was the French or British navy; but I understood it was the British. He just said he had left the navy. He said nothing about his having sold his commission. He spoke of living in Edinburgh before he came to me, and said he had been long out of a situation. He made no allusion to Dundee; but he told me he had been frequently at Fife, and of his being acquainted with families there. I do not remember what families he spoke of, or if he said anything of the Balcarras family. He was a well-conducted young man when with me. He never mentioned names, but he said one day he had met with an old sweetheart on her marriage jaunt. He had a great aversion to medicine, and never took any. He was cheerful, and played at night on the guitar occasionally.

Colonel Fraser said—I reside at Portobello. I was not acquainted with the late M. L'Angelier. He was never in my house, and never dined with me. At the time of his death I received a note from a Mr. George M'Call mentioning his death. He mentioned him as if he were a mutual friend; at which I was surprised, as I had never seen M. L'Angelier or Mr. M'Call. There is no other Colonel Fraser in Portobello. There is a Captain Fraser.

Charles Adams deposed as follows—I am a physician at Coatbridge and keep a druggist's shop there. I was there on Sunday afternoon, the 22d of March last. I remember a gentleman came in, and he asked at first for twenty-five drops of laudanum; he then asked for sodawater. I said I had none, but I would give him a soda powder, which he took. This was about half-past five o'clock. I thought he was a military man. He wore a moustache. (Shown the photograph of M. L'Angelier.) This has a resemblance, but I am not quite certain if it is the person. It is like him. The shop was dark at the time, as the shutters were not off. I think he had on a dark brownish coat and a Balmoral bonnet. There was a handkerchief sticking out of his coat pocket. He seemed to have left off speaking to some one at the door when he came to the shop. I have seen military men there frequently: and cannot swear that the person represented in the photograph was not one of them. I first mentioned this fact about three weeks ago, to Mr. Miller, who came to me. I first told him that the gentleman bought cigars; I did not tell him that he bought laudanum till afterward. When Mr. Miller came to me he asked whether I had given arsenic. I told him I had not, nor did I recollect the laudanum, or any other medicine at the time. I remembered it afterwards. The sale of the laudanum is not entered in any book.

James Dickson said—I keep a druggist's shop at Bailliestown, which is on the road between Coatbridge and Glasgow. It is about five miles from the latter and two and-a-half from the former. I remember a gentleman coming into my shop on a Sunday evening in the month of March last—about the end of the month, I think—about half-past six o'clock. He appeared to be unwell. His hands were over his stomach and bowels, and he was complaining of pain. He wanted laudanum. I gave him from twenty to twenty-five drops. He said he had come from Coatbridge, and that he was going to Glasgow. He was about five feet seven in height, and wore a moustache. He looked from twenty-five to thirty years of age. He was not of a dark complexion. His coat was tight buttoned, and he had on his head a Glengarry or Balmoral bonnet. (Shown the photograph of L'Angelier.) This is extremely like the person. I think he had a white pocket handkerchief in his coat. I fix on the end of March because one or two Sundays about that time I was at home; on others I was out visiting. It might have been in April. It could not have been in the beginning of March. I think his coat was darkish-coloured. I did not notice if there was any person with him. It struck me he spoke with a slightly foreign accent. My shop is not on the high road. It is from 200 to 300 yards off it. The man required to go out of his way to come to my shop. He must have left the main road. He took the laudanum.

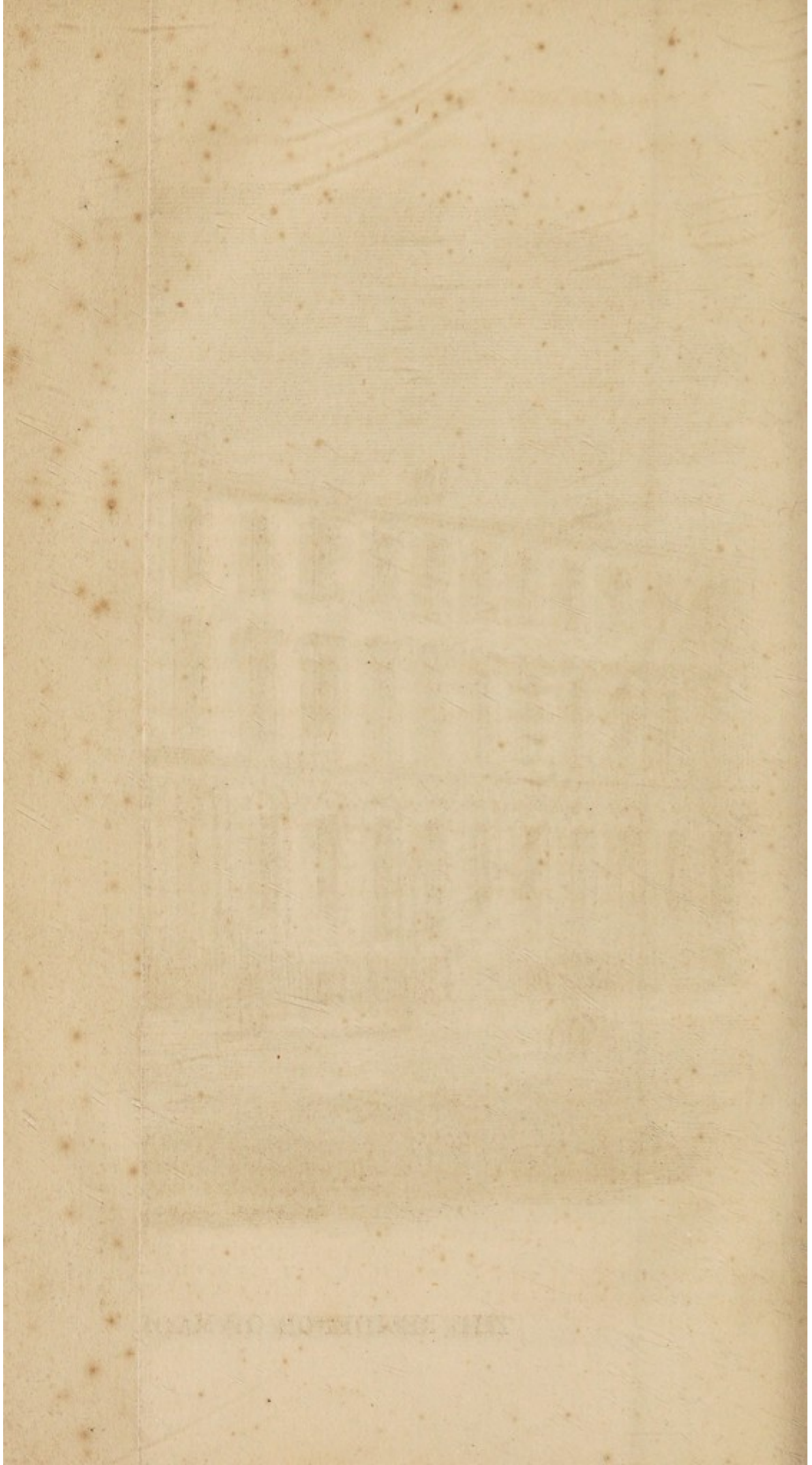
Mr. Adams, the previous witness, was recalled. He said the gentleman who called at his shop did not complain of any illness. He swallowed the laudanum.

Miss Kirk said—I am a daughter of Mr. Kirk, who keeps a druggist's shop in the Gallowgate Street, Glasgow. It is east of Abercrombie Street. I remember a gentleman coming into the shop on a Sunday night and getting something. I think it was in March, but cannot remember the day. It was about the end of it. It would be a little after nine. He wanted medicine. Do not remember what it was. He took it away with him. It was a powder he got, but I cannot tell what. I served him. He was a young man, I think about thirty. He was not tall; rather to the little side. He was not very thin. His complexion was fresh, and rather fair. He wore a moustache. He had on a Glengarry bonnet, but cannot say about the rest of his dress. (Shown a photograph). This is as good a likeness as I have ever seen. I was struck with his appearance at the time, and noticed it particularly. He paid for the medicine. He took the money



MADELEINE'S ROOM. MR. MINNOCH'S HOUSE.

THE RESIDENCE OF MADELEINE SMITH, BLYTHESWOOD SQUARE.



from a little purse. (Shown a portmonnaie). This is the purse. I think this happened in March. The gentleman was alone. He was about five minutes in the shop. I think the photograph shown to me is the person. I can't remember what the medicine was. I did not enter the money in a book. We do not enter the money taken over the counter. There was nobody else in the shop except a woman. I do not know her. I was asked about a fortnight or three weeks ago if a gentleman had called to buy medicine. I had not previously said anything about it. The woman in the shop remarked on the appearance of the gentleman. It was about his dress she spoke, and about the hair on the lower part of his face. He did not appear to be a foreign gentleman, such as I have seen.

Robert Morrison—I am in the employment of Messrs. Chambers, Edinburgh. They publish "Chambers's Journal." (Shown four numbers of the journal, the first in December, 1851, and the last in July, 1856.) The circulation of the journal is about 50,000. There are articles on the subject of arsenic in these numbers of the journal now shown me.

George Simpson—I am in the employment of Messrs. Blackwood, publishers, Edinburgh. (Shown the number of December, 1853.) The circulation of the Magazine at that time was about 7,000. The Messrs. Blackwood are also the publishers of the "Chemistry of Common Life," by Professor Johnston. It was published in 1855, but it was originally published in pamphlets, the circulation of which varied from 5,000 to 30,000. The circulation of the separate volume was about 10,000. There is one chapter entitled the "Poisons we Select," and the first part is entitled the "Consumption of White Arsenic." Of the number containing that article there were sold at the time 5,000, and the number sold up to the present time in numbers and volumes is about 16,000.

The Dean of Faculty then proposed to put in several letters from the prisoner to the deceased.

The first was a letter in an envelope, with the postmark September 18, 1855. It said—

Beloved Emile—I have just received your note. I shall meet you. I do not care though I bring disgrace upon myself. To see you I would do anything. Emile, you shall yet be happy; you deserve it. You are young, and you, who ought to desire life, wishing to end it. Oh, for the sake of your once-loved Mimi, desire to live and succeed in life. Every one must meet with disappointments. I have suffered from disappointment. I long to see you, sweet Emile.

The next letter bore the postmark October 19, 1855, and was to this effect:—

Beloved Emile,—Your kind letter I received this morning. Emile, you are wrong in thinking that I loved you for your appearance. I did and do admire you; but it was for yourself alone I love you. I can give you no other reason, for I have got no other. If you had been a young man of a Glasgow family, I have no doubt there would be no objection; but because you are unknown to him (Papa), he has objected to you. Emile, can you explain this sentence in your note—"Before long I shall rid you and all the world of my presence." God forbid you ever do. My last letter was not filled with rash promises. No, these promises given by me in my last letter shall be kept, and must be kept. Not a moment passes but I think of you.

The third letter was taken up with the prisoner defending the young ladies in boarding schools, and at least herself, from some injurious remarks which deceased had made regarding them. She says:—

I am almost well to-day, if the weather would only get warm. I have lost my appetite entirely. It is just anxiety and sadness that is the matter with me; but I am better to-night. Darling, if I were with you. I have laughed at the recollection of a conversation of yours. What queer creatures you must think young ladies at school! For a moment do you think their conversations are

what you said? Believe me, I never heard a young lady while I was at school—nearly three years—speak of the subject you mentioned. But perhaps it was different with me when at school.

Dr. Robert Paterson made the following deposition—I am a physician in Leith, and have been in practice there for several years. I have seen seven cases of suicidal poisoning by arsenic. They were chiefly cases of young women about the chemical works. In some of the cases they had got the arsenic about the works; in others they had purchased it. They all died, with one exception. I used all the remedies I could think of. In all these cases the patients submitted to medical treatment. Not one of them disclosed before death that they had taken poison. In the case of the recovery, the young woman did not admit she had taken it until after her recovery from the secondary effects of the poison. In the previous part of her illness she was sullen and morose. The cases occurred in the space of eighteen years. They had all the usual symptoms of poisoning by arsenic. They were all cases of known suicide. The time the symptoms came on after taking arsenic were various, but none of them exceeded thirty hours. In cases of suicide, the earlier symptoms are generally concealed.

Two storekeepers of manufacturing chemists here spoke to the extensive use of arsenic in their premises, and the possibility of its abstraction.

A name was now called, at which the audience became much excited, and the prisoner herself more anxious. Her youngest sister, Miss Janet Smith, appeared—a little girl of thirteen, who had been accustomed to sleep with her, and had slept with her on the fatal night of L'Angelier's death. She wore a pretty little straw hat. As she stood in the witness-box, looking down at her sister, and surveying the parties engaged in her trial, and the audience who listened to them, the resemblance between the two sisters was striking. The younger had the same large, dark eyes—the same fine complexion—and, above all, the same perfect composure as the elder. In the last particular, the similarity was the more astonishing when her youth is considered, and the fact that she must have known that her sister's life was at stake. Her words were, however, hardly heard in court, although the audience had become unusually still.

Janet Smith said—I was living in my father's house, in Blythwood Square, last winter and spring. I slept with Madeleine in the same room and bed. I generally went to bed before her. We both went to bed at the same time on the Sunday evenings. I remember Sunday, the 22nd of March. We went to bed together that night about half-past ten, or afterwards. We went down stairs together from the dining-room. We were both undressing at the same time, and we both got into bed nearly about the same time. We might take about half-an-hour to undress. We were in no hurry that night in undressing. My sister was in bed with me before I was asleep, and she was undressed as usual, in her nightclothes. I do not know which slept first. We fell asleep not long after going to bed. I do not remember my papa giving my sister a necklace lately, but he gave her one about a year ago. I have seen my sister take cocoa. She never made it in her room, but she kept the packet there. We had a fire in our bed-room. We went to bed that night the same time as usual. I remember the morning Madeleine went away. I suppose she came to bed that night, but I was asleep that night before it was her time to come. I missed her in the morning on awaking. I have seen my sister take her cocoa in the dining-room. I do not know if she had been recommended to take it. No other body in the house took it but her. I found my sister in bed when I awoke on the Monday morning about eight o'clock.

Dr. Lawrie, physician in Glasgow—I have had my attention recently directed to the effect which arsenic has on the skin in washing. I have tried a quarter of an ounce to half an ounce of Currie's arsenic in water

and washed my hands freely with it. I have also taken half an ounce and washed my face with it freely, and felt no bad effects. I used cold water after it. I tried the last experiment on Saturday. The effect on the hands seemed to be that they were softened, as if I had used a ball of soap with sand in it. The effect was not great, but if at all—beneficial. I do not think a greater quantity of arsenic would make much difference, owing to its insolubility. I took an ordinary hand-basin with the usual quantity of water.

Dr. Douglas Maclagan, physician in Edinburgh—I have had some experience in cases of poisoning by arsenic, and have devoted a good deal of attention to the subject. In washing with water, with arsenic in it, so little of it would be dissolved that I do not think there would be any danger in so using it. It would not dissolve above one quarter per cent. with cold water. If a person merely washed the face and hands in water in which arsenic had been placed, I think it would have very little effect indeed. In hot water there would be a little more dissolved. The quantity dissolved by pouring hot water on arsenic is not great. In order to make water a sufficient solvent of arsenic, it must be boiled in it for some time. In cases of slight quantities of arsenic being taken, the symptoms very often resemble those of bilious or British choleraic attacks. In very severe cases of arsenical poisoning, terminating fatally, there is a very remarkable resemblance to persons labouring under malignant or Asiatic cholera. Though a very small quantity only of arsenic is held in solution by cold water, I do not say the same thing of its being held in suspension. A considerable quantity of it would be suspended in water, at least if agitated. Though I think it might be safely done, I would not recommend washing with arsenic in the water, unless the mouth and eyes were shut—it might produce most injurious effects.

Hugh Hart, Glasgow, deposed that Bridge of Allan is between two and three miles from Stirling; and that from Alloa to Stirling is seven or eight miles; also, that from Coatbridge to Glasgow is eight miles.

This concluded the evidence for the defence, and the chief points of interest in the proceedings of the day were the examination of the prisoner's sister, and the allusion made by some of the earlier witnesses to L'Angelier's remarks about suicide, and his knowledge of the use and supposed cosmical properties of arsenic. On the whole, less of a tragedy feeling pervaded the audience; the excitement of the public had reached its height with the reading of the letters on Saturday; and, in consequence of the strength of the defence, the audience—feeling more at their ease with the idea that the handsome girl, with whom some of them had chatted and danced at parties during the preceding winter, was not about to suffer the terrible penalty of death—went so far as even to indulge in mirth on several occasions, unmindful of the ire of the presiding judge.

TUESDAY, JULY 7.—SEVENTH DAY.

The public interest in this extraordinary case appeared to-day to be greater than ever. From an early hour a crowd besieged the doors of the Justiciary Court; and when these were opened the multitude surged in, and in a minute the whole of the portion of the court allotted to the public was filled. At ten, when the proceedings were resumed, the hall was more crowded than ever. Of advocates especially there were present a greater number than had previously attended, eager to be witnesses of the contest in which were now to be engaged two of their foremost leaders

The Lord-Advocate began by remarking that, after an investigation of unex-

amplified length, he had to discharge the most painful duty that had ever fallen to his share. It was impossible that during so long a trial, in which many necessarily disjointed statements had been laid before them, some impression—he feared—there was little doubt what that must be—had not been produced upon their minds. It was now his duty to join together the various links of evidence, so that they might be able to arrive at a decision on the whole case. He wished he had been able, after hearing the evidence on both sides, to withdraw the case; but he feared, and it would be his duty to convince the jury, that there could be no doubt of the guilt of the unhappy prisoner. There were three offences charged, but they hung together. He would not lead them farther than necessary into those scenes of sin and degradation with which the case was fraught—no language of his, nor of his friend on the other side, could produce a tenth of the impression already produced by the bare recital. He would add, that while the unfortunate lady is entitled to have it said that such a charge shall not be lightly presumed, if the tale he had to tell was a true one, no criminal had ever been more justly brought within the compass and power of the law. The first point to be taken was, that this unfortunate man L'Angelier died of arsenic—of that there was doubt. The next question was, by whom was that poison administered? He must, after the course the trial had taken, put them right as to the steps taken on the part of the prosecution. They must draw a distinction between remarks applying generally to the system of prosecutions, and those which really affect the case of the prisoner. He knew of no case in which such a large indulgence had been given to the prisoner, who, he could show clearly, had suffered nothing from any imperfections in the preparation of the case. He then went over the circumstances regarding the examination of the letters in L'Angelier's lodgings, and in his desk at the office. It had been said that this was a very loose way of doing business. He would not say that the proceedings were, in the first place, what he would have liked them to be; but that did not in the least affect the prisoner. If these letters had not been in the hands of the officers of the law at all, but in the hands of relatives, they would still have been good evidence. The complaint was made of the Crown having refused access to the original documents; it was absolutely necessary to retain every scrap to prove the handwriting and trace the dates, and to guard against the slightest risk of their being lost or injured. The prisoner had chosen to burn her letters, rendering it absolutely necessary that the case should be prepared within a limited time. If the prisoner's advisers had thought proper, they could at once have obtained delay from the prosecution. Whatever might have been the theory, it has not been the practice that the Sheriff-Clerk should have the custody of such documents. It had been said that we should never have only part of a correspondence in a case like this. He agreed; but he had produced all that could be got. It was only one side of the correspondence. They had nearly 200 letters of the prisoner—only one copy of a letter from the deceased. How came this? They would see from the correspondence that the letters of L'Angelier were not destroyed down to the 7th or 8th of February, and yet no scrap of it could be found. The prosecution had done all it could to make that correspondence complete—and they would draw their own inference from the fact that not a scrap had been found of the letters that were in custody of the prisoner. As to the difficulty of connecting the letters with the envelopes bearing the postmark, there was no doubt that the use of envelopes was an obstacle to the tracing of facts in such case; but if the officers were scrupulously accurate in handling the letters, the objection was not formidable. If the date of the letter say Monday night, and the postmark say Tuesday, such facts would show that, so far as there could be any certainty, the letters had been found in their proper envelopes. But it was more important to notice that they proved their own dates by the facts that they tell. He came back to the painful details of the case. This young lady returned from a London boarding-school at the age of seventeen. She met L'Angelier in 1854, or beginning of 1855. In 1851 he had been poor, but had worked his way to a comparatively respectable position—liked by all those who came in contact with him—spoken of by his landladies, employers, and others, as honest

and steady. An attachment arose, which was forbidden by the parents; and it was only right to say that the letters at that time were in a proper and dutiful spirit. The attachment was afterwards resumed, and led to a criminal connection. He afterwards threatened to show the letters to her father. There was nothing dishonourable in this—the dishonour would have been in allowing her to become the wife of any honest man. She implores to get her letters back. She then bought arsenic. Then the letters resume all the ardour of passion—she is engaged to be married to another man—and L'Angelier died of poison. If the proof be such that no reasonable man can doubt the guilt, then, incredible as the story may be, and fearful as would be the result the result of the verdict, that verdict must be given. In occult cases the ends of justice would be perpetually defeated if there were no conviction except some witness saw the deed done—and in cases of poison that remark applied with peculiar force, as poison is not likely to be administered before witnesses. The fact of there being no eye-witness to the administration of poison goes for nothing. He would now consider the evidence in detail, going in order of time, beginning with the 29th of April, 1856. The letter of that date asks to see the prisoner the first night her father is "off," in order that they might "spend an hour of bliss." On Friday, the 2nd of May, she writes that her father had been in bed, but it would make no difference—he was to go to the gate at half-past ten, and wait for her on Tuesday, the 6th of May. The next letter was Wednesday morning, the 7th of May—trusting he got home safe, and containing the most unmistakeable evidence of their having had guilty connection the night before. The language was not to be mistaken. That date was the commencement of the tragedy. From that time down to the end of the year she continued to write in a strain he would not characterise—showing an utter overthrow of the moral sense, and exhibiting a picture which he did not know ever had a parallel. If it is said that L'Angelier had his own share in corrupting it could have been but a small share. He then referred to the letter of the 27th of May, containing unmistakeable allusions and invitations, and arguing that their intimacy had not been criminal nor sinful, as she was his wife. In another letter she says she could not see him till the nights were longer. He then referred to the letter, obviously in September, 1856, in which she alludes to Minnoch, which she did frequently afterwards, obviously preparing the deceased to learn that she inclined to favour that gentleman. He then quoted the letter written before the prisoner went to Blythswood Square, saying that she could not admit him, owing to her room being on the same floor as the front door—a difficulty which the jury would see had been got over. She so arranged as to have her room in the sunk storey, and that her window, which was below the level of the pavement, should be the depository of the correspondence, in support of which statement his Lordship quoted the letter advising the deceased to use brown envelopes, as being less liable to be seen when dropped down to her window. The jury were then requested to examine a plan of the house, the Lord-Advocate arguing that entry could be obtained to both flats without disturbing the sleepers in the bed-rooms. He then quoted the first letter from Blythswood Square, telling him to come and drop in a letter at eight o'clock, and saying she could let him in at the front door, adding that she would not let a chance pass. He called particular attention to the fact that she could give admission at the front door without disturbing the family. He then came to the letters from which it appeared that there was a serious intention of the parties to elope. Letter No. 73 (17th of December) showed she was going to a concert, and that her brother and sister had issued invitations to a party. A letter of the 19th complained that the deceased had misrepresented her as to the circumstances under which Minnoch had accompanied her to the concert, and that he always doubted her word. There was evidence here that after the first few weeks of her intercourse, her feelings towards L'Angelier changed. She says in another letter that her coolness began when they came to Glasgow in November. The letter No. 79 was of great consequence, as referring to meetings in the Blythswood Square house; from internal evidence, it must have been posted about the 22d of December. Then came a letter, inviting him to the

house if her father and mother went to Edinburgh—she could let him in—there was no danger. That meant, you shall come into the house—does it not mean you have been in the house? The correspondence thus far proved the greatest intimacy—of such a character that no eye could have seen it without the character of the prisoner being blasted—she speaking as being actually the deceased's wife, and engaging not even to flirt with Mr. Minnoch. In that position were the parties at the end of 1856. On the 9th of January, 1857, she writes, wishing she could have him with her in bed; but she has also an observation to the effect that she could not see him, and that he must just leave the note and go away. "When we shall meet again I cannot tell." On Saturday, the 10th, she writes hoping he had got her note, fearing that there was not much chance of meeting him again at that time, and using the strongest terms of endearment—perhaps in ten days she could see him again—"the same as last." On Wednesday, the 14th, she writes that she does not see that there is any chance for their getting married at Edinburgh, and that she had dined with Minnoch and liked him. On Monday, the 19th, she writes,—a manifest chill having come over her expressions—saying that she forgot she would not be at home to receive her letter, but that C. H. would take it in, and that she had so loved him when he was at the window the night before—so that the jury would observe that she had been at the window with him on the night of Sunday, the 18th of January. The envelope of letter No. 97, Friday, 23rd January, contained another letter bearing date Sunday; but it is in pencil, and probably never was in an envelope at all. It speaks of him having just left her. The true date is obviously Sunday the 18th, as proved by her letter of the 19th. The next date is Wednesday, the 21st of January. She asks why there was no letter on Monday night, and saying she could not see him on Thursday. The next was Thursday, saying the marriage must be put off—that there was no chance till March. On the 28th the prisoner accepts Mr. Minnoch—this letter having been written on the 23rd. The next documents were only envelopes, and then came two letters of the deepest possible consequence; but before reading them they must mark Mr. Kennedy's evidence, that in February L'Angelier had said, with tears, that Miss Smith had broken off because there was coolness on both sides, but that he would not give up the letters, and that she should never wrong any other man. One of these letters began, "I felt truly astonished at not having my letters returned," &c., and repeating the very words about "coolness on both sides" which had been repeated by L'Angelier to Kennedy. In that letter she asked him to bring her letters and likeness on Thursday evening, and that she would give him back his on Friday. She represented that the only reason was coolness on both sides. She was engaged to Minnoch four days before. She was to return the deceased's letters—therefore she had letters; what became of them we have had no explanation whatever. What a labyrinth of bewilderment this unhappy girl, by her lapse of virtue, was involving herself in! She thought that what she said would induce L'Angelier to fly off indignantly. She had horrible recollections of the correspondence, and that he had her in his power. L'Angelier did not answer for more than a week; and on the 9th she appointed Thursday, the 12th, for him to come to the window. L'Angelier refused to give up the letters, or to give up her, but said he would show them to her father. If things had not gone so far between these two, it might have been ungenerous and unmanly in L'Angelier to take this course, but he was bound in honour to prevent Minnoch marrying her. He considered her as his wife, and it is doubtful whether she was not so in law. The appointment stood for the 12th, and on Monday the 9th, she wrote the letter imploring him not to put her to open shame, and saying, "I am free from all engagement at present"—a deliberate falsehood of this unhappy girl, and yet one of the least of her crimes. They had thus traced the matter to the point at which she could not extricate herself, and yet at which, if not extricated, she is lost for ever. Another letter followed in the same imploring strain, and confessing that she had "put upon paper what she ought not." It was time, poor creature. He could not see in this sad history the gradual downward progress of an ill-regulated mind without the

most deep compassion; nor would he deny that L'Angelier had abused his opportunities in an unmanly and dishonourable way—his Learned Opponent could scarcely say anything on that point in which he would not concur. She then writes the falsehood, even in this despairing remonstrance, that she had given all her love to him, and cared for no one else. He (the Lord Advocate) had never had to bring before any audience the outpourings of such a despairing spirit as those of this miserable girl; but the jury, though unable to restrain their compassion, must not let their judgments be influenced. They must also take into account some surrounding circumstances. L'Angelier seems still to have loved her, and he said her conduct would be the death of him. Two important circumstances now occurred. In the second week of February she sent a boy for prussic acid. She had ceased to love L'Angelier—she had resolved to marry another. For what could she want the prussic acid? For what purpose did she say she wanted it? For her hands—a cosmetic? There is the first indication of what her mind was running on. There had been a good deal of medical evidence in this case; but had anybody ever said that prussic acid had been used as a cosmetic? She wanted this poison before the meeting she had appointed for Wednesday, the 11th February. Catherine Haggart had said that some weeks before the apprehension they had a meeting in the house; and he (the Lord Advocate) had shown from the letters that no meeting had taken place on any other occasion. The prisoner had denied to M. de Meau that the deceased had ever been in the house at all. What took place at that interview they could not tell; but they found that the feud had been made up. But on what terms? Not on the footing of L'Angelier giving up the letters, but on the footing of their engagement continuing. She went on with the old tone of love and affection towards L'Angelier, and at the same time going on with the preparations for her marriage with Minnoch, and receiving the congratulations of her friends. She writes appointing a meeting for Thursday, and wanting back her "cool letters," four in number. Thursday was the 19th of February. On Tuesday, the 17th, L'Angelier dined with Miss Perry, and told her he was to see Miss Smith on the 19th. He afterwards told Miss Perry he had seen her on the 19th. A day or two before the 22nd of February—I say the 19th—L'Angelier was seized with illness. Those symptoms were the symptoms of arsenical poison. He went to the office the day after the 20th; on the 21st the prisoner purchased arsenic. This was not the first time she had tried to buy poison. She asked for the arsenic openly; but the use she alleged was, on her own confession, a falsehood. Having purchased arsenic on the 21st, L'Angelier saw her on the 22nd, and was again seized with the same illness. If the jury believed Miss Perry, L'Angelier had told her he had seen the prisoner on the 19th, and had been afterwards ill; and had seen her again on the 22nd, and had again been ill; and that he had got from her coffee on the one occasion and chocolate on the other. On Wednesday, the 25th of February—which he insisted was the true date of the letter—the prisoner wrote to the deceased, regretting he was ill, and saying that "everybody was complaining—it must be something in the air;" and saying, "You did look bad on Sunday night and Monday morning." She thought it must have been the long walk and the want of food, so she would give him a loaf of bread next time. She was taking some stuff herself to make her look better. That letter proved that they had met, that she intended to give him something to eat next time, that she was preparing by saying she used the stuff as a cosmetic, and that all this took place after she had bought the arsenic. There was a letter, only dated Wednesday, which must have been written on Wednesday, the 25th of February. They were inquiring into the death of a person that died of arsenic, and into the causes of other two illnesses. They must look at the facts that L'Angelier said he was ill after taking from the prisoner coffee on one occasion and cocoa on the other; that the prisoner admitted that she had given cocoa; that she possessed the means of preparing it; that the two illnesses were the same in symptoms; that those symptoms were the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. Still more important it was to remember what was then the position of the parties. The Lord Advocate

then spoke of what had been said about the prisoner having been told at school, and read in "Blackwood," that arsenic could be used as a cosmetic. But that was the internal use—she was not following the directions of the magazine, in using it externally as she had said she did. There could not be a word of truth in her saying that she had then used the whole quantity at once in a basin of water. She had told two falsehoods about the arsenic—one confessed, the other denied. Could there be any reasonable doubt that she had got it to kill the deceased? The deceased gets better, and on the 27th of February the prisoner writes saying she could not see him that week, nor for a week. What was L'Angelier about all this time? He was entirely changed; he never recovered his look nor his health. He never had before been detained by illness from attendance at the office. His love for Miss Smith remained; he said he was in/atuated, and that, if she were to poison him, he would forgive her. Unless he felt he had got something in the coffee and cocoa, what could have put it in his head? Miss Perry did not say that this was a serious belief on his part; but it had passed through his brain and been driven away; they would see how. On Tuesday, the 3d of March, and Wednesday, the 4th, the prisoner wrote, advising the deceased not to go to Bridge of Allan where her family were going on the 6th, but rather to go to the Isle of Wight. Probably she thought if she could get him out of the way, she could be married to Mr. Minnoch without interruption. It could not but strike the jury that these later letters, though using the same words, were not in the same tone and strain. The Lord Advocate then read L'Angelier's reply, complaining of the coldness and shortness of the prisoner's notes, referring to what he had heard about Mr. Minnoch, refusing to go to the Isle of Wight, and speaking of their unhappiness at the last preceding interview. This was written on the 5th of March—he says he will not go to the Isle of Wight, and that if evasions continue he will get at the truth otherwise. The next day the prisoner buys her second ounce of arsenic! She writes saying she would be happy to meet him again. The pretences on which she bought the arsenic were different from the former, and yet quite false. She wrote from Bridge of Allan on the 10th of March, that they would soon be home, and that she would appoint an interview, when she would kiss and embrace him; and again on the 13th to the same effect. What had been done at Bridge of Allan? She had fixed the day of her marriage with Minnoch. L'Angelier got leave of absence on the 6th, and goes to Edinburgh for a week. He repeated to Mr. Towers that he had been ill after getting coffee from somebody. The week over, he was longing for a letter. He returned to Glasgow on the 17th; he went to Bridge of Allan on Thursday the 19th; and after that a letter came, which was sent after him from his lodgings—that letter was not recovered, but the envelope was found in the tourist's bag belonging to the deceased, and reached Stirling on the morning of the 20th. On that day L'Angelier wrote to his correspondent that he "should have come to see some one, but the letter arrived too late." The prisoner then wrote—"Why did you not come, &c.," with many tender expressions. That letter was found in the pocket of L'Angelier's coat. There was an appointment for Thursday, the 19th; on Wednesday, the 18th, she bought her third ounce of arsenic. L'Angelier got that letter after nine o'clock at Stirling on the Sunday morning. The guard recognised him as leaving at Coatbridge; and he started in perfect health to walk to Glasgow. He arrived at his lodgings at eight o'clock, and his landlady said he was immensely improved in health. He said a letter had brought him back, and his landlady never doubted he was going to visit the lady. He is seen sauntering along in the direction of Blythswood Square about 9.20; it is too soon; he makes a call; and here we lose sight of him for two or three hours. There is no attempt to show that any man saw him elsewhere than at the place he was going to. Could it be possible that after coming from Bridge of Allan he would give up his purpose within a few hundred yards of the house? He knew the habits of the family—he knew he must wait till Janet was asleep. What would he do? He would go to the window. Is it possible that she would not be waiting for him—that she went to sleep that night, and never awoke till the morning? Whatever took place, the jury could not doubt that L'Angelier

went to the house; and they would mark that the prisoner denied it in her declaration. Where did they see him next? Doubled up with agony at his own door—then the same symptoms as before—then death. Nobody asked where he had been. They knew the unfortunate victim, unwilling to admit even to himself what he suspected, objected at first that it was too far to go for his own doctor, but is willing Dr. Steven should be sent for if he is a good doctor. Was it not strange that the counsel did not ask Mrs. Jenkins whether she thought it was a case of suicide? He said, I should like to see Miss Perry," not that he should like to see Miss Smith, and doubtless if he had seen Miss Perry they would have known more about this case. Death caught him more suddenly than the doctor and nurse had anticipated. After a recapitulation, the Lord Advocate proceeded to consider the defence—before which he read the letter written from the Bridge of Allan to Mr. Minnoch, about the walk to Dunblane, and the fixing of the marriage-day. He might also refer to the fact that the prisoner showed no agitation on hearing of L'Angelier's death; if she were capable of perpetrating the murder, she was capable of this. But on Thursday, in consequence of something she had heard—they did not know what—she was missing from seven in the morning till three in the afternoon, when she was found by Mr. Minnoch in the steamer. They had been unable to find out where she had been. The first part of the defence might be held to be the prisoner's declaration. Was her story true? He showed how it differed from what was proved in evidence, and by her own letters. She said she had not seen L'Angelier that night—and her sister, Janet, says she saw nothing. But it was proved that meetings had taken place when Janet was sleeping with her—in one letter she said she could not meet him because Janet could not be got to sleep. It was quite possible that she might have admitted him that night either at the front door or the back door. As to the poison, the jury would consider whether, having been purchased only on those three occasions, and under the circumstances then existing, she could have purchased it for the purpose alleged for the defence. It had been said that the meeting was trysted for Saturday; if the letter was not posted till eleven, it meant Sunday. In no other instance did she appoint a meeting for Saturday. But supposing she did expect him on Saturday, was it not almost certain that she expected him on the Sunday instead, having learned that he was at the Bridge of Allan? It had been indicated that L'Angelier had committed suicide. He had found nothing in any part of the evidence to justify such a hypothesis. If the jury were in doubt, let them give the panel the benefit of the doubt. It seemed to have been said that L'Angelier was an eater of arsenic, and might have poisoned himself by an overdose; but the evidence on that point was so trifling that if it was sought to be used by the prisoner's counsel, he was willing to leave the reply to the directions that would be given by the Court. L'Angelier was not, so far as the evidence went, an eater of arsenic; and it was impossible that any man could so overdose himself that 120 grains should be found in his stomach. He could not have taken arsenic at the Bridge of Allan or on the journey—the effects would have been seen sooner. If it was not a case of suicide, it was a case of murder. L'Angelier's alleged talk about weariness of life and suicide was of no significance; he was a vain and gasconading man. He said if any lady jilted him, he would put a knife in his breast; he was jilted, and he did not do it. A man going to commit suicide, does not go to a six-storey window nor to the end of Leith Pier in company with a friend. What were the circumstances under which this suicide was supposed to take place? He had taken his position; when L'Angelier went out at nine o'clock that night he had no thoughts of suicide. If he did not go to the house, where did he get the arsenic? There is the possibility that he saw Miss Smith, and that she told him she was going to give him up. But what then becomes of her declaration that she did not see him

If she did see him, what link was wanting in the chain of evidence? If she did not see him, it is impossible to see how this could be treated as a case of suicide. It was said so much arsenic would not have been given unless the case was one of suicide. If there were two former attempts, they were unsuccessful—it was not surprising that the third should be a very large one. As to the colouring of the arsenic, it had been proved that the waste indigo left nothing but carbonaceous particles. Again, the analysts were not at the time looking for colouring matter. There did not appear on the part of the deceased the slightest desire for death—quite the contrary. He concluded by saying he had endeavoured to show, as dispassionately as he could, the circumstances which justified the accusation. Of all the persons engaged in the matter, apart from the unhappy prisoner, his position was the most difficult and the most painful—no man would rejoice more if the jury could see their way to an acquittal. He left the case in their hands, and asked them only and above all to do justice.

When the Lord Advocate rose to address the jury, the accused turned towards him, and watched him uneasily and restlessly. She soon recovered her self-possession, and retained it during the greater portion of his speech. Her veil, however, which had been raised as she ascended the stair into the court, had now fallen, and this was not to be wondered at. A universal silence prevailed in the Court. The Solicitor-General sat motionless, with his arms folded, and his mild, grave eyes steadily fixed on the ground. On the further side of the table sat the counsel for the defence—the Dean of Faculty, who listened calmly but with compressed lips, now and then taking a brief note with a pen which he held in his hand. The Lord Justice-Clerk as he listened to the Lord Advocate, referred every now and then to a printed copy of the letters, or his own notes of the evidence. Lords Ivory and Handyside listened intently, with their eyes fixed on the speaker. The jury, finding themselves personally addressed, became more fixedly attentive than hitherto. As the Lord Advocate traced the course of the relations between the prisoner and the dead man, he read many of the letters of which parts had been formerly submitted by the Clerk of Court; but very differently were they read now; the passionate appeals which they contained fell from the speaker's lips vehemently and truthful, with the vividness of an able actor. The prisoner shuddered. At first, the jury were only attentive; then they became graver; and by degrees their faces lengthened and lengthened, and the corners of their mouths went down. It appeared as if they had been formerly easy, in the idea of having to discharge a more agreeable office, and were now awakening to a painful sense of having to fulfil a stern and terrible duty. Tears stood in the eyes of two of them.

On the conclusion of the speech of the Lord Advocate, the Court adjourned.

EIGHTH DAY.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 8.

On the eighth day, Wednesday, July 8, the DEAN of FACULTY addressed the jury for the prisoner as follows:—

Gentlemen of the Jury,—The charge against the prisoner is a charge of murder, and the punishment of murder is death; and that simple statement is sufficient to suggest to us the awful solemnity of the occasion which brings you and me face to face on this occasion. But there are peculiarities in the present case of so singular a kind—there is such an air of romance and mystery investing it from beginning to end—there is something so

touching and exciting in the age, and the sex, and the social position of the accused—that I feel almost overwhelmed by the magnitude of the task that is imposed on me. You are invited and encouraged by the prosecutor to snap the thread of that young life, and to consign to an ignominious death on the scaffold one who, within a few short months, was known only as a gentle, and confiding, and affectionate girl, the ornament and pride of her happy family. Gentlemen, the tone in which my learned friend, the Lord Advocate, addressed you yesterday could not fail to strike you as most remarkable. It was characterized by such moderation as I think must have convinced you that he could hardly expect a verdict at your hands; and in the course of that address, for which I give him the highest credit, he could not resist the expression of his own deep feeling of commiseration for the position in which the prisoner is placed. But, gentlemen, I am going to ask you for something very different from commiseration; I am going to ask you for that which I will not condescend to beg, but which I will loudly demand—that to which every prisoner is entitled, whether she be the vilest of her sex, or pure as the unsunned snow; I ask you for justice; and, if you will kindly lend me your attention, and if Heaven will give me strength for the task, I shall tear to tatters that web of sophistry with which the prosecutor has striven to invest this poor girl and her sad strange story. What is the commencement of this matter? Somewhat less than two years ago, accident brought her acquainted with the deceased, L'Angelier; and yet I can hardly call it accident, for it was due, unfortunately, in a great measure, to the indiscretion of a young man whom you saw before you the day before yesterday. He introduced her to L'Angelier in the open street in circumstances which plainly show that he could not procure an introduction otherwise or elsewhere. And what was he who thus introduced himself upon the society of this young lady, and then clandestinely introduced himself into her father's house? He was an unknown adventurer. How he procured his introduction into the employment of Huggins and Co. does not appear; even the persons who knew him there, knew nothing of his history or antecedents. We have been enabled, in some degree, to throw light upon his origin and his history. We find that he is a native of Jersey; and we have discovered that at a very early period of his life, in the year 1843, he was in Scotland. He was known for three years at that time, to one of the witnesses, as being in Edinburgh; and the impression which he made, as a very young man, which he then was, was certainly, to say the least of it, not of a very favourable kind. He goes to the Continent; he is there during the French revolution, and he returns to this country, and is found in Edinburgh again in the year 1851. He is then in great poverty, in deep dejection, living upon the bounty of a tavern keeper, associating and sleeping in the same bed with the waiter of that establishment. He goes from Edinburgh to Dundee, and we trace his history there. At length we find him in Glasgow, in 1853; and in 1855, as I said before, his acquaintance with the prisoner commenced. In considering the character and conduct of the individual, whose history it is impossible to dissociate from this inquiry, we are bound to form as just an estimate as we can of his qualities, of his character, of the principles and motives that were likely to influence his conduct. We find him, according to the confession of all those who observed him then narrowly, vain, conceited, pretentious, with a great opinion of his own personal attractions, and a very silly expectation of admiration from the other sex. That he was to a certain extent successful in conciliating such admiration may be the fact; but, at all events, his own prevailing ideas seem to have been that he was calculated to be very successful in paying attention to ladies, and that he was looking to push his fortune by that means. Accordingly, once and again we find him engaged in attempts to get married to women of some station in society; we have heard of one disappointment which he met with in England, and another we heard a great deal of connected with a lady in the county of Fife; and the manner in which he bore his disappointment on those two occasions is,

perhaps, the best indication we have as to the true character of the man. He was not a person of strong health, and it is extremely probable that this, amongst other things, had a very important effect in depressing his spirits, rendering him changeable and uncertain, very variable, never to be depended on. Such was the individual whom the prisoner unfortunately became acquainted with. The progress of their acquaintance is soon told. My learned friend the Lord Advocate said to you, that although the correspondence must have been, from the outset, an improper correspondence, because it was clandestine, yet the letters of the young lady at that first period of their connexion breathed nothing but gentleness and propriety. I thank my learned friend for the admission. The correspondence in its commencement shows that if L'Angelier had it in his mind originally to corrupt and seduce this poor girl, he entered upon the attempt with considerable ingenuity; for the very first letter of the series which we have contains a passage in which she says, "I am trying to break myself of all my very bad habits; it is you I have to thank for this, which I do sincerely from my heart." He had been finding fault with her, therefore. He had been suggesting to her improvement in her conduct or in something else. He had thus been insinuating himself into her company, and she no doubt yielded a great deal too easily to the pleasures of this new acquaintance, but pleasures comparatively of a most innocent kind at the time to which I am now referring. And yet it seems to have occurred to her own mind at a very early period that it was impossible to maintain this correspondence consistently with propriety or her own welfare. For so early as the month of April 1855—indeed in the very month in which apparently the acquaintance began—she writes to him in these terms:—"I now perform the promise I made in writing to you soon. We are to be in Glasgow to-morrow; but as my time will not be at my own disposal, I cannot fix any time to see you; chance may throw you in my way. I think you will agree with me in what I intend proposing, that for the present the correspondence had better stop. I know your good feeling will not take this wrong. It was meant quite the reverse. By continuing the correspondence harm may arise; in discontinuing it nothing can be said." And accordingly for a time, so far as appears, the correspondence did cease. Again, gentlemen, I beg to call your attention to the fact that in the end of this same year the connexion was broken off altogether. That appears from the letter which the prisoner wrote to Miss Perry, in the end of September or beginning of October, 1855 (in which she expressed her thanks for Miss Perry's kindness, and intimates that, as papa would not give his consent, she was doomed to be disappointed). In the spring of 1856, it would appear, the correspondence having in the interval been renewed, was discovered by the family of Miss Smith, and for a time put an end to. The next scene is the most painful of all. This which we have been speaking of is in the end of 1855. In the spring of 1856, the corrupting influence of the seducer was successful, and the prisoner fell. That is recorded in a letter bearing the postmark of the 7th of May, which you have heard read. And how corrupting that influence must have been—how vile the arts which he resorted to for accomplishing his nefarious purpose, can never be proved so well as by looking at the altered tone and language of the unhappy prisoner's letters. She lost not her virtue merely, but, as the Lord Advocate said, her sense of decency. This was his doing. Think you that, without temptation, without evil teachings, a poor girl falls into such depths of degradation? No. Influence from without—most corrupting influence—can alone account for such a fall. And yet, through the midst of this frightful correspondence, there breathes a spirit of devoted affection towards the man who had destroyed her that strikes me as most remarkable. I do not think it necessary to carry you through all the details of their correspondence from the spring of 1856 down to the end of that year. It is in the neighbourhood of Helensburgh almost entirely that that correspondence took place. In November, the family of the Smiths came

back to Glasgow. And that becomes an important era in the history of the case, for that was the first time at which they came to live in the house in Blythswood Square. There were many meetings between them in the other house in 1855; they met still more frequently at Row; but what we are chiefly concerned in is, to know what meetings took place between them in that last winter in the house in Blythswood Square—how these took place, and what was necessary for them to do in order to come together. Now the first letter written from Blythswood Square bears date November 18, 1856, No. 61. There is another letter, also written in November, 1856, and plainly out of its place in this series. In this second letter she gives her lover some information of the means by which they may carry on their correspondence in the course of the winter. He was to get brown envelopes, and stoop down as if he were tying his shoe when he slipped in the letter. That shows by what means their correspondence was carried on by letter; and the jury would see that by letter chiefly, if not entirely, was the correspondence carried on in that house. The next letter was the 21st of November, in which she repeats instructions as to how to deposit letters at her window in Blythswood Square, adding that she could take him in very well at the front door, as she had done in India Street, if mamma and papa were from home, and that she would not let a chance pass. Now you see the conditions on which she understood it possible, and alone possible, to admit him to the Blythswood Square house. That condition was the absence of her father and mother from home—an absence which did not take place throughout the whole of the period with which we have to do. "If M. and P. were from home, I could take you in at the front door, and I won't let a chance pass." But that chance, gentlemen, never came. Her father and mother were never absent. Again, it is very important for you to understand the means of communication between these two at the window. The Lord Advocate seemed to say that there were some concocted signals by rapping at the window or on the railings with a stick. This, you will find, was an entire mistake. L'Angelier did on one or two occasions take that course, but the prisoner immediately forbade it, and ordered him not to do it again. In a letter which bears the postmark of Dec. 5, 1856, she says—"Darling, do not knock at the window;" and again in a postscript—"Remember, do not knock at the door"—earnestly repeating this caution. About this time it is quite obvious that they had it in view to accomplish an elopement. I beg you to observe, gentlemen, that in going through this series of letters passing in the course of last winter, I endeavour to notice everything that relates to their mode of correspondence. In a letter which bears postmark "17th December," she says:—"M. is not going from home, and when P. is away Janet does not sleep with M. She won't leave me, as I have a fire in my room, and M. has none." Now you will recollect that Christina Haggart told us that upon one occasion, and one only, that there was a meeting in that place, arranged in the way spoken of in this letter—a meeting, that is to say, at the front door, under the front door, to which, of course, he required to be admitted through the area; and that was accomplished through the assistance of Christina Haggart. Then again, there is reference in the next letter, of the 19th, to a desire for a meeting:—"Oh! would to God we could meet. I would not mind mamma; if papa and mamma are from home—the first time they are, you shall be here. Yes, my love, I must see you, I must be pressed to your heart. . . . O yes, my beloved, we must make a bold effort." Here again is the same condition, and the impossibility of carrying the meeting through unless in their absence; but the first opportunity which occurs she will certainly avail herself of. Then in another letter, dated 29th, she writes:—"If you love me you will come to me, for papa and mamma are to be in Edinburgh, which I think will be about the 7th or 10th of January." In the same letter also she says:—"If papa and mamma go, will you not soon come to your Mimi? Do you think I would ask you if I was not alone in

the house?" On the 9th of January she writes again a letter, in which you will find a repetition of the same warning, telling him to make no sounds at the window. Further, she says in the same letter:—"I think you are again at my window, but I shall not go down stairs, as papa is here, and we are up waiting for Jack. I wish to see you; but no, you must not look up to the window in case any one should see you. If I never by any chance look out, you must just leave me and go away." In the next letter, dated the 11th, she says:—"I would so like to spend three or four hours with you just to talk over some things; but I don't know when you can come, perhaps in the course of ten days. . . . If you would risk it, my sweet beloved pet, we would have time to kiss each other and a dear fond embrace; and though, sweet love, it is only for a minute, do you not think it is better than not meeting at all? . . . Same as last." Plainly that was the short meeting which Christina Haggart told of as occurring in the area under the front door, and so far as I can see, there is not a vestige or tittle of written evidence of any meeting whatever, except that short meeting in the area, down to the time of which I am now speaking—that is to say, from the 18th of November till the date of this letter, which is the 11th January. Then on the 18th January we have this—"I did love you so much when you were at the window." Now, whether there was a conversation at that meeting or not does not very clearly appear; but, at all events, it can have been nothing more than a meeting at the window. [The Dean of Faculty, after citing other letters written in January to show the same thing, continued]—Now, that concludes the month of January. There are no more letters of that month. There is not another, so far as I can see, referring to any meeting whatever. Christina Haggart told you when she was examined that in the course of that winter, when the family were living in Blythswood Square, they met but twice; and it is clear that they could not meet without the intervention of Katherine Haggart. I mean of course, you must understand, meetings within the house. The only evidence at all as to meetings within the house are, in the first place, in the area under the front door, and the other meeting that took place on the occasion when Catherine Haggart introduced L'Angelier at the back door. Now, I am sure you will agree with me that this is an important part of the case; and I bring you down, therefore, to the commencement of the month of February; with this, I think, distinctly proven, that they were in the habit of coming into constant contact. But now we have come to a very important stage of the case. On the 28th of February Mr. Minnoch proposes, and, if I understand the theory of my learned friend's case aright, from that day the whole character of this girl's mind has changed, and she set herself to prepare for the perpetration of what my learned friend has called one of the most foul, cool, deliberate murders that ever was committed. Gentlemen, he would be a bold man who would seek to set limits to the depths of human depravity, but this at least experience teaches us, that perfection, even in depravity, is not rapidly obtained; and that it is not by such short and easy stages as the prosecutor has been able to trace in the career of Madeline Smith, that a gentle, loving girl, passes all at once into the savage grandeur of a Medea, or the appalling wretchedness of a Borgia. No, gentlemen; such a thing is not possible. There is a limit to a certain progress in guilt; and it is quite out of all human experience, from the tone of the letters which I have just read to you, that there should be a sudden transition—I will not say from affection for a particular object—but to the savage desire for removing, by any means, the obstruction to her wishes and purposes, that the prosecutor imputes to the prisoner. Think, gentlemen, in your own minds, how foul and unnatural a murder it is—the murder of one who within a very short space was the object of her love—of a deep, absorbing passion. Now, before you will believe it, will you not ask for demonstration of this? Will you be content with suspicion, however pregnant; or will you be so unreasonable as to put

it to me in this form—that the man having died of poison, the theory of the prosecutor is the most probable that is offered? On the 19th of February, in the 22nd of February, and on the 22nd of March—for the prosecutor has now absolutely fixed on these dates—he charges the prisoner with administering poison. Observe, he does not ask you to suppose merely that by some means or other the prisoner conveyed poison to L'Angelier, but he asks you to affirm that, on those three occasions, she with her own hands administered the poison. Of course the means were in the prisoner's hands of committing the crime. The possession of poison will be the first thing that is absolutely necessary. But it would be the most defective of all proofs of poison to stop at such facts; for one person may be in the possession of poison, and another person die from the effects of poison, and yet that proves nothing. You must have a third element. You must not merely have a motive—and I shall speak of a motive by and by—you must not merely have a motive, but an opportunity—the most important of all elements. You must have the opportunity of the parties coming into personal contact, or of that poison being carried to the murdered person through the medium of another. Now, we shall see how far there is the slightest room for such a suspicion here. As regards the first charge, it is alleged to have taken place on the evening of the 19th of February; and the illness, on the same theory, followed either in the course of that night, or rather the next morning. Now, in the first place, as to date, is it by any means clear? Mrs. Jenkins—than whom I never saw a more accurate or more trustworthy witness—Mrs. Jenkins swears that, to the best of her recollection and belief, the first illness preceded the second by eight or ten days. Eight or ten days from the 22nd, which was the date of the second illness, will bring us back to the 13th of February; and he was very ill about the 13th of February, as was proved by the letter I read to you, and by the testimony of Mr. Miller. Now, if the first illness was on February 13, do you think that another illness could have intervened between that and the 22nd without Mrs. Jenkins being aware of it? Certainly, that won't do. Therefore, if Mrs. Jenkins is correct, that the first illness was eight or ten days before, that is one and a most important blow against the prosecutor's case in this first charge. Let us look now, if you please, at what is said on the other side as to the date. It is said by Miss Perry, that not only was that the date of his illness, but that he had a meeting with the prisoner on the 19th. Miss Perry's evidence upon that point, I take leave to say, is not worth much. She had no recollection of that day when she was examined first by the Procurator-Fiscal; no, nor the second time, nor the third time; and it was only when, by a most improper interference on the part of one of the clerks of the Fiscal, a statement was read to her out of a book which has been rejected as worthless in fixing dates, that she then for the first time took up the notion that it was the 19th which L'Angelier had reference to in the conversations which he had with her. And, after all, what do these conversations amount to? To this, that on the 17th, when he dined with her, he said he expected to meet the prisoner on the 19th. But did he say afterwards that he had met her on the 19th? The Lord Advocate supposed that he had, but he was mistaken. Miss Perry said that when she saw him again on the 2nd of March, he did not tell her of any meeting on the 19th. Well, gentlemen, let us look now, in that state of the evidence, as to the probabilities of the case. This first illness, you will keep in view, whensoever it took place, was a very serious one—a very serious one indeed. Now, if the theory of the prosecution be right, it was on the morning of the 19th that he was in this state of intense suffering, and that upon the 20th, the next day, he bought the largest piece of beef that is to be found entered in his pass-book from his butcher; and he had fresh herrings in such a quantity as to alarm his landlady, and a still more alarming quantity and variety of vegetables. There is a dinner for a sick person! All that took place upon the 21st, when the man was near death's door on the morning of

the 20th, by that irritation of stomach, no matter how produced, which necessarily leaves behind it the most debilitating and sickening effects. I say, gentlemen, there is real evidence that the date is not the date which the prosecutor says it is. But, gentlemen, supposing that the date were otherwise, was the illness caused by arsenic? I ask you to consider the consequences of answering that question in either way. You have it proved very distinctly, I think, that on the 19th of February the prisoner was not in possession of arsenic. The prosecutor sent his emissaries throughout the druggists' shops in Glasgow, and examined their registers, to find whether any arsenic had been sold to a person of the name of L'Angelier. I need not tell you that the name of Smith was also included in the list of persons to be searched for; and therefore, if there had been such a purchase at any period prior to the 19th of February, that fact would have been proved to you just as easily, and with as full demonstration, as the purchases at a subsequent period. But, gentlemen, there is one circumstance more before I have done with that which is worth attending to. Suppose it was the 19th, then it was the occasion in reference to which M. Thuau told you that when the deceased gave him an account of his illness, and the way in which it came on, he told him that he had been taken ill in the presence of the lady—a thing totally inconsistent with the notion, in the first place, that the arsenic was administered by her, and its effects afterwards produced and seen in the lodgings, but still more inconsistent with Mrs. Jenkins' account of the manner and time at which illness came on, which, if I recollect right, was at four o'clock in the morning after he had gone to bed perfectly well. Now, gentlemen, I say therefore, you are bound to hold not merely that there is here a failure to make out the administration on the 19th, but you are bound to give me the benefit of an absolute negative upon that point, and to allow me to assume that arsenic was not administered on the 19th by the prisoner. Now, see the consequences of the position which I have thus established. Was he ill from the effects of arsenic on the morning of the 20th? I ask you to consider that question as much as the prosecution has asked you; and if you can come to the conclusion, from the symptoms exhibited, that he was ill from the effects of arsenic on the morning of the 20th, what is the inference? that he had arsenic administered to him by other hands than the prisoner's. The conclusion is inevitable, irresistible, that these symptoms were the effects of arsenical poison. Again, you are to hold that the symptoms of that morning's illness were not such as to indicate the presence of arsenic in the stomach, or to lead to the conclusion of arsenical poisoning, what is the result of that again? The result of it is to destroy the whole theory of the prosecutor's case—a theory of successive administrations, and to show how utterly impossible it is for him to bring evidence up to the point of an active administration. I give my learned friend the option of being impaled on one or other of the horns of this dilemma. I care not which. Then he was ill from arsenical poisoning on the morning of the 20th, or he was not. If he was, he had received arsenic from other hands than prisoner's. If he was not, the foundation of the case is shaken.—The Dean of Faculty then proceeded to argue that as to the second illness, there was no proof whatever that the parties met after the first purchase of arsenic. Mrs. Jenkins said she did not think he was out of the house on Sunday night the 22nd. She said she had not given him the latch-key that night; which she always did when he was to be out late; that she would have recollected it had he borrowed it that night, and M. Thuau said he certainly did not let him in that night, which was the only way he could get in if he left without the latch-key. The letter 107, however, was founded on to prove they met that night; a letter which had no date—which, though it had been found in an envelope with the clearest date, it would be madness to convict upon; but with all the possibilities of such a letter finding its way into a wrong envelope, even in the hands of deceased, and still more in the hands of those by whom it was

recovered, and with the date quite illegible, and which the Crown witness said had no "r" in the month, which showed it could not be February, so that even the Crown discarded their own witness to carry out their theory—he was entitled to say that there was not merely a conflict of evidence on the point, but an accumulation of evidence disproving the theory that they met that night at all; and the failure to prove which certainly put an end to the charge. If then, deceased was ill from arsenical poison on that occasion, the inference he again drew was that he was in the way of receiving arsenic from some other hand. The Dean then proceeded to consider the third and last charge. He referred to the missing letter deceased received from the prisoner at the Bridge of Allan on Friday. That letter evidently contained an appointment for a certain night, and when he found he could not keep it, he knew it was useless to come without a special appointment. He then came to the second letter forwarded to the Bridge of Allan, bearing the postmark 21st March, and, as he held, making the appointment for the Saturday evening. When was it she watched and waited? Thursday evening. The letter from the deceased to Miss Perry conclusively proved that. When was it likely, said the Dean, she would write her next summons? I should think the next evening, for she almost invariably wrote in the evening, and when she did not write in the evening she wrote the hour of the day. This all-important letter was written therefore on the Friday evening, and posted on Saturday morning to Mrs. Franklin's, and appointing the meeting for the Saturday evening. It was written with the same notice, and she believed him to be in Glasgow. But, says my learned friend, they were not in the habit of meeting on a Saturday evening. But keeping out of view the letters not read, this theory is negatived by the letters that have been read. In Oct., 1855, she says, "Write me for Saturday, if you are to be (here) on Saturday night." In No. 111, "I shall not be at home on Saturday, but I shall try, sweet love, and give you even if it should be a word." Here were two letters negating the only supposition set up against my statement. There is no appearance throughout the correspondence without previous arrangements made, and she had constantly repeated her warning against his making and signal at the window, as it was sure to lead to discovery and risk of various kinds. On every occasion she watched and waited for him. He never came without preconcert. Having broken his appointment for the Thursday, he never supposed he could procure an appointment for the Friday. He waited till he got another letter, and when he broke his appointment on the Saturday, why should he expect to have one on the Sunday? On the Sunday night the family are at prayers, the servants come down stairs and go to bed one by one, the cook not retiring till eleven. The prisoner and her youngest sister descend to their bedroom, between half-past ten and eleven. They take half an hour to undress. The prisoner goes to bed with her sister, and so far as human evidence goes, the house is undisturbed and unapproached up to the following morning. Do you think there could have been a meeting and no evidence of it? The policeman who knew him, had not seen him that night. There is not the slightest vestige or ground of suspicion, that the meeting appointed for Saturday took place on Sunday. Then as to L'Angelier, it is said he came to the house to see the prisoner on Sunday night. Even if that was a reasonable assumption it would not advance the prosecutor's case one step; but the supposition was not a reasonable one—to suppose that he came that distance to keep a meeting for another evening. We do not know what other letters he may have received at Bridge of Allan, and in one of his own he says, "I have received no letters from Mr. Mitchell; and I should like to know what he wants with me." The Crown has not told us who he was, and I do not know. Who can tell that he received no other letters at Bridge of Allan, and for what purpose he came in? There is considerable mystery thrown over the identity of this man in the course of the journey. The evidence of the druggists at Coatbridge, Baillieston, and

Gallowgate, who all identify the likeness, and one of them the purse out of which the money was paid, were consistent with each other. If these three witnesses were correct, he was ill; and finally in Miss Kirk's shop he purchased a white powder, and Miss Kirk can't tell you what this white powder was. He comes to his lodging—he goes out at nine—is seen in different streets—which proves nothing at all. From half-past nine to half-past two he is absolutely lost sight of, and the Lord Advocate admitted that the fact that prisoner and deceased met that night is founded on inference and conjecture. Good heaven, inference and conjecture! Inference and conjecture whether on the night he was poisoned he saw the prisoner who is charged with this murder! I never heard such expressions made use of in a capital case before, as indicating or describing a link in the chain of the prosecutor's case. I have heard them many a time in the mouth of a prisoner's counsel, and I dare say you will hear more of them from me to-day, but for the prosecutor himself to describe such a part of his evidence as a piece of conjecture and hypothesis, is to me a most startling novelty. And yet my learned friend could not help himself. It was a necessity he should so express himself; for if he intended to ask a verdict at all, he could ask for the verdict he did only on a series of unfounded and incredible suspicions and hypotheses. The Dean then referred to the statements as to L'Angelier having a suspicion on his mind that he had received poison from the prisoner, and said if that were true they were asked to believe that he took the poisoned cup from the prisoner, in which there lurked so great a quantity of arsenic as was sufficient to leave on his stomach 88 grains, and from the hands of one whom he suspected had been practising on his life. It was a dose which, according to Dr. Christison, might have amounted to 240 grains, and it was a dose that, so far as experience went, never was before successfully administered by a murderer, and it was most difficult to conceive a vehicle in which so great a quantity could be administered, far less to one who had had his suspicions previously excited. Then the Crown had shown that the colouring matter of any arsenic could afterwards be found in the stomach, but the witnesses say their attention was not called to that circumstance. Whose fault was that? The Crown must have known the importance of this inquiry, and the prisoner had no means of being represented in this chemical analysis. Such was the evidence of the last charge. If the case is a failure on the first and second charges, it is a far more complete and radical failure on the last. In fact, I have demonstrated that it was absolutely impossible to bring guilt against the prisoner. It remains not only not proved, but the whole evidence connected with the proceedings of that day seem to go to negative such a supposition. I might stop there, for nothing can be more fallacious than to suppose that it is for me to explain how the deceased came by his death. His lordship will tell you that a defender in this court has no further duty but to stand on the defensive, and maintain that the case for the prosecution is not proved. No man living, probably, can tell how L'Angelier came by his death; nor am I under the slightest obligation even to suggest to you a possible manner in which his death may have been compassed without being at the hands of the prisoner. But it is but fair that when dealing with matters of suspicion and conjecture you should consider whether the suppositions on which this charge is founded on are preferable in respect of higher probability to other suppositions that may be fairly made. After adverting to the strong presumptions of suicide there was in this case, as well as the possibility of accounting for the death from other causes, the Dean of Faculty concluded his address by an eloquent and impassioned appeal to the minds and feelings of the jury. He said—Does any man here—is there at this moment a man present who will dare to tell me on the evidence which is before us that he has a clear opinion. I put it to you, will any man venture to say for one moment that he has a clear opinion against the prisoner; and yet if on anything short of clear opinion you

should proceed to convict, picture to yourselves the possible consequences. Picture to yourselves what may be the reflection and the torture of your own conscience hereafter if it shall turn out to be a mistake. I never felt so unwilling to part with a jury. I never felt so much under the influence that I have said so little in a case as I do now after this long address. I cannot explain it to myself otherwise than from my very strong convictions of what your verdict ought to be. But I do feel a deep and personal interest in the result; for I cannot help seeing that if there shall be a failure of justice here, it can be attributable to nothing but my own incapacity to conduct the defence; and I protest to you that if it were so, the recollection of this day and of this prisoner will haunt me as a dismal spectre to the end of my life. (The Dean was here deeply affected.) May the Spirit of All Truth guide you to an honest, a just, and a true verdict; but I pray you to remember that no verdict will be either honest, or just, or true, unless it at once satisfy the conscientious scruples of the severest judgment, and yet leave undisturbed and unvexed the tenderest conscience among us."

The Dean sat down amid applause, which was, however, immediately suppressed by the Court.

The LORD JUSTICE-CLERK now summed up. He began by stating that the jury were to convict only on the evidence before them, and not to be swayed by conjectures or suppositions. In ordinary cases, the exact day on which the act was committed did not much matter; but in a case so peculiar as the present it was of vital importance, and unless they were convinced that the prisoner did administer poison to the deceased on the very days fixed by the prosecutor, not so much in his indictment as in his argument, they could not convict her. While reading the portion of the landlady's evidence relating to sending for the doctor, he said they would judge whether L'Angelier's anxiety for a doctor was like the conduct of a man who had taken arsenic to accomplish his own death. It is for you to say whether the letter written by the prisoner, brought the deceased into Glasgow on Sunday night. And supposing you are quite satisfied that the letter did bring him to Glasgow, are you in a condition to say, that, as an inevitable and just result of that, you can find it proved that they met that night? That is the point in the case. That you may have the strongest moral suspicion that they met—that you believe that he was able, after all their clandestine correspondence, to obtain the means of an interview, especially as she had already complained of his not coming—that you may suppose it likely she would be waiting on the Sunday, all that may be very true, and probably you all think so, but remember you are trying this case upon evidence that must be satisfactory, complete, and distinct. If you think they met together that night, and he was seized and taken ill, and died of arsenic, the symptoms beginning shortly after the time he left her, it will be for you to say if there is any doubt as to who administered the poison. Having referred to the various contradictory statements of the prisoner made to different individuals as to her object in purchasing the poison, he said he did not think that she was attempting to escape from justice on the morning that she left home and was found on board the Helensburg steamer; but there was a probability that she had gone down there for the purpose of making good the statement previously made about giving arsenic to the gardener for the purpose of killing rats.

THURSDAY, JULY 9.—NINTH DAY.

The interest manifested during the whole of the eight days this extraordinary trial had already lasted, was greater than ever on the morning of the Ninth day. Crowds of people outside the Court who had not been successful in obtaining admission, were trying every means in their power

to gain an entrance into the Court, and the police had the greatest difficulty in keeping a space clear for those who were personally engaged in the trial.

The appearance of the prisoner was much the same as it was at the commencement of the trial. There was, however, a slight shade of sadness in her expression, but no trace of that anxiety and deep mental suffering to be expected in a woman charged with such a dreadful crime and with her life in such imminent danger. During the continuance of the summing up to-day, notwithstanding the strong remarks of the Lord Justice Clerk with reference to the damaging points in the evidence against the prisoner, she presented that coolness and indifference which she has all along exhibited in a most remarkable and extraordinary manner. On one occasion, where his Lordship in reading his notes showed that he had mistaken the expression of one of the witnesses as to L'Angelier having said, when in Dundee, that he sometimes heard sounds in his ears "like the tramping of rats," for the expression "the sound of rat-traps," the prisoner laughed with great apparent heartiness.

After the Lord-Justice-Clerk had concluded his summing up, the jury retired to their room.

THE VERDICT.

The appearance of the court at this particular moment it is impossible to describe, many of the spectators being moved to tears by the impressive and earnest address of the learned judge.

In Scotland when a jury have agreed upon their verdict a small bell is rung; upon this signal being given the most breathless silence prevailed, and in a short time afterwards the jury re-appeared in court, when

The Lord-Justice-Clerk, addressing the audience, said—It must be understood that there must be no exhibition of feeling of any sort when the verdict is returned.

The Clerk then called over the names of the jury, and requested their Chancellor to give in their verdict.

Mr. Moffat (Edinburgh High School) then announced their verdict as follows:—In respect of the first count in the indictment, the jury, by a majority, find the pannel Not Guilty; in respect to the second count, the jury find, by a majority, the charge against the prisoner Not Proven; and in respect to the third count, the jury find, by a majority, the charge Not Proven.

Notwithstanding the admonition the audience had received, the concluding portion of the jury's verdict, acquitting the prisoner of the capital charge, was received with a loud burst of applause from all sides, cheering and clapping of hands, and the officers of the court vainly attempted to repress the unwonted exhibition. The Lord-Justice-Clerk directed one young man in the gallery, who had prominently displayed his enthusiasm, to be taken into custody.

With regard to the prisoner, she had awaited the issue with great calmness and composure, although there were occasional evidences in her veiled countenance how great her effort was so to sustain herself. When the verdict was concluded she seemed more moved than she had been throughout the trial. Her head slightly fell, and her face broke into a bright but somewhat agitated smile. Her hands were on the instant warmly grasped

by her agent, Mr. Ranken, on one side, and by the jail matron on the other—expressions of sympathy which seemed to affect the accused more deeply than any incident of the nine days' trial.

The Lord-Justice-Clerk thanked the jury for their patient attention, and said, that the indication he had given of his own opinion would show them that he concurred in the verdict, but he was not surprised at any difference of opinion among the jury in such a case. He intimated that the jury who had served on this protracted trial would for five years be exempted from service on assize.

The Clerk of the Court then read the judgment—namely, assoilzie the pannel *simpliciter*, and dismiss her from the bar. This announcement was again followed by applause, but this time more subdued.

The prisoner was then dismissed from the bar, and left the court by the trap-door through which she had ascended each morning.

At the conclusion of the tragedy there was enacted a short bit of comedy. During the forbidden expressions of applause, the Lord-Justice-Clerk's active eye had fallen upon a man in the front gallery as particularly enthusiastic, and whom his Lordship identified and pointed out to the policeman as having in his hand a newspaper—a newspaper, too, of the lowest character as might be inferred from the sequel. After the prisoner had been dismissed, the Lord Justice-Clerk said—"Is that young man in custody?—bring him to this bar." The culprit was then marched in, fully guarded, and having been placed in the proper position, immediately opposite the presiding judge, his Lordship, having adjusted his glasses and surveyed him narrowly, pronounced sentence as follows:—"This Court has ordered you to its bar as an offender against its rules; but after looking at you, we do not think you are worthy to stand even in that position. You appear a very stupid person. Foolish, silly, fellow! Go away!" The criminal, who looked as if he expected a nine days' trial, and had been calculating the number of years of penal servitude attaching to his offence, suddenly stood erect, and retired with great precipitation, to the great amusement of all spectators.

The Court then adjourned.

The verdict of the jury, it will be observed, is of a description peculiar to Scotch law. In each finding the verdict was given by a majority, that majority being, we believe, 13 to 2 on the third and capital charge as well as on the first two charges. The form of acquittal on the second and third charges was "Not Proven." A Scotch jury are not limited to the findings of "Guilty" or "Not Guilty," but may give substantial acquittal by a finding of "Not Proven,"—a finding which is adopted in nine cases out of ten in which a prisoner is acquitted of a capital charge.

The excitement which has been shown out of doors since the trial commenced was at its height on Thursday afternoon, when the trial concluded. Several thousand persons awaited the result outside the court, and on learning it repeated the cheers which had been so loudly vented within the court. The newspaper offices were immediately besieged by eager crowds, and many thousand copies were sold by different journals before evening set in. Great anxiety was shown to get a sight of the prisoner, but she did not leave the court till nearly 3 o'clock, and did so comparative unobserved. She drove, we believe, to a roadside railway station, but her place of asylum was very properly not made known.

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