

If there are any who never saw what they have never looked for, they will find it here.

Joseph Stapleton, *The Great Crime of 1860*

Sometimes the revenant is discovered because his grave is visible, usually by either a blue fire or blue glow... The blue glow, in European tradition, is frequently interpreted as the soul, and it is seen as an indicator of buried treasure through much of Europe, apparently because it shows where a body is buried, and bodies were frequently buried with valuable grave goods.

Paul Barber, *Vampires, Burial, and Death: Folklore and Reality*

I



*deeds ere perpetrators
vision being the ghost wound*

One domestic June village
by prominence common

night the nurse
sleep the house
there in miscreant grasp

come hurried traces
guide darkness out

English shakes with emphasis
sudden Lord

June

4. Tuesday—9, Sunday

I thought I would go up to the Eumenides Cave & ask God there to explain to me what were these Eumenides which pursued me. I would not ask to be released from them—Welcome Eumenides— but to be delivered from doing further wrong.

Florence Nightingale, *Diary*, June 4-9, 1850, p66
(For this and all subsequent references, see bibliography for full information)

You talk of the Road Murder, I suppose, even at Lausanne? Not all the Detective Police in existence shall ever persuade me out of the hypothesis that the circumstances have gradually shaped out to my mind. The father was in bed with the nurse: The child was discovered by them, sitting up in his little bed, staring, and evidently going to “tell Ma”. The nurse leaped out of bed and instantly suffocated him in the father’s presence. The father cut the child about, to distract suspicion (which was effectually done), and took the body out where it was found. Either when he was going for the Police, or when he locked the police up in his own house, or at both times, he got rid of the knife and so forth. It is likely enough that the truth may be never discovered now.

Charles Dickens, *Letters*, 1 February 1861, p 383

In some of my former novels, the object proposed has been to trace the influence of circumstances upon character. In the present story I have reversed the process. The attempt made, here, is to trace the influence of character on circumstances. The conduct pursued, under a sudden emergency, by a young girl, supplies the foundation on which I have built this book.

Wilkie Collins, Preface to the First Edition, *The Moonstone*, 1868, p27

I went & sate in the cave of the Eumenides alone, & thought how they pursued me — & how would it end? A wretched [sic] that I am. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? What does it signify to me now whether I see this or do that or not? I never can be sure of seeing it. I may see nothing but my own self practicing an attitude.

Florence Nightingale, *Diary*, June 4-9, 1850, p66

London details crime for a lady's usual horror

story villages satisfy
repeated subject

discuss moral mystery
is it in beyond or fail
every failure new

attempt reader's facts
and the lament that has unexpected reader

C. did not take her punishments very seriously she generally managed to get some amusement out of them. Once after being particularly provocative & passionate, the governess put her down in a dark wine cellar, she fell on a heap of straw & fancied herself in the dungeon of a great castle, a prisoner taken in battle fighting for Bonnie Prince Charlie & to be taken to the block next morning, when the governess unlocked the door and told her to come up she was looking rather pleased over her fancies.

“The Sydney Document” (a letter attributed to Constance Kent/ Ruth Emilie Kaye to John Rhode, February 1929)

I like to think how Eumenides' laws work out all things for good & I would not be such a fool as to pray that one little [sic] of hell should be remitted, one consequence altered either of others mistakes or of our own.

Florence Nightingale, *Letters*, May 31, 1850

The governess asked what she was smiling about Oh she said only the funny rats. What rats said the governess, she did not know there were any there They do not hurt said C; only dance & play about After that to her disappointment she was shut in a beer cellar a light room but with a window too high to look out of, but she managed to pull the spigot out of a cask of beer, after that she was locked up in one of 2 spare rooms at the end of a vestibule & shut off by double doors, she liked the big room for it had a large 4 poster bed she could climb about, but the little room was dreary, the rooms had a legend attached to them, were said to be haunted & on a certain date a blue fire burned in the fire place

“The Sydney Document”

29. We come then to that great concourse of the Dead, not merely to know from them what is true, but chiefly to feel with them what is just. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge, —not the first thought that comes —so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion,—not the first passion that comes.

John Ruskin, *Sesame and Lilies*, 1865, p533

think that extent of closed passage
one sympathy driven to privacy

On Saturday the electric wires flashed with the intelligence that a man had given himself up, at Wolverton, as the murderer... a man, who has given the Christian name of Edmund John, but who refuses to give any surname, or to state where his place of abode is situated... made a statement to the effect that he had killed the child at Road, and that he felt he could not live; and that he had given himself up, as he could see the child walk before him wherever he went... Subsequently he avowed his intention of making an open confession to a clergyman, and expressed a wish to see a minister of the Wesleyan denomination...

The Road Murder by "A Barrister-at-Law," n.d., c.1860, p20

eye

To be inconsistent is to be cramped in some direction.

Florence Nightingale, *Letters*, 8 June 1851, p50

is unreasoning thought skill in expedient

Constable Goodson said that while the prisoner was at Wolverton railway station, the prisoner gave a tobacco-box to one of the railwaymen, and a purse to another, and a knife to a third. He produced these articles, which he had recovered from the men, who were total strangers to the prisoner. When he gave them to the men, the prisoner said that "they would hear something of them afterwards." During the train journey the knife had fallen from the bundle, and the prisoner at once said: "That is my knife; how did you come by that?"

John Rhode, *The Case of Constance Kent*, 1928, pp128-9

down voice workings upon stillness
that heard glare

I don't mean that she is perfect— she acts without thinking, her temper is sometimes warm and hasty; but have we any right to go and injure her prospects for life, by telling Mr. Bradshaw all we know of her errors— only sixteen when she did so wrong, and never to escape from it all her many years to come— to have the despair which would arise from its being known, clutching her back into worse sin? What harm do you think she can do?

Elizabeth Gaskell, *Ruth*, 1853, p165