

"The Adventure of the Resident Patient", one of the 56 Sherlock Holmes short stories written by British author Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is one of 12 stories in the cycle collected as The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. Doyle ranked "The Adventure of the Resident Patient" eighteenth in a list of his nineteen favourite Sherlock Holmes stories.

Percy Trevelyan has a most unusual business arrangement. Though a brilliant student, his funding is nowhere near sustainable. A man by the name of Blessington has set up Dr. Trevelyan in a practice at a rather luxurious address, all expenses paid. Everything went well for a time, but now Blessington has become somewhat volatile after reading about a burglary elsewhere in the city. Shortly after, a Russian nobleman with cataleptic fits turns up as a prospective patient. His son brought him by in the evening while Blessington was out on his usual walk and insisted on waiting in the waiting room while Trevelyan looked over the father. During the visit, the nobleman suffered a fit, sitting bolt upright and rigid. The doctor went to fetch nitrite of amyl for the man to inhale, but he found upon his return that both patient and son had gone. A second consultation ensued, and once it ended, Blessington became unruly and paranoid. He claimed someone had been in his room, and there were footprints to prove it. Holmes accuses Blessington of deception and leaves in disgust. Some time after departing, Holmes explains his thoughts to Watson. These two men, and perhaps more, are out for Blessington, faking catalepsy to keep the doctor occupied. An evening appointment helps to avoid other patients in the waiting room. News comes in the morning that Blessington has hanged himself. Inspector Lanner believes suicide, but Holmes dismisses that outright. He points out the discarded cigar butts and other clues that note three men who were there for a while. They were let inside as the door was still barred in the morning. A screwdriver and some hardware suggest they were going to rig a pulley system to hang the victim, but stopped short as the hook was already there. The murderers came by to conduct a trial of sorts, reached a guilty verdict, and carried out sentence. Further digging unveils the full truth. The four men were part of a bank robbery gang. After robbing the Worthington Bank years back, Blessington had turned informer. Another gang member was hanged for murdering the caretaker, the rest given 15 years in prison. The paranoia was the result of receiving news of early release. He was hanged to avenge their condemned comrade. The page is found, but the case against him falls apart for lack of evidence. The other three are never heard from again. It is believed they met their fates in the wreck of the *Norah Creina* off the coast of Portugal. It comes across as an enjoyable read every time.

Chapter 2 : The Adventure of the Resident Patient - Wikipedia

The Adventure of the Resident Patient was written by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for publication in the August edition of the *Strand Magazine*, and was therefore published the month after the publication of *The Adventure of the Crooked Man*.

A man by the name of Blessington has set up the doctor in practice, with Blessington staying as a resident patient within it. Holmes though has to find out just why the Resident Patient is so worried. The Adventure of the Resident Patient would subsequently be republished in the compilation work *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* in . Since its initial publication there have been several different versions of *The Adventure of the Resident Patient* published. These variations occurred because the opening elements of *The Adventure of the Cardboard Box* were reused when it was decided that *The Adventure of the Cardboard Box* was too controversial for further reprints. When faced with the facts though, Holmes is immediately worried for the safety of the Resident Patient. *The Adventure of the Resident Patient* is not a story where the reader can solve the Holmesian case alongside the detective, as most of the pertinent facts are only revealed late on in the story. So rather than a who dunnit, *The Adventure of the Resident Patient* is simply a good story to read. With *The Adventure of the Resident Patient* Conan Doyle once again shows that it is not always legal justice that deals with criminals, and as with *The Adventure of the Five Orange Pips* , natural justice that eventually sees the downfall of the criminals. The story then continues with Holmes and Watson taking a stroll around London, and this is where the first version of *The Adventure of the Resident Patient* commences. When Holmes and Watson return from their walk, they find that Holmes has a new client, one Dr Percy Trevelyan; and the new client is quick to present his problem to the detective. Trevelyan had been an academically proficient medical student, and during his studies had written a very well received paper on nervous diseases. Trevelyan though did not come from a wealthy background, and when he had qualified he had been unable to set himself in practice. This benefactor was a man named as Blessington, and Blessington had provided the finance to Trevelyan, enabling him to set up a practice in a prominent part of town. Trevelyan was more than happy with the arrangement, but a week prior to visiting Holmes, the daily routine of his practice had suddenly changed. At the same time, a new patient had arrived at the practice; this new patient was a Russian nobleman, who was accompanied by his son. When the pair first visited the practice, Blessington had been absent, the resident patient having gone for an evening stroll. Trevelyan had examined the elder of the two Russians, whilst the son had waited in the adjoining waiting room; the Russian nobleman was supposedly suffering from cataleptic fits. During the examination, the Russian gentleman had suffered a fit, but when Trevelyan returned to the examination room, the doctor was astounded to find that the patient and his son had disappeared. The next day though, the pair had returned to the practice, and the son explained that when he had seen his father exit the examination room, he had thought the examination was over. This time Trevelyan was able to undertake a more normal examination whilst the son waited in the waiting room. The Russians Sidney Paget PD-life Source After the two Russians had left, Blessington returns to the practice, the resident patient once again having gone for a walk, and promptly erupts. It would appear that in his absence, someone had entered his room. Indeed, there were clear footprints showing this, but nothing seems to have been taken; it is obvious though that it must have been the son who had entered the room, whilst his father was being examined. Holmes and Watson hardly find themselves welcomed by Blessington though, for the resident patient opens the door with a gun in his hand. Holmes recognises that Blessington is scared for his life, but the resident patient refuses to offer up any sort of explanation, aside from the fact that there is money in his rooms; and indeed it is clear that the attention of Holmes is not welcome. Holmes realises that he has been lied to, for the room could have been burgled by the Russuans, and it is clear that Blessington knows who the Russians are, but at the same time Holmes is unwilling to help someone who will not confide in him. The next morning though, sees Holmes and Watson returning to the Trevelyan practice, for overnight, Blessington has hanged himself. Holmes though has other ideas, and examining the cigar ends found in the room, concludes that there were two other men in the room the previous night. It seems that the two Russians had gained access overnight. Entrance to the practice seems to have been engineered by the new member of staff at the practice,

who had subsequently disappeared. Holmes has convinced the police that it is a case of murder they are dealing with, rather than suicide, and as a result further investigations reveal that Blessington was really a man by the name of Sutton. Sutton had previously been a member of the notorious Worthingdon Bank Gang. The gang had comprised five men, Sutton, Cartwright, Biddle, Moffat and Hayward, and the five had successfully robbed the Worthingdon bank. During the robbery though, the caretaker of the bank, a man by the name of Tobin, had been killed. In order to gain clemency for his crime, Sutton had given evidence against the other four gang members, resulting in Cartwright being hanged, and the other gang members being given sentence of 15 years. It was news of the early release of Biddle, Moffat and Hayward that had caused Blessington to improve the security measures of the practice, but of course the remaining gang members had found him. Scotland Yard is now looking for the gang members, and Holmes suggest that the sword of British justice is needed. It is not British justice that deals with the missing gang members though, for Scotland Yard do not catch up with the Worthingdon Bank Gang, and it is believed that the three die when the ship *Norah Creina* sinks off of Oporto.

Chapter 3 : The Adventure of the Resident Patient by Arthur Conan Doyle

The Adventure of the Resident Patient (RESI) is a short story written by Arthur Conan Doyle first published in The Strand Magazine in august This is the 23rd Sherlock Holmes story. Collected in The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.

Make it look like a suicide; put the gun in their hand; make it look as if they hung themselves. We see this practice not only on tons of television shows, but in real life. Sherlock and John are sitting in Baker Street on a rainy day in October when they decide to go out for a walk. They return several hours later to find a carriage waiting at Baker Street for them. Sherlock determines the man waiting is a doctor. They go up and find a man named Percy Trevelyan and he is a doctor. This doctor has a strange case that he comes to present to John and Sherlock. John recognizes the name and asks if Percy has written a book on lesions. Percy gives the story that he could not open his own practice after completing medical school and writing his book. A man approached him with an offer. He will rent the building. Blessington becomes one of his patients. It seems he suffers from a heart condition. He lives on Brook Street with Percy. Percy also lives there and sees his patients there. The arrangement has worked out really well for both of them over the past several years. In the days past it seems that Blessington is unnecessarily concerned about a robbery quite a ways away from the house. One day two men come in. One claims to be a patient, while the other claims to be his son. They claim to be some sort of Russian aristocracy and the story is that the older of the two suffers from epilepsy. While in the examination, the older gentleman suffers from what sounds like a petty maul seizure. Percy goes away to find some nitrite of amyl because he heard that might help a person who is having a seizure. When he returns, no one is there. Blessington had been out on a walk, but comes back. The two men come back again on a following day, again, while Blessington was out. The men say they apologize for leaving. It was a misunderstanding. Blessington comes back and declares that someone had been in his room. This is the point that Percy is at. John and Sherlock go to Brook Street to see Blessington. Blessington pulls a gun on them and threatens them. Sherlock and John go home. John suggest that maybe Dr. The next morning John and Sherlock are summoned to Brook Street very early in the morning. There they find Percy who says that Blessington has committed suicide. It seems he has, but Sherlock says he was murdered. There are some odd objects in the room, a screwdriver and some screws. Several cigars have been smoked in the room, seemingly by different people. Sherlock says there had been three people there. Two of them were the supposed Russian men, while another worked inside the house. He had learned that the page had only recently come into employment at the household. He was also nowhere to be found. Sherlock says if the identity of these men can be figured then the crime will be solved. Sometime later three men are named. Their names are Biddle, Hayward, and Moffat. One man was hanged on conviction of his crimes, but that was only because one of the men in the group turned informer, a man named Sutton, who up until recently called himself Blessington. It seems it was a crime of revenge. The three murderers are never heard from again. I had kind of a hard time reading the scene in which Blessington is found, supposedly having committed suicide, because there has been a recent death in my circle of people and the whole idea of it is just really fresh in my mind. Scylla was a rock shoal on one side of the strait of Messina and Charybdis was a whirlpool on the other side of the strait of Messina. Basically this was a fabled dangerous strait to navigate for sailors. If they tried to avoid one danger, they would most assuredly have to face the other. Arthur actually refers to Edgar Allan Poe in this story, which is interesting. John has two portraits in his possession that are mentioned by Sherlock in this story. General Gordon was a famous British war hero essentially. John formerly belonging in the military, would most likely have admired someone like General Charles Gordon very much. Charles Gordon was something like the Chuck Norris of his day. Henry Ward Beecher was a famous abolitionist. John is apparently of the abolitionist sentiment, that was before his time though. These stories take place in the later s, not the mids when abolition was a thing that was actually going on. Brook street is a real street in London. At first, while reading this story, I thought that catalepsy was just another name for epilepsy. The person in question also may not respond. The description of it very much sounds like a petty maul seizure. The drug Percy wants to treat this supposed Russian noble with is what we today use to treat heart attacks. We call it Amyl Nitrite these days and not nitrite of amyl. Is this guy trying to

insinuate that Percy is somehow a woman and therefore needs a womanly discount? Lady-day used to be a fairly common practice in England. It happened four times a year. This was the day your hired your servants on. This was the day that contracts between landowners and tenants would be up. The days roughly coincided with the equinoxes and solstices. Basically, there used to be four busy days a year in which England did a heck of a lot of business. There was actually a ship named *Norah Creina*. It was a paddle steamship. Themes We make up all these crazy stories about the witness protection program, but it turns out there is actually a need for it. The authorities in question should have done a better job at thanking him for turning informer on this gang. No wonder the man had a heart condition. He was constantly worried that the other gang members were going to seek revenge and murder him, which they did. They also chose a very prominent method of murder. They wanted to make it look like a suicide. How many times have you been watching a movie and the investigators find a gun placed in the hand of the deceased only to find out that there is no way they could have shot themselves at said angle with that hand? Sometimes a death is ruled a suicide when it was really murder. If the perpetrator has the fingerprints in the right places and other things in the right angles, then it can be very, very difficult to tell that this person was murdered. This is where our modern-day understanding of forensics and physics come into play. Was this person really strong enough to do this? The s were still an age in which people were really superstitious about suicide. They would cover it up. They would make up a story. There are real-world connotations and superstitious connotations to being buried outside of the fenced graveyard. In a superstitious sense, your former peers believed that you had lost your immortal soul by taking your own life. You would not be with them in heaven. You would go to Hell or limbo, or whatever it is you believed in. They would shun your family. There was a very large black-market for dead bodies in the medical community at one point. Overall Poor, poor Blessington. It seems he was living a somewhat noble life and had repented of his days of crime.

Chapter 4 : The 12 Best Sherlock Holmes Stories, According to Arthur Conan Doyle | Literary Hub

by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Arthur Conan Doyle, "Adventure 8: "The Resident Patient"," *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, Lit2Go Edition.

Retrieved November 12, , from <http://> Arthur Conan Doyle, "Adventure 8: Next The embedded audio player requires a modern internet browser. You should visit [Browse Happy](#) and update your internet browser today! Glancing over the somewhat incoherent series of Memoirs with which I have endeavored to illustrate a few of the mental peculiarities of my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I have been struck by the difficulty which I have experienced in picking out examples which shall in every way answer my purpose. For in those cases in which Holmes has performed some tour de force of analytical reasoning, and has demonstrated the value of his peculiar methods of investigation, the facts themselves have often been so slight or so commonplace that I could not feel justified in laying them before the public. On the other hand, it has frequently happened that he has been concerned in some research where the facts have been of the most remarkable and dramatic character, but where the share which he has himself taken in determining their causes has been less pronounced than I, as his biographer, could wish. It may be that in the business of which I am now about to write the part which my friend played is not sufficiently accentuated; and yet the whole train of circumstances is so remarkable that I cannot bring myself to omit it entirely from this series. It had been a close, rainy day in October. Our blinds were half-drawn, and Holmes lay curled upon the sofa, reading and re-reading a letter which he had received by the morning post. For myself, my term of service in India had trained me to stand heat better than cold, and a thermometer of 90 was no hardship. But the paper was uninteresting. Everybody was out of town, and I yearned for the glades of the New Forest or the shingle of Southsea. A depleted bank account had caused me to postpone my holiday, and as to my companion, neither the country nor the sea presented the slightest attraction to him. He loved to lie in the very centre of five millions of people, with his filaments stretching out and running through them, responsive to every little rumor or suspicion of unsolved crime. Appreciation of Nature found no place among his many gifts, and his only change was when he turned his mind from the evil-doer of the town to track down his brother of the country. Finding that Holmes was too absorbed for conversation, I had tossed aside the barren paper, and leaning back in my chair, I fell into a brown study. On my remarking that I was constantly in the habit of doing the same thing you expressed incredulity. So when I saw you throw down your paper and enter upon a train of thought, I was very happy to have the opportunity of reading it off, and eventually of breaking into it, as a proof that I had been in rapport with you. If I remember right, he stumbled over a heap of stones, looked up at the stars, and so on. But I have been seated quietly in my chair, and what clues can I have given you? The features are given to man as the means by which he shall express his emotions, and yours are faithful servants. Perhaps you cannot yourself recall how your reverie commenced? After throwing down your paper, which was the action which drew my attention to you, you sat for half a minute with a vacant expression. Then your eyes fixed themselves upon your newly-framed picture of General Gordon, and I saw by the alteration in your face that a train of thought had been started. But it did not lead very far. Your eyes turned across to the unframed portrait of Henry Ward Beecher which stands upon the top of your books. You then glanced up at the wall, and of course your meaning was obvious. But now your thoughts went back to Beecher, and you looked hard across as if you were studying the character in his features. Then your eyes ceased to pucker, but you continued to look across, and your face was thoughtful. I was well aware that you could not do this without thinking of the mission which he undertook on behalf of the North at the time of the Civil War, for I remember you expressing your passionate indignation at the way in which he was received by the more turbulent of our people. You felt so strongly about it that I knew you could not think of Beecher without thinking of that also. When a moment later I saw your eyes wander away from the picture, I suspected that your mind had now turned to the Civil War, and when I observed that your lips set, your eyes sparkled, and your hands clinched, I was positive that you were indeed thinking of the gallantry which was shown by both sides in that desperate struggle. But then, again, your face grew sadder; you shook your head. You were dwelling upon the sadness and horror and

useless waste of life. Your hand stole towards your own old wound, and a smile quivered on your lips, which showed me that the ridiculous side of this method of settling international questions had forced itself upon your mind. At this point I agreed with you that it was preposterous, and was glad to find that all my deductions had been correct. I should not have intruded it upon your attention had you not shown some incredulity the other day. But the evening has brought a breeze with it. What do you say to a ramble through London? For three hours we strolled about together, watching the ever-changing kaleidoscope of life as it ebbs and flows through Fleet Street and the Strand. His characteristic talk, with its keen observance of detail and subtle power of inference held me amused and enthralled. A brougham was waiting at our door. Come to consult us, I fancy! Lucky we came back! The light in our window above showed that this late visit was indeed intended for us. With some curiosity as to what could have sent a brother medico to us at such an hour, I followed Holmes into our sanctum. A pale, taper-faced man with sandy whiskers rose up from a chair by the fire as we entered. His age may not have been more than three or four and thirty, but his haggard expression and unhealthy hue told of a life which has sapped his strength and robbed him of his youth. His manner was nervous and shy, like that of a sensitive gentleman, and the thin white hand which he laid on the mantelpiece as he rose was that of an artist rather than of a surgeon. His dress was quiet and sombre—a black frock-coat, dark trousers, and a touch of color about his necktie. Pray resume your seat and let me know how I can serve you. His pale cheeks flushed with pleasure at hearing that his work was known to me. You are yourself, I presume, a medical man? I should wish to make it an absolute specialty, but, of course, a man must take what he can get at first. This, however, is beside the question, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and I quite appreciate how valuable your time is. The fact is that a very singular train of events has occurred recently at my house in Brook Street, and to-night they came to such a head that I felt it was quite impossible for me to wait another hour before asking for your advice and assistance. But the matter is so inexplicable, and the recent turn which it has taken is so elaborate, that I shall lay it all before you, and you shall judge what is essential and what is not. I am a London University man, you know, and I am sure that you will not think that I am unduly singing my own praises if I say that my student career was considered by my professors to be a very promising one. I should not go too far if I were to say that there was a general impression at that time that a distinguished career lay before me. As you will readily understand, a specialist who aims high is compelled to start in one of a dozen streets in the Cavendish Square quarter, all of which entail enormous rents and furnishing expenses. Besides this preliminary outlay, he must be prepared to keep himself for some years, and to hire a presentable carriage and horse. Suddenly, however, an unexpected incident opened up quite a new prospect to me. He came up to my room one morning, and plunged into business in an instant. You have all the cleverness which makes a successful man. Have you the tact? Not drawn towards drink, eh? But I was bound to ask. With all these qualities, why are you not in practice? More in your brains than in your pocket, eh? What would you say if I were to start you in Brook Street? All you have to do is just to wear out your chair in the consulting-room. Then you hand over to me three quarters of what you earn, and you keep the other quarter for yourself. Holmes, with which the man Blessington approached me. It ended in my moving into the house next Lady-day, and starting in practice on very much the same conditions as he had suggested. He came himself to live with me in the character of a resident patient. His heart was weak, it appears, and he needed constant medical supervision. He turned the two best rooms of the first floor into a sitting-room and bedroom for himself. He was a man of singular habits, shunning company and very seldom going out. His life was irregular, but in one respect he was regularity itself. Every evening, at the same hour, he walked into the consulting-room, examined the books, put down five and three-pence for every guinea that I had earned, and carried the rest off to the strong-box in his own room. From the first it was a success. A few good cases and the reputation which I had won in the hospital brought me rapidly to the front, and during the last few years I have made him a rich man. Holmes, for my past history and my relations with Mr. It only remains for me now to tell you what has occurred to bring me here to-night. Blessington came down to me in, as it seemed to me, a state of considerable agitation. He spoke of some burglary which, he said, had been committed in the West End, and he appeared, I remember, to be quite unnecessarily excited about it, declaring that a day should not pass before we should add stronger bolts to our windows and doors. For a week he continued to be in a

peculiar state of restlessness, peering continually out of the windows, and ceasing to take the short walk which had usually been the prelude to his dinner. From his manner it struck me that he was in mortal dread of something or somebody, but when I questioned him upon the point he became so offensive that I was compelled to drop the subject. Gradually, as time passed, his fears appeared to die away, and he had renewed his former habits, when a fresh event reduced him to the pitiable state of prostration in which he now lies. Two days ago I received the letter which I now read to you. Neither address nor date is attached to it. He has been for some years a victim to cataleptic attacks, on which, as is well known, Dr. Trevelyan is an authority. He proposes to call at about quarter past six to-morrow evening, if Dr. Trevelyan will make it convenient to be at home. You may believe, then, that I was in my consulting-room when, at the appointed hour, the page showed in the patient.

Chapter 5 : The Adventure of the Resident Patient | Literawiki | FANDOM powered by Wikia

The Norwood Builder is the 4th episode of season 2 of the Granada series: Sherlock Holmes (The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes), starring Jeremy Brett (Holmes) and David Burke (Watson), aired on 15 september on ITV, 51 min.

For in those cases in which Holmes has performed some tour-de-force of analytical reasoning, and has demonstrated the value of his peculiar methods of investigation, the facts themselves have often been so slight or so commonplace that I could not feel justified in laying them before the public. On the other hand, it has frequently happened that he has been concerned in some research where the facts have been of the most remarkable and dramatic character, but where the share which he has himself taken in determining their causes has been less pronounced than I, as his biographer, could wish. It may be that, in the business of which I am now about to write, the part which my friend played is not sufficiently accentuated; and yet the whole train of circumstances is so remarkable that I cannot bring myself to omit it entirely from this series. I cannot be sure of the exact date, for some of my memoranda upon the matter have been mislaid, but it must have been towards the end of the first year during which Holmes and I shared chambers in Baker Street. It was boisterous October weather, and we had both remained indoors all day, I because I feared with my shaken health to face the keen autumn wind, while he was deep in some of those abstruse chemical investigations which absorbed him utterly as long as he was engaged upon them. Towards evening, however, the breaking of a test-tube brought his research to a premature ending, and he sprang up from his chair with an exclamation of impatience and a clouded brow. What do you say to a ramble through London? For three hours we strolled about together, watching the ever-changing kaleidoscope of life as it ebbs and flows through Fleet Street and the Strand. Holmes had shaken off his temporary ill-humour, and his characteristic talk, with its keen observance of detail and subtle power of inference, held me amused and enthralled. A brougham was waiting at our door. Come to consult us, I fancy! Lucky we came back! The light in our window above showed that this late visit was indeed intended for us. With some curiosity as to what could have sent a brother medico to us at such an hour, I followed Holmes into our sanctum. A pale, taper-faced man with sandy whiskers rose up from a chair by the fire as we entered. His age may not have been more than three or four and thirty, but his haggard expression and unhealthy hue told of a life which had sapped his strength and robbed him of his youth. His manner was nervous and shy, like that of a sensitive gentleman, and the thin white hand which he laid on the mantelpiece as he rose was that of an artist rather than of a surgeon. His dress was quiet and sombre, a black frock-coat, dark trousers, and a touch of colour about his necktie. Pray resume your seat and let me know how I can serve you. His pale cheeks flushed with pleasure at hearing that his work was known to me. You are yourself, I presume, a medical man? I should wish to make it an absolute specialty, but, of course, a man must take what he can get at first. This, however, is beside the question, Mr Sherlock Holmes, and I quite appreciate how valuable your time is. The fact is that a very singular train of events has occurred recently at my house in Brook Street, and to-night they came to such a head that I felt it was quite impossible for me to wait another hour before asking for your advice and assistance. But the matter is so inexplicable, and the recent turn which it has taken is so elaborate, that I shall lay it all before you, and you shall judge what is essential and what is not. I am a London University man, you know, and I am sure you will not think that I am unduly singing my own praises if I say that my student career was considered by my professors to be a very promising one. I should not go too far if I were to say that there was a general impression at that time that a distinguished career lay before me. As you will readily understand, a specialist who aims high is compelled to start in one of a dozen streets in the Cavendish Square quarter, all of which entail enormous rents and furnishing expenses. Besides this preliminary outlay, he must be prepared to keep himself for some years, and to hire a presentable carriage and horse. Suddenly, however, an unexpected incident opened up quite a new prospect to me. He came up into my room one morning, and plunged into business in an instant. You have all the cleverness which makes a successful man. Have you the tact? Not drawn towards drink, eh? But I was bound to ask. With all these qualities why are you not in practice? More in your brains than in your pocket, eh? What would you say if I were to start you in Brook Street? All you have to do is just to wear out your chair in the

consulting-room. Then you hand over to me three-quarters of what you earn and you keep the other quarter for yourself. It ended in my moving into the house next Lady Day and starting in practice on very much the same conditions as he had suggested. His heart was weak, it appears, and he needed constant medical supervision. He turned the two best rooms on the first floor into a sitting-room and bedroom for himself. He was a man of singular habits, shunning company and very seldom going out. His life was irregular, but in one respect he was regularity itself. Every evening at the same hour he walked into the consulting-room, examined the books, put down five and threepence for every guinea that I had earned, and carried the rest off to the strong box in his own room. From the first it was a success. A few good cases and the reputation which I had won in the hospital brought me rapidly to the front, and during the last few years I have made him a rich man. It only remains for me now to tell you what has occurred to bring me here to-night. He spoke of some burglary which, he said, had been committed in the West-end, and he appeared, I remember, to be quite unnecessarily excited about it, declaring that a day should not pass before we should add stronger bolts to our windows and doors. For a week he continued to be in quite a peculiar state of restlessness, peering continually out of the windows, and ceasing to take the short walk which had usually been the prelude to his dinner. From his manner it struck me that he was in mortal dread of something or somebody, but when I questioned him upon the point he became so offensive that I was compelled to drop the subject. Gradually as time passed his fears appeared to die away, and he had renewed his former habits, when a fresh event reduced him to the pitiable state of prostration in which he now lies. Two days ago I received the letter which I now read to you. Neither address nor date is attached to it. He has been for some years a victim to cataleptic attacks, on which, as is well known, Dr Trevelyan is an authority. He proposes to call at about a quarter-past six tomorrow evening, if Dr Trevelyan will make it convenient to be at home. You may believe, then, that I was in my consulting-room when, at the appointed hour, the page showed in the patient. I was much more struck by the appearance of his companion. This was a tall young man, surprisingly handsome, with a dark, fierce face, and the limbs and chest of a Hercules. If I were to see my father in one of those dreadful seizures, I am convinced that I should never survive it. My own nervous system is an exceptionally sensitive one. The patient and I then plunged into a discussion of his case, of which I took exhaustive notes. He was not remarkable for intelligence, and his answers were frequently obscure, which I attributed to his limited acquaintance with our language. Suddenly, however, as I sat writing he ceased to give any answer at all to my inquiries, and on my turning towards him I was shocked to see that he was sitting bolt upright in his chair, staring at me with a perfectly blank and rigid face. He was again in the grip of his mysterious malady. My second, I fear, was rather one of professional satisfaction. There was nothing markedly abnormal in any of these conditions, which harmonized with my former experiences. I had obtained good results in such cases by the inhalation of nitrite of amyl, and the present seemed an admirable opportunity of testing its virtues. The bottle was downstairs in my laboratory, so, leaving my patient seated in his chair, I ran down to get it. There was some little delay in finding it - five minutes, let us say - and then I returned. Imagine my amazement to find the room empty and the patient gone! The son had gone also. The hall door had been closed, but not shut. My page who admits patients is a new boy, and by no means quick. He waits downstairs, and runs up to show patients out when I ring the consulting-room bell. He had heard nothing, and the affair remained a complete mystery. Mr Blessington came in from his walk shortly afterwards, but I did not say anything to him upon the subject, for, to tell the truth, I have got in the way of late of holding as little communication with him as possible. I woke up in a strange room, as it seemed to me, and made my way out into the street in a sort of dazed way when you were absent. It was not until we had reached home that I began to realize the true state of affairs. He came in shortly afterwards and passed upstairs. An instant later I heard him running down, and he burst into my consulting-room like a man who is mad with panic. When I went upstairs with him he pointed to several footprints upon the light carpet. It rained hard this afternoon, as you know, and my patients were the only people who called. It must have been the case, then, that the man in the waiting-room had for some unknown reason, while I was busy with the other, ascended to the room of my resident patient. Nothing had been touched or taken, but there were the footprints to prove that the intrusion was an undoubted fact. He actually sat crying in an arm-chair, and I could hardly get him to speak coherently. It was his suggestion that I should

come round to you, and of course I at once saw the propriety of it, for certainly the incident is a very singular one, though he appears to completely overrate its importance. If you would only come back with me in my brougham, you would at least be able to soothe him, though I can hardly hope that you will be able to explain this remarkable occurrence. As our visitor concluded Holmes sprang up without a word, handed me my hat, picked up his own from the table, and followed Dr Trevelyan to the door. A small page admitted us, and we began at once to ascend the broad, well-carpeted stair. But a singular interruption brought us to a standstill. The light at the top was suddenly whisked out, and from the darkness came a reedy, quavering voice. He was very fat, but had apparently at some time been much fatter, so that the skin hung about his face in loose pouches, like the cheeks of a blood-hound. He was of a sickly colour, and his thin sandy hair seemed to bristle up with the intensity of his emotion. In his hand he held a pistol, but he thrust it into his pocket as we advanced. No one ever needed your advice more than I do. I suppose that Dr Trevelyan has told you of this most unwarrantable intrusion into my rooms. You can hardly expect me to answer that, Mr Holmes.

Chapter 6 : The Adventure of the Resident Patient - The Arthur Conan Doyle Encyclopedia

The Adventure of the Resident Patient has 1, ratings and 56 reviews. Arthur Conan Doyle Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was born the third of ten siblings on 22 May.

It first appeared in print in the issue of *The Strand* magazine for August. It was published again in December of the same year as part of the anthology *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*. The text of the story that appears in the first British edition of *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* is slightly different from that which was published in *The Strand*. When the story was republished in the anthology, a section was added in which Holmes appears to read Dr. The section originally appeared in the short story "The Adventure of the Cardboard Box", which was omitted from *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* due to its content. The section does not have any bearing on the plot of either story. The title character of "The Adventure of the Resident Patient" is a man named Blessington who shares a home with a doctor named Percy Trevelyan. Blessington seeks help from the brilliant consulting detective Sherlock Holmes after discovering that intruders have been in his bedroom. Holmes quickly realizes that Blessington is lying to him and refuses to help the man until he tells him the truth. The story has been adapted for radio and television. Plot Holmes and Watson return home on an October evening. One evening in October, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson return to their Baker Street apartment to find that a client is waiting to see Holmes. The client is a doctor named Percy Trevelyan. He has come on behalf of his resident patient, a man named Blessington. During his student days, Percy Trevelyan was recognized as having great potential by his professors. He won a prize for a paper which he wrote and hoped to become a well-known specialist in catalepsy. To become an acknowledged specialist, a doctor needs to set up a practice in the West End of London. This requires renting and furnishing a house, employing servants and keeping a smart-looking horse and carriage. Percy Trevelyan did not have enough money to do any of those things. A few years ago, Dr. Trevelyan was approached by Blessington, a man whom he had never seen before. Blessington offered to help Trevelyan set up a practice. He said that he would rent and furnish a house in the West End for Trevelyan, pay the servants and even give Trevelyan some pocket money. In return, Blessington would take three quarters of all the money which Trevelyan made and stay with him as a resident patient. Blessington said that he required constant medical supervision due to his weak heart. A few weeks ago, Blessington, in an extremely agitated state, told Dr. Trevelyan that there had been a burglary. Therefore, they should put stronger locks on the windows and doors. Blessington was so troubled that, for a while, he stopped taking his usual pre-dinner walk. After a few days, Blessington calmed down and returned to his normal routine. Trevelyan, the Russian nobleman and his son. Two days before he went to see Holmes, Dr. Trevelyan received a letter. According to the letter, a Russian nobleman suffering from catalepsy would come to consult Dr. The young man said that he would wait outside while his father consulted Dr. During the consultation, the Russian appeared to suffer from a cataleptic attack, he fell silent and stared ahead blankly. Trevelyan went to get some gas to revive his patient. When he returned, the Russian nobleman and his son had both gone. Blessington returned home from his pre-dinner walk shortly afterwards. The following evening, the Russian nobleman and his son returned. The old man said that, when he came to and found himself in a strange room, he walked out. The young man said that he left with his father because he assumed that the consultation was over. The young man waited outside while Dr. Trevelyan spoke with his father for thirty minutes. Again, Blessington returned home from his pre-dinner walk shortly after the men left. Soon afterwards, Blessington began to complain that an intruder had been in his room. Nothing had been moved or taken but Blessington pointed out large footprints on the carpet. Trevelyan went to see Holmes. Blessington, Holmes, Watson and Trevelyan. Blessington tells Holmes that he is worried about intruders because he keeps all of his money in a box in his room. He says that he does this because he does not trust banks. He claims not to know the true identities of the two men who pretended to be a Russian nobleman and his son. Holmes says that Blessington is lying and that he will not help the man until he tells the truth. On the way back to Baker Street, Holmes says that the two men were looking for Blessington. The old man only pretended to have catalepsy. Holmes knows that the condition is not difficult to fake. He did not mention that in front of Dr.

Trevelyan to avoid embarrassing him. Holmes examines the cigar ends. The following morning, Holmes receives a hastily written note from Dr. Trevelyan which tells him to come over immediately. When Holmes and Watson arrive, Trevelyan says that Blessington has committed suicide by hanging himself from a hook in his room. It is explained that Blessington kept a rope under his bed so that he could escape out of the window in case of fire. He also sees signs that the four cigars were smoked by two different men. From footprints on the stairs, Holmes realizes that three men entered the house, the men who pretended to be the Russian and his son and a third unknown one. He reasons that they must have been let in by an accomplice in the house, probably the page. They probably gagged him before holding a mock trial. The men smoked the cigars while holding the mock trial. The screws and screwdriver suggest that they brought the materials to make a simple gallows with them. However, when they saw the hook, they realized that they did not need to build a gallows. After the men killed Blessington, the page let them out and bolted the door again. Holmes speaks to Inspector Lanner, Trevelyan and Watson. Sherlock Holmes goes off to continue his investigation. Trevelyan and Inspector Lanner to come to see him at Baker Street that afternoon. He was a member of a gang of five bank robbers who were led by a man named Cartwright. During one of their robberies, a man was killed. The five bank robbers were arrested. On his evidence, Cartwright was hanged and the other three men were sentenced to fifteen years in prison. The three men were released early. Blessington became nervous when he found out they were free. They are believed to have been on a ship which sank off the coast of Portugal. A difference from the original short story is that the men who pretend to be a Russian nobleman and his son only come to the home of Dr. The fake Russian nobleman and his son, nameless in the original story, are named as Count Orłowsky and Stefan Orłowsky in the radio adaptation. The third of the three murderers is a Portuguese man named Almeida.

Chapter 7 : The Diogenes Club:: A brief note about The Adventure of the Resident Patient

Resident Patient Sir Arthur Conan Doyle The Adventure of the Resident Patient was published in The Strand Magazine August, with illustrations by Sidney Paget and in Harper's Weekly August 12, with illustrations by W. H. Hyde.

When this competition was first mooted I went into it in a most light-hearted way, thinking that it would be the easiest thing in the world to pick out the twelve best of the Holmes stories. In practice I found that I had engaged myself in a serious task. In the first place I had to read the stories myself with some care. On the other hand, the actual plot is among the very best of the whole series, and for that it deserves its place. However, these being ruled out, I am now faced with some forty odd candidates to be weighed against each other. There are certainly some few an echo of which has come to me from all parts of the world, and I think this is the final proof of merit of some sort. Then we could hardly leave out the story which deals with the only foe who ever really extended Holmes, and which deceived the public and Watson into the erroneous inference of his death. Also, I think the first story should go in, as it opened the path for the others, and as it has more female interest than is usual. Finally, I think the story which essays the difficult task of explaining away the alleged death of Holmes, and which also introduces such a villain as Colonel Sebastian Moran, should have a place. But now comes the crux. There are a number of stories which really are a little hard to separate. So now only five places are left. There are two stories which deal with high diplomacy and intrigue. They are both among the very best of the series. Therefore we will put it down for the eighth place. It is grim and new. We will give it the ninth place. I have only two places left. There is little to choose between the others. A small thing would turn the scale. So now we come to the very last. I might as well draw the name out of a bag, for I see no reason to put one before the other. Whatever their merit—and I make no claim for that—they are all as good as I could make them. It is proverbially a mistake for a judge to give his reasons, but I have analyzed mine if only to show any competitors that I really have taken some trouble in the matter. Article continues after advertisement The list is therefore as follows:

Chapter 8 : Plot Summary of the Adventure of the Resident Patient | Owlcation

Sherlock Holmes and the Adventure of the Resident Patient (Annotated) - Kindle edition by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Russell Lee. Download it once and read it on your Kindle device, PC, phones or tablets.

Synopsis[edit] Miss Susan Cushing of Croydon receives a parcel in the post that contains two severed human ears packed in coarse salt. Inspector Lestrade of Scotland Yard suspects a prank by three medical students whom Miss Cushing was forced to evict because of their unruly behaviour. The parcel was sent from Belfast , the city of origin of one of the former boarders. Upon examining the parcel himself, Holmes is convinced that it is evidence of a serious crime. He reasons that a medical student with access to a dissection laboratory would likely use something other than plain salt to preserve human remains, and would be able to make a more precise cut than the roughly hacked ears suggest. The address on the package, roughly written and with a spelling correction, suggests to Holmes that the sender lacks education and is unfamiliar with Croydon. The knot in the string suggests to Holmes that they are looking for someone with sailing experience. Holmes considers the solution so simple that he asks Lestrade not to mention his name in connection with it. Cushing" , not realizing that Sarah was no longer resident there. Browner, who is an unpleasant man when drunk, had meant to horrify Sarah rather than Susan because he ultimately blamed Sarah for causing the trouble that culminated in his murder of his wife and her lover. Browner is indeed a sailor, and Belfast was the first port where he had the chance to post the parcel. He is presented with considerable sympathy, a simple man so tormented by guilt at his act that he would welcome being hanged. The story was later published again in American editions of His Last Bow, and put into British editions of the Memoirs. Even today, most American editions of the canon include it with His Last Bow, while most British editions keep the story in its original place, within the Memoirs. The text of the moved passage runs from "Our blinds were half-drawn, and Holmes lay curled upon the sofa" to "I should not have intruded it upon your attention had you not shown some incredulity the other day. Watson to be an avid admirer of Henry Ward Beecher , whose portrait he keeps at his home. The passage seems to have little to do with the mystery but may be a subtle reference to the theme of adultery as Beecher was famously put on trial for the offense in , an event many contemporary readers would have remembered. It contained some minor variations: Baker Street was like an oven". He asks toward what end mortals pursue "this circle of misery, violence, and fear", concluding that "it must have a purpose, or else our universe has no meaning, which is unthinkable. The setup for this episode is very similar to that story â€” two human ears are mailed to someone, packed in salt â€” but includes several variations, including the twist that the ears were actually sent by the supposed victim, who underwent a complex experiment to literally grow fake ears on her back so as to frame the primary suspect for her murder.

Chapter 9 : "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" The Resident Patient (TV Episode) - IMDb

"The Adventure of the Resident Patient", one of the 56 Sherlock Holmes short stories written by British author Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is one of 12 stories in the cycle collected as The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.

Synopsis[edit] Doctor Percy Trevelyan brings Holmes an unusual problem. Having been a brilliant student but a poor man, Dr. Trevelyan has found himself a participant in an unusual business arrangement. A man named Blessington, claiming to have some money to invest, has set Trevelyan up in premises with a prestigious address and paid all his expenses. Blessington is himself infirm, it turns out, and likes this arrangement because he can always have a doctor nearby. Everything has gone fairly well for the doctor since the arrangement began. Now, however, something has happened to Blessington. He has become excitable and agitated, this after he said that he had read about a burglary somewhere in the city. Shortly thereafter, the doctor acquired a new patient, a Russian nobleman with cataleptic fits. His grown son brought him in the evening while Blessington was taking his usual walk. The son insisted on waiting out in the waiting room while the doctor saw his father. During the consultation, the patient had a fit, sitting bolt upright and going quite rigid. The doctor rushed for some nitrite of amyl for his patient to inhale, but upon returning, found that both his patient and his son had left. Surprisingly, the same two men came back the next evening, the son claiming that he had seen his father walk out into the waiting room and assumed the consultation was over. He then had taken his father home, only later realizing that something was not quite right. The doctor had another consultation with the Russian gentleman, and after they had left, Blessington was utterly beside himself. Someone had been in his room. There were footprints to prove it. Nothing had been disturbed or stolen. He discovers firsthand just how paranoid Blessington has become: Holmes asks Blessington who these men are, and why they want to molest him. Blessington nervously says that he cannot answer the first question, but by way of answering the second question, he says that he keeps all his money in a box in his bedroom, as he does not trust bankers. Holmes knows that it must be more than this. He leaves in disgust, advising Blessington that he can expect no advice if he tries to deceive him. Shortly after leaving, Holmes outlines to Watson his train of thought. He knows that two men, perhaps more, are out to get Blessington. They did not wish to steal anything, as can be seen in their failure to rummage around in the room. They chose an appointment in the evening knowing that there would be no other patients in the waiting room. Holmes also knows just looking at Blessington that he is afraid for his own life, and deduces that he must therefore know who is after him, for no man could have such enemies without knowing about it. The next morning brings news that Blessington has hanged himself. Inspector Lanner is there. He believes that it is a suicide, but Holmes soon deduces otherwise. Discarded cigar butts and other clues tell him that three other men were there, and for a while. They were let into the premises by a confederate inside, as the door was still barred in the morning. Suspicion falls on the new page, who has vanished. It seems obvious to Holmes that the men came to "try" Blessington, and reached a verdict of guilty, and a sentence of death, which they then proceeded to carry out. A little digging at police headquarters brings up the rest of the truth. All four of the men were once members of a criminal gang that robbed banks. The murderers chose hanging as their form of execution to avenge Cartwright. Eventually, the page turns up, but the case against him falls apart for lack of evidence. As for the other three, they are never heard from again, and it is believed that they perished in the wreck of the *Norah Creina* off Portugal. This scene is very much in the manner of the Doyle-penned parody "How Watson Learned the Trick", which also features Watson making incorrect conclusions about Holmes. Near the end of the episode, Watson initially intends to entitle his memoir of the case "The Brook Street Mystery", but Holmes recommends the title "The Resident Patient". During the credits, Watson wrestles with variations of the suggestion before settling on "The Resident Patient".