

The Journal of Jack the Ripper, East End and Victorian Studies

Ripperologist

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The Worst Briton in History

ANDY ALIFFE on Jack the Ripper
and the Origins of Cinema

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the Canterbury Music Hall

Robert Linford, John Savage
and David O'Flaherty on
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Karyo Magellan: Best Books of 2005

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Quote for February

"There've been men who killed for pleasure. Strange pleasure. There was Bluebeard in France, Jack the Ripper in London. It's not uncommon."
James Bell to Denis O'Keefe in The Leopard Man (1943).

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We would like to acknowledge the valuable assistance given by the following people in the production of this issue of *Ripperologist*: David Canter, Clive Emsley, Stewart P Evans, Martin Fido, Shirley Harrison, Trevor Marriott, Robin Odell, Robert Smith, Colin Wilson. Thank you!

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Andy Aliffe is former BBC Radio Producer, residing in High Wycombe. He has conducted important research on many aspects of the case, including D'Onston, Gurney and the Seaside Home. He is an Organiser of the UK Ripper conferences.

JOE CHETCUTI

Joe Chetcuti is a San Franciscan who has put over 20 years of hospital work in an Emergency Room and Urgent Care Clinic. He has studied the Littlechild Suspect for many years and has gathered a large amount of paperwork on him.

ROBERT LINDFORD

Robert Linford is a writer from east London and is a regular contributor to *Casebook: Jack the Ripper*.

KARYO MAGELLAN

Karyo Magellan is a consultant scientist with over thirty years experience in toxicology and pathology. He is the author of *By Ear and Eyes*, considered by *Ripperologist* as one of the best Ripper books of 2005, and has a longstanding fascination with the Whitechapel murders and with Victorian life and death. Karyo lives in Derbyshire.

HUME NISBET

Hume Nisbet was born on 8 August 1849 in Stirling, Scotland. At the age of sixteen he began to travel and spent seven years exploring Australia. On his return, he was appointed Art Master at the Watt College and Old Schools of Art, Edinburgh. He resigned the post in 1885 and was sent by Cassell & Co. to Australia and New Guinea. From 1905-6, he visited China and Japan. In the latter part of his life he concentrated on his work as a novelist. He died on 4 June 1923 in Eastbourne, East Sussex, England.

DAVID O'FLAHERTY

David O'Flaherty has contributed articles on Albert Bachert and Alfred Blanchard to *Casebook: Jack the Ripper*, and transcribed articles for *Casebook's* Press Project. His short stories have appeared in *Twilight Times* and *Stirring*, and in 2004 he wrote an audio drama, *The Cleveland Street Scandal*, for Actors Scene Unseen in North Carolina. He is 39 and lives in the southern United States.

JOHN SAVAGE

John Savage is a shipping consultant living in Hull, East Yorkshire. He has been taking an interest in Jack the Ripper for over 30 years and first became "hooked" through watching the BBC *Barlow and Watt* series.



PAUL BEGG
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Editorial

Remembrance of things past

In 1888 a man named John J Loud patented the principle of the ballpoint pen. The idea was never taken up commercially. Had it been, we'd be writing with Louds today, because the principle was 'rediscovered' and patented fifty years later, in 1938, by a Hungarian named Laszlo Biro. During the war years, Biro fled to Argentina, where he re-patented his idea and where his pen was seen by Henry Martin, a British government clerk. Martin realised that because the pen was not affected by assorted atmospheric conditions it could be used by aircraft navigators - I don't know why they couldn't use a pencil - and the British government bought the patent, produced a pen for the Royal Air Force and called it a Biro. The pen wasn't altogether reliable and it wasn't a commercial success until the early 1950s, when the problems were overcome by the British company Parker and the French company BiC (named after Marcel Bich). Today it's hard to imagine life without the ballpoint pen.

Quite recently, Professor John Sutherland, the Lord Northcliffe professor emeritus of English literature at University College, London, and Chairman of the Man Booker prize panel of judges, lent his support to a project that compressed the plots of classic novels into a couple of lines of text message talk. He was quoted as saying that texting was an underused but promising educational resource and observing that the text ending of *Jane Eyre* - MadwyfSetsFyr2Haus - 'excellently expressed the climax of the novel'.

I'm not sure about that, but the other day (as I write this) Professor Sutherland was the guest of Sue Lawley on the long-running radio series *Desert Island Discs*. For those who don't listen to it, in this radio series guests are invited to choose eight pieces of music they'd want to take with them to a desert island. The music usually has some relevance to an episode in the castaway's life and, between extracts from the music choices, the castaway's life is explored in a comfortable and relaxed way by the hostess. Ms Lawley began her career in journalism working for the *Western Mail* and *South Wales Echo*, where one of the things she sometimes did - and has probably forgotten - was to have a bacon roll and cup of tea delivered to her desk by a young, thin and slightly spotty future Executive Editor of *Ripperologist*. Undaunted by this, Ms Lawley went on to enjoy an excellent career with the BBC and took over as host of *Desert Island Discs* in 1988, one hundred years after John J Loud, and fifty years after Laszlo Biro, patented the ballpoint.

Anyway, Ms Lawley asked Professor Sutherland about his championing this text messaging business and by way of an answer he recalled his schooldays and an occasion when someone busily writing some essay on a work of literature was told by the tutor that he'd lose serious marks if he wrote with 'that pen'. The

pen, of course, was a ballpoint. Professor Sutherland's story seems unbelievable today, but I can testify to its truth because I, too, belong to a generation who grew up in a time when ballpoint pens were frowned upon.

The point of this long-winded bit of nonsense, apart from demonstrating that almost any subject can be linked to 1888 or anniversaries thereof (1938, 1988), is that Professor Sutherland's story illustrates how resistant some people are to change. There was some spluttering and coughing at the very idea of compressing the plots of classic novels into a text message format - and I must admit that I also spluttered and coughed and thought it a crass idea. But then I heard Professor Sutherland on the radio and felt shamed. What was the difference between my reaction and the reaction to the biro of those folk in my youth? Surely the content, the ultimate meaning of a text, is what matters, not whether it's written with a biro or compressed into text shorthand.

The thought took me a little deeper in the psyche. We are resistant to change, but gradually we don't merely accept new things; we actually forget what it was like not to have them. I don't mean the people who are younger than we are and were born into a world where the biro always existed. I mean those of us who are old enough to recall what life was like before the biro came along. When I was in infant school the desks had inkwells and you had to write with a pen that you dipped in the ink; ink got on your fingers and clothes and stained your books, ran out quickly, would blot, or a sneeze would scatter ink over the page and the kid next to you, or the nib would wear down and catch in the weave of the paper or break altogether. Later we were allowed to use fountain pens, which were great but ran out, and the ink bottles were easily tipped or knocked over or the top would come off in your satchel. Ah, the biro just made life easier. I was

always jealous because some other kid had a great biro that combined red, green and blue inks in a single pen. Magic. I eventually got one, but couldn't find any use for the red and green.

Now, I am grateful for the ballpoint pen. Most people, even people of my age, pick up and throw down their cheap plastic ballpoint without giving it a moment's thought. But I often recall my ink-stained schooldays and treat that ballpoint with a degree of respect and, I suppose I should say, gratitude.

I likewise remain enamoured of the video tape recorder. I still appreciate not having to miss television programmes because I'm otherwise busy and being able to tape the programmes I like and watch them at a time convenient to me. Yet everyone takes this pretty much for granted. It's much like music on cassette; I remember when music on the move was carting the Dansette and a shopping bag of 45s to a mate's house.

Once upon a time there were no Ripper magazines. I remember how isolated everyone was then. We asked questions, shared our ideas in letters and learned things through correspondence. I still have letters from people like Chris George and Christopher Michael DiGrazia which are probably more than 15-years old. Back then we'd have been grateful for a 'fanzine' typed on a stencil, reproduced on cheap paper with a roneo machine and stapled together - which is actually pretty much how *Ripperana* and *Ripperologist* began life. It's almost unbelievable that today we have superbly produced Ripper magazines written and produced by dedicated people who give their time, learning and expertise for no financial reward. Every issue probably contains more information and ideas than we old hands in Ripperology managed to get in a whole year before Nick Warren paved the way with *Ripperana*. Not only that, but the magazines are produced to an extraordinarily high quality, whether they are paper-based like *Ripper Notes*

or adventurously exploring the benefits of new technology like *Ripperologist*.

For the past year, Eduardo Zinna has been responsible for the hands-on running of *Ripperologist*. As for me, being somewhat distanced from the daily bustle and rush at Ripperologist Towers has enabled me to look at the magazines with a refreshed eye - and gosh, we can be nit-picky about them, but they're good! Okay, being someone who actually remembers the mess of a dip ink pen and the time when it wasn't possible to videotape *Cheyenne* or *Dragnet* or *Sunday Night at the London Palladium* to watch at leisure, my appreciation of Ripper magazines may be coloured by my memory of Ripperology when they didn't exist. So maybe I'm inclined to overlook minor hiccoughs such as a slightly late arrival or a not very exciting cover illustration, and having observed the brouhaha in some quarters over the *Rip* going electronic, I must say that I don't really care whether I get my information on paper or electronically; I'm just glad to get it. And I guess that's why I find it difficult to understand some of the people who moan and whinge and carp and criticise the magazines, and I feel baffled by those who profess an interest in the mystery of Jack the Ripper, especially those who may be writing a book or planning to write a book or whose involvement is more than a passing interest, who - believe it or not - don't read the Ripper magazines.

Okay, we can get critical and in some cases justifiably so, but I'm grateful that magazines like *Ripperologist* exist and I'm especially grateful that people take the time and make the effort to contribute to them. And, frankly, I'm not sure how people can consider themselves even modest Ripperologists without subscribing to the Ripper magazines.

But then I would say that, wouldn't I?





JOE CHETCUTI

The Canterbury Encore

The Further Adventures of Dr Tumblety



New York Harbor from the Battery (circa 1906) showing Castle Garden. The Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division, Detroit Publishing Company Collection.

Before Ellis Island opened in 1892, Castle Garden was New York's processing center for international travelers. Located on the southern tip of Manhattan, this active port would become part of the Ripper World on 2 December 1888. Detectives Crowley and Hickey were occupying their assigned posts at a Castle Garden dock on this late autumn Sunday. Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes had stationed the duo there and instructed them to await the docking of a French vessel.

As the steamship's 1:30pm arrival time drew near, a crowd of New Yorkers gathered alongside the two detectives in anticipation of a successful transatlantic journey by the *La Bretagne*. Amongst the crowd were *New York World* and *New York Herald* reporters who were just as determined

as Crowley and Hickey were to observe a particular passenger make his walk down the gangplank. This fugitive not only disowned his name when he

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boarded at Le Havre, France, but he also hid inside his cabin throughout the eight-night voyage to America. For the previous two weeks many news stories were printed about him in American papers, and it was widely known that his return to the United States was imminent. Those who waited to witness his disembarkment needed only to have brought the morning paper to read of the man's odd behavior. The *New York World* had printed a large story about Dr Francis Tumblety that day. As the crowd viewed the approach of the French steamship, one would imagine that the dockside chatter must have been quite lively. The reporters certainly had numerous questions that needed to be addressed to Tumblety, and the subject wouldn't have been confined to the Whitechapel murders. There were many items in the morning paper which surely deserved a response from the bail jumping doctor. The article had portrayed him as a former teen peddler of porn material; a misogynist who had once owned a collection of uteri; a former publicity-seeker who had purposely brought upon his own 1865 arrest for a germ warfare plot; and an impostor who tried to pass himself off as a surgeon in the Union Army. Yet, there was still one other matter that appeared in that article which has received very little attention. It concerned Dr Tumblety's theatrical performance in Washington DC. I'll attempt to shed more light on this 1862 exhibition and relate it to the memorable activities which occurred shortly after the 2 December 1888 arrival of the *La Bretagne* in New York.

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Hay Market and Canterbury Theater at Louisiana and Pennsylvania Avenues NW, Washington, DC.

The Canterbury Music Hall was initially named the Washington Assembly Rooms. During the 1861 Christmas season and throughout that upcoming winter, it was called the Canterbury Music Hall. When this photograph was taken in 1865, the place was known as the Canterbury Theater. Its location was always Louisiana Avenue, near the corner of 6th Street, in close proximity to the National Hotel. The proprietor of the Canterbury Music Hall was Mr George Percival, a man who wanted the doors of his theater opened to the public every night. He developed his building into a concert saloon that embraced music, dances, and farces in the traditional burlesque fashion. Though he billed his performers as being amongst 'the first talent in America', his theater could not be considered a first class venue. Admission into his music hall was no more than a dime, and the saloon atmosphere attracted Union Army personnel who were in need of some alcoholic relief from the Civil War.

It appeared that Dr Tumblety was associated with as many as three different theatrical performances during this period. A Tony Pastor song entitled *The Carte-de-Visite Album* had briefly mentioned the doctor in its lyrics. It's unknown what Tumblety's reaction was to this, but the song portrayed him in unison with an illegal abortion matter. George Percival had advertised a performance of 'Tumblety Undone' in the 4 December 1861 Washington DC *Evening Star*. Unlike in the Tony Pastor song, Tumblety's name received solitary billing for this act. Our attention, though, will be focused on a Tumblety skit that was performed on the Canterbury Music Hall's stage in March 1862: *Dr Tumblety's First Patient*. The *St Thomas Weekly Dispatch* of Ontario, Canada, labeled it a hilarious farce. At 10pm, a character that looked exactly like Tumblety would strut around the Canterbury stage followed by an obedient dog. A singer would comically bellow out a ridiculous song to embellish the performance. This act was repeated on numerous occasions, so it seemed to be well received by the audiences. The 20 March 1862 *St Thomas Weekly Dispatch* reported that Dr Tumblety had been doing a thriving business in Washington DC for 'the past six to eight months,' so the quack was well-known to the locals. Tumblety's medical office on Pennsylvania Avenue was not far at all from here, and the Haymarket

- pictured next to the Canterbury Theater - was one of the more active places in the city. *Dr Tumblety's First Patient* took advantage of the doctor's notoriety and was performed in an ideal location.

The story was told that during the first week of March 1862 Tumblety approached Union military officers to complain that he was being impersonated at the Canterbury Music Hall. The doctor accused Mr Percival of being responsible for this shameful burlesque. The military officers would view the performance for themselves on Friday night, 7 March, and upon witnessing the event they were unanimously convinced that the quack was up to one of his ploys. They felt it was Tumblety who was oddly impersonating himself during the bit, and they reported this to their Lieutenant-Colonel who in turn approached Tumblety the very next day. The charlatan appeared hurt by the Lieutenant-Colonel's allegation and promptly filed a lawsuit against Percival. A local newspaper reported:

On Saturday afternoon (8 March) a charge of libel was preferred before Justice Johnson, by Dr Francis Tumblety, against Mr George Percival the proprietor of the Canterbury Music Hall. Dr Tumblety charges that George Percival did on the 7th instant, and on divers other occasions, utter and publish a false and malicious libel, to the great injury and detriment to his reputation as an authorized physician.

The military officers considered this a bogus lawsuit and assumed Tumblety was only seeking more notoriety. The *St Thomas Weekly Dispatch* was in agreement with this assessment for they assuredly reported:

It will be strange if the present lawsuit does not result in its being, as the slang phrase has it, 'played out.'

It looked like Tumblety tried to pull a fast one and got detected. Regardless, this was a cunning doctor who had injected himself into military matters inside the nation's capital during a major war. He was a person to be leery of, and he penetrated many military boundaries. He wore military attire and circulated lies that he was affiliated with General McClellan. Tumblety had even been spotted daringly following McClellan's staff on horseback. The quack intruded upon the New York Infantry's 13th Regiment at Fort Corcoran, Virginia, and was later accused of selling fraudulent military discharge papers to young Union soldiers. The military officers

had enough of an interest in him to view another performance of *Dr Tumblety's First Patient* during the second week of March 1862. They were in a position to expose Tumblety and really ruin his reputation that evening. The *New York World's* 2 December 1888 story was building up towards a very interesting crescendo.

The scene was set that night in the Canterbury Music Hall as the 10pm hour approached and the audience waited in anticipation of an amusement. Newspapers had publicized the filing of the libel lawsuit, and the boozed up crowd was going to determine for themselves if they were viewing an impostor or a sly crank. Tumblety had initiated contact with the military officers, but these men were determined to call his bluff and trap this annoying pest on his own stage. The music played, the dog was released, and Tumblety strutted forth in front of the watchful patrons at the appointed time. Within seconds, Tumblety's trump card would be played. From the crowd sprung Tumblety's paid lackey. The angry, well-built young man instantly recited the lines which the quack probably had rehearsed him on:

Dr Tumblety is my friend! I won't see him insulted by an effigy such as you are!

After a few more moments of this treatment, the effigy ran away, never to return to a stage again. No further word was heard about the 'lawsuit' either.

The disrespectful 'impostor' was vanquished, and all that remained was Tumblety's saved reputation. The clever shyster had beaten the military officers to the punch and left them holding the bag. The trickster had drawn these men inside the theater just so he could teasingly slip away and burn them. The triumphant protection of his name was all that Tumblety left behind. The conniving doctor must have been in cahoots with Percival who probably enjoyed the publicity his theater received. It was an elaborate scheme which involved news articles and a court appearance. It's hard to define a motive for all of this other than Tumblety fulfilling his desire to antagonize the military while having his persona publicly defended. Just when you think you've got the scoundrel trapped, he turns the tables on you as he planned all along.

That was the story that Sandford Conover told to the *New York World*. Was it real? Conover had a reputation for tinkering with the truth. There

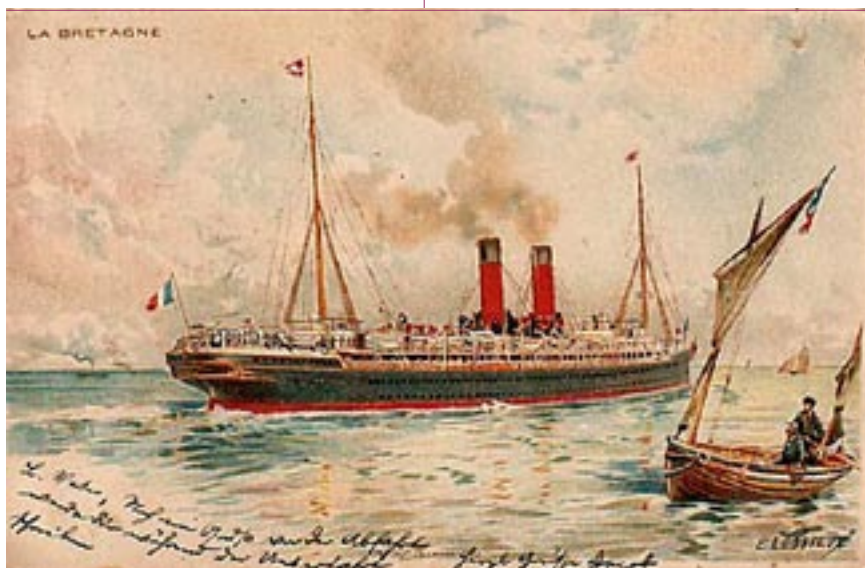
are a number of facts from this story that can be verified, but the climactic scene can't be confirmed by anyone other than Conover himself. Just like in his 'uteri jars' account, Conover suspiciously failed to reveal the names of the military associates who witnessed these events with him. The final scene in the music hall deserves to be doubted, yet the moral of the story strangely held its own weight. Tumblety's manipulative behavior was accurately depicted.

and a Crowd of Curious People Gaze at the House He Lives In. - Inspector Byrnes's Men Have Been On His Track Since He Landed.

Mrs McNamara, who owned the property, found it difficult to defend her tenant. On Monday, 3 December, she told the press that Tumblety had spent Sunday night in his room but deceived them by claiming he had now gone out to retrieve his other luggage. She told the *New York Herald* that Tumblety 'would not harm a child',

Mr Percival's role: A quiet owner of a property that had gotten publicity due to the antics of a mysterious physician.

An English detective was stationed outside McNamara's property late on Monday evening and was stirred into excitement when a man entered the basement at No. 79. Why this got reported in the *New York World* is unclear, but I feel that Tumblety got word out from his East 10th Street nest sometime on 3 December. The inventive quack would put his plan into action the next day. The scene was intensifying on Tuesday, 4 December, as more New Yorkers were informed of the happenings at East 10th Street by the *New York World*. To fuel the flames, the English detective had talked freely about Tumblety being Jack the Ripper at the corner bar, and the news reporters were questioning the neighborhood's merchants. Just like the Canterbury audience had waited for Tumblety to exit his dressing room and appear before them 26 years prior, the crowd outside the McNamara house was anxious to view a Tumblety-event as well. Both those audiences had been filled with gossip talk, and they each contained men amongst them who could have made life miserable for the much publicized doctor.



Postcard View of the La Bretagne leaving dock in France.

The French steamship anchored at her pier and permission was granted for the travelers to go ashore. Byrnes's two best men scrutinized the passengers as they walked by. Finally, they spotted their prey scurrying across the deck of the *La Bretagne*. Tumblety was attired in a blue Ulster as he abruptly descended the gangplank right past the two detectives and the news reporters. If a question was asked of him, it received no reply. Despite checking in four bags at Le Havre, Tumblety had just one small steamer trunk placed into a horse-drawn cab. He may never have separated himself from this trunk during the eight-night confinement inside his cabin.

Crowley and Hickey along with the news reporters tailed Tumblety to 79 East 10th Street. At 2:20pm, Tumblety entered into the residence and wouldn't come out. The *New York World's* headlines spoke of the commotion that was created outside the place:

TUMBLETY IS IN THIS CITY. HE ARRIVED SUNDAY UNDER A FALSE NAME FROM FRANCE. A Big English Detective Is Watching Him Closely,

but this was getting her nowhere. The *New York World* reported that the bells on her front door were merrily jingling all day with people asking for Tumblety. McNamara's fibs worsened when she claimed that the doctor had not returned from Europe and then consistently clung to her final lie by declaring that she didn't even know who Tumblety was. The only role she would now play would be similar to

There was no subtlety when Tumblety's plan went into effect. Arriving on the scene was an athletic-looking young man who called upon No. 79. After announcing his arrival to McNamara, he turned toward the press and crowd. His rehearsed lines were peculiarly familiar: 'All I have I owe to the doctor, and I think he is the best friend I ever had.' Instantly, Conover's Canterbury account went from being doubtfully reminiscent to



Contemporary sketch of Castle Garden

eerily foretelling. The young man, Martin McGarry, would paint a good picture of Tumblety. He told how the doctor provided him with employment in the past and spoke of Tumblety's letters of commendation from General Grant. He announced how Tumblety had taken him to the Morton Theater House and described all about their wide range travels together. McGarry's words of praise would get printed.

All that remained now was for Tumblety to exit the stage as he was said to have done a quarter of a century before. He accomplished this the very next morning, Wednesday, 5 December. The escape artist was detected leaving his dwelling just before boarding a nearby trolley car which took him uptown. The persistent *New York World* reporter would soon slip through McNamara's front door and get inside Tumblety's room, but all the phantom had left behind were a pair of boots and his defended reputation. The Canterbury Encore was completed. The press, the authorities, and the crowd were left short changed again. Tumblety played them like a fiddle just as he had done in 1862.

Martin McGarry was a bit of a shady one himself. He revealed his business address to the press during his Tumblety-speech and purposely referred to the doctor as 'Thomas.' I believe the *New York World* reporter went to McGarry's business address on East Broadway sometime during

Wednesday, 5 December. At this point, McGarry may have provided a false lead. The Thursday, 6 December *New York World* had referred to Tumblety as 'Thomas' and declared that they had contacted 'people who had known Tumblety best.' The tip which the reporter ascertained from this enquiry was that Tumblety had gone off to live in a quiet country town. It sure appeared that the *New York World* swallowed all of the bait McGarry had dangled in front of them. McGarry may have protected Tumblety by intentionally steering people in the wrong direction with this 'quiet country town' tip. The truth was that the doctor would eventually be detected hiding out in Brooklyn.

East 10th Street and the Canterbury Music Hall. Two stories with similar patterns. One we know was real, while the other seemed partly apparitional. Yet, the Canterbury's final scene almost materialized into something legitimate when it stood beside the East 10th Street account. What can be learned from this? I think there are lessons to be remembered which are common to both stories. Dr Tumblety was at his best when the pressure was turned on. He didn't lose his head, and his well planned schemes usually freed him from danger while his enemies suffered embarrassing defeats. He didn't put himself into situations he didn't know how to get out of. We can see by these two accounts how crowds were lured to

a venue and dispersed after listening to a verbal Tumblety-tribute. So the doctor seemed to achieve his vain goals regardless of how strange they were. He was a man who would boldly interact with his enemies and victims and know the precise time to depart from the scene with a victory. Elusive, daring, and deceptive. Whether he instigated trouble or was forced to face trouble, the trickster didn't fear being targeted because he knew how to win.

Acknowledgements

I thank Timothy Riordan for information on Tumblety's four bags at Le Havre and Mr Riordan and Jeff Bloomfield for Tony Pastor song research.

Sources

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Comment

Next article



Loretta Lay Books

Over 200 Jack the Ripper and associated titles on the website

- Abrahamsen (Dr. David) *Murder & Madness. The Secret Life of JtR* hb/dw £14
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Would it have been possible? The answer lies in an unsolved Victorian mystery. All the usual elements of a Ripper tale are present: Freemasons, shadowy figures, corruption and conspiracy at the highest levels, suspected suicide, possible murder, insanity and, in passing, a

contemporary author whose solution to a man's unexplained disappearance was that he may have been Jack the Ripper!

On 16 September 1890, a distinguished figure carrying a case of documents, patent diagrams and equipment boarded the Paris Express at Dijon, France, en route to England. But he never arrived at his destination. Despite exhaustive searches by French, English and American police, his body, papers and materials were gone; and no explanation was ever found for his disappearance. This man was Augustin Le Prince, a French showman, engineer, artist and inventor who was the true father of cinematography.

Cinema as we know it today was born in the last decades of the nineteenth century. The Lumière brothers, Louis and Auguste, first established themselves in the world of photography. They owned a factory and studio and made and supplied photographic materials, including the sensitive gelatine emulsion used in the 'dry glass plate process' which



made their fortune. This enabled them to carry out further research and development of animated photographic images. Following in the footsteps of earlier pioneers, they showed their experimental trials at private scientific functions. They succeeded with both cinematic reproduction and projection, using their Cinématographe to show the first sustainable moving pictures to a paying public on the evening of 28 December 1895. An enthusiastic and amazed audience gathered at the Salon Indien, a small hall in the basement of the Grand Café in Paris, saw a twenty-minute programme of ten short films.¹

One journalist present at one of the first shows wrote:

When these inventions are in the hands of the public, when anyone can photograph the ones who are dear to them, not just their immobile form, but with movement, action, familiar gesture and the words of their mouths, then death will no longer be absolute or final.

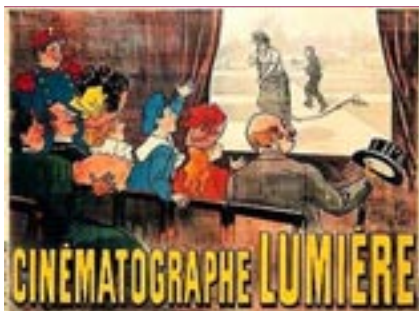
The Cinématographe soon toured the capitals of Europe. After a first public showing on 20 February 1896 at the Marlborough Hall in London, it was installed at the Empire Theatre, in Leicester Square, where it attracted full houses from 9 March 1896. Screenings in England were organised by Félicien Trewéy, a French magician and shadow illusionist who had made his name in this country. He was a friend of the Lumière brothers' father, Antoine, and appeared opposite him in *La Partie d'Ecarté* (*The Card Game*), an 1895 film that was among the



From A Game of Cards, 1895. Left Antoine Lumière, right Félicien Trewéy

original ten shown at the first public viewing in Paris.

Back in 1888, Trewey had been a popular favourite in the East End Music Hall circuit and had appeared at all the major theatres in the area at the time of the Jack the Ripper murders. On 8 November 1888, the eve of Mary Jane Kelly's death, he presented his turn at the Royal Cambridge Music Hall, Commercial Street - only a short distance away from Millers Court. Trewey was a keen photographer and employed 'trick' magic lantern effects in his act. As England agent for the Lumières, he also directed several films in the



capital in 1896. Within two decades of Trewey's first 'moving picture' performances in England, almost all of the surviving East End Music Halls he had played in 1888 were converted to cinemas. The first East End 'Moving Picture House', the King's Hall Electric Cinema, was established in 1909 at 83/85 Commercial Road.²

Experimentation with the recording and analysis of movement using photographic techniques and emulsions allowing extremely short exposures had started as early as the 1870s. By the mid 1880s, the key issues were the need for long strips of pictures and a method of moving the strips intermittently at a rate fast enough to record movement smoothly. In 1885, George Eastman introduced a paper roll film. Several techniques of film advancement were available, including an adaptation of the movement of a sewing machine to the intermittent motion of the pictures, thus enabling progression in early film-making.

During this period, many of the technologies associated with the invention of cinema were developed. Eadweard Muybridge toured the United States and Europe showing examples of the sequential photography he took with his Zoopraxiscope. To understand the flight of birds, professor of physiology Étienne-Jules Marey had developed in 1882 a revolving-gun

camera with which he obtained twelve images on a circular plate. In 1888, Marey perfected his system by constructing the Chronophotographe which used rolls of paper film. During the same year, Parisian Émile Reynaud was granted a patent for the use of perforations on visual strips with drawn animated pictures, which were shown with great success at the Musée Grévin starting in 1892. By the end of 1888, an Englishman, William Friese-Green, had also patented and developed both a single-lens camera and perforated paper roll film. In early 1889 he used his camera to produce moving images taken at Hyde Park Corner.

Across the Atlantic, American inventor Thomas Alva Edison conceived a moving-image device based on the model of the cylinder he had already used to construct a sound recording machine. He assigned the job of studying two apparatus, one named the Kinetograph, for recording images, and the other, the Kinetoscope, for viewing the images, to an employee,

Englishman William Kennedy Laurie Dickson. On 17 October 1888, Edison filed a patent describing his Kinetoscope. During 1889, Edison and his assistants abandoned the cylinder for a celluloid roll with side sprocket holes recently invented by George Eastman. By 1891 the perfected Kinetoscope was a large cabinet with a peephole through which one viewed an animated scene recorded on a continuous loop of film. It was only for individual viewing and did not allow for projection of images on to a screen. Some had the option of an earpiece to listen to synchronised phonograph recordings to accompany the pictures.

To supply the Kinetoscopes with material to show, Dickson assumed the job of recording films with the Kinetograph. Another Edison employee, Fred Ott, became the earliest 'movie star'. Dickson captured him sneezing on celluloid in the first week of January 1894 and Edison had the film copyrighted as a photograph at the Library of Congress on 9 January 1894



The Empire Theatre on Leicester Square, where the Lumières' Cinématographe was shown.

under the title *Edison Kinetoscopic Record of a Sneeze*. It was the first film officially copyrighted.

But the greatest of the early cinematography pioneers, whose achievement predated everybody else's, was Le Prince, who in October 1888 produced the first motion pictures ever made and, two years later, vanished from the Paris Express.

Louis Aimé Augustin Le Prince was born in Metz on 28 August 1842. His father, a French Army officer, was a friend of the photographic inventor Jacques-Louis-Mandé Daguerre, at whose studio young Augustin was a frequent visitor. Le Prince studied chemistry and physics at the University of Leipzig. After some training in Paris, he took up oil painting and



Le Prince in 1888



Le Prince's 16-lens camera

pastel portraits, specialized in the painting and firing of art pottery and also worked as a photographer.

In 1866 Le Prince met and befriended John Whitley, a young British engineer. At Whitley's invitation, he came to Britain, to the Yorkshire city of Leeds, where he joined the family engineering firm, Whitley & Partners, first as a designer and then as manager of the valve department. He married John's sister Elizabeth, known as Lizzie, in 1869. Together they set up a School of Applied Art in Park Square, Leeds. Lizzie and Augustin were leading lights in the Yorkshire artistic and cultural community during the 1870s. As accomplished sculptors and painters, they exhibited in England and Europe, attending many civic and social functions. Both were also members of the 'Philosophical and Literary Society', the hub of Leeds' middle-class life. In 1875, Le Prince was invited to become a Freemason by his father-in-law, Joseph Whitley,

and joined the 'Fidelity Lodge' in Leeds. The Masonic connection would eventually lead to a personal betrayal.

In 1819 the Viceroy of Egypt had given to Britain Cleopatra's Needle, a monument steeped in Masonic symbolism and mythology, in gratitude for Nelson's victory at the Battle of the Nile. Sixty years later, the Needle was erected on London's Embankment. Its shipping was organised and funded by the Masonic Brotherhood. Joseph Whitley obtained the commission to cast the inscribed bronze tablets that were built into the base of the 'obelisk' and to design and construct the air-tight time-capsule buried beneath. This contained documents and artefacts of the time, including enamelled miniatures of the Royal Family created by Augustin himself.

Le Prince moved to New York in 1881 with his family to work on the development of the 'Lincrusta' wallpaper process in which his brother-in-law, John Whitley, had an interest. When the patent rights were sold to an American company, Le Prince found work managing a group of artists who painted large circular panoramas on military subjects in New York, Washington and Chicago.

During this period Le Prince continued to experiment in search of a successful cinematography process. According to Le Prince's wife Lizzie, 'his conception of moving photographs and earliest experiments to find the best material for films dated back to Park Square, Leeds, before his journey to New York with my brother.' In New York, Le Prince was allowed to use workshop facilities at the New

York Institute for the Deaf, where his wife taught art. He produced a 16-lens camera in the 1880s. Its design included the caveat 'Be it known that I, Augustin Le Prince, of the City, County and State of New York, have invented certain new and useful improvements: The art of producing animated pictures of natural scenery and life on glass, canvas or other prepared surfaces.' This complex device, started in 1885, was the subject of the American patent Le Prince applied for on 2 November 1886.

Le Prince returned to Leeds in May 1887, leaving his wife in New York. On 10 January 1888, the US Patent Office in Washington granted his patent, No. 376,247, entitled 'Method of, and Apparatus for, Producing Animated Pictures.' On the same date he applied for a British patent describing the principles of cinema-photography using a multi-lens camera which included an extra clause concerning a single-lens camera and projector. The patent was issued only on 16 November 1888.

In the meantime, Le Prince continued developing his invention at a workshop in Woodhouse Lane, Leeds. He secured the services of Frederic Mason, a wood-maker, to make parts of cameras, and of James Longley as his assistant. Some of the metal work was made by his father-in-law. On 14 October 1888, experimenting with his single lens camera, Le Prince recorded a few seconds of moving pictures at the rate of 10-12 frames per second at his parents-in-law's garden in Roundhay, Hunslet, Leeds. Le Prince's son,

Adolphe, Joseph Whitley and his wife, Sarah, are shown in the pictures, as well as a young lady, Harriet Hartley. The date is definitely determined because of the death of Mrs Whitley only a few days later.

The sequences filmed at the Whitley family home and later in 1888 at Leeds Bridge, which once existed only as photographic copies made in the 1930s from parts of the surviving paper filmstrips, have now been reconstructed to full animation. They can be seen at the website of the [National Museum of Photography, Film & Television](#).

In 1890, Le Prince wrote to his wife that he was planning to return to New York and she hired premises in preparation for showing his moving pictures. But first, Le Prince went to Dijon, France, where his brother Albert was an architect and surveyor, to discuss with him his share of an inheritance. As we now know, he then vanished, never to be seen again.

According to a statement made by Frederick Mason, who had constructed the wooden body of Le Prince's single-lens camera, 'After waiting about a month, Mr Longley, the mechanic who worked for Le Prince, and myself entered the workshop and found everything quite normal, the machines intact, and tools, drawings, photographs, as well as a quantity of discarded material, lying about.' Richard Wilson, a friend of the family, manager of Lloyds Bank, Leeds, and fellow Freemason, took charge of all the effects and proceeded to dispose of such parts as could readily be sold. He retained the camera and parts of the projector, including a lens and a machine with multiple lenses that Le Prince made in Paris in 1887 for the purpose of 'proving his patent'. They eventually passed to Le Prince's daughter Marie in New York City.

What was the mystery behind Augustin's disappearance?

In the 1890s the patent war of 'moving picture infringement' was raging. Every inventor knew deliberate obstruction was a common occurrence. All knew of cases where the Patent Office had been bribed to divulge secrets or where patent lawyers had been in the pay of other inventors to pass on information. One of the worst offenders was the 'Wizard of Menlo Park', Edison. His technique was to write a caveat on every invention of which he became aware declaring the idea his own, irrespective of its true source. He kept an ear to the ground and watched out for competition,

making sure he was the first in line to register an idea. His favourite reading was about other people's inventions. He had a team of linguists translating foreign patents and employed a small army of lawyers to press claims with legendary dishonesty and ruthlessness. The bullying tactics of his legal machine were notorious. Edison asserted: 'everyone steals in industry and commerce. I have stolen a lot myself. The thing is to know how to steal'.³

Augustin needed to prove he had been the first to demonstrate successfully the process several years earlier. His applications, however, were continually delayed, and he began to suspect that lawyers and the Patent Office were working together against him. He had thought of taking his ideas to Edison, but persisted in the re-writing of the required and requested specifications. A sense of paranoia and foreboding overtook his work in Leeds. On several occasions he observed a shadowy character skulking about, a sighting which prompted him to install extra security measures in his workshop.

For some inexplicable reason, Augustin gave Lizzie instructions that if something unusual were to happen to him she was to contact a friend, a lawyer called Clarence Seward, and his partner William Guthrie. Seward was a fellow Freemason who'd helped to set up Le Prince's interior decorating venture in 1882 and had offered professional advice concerning the possible exploitation of his invention in America. William Guthrie had also given valuable assistance over patent laws and had been extremely impressed by the early trials of the 'moving picture apparatus'.

Le Prince had arranged to return to America with his ailing father-in-law, but didn't arrive in Leeds at the expected time. Joseph Whitley made the journey escorted by another family member. On a New York dockside, he broke to his grief-stricken daughter the news that her husband had vanished without a trace. Exhaustive searches were undertaken by Augustin's brother Albert in France and Lizzie's brother John in England. They discovered nothing.

Lizzie was visited twice by a mysterious 'Mr Rose' who demanded to know what had happened to Le Prince and his work. On the second occasion he showed up at her door in the feeble disguise of a milkman, but ran off when Lizzie threatened to call the police. Had the family become

victims of 'industrial espionage'?

It was time for Lizzie to take



Footage taken on Leeds Bridge 1888

[Click here to see this animation](#)

action. Armed with a photograph and description of her husband she went to seek help. The New York Police was sympathetic but, because of a peculiarity of the state law, they were unable to report Le Prince as a missing person unless he had committed a crime. They suggested desertion, a misdemeanour, as an option. As Lizzie was unwilling to besmirch her husband's character she was left in a hopeless position. Remembering Augustin's last words, she arranged an appointment with Seward and Guthrie, the recommended lawyers, who said they would do their best to help. They pointed out, however, that seven years must elapse from the time of her husband's disappearance before he could be legally presumed dead and she could take legal action on the patents.

Satisfied she had done all she could, Lizzie travelled to Europe to wind up affairs in Leeds and try to uncover some helpful information. Those she spoke to believed that 'some people were up to no good' and that her husband was being held somewhere against his will. Lizzie also became suspicious when her arrival at Augustin's former workshop was pre-empted by a phone call asking if she was already there - although no one knew she was expected. Had she been followed? In Paris she found that police documents relating to her husband's disappearance had gone missing.

On her return to the United States, she followed up on the promises of help from Seward and Guthrie to establish the patent rights. But she was horrified to discover that they had both been for several years in the 'pay' of Le Prince's notorious rival in the field of moving pictures: the talented but unscrupulous Edison. Lizzie now believed the family had been betrayed by Freemason Seward, along with Guthrie, who when later questioned would deny ever having been at the first viewing of Le Prince's moving pictures.

The last year had taken its toll on Lizzie. She was exhausted by her attempts to have recognition bestowed on her husband as the 'True Father of Cinematography'. It was now 1898. The seven years needed before legal action on Le Prince's patents could be pursued had elapsed. Lizzie must make one more attempt. On recommendation she approached Joseph Choate, sometime American Ambassador to Great Britain, who had fought a spectacular defence of

Bell's Telephone. She called at his residence, taking the filed patents granted after Le Prince's return to Leeds in 1887. Choate was interested in taking the case and suggested that Lizzie leave all the documentation with him for closer scrutiny, saying 'They're much too valuable to be left lying around a private residence, they'll be better off in my safe.' Months later he reneged on his word. He stated that litigation would be too costly and that there were no grounds for legal action. The Le Prince family were never again to see the original patents kept by Choate, who seemed



Lizzie Le Prince

to have been also associated with Edison.

Lizzie was not alone in her struggle. Two years earlier her son Adolphe, now 24 years old, had agreed to appear in court to testify concerning his father's work in a lawsuit involving the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company, a rival of Edison's company founded by his former employee William Dickson. Lizzie felt it would be of no use but Adolphe pleaded with her, saying: 'I have to testify mother. Don't you see? It'll mean father's release. As soon as his work is recognised by the court, which it will, whoever kidnapped him will let him go, there will be no point in holding on to him.'

In preparation for his court appearance, Adolphe went on a 'cloak and dagger' style trip to England to gather sworn testimonies and artefacts associated with Le Prince's work in Leeds. Fearing the worst and cautious about being followed, he

used the surname Whitley, left from a less obtrusive port than New York and decided to communicate only by code and if absolutely necessary. He returned with statements, diagrams, equipment and photographic materials.

The case opened on 27 June 1898. In court, Adolphe came up against the devious games played by the legal henchmen of rival patent contenders. He was let down by the treachery of his own lawyer acting for the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company. The outcome followed in July 1901. A clause had been found in

Adolphe's defence which deemed his evidence inadmissible in court.

Still unwilling to give up without a fight, Adolphe proposed to write a series of magazine articles to give credence to his father's inventions. It was time to name names. An initial positive response from publishers soon encountered the familiar series of set backs with which the Le Princes' were now familiar. Adolphe's written material was for some unknown reason suddenly rejected in what looked like deliberately orchestrated obstructions. It seemed editors had closed ranks and were reluctant to publish anything critical of those named as involved. Lizzie thought they had declined to publish the truth for fear of legal action.

A sense of overwhelming failure descended over Adolphe and his mental health began to deteriorate. In the late summer of 1901, his world fell apart. He had spent nearly half his short life searching for his father and fighting to get recognition for



Marie Le Prince unveils the plaque to her father

his achievements. He was guided in this by an almost reverential sense of loyalty and fired by the conviction that his father had been 'put away' for his inventions. Now every possible avenue had been explored and injustice had prevailed. One afternoon, he went duck hunting. He was extremely careful with firearms, ensuring that the safety catch was always on when he walked. Yet he was later found dead, shot with his own gun. The autopsy concluded that he must have tripped on the tufted grass at the top of a sand dune and tumbled into a hollow. His thumb somehow released the safety catch as he fell and his gun twisted round and went off, blasting his head. Lizzie always held the belief that he had been murdered. 'They didn't like the way he'd spoken up for his father's camera at the trial. He knew too much,' she said.

How did Adolphe die? Was it an accident or was it murder? He had been devastated by the grossness of the verdict and the many years of struggle, which had come to nothing. Had he become insane and suicidal? Perhaps he pulled the trigger because of the pain of acknowledging his father's failure.

Le Prince's widow, Lizzie, died in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1926. She left an unfinished 160-page typed memoir called *The Life of Augustin Le Prince - Inventor of Moving Pictures*. The tone of this manuscript is uncomplimentary to the cut-throat politics of the infant film industry, the underhand dealings of the US legal system, the conspiracy within the US Patent Office and

the corruption and dubious working practices of large corporations and business moguls. Lizzie's anger was directed against those who she believed had kidnapped and murdered her husband, stolen his invention and falsified the history of the origins of cinema. Her statement that Le Prince was 'removed through the agency of persons who wished to get control of the moving picture situation' was aimed at none other than Thomas Alva Edison. In the light of information she had gathered over the years and the skulduggery, lies, cheats and deception she had encountered on the way, Le Prince's disappearance in 1890

was unmistakably linked with Edison's claims to have invented the motion picture camera. Yet the tragedy of her husband's disappearance was compounded for Lizzie by another tragedy: she never succeeded in getting the world to listen to her story.

The headline in the *Leeds Mercury* of 12 December 1930 proclaimed 'Leeds Honours Vanished Inventor.' Marie Le Prince had been invited from America by the Lord Mayor for the unveiling of a plaque to commemorate the work of her father. She brought with her some of his remaining equipment, including two cameras. The ceremony was attended by a representative of the French Ambassador, Members of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers from America, a contingent from the Royal Photographic Society and surviving friends and colleagues of Le Prince, from his early days in Leeds.

Marie made a short speech. She said: 'I came as a witness from America, that my father did make moving pictures in New York, Paris and perfected them here in Leeds. This is his single lens camera and this is his film. My father included sound in his early experiments. He used one of the first phonographs to provide music. I often heard him say that film would one day talk and have colour.' She outlined the history of her father's battles and the hardship he endured in his attempts to establish the copyright of his inventions and the attempts of her mother and Adolphe, her brother, to find the truth of Le Prince's disappearance,



Commemorative plaque on Leeds Bridge

prove his patents and disprove others subsequent fraudulent claims. She concluded: 'My mother once said he felt certain he was being watched during his experiments in Leeds. I



Edison

understand that this workshop was entered and parts taken away soon after his disappearance.'

The unveiling commenced. The plaque read: *Louis Aimé Augustin Le Prince had a workshop on this site, where he made a one-lens camera and with it he photographed animated pictures. Some were taken at Leeds Bridge in 1888. Also he made a projection machine and thus initiated the art of 'Kinematography'. He was assisted by his son, also Joseph Whitley, James Wilson Longley and Frederick Mason of Leeds.*

Marie donated Le Prince's surviving equipment to the Science Museum. At present, however, the equipment is displayed at the National Museum of Photography, Film and Television in Bradford, only a few miles from Leeds. Le Prince's workshop in Woodhouse Lane, where he first projected his moving pictures, is now the site of the BBC studios in Leeds. A photograph of Le Prince and 16 blown-up images of the film strips of Leeds Bridge are on display. There is also commemorative recognition of Le Prince's film on the bridge itself.

The sudden disappearance of Jack the Ripper and the cessation of his murders after Mary Kelly's

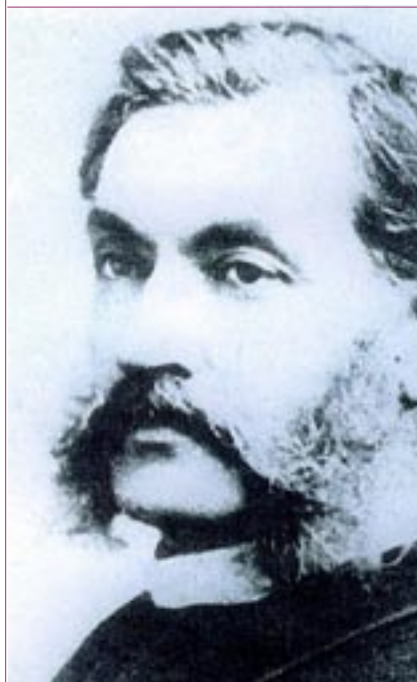
death have been attributed to such factors as that he had 'gone abroad', was dead or incarcerated. The Le Prince family also considered all three factors in their attempts to solve and explain why Augustin had vanished so completely, but were never able to turn up any clue as to what had actually happened. Despite the many years of investigation, the case remains open. There is no hard evidence either way to solve the enigma of Augustin's fate; yet some have speculated on it.

Various theorists adduce the cause of Le Prince's disappearance were his financial problems. In preparation for an interview with Marie Le Prince, French film historian Georges Potonnier tracked down Augustin's grand-nephew in France. His opinion was that there had been some kind of scandal and that Le Prince, on the brink of ruin, had committed suicide on that fateful trip from Dijon in September 1890, taking all the necessary steps not to be found. Others hypothesized that he might have joined the French Foreign Legion. In 2003, a Yorkshire Television programme, *Inside Out*, employed retired detective Robert Taylor in an attempt to solve the mystery. Taylor located Paris police records concerning the body of a man who was fished from the Seine at the time of Le Prince's disappearance, including a photograph which bears a strong resemblance to him.⁴

Another theory saw light in 1990, when British film-maker Christopher Rawlence published *The Missing Reel*, a biography of Le Prince. In the closing chapter of his book, which charts the whole of this intriguing 'who-done-what-to-who', Rawlence says: 'One afternoon I had tired of tracking Edison through newspaper reports. I wound idly on through the *Le Temps* microfilm to 1890. The front pages were full of reports of 'Jack l'Eventreur' in Whitechapel, and it was uncanny to come across his name at the time of Le Prince's disappearance and I wondered if he might have been the crazed killer.'⁶

Could the atmosphere of London's East End and the dastardly deeds of Jack the Ripper have been captured as 'animated images' in 1888? Undoubtedly. The technology did exist. If Le Prince's work, particularly his multi and single lens cameras, had gained the necessary recognition and financial backing in 1885, the synchronistic work of other pioneers, such as Edison, the Lumière Brothers,

William Friese-Green *et alia*, would have shifted their own development time frame to an earlier date. The Lumières could have attracted a paying audience with their Cinématographe



Le Prince

in Paris in 1887. More important, their agent in England, Félicien Treway, who was noted in 1896 for always carrying his 'moving pictures' camera with him, would have been on the scene in 1888 to record the events of another great Victorian mystery. Yet I believe that he would have refrained from using the words Light, Camera, Action and - Cut!

Notes

- 1 For more information on the Cinématographe visit [Institut Lumière](#), or *The 'Cinématographe Lumière': a Myth?*
- 2 For information on the early cinemas in the East End circa 1909/1914 [click here](#).
- 3 Cited in Rawlence, Christopher: *The Missing Reel: The Untold Story of the Lost Inventor of Moving Pictures*, Atheneum, November 1990.
- 5 Go to www.victorian-cinema.net/news.htm
- 5 Rawlence, Christopher, *loc. cit.*

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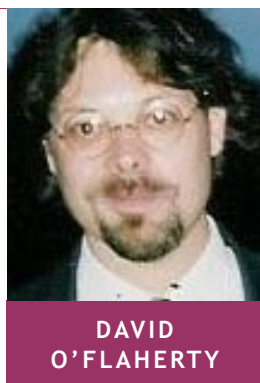
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The Green of the Peak Part II

Thomas Bramah Diplock 1830-1892

'An Alarming Amount of Work'

During one of the holiday breaks of the late 1950s, time appears to have hung heavy upon a rather bored schoolboy living in Kent, far away from the bustle of whatever school he attended.

Attempting to rouse his son's interest, the boy's father, Mr Roger Hubert Diplock, set him the holiday task of researching their family history in Sussex. For a long time, the Diplocks had been a successful and influential family, so it is no wonder that one of the family finally wondered how they had all started down the smooth road of prosperity. Of course, they had always worked hard. Roger Diplock was a former captain in the Royal Sussex Regiment during World War II¹ and recipient of the Order of the British Empire.² He was presumably the same man who, during the 1950s and 1960s, wrote several letters to *The Times* as Secretary and then Director of the Retail Trading-Standards Association.³ Even more impressive was that his brother, Lord Kenneth Diplock, was a High Court Justice and proponent of the controversial Diplock Courts⁴ that introduced non-jury trials in Northern Ireland during the 1970s. The Diplocks were no slackers, but where had they come from? In 1958, Roger Diplock tried to get his son to find out about the family history with no success, and ended up being bitten by the bug himself and becoming an expert in Diplock history. Thus, what had begun as a holiday assignment for the son soon evolved into a passion for the father.

Of course, you have already guessed a connection with our topic. The two brothers, Roger and Lord Kenneth, were the great-grandchildren of William Diplock, a nineteenth century librarian of Hastings, Sussex, and the elder half-brother of Dr Thomas Bramah Diplock, coroner of West Middlesex, 1868-1892.⁵

To further his knowledge of his family - which spread across the Sussex boroughs of Lewes, Brighton, and Hastings - Roger Diplock sought the assistance of John Manwaring Baines, the curator of Hastings Museum. Between the two, one an amateur genealogist, the other a professional scholar, they compiled a partial family tree for the branch living in Hastings during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Researching Thomas Diplock's family background, we draw material from Manwaring Baines' pedigree chart for the Diplocks, his notes, and his correspondence with Roger Diplock, as well as several articles that Roger Diplock wrote for the *Sussex Family Historian* during the 1970s.

Roger Diplock once briefly reflected on the work that would occupy him for the next twenty years. Writing to Manwaring Baines in 1958, he marvelled, 'Really, all this started with a wish to give my son ...an interesting holiday task, but I am now quite fascinated with the investigation.'⁶ Manwaring Baines empathized. 'It is surprising,' the museum curator replied, 'how quite an ephemeral plan to enlighten one's offspring can lead one into an alarming amount of work, but also rewarding interest. I have found this myself.'⁷

We agree. Up to this point, Dr Thomas Bramah Diplock has only ever been a name briefly referenced in Ripper literature, yet because the inquest that Diplock held into the death of Montague John Druitt has fascinated so many, it is rather rewarding to be able to present a fuller (if still incomplete) portrait of him. Since their work focused on the family in Hastings, it seems that Roger Diplock and Manwaring Baines were unaware of the coroner's subsequent career in West Middlesex, his important work there on behalf of the public safety, and his place in the history of the Ripper murders. We suspect the two researchers would have been keenly interested in Dr

Diplock's later career. Therefore, we dedicate our effort to the memories of Roger Diplock, John Manwaring Baines, and the 'alarming amount of work' they undertook nearly half a century ago, after a father once thought to enliven his son's holiday.

The Diplocks, the Bramahs, and a Rather Cross Historian

Family history is like a jig-saw puzzle with many pieces missing.

I must admit I should like to hear if you manage to complete the picture!

*John Manwaring Baines
to Roger Diplock, 1958.*

The Diplocks' roots in Hastings go back at least as far as a 1728/9 marriage between one Joshua Diplock and Mary Barry of St Clements, which resulted in five children.⁸ Untraced to the 1728 Diplocks, but likely related to them, was Joseph Diplock of All Saints (c1748-1799), whom Manwaring Baines noted was admitted to the freedom of Hastings on 21 June 1783.⁹ About 1790, Joseph opened the Ship Inn on Bourne Street, where a riot broke out in 1793.¹⁰ Diplock family tradition remembered the Ship Riot. As Roger Diplock wrote:

I do recollect my own grandfather joking about a riot or burning which he said had once taken place and involved one of his forebears. But my grandfather made the story rather sedate by relating it to some Chapel!!¹¹

In 1977, Roger Diplock engaged in some light-hearted speculation about the cause of the disturbance:

The following year Joseph opened the 'Ship' alehouse in Bourne Street, and there it was that the riot took place in 1793. According to my grandfather, who had garnered the information from his grandfather, the riot was of such dimension that the militia had to be called in to quell it. The reason for such uncouth behaviour on the part of Joseph's clientele can only, in my opinion, have

*been actual and positive confirmation that the landlord had been watering the beer. Nothing else could have given reasonable cause for such a violent reaction on the part of the customers. An occasional problem of wrong change or of short measure might have occasioned protest but for the landlord to water the beer - an unforgivable outrage worthy of nothing short of riotous behaviour of the most violent form.*¹²

In 1787, Joseph married Elizabeth Saunders and the All Saints parish register records the baptism of their son, William, on 5 March 1788. (13) William Diplock settled in Brighton and worked as an apprentice for a dissenting shopkeeper before opening his own shop, dealing in wool clothing, which stood opposite Brighton's Royal Pavilion.¹⁴ Manwaring Baines notes that William Diplock was also a Dissenter.¹⁵

In 1809, William married a woman known only as Sarah Ade,¹⁶ and that union produced twelve children, of whom not much is known except for William Diplock Jr, who was born in Brighton on 23 May 1810,¹⁷ and who became the great-grandfather of Roger Diplock. According to Roger Diplock, Sarah Ade died in 1819, and William then married a second time. This second wife was a rather enigmatic figure who would play a critical and most positive role in the fortunes of the Diplocks. Her name was Esther Frances Bramah.

Apart from knowing her name, Manwaring Baines and Diplock knew little of her. In their pedigree charts, there are no dates for her birth or death; all we know is that between 1824 and 1830 she was young enough to give birth to a succession of four children. She was apparently well to do, wealthy enough to help set up William Diplock the wool draper in a new business - auctioneering. She also appears to have been responsible for the family's return to Hastings. Roger Diplock wrote, '[William Diplock Sr] married somewhat above himself, as it would have been said, and was forthwith removed from Brighton by his new wife and transferred to Hastings where he took over the slightly more elevated trade of an auctioneer.'¹⁸

Esther Bramah was in fact the niece of a somewhat remarkable 18th century figure, Joseph Bramah (1749-1814). Inventor of the Bramah Lock, a workable hydraulic press, and the flushing water closet, Bramah founded the Bramah Lock Company

in London, a family business that is still in operation today as Bramah Security Equipment, Ltd. The Bramah Lock was notoriously difficult to pick - so difficult that the Bramahs proudly displayed a specimen in their Piccadilly showroom window for 61 years, with an invitation for members of the public to pick it. The lock remained on display and undefeated until the Great Lock Controversy of 1851, when the American A C Hobbs finally succeeded in opening it during the Great Exhibition. Despite using tools he created from a wax impression of the Bramah Lock, it took Hobbs several days to solve its puzzle - where it had taken him only minutes to pick other locks.¹⁹ Although Hobbs declared eventual success, if we accept that time is the lock pick's enemy, we must question the value of such a victory. Regardless of the Great Lock Controversy of 1851, the Bramah Lock remains the Rolls Royce of the lock world to this day.

Tracing Esther Bramah Diplock to the ingenious Bramah clan takes us on a rather circuitous route. However, we can establish her connection to John Joseph Bramah (1798-1846), one of the nephews of Joseph Bramah and a Staffordshire industrialist who established a business in Pimlico that supplied structural ironwork to the new railway companies during the 1830s.²⁰ An 1853 death notice for Samuel Robey Diplock, the third son of William Diplock and Esther Bramah, lists him as John Joseph Bramah's nephew.²¹ Therefore, Esther Bramah was the sister of John Joseph Bramah, niece to Joseph Bramah, and presumably had access to what we can only assume was considerable wealth, given the practical applications for Joseph Bramah's inventions.

Apparently armed with a cushion of Bramah wealth, it would appear that Esther Bramah smoothed the road for her husband William Diplock in a new home and career in Hastings. There they produced four more children to add to the dozen William already had from his previous marriage. In 1823, Edward Bramer (likely Edward Bramah) was born (buried 16 September 1824, aged 13 months), followed by George Joseph in 1825 (buried 10 April 1827, aged 1-and-a-half years), Samuel Robey in 1828, and, on 14 May 1830, Thomas Bramah.²² Manwaring Baines notes that Thomas's christening was performed 13 June at Croft Chapel - a 'somewhat forbidding, square building of wooden construction', according to Roger Diplock.^{23 24}

Esther Bramah Diplock also seems to have taken under her wing her husband's motherless children from his previous marriage, or at least one of them - William Diplock Jr (1810-1886), the elder half-brother of Thomas and the great-grandfather of Roger Diplock. The Diplock Pedigree records that William Jr named his daughter Fanny Bramah, in what could only be a salute to his stepmother.

When he was not auctioneering or assisting with the making of babies, William Sr worked as a librarian at one of Hastings' several subscription libraries, the Royal Marine Library, also known as Barry's Library, located on the Marine Parade facing the sea.²⁵ William Jr joined him there, and ultimately wound up managing the library and then later acquiring it outright in 1838. This library was eventually renamed Diplock's Library.

In the nineteenth century, subscription libraries were common institutions. People paid a subscription or short-term fee to access books and newspapers, or perhaps relax and play billiards. Sometimes, as a side venture, such libraries published local maps and guides. This was the case with Diplock's Library, which published a local guide to Hastings. William Diplock Jr made a number of improvements to his library by the sea, at least according to his own guide:

*The Royal Marine Library... was established in the year 1791, by Mr Barry. The Library has received considerable improvements since it has been conducted by Mr Diplock, in the increased number of new books, with the addition of nine daily and six weekly papers, besides every new work deserving encouragement, which, with the periodical publications and other accommodations, together with its fine situation, render it a pleasant, convenient, and agreeable lounge. Over the Library is a very good Billiard Room, from which there is a fine view of the sea.*²⁶

That 'fine view of the sea' would become a bone of contention in a long-standing feud that the Diplocks had with a prominent citizen of Hastings named Thomas Brandon Brett. Still highly regarded in Hastings today, Brandon Brett was something of a Renaissance man - blacksmith, postman, schoolmaster, amateur meteorologist, musician, composer, poet, newspaper editor, and local historian - students of Hastings lore are indebted to his thirty large scrapbooks of local history.²⁷ Roger Diplock

explains the nature of the conflict, from the Diplock perspective:

*So far as the two Williams, father and son, were concerned, Brett showed a good measure of dislike... an indication of their steady climb up the social ladder from the somewhat lowly rung occupied by Joseph. Jane Austen would have described their progress with acid wit; the more so since in each case it basically involved marrying a woman not only above his station but most fortunately possessing some small fortune to enhance the marriage.*²⁸

Class does appear to have been a factor in the feud, illustrated when Brandon Brett publicly ridiculed the humbly rooted, elder William Diplock in verse:

*Here Diplock too,
his friends to woo,
His Auction Room was showing:
Then made them hear
his accents clear
Of 'going, going, going'.²⁹*

Therefore, when William Diplock Jr bought Barry's Library and called it Diplock's Library, it could only have irritated the local historian. When the Diplocks published their *Guide to Hastings* without giving credit to one Miss M M Howard, whose work apparently appeared within its pages without acknowledgment - that too annoyed him. But perhaps the greatest sin that the Diplocks ever committed - at least in Brandon Brett's eyes - was when William Diplock Jr rebuilt the library in 1839 and restricted it to a single floor. The renovation involved the removal of a 'magnificent balcony' where Brandon Brett had been in the habit of playing music with his band as they enjoyed their 'fine view of the sea' over the Marine Parade. The destruction of such a grand balcony must have been exasperating enough for someone with the sensibilities of a Renaissance Man, but how Brandon Brett must have felt galled when it was revealed that a wealthy female resident living behind the library had paid William Jr a 'very substantial sum' to remove the upper floor of Diplock's Library, simply so that she herself might enjoy an uninterrupted view of the sea.³⁰ As he gazed on the renovated library, Brandon Brett might have told himself acidly, 'Aesthetics are wasted on the upwardly mobile.'

Meanwhile, as he sat within the confines of his single storied library, now made comfortably cramped by the presence of his future wife,

Elizabeth Langham,³¹ her promise of their five unborn children, and the billiard table from the deceased upper floor, William Jr might have smiled to himself while thumbing through a thick wad of pound notes. Sitting before a window, watching the figure of the angry historian recede down the Parade with his band, perhaps Diplock softly recited verses that Brandon Brett had once derisively applied to his father: 'Going, going, going.'

Such was the world of Hastings that Thomas Bramah Diplock was born into in 1830. It was a world of modest beginnings, new wealth, love, auctions, a library overlooking a sea. A world that in 1066 had welcomed William the Conqueror and more recently had seen inventors, engineers, locksmiths, and one rather cross historian. Yet we believe young Thomas would have had no firsthand memory of that world. We suspect that, had William Jr ventured to leave his cramped library in 1839, perhaps to share the news of the latest battle in the Diplock/Brandon Brett feud with his stepmother, or meaning to thank her for smoothing the road of prosperity for the Diplocks in the first place (and he undoubtedly did thank her, given the naming of his daughter, Fanny Bramah), it is likely that he would have found her house darkened and deserted, its lost windows shuttered and dead. Any thanks he might have offered could only have been silent ones.

For, in 1831, death, that implacable enemy of William's infant half-brother Thomas, the future surgeon and coroner, had claimed their father, William Sr, at the age of 43. The coroner's profession had called on Thomas early in life, and now his path led away from Hastings and ultimately to that black country in which coroners sought to understand and prevent sudden death.

We suspect, but cannot say for sure, that after 1831 Esther Bramah Diplock, widowed with two very young children, had retreated to another Black Country, to the West Midlands home of her industrialist brother, John Joseph Bramah. We believe that sudden death followed them there, and that it claimed Esther, for we find no further record of that daughter of the Bramahs. Except, perhaps, in the lives of William Jr's descendants, who were made up of solicitors, tea dealers, a High Court Justice, a bored schoolboy and an amateur genealogist. Throughout the nineteenth and twentieth centuries,

William Jr's family continued to travel the road that Esther Bramah had set upon with William Sr in the 1820s - their ancestor, that wool-draping son of an innkeeper with watery beer and accents clear.

Possibly even Thomas Brandon Brett would have been proud that Lord Kenneth Diplock, an amateur historian named Roger Diplock and one of Her Majesty's coroners, Dr Thomas Bramah Diplock, all had their roots in Hastings.

The prosperity and influence of the Diplocks were the legacy of a generous and kind woman, of whom we know almost nothing. Esther Frances Bramah is practically invisible to history. Although, like Esther's husband, the dead are always going, going, going, they are never quite gone. We continue to feel their influence, recognized or not, and we can be grateful for that. If William Jr indeed stood before the lost windows and doors of Esther's abandoned home while offering a silent thanks, or if his naming his daughter Fanny Bramah was a tribute, or if the family's continued successes were a tribute - if the study of genealogy and history is a tribute - then perhaps such tributes do not fall upon deaf ears. If the dead can speak in the post-mortem, as coroner Thomas Wakley was then insisting to wary jurors in London, then perhaps they can also hear.

The Black Country

This is the muddiest area of Thomas Diplock's life, and we are simply not sure what happened to Esther Bramah's little family after the 1831 death of William Diplock Sr. There is clear evidence, however, that Esther Bramah's brother, the industrialist John Joseph Bramah, adopted at least one of her children, Samuel Robey Diplock, as noted in Samuel's 1853 death notice in *The Times*:

*On the 2d inst., at Woodford-grange, aged 25. Samuel Robey Diplock, nephew and adopted son of the late Mr John Joseph Bramah, of Ashwood-house, near Dudley.*³²

Two years earlier, the 1851 census finds Samuel Robey and Thomas Bramah Diplock at Ashwood House (which was in the village of Summerhill, in Kingswinford parish, not far from Wolverhampton). Since John Joseph Bramah died in 1846, the head of the household in the 1851 listing is Martha Bramah, his widow. There is no sign of Esther Bramah.³³ Samuel's occupation is listed as an ironfounder, and since we know J J Bramah supplied

structural ironwork to the railroads, most likely Samuel worked for the family business. Initially, Thomas Diplock also attempted to follow in the Bramah footsteps, beginning life as an engineer, but by 1851 he had switched to medicine, as the census lists him as a medical student. He apprenticed to a Dr Benet of Shaftesbury, followed by an internship at St George's Hospital in London.³⁴

John Joseph Bramah appears to have run a successful business, as indicated by his will, in which he left everything to his 'dear and amiable', 'excellent and affectionate', wife, Martha (born c1801 in Finsbury, London). On his death in 1846, she inherited all of her husband's personal estate and his 'houses, buildings, lands' (including his ironworks) and was made sole executor 'so she may have and enjoy the sole and absolute control and dominion over my personal estate and can adjust, settle, and [compromise] all my partnership claims and interests'.³⁵

One of the witnesses of the will was Robert A Dickens, who also appears in the census entry for Martha Bramah's household, where he is described as being 37 years of age and a 'farmer of 380 acres employing 12 labourers.' Also listed is his wife, Marianne Dickens, aged 35 and a native of Brighton. Presumably J J Bramah had Dickens in mind when, via his will, he advised his wife to use the guidance of friends to her own advantage concerning business matters.

Both Martha and Samuel Diplock appear to have taken Bramah's advice as Dickens once again appears as a witness in young Samuel Robey Diplock's will of 1853 ('I, Samuel Robey Diplock of Ashwood House Kingswinford, County of Stafford'). 'My dear brother, Thomas Bramah Diplock' and his heirs receive mention as Samuel's sole beneficiary and executor.³⁶

An impressionistic picture emerges. After the death of her husband in 1831, Esther Bramah Diplock relocated her young family to the village of Summerhill and Ashwood House, the home of her brother and sister-in-law, John Joseph and Martha Bramah. Sometime in the twenty-year period 1831-1851, Esther died. Up through his death in 1846, J J Bramah exposed his two nephews, Samuel and Thomas, to the Bramahs' world of engineering and business, with Samuel later working in his uncle's business as an ironfounder. Although Thomas contemplated a career in

engineering, he settled on a career as a surgeon. Engineering, though, might have continued to be a life-long interest for him for, as a surgeon, he paid particular attention to the heart, nature's remarkable mechanism for moving blood through the body.³⁷

After J J Bramah's death in 1846, Martha became (or continued to be) a benefactor to the Diplock boys, as she tended to the administration of her husband's business (with the advice of an associate and probable friend of the family, Robert Dickens, who himself ran a considerably large agricultural operation). Thomas began studying medicine in London. In 1853, Samuel died at the age of 25 (since as a young man he had the foresight to draw up a will, he may have died of a lingering illness).

By the time Thomas Diplock was 23, death had evidently visited him four times, striking down his father, his mother (apparently), his uncle and probable adopted father, and his brother Samuel. Thomas Diplock may have felt he truly lived in a black country, no matter where he actually lived.

Things were not pitch-black, however. Around this time (the mid-1850s), he took up with his future wife, Eleanor Read, who was born circa 1836 in St George's, London. Her family, too, appears to have a Bramah connection, for her sister was born Louisa Bramah Read (two other sisters were born in Pimlico, location of John Joseph Bramah's iron business). If the Reads had Bramah connections, perhaps they invited the young medical student studying at St George's Hospital to a dinner or two. To Eleanor, Diplock might have seemed a highly eligible bachelor. Grown to adulthood, he was 'a man of fine physique, standing over six feet high... in manner he was reserved and quiet, but beneath this placid exterior there lay a keen observant nature.'³⁸ Through the Bramahs, he was also well connected.

However they met, for Thomas and Eleanor it was the beginning of a nearly forty-year relationship. They were married (probably circa 1854 or 1855), and their union produced at least six children: Frank Bramah Diplock (27 February 1856), Bramah Joseph Diplock (27 April 1857), Leonard Bramah Diplock (1859), Esther Martha (c1862), Maud W (c 1864), and Arthur Bramah (c1868).³⁹ In the names of his children, the Bramah influence on the Diplocks is apparent.

The new husband and father

continued his medical studies. Admitted as a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1853, Diplock travelled in the fall of 1856 to St Andrews University, Scotland, for his medical examination.⁴⁰ After undergoing testing in the University Library on 15 October 1856,⁴¹ he received his medical degree on 18 October,⁴² and returned to London as Dr Thomas Bramah Diplock. He and Eleanor set up house in Brompton.⁴³

Martha Bramah remained a part of the young doctor's life, and the 1861 census finds her at 6 Lindsey Row, Chelsea, with little Frank Bramah Diplock and Bramah Joseph Diplock, aged 5 and 4, respectively, present in her home.⁴⁴ Her residence in Chelsea might be one reason that the Diplocks moved there, and by 1861, Thomas Diplock had become involved in Chelsea's public affairs.

Victorian coroners, you see, were born of two components. Of course, they acted out of a sense of civic duty, but, as we saw in Part I, the office also had a strong political aspect. Therefore, aspiring coroners 'networked' - and that is what Diplock's early career was about - becoming a familiar figure through public service while making influential contacts in the West End. They were his keys to the gates of an even blacker country than Staffordshire - London and the world of inequity.

The Early Career of Thomas Bramah Diplock

After earning his MD degree in 1856, Diplock spent the next twelve years establishing a public presence. In 1882, he was surgeon for the London Friendly Institution located at 27 Farringdon Street, EC.⁴⁵ Friendly Societies were associations that functioned as types of insurance companies for their members. Members regularly contributed, or subscribed, to their particular society (in 1872, there were hundreds of Friendly Societies numbering some 153,545 members), and the Society provided financial, medical, and burial aid in times of distress. Originating with the medieval craft guilds, they were a reaction to wage earners' poverty and insecurity during the Industrial Revolution. They undoubtedly lived in fear of ending their lives as workhouse paupers, just as Americans agonize over losing their insurance today. Old, alone, and bereft is no place to be. It was so for one 70-year-old labourer named William Haynes, a hard-working man of good character who had subscribed to a Friendly

Society for forty years when his club suddenly went broke.

*But the club just began to break at the time he began to want it; and, with all the money he had subscribed for forty years to it simply thrown away, he had nothing to look forward to but the workhouse. This prospect was intolerable to him, and he killed himself.*⁴⁶

two years after Diplock became West Middlesex coroner:

*SILK G C, B Weston WELLS, Albert, MILSTEAD, J B THOMPSON, and Thos B DIPLOCK, printing ink manufacturers, Castle-st, Holborn & Stewart's-[Is], Battersea, as regards Wells, 19th April.*⁴⁹

As a churchwarden, Diplock became involved in the West End's political

Diplock's medical education would have already acquainted him with Thomas Wakley's medical and coronial reforms. Diplock's own experience with dismal workhouse conditions might have sparked a greater interest in the coronial system, and remember that we saw in Part I how the Births, Deaths, and Marriages Act of 1836 had led to greater coronial scrutiny of workhouses by requiring registration of workhouse deaths. Certainly, as a surgeon himself, Diplock must have appreciated Wakley's views on the qualification, role and power of the coroner, particularly his conviction that coroners should have medical backgrounds.

Like Wakley, Thomas Bramah Diplock would need to be a strong coroner, since he would face tough opposition from the very moment the freeholders of West Middlesex elected him (as they had elected Wakley in 1839). As it turned out, Diplock's worst enemy was another medical coroner.

The 1868 West Middlesex Election

James Bird - who in 1862 had succeeded Thomas Wakley as West Middlesex coroner - died on 6 January 1868. Supporters of Dr Diplock's candidacy for the open position held a 'crowded and influential' meeting at the Swan Inn in Hammersmith on 30 January - a testimony of how Diplock had spent the previous twelve years.⁵⁸ 'Influential' was an understatement. The meeting was chaired by Thomas Heron Jones, seventh Viscount Ranelagh. According to his 1885 obituary, Ranelagh, a founder of the Volunteer force in 1859, former High Sheriff of Norfolk and future nominee of the title Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath (Civil Division), cut a familiar figure in West London's fashionable clubs.⁽⁵⁹⁾ The relationship between Diplock and Ranelagh is not clear, but the 1871 census lists the Diplock family at 'Ranelagh House' in Fulham.⁶⁰ Whatever the relationship, after hearing Diplock cite his qualifications for the office, Ranelagh and the other supporters at the Swan Inn 'pledged [themselves] to use every effort in its power to secure his election'.⁶¹

We don't know what case Diplock made for himself at that meeting, but we can reasonably speculate that it was probably similar to the case made by Thomas Wakley nearly forty years earlier: the advocacy of a medical coroner over a legally trained one. Probably relying most

Initially, the Friendly Societies offered no medical aid of their own; rather, they either offered financial assistance to their members or arranged a visit from Society officers or clergymen who, of course, were not properly trained surgeons. Following Thomas Wakley's efforts to professionalize medicine, an 1858 Act of Parliament stipulated that the Friendly Societies' medical officers had to be registered medical men, and that push toward professionalism led to Diplock's own involvement with the London Friendly Institution.

Besides providing care for ill or destitute members, Friendly Societies also provided their membership with a social outlet. Their monthly meetings - held in that hub of English society, the public house - were occasions for social activity, and some societies provided their members with an annual feast out of society funds. They also provided a network for the making of contacts and the transaction of business.⁴⁷

Diplock was also involved in business, acting as a trustee guarding the interests of a parish clerk in debt. *Perry's Bankrupt and Insolvent Gazette* records:

*SHERRELL, James Samuel, (Jan 16) deputy parish clerk, King's-rd, Chelsea. Trustees - Thomas Bramah Diplock, doctor of medicine, Dudley-villa, Upper Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, & John Matthews, brewer, Oakley-sq, Chelsea. Deed of arrangement to pay £40 per annum, by equal monthly instalments [sic], till debts are paid in full.*⁴⁸

There was also a printing ink manufacturing business involving Diplock that dissolved in April 1870,

life, and was part of a deputation that sought the formation of Chelsea and Kensington into a borough that would have direct representation in Parliament.⁵⁰ In January 1861, Diplock presided over a public meeting that resolved to circulate a petition for support, and in March, he was a member of the Chelsea delegation that met with Viscount Palmerston to discuss the subject.^{51 52}

Diplock further added to his public service curriculum vitae by serving as house surgeon for London's Lock Hospital in Harrow Road.⁵³ 'Lock Hospitals' were charity hospitals located across Britain whose main purpose was to treat venereal diseases. In 1746, the surgeon to Queen Charlotte, Dr William Bromfield, founded London's Lock Hospital at Grosvenor Place, near Hyde Park. The facility moved to Harrow Road in 1842 and served as medical facility for Paddington Workhouse, located across a field from the hospital.^{54 55} A second facility - at 91 Dean Street - for male patients was built in Soho in 1862, leaving the Harrow Road Lock Hospital to care for female sufferers.^{56 57} It is not clear when Diplock was house surgeon there, but if his service dates from 1862 or later, then it would appear he was primarily attending female inmates of Paddington Workhouse, with an emphasis on treating venereal disease.

We have speculated that the experience of sudden death during Diplock's early life might have led him to his coronial career. It is also tempting to speculate that attending inmates of Paddington Workhouse further strengthened his desire to become a coroner, a magistrate of the poor.

on his experience in London Lock Hospital, Diplock's explanation of his qualifications might have included a vision of the coroner as champion of public health against institutional and medical incompetence, whose role would be to guide juries through expert medical testimony reinforced, when necessary, with an increased use of the post-mortem procedure. Diplock's obituary places him squarely in Wakley's class:

[His] medical knowledge was of the most valuable assistance to him in the different enquiries he had to undertake, and it was he, along with other medical coroners of Middlesex, headed by Mr T Wakley, MP, who, as far as their county was concerned, settled the moot point in their favour as to whether medical or legal knowledge is the more useful in the discharge of coroners' duties.⁶²

Therefore, we can reasonably classify Diplock as a follower of Wakley, although by 1868, the fiery reforms of Wakley had cooled. That doesn't necessarily make Diplock a Radical. We don't know what Diplock's political leanings were, although the knowledge of workhouse conditions he gained at London's Lock Hospital might have encouraged some liberal leanings. Of course, we speculate. Further study of Diplock's political backers might shed some light here, because as we noted in Part I, political parties used the coroners' contest as an opportunity to test party strength.

Diplock's initial opponents numbered five. There appear to have been three men with legal background: Frederick Hand, James Bird's former deputy coroner; James Walter; and George Brown, about whom we know little except that he appears to have had a substantial following. Unlike the clear-cut choice Middlesex freeholders had faced in 1830 and 1839 between medical and legal coroners, 1868 saw a more complex contest with Diplock facing opposition from two additional candidates, both medical men. They were Dr J Whitmore, the Medical Officer of Health for St Marylebone, and Dr William Hardwicke, the deputy-coroner for Central Middlesex, and former Medical Officer of Health for Paddington.

Of the medical candidates, Hardwicke was the more formidable opponent to Diplock. He had similar qualifications to Diplock. Having worked in Paddington, Hardwicke was concerned with sanitary conditions⁶³ and would have been familiar with London's Lock Hospital and Paddington

Workhouse. Hardwicke had the added allure of five years' experience as Dr Edwin Lankester's deputy coroner in Central Middlesex. Thus, for Diplock, Hardwicke's similarity presented quite an obstacle as the freeholders of West Middlesex geared up for the nomination on 19 February. About the middle of the month, most of the other candidates melted away, possibly due to lack of backing and the high costs associated with elections, and Hardwicke became Diplock's strongest obstacle.

There appears to have been controversy over the withdrawal of Brown, who initially offered to retire in favour of Diplock, but Diplock refused to meet some condition Brown had made - possibly over whether Diplock would agree to allow Brown to be his deputy coroner.⁶⁴ Diplock's agent, Thomas Gilbert, placed in a notice in *The Times* which referred to the controversy:

In withdrawing from the contest for the office of Coroner, Mr Brown intimates that 'another candidate is endeavouring to take advantage of his retirement,' and states 'that he has written to all his friends who had promised him to support Dr Hardwicke.' He might have added the undoubted fact that, before doing so, he (Mr Brown) had made overtures to resign in favour of Dr Diplock, though on conditions with which Dr Diplock could not comply, simply because he believed the Freeholders of Middlesex to be too independent and high-minded to be handed over, as goods bought and sold, on the mere dictum of a candidate for their suffrages. Electors of Middlesex, support Dr Diplock, the resident candidate, who will not work by deputy.⁶⁵

As indicated, it appears that Brown tried to procure for himself the position of deputy coroner under Diplock, a possibility that Diplock rejected. Actually, another of Diplock's opponents, Frederick Hand, appears as Diplock's deputy in an 1889 directory.⁶⁶ Presumably Diplock had already agreed to a similar deal with Hand, and despite Gilbert's assurance that Diplock would 'not work by deputy', he certainly had one in 1868 - presumably his former opponent, Hand.⁶⁷ With Brown and Diplock unable to reach an accommodation, Hardwicke then managed to secure Brown's support for himself.

Now only three candidates of the initial five remained: James Walter, the solicitor, no doubt repeating William Baker's arguments of

1830 - that medical coroners were susceptible to promoting their own dogma to the jury rather than the rule of law - Hardwicke and Diplock, both of whom must have campaigned for Wakley's vision of the medical constable, but who were pitted against each other. Diplock's agent, Thomas Gilbert, appears to have repeatedly tried to distinguish Diplock as 'the resident candidate', perhaps in an attempt to paint Hardwicke from Central Middlesex as an outsider to West Middlesex, unfamiliar with the concerns of its residents.

With the pro-medical platform divided, it would seem that James Walter would have had easy pickings, but according to *The Times's* account of the election, by the time the remaining candidates assembled at Brentford market place for the nomination on 19 February 1868, the contest was primarily between Hardwicke and Diplock. Apparently, the freeholders of West Middlesex were also adherents of their former medical coroner, Thomas Wakley, and therefore Walter found little support.

The election had the normally quiet town of Brentford electrically charged and animated. Likewise so were the supporters of the candidates. Shortly before noon, Diplock's people arrived in a procession of three carriages and a fourth, accompanied by a band, and followed by 'a long line of less pretentious equipages'. A parade of Hardwicke's supporters came next. (*The Times* mention no procession for Walter, possibly because he was already doomed).

As in the 1830 East Middlesex elections, at noon the sheriffs and Aldermen rose to make brief speeches, probably appealing for a calm election by guaranteeing fairness for each candidate and beseeching the freeholders to refrain from violence. Each candidate was then nominated and seconded. Dr Cooper of Brentford proposed Hardwicke, remarking on the benefits of the medical coroner and Hardwicke's experience as deputy coroner. During W T Farnell's seconding of Hardwicke, a disruption broke out among the crowd - caused no doubt by Diplock's supporters. The noise of the crowd drowned out Farnell's speech.

After the nominations were complete, the candidates addressed the freeholders. Hardwicke stressed his experience, and although he 'did not wish to disparage his adversaries ... he was afraid that one of them had been misled by his advisers' (a kick likely aimed at Diplock as Walter

was no longer a threat). Walter spoke next, advocating the concept of the legal coroner and painting the medical coroner as an advocate rather than a judge, 'for they had always to uphold a particular theory.'

Diplock spoke last. He made the point that he had filled several local offices, and he was fully cognizant of the responsibilities of the position he was now seeking at their hands. If elected, he said he would endeavour to fulfil the duties of that office in a manner which would be satisfactory to the electors as well as to his own conscience.⁶⁸

Diplock's mention of 'conscience' was reminiscent of Thomas Wakley's arguments in the elections of 1830 that coroners had a moral duty to uphold. As Wakley said at that time 'no longer would the wretched sufferers be neglected; no longer would they be the victims of ruthless and incompetent practitioners.'⁶⁹ Diplock, of course, must have seen some hard cases in the Harrow Road Lock hospital.

There was a show of hands in Diplock's favour. Hardwicke then demanded a poll, which Diplock also won, just squeaking by 1,593 votes to Hardwicke's 1,482.⁷⁰ Faced with such a narrow defeat, Hardwicke demanded further scrutiny of the votes, but the sheriff refused. The election was over. Diplock, as the new coroner for West Middlesex, placed an announcement in *The Times* of 26 February thanking the freeholders:

*For the high honour you have conferred upon me in electing me to the office of Coroner for your division, permit me to return my most heartfelt thanks, and to express my determination to discharge the duties devolving upon me in such a manner as will prove my appreciation of your confidence.*⁷¹

When the two major candidates had similar qualifications, only politics and networking on the ground could determine victory or defeat. In 1868, Diplock could only have succeeded with the aid of effective ground support. However, the new West Middlesex coroner would need determination to discharge his duties, for although William Hardwicke had lost the election, the crafty deputy-coroner from Central Middlesex had not given up his aspirations for the position of coroner of West Middlesex. Hardwicke simply changed the field to the court system, a place where the freeholders had no influence, and where Diplock would stand isolated.

'Worthy of My Hire': The Queen vs Diplock

With only a slim victory margin of 100 votes, Hardwicke's strategy was to disallow votes. That spring, he appealed to the Court of the Queen's Bench to overturn the election result, citing that the majority of people voting for Diplock did not hold freeholder status - a necessary requirement to vote in the election - and that even Diplock himself wasn't actually a freeholder (remember that the only technical qualification for coroners was a land qualification). Hardwicke's barrister argued that Diplock's supporters had led some voters to believe they were freeholders simply because they were graveholders in West Middlesex churchyards. The barrister sought an order preventing Diplock, who had already held the office for some two months, from acting as coroner. The Bench granted a temporary verdict on 30 April, a *rule nisi* for a *quo warranto*.⁷² That is, Diplock would be prevented from carrying out his official duties unless he demonstrated why he should hold the office. On 4 June, Diplock's barrister made a case that the return of the sheriff was conclusive, but Hardwicke's side contradicted the argument with an - unfortunately for us - unnamed, contradictory case that apparently found favour with the Bench, for now they made their earlier, tentative decision against Diplock absolute.⁷³

It would seem that at this point Diplock had lost his office, but it appears his barrister must have made some appeal allowing his client to continue operating as de facto coroner, pending another ruling by the Queen's Bench. There was no new election and in October Diplock presided over an inquest that returned a murder verdict against a surgeon who had performed a botched abortion.⁷⁴

Hardwicke, not content that Diplock should act in de facto until the High Court made its decision, took further action on his own. Unable to remove Diplock from office quickly, he now tried to cripple his ability to function as coroner.

As everyone waited for the pending court case that would ultimately decide Diplock's fate, Diplock sought to secure an order from the Queen's Bench directing the Middlesex magistrates to pay his salary. The Court refused to do so, and Justice Blackburn opined that, 'He thought the county would be tolerably safe in paying Diplock's expenses,' while

granting another *rule nisi* on the subject of salary.⁷⁵ It meant that as far as the Queen's Bench was concerned, Diplock's salary was, like his position, pending. The county treasurer, however, reassured Diplock's solicitor in writing, 'that he should have no objection in recommending the Justices to pay [Diplock] after what he had heard in court.'⁷⁶

But behind the scenes, Hardwicke once again switched the battlefield. He seized on the Court's last *nisi* ruling and wrote to the Middlesex magistrates, the coroners' financial authority, complaining, 'Dr Diplock was unduly returned, and praying the Court to withhold payment until Dr Diplock had justified himself.' The magistrates - always ready to pinch a penny when it came to coroners - of course agreed with Hardwicke, and despite the county treasurer's earlier reassurance to Diplock's barrister, the magistrates bench decided to withhold Diplock's salary and only pay his expenses while the case was pending.⁷⁷ The problem, from Diplock's point of view, was that the case was not scheduled to be heard until the Michaelmas term of 1869, nearly a year away. As far as the magistrates were concerned, West Middlesex had no coroner, at least in regard to payment of salary.

Hardwicke had struck Diplock a crippling body blow. Diplock now found himself working without pay, and even worse, it appears that the magistrates did not even bother to inform him of their decision, instead leaving him to read of it in the newspaper. He fired off an angry letter to Henry Pownall, Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates for Middlesex, calling their refusal to pay his salary 'unjustifiable.' Legalities aside, he argued, was he not in the meantime performing the work of a coroner? Diplock questioned the magistrates' authority and common sense:

Is the bench of magistrates to assume to themselves the power to decide on the merits of a question now before the highest court of judicature in England before those merits have even been argued in that Court? But by refusing to pay my salary you are virtually deciding against me on the merits without hearing me upon them. Now, supposing that the Court of Queen's Bench were to decide eventually against me upon the merits, am I to be deprived of the salary affixed to the office for the time that I de facto fill that office and perform the duties

attached thereto? Why is my outlay in time and in mental and bodily labour, necessarily expended by me in the performance of those duties as coroner, to be put upon a different footing to that of my outlay for necessary expenses? Surely justice, equity, and common sense would say that while I am de facto coroner, and until removed by competent authority, I am, like any other labourer, worthy of my hire. Moreover, my status as coroner has been recognized, for I have appointed a deputy, and his appointment has been confirmed by the Lord Chancellor.

Diplock warned the magistrates that their decision would effectively harm the public's confidence in their coroner:

*I wish further to direct the attention of the bench to the fact - the proceedings of which I complain are calculated to do me serious injury in the eyes of the public, and to lower me in estimation, as well as cripple me in the due performance of my duties...*⁷⁸

The magistrates ignored Diplock's appeal on three levels: 1) because Diplock was fulfilling the obligations of his office, 2) because another letter from Diplock's solicitor offered a valid guarantee against any possible double payment, and 3) because of a recommendation from the magistrates' own Committee of Accounts to pay Diplock's salary. Despite all that, the magistrates decided to defer remuneration until the Queen's Bench settled the election dispute the following year.⁷⁹ Presumably, Diplock relied on independent income during this period - a throwback to the coroners of medieval days, who also went without pay and relied on their estates.

Hardwicke's tactics and the decision of the magistrates had dangerous ramifications for the citizens of West Middlesex, as Diplock noted. By financially crippling the coroner, the magistrates also crippled the coroner's court itself and its ability to hold inquests (since all payments for witnesses, post-mortems, and officers originated from the coroner). Likewise, they potentially damaged Diplock's authority in the eyes of the public.

By October, perhaps some of Diplock's arguments had started to sink in to the members of the Magistrates' Bench. Based on Diplock's guarantee that he would not apply for a second payment, the magistrates reversed themselves and voted to allow him

his salary.⁸⁰

The Queen's Bench surpassed that happy conclusion when on 2 June 1869, they ruled in Diplock's favour, upholding the sheriff's declaration that had declared him coroner of West Middlesex in February 1868.⁸¹ Finally defeated, William Hardwicke eventually got his own coronership a few years later, succeeding Dr Edwin Lankester as Central Middlesex coroner. As coroner for that district, he caused tremendous outrage in 1875, when he performed what was widely regarded - even by his colleague, City of London coroner William Payne - as an unnecessary inquest into the natural death of famed geologist Sir Charles Lyell.⁸² Sixteen months after his election, Diplock was now West Middlesex coroner in title as well as in action, but his conflict with the magistrates continued.

Money Considerations

In Part I, we examined the battle coroners and magistrates fought over funding when our 'Big Four' of the 1830s were responsible for a general rise in coroners' inquests and expenses, a rise which magistrates - the coroner's fiscal authority - generally misunderstood and were suspicious of since the system of remuneration was fee paid per inquest held. On one side, the coroner wanted and was obligated to investigate all sudden deaths reported to him; on the other, the magistrates, suspecting coroners were getting fat holding unnecessary inquests, wanted to save money and insisted coroners only inquire into deaths where there was reasonable suspicion a crime had taken place. Therefore, the magistrates began exercising their direct financial control over the coroner, arbitrarily disallowing inquests they deemed unnecessary, with the result that 'subtle' murders, such as poisonings and infanticide, remained undetected. In 1860, Parliament had passed legislation that removed the magistrates' direct control over coroners by paying the coroner a salary taken from five-year averages of individual districts that were based on population, the number of inquests held, and mileage. Magistrates and coroners negotiated salaries, and in the event that they were unable to reach accommodation, the coroner could then appeal to the Home Secretary to fix his salary. Theoretically, inquests were to be renegotiated every five years as a check against fears salaried coroners would neglect their duties, but since

the 1860 Act only indicated that renegotiations were lawful and not mandatory, magistrates could manifest their disapproval over what they still considered were unnecessary inquests by refusing to consider raises.

In 1868, despite the decision to resume paying the coroner, Diplock's financial situation was soured by the Middlesex magistrates' hesitancy to pay his salary during the post-election crisis. This uneasy relationship with the magistrates endured, with the magistrates grumbling about Diplock's expenses on nothing more than a vague suspicion he was holding unnecessary inquests. By doing so, the magistrates once again went against the advice of their own Committee of Accounts. In November 1869, when the Committee recommended reimbursing Diplock £123 on 60 inquests held from 1 October to 17 November (averaging more than two inquests per day), one magistrate unfavourably compared Diplock's figures to those of Central Middlesex coroner Edwin Lankester's considerably larger statistics (£600 in expenses for 237 inquests held in the same period). The magistrate, Kemshead, grumbled that it was a very large sum for West Middlesex, 'but they could not help themselves and must put up with it.'⁸³

A decade and two review periods later, relations between Diplock and the magistrates had not improved, and Diplock found it difficult to get his salary raised. As Parliament prepared to consolidate coronial law following the first and second Bravo inquests, in 1879, Diplock took his case to *The Times* in the hope that Parliament would save him from the magistrates:

[On] the 8th of May, 1876, I attended by invitation a meeting of a committee of the Middlesex magistrates 'to confer on the salaries,' when my return of inquests and of miles travelled was accepted and my salary for the ensuing five years assessed at £961 18s 10d.

On the 2nd of June, 1876, I received a letter from the Clerk of the Peace informing me that a resolution had been passed at Quarter Sessions 'that no alterations be made in the salaries of the several coroners.' I consequently, in accordance with the Act 23 and 24 Vic, cap 116, appealed to the Home Secretary 'to fix and determine the amount of such salary.

On the 24th of August 1876, at the Quarter Sessions, a letter was read from the Right Hon R A Cross [the Home Secretary] in which occur the following sentences:

The report admits considerable increase of inquests and mileage in both Mr Payne's and Dr Diplock's districts. Nowhere is it stated that the magistrates were dissatisfied with the figures returned, - that either unnecessary inquests had been held or unfair mileage charged... Mr Cross considers that if an increased number of inquests have been fairly held and an increased expense for mileage incurred, such elements should not be entirely left out of the calculation in arriving at the basis of what is a fair salary to be paid to those coroners for the ensuing five years.

The magistrates then passed a resolution that: The justices have now no means of discovering in what cases inquests have been fairly held, but have still every reason to believe that the larger number are unnecessary and improper.

On 1 September 1876, a letter was sent from the Home Office informing me that Mr Secretary Cross had fixed my salary at £650 per annum. This was without allowing me to disprove the

scandalous allegation, and though to him and then to the chairman of the magistrates asking for investigation to prove or disprove the charge, the only redress I received - if redress it can be called - was a letter from the Clerk of the Peace, dated December 5, 1876, in which is this sentence: "I am also to call your attention to the fact that you were not individually mentioned in the resolution referred to in your letter."

The Coroners Bill to be considered on Monday leaves it to the local authority to fix the salary. My salary has thus been fixed at £650 a year, out of which I have to pay all my office expenses and travelling, also for assistance from the deputy-coroner: also I have to advance money to pay the disbursements of the inquests, amounting at times to more than £300 out of pocket at once.

Last year I held 685 inquests, paid £1,316 19s 6d. in fees and disbursements, and travelled at my own charges about 3,500 miles, at my salary of £650, besides having

made careful inquiries as to other 239 reported cases in which I did not consider inquests necessary.

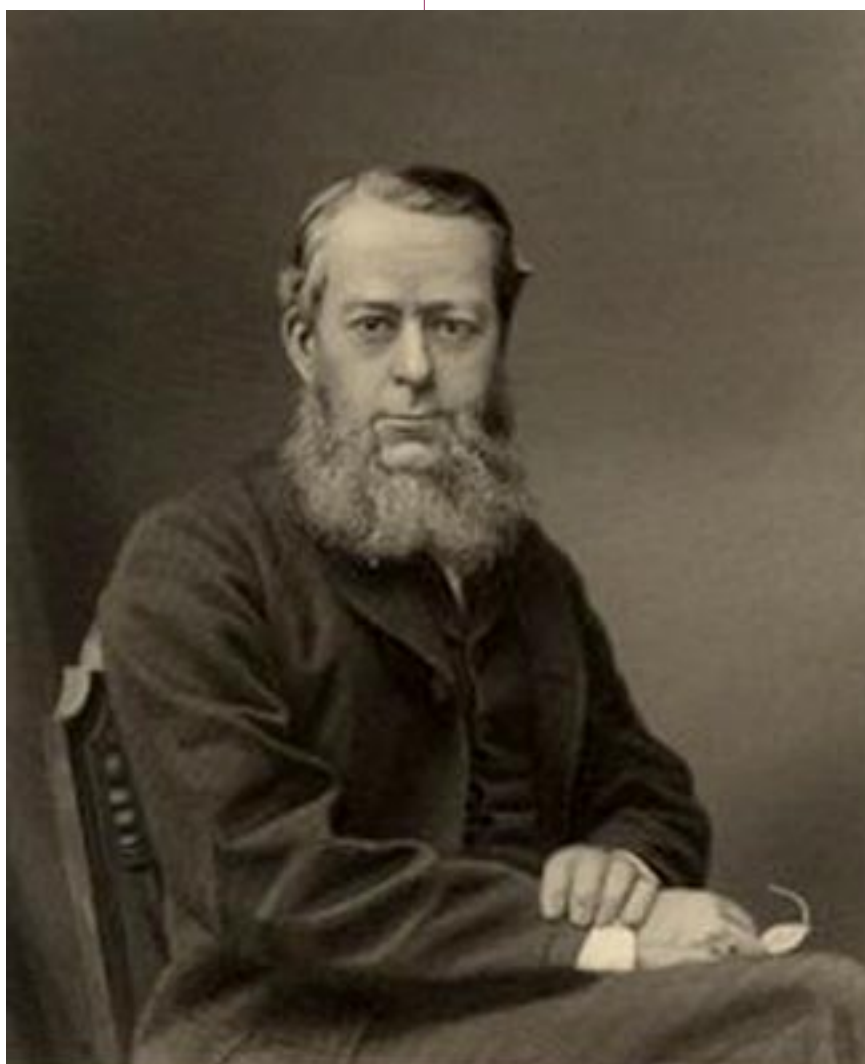
I think these are facts that should be publicly known when it is proposed to place the determining of the amount of coroners' salaries in the hands of the local authority, and as the Coroners Bill is about to be considered by the House of Commons, it appears to me that this is the fittest time to lay them before the public.

Apologizing for the length of this communication, I will only add that the salary of this division of the county has been increased only £50 a year in 14 years, whereas the population has risen in that period from 285,000 to about 600,000.⁸⁴

After agreeing on an increase amounting to a salary of £961, the magistrates then proposed to give Diplock no raise at all. Diplock's appeal to the Home Secretary resulted in a brusque £650 annually, without allowing Diplock to make a case for himself. In fact, despite the Home Secretary's rather curt allowance that increases in expenses and mileage should be considered while fixing salaries, the amount Assheton Cross arrived at was most insufficient. Based on Diplock's expenses for one quarter - £123 for 60 inquests - we can tentatively multiply that figure by four (always keeping in mind these figures fluctuated). That gives Diplock annual expenses totalling £492 - and those are only the expenses the magistrates reimbursed him for. As we see in the above letter, Diplock claimed his actual annual expenses for one year were much greater, £1,316. Subtracting even our tentative amount of £492 from £650 leaves only a salary of £158 a year - we must remember that expense reimbursements went right back toward holding new inquests and so never remained long in the coroners' pockets. If we accept Diplock's account that his actual expenses were much higher, we see he operated at a deficit.

The Home Secretary, Richard Assheton Cross - supposedly Diplock's failsafe against magisterial intimidation - had simply left the coroner to fend for himself against an increasing population in West Middlesex. Diplock's very public office was a lonely one.

Since Diplock had to pay his expenses out of his own pocket before the magistrates reimbursed him, financial tightness threatened the functioning of his office. In November 1880, a



Richard Assheton Cross (Home Secretary, 1874-1880)

year after Diplock pleaded his case in *The Times*, the following criticism appeared in the same paper:

Sir,

Will you allow me to give a simple statement of what has just occurred in this parish, in order to show the grievous wrong inflicted on the poor by the present working of the law of inquest? The law says: 'The coroner has no authority to take an inquisition of death, except upon view of the body by himself and the jury; and if he does so, the inquisition is wholly void.'

My tale is this: On Monday week a young wife died, after being confined with a dead child. The funeral was to have been held last Sunday, which seemed hardly soon enough, but there was a common difficulty about bearers at work and friends from a distance. On Sunday morning we were told the funeral must be put off that an inquest might be held to inquire into the conduct of the midwife for not having sent for a doctor when dangerous symptoms set in. The inquest was not held until this morning, and the funeral is only just over - that is to say, the dead bodies have been left from Monday in one week to Wednesday in another. The relations have behaved extremely well in the circumstances, but their trouble has been much aggravated by the fact that the poor girl's mother, daily expecting her own confinement, is under the same roof in the next cottage.

Now, bad as this case is, and far worse as it might have been in hot weather, perhaps no one is much to blame except the law that coroner and jury must see the dead. The Registrar lays a hesitating certificate from the doctor before the Board of Guardians, who forward it to the coroner, who comes when other engagements permit. And yet what has happened ought not to be possible. We endeavour to set the poor free from that loving superstition which holds fast their dead until corruption has done much of its work; we speak of typhus and other probable harm to the living, and then the law comes to sanction horrors which even they protest against vehemently. And all this for what cause? That unwilling and shrinking jurymen may be compelled to the ghastly sight of bodies dead ten days, when their verdict could not possibly be affected by it. If any one has been killed by a gunshot, it may be necessary to inspect the wound, but why bring them before

the dead in a case like this, when all but professional opinion is worthless? A doctor was present at the birth of the child; his opinion, not that of the jury, is required. Surely this law requires alteration.⁸⁵

Diplock fired back a reply, which appeared in print the next day:

Ostensibly written to deprecate the necessity of a coroner's jury having to view the body on which an inquest is held, the letter is made a means of insinuations, of latent causticity, bearing on the reasons why the inquest was held, and the cause of delay in taking it is attributed to the coroner's having 'other engagements,' - the delay being stated as of 'ten days' extent.

The inquest was taken to ascertain and take evidence whether the midwife had contributed by rash or violent means to the woman's death, and cases have occurred of such nature as to necessitate a charge of manslaughter against midwives. Therefore, it is not justifiable to say that it was held 'to inquire into the conduct of the midwife for not having sent for a doctor when dangerous symptoms set in.' As to the delay 'from Monday in one week to Wednesday in another,' I can only say that the information of the case first came to me on Monday, and I held the inquest on Wednesday - that is to say, two days after I received the information. The danger to neighbours and residents would be best obviated by the erection of mortuaries in similar cases, but in this instance the disanguined condition of the body should have prevented any supposition of danger of exhalations.

Such critical letters are of service when strictly correct, and I am well aware that changes must be made in the office and duties of coroners before many years are over, but such change should be radical, and not tentative, as in the Bill printed by the late Government; and I cannot but think much light might be thrown on this subject if the Home Secretary would address a circular to the coroners asking for suggestions (as he has done to the various Quarter Sessions in reference to the punishment of juvenile offenders), and allowing their suggestions due consideration.

The population of my division of the county has doubled in the last ten years, and the number of inquests consequently increased, whereas my salary of £650 (out of which all expenses have to be paid) remains

the same as it was ten years ago, so that it is probable delays in holding inquests will occur simply from my inability to provide necessary assistance. Primarily, then, any such cases must be assigned to the ruling motive at the Quarter Sessions - that it is a first duty to save the rates, and this sanctioned by the decision of the late Home Secretary on my appeal to him nearly five years ago.⁸⁶

Besides defending his justification for holding the inquest and the timeliness of his response, Diplock connected such criticism to a lack of funding and attention on the part of the magistrates and the Government itself. Those who proposed to save money and spare the feelings of grieving families by curbing the activities of coroners did not build proper mortuaries to house their bodies. Neither did they care to fund the coroner's court so that he could adequately function.

The fiscal meanness of the magistrates, non-professionals who controlled the accounts of qualified medical and legal coroners and who sometimes questioned the necessity of their inquests, must have been galling for Diplock and other Middlesex county coroners. Given the magistrates' petulance regarding income, when Diplock later held an inquest on one Middlesex magistrate who had died of apoplexy, we wonder if Diplock wondered wryly if coroners' expenses were a contributing factor in the death.⁸⁷

The truth was that Thomas Bramah Diplock, like Thomas Wakley before him, was no parasite on the ratepayers. His annual statistical report for 1887 cites that out of 1,106 deaths reported, Diplock disallowed 299 cases where he did not think inquests were necessary.[88] Because his salary was based on an average of inquests held, Diplock received no compensation for those cases that yielded no inquiries (other than expenses), despite his having to investigate them. His 1892 obituary in the *West London Observer* observed:

His whole ambition was to discharge his duties efficiently to the ratepayers. If at times, in connection with his office, he appeared parsimonious, he would explain that it was the ratepayers' money that he was spending. The district the deceased had to cover was one of great extent, reaching as it did from Feltham on the one hand, to Knightsbridge on the other, and comprising 78 parishes. At one time he used to keep a trap, but

he found that owing to his great bulk this did not suit him, and for some years indulged in an extraordinary amount of pedestrian exercise, the distance he used to cover during the day being surprising.⁸⁹

The Blacker Country

While magistrates like Kemshead viewed the coroner's inquest with a barely grudging tolerance and limited understanding of the coroner's purpose, Diplock went about the business of protecting the public over the years 1868-1892. Although Thomas Wakley's West Middlesex district had been divided in 1862 (part forming Central Middlesex), it still presented a large amount of territory to cover, as it sprawled across 78 parishes. As noted, in 1878, Diplock travelled some 3,500 miles as he crisscrossed the district, holding roughly two inquests per day on average.

Like Wakley, he concerned himself with quackery and utilizing the post-mortem as a means of linking such practices with causes of death. When Dr J Powell of Chelsea performed an abortion on Louisa Thomas without chloroform, a post-mortem suggested that the shock of the abortion accelerated an existing disease of the heart, killing her. Powell left Thomas dead on the floor of his consulting room and fled (a letter alleging intimacy between doctor and patient suggested Powell aborted his own child). On Diplock's advice, the jury returned a verdict of 'wilful murder' and Diplock issued a warrant for Powell's arrest.⁹⁰

In 1884, the widow Matilda Sainsbury, suffering from bronchitis and lung disease, sought aid from a herbalist named James Wallace. The herbalist prescribed a mixture and advised Sainsbury to exceed the recommended dosage of one to two spoonfuls by taking the entire bottle. She drank half, and was dead within forty minutes. A post-mortem revealed she had died of an irritant poison. Dr Thomas Stevenson, a lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence at Guy's Hospital, examined Sainsbury's viscera and stomach and analyzed the remaining medication. He testified that Wallace's mixture of lobelia and acetic acid was 'extensively used in quack medicine as an emetic, but it was powerfully irritant, and if no vomit resulted it was likely to cause death.' When the herbalist, Wallace, tried to contradict Stevenson's evidence, saying, 'It was a pity the medical profession did not recognize its usefulness,' Diplock refused to

allow it in his court, remarking, 'It amounted to manslaughter to prescribe a poisonous drug negligently or in ignorance of its properties.' The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter and the herbalist was committed for trial.⁹¹

But murder and manslaughter cases formed only a minority of Diplock's inquests. Let us look again at his annual report for 1887, as given in *The Times* of 1 February 1888. Keep in mind that these figures would have fluctuated for any given year. The year 1887 saw a marked decrease in the number of suicides in West Middlesex. Out of 807 inquests held that year, there were 4 murder verdicts, 2 manslaughters, 44 suicides (36 males and 8 females), 280 accidental deaths, with the remaining bulk of 477 deaths being from various other causes (disease, natural causes, etc).

We tend to associate coroners most with murder inquiries, probably because such cases receive extensive press coverage, but actually, cases of a more decidedly mundane nature occupy most of the coroner's time. For example, there were investigations of industrial accidents. Among such inquests handled by Diplock, railway-related accidents figure prominently, as the following cases show.

In September 1869, short-sighted Thomas Showell died due to a fall from a parapet on the Metropolitan Railway system, thinking his train had stopped at a station (when the train had actually stopped at a stop signal). The jury attached no blame to the railway, but recommended that the parapets be protected against future occurrences.⁹²

In December 1869, Miss Violet Mary Elizabeth Attwood was walking her dog when they came to a level crossing, where Miss Atwood's feisty dog rooted himself to the rails in an attempt to stare down an approaching train. 'Come here, Sir,' Miss Attwood called several times, but her dog stood his ground. Suddenly, despite appeals from onlookers, Miss Atwood gathered her skirts and dashed into the path of the train in an attempt to save the dog. She succeeded in saving the dog, but sadly the engine, unable to stop, caught Miss Atwood at the last second, just as she was clearing the rails. The train cruelly mangled her, severing her torso. After taking three last breaths, she expired at the scene. The jury ruled it an 'accidental death' and attached no blame to the railway or to Miss Attwood's dog, which two months

before had lost its tail to an engine at the same crossing. At the conclusion of the inquest, Diplock and the jury discussed different strategies to improve safety at crossings (measures like bridges or crossing guards). In the end, the public's enduring belief that they move faster than trains defeated them.⁹³ The coroner and his jury could not save West Enders from themselves (or their dogs).

Other accidental deaths were more exotic. When George Stevens, an elephant attendant, was crushed in the line of duty in December 1889, the jury returned a verdict that must have bugged eyes in the Registrar's Office: 'accidentally crushed by an elephant'.⁹⁴ As was the case of Miss Attwood's dog twenty years earlier, Diplock's jury attached no blame to the elephant.

There was the tragic, typified by Rosa Hughes in September 1882. Hughes, a 62-year-old widow left destitute after the death of her husband, lived on six shillings a month. When her furniture was seized for rent, she was 'greatly grieved' and 'said she should not get over it.' She applied to the parish guardians for relief, but they refused her and told her to go to the dreaded workhouse. Hughes refused, declaring that she would rather die in the streets, and that is just about what she did. She collapsed in the street after she complained of feeling faint and begged Charlotte Turner - who in better days had called her 'mother' - 'not to let her be taken away.' She was taken to her lodging in Richards Place and, because all her furniture was gone, she was placed on the bare floor of her room as her unemployed son, William Hughes, attempted to borrow a bed for his mother to die in. He was unsuccessful, and the parish medical officer found Hughes expiring on the floor, covered in a few rags. She died shortly after, and a post-mortem revealed that she had starved to death. Although Hughes had been despondent over the loss of her furniture, Charlotte Turner reported that she 'was more cheerful on the morning of the day of her death than she had been for a long time. She was singing hymns before she complained of being faint.'⁹⁵ After all, she had succeeded in avoiding the workhouse.

Trickiest of all were bodies that had lain concealed for an extended period. Let us have a special look at how Diplock juries dealt with bodies found exposed, particularly those who had drowned. Bodies found in the

Thames must have been especially problematic for Diplock or any coroner who had a substantial body of water in his jurisdiction. How, when bodies had been underwater for weeks at a time, with the attendant decay of physical evidence, could juries satisfactorily determine whether the death was a result of accident, suicide, or murder?

A Drowning, A Tavern Inquest, and A Verdict of Suicide

Here we are, the last afternoon of 1888, very near the end of a lazy holiday season. Let us imagine for a moment that we are guests at a New Year's Eve celebration at Arlington House in Brandenburgh Road, Chiswick, the home of Dr Thomas Diplock. We are drinking Eleanor's eggnog while sitting around the fireplace, admiring Dr Diplock's 12-foot mahogany winged bookcase.⁹⁶ We're smoking our meerschaum pipes with amber stems and chatting with Bramah Joseph Diplock, who at this time is a thirty-one-year-old granite merchant. He appears destined to live up to the Bramah reputation, keen on engineering and the hauling of granite. He is excited by an observation he has made concerning the practical possibilities of caterpillar legs moving heavy loads.⁹⁷ Dr Diplock listens and smiles as his son speaks, much amused by Bramah Joseph's enthusiasm. Perhaps he is pleased that the ingenious Bramah blood continues to sing in the veins of his son. Maybe, relying on his own engineering background, he supplies a helpful comment or two for Bramah Joseph's consideration. In the background, Arthur Bramah and Esther Martha play a jaunty music-hall favourite on the family piano. As her fingers dance over the keys, Esther Martha imagines giant caterpillars hauling Bramah Joseph's granite all across the country, and the terrifying image produces a shudder. Leonard Bramah Diplock - a surgeon like his father - frowns as he quietly listens to the conversation between his brother and father. It is not that he disapproves of caterpillars; he is simply having trouble easing an itch below his shoulder blades until he finally finds relief by rubbing against a corner of the mahogany bookcase. We notice that, all along the length of that particular corner, are little areas Leonard has rubbed into smoothness over the years, and when he moves away to accept another glass of eggnog from his mother, a chart of his growth is revealed.

Suddenly, there is a knock at the

door, and we hear the footsteps of young Rose, the parlour maid,⁹⁸ as she moves to answer. You and I, citizens of the future, already know who's waiting outside. The visitor is a constable, who has brought news that a body has just been discovered off the wharf of Thorneycroft's torpedo factory. After submersion of the body of Montague John Druitt for around a month, the Thames has finally given up the corpse. Bramah Joseph's passionate monologue about granite and caterpillars tapers off. The eggnog disappears, as does Dr Diplock's smile. Leonard becomes interested in a volume resting in his father's bookcase - perhaps a worn copy of Erasmus Wilson's *Healthy Skin*. Eleanor bids Rose fetch Dr Diplock's overcoat and muffler, as she silently calculates how she is going to rearrange the evening's dinner round her husband's absence, which may or may not keep him throughout the afternoon and into the night. Arthur and Esther continue to play, but softly.

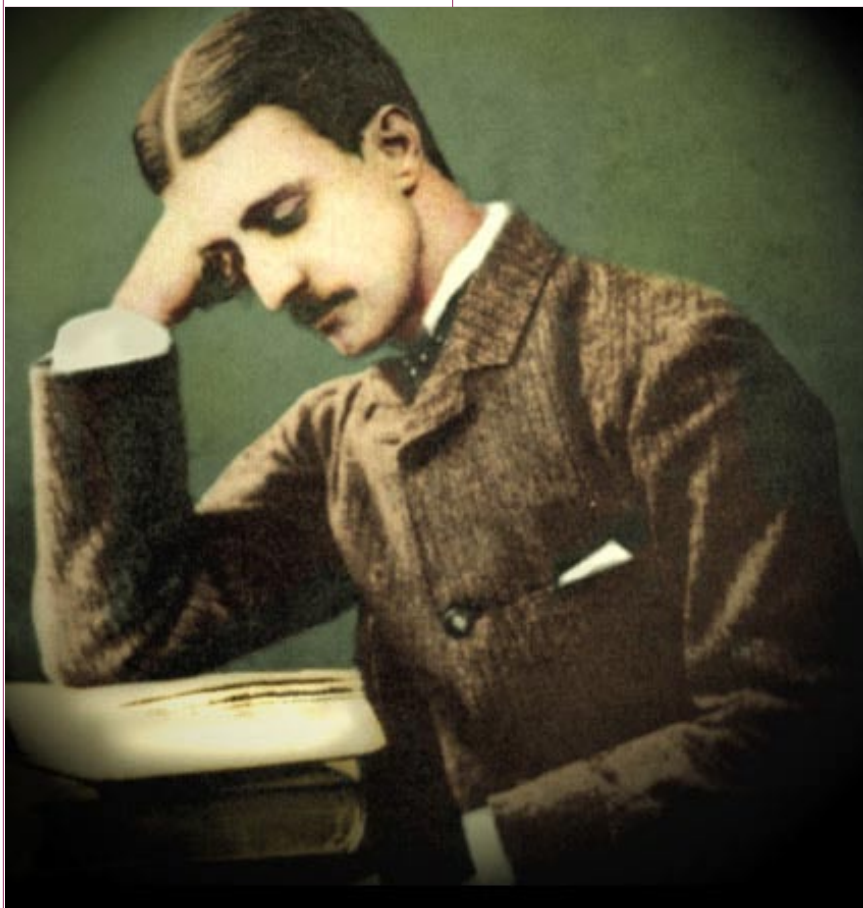
No one at Arlington House complains of interrupted New Year's Eve celebrations. No one is perturbed. After twenty years of living in a coroner's house, the Diplocks are all much too familiar with sudden death

not to know that the making of plans is the most optimistic of actions. Death takes no holiday, they know, and neither does the Thames.

We hope that readers will excuse our little fictionalization. Facts concerning the Druitt inquest are hard to come by. We don't have the depositions. Newspaper reports - our only remaining sources for the inquest - were sparse. As was the practice with most inquests, coverage was limited to only a paragraph or two - not surprising as Thames suicides were relatively common and not terribly sensational events. Given Sir Melville Macnaghten's linkage of Druitt with the Ripper in 1894, practically all students of the Ripper case will have pored over those accounts with a fine-tooth comb.

For the sake of completeness, we include the most detailed account from the *Acton, Chiswick & Turnham Green Gazette* of Saturday, 5 January 1889:

FOUND DROWNED. Shortly after mid-day on Monday, a waterman named Winslade, of Chiswick, found the body of a man, well-dressed, floating in the Thames off Thorneycroft's. He at once informed a constable, and without delay the body was conveyed



Found drowned: Montague John Druitt ©Jane Coram

on the ambulance to the mortuary. On Wednesday afternoon, Dr Diplock, coroner, held the inquest at the Lamb Tap, when the following evidence was adduced: William H. Druitt said he lived at Bournemouth, and that he was a solicitor. The deceased was his brother, who was 31 last birthday. He was a barrister-at-law, and an assistant master in a school at Blackheath. He had stayed with witness at Bournemouth for a night towards the end of October. Witness heard from a friend on the 11th of December that deceased had not been heard of at his chambers for more than a week. Witness then went to London to make inquiries, and at Blackheath he found the deceased had got into serious trouble at the school and had been dismissed. That was on the 30th of December. Witness had deceased's things searched where he resided, and found a paper addressed to him (produced). The Coroner read the letter, which was to this effect: 'Since Friday I felt like I was going to be like mother, and the best thing was for me to die.'

Witness, continuing, said deceased had never made an attempt on his life before. His mother became insane in July last. He had no other relative. Henry Winslade was the next witness. He said he lived at No. 4, Shore-street, Paxton-road, and that he was a waterman. About one o'clock on Monday he was on the river in a boat, when he saw the body floating. The tide was at half flood running up. He brought the body ashore, and gave information to the police. PC George Moulson, 216T, said he had searched the body, which was fully dressed excepting the hat and collar. He found four large stones in each pocket in the top coat; £2 10s in gold, 7s in silver, 2d in bronze, two cheques on the London and Provincial Bank (one for £50 and the other for £16), a first-class season pass from Blackheath to London (South-Western Railway), a second half return Hammersmith to Charing Cross (dated 1st December), a silver watch, gold chain with a spade guinea attached, a pair of kid gloves, and a white handkerchief. There were no papers or letters of any kind. There were no marks of injury on the body, but it was rather decomposed. A verdict of suicide whilst in an unsound state of mind was returned.^{99 100}

In this article we do not hunt Jack the Ripper, nor do we wish to tackle the full implications of the mystery of Druitt's apparent suicide.

Diplock is our subject, and our desire here is to understand how his inquest functioned. Therefore, we also reference the *Thames Valley Times*, 2 January 1889, which reported, 'The Coroner was acquainted with the fact that the remains had been removed to the mortuary.'¹⁰¹

Where was the mortuary? In 1889, the nearest public mortuary was at Brentford Union Workhouse Infirmary in Twickenham Road, Isleworth, about three and a half miles away.¹⁰² This was a distance, given that Diplock would have had to transport the jury there and back so they could view the body. Had Druitt been taken to a hospital or workhouse mortuary, we might expect the inquest to have taken place in some premises on the grounds, given that Diplock would presumably have wanted the inquest held near the body in order to keep his expenses down. Instead, it is likely that either constables or Diplock's officer¹⁰³ brought Druitt to a nearby undertaker or, as was common practice with persons found dead out of doors, a tavern shed, in Druitt's case, the Lamb Tap, scene of the inquest and therefore the most convenient location for Diplock and his jury.

range of civic uses.¹⁰⁴ In the eighteenth century, the Royal Humane Society made arrangements with landlords along London's main waterways to bring the bodies of people found drowned to locations where a medical man would be summoned to try to resuscitate them.¹⁰⁵ In 1889, the Society utilized four locations in Chiswick to serve as receiving houses for drowned persons: 1) The Bull's Head, Strand-on the Green, Grove Park Road, 2) Maynard's Boat house, Grove Park, 3) The Red Lion, Chiswick Mall, and 4) The Pumping Station.¹⁰⁶ However, since the whole purpose behind the Royal Humane Society was resuscitation, it seems unlikely they would have been concerned with the month-old corpse of Druitt.

Coroners and the police also utilized taverns to deposit their corpses, some less than fresh, and in doing so, they probably did not treat publicans as politely as the Royal Humane Society had. With few dedicated mortuaries available, coroners and police had little choice in where they stored bodies, and it takes no great imagination to suppose that innkeepers objected to the stench of decaying corpses wafting through their pubs and tickling the noses of



Front door of Lamb Cottage, formerly the Lamb Tap pub, Chiswick.
Photograph courtesy of Robert Linford

The tavern was a common, if frowned on, setting for the nineteenth century inquest. Traditionally, the public house had long served as the centre of English social and political life. As Ian Burney has written, the public house was one of the few buildings to which everyone had access, so it was regularly appropriated for a wide

their customers. Burney tells us that the practice of coronial appropriation became so common that in 1906, *The Licensed Victuallers' Official Annual, Legal Textbook, Diary and Almanack*, had to remind publicans with an entry that, in fact, they had no obligation to serve as mortuaries:

Dead Body. In some quarters

*there is a belief that an innkeeper is compelled by law to receive into his house a dead body, found in the streets or washed ashore, for the purpose of an inquest, but such is perfectly erroneous. Inns are established to supply the wants of the living, and have nothing to do with the dead.*¹⁰⁷

Despite the widespread utilization of taverns, inquests held in them were extremely unpopular and no doubt added to public and magisterial distrust of coroners, as it was no mystery what went on in taverns - fun and merriment. 'Could anything be more prejudicial,' Lord Francis Hervey had asked the Commons in 1876, 'to the proper holding of a Coroner's inquiry than the holding of it, as was so often the case, in a public-house? Surely there was something perfectly disgusting in holding an inquiry so solemn and sometimes so delicate in a public-house.'¹⁰⁸

It is likely that coroners such as Dr Diplock who held inquests in pubs disliked the environment but simply had no other facilities available. Another coroner who was compelled to hold inquests in taverns, Diplock's old adversary, Dr William Hardwicke, said he 'was of opinion that a Coroner's Court should not be held in a public house. Persons in attendance were tempted to drink, and there was often a great noise while the inquiry was proceeding.' When the Guardians of No.1 Ward offered the use of their workhouse offices during an inquest at the Prince Alfred Tavern, Hardwicke gratefully accepted.¹⁰⁹

At the beginning of 1889, the tavern inquest was on the cusp of its decline (one of the last English tavern inquests to be held was the inquest on later named Ripper suspect James Maybrick, held at the Aigburth Hotel, Liverpool, in May 1889). During the 1890s, the newly formed London County Council, which in conjunction with the Middlesex County Council had replaced the Middlesex magistrates as the financial authority for London coroners (per the Local Government Act 1888), would move to put an end to the public house inquest and its 'desecrating' influence of unseemly noise, drinking and smoking.¹¹⁰ The

County Councils would replace tavern inquests with dedicated mortuaries and coroner's courts, but not soon enough for Druiitt. With no mortuary constructed until 1891 (on the south side of the High Road)¹¹¹, the sad circumstances of his death were heard among the sounds of fun and merriment, of clinking glasses and clouds of pipe smoke.

With Druiitt ensconced indoors, it was time to examine the body. We know from our contemporary sources for the inquest that PC George Moulson, 216T, had already searched the body and recovered personal items that identified Druiitt. It would also appear that Moulson inspected Druiitt for signs of violence.¹¹² From the dates of Druiitt's railway ticket and check, plus the decomposed state of the body, certainly a constable could tentatively conclude that Druiitt had been in the water for upward of a month, but Dr Diplock would seek a medical opinion. Following the tradition of Thomas Wakley, no medical coroner would be satisfied with a constable's examination. Diplock would have ordered a medical examination, one that went unmentioned in the known press. Undoubtedly, just as we see in the inquests of Ripper victims, Dr Diplock would have brought in a solid, qualified, and registered medical witness, most probably the surgeon for T division. This surgeon would have performed his own examination, which likely took place on New Year's Day, 1889 (in between the discovery of Druiitt and his inquest on 2 January).

Post-mortem examinations were of two varieties: external and internal. Which was performed on Druiitt? It is difficult to say, and without the depositions or detailed press reports, we can only speculate. Because Diplock's 1892 obituary likens his coronership to that of Wakley, we would guess that Diplock favoured the internal post-mortem examination. We do not know what proportion of Diplock's inquests utilized internal post-mortems, but we do have Burney's citation of Thomas Forbes's study of the London County Council records that post-mortems were conducted in 48% of inquests held in London during 1894. Their number rose as London

entered the twentieth century: 56.5% in 1907, 62% in 1918, and 79% in 1930. Burney also cites the work of Gary and Mary White Greenwald, who studied Westminster inquests, where post-mortems were hitting similar marks much earlier in time: up from 17% in 1835 and 38-49.7% in 1865.¹¹³ This was one of Thomas Wakley's legacies - in London, people were getting used to post-mortems. They were beginning to associate them with inquests, not just criminals and paupers. The dissection stigma, which Wakley had fought to overcome during the 1840s, was dissipating as the later decades of the nineteenth century unfolded.

Based on the above data, we might speculate that Diplock ordered post-mortems in perhaps just less than half his cases. Possibly then the odds are roughly 50/50 that a post-mortem was done on Druiitt.

However, it is entirely possible that Diplock ordered an external examination of Druiitt and not an all-out post-mortem. 'Wait a minute,' you might ask. 'What about Wakley's influence on Diplock?' In Part I, we discussed Wakley's views on the post-mortem. Let us revisit some of what he had to say during his first inquest in 1839, when he made a strong argument for conducting post-mortems on a regular basis (the emphasis is ours):

*It might transpire that an individual, heir to property, might wish to get rid of a second person, who stood between the former's speedy possession of it, and for that purpose might administer to him morphiate, the principle of opium, and cause death. To detect if such had been done, it was necessary in all cases of sudden death that a post mortem examination should take place, but not so much so in cases resulting from known accidents, or palpable instances of suicide. He intended to put the county to as little expense as possible; but he should feel it his duty, where no judgment could be fairly formed from an external appearance of a body, always to order a post mortem examination.*¹¹⁴

'Palpable suicide' - tangible, apparent suicide - could be excluded to save money. As we have seen,

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Diplock had already had his problems with the magistrates and their desire to save burdening the ratepayers, and, as it was, there were persistent press complaints of inquests centred upon a perceived waste of tax money. Coroners saw themselves as medical police and guardians of the public; we must also remember that they were political figures. According to the obituary on Diplock in the *West London Observer*, 'his whole ambition was to discharge his duties efficiently to the ratepayers. If at times, in connection with his office, he appeared parsimonious, he would explain that it was the ratepayers' money that he was spending.' Diplock was so parsimonious that he didn't even employ a trap for travelling around his huge district of seventy-eight parishes - he walked from inquest to inquest (the *Observer* article puts that down to his large frame of over six feet, but saving expenses must have been a factor as well).

However, we should not get the idea that external examinations were cursory affairs. By this time, coroners were some decades past the reforms of Wakley - a competent, trained, registered surgeon would have performed the examination. It is true that after a month underwater, Druitt would have been in rough shape. However, that would not necessarily have rendered signs of violence invisible from the eyes of the trained observer. What would have such signs signified?

Consider one of Diplock's inquest reported two years later in *The Times* of 8 January 1890. The body of Captain Henry Fullerton Richmond, a 59-year-old retired military officer, was found in the Thames, like Druitt's, apparently after long submersion in the river. Also similar to Druitt's corpse, the captain's body was in an advanced state of decomposition. Dr Martindale C Ward, police divisional surgeon, performed an external examination of the body. He determined that Richmond's right hand was 'completely smashed' and found marks of injury on the forehead. There was testimony that Richmond had been ill and had not slept for several nights before his death. However, he had not discussed suicide. Since Dr Ward was unable to determine whether Richmond's hand and head injuries had occurred before or after death, the jury returned with a verdict of 'found drowned'.¹¹⁵

The presence or absence of marks of violence on drowned persons -

especially those who had endured a long submersion - did not necessarily indicate cause of death. Damage occurred when bodies hit the water at high speeds or as the body collided with debris during its sojourn underwater. In Druitt's case, there were no signs of violence, and besides indicating that he was not assaulted, perhaps they show that Druitt did not fall into the water from some height, such as a bridge, or that his body - despite its month in the water - was somehow shielded from debris moving along in the current. This is simply our non-professional suggestion.

It seems that the external post-mortem when applied to drowning was often inconclusive. We submit that an internal examination would not have settled the issue either. A nineteenth century surgeon might diagnose drowning, but in cases where he could not discern whether marks of violence were made before or after death, or where there were no marks whatsoever, he would not have been able to diagnose what had caused the drowning. If post-mortems of persons presumed drowned offered doubt on the subjects of suicide and murder, then the coroner and his jury could only rely on other evidence supplied by witnesses. This was the case with Captain Richmond, who perhaps because of his marks of injury, would have presented a more suspicious case to a jury than the one Druitt offered.

Note the open verdict in Captain Richmond's case. That is the work of Diplock, advising the jury on what the evidence had or had not determined. In the Richmond case, the jury did not assume that the death was a suicide or a murder. They did not feel the evidence was conclusive either way. Inquest juries often issued open verdicts when they were not sure of the circumstances of death, and they sometimes added explanatory causes such as 'found drowned in the Thames, but... how [he or she] came into the water there was no evidence to show'.¹¹⁶ Indeed, in Part I, we saw how the first Bravo jury returned an inconclusive verdict finding of neither suicide nor murder in that case of poisoning, because they felt they had not heard all the evidence. In their review of that case, the High Court had upheld the jury's right to do so; it was better to reach an inconclusive finding than to falsely accuse someone of murder.

Juries were therefore not in a

position where they were locked in to give 'yea' or 'nay' verdicts based on the available evidence. They had the third option of saying, 'We just don't know how this person died.' Furthermore, The Coroner's Act 1887 set out a wide array of verdicts the jury could choose from: manslaughter or murder, death by misadventure, justifiable homicide (with an addition for accessory before the fact), and *felo de se* (self-murder) and suicide while of unsound mind. The 1888 edition of Jervis cautioned against the over-use of the unsound mind verdict over the rarer verdict of *felo de se*:

*In this, as in other offences, the consent of the will is necessary, and therefore the offender ought to be of the age of discretion, and compos mentis; for if an infant under the age of discretion, or a lunatic during his frenzy, destroy himself, he cannot be felo de se. But this excuse ought not to be strained to that length to which coroners' juries have sometimes been too apt to carry it. A notion too generally prevails that he who destroys himself must be non compos, that the very act of suicide is evidence of insanity, and that no one in his senses would commit that which is so contrary both to reason and nature. This very argument urged in extenuation, is in fact the aggravation of the offences. If tenable, it would excuse every criminal equally with the suicide, and would apply more forcibly in proportion to the enormity of the crime. To murder a parent, or a child, is as much repugnant to nature as self-murder, but if none but madmen could commit such crimes, no one would be culpable in the eye of the law. The law very rationally judges that every melancholy and hypochondriac fit does not deprive a man of the capacity of discerning good from evil, which is necessary to form a legal excuse. And therefore, if a real lunatic kills himself in a lucid interval, he is felo de se as much as another man.*¹¹⁷

Of course, in Druitt's case, the jury returned a verdict of while in an unsound state of mind. In case they entertained doubts concerning the non-medical evidence, they had at their disposal an option, upheld by the High Court in 1876, to deliver an inconclusive verdict if they felt the evidence lacking. In Druitt's case, they chose not to exercise the option. The evidence of Druitt's note and the witness testimony evidently impressed them.

Two Remarkable Cases: The Inquests on Dr Edwardes and on a Murdered Child

No account of the career of Thomas Diplock would be complete without brief mention of two of his more remarkable cases. The first case occurred in Hounslow on New Year's Eve 1882 and early 1 January 1883, and concerns the suicide of Dr William Whitfield Edwardes, a Hounslow surgeon and former medical witness for Diplock.¹¹⁸

As 1882 ended, Dr Edwardes was in big trouble. One of his patients, Rose Bignall, had accused him of making improper advances toward her and was threatening legal action. Even worse, Edwardes' partner, Dr Michael Whitmarsh, was using Bignall's claim as an excuse to force Edwardes out of his share of their joint practice. In Edwardes' time of emergency, Whitmarsh offered him a substantially reduced rate than Edwardes had paid to enter into it - only £500 compared with the £1,800 Edwardes had paid for the practice only the year before. If Edwardes did not sell and leave Hounslow, Whitmarsh threatened, he would testify against him in court. Arranging to meet Whitmarsh and Bignall's solicitor at Brentford Police Court the next morning, Edwardes went home to his wife and confided to her the terrible mess he was in. Despite her assurances that she and their children would stand by him, Edwardes went downstairs and drank acid. He left behind what is arguably the best suicide note of the nineteenth century, in which he laid out Whitmarsh's betrayal. Edwardes left no doubt that Whitmarsh was culpable in his suicide, calling him 'that fiend in human form' and a 'vile wretch, whom may God yet torment with all the tortures of Hell, both in this world and the next.' Edwardes wrapped up his denunciation of his partner with a postscript: 'The last words of William Whitfield Edwardes - May God curse Michael Whitmarsh.'¹¹⁹

The good citizens of Hounslow, moved by the Victorian melodrama and outraged by Whitmarsh's conduct, attended the inquest at High Street's Red Lion Inn in droves. The Inn was packed to its limit and hundreds more people crowded around outside. When 'the woman Bignall' came to testify, Diplock was forced to confine her to an anteroom at the Red Lion Hotel for her safety; he feared that the mob outside, infuriated by the plight of the late young surgeon and his widow, would tear her apart. In

fact, a number among the crowd outside did wait for her to make her departure so they could pounce, though in the end, Bignall was able to escape from the inn unharmed. The spectators also made clear that they despised Dr Whitmarsh. They hissed him during the inquest.

A riot broke out several days into the proceedings. A police constable was critically injured when a youth struck him on the head with a stone, and a police inspector was also hurt. Dr Whitmarsh's home in Staines Road was vandalized. The mob threw stones, breaking many of his front windows and denting the shutters. They tore the curtains, damaged the front door, broke two large mirrors and damaged his conservatory. When Whitmarsh prosecuted the vandals, anonymous letters were sent to the Chairman and the Magistrates' bench at Brentford Police Court warning them not to prosecute the case. So great was public sentiment against Whitmarsh that placards asking for solicitations for the vandals' defence fund were publicly placed in the streets. Meanwhile, thousands of sightseers from London came to see the scene of the Hounslow riots.¹²⁰ Ultimately, the police had to take Whitmarsh into protective custody for his own safety. Even then, the unruly crowds chased the carriage carrying Whitmarsh and his escort, the mob hissing and yelling on all sides.¹²¹

In the death of William Edwardes, the jury returned a verdict of suicide during temporary insanity. However, they added their further opinion, with no apparent objection from Thomas Diplock, that Edwardes 'was driven to his death by the pressure brought to bear upon him by his partner, Dr Whitmarsh, using the false charge of Mrs Bignell [sic] as a means to drive him to a dishonourable dissolution of partnership.' Diplock took half an hour to sum up the case. We don't have a copy of his actual remarks, but Diplock could not have been flattering to Whitmarsh, who walked out as the coroner was speaking, again to great boos and hisses from the spectators, who relished the verdict.¹²¹

Unlike the press reaction to another inquest with moral overtones and no criminal accusation - the second Bravo inquest - *The Times* praised Diplock's handling of the lengthy inquest of over two weeks. As the Coroner remarked during the case, 'if this latitude of investigation had not been allowed - we should rather say, if it were not inherent in the very nature of a

Coroner's inquest - it is difficult to see in what other manner such a case could be thoroughly investigated.'¹²³

Oddly, although the second Bravo inquest ruined the career of Dr James Manby Gully, the disgraced Dr Michael Whitmarsh was not run out of Hounslow. Six years later, in January 1889, he ran for a seat representing Hounslow in the Middlesex County Council. He lost that campaign, 634 votes to 270.¹²⁴ Had he won, ironically, he would have found himself a member of the body holding partial fiscal control over Thomas Diplock's salary. Given that Whitmarsh was able to scrape together 270 votes in an area where the inhabitants had stoned his house only five years earlier, perhaps it was he, and not William Whitfield Edwardes, who had the last word after all. The second remarkable case is mentioned briefly in the *West London Observer's* obituary of Diplock:

During the course of his career it is evident that he must have had many inquests of a sensational and important nature. Perhaps the most curious was one which occurred recently. It was in connection with an inquiry held on the body of a child that was found in a railway carriage with a blow on its skull. The facts of the case were exceedingly simple, the medical evidence pointing conclusively to the fact that death was due to violence. Four or five of the jurymen were for returning a verdict of wilful murder, but the remainder wished to return an open verdict. To the surprise of the disagreeing jurymen they were bound over to attend at the Old Bailey on the following Monday. Accordingly the 'good men and true' appeared before the Recorder, who, along with the officials of the Court, was equally surprised as the jury at this apparently novel procedure. The law on the matter was looked up, and Dr Diplock was found to be perfectly in his rights in doing what he had done. The Recorder reviewed the evidence, and a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown was returned. It was remarked that such an occurrence of binding a jury over to appear at the Old Bailey had not been known for many years.

Indeed, Diplock knew his business. Under the 1887 Act, 'if twelve [jurors] do not agree he [the coroner] should exercise his discretion in either detaining them or adjourning the inquest to the ensuing assizes.'¹²⁵ The coroner also had the discretion to hold juries without food, drink or comfort until they returned a verdict.

That was an old practice no longer in use by the end of the nineteenth century, but the jury would have cringed to hear the coroner instruct his officer:

*You shall well and truly keep the jury upon this inquiry without meat, drink, or fire; you shall not suffer any person to speak to them, nor shall you speak to them yourself, unless it be to ask them if they have agreed upon their verdict, until they shall be agreed. So help you God.*¹²⁶

Such incidents were rare occurrences, however, as the *West London Observer* tells us. In this case, it took the murder of a child to drive Diplock to it.

'Your Obedient Servant'

In February 1891, Thomas Diplock was seriously ill but insisted on continuing with his duties. When he entered the room for one inquest, he 'sank exhausted into his chair, and seemed as though he was about to expire.' He gradually recovered, apologized to the jury, and explained away his illness as being due to the heavy fog of that day before resuming the inquest. In reality, Diplock was suffering from cancer of the tongue and had apparently been suffering in silence for some time, concealing his illness from his family, friends and colleagues.¹²⁷ Now he could no longer hide the truth; he was dying. His condition worsened throughout the spring and summer, and by September he was unable to uphold his duties. His deputy, A Braxton Hicks, stood in his place.¹²⁸

Throughout the fall of 1891, Diplock lingered inside his new residence, Mornington House, in Chiswick's High Road where Eleanor and their son, Dr Leonard Bramah Diplock, cared for him. They could do nothing except try to make him comfortable, an impossible task. Suffering what must have been terrible pain, Diplock's health sank as autumn approached. Still, when the press criticized a fellow coroner, John Troutbeck, for his court's lack of openness, and asserted that Troutbeck did not give journalists sufficient notice of pending inquests, Diplock sprang to his colleague's defence. He managed to dash off a letter, laying out his own method of informing the press of inquests:

Sir,

I am informed that it has been stated in The Times that Mr Troutbeck, Coroner for Westminster, gives no information to the reporters, and that all other coroners supply it.

For the sake of the truth, I shall be obliged if you will allow me to state that I give only the date, hour, and place of every inquest held by me, which list is free to the inspection of any reporter who calls any morning at my office. This has been my practice for nearly 24 years, and I have never heard any complaint of it nor any demand for detailed information.

*I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
THOMAS B DIPLOCK, Coroner for West Middlesex and West London
Mornington-house, 13, High-road, Chiswick, Oct 9.*¹²⁹

It was the last time the public heard from him. On 12 December, *The Times* reported that Dr Diplock was in critical condition. He hung on for another four months before passing away on 29 April 1892. His deputy, A Braxton Hicks, took a few moments to praise his superior during an inquest he was holding. Diplock's colleague in Central Middlesex, Dr George Danford Thomas, also had kind words for the son of Hastings, saying that Diplock had stayed in the 'harness until he could not work any longer.' Danford Thomas's jury offered Eleanor Diplock a vote of condolence.¹³⁰ Danford Thomas - who succeeded Diplock's old enemy, William Hardwicke - would himself die in harness as he began the Crippen inquest in 1910.

attended, and as they had in his 1868 election, his supporters arrived in a string of coaches, the first carrying his widow and children. Among the attendees paying their respects were Mr J Diplock, nephew,¹³¹ Dr W B Gordon-Hogg (who would succeed Diplock as West Middlesex coroner) and Dr George Danford Thomas. Unable to attend, but expressing their sympathies were A Braxton Hicks (who was holding an inquest the day of Diplock's funeral), Samuel Langham (doubtlessly doing the same as Braxton Hicks), Sir R Nicholson and members of the Chiswick Fire Brigade.¹³² Leonard Diplock was the brigade's captain¹³³ and Chiswick's new mortuary may have shared a space with the fire department.

We have said it before, and it is worth repeating now: it is often by examining the death that we learn something of the life. If his well-attended funeral says anything about him, it is that, despite the electoral and fiscal battles of Diplock's career, London thought highly of the quiet but keenly observant auctioneer's son from Hastings. Eleanor Diplock received so many sympathy letters that she took out an advertisement in *The Times* to thank all who had expressed sympathy on the death of her husband:

Mrs Diplock regrets that she is unable to reply to the numerous



*Grave of Dr Thomas Bramah Diplock in Chiswick cemetery.
Photograph courtesy of Robert Linford*

Diplock was buried in Chiswick cemetery, in a wreath-covered coffin of polished oak bearing the memorial plate: 'Thomas Bramah Diplock, MD, MRCS, died 29th April, 1892, in his 62nd year.' The funeral was well

letters she has received expressing sympathy and condolence with her in the great loss she has sustained in the death of her dear husband, Dr Diplock, Coroner for West Middlesex.

*She hopes her many kind friends will accept this notice in place of an answer to each letter. She begs to say that she has received great comfort from the many communications received.*¹³⁴

At the end, cared for by family, saluted by colleagues, Dr Thomas Bramah Diplock had left the lonely black country of his profession for a greener land. We believe that once he arrived, he returned to a place that seemed like the old home of the Bramah-Diplocks in Hastings, rather like his brother William might have done in 1839. Yet where William had found that place darkened and deserted, its lost windows shuttered and dead, Thomas now found the home of his parents stuffed wonderfully full of departed Bramahs and Diplocks relishing a grand supper, and they had flung the windows wide open and lighted them a warm yellow against the night. Looking through one, Thomas could plainly see that his place at the table had already been set. In the Green Country, no window, no door, no person, is ever lost.

'Fancy Meeting Them Here!'

Now that Diplock's office was vacant, a postponed administrative reorganization of the West Middlesex district took place, as designed by the Local Government Act 1888. The west London portion of the district was parcelled out and placed under the control of the newly created London County Council; the remaining portions of West Middlesex went under the control of the Middlesex County Council. The coronial election by freeholder now obsolete, the county councils were responsible for appointing Diplock's successors. In July 1892, the Middlesex County Council appointed Dr W B Gordon-Hogg as coroner for that district.¹³⁵ That September, the London County Council appointed Dr Clifford Luxmoore Drew coroner of the new Western District of London. In appointing Dr Drew, who was both a surgeon and a barrister with a specialty in legal medicine, the London County Council handily made the medical/legal question moot, at least for Drew's tenure.¹³⁶ One of the failed candidates for the office was Thomas Diplock's son, Dr Leonard Bramah Diplock.¹³⁷

All the same, Leonard Diplock went on to have a successful career. Besides practicing as a surgeon, he served thirty years on the Chiswick District Council.¹³⁸ Even as early as 1892, the *West London Observer* obituary of coroner Thomas Bramah

Diplock described his son, Leonard, as 'much respected'. He was a partner, with W B Cooper, in a Chiswick medical practice, Diplock and Cooper (dissolved in 1906).¹³⁹ He married Helen Maude Fanny Cooper at Christ Church on 8 August 1883; her father was Henry Cooper, Paymaster of the Royal Navy, and her great-grandfather was Bidingfield Wise of Thornham, Kent.¹⁴⁰ Leonard and Helen had two daughters, Elsie Maude Diplock (born circa 1887) and Dorothy May Diplock (born circa 1889).¹⁴¹ Leonard Bramah Diplock died suddenly on 8 May 1918.

Bramah Joseph Diplock achieved a modest fame similar to that of his great-grand uncle, Joseph Bramah. In 1893, the quarry merchant patented an 'improved means for transmitting power to the driving or road wheels of gear-driven locomotives for use on ordinary roads or railways',¹⁴² and in 1902, he authored *A New System of Heavy Goods Transport on Common Roads*.¹⁴³ For his smooth-running system of heavy load transport, Diplock replaced the wheel by inventing something he called the pedrail, which was a caterpillar-like tread of numerous 'feet' on a roller. Diplock's pedrail could roll over rough terrain, and by distributing the weight of heavy loads among its numerous 'feet', it did not bog down in soggy ground.

In 1915, when England's war effort devised a crude, uni-wheeled armoured shield to help soldiers advance across No Man's Land which insisted on sinking into the mud during trials, it turned to Diplock's Pedrail Transport Company in Fulham. On 13 January 1915, Diplock supplied a mock-up for the Admiralty Air Department - a truck running on pedrails, which was demonstrated for Winston Churchill.¹⁴⁴ Bramah Joseph Diplock's mock-up eventually became a major design component that evolved into the tank. Such a development would have come as no surprise to writer H G Wells, who foresaw the pedrail's importance to trench warfare and who also recognized Diplock's role in devising the innovation. In his short story, *The Land Ironclads* (1903), Wells wrote:

'Bang! Bang! Bang! Whir-r-r-r-r!'
[It] was a sort of nervous jump, and all the rifles were going off by themselves. The war correspondent found himself and the artist, two idle men crouching behind a line of preoccupied backs, of industrious men discharging magazines. The monster had moved. It continued to move

regardless of the hail that splashed its skin with bright new specks of lead. It was singing a mechanical little ditty to itself, 'Tuf-tuf, tuf-tuf, tuf-tuf,' and squirting out little jets of steam behind. It had humped itself up, as a limpet does before it crawls; it had lifted its skirt and displayed along the length of it - feet! They were thick, stumpy feet, between knobs and buttons in shape - flat, broad things, reminding one of the feet of elephants or the legs of caterpillars; and then, as the skirt rose higher, the war correspondent, scrutinizing the thing through his glasses again, saw that these feet hung, as it were, on the rims of wheels. His thoughts whirled back to Victoria Street, Westminster, and he saw himself in the piping times of peace, seeking matter for an interview.

*'Mr - Mr Diplock,' he said; 'and he called them Pedrails . . . Fancy meeting them here!'*¹⁴⁵

At the age of 62, Bramah Joseph Diplock suddenly died of a cerebral haemorrhage on 9 August 1918 at the home of his recently deceased brother, Leonard.¹⁴⁶ In Bramah Joseph, the Bramah blood ran mighty, and the tank - at least its ability to cross over rough terrain - was another legacy of Esther Frances Bramah's marriage to a Brighton wool-draper named William Diplock Sr. The smoothing of roads had always been typical of that daughter of the Bramahs.

The jigsaw puzzle of history can never really be complete, but we think that John Manwaring Baines and Roger Diplock would have been delighted with that particular piece of it.

Acknowledgements

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We also thank the Editors of *Ripperologist*: Paul Begg, Eduardo Zinna, Adam Wood and Christopher T George.

Notes and Sources

- 1 'Births,' *The Times*, 29 August 1944.
- 2 Death notice of Roger Diplock, *The Times*, 30 October 1985.
- 3 'Exports from Hong Kong,' Letter to the Editor, *The Times*, 25 November 1954.
- 4 'Deaths,' *The Times*, 1 July 1960. In November 1958, Roger Diplock wrote to Manwaring Baines, 'I would have replied earlier but tried to get some further views from my brother. Alas, he has been very busy in the High Court and has had no time to reply about the writing at the back of an old oil painting.' (Letter to John Manwaring Baines, 15 November 1958). Lord Diplock was a justice on the Queen's Bench Division 1956-1961 ('Lord Diplock: Influential Law Lord,' *The Times*, 16 October 1985). Roger and Lord Kenneth appear to have died within two weeks of each other, Roger Diplock's death notice appearing in *The Times* on 30 October 1985.

- 5 The Diplock pedigree is not complete on the subject of Roger Diplock's branch of the family, but as we have pieced it together - through census returns, newspaper notices, and correspondence with Roger Bristow of Hastings Library - we found that Roger and Kenneth Diplock's father was a Croydon solicitor named William John Hubert Diplock, the son of a tea dealer named William Thomas Diplock. The tea dealer was one of the sons of William Diplock Jr, the librarian, who was the half-brother of Thomas Diplock. Roger Diplock was also in possession of a family Bible that traced his family up through William Diplock Sr (1788-1831), the father of Thomas Diplock. ('Ever Hopeful, Never Sure!' *Sussex Family Historian*, Vol 2 (8) March, 1977, 273-4). Since Roger Diplock already had information concerning his immediate ancestry, that may be the reason why the pedigree (both the 1958 and 1970 versions) maintains silence regarding that particular branch.
- 6 Correspondence, Roger Diplock to John Manwaring Baines, 15 November 1958.
- 7 Correspondence, John Manwaring Baines to Roger Diplock, 17 November 1958.
- 8 John Manwaring Baines, Notes on Joshua Diplock, died 1762.
- 9 Baines and Diplock, Diplock Pedigree. The term 'entered the freedom' means that a person (usually male in Victorian times) became a freeman and was given rights and privileges (the liberty) together with communal responsibilities. From at least medieval times someone could become a freeman by taking an oath and paying a fee, and often this right could be passed down to the eldest son. In Hastings, entering the freedom cost 40 shillings (£2), but there was a reduction for the eldest son to 6s 8d. Manwaring Baines notes that Joseph Diplock paid 40 shillings for his freedom, therefore indicating he was not an eldest son.
- 10 Baines, John Manwaring. 'Diplock of Hastings. Notes. Note B.'
- 11 Correspondence, Roger Diplock to John Manwaring Baines, 15 November 1958. Diplock's grandfather was a tea dealer named William Thomas Diplock.
- 12 Roger Diplock, 'Dipping into the Beer,' *Sussex Family Historian*, Vol 3 (1) June 1977, 7-8.
- 13 E-mail correspondence, Roger Bristow/Hastings Library to David O'Flaherty, 5 April 2005.
- 14 Roger Diplock, 'Up the Social Ladder,' *Sussex Family Historian*, Vol 3 (3),

December 1977, 74-6.

- 15 John Manwaring Baines, 'Diplock of Hastings. Notes. Note C.'
- 16 E-mail correspondence, Roger Bristow to David O'Flaherty, 5 April 2005. Bristow cites Roger Diplock's 1970 notations to Manwaring Baines' Diplock pedigree.
- 17 John Manwaring Baines, 'Diplock of Hastings. Notes. Note E.' Manwaring Baines cites an obituary in an unnamed newspaper.
- 18 Roger Diplock, 'Up the Social Ladder,' *Sussex Family Historian*, Vol 3 (3), December 1977, 74.
- 19 'The Lock Controversy,' Letter to the Editor, *The Times*, 1 August 1851.
- 20 Mike Chrimes, Entry in *Biographical Dictionary of Civil Engineers in Great Britain and Ireland* Volume 1, 1500-1830, 71 books.google.com/books accessed 4 November 2005.
- 21 'Deaths,' *The Times*, 5 November 1853. Furthermore, in his will, Samuel left his estate to his 'dear brother, Thomas Bramah Diplock'. John Joseph Bramah's widow, Martha Bramah, was a witness to the will. (National Archives, Prob 11/2182, image reference 122).
- 22 John Manwaring Baines, Diplock Pedigree. The date for Thomas Diplock's birth was supplied via e-mail correspondence by Rachel Hart, St Andrews Library Archivist, to David O'Flaherty, 20 April 2005, citing R N Smart, *Biographical Register of St Andrews University, 1747-1897* (St Andrews, 2004), 233.
- 23 John Manwaring Baines, Diplock Pedigree.
- 24 Roger Diplock, 'Up the Social Ladder,' *Sussex Family Historian*, Vol 3 (3), December 1977, 74.
- 25 E-mail correspondence, Roger Bristow to David O'Flaherty, 5 April 2005. Mr Bristow cites the 1826 baptism record of George Joseph Diplock and the 1828 record of Samuel Robey Diplock, both of which give William Sr's occupation as 'librarian.' Mr Bristow also cites the 5th edition of *The Hastings Guide*, printed circa 1825 for 'W. Diplock, Royal Marine Library.' Mr Bristow theorizes there might have been a family link between the founder of the library, James Barry, and Mary Barry, a possible grandmother of William Diplock Sr.
- 26 Roger Diplock, 'Up the Social Ladder,' *Sussex Family Historian*, Vol 3 (3), December 1977, 76.
- 27 E-mail correspondence, Roger Bristow to David O'Flaherty, 19 April 2005.
- 28 Roger Diplock, 'Up the Social Ladder,' *Sussex Family Historian*, Vol 3 (3),

- December 1977, 74.
- 29 Roger Diplock, 'Up the Social Ladder,' *Sussex Family Historian*, Vol 3 (3), December 1977, 75. Roger Diplock, a century removed from the lash of Brandon Brett's verses, acknowledged that the local historian 'brought Hastings alive' and was 'a splendid fellow for his recollections and up-to-the-minute gossip.'
 - 30 Roger Diplock, 'Up the Social Ladder,' *Sussex Family Historian*, Vol 3 (3), December 1977, 76.
 - 31 Elizabeth Langham's father was J G Langham, a noted solicitor in Hastings, who shared the same birthplace - Holborn - as another noted solicitor, Samuel F Langham, the father of Samuel Frederick Langham, City of London coroner.
 - 32 'Deaths,' *The Times*, 5 November 1853.
 - 33 HO107 2036/146.
 - 34 E-mail correspondence, Rachel Hart, St Andrews Library Archivist, to David O'Flaherty, 20 April 2005, citing from Smart, Biographical Register of St Andrews University, 1747-1897, 233.
 - 35 Will of John Joseph Bramah. The National Archives, Prob 11/2044, Image reference 141.
 - 36 Will of Samuel Robey Diplock. The National Archives, Prob 11/2182, Image reference 122.
 - 37 'Death of Dr Diplock, the West Middlesex Coroner,' *West London Observer*, 7 May 1892. This obituary notes Diplock's 1872 article on 15 cases of ruptured hearts that appeared in the 'Medical Times' (possibly the *London Medical Times and Gazette*).
 - 38 Ibid.
 - 39 RG10 68/54. Also see 'Births,' *The Times*, 3 March 1856 and 28 April 1857; the sons referenced are most likely Frank and Joseph Bramah, respectively. At this time, the Diplocks lived in Brompton.
 - 40 E-mail correspondence, Rachel Hart to David O'Flaherty, 20 April 2005. Given his activity in London, it appears that Diplock did not study at St Andrews. Rather, as Ms Hart suggested, 'he would simply have attended St Andrews for his examination rather than being here for a protracted period of study.'
 - 41 Rachel Hart, citing *Minutes of the Senatus of the University*, Vol 17, 339-40.
 - 42 Rachel Hart, citing *Minutes of the Senatus of the University*, Vol 17, 342.
 - 43 'Births,' *The Times*, March 3 1856 and April 28 1857. These are the birth notices for Frank and Bramah Joseph, although their names are not given. The Diplocks resided at the time still in Brompton.
 - 44 RG9 30/38.
 - 45 The Post Office London Directory for 1882, comprising, amongst other information, official, street, commercial, trades, law, court, parliamentary, postal, city & clerical, conveyance & banking directories. [Part 4: Law, Court & Parliamentary Directories, etc.]. London: Kelly, 1882, 1864. historicaldirectories.org accessed 13 April 2005.
 - 46 *The Times*, 12 November 1844.
 - 47 P Geddes and J P Holbrook, *Friendly Societies, A Textbook For Actuarial Students*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1963; R H J H Gosden, *The Friendly Societies in England 1815-1875*. Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1961.
 - 48 *Perry's Bankrupt and Insolvent Gazette*. London: 1865, 59.
 - 49 *Perry's Bankrupt Monthly Gazette*. London, 1870, 281.
 - 50 'Court Circular,' *The Times*, 18 January 1860.
 - 51 'Chelsea and Kensington,' *The Times*, 23 January 1861.
 - 52 'Court Circular,' *The Times*, 6 March 1861.
 - 53 'Death of Dr Diplock, the West Middlesex Coroner,' *West London Observer*, 7 May 1892.
 - 54 'Administrative/Biographical History of London Lock Hospital,' www.aim25.ac.uk/cgi-bin/search2?coll_id=859&inst_id=9 accessed 9 September 2005.
 - 55 'Brief History During the Snow Era,' UCLA, Department of Epidemiology, School of Public Health. www.ph.ucla.edu/epi/snow/1859map/lock_hospital_a2.html accessed September 9, 2005. The site reproduces details of the 1859 Reynolds Map and the 1872 Old Ordnance Survey Map that features the Harrow Road Lock Hospital.
 - 56 Death notice of Richard Fleming, manager of the Dean Street Lock Hospital, *The Times*, 18 December 1867.
 - 57 'Administrative/Biographical history of London Lock Hospital.' www.aim25.ac.uk/cgi-bin/search2?coll_id=859&inst_id=9 accessed 9 September 2005.
 - 58 Advertisement, 'The Coronership for the Western Division of Middlesex,' *The Times*, 31 January 1868.
 - 59 'Obituary,' *The Times*, 16 November 1885.
 - 60 RG10 68/54.
 - 61 Advertisement, 'The Coronership for the Western Division of Middlesex,' *The Times*, 31 January 1868.
 - 62 Ibid.
 - 63 Obituary for Dr William Hardwicke. *The Times*, 16 April 1881.
 - 64 Advertisement, 'Coroner for West Middlesex,' *The Times*, 6 February 1868.
 - 65 Advertisement, 'Coroner for West Middlesex,' *The Times*, 14 February 1868.
 - 66 The listings for Public Offices and Officers in Kelly's *Ealing, Acton, Hanwell, Gunnersbury & Chiswick Directory 1889-90* lists Hand as Diplock's deputy. However, the authors found no accounts of Hand holding an inquest. Another Diplock deputy of the early 1890s, Dr A Braxton Hicks, would hold numerous inquests for Diplock, filling in for him during his illness.
 - 67 For London coroners who held sometimes as many as two inquests a day (and on some occasions four a day), the value of deputy coroners might seem evident to us. When a coroner had to be absent from his district, or was ill, the importance of a deputy is clear. However, in the nineteenth century, there was some controversy around the office as there were considerable fears that a lazy coroner might simply delegate his responsibilities to a deputy of his own choosing - a deputy who might have no particular legal or medical qualifications, or as was expressed in the House of Commons in 1875, 'some broken-down man, with the nominal qualifications, would be appointed as deputy at a low salary,

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or on small fees, to perform the duties.' (*Hansard*, 12 May 1875, Col 523). Thus, while coroners could pick anyone they liked as their deputy, the Lord Chancellor approved all such appointments. In 1868, Diplock's choice was a solicitor, who could advise the MD upon matters of law. At the time of his death in 1892, Diplock's deputy was another medical man, A Braxton Hicks, who later became a coroner in his own right. The *West London Observer* obituary for Diplock records coroner George Danford Thomas as saying that until his final illness, Diplock had never missed an inquest in 23 years. (*The West London Observer*, 7 May 1892.) This explains why we were unable to find examples of Deputy Hand holding inquests on Diplock's behalf, while Braxton Hicks held many from late 1891-1892. Diplock simply was not one to call in sick.

- 68 'The Coronership of West Middlesex,' *The Times*, February 20, 1868.
- 69 'To the Wives, Mothers, and Daughters in the County of Middlesex,' *The Times*, 20 September 1830.
- 70 'In the Matter of the Coronership of Middlesex,' *The Times*, May 1, 1868.
- 71 Advertisement, 'To the Freeholders of the Western Division of the County of Middlesex,' *The Times*, 26 February 1868.
- 72 'In the Matter of the Coronership of Middlesex,' *The Times*, 1 May 1868.
- 73 'Court of Queen's Bench, The Queen v Diplock,' *The Times*, 5 June 1868.
- 74 'Verdict of Murder Against a Surgeon,' *The Times*, 29 October 1868.
- 75 'Court of Queen's Bench, In the Matter of the Coronership for Middlesex,' *The Times*, 12 June 1868.
- 76 'Middlesex Sessions, August 13, The Coroner for Western Middlesex,' *The Times*, 14 August 1868.
- 77 'Middlesex Sessions, July 16. The Coroner for the Western District of the City,' *The Times*, 17 July 1868.
- 78 'Middlesex Sessions, August 13, The Coroner for Western Middlesex,' *The Times*, 14 August 1868.
- 79 Ibid.
- 80 'Middlesex Sessions, Oct. 15, The Committee of Accounts and General Purposes,' *The Times*, 16 October 1868.
- 81 'Court of Queen's Bench, The Queen v Diplock,' *The Times*, 3 June 1869.
- 82 For Payne's reaction, see 'Coroners' Inquests,' *The Times*, 27 April 1875. For an account of Richard Assheton Cross's displeasure, see *Hansard*,

2 March 1875, Col 1051-2. The Lyell controversy is covered in Robert Linford, John Savage, and David O'Flaherty, 'The Green of the Peak, Part I: The Coronial System in Britain,' *Ripperologist* 64, January 2006, 34-5.

- 83 'Middlesex Sessions, Nov. 25. The Committee of Accounts and General Purposes,' *The Times*, 26 November 1869.
- 84 'A Coroner's Salary,' *The Times*, 21 July 1879.
- 85 'Coroners' Inquests: The Unburied Dead,' *The Times*, 19 November 1880.
- 86 'The Inquest at Hillingdon,' *The Times*, 20 November 1880.
- 87 *The Times*, 9 September 1875.
- 88 'A Coroner's Annual Report,' *The Times*, 1 February 1888.
- 89 'Death of Dr Diplock, The West Middlesex Coroner,' *West London Observer*, 7 May 1892.
- 90 'Verdict of Murder Against a Surgeon,' *The Times*, 29 October 1868.
- 91 'Inquests,' *The Times*, 4 January 1884.
- 92 'The Fatal Accident on the Metropolitan Railway,' *The Times*, 3 September 1869.
- 93 'Killed at a Level Crossing,' *The Times*, 8 December 1869.
- 94 'Inquests,' *The Times*, 7 December 1889.
- 95 *The Times*, 16 September 1882.
- 96 Advertisement for Thomas Diplock's estate auction, *The Times*, 24 September 1892. Besides the bookcase, the Diplocks owned many elegant pieces: velvet pile carpets, oil paintings, choice proof engravings, two very fine tulipwood and inlaid French escritaires, ornamental china and a pair of bronze horses on marble stands. The finery is evidence of an income independent from his work as coroner - possibly a legacy of the Bramahs.
- 97 RG12 1033/6.
- 98 RG12 1033/6.
- 99 Stewart P Evans, Keith Skinner, *The Ultimate Jack the Ripper Companion*. New York: Carroll & Graf, 2001, 649-50.
- 100 Sugden has made a logical case that the actual date of Drui't's death was 30 November 1888. Philip Sugden, *The Complete History of Jack the Ripper*. New York: Carroll & Graf, 1994, 383.
- 101 Evans and Skinner, 651.
- 102 E-mail correspondence, James

Marshall, Hounslow Library Local Studies, to Robert Linford, 21 January 2006.

- 103 Diplock's officer in Chiswick is currently unknown. In Kensington and Hammersmith, the officer was named Goodenough - yes, seriously. In 1892, Goodenough had served Diplock for 15 years. 'Death of Dr Diplock, The West Middlesex Coroner,' *West London Observer*, 7 May 1892.
- 104 Ian A Burney, *Bodies of Evidence: Medicine and the Politics of the English Inquest 1830-1926*. Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2000, 81.
- 105 E-mail correspondence, Diane Coke, archivist historian for The Royal Humane Society, to David O'Flaherty, 18 April 2005.
- 106 Kelly's Ealing, Acton, Hanwell, Gunnersbury & Chiswick Directory for 1889-90. London: Kelly. www.historicaldirectories.org accessed 17 April 2005.
- 107 Burney, 86. Burney references Albert B. Deane, ed., *The Licensed Victuallers' Official Annual, Legal Textbook, Diary and Almanack for the Year 1906* (London, 1907), 211. Regarding the South Staffordshire case, Burney references the Annual Report of the Coroners' Society, 1895.
- 108 *Hansard*, 11 July 1876, Col 1301-14.
- 109 'Inquests,' *The Times*, 11 May 1875.
- 110 Burney, 80-1.
- 111 'Chiswick: Local government', A *History of the County of Middlesex: Volume 7: Acton, Chiswick, Ealing and Brentford, West Twyford, Willesden* (1982), 86-90. www.british-history.ac.uk/report.asp?compid=22564 accessed 20 January 2006.
- 112 'Found Drowned,' *Acton, Chiswick & Turnham Green Gazette*, 5 January 1889. Transcribed in Evans and Skinner, *The Ultimate Jack the Ripper Companion*, 649-50.
- 113 Burney, 195.
- 114 'Mr Wakley's First Inquest,' *The Times*, 27 February 1839.
- 115 'Inquests,' *The Times*, 8 January 1890.
- 116 'Inquests,' *The Times*, 11 January 1887.
- 117 R E Melsheimer, ed. *The Coroner's Act, 1887, with forms and precedents. By R E Melsheimer. Being the Fifth Edition of the Treatise by Sir J Jervis on the Office and Duties of Coroners*. London: H Sweet & Sons, 1888, 150.
- 118 *The Times*, 9 September 1882. Edwardes was the attending surgeon for an inquest subject named

Joshua Philmore, a 76-year-old labourer. Edwardes performed a post-mortem for Diplock that showed that Philmore had died of syncope, caused by a lack of food - starvation.

- 119 'Inquests,' *The Times*, 1 January 1883.
- 120 'The Hounslow Riots,' *The Times*, 8 January 1883.
- 121 'The Suicide of a Surgeon,' *The Times*, 17 January 1883.
- 122 'The Suicide of a Surgeon,' *The Times*, 19 January 1883.
- 123 Editorial in *The Times*, 19 January 1883.
- 124 'The County Councils,' *The Times*, 31 January 1889.
- 125 Melsheimer, 43.
- 126 Melsheimer, 212.
- 127 'Death of Dr Diplock, The West Middlesex Coroner,' *West London Observer*, 7 May 1892.
- 128 Readers who have children will be familiar with Braxton Hicks contractions, which were first described by the deputy-coroner's father, John Braxton Hicks in 1872.

>

129 'Coroners' Inquests: To the Editor of *The Times*,' *The Times*, 12 October 1891.

130 'Death of Dr Diplock, The West Middlesex Coroner,' *West London Observer*, 7 May 1892.

131 Most likely, this was the solicitor James Langham Diplock of Hastings, who was a son of William Diplock, the librarian, and Elizabeth Langham. Possibly, he represented a blood link to Samuel Langham.

132 'Funeral of Dr Diplock,' *West London Observer*, 7 May 1892.

133 'Death of Dr Diplock, The West Middlesex Coroner,' *West London Observer*, 7 May 1892.

134 Advertisement, *The Times*, 31 May 1892.

135 'Middlesex County Council,' *The Times*, 30 July 1892.

136 'The London County Council: New Coroner for the Western District,' *The Times*, 28 September 1892.

137 'The Vacant Middlesex Coronerships,' *The Times*, 6 May 1892.

138 'News in Brief,' *The Times*, 9 May 1918.

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139 'Partnerships Dissolved,' *The Times*, 12 May 1906.

140 'Marriages,' *The Times*, 10 August 1883.

141 RG13 1200. No folio stamp present.

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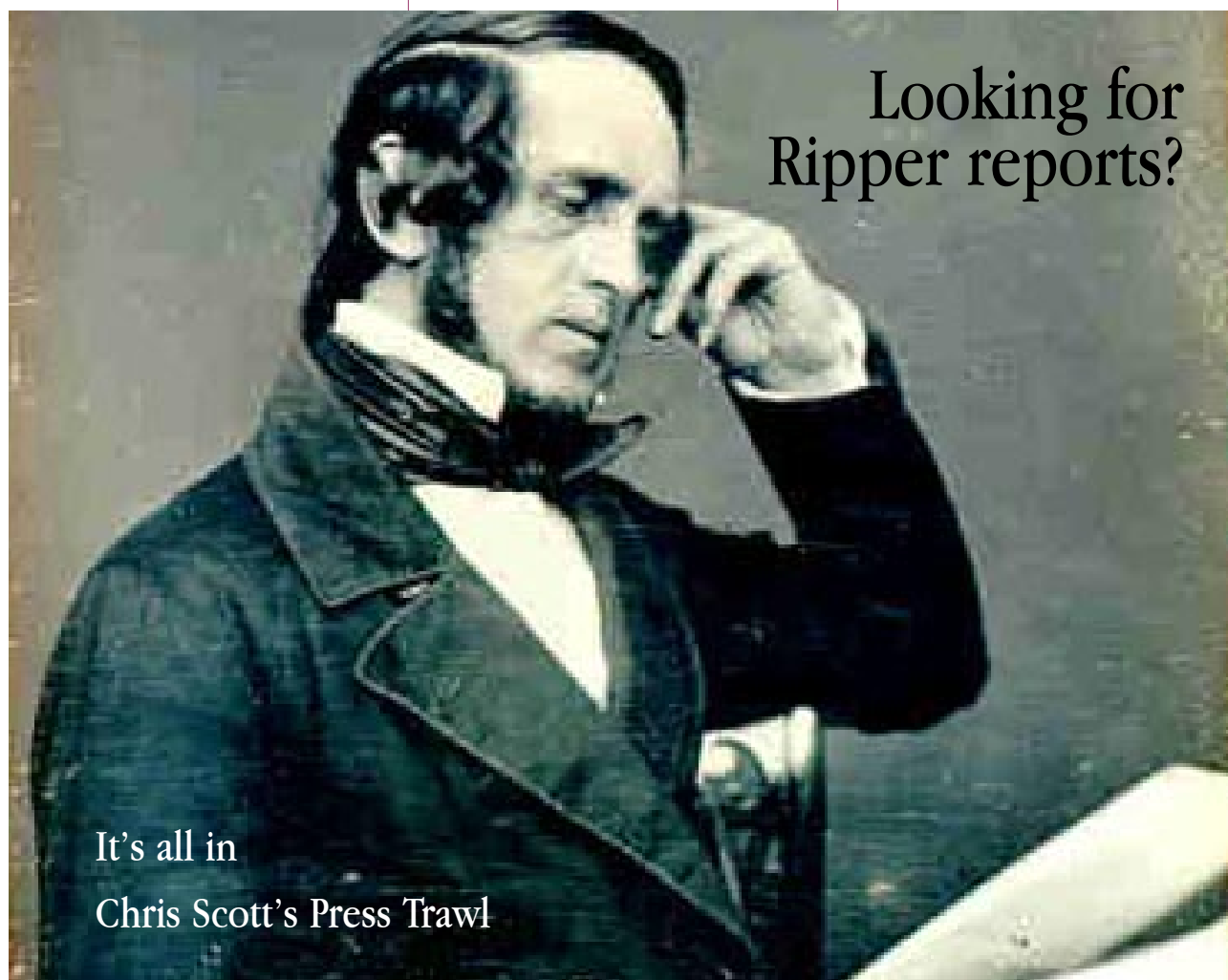
145 H G Wells, 'The Land Ironclads,' *The Strand Magazine*, December 1903, 506-7. Reproduced by The Scrapboard, www.angelfire.com/art/enchanter/title1.html accessed 23 January 2006.

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The Demon Spell

HUME NISBET

It was about the time when spiritualism was all the craze in England, and no party was reckoned complete without a spirit-rapping séance being included amongst the other entertainments.

One night I had been invited to the house of a friend, who was a great believer in the manifestations from the unseen world, and who had asked for my special edification a well-known trance medium. 'A pretty as well as heaven-gifted girl, whom you will be sure to like, I know,' he said as he asked me.

I did not believe in the return of spirits, yet, thinking to be amused, consented to attend at the hour appointed. At that time I had just returned from a long sojourn abroad, and was in a very delicate state of health, easily impressed by outward influences, and nervous to a most extraordinary extent.

To the hour appointed I found myself at my friend's house, and was then introduced to the sitters who had assembled to witness the phenomena. Some were strangers like myself to the rules of the table, others who were adepts took their places at once in the order to which they had in former meetings attended. The trance medium had not yet arrived, and while waiting upon her coming we sat down and opened the séance with a hymn.

We had just finished the second verse when the door opened and the medium glided in, and took her place on a vacant set by my side, joining in with the others in the last verse, after which we all sat motionless with our hands resting upon the table, waiting upon the first manifestation from the unseen world.

Now, although I thought all this performance very ridiculous, there was something in the silence and the dim light, for the gas had been turned low down, and the room seemed filled

with shadows; something about the fragile figure at my side, with her drooping head, which thrilled me with a curious sense of fear and icy horror such as I had never felt before.

I am not by nature imaginative or inclined to superstition, but, from the moment that young girl had entered the room, I felt as if a hand had been laid upon my heart, a cold iron hand, that was compressing it, and causing it to stop throbbing. My sense of hearing also had grown more acute and sensitive, so that the beating of the watch in my vest pocket sounded like the thumping of a quartz-crushing machine, and the measured breathing of those about me as loud and nerve-disturbing as the snorting of a steam engine.

Only when I turned to look upon the trance medium did I become soothed; then it seemed as if a cold-air wave had passed through my brain, subduing, for the time-being, those awful sounds. >

'She is possessed,' whispered my host on the other side of me. 'Wait, and she will speak presently, and tell us whom we have got beside us.'

As we sat and waited the table moved several times under our hands, while knockings at intervals took place in the table and all round the room, a most weird and blood-curdling, yet ridiculous performance, which made me feel half inclined to run out with fear, and half inclined to sit still and laugh; on the whole, I think, however, that horror had the more complete possession of me.

Presently she raised her head and laid her hand upon mine, beginning to speak in a strange monotonous, far-away voice, 'This is my first visit since I passed from earth-life, and you have called me here.'

I shivered as her hand touched mine, but had not strength to withdraw it from her light, soft grasp.

'I am what you would call a lost soul; that is, I am in the lowest sphere. Last week I was in the body, but met my death down Whitechapel way. I was what you call an unfortunate, aye, unfortunate enough. Shall I tell you how it happened?'

The medium's eyes were closed, and whether it was my distorted imagination or not, she appeared to have grown older and decidedly debauched-looking since she sat down, or rather as if a light, filmy mask of degrading and saddened vice





had replaced the former delicate features.

No one spoke, and the trance medium continued: 'I had been out all that day and without any luck or food, so that I was dragging my wearied body along through the slush and mud for it had been wet all day, and I was drenched to the skin, and miserable, ah, ten thousand times more wretched than I am now, for the earth is a far worse hell for such as I than our hell here.

'I had importuned several passers by as I went along that night, but none of them spoke to me, for work had been scarce all this winter, and I suppose I did not look so tempting as I have been; only once a man answered me, a dark-faced, middle-sized man, with a soft voice, and much better dressed than my usual companions.

'He asked me where I was going, and then left me, putting a coin into my hand, for which I thanked him. Being just in time for the last public-house, I hurried up, but on going to the bar and looking at my hand, I found it to be a curious foreign coin, with outlandish figures on it, which the landlord would not take, so I went out again to the dark fog and rain without my drink after all.

'There was no use going any further

that night. I turned up the court where my lodgings were, intending to go home and get a sleep, since I could get no food, when I felt something touch me softly from behind like as if someone had caught hold of my shawl; then I stopped and turned about to see who it was.

'I was alone, and with no one near me, nothing but fog and the half light from the court lamp. Yet I felt as if something had got hold of me, though I could not see what it was, and that it was gathering about me.

'I tried to scream out, but could not, as this unseen grasp closed upon my throat and choked me, and then I fell down and for a moment forgot everything.

'Next moment I woke up, outside my own poor mutilated body, and stood watching the fell work going on - as you see it now.'

Yes I saw it all as the medium ceased speaking, a mangled corpse lying on a muddy pavement, and a demoniac, dark, pock-marked face bending over it, with the lean claws outspread, and the dense fog instead of a body, like the half formed incarnation of muscles.

'That is what did it, and you will know it again.' she said, 'I have come

for you to find it.'

'Is he an Englishman?' I gasped, as the vision faded away and the room once more became definite.

'It is neither man nor woman, but it lives as I do, it is with me now and may be with you to-night, still if you will have me instead of it, I can keep it back, only you must wish for me with all your might.'

The séance was now becoming too horrible, and by general consent our host turned up the gas, and then I saw for the first time the medium, now relieved from her evil possession, a beautiful girl of about nineteen, with I think the most glorious brown eyes I had ever before looked into.

'Do you believe what you have been speaking about?' I asked her as we were sitting talking together.

'What was that?'

'About the murdered woman.'

'I don't know anything at all. Only that I have been sitting at the table. I never know what my trances are.' Was she speaking the truth? Her dark eyes looked truth, so that I could not doubt her.

That night when I went to my lodgings I must confess that it was some time before I could make up my mind to go to bed. I was decidedly



upset and nervous, and wished that I had never gone to this spirit meeting, making a mental vow, as I threw off my clothes and hastily got into bed, that it was the last unholy gathering I would ever attend.

For the first time in my life I could not put out the gas, I felt as if the room was filled with ghosts, as if this pair of ghastly spectres, the murderer and his victim, had accompanied me home, and were at that moment disputing the possession of me, so instead, I pulled the bedclothes over my head, it being a cold night, and went that fashion off to sleep.

Twelve o'clock! and the anniversary of the day that Christ was born. Yes, I heard it striking from the street spire and counted the strokes, slowly tolled out, listening to the echoes from other steeples, after this one had ceased, as I lay awake in that gas-lit room, feeling as if I was not alone this Christmas morn.

Thus, while I was trying to think what had made me wake so suddenly, I seemed to hear a far off echo cry 'Come to me.' At the same time the bedclothes were slowly pulled from the bed, and left in a confused mass on the floor.

'Is that you, Polly?' I cried, remembering the spirit séance, and the name by which the spirit had announced herself when she took possession.

Three distinct knocks resounded on the bedpost at my ear, the signal for 'Yes.'

'Can you speak to me?'

'Yes,' an echo rather than a voice replied, while I felt my flesh creeping, yet strove to be brave.

'Can I see you?'

'No!'

'Feel you?'

Instantly the feeling of a light cold hand touched my brow and passed over my face.

'In God's name what do you want?'

'To save the girl I was in tonight. It is after her and will kill her if you do not come quickly.'

In an instant I was out of the bed, and tumbling my clothes on any way, horrified through it all, yet feeling as if Polly were helping me to dress. There was a Kandian dagger on my table which I had brought from Ceylon, an old dagger which I had bought for its antiquity and design, and this I snatched up as I left the room, with that light unseen hand leading me out of the house and along the deserted snow-covered streets.

I did not know where the trance medium lived, but I followed where that light grasp led me through the wild, blinding snow-drift, round corners and through short cuts, with my head down and the flakes falling thickly about me, until at last I arrived at a silent square and in front of a house which by some instinct, I knew that I must enter.

Over by the other side of the street I saw a man standing looking up to a dimly-lighted window, but I could not see him very distinctly and I did not pay much attention to him at the time, but rushed instead up the front steps and into the house, that unseen hand still pulling me forward.

How that door opened, or if it did open I could not say, I only know that I got in, as we get into places in a dream, and up the inner stairs, I passed into a bedroom where the light was burning dimly.

It was her bedroom, and she was struggling in the thug-like grasp of those same demon claws, and the rest of it drifting away to nothingness.

I saw it all at a glance, her half-

naked form, with the disarranged bedclothes, as the uniformed demon of muscles clutched that delicate throat, and then I was at it like a fury with my Kandian dagger, slashing crossways at those cruel claws and that evil face, while blood streaks followed the course of my knife, making ugly stains, until at last it ceased struggling and disappeared like a horrid nightmare, as the half-strangled girl, now released from that fell grip, woke up the house with her screams, while from her relaxing hand dropped a strange coin, which I took possession of.

Thus I left her, feeling that my work was done, going downstairs as I had



come up, without impediment or even seemingly, in the slightest degree, attracting the attention of the other inmates of the house, who rushed in their night-dresses towards the bedroom from whence the screams were issuing.

Into the street again, with that coin in one hand and my dagger in the other I rushed, and then I remembered the man whom I had seen looking up at the window. Was he there still? Yes, but on the ground in a confused black mass amongst the white snow as if he had been struck down.

I went over to where he lay and looked at him. Was he dead? Yes. I turned him round and saw that his throat was gashed from ear to ear, and all over his face - the same dark, pallid, pock-marked evil face, and claw-like hands, I saw the dark slashes of my Kandian dagger, while the soft white snow around him was stained with crimson life pools, and as I looked, I heard the clock strike one, while from the distance sounded the chant of the coming waits. Then I turned and fled blindly into the darkness.



ADAM WOOD

A Death in the Family

Death was never far away for the Victorians. Cholera, typhoid, tuberculosis; any number of contagious diseases could result in a swift and early grave. Infant mortality was high: three out of every 20 babies died before their first birthday. Death was talked about openly and was the topic of children's stories, something expected and prepared for.

The funerals of the Ripper's victims attracted great attention, and were increasingly well attended, until an enormous crowd gathered at St Patrick's Catholic Cemetery in Leytonstone for *Mary Jane Kelly's* funeral.

Tower Hamlets Cemetery Park, Mile End, was opened as a cemetery in 1841. Between this date and 1889, 247,000 bodies were interred. The cemetery was finally closed for graves in 1966, right up to 2001, when it was designated part of Tower Hamlets' first *Local Nature Reserve*.

London Cemeteries

Under common law, every parishioner and inhabitant of a parish had a right to be buried in his or her parish churchyard or burial ground. There were few exceptions to this right of Christian burial. An Act of 1823 put an end to the practice of burying suicides in some public highway with a stake driven through them and directed that they be buried in the usual churchyard, but between the hours of 9pm and midnight, and without rites of the Church. However, the compulsory dissection of murderers' bodies was not abolished until 1832, and hanging in chains lingered on until 1834.

Burial Grounds (as distinct from parish churchyards) were started by non-conformists in the 17th century. The first public cemetery in London was established in 1827 in Kensal Green. Other landscaped public cemeteries were soon opened at

Norwood (1837), Highgate (1839), Nunhead (1840), Abney Park, Stoke Newington (1840), and Tower Hamlets (1841).

The deceased of certain areas of London have tended to predominate in certain cemeteries: those of North London in Highgate Cemetery; those of East London in Tower Hamlets, Victoria Park and Brookwood Cemeteries; those of South London in Norwood and Nunhead Cemeteries; and those of West London in Kensal Green Cemetery.



St Patrick's Cemetery, Leytonstone ©Sue Bailey

Economic status could affect the location of burial. Brookwood Cemetery in Woking, opened as a private cemetery by the London Necropolis & National Mausoleum Company in 1854, and others competed to undertake contracts tendered each year by several London boroughs for the burial of their poor. Brookwood probably buried half of East London and to facilitate this Waterloo Station had a special casket-loading platform, and trains containing funeral parties ran daily to a Gothic station built within the cemetery itself.

The first cemetery in East London

was opened in 1793 at Gibraltar Row Burial Ground, Bethnal Green, followed by Tower Hamlets Cemetery, Southern Grove (1841); West Ham Cemetery, Cemetery Road (1854); City of London Cemetery, Aldersbrook Road, Manor Park (1856); Romford Cemetery, Dagenham Road (1871); Manor Park Cemetery, Serbert Road (1874); East London Cemetery, Grange Road, Plaistow (1874); and Rippleside Cemetery, Ripple Road, Barking (1886). The burial place of Mary Kelly, St Patrick's Leytonstone Cemetery, was opened in 1861.

With the intense Jewish population in the East End, several Jewish cemeteries were opened: Alderney Road Cemetery (Orthodox), Alderney Road (1697-1852); Brady Street Cemetery (Orthodox), Brady Street, (1761-1858); Hackney Cemetery (Orthodox), Lauriston Road (1788-1886); Hoxton Cemetery (Orthodox), Hoxton Street (1707-1878); Sephardi Nuevo Cemetery (Spanish & Portuguese), Mile End Road (1733);

the Bancroft Road Cemetery, Mile End (1810-1920); and West Ham Cemetery (Orthodox), Buckingham Road (1857).

The Victorian Funeral

The 19th Century was the 'Golden Age' of ornate funerals. There were big business too, careers were forged, with shops run specialising in all manner of mourning paraphernalia.

Professional mourners (called 'mutes') would walk in the funeral procession, looking melancholy.

Punch of 17 October 1857 questioned the sincerity of these 'mourners' in an article entitled *Performers in "The*

Awaiting Burial

From *City of London Medical Reports, Special Report on Intra Mural Interments* (Dr John Simon, 1852)

There is no part of the subject which I have considered with more anxiety than that which relates to delays in interment, and to the prolonged keeping of dead bodies in the rooms of their living kindred.

Evils arising in this source are unknown to the rich. Soldered in its leaden coffin, on tressels in some separate and spacious room, a corpse may await the convenience of survivors with little detriment to their atmosphere. Not so in the poor man's dwelling. The sides of a wooden coffin, often imperfectly joined, are at best all that divides the decomposition of the dead from the respiration of the living. A room, tenanted night and day by the family of mourners, likewise contains the remains of the dead. For some days the coffin is unclosed. The bare corpse lies there amid the living; beside them in their sleep; before them at their meals.

The death perhaps has occurred on a Wednesday or Thursday; the next Sunday is thought too early for the funeral; the body remains unburied till the Sunday week. Summer or winter makes little difference to this detention: nor is there sufficient knowledge on the subject, among the poorer population, for alarm to be excited even by the concurrence of infectious disease in a room so hurtfully occupied... On an average, there would probably be lying within the City at any moment, from thirty to forty dead bodies in rooms tenanted by living person...

It is much to be wished that an altered practice might ensue in the upper classes of society, fixing their time of burial within three or four days of death. Such example of wealthier neighbours aided by greater enlightenment and education among themselves, would greatly tend to detach the poor from many observances and delays, in relation to the dead, which, in their narrow dwellings cannot continue with impunity.

Grave Scene":

Some "Funeral contractors" (that is the new term) advertise to "perform funerals" with a due regard to the feelings of the bereaved, and the solemnity of the occasion. The regard that is due is mainly proportioned, we suppose, to the amount of ready money that is paid? They have different qualities of grief, you may be sure, according to the price you pay. For £2 10s., the regard is very small. For £5, the sighs are deep and audible. For £7 10s. the woe is profound, only properly controlled; but for £10, the despair bursts through all restraint, and the mourners water the ground, no doubt, with their tears. We wonder these black crocodiles do not openly advertise the sale of their lachrymae? We dare say that the luxury would be every drop as expensive as early peas, or anything else that was forced. We wonder what is the market-price of "tears per pint?" - and we are, also curious to know, whether these funeral pantomimists make up so small a quantity of mitigated grief as "one tear," and what is the lowest price they charge for the same? We notice, in the same grinning advertisement, that "The Gothic State Hearse is used for every class funeral above £5." It seems, then, that there are

as many classes of funerals as there are of railway trains. There are, apparently, First Class, Second Class, and Third Class Funerals. We hope, for the sake of the poor, that there are no Parliamentary funerals that stop on their dreary-way as often as a Parliamentary train. But who, we ask, could possibly forego the above inducement when offered at so contemptible a price? Is there anybody, in possession of so small a sum as £5, who would not gladly put it aside for the unutterable luxury of being buried in a "Gothic State Hearse!" Put another sovereign to it, and we should not be surprised if a "Gothic State Coachman" wasn't also thrown in.

Such cynicism was lost on the majority of Victorians, who took their mourning seriously and kept the 'mourning shops' in business. Richard Davey, in 1889's *A History of Mourning*, gives an account of such a shop on London's Regent Street:

Jay's London General Mourning Warehouse, Regent Street, an establishment which dates from the year 1841, and which during that period has never ceased to increase its resources and to complete its organisation until it has become, of its kind, a mart unique both for

PETER ROBINSON'S
FAMILY MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
"REGENT STREET,"
Offers Advantages to
the Nobility
And Families of the
Highest Rank.
ALSO
TO THOSE OF LIMITED MEANS.
IT IS THE LARGEST
MOURNING WAREHOUSE
IN LONDON,
And the Stock of Made-up
Articles of every kind
is the
MOST EXTENSIVE
that can be seen
in any
One Establishment.



GOODS SENT
ON
APPROBATION
TO ALL
PARTS OF ENGLAND,
FREE OF
CARRIAGE.

the quality and the nature of its attributes. Of late years the business and enterprise of this firm has enormously increased, and it includes not only all that is necessary for mourning but also departments devoted to dress of a more general description, although the colours are confined to such as could be worn for either full or half mourning. Black silks, however, are pre-eminently a speciality of this house, and the Continental journals frequently announce that "la maison Jay de Londres a fait de forts achats." Their system is one from which they never swerve. It is to buy the commodity direct from the manufacturers, and to supply it to their patrons at the very smallest modicum of profit compatible with the legitimate course of trade. The materials for mourning costumes must always virtually remain unchangeable, and few additions can be made to the lists of silks, crapes, paramattas, cashmeres, grenadines, and tulles as fabrics.

The fame of a great house of business like this rests more upon its integrity and the expedition with which commands are executed than anything else. To secure the very best goods, and to have them made up in the best taste and in the latest fashion, is one of the principal aims of the firm, which is not unmindful of

after the decease of a near relation, and even content themselves with a black hat-band and dark-coloured garments. Funeral ceremonies, too, are less elaborate, although during the past few years a growing tendency to send flowers to the grave has increased in every class of the community.

Indeed, so formal was the Victorian approach to death and mourning that a chapter - *Death in the Household* - in *Etiquette and Household Advice Manuals* from the 1880s issues some strict guidelines for the newly-

same time causing the relatives to pay considerably more than if they had gone themselves in the first place to the person who really makes all necessary preparations and performs the funeral. A little trouble is, however, sometimes saved in return for the increased expenditure.

With the view to give every facility for choosing the kind of funeral, it is customary for undertakers in a large way of business to give their customers a book containing particulars of the various classes of funerals, and with the prices printed



Traditional Victorian hearse



'Mutes'

legitimate economy. For this purpose, every season competent buyers visit the principal silk marts of Europe...

Private mourning in modern times, like everything else, has been greatly altered and modified, to suit an age of rapid transit and travel. Men no longer make a point of wearing full black for a fixed number of months

bereaved:

In addition to the registration of death and the selection of a place for burial, it is advisable as soon as possible to arrange with an undertaker about the character and cost of the funeral. To enable our readers to do this more readily, we shall give them as briefly as possible an insight into the manner in which the trade is subdivided, and also the cost of burial.

Besides the persons who make the coffin, there are the coffin-furniture manufacturers, the funeral robe, sheet, and ruffle makers, the funeral-carriage masters, and funeral feather-men. All these supply at first-hand the furnishing undertaker, who, in his turn, supplies the trade and the public. It is not usual for one house to represent all these different departments.

Besides the regular undertakers, there is a large class of men who are mere agents, and only call themselves undertakers, and who, when they chance to obtain an order for a funeral, transmit it to a regular undertaker for execution, at the

at which they can be performed. With a view to afford this information, we will now lay before our readers particulars of funerals at various charges, from a £3 5s to £53, the prices marked being those charged by an extensive London undertaking firm, which guarantees that every article is of the best workmanship and quality, the attendants well trained and attentive to their duties, and all funerals conducted with the strictest possible attention to respectability and decorum. We will commence with funerals for adults.

Funeral costing £3 5s - Patent carriage, with one horse; smooth elm coffin, neatly finished, lined inside, with pillow, &c.; use of pall, mourners' fittings, coachman with hat-band; bearers; attendant with hat-band, &c.

Funeral costing £5 5s - Hearse, with one horse; - mourning coach, with one horse; stout elm coffin, covered with fine black, plate of inscription, lid ornaments, and three pairs of handles, mattress, pillow, and a pair of side sheets; use of velvet

pall; mourners' fittings, coachmen with hat-bands and gloves; bearers; attendant with silk hat-band, &c.

Funeral costing £6 6s.-Hearse, with pair of horses; a mourning coach and pair; strong elm coffin, covered with a black, plate of inscription, lid ornaments, and three pairs of handles, mattress, pillows, &c.; use of velvet pall, mourners' fittings; coachmen with hat-bands and gloves; bearers; attendant with silk hat-band, &c.

Funeral costing £8 15s.-Hearse and pair of horses; mourning coach and pair; velvet covering for carriages and horses; strong elm coffin, covered with fine black, a plate of inscription, lid ornaments, three pairs of cherub handles and grips, and finished with best black nails, mattress, pillow, and side sheets; use of silk velvet pall; two mutes with gowns, silk hat-bands, and gloves; four a men as bearers, and two coachmen with

cloaks, hat-bands, and gloves; use of mourners' fittings; and attendant with silk hat-band.

Funeral costing £14 14s.-Hearse and pair of horses; a mourning coach and pair, fifteen plumes of black ostrich-feathers, and complete velvet covering for carriages and horses; stout inch elm coffin, with inner lid, covered with black cloth, set with two rows all round of best black a nails; lead plate of inscription, lid ornaments, four pairs of handles and grips, all of the best improved jet and bright black; tufted mattress, lined and ruffled, and fine cambric winding-sheet; use of silk velvet pall; two mutes with 2 gowns, silk hat-bands, and gloves, eight men as pages and coachmen, with truncheons and wands, crape hatbands, &c.; use of mourners' fittings; and attendant with a silk hat-band, &c.

Funeral costing £23 10s.-Hearse and four horses, two mourning coaches,

with pairs, nineteen plumes of rich ostrich-feathers, and complete velvet covering for carriages a and horses; strong inch elm shell, covered with black; tufted mattress, lined and ruffled with cambric; and pillow; fine cambric winding-sheet, inch elm case to receive the above, covered with fine black cloth; lead plate of inscription, lid ornaments, four pairs of shield handles and grips, and furnished with two rows all round of best nails; use of silk velvet pall; two mutes with gowns, silk hat-bands, and gloves; eleven men as pages; and coachmen with truncheons and wands, crape hat-bands, &c.; use of mourners' fittings; and attendant with silk hat-band, &c.

Funeral costing £30.-Hearse and four horses, two mourning coaches, with pairs, nineteen plumes of rich ostrich-feathers, complete velvet covering for carriages and horses, and an esquire's plume of best feathers;

The Nether World

George Gissing, 1889



Funeral guests were beginning to assemble. On arriving, they were conducted first of all into the front-room on the ground-floor, the Peckovers' parlour. It was richly furnished. In the centre stood a round table, which left small space for moving about, and was at present covered with refreshments. A polished sideboard supported a row of dessert-plates propped on their edges, and a number of glass vessels, probably meant for ornament alone, as they could not possibly have been put to any use. A low cupboard in a recess was surmounted by a frosted cardboard model of St Paul's under a glass case, behind which was

reared an oval tray painted with flowers. Over the mantel-piece was the regulation mirror, its gilt frame enveloped in coarse yellow gauze; the mantel-piece itself bore a 'wealth' of embellishments in glass and crockery. On each side of it hung a framed silhouette, portraits of ancestors. Other pictures there were many, the most impressive being an ancient oil-painting, of which the canvas bulged forth from the frame; the subject appeared to be a ship, but was just as likely a view of the Alps. Several German prints conveyed instruction as well as delight; one represented the trial of Strafford in Westminster Hall; another, the trial of William Lord Russell, at the Old Bailey. There was also a group of engraved portraits, the Royal Family of England early in the reign of Queen Victoria; and finally, *The Destruction of Nineveh*, by John Martin. Along the window-sill were disposed flower-pots containing artificial plants; one or other was always being knocked down by the curtains or blinds.

Each guest having taken a quaff of ale or spirits or what was called wine, with perhaps a mouthful of more solid sustenance, was then led down into the back-kitchen to view the coffin and the corpse. I mention the coffin first, because in everyone's view this was the main point of interest. Could Mrs. Peckover have buried the old woman in an orange-crate, she would gladly have done so for the saving of expense; but with relatives and neighbours to consider, she drew a great deal of virtue out of necessity, and dealt so very handsomely with the undertaker, that this burial would be the talk of the Close for some weeks. The coffin was inspected inside and out, was admired and appraised, Mrs Peckover being at hand to check the estimates. At the same time every most revolting detail of the dead woman's last illness was related and discussed and mused over and exclaimed upon. 'A lovely corpse, considerin' her years,' was the general opinion. Then all went upstairs again, and once more refreshed themselves. The house smelt like a bar-room.

strong elm shell, with tufted mattress, lined and ruffled with superfine cambric, and pillow; full worked fine cambric winding-sheet outside lead coffin, with inscription plate and solder complete ; stout inch elm case, covered with superfine black cloth, set with three rows round, and lid panelled with best black nails ; registered lead plate of inscription, lid ornaments to correspond, and four pairs of handles, and grips all of the best imperial black ; use of the best silk velvet pall; two mutes with gowns, silk hat-bands, and gloves, &c.; twelve men as pages, feathermen, and coachmen, with truncheons and wands, silk hatbands, &c.; use of the mourners' fittings; and attendant with silk hat-band, &c.

Funeral costing £53-Hearse and four horses, two mourning coaches with fours, twenty-three plumes of rich ostrich-feathers, complete velvet covering for carriages and horses, and an esquire's plume of best feathers; strong elm shell, with tufted mattress, lined and ruffled with superfine cambric, and pillow; full worked glazed cambric winding-sheet, stout outside lead coffin, with inscription plate and solder complete; one and a half inch oak case, covered with black or crimson velvet, set with three rows round, and lid panelled with best brass nails ; stout brass plate of inscription, richly engraved four pairs of best brass handles and grips, lid ornaments to correspond ; use of silk velvet pall ; two mutes with gowns, silk hat-bands and gloves; fourteen men as pages, feathermen, and coachmen, with truncheons and wands, silk hat-bands, &c. ; use of mourners' fittings; and attendant with silk hat-band, &c.

What adds very much to the cost of a funeral is the amount of "new goods," such as kid gloves, scarfs, hatbands, &c., used, and which are not included in the tariff. In a large funeral, very often new crape and silk scarfs and hat-bands are used, as well as kid gloves, and retained by the mourners, the crape scarfs and band being worn by the relatives, and those of silk by the friends.

Even in those cases where new fittings are not used and kept by the mourners, but those lent by the undertaker are employed, it is customary to give "fittings" (in fact, his fee in kind) to the officiating minister. Suppose the officiating minister to be the clergyman attached to the cemetery then he has fittings given him, as a rule, only on large

funerals. If, however, you inter in the country (out of the metropolis), at a parish church, it generally happens that the clergyman is more or less known to the family, and for that reason he generally receives them. In those cases where the family minister officiates, he then always has fittings given him. In the case of a funeral in a wealthy family he is supplied with a scarf, band, and gloves, but where economy is studied, then only, perhaps, the band and gloves, or even the gloves alone. Amongst great families the doctor is treated like the clergyman, but among the middle classes, although he may not so often attend the funeral as formerly, yet in most cases he has something sent him in the way of complimentary mourning. To friends at a distance it is an old-fashioned custom, now nearly obsolete, to send a pair of gloves, and a memorial card may accompany them.

Even the horses used to draw the hearse were hand-picked. W J Gordon in his *The Horse World of London* from 1893 described what was known as the Black Brigade:

A good many of the coal horses are blacks and dark bays, and by some people they are known as the 'black brigade'; but the real black brigade of London's trade are the horses used for funerals. This funeral business is a strange one in many respects, but, just as the job-master is in the background of the every-day working world, so the jobmaster is at the back of the burying world. The 'funeral furnisher' is equal to all emergencies on account of the facilities he possesses for hiring to an almost unlimited extent, so long as the death rate is normal. The wholesale men, the 'black masters,' are always ready to cope with a rate of twenty per thousand - London's normal is seventeen - but when it rises above that, as it did in the influenza time, the pressure is so great that the 'blacks' have to get help from the 'coloured,' and the 'horse of pleasure' becomes familiar with the cemetery roads.

A hundred years ago there was but one black master in London. He owned all the horses; and there are wonderful stories of the funerals in those days when railways were unknown. The burying of a duke or even a country squire, in the family vault, was then a serious matter, for the body had to be taken the whole distance by road, and the horses were sometimes away for a week

or more, and were often worked in relays, much on the same plan as the coach-horses, only that rapid progress through the towns and villages was impossible, for the same reason that no living undertaker dare trot with a tradesman within the limits of the district in which the deceased happens to have been known and respected. Even nowadays the black masters of London can be counted on one's fingers, the chief, according to general report, being Dottridge, of East Road.

A wonderful place is Dottridge's. It is the centre of what may be called the wholesale undertaking trade, where the retail undertakers are themselves undertaken and supplied with all they need, from coffin to tombstone. From all parts of the country telegrams and letters are continually coming in and packages continually going out by carrier and fast train, all labelled 'immediately for funeral,' to insure quick delivery. If anyone wants a parcel to go promptly and surely to hand, he has only to label it with these mystic words, and the railway men will pounce upon it and be off with it at a run - that is, if they treat it as we saw them do with the first one that came under our notice, which they handled as if it had arrived red hot, and was required at its destination before it cooled. 'Haste,' 'urgent,' 'immediate,' are but poor incentives to speed compared with the red funeral label, such as was once accidentally stuck on a boy's hamper, and sent the matron into hysterics as it was hurriedly bumped on to the school door-mat.

Hundreds of men are at work. Here is a wood yard, such as one is accustomed to see by a canal side. Here are 'caskets' of every size and pattern being made by steam machinery, sawing machines, planing machines, fretting machines, bending machines, sand-papering machines, all in full swing; besides a complete outfit for marble working and carving, another for brass working, and, to say nothing of the carriage repairing and harness making, a battery-room for electro-plating. if anyone wants a shudder, let him take a peep at the sample room and the stores below, in which are those terrible boxes of one shape but all kinds - brass, lead, wood, paper, wickerwork, the last recommended as 'looking well when covered with green moss and flowers' ; you can try one on if you like, as you would an overcoat, and see if it fits. There they are in dozens, of

all qualities, from the panelled and carved down to the simplest, plain, unpolished undecorated shell in which every Jew, from the millionaire to the sweated Pole, goes to his grave - for Dottridge's have for years held the contract of burying all the Jews of London.

These funeral things - funereal does not quite give the meaning - are ordered, not in ordinary language, but by code, as foreign telegrams are worked, some trivial word doing duty for perhaps a full page of descriptive matter. A telegram will come in at nine o'clock with, perhaps, merely a word in it, say *Malachite* - or whatever it may be - and in reply there will be at Euston, or St. Pancras, or Paddington, ready for the twelve o'clock train, a long flat package of six boards, which the country or suburban undertaker will put together like a puzzle. He wires for 'the wood,' and the wood comes to him all ready for 'building,' drapery, furniture, and all complete, the plate to follow within an hour or two of the receipt of the inscription, the quickest thing of all being the silver-plating, for no plated goods are stocked, and the brass is invariably plated, polished, and despatched on the day the order is received.

Altogether there are about 700 of these black horses in London. They are all Flemish, and come to us from the flats of Holland and Belgium by way of Rotterdam and Harwich. They are the youngest horses we import, for they reach us when they are rising three years old, and take a year or so before they get into full swing in fact, they begin work as what we may call the 'half-timers' of the London horse-world.

The funeral horse hardly needs description. The breed has been the same for centuries. He stands about sixteen hands, and weighs between 12 and 13 cwt. The weight behind him is not excessive, for the car does not weigh over 17 cwt., mid even with a lead coffin he has the lightest load of any of our draught horses. The worst roads he travels are the hilly ones to Highgate, Finchley, and Norwood. These he knows well and does not appreciate. In a few months he gets to recognise all the cemetery roads 'like a book,' and after he is out of the bye streets he wants practically no driving, as he goes by himself, taking all the proper corners and making all the proper pauses. This knowledge of the road has its inconveniences, as it is often difficult to get him past the familiar corner when he is out

at exercise. But of late he has had exercise enough at work, and during the influenza epidemic was doing his three and four trips a day, and the funerals had to take place not to suit the convenience of the relatives, but the available horse-power of the undertaker. Six days a week he works, for after a long agitation there are now no London funerals on Sundays, except perhaps those of the Jews, for which the horses have their day's rest in the week.

The black coaches pulled by the horses were similarly part of a business run by just a few companies, as relayed in *The Business of Pleasure* by Edmund Yates in 1879:

The black-job or black-coach business (as it is indifferently called) of London is in the hands of four large proprietors, who manage between them the whole vehicular funeral arrangements of the metropolis. These men are wholly distinct from the undertakers; they will take no direct orders from the public, but are only approachable through the undertakers, whose contract for the funeral includes conveyance. They provide hearse, mourning-coaches, horses, and drivers; and one of their standing rules is, that no horse can be let without a driver, that is, that none of their horses must be driven by persons not in their employ. These horses are fine, strong, handsome animals, costing £50 apiece, and are all imported from Holland and Belgium. They are all entire horses, no mares are ever used in the trade, and their breeding - for what reason I know not - is never attempted in this country. They are mostly of a dull blue-black colour, but they vary in hue according to their age; and, as their personal appearance is always closely scanned by bystanders, they are the recipients of constant care. A gray patch is quickly painted out; and when time has thinned any of the flowing locks of mane or tail, a false plait, taken from a deceased comrade, is quickly interwoven. They are for the most part gentle and docile, but very powerful, and often have to drag their heavy burdens a long distance. The black-job masters manufacture their own hearses, at a cost of forty-five pounds each; but mourning-coaches are never built expressly for their dreary work. They are nearly all old fashionable chariots, which, at their birth, were the pride of Long Acre, and in their heyday the glory of the Park; but which, when used up, are bought for

the black-job business, and covered with japan, varnish, and black cloth; are re-lined with the same sad colour; and thus, at an expense not exceeding thirty-five pounds, including the cost, are changed into mourning-coaches, likely to be serviceable in their new business for many years.

Among other items of information, I learned that Saturday is looked upon as the aristocratic day for funerals, while poor people are mostly buried on Sunday; that there is a very general wish among undertakers that cemeteries should be closed on Sundays; that very frequently no hearse is employed, the coffin being placed crossway under the coachman's seat, and hidden by the hammercloth; that in cheap funerals one horse has often to convey from eight to twelve passengers; and that, after the ceremony is over, the most effectual thing to stanch the flow of mourners grief is often found to be a game of skittles at the nearest public-house, accompanied by copious libations of beer.

Pauper burial

But what if you were unable to afford such a lavish send off, or indeed any at all? The most likely answer would be a pauper burial arranged by the workhouse.

In James Greenwood's *Mysteries of Modern London*, by *One of the Crowd* (1883), a section entitled *Buried by the Parish* describes the indifferent attitude taken by the authorities:

Tuesday, as well as Friday, is a parochial burying day, and one could not but wonder how it fared with the string of black conveyances on Hurricane Tuesday in the midst of the furious blast and the blinding snow. Snow there was still, in cruel abundance. It lay heaped up on either side of the road so high that of those who walked in the narrow lane cut through it by way of a foot-path no more than their upper half was visible, while in the road the clogging mass so muffled wheel-tires and hoofs of horses that we glided along noiseless almost as sledges.

Our number of living riders, all counted, and including coachman and "helps," was eighteen, of whom thirteen were mourners; of pauper bodies for burial we carried eleven. Within a mile of our destination we were in difficulties respecting the hearse. It did not get on well at all, and the end of it was we left it to make the best haste it could, while we with the two "machines" went

on so as to put in an appearance and be in time according to our contract and the cemetery rules, which are planned so that this bi-weekly pauper business may be over and done with before respectable people bring their dead to be buried.

Arrived at the church within the cemetery gates, we were enjoined by someone to look alive, for we were awfully late, and I began to wonder how much time would be consumed in carrying such a large number of coffins into the sacred edifice, and whether they would wait for the lagging hearse that at present had not hove in sight. But I was not aware of the peculiar rites and ceremonies attending pauper burial, nor, unless I am mistaken, did several of the weeping and shivering mourners themselves either understand or appreciate them. Those that were brought to be buried were not to be carried into the church at all.

The thirteen mourners, seven of whom were women and little girls, were hurried out of the "machines" and beckoned by someone who stood at the church door, and as soon as they had all alighted the vehicles containing their dead relatives began to move off. The poor mourners, as though not knowing what to make of it, stood regarding the retreating coaches in a bewildered and beseeching kind of way, but the person, who continued to beckon, then exclaimed impatiently,

"Come, make haste! This way! You're all behind!" and in they trooped.

But barely had the last pauper mourner disappeared when a couple of grave-diggers, I suppose to save themselves the inconvenience of walking through the snow, mounted up to the hinder part of one of the hearses. One of them lit a pipe. There was no great harm in the act, perhaps, but it jarred somehow with one's ideas of the solemnity as well as the propriety of Christian burial. I did not go with the mourners into the church. They would, I was assured by a communicative hearse-driver, be sure to "turn up again to see the last of 'em." I questioned this individual, who had seemingly enjoyed much experience in such matters, and he informed me that the bodies used to be carried into the church, but that the practice had been abandoned for several months past. I ventured the opinion that it was somewhat hard on the poor people, to which he retorted,-

"And what about the contractor?"

Take our load this morning - eight 'gowns' and three 'small,' and two of the gowns regler horseloads of themselves. Fancy carting all that lot into church and out again when you're tied, and got to clear out by a certain time!"

We arrived at the place of sepulture in time. It was at the extreme end of the cemetery and close by the boundary wall, in that part devoted to interments generally. There was nothing in the aspect of the ground to denote it as commoner than any other part, for the snow lay everywhere more than a foot deep, its surface unbroken, glistening beautifully in the bright sunshine, excepting where the pits were dug. The particular pit to which those we had brought were to be consigned was about forty yards from the path where the hearses halted, and there the pipe-smoking gravedigger and his mate alighted, to join two other grave-diggers, and the business of burying was immediately proceeded with, the presence of minister and mourners being for the present dispensed with. And certainly it was the most amazing funeral performance it was ever my lot to behold.

There was but one grave, pit, trench, or whatever may be the proper name for it. How deep it was originally I cannot say. It was wide enough to contain, I think, three coffins, and when I looked down into it before our hearses were unloaded, there were to be seen several coffins, new and close packed, resting there. The friendly hearse-driver was by my side (smoking a short pipe) and I asked him if there had been other burials there already that morning. To which he replied, "Oh, them you see down there are some of the lot we brought last Tuesday." And will there be no earth put between them and those that are now to be buried?

"What would be the good of that? They wouldn't pack half as neat-like, to say nothing of taking up space."

"But am I to understand that it is customary to keep the grave open from time to time until it will hold no more?"

"That's it. What would be the good of digging a hole big enough to hold a whole lot of em if you shut up before it was full."

By this time the hearse that had been delayed on the road came up in a hurry and with the horses smoking, and all was ready to commence unloading.

"Who's going down?" asked the

grave-diggers amongst themselves.

"I'll take a turn this morning," remarked one of them; "it's warmer down there than up here;" saying which he swung himself in at the mouth of the pit-hole, clambering down by means of the shoring timbers, and presently stood on the last arrangement of coffins previously deposited there.

"They'll want a little shifting, Bill," called out one digger to his mate below.

"I see they will," came up Bill's muffled voice. "Chuck down a plank-hook."

The "plank-hook was shaped like a boat-hook, but much more massive and shorter in the handle, and having busied himself with it just as though he were adjusting a stowage of packing-cases in a warehouse cellar, Bill in a few minutes announced that he was ready, and that "they might bring 'em on as soon as they liked."

The first instalment was but an insignificant one. Somebody brought it under his arm, as a not very heavy parcel might be carried. It was the coffin of a little child-a mere baby-made of bare rough elm like the rest, and looking somehow curiously unfit for an innocent little infant to lie in.

"Where'll you have this?" the man asked of him who was down in the pit, at the same time thrusting it forward that he might see what it was.

"Nowhere just yet - shove it a one side," was the response; "I'll find a corner for it by-and-by."

And the little coffin was deposited on the snow by the pit's mouth, into which it sank of its own weight, and was more than half-buried. The arrangements generally presented a grim and striking contrast to the pomp and ceremony that attends the sepulture of persons of more consideration.

A blue-nosed cemetery subordinate with a comforter wrapped round his neck and his coat collar turned up to his ears, stood at the pit's edge with a paper and a stump of a pencil in his hand, his business being to compare the name on each coffin plate with his list on the paper, and to cross it off as soon as a box was lowered. Seemingly it was nobody's business but that of the men in clay-stained habiliments to relieve the hearses of their burden, and they did it as decorously as could well be expected of rough men who are so habituated to this sort of work that they think no more of its solemn nature than do upholsterer's men of stowing trunks

and crates in a furniture van.

There was only one who lost his temper a little, and he was a young gravedigger, possibly new to the work. His grounds of aggravation were that almost every time when a "box" was brought up the slippery planks, and half breathless with their shoulder load, the bearers called to the man down below to know "how he'd have it" - he almost invariably replied, "Tother end for'ad," which necessitated the two or three bearers turning round, burdened as they were, within a very limited space. The raw-boned, broad-backed young digger merely muttered his wrath, however, and I should be sorry indeed to believe that he was in the least actuated by malice, or that it was anything but an unavoidable accident, when the aggravating man down in the pit presently came alarmingly close to a terrible and sudden end. There was a considerable amount of hurry, for the "checker off" with the paper and pencil had said "Get em in, get 'em in! We shall have the parson here presently." It was a box of large dimensions (one of the horseloads mentioned by the hearse-driver very probably) and the young digger stood with his lowering ropes at the narrow end, two men being at the other, when suddenly the first-mentioned ropes slipped off their holding, and the awful weight hung on the remaining rope, balancing like the beam of a scales. There was a cry from everybody to the man below to get out of the way or he'd be crushed. He didn't seem much put out, however, though his peril appeared so extreme.

"Don't mind me," his gruff voice came up laughingly, "take your time ; I'm out o' sight if I ain't out o' danger."

Knowing nothing of the hidden mysteries of that dreadful pit I can't, of course, explain what he meant or where he stowed himself; but he was all ready to receive and pack this last consignment when the rope had been readjusted and it was lowered to him. I do not say it to their disparagement, but I don't believe that any man there - checker, parish hearse-drivers, or grave-diggers - gave one single thought to what it was the bare inch thickness of rough elm planking hid from their sight. They spoke of the coffins as "boxes," and of their differences as "short 'uns" and "long 'uns," and "wide 'uns" and "narrow 'uns," but there were instances. when this seeming

callousness struck the observer as being inexpressibly shocking.

"What next?" they would call down to the stower.

"I can do with a narrow un'," was the answer, and the clayey men went off, and presently returned laden.

"Put it down for a minute; I ain't quite ready," and the narrow box was laid on the snowy ground, and on its scanty tin plate was inscribed "Margaret -----, aged 19."

Who was the Margaret that had come to this pitiful ending? What was the life she had led that this was the last of her, and that of all her kith and kin, there was not one to stand by the coffin of this young creature, to drop a tear or breathe a prayer for her, ere all that pertained to her mortal body was put away out of human sight for ever. What was her story, that this should be the last chapter of it? Was she one of the poor and poverty-stricken, a wretched, half-starved drudge of the factory or slop-shop, grateful at last for workhouse asylum, and glad to die and be at rest - or was she of a superior class, treacherously entrapped to sin, perhaps, and sunk at length so low that it mattered not to her where she hid her shameful head and died? Who can tell?

There are Margarets who, departing this life, aged nineteen, would occasion such a clustering round their untimely graves of sorrowing relatives that the minister's solemn words would be unheard because of their sobbing. What a difference! There lay this poor girl, in her shabby coffin of parish make - contracted for and contrived with such severe economy that even the convenience of handles was denied it - all alone and desolate, with no one more sympathetic to attend her lowering into the grave than cemetery labourers and hearse drivers; leaving behind her no other record of how she passed away and when, except that afforded by the certificate the workhouse doctor gave, and the fact that the checker at the pit's mouth found her name on his scribbled list, and put his pencil through it. Apparently they have but small respect for the departed at a parochial burying.

"Where's that small?" inquired the packer in the hole, alluding to the little child that was laid aside at the commencement of the proceedings. There happened to be nobody on the spot at the moment but one of the drivers.

"Here it is."

From The Penny Illustrated Paper (17 July, 1875)

From a calculation lately published by the "London City Mission" we learn that in the metropolitan area a death takes place every six minutes. There is one phase of the subject of this vast recurrence of mortality which demands attention, however, and discussions not only as to the advantage of "cremation"... but on the best mode of burial, have been for some time past occupying public attention. Not a few persons are convinced that cremation will be ultimately adopted; and, although there is a widely-spread repugnance to consuming the bodies of relatives on a funeral pyre, it is argued that some of the most dignified nations have adopted this method and invested it with a certain grandeur which have made the funeral urn containing the ashes of the dead a classical and solemn symbol to this day, used to denote the spot beneath which the bodies of our own dead lie in the ground, to decay by a slower and more doubtful process of transition into the elements to which fire reduces them at once.

We have nothing to urge in favour of cremation, and we confess that though the vast number of burials within or near to large centres of population has frequently presented a danger to the living, there is some doubt whether the establishment of furnaces where the same number of dead bodies would have to be consumed at no considerable distance from a vast capital would not impregnate the atmosphere with gases that might themselves be dangerous.

"Let's have it, then."

"You can't reach it down there," said the hearse-driver.

"Can't you chuck it down to me?" returned the pit-hole man.

But the hearse-driver declined, and it was lowered by a rope.

Rather more than half the number

of "boxes" had been borne from the black coaches to the pit when a straggling procession of men, women, and children was seen in the distance, and a very long distance it was, considering the depth of snow on the ground, making for the burying-place. These were the thirteen mourners, and dreadfully bad it must have been for the poor women if their shoes were thin and unserviceable, as the shoes of poor women sometimes are, to come shuffling through that icy cold and saturating mass that reached higher far than their ankles. But they needn't have hurried so; there was plenty of time for them. Say it took five minutes to unload a "box," carry it to the pit, deposit and pack it - and it must be admitted that that would be sharp work - and there were yet four to be so disposed of after the mourners had come up, there would be twenty minutes at least. And for that time or longer there they stood, shivering and huddled together, stamping their chilled feet in the snow, and with their teeth chattering.

They did not approach the pit as yet - that was not allowed; but they gathered at the spot where the unloading was going on, and in some cases of course saw their loved ones carried off and put away, their only privilege being to follow them with their woeful eyes. There remained still some work to do when the minister arrived, and in his cold-looking white surplice, with a red comforter tied over his head and ears to protect him from the cold, he stood awhile shivering with the rest. But eventually the last load was deposited, and then the mourners hurried up and crowded round the pit, and while they looked down wondering, no doubt, which was which, the minister stood at the pit side, and in a brief two minutes he had said all of the Burial Service he had reserved to say, and nothing remained but to drive the forlorn thirteen homeward again, with a charitable stoppage at the nearest available public-house to be found on the frosty road, to bait the horses and refresh the drivers, and give the baker's dozen of poor benumbed mourners a chance of having a warm at the tap-room fire.

Bodysnatching

With the overcrowded cemeteries, it's not surprising that bodysnatching was a common problem, particularly in the East End.

An old law allowed murderers' >

bodies to be used for research by the Surgeons Company, but London was at the heart of international medical research and would-be surgeons required at least a dozen bodies to complete their studies.

They often relied on Resurrection Men - shadowy figures who roamed the graveyards at night with their shovels, prepared to provide a freshly-buried corpse at the back door for £4.

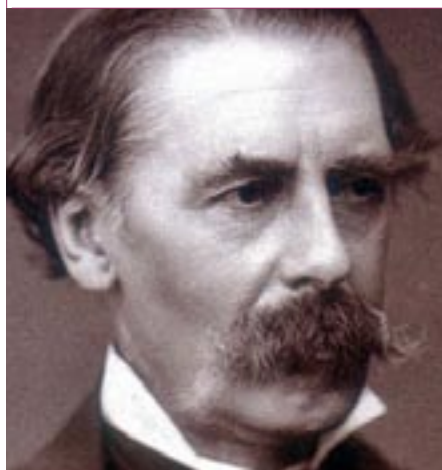
The infamous Ben Crouch Gang used to pay bent grave-diggers in London to slip a fresh body from its coffin soon after mourners left the open graveside. The hole would be filled in with the corpse on top, under a thin layer of earth, to await "collection after dark."

Some undertakers took special precautions to thwart grave robbers. An example is recorded of 73-year-old Mary Mason, buried at Christ Church, Spitalfields, who had three iron bands fastened around her coffin. Another was chained to the wall.

Undertaker William Horne was so concerned about his own resting place, at Spitalfields in 1826, that he had three coffins, one inside the other. One was lead, another iron and the last one wood.

Cremation

An ancient practice in other parts of the world, cremation had become increasingly popular in Victorian Britain since Sir Henry Thompson, Surgeon to Queen Victoria, had recommended it as an alternative to burial on health grounds. Thompson had attended the Vienna Exposition in 1873 and viewed the cremation apparatus of Professor Brunetti. He wrote a paper titled *The Treatment of the Body after Death*, which was published in *The Contemporary Review* for January 1874. His main reason for supporting cremation was that "it >



Sir Henry Thompson

was becoming a necessary sanitary precaution against the propagation of disease among a population daily growing larger in relation to the area it occupied".

Thompson suggested cremation would reduce the expense of funerals, spare mourners the necessity of standing exposed to the weather during interment and the ashes, kept in urns, would be safe from vandalism.

Encouraged by the response to his suggestions, Thompson drew up a declaration and on 13 January 1874, The Cremation Society of England came into being.

The first duty of the Council of the Cremation Society was to ascertain whether cremation could be legally performed in Britain and a case was drawn up and submitted to eminent counsel. It was proposed to erect a building for the performance of the rite and a large sum of money was subscribed for this purpose. The Council sought an independent site and an acre of freehold land adjoining the cemetery at Woking was bought from the London Necropolis Company. It was both secluded yet readily accessible, as a train service, suitable for the conveyance of the dead, already ran between London and Woking.

Professor Gorini of Lodi, Italy, was invited to supervise the erection of his apparatus, assisted by William Eassie, the Cremation Society's Honorary Secretary. On 17 March, 1879 the furnace was tested when the body of a horse was cremated.

On 8 and 9 October 1882 the Cremation Society carried out the cremation of one Captain Hanham's wife and mother, which drew much coverage in the press.

The first official cremation, a Mrs Pickersgill, took place at Woking on 26 March 1885.

Cremations grew more popular; in 1888 28 took place, and in 1892 104 were carried out.

In 1912 over 1,000 bodies were cremating; in 1936 10,000, until today in Britain 70% of deaths result in cremation.

Further information

The Victorian Celebration of Death
by James Stevens Curl

Life and Death in Spitalfields
1700-1850 by Margaret Cox

Bodysnatchers by Martin Fido

The Victorian Undertaker
by Trevor May



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Jack the Ripper

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Cyber Jack: The Ripper on the Internet

MONTY

"LIFE... is full of surprises. Ladies and gentlemen, consider the fate of this creature's poor mother. In the fourth month of her maternal condition, she was struck down by a wild elephant. Struck down, if you take my meaning, on an uncharted African isle. The result is plain to see ladies and gentlemen, I give you... THE TERRIBLE MONTY"

Monty shuffles into view, dressed in sackcloth. A shambling individual, deformed yet strangely handsome. He turns to the audience who have gathered together in a run down building on the Whitechapel Road. Sighs and gasps of fear, terror even, emanates from the small crowd. He opens his mouth slowly. He speaks...

Unfortunately we will never know what he said because he is too busy getting this article together. Yes folks, I've been given a second chance. Bribery pays along with blackmail too. Try it, you know it makes sense. If you need photos of Adam Wood and Paul Begg in compromising positions holding a copy of *Ripperana* then mail me.

Right, lets start with a site that is a baby compared to the *Casebook: Jack The Ripper* forums, a baby only in age I may add: www.jtrforums.co.uk

Now those in the know are well aware of how this site came to be. Just like Joseph Merrick's story, something good always comes out of something bad so I will not dwell upon that side. Especially as things have moved on and how they have too. Though run by Ripper author Ivor Edwards and Tyler Hebblewhite, this site does not continually push Ivor's suspect, Robert D'Onston Stephenson. Sure, it is predominantly D'Onston but this is down to the fact that users bring the subject up rather than continual promoting by Ivor. If you want to find out about D'Onston then this is the place to visit. This site is more than RDS though. The occult aspect, a subject rarely touched upon by other sites, is highlighted as a possible motive. And a valid



motive too. Either misunderstood or too fanciful for some, this reasoning for Jack's crimes is often too quickly dismissed. Therefore I include this forum thread about *Occult Ritual Murders* for those of you interested in pursuing this fascinating topic.

Regarding D'Onston, [this thread](#) raises the question could D'Onston have left the London Hospital to commit the crimes. It would be interesting if this could be put to bed... see... see the pun I put in?

Another mystery concerns the *crime scene photographs* of Mary Kelly.

Where are they now? Thankfully an answer has been provided in the thread but it begs the question with regards other documentation. Do you have something in your lofts, or know the whereabouts of that vital report or note which may hold the answer to identifying Jack? In fact, once you've read this go and search your spare room for Great Great Great Uncle Fred Abberline's suitcase of curiosities and peculiarities.

Annie Chapman's disputed time of death is the topic of [this thread](#). It tackles the discrepancy in Richardson's timing of when he was in the yard and Dr Phillips' timing of Annie Chapman's death. Apparently, if Dr Phillips' and Richardson's times were correct, Richardson would have stumbled upon

Chapman's body. Yet he states he didn't. Why not?

The final *Jack the Ripper Forums* thread we shall visit this month is the enigma that is 'Pipeman'. The 'Pipeman' is an obvious reference to the man in Schwartz's statement. An assault upon a woman was observed by the passing Israel Schwartz. This attack occurred 15 minutes before Stride was found murdered only yards away in Berner Street. As the attack continued Schwartz noticed a man with a pipe. This man followed Schwartz once the assailant shouted out. An innocent man fleeing or someone more sinister?

They say impersonation is a high form of flattery. *Casebook: Jack the Ripper*, having gone through another enforced regeneration that surely outnumbers *Dr Who*, is now similar in format to *Jack the Ripper Forums*. I would say that in itself is a big compliment to the *Forums*. However, do not assume the two are the same beast in differing fur. Anyway, word on the street is that *Jack The Ripper Forums* is soon to be improved. You heard it here first. The *Forums* certainly stands on its own feet and often brings forward fresh ideas and questions. Ivor's indomitable style and no nonsense stance with troublemakers coupled with Tyler's

seriously laid back methods, not to be confused with carefree I add, makes this site knowledgeable and unique. Visit and see for yourselves.

Since last month's 'column' went out, *Casebook: Jack The Ripper* has celebrated its tenth Birthday, so congrats to all involved with jelly and Ice cream all round. Yum. Another development is the **updating** of the *Dissertations* thread. Apparently my gentle kick in the pants prompted Stephen to shrug out of his lazy stupor and add the new stuff. Not that I'm taking the credit of course.

On to the *Casebook* threads. One of the largest threads this month was **The Swanson Marginalia**. Started by Greyhunter (who is this masked, spectacle wearing hero?) with contributions from well-known authors, makes this an interesting and informative thread to read.

Another great contribution comes from Jake L. This thread, though short, is a fantastic idea. Jake takes us through **PC Watkins' beat** with pictures of notable and not so notable buildings. Places Watkins would have seen and experienced. Its as if we are walking his beat. Like I say, a fantastic and novel idea.

As the suspect list grows ever longer and fanciful a more 'unknown' suspect is **Timothy Donovan**. I say unknown suspect but this person is pretty well known to those who have studied the case for sometime. Donovan was the Deputy at the notorious Crossingham's Lodging House where Annie Chapman stayed before her death. It would seem that pinning him down is a bit of a problem. Research has thrown up some possible links. Was he Timothy Donovan who killed his wife with a knife in 1903? Or was he the Donovan who died in December 1888, shortly after Mary Kelly's murder? Worth investigating further.

Bond's Report thread is born out of S. Gouriet Ryan's excellent article in the *Criminologist*. It questions Bond's compilation of Kelly's autopsy report and queries who completed it. Bond himself, as we all thought, or his assistant Dr Charles A Hibbert?

Robert D'Onston Stephenson seems to be flavour of the month. **Here he is** on the *Casebook*. As a contemporary suspect this chap is worth investigating. A serious contender Charlie, instead of a.... ahem, anyway.

And its there that we leave the big two Jack the Ripper sites. We shall return next time I assure you. It is now time to hit the less known and more unusual.

Still running with the Occult theme. Aleister Crowley and his connection with Jack the Ripper is the subject of this article entitled **Jack The Ripper: A Biographical Sketch of a friend & Acquaintance of Aleister Crowley**.

Picture this, a bucket full of Popcorn, Pearl and Dean blasting out and an advert for the Curry Pot, Melton Road, just behind DFS, next to Raj's Cash & Carry, quality authentic Indian cuisine for all the family. All you need is a decent film. **Hollywood Ripper** guides you through the celluloid world of Jack, TV included. What more do you want? A drink?

Ok, a drink it is. **One Jack the Ripper with Canadian Whisky and Butterscotch Schnapps**, served in a Brandy snifter coming up.

Uncle Jack slayer Jennifer Pegg next. A 2002 article on Queen Victoria's own - and Ripper suspect to boot - **Robert J Lees**. A good old fashioned honest appraisal that we have come to expect from Jenni.

Why are we obsessed with Jack the Ripper? asks Finlo Rohrer of the BBC. Cornwell, Sickert, Neil Storey, along with film hunk Johnny Depp and author hunk Paul Begg (who does his own bit for Anglo-US relations) all make an appearance in this **online article**.

Whilst Jack the Ripper was wandering around London with knife in hand, Clara Collett was working for the social analyst Charles Booth in the very same area at the very same time. Commissioned by Booth to conduct an investigation into women's work within the **East End, Clara Collett and Jack the Ripper** explains her work and

opens a small window upon the exact time period of Jack's operations.

As a native of Leicester, this caught my eye: Stephen Butt is giving a talk in Leicester. All about how a local lad caught Jack. Come and have a **look-see** folks. I may try this one out myself.

Robert F Haggard calls his interesting 1993 essay **Jack the Ripper as the Threat of Outcast London**. A superb piece of work.

And finally, Monty's site of the month: I feel that the personal aspects of this crime are sometimes overlooked. This is no Sherlock Holmes novel folks, or an Agatha Christie whodunnit. These crimes were as real as the life you or I lead, actually life was harder and, for the victims, the end tragic. The murders are often looked at with zeal akin to viewing a slasher movie. I think it is worth taking time out to regain a little perspective. I am including this site for those of you who would like to pay your respects to those who were brutally killed in that Autumn of 1888. **Find a Grave** shows photos of the graves and provides links to the Cemeteries. You can add your own virtual flowers (and note) on the site without having to visit the actual grave, but if you are inclined to do so, the relevant cemetery is noted.

Well, that's your lot. I'm off to see Dr Treves and see if I can get a room at the Royal London Hospital. And remember, I have a stack of those photos of Messrs Wood and Begg... a stack.

Adieu

Monty





CHRIS SCOTT

Press Trawl

Sandusky Daily Register (US)
18 July 1889

ANOTHER WHITECHAPEL VICTIM

The Victim from the Same Degraded Class as Those of Recent Occurrence
London, July 17.

Another bloody deed has been committed within the precincts of Whitechapel. A woman whose body was found in Castle Abbey (sic), in the Whitechapel district, last night, was of middle age and of bad repute. Her throat had been cut to the spine. When the body was found it was lying on its back. The clothing had been thrown up, exposing the abdomen, which had been gashed in a horrible manner in several places, though the intestines were not exposed. No part of the body was missing.

Warm blood was flowing from the wounds when the body was discovered. A policeman who, with the watchman of an adjacent warehouse, must have been within a few yards of the spot where the murder took place when it was committed, heard no noise. Policemen have been placed at fixed points in Whitechapel since the murders of this character began there, and since the murder preceding that of last night, officers have been stationed within a hundred yards of the scene of the latest tragedy.

An old clay pipe smeared with blood was found alongside the body. It is supposed by the police that this may furnish a clue to the murderer, although it may have belonged to the victim. Several arrests of suspected persons have been made, but they were discharged from custody, there being no proof on which to hold them.

A letter was received by the police officials before last night's murder in Whitechapel, signed Jack the Ripper, in which the writer said that he was "about to resume his work."

Newark Daily Advocate
9 October 1888

Whitechapel Inquest

London, Oct. 9.

At the Whitechapel inquest yesterday several surgeons deposed that the body found in Whitehall was that of a woman of unusually fine appearance and evidently of good social standing.

Decatur Saturday Herald
15 September 1888

THE POLICE ALL AT SEA

London, Sept. 10.

Numerous arrests have been made of persons suspected of being connected with the recent horrible murder in the vicinity of Whitechapel, but none of those arrested have been held.

Decatur Republican
20 September 1888

A German named Ludwig has been arrested under suspicion of being the perpetrator of the recent awful murders in Whitechapel, London.

Ogden Standard
14 November 1888

The Whitechapel Murderer

London, Nov. 13.

The police are confident they are on the right track in their search for the Whitechapel murderer. Two persons have been found who saw the man that accompanied the last victim to her room on the night that she was murdered. Their descriptions of the man tally in every respect.

Morning Oregonian
13 November 1888

RESIGNED

London's Chief of Police Will Vacate His Office

London, Nov. 12.

Gen. Warren, chief of police, has tendered his resignation. It is understood this action is due to the severe criticisms upon his efficiency in connection with the Whitechapel

murders.

The announcement of the resignation in the House of Commons was received with cheers.

Trenton Times
9 November 1888

The London Murder Fiend Again At Work

By Associated Press to the Times
London, Nov. 9.

The murder fiend has added another to his list of victims. At 11 o'clock this morning the body of a woman, cut to pieces, was discovered in a house on Dorset street, Spitalfields. The police are endeavoring to track the murderer with the aid of bloodhounds. The remains were mutilated in the same horrible manner as were those of the women murdered in Whitechapel.

Davenport Morning Tribune
9 October 1888

Many Arrests for the Whitechapel Murders - Ridiculing the Bloodhound Idea

London, Oct. 8.

Saturday's Telegraph publishes two sketch portraits from descriptions of the man last seen in company of the woman named Stride, one of the victims of the Whitechapel murder fiend. The result has been the unceremonious arrest of every man bearing any resemblance to the pictures, and a great deal of discomfort has been caused by this new phase of police activity. Many of the arrests are made by self constituted detectives or ambitious vigilance committeemen. The victims are generally discharged from custody as soon as brought before a magistrate, but some are unlucky enough to be able to satisfy the officials of their rectitude, and are subjected to more or less annoying detention. One of the men arrested carried a bag in which was found a razor. This subject is still held, and will have to give a very good account of himself and his razor. Another perplexity attending the Whitechapel muddle is due to the fact that the regular police do not know by sight the various amateur detectives, and the latter are occasionally "held up" and put to the embarrassment of explaining their presence and mysterious movements in the much watched district. Experts ridicule Sir Charles Warren's determination to use bloodhounds to search for the murderer. Scent training is now a neglected art, and only show points are cultivated in the bloodhound,

making him the most stupid of canine varieties and useless in manhunting. At the noted dog show in Warwick two years ago, though the crack dogs of the kingdom were represented, only one bloodhound displayed even fourth rate gifts. The dog that tracked Fish, the Blackburn murderer, twelve years ago, was not, as has been stated, a bloodhound of pure blood, but a mongrel. But even if a genuine tracker were secured the dog would be useless in the East End, where a trail could not remain many minutes unfouled.

Decatur Daily Republican
15 November 1888

The London Police Secure a Clew to the Whitechapel Murderer

England

A Clue for the Police

London, Nov. 14.

The hopes of the police of catching the Whitechapel murderer, which had almost entirely died out, were raised to the acme of buoyancy yesterday in consequence of testimony at the Kelly inquest of George Hutchinson, a groom who had known the victim for some years and who saw here with a male companion shortly before two o'clock on the morning of the murder. Hutchinson testified that he saw a well dressed man with a Jewish cast of countenance accost the woman on the street at the hour mentioned on Friday morning and the circumstances of his acquaintance with her induced him to follow the pair as they walked together. He looked straight into the man's face as he turned to accompany the woman, and followed them top Miller Court out of mere curiosity. He had no thought of the previous murders, and certainly had no suspicion that the man contemplated violence since his conspicuous manifestations of affection for his companion as they walked along formed a large part of the incentive to keep them in sight.

After the couple entered the house Hutchinson heard sounds of merriment in the girl's room and remained at the entrance to the court for fully three quarters of an hour. About three o'clock the sounds ceased and he walked into the court, but finding that the light in the room had been extinguished he went home. During the hour occupied in standing at the entrance to, or promenading the court, he did not see a policeman. There is every reason to believe Hutchinson's statement, and the police place great reliance upon his description of the

man believing that it will enable them to run him down. The witness who testified Monday to having seen the woman enter the house with a man with a blotched face was evidently mistaken as to the night, as his description of her companion is totally unlike that of Hutchinson's in every particular. The bulk of the evidence taken fixes the time of the murder at between half past three and four o'clock. It transpired yesterday that in addition to the facial mutilation of the murdered woman, the uterus was wholly and skilfully removed and laid in a corner of the bed.

London, Nov. 14.

The police consider they are on the track of the Whitechapel murderer. Two witnesses at the inquest yesterday described the appearance of the man seen going into the house with the Kelly woman shortly before the killing, the descriptions being almost identical.

Decatur Daily Dispatch
11 September 1889

ANOTHER WHITECHAPEL MURDER

But It Differs From Preceding Ones in That Vicinity - No Clews

London, Sept. 10.

At 5.30 o'clock this morning the dead body of a fallen woman was found lying at the corner of a railway arch on Cable street, Whitechapel. An examination of the remains shows that the head and arms had been cut off and the stomach ripped open, the intestines lying on the ground. There was no blood on the ground where the body was found, neither was there any blood on the body. From this it is evident that the murder was committed on some other place and that the body was subsequently deposited under the railway arch.

Although the murder is generally spoken of as the work of the mysterious Jack the Ripper, a close examination of all the facts leads to the conclusion that this murder is not one of the Ripper's. Police and medical men familiar with the details of the recent London horrors of this class say that this last murder must be classified with those known as Embankment murders, of which there have now been four in all including the one in which the headless body of the victim was recently discovered in Chelsea, and of which the head has never been found.

New York Tribune
10 November 1888

THE LONDON FIEND AGAIN

THE NINTH VICTIM OF THE WHITECHAPEL MONSTER

THE BODY OF A WOMAN FRIGHTFULLY MUTILATED, FOUND IN A ROOM IN DORSET ST., SPITALFIELDS

BLOODHOUNDS OF NO AVAIL

THE MATTER BROACHED IN PARLIAMENT

London, Nov. 9.

The Whitechapel murder fiend has added another to his list of victims. At 11 o'clock this morning, the body of a woman, cut into pieces, was discovered in a house on Dorset street, Spitalfields. The police are endeavoring to track the murderer with the aid of bloodhounds.

The body was mutilated in the same horrible manner as were those of the women murdered in Whitechapel.

The appearance of the body was frightful, and the mutilation was even greater than in the previous cases. The head had been severed and placed beneath one of the arms. The ears and nose had been cut off. The body had been disembowelled and the flesh was torn from the thighs. Certain portions of the body were missing. The skins had been torn off the forehead and cheeks. One hand had been pushed into the stomach.

The victim, like all the others, was a fallen woman. She was married and her husband was a porter. They had lived together at intervals. Her name is believed to have been Lizzie Fisher, but to most of the habitués of the haunts she visited she was known as Mary Jane. She had a room in the house where she was murdered. She carried a latch key and no one knows at what house she entered the house last night, and probably no one saw the man who accompanied her. Therefore it is hardly likely that he will ever be identified. He might easily have left the house at any time between 1 and 6 o'clock this morning without attracting attention.

The doctors who have examined the body refuse to make any statement until the inquest is held.

Three bloodhounds belonging to private citizens were taken to the place where the body lay and placed on the scent of the murderer, but they were unable to keep it for any great distance, and all hope of running the assassin down with their assistance will have to be abandoned.

The murdered woman told a companion last evening that she was without money, and would commit suicide if she did not obtain a supply.

It has been learned that a man, respectably dressed, accosted the victim and offered her money. They went to her lodgings on the second floor of the Dorset street house. No noise was heard during the night, and nothing was known of the murder until the landlady went to the room early this morning to ask for her rent. The first thing she saw on entering the room was the woman's breasts and viscera lying on a table.

Dorset street is short and narrow, and is situated close to Mitre square and Hanbury street.

In the House of Commons today Mr Conybeare asked the question whether, if it was true that another woman had been murdered in London, General Warren, the Chief of the Metropolitan Police, ought not to be superceded by an officer accustomed to investigate crime.

The question was greeted by cried of "Oh! Oh!" The Speaker called, "Order" Order!" and said that notice must be given of the question in the usual way.

Mr Conybeare replied: "I have given private notice."

The Speaker - The notice must be made in writing.

Mr Cunningham-Graham then Asked whether General Warren had already resigned, to which Mr Smith, the Government leader, replied, "No."

This last addition to the number of terrifying murders in the Whitechapel district makes the ninth victim who has been butchered under the same mysterious circumstances. The first Whitechapel murder occurred about a year ago. No notice was taken of the crime as the victim was a fallen woman, and it was supposed to be nothing uncommon that such a deed should be committed in such a locality, where the vilest resorts of London are located. The victim was buried in the Potter's Field, and little effort was made to discover the murderer. The second murder did not occur till August 7 last, but it was undoubtedly the work of the same hand, the woman being mangled and mutilated in a peculiar manner. The police made some unusual efforts to find the murderer this time, but without success.

The excitement caused among the people of the East End over this second crime had hardly begun to subside then a third woman was found murdered under the same revolting circumstances, on the morning of

August 31. The victims were all of the same class of fallen women. Then a panic of horror and fear began to seize upon the people of London, especially among the class which the unknown fiend seemed to single out for his awful work. This panic was intensified by the murder of a fourth woman eight days later. This time the woman was butchered in the backyard of No. 29 Hanbury street, not 100 yards from the place where one of the former victims was murdered. On a wall above the mangled body were written these words:

Fifteen before I surrender.

The police were now thoroughly aroused, but all efforts to track down the monster proved unsuccessful. Scarcely had they begun to relax their efforts before the murderer struck again, killing his fifth victim on September 23, at Gateshead, near Newcastle on Tyne. On September 30, at 1 o'clock in the morning, the sixth murdered woman was found in Berners street, Whitechapel, but the murderer had probably been frightened away, as the body was not mutilated as in all the other cases. Fifteen minutes after discovering the sixth body, the seventh was found in Mitre square, Whitechapel. This time the murderer had completed his work for the body was mutilated as in the other five instances. On the day following, the eighth body was found on the Thames Embankment in the Whitechapel district. This last victim, however, had been dead for some time when found.

This series of atrocities rapidly succeeding each other created the wildest excitement in London, and the clamor against the police officials for their failure to find the fiend was great. The London papers devoted many columns to the murders, and many suggestions as to the method of finding the murderer were advanced. Bloodhounds were used without effect by the police. People who live in the Whitechapel neighborhood came forward and gave descriptions of a shabby genteel man with a wild look in his eyes who had been noticed in the vicinity and had been seen with some of the murdered women. The papers were full of descriptions of him and it is supposed that the length of time which has elapsed since his last victim fell was due to the murderer's desire to let the excitement subside so that he could resume his awful work in safety. According to his legend on the wall above the body of the Hanbury street victim, there still

remain six unfortunates to fall before the mysterious murderer.

Dunkirk Observer Journal
17 July 1889

JACK THE RIPPER AT WORK

Another Victim of the Whitechapel
Fiend Found Horribly Mutilated -
Police Paralyzed by this Last Crime

London, July 17.

One more murder has been added to the long list credited to Jack the Ripper, in Whitechapel. The body of a woman, evidently one of the disreputable frequenters of the district, was found in Castle alley last night, only a short distance from where the other murders were committed. The body was horribly mutilated and bears undoubted evidence of the work of the fiend whose atrocities in Whitechapel have repeatedly terrorized the whole district.

The police are as far as ever from a clue to the identity of the murderer and seem perfectly paralyzed. The excitement throughout Whitechapel, where the news of the discovery of a fresh victim of the Ripper has spread with lightning rapidity, is at fever heat.

Atlanta Constitution
14 February 1889

THE WHITECHAPEL FIEND

Dundee Policemen Think They Have
Caught Jack the Ripper

London, February 13.

The body of a woman concealed in a wooden chest, was discovered Monday by the police of Dundee. The body was mutilated. The chest was so small that the murderer had been compelled to squeeze the body into it. The husband of the woman has been arrested on suspicion of being her murderer.

It was positively ascertained that Wm. H. Bury, the victim, murdered her. Bury was a resident of Whitechapel, London, and his antecedents suggest that he is probably Jack the Ripper, and that he is subject to fits of unconscious murder mania. The post mortem examination held on the body proved that the woman had first been strangled, and that her body had then been mutilated, the abdomen being ripped open and the legs and arms twisted and broken.

Bury says that he left Whitechapel three weeks ago. He refuses to say why he left there, and acknowledges that he had no business requiring his attention at Dundee. He says that he and his wife drank heavily last night

before retiring, and that he does not know how he got to bed. Upon awakening, he says he found his wife lying upon the floor with a rope round her neck.

Actuated by a sudden mad impulse, for which he cannot account, he seized a knife and slashed the body. Upon reason returning he became alarmed and hastily crushed the body into the chest in which it was found, thinking to make his escape. He found, however, that he could not leave his wife's remains, and he finally resolved to inform the police.

The theory of the police officials is that Bury's wife knew of facts connecting him with the East end atrocities, and that she took him to Dundee in the hope of preventing a recurrence of the crimes.

Frederick News
17 September 1888

The Whitechapel tragedies still remain a mystery, and the helplessness of the police gives rise to invidious contrasts with the efficiency of the New York detective service. Arrests are made daily, but all prove futile. The "knifer" remains at large, though every man wearing a leather apron is a suspect.

Public excitement continues. Apart from the series of undiscovered murders in the East End, numerous street robberies in daylight and the increase of burglaries have spread general terror over the metropolis. Vigilance committees are forming in several districts to meet the outburst of crime. The first question to be agitated at the winter session of parliament is the unprotected state of the metropolis.

Frederick News
24 November 1888

A MYSTERIOUS ENGLISHMAN

*He is Charged with Murders and
Looks Like Jack the Ripper*

New York, Nov. 24.

A mysterious man, who admits that he is travelling incognito, was arrested as he alighted from the steamer Wyoming. He was a steerage passenger and registered the name of James Shaw. He was arrested on a cablegram from England to the British consul general, Mr. Hoare.

The cablegram asked that steerage passenger James Shaw be detained, as he was James Pennock, of Pickering, North Riding, Yorkshire, England, and that he had murdered his wife on Nov. 7.

Shaw protested his innocence and declared that he had kissed his wife goodbye Nov. 9 at Leeds, near which town he lived. He was going west and had \$5. He was lodged in Ludlow street jail pending further instruction from England.

Shaw fully answers the description of Jack the Ripper and there was in his pocket a paper containing an illustrated account of the Whitechapel horror, and the rumor spread that the Whitechapel murderer was a prisoner in New York.

But Marshal Bernhardt pumped his prisoner in his own peculiar way and satisfied himself that Shaw as not the Ripper, nor the Yorkshire wife killer either.

Shaw admits that it is an assumed name - he real name is Heddington - but he declines to say who he is travelling incognito.

He cannot read nor write, and is rather confused in his accounting for the presence in his pocket of the newspaper containing the Whitechapel story.

Lima Daily Times
11 September 1889

Victim Number Ten

*Another Whitechapel Murder
Startles London*

London, Sept. 11.

At 5.30 o'clock yesterday morning a policeman found the body of a fallen woman lying at the corner of a railway arch on Cable street, Whitechapel. An examination of the remains showed that the head and arms had been cut off and carried away, and the stomach ripped open, the intestines lying on the ground.

A cordon of police instantly surrounded the spot, but no arrests have up to this hour, been made. Policemen pass the spot every fifteen minutes. Those on duty that night sat they saw nothing suspicious. The physicians who examined the body state that in their opinion the murder and mutilation occupied nearly an hour.

It is surmised that the murderer carried off the head and arms in a bag. The murder is the worst of the whole series of Whitechapel murders. The manner in which the limbs had been severed from the body shows that the murderer was possessed of some surgical skill. The woman was about 30 years old. Her clothing was shabby and she was evidently a spirit drinker. The remains have not been identified. The most intense excitement again

prevails in Whitechapel. Crowds surround the mortuary in which the body lies.

Later details concerning the finding of the body of the murdered woman in Whitechapel show that there was no blood on the ground where the body was found, neither was there any blood on the body. From this it is evident that the murder was committed in some other place, and that the body was subsequently deposited under the railway arch. The trunk was nude. A rent and bloody chemise was found lying near the body. The arms were intact, but the legs were missing. It is believed that the woman had been dead for two days. Three sailors who were sleeping under the arch next to the one under which the body was found were taken into custody by the police. They convinced the authorities, however, that they had heard or seen nothing of a suspicious nature and they were discharged.

Although the murder is generally spoken of as the work of the mysterious Jack the Ripper, a close examination of all the facts leads to the conclusion that this murder is not one of the Ripper's. The police and the medical men familiar with the details of the recent London horrors of this class say that this last murder must be classified with those known as the Embankment murders, of which there have now been four in all, including the one in which the headless body of the victim was recently discovered in Chelsea, and of which the head has never been found.

Although there is a general resemblance between the horrible work of the two murderers, both taking special pains to mutilate their victims and to carry off portions of the bodies, each carries off a different portion. Besides this, there are other evidences of differences in the surgical work involved in all the mutilations, the embankment murderer being by far the more scientific of the two. For some time it was doubtful whether all these horrors were the work of one or two persons, but this last murder convinces the medical men that there are two entirely distinct murderers.

It is believed that in the present instance the body was purposely brought to the Whitechapel district to throw the police off the scent by inducing the belief that the body was that of another victim of Jack the Ripper. In this the perpetrator, however, went to trouble that is entirely superfluous, for the police are as much in the fog about the class

of murders as the other.

Morning Oregonian
5 June 1889

Jack the Ripper's Work
A Woman Murdered and Horribly Mutilated in London

London, June 3.

A parcel containing the lower portion of a woman's body cut in half was found in the Thames at Narsley Down this morning. Another parcel in which were a woman's thighs was picked up at Battersea. Both were wrapped in pieces of a woman's drawers, on which the name Gasher was marked. The trunk and thighs evidently belonged to the same body, which was of a well developed person. The remains had probably been in the water ten days. It is feared that Jack the Ripper has again been at work.

Portsmouth Times (Ohio)
7 September 1889

Jack the Ripper has reappeared in London in the form of an old man, who stabbed two women in Whitechapel because they declined his company.

Morning Oregonian
21 July 1889

Jack the Ripper
A Drunken Sailor Creates a Sensation in London

London, July 20.

Last night a hue and cry was aroused by a report that Jack the Ripper had been caught while attempting his ninth murder in Oldgate (sic) High street. A crowd was attracted by a woman by a woman's cries of murder and shouts of "Jack the Ripper." The police secured the man and locked him up. He was a sailor and he kicked a woman who attempted to rob him. He drew a knife when he saw the crowd approach. He was arrested, but discharged.

The man who gave himself up yesterday, claiming he was the Ripper, said his name was Brodie, and that he left London in September for Kimberley, South Africa. He was an ex convict, and reached Southampton on Monday, making the return voyage as a fireman. Brodie was pronounced insane from consumption and hard use of liquor.

Decatur Daily Despatch
20 July 1889

Still Another Victim
Another Woman Slain in Whitechapel by Jack the Ripper

The Murderer Caught and Jailed

London, July 20, 1889

A man supposed to be Jack the Ripper was arrested in Whitechapel district early this morning. He had just killed a woman and had the knife on his person with which he had committed the deed. After being taken into custody the prisoner confessed that he had killed the woman. He said the weapon he used to accomplish his purpose was an ordinary pocket knife. He carried no other weapon. He declared that he lived nowhere and that he had just arrived from abroad. The prisoner is six feet tall, of fair complexion, and carries himself with a military air. His actions indicate that he is insane. He has confessed that he murdered all the women whose bodies have been found in and about the Whitechapel district. He gave the names of his victims, the dates upon which he killed the victims and all the ghastly and indecent details connected with the terrible crimes.

The arrested man yesterday, who confessed to being the Ripper, is regarded as a lunatic, but there is little doubt that the real author of the atrocities which have appalled London is now in custody.

Decatur Daily Despatch
21 July 1889

The Whitechapel Suspect

London, July 20.

The name of the man who was arrested this morning on suspicion of being the Whitechapel murderer, and who is said to have subsequently confessed that he was guilty, is William Brodile (sic). He was arraigned before a police magistrate this morning. He stated to the magistrate that the confession made by him was true. The prisoner was remanded for a week.

Towards midnight last night he attempted the life of another woman close to castle alley. A man and a woman were seen to approach a dark portion of the thoroughfare, near the Aldgate east station. The pair did not remain long in the corner before the woman was heard to cry: "No, I won't." The remark was addressed to a dark man of medium height, with a slouch hat and of foreign appearance. The man seized her, dragged her a short distance, flung her upon the curbstone and produced a dagger. Screams of "Jack the Ripper!" and of "Murder!" attracted crowds of men and women from all directions. Among the first arrivals on the scene were several members of the local

Vigilance association, which has only just resumed its work. Before the man had time to get far he was seized and a dreadful struggle ensued. He had a long knife in his hand. It was some time before he could be deprived of it. Eventually it was taken from him. Even then his fight for liberty was of a most determined nature. In the first affray the woman crawled away. Police whistles were heard in all directions. A great number of officials both of the city and metropolitan force appeared on the scene. When the police reached the spot the man was cut and bleeding profusely from wounds inflicted by the crowd who had raised the cry of "Lynch him" and was throwing all kinds of missiles at the prisoner. With the aid of a strong escort of police he was got to the police station. In reply to a question, he said: "The woman robbed me." When asked why he drew the dagger, he replied that he had done so in self defence. He said he was a sailor, and had arrived from South Shields about a week ago. When asked where he was on the morning on the 17th, he could not say. He did not know where he had stayed while in London. A small knife was found in his possession, together with his seaman's discharge papers.

The man arrested yesterday, and whom the authorities kept so close, is not Jack the Ripper, nor is he a murderer. He is a harmless lunatic with just enough sense to appreciate a good joke and he played it. The police are awfully chagrined and will vent their spite on the poor fellow by sending him to prison as a vagrant.

Decatur Daily Despatch
24 July 1889

The Ripper Described

London, July 23.

The London police at last feel that they have secured a slight clew to the identity of the author of the many mysterious murders in Whitechapel. At least they have found a young man who declares that he saw the murderer just after the latter's attempt to butcher Dark Sarah, who escaped with a cut throat, but was unable to identify her assailant. The assault on Dark Sarah was made on Nov. 21 and was the first botched job of the murderer. He met the woman in a public house and assaulted her while on the way to her room. The woman was very strong and succeeded in breaking loose from her assailant, but strangely enough she has not been seen by the London police since a

day or two after the assault. The only other known witness of the murderous assault was Francis Russell, the driver of a greengrocer's wagon. Russell was driving a wagon delivering coke to lodging houses on the morning of the attempted murder. He was standing near the sidewalk at No 19 George street early in the morning when he saw a man about 30 years old walking rapidly toward him. The stranger was semi respectable in appearance, looking neither like a working man nor a gentleman. He wore a black diagonal suit and round black felt hat, and had a light mustache cut square off at the ends. He was about five feet six or seven inches tall, neither very slight nor very heavy. He had a straight Grecian nose, but not very large, and had blue eyes. After he passed Russell he began to run. Then Russell heard the cry of the woman in No 19. She came out and he noticed that the front of her dress was covered with blood. She told Russell to stop the man and he started after him, but by the time Russell had reached the corner the man was out of sight. Russell ran as far as Brick lane where he met two policemen who said they had seen nobody. Russell thinks he would know the man if he could see him again.

Decatur Review
26 October 1890

ANOTHER FOUL MURDER

Jack the Ripper Again at Work
THIS TIME IN SOUTH HAMPSTEAD
London, Oct. 25.

The body of a murdered woman was found at South Hampstead Friday with the head almost severed and otherwise mutilated. The woman is supposed to have been of abandoned character. The finding of the body has revived the Jack the Ripper scare. The condition of the body indicates that her murder was the most fiendish of any that has occurred in England since Jack the Ripper's horrible Whitechapel series. The character of the wounds clearly establishes the fact that the woman was stabbed by someone behind her, after which her prostrate body was hacked and slashed almost to pieces.

Is it Jack the Ripper again?

The scene of the crime is a lonely part of the section haunted by the lowest class of abandoned women. It is supposed to be frequently patrolled by the police but the constables themselves admit that they perform that duty with feelings of trepidation,

and the suspicion arises that their visits are not as often made as they ought to be. The belief is guessed that the murder is the work of the Ripper, who has changed the scene of his crimes in order to bluff the police. The police are tracking a man who was seen to enter a hansom cab at the place where the body was found and drove away at a furious pace, and are certain that they will run him down.

Reno Evening Gazette
5 December 1888

CALLING IN WHITECHAPEL

AFTERNOON VISITS AMONG THE WOMEN OF A LONDON SLUM

"Winkles!"

Heads were thrust out of half a dozen window and grimy doorways.

"Winkles!"

The shrill sound echoed through the dusky alley and was tossed back and forth from one wall of blackish stone tenements to the other almost meeting it overhead.

"Winkles!"

"Lor'! It almost give me a turn. Only Polly Lupkins a callin' of Moll and Jem."

The heads disappeared and the alley was quiet, save for the bare feet of Molly pattering towards the outstretched tin platter from the left, and Jem, who had his eyes fixed on the utensil from the right.

Molly was a low necked, short sleeved, white pinched child with a shock of light brown hair falling over a dirty face and obscuring large, pretty, blue eyes. Jem was a smaller and masculine issue of the same edition.

"It's goin' on a fortnight since they've 'ad winkles to their dinner. See 'em run," said the mother, waiting their approach.

"You see, I 'ad an uncommon large bundle o' h'army shirts from the Pimlico stores this week, and I told the chil'en, sez I, 'If I get 'em done fer you to take back this afternoon you shall 'ave a penn'orth o' winkles for yer dinner afore startin'. Now then, you Moll and Jem, look alive and see't they give you fresh ones."

Moll and Jem darted off to the winkle stand around the corner, and Moll and Jem's mother led the way through a dingy passage to a low, square, dingy room, where the midday meal was already spread, at least so far as the setting out of a loaf of bread, a bowl of dripping and a knife and spoon for the distribution of those edibles constituted spreading.

The first of the series of Whitechapel horrors was discovered on the morning of August 31st. I had planned for the first of September a round of afternoon calls, but the great, black lettered bulletins trodden under foot where the newsboys had spread them on the pavements at every street corner decided me to make my visits in the Bowery of London.

In the endless succession of dingy streets and dark, narrow lanes, in the squalid houses that wall in the blind alleys and dismal courts of Whitechapel district, in the more pretentious blocks that front upon its main artery, the broad, busy Whitechapel road ablaze with gin palaces and the paradise of cheap shops, there live more than half a million people, and, according to London estimates, from 10 to 12 per cent of the girls and women are, or at some time in their lives have been, harlots. How there comes to be such a colony of prostitutes, such a glut of female degradation, such a swarming population of abandoned women for Jack the Ripper to wreak his vengeance on in the very heart of the city was the point I hoped my afternoon calls might clear up for me.

It was at the end of Buck's Row, an eighth of a mile maybe from the spot where poor Polly Nichols had been found disembowelled the day before that I had opportunely dropped one or two halfpence from my change purse just abreast of Mrs. Lupkins calling for Jem and Molly to go for their winkles, and in course of the search for the coins had made her acquaintance.

"Deed an' I'm ashamed," said she, "as any lady wa'at knows wa'at decent things is should find me 'ere, for times ain't been this bad with me." And she glanced around at the mouldy wallpaper hanging in patches, the ragged pitfalls for the feet which constituted all that was left of the carpet, the baby lying asleep in a heap of soiled bedclothes on the floor, the chair or two which made up the furniture.

Mrs. Lupkins herself was a woman of 26 or 27, with the same tumbled brown hair and large, pathetic blue eyes which were the prominent features of the children. Two or three years earlier she must have been an attractive figure, but now her front teeth were gone, as well as most of the buttons of her dress, and it seemed that a very gentle push would shove her over the brink of the pit of hagdom.

"I've 'ad to put all my things

away," she said in explanation of the scantiness of the furnishings. By putting away the London poor always mean pawning.

"My 'usband died last winter. 'E was a soldier and I've been to India with 'im an' pretty near round the world. 'E was consumptive an' 'ad to leave the service, an' for two years 'e was janitor to a 'abitation of the Primrose League. Then 'e died wi' fo' shillins in 'is pocket, and me gone six months with Nellie there. The ladies of the League they sent me three pounds to last over the confinement, but said as 'ow I was never to ask them for a penny more. It was good starvin' till I got so's I could do summut again, and 'taint so much better now. They 'ad to give me work at the guv'ment stores, because I was a soldier's widow, and they can't refuse. They give out army and navy shirts at Pimlico, but the pay is only thruppence apiece an' if you ain't got a sewin' machine it ain't many in a day you can do. Weeks w'en I 'ave all I can make I earn maybe six shillins, but there's lots after the work, and oftener's not it won't go round. Bad weeks I don't 'ave fo' shillins worth, and once in a w'ile none at all. Now then, Jem an' Moll, did ye eat them winkles on the way?"

Jem and Moll produced the platter of molluscs and a slice of bread thickly spread with dripping was cut for each, with two winkles apiece to persuade the unattractive meal.

"You can't think what a comfort winkles is, winkles an' bloaters. We ain't 'ad a bit o' meat since winter and summut snacky you can buy for a penny's a treat now an' then."

Mrs. Lupkins' rent is three shillings a week for the very dirty room, and I asked her how she managed to feed herself and three children on from one to three shillings, that is from twenty five to seventy five cents more.

Remembering the compulsory school law I asked her how it happened that the children were at home. Bare feet and inability to pay the school fees were the reasons. Moll and Jem had no shoes in two years but those the school board presented at Christmas and Mrs. Lupkins was even then under summons to appear before a police magistrate to answer the non-payment of fees. The Solomon before whom she was taken - as I learned at a later day - fined her five shillings with an alternative for a fortnight's imprisonment for failing, out of an income of four to six shillings, to pay school fees of two

shillings, and without at the same time recommending to the School Trustees of the district the future remission of the tax on the ground that the woman was manifestly unable to pay.

Moll and Jem, made frisky by the winkles, played in and out of the room and the narrow passageway, occasionally tumbling with some emphasis against a door opposite their own. Finally the rickety barrier burst open, and a curious noise to which I had been listening received an explanation - the next room was occupied by a woman who was turning a mangle.

"Such young 'uns," she ejaculated, making ready to eject the intruders. Making much of the fact that a mangle was to me an unknown instrument of music, I begged to be allowed an inspection. While the heavy press was grinding out coarse underwear I studied this second specimen of the Whitechapel woman. She was a widow, like my first acquaintance, older, neater, thin, probably consumptive.

"Been talkin' to Mrs. Lupkins, ain't ye?" she panted, turning the groaning handle round and round. "Ever see 'er before? No? W'en she come 'ere last winter she was the decentest woman in Buck's Row. She kept 'erself nice 'an tidy, an' them children was slick as pins. But she's got discouraged an' fell into low company an' nex' time she's out o' work she'll go on the street. I've seen fifty women go that way an' I know the signs. It's 'er turn next, trust me."

To go on the street means in Buck's Row to starve on the casual hire of prostitution instead of starving on the hire of government shirts.

The woman with the mangle had three children also and the four occupied one room. She had supported herself for three or four years by washing and mangling at nine pence per dozen pieces. She paid 4 shillings a week for rent of a room a little larger than Mrs. Lupkins', and was able to earn about 7 shillings a week in summer and 9 shillings a week when times were good in winter. She had been doing, she considered, very well, but the work was too hard for her, and she was obliged to have in a boy once or twice a week to turn the mangle while she fed it, paying for his services a penny an hour. A charity doctor had warned her that she was straining her chest and that if she wanted to live she must give up the work, but there was absolutely nothing else she could do to maintain her children, and I

shrewdly suspected, apropos of her comment on Mrs Lupkins, that in spite of her tidy room and efforts at respectability she was weighing the choice between mangling herself into a coffin and going on the street.

I saw women employed by umbrella manufacturers to knot the tops of tassels at 4 shillings 6 pence per gross and the work was so fine that the gross kept them busy a week. I visited other women making brushes a penny per hundred holes filled with fibres of hair. I found one woman making sacks for the navy. She was paid by the government 4 shillings for ten large sacks, each of which had eight holes in it, four splices and two patches. Each must be sewn, roped, and marked with a broad arrow. There were women making neckties at 9 shillings a gross, and girls who were paid tuppence halfpenny per gross for making the covers and trays of matchboxes. I saw women making babies' boots and earning about two pence an hour, women making paper bags, purses, lifebelts, baskets, tobacco pouches and twenty other things which are done at home. Every day the pay for home business grows less, for many men who are out of work take to these small occupations and undersell the women who a few years ago controlled the home industry market. Whitechapel women sell themselves because they have nothing else left to sell.

The apprenticeship system of England tells heavily against the squalid children of the Whitechapel streets. "What will become of the swarms of urchins lurking in every passage?" I asked an intelligent woman who knows Whitechapel as other women know Belgravia. "These women can't apprentice their girls to milliners or dressmakers or other tradespeople, because they can't raise the £25 or £30 premium. They have not the faintest chance of learning any business that will yield living waged.

"They will grow up as street Arabs," she said, "marry very young and without 10 shillings ahead. By and by work will fail and they will be driven to the streets for bread and lodging, if indeed their mothers did not sell them before they were grown."

Whitechapel is an awful fact, for many of its women practically choose between semi starvation and harlotry.

ELIZA PUTNAM HEATON.

KARYO
MAGELLAN

Books of the Year

The best book of 2005? I liked *Will the Real Mary Kelly...?*, the book by Christopher Scott, because he objectively looked at the life and the murder of Mary Jane Kelly who is central to my own interest and complemented my work by taking into account broader sources of information. Scott and I quite independently came to remarkably similar conclusions on several issues relating to the death of Kelly, but reached fundamentally different conclusions on other issues using the same information.

The book that I most look forward to seeing in 2006 is the revised and updated second edition of Patricia Cornwell's *Case Closed* which 'includes even more evidence for her compelling and credible conclusion'. But I am looking forward to this offering for all the wrong reasons and many Ripperologists I imagine already have a coach and horses lined up to drive right through it the moment it

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hits the shops. It is of course unwise to prejudice any book on the strength of what had gone before but if this is not another gravity defying selective use of the facts, misdirected use of science, and mind bogglingly abstract deduction then it'll be a pleasant surprise. I wonder will there be a kitschy film of the book as was the

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case ahead of the first edition?

Although not strictly a Ripper book I see that John Barber is set to publish his work on the Camden Town Murder, that of Emily Dimmock. John shared his thoughts with me a couple of years back and I know the book will be of interest.

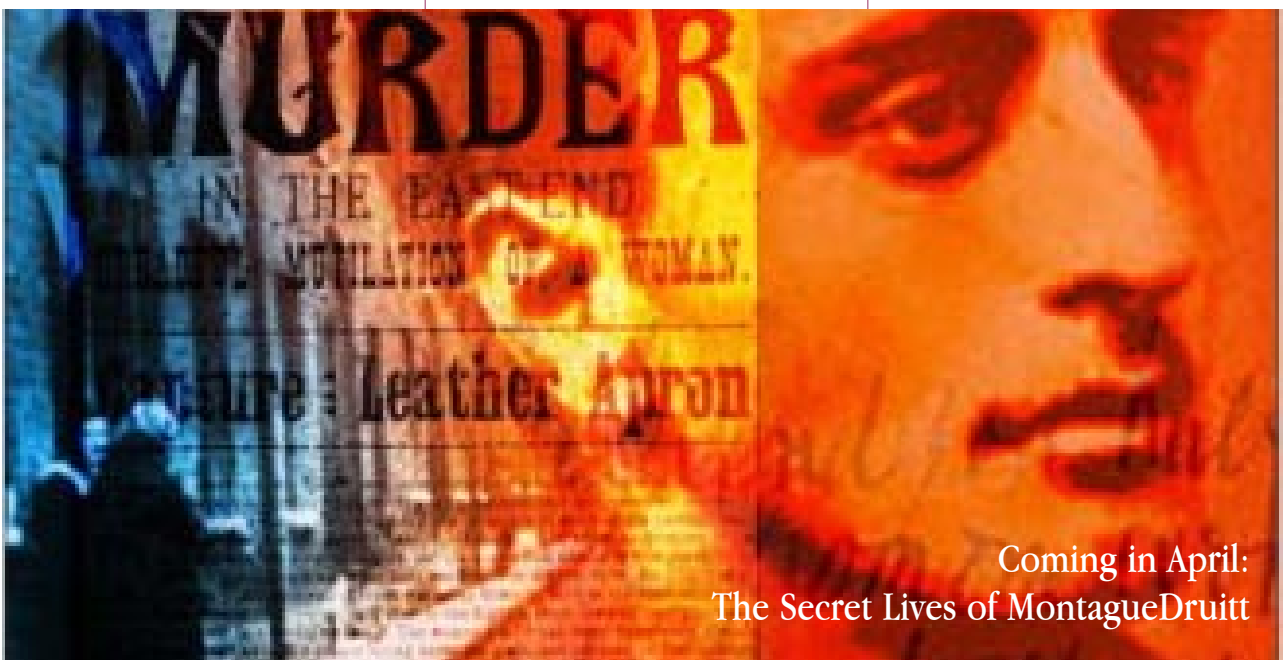
What books would I like to see in the future? This is a difficult question and I can't see matters progressing much further without new information appearing or new directions of research being prised open and we're fast running out of contemporary celebrities upon whom to pin the crimes! There is always room for books with objective and detailed analyses but what we don't need are any more books that identify marginal suspects on the basis of opportunity and with the support of fragile circumstantial evidence.

We would like to add another book to the list of Best Books of 2005 compiled by Karyo Magellan. It is Magellan's own book, By Ear and Eyes: The Whitechapel Murders, Jack The Ripper and the Murder of Mary Jane Kelly. In its review of By Ear and Eyes, Ripperologist said: 'If there's any justice at all in our little square-mile corner of historical study, Magellan's book will emerge as the most controversial, if not the most important, book of 2005.' Very strongly recommended. Rip.

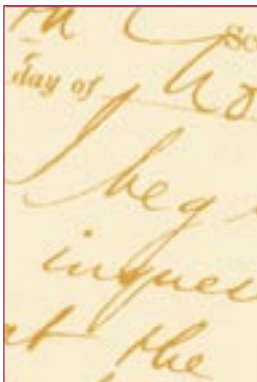
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Coming in April:
The Secret Lives of MontagueDruitt



All the news that's fit to print...

I Beg to Report

NEWS

THE RIPPER MADE ME DO IT. A Jack the Ripper collector on trial for first-degree murder in Polk County District Court, Des Moines, claimed he was insane and didn't know right from wrong when he stabbed a man to death in a motel room. Jon Matthew McGee, 24, had met his victim, Terry Graham, 52, a married businessman and former minister from Nebraska, on *gay.com*, an Internet chat room, shortly before their fatal encounter. Dr William Logan, a psychiatrist for the defence, said McGee suffered from mood disorders and borderline personality disorder and couldn't control his urge to kill. McGee collected books and videos about famous serial killers, including Jack the Ripper, Ted Bundy and Jeffrey Dahmer. He had come close to indulging his homicidal fantasies once before when he arranged to meet a man who said he wanted to be choked to the point of death during sex. This man, however, failed to show up at their meet point. McGee's homicidal thoughts had remained 'abstract' rather than focused on a specific person and had been suppressed by an antipsychotic medicine. But he did not take his medicine, which he had accidentally left behind during a vacation, in the two days before the killing. Dr Logan testified that during his interview with the police McGee seemed to reconstruct what likely happened during the actual moment of the stabbing because he didn't have an actual memory of it.

Quad City Times, 28 January 2006

THE RETURN OF SWEENEY TODD. According to what we are told are reliable sources, director Tim Burton and actor Johnny Depp, who have worked together on five major motion pictures including *Edward Scissorhands* and more recently *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and *Corpse Bride*,

will team once more for a musical adaptation of Stephen Sondheim's *Sweeney Todd*. Depp will portray title character Sweeney Todd - the demon barber of Fleet Street - who slits the throats of his customers and sends them down a trapdoor to be made into Mrs Lovett's tasty pies. *Sweeney Todd* first opened on Broadway in 1979 starring Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury. The show is currently on Broadway in its second revival, starring Patti LuPone and Michael Cerveris. Its score is by composer Stephen Sondheim who in his career has earned eight Tony awards, including Best Score for *Sweeney Todd*.

MovieMusicals.net, 7 January 2006

See also johnnydepp-zone.com

experience in hair analysis it doesn't look like human hair. However this is personal opinion only as we are not qualified to judge. Re treatment of hair. Very possible, don't know as I understand the provenance of the hair is uncertain. As our tests are complete, we are now sending the braid back to the owner.'

Casebook: Jack the Ripper

JACK AND JEKYLL AND RIPPER AND HYDE. The Aquila Theatre Company, a New-York-based production company, will be on tour until spring 2006 with *Hamlet* and *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*. Writer-actor Louis Butelli adapted for the stage Robert Louis Stevenson's classic horror story of dual personality sprinkling it with liberal doses of comedy and music and incorporating some characters better known in the context of a different Victorian saga: Jack the Ripper and Prince Albert Victor. In its website, Aquila recalls that Stevenson's story offers compelling views of the nature of human emotion and the bounds of scientific research, a fascinating detective story and a fictional parallel for the unsolved murders of Jack the Ripper, and reminds us that the



Eddowes's Hair?

Photograph courtesy of Stephen Ryder

MORE ON EDDOWES'S HAIR. An interesting exchange took place on the Message Boards at the *Casebook: Jack the Ripper* on 24-25 January concerning the alleged braid of Catherine Eddowes's hair being tested for DNA by Professor Ian Findlay of Brisbane, Australia. A poster asked: 'Was the hair braid treated in any way? I ask because jewelry made of human hair was quite in vogue in that era and the process used may have actually skewed the results. I'm speculating not being a scientist but as I remember the hair was treated to preserve and harden it.' Professor Findlay replied: 'Re microscopic tests on the hair. We did examine the hair under the microscope and although we are not qualified and have no real

American actor Richard Mansfield, who played the role in London in 1887, was actually a leading suspect in the case. The story deals with Dr Jekyll who, in his tortured quest to formulate a potion to create love and happiness, unleashed the evil side of his humanity in the fearsome form of Mr Hyde, a base, malformed and powerful creature whose unfettered behaviour creates havoc as he stalks the nocturnal streets of London. In a review of the production presented at the Clay Center, Galveston, West Virginia, USA, on 27 January, the *Sunday Gazette-Mail* noted that the 'conceptual staging of a play-within-a-play was quite cleverly done, with use of a backdrop picturing theatre balconies and boxes, minimalist multi-

sided set pieces and a very sturdy freestanding double door that figures prominently in the plot. Upstage became downstage and downstage became upstage depending on the plot. When the actor who played the central duo was emoting into the play theatre, his back was to the real audience. When the action was backstage at the theatre, or in Dr. Jekyll's laboratory, the actors faced front.' The *Sunday Gazette-Mail* added: 'Special effects such as billowing smoke and atmospheric noises were smooth, and ominous musical soundtracks were frequently used and generally effective. Lighting was generally so dark that stage action was often barely visible. A few heavy puns offered slight comic relief, but a very broad scene of Scotland Yard inspectors in drag, playing electrified prostitutes, missed the mark and seemed overly long.' To conclude, it stated: 'In the circumstances of murder, dismemberment and evil personalities, it's not easy or even possible to evoke genuine laughter. So Aquila's *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* began as a mixed metaphor and ended as a protracted mixed message that was indeed stranger than it needed to be.'

Aquila Theatre Company's website

Aquila Theatre Company
4 Washington Square North #452,
New York, NY 10003, USA
Ticket hotline: 212-998-8017
aquila@aquilatheatre.com

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE? 'This is the equivalent of admitting that you've just hired Jack the Ripper as your chief surgeon because he demonstrates exceptional handling of the scalpel.' Kevin T Bauder, President of the Plymouth, Minneapolis, **Central Baptist Theological Seminary**, on the choice of gay activist Chad Allen to play Nate Saint, an American missionary who was slain in 1956 by an indigenous tribe in Ecuador, in the film *End of the Spear* because 'he had the best audition of anyone else by far.'

Let's Be Serious, 16 January 2006

See also the New York Times, 2 February 2006

JACK AND THE DAHLIA. 'It was that name, Black Dahlia, that set this one off,' said Los Angeles Police Department Detective Sergeant Harry Hansen. 'Black is the night,

mysterious, forbidding; the Dahlia - an exotic, mysterious flower. Any other name and it wouldn't have been the same.' Back in 1947, Hansen was in charge of the investigation into the murder of Elizabeth Short, a 22-year-old aspiring actress and good-time girl known as the Black Dahlia for her black clothing and her dark, sometimes flower-adorned hair.



Elizabeth Short, the Black Dahlia (left) and Mia Kirshner, who plays her in the movie.

Elizabeth Short grew up in Medford, Mass. At 18 she moved to the Bay Area to live with her father, who had deserted his family years earlier. She soon struck out on her own, making her way towards Santa Barbara, California. For the next few years, she moved between Southern California and Miami, Chicago and Boston. According to reports filed by investigators, she spent the last five months of her life moving from place to place - at least 11 different residences. That wasn't all. One report said 'the victim knew at least 50 men at the time of her death.' She was frequently spotted on Hollywood Boulevard in the company of servicemen, but she was not a prostitute. As a matter of fact, a physical malformation prevented her from having regular sexual relations. In the evening of 9 January 1947, a salesman dropped her off at the Biltmore Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. A week later, on 15 January, a woman saw what she thought was a mannequin lying in a vacant lot on Norton Avenue, between 39th Street and Coliseum Drive. After moving in for a closer look, she called the police. The officers who responded to her call found a naked body that had been cut in two at the waist and drained of blood. The two halves appeared to have been carefully posed. Rope marks

unretouched photographs appeared in print. Film director Brian de Palma believes that the Dahlia's mystique was derived from the crime-scene and coroner photographs. 'Once you have looked at the real pictures, you never forget the Black Dahlia.'

The still unsolved crime has grown so legendary as to have become Hollywood's answer to Jack the Ripper. In 1987, James Ellroy, the foremost practitioner of the *roman noir* and author of *LA Confidential*, wrote a novel entitled *The Black Dahlia*. 'I was interested in art and theme,' said Ellroy, 'rather than in solving the actual case.' Ellroy was largely drawn to the Dahlia case because his own mother was murdered when he was ten. 'Elizabeth Short and my mother kind of merged,' he said. In his 1996 memoir, *My Dark Places*, Ellroy examined his mother's murder, which also remains unsolved. The film version of his novel, also entitled *The Black Dahlia*, was directed by de Palma with a \$45-million budget and a cast that includes **Scarlett Johansson**, **Hilary Swank**, **Josh Hartnett**, **Aaron Eckhart** and, in the title role, **Mia Kirshner**. The film will make its debut at Cannes in May and reach cinemas next autumn. Both Ellroy's book and de Palma's film tell a tangled tale of

friendship, love and desire involving two LAPD detectives and a trio of mysterious women. The Dahlia herself is dead at the time the action takes place and only appears in flashback. 'It is not the story of Elizabeth Short,' said de Palma in a recent interview. 'The movie is complicated. It's about characters who are impacted and obsessed with what happened to her.' De Palma was reportedly surprised by the public fascination with the Black Dahlia. 'There are all these books,' he said. 'It just goes on and on. People getting new information, having recovered memories, finding old files and new theories.'

In *Black Dahlia Avenger: A Genius for Murder*, Steve Hodel, a retired detective, concluded that the Black Dahlia killer was his own surgeon father. During his policeman years, Hodel used to answer the phone to people who claimed to have leads on the Dahlia case. When his father died, he found photographs of a woman he believes was Elizabeth Short in a photograph album. He has now written a sequel to his book called *The Black Dahlia Avenger: The True Story*. According to the publisher, Hodel discloses the killer's obsession with the Marquis de Sade and Jack the Ripper and how he modelled his own crimes on their behaviour. Janice Knowlton, author of *Daddy was the Black Dahlia Killer: The Identity of America's Most Notorious Serial Murderer-Revealed at Last*, averred that the murderer was her father, who had abused her sexually in her childhood. She based her book on memories recovered during therapy of having witnessed the murder of Elizabeth Short. Ms Knowlton committed suicide a year ago.

John Gilmore, author of the first full-length book on the case, the 1994 *Severed: The True Story of the Black Dahlia Murder*, met Short briefly when she visited his grandmother's house. Mary Pacios knew her as a child. In her memoir, *Childhood Shadows: The Hidden Story of the Black Dahlia Murder*, she identifies the Dahlia's killer as Orson Welles, hitherto better known as actor and film-maker. In *Corroborating Evidence: The Black Dahlia Murder*, William H Rasmussen establishes connections between the Cleveland Torso Murders, the murder of socialite Georgette Bauerdorf, the murders of Josephine Ross and Frances Brown, the murder and dismemberment of Suzanne Degnan, the murder and bisection of Elizabeth

Short, the murder of Jeanne Axford French (The Red Lipstick Murder) and other cases.

In January 2006, Donald H Wolfe published *The Black Dahlia File: The Mob, the Mogul, and the Murder That Transfixed Los Angeles*. Wolfe has had access to two boxes of case files from the District Attorney's office. From this evidence he has identified an entirely new suspect: gangster Bugsy Siegel. According to Wolfe, Siegel killed Elizabeth Short because she was pregnant with the child of Norman Chandler, publisher of the Los Angeles Times, and the LAPD then covered-up the crime. Since each new theory must attempt to disprove the previous ones - a methodology with which *Ripperologist* readers are quite familiar - Wolfe's book contains an appendix dedicated to exploding Hodel's hypothesis. Larry Harnisch, a *Los Angeles Times* copy editor who catalogued the case files that the Los Angeles County district attorney's office only recently made available to researchers, is digging through files, speaking with members of the Short family and working on his own hypothesis: that the killer was a surgeon named Walter Bayley.

Not everybody, however, is fully convinced of the practical usefulness of the files released by the district attorney's office. 'People love to go through the stuff, but I don't know if anyone will solve the case,' said Sandi Gibbons, a public information officer in the DA staff. 'Besides,' she added, 'There would be nobody around to prosecute, because they'd be dead.' The files at the Los Angeles Police Department are off limits even today. Thirty-five boxes of files remain sealed. 'The case is still open,' said detective Brian Carr, who calls himself 'the keeper of the Dahlia files.' 'I read the letters that come in,' he said. 'There's one guy who uses numerology and triangulation. Many would-be detectives inquire about DNA evidence,' he added, but 'there isn't any. The body was cleansed.' As for all the theories, 'We aren't taking any official stance,' he averred.

The Dahlia remains a powerful cultural icon. Jazz composer and saxophonist Bob Belden inspired himself in Ellroy's work to write the 12-part musical suite *Black Dahlia*. A heavy metal group is called the *Black Dahlia Murder*. 'The Dahlia is arguably America's most celebrated unsolved murder,' says Ellroy. 'And a story like no other.' 'London has Jack the

Ripper,' adds de Palma. 'America has the Black Dahlia.'

The Observer, 29 January 2006
The New York Times, 5 February 2006

THE DARING YOUNG WOMAN IN THE FLYING TRAPEZE. The two main characters in the stage version of Angela Carter's novel *Nights at the Circus* are Fevvers, the Cockney Venus, a bird-woman who was hatched from an egg, has wings and makes her living as a circus aerialist, and Jack Walser, a sceptical and bespectacled *New York Times* reporter who joins the circus as a clown to be near her, very much like the Professor in *The Blue Angel*. Fevvers - you get it, don't you? - is played by Natalia Tena, a rising young actress who seems to specialise in sexy roles, like



Natalia Tena as Fevvers

Hazel Woodus in *Gone to Earth*, for which she is undoubtedly gifted. In a review of the play, the *Independent* critic, Paul Taylor described Miss Tena enthusiastically as 'youthful, slender, medium-sized', and added that it was 'arguable that this performer, with her pert, studded breasts and very modern streaked hair, [was] too straightforwardly sexy for such a smoke-and-mirrors character, but she [was] fiery and fierce, earthy and airy, a tempest and a tease'. You get the picture. Mr Taylor added: 'Her feather-tipped wire wings certainly look like a theatrical prop. But then, contradicting that impression, there's the chilling scene, reminiscent of

Jack the Ripper and Lulu, where a pervy stalker offers her diamonds in exchange for these pinions and starts to remove them with a knife.” The critic noted that many passages from the novel have been cut in its adaptation for the stage. ‘But with the central couple eventually somersaulting in a rapturous aerial display of hard-won parity, Carter’s myth has not had its wings clipped.’ Sounds good to us.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE. ‘Yet, that didn’t stop the throng from unleashing etiquette befitting Jack the Ripper.’ John Sleeper, on the crowds present at a press conference in Detroit with players and coaches from the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Seattle Seahawks in preparation for Super Bowl XL.

*The madness of the media,
The Daily Herald, 31 January 2006*

WAR MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. A University of California research team has concluded that many soldiers who fought in the US Civil War suffered a life of ill health afterwards. The researchers, who examined 15,000 soldiers’ records, found that 85% of them suffered from physical or mental health problems, or both. The most common disorders were heart, stomach and mental health-related. The researchers said that this was ‘objective’ evidence of a link between war experiences and a lifetime of health problems. They added that young soldiers were the most at risk, with under 17-year-olds being 93% more likely to have suffered ill-health than those aged over 31, probably because young soldiers were still developing emotionally and physically at the time. Soldiers who were in regiments where more people were killed had a far increased risk of problems - up to 51 per cent - as did prisoners-of-war. The US Civil War, which was fought from 1861 to 1865, pitted the Union against the Confederacy, a coalition of 11 southern states that declared their independence. A total of 3 million people fought in the war. The casualties were over 970,000 - 3% of the population - including about 560,300 deaths. Professor Roxane Cohen Silver said the data from the US Civil War presented a great opportunity to assess the impacts of war. ‘For the first time, we have objective records indicating that horrific war



Pvt. Ellis Logan, Confederate Army.

experiences are associated with a lifetime of increased physical disease and mental health difficulties. Unfortunately, it’s likely that the deleterious health effects seen in a war conducted more than 130 years ago are applicable to the health and well-being of soldiers fighting wars in the 21st century.’ A spokeswoman for the UK’s National Gulf War Veterans and Families Benevolent Association said it was hard to draw parallels between wars in the 19th Century and modern warfare. She said: ‘When we discuss ill-health now, it is related to vaccines they give soldiers and chemical and biological weapons.’ Obviously, during the civil war these were not an issue. But it is true to say that the effects of war can last for many years, both physically and mentally.’ Some British Gulf War veterans have long argued they have suffered from a syndrome linked to exposure to vaccinations and biological and chemical weapons. The Ministry of Defence, however, stands by its position there is no proof that ‘Gulf War syndrome’ is a ‘discrete pathological entity’ - a specific condition with a specific cause.

BBC News, 7 February 2006

QUOD ME NUTRIT ME DESTRUIT. ‘The Loch Ness Monster. Jack the Ripper. Atlantis. Britney’s breasts. The great mysteries of our time surely now need to squeeze up on the bench and make room for one of the IT industry’s longest running mystery/rumours: Dell/AMD.’

The Inquirer, 1 February 2006

WOE AND SCANDAL IN THE FAMILY. ‘Lady Tallish (daughter of Tallish), in an anti-abortion pleading, cited some greats in support of that argument but deliberately omitted the likes of Hitler and Jack the Ripper; products of the same philosophy.’ You figure this one out. A tip: it’s from the review of a Calypso show.

Terry Joseph, Bally shows ‘em at Calypso Revue, Trinidad & Tobago Express, 4 February 2006

THAT’S A’ THE LEARNING I DESIRE. *The Glasgow Sunday Mail Posers and Puzzlers: Quiz of the Week* run on Sunday 5 February 2006 consisted of 20 questions among which were the following: 1. In which country was a tacky Princess Di doll sold under the name ‘Princess of Whales’? 2. Crooks in Scotland made £18.3million last year from which kind of crime? 3. Which classic horror movie is being remade - with a release date of June 6 this year - 6/6/6? The answers to these questions are as follows: 1. USA. 2. Fraud. 3. The Omen. Question 7 was: *BBC History Magazine* claims which Victorian villain is the most notorious Briton ever? You’ll never guess the answer to this one. Try, but we know you won’t succeed. No way. You’d better give up and go to the *Sunday Mail website* for the answer to this question and the remaining 16 questions and answers.

NIAGARA JACK. When we think about Niagara Falls we think about tons and tons of water, bustling casinos, busloads of honeymooners, the Skylon Tower and its revolving restaurant, and the faded memories of daredevils balancing precariously on tightropes high above our heads or dashing past in old beer barrels. But there is another side, a darker side, to Niagara Falls, a Canadian bordertown of less than 80,000: a world teeming with illicit sex, drugs, massage parlours, strip clubs, street drugs and, seemingly, serial murder. On 24 January, a person walking through a desolate, wooded area made a grisly discovery. Wrapped in a sheet, amid garbage and animal bones, were the remains of 22-year-old Cassey Joyce Cichocki, who had disappeared more than a month earlier. She was the fifth woman who had led what Canadian authorities call a ‘high risk lifestyle’ to be found slain in the Niagara Falls region over the last 11 years. Four out of the five victims ‘worked the streets,’ said

Detective Sgt. Cliff Sexton of the Niagara Regional Police, who heads a task force investigating the murders. The odd one, Nadine Gurczenski, 26, who was found dead in 1999 in a ditch, was an exotic dancer. The first victim in the five homicides was Dawn Stewart, whose skeletal remains, along with those of her 6-month-old foetus, were found on a dirt road near a farm in 1996. Although the Canadian police quickly arrested a suspect in Cichocki's death, they don't know whether they have a modern-day Jack the Ripper on their hands or are faced with a disturbing increase in violent behaviour towards women involved in stripping, prostitution and drugs. Sexton said drugs and prostitution have always plagued the city. 'I don't see it as a growing problem,' he said. 'But I do think there's a problem.' While drugs are a major concern as regards street workers, escorts - who probably make up the majority of prostitutes in Canada - are not as affected. Canada's laws involving prostitution are not exactly clear-cut, and Canadian strip clubs are legally allowed to have all-nude dances as well as lap-dances, leaving grey areas that are readily exploited by customers and cash-driven dancers. It is, in fact, an open secret that there are plenty of dancers in clubs who are willing to provide 'extras' if the price is right. The Canadian government has taken steps to regulate the adult entertainment industry through special licenses similar to those issued to taxicab drivers and street food vendors. Niagara Regional Police Services currently has licenses issued to 2,238 people in the adult entertainment business, of whom about 40 are operators, and the rest, exotic dancers. Police throughout Ontario have taken steps to stem violence against women in the sex trade without punishing them for reporting attacks. Niagara Regional Police and Toronto Police operate 'Bad Date' hotlines - toll free phone lines that allow women anonymously to report robberies, assaults and rapes. That information is put into a database and used to identify potential serial predators. The task force investigating the Niagara Falls murders will mine this database for any possible clues. Sex trade worker advocates also maintain their own 'Bad Date' Websites where they list descriptions and even cell phone numbers of customers who stood them up, refused to pay, got violent or forced them to do things that

hadn't been previously agreed to. They also point at Vancouver, where Robert William Pickton is on trial for the murder of 27 prostitutes. For years, police there dismissed the women's disappearances - until their remains were found at Pickton's pig farm. 'We don't want another Vancouver,' Niagara Falls sex trade worker advocates say.

The Buffalo News, 5 February 2006

LITERARY SLUTS AND STRUMPETS. 'On a much smaller and weirder scale, I got a book this month from *Ramble House*, a spit-and-bubblegum publishing house out of Shreveport, Louisiana run by Fender Tucker. The place has rescued some truly uncommon books from the slush pile like the literary works of Ed Wood Jr, a compendium of newspaper articles about Jack the Ripper, and other potboilers from obscure or forgotten authors.'

Clayton Moore, Mystery Strumpet, Bookslut, February 2006,

See also *Ripping Yarns* in this issue.

WE HAVE WAYS TO MAKE YOU TALK. Mr Justice Tugendhat, a High Court judge in London, rejected the request by Mersey National Health Service Care Trust - which runs high-security Ashworth Hospital in Merseyside - that journalist Robin Ackroyd be ordered to reveal his sources for a story about the medical treatment of Ian Brady, the Moors murderer. Brady, 67, was jailed for life with Myra Hindley in 1966 for the murders of five children in the Manchester area and has been at the Ashworth Hospital for over 20 years. The Hospital maintained that public interest was second to confidential medical records and Ackroyd should disclose how he obtained the information about Brady's being force fed and the treatment extended to him published in the *Daily Mirror* in December 1999. Mr Justice Tugendhat said: 'Considering the facts now, in my judgment it has not been convincingly established that there is today a pressing social need that the sources should be identified.' He stressed that nothing he had said should be taken 'as providing any encouragement to those who would disclose medical records'. The judge added that he made his decision in the light of the passage of time and because of new evidence indicating that the source did not act for money and that the material leaked was 'limited'. 'In



Ashworth Hospital

addition, the stance of Ian Brady has changed, and I have not found that the disclosure was made without his consent,' he also said. Mersey Care NHS Trust issued a statement saying: 'The confidentiality of patient notes is an underlying principle of the NHS and this breach was the first and only one of its kind to have occurred at the high-security hospital. This is why the Trust welcomes the ringing endorsement for the maintenance of patient confidentiality included in today's judgment. The judge stresses medical records are no less private, no less confidential and no less deserving of protection than previously and he warns that nothing in his judgment should be taken as providing encouragement to those who would disclose medical records.' Some of the information disclosed to Mr Ackroyd came from Brady's medical records on a database known as the Patient Administration and Clinical Information System (PACIS). The *Mirror* fought unsuccessfully all the way to the House of Lords to avoid having to disclose its source - Mr Ackroyd - who then became the target of the action brought by the NHS trust to find the leak. A High Court judge ruled in October 2002 that Mr Ackroyd had no arguable defence and must reveal his source. But in May 2003, the Court of Appeal held that he should be allowed to defend himself.

VELCROW RIPPER FILM MAKING THE ROUNDS. A film called *Scared Sacred* by an Canadian filmmaker called Velcrow Ripper has been making the rounds of film festivals. *Scared Sacred* has been described as 'a documentary about how different people in different cultures and places of great suffering, of genocides, massacres and disasters, are coping through spirituality.' In a five-year journey to Bhopal, New York's Ground Zero and sites of other disasters, the filmmaker finds that humanity can, against all odds, turn the experience of being



Still from *Scared Sacred*
Courtesy director Velcrow Ripper

scared into something sacred. The film has won a number of awards, including best of the fest at the New Orleans International Human Rights Film Festival in November 2005. *The Shreveport Times* on 22 November reported that the Zeitgeist Multidisciplinary Arts Center in New Orleans showed the documentary as part of an ongoing fundraiser for the New Orleans-based, nonprofit film group. It was the first film screened at the New Orleans center since Hurricane Katrina hit the New Orleans region on 29 August. The Velcrow Ripper documentary is now going into wider release across the United States.

PRAVDA PAGE ON SAUCY JACK. An on-line English language page from Russia's famed newspaper *Pravda* came to our attention, but it seems to suffer some translation problems. We are told, for example, 'Soon after the second killing, a news agency in Flit Street [sic] got a strange letter signed by the name "Jack the Ripper." It said: "There is much rumor saying the police have caught me. But they have not yet got on my tracks. I hunt women of a particular type and will continue killing them until the police catch me. The last killing was a wonderful work. The lady uttered not a sound. Soon you will hear of me again and know me by a funny trick. Next time I will cut my victim's ears and send them to the police just for fun."' The *Pravda* discussion of Jack continues: 'High-ranking police official John Stalker [sic] studied the case of Jack the Ripper and stated there was no real evidence against any of the suspects to be presented at court. "This is perfectly clear that Jack the Ripper never feared to be caught. I am sure the police was several times close to catching him but still failed. In 1888, the police faced a new phenomenon of series crimes committed by some man because of sexual grounds," he

added.' We are not sure about John Stalker as a Ripper authority but do note that there is a John Stalker, a Former Deputy Chief Constable of Manchester Police, who has written about IRA terrorists, and that Mr Stalker and recent Ripper author Trevor Marriott are both represented by the Gordon Poole Entertainment Agency. ('Jack the Ripper remains one of most mysterious maniacs of all times,')

Pravda on-line, 14 December 2005

JACK THE RIPPER TOUR AND THAMES TERROR CRUISE. A *Ripper tour and Thames Terror Cruise* is being offered by Premium Tours now through Saturday, 31 March 2007. Billed as 'The ultimate murder mystery,' the tour operators say the tour is 'not suitable for children under 14 years.' Highlights include 'a coach drive through the dark side of London,' a visit to the Old Bailey, to where the Elephant Man lived and where Braveheart was tortured, and to 'walk in the foot steps of Jack the Ripper and inspect the murder sites.' The terror cruise will include tales of KGB murders and suspicious suicides (Druitt?) 'as we creep back from the Tower of London to Embankment Pier where the tour ends.' A fish and chip repast, just like Mary Jane Kelly enjoyed on her last night, is a feature of the cruise.

LEICESTER TALK ON JACK THE RIPPER. On June 6, local historian and author Stephen Butt is scheduled to present a lecture on 'Jack the Ripper - The Leicester Connection.' Mr Butt is expected to reveal how a local Leicester man may have tracked down Britain's most notorious serial killer.

An MGM event.

A Belgrave Hall Evening Talk at Belgrave Hall Museum & Gardens, Church Road, off Thurstaston Road, Leicester, LE4 5PE.
Tel: 0116 266 6590

Anita.Harrison@leicester.gov.uk

PAUL BEGG UNDER THE PALM TREES. During 2006, the *Flagler Museum*, One Whitehall Way, Palm Beach, (561) 655-2833, continues to offer lectures of the highest quality in the *Whitehall Lecture Series*. The Museum is host to speakers from prominent museums and universities around the country and experts in architecture, history, fine arts, decorative arts and historic house museums. The theme of the

Series for 2006, to be presented on six consecutive Sundays in February and March, is *Heroes and Villains of the Gilded Age*, including Christopher Columbus, George Washington, Thomas Edison, William 'Buffalo Bill' Cody and Andrew Carnegie. Lecture number three, centred on Jack the Ripper, was scheduled to be delivered on 19 February, at 3pm by *Ripperologist's* Executive Editor, Paul Begg. The Museum noted that 'More than a century later, Jack the Ripper remains one of the most well known and compelling villains of any age, and certainly the most well known of the Gilded Age. Just who Jack the Ripper was has become the most enduring murder mystery in the world.' It described Mr Begg as 'one of the world's foremost experts on the Whitechapel murders' and added that, 'Based on the research documented in his book *Jack the Ripper: The Definitive History*,' Mr Begg would 'discuss the environment of London's East End and the events that gave rise to the most infamous murders of the Gilded Age.'

EASY DOES IT. 'It's like the police being told that Jack the Ripper had slashed and murdered a number of women and planned to keep doing it. The police go to the Ripper and say: "Jack, old boy, did you slaughter these women? Got any of the knives used in the act?" "Certainly not," says Jack. "Well then, that's all right, Mr Ripper. In the light of your emphatic denial you're now totally in the clear. Oh, by the way, sir, the best way to get those bloodstains out of that fine white shirt is to wash it in cold water - cold water, mind, not hot. Well, thank you sir and we won't be troubling you again.'" Michael Costello on Australian officials' denial of charges of corruption and bribery.

Opinion, The Australian, 17 February 2006

RETURN OF THE HOLLYWOOD RIPPER. The website devoted to Ripper movies and television, *Hollywood Ripper*, is back online after a two-year hiatus during which the site's administrator, Cindy Collins Smith, was obliged to deal with some compelling family obligations. Welcome back, Ripper! The listings in *Hollywood Ripper* include the full range of Ripper cinema, including Ripper cameos, Ripper fantasies and films that get confused (or intentionally confuse themselves) with Ripper movies -

from 1917 to 2001. Ripper films are placed within various, often multiple, categories. The site also includes Curse Upon Mitre Square pages. Ms Collins has extended an invitation to anybody who's interested in Ripper films to come [visit her site](#).

EACH MAN IN HIS TIME. Andy Serkis, a British actor who has played Gollum and King Kong, has defended his decision to take on the role of Moors Murderer Ian Brady in *Longford*, a controversial Channel 4 drama about the murders alongside Samantha Morton as Myra Hindley and Jim Broadbent in the title role. 'A lot of people have very strong feelings about Myra Hindley



Andy Serkis

and Ian Brady,' Serkis told *The Sun*. 'People get very defensive about it, saying "how can you possibly make a drama about these demons?" But I often have to think to myself it is the job of an actor to somehow interpret events that have happened. If you are playing a real character, you're not representing the character's belief system. You are trying to show them in an objective way so that the audience can make up their own mind and to look on these characters, however dark, as members of the human race that you can learn something from.'

Digital Spy, 13 February 2006

A LETTER FROM IAN BRADY. Winnie Johnson, 72, finally received a letter from Ian Brady, who murdered her son, 12-year-old Keith Bennett, over 40 years ago. The letter is dated 21 December 2005 and addressed to 'Dear Mrs Bennett'. Mrs Johnson has spent years clinging to the hope that Brady would one day disclose where he had buried her son. Until now, Brady had ignored her entreaties, but on this occasion he responded with a two-page letter. Rather than offer Mrs Johnson any comfort, however, he complained about his treatment at Ashworth Hospital, Merseyside, where he has been confined for the past 20

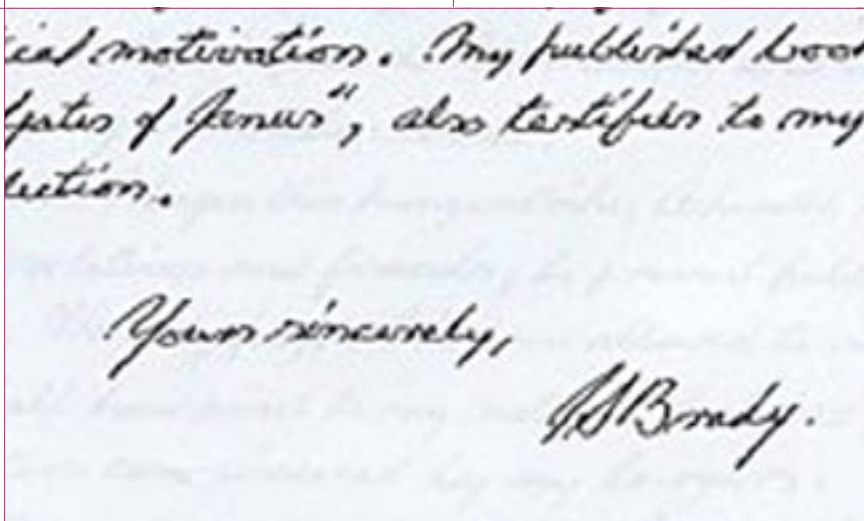
years. Brady, who is on hunger strike, claimed he was being force-fed so that he could be kept alive for 'political purposes'. Despite not referring to his victim by name, he boasted about the 'clarity' of his memory as to how he died. He also claimed to be 'perfectly rational'.

Mrs Johnson told the *Sun* Brady's letter had come as 'a shock.' 'It nearly killed me when I saw who the letter was from. It frightened the life out of me,' she said. 'I've written to him four or five times over the years trying to get him to help me find Keith's body - but I've never heard back off him. He's just trying to further his own means. It's all about him - Brady. He's just playing games. I've written back and told him what I think of him. But I can't get over this.'

In an interview with *Sky News*, Mrs Johnson added: '[Brady] knows a lot more than what he is saying. He's admitted he can take police to within 20 yards of where he buried Keith, so that man's not insane, and they just ignored him. Why should they ignore a thing like that?'

Hospital staff inspect visually and open patients' incoming and outgoing letters if there is cause for concern. 'It might have been passed to a visitor to post on his behalf or it might have been via a letter to a lawyer, MP or independent advocate,' she added. 'The hospital doesn't open these letters as these relationships are regarded as private.'

Fiona McTaggart, Home Office undersecretary of state with responsibility for the criminal justice system, has written to Mrs Johnson to tell her that she has asked police to brief her on their investigation. It is understood that the letter was written before it became known that Brady had written to Mrs Johnson. But it does not pledge to dig up areas of Saddleworth Moor where Keith was believed to be killed and buried by Brady and Myra Hindley. A Home Office spokesman said: 'The Home Office understands Winnie Johnson's sense of anguish and is committed to doing what it reasonably can to find the body of Keith Bennett. We can confirm that Fiona McTaggart has written to Winnie Johnson and said she has asked Greater Manchester



Portion of letter from Ian Brady to Winnie Johnson

'My son's body should have been found years ago,' she has also said. 'I even tried to get the Home Office to hypnotise Hindley, which they agreed to. But the next thing I knew she had fallen down the stairs and broken her leg. Now she is dead.' Mrs Johnson added: 'I want Keith buried properly. I am not going to give up. With the grace of God I hope he will be found and buried in my lifetime.'

A spokeswoman for Ashworth Hospital said Brady must have sent the letter to Mrs Johnson via a third party.

Police to brief her about the work they are doing to review all the evidence available to them which might indicate the likely whereabouts of Keith Bennett.'

Keith Bennett was the second youngest of the five children abducted and murdered in the mid-1960s by Brady and Myra Hindley, who died in prison in November 2002. Keith vanished on the way to his grandmother's home in 1964, apparently after being given a lift by Hindley. She took him to Saddleworth Moor, near Manchester,

where she watched as Brady strangled and later buried him. Repeated searches of the moors have so far failed to uncover Keith's remains. It is the only body that police have been unable to recover.

Jackie Powell, who worked as Brady's mental health advocate, believes there is 'a fair chance' that he could still help police find Keith's body. 'He seems quite adamant that he could,' she added.

Daily Telegraph, 22 February 2006
BBC News, 21 February 2006
Daily Mail, 22 February 2006

THAT SINKING FEELING. Author Patricia Cornwell has moved from Jack the Ripper to submarines. She will donate at least \$500,000 to help researchers solve the mystery of a Confederate submarine that went down after sinking an enemy ship. 'This is a crime scene and you are doing an autopsy on that submarine,' Cornwell said on 14 February 2006. 'It's much like Jack the Ripper; you take the best modern science and apply it to a very old investigation and see if you can make the dead speak after all these years.' On 17 February 1864, the eight-man, hand-cranked Confederate submarine *H L Hunley*, commanded by Lt George E Dixon, rammed a spar torpedo with black powder into the Union steam sloop-of-war *Housatonic* off Charleston, South Carolina. When the *Housatonic* went under, the *Hunley* became the first submarine in history to sink an enemy warship. She surfaced long enough for her crew to signal their comrades on shore with a blue magnesium light, indicating a successful mission. The shore crew stoked their signal fires and anxiously awaited the *Hunley's* safe return. But minutes later the *Hunley* and all hands on board vanished into the sea without a trace. It is still not known why. One theory is that the glass in the conning tower was shot out during the attack, allowing water to rush into the iron vessel. The other is that the crew ran out of air as they tried to crank the submarine back to shore. The *Hunley* was located off Charleston in 1995 and raised in 2000. In December 2005, scientists removing encrustation from the front conning tower discovered that the view port glass was missing. If shattered glass is found at the bottom of the submarine, it could indicate it was broken during battle. But if it is found largely intact, it might indicate it broke when the submarine was sinking. The floor of

the submarine is still encrusted with hardened sediment. In 2006, Miss Cornwell visited the *Hunley* at the Warren Lasch Conservation Center. She said one of the purposes of her donation is to bring in equipment such as high-tech computers that might help solve the mystery of the sinking. That equipment includes an infrared device able to show structural weaknesses in metal. She also said she may recruit other scientists she has met over the years, including experts in metal from the Oak Ridge National Laboratory who may be able to help unravel the mystery. 'They may not find anything that answers the question,' she has said. 'I'm simply saying this should not be put to rest without us doing everything we can to try to figure out what happened to the *Hunley* and what killed these eight people on board.' Miss Cornwell reportedly has no plans to write a book about the *Hunley*.

San Jose Mercury News, 14 February 2006
Friends of the Hunley

THE ASHES OF JOAN OF ARC. A line in a lovely old poem by medieval French poet François Villon, the *Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis*, goes: *Et Jehanne, la bonne Lorraine/ Qu'Englois brûlèrent à Rouen*. The line recalls Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, who was burned at the stake in Rouen on 30 May 1431 for a heretic and a witch. Born in Domrémy in 1412, Joan began hearing voices at 13 years of age telling her to liberate France from the English. At 17, she led an army to relieve Orleans. After accepting the surrender of Troyes, she and her army escorted Charles VII to Rheims for his coronation in 1429. She was later captured, handed over to the English and tried by an ecclesiastical court that found her guilty and sentenced her to death. Although her body was burned, her heart remained miraculously intact. Her remains were gathered from the pyre and cremated twice more before being thrown into the river Seine at the behest of the Bishop of Rouen, who wished to eliminate all traces of her. According to legend, however, a devoted follower concealed some of her remains, which have been kept to this day as precious relics. They consist of a 14-15cm-long human rib wrapped in a blackish bituminous substance allegedly picked up at the pyre at Rouen, several smaller fragments of human bone, animal remains

(perhaps belonging to a cat), wood from the pyre and a piece of clothing. After passing from apothecary to apothecary, these remains became the propriety of the bishopric of Tours in the 17th century. Four centuries later, DNA tests are to be carried out on Joan of Arc's remains. The relics, carefully placed in a small wooden box, have been taken to the Raymond-Poincaré hospital at Garches (Hauts-de-Seine), west of Paris, where they will be examined by a group of 16 specialists under the direction of Dr Philippe Charlier, a forensic medicine expert. According to him, Joan died of smoke inhalation, and when she was burned a second time, her internal organs were not fully consumed by the flames. Dr Charlier added: 'Today we can give medical reasons why the heart, lungs and intestines might not have burned, but in those days it was considered a miracle. They burned the remains twice more as they were very determined there should be nothing left.' He added: 'We won't be able to say, "Yes this is Joan of Arc", but within six months we will be able to say if these remains belong to a 19-year-old female whose body was burned three times in Rouen in 1431.'

The Guardian, 14 February 2006
Le Figaro, 15 February 2006



Joan of Arc

LOCKED UP FOR THEIR OWN PROTECTION. Among the Tower of London's claims to fame are the illustrious or infamous prisoners who have been incarcerated within its walls and the no less famous ravens that roam free within the same confines. The Tower has now decided to combine both traditions by imprisoning its ravens for their own protection - against bird flu. Special aviaries have been created for the six ravens, named Baldrick, Branwen,

Gwyllum, Hugine, Munin and Thor. The Raven Master, Yeoman Derrick Coyle, said: 'Although we don't like having to bring the Tower ravens inside, we believe it is the safest thing to do for their own protection, given the speed that the virus is moving across Europe.' He added: 'We are taking advice on the vaccinations against avian flu, and in the meantime, we will continue to give our six ravens as much care and attention as they need.'

BBC News, 20 February 2006



The Ravenmaster at the Tower of London

PUSH THE RIPPING BUTTON. 'And when the first killing occurs - in a booby trap that seems jointly designed by Rube Goldberg and Jack the Ripper - it comes as a genuine shock.'

Mindhunters Film Review, Daily Yomiuri Online, Japan, 23 February 2006

A BROADCAST BY CHRIS GEORGE. On the morning of 23 February, the *Rip*'s own North American Editor, Chris George, was interviewed on overnight news radio **850 KOA-AM** out of Denver, Colorado, which goes out nationwide to some 35 North American radio stations as well as broadcasts on the Internet. Chris was interviewed by telephone link by host Rick Barber as part of a series of broadcasts examining famous mysteries. Rick and Chris discussed the result of the recent *BBC History Today* poll naming Jack 'Worst Briton in History' and went on to review the canonical murders and the key suspects and theories.

AN ADMISSION FROM WEARSIDE JACK. After 25 years, the mystery of the Yorkshire Ripper hoaxer has been solved. On 23 February, defence counsel David Taylor told Leeds Crown Court that his client, John Humble, admitted writing the three letters and making the audio tape sent to West Yorkshire Police during the hunt for the Ripper in the late 1970s.

Humble, 50, a former labourer and window cleaner from Sunderland, had pleaded not guilty to four counts of perverting the course of justice, an offence that carries a maximum sentence of life imprisonment. His counsel said: 'A defence statement has now been drafted whereby the defence concedes that he wrote the letters and in fact made the tape. The issue now is not one of whether it actually was him; it's solely the question of intent.' He underlined that Humble's not guilty pleas still stood. Following the hearing, Humble's trial was adjourned until March 20.

The hoaxer, now identified as Humble, began to send out letters and recordings in March 1978. He sent two of the letters directly to Assistant Chief Constable George Oldfield, West Yorkshire, who led the investigation into the Yorkshire Ripper murders. A letter sent from Sunderland began: 'Dear Sir, I am sorry I cannot give my name for obvious reasons. I am Jack the Ripper.' The hoaxer sent a further letter to a national newspaper office in Manchester. In the tape, he said: 'I'm Jack. I see you are still having no luck catching me. I have the greatest respect for you George, but Lord, you are no nearer catching me now than four years ago when I started. I reckon your boys are letting you down, George. They can't be much good can they?' He added: 'They never learn do they George? I bet you've warned them, but they never listen. At the rate I'm going I should be in the book of records. I think it's eleven up to now isn't it? Well, I'll keep on going for quite a while yet. I can't see myself being nicked just yet. Even if you do get near I'll probably top myself first. Well, it's been nice chatting to you George. Yours, Jack the Ripper.' After three minutes and 16 seconds of monologue, the tape contained several more seconds of silence and a 22-second snatch of the song *Thank You for Being a Friend*, by Andrew Gold.



Police listen to the Wearside Jack tape

Following the receipt of the letters and tape, the police decided the voice on the tape was that of the murderer and moved resources from Yorkshire to the Sunderland area, where accents matched the voice of the hoaxer, dubbed 'Wearside Jack'. The police questioned thousands of men, eliminating those who didn't have a Wearside accent. The real killer, lorry driver Peter Sutcliffe, was questioned several times by the investigation team, but was discarded because of his West Yorkshire accent. During the respite afforded him by Wearside Jack, Sutcliffe claimed a further three victims: Barbara Leach, Margarita Walls and Jacqueline Hill.

Sutcliffe was finally arrested in January 1981, after police found him with a prostitute in a car with false registration plates during a routine traffic inquiry. It was only then that 'Wearside Jack' was exposed as a hoaxer. Sutcliffe, now 59, was jailed for life for the murder of 13 women and is currently being held at Broadmoor Special Hospital.

Before Humble's arrest last October, the identity of the hoaxer remained a mystery, with a number of books and TV documentaries speculating as to his identity. Theories have included that he was Sutcliffe's accomplice; a disaffected police officer; and the real perpetrator of a murder in Preston pinned on the Yorkshire Ripper which Sutcliffe has always denied.

Although the 'Wearside Jack' letters were destroyed more than 20 years ago by chemicals used during tests for fingerprints, advances in forensic science have reportedly led to DNA clues being obtained either from the envelopes or packaging in which the items were sent. Sutcliffe admitted to 13 murders and seven attempted murders, but denied responsibility for killing Joan Harrison, whose body was found in a disused garage in Preston, Lancashire, in November 1975. Traces of semen on her body were of the same blood group, found in only six per cent of the population, as that identified through saliva on one of the envelopes sent four years later to Assistant Chief Constable Oldfield. An official report said that, although it was never established that the seminal staining was that of the killer, the coincidence of the limited grouping 'assumed considerable importance'.

*Daily Telegraph, 23 February 2006
Guardian, 23 February 2006
Yorkshire Post, 24 February 2006*



EDUARDO ZINNA

The Worst Briton in History

On 30 January 2006, the *BBC History Magazine* announced that a poll of nearly 5,000 readers had declared Jack the Ripper the worst Briton in history. One month earlier, the magazine had published a list of the ten nastiest Brits of the last thousand years compiled by ten historians, each of whom had chosen the vilest rogue of a particular century.

Apart from the Ripper, the villains included a King, two Archbishops of Canterbury, a Duke, an Earl, a couple of high-level officials and a wayward clergyman. As the only serial killer among them, the Ripper was certainly the odd man out. In the final poll, however, he was first, with an impressive 24 per cent of the vote. Thomas Becket came in second, with 11 per cent, followed by the Duke of Cumberland, Titus Oates, Eadric Streona, King John and Sir Richard Rich, who each gathered 9 per cent of the vote. Hugh Despenser the Younger and Thomas Arundel each obtained 8 per cent. The least bad of the worst Britons was Oswald Mosley, who received 4 per cent of the vote. Britain had looked at her evil children and chosen the worst among them.

The reality and nature of evil is a question that has occupied humankind for many centuries. Socrates held that to prefer evil to good is not in human nature. In his view, people seek the good, but fail to achieve it. They do evil either unintentionally or because they do not know what is good. As he awaited execution for conspiracy, Boetius wrote *De Consolatione Philosophiae*, where he averred that real evil cannot exist because God is all powerful and does not wish evil. The Pseudo Dionysius the Areopagite, an influential philosopher and successful forger, held that to live is to be united with God; evil is severance from God and therefore

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*Jack the Ripper:
Britain looked at her evil children
and chose the worst among them.*

non-existent. To Spinoza, nothing is good or bad, except to the extent that it is subjectively perceived as such by an individual. 'The same thing may be called both good and bad,' wrote Spinoza, 'according to the relations in view, in the same way as it may be called perfect or imperfect.' Leibniz believed that the world, as a creation of God, was fundamentally harmonious and good. He saw evil as a mere set-off to the good in the world, which it increases by contrast. For many years, the reality of God served to prove that evil did not exist. In a changing world, the argument is often reversed: God and evil are incompatible, and evil clearly exists; ergo, there is no God.

Outside philosophy, the nature of evil has been addressed in the fields of psychology, history, criminology and the political and social sciences. In *A Criminal History of Mankind*, Colin Wilson pointed out that 'the worst crimes are not committed by evil degenerates, but by decent and intelligent people taking "pragmatic" decisions.' Hannah Arendt attended the trial of Nazi official Adolf

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Eichmann. In *Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil*, she concluded that Eichmann was constitutively incapable of exercising his capacity of thinking, of having an internal dialogue with himself which would have permitted self-awareness of the evil nature of his deeds. In *On Evil*, Adam Morton noted that most evil-doers are not motivated by hatred or sadism. What distinguishes them from other people is that is that they are able to transmute their desires into actions, circumventing their inhibitions about hurting others in order to achieve their goals. The poet Gavin Ewart put it more succinctly: 'Bad men do what good men only dream.'

BBC History Magazine left the criteria to the ten historians asked to nominate the worst Britons. 'It's their definitions of wickedness,' said Editor Dave Musgrove, 'that give us such a diverse selection of figures on our list of evilness.' The historians nominated serial traitors, like Eadric Streona, greedy land-grabbers, like Hugh Despenser the Younger, and merciless commanders, like 'Butcher' Cumberland. They picked people like Sir Richard Rich, who is not known to



Spinoza: Neither good nor evil

have killed anybody, but who gained the confidence of Sir Thomas More in order better to ensure his downfall.

Thomas Arundel, twice Archbishop of Canterbury, spent his early years intriguing with the powerful Lancasters against Richard II. The King responded by depriving him of his see and exiling him to France. Arundel returned with Bolingbroke and was instrumental in tricking Richard and contriving his capture, abdication,

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imprisonment and death. Restored to his former rank, Arundel spent the remainder of his days persecuting the members of a religious sect known as the Lollards and burning them at the stake for their beliefs. Was Arundel at his worst as a political plotter, a traitor or a murderous bigot?

King John was brutal, cowardly and lazy, and alienated even his own supporters through the assassination of his nephew Arthur, who had a better claim than him to the throne of England. Titus Oates was a confidence man, a sexual perjurer and, above all, a prodigious liar who invented a vast Popish conspiracy pervading every corner of the realm. His fabrications brought him preferment and wealth, but rocked the country, imperilled the throne and caused untold suffering.



Oswald Mosley: an ideology of intolerance

Professor Joanna Bourke thought Oswald Mosley, the founder of the British Union of Fascists, was the worst Briton of his time. Yet Mosley did little more than seek inspiration in the political regimes of Germany and Italy a few years before both countries became Britain's bitter enemies. In Professor Bourke's view, however, it was not what Mosley did that mattered but what he left behind: an ideology of intolerance that others might adopt as their own. Professor John Hudson named Thomas Becket, another Archbishop of Canterbury, as the worst Briton of the 12th century. He obviously knew what he was doing, since Becket came in second in the poll. But what had Becket done to deserve this dubious distinction? Surely he was a man of God, a martyr and a saint? Well, not really. Most historians consider that the notion of Becket as a saintly man ill-treated by a tyrannical king is misleading and that he was in fact inflexible, arrogant and self-promoting and went repeatedly out of his way to seek his martyrdom. So,

Becket was not what we believed him to be. But was he indeed the worst Briton of his century?

Most of these impious men have been forgotten. The evil that they did has not lived after them. Some still lead a precarious existence in literature and the arts. Eadric Streona, for instance, is the traitorous Eadricus in the anonymous Elizabethan play *Edmond Ironside*, and has more and better lines than anyone else. He also has the final lines. As Edmund and Cnut are reconciled and *exeunt* in hand and heart in heart, Eadricus turns to the audience and, in the best tradition of stage villainy, swears that he will be revenged upon them both. The younger Despensers hovers ineffectually in the background through most of Christopher Marlowe's *Edward II*, feeding lines to the main characters. Richard Rich, Beckett and John Lackland have shown their true colours on stage and screen - though Becket has been the best served of the three. In Shakespeare's *King John*, Lackland dies nobly, begging cold comfort as burning poison courses through his veins. In real life, he died of dysentery.

On nominating the Ripper as the worst rogue of his century, Professor Clive Emsley, of the Open University, explained his choice as follows:

No-one can touch Jack the Ripper for sheer wickedness during 19th century Britain. Firstly, because he preyed on the most pathetic and vulnerable women in London's East End. Secondly, for the sheer horror of his crimes. During his murder spree in the autumn of 1888, Jack the Ripper definitely killed five prostitutes - and possibly a couple of other women too - in the most appalling and extreme circumstances. His victims were disembowelled, their intestines draped over their shoulders and their breasts cut off. This man was manifestly a savage brute and while he may have had mental problems - he must have had to do what he did - they can't excuse his terrible actions.

The murders had huge repercussions at the time - and have of course influenced our view of serial killers ever since. For months after the Jack the Ripper murders women across the land, be it in Norwich or Newcastle, were terrified to go out at night. And while the press might have coined the name by which the world's most notorious serial killer is known, this does not detract from the savagery of his crimes. Of course, we assume it

was "Jack", and it probably was, but it just might have been "Jill".

The Ripper has become a villain - for all time - and his shadow extends to the present day. And the way in which the world responds to modern serial killers such as the Yorkshire Ripper is influenced by the way we responded to the most notorious serial killer of all, Jack the Ripper. All sorts of people have been accused of being Jack the Ripper: the painter Walter Sickert; rogue Royals; freemasons, you name it - but it seems unlikely we'll ever know his true identity. However, this has just served to add to the mystique surrounding this most wicked of men.

As we now know, Professor Emsley's choice eventually garnered the highest number of votes and was proclaimed the very worst of all Britons. We asked Professor Emsley and several notable Ripperologists for their views on the results of the poll.



Matthew Hopkins

'I was staggered by the suggestion that Jack was the worst Briton in history!' said Martin Fido. 'In his own century I'd rate Dr Isaac Baker Brown a far more serious evil: the inventor of clitoridectomy to stop little girls from masturbating and grown women from standing up to their husbands. (His evil ideas were still current in America in the 1920s: happily the British medical profession had kicked him out, although the Church, shame on it! liked his horrible practices). In other centuries, sticking to the historians' selections, I think Richard Rich and Titus Oates were far nastier than David Cohen [Mr Fido's preferred Ripper suspect]. Going beyond them, so were Matthew Hopkins,



John Reginald Christie

the Witchfinder-General (d1647), and Richard Topcliffe (1532-1604), a sadistic witch-hunter, persecutor and torturer of Catholics, gipsies, and anybody else he could lay hands on. And in the 20th century, I think poor old Ozzy Mozzzy doesn't deserve to be rated worse than John Reginald Halliday Christie (especially in the month when Mosley's widow has just died).'

Colin Wilson felt that the question of the worst Briton was 'too trivial to be worth writing about'. He nevertheless remarked that 'Fred West, the Gloucester murderer, was far worse than Jack the Ripper - he tortured his

victims.' Mr Wilson was not the only one who remembered this particularly vicious character. 'That poll is a joke!' said Shirley Harrison. 'Who on earth ARE half those people... and where is Fred West?'

Others also felt that the list of British baddies included some unfamiliar names. 'It is strange that an anonymous figure should be voted the worst Briton in history,' remarked Robin Odell. 'Apart from King John and Oswald Mosley, most of the other characters on the black list are virtually unknown. The Duke of Cumberland? Didn't he invent a sausage? Hugh Despenser? Sounds as if he worked in a chemist's shop, possibly weighing out arsenic. And what about Eadric Streona, a man with an impossible name, who fell foul of Cnut, the Danish King whose name is a challenge to proof-readers everywhere? Everyone, of course, has heard of Jack the Ripper, the killer with many names but no real identity. He (or she) is just about as villainous as they come, even though he may not have been a Briton at all. Who would vote for Jack el Destripador or Jack l'Eventreur? No, I would go for Eadric Streona in his anagrammatic form as Dr Asa E O'Cretin. Well, he sounds as if he might be a Briton with lunatic or, possibly, occult tendencies.'

Nor did Donald Rumbelow think that the Ripper was that very bad. 'Jack fades into insignificance when compared with Richard the Lionheart, who gets my vote as the vilest Brit,' said Mr Rumbelow. 'The popular cinema image is of a bluff, hearty king



*Richard the Lionheart:
Don Rumbelow's vilest Brit*

quaffing tankards of ale and chewing great hunks of venison with Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest. Romantic but rotten is the reality. In a ten-year reign he was in the country for just six months. England was just a place where he could get more money for his wars in France and Palestine. He famously said that if he could get a buyer for London he would sell it. At Acre, when the ransom was slow in coming for 3,000 prisoners, he had them killed together with their wives and children. The butchering took several days. JTR was nothing by comparison.'

'It's a difficult thing to say just who the "worst Briton in history" was,' stated Stewart Evans. 'Obviously the tendency will always be to go for the infamous names, but "Jack the Ripper" does seem an odd choice to me. The main reason I would not have chosen him is the mere fact that he is a total unknown. In fact, even the exact number of his victims is not known for sure. Add to that the fact that he may not have been a Briton at all, and the selection of this unknown killer seems even stranger. The answer probably lies in the popular myth that has built him into a character on a par with the worst of the fictional villains - a bogeyman whose name has been used to frighten and unsettle ever since it was invented in 1888. The majority of those voting for him probably have a total misconception of the true nature



*James Mason as Watson, and Christopher Plummer as Sherlock Holmes:
as iconic as the Ripper*



Fred and Rose West

of the Whitechapel murders and "Jack the Ripper". The significance of his selection? Well, it will ensure, as always, that the name stays high in the public perception of all things evil and indicates that as a bogeyman he is as "popular" as ever.'

'In terms of sheer evil Jack the Ripper is probably no worse than any other murderer and is a lot better than some,' said Paul Begg. 'In terms of treachery he's not in the frame, and for consistent villainy he doesn't even get to the starting block; and his villainy didn't do much or arguably did nothing to influence the course of history. But by what criteria is the worst Briton judged? If it's by notoriety and impact on the public consciousness, then Jack the Ripper wins hands down. Like Sherlock Holmes, Jack the Ripper is iconic, instantly recognisable, known all round the world. He's inspired pastiches galore, radio shows, movies, television series and theatrical productions. Few of the other nominees have been the subject of so many books, so much interest and so much speculation. None has impacted on the public consciousness more than Jack the Ripper.'

'It is the fact that Jack the Ripper was undoubtedly Britain's first serial killer, the horrific way these murders have been portrayed and

the fact that to date his identity has remained a mystery that have fuelled the British public's interest in the murders for several generations,' said Trevor Marriot. 'Over 100 years have now passed since these crimes were committed but, as we know even today, the search still goes on. The mystery has deepened to the degree that the real truth surrounding the murders is almost totally obscured. Innumerable press stories, books, plays, films and even musicals have dramatised and distorted the facts to such a degree that, unfortunately, the fiction is publicly accepted more than the facts. Today when either a new film or a book is published it generates new interest from both young and old. So when you look at the list of other candidates for this award, who probably had their moment of fame, their names now perhaps do not conjure up as much imagination as Jack. However, Jack's final moment has perhaps yet to come!'

We would like to conclude with another passage from Professor Emsley, who gave us his views on the results of the poll:

I suspect that Jack the Ripper figured so highly in the voting because everyone had heard of him and had their own image of him. Many of

the other "worst Britons" were either little known outside of the historical community or responsible for crimes that people tended to regard as less horrendous than the savage disembowelling and mutilation of some of the poorest and most pathetic women in Victorian London.

The other key, and very significant, point about "Jack" is that we don't know who he was (unlikely, but might "he" even have been a "she"?). People have their pet theories, and might spill oceans of ink and even spend considerable sums of money to convince others - witness Patricia Cornwell's determination to convict the artist Walter Sickert. But we still don't know for sure, and at this distance it is unlikely that we ever will. This means that people can impose their own image on the facts, something that is done today in much the same way that it was done at the time.

In the autumn of 1888, for example, there were assumptions that such murders must have been done by a foreigner since no Englishman would commit such crimes. Unpleasant anti-Semitic notions were popular with some who turned back to the old ideas of Jews ritually killing Christians. In the Middle Ages the idea had focused on the murder of Christian children; there was an equally repellent belief that if an Orthodox Jew had sexual intercourse with a Gentile woman, then he could only purge himself by killing her. On continental Europe towards the end of the nineteenth century these ideas were whipped up by anti-Semites on several occasions to explain mysterious and particularly grisly murders.

The idea of Jack as a "toff" in top hat and silk cloak was also around at the time. This doubtless drew on the appearance of Robert Louis Stevenson's novella *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* only two years before, and on a popular stage play based on the book that was staged in London a few months before the murders. It also fitted well with the late nineteenth-century ideas of how degeneracy and criminality were linked. So what we have with the murders is a broad outline that people can colour as the fancy - and that, I think, is the lasting fascination with his evil.

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EDUARDO ZINNA

Scottish Scoundrels

When the Scots saw the list of the Worst Britons of the last ten centuries compiled under the aegis of the *BBC History Today* magazine, they felt a twinge in their national pride. Not one of the notorious miscreants was a Scot. Professor Tom Devine, Glucksman Professor of Irish & Scottish Studies at Aberdeen University, set the record straight: 'Contrary to myth, Scotland does not have to look towards England to find its villains,' he said. Soon several Scottish academics nominated their choice baddies - twelve of them as against the Sassenach ten. The nominators were not bound by a time-frame, but picked their blackguards freely from any century in which wicked Caledonians flourished. The list of nominees was first published in *Scotland on Sunday*, *The Scotsman*, 1 January 2006.

The worst Scot of the 14th century was

Sir John Menteith,

who betrayed William Wallace to the English King, Edward I, on 5 August 1305. Ted Cowan, Professor of Scottish History at Glasgow University, said: 'Menteith surrendered William Wallace at Robroyston and then shipped him south where Wallace suffered a terrible death. He should be universally condemned as the worst kind of traitor and worst kind of Scot.' Not much one could add to this.

In the 15th century,

Alexander 'Sawney' Bean

headed a family of cannibals composed of himself, his wife and their 46 children and grandchildren. The Beans lived in a Galloway cave now believed to be Bennane Cave,



Sawney Bean: what's for supper?

in Ballantrae in Ayrshire, which they left at night to ambush and kill single people or small groups. It is estimated that they killed and ate more than 1,000 victims. One night, the Beans attacked a man and wife who were returning on horseback from a fair. Being on horseback and having a sword, the husband was able to hold off his assailants, but they knocked his wife off the horse and killed her instantly. The same fate would have almost certainly befallen the husband, but the Beans were forced to retreat when a large party of people coming from the fair arrived on the scene. King James I himself led 400 men and many bloodhounds in a search for the cannibals. They soon found their cave, captured them alive, took them in chains to the Tolbooth Jail in Edinburgh and later transferred them to Leith or Glasgow where they were executed without a trial. Sawney and the rest of the adult males in his family were dismembered and allowed to bleed to death, while the women and children were all burned at the stake.

The Scots were particularly well-

behaved during the 16th century, when none of them was considered to be nasty enough to get into the list. But in the 17th century

Sir Robert Grierson

of Lag earned his place through his persecution of the Covenanters. In February 1638, Scottish noblemen, clergy, gentry and burghers signed a National Covenant committing themselves to preserving the purity of the Kirk and calling for the immediate withdrawal of the *Book of Common Prayer* introduced by King Charles I. Copies of the Covenant were distributed throughout the country, bringing the Kirk into direct conflict with the monarch. Throughout the south and west of Scotland, Grierson became notorious for his persecution of those who refused to give up the Covenant. In 1685 Grierson surprised an illegal Covenanter service at Kirkconnell. In the struggle that ensued, most of the worshippers were killed and Grierson was said to have refused to give them a decent burial. Whether the story was true or not, it quickly spread, earning Grierson his fearful reputation. Professor Cowan said: 'Grierson was a real baddie. He put condemned covenanters into barrels full of spikes and rolled them down hills. He also had people shot for refusing to give up the Covenant.'

The period known as the Killing Times culminated with the death of the Solway Martyrs, Margaret Wilson and Margaret McLachlan, who were tied to a stake and drowned in the fast-moving tide at Wigtown Bay on Grierson's orders. Grierson was arrested in 1689 and held prisoner for some months until a substantial cash surety was paid. He was imprisoned on two subsequent occasions, being at one point accused of a conspiracy to counterfeit money. Although he was cleared of all allegations, his ordeal had broken his health and he died in 1736. He has secured a measure of immortality, however, as Sir Walter Scott drew on his life in *Red Gauntlet*.

The following century,

Captain Caroline Scott

won his spurs, so to speak, as an associate of one of the *BBC History Today* worst Britons: the Duke of Cumberland. Scott was among the officers responsible for some of the most notorious atrocities in the persecution of the Gaelic people after the Battle of Culloden in 1745. 'There is little doubt that he was psychologically imbalanced,'



Hunting for Jacobites after Culloden

said Professor Devine. 'There was a psychopathic tendency in his mentality.' Professor Allan MacInnes, of Aberdeen University, said: 'Having instigated and encouraged genocide, Cumberland largely left this unsavoury task to enthusiastic underlings. His compatriots commanded psychotic Lowlanders like Captain Caroline Scott to run amok on land.'

Another exponent of a century where the Scots were uncommonly mean was

Robert Macqueen, Lord Braxfield,

who died in 1799. Braxfield was a hard drinker, a crusty old political reactionary and a 'hanging judge' who displayed a corrosive sense of humour. He was also the best lawyer



Lord Braxfield: If you hang a thief when he's young he won't steal when he's old.

in Scotland; not that many would consider this as a redeeming feature. His motto was: 'Hang a thief when he's young, and he'll no steal when he's auld'. He told a man brought before him: 'Ye'll be nane the waur o' a hingin' - which, translated into Standard English, means: 'You'll be none the worse for hanging.' Pithy. When a member of the Scottish establishment pleaded with him: 'But remember, my Lord, Jesus Christ was a reformer too,' Braxfield retorted: 'Muckle he made o' that. He was hanged.' Braxfield's conservative vein was apparent in his treatment of 'radicals' who sought reform of the political system whereby Scotland was ruled largely from London. The most famous casualty of his courtroom politics was Thomas Muir, who was sentenced to transportation to Australia in a trial that lasted just one day and inspired Robert Burns to write *Scots Wha Hae*. To explain his harsh sentence, Braxfield said: 'The British constitution is the best that ever was since the creation of the world, and it is not possible to make it better. Yet Mr Muir has gone among the ignorant country people and told them Parliamentary Reform was absolutely necessary for preserving their liberty.' Professor Richard Finlay, director of the Scottish History Research Centre at Strathclyde University, said of Braxfield: 'He was a particularly vicious sentencer of radicals, which was good for the aristocracy but no one else.' Professor Cowan added: 'He was certainly a demon in the eyes of the radicals but he was also a very good lawyer. He thought that the radicals had no right to vote as long as they

had no land.'

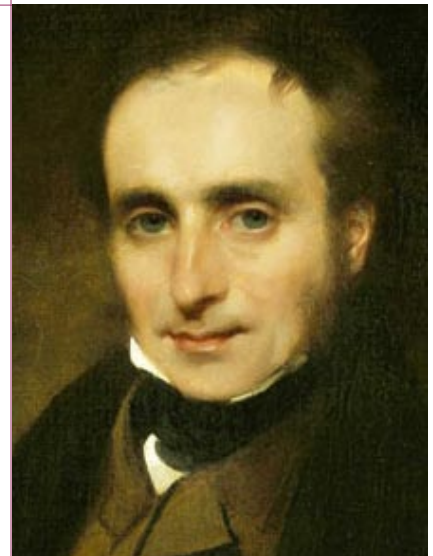
More than half the Scottish scoundrels lived in the 19th century, which must have been a particularly unpleasant period north of the Border, though some of the most enterprising villains went to try their luck abroad.

William Jardine (1784-1843),

from Lochmaben, near Dumfries, and

James Matheson (1796-1878),

from Lairg, in Sutherland, were highly successful business tycoons who made enormous fortunes exporting China tea and silk to Britain. But their early profits derived from the importation of opium into China. When the Chinese emperor tried to ban the trade, Jardine, Matheson and Company, Ltd. called on Britain for



James Matheson

assistance. The result of their appeal was the First Opium War (1839 - 1842) which ended with China's defeat and the resumption of the opium trade. Both men returned to Scotland, where they bought estates from their vast profits. When Matheson purchased the Isle of Lewis in 1844, Benjamin Disraeli described him as: 'One MacDrug who has come from Canton with a million of opium in each pocket.' Professor Cowan said: 'Their actions are difficult to excuse. They knew what they were doing. When they came back to Scotland they had a lot of money. Most Scots did not question whether the pound notes were dirty or not. They just took their investment.' Professor Finlay added: 'At the time of opium wars they still wanted to sell opium against the Emperor's wishes. In essence, they were drug pushers who destabilised China.'

Another 19th century villain,

Major Donald Macleod

of Skye, left his native land to carry out his dastardly deeds in his adopted country, Australia, where he caused the deaths of large numbers of Aborigines when he annexed their land for sheep farming. Eric Richards, Professor of History at Flinders University, in Adelaide, said: 'The likes of Macleod were ruthless capitalist colonists who came to Australia and thought they had the right to take over the land. They got rid of anyone who was in their way, making it extremely rough for the indigenous people.'

A celebrated Scottish baddie of the 19th century was anatomist

Dr Robert Knox,

who is chiefly remembered for purchasing the bodies that Burke and Hare (qv) supplied. The three partners in crime have been immortalised in a well-known ditty: 'Burke's the butcher, Hare's the thief/Knox the boy who buys the beef.' But Knox could be obnoxious on his own as well. In the wake of the Burke and Hare scandal, he resigned his post as conservator at the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons and turned to medical writing and lecturing for a living. In his 1850 book *The Races of Men*, he attempted to assess and evaluate the various types of human found in the world. Like other scientists, he used cranial and other measurements to prove that whites were racially superior to other peoples. But he was not kind to the Jews and the Irish either. He wrote: 'I appeal to the Saxon men of all countries whether I am right or not in my estimate of the Celtic character. Furious fanaticism;

a love of war and disorder; a hatred for order and patient industry; no accumulative habits; restless, treacherous, uncertain: look at Ireland.' Knox died in London where he is buried in an unmarked grave.

A further 19th century contender,

Patrick Sellar

was the factor of the Countess of Sutherland's estate. So that they might lease their glens and braes to sheep-farmers from the Lowlands and England, many Scottish landowners cleared the crofts of men, women and children, using police and soldiers where necessary. Hundreds, bereft of all, emigrated to England, Canada and the United States. Others had to content themselves with moor and rocky land unfit for cultivation. At the time of the Clearances, Sellar showed great enthusiasm and brutality in evicting tenants whose families had farmed there for generations, often destroying their possessions and setting fire to their crofts. In 1816 Sellar was charged at Inverness, before the Court of Justiciary, with culpable homicide and fire-raising, but was acquitted. After the trial, he ceased being a factor but continued to make money from sheep farming. Christopher Smout, emeritus professor of history at the University of St Andrews, said: 'Patrick Sellar was incompetent, unscrupulous and a thoroughly nasty piece of work. He was much more self-interested than other factors involved in the Clearances and took advantage of the situation to enrich himself.' Professor Cowan said: 'Sellar was a bit extreme by any stretch of the imagination. His methods were questionable even in his own day. He was savage in the way

he executed his master's business.'

Never too far from their chief customer Dr Knox (qv),

William Burke and William Hare

became Scotland's best-known villains, though in fact they were not Scots but Irish immigrants. They acquired their celebrity as body snatchers - criminals who made a profit from providing corpses to surgeons and anatomy students in Edinburgh. Burke and Hare stumbled across their money-making scheme when a tenant known as Old Donald died before he could pay £4 in rent to Hare. Together with his friend Burke, Hare sold the elderly man's body to Dr Knox for the sum of £7.10s. Pleased with the financial results of their new venture, but determined to eschew the heavy labour involved in grave robbing, the pair turned to murder. Their 16 victims ranged from sickly neighbours to prostitutes. Burke and Hare were eventually caught when lodgers came across the body of Mary Docherty, their last victim. Confronted by the police, they blamed each other for their crimes. But Hare was offered immunity if he testified against Burke. On Christmas Morning 1828, after just 50 minutes' consideration by the jury, Burke was found guilty and sentenced to death by hanging. Since he was an executed criminal, his body was handed over to anatomy students who dissected it with application and glee. Hare, on the other hand, was released in February 1829 and disappeared. Legend has that he died an old blind beggar in London. 'Their actions speak for themselves,' said Professor Smout. 'They were thoroughly despicable.'

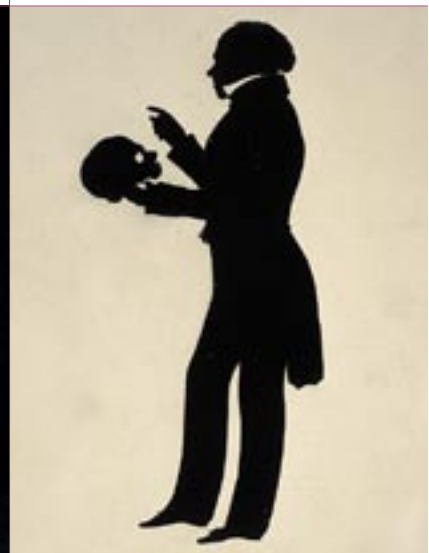
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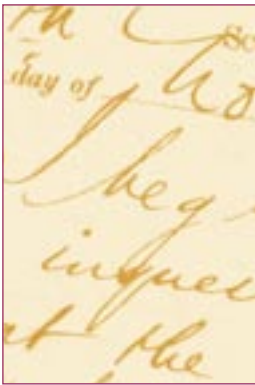
Burke the Butcher



Hare the Thief



Dr Knox, "the boy who buys the beef."



Undercover Editor furtively removes Ripperologist link from Wikipedia

Internet users are familiar with the free on-line encyclopaedia *Wikipedia*, which is maintained by thousands of dedicated volunteer editors who continually revise, update and expand entries. But what happens when these editors abuse their position at Wikipedia to post incorrect information or delete information or sources they don't like or don't agree with or which they just plain want to censor out?

Ripperologist found itself recently the target of such an experience. On the surface it may appear that this incident resulted, at best, from an excess of zeal by people who don't know as much about the field of Ripperology as they think they do, or, at worst, from a petty and small-minded action, not much more than a prank in dubious taste. But in fact this incident involved a deliberate and malicious abuse of editor privileges on Wikipedia whose implications will soon be all too obvious. Read on.

On 10 February, *Ripperologist's* North American Editor, Christopher T George, checked out the Jack the Ripper entry on *Wikipedia* and discovered that the link to *Ripperologist* had been deleted on 27 December by a volunteer editor using the screen name 'DreamGuy'. In the editing page *history*, Chris found the following entry by DreamGuy: 'removed *Ripperologist* link, as apparently that magazine is no longer being printed, added Whitechapel Society 1888'. Well, it looks like DreamGuy was well-informed enough to be aware of the Whitechapel Society 1888 but not to know that, although *Ripperologist* was not being 'printed' any more, it still existed. Indeed, at precisely the time when DreamGuy was deleting the link in *Wikipedia*, *Ripperologist* had sent out through the Internet its first monthly,

electronic, full-colour, massive, 88-page long issue offering more and better articles, essays, reviews and news coverage on Jack the Ripper than ever before. Or was DreamGuy implying that going electronic meant the *Rip* no longer merited an entry in *Wikipedia*? In which case, the *Rip* was faced with the irony of having its link removed from an electronic encyclopaedia because it had become an electronic publication.

Chris went ahead and reinstated the link to the *Rip*. Moments later, whoosh, in comes another volunteer editor called 'Victrix' - where do they find these names? - and deletes the link again because 'professional print publications would be notable, don't see how an ejournal cuts it/borderline spam.' Borderline spam? Well, you gotta smile. The *Rip* has been running for ten years, has published over 60 print issues and goodness knows how many hundreds of thousands of words, is highly respected, widely cited and quoted, and little Victrix coming out of nowhere doesn't see how it is

'notable' or 'cuts it' and describes it as 'borderline spam'?

So Chris patiently reinstated the *Wikipedia* link to the *Rip* one more time. Whoosh! Faster than a speeding bullet in comes DreamGuy again to wipe out the link, saying 'not sure it meets notability guidelines, and I believe "ChrisGeorge" is one of the people behind this ejournal so link is self-promo.'

So DreamGuy wasn't sure whether *Ripperologist*, widely acclaimed as the number one publication in the field, met the 'notability guidelines'. Otherwise knowledgeable DreamGuy merely believed that Chris George was one of the people behind the

What happens when volunteer editors abuse their position at *Wikipedia* to post incorrect information or delete information or sources they don't like or don't agree with or which they just plain want to censor out?

Rip - but didn't know for sure. Nor did DreamGuy know that Chris was a former editor of *Ripper Notes*, a magazine listed in *Wikipedia*. Not only that, but DreamGuy dismissed the link to a major publication such as *Ripperologist* as merely Chris's 'self promo'. At this point we began to wonder who this dreamy character was and who soulmate Victrix was and whether these ostensibly dedicated

Jack the Ripper

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Revision history

(Latest | Earliest) View (previous 50 | next 50) (20 | 50 | 100 | 250 | 500).

Legend: (cur) = difference with current version, (last) = difference with preceding version, m = minor edit

Compare selected versions

- (cur) (last) 10:55, 12 February 2006 WhiteCat m (rv vandalism)
- (cur) (last) 08:06, 12 February 2006 207.200.116.8 (→ Victims)
- (cur) (last) 07:07, 12 February 2006 DreamGuy m (→ External links - Well, OK... the guy emailed me... I know we used to have this here until it went out of print... it appears to still be somewhat notable in the field...)
- (cur) (last) 06:50, 12 February 2006 Japencarsey m
- (cur) (last) 18:08, 11 February 2006 DreamGuy m (→ External links - re addition of link to digital "magazine" - not sure it meets notability guidelines, and I believe "Chris George" is one of the people behind this ejournal so link is self-promo)
- (cur) (last) 07:01, 11 February 2006 ChrisGeorge
- (cur) (last) 06:53, 11 February 2006 ChrisGeorge
- (cur) (last) 02:58, 11 February 2006 Victrix m (→ External links - removed "electronic journal" - professional print publications would be notable, don't see how an ejournal cuts it/borderline spam)
- (cur) (last) 18:28, 10 February 2006 PurpleKitty (revert vandalism by 207.200.116.8)
- (cur) (last) 18:27, 10 February 2006 207.200.116.8 (rv)

Editing history of 'Jack the Ripper' entry

volunteer editors had a hidden agenda somewhere.

Chris dropped DreamGuy an email and the link to the *Rip* was restored. On the *Wikipedia* editing history, DreamGuy stated: 'Well, OK... the guy emailed me... I know we used to have this here until it went out of print... it appears to still be somewhat notable in the field...'

So DreamGuy still knows nothing about Chris, whom he calls 'the guy' and whose name he's put in quote marks earlier. And all DreamGuy knows about the *Rip* is that it's gone 'out of print'. It's mid-February, and DreamGuy still doesn't know, or doesn't want to admit, that two issues of the electronic, monthly *Ripperologist* have gone out and a third one is on the way. To DreamGuy, it only 'appears' that the *Rip* is still 'somewhat' notable in the field. How could someone who volunteers to edit *Wikipedia*'s Ripper page, presumably to make it more useful for the general readership, not know who Chris is and what the *Rip*'s status in Ripperology is?

But the sad thing about this whole incident is that DreamGuy knows very well who Chris is. And he knows everything there is to know about *Ripperologist* and its position in the field. As for us, we know who DreamGuy is. And we are going to tell you.

Can you guess who was feigning ignorance about *Ripperologist*? Can you guess who wasn't sure who Chris George was? Can you guess who thought a *Wikipedia* link to the *Rip* was just Chris's self promo?

Are you sitting down? Please do. DreamGuy is the editor of a major Jack the Ripper journal, one of *Ripperologist*'s main competitors.

Don't take our word for it. Check it out. There are many web pages in the Internet which give DreamGuy's real name and geographic location next to his screen name. You won't have any trouble verifying this information. Just Google him. He can run but he can't hide.

Sheesh, folks. We don't know about you, but we think it's really pathetic for the editor of a journal to stoop to such tactics as these to undermine the competition. For shame, DreamGuy. We thought better of you.



Dear Rip

Your Letters and Comments

[CLICK TO EMAIL US](#)

The Green of the Peak

Email to Ripperologist

Dear Rip,

Many thanks to the editors for your hard work in preparing for publication in *Ripperologist* 63 the first in our series of articles on coroners entitled *The Green of the Peak: The Coronial System in Britain*. I thought the cover and all the added illustrations were just great. Many thanks for that.

We wished to clarify, however, there is really no such thing as a coronial system for Britain, because Scotland has its own system and Irish coroners before the establishment of the Irish Free State operated under separate legislation. The system we wrote about applied to England and Wales only.

In addition, as modified, our final sentence appears to indicate that we are only concerned with Dr Thomas Bramah Diplock's missing papers for the inquest he conducted on Ripper suspect Montague John Druitt. We wish to make clear that we will be addressing the missing records of both Dr Diplock and Wynne Edwin Baxter. We're very proud of this last bit - we will be discussing the custody of coroners' records, specifically the missing records of Thomas Diplock and Wynne Baxter. We have put together a partial paper trail of what happened to these papers after the deaths of Diplock and Baxter, and we believe this is the first time this has ever been done.

David O'Flaherty
29 January 2006

We thank Dave for conveying his, John Savage and Robert Charles Linford's kind remarks as well as for the clarifications contained in his message. As a matter of fact, we gave some thought to the title for the first part of their series The Green of the Peak before settling for The Coronial System in Britain. We felt The Coronial System alone might have created some confusion with other coronial systems such as the American. We thought The British Coronial System inappropriate for reasons analogous to those given by the authors and The English Coronial System because it would not have made clear that the system applied to Wales as well. We finally chose the title we did because the coronial system described existed in England and Wales, which are in Britain - though it did not exist in all of Britain. As for the second point, we regret that we understood the statement at the end of their article to mean that they would be dealing with the whereabouts of Diplock's missing inquest records only. We note that they do in fact mean the missing records of both Diplock and Baxter and we are looking forward to their further research on this subject. Missing records... Wow! Rip.

Information, please

Email to Ripperologist

Dear Rip,

I'm after names of people who were given sight-seeing tours by police officials or others round the Ripper murder sites at the time or soon after (early 1900s). I think Conan Doyle was one, as well as a Canadian woman reporter and a French or American detective. Jack London may also have been taken round. Any ideas? I'd also like to hear of any interesting odd facts, anecdotes or coincidences about anything in the whole of Ripper lore.

Andy Aliffe
29 January 2006

Well, we knew a bit about Conan Doyle's going on tour with Dr Gordon Browne and others, so we told Andy about it, and we gave him a hint about Lloyd George, but if anybody has more information to share please write to him c/o Ripperologist, PO Box 735, Maidstone, Kent ME17 1JF UK or email us at contact@ripperologist.info, attention Andy Aliffe. Thank you, Rip.



Ripperologist 63 (January 2006) (I)

Email to Ripperologist

Dear Rip,

May I say that the current issue is again exceptional in its content and presentation and that I, as a researcher with an interest in the subject, find that the *Rip* is clearly ahead in its standards and an invaluable resource in the accurate and groundbreaking determination of Jack the Ripper and associated Victorian studies.

I'd like to add that the editorial team's attempt to include some light relief and entertaining snippets is well received, is in good taste and demonstrates a reliable and consistent sense of subtle humour.

Spiro Dimolianis
1 February 2006

Thanks for your kind comments, Spiro. We'll do our best to continue to deserve your praise. And keep your contributions coming. Rip.

Ripperologist 63 (January 2006) (II)

Email to Ripperologist

Dear Rip,

The first couple of articles I read were worth the wait, and the generous

use of hypertext is appreciated - something that the printed magazine couldn't offer. So, along with the bad, there's some good. Hopefully, I'll get used to this new form of magazine, just keep up with the excellent content!

Cliff Korsedal
10 February 2006

Glad you're coming round to appreciate the wonders of the new Rip, Cliff. We knew it would be a bit of a gamble, but it's beginning to pay off. Rip.

Ripperologist 63 (January 2006) (III)

Email to Ripperologist

Dear Rip,

A few words in appreciation for the efforts made in making this issue of *Ripperologist*. The content is exceptional as well...

Right off the bat, the article [or perhaps book] by the trio of Robert Linford, John Savage and David O'Flaherty is a trove of information on the coronial [coroner] system in Great Britain which augments the previous work done by Adam Wood on Wynne Baxter [issue 61, September] and offers insight to the position of coroner in Britain, a position often looked upon in the past with disdain. There is more to come from the trio regarding the Druiett inquest, the depositions from Dr Diplock having been lost, in a future issue, as well as other utile information..

Most of us are familiar with the *El Dorado* reference in the foreward from Mr Sugden's book, *The Complete History of JTR*, which describe how we Ripperologists set out to hunt for the Ripper and often wind up in "desolate plains".

I dissent from a lot of fellow Ripperologists in my view that the study of what is seen as "peripheral" to the crimes themselves [ie, work on fish and chips... costermongers... daily police routine... and now the encyclopedic study of coroners in Britain] is less than germane to the overall study/history of the Whitechapel Murders.

In a "quick fix" society, often times we unintentionally develop a sense of entitlement, a mindset that dictates that every article on Ripperological matters should or must be devoted to "a crime", "a suspect", "a victim" or an aspect that is specifically "murder" related.

We would do well to remember

Sugden's words about the trek through the jungles. These three men have established a Grundlagen for future reference on how coroners operate and saved you and I the drudgery of swinging that swath in the future by their own hard and praiseworthy work in this aspect of historically valuable data.

Mr Carman Cumming's article on Tumblety is well worth perusing.

The gist of his article deals with the less than believable pronouncements of Sanford Conover, who is the source of the uteri jars ostensibly owned by the alleged misogynist Tumblety.

The *I Beg To Report* section had a few reports that "begged" interest this month.

In particular, the horrific total of missing prostitutes in Edmonton, Alberta.. 83 women have been either reported missing or dead [undoubtedly more of the former] in the Western Canadian city over the last few years... Has anyone heard of this before? Fortunately for the street working girls, the RCMP has launched a project known as KARE, devoted to sharing information between the various police agencies. Unfortunately for the citizenry and dedicated police personnel of Edmonton, this probably won't prevent women from plying their trades on the streets...

Jose Scarsi offers an article on Alois Szemeredy which states that the eventual suicide by this contemporaneous suspect was not his first attempt. Twice before, the Austro/Hungarian had tried it only to be thwarted in his attempts.

Messrs. Wood and Zinna are better qualified to discuss Szemeredy than I, so in closing the article was interesting for its revelations on the thefts by this man of mystery.

Adam Wood's story on the history of East End "fast food", the import of Portugese *marranos* [marrano indicating a Jew who concealed his or her religious affiliation due to a sense of impending persecution.] of fish and chips had my mouth watering and eyes working overtime. What a terrific view into this profession/business which at one time [1910] had 25,000 shops in Britain!

My fellow Manchester United devotee included Israel Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto* [1892] coverage of fried fish. Zangwill, as some may not know, was the author of the term, The Melting Pot. Whats interesting in Adam's great article, is that often times the primary way one immigrant

group will gain acceptance in a host nation is from and through their staple foods. In America, for instance, the Italian-Americans had a rough go in the 19th Century in many areas. However, their food is synonymous with their successes in the States. Likewise, the Hispanic communities of the Caribbean [especially Cuban barbecue and Puerto Rican foods] are well received ambassadors of their cultures. Pasta and pasteles are a staple at this reviewer's hacienda.

No one will give me an award, but my thumb deserves one for voting several hundred times on the BBC site that still has JTR as the "Worst Briton". Eduardo Zinna covers this contest in depth and it's a worthwhile read. The *BBC History Magazine* ran a contest in which our favorite subject won over numerous other "bad Brits" in the magazine's contest. While JTR was most certainly NOT the "worst Brit", his ranking does indicate the influence of the crimes on Great Britain's consciousness.

It's to our collective benefit that the Great Scott... my friend Chris Scott... is back in the swing of things. In this latest *Press Trawl*, one of the stories discusses the Billingsgate Fish Market [it ties in with Mr Wood's delicious... I mean... excellent article on fish and chips]. These fish porters had a helluva job. Often hauling 300 to 400 pounds of fish around on their backs... they were well respected [in contrast to the coroners of the Linford/Savage/O'Flaherty article] for their feats and importance.

Another story Chris fished out was the one on the Connecticut man

who, after reading about the latest adventures of JTR, decided to kill his wife with a hatchet.

Mr Wilf Gregg deserves credit for his now-monthly ascertations of current crime and Ripper related books. It's a basically thankless job, but Mr Gregg should be praised for taking the time to offer his insights into the books HE took the time to peruse.

Least, but not last, is the new column by my friend "Monty".

Monty, like a KGB agent, will now scour the Internet for sites that interest him and are Ripper based. Being an idiot, I told him that he was voted "worst Brit" on our site before realizing the editors of *Ripperologist* were so hard up for a columnist, that they had to go to the hinterlands of Leicestershire and use Monty... Just let us know when you plan to check our site out Monty. I'll make sure we put up new curtains and sweep the carpets.

In all seriousness, Monty [Neil Bell to you] did an excellent job on his first assignment. He covered the *Casebook* and The Met Police Crime Museum sites. He done good, that Monty.

Last on the list is the *Last Word* by Mr DiGrazia.

Mr DiGrazia discusses the death of Thomas Ince in 1922 aboard the *Oneida*, a yacht owned by William Randolph Hearst, the subject of the great film, *Citizen Kane* and how Hearst may have been the murderer of Ince, whose body was quickly cremated after his demise. Cremation would be the best way to avoid exhumation... especially for the benefit of a publishing giant

like Hearst. Hearst may actually, as rumor stated, have been trying to kill British citizen Charlie Chaplin, whose amorous ways cost him more than once in his life.

Mr DiGrazia ties in the WM press and the power of a man like Hearst [Joe Pulitzer, the Hungarian Jew publisher and prize giver being another] and how the media can extend the life of a story. A very nice tie-in by Mr DiGrazia.

Great issue gentlemen... and great efforts much appreciated.

Howard Brown
Proprietor, *JTR Forums.com*
11 February 2006

We would be humbled and overwhelmed by your praise, Mr Brown, if we only knew how. We are lapping it up instead! If you're reading this, you've come back for more of what the Rip has to offer. We sincerely hope we're doing OK by you. Thanks again. Rip.

We love to hear from you! Please write to us at PO Box 735, Maidstone, Kent ME17 1JF or email us at contact@ripperologist.info. We look forward to your views. Ripperologist.

[Comment](#)

[Next article](#)

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DEAR DIARY

UK tour starting 20 January 2006 NIGHTS AT THE CIRCUS

'It's 1899 and all of Europe is agape at the arrival of the new century! The world crackles with possibilities - and its people dance to the irresistible rhythms of money, sex, love and freedom. Swinging above them all is a showbiz sensation; a fierce, vulgar, pant-droppingly sexy trapeze artist called Fevers. The story charts her unlikely love affair with Walser, a world-weary journalist on a mission to expose her as a fake...'

West Yorks Playhouse 21 Feb-4 Mar
Warwick Arts Centre 7-11 March
Bristol Old Vic 19 March-1 April
Theatre Royal Plymouth 4-8 April
Sheffield Lyceum 11-15 April

30 January - 26 May 2006 MOST GLORIOUS OF THEM ALL: THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INSTITUTION OF THE VICTORIA CROSS IN 1856

To mark the 150th Anniversary of the institution of the Victoria Cross in 1856, the Library and Museum of Freemasonry is mounting a new exhibition about some of the holders of Victoria Cross who were freemasons. The exhibition draws extensively on a private collection of objects associated with individual winners. It includes everyday objects, fighting tools, ceremonial items, photographs and masonic regalia.

The Library & Museum of Freemasonry
Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen Street
Monday to Fridays only, 10am to 5pm
Admission free

February 2006 BRITISH OUTLAW TRADITIONS

Hardcover, University of Wales Press, ISBN: 0708319858, £47 by Helen Phillips (Editor), offers research and critical interpretations about British outlaw traditions and the way they have been imagined and presented in the Middle Ages and the centuries since. This volume focuses on the ways in which rogue-heroes have been used in literature, film and other areas of popular culture and imagination.

March 2006 PUBLICATION OF UNCLE JACK

Humphrey Price's and Tony Williams's, paperback edition of the controversial book proposing the candidacy of Royal obstetrician Sir John Williams as Jack the Ripper.



WILF GREGG

On the Crimebeat

Old Bones and Shallow Graves

T J English

S/B, 468 pp., Illus.,

Mainstream Publishing, £9.99



Sub-titled *The Untold Story of the Irish-American Gangster*, this book is that and a whole lot more. The author charts the position of the Irish-American gangster

from the nineteenth century to the present. In addition, the book covers many of the most notorious names of American organised crime: Johnny Torrio, Al Capone, Legs Diamond, Bugs Moran, Owney Madden, Dutch Schultz, Frank Costello and Vincent 'Mad Dog' Coll, to name but a few.

Many of the early Irish-Americans featured in the book are new to me, but Mr English brings them to life as he details their fight for survival and betterment - albeit by taking up crime. From these early days, the book moves on to the one-time Czar of Boston crime, James 'Whitey' Bulger, who is still on the run from the FBI.

Mr English has produced a well-written and structured book which, I am sure, will become a must for fans of American gangsterism.

[Buy now](#)

The Cromwell Street Murders

John Bennett with Graham Gardner

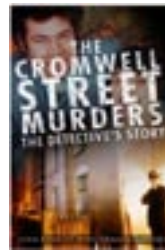
S/B, 346 pp., Illus.,

Sutton Publishing, £8.99

John Bennett was the officer in charge of the West murders investigation and this book charts the highs and lows encountered by him and his team.

The team ethic is apparent throughout the book as is the thread of wanting to produce a factual and

objective account of the investigations - arguably the most traumatic and involved enquiry in recent times. By eschewing the first person - Mr Bennett is referred to as John in the book - the authors went a long way to achieving these aims.



A fascinating part of the book deals with the involvement of Rose West. The team was determined to bring charges against her and when after Fred West's suicide, the CPS considered dropping the charges against her, the team fought their corner against this with great determination.

Several of the books on the West case came from relatives and in one case a victim and while these may have helped these unfortunates exorcise their own particular demons, their very emotionalism and sometimes dwelling on the more sordid issues did not give the objectivity this excellent book provides.

A must for all True Crime aficionados.

[Buy now](#)

Ten Most Wanted

Peter Bleksley

H/B, 260 pp., Illus.,

John Blake Publishing, £17.99

Another book by an ex-policeman turned author.

Mr Bleksley set out to re-investigate ten unsolved murders from the last five years. High profile cases include Milly Dowler, the horrendous burning to death of Wayne Trotter in 2002 and the bizarre killing of the octogenarian Colonel Robert "Riley" Workman in the village of Furneaux Pelham in Hertfordshire. I can't leave the

Workman case without mentioning the chapter heading - "The Death of Riley".

Mr Bleksley gives a convincing account of his experiences with

the cases - sometimes he was welcomed by locals in the crime areas and in others attempts were made to intimidate him.

Although no concrete results emerged from his enquiries, he had the satisfaction of turning the spotlight on these cases again. He writes convincingly on his desire to re-open these cases. An interesting book.

[Buy now](#)

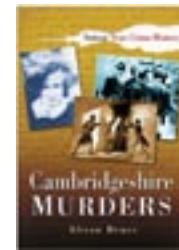


Cambridgeshire Murders

Alison Bruce

S/B, 154 pp., Illus.,

Sutton Publishing, £12.99



Another in Sutton's True Crime History series.

Cases include Walter Horsford, the St Neots poisoner, the unsolved murder of Alice Lawn in 1921 and Douglas Potts, the Cambridge undergraduate who in 1930, killed his tutor and a policeman before committing suicide. Several early eighteenth century cases are also included. All accounts have been excellently researched and well told.

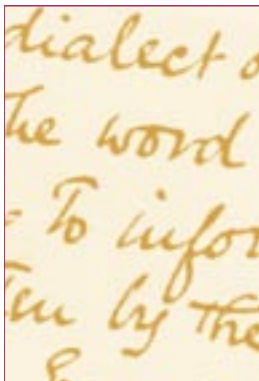
I am not sure whether it was fair for Ms Bruce to include the assassination of the Prime Minister, Spencer Percival in the House of Commons in 1812, on the grounds that he was educated at Cambridge and his killer John Bellingham was born in the county. But why not! I can't let this case pass without emphasising the timeframe. Assassination 11th May, 1812, tried and convicted 15th May, 1812, hanged 18th May, 1812. Swift justice indeed.

A worthy successor to its predecessors in the series.

[Buy now](#)

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Got an email address? Got the Rip!



Reviews

Freemasons: Inside the World's Oldest Secret Society

H Paul Jeffers

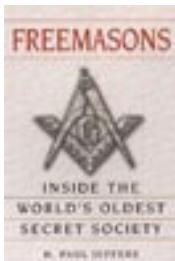
New York:

Citadel Press Books, 2005

Paperback, 237 pp., bibliog., index

ISBN 0-8065-2662-9

US \$14.95; Canada \$20.95



Oddly, this book has a different title once you open it up - the title page reads, *Freemasons: A History and Exploration of the World's Oldest Secret Society*.

Oh, dear - is this a Masonic conspiracy? Or did the publisher and/or the author merely change their mind and go for the snappier title with that 'wink wink' allure that we would learn what really goes on in that world of secret handshakes and symbols?

New York-based Paul Jeffers, who has previously published books on US presidents Theodore Roosevelt and Grover Cleveland, as well as Diamond Jim Brady, has written a readable and entertaining examination of the world of Freemasonry. Jeffers says he is not a mason but admits to being a member of the Baker Street Irregulars. He recounts the alleged origins with the masons who worked on Solomon's temple and the supposed three jealous 'Juwes' who murdered Hiram Abiff, the architect appointed by Solomon to build the temple. Supposedly the murderous three, Jubela, Jubelo, and Jubelum, tried to coerce Abiff to name them grand masters. They confronted Abiff in the temple but he refused saying they could not receive the 'mysteries' without the approval of Solomon and the King of Tyre, who had recommended him to Solomon. The three ended up killing Hiram Abiff. They then fled the murder scene and guiltily predicted the manner of their own bloody deaths at Jaffa,

leading to their arrests and execution in the manner they themselves had described.

Jeffers points out that there is no actual proof that the Freemasons actually do stretch back to biblical times. He also notes that although Hiram Abiff is mentioned in the Bible there is no mention in the good book of the Juwes. Rather, the Freemasons as we know them only became organized in the early eighteenth century, although Masonic organizations evidently started to gel in the middle ages with the building of the great cathedrals of Europe and the Knights Templar. Today, despite some loss of membership, Jeffers tells us, 'Of the world's estimated 5.9 million Freemasons, the majority live in the United States (4 million).' (p. 177)

Wentworth Model Dwellings, Goulston Street, following the 'Double Event' - the murders of Elizabeth Stride and Catherine Eddowes on the night of 30 September 1888. As Jeffers recounts, Ripper author Stephen Knight in *Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution* (1976) saw a Masonic motive behind the Whitechapel murders, supposedly to hide the fact that, as Knight asserted, the heir to the British throne, Prince Albert Victor, had married a Catholic woman, with whom he had fathered a child. Knight pointed out that the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Sir Charles Warren, was a leading Freemason, and that he recognized the Masonic reference to the Juwes, and for that reason had the graffito erased. The Masonic conspiracy theory, often with Sir William Gull as the actual killer, has featured in several Hollywood films. Warren himself said he ordered the inscription erased because it made a reference to the Jews, and he was afraid that an anti-Semitic riot might occur. The East End at the time, of course, was teeming with immigrant Jews and the doorway where the inscription was found led to the homes of Jews.

Jeffers confirms that Warren was a long-time Freemason in a position of authority within the order. He



The Freemason's Hall in Great Queen Street, London

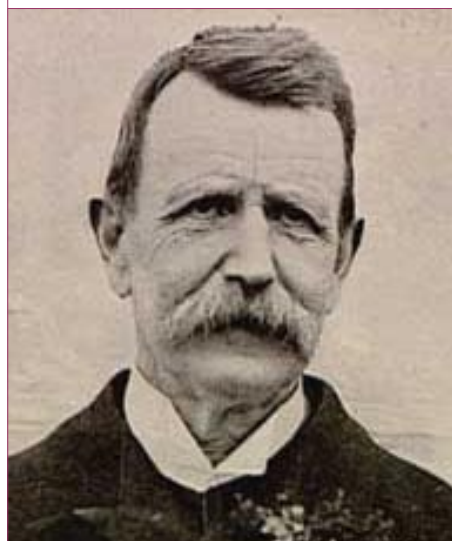
Those three bloody assassins, the Juwes, of course, find a place in Ripper lore because some maintain they are referenced in the chalked graffito discovered in the doorway of

writes: 'Initiated into Freemasonry on December 30, 1859, [Warren] became past master in 1863 and belonged to the Royal Lodge of Friendship No.278 at Gibraltar [sic] and was past deacon of the United Grand Lodge of England

(1887). At the time of the Ripper murders, he was worshipful master of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge No.2076. Its meetings were not held far from the [Mary Jane] Kelly murder scene [at 13 Miller's Court, Spitalfields]. Warren had been elected its founding master in 1884. The lodge warrant had been granted on November 28, 1884. Because of Warren's departure [on Army assignment in 1884-5] to Buchuana [Bechuanaland], the lodge did not meet until after return at the end of 1885. He was installed at a meeting on January 12, 1886. When the lodge was consecrated, he attended three of the seven meetings called during his almost three-year term of office.'

Jeffers is quick to dispel the idea that Warren's position in the masons had anything to do with the murders. He cites Ripperologist Donald Rumbelow and Masonic authority Paul M Bessel to demolish Knight's theories. This is a bit disappointing in that it would have been nice to get Jeffers' own views rather than for him to reference the work of other authors. He cites Masonic historian Bessel as pointing out that Knight had based his theory on what he had been told by Joseph Gorman Sickert, who was supposedly told about the conspiracy by his father, artist Walter Sickert, and in the *Sunday Times* of 18 June 1978 admitted, 'It was a hoax; I made it all up.' Bessel is quoted as saying that 'the story of the three ruffians [who killed Hiram Abiff: Jubela, Jubelo, and Jubelum] had been removed from Masonic ritual in England (but not in the United States) 70 years before Jack the Ripper's murders took place. The erasure of the 'Juwes' message near a murder site could have been a well-meaning attempt to prevent anti-Semitic mob violence...' (p.117)

Annoyingly, Jeffers does not tell us where this quote from Masonic authority Paul Bessel comes from. We are told (p.66) that Bessel is (or was) librarian of the George Washington National Memorial (in Alexandria, Virginia) and secretary of the Masonic Museum Association, but Jeffers' bibliography of 'further reading' fails to cite anything written by Bessel, although an essay and a talk by Bessel are mentioned in the text. From a talk Bessel gave on 8 September 2000 to La France Lodge No.93 in Washington, DC, the Masonic historian is quoted as saying, 'Freemasonry could be, and could have been in the past, the only institution in the world that



Sir Charles Warren

at all times in every way promotes tolerance...' (p.180) Could the expert be an idealist who brooks no evil intentions on the part of Freemasons?

After examining the different types of masons and their history, Jeffers concludes that the Freemasons are little different to other civic organizations and are basically social clubs with no secret agendas. It would have been nice to see Jeffers go more deeply into the possible Masonic connection to the Whitechapel murders with some research of his own rather than merely accepting the opinion of other authors about the flaws in Knight's theory. He knows about Warren's archaeological investigations in Palestine, and he tells us: 'As an agent of the Palestine Exploration Fund in 1867, [Warren] surveyed Herod's Temple on the site of Solomon's Temple, made significant excavations in Jerusalem, and wrote of them in two books, *The Temple or the Tomb* and *Under Jerusalem*.' It would be interesting to examine Warren's writings and activities in Palestine in more detail with a view to any connection to the Ripper murders and to throw into the mix Warren's archaeological colleague and recently proposed suspect **Colonel Claude Reignier Conder** to see what can be discovered. But perhaps that investigation awaits the work of another writer who is willing to dig both into Masonic history and the careers of Warren and Conder.

Further information:
The Library and Museum of Freemasonry

The Jack the Ripper Murders and their Alleged Masonic Connections
by Paul Bessel

Buy the book now

City for Ransom

Robert W Walker

New York:

Avon Books, 2006

Paperback, 324 pp.

ISBN-13 978-0-06-073995-9

US \$6.99; Canada \$9.99



In this mystery, novelist Robert W Walker introduces his sleuth, Inspector Alastair Ransom, who investigates a series of gruesome murders at the time of the great Chicago World's Fair in 1893. In essaying

this theme, he is following in the footsteps of Erik Larson's entertaining nonfiction bestseller *The Devil in White City* about serial killer **H H Holmes (Herman Webster Mudgett)**. Walker's book even has a cover like Larson's, showing the blazing fairy lights of the exposition, with his rotund Nero Wolfe-like detective with cane in profile in the foreground. Walker's novel also brings to mind Caleb Carr's period mysteries, *The Alienist* and *The Angel of Darkness*.

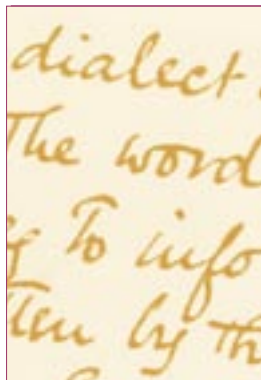
The book makes for an entertaining diversion. The mystery and suspense play out nicely in Walker's hands and the novel augurs well for a proposed series of Ransom novels. However, given the era in which the novel is set - 1893 - the author appears a bit early to portray his protagonist as accepting the usefulness of fingerprint evidence as well as crime scene photography. In fact, he somewhat naively writes, 'Ransom found the new art and science of photography - an invention catapulted to prominence during the Civil War - a godsend to police investigators. It'd become another new source of applied science in police detection.' (p.10) This statement not only seems to miss the point that photography was hardly newfangled in 1893 - by that time, rich and poor alike had enjoyed being photographed for a number of decades - but that police forces worldwide would take until the early twentieth century generally to accept the usefulness of crime scene photography and fingerprints.

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BOOKS

Oldies But Goodies



DAS PHANTOM VON LONDON. EINE GESCHICHTE UM JACK THE RIPPER - SCHAUPIEL (Paperback, 97pp, Mosenstein und Vannerdat, ISBN: 3865821502, €15) by **Mathias Schwappach**, is a German-language play based on the Whitechapel Murders.



DEATH AT WHITECHAPEL (Paperback, 288pp, Berkley, ISBN: 0425173410, \$6.99), by **Robin Paige**, the pseudonym of a husband-and-wife writing team, deals with a husband-and-wife

detective team on the trail of Jack the Ripper. We might not be giving too much away by revealing that the authors have embraced the Masonic conspiracy theory that supposedly reached to the highest levels of the British government. Secondary characters include Lady Churchill and her son Winston, and the dastardly deeds investigated, blackmail and murder.



LONDON VON SCOTLAND YARD BIS JACK THE RIPPER (Hardback, 240 pp., Eulen Verlag, ISBN: 3891024495) by **Gerald Hagemann**, is a German-language guide to 350 London crime sites frequented by the likes of Mrs Pearcey, the Ripper

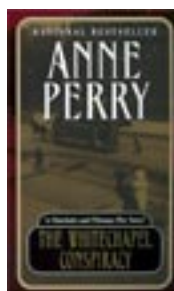
and Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street.



MARY JANE KELLY: LA DERNIÈRE VICTIME (Paperback, 90pp, L'Harmattan, Collection: Graveurs de mémoire, ISBN: 2747525244, €9,50) by **Didier Chauvet**, is described as the first biography of Mary Jane Kelly, the last victim of Jack the Ripper.



SLUMMING: SEXUAL AND SOCIAL POLITICS IN VICTORIAN LONDON (Cloth, 368pp, illust. 28 halftones, 1 map, Princeton University Press, \$29.95 / £18.95, ISBN: 0691115923), by Seth Koven, is an account of prominent 19th century Britons who felt compelled to visit, live, or work in the London slums in order to see for themselves how the poor lived and acquire the first-hand experience essential for all who claimed to speak authoritatively about social problems. Slumming also allowed many to act on their irresistible 'attraction of repulsion' for the poor and permitted them, with society's approval, to get dirty and express their own 'dirty' desires for intimacy with slum dwellers and, sometimes, with one another.



THE WHITECHAPEL CONSPIRACY, (Paperback, 352 pages, Ballantine Books, \$6.99, ISBN: 0449006565), by **Anne Perry**, is an intricate, fast-paced, atmospheric Victorian mystery cum political thriller featuring Inspector Thomas Pitt, his wife, Charlotte, their cockney maid, Gracie, her suitor, Sergeant Tellman, and Charlotte's great-aunt

Vespasia. Pitt manages to annoy the powerful Inner Circle by sending one of their number to the gallows and, as a consequence, loses his command of the Bow Street station and must go undercover in the East End slums chasing anarchists. Who says East End, and Whitechapel, and conspiracy, says Jack the Ripper; and indeed the mysterious murderer figures in the narrative. Does Anne Perry reveal his identity? You'll have to read the book to find out.

Recently Published



ANTI-SEMITISM AND BRITISH GOTHIC LITERATURE, (Hardcover, 256 pages, Palgrave Macmillan, ISBN: 0 3 3 3 9 2 9 5 1 9, £47.50), by **Carol Margaret Davison**, examines Gothic Literature's engagement with the Jewish Question and British national identity over the course of a century, from Romanticism to Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (1897). The book assesses *Dracula* as a crypto-Jew and immigration, syphilis, Jack the Ripper, corporate capitalism and the New Woman as *fin-de-siècle* concerns connected with the assimilation of the Jews.

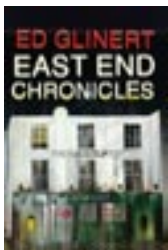


BLACK BY GASLIGHT (Paperback, 342pp, Cavalier Press, ISBN: 0974621064, \$17.95), by **Nene Adams**, starts in August 1888 as consulting detective Lady Evangeline St Claire rescues prostitute Rhiannon Moore from the clutches of Jack the Ripper. The two women embark upon an investigation that soon becomes a race against a killer whose only motive is madness. While trying to save themselves, Evangeline and Rhiannon fall desperately in love. A secondary character is a detective called Sherringford Pike.

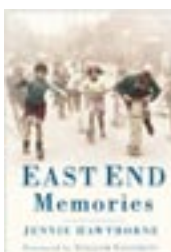
BY EAR AND EYES: THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS, JACK THE RIPPER AND THE MURDER OF MARY JANE KELLY (Paperback, 320 pages, Longshot Publishing, ISBN: 0955024005, £12.99), by **Karyo Magellan**, presents a new theory on the most enigmatic of the Ripper's victims. In *Ripperologist's*



view, 'If there's any justice at all in our little square-mile corner of historical study, Magellan's book will emerge as the most controversial, if not the most important, book of 2005.' Very strongly recommended.



EAST END CHRONICLES (Hardcover, 320 pages, Allen Lane / Penguin, ISBN: 0713997745, £20) by **Ed Glinert**, includes chapters on the Silk Weavers of Spitalfields, Docks, Dockers and River Pirates, Murder and Mayhem on the Ratcliffe Highway, Mystics and Myth-Makers, The Blitz and Bombs, The Jewish Ghetto and others. Glinert discerns the influence of 'esoteric measurements' in the location of the Ripper's killings and the murder in 1974 of Alfie Cohen, the owner of a tobacco kiosk in Commercial Road, which were linked by traces of Masonic ritual.

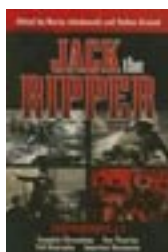


EAST END MEMORIES (Hardcover, 352 pages, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750939966, £14.99) by **Jennie Hawthorne**, is an account of the author's early life.

Born in 1916 into an Irish Catholic family, she spent her formative years in the heart of the East End, in a truly multicultural community. This vivid account of growing up is told with passion and humour - even though her drunken father struggles from crisis to crisis, and illness and crime are part of everyday life. The author's captivating anecdotes, poignant and entertaining, are suffused by the sights, sounds and smells of the East End in the 1920s and '30s. *East End Memories* is a wonderful evocation

of a bygone age: Jennie Hawthorne's affectionate memoirs will entrance anyone who reads them.

EYE ON LONDON, (Paperback, 160 pages, Capita Publications, ISBN: 0954868102, £9.99) by **Colin Kendell**, who chose Jack the Ripper as his specialist subject when he appeared on the BBC programme *Mastermind* ten years ago, deals with famous London landmarks, such as the Tower of London, the Albert Hall and Kensington Palace, and their historical background. A chapter is devoted to the Ripper.



JACK THE RIPPER COMPREHENSIVE A-Z (Hardcover, 499 pages, Castle Books, ISBN: 078581616X, £19.98) edited by **Maxim Jakubowski** and **Nathan Braund**, is a re-issue of the *Mammoth Book of Jack the Ripper* first published in paperback in 1999.

JACK THE RIPPER: A CONFESSION (Paperback, 257 pages, ripperArt, ISBN: 0954660331, £9.99) by **Geoff Cooper** and **Gordon Punter**.



JACK THE RIPPER: END OF A LEGEND (Paperback, 316 pages, Athena Press Pub, ISBN: 1844014843, \$15.95) by **Calum Reuben Knight**, argues that Jack the Ripper wasn't one person but three, including a French woman who successfully masqueraded as the final victim - known as Mary Jane Kelly. Knight reveals the identity of the three Rippers, recounts their lives and explores their motives.

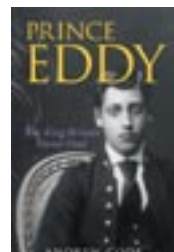
NEWGATE: LONDON'S PROTOTYPE OF HELL, (Hard-cover, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750938951, £20), by **Stephen Halliday**, relates the story of the largest and most notorious prison in



London: Newgate. Built during the twelfth century, Newgate was a place of cruelty and wretchedness, at various times holding Dick Turpin, Titus Oates, Jack Sheppard, Casanova and Daniel Defoe - and his heroine Moll Flanders. Housing varied from a private cell with a cleaning woman and regular female company to a spot on the floor. Only a quarter of the prisoners survived Newgate. Those who died inside remained inside until relatives of friends paid to have the body released.



PORTRAIT OF A KILLER: JACK THE RIPPER - CASE CLOSED (Paperback, 400 pp., Penguin Group (USA), ISBN: 0425205479, \$15), by **Patricia Cornwell**, is a revised edition of her controversial book reportedly including more evidence for her conclusion that the killer was the artist, Walter Sickert. A British edition will follow in September.



PRINCE EDDY: THE KING BRITAIN NEVER HAD (Hardcover, 272 pages, Tempus Publishing, ISBN: 0752434101, £20) by prolific author **Andrew Cook**, is a revisionist account of Eddy's life.



RIPPED FROM THE HEADLINES: BEING THE STORY OF JACK THE RIPPER AS REPORTED IN THE LONDON AND NEW YORK TIMES (Paperback, 139 pages, cover illustration by Gavin LO'Keefe, Ramble

Got something to say?

Got comments on a feature in this issue?
Or found new information?

Please send your comments to contact@ripperologist.info

House, \$12) is a collection of news items published in *The Times* and the *New York Times* in chronological order (1885-1895).



SHERLOCK HOLMES: THE BIOGRAPHY (Hardback, 240pp., Atlantic, ISBN: 1843542749, £14.99) by Nick Rennison, ventures beyond Holmes's published cases and recounts

how the great detective prevented Fenian attacks, advised Oscar Wilde to hotfoot it, helped Conan Doyle to solve the Edalji case and almost caught Jack the Ripper. But why wasn't the Ripper case recorded by Watson? As the Ripper skulked about Whitechapel, Mary Morstan, Watson's future wife, made her appearance into his life. The good doctor set forth her story as *The Sign of Four*, but did not think the Ripper case worth chronicling. It takes all kinds.



THE AMERICAN MURDERS OF JACK THE RIPPER: TANTALIZING EVIDENCE OF THE GRUESOME AMERICAN INTERLUDE OF THE PRIME RIPPER

SUSPECT (Paperback, 240 pages, The Lyons Press, ISBN: 1592286755, illus., \$ 14.95) by R Michael Gordon, posits Severin Klosowski, aka George Chapman, as the Ripper and explores his responsibility for a number of murders committed in the United States.



THE BLACK DAHLIA FILES: THE MOB, THE MOGUL AND THE MURDER THAT TRANSFIXED LOS ANGELES (Hardcover, 416 pages, Regan Books, ISBN: 0060582499,

\$26.99), by Donald H Wolfe, deals with one of the most notorious American murder cases. The mob is represented by Benjamin 'Bugsy' Siegel, the mogul is Norman Chandler, the publisher of the *Los Angeles Times*, and the murder that transfixed Los Angeles is that of Elizabeth Short, the 'Black Dahlia'.



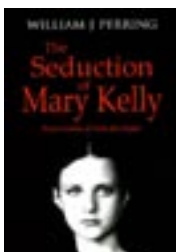
THE HUMAN PREDATOR: A HISTORICAL CHRONICLE OF SERIAL MURDER AND FORENSIC INVESTIGATION (Hardcover, 320 pages, Berkley, ISBN: 042520765X, \$24.95) by Dr

Katherine Ramsland PhD, is a detailed and comprehensive anthology of multiple murder events and serial killers from the 'Alphabet Murders' through the infamous 'Zodiac Killings'. Starting with the Dark Ages and culminating with events of the new millennium, Dr Ramsland takes the reader through history with her presentation and documentation of famous cases of multiple and serial murders, the journalistic coverage of these crimes and the social reaction to the 'evil' of serial murder. She shows that the darkness that exists in human nature is not the product of modern society.



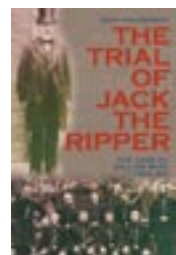
THE NEW ANNOTATED SHERLOCK HOLMES: THE NOVELS (A STUDY IN SCARLET, THE SIGN OF FOUR, THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE VALLEY OF

FEAR) (Hardcover, 992 pages, illust., W W Norton, Slipcase edition, ISBN: 039305800X, \$49.95) by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Leslie S Klinger (Editor), is the third book in a series begun in 2004. 'A must-have for any serious mystery fan, this edition will stand as the benchmark for generations to come.' *Publishers' Weekly*.



THE SEDUCTION OF MARY KELLY: FINAL VICTIM OF JACK THE RIPPER (Hardback, 591pp, Coulsdon, Surrey: D'Arcy Collection, 2005, ISBN: 0954977009, £17.95) by William

J Perring, is a novel recounting 'the "known" career of Mary Kelly with all the familiar faces emerging as flesh and blood characters instead of the often one-dimensional figures they appear in the non-fiction books.' (*Ripperologist*) The *Rip* also told its readers: 'You should like this book and it'll keep you occupied and out of trouble for a while.'



THE TRIAL OF JACK THE RIPPER: THE CASE OF WILLIAM BURY (1859-89) (Paperback, 192 pages, Mainstream Publishing, ISBN: 1845960114, £9.99) by Euan

Macpherson, discusses Ripper suspect William Henry Bury, who was hanged in 1889 in Scotland for the murder of his wife. 'Whether Bury was Jack the Ripper or not,' said *Ripperologist*, 'Macpherson's book is a damn good read and a penetrating analysis of a nasty murder by an equally nasty little man.'



TO KILL RASPUTIN: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF GREGORI RASPUTIN (Hardcover, 288 pages, Tempus Publishing Ltd, ISBN: 0752434098, £ 20), by Andrew Cook, is

a re-investigation of Rasputin's death which reveals for the first time the real masterminds behind the murder of the 'mad monk' who journalist William Le Queux claimed knew the true identity of Jack the Ripper.



WILL THE REAL MARY KELLY...? (Paperback, 154 pages, Christopher Scott, ISBN: 1905277059, £10.99) by *Ripperologist's* contributing editor

Chris Scott, is a definitive take on the Miller's Court victim. 'Without question *Will the Real Mary Kelly* will become a "must-have" resource for any serious Ripperologist.' Stephen P Ryder, Exec. Editor, *Casebook: Jack the Ripper*. 'Highly recommended.' Antonio Sironi. 'Best Book of 2005.' Karyo Magellan, *Ripperologist* 64.

January 2006



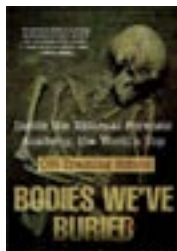
BLACK BARTY: THE REAL PIRATE OF THE CARIBBEAN (Paperback, 320 pages, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750943122, £8.99) by Aubrey Burl,

is the story of Bartholomew Roberts, Black Bart, one of the most successful and deadly

pirates of all time. He was tall, good-looking, teetotal, and always well dressed and is believed to have been the first to fly the skull and crossbones. He possessed a ruthless skill in the piratical arts of intimidation and seamanship, and was highly regarded by his crew.



BLOOD AND FIRE: THE DUKE OF WINDSOR AND THE STRANGE MURDER OF SIR HARRY OAKES (Paperback, 252 pages, LMH Books, ISBN: 9768184957), by John Marquis, is a novelistic retelling of the facts and conjectures concerning the death in 1943 of Sir Harry Oakes, who was found, a hole in his head and burnt to death, at his home in Nassau, Bahamas. Although foul play was never proved, suspicions surrounded the circumstances of his death, with speculation that the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were in some way involved.



BODIES WE'VE BURIED: INSIDE THE NATIONAL FORENSIC ACADEMY, THE WORLD'S TOP CSI TRAINING SCHOOL, (Hardcover, 286 pages, Berkley Publishing Group, ISBN: 425207528) by Bill Bass (Foreword), *et al.* 'This wonderful book will take you on a fascinating journey through the real world of crime scene investigation and the real people in it... original, informative and delightfully readable.' Patricia Cornwell.



DEBUNKING HISTORY: 152 POPULAR MYTHS EXPLODED (Paperback, 348 pages, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750941510, £8.99), by Ed Rayner and

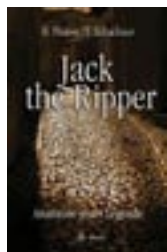
Ron Stapley, presents some of the most popular and enduring myths, legends, fables, folklore, misinformation and misconceptions from the American and French Revolutions to the two world wars and beyond. Arranged within well-defined geographical or thematic sections, and through a mix of short and long entries, each topic is clearly explained and the myth, error

or controversy exposed.

FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

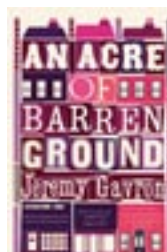
February 2006

BRITISH OUTLAW TRADITIONS, (Hardcover, University of Wales Press, ISBN: 0708319858, £47) by Helen Phillips (Editor), offers research and critical interpretations about British outlaw traditions and the way they have been imagined and presented in the Middle Ages and the centuries since. This volume focuses on the ways in which rogue-heroes have been used in literature, film and other areas of popular culture and imagination.

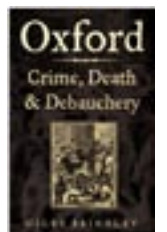


JACK THE RIPPER - ANATOMIE EINER LEGENDE (Hardcover, 256 Pages, Illust., Militzke Verlag, €18, ISBN: 3861897539) by Hendrik Püstow and Thomas Schachner, is the first original German-language book on the Ripper.

March 2006

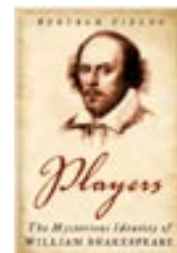


AN ACRE OF BARREN GROUND (Paperback, 352 pages, Scribner, ISBN: 0743259726, £7.99) by **Jeremy Gavron**, is a novel covering events in Brick Lane, Spitalfields, over many centuries, from the life and death of a mammoth in prehistoric times to Gunther von Hagens's exhibition of corpses at the Old Truman Brewery a few years back, and everything in between: Bangladeshis, Jews, Huguenots, brewers, soldiers, farmers and medieval monks. During the Victorian period, the victim of a savage serial killer is found at Number 30 Brick Lane, and Inspector Abberline wonders whether he'll ever find the murderer they call Jack.



OXFORD: CRIME, DEATH AND DEBAUCHERY (Paperback, 192 pages, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 075093820X, £16.99) by Giles Brindley, explores a

side of Oxford's past populated with footpads and prostitutes, murderers and conmen, thieves and philanderers. Crime stories based on contemporary court records and newspaper accounts dating from 1750 to 1920 include infamous murders, hangings and dying confessions, grand and daring thefts, escapes from the county gaol, suicide in the name of love and great drinking deaths.



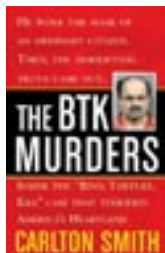
PLAYERS: THE MYSTERIOUS IDENTITY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (Hardcover, 320 pages, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750943742, £20), by Bertram Fields, questions William Shakespeare of Stratford's authorship of the plays and poems that bear his name. Fields proposes instead 'a magnificent collaboration between two men, a partnership protected for centuries by the greatest conspiracy in literary history.'



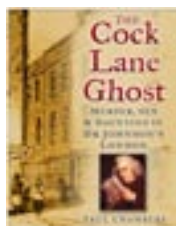
ROYAL BLOOD: KING RICHARD III AND THE MYSTERY OF THE PRINCES OF THE PRINCES (Paperback, 352 pages, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750943904, £9.99), by Bertram Fields, attempts to answer the intriguing questions inherent in the drama of Richard III, history's most infamous royal villain, and his nephews, the princes in the tower. The book ends re-envisioning British history: what if Richard had never accepted the Crown? What if he had instead insisted his young nephew reign as Edward V? How would our lives be changed?



SPARTACUS: THE MYTH AND THE MAN (Hardcover, 256 pages, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750939079, £20), by Ripper author M J Trow, traces the story of Spartacus, through slavery in Rome and training as a gladiator, to the slave rebellion which pitted an army of 3,000 men against the might of Rome and ended with the survivors of Spartacus's defeated army either crucified or returned to slavery.



THE BTK MURDERS: INSIDE THE 'BIND TORTURE KILL' CASE THAT TERRIFIED A M E R I C A ' S HEARTLAND (Mass Market Paperback, 352 pages, St. Martin's True Crime Classics, \$6.99, ISBN: 0312939051), by Carlton Smith, is an account of the criminal career of the recently captured serial killer.



THE COCK LANE GHOST: MURDER, SEX AND HAUNTING IN DR. JOHNSON'S L O N D O N (Hardcover, 224 pages, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0750938692,

£14.99), by Paul Chambers, is the true story of William Kent's elopement with Frances Lynes to lodgings in Cock Lane, London, Frances's mysterious death and her alleged return from beyond the grave to confront her killer. The story of the Cock Lane Ghost had such effect on society that the term Cock Lane was still synonymous with folly, superstition and corruption 150 years later.



THE THEFT OF THE IRISH CROWN JEWELS: THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY (MOMENTS OF HISTORY) (Paperback; 272 pages, ISBN: 1843810077,

£11.99), by Tim Coates, investigates the mysterious disappearance from Dublin Castle in July 1907 of the Irish Crown Jewels - the regalia or insignia of the Order of St Patrick - which have never been found.

UNCLE JACK, (Paperback, Orion) by Humphrey Price and Tony Williams, is the paperback edition of the controversial book proposing the candidacy of Royal obstetrician Sir John Williams as Jack the Ripper.

April 2006

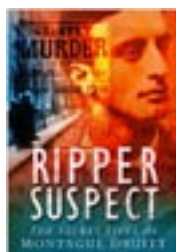
KIDNAPPING RONNIE!: ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR CAPERS IN BRITISH CRIMINAL HISTORY (Hardcover, 288 pages, Allison & Busby, ISBN: 0749082976), Patrick King & Tudor Gates, recounts the story behind

the abduction of Great Train Robber Ronnie Biggs in Brazil in 1981.



MURDER IN HOLLYWOOD: SOLVING A SILENT SCREEN MYSTERY (Hardcover, 208 pages, The University of Wisconsin Press, ISBN: 0299203603),

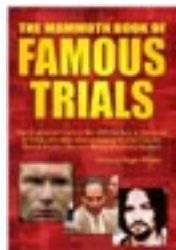
by Charles Higham, scrutinizes the so far unsolved murder of William Desmond Taylor, a leading silent film director, and the massive cover-up that protected the famous star responsible for Taylor's death. According to the publishers, 'The result is a compelling answer to a long-standing mystery and a fascinating study of a place, and an industry, that let people reinvent themselves.'



RIPPER SUSPECT: THE SECRET LIVES OF MONTAGUE DRUITT (Hardcover, 224 pages, Sutton Publishing, £18.99, ISBN: 0750943297)

by D.J. Leighton, explores the life of Montague John Druitt, barrister, schoolmaster, cricketer, suicide and prime suspect in the Whitechapel murders case, with special emphasis on his intriguing links with Prince Eddy, the Cambridge Apostles, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Virginia Woolf and the cricketing legend Prince Kumar Ranjitsinhji.

RONNIE BIGGS (AMAZING STORIES) (Paperback, 128 pages, Altitude Publishing (Canada), ISBN: 1552659046), Art Montague.

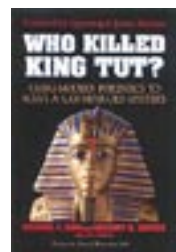


THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF FAMOUS TRIALS (Paperback, 550pp, Constable and Robinson, ISBN: 1845293045, £7.99), by Roger Wilkes, features 35 famous trials, including

Bianchi and Buono, the Hillside Strangers, the Moors murderers Brady and Hindley, OJ Simpson, Bruno Hauptmann, the kidnapper and murderer of Baby Lindbergh, eleven-year-old Mary Bell, convicted of killing two little boys, Oscar Wilde and 'one of the most evil, satanic men who ever walked the face of the earth', Charles Manson.



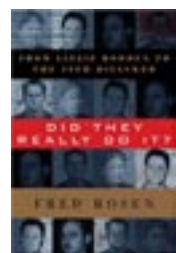
UNHOLY MESS- ENGER: THE LIFE AND CRIMES OF THE BTK SERIAL KILLER (US List Price Hardcover, 304 pages, Scribner Book Company, ISBN: 0743291247, \$23.00), Stephen Singular.



WHO KILLED KING TUT? USING MODERN FORENSICS TO SOLVE A 3,300-YEAR-OLD MYSTERY (Hardcover, 258pp, Illus., Appendices, Index, Prometheus Books, ISBN: 1-

59102-183-9, \$25), by Detectives Michael R King and Gregory M Cooper, investigates the circumstances of the Egyptian Pharaoh Tutankhamen's premature death sometime in his late teens. Speculation on the cause of his untimely demise has ranged from an infected mosquito bite to a bash on the head, either intentionally inflicted or the result of a fatal chariot accident. After considering natural causes, accident, and suicide, the authors, who are law enforcement specialists in forensics and the psychology of criminal behaviour, come to the conclusion that Tutankhamen was murdered and identify the most probable suspect.

Spring 2006



DID THEY REALLY DO IT?: FROM LIZZIE BORDEN TO THE 20TH HIJACKER (Paperback, 256 pages, Thunder's Mouth Press, ISBN: 1560257741, \$14.95), Fred

Rosen.



JACK OF JUMPS (Hardcover, 400 pages, Granta Books, ISBN: 1862077703,

£18.99), by David Seabrook, is an account of the murders of eight prostitutes in West London between 1959 and 1965 by a serial killer known as Jack the Stripper. In 1970, the detective who had led the enquiry announced that the police had vowed

never to reveal the identity of the killer, who had committed suicide as the net closed round him. Seabrook questions the police's assertion and conjures up the disturbing possibility that the killer may still be at large.



JACK THE RIPPER (Paperback, 160 pages, Pocket Essentials, ISBN: 1904048692, £4.99), by Mark Whitehead and Miriam Rivett, is described as the

Essential Guide to 'Jack the Ripper', contains an introductory essay and considers many of the Ripper's proposed identities, a summary of his crimes, victims and the ill-fated investigation, plus a guide to the Ripper's many fictional outings, from Hitchcock's *The Lodger* to Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell's *From Hell*.

REVELATIONS OF THE TRUE RIPPER (Ivory Moon), by Vanessa A Hayes.

RIPPEROLOGY, by highly respected Ripper author Robin Odell will be launched by Kent State Press at the American Jack the Ripper Conference in Baltimore, Maryland, in April 2006. Mr Odell has described *Ripperology* as 'the story of what we have all come to know as "Ripperology" with some personal reminiscences and a modicum of analysis.' The book will have an introduction by Donald Rumbelow.

Summer2006

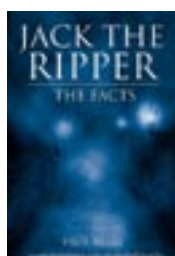


ASSASSINS IN THE PARK: MURDER, BETRAYAL AND RETRIBUTION (Paperback, 192 pages, Mercier Press, ISBN: 185635511X), by

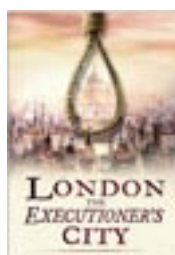
Senan Molony, deals with the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Thomas Burke in Phoenix Park in May 1882 by men wielding surgical knives, the police investigation and the attempts to infiltrate the Fenians.

BLACK DAHLIA AVENGER: A GENIUS FOR MURDER (Revised edition) (Paperback, 624 pages, Harper Paperbacks, ISBN: 0061139610, \$15.95), by Steve Hodel, identifies the mysterious killer of Elizabeth Short, the Black Dahlia, as

the author's own father, Dr George Hodel.



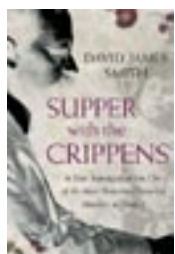
JACK THE RIPPER: THE FACTS (Paperback, 560 pages, Robson Books Ltd, ISBN: 1861058705, £8.99) by *Ripperologist's* Executive Editor Paul Begg, is simply one of the most complete and authoritative books on the subject. A must-have.



LONDON: THE EXECUTIONER'S CITY (Hardcover 256 pages Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 0 7 5 0 9 4 0 2 3 9 £18.99), by David Brandon and Alan Brooke, is described

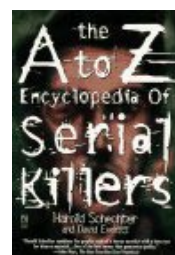
by its publishers as 'a vivid picture of capital punishment in a capital that seems to have thrived on executions.' The book 'reveals the capital as a place where the bodies of criminals defined the boundaries of the city and heads on poles greeted patrons on London Bridge.'

SOJOURN (Dragon Moon Press), by Jana G Oliver, combines science fiction (time travel), fantasy (shapeshifters) and history (the Whitechapel murders) as time rover Jacynda Lassiter struggles against time to find an overdue 'tourist' and return him to 2057 before he alters history. She arrives in Victorian London in perilous times, as the Whitechapel murders have the city in an uproar. The Transitives (shapeshifters) are fretting the killer might be one of their own. Why else would he be so hard to catch? When she encounters Dr Alastair Montrose, a shape shifter who is denying his heritage, the stage is set for a confrontation between those who wish to remain hidden and those who seek to change the course of history. To prevail, Jacynda and Alastair must outwit a madman whose legacy will endure for centuries.



SUPPER WITH THE CRIPPENS (Paperback, 352 pages, Orion (an imprint of The Orion Publishing Group Ltd) ISBN: 0 7 5 2 8 7 7 7 2 0 ,

£7.99), by David James Smith, is a new investigation of the case of American Dr Hawley Harvey Crippen, his wife, a music-hall artiste who called herself Belle Elmore, and his mistress, Ethel le Neve, against the background of Edwardian England. Crippen murdered his wife, buried her remains in the cellar and escaped to Canada in an ocean liner with Ethel le Neve disguised as a boy. They were arrested on arrival by Inspector Walter Dew, of Whitechapel fame, thanks to the wireless telegraph newly installed on the ship. The lovers went on trial for murder. Ethel was acquitted but Crippen was convicted and hanged .



THE A-Z ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SERIAL KILLERS (Paperback, 341 pages, Pocket Books, ISBN: 0671537911), by Harold Schechter, consists of brief articles examining serial killers, their crimes and victims, and the methods they used to kill and dispose of the bodies.

THE CAMDEN TOWN MURDER: WALTER RICHARD SICKERT, ROBERT WOOD, EMILY DIMMOCK: ARTISTS, MURDERER AND VICTIM IN ANOTHER NOTORIOUS 'RIPPER' CRIME (Paperback, 250 pages, Mandrake of Oxford, ISBN: 1869928148), John Barber. 'I know the book will be of interest.' Karyo Magellan, *Ripperologist* 64.

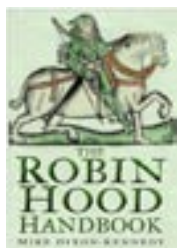


THE FATHER OF FORENSICS: THE GROUNDBREAKING CASES OF SIR BERNARD SPILSBURY AND THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN CSI (Paperback 336 pages Berkley Publishing Group, ISBN: 0425210073, \$14), Colin Evans.



THE MAMMOTH BOOK OF PIRATES (Paperback, 512 pages , Constable and Robinson, ISBN: 1845291158, £7.99) Jon E Lewis (Editor), contains 28 first-hand memoirs and contemporary reports of such pirates as Blackbeard, Captain Kidd, 'Calico Jack' Rackham, Alexander Exquemelin, Frances Drake, Anne Bonney, Jean

Lafitte and the Joassamee Pirates. Tales retold include Francis 'Scourge of Spain' Drake's audacious night treasure raid on Nombre de Dios; the capture of Panama by Henry Morgan, the life of Louis 'Half-Arse' Le Golif, whose buttock was shot away by cannon fire, and Henry Avery's seizure of the Moghul of India's treasure ship.



THE ROBIN HOOD H A N D B O O K (Hardcover, 448 pages, Sutton Publishing, ISBN: 075093977X, £25), by Mike Dixon-Kennedy, explores the reality behind

the legend of one of the most captivating and controversial of figures. This book provides a comprehensive guide to the characters, places, people, stories and background of this enduring folk hero and endeavours to present as complete a picture as possible of his doings as reflected in ballads, poems, proverbs, films, novels, folklore, musicals and place-names.

September 2006

PORTRAIT OF A KILLER: JACK THE RIPPER - CASE CLOSED (Paperback, 416 pages, Time Warner Paperbacks, ISBN: 0751537225, £8.99), by Patricia Cornwell, will be the British edition of her revised book.

Late 2006

THE QUEST FOR JACK THE RIPPER: A LITERARY HISTORY 1888-2000 by Richard Whittington-Egan has been several years on the making. *Ripperologist* has learnt that the delay has been partly due to the scrupulous checking of all the facts by Mr Whittington-Egan's editor, Tom Kelly, and the minute attention and meticulous research which he has displayed in the construction of a really comprehensive bibliography, taking in for the first time all manner of obscure American book, magazine and newspaper reference sources.

UNCOVERING JACK THE RIPPER'S LONDON by Richard Jones, was announced several months ago. Jones's documentary, *On the Trail of Jack the Ripper*, was described by *Ripperologist* as 'Perhaps the best documentary to have been produced

in recent years.'

Still Unscheduled

CUATRO MIRADAS SOBRE JACK EL DESTRIPIADOR is a Spanish-language collection of original essays on the Ripper to be published in Buenos Aires. The authors are the late Juan-Jacobo Bajarla, Juan José Delaney, Christopher-Michael DiGrazia and Eduardo Zinna.

SHADOW PASTS, by Professor William D Rubinstein, looks at Ripperologists and other 'amateur' historians.

And Don't Forget...

THE ROYAL LEGACY OF HATE, a further volume of revelations concerning the regal ancestry of Joseph Sickert, who died on 9 January 2003, the Second Edition of *Jack the Myth*, by A P Wolf, and journalist Tom Slemen's book on Charles Regnier Conder. No current information is available as to the present status of these books.

FEATURE FILMS

BLACK DAHLIA (USA, 2005) Written, produced and directed by Ramzi Abed (who also may have shot and edited the film and designed the costumes), stars Kristen Kerr as Lisa Small/Beth Short, Lizzy Strain as the Black Dahlia/Elizabeth Short, Khrist Kaneff as Fatty Arbuckle and Ramzi Abed as Ramzi. The film has been described as 'a present day re-telling of the Black Dahlia murder [which] unfolds as days in the life of a young woman looking for fame and fortune in the city of dreams. As men enter and exit her life, the young woman finds herself in the middle of a carnivalesque mystery. Taking place in the real world, love brings desire, and desire can sometimes end in tragic results. This is the story of the girl behind the shadows.' The cutting-edge tagline is more to the point: 'One woman, two lives. One knife, two halves. The eternal murder mystery...' Probably Ramzi Abed wrote it.

THE BLACK DAHLIA (USA, Universal Pictures, 2006) Directed by Brian De Palma, based on the novel by James Ellroy, with a screenplay by Josh Friedman, stars Josh Hartnett as Officer Dwight 'Bucky' Bleichert, Scarlett Johansson as Kay Lake, Hilary Swank as Madeleine Sprague, Aaron

Eckhart as Sgt. Leland 'Lee' Blanchard, Mia Kirshner as Elizabeth Short, Amy Irving as Ramona Cathcart Sprague and Rose McGowan as Sheryl Saddon. Like Ellroy's novel, the film is about two LA police officers in the 1940s who investigate the brutal murder of aspiring film actress Elizabeth Short, known as the Black Dahlia. Officer 'Bucky' soon realizes that his girlfriend Kay had ties to the deceased, and soon after that, he begins uncovering corruption and conspiracy within the police department. Of the two films on the same subject mentioned in this issue, this seems by far the classier item.

ZODIAC (USA, Paramount, 2006), directed by David Fincher, based on the Robert Graysmith books, with a screenplay by James Vanderbilt, stars Robert Downey Jr as Paul Avery, Jake Gyllenhaal as Robert Graysmith, Mark Ruffalo as Dave Toschi, Anthony Edwards as Armstrong and Bijou Phillips as Linda Ferrin. Gary Oldman also stars. The film deals with the real-life serial killer Zodiac, who terrorized San Francisco with a string of seemingly random murders during the 1960s and 1970s.

DOCUMENTARIES

Summer 2006

JACK THE RIPPER'S SWEDISH VICTIM is a documentary by Daniel Olsson and Wulvarich shot on location in Store Tumlehed, Gothenburg and other places frequented by young Elisabeth Gustafsdotter, better known as Long Liz Stride. The documentary will consist of the following sections: 1. THE LONDON MURDERS, 1888: General Information on the Whitechapel Murders and Jack the Ripper; 2. LIZ: CHILDHOOD AND TEENAGE YEARS: History of Torslanda and Tumlehed. The God Thor and the Cult of Thor. Liz's Birth. Important Events in Sweden, 1843. Liz's Baptism. Connections between the Torslanda Church and the God Thor. Liz's Upbringing. Her Brothers. Ordinary Daily Life in Sweden. Liz's Confirmation. 3. LIZ'S MOVE TO GOTHENBURG. General Information about Gothenburg. King Gustav II Adolf and the Mystic Events which Led to the Birth of the City). Elizabeth Settles in 'Majorna'. Allmanna Vågen: the Name and the Prostitutes. How Liz Learned English in Majorna. Brothels in Allmanna Vågen. 4. PROSTITUTION AND THE 'REGISTERS OF SHAME.' Liz

Settles in Gothenburg. Prostitution. Sillgatan Street. Liz's Registration. Pilgatan Street - Where Liz Probably Learned Yiddish. (This is an exclusive feature only available on the DVD). Kurhuset. How Liz Got struck off the Register. 5. LIZ'S MOVE TO LONDON. The Journey. Weather Conditions. 6. LIZ'S MURDER. 7 THEORIES ABOUT JACK THE RIPPER. The schedule for the release of VICTIM will be as follows: February: Cutting and Editing; March or April: Swedish Narration; May: Post Production; June or July: DVD Release (Swedish Version); October: English Narration; December: DVD release (English Version). You'll find more details about progress on the completion of VICTIM, its availability and price, right here in this column.

TELEVISION

April 2006

SEE NO EVIL, ITV1 - Dramatised documentary about the Moors murderers Ian Brady and Myra Hindley. Stars Maxine Peake as Hindley, Sean Harris as Brady and Joanne Froggatt as Hindley's sister Maureen. Airing to mark the 40th anniversary of the 1966 trial of Brady and Hindley for kidnapping and murdering five children and burying their bodies on Saddleworth Moor in Cheshire. Written by Neil McKay, made by Granada.

Summer 2006

LONGFORD, Channel 4 - One-off drama starring Jim Broadbent as the title character as he battles to win parole for Moors murderer Myra Hindley (played by Samantha Morton). With Andy Serkis as Ian Brady

and Lindsay Duncan as Elizabeth Longford. *Longford* is an HBO Films presentation in association with Channel 4; produced by Granada. Directed by Tom Hooper (*Prime Suspect 6*, HBO's upcoming miniseries *Elizabeth I*), Written by Peter Morgan (whose credits include *The Deal*, *The Queen*, *Henry VIII*. Andy Harries (*The Queen*, *Prime Suspect 6*) and Peter Morgan executive produce; Catherine Wearing (*Our Mutual Friend*, *Nature Boy*) produces. The film's original soundtrack will be composed by Rolfe Kent (*About Schmidt*, *Sideways*).

AUDIO

JACK THE RIPPER'S REIGN OF TERROR is a London Audio Walk tour of the murder sites recorded on MP3 or Audio CD which sells for £5.99. The 3-mile (4km) walk covers from Whitechapel Tube Station to Aldgate, visiting the five murder sites with a stop at the Ten Bells in Commercial Street. Sights include Spitalfields Market and Brick Lane. The full audio lasts 50 minutes and the walk usually takes round 1.5 - 2 hours. Best time to go, anytime, although Spitalfields Market is only open 11-3 on Sundays whereas it is open 9-6 the rest of the week. You can order the tour on CD, or if you have an MP3 player, you can download it straight away from the Internet. The downloads are between 17Mb and 18Mb, which should take around five minutes to download on a broadband connection, but if you are on a slower connection then we would advise you order the CD instead. For more information or to order go to [Bluebrolly](#).

SAUCY JACK, an original radio drama by James Vita focusing on the Ripper

murders, is available on CD from Actors Scene Unseen, a Live Internet Radio Theatre company broadcasting live from Charlotte, NC, USA. The live program was originally broadcast on 19 June 2004 on Actors Scene Unseen. Also available is MILLER'S COURT, a two-person drama by James Jeffrey Paul about the Ripper's encounter with his last victim. To find information on programmes and schedules, to listen to live broadcasts or to buy the CDs, go to their [website](#).

JACK THE RIPPER, DIE GESCHICHTE EINES MÖRDERS, (Audio-CD, Luebbe Verlagsgruppe, ISBN: 3785711999), by [Frank Gustavus](#), [Dietmar Mues](#), [Dagmar Puchalla](#) and [Heinz Lieven](#), is a German-language account of the murders.

JACK THE RIPPER. MIT CD. PRE-INTERMEDIATE. STEP 4. 9./10. KLASSE (LERNMATERIALIEN), By Peter Foreman. Perfect (2006/01) Langensch. Schulb., Mchn.

DVD

Already Issued

JACK THE RIPPER'S LONDON (DVD, Castle Home Video, Run Time: 60 minutes, Region 0, PAL, ASIN: B000AXWCY0, Catalogue Number: CHVBB0095, £2.99). No further details available at present.

Comment

Next article

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The real Worst Brit?





CHRISTOPHER-
MICHAEL DIGRAZIA

The Last Word

I've just come back from a lovely concert, a 'Mozart Marathon' celebrating the composer's 250th birthday. There was an interesting moment late in the afternoon when the concertmaster began talking about the joy and wonder he always felt when performing a Mozart piece. And although his emotions were heartfelt, he stumbled along incoherently for a few moments, then, shrugging in surrender, picked up his bow and began playing, letting the music give voice to his thoughts. Which made me wonder - why is it that, when attempting to describe Mozart or his music, people find themselves reduced to gibbering idiots?

Certainly Mozart's music is beautiful - the *Lachrymosa* of the *Requiem* and the quintet *Di scrivirmi ogni giorno* from *Così fan tutte* are among the most heartbreakingly lovely pieces ever written, but similar arguments can be made for emotional music by admittedly second-rank composers - Schumann's *Rhenish Symphony* or Liadov's *The Enchanted Lake*, just to be perverse - and it would be a brave man who would deny Bach's *Mass in B Minor* its spot in as (in Your Musical Columnist's Humble Opinion) the most profoundly moving work ever composed. Surely it's not just an aesthetic awe?

Perhaps it is the uber-Romantic story of his life, then, that renders us tongue-tied? The spoiled, cosseted little fellow in a tiny powdered wig and satin knee breeches who proposed to marry the young princess Marie Antoinette becoming the unwanted, unappreciated musical genius who was dumped to eternal rest in a Viennese pauper's grave, only unpaid bills and a half-finished manuscript to his name? Certainly that Mozart is a money-

spinner for the cities of Vienna and Salzburg - a candyfloss tragic genius churning out music to order as he rolled balls around a billiard table.



Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

It is a view reinforced by playwright Peter Shaffer in his stage play *Amadeus*, where incomparable music pours forth from the pen of a callow, gutter-minded Mozart as the hapless Antonio Salieri looks on with amazement, bemusement, and, finally, outright loathing. The 1984 film adaptation (for which Shaffer wrote the screenplay) made this view of the composer a worldwide phenomenon, embodied in actor Tom Hulce's braying, doltish laugh which acted as a leitmotif through the movie. Shaffer's Mozart appeared to be nothing more than an empty vessel through which the voice of God would speak. He was hardly ever shown in the throes of compositional agony; indeed, music simply seemed to flow from him as easily as - well, as

easily as a fart, the lustily scatological Mozart would be the first to say.

While purists damned *Amadeus* as historically shoddy hackwork, they were forced to admit that they, too, continued to be as baffled by Mozart as Shaffer's Salieri was. In the words of musicologist Robert Harris:

[his] work seems to bear no relationship of any kind to the external circumstances of his life. Pieces of elfin lightness and grace were composed during periods of intense emotional distress; they were also composed during times of happiness and contentment... [h]is most innocent and joyful work, The Magic Flute, and one of his most serious and tragic, the Requiem, were composed at exactly the same time, near the end of his life.

Wolfgang Mozart, indeed, seems to have been that rarest of creatures - a true 'one off,' utterly unlike anyone before or after him. And while God may have indeed touched the composer, we must never forget that he wasn't an amazing boy genius. Unlike truly gifted child prodigies such as Mendelssohn or Korngold, Mozart's earliest works were derivative, reflective of his own limited experience and could have come from the pen of nearly any contemporary. But work, development and single-mindedness (he was, after all, the first freelance musician of his time) enabled him to become great. Virtually every major piece he wrote in the last ten years of his life is a concert staple, and nearly every major piece he wrote in the last five years of his life - *Eine*



Antonio Salieri



Tom Hulce as Mozart in *Amadeus*

Kleine Nachtmusik, the *Coronation* concerto, *Don Giovanni*, *The Magic Flute*, the *Jupiter Symphony* - is a genuine masterwork.

But surely you protest, having read this far and realizing we've reached the usual compare-and-contrast that is the staple of these columns, the filthy murderer Jack the Ripper is unworthy even to breathe the same air as this musical titan! Absolutely, I say - but what did I talk about last month? If you recall (and even if you don't), I mentioned the charming silent screen comedienne Marion Davies, whose posthumous reputation has been overshadowed by that of her cinematic doppelganger, Susan Alexander, the supremely talentless nonentity whom Orson Welles's

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ambitious tycoon Charles Foster Kane is determined to transform into a star. Similarly, the charming, impulsive, dirty-minded, magnificent Mozart is, in the lay world, inextricable from the hee-hawing smutty scribbler portrayed by Tom Hulce (who, perhaps in a bit of cosmic justice, has never had another starring role nearly as impressive as *Amadeus*).

The Ripper and his victims too are, outside our own little corner of the world, interchangeable killer and killed, with no personality - on his side - beyond a quaint Victorian gargoyle, and - on their side - beyond chirpy gin-soaked Cockneys.

Which is not to say that the 'image' of the Ripper needs redemption, heaven forbid. But what it does require is a

>

cool-headed understanding of what he was, whom he killed and why we persist in applying our little grey cells to the Great Victorian Mystery™. And though we might spend long, weary years toiling in the grubby vineyard of Ripperology, there's always a moment when something new comes on the scene to answer that why. In this case, it is Simon Wood's fascinating *The Enigmas of Miller's Court* (in *Rip* 62), which, through painstaking applications of geometry, chemistry and photography, concludes that the famous second picture of Mary Kelly - the view over her right leg and eviscerated pelvis - is a cropped and painted fake, one created at the behest of Inspector Abberline to make the Miller's Court murder into a Whitechapel Murder.

In other words, just as *Amadeus*'s Mozart blinds us to the multifaceted genius of the real Wolfgang Mozart, has the presumption that we were all looking at the remains of Mary Jane Kelly blinded us to the identity of the real occupant of Number 13... and, perchance, to that of Jack the Ripper?

Further information

A concise website on Mozart and his work.

Was Citizen Kane Really About Hearst? by Orson Welles

Comment

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In Future Issues

Future issues of *Ripperologist* will feature the continuation of Robert Linford, David O'Flaherty and John Savage's study of the Colonial system in England and Wales, Michaela Koristova on a Czech Ripper, John Ruffels on *The East End Murderer - I Knew Him*, Stanley Dean Reid on the most wanted criminals in world history, Leslie A Klinger on Jack the Ripper and Sherlock Holmes, Robert McLaughlin on Vacher l'Eventreur, John Crawford on Algernon Haskett-Smith, Spiro Dimolianis on Vittoria Cremers, Antonio Sironi and Jane Coram on the Night of the Double Event, Stepan Poberowski on Russian perceptions of Jack the Ripper, Daniel Olsson on Long Liz Stride's journey to England, Jeffrey Bloomfield, Zoraida Dunne, Christopher T George and Eduardo Zinna on doctors who kill, regular columns by Christopher-Michael DiGrazia, Wilf Gregg, Monty, Chris Scott and Adam Wood, Ripper Fiction, In Brief, I Beg to Report, Ripping Yarns and more, much more... can you afford to miss out? Subscribe now!

www.ripperologist.info



Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet Street
Lisa Gillespie as Mrs Lovett and Alan Lee in the title role