

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

# Ripperologist

No. 84 October 2007

## Conference Report

We review the recent  
Ripper weekend in  
Wolverhampton

SCOTT NELSON

On the Butcher's Row Suspect:  
Was he the Ripper?

The next installment of  
HOLMES AND THE RIPPER

Chris Scott  
Wilf Gregg  
Adam Wood  
Eduardo Zinna



# RIPPEROLOGIST MAGAZINE

Issue 84, October 2007

## QUOTE FOR OCTOBER:

"Fame is a function of memory. I can't impel you to forget Adam Sandler, for example, any more than I can instruct you to forget Jack the Ripper or the Jolly Green Giant."

Stephen Fry

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# RIPPEROLOGIST MAGAZINE

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# TWO'S COMPANY

EDITORIAL by ADAM WOOD

As you'll read elsewhere in this issue of Ripperologist, the recent Ripper conference in Wolverhampton was the best attended since the UK conferences began in 1996.

A crowd of over 100 people with an interest in the Whitechapel murders congregated to hear details of the horrendous crimes, to discuss the latest theories, to stand in groups swapping gossip with friend and stranger alike.

It struck me that this crowd was not dissimilar to those which would appear on the streets during the murders themselves.

As the *Echo* of 8 September 1888 reports:

*The streets were, this morning, swarmed with people, who stood about in groups, and excitedly discussed the details of this morning's murder... These people, however, were not content with simply discussing the subject of the murder. Every little diversion that was likely to create excitement, was eagerly sought after.*

Reminiscent of a recent weekend?

Not all crowds were content with standing around entering into discussions. The same reports goes on to say:

*It was then seen that a youth - apparently about 19 years of age - was being chased along Commercial-street by a large crowd of men, boys, and women. The lad turned down a side street. A constable; however, was in the street, and captured the runaway. The prisoner was taken to the police-station, accompanied by a crowd of several hundred persons. Then an extraordinary spectacle was witnessed. While passing Hanbury-street, the cry of "The murderers caught," was raised. This was the signal for a general stampede in the direction of Commercial-street. From every alley and bye street, men, women, and children rushed in hundreds. The excitement was intensified by the spread of the cry "The murderer is caught." The majority of the crowd, however, ultimately found out their mistake. A taste for the morbid was also evinced by the crowd. The roadway facing the scene of the murder in Hanbury-street was completely blocked by the people, who stood idly gazing at the house, and the mortuary gate was also besieged. After the captured thief had been taken away, and the excitement had somewhat subsided, the crowd was again thrown into a ferment of excitement by the appearance of a small body of police who were wheeling an ambulance, containing what appeared to be the dead body of a woman.*



*The crowd gathers outside 29 Hanbury Street, after the murder of Annie Chapman*



*The riots at Berner Street after the murder of Elizabeth Stride*

*The crowd immediately surrounded the ambulance, and the police had the greatest difficulty in forcing their way through it. One woman, who ran forward and looked through a small opening in the covering of the ambulance, asserted that the woman's head was almost completely severed from her body. It was also rumoured that it was the body of another woman who had been found dead this morning, and who, it is thought, has also been the victim of a foul murder.*

The *Star* of 8 September 1888 reports an equally fierce reaction from a crowd to a rogue shout:

*The excitement in Spitalfields is now rendering the people almost frantic. Two men were arrested for trifling offences this morning, and on each occasion a maddened crowd ran after the police shouting, "The murderer's caught!" Another man, injured in a quarrel and carried to the police-station on a stretcher, received similar attention, the crowd fairly mobbing the station and declining to disperse.*

*At half-past twelve there was a rumor that an arrest had been made, and that the prisoner had been taken to the Bethnal-green police-station. A *Star* reporter drove at once to the police-office, and a large and excited crowd lent confirmation to the report. The inspector on duty, however, stated in answer to inquiries that two men had been brought there "merely for their own protection." A "hue and cry," he said, had been raised in Whitechapel-road, and the mob which quickly gathered threatened to lynch the men, who to escape violence got on a tram. For their protection, however, it had been necessary to bring them to the police-station.*

My interest in Jack the Ripper began when I was told by my grandfather, born in Bethnal Green in 1903, that his father lived off Brick Lane during the murders and had seen one of the bodies. So the story went, a cry went up that another murder had been detected so my great-grandfather and his friends ran to join the crowd at the site.

There is of course no way of knowing whether this is true or a fanciful family "myth" akin to the "I was at Wembley Stadium when England won the World Cup" stories, but if it IS true the most likely murder would be that of Annie Chapman. Mitre Square and Berner Street - too far. Miller's Court - no chance of seeing a body. Buck's Row - not at that time 'another murder'. So each time I read a report of a "maddened crowd" at Hanbury Street, or look at one of the pictures showing a mob outside number 29, I wonder if Benjamin Wood is there.

Is there that much difference between the crowd he was possibly a member of in 1888 and the one I was 119 years later?



# The Butcher's Row Suspect – Was He Jack the Ripper?

By SCOTT NELSON

## Introduction

In his memoirs, retired City of London Police Inspector Robert Sagar reportedly said about the Jack the Ripper murders, “We had good reason to suspect a man who worked in Butcher’s Row, Aldgate. We watched him carefully. There was no doubt that this man was insane, and after a time his friends thought it advisable to have him removed to a private asylum. After he was removed, there were no more Ripper atrocities.” (Reynolds News, 15 September 1946.) Earlier remarks attributed to Inspector Sagar tell us that “...suspicion fell upon a man, who, without a doubt, was the murderer. Identification being impossible, he could not be charged. He was, however, placed in a lunatic asylum and the series of atrocities came to an end.” (The City Press, 7 January 1905). These accounts are similar to those made by retired London Metropolitan Police Superintendent Donald Swanson, who wrote privately about the Met’s Criminal Investigation Department (CID) Assistant Commissioner Robert Anderson’s suspect, a Polish Jew. Swanson, a Chief Inspector at the time of the murders, wrote that Anderson’s suspect was taken with difficulty to a place and identified by a witness. But the witness refused to provide further evidence against the suspect, effectively terminating the identification process, so that no charges could be brought against him. Consequently, the police reluctantly had to return the suspect to his brother’s house, where “he was watched by police [City CID] by day & night.” More significantly, Swanson wrote “And after this identification which suspect knew, no other murder of this kind took place in London.” In other words, as soon as the suspect realised that he was identified, the murdering of prostitutes by his recognized modus operandi (slashing of the throat), came to an end. Swanson named this suspect “Kosminski.”

Melville Macnaghten, the Chief Constable of the Metropolitan Police, described three Ripper suspects in a confidential 1894 police memorandum. One of these suspects he named as “Kosminski,” a Polish Jew and a resident of Whitechapel. Macnaghten also thought that this particular Kosminski went to an asylum about March 1889. Could Kosminski, or somebody similar, have worked as a butcher in Butcher’s Row, and could he have been watched by the police prior to that date? Sagar implied that the suspect he had watched worked as a butcher, but gave few other details. Who was this Butcher’s Row suspect and was his brother’s or another relation’s “house” actually a butcher’s shop? If so, when did the police keep watch on this suspect? And who were his “friends”, if not the suspect’s brother, or another relation?

## The Location of Butcher’s Row

The name “Butcher’s Row” originates from long before Victorian times, when animals were herded up from Essex along Whitechapel Road to the old (“ald”) city gate. Here, the animals were slaughtered so owners could avoid paying taxes on live animals brought inside the city walls. This practice continued well into the nineteenth century, long after the special taxation had been abolished. By the latter half of the century, Aldgate, along with Spitalfields and Whitechapel, had become progressively more populated by Jewish immigrants from the Continent. Many Jewish-run hotels and restaurants sprang up on side streets near the Aldgate High Street thoroughfare to support the abundant Jewish trade shops operating in the immediate area. There was a large slaughterhouse behind a row of shop stalls on Aldgate High Street and north of Little Somerset Street. This slaughterhouse probably supplied much of the meat sold

*Next page: Butcher’s Row, Aldgate High Street during late Victorian times. Street numbers refer to the premises addresses. Map 145, B22, no 71 Vol .3 (By permission of the British Library)*





in the Aldgate area. Further east, where Aldgate High Street became Whitechapel High Street, there were at least six other slaughterhouses licensed to produce meat for human consumption. To attract numerous Jewish customers shopping in the streets, many Gentile butchers put up signs that they sold kosher meat.

By late Victorian times, the Butcher's Row in Aldgate consisted of a short row of shop fronts along the south side of Aldgate High Street, between the crossroads of the Minories, on the west and Mansell Street, on the east. Most of these butchers' premises were covered by daytime canopies that reached out for about 6 feet over the pavement on Aldgate High Street. The shop stalls were typically 16 to 20 feet wide and the premises extended back from the street some 75 to 120 feet. Butchering occurred in back areas and/or compartments, where the carcasses were stored. Upper floors and back rooms were sometimes used as a residence for shopkeepers and their families. The map of the Aldgate High Street area shows the location of Butcher's Row, Aldgate, in the late Victorian period, where it can be seen that it was situated entirely within the City of London boundary.

### Another City Detective's Account

The Aldgate High Street area map clearly shows that Sagar and his colleagues kept watch on the Butcher's Row suspect from within their jurisdiction. This territorial surveillance may clear up some of the mystery in Donald Swanson's statement about the City CID maintaining watch, for a short time, on the "house" of the suspect's brother. The City Police were presumably doing so because the building they were watching was in the City of London proper, not in the Metropolitan Police district of Whitechapel. But these inferences alone are insufficient to further examine events surrounding the alleged police surveillance in the area. Fortunately, another City Police officer's account appears, in part, to corroborate Sagar's description, and also provides additional details about the suspect and his work location.

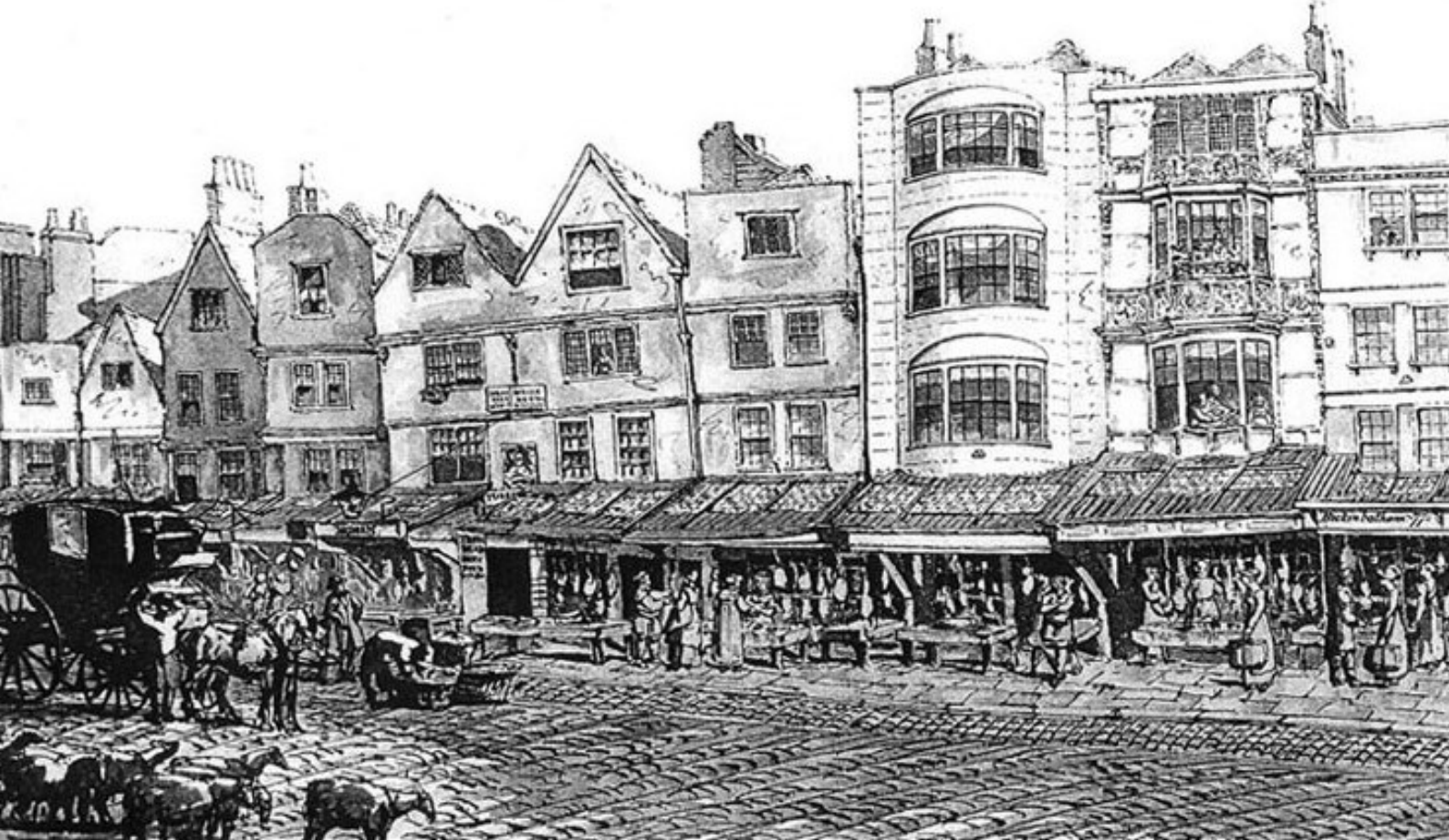
Ex-City Detective Inspector Henry Cox told of watching a Ripper suspect in Thomson's Weekly News, on 1 December 1906. Cox gave additional information about the suspect, such as his physical appearance, his nightly walks, and other habits. Cox said of himself and other fellow detectives: "We had the use of a house opposite the shop of the man we suspected, and disguised, of course, we frequently stopped across in the role of customers." If his description of watching a suspect is the same as Sagar's account, this street was, in all probability, Aldgate High Street, where the suspect's shop was situated on the south side, within (or near) the row of butcher and meat sales shops. If the suspect lived in the back of the shop or on one of the three upper levels common for buildings on the south side of the street, it could have been from one of these locations to which Swanson referred when he said the "house" was watched by the police.

We may assume at this point that the suspect was subjected to an identification and was aware that he may have been watched, but unaware of the degree of police surveillance and the specific point of observation. On the other hand, Sagar's account may pertain to a time prior to the attempted suspect identification, which seems to be the case. In this latter instance, the suspect would be unaware that he was being watched.

But it is easy to visualize why police, if they remained undetected, could have easily watched the suspect from the opposite side of this street. Aldgate High Street was a major East End commercial thoroughfare; although only 500 feet long, it was some 80 feet wide and accommodated a heavy flow of street traffic throughout the day and into the night. If detectives were keeping surveillance on a shopworker from a house across the street, the wide distance across this street would have made it relatively difficult for the suspect to discern undercover police if they ventured onto the street, especially when it was crowded with shoppers, carts, and vans. Most of the other streets in the Aldgate area were very narrow, and it would have been next to impossible for police hiding within a house across one of these smaller streets to remain unseen from the other side of the street for an extended period of time. In summation, the dense volume of traffic passing through a busy thoroughfare like Aldgate High Street at all hours would have made it easy for the police to keep watch on the suspect without his notice, although it presumably would have been difficult to follow him if he left his shop.

Cox also said that the police, while undercover, used to chat with the Jews on the street. These Jews never suspected that Cox and his colleagues were detectives, otherwise they would not have discussed the Ripper murders as openly with them as they did. The police had to explain to the inhabitants that they were inspectors who were monitoring employers of under-aged children working in the sweated tailoring industry. Considering Cox's story, as well as Sagar's account of the suspect being taken by friends to an asylum, we might surmise that the suspect observed was a Jew, possibly Anderson's Polish Jew suspect. Cox recalled that he followed the suspect one night after the suspect left his shop, and walked towards Leman Street. The suspect may have been attempting to return to his residence or another shop, but perhaps, on realising that he was being followed by Cox, tried to avoid leading Cox and the police to his doorstep. After two aborted attempts to accost street women, albeit with the knowledge that he was being followed (!), the suspect returned "back to the street he had left where he disappeared into his own house [or shop]." We will shortly consider where this suspect's shop could have been, and from what house the detectives observed him.





*Early drawing of Butcher's Row, Aldgate, circa 1817. The Turk's Head Inn can be seen centre left. Hickenbotham Butchers (no 77) at far right. The future butchers shops of Solomon De Leuw (no 73) and Frederick Louisson (no 75) can be seen left centre and right centre, respectively. (Reproduced by permission of the Guildhall Library)*

### Aldgate High Street Commerce in 1888-1891

If we now look at a time period, late 1888 to early 1891, in which this suspect could have been briefly watched, a survey of the trade directories may prove enlightening as to what the surrounding neighbourhood was like and how the suspect may have fit in. However, unless the suspect was a shop owner, his name wouldn't necessarily appear in the business directories. Moreover, the April 1891 London Census may have been recorded too late to reveal any names of suspicious workers in butcher shops if they had been incarcerated just after the murders. But there may be other clues to assist us. In 1888, there were 17 addresses listed as butcher shops along Aldgate High Street: nos. 44-46, 48-60, and 62. Unlike many of the other businesses in the area, the fact that these premises did not change from butchery to some other trade (at least in our survey years of 1888-1891), attests to the continued demand for meat products in such a centralized location. So if a butcher's shop suddenly changed hands or closed their business, it may hold some significance as far as some important change disrupting the lives of the inhabitants of the premises.

The following snapshot of late Victorian life along Aldgate High Street may seem somewhat prolonged, as far as who lived where and for how long, but the purpose behind such an elaborate review is to discover and establish any possible connections among families who lived on Aldgate High Street at the time of the Ripper investigations. So in light of any suspicious activities surrounding a Butcher's Row suspect around the time of the Jack the Ripper murders, let us look at the trade commerce on both sides of Aldgate High Street for these years, starting with the south side of the street, from east to west (the reader may follow the map for the numbers of premise locations.)

Beginning with the southeast side of Aldgate High Street at Mansell Street, there was a potato dealer, James Littlefield, at no. 43. The 1891 census later listed him as a "coal merchant." Butcher shops actually started with no. 44, with the carcass butchers, Scales & Leuw (Levy Leuw, a Jew, was listed as a 46-year-old Holland-born meat salesman); then, Joseph Hartwell at no. 45, followed by 49-year-old London-born Henry Nathan, who was at no. 46. These three premises all had families working in them at the time of the census. A wine and brandy merchant, Christopher Hill, operated a pub at no. 47 (now the Hoop & Grapes). Further west, there were the carcass butchers, Thomas Brown, Matthew Flicker, and William Lankester/James Tyler listed at nos. 48-49, 50-51, and 52, respectively. The April 1891 census shows that a butcher, William Morris, headed Brown's shop at nos. 48-49. Lankester stayed at no. 52 until 1891, at which time the business was run solely by Tyler. Further west, at nos. 53-54, were the carcass butchers Attfield & Knott. By 1890, Attfield was gone and Thomas Knott continued to head the shop until 1891 when his son William took over the premises. More carcass butchers were located at nos. 55, 56, 57, and 58. These shops were headed by Nice & Hawkins, James Killby, Cooke & Banks, and George Bullas, respectively. In 1890, a London-born Jew, Frederick Louis



Louisson, joined Cooke & Banks at their premises; Louisson assumed sole proprietorship in 1891.

Of the three remaining butcher shops along the Row, two were headed by Jews. At no. 59 was the 44-year-old, Rotterdam-born, Solomon De Leeuw, who was listed as a meat salesman. He stayed at this address until sometime in 1891 (he is listed in the census), when another Jew, George Louisson, the son of Frederick, took over the shop. Next door, at no. 60, was a Gentile butcher, George Rayment. Rayment's shop was next to Harrow Alley, a winding passage that led south, behind the rows of butcher shops at nos. 58-60, to the large slaughterhouse, before finally terminating at Little Somerset Street. Behind nos. 59 and 60 in this alley stood a small pub, The Still & Star, listed as 61 Harrow Alley and run by William Godfrey. Also present in Harrow Alley was a Polish-born tailor, Lewis Kingberg, at no. 9, and Phillip Solomon, a general goods dealer, who occupied two large buildings at nos. 7 and 8. Large goods warehouses and stores buildings were situated under the railway arches and the Haydon Square Goods Depot.

Returning to Aldgate High Street, the last butcher shop, no. 62, was a small building that stood on the west side of Harrow Alley. A brick archway joined this shop to Rayment's shop, forming a covered entrance to the alley. This shop at no. 62 was run by another Jew, the 39 year-old, Rotterdam-born, Morris Bosman. His small ground-level premises was some 25 by 50 feet in area. The west side of Bosman's shop bordered an open area surrounded by general goods warehouses. We shall see shortly why this location may hold some significance to the City Police story of watching a suspect in Butcher's Row. Further west, the railway lines ran through a clearing at the Minories Junction. This area once contained warehouses and butcher shops that were eventually demolished for the construction of the Metropolitan Railway lines to the Aldgate Station, started in 1876. These railway lines provided further underground

*West End of Butcher's Row, circa 1875. Centre - Turk's Head Imperial Wine & Spirit Warehouse; right centre - butcher shop of Solomon De Leeuw in the early 1880's (Reproduced by permission of the Guildhall Library)*



connections to the Aldgate East and the St Mary's stations in Whitechapel, both completed in 1884.

West of Bosman's shop was a brewery at no. 63 shared by the Lyon Bros., glass bottle makers, and two brewers, A B Walker & Sons and Joseph Nunneley & Co. An old establishment, the Turk's Head Imperial Wine & Spirit Warehouse, stood just west of this location, until the early 1880s, when it and several adjacent butcher shops were demolished. These former building locations were left as open areas leading to the Minories Junction adjacent to the recently constructed railway lines. Further along at no. 65, above the railway, was the Booking & Inquiry Office for Passengers, Parcels and Goods for the London North Western Railway. Beyond this office, at nos. 76-77, were the dining rooms of Henry Trespole Myers. Sometime prior to the April 1891 census, these premises were taken over by German-born Joseph Wesl and family, who converted the rooms into a hotel and pub. Next door, at no. 78, was another pub, the Rose & Crown, headed by Richard Milchard in 1888. Milchard was followed by Mrs Jane Vancolle in 1889, and in 1890, the 33-year-old, London-born, Woolf Hart had assumed proprietorship of this establishment.

Continuing west, nos. 79-81 were part of a large building that rounded the corner into the Minories. A 29-year-old tailor, Joseph Levy, born in Aldgate, occupied no. 79 in 1888 (not the same individual as witness Joseph Levy at the Eddowes inquest). In 1890, Levy also took over nos. 80-81 from a hosier, John Goodman. Levy was actually listed in the 1891 census as occupying no. 1 Minories when the address changed from no. 79. Across the street, on the southwest corner of Aldgate High Street and the Minories, was a large building at no. 83, occupied by the Anderson Brothers, boot and shoemakers. By 1891, this premises became known as Anderson's Boot Manufacturing Company, Ltd. The 1873 Ordinance Survey Map shows that this address was a clothing establishment, one of the old clothes exchange premises that Jews had started in the Spitalfields Market.

Moving across to the north side of Aldgate High Street, there was the Postal Telegraph Office, Money Order and Savings Bank at no. 2. This post office had a large clock on the outside, from which PC James Harvey used to track back the time of his arrival at the bottom of the Church Passage entry into Mitre Square, minutes after the Catherine Eddowes

*St. Botolph's Church taken in the Minories looking north, date unknown. Did Catherine Eddowes solicit here? (Image courtesy of Philip Hutchinson)*



murder. Continuing east, next door at no. 3 was a hosier, John Augustus Neale, who occupied the premises until 1891, after which a dentist, Edward J Comley, became the tenant. At nos. 4-5, on the northwest corner of Aldgate High Street and Houndsditch, was a musical instrument shop owned by John H Ebbelwhite.

Across the Houndsditch crossroad was the Church of St Botolph's, built in 1744, known locally as the Prostitute's Church. East of the churchyard, there were three premises on Aldgate High Street. The first of these, no. 7, was a dining room operated by Willatt & Wattam. In 1889, Kallin & Radin, hairdressers, shared these premises until 1891, when they were replaced by another hairdresser, Karl Frederick Plunneke. No. 8 was occupied by Weakley & Sons, brush-makers, while no. 9 was an Italian café and restaurant run by Francesco Canuto. By 1889, this café was taken over by 40 year-old Charles Castagna, born in Verona, Italy. Next to the café, at nos. 10-13, were four premises: the Three Nuns Hotel; an adjoining barroom; the Metropolitan Railway's Aldgate Station manned by William Hills, signalman and watchman; and a tobacco shop run by Salmon & Gluckstein. It appears that the barroom, railway station office and tobacco shop were all part of the hotel premises. The Three Nuns Hotel was managed by Samuel East, Jr., until 1889 or 1890, when his wife assumed proprietorship. By 1891, one Frederick W Ayers was the landlord. On the night of the 1891 census, Orbell Musk and his wife, Eleanor, were listed as the inn managers. The significance of the tobacconists, Salmon & Gluckstein, at no. 13, will be discussed shortly.





of these premises. Next door at no. 32, the directories list a tailor, Abraham Lazarus Pozner, who was a tenant until 1891, when he was replaced by Hellner & Semel, hairdressers. The April census, however, shows that Henry Hill, 28, had coffee rooms at this address. Next door, at no. 33, was another tobacconist, 43-year-old London-born, Samuel Abrahams, who ran his business at this address throughout our survey period. John and Robert Venables, woollen manufacturers, were listed at no. 34. These premises comprised an elongated building, about 130 feet long and 30 feet wide, on the west side of a gateway entrance to Black Horse Yard. The 1891 census shows that eleven shop assistants lived and worked there.

Black Horse Yard was a small alleyway that punctuated Aldgate High Street and meandered north, where it exited at Middlesex Street. The 1891 census shows that the four buildings within the yard were uninhabited at the time. Continuing east of this yard on Aldgate High Street, at no. 35 was a fruit dealer, 37-year-old, London-born Henry Levy and his family. He and his wife, Mary, had seven children and two servants at these premises at the time of the census. Next door at no. 36, was Joseph Mark & Co, woollen drapers. The 1891 census shows that this address was headed by Amelia Abrahams, a 44-year-old widow with five children, two servants, and two boarders (shop assistants). Mrs Abrahams was the widow of the late Louis Abrahams, who appears in the 1891 Jewish Chronicle list of donors at 38 Aldgate High Street, though the actual address was no. 36, because no. 38 did not exist. Finally, the Essex, a public house, stood on the corner of Aldgate High Street and Middlesex Street. This pub was managed by the same Samuel East, Jr., who ran the Three Nuns Hotel and the Bull Inn from 1888 to 1889. In 1890, the Essex was taken over by Richard Milchard, who had managed the Rose & Crown in 1888.

Aside from this brief survey of the trades on Aldgate High Street from 1888-1891, is there anything else that could assist us in evaluating who and where our suspect was, assuming he was a Jew and worked in, or near, Butcher's Row, but not necessarily as a butcher? Let us turn briefly to the Jewish Chronicle Records of Births, Marriages and Deaths (1840-1895) to see if additional information could supplement the Business Trades summary. Further on, we will examine whether this information could be related in any way to the accounts of detectives Cox and Sagar and the Metropolitan Police.

### Family and Neighbourhood Relations

The following brief study of several families in the area illustrates how close the Jewish community was, and that relationships existed among different families that lived and worked close to one another in small sectors of the East End, like Aldgate High Street. I found several families of interest to our study of the area. The first of these families was that of a John Abrahams. In 1895, when he died at 230 New Road, Islington, aged 92, he left three children, Abraham, a Mrs Benjamin, and Julia. Abraham married a Julia Gluckstein in 1866 and they lived at 31 Middlesex Street until she died in 1891, aged 45. Abraham's other sister, Julia, married the furniture dealer Henry Phillips, and they lived at 28 Aldgate High Street. She died in 1895, aged 49. It was in front of this address that Catherine Eddowes was picked up for drunkenness hours before her murder on 30 September 1888.

Another family was headed by Samuel and Hannah Gluckstein of 34 Whitechapel Road. They had eight children, among them Bertha, Helena, Henry, and Julia. Bertha married a Lawrence Abrahams, and at the time of her death in 1886, she lived at 26 High Street, Whitechapel. Helena married Barnett Salmon in 1863, and they lived at 117 Leman Street. Samuel Gluckstein had co-founded one of the largest tobacco businesses with his son-in-law, Barnett, in 1873. Their motto was Largest and Cheapest Tobacconists in Europe, and they had set up shop next to the Three Nuns Hotel, on Aldgate High Street to undoubtedly take advantage of the future railway lines. In 1894, Barnett Salmon's son, Alfred married Frances, the daughter of Abraham Abrahams and Julia (née Gluckstein, married 1866). Alfred lived at 115 High Street, and he signed a trades petition on 28 October 1888 to the Home Office for extra police patrols in Whitechapel during the Ripper scare, made on behalf of Samuel Montagu, the local Member of Parliament. Another of Samuel Gluckstein's children, Henry, lived at 100 Leman Street. Henry had two daughters; one, Lena, married a Hyam H Lyons in 1887, but she died the following year, aged 20. Another daughter, Hannah, married the tailor, Joseph Levy in 1887, who occupied the premises at 79 Aldgate High Street (or 1 Minories according to the census). Joseph was the son of a Moss G Levy, who lived at 4 Middlesex Street. In 1886, Solomon Joseph Britton was sharing the premises at 1 Minories with Levy as a manufacturer's agent. Britton left the following year, 1887, to return to his family's business at 13 Houndsditch. From 1888 to 1889, Britton served as the Secretary of the Imperial Club in Duke Street.

As mentioned, John Abraham's son, Abraham, married Julia Gluckstein. They had three sons, Lawrence (who married Bertha Gluckstein), Isaac, and Solomon. Isaac, who was a cigar manufacturer, married a Jane Levy. By the 1890s, they lived at 212 Whitechapel Road. They had two sons, Phillip and Lawrence. Phillip, like Alfred Salmon, signed the October 1888 trade petition to the Home Office requesting more police surveillance in Whitechapel during the Terror. Lawrence married Elizabeth, the daughter of his mother's sister, Annie (Mrs Barnett Hart). The other of the Abrahams' sons,



Solomon, married an Amelia Levy. Solomon and Amelia lived at 19 Great Prescott Street until her death in 1889, aged 30. Amelia was the daughter of Moss Levy, whose son, the tailor Joseph, was married into the Gluckstein family.

A final family of interest was that of George and Julia Louisson, who lived at 60 Leman Street. Julia died in 1867, later followed by George in 1883, at the age of 83. They had at least two children. One, Julia, married an Edward E. Levy, the son of a Hyam Levy of 123 Lautie Terrace, SE. Another was a son, Frederick, who married an Annie Isaacs in 1866. They lived at 6 St. Marks Street, Goodman's Fields. By 1880, they had lived on Aldgate-High Street at no. 35, then moved to no. 75 the same year. But this house was to be shortly demolished to make way for the Metropolitan Railway. By 1882, Frederick and Annie had moved to 97 Grosvenor Road. Their son, George, married a Florence Levy in 1892. Both Frederick and his son George were the carcass butchers listed at nos. 57 and 59 Aldgate-High Street in the 1890-91 directories. By 1891, Frederick and his wife, Annie, lived at 3 High Street, Whitechapel. Annie was the daughter of an Isaac and Rachel Isaacs who lived in Harrow Alley, which ran behind Butcher's Row. The Isaacs had three other children living in 1883, a Mrs H S Harris of 116 Houndsditch, a Mrs J Lialter of 6 Aldgate High Street and a Mrs D Levy of 60 Rodney Street, Liverpool. In 1880, Frederick contributed to a relief fund for relatives of an Isaac Friedwald, along with several others, including J A Britton of 13 Houndsditch, the father of Solomon, who was later the Secretary of the Imperial Club, on Duke Street. In 1892, the butcher, Frederick Louisson, attended a retirement ceremony for Metropolitan Police Detective Inspector Frederick Abberline at the Three Nuns Hotel, across the street from his shop.

Some 900 Jewish families throughout London are listed as Contributors in the Jewish Chronicle's 1891 List of Donors to the Society for Relieving the Aged Needy. This is not a very large number considering that there were over 40,000 Jews living in London at the time, many of whom received the charity proceeds. Perhaps established families that lived near one another, worked close by, or attended the same synagogue, encouraged their associates or relatives to donate to this fund. Thus, familiar names may have been gathered, not at random but through a plexus of communal relationships. Some of these contributors include: butcher Joseph Levy of 1 Hutchinson Street; furrier Martin Kosminski of 48 Berners Street; S(amuel) Kosminski and J Woolf of 170 Aldersgate Street; Henry Gluckstein of 26 High Street, Whitechapel (father of Hannah, the tailor Joseph Levy's wife); Louis Abrahams of 38 Aldgate High Street; Mrs Annie Abrahams of 33 Aldgate High Street, and two of the butchers working in Butcher's Row, Morris Bosman and Frederick Louisson.

### The Location of the Suspect's Shop

With the little information available to evaluate the possible location of the suspect's shop during our survey period, we might examine the occupation, ethnicity, and residency time of shopkeepers along Butcher's Row. This last factor is important because, as we have seen, the suspect was reportedly taken away to an asylum. Thus, an examination of those individual shop owners who disappeared during, or shortly after, the time that the suspect was watched could provide possible clues to their relationship to the suspect.

The first possibility is that the suspect was somebody other than a butcher who worked on the south side of Aldgate High Street. The suspect could have been, or worked for, someone in the following trades: a tailor; a dining room keeper; brewers; glass makers; a pub keeper; or bootmakers. Recall the tailor Joseph Levy at no. 79 had acquired a hosiery business from John Goodman at nos. 80-81. Levy's brother-in-law was Hyam H Lyons, who married Lena Gluckstein in 1887, but she had died in May 1888. At the brewery rooms, the Lyons Brothers, glass bottle makers, shared the premises with Walker and Nunneley until sometime in 1890, when the Lyons disappeared. Could Lyons, distraught by his young wife's death, have been the suspect the police watched at his "brother's" brewery shop (no. 63) on Aldgate High Street?

There was also the Anderson Brothers, bootmakers at no. 83; one brother had left by 1889, leaving Stewart Anderson to run the business alone. By 1891, it had grown into a company, employing many boot- and shoemakers. Unfortunately, the April census shows that this building was empty when the enumerator called, so it was not likely used at night. This leaves the Rose & Crown pub, the dining rooms of Henry T Myers and the brewery rooms run by A B Walker & Sons/Joseph Nunneley & Co. At the pub and dining rooms, it seems unlikely that the police could carefully watch a suspect, with customers coming and going well into the night.

Another possibility is that if the suspect worked as a butcher in Butcher's Row, it could have been at any one of these butcher's shops on the south side of the street. First, consider the Gentile butchers there at the time: Joseph Hartwell, Henry Nathan, Thomas Brown, Matthew Flicker, William Lankester/James Tyler, Attfield & Knott, Nice & Hawkins, James Killby, Cook & Banks, George Bullas, and George Rayment. These proprietors remained at their shops during the period except for: Attfield, who left sometime in 1888-89; Thomas Knott, who was replaced by William Knott in 1891;

Lankester, who left in 1890-91; and Cook & Banks, who disappear in 1890-91. The 1891 census shows that William Knott, aged 21, held Thomas Knott's premises with his wife and children. The census also shows that the shops of Hartwell, Nice & Hawkins, Kilby, Cook & Banks, and Bullas as "uninhabited" or "not occupied at night," suggesting that some of these Gentile butchers left their businesses at night and lived elsewhere.

The more likely possibility is that the suspect was a Jewish butcher, in which case he could have worked in either: 1) the shop of Scales and Levy Leuw at no. 44; 2) the shop of Solomon De Leeuw at no. 59 (later held by George Louisson); 3) Morris Bosman at no. 62; or 4) the shop of Frederick Louisson at no. 57. It is interesting that out of this group of butchers, all but De Leeuw appear to have headed their businesses through 1891. Although De Leeuw and his family are listed at no. 59 in the April 1891 census, the trade directory for the same year shows that George Louisson ran the premises. George Louisson may have taken over De Leeuw's shop due to financial constraints, or because De Leeuw may have become incapacitated. The 48-year-old Leuw and 44-year-old De Leeuw, both born in Holland, also may have been brothers.

Detective Inspector Cox described the suspect's premises as a "little shop." If we compare the sizes of the Butcher's Row shops at ground level, we see that Bosman's premises was the smallest and was separated from Rayment's shop by a brick archway, instead of a building wall. Bosman's shop was also next to an open area on the west. It could thus be more easily watched than all of the other butcher shops that shared adjacent walls and possibly inner-locking doorways. Moreover, unlike the other shops, Bosman's shop was also surrounded by open area to a considerable extent on the south side, and could have thus been additionally watched at the back of the building from William Godfrey's pub, the Still & Star, or from one of the smaller warehouses in the Haydon Square Goods Station. It can also be observed that Solomon De Leeuw's shop (no. 59) was situated just north of the Still & Star pub, potentially allowing the police an additional point of observation, in case a suspect decided to slip through adjacent Harrow Alley.

The shops in Butcher's Row that had families listed in the census were apparently open at night when census enumerators called, and probably served as living quarters in back rooms or on upper floors. These premises included all of the shopkeepers identified as Jewish on Aldgate High Street. Thus, if all of the Jewish butcher shops were inhabited at night and one of them housed the suspect watched by the City CID, it would lend weight to Swanson's writing that the City Police kept watch on the house by day and night. I think that the most likely target was the small shop of Morris Bosman. His shop was ideally situated across from the Aldgate Railway Station and the abandoned premises of the Bull Inn (see below), from which the police, either at ground level or from one of the floors above, could have directly observed the suspect around the clock.

*Aldgate High Street circa 1912, looking West. Centre - Three Nuns Hotel; Right Centre - Aldgate Railway Station; far right - Salmon and Gluckstein's Tobacco shop; St Botolph's church steeple is visible behind the hotel. The location of former Butcher's Row on left. (Image courtesy of Philip Hutchinson and Rob Clack)*






## The Location of the Police Stakeout House

If the suspect worked on the south side of Aldgate High Street, from which house could the police have observed him? A logical choice would be one that was either totally uninhabited previous to the occupation by the police, or one that may have been left empty during the night. Let's start with no. 7, the dining rooms of Willet & Wattam. Sometime between 1888 and 1889, they added the hairdressers Kallin & Radin to their premises, therefore suggesting that extra rooms or space was available. This four-level building was across from west end of Butcher's Row and appeared to have sufficient room to house a small police surveillance team. Could the police have stayed here at night while observing their suspect in 1888-89? A couple of other reasonable locations include the ironmonger, Hattersley, at no. 30, which closed at night, and the Essex pub at the east corner of Aldgate High Street, where the police may have had access to a small room.

A better location for surveillance of a suspect would have been the Three Nuns Hotel at no. 10 (and nos. 11-13), run by Samuel East, Jr. This location seems like an ideal stakeout spot, because it was adjacent to and partly above the Aldgate Railway Station, which had an office in the hotel premises, next to Salmon & Gluckstein's tobacco shop. It may be significant that the 1891 census recorded the tobacco shop as "uninhabited." Could this shop be where the police kept surveillance on the suspect at night? If it turned out that the suspect was known to a shopkeeper on the opposite side of the street, would the police not have had better success convincing the shopkeepers of using their building as a nighttime watch post, especially if they knew of the suspect's mania?(1) From this locality, the police could look directly across the street at shop nos. 62-77 on the south side (also see note 4 for this same type of surveillance scenario at another proposed location in Mile End).

Another possible location for the City Police stakeout house was the Bull Inn Yard at no. 24. There were, at one time, three businesses sharing these premises, including the rag merchant Solomon Zimmerman, who disappeared between 1889 and 1890. Could his shop have been used for the police look-out during this time, until taken over by the tailor, Solomon Davies in 1891? It is curious that John Thompson & Son continued to be listed at this location in the 1891 directory, while Davies was listed in the April census.

*Sketch of the Three Nuns Tavern, circa 1878. Shortly after the murders, the upper part of the clock tower was removed. The centre entrance led to the bar where Albert Bachert met a suspicious man just before midnight on 29th September 1888. (Image courtesy of Philip Hutchinson)*



But the ideal location to watch a suspect from the north side of Aldgate High Street was, I think, next door at no. 25, the Bull Inn. Recall, that the Bull Inn was managed by Samuel East, Jr., until some time after 1889, when it closed. Also recall that Samuel East, Jr., seems to drop out of sight when his wife took over his other establishment, the Three Nuns Hotel, located several doors away. The existence of an abandoned building (no. 25) from sometime, say, in late 1889 to 1891, across from the heart of the Butcher's Row shop fronts, suggests an ideal look-out house from which police, unseen, could have watched a suspect by day and night. And from this observation point, the police had the advantage of looking directly across the street into the small shops of Morris Bosman and Solomon De Leeuw.

## Did Eddowes Know Someone in Butcher's Row?

The 1 and 2 October 1888 editions of the Daily News reported that Albert Bachert, who would become the Chairman of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee in 1889, entered the Three Nuns Hotel about an hour before the murder of Elizabeth Stride, on 30 September. There, he met a man of a dark complexion, height about 5 feet 6- or 7-inches tall, who was carrying a black shiny bag.

*Sketch of the Three Nuns Tavern, circa 1878. Shortly after the murders, the upper part of the clock tower was removed. The centre entrance led to the bar where Albert Bachert met a suspicious man just before midnight on 29th September 1888. (Image courtesy of Philip Hutchinson)*



He pestered Bachert with questions about local prostitutes before disappearing with an elderly woman selling matches. Could this strange man have met Catherine Eddowes in or near the hotel shortly thereafter? This man was possibly the same one seen with his shiny black bag on 8 November by a Mrs. Paumier, in Artillery Row, about two minutes walk from Miller's Court in Dorset Street, and seen again by her the following day on Dorset Street (The Daily Telegraph, 10 November 1888).

Catherine Eddowes was arrested at about 8:30 pm on the evening of 29 September by City PC Louis Robinson on the north side of Aldgate High Street in front of no. 28, the address of the furniture dealer, Henry Phillips. In the inquest testimony, Robinson stated she was slumped in the footpath at no. 29, but he probably meant no. 28, as no. 29 had been incorporated into the adjacent premises. When released from the Bishopsgate Police Station at 1:00 am on 30 September, Eddowes made her way back along Houndsditch south to Aldgate High Street, instead of walking east towards her lodging house on Flower & Dean Street. At approximately 1:35 am, three men leaving the Imperial Club on Duke Street, Joseph Lawende, Joseph Levy, and Harry Harris, saw a man and a woman standing together at the front of Church Passage, a covered entry to Mitre Square (were the couple waiting for PC Watkins to leave the Square?) Lawende and Levy briefly glanced at the man; the woman had her back to them. When later shown Eddowes' clothes, Lawende recognized them as being similar to those worn by the woman he had passed in Duke Street.

There is a caveat to the account above that suggests Eddowes and her killer may have been sighted in a different location, and that the couple seen by Lawende was another man and woman. A story appeared in the Derby Daily Telegraph of 1 October 1888, the relevant part reading:

*Wattam's Hotel, no 7 Aldgate High Street, next to the Three Nuns Hotel, circa 1911. From 1889 to 1891, Abraham Radin, the former employer of wife poisoner George Chapman, shared a hairdresser's shop at this address. (Image courtesy of Rob Clack)*



. . . indeed one of the policemen who saw the body [Eddowes] in the mortuary expressed his confident opinion that he had seen the woman walking several times in the neighborhood of Aldgate High Street. . . . The police theory is that the man and woman, who had met in Aldgate, watched the policeman [Watkins] pass round the square, and they then entered it for an immoral purpose.

I came across a similar story written by a London correspondent for the 2 October 1888 New York Times:

The only trace considered of any value is the story of a watchboy who saw a man and a woman leave Aldgate station, going towards Mitre-square. The man returned shortly afterward alone. The police have a good description of him. . . . a policeman swears he was not absent over 15 minutes from Mitre-Square, and must have been watched by both man and woman as he went through, they following. [Emphasis mine]

This account is interesting because the Aldgate Station is adjacent to the Three Nuns Hotel, where earlier in the evening Albert Bachert encountered a suspicious man.

It would also be intriguing to know if the "watchboy" cited above worked at the Aldgate Railway Station, and if this "watchboy" knew the man by sight and what, if any, evidence he provided to the City Police. The 1891 census shows a lone 40-year-old watchman, William Hills, manning the station. Did a watchboy, or watchman, see the suspect in the underground, or above the Station building on

Aldgate High Street, and where exactly did the man meet the woman? Unfortunately, the City Police records, mostly destroyed, can tell us nothing further about these possible sightings.

Mitre Square was less than a minute's walk from Butcher's Row. Watkins made his last round in the Square at 1:30 am, prior to discovering Eddowes's body on his return at 1:45 am. If Eddowes had returned to Aldgate High Street after being released from the Bishopsgate Police Station, could it be there that she met the Ripper, perhaps by a prior arrangement? Was it her killer who gave her money to buy drink hours before her death, because he worked on the street, and met her in a pub close to the location where she was arrested? Or is it possible that Eddowes met a man outside no. 28? The suspect, if roaming about at night as Cox described, would have known the local patrol beats of constables, including that of Watkins, who passed the corner of Aldgate High Street before turning north on Mitre Street. The Ripper and Eddowes could have observed Watkins walking along Leadenhall Street, and watched him from somewhere along Aldgate High Street, until he turned to go up Mitre Street. Eddowes and the suspect could then have waited at the corner until Watkins exited the Square at about 1:31 am, whereupon they entered, after Watkins had moved further up Mitre Street. This scenario, if correct, invalidates the sighting by Lawende and his companions on Duke Street. But significantly, it gives the murderer more than the estimated 3 to 5 minutes with his victim, between Lawende's (possible false) sighting at 1:35 am, and when PC James Harvey stood at the bottom of Church Passage at 1:41 or 1:42 am (when he heard and saw nothing.)

### Witness Joseph H Levy's Family

As discussed in the section above, one of the witnesses at the inquest of Catherine Eddowes was the butcher, Joseph Hyam Levy, a 46-year-old London-born Jew. Levy saw a woman and a man together at the top of the Church Passage to Mitre Square on the night of 30 September 1888, ten minutes before the body of Eddowes was found. Levy had lived on 1 Hutchinson Street as far back as 1869. His parents were Hyam and Frances Levy, who lived at 36 Middlesex Street. Frances died in January 1889 and Hyam died years earlier, leaving his butchery business to the family. Levy had several sisters, and two brothers, Abraham and Jacob. Abraham, while of unsound mind, hanged himself in 1875. Jacob, also a butcher, was sent from his house at no. 36 Middlesex Street to the City of London Lunatic Asylum in August 1890, where he died on 29 July 1891.

*Aldgate High Street looking East, circa 1905. The Three Nuns Hotel is visible on the left, site of Abberline's retirement ceremony in 1892. The arrow shows the location of Catherine Eddowes arrest on the evening of September 29th 1888, just hours before her murder. (Image courtesy of Rob Clack)*





It is curious that the A-Z cites researcher Steward Hicks as stating that Lady Anderson, the wife of Robert, once remembered that the Ripper was interred in an asylum near Stone. This asylum was likely the City of London Asylum at Stone. Could Lady Anderson's recollection refer to the butcher, Jacob Levy, and did Jacob work or trade in Butcher's Row, perhaps with the dairyman George Bolam at no. 21 Aldgate High Street, who almost certainly knew his brother, Joseph? Assuming Jacob was the suspect and that he and Joseph did business with other butchers in the Butcher's Row area in 1888-90, it could move the surveillance period on Anderson's suspect back from 1891, earlier to one year or more, just before Jacob's incarceration. This would also strengthen the case of the witness identification (if he was Joseph Levy) that Anderson was so certain of. And if Joseph was this witness who saw Eddowes at the top of Church Passage, it means that the scenario described earlier, where the Ripper and Eddowes followed Watkins into the Square from the Mitre Street entrance, could be incorrect.(2)

### Assessing the Police Accounts

Was the suspect whom Sagar watched a Jew? His account of the suspect being locked in an asylum by his "friends" is certainly reminiscent of Kosminski, but Sagar makes the suspect out to be a butcher. Cox's account contains more information about the neighborhood where the police watched the suspect, and this seems to also identify him as a Jew. But Cox does not specifically describe the suspect's occupation, although, by inference, he could have been a tailor. Cox also recalled that the crimes ceased immediately after the suspect was put under observation, and he makes it clear that there were no Ripper-like murders after the murder of Mary Jane Kelly. This is significant, because as soon as the suspect was aware he was being watched, the murders came to an end, as Sagar and Swanson also said. But Swanson could have been counting in the series of murders that of Frances Coles, who was killed on 13 February 1891. To add to the confusion, the American journalist Richard Harding Davis quoted Robert Anderson in the 4 November 1889 Pall Mall Gazette as saying: "After a stranger has gone over it, he takes a much more lenient view of our failure to find Jack the Ripper, as they called him, than he did before." So the timing of the police surveillance is questionable; on one hand we have Cox telling us that it occurred for "nearly three months" after Kelly's murder, and, on the other, the

*View looking east on Aldgate High Street circa 1913. Butcher's Row is on the right side. The Rose & Crown pub is visible on the far right. The Haydon Square Goods Station is visible in the centre right. (Image courtesy of Rob Clack)*



surveillance appears to have taken place much later, possibly from late 1890 to the early part of 1891.

The preceding accounts thus make it uncertain that the interval of time described by Cox pertains to the accounts given by Swanson and Sagar. The time period of the surveillance put forward by Cox could also suggest the observation of a different suspect. But it seems logical to conclude that since Sagar and Cox were both City Police officers, their recollections would refer to the same individual, Sagar reportedly saying that the suspect “without a doubt, was the murderer” and Cox, that the suspect “had something to do with the crimes.” Moreover, if Sagar’s statement parallels Swanson’s account, they should all be referring to Kosminski. But Cox dismissed the notion that the suspect ended up in an asylum, stating: “a third party claims that he is an inmate of a private asylum [as of 1906]. These theories I have no hesitation in dispelling at once.” He also said that, as far as he knew, the suspect he watched was never arrested, but simply gave up his nightly prowls when he knew he was being watched, and eventually “removed from his usual haunts.” This assessment indicates that Cox could have been recalling a different suspect altogether or, quite possibly, was the least informed among Sagar, Swanson, and Macnaghten as to what eventually happened to their suspect.

The Police Seaside Home (in Hove), where Swanson said that the suspect was identified, didn’t open until March 1890. This means that the suspect whom Cox watched shortly after the Kelly murder may not have been the same one that Swanson and Sagar described – the reason being is that Cox implies that he was “on duty” watching this suspect only until about February or March 1889. On the other hand, Sagar and Cox may have watched the same suspect, but at different times. Cox said that the suspect “became insane” at times and had spent time in the Surrey Asylum. He may have been released long after Cox’s assignment ended, only to be later watched by Sagar and other detectives. Another possibility is that both men watched the same suspect at the same time, but that later one of them incorrectly remembered the time period. A final scenario is that both officers watched different suspects at different times. In this case, there may have been a situation where a suspect such as the tailor “David Cohen” or somebody similar was observed by Cox in 1888-89, while Sagar may have watched a butcher, or somebody like the hairdresser Kosminski in 1890-91.

Sagar said that after a time, the suspect’s “friends” thought it advisable that he be removed to an asylum. This could refer to Kosminski, confined by his family as a lunatic, wandering at-large. Work associates or relatives (possibly his “brother”) may have approached the Metropolitan police, reporting his psychotic behavior, so he was taken by the police to be identified, certified insane and incarcerated as the chief Ripper suspect. Some of the City Police involved in the surveillance probably didn’t know the full details of the suspect having been suddenly “removed” to an asylum, or if he had even been arrested. Macnaghten wrote that “Kosminski” was sent to a lunatic asylum about March 1889, which seems to fit Cox’s recollections of his surveillance duties on the suspect until February or so. But Macnaghten may have also garbled certain evidence he’d heard about an early City Police suspect with Kosminski, or quite possibly a Kosminski watched by the City Police actually entered an asylum about this time. However, no butcher on Aldgate High Street named “Kosminski” has been found in the trade directories. In any case, if the “brother’s house” mentioned by Swanson was an in-law’s or friend’s shop in Butcher’s Row, the suspect may not have been listed in the directories. And the April 1891 census could have been recorded after he was incarcerated.

To recapitulate, the time line put forth by Cox for the observation period would seem to put Aaron Kosminski out of the picture. Aaron was, after all, 1) a hairdresser, not a butcher; 2) he hadn’t worked for years and had no known connection to Butcher’s Row; and 3) after the murder of Mary Jane Kelly on 9 November 1888, Aaron was on the streets for over two years, until he was brought to a workhouse infirmary, just before being permanently incarcerated in early February 1891. With respect to this last point, the London journalist George R Sims wrote a description of two unnamed suspects (Ostrog and Kosminski) in Lloyd’s Weekly News on 22 September 1907, which does seem to point to Aaron as one of the suspects. Sims wrote that both men were

...alive long after the horrors had ceased and though both were alive in an asylum, there had been a considerable time after the cessation of the Ripper crimes during which they were both at liberty and passing about their fellow men. [Emphasis mine.]

If Sims’ account of Kosminski is correct, it lends weight to Swanson’s account that City Police were watching Kosminski at his “brother’s” house, probably sometime in 1890-91. But if the police watched another suspect around the clock in Butcher’s Row, say from the Bull Inn at no. 25, it suggests that the surveillance period was also late in 1890, when the premises was abandoned, and no longer listed in the directories.

## Summary

If the recollections of the City of London policemen Robert Sagar and Henry Cox are combined with those of the Metropolitan Police officials, principally Donald Swanson and Melville Macnaghten, to profile a single suspect, then:

The suspect was a Jew and worked either as a butcher; a butcher's assistant; or a meat salesman.

He probably lived in the East End. Cox said he occupied several shops in the East End and Swanson wrote that his brother's house was in "Whitechapel." (3)

If he didn't live on one of the floors above a shop, he slept in the shop in Butcher's Row because he knew he was being watched, and didn't want to lead police to his actual residence.

He was confined to a workhouse/asylum after information was supplied to authorities by his family or work associates.

The motive for the murders was revenge against prostitutes. On the night that Cox shadowed his suspect, he apparently tried to accost two women. It is likely that the police had additional evidence against the Butcher's Row suspect, pointing to violence against women. Macnaghten, in his confidential police Memorandum, wrote that the Kosminski suspect "had a great hatred of women, especially the prostitute class."

No "Kosminski," "Levy," or "Cohen" has been found in this study who can be linked to a Jewish butcher shop in Butcher's Row. But this does not mean that any of these individuals, or somebody similar, could not have worked in the shops of Morris Bosman, Solomon De Leeuw, Levy Leuw, or Frederick Louisson. Examination of the electoral rolls may or may not establish a familiar name, like those above, or, for example, an Abrahams or Gluckstein. Two likely scenarios, I believe, are that: 1) the police watched a suspect in Bosman's shop from across the street in the abandoned premises of the Bull Inn, or from next door at the Bull Inn Yard (several doors east of the Aldgate Railway Station); or, 2) the observation took place on the shop of Solomon De Leeuw from either of these same premises. It is interesting that De Leeuw and the other Jewish butcher, Levy Leuw, at no. 44, were both Dutch born and could have been brothers or in-laws. It is also remotely possible that a relative or employee of Frederick Louisson was the suspect that police watched. One clue that needs to be followed up is Cox's statement that the suspect spent time in the Surrey Asylum. This was probably the county asylum at Tooting, where another Ripper suspect, Michael Ostrog, was confined at one time.

Judging by Cox's assessment of the suspect and his fate, it is apparent that he didn't know what ultimately happened to the suspect after he stopped his nightly prowls. Sagar may have known a little more, as he echoes what the Met police said about Kosminski being sent to an asylum. The City Police had watched the suspect in their jurisdiction, but he was later picked up by Met police, or taken by relatives to an asylum. Sagar, who conferred with Met officers nightly at the Leman Street Police Station during the Terror, probably debriefed his city colleagues on the suspect's observed activities, but he heard little else after being suddenly told that the suspect had been locked away for good as a lunatic. After being told this by the Met, Sagar then likely briefed his superior, City Police Assistant Commissioner Henry Smith. But Smith could discover no further details. Smith and the City Police may have only been informed that a suspect was in an asylum, with no evidence (or obtainable evidence forthcoming) to secure a murder conviction. Smith wrote that he "visited every butcher's shop in the city, and every nook and corner which might, by any possibility, be the murderer's place of concealment." In the succeeding years, Smith, like other police officials involved with this suspect (or suspects), only recalled that the Ripper was never caught and that "he completely beat me and every police officer in London; and I have no more idea now where he lived than I had twenty years ago." (4)

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Stewart Evans and Keith Skinner, *The Ultimate Jack the Ripper Companion* (London: Carroll & Graf, 2000). Chapter on the City Police Suspect with recollections of Sagar and Cox, pp. 637-44; information on the Anderson Suspect, pp. 623-36.

1891 London Census Returns RG12/281/f 68; RG12/235/f 68-69, 84-86; RG12/235/f 73-77, 90; RG12/275/f 61, 88-90; RG12/280/f 122

Many articles on nineteenth to early twentieth century East London can be found here: <http://www.davidric.dircom.co.uk/main.html>

## Notes

1 When Sir Robert Anderson was interviewed about the Luard murder case in *The Daily Chronicle*, 1 September 1908, he remarked that, in the case of the Whitechapel murders, there were two distinct clues that were destroyed. One clue was the obliteration of the writing on the wall in Goulston Street; the other clue was a clay pipe that was smashed by a doctor in the fireplace of Mary Kelly's room. Although it has been surmised that Anderson was referring to a pipe found underneath Alice McKenzie's body in 1889 or to Joseph Barnett's (unbroken) pipe in Miller's Court, it is more likely that he meant another pipe found and broken in Kelly's room. But he may not have been so concerned with the pipe itself, as with the particular blend of tobacco found in it. Say, a blend that could be traced to a certain tobacco shop, which a suspect was known to frequent.

2 The assumption commonly made about this report is that the Ripper and Eddowes watched Watkins from the Church Passage entrance to Mitre Square at Duke Street, and entered the Square after he had left. But it would have been impossible for them to see if Watkins had actually left the Square from this vantage point unless they walked to the end of the passage. This doesn't seem likely if they thought that Watkins could still be in Mitre Square.

3 Whitechapel, as understood colloquially during the late nineteenth century, went some distance beyond the bounds set by the parish authorities of St Mary's, and included much of Aldgate, Spitalfields, and a considerable portion of Mile End. Researchers Chris Phillips and Rob House have recently uncovered evidence that Aaron Kosminski actually had two elder brothers, Isaac and Woolf, who had changed their last names to "Abrahams." Isaac ran a successful tailor's business at 74 Greenfield St. (Mile End) from 1886 to sometime before 1892. Opposite no. 74 was no. 16, the former home of Aaron's married sister, which was listed as "unoccupied" in the April 1891 census, and from which Aaron was returned to the Workhouse with his hands tied behind his back on 4 February 1891. If Cox's surveillance account of making use of a house across from the suspect's shop is taken into consideration here, the police may have briefly occupied no. 16 Greenfield St. early in 1891.

4 Henry Smith is referring to a date of about 1890. A contrary view to the claim that Smith didn't know the identity of the Ripper is contained in the Introduction of H.L. Adam's "The Trial of George Chapman" (1930), wherein Adam acknowledges that Smith was among those who knew the Ripper's identity. Did Robert Anderson convince Smith that the Ripper's identity was known after publication of Smith's book in 1910?



# THE SIXTH UNITED KINGDOM JACK THE RIPPER CONFERENCE

WOLVERHAMPTON, STAFFORDSHIRE

12-15 OCTOBER 2007



During three glorious days, and substantial portions of some nights, the Jack the Ripper Conference, the greatest show on Ripperland, came to Wolverhampton, a bustling city in the county of Staffordshire, in England's West Midlands. The Conference was dedicated to a daughter of Wolverhampton, Catherine Eddowes, who lost her life at the hands of Jack the Ripper 119 years ago this month. Andy and Claudia Aliffe and Adam Wood were the Conference's organisers, with the National Archives and the Museum of London as event partners and Dave Froggatt, Loretta Lay, Brian Lightbody, Jana Oliver, *Ripper Notes* and *Ripperologist* as sponsors.

Over one hundred delegates from all parts of Britain, the United States, Canada, Finland, Spain and Sweden, attended the Conference - the highest number ever gathered. Among them were the authors Robert Clack, Robert Eighteen-Bisang, Stewart P Evans, Philip Hutchinson, John Leighton, Deborah McDonald, Caroline Morris, Jana Oliver and Neal Stubbings Shelden, and the literary agent (and former publisher) Robert Smith. Julia Hoffbrand represented the Museum of London; Laura Prieto and Miguel Angel Nieto, the Spanish television production company Diagrama S L, who are preparing a documentary on the Ripper entitled *La Niebla* - Fog; Dan Norder and Kelly Robinson, Inklings Press and *Ripper Notes*; Jane Coram, Don Souden, Adam Wood and Eduardo Zinna, *Ripperologist*; Mike Walker, Mark Galloway, Coral Kelly, Frogg Moody and a host of others, the Whitechapel Society 1888; and Adrian Morris, its *Journal*.

From morning till night delegates rushed up and down the winding corridors of the Britannia Hotel from event to event: talks, shows, book sales, photo competitions, raffles, awards, receptions, auctions, formal banquet, coffee breaks, bar breaks and even a karaoke-fuelled evening. The highlights, in no particular order: Master of Ceremonies Jeremy Beadle saying 'bastards' for the thirty-ninth time, and never twice with exactly the same inflection; Neal Stubbings Shelden accepting the Outstanding Achievement Award for his work on the Ripper victims and their descendants; Michael Huie metamorphosing from policeman to suspect and back again in the wink of an eye; Michael again, illustrating Kate Eddowes's life, together with Lindsay Siviter in a Victorian dress and a variety of hats, under the direction of Andy Aliffe; Lindsay again, this time in a cowboy hat, calling out for one John Lee on karaoke night; Stewart and Rosie Evans, who hadn't attended a Ripper Conference since the 1998 event in Norwich; Kelly Robinson showing her engagement ring; Ted Ball dancing

*Master of Ceremonies Jeremy Beadle shares a joke with the audience*





with Liza Hopkinson; Alan Sharp in full Scottish rig; and virtually everything the Cobb brothers from Northern Ireland did, said or sung. Yet perhaps the most poignant moment was seeing Fay Winkworth and Margaret Spiller, direct descendants of Kate Eddowes, moved and delighted at the respect and warmth shown for the memory of their hapless ancestor.

But let's get back to some semblance of chronological order. It's Friday the 12th and we have just got to the Britannia Hotel. As we arrive, the Conference's trio of organisers receive us, bedeck us with name tags and hand over impressive packages containing a handsome delegate guide, useful information and other goodies. We are given a couple of hours to get our bearings, explore our rooms, freshen up, hang up our Saturday night banquet togs, greet old friends, meet new ones and down a quick one or two. And off we are.

Alas, before the Conference even started, delegates were twice disappointed. A surprise guest invited to open the Conference was unable to attend because of a death in the family. And what a surprise it would have been! None other than Susan George, who played Kate Eddowes in the 1988 production of *Jack the Ripper* starring Michael Caine. In a letter addressed to all delegates, Miss George sent her regrets, expressed her hope that all would have a fantastic weekend, conveyed her best wishes to all involved and, more pithily, commanded all to have fun. Those of us who have never forgotten Miss George's beauteous presence not only in *Jack the Ripper* but also in Michael Reeves's *The Sorcerers*, Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs* and Richard Fleischer's *Mandingo*, were truly sorry she couldn't be with us at Wolverhampton. One lucky delegate will have a special treat: Liza Hopkinson, who, at the raffle held later during the weekend, won a photograph of Miss George personally dedicated and signed by her.

The second disappointment was learning we wouldn't see at the Conference one of the nicest and most knowledgeable members of the Ripper community: Donald Rumbelow. Don was prevented from attending by what fortunately turned out to be only a minor ailment. We wish him a speedy recovery and hope to see him at future events.

The official opening of the Conference fell to Ripper scholar and compère extraordinaire Jeremy Beadle. He welcomed us all to Wolverhampton, cracked some jokes and quipped some quips, said 'bastards' a few more times

*Kate Eddowes waits in Church Passage on Jake's excellent backdrop*



- though at no-one in particular - and introduced Frogg Moody and Mike Walker of the Whitechapel Society 1888 to announce the results of their East End photographic competition. Robert Clack was the winner of the grand prize, two delegate places at the Conference itself.

It was then time for the first event of the evening: *Jack: A One Man Show*, written by and starring Michael Huie. And a class act it was. Mike is an American actor who wrote *Jack* in 2001 and staged it twice at Ripper Conferences in the States. This was his British debut.

Mike stood alone against a bare background. Suddenly he became the owner of an itinerant Punch and Judy show, a gritty, realistic show where Judy and her hubby Punch hit each other over the head with gusto and a stick, babies flew howling through the air and stern policemen were tricked into demonstrating proper hanging techniques - from the viewpoint of the hanged not the hanger. Disappointed at a tin jar bereft of contributions from the audience, the Cockney impresario changed his tune. 'I know what you really want,' he said grimly. 'You want to hear about the Ripper.'

For the next hour, Mike enchanted all present with his rendering of nearly a dozen different characters conjured up with just a few props pulled out of a trunk: several hats, a pair of spectacles, a blanket substituting for a shawl or a dress. Journalist Tom Bulling spoke in a middle-class accent and Prince Eddy in upper-class-twit tones; Leather Apron John Pizer and Colney Hatch resident patient Aaron Kosminski, each with his own Polish-Jewish accent, came and went; English Annie Chapman and Irish Mary Jane Kelly told us about their rise and their fall; Joe Barnett the market porter and Walter Dew the police constable recalled the victims, the terror and the name whispered in darkness. Mike brought them to life again; they were briefly with us and then they vanished back into the recesses of our memory.

For those of you who could not attend the Conference - and happen to be in or near North Carolina, USA - you may still catch Mike's performance. The Stokes County Arts Council and Foothills Juice and Java will present *Foothills After*

*Behind you! Jake's rendering of the Great Synagogue provided the background to the speakers lectern.*





*Dark*: Michael Huie in his one-man show, *Jack*, on Friday 2 November at 8 pm, at Foothills Juice and Java, King Shopping Center, King, Stokes County, North Carolina, USA. Admission is free. For more information, call 336-593-8159 in the United States. Just tell them *Ripperologist* sent you.

Now back to the Conference. Saturday the 13th - not an unlucky day by any standards - was scheduled as a themed series of lectures focussing on Kate Eddowes. The local historian and playwright Dr David Morris started off with a talk entitled *The Wolverhampton Kate Eddowes would have known*. Grizzled, bearded and pony-tailed Dr Morris, the author of *Bilston Kate*, a play based on the life of Kate Eddowes, emphasised that Wolverhampton, also called Wolves by the locals, has traditions of its own and absolutely no links whatsoever with its larger neighbour, Birmingham. Wolverhampton is in the Black Country, so called because of the heavy industrial pollution that once covered the area in black soot. The Roman forces that settled in neighbouring areas never colonised Wolverhampton; that privilege was left to the Saxons, who fought the Danes for it.

Originally a market town involved in the woollen trade, Wolverhampton soon became industrialised, taking advantage of large deposits of coal and iron and specialising in mining and metal industries such as nail, lock and key making. Even before the Industrial Revolution started, a Wolverhampton-made lock could record which key had opened it and how many times it had been used. Other trades were the making of tinplate and its shaping and japanning, a process which used varnish to produce a black gloss resembling lacquer in metal articles.

Kate Eddowes, who was born in Wolverhampton in 1842, was taken to London one year later by her parents but later returned to her home town. Bilston Street, where she lived, was host to a variety of skills and trades: 32 in 57 premises. Kate herself worked as a tinplate stamper at the Old Hall Works. This suggests unskilled and repetitive work, said Dr Morris. But is this true? Not necessarily. In order to flatten tinplate, stampers must hit it with a hammer using an

The clothes Catherine Eddowes last wore re-made by hand by Claudia Aliffe



irregular beat. In fact, it was highly skilled work. Yet Kate did not last long at her job. She was accused of stealing and left for Birmingham. During the next few years she returned briefly to Wolverhampton, went back to Birmingham and eventually met Thomas Conway. She spent the following years with him, travelling round England and earning a living from the writing and peddling of chapbooks.

Dr Morris said one could deduce from Kate's life and her environment that she was a sparkling lass, was quick-witted, could read and write and was always well liked. She was not at the lowest levels of society; she had a trade. There would be a tremendous variety of characters in her life. Kate Eddowes lived a short, eventful life immortalised by her sad fate and grisly mortuary photographs.

The stage at the Britannia was next graced by Andy Aliffe's production of *Good Night Old Cock: The Life of Catherine Eddowes*, a combination of narrative, live acting and slide projection starring Mr Aliffe himself, Mr Michael Huie and Miss Lindsay Siviter. The action started at 1 am at Bishopsgate police station, an ominous location for anyone familiar with the Ripper saga, and went on from there. Mike played Dr F Gordon Brown, PC Watkins and Coroner Samuel Langham while Lindsay played sisters, daughters, witnesses and passers-by - and Kate herself. Her portrait of Kate, jolly, devil-may-care Kate, was true to life except for one or two details: Kate was five-foot tall and had dark wavy hair, while Lindsay is very tall and very blonde.

Thomas Conway, or perhaps Quinn - how many names those Victorians had! - came into Kate's life, a pensioner at 24 years of age, disabled after a few years in Her Majesty's service in India. Kate said they were married. Were they? Apparently



not. But they were together for several years, treading up and down the paths of England, and Kate had three children by Thomas and his initials tattooed in her arm. Kate had a cousin, Christopher Charles Robinson, who had his five minutes of fame and hanged for it. On 26 August 1865, in Wolverhampton, Christopher cut the throat of his fiancée, Harriet Seeger, with a razor. He tried to commit suicide and claimed insanity at his trial. But the claim was rejected and he went to the gallows. He was 18 at the time. Kate and Thomas were present at her cousin's execution and may have written a ballad to commemorate it.

But love could not sustain Kate and Thomas forever and in 1881 they went their separate ways. Thomas took their children with him. Emma Jones, Kate's sister, said Kate had left Thomas because he beat her. Thomas said he had left her because she drank too much.

After she separated from Conway, Kate went to live in Flower and Dean Street, in London's East End. She soon met John Kelly, with whom she lived on and off until her death. By then her family had virtually rejected her because of her habit of borrowing money. Interviewed by a journalist after Kate's death, Kelly affirmed that she was not a prostitute, as the newspapers had reported, but made her living as a charwoman working for the Jews.

Kate and Kelly went hop-picking in Kent every year, both to make some money and to enjoy some clean air. On 28 September 1888, however, they returned to London early from hop-picking in Kent. They were not making enough money. In the afternoon of 29 September, Kate left Kelly saying she was going to see her daughter at Bermondsey. Next we hear about her, it was 8:30 pm and she was dead drunk on the pavement in Aldgate High Street. The police took her to Bishopsgate Police Station. By 1 am they thought she had sobered up enough and released her. 'Good night, old cock,' she said to the policeman at the door. Within half an hour she would meet Jack the Ripper.

During the lunch break following Andy's presentation, we had the opportunity to view a display cabinet full of replicas of all the items found on Kate Eddowes's body (see the front cover of this issue of *Ripperologist*). Another production of Andy Aliffe, the display brought to life the well known police inventory, complete with handkerchiefs, rags, linen, skirting, soap, comb, knife and spoon, clay pipes, a cigarette case, a tin box containing tea and one containing sugar and quite a few more items. More than one delegate was surprised by the sheer number of items Kate carried about with her.

*Kate's worldly possessions replicated by Andy Aliffe*



Alongside this display cabinet was a faithful reproduction of Kate's last outfit - black cloth jacket, brown linsey bodice, chintz skirt, black straw bonnet and other items - made by Claudia Aliffe. It was another pleasant surprise to have such a tangible association with the woman who provided the focus of the Conference.

The afternoon programme opened with a lecture inspired by an article published in *Ripperologist* 71 (September 2006): Neil Bell's minute examination of the events at Mitre Square on the night of Kate Eddowes's death. When piecing together the itinerary of the Conference, organisers Adam Wood and Andy and Claudia Aliffe realised that Neil's expert analysis in *As Far As Mitre Square*, enhanced by Jaakko Luukanen's atmospheric 3-D rendering, was perfect to cover the slot between Kate's arrest and the potential identification of her murderer.

Neil traced the movements of everyone known to have stepped into the Square or moved in its surroundings during that fateful night. His intimate knowledge of the Square and its environs, coupled with Jake's 3-D masterpieces, made the last hours of Catherine Eddowes's life alarmingly real at times. We were taken step-by-step round the Square into every doorway and shadowy corner, both verbally and pictorially, and found ourselves following in Kate and Jack's footsteps during her last moments. We also got an insight into the roles PC Watkins and PC Harvey played that night, and the influence of lighting conditions on what they did or did not see. We followed them on their beats and got a glimpse of how they routinely patrolled the streets, and what possible exceptions to their routine there might have been that night. Jake's very accurate reconstructions gave not just an impression of what it was actually like in the square in September 1888, but also conveyed the solitude of the place. It was almost as if we were there watching the events unfold. Quite an eerie experience all round.

Next in the schedule was what many in the audience considered the highest point of the entire Conference: Stewart Evans's talk on *The Three Witnesses*. Drawing on his own experience as a policeman, Stewart emphasised that it would be a mistake to assume that police constables followed their beat rigidly. He pointed out that City PC Edward Watkins - who looked into the Square at 1:30 am and saw nothing, and looked again at 1:44 am, and found Kate Eddowes's mutilated body - may have stopped at some point to enjoy a cup of tea in the company of George Morris, the watchman at the Kearley and Tonge warehouse. As for City PC James Harvey, he may not have looked into Mitre Square when his beat took him down Church Passage to the edge of the Square at 1:40 am. Had he done so, he would have caught the Ripper red-handed. But he would not have looked into the Square because that was not his responsibility but that of PC Watkins.

Stewart's three witnesses were Joseph Lawende, Joseph Hyam Levy and Harry Harris, all Jewish men going home in the early hours of the morning. At about 1:35 am, they saw a man and a woman standing at the corner of Church Passage, about 30 yards from Mitre Square. The three Jews glanced at them and hurried on their way. The police thought they had probably seen Jack the Ripper, considering that Kate's body was found in Mitre Square some ten minutes after they had seen a woman answering to her description only a few yards away. Lawende later identified her by her clothes and said that he would not recognise the man if he saw him again. Levy thought the man was about three inches taller than the woman, who was only five feet tall, but noticed nothing else.

What makes the three witnesses especially important is the connection some have found between them and the so-called Anderson suspect. Robert Anderson, later Sir Robert, was appointed head of the Metropolitan Police Criminal Investigation Division at the beginning of the Whitechapel murders. He is not best known for his role in the investigation, since he was hardly at his post during the murders, but for his statements. He became the only police officer ever to claim that the identity of the Ripper was known - although in October 1888 he had said that the murders had been

*The guvnor: Stewart Evans*





*The Rip team travel from around the globe to reunite: Jane Coram and Adam Wood from England, Eduardo Zinna from Spain, and Don Souden from the US*

committed without the police having the slightest clue of any kind.

In his 1910 memoirs, *The Lighter Side of my Official Life*, Anderson stated that the Ripper was a low-class Jew. He noted that he was almost tempted to disclose the identity of the murderer, but that no public benefit would result from such a course and the traditions of his old department would suffer. Finally, he added that when the suspect was caged in an asylum the only person who had ever had a good view of the murderer at once identified him, but when he learned that the suspect was a fellow-Jew he declined to swear to him. Stewart was not impressed with Anderson's statement. He pointed out, among other things, that a person called as a witness cannot refuse to give evidence.

As an example of Anderson's dogmatism, Stewart recalled Rose Mylett, who was found dead in the early morning of 20 December 1888. Although several physicians concluded that she had been strangled, Anderson insisted she had died of natural causes and tried to sway the opinion of the physicians in that direction. He only succeeded with Dr Thomas Bond, who changed his original opinion. At the inquest, presided over by Wynne Baxter, the jury concluded that she had been murdered. Nevertheless, Anderson reiterated years later, in his memoirs, that she had died of natural causes.

Still, Anderson's assertions appeared to be strengthened by statements made by the Assistant Commissioner CID, Sir Melville Macnaghten, and by Chief Inspector Donald Swanson. Of the three suspects mentioned by Macnaghten in his memorandum of 1894, one, Michael Ostrog, may be safely dismissed since he was in prison in France at the time of the murders. The two others, Montague John Druitt and Kosminski, may not. Since Macnaghten was close to Anderson, he may have got his information about Kosminski from him. Yet Macnaghten stated categorically that no-one ever saw the Whitechapel murderer and therefore cannot be said to have endorsed Anderson's assertions.

More recently, the Swanson Marginalia, annotations pencilled in Swanson's copy of Anderson's memoirs, have also seemed to reinforce Anderson's theory. In the Marginalia, Swanson appeared to endorse Anderson's statements about the Ripper being a Polish Jew and named him as Kosminski. He also wrote that the suspect had been identified by a witness at the Seaside Home. The witness, however, was also a Jew and didn't wish having given evidence that would convict the murderer and being the means of the murderer being hanged to be left on his mind.

On 7 February 1891 Aaron Kosminski was interned as a lunatic for the rest of his life. A week later, on 13 February 1891, Francis Coles was found dying with her throat cut. The police arrested Thomas Sadler, a ship fireman who had gone on a pub crawl with Coles. They suspected him of being Jack the Ripper. On 18 February 1891, the *Daily Telegraph* reported that a gentleman who on the night of the Mitre Square murder had seen a couple standing at the entrance to the passage leading to the Square had been asked to identify Sadler. But the witness could not identify Sadler and all charges against him were dropped. Stewart thought an ageing Anderson could have confused Sadler with Kosminski,



who had been caged in an asylum earlier the same week, and even the Seaside Home, where the suspect identification had allegedly taken place, with the Sailor's Home, where Sadler went on the morning after Coles's murder.

Stewart also had some reservations about the Swanson Marginalia. First of all, it was not clear why Swanson would have written them, and even less why he would have written them at different times, with different pencils and in different hand-writings. The Marginalia were never authenticated and had been studied only from a photocopy.

Perhaps it was best that no-one followed on Stewart's footsteps on Saturday night. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to meeting the authors and their books. Present were Stewart with *JTR: Scotland Yard Investigates*; Neal Stubbings Sheldon with *The Victims of Jack the Ripper*; Robert Clack and Philip Hutchinson with *The London of Jack the Ripper: Now and Then*; Deborah McDonald with *The Prince, His Tutor and the Ripper*; Jana Oliver with *Sojourn*; and John Leighton with *Montague Druitt: Profile of a Contender*. After all authors did brisk business, it was time for pre-banquet drinking, banquet eating and drinking and post-banquet drinking, dancing and karaoke-ing. Many delegates will undoubtedly carry home fond memories of this evening, while a few will certainly hope their antics will be forgotten; little chance of this, what with a Conference CD currently in production which will include select video clips and stills. Sunday morning started with a hearty breakfast for those delegates who had gone easy on the previous bar and karaoke evening. They were not an absolute majority. Be it as it may, delegates were back in the event rooms by 10 am to listen to Robert Eighteen-Bisang enlighten them on the many and interesting connections between two late nineteenth century icons: Jack the Ripper and Dracula.

Bram Stoker made his living as the manager of Henry Irving's theatrical company. Although he was not a very good writer, he created an immortal character and wrote a hugely popular novel. Since its publication in 1897, *Dracula* has been translated into virtually all languages and has never been out of print. Every child can tell you that its protagonist, Count Dracula, is a creepy vampire who comes from Transylvania.

Stoker drew on many sources for *Dracula*. It is not widely known that prominent among these sources were the series of murders committed in the East End of London in 1888. Stoker said as much in the Preamble to the Icelandic edition of *Dracula*, where he recalled that the strange series of crimes mentioned in the story appeared at the time to be supernatural and seemed to originate from the same source and cause as much revulsion as the infamous murders of Jack the Ripper! Nor was he the only writer who found inspiration in real-life criminals for his works of fiction. The protagonist

*That's entertainment - sort of. Conference speakers Dave Morris, Don Souden, Neil Bell, Andy Aliffie, Stewart Evans, Neal Sheldon and Jeremy Beadle stop short of treating the audience to the can-can*





*I bid you welcome: Robert Eighteen-Bisang.*

of Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, a man who has two different personalities, one good, one evil, was based on Deacon Brodie, a Scotsman who was a pillar of society by day and a criminal by night.

During the autumn of terror, the press often portrayed the murderer as an atavistic monster. On 6 October 1888, the *East End Advertiser* published an article entitled *A Thirst for Blood*. It evoked 'Ghouls, vampires, bloodsuckers, and all the ghastly array of fables which have been accumulated throughout the course of centuries' and went on to mention three characters who would later appear in *Dracula*. An eminent psychologist, Dr Savage, gave an account of an appalling child who started by pulling off the wings of flies, continued by baking frogs and next turned to capturing birds and boring out their eyes. Even people who have never read *Dracula* recognise in this child the fly-eating madman, Renfield, who tries to obtain immortality by eating his way up the evolutionary tree. And who but Dr Savage can be the inspiration for Dr John Seward, the head of the lunatic asylum where Renfield is interned? The article also mentioned Morriz Benedikt, a professor at the University of Vienna, where he lectured on criminal anthropology and hypnotism: an obvious source for the vampire hunter, Professor Van Helsing. It is not difficult to assume that this article was a source for *Dracula*.

*Dracula* is not told by an omniscient narrator but unfolds in bits and pieces through diaries, letters, telegrams and

newspaper clippings written by different people at different times. This technique creates suspense by presenting a series of interlocking puzzles that readers must solve by themselves. This epistolary technique imitates the way people learnt of Jack's crimes by piecing together scraps of information from the newspapers of the day and generates an abundance of idiosyncratic interpretations.

The East is a source of terror in *Dracula*. The Count comes from the East and maintains many associations with it. He arrives in England at Whitby, in the east coast, and has residences at Carfax, east of London, and in the East End. The possibility that the East is an allegory for the East End of London which, for most of the author's friends and acquaintances, was as distant, foreign and foreboding as Eastern Europe, is confirmed by Harker's remark that many of the people he saw in the Carpathians were 'just like the peasants at home.' The brides of Dracula, whom Harker meets in the Count's Castle, may symbolize prostitutes, for they exhibit a similar open, aggressive and promiscuous sexuality. Before Lucy falls prey to *Dracula* and joins the ranks of the Undead, she contrasts sharply with both the vampire women and the East End prostitutes. Even her surname, Westenra, stands for West End, in direct opposition to the East and the East End identified with Dracula and Jack the Ripper.

Dracula owns several houses in London. One of them is located in Chicksand Street, Mile End. Chicksand Street becomes Osborn Place which crosses Brick Lane to continue as Flower and Dean Street, where three of Jack's victims lived at some time. A map of the area shows that Dracula's hideaway serves as a focal point for the five 'canonical' murders.

There are also some similarities between Dracula's speeches in the novel and the Dear Boss letter once believed to be the work of the Ripper. In the letter, the Ripper says 'I am down on whores and I shant quit ripping them until I do get buckled' and also 'How can they catch me now?' Dracula speaks similar words to the vampire hunters: 'My revenge is just begun! I spread it over centuries, and time is on mi side.'

Originally, Stoker planned to call his novel *Count Wampyr*. It was only at the end that he decided to call it *Dracula*, a name that has resounded throughout the literature of horror. The importance of the change from the original name cannot be underestimated. Perhaps without that change the novel would not have been as popular as it became. And



Dracula is in its way as important a name as that of another killer: Jack the Ripper. Both contributed to the myth of the serial killer; in fact, Dracula could be said to have been the first serial killer in literature.

Following Robert's talk, Stewart Evans pointed out that the journalist George Sims had called Jack the Ripper the Vampire of Whitechapel in one of his articles. He also recalled that Stoker had dedicated *Dracula* to Hommy-Beg, the nickname of the writer Hall Caine, once a close friend of Francis Tumblety. During the Conference, delegates had an opportunity to examine the Littlechild letter, which first drew attention to thitherto neglected Ripper suspect Tumblety. Thanks must go to Stewart Evans, who made available the letter from his extensive collection of Ripper and crime-related artefacts.

Next came *Ripperologist's* editor Don Souden with *Jack the Ripper Myths*, a presentation that proved both informative and entertaining. He opened his talk by citing a few examples of 'old myths,' starting with the story that Joseph Barnett had spat on Mary Jane Kelly's grave. Stressing that the provenance for this story is, at best, third-hand, Don concluded that it remains one of those tales that can be neither proved nor refuted and is, anyway, quite irrelevant to the notion that Barnett was the Ripper.

He next cited the reports that the killer had scrawled at 29 Hanbury Street 'Five! 15 more and I give myself up.' Even at the time some newspapers were reporting the story while others were already refuting it. But, although it was surely a myth, it lived on, especially in the United States, because papers in that country often got only the earliest, most error-fraught Ripper stories. To illustrate how papers in the United States covered the Ripper, Don produced the front page of an imaginary newspaper: the *Septic Falls Rumor and Innuendo*.

*Don Souden dispelling a few myths and entertaining us along the way*

Next, he examined the evergreen myth that Kate Eddowes had told a casual ward superintendent that she knew who the Ripper was and had come back from hop-picking to earn the reward for naming him. Don explained that the provenance was very weak and the timeline very improbable. 'Was she playing Our Lady Molly and sleuthing in the hop fields?' he asked. He added that it was quite unlikely for the ebullient Eddowes never to say anything to anyone else and finally pointed out that reward money was on everyone's mind only *after* Kate was murdered. An intriguing tale, but surely false, he concluded. His next focus was on more modern myths and what theorists can do to prevent creating ever newer myths. He suggested that we should utter a heartfelt thanks to Albert Cadosche because he shows that many people in the East End lived their lives quite apart from Jack. In Albert's case, his balky bladder kept him from investigating what was going on next door - to the enduring frustration of Ripperologists. Not everyone knew about or cared as much about Jack as we do today - and that is something we need to keep in mind.



This was followed by a bit of shock value when Don used a quotation from, of all people, Hermann Goering of Third Reich fame. Goering supposedly said 'When I hear anyone talk of *culture* I reach for my revolver.' Don said he often has a similar reaction when people talk of logic and Jack the Ripper.

There was little logic in what the Ripper was about. When people say 'logically, Jack would have done this...' what they really mean is 'this is what I, 120 years removed from the event, would have done.' Don concluded: 'By making their thoughts Jack's, writers often make Jack smarter than he was; though in some notable instances they make Jack much more stupid than he was... but the latter will remain nameless.'

The same error is made by those who suggest, while sitting warm and well fed at home, that Jack must have had winning ways, if he was not actually known to victims. Otherwise, why would they have followed him during his reign of terror? Don suggested that those smug theorizers 'should go with little food or shelter for a week, be sick and fatigued and otherwise very desperate' and then see if they wouldn't accept as a client anyone 'not actually waving a



knife and positively foaming at the mouth.'

As another example of misapplying modern solutions, Don mentioned the recent suggestion that what was written in Goulston Street was not 'Juwes' or even 'Juives' but the initials of the International Workingmen's Educational Society. In order to test the notion, Don read a 'boatload' of contemporary newspaper reports and literature (including a quick skim of the Sherlock Holmes canon—all 52 stories and four novels) and found that people in the Late Victorian Period hardly ever used acronyms or initials in the way we do so commonly today. Thus, while giving the theory full marks for cleverness, he felt it seemed to be misapplying 21st century ideas to the late 19th century.

Don went on to suggest, with a bow to a personal culture hero, historian David Hackett Fisher, that people in the LVP actually *thought* differently than we do today and that this must always be borne in mind as we struggle to understand what happened in the fall of 1888. As an example of how even some of us think differently today, he mentioned those in the room for whom English was not their first language. Speaking a few sentences in modern Scots Gaelic, he illustrated how the syntax of those sentences would be totally alien to an Anglophone. To conclude, he suggested a wider study of LVP social history.

The inquest statement by Joseph Barnett that he read to Mary Jane Kelly newspaper stories about the Ripper says something interesting about them. Although many wonder whether Joe's reading aloud meant Mary was illiterate, literate in Irish or Welsh only or poorly sighted, or whether Barnett lied about it, Don explained, with the help of two contemporary quotations, that before DVDs, computers, television or even radio people often spent evenings by the fire, women busy knitting, mending or sewing, while a man read aloud. Instead of Joe's reading to Mary being something nefarious, it was a common habit and, in their case, a rare vignette of the couple's domestic bliss.

Neal Stubbings Shelden gave the third talk of the day and the last of the 2007 Conference. He spoke about *The Victims' Descendants*, a subject that he has made very much his own, and which he illustrated with photographs of the victims and their descendants, including his most impressive find, the photograph of Annie Chapman that is the only known photograph of a Jack the Ripper victim in life. Neal started to research the victims and their families 21 years ago, inspired by his parents, both of whom studied genealogy. He has devoted his efforts only to the victims, leaving other aspects of the Ripper case to other researchers. In this way he has met descendants of Mary Ann Nichols, Annie Chapman and Catherine Eddowes, but not of Elizabeth Stride or Mary Jane Kelly. At one time he gathered 14 women descended from Kate Eddowes for a photograph in Mitre Square, where their ancestor was murdered.

Neal Shelden with his Outstanding Achievement Award

Neal always follows the same procedure. He starts by consulting archives and online archives. Once he has identified descendants of one of the victims, he sends them a letter indicating that he is interested in their family history. Obviously, he doesn't specifically mention why he is interested - or refers in any way to Jack the Ripper. None of the descendants he has contacted knew about the history of their ancestor. In one case, however, the daughter of one person Neal approached did an internet search on him which revealed his interest in the Ripper and deduced from this what had happened to her ancestor. Neal had to admit that it was this connection that had moved him to contact them.

Neal does not rush to contact the descendants. In the case of one of Annie Chapman's descendants, it took nearly ten years before he got in touch with her. He was afraid to tell her that her ancestor had been a victim of Jack the Ripper lest he alienated her. Eventually they met at an East End library in September 2001. She had brought several photographs with her. Neal spotted among them a photograph that he knew had to be Annie in the company of her husband. He estimated that the photograph had been taken in the 1860s on the basis of



Annie's hairdo and clothes; perhaps her sister had made the dress for Annie round the time of her wedding in 1869. Still, he did not give out such information. He hinted instead that something bad had happened in his interlocutor's family, although he made clear that her ancestor was not a murderer but a murder victim - one of at least five. This remark did not provoke any reaction. Neal added that the killer had been the most famous murderer of all time. 'Oh, Jack the Ripper!' Annie's descendant finally said.

For a while Neal feared that he would not be allowed to publish the photograph or reveal anything about his research. His interlocutor's mother, Annie's grand-daughter, is still alive; she is going strong at 94 years of age and doesn't want to become known to the public. But they have allowed him to publish their hapless ancestor's photograph. Neal has done no research on Emma Smith or Martha Tabram. Others have done research on Elizabeth Stride in Sweden. As for Mary Jane Kelly, so far he has found nothing. He looked for her brother, reportedly named Henry and nicknamed Jon or Jonto, in the Master Rolls of the Scots Guards, but found absolutely nothing; not even a name related to John, Henry or something similar.

Following Neal's talk, he was presented with the Outstanding Achievement Award by one of the sponsors of the Conference, Loretta Lay. Miss Lay said that, although many names had been suggested for this award, the choice seemed self-evident: Neal's work on his special area of the Ripper case amply deserved such recognition. Neal graciously accepted the Award and thanked the victims' descendants, the Conference organisers and the delegates.

There was just enough time to hold the raffle prize draw and auction off a series of wonderful items, including a rare copy of Camille Wolff's *Who was Jack the Ripper*, a Thomas Schachner's facsimile reprint of *Jack the Ripper or The Crimes of London*, an 1889 book by W J Hayne, and, most amusing of all, the chance to become a character in Jana Oliver's next novel. Remember this when you open Miss Oliver's next opus and run into a character called Liza Hopkinson. And then, a couple of farewell speeches, a final drink or two, and the end of the UK Jack the Ripper 2007 Conference had come; alas, all too soon. But there's only two years to go before the next one. Mind you, the organisers tell us that preparatory work on the Jack the Ripper Conference 2009 has already begun... Keep watching this space!

*Exit stage right - the Conference is over*



# JACK THE RIPPER

From The Private Memoirs of  
Sherlock Holmes

Kurt Matull and Theo von Blankensee

Introduction by Leslie S Klinger  
English Version, Preface and Notes  
by Eduardo Zinna  
Illustrations by Jane Coram

**In This Issue:**

- IV. A moving train.
- V. A cold-hearted father.
- VI. A word too many.

**Coming in the November Issue:**

- VII. An unhappy marriage.
- VIII. An obliging gentleman
- IX. Sherlock Holmes wins the wager





## Jack the Ripper – Part II

*'A death-rattle!' cried the detective. 'The last sigh of a dying person. Mrs Cajana, something is happening behind that wall - something ghastly. Quick, follow me! Let me in. Ah, another scream - and now -'*

*They heard the crash of a broken window, an odd brushing sound - and then everything was silent. Holmes opened the door of the room and, hurrying into the hall, rushed towards the door behind which such terrible scene was taking place and tried to open it.*

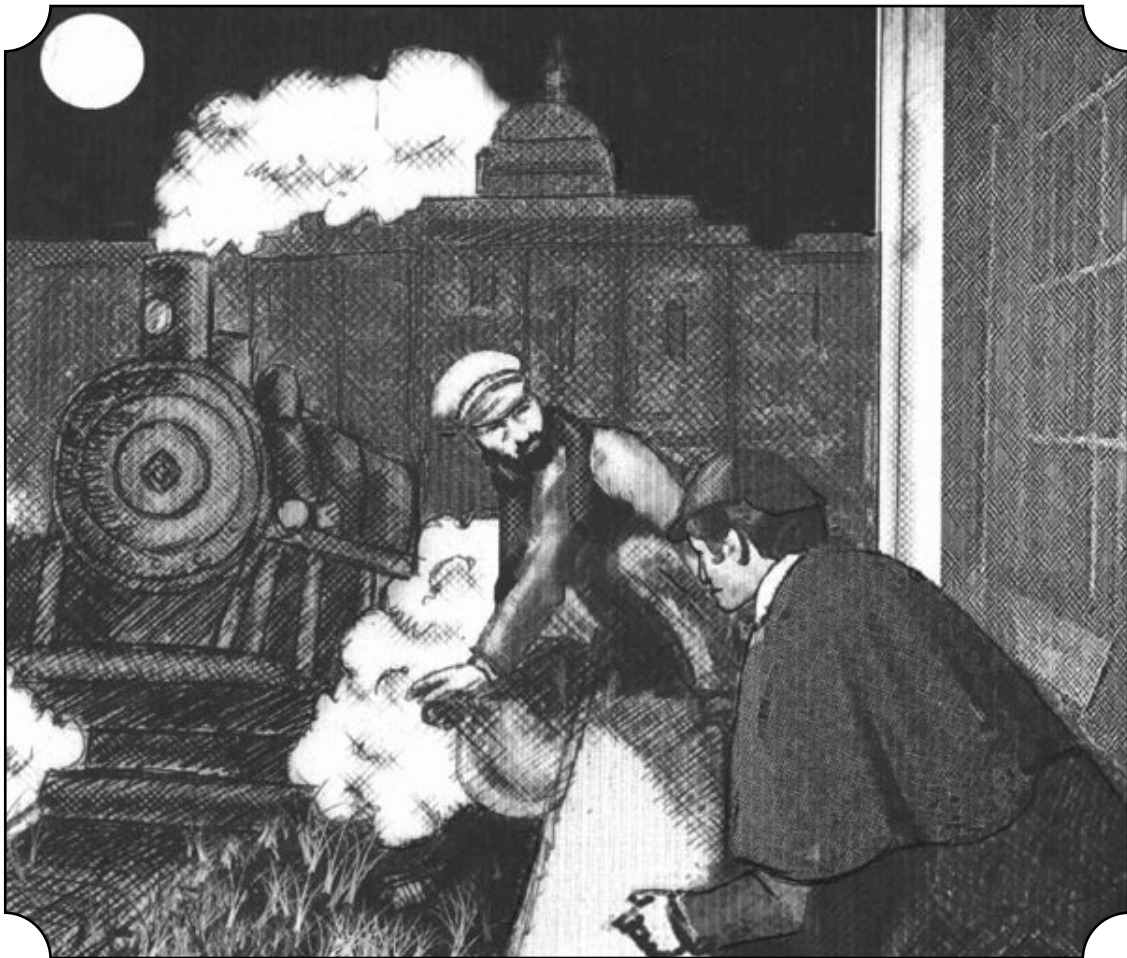
*'The door is locked. Quick, Mrs Cajana, open it!'*

*The opium-den proprietress picked up a bunch of keys and started going through them. But Sherlock Holmes felt she was taking too long. With all his might he threw himself against the door, which he split literally in two. He crossed the threshold and let out a scream.*

*'There, on the sofa - that beautiful girl - murdered - her abdomen ripped open - Jack the Ripper was here!' cried the detective.*

### IV. A moving train.

Those were the only words that came from his mouth. Mrs Cajana had fainted. He paid no attention to her. He cast a quick glance at the victim, who lay drenched in blood on the sofa. Nothing could help her now. The passion of the hunter, resolved not to let his quarry get away, took over. He rushed in pursuit of the murderer. He saw clearly the route Jack the Ripper had followed in his escape. Having committed his atrocious crime, the villain had broken through the window and jumped down to the balcony which, instead of running only along the front façade of the house, as Sherlock Holmes had thought, ran round the whole building. He had



Sherlock Holmes had caught a glimpse of his eyes, which were unusually large and bright and brimmed with mad insolence and utmost contempt.

thus reached the back of the house.

The detective followed the same route without pausing. Quick as lightning, he slipped through the window and leapt down to the balcony. A cry of triumph came from his lips. In the moonlight he could see the criminal perched on the railing as though hesitant to jump into the void.

The night-star let him observe the monster perfectly. At a glance Sherlock Holmes took in a tall, broad-shouldered man wrapped in a long coat, probably a mackintosh such as the English wear so readily. He covered his head with a small sports cap and wore smart boots in his feet. The man was turned away so that it was not possible to see his face. But the detective thought he could discern a full black beard.

Sherlock Holmes noticed all that in the space of a second. He was not a man to remain idle when he must catch a criminal.

'Surrender, monster!' cried Holmes. 'I have you! Jack the Ripper, give yourself up!'

And Sherlock Holmes rushed towards the villain, who still seemed to hesitate, wavering on the balcony's railings. But at that moment a whistle blew shrilly, a low rumbling followed, and the rails vibrated as a convoy drew near. A South-Eastern Railway train approached along the embankment, which was at the same height as the balcony and separated from it by the space of only a few feet.<sup>1</sup>

Sherlock Holmes saw the murderer stand up on the railing and brace himself.

'Thug! What are you doing?' shouted the detective angrily. 'Don't jump or I'll fire! If I can't catch you alive at least I'll kill you like a dog!'

Jack's only response was an ironic laugh. He leapt forward at the precise moment Sherlock Holmes was about to seize him. And then, unbelievably, inexplicably, his dark figure, still on the balustrade a moment earlier, entered head first through the open window of a compartment as the train went roaring past.

Sherlock Holmes stood as though turned into stone. He had often seen criminals act with great calm. He had noticed that a man who is being pursued, who is on the verge of being caught, can perform prodigies. He had witnessed acts of extraordinary recklessness. Yet, that leap from the balcony's balustrade on to a train moving at great speed, performed with such skill and such disdain for life, surpassed everything. It was magnificent.

The train vanished in the distance. Only a few wisps of smoke reassured Holmes that he had not dreamt, that a train had indeed gone by.

'Good Lord!' he muttered to himself. 'This escape compels me to feel some respect for that miscreant. It's the act of a man who knows that he is irreparably lost if he doesn't risk it all. This time he got away, but I have seen him; I am the only living person in London who can boast of having seen Jack the Ripper with his own eyes.' And since that was very important for the detective, he ran the portrait of the criminal through his mind. 'Not very tall, well built, wearing a long dark coat, a cap in his head, and a full beard.' As the murderer had taken his formidable leap, Sherlock Holmes had caught a glimpse of his eyes, which were unusually large and bright and brimmed with mad insolence and utmost contempt.

Sherlock Holmes walked over to the end of the balcony to examine closely the place where the criminal had crouched. Perhaps he had lost something there, an object seemingly insignificant which could nevertheless furnish valuable clues. There was nothing, absolutely nothing. Jack the Ripper had leapt from the balcony without leaving behind any trace of his passage.

While the detective conducted his investigation, the villain was already safe in the train that had carried him away.

Sherlock Holmes said to himself:

'He must have got out of the train in a remote district of London, and even if he was hurt in the leap, his injuries won't be serious enough to prevent his escape. I shouldn't try to pursue him. I'll return through the window to the room where this dreadful drama took place.'

Mrs Cajana had recovered from her fainting spell. Her screams had alarmed all the staff of the house: several women, the Negro doorman and two other servants had entered the room.

'Everybody leave!' ordered Sherlock Holmes upon entering. 'You, Mrs Cajana, stay here.'

The staff of the opium den gaped at the detective in amazement, but he looked so determined that nobody dared disobey his orders. Once the curious had left, Sherlock Holmes closed the door. He walked over to the

<sup>1</sup> In the French and Spanish versions measurements are given in the metrical system, which would be anachronistic in a story set in Victorian England. I have substituted feet and inches instead.

sofa where the body of the dead woman lay and leaned over her.

Her features bore a gentle expression that not even death could take away from her. It was a young woman's face, framed by curly golden hair. She wore a blood-stained lace chemise. Sherlock Holmes's sharp eyes noticed at once it was embroidered with initials topped by a coronet.

'Mrs Cajana,' asked the detective. 'Do you know who the dead woman is?'

'No, I don't,' replied the Indian woman, whimpering. 'Ah! My God! I'm lost, they'll close down my house because of this awful crime, but I swear, Mr Holmes - '

'Spare me your oaths and remonstrances; just tell me what you know and reply to my questions. Is this the first time this young woman, who looks to me about twenty years old, has come to your opium den?'

'No, the fourth or fifth time.'

'In recent times?'

'This month.'

'Did she smoke opium?' asked Sherlock Holmes. 'As you can see, the apparatus is cold.'

'She always asked to be shown to the room and said she knew what to do. She never wanted anyone to stay with her.'

'Did she always lock the door?'

'Yes, always; she didn't know I have a duplicate key and can enter when I please.'

'And have you ever entered while this poor girl was here?'

'Never. I contented myself with ascertaining in the morning whether the quantity of opium had diminished.

Apart from that I paid no attention to her. I assumed she smoked although I never noticed in her any evidence that she did.'

Suddenly Holmes turned away from Mrs Cajana, went to the window, stepped on to the balcony and looked out into the void.

'You know, Mrs Cajana,' he said, back in the room, 'I think this poor girl did not come to your house to smoke opium but to see someone whom she could not have met otherwise.'

'But we would have seen any visitor; the house has only one entrance and the doorman would have asked him where he was going.'

'You don't get it,' rejoined the detective. 'Look. The balcony is about fifteen feet from the ground. A man could easily climb up a rope ladder or even a simple rope and enter the room. But it's unlikely the poor girl expected Jack the Ripper to show up. I'm convinced the man the public have so named learnt that she was waiting for her night visitor and availed himself of this opportunity to sneak into her room and kill her.'

'But why kill her?' asked Mrs Cajana wringing her hands.

'That's a different matter. Who knows the true thoughts of these monsters?' continued Sherlock Holmes. 'At any rate, it is known that Jack the Ripper only attacks women or young women whose conduct leaves something to be desired. This one has clearly done something reprehensible. Otherwise she wouldn't have been in your house at this time of night. Now, Mrs Cajana, hand me this wretched woman's clothes. She is wearing only a chemise, but she must have been fully dressed when she came in.'

Mrs Cajana opened a small cupboard in a recess in the wall.

All the young woman's clothes were there. They included a new shape blue cheviot skirt, a jacket of the same material adorned with rich black lace and drawers and a bodice bearing the same initials topped by a coronet as the chemise. The initials were capital 'I' and 'M'. As for the coronet, Sherlock Holmes concluded, after a careful examination, that it belonged to a French Comtesse. He then searched the pockets. He found in them a purse holding several gold coins, a small vanity case containing a looking glass and a powder box, and a small handkerchief.

'Not very enlightening,' muttered the detective to himself. 'Give me those pretty shoes I see over there.' They were black patent-leather shoes with yellow heels, very fashionable at the time, sewn with delicate, minute stitches. To prevent any possible mistake, Sherlock Holmes matched them carefully against the dead woman's feet, deducing from the comparison that they were indeed her shoes. Turning one of them round he noticed a brand on the sole.

'Ah! The brand of the Parisian shoe store in Howard Street,' he cried out, 'Laurin & Co. By tomorrow morning, I hope, I'll know the victim's identity.'

'But I remember Laurin & Co. is one of those stores that are open all night. I'll take the shoes there and I'll know presently who was the young woman murdered at Mrs Cajana's establishment.'



‘And I, what should I do?’ asked the Indian woman. ‘Should I call the police?’

‘Call the police? Of course. But wait for another hour. I’ll probably attend to it myself.

‘Please note that nothing must be moved. Everything must remain as it is now.’

And Sherlock Holmes left the opium den. He had spirited away the shoes in the pocket of his overcoat. He left Tooley Street as soon as possible, hailed a cab and asked to be taken to Howard Street.

Some time earlier several department stores had started opening all night. It was more for the publicity than because of the volume of sales.

The premises of Laurin & Co., the Parisian shoe store, were brightly lit as Sherlock Holmes entered them. The day staff were gone.<sup>2</sup> A French manager received Sherlock Holmes, who introduced himself.

‘Be kind enough to look at these shoes,’ he asked. ‘Were they made by this establishment?’

‘No doubt about it, sir.’

‘Therefore they were bought here.’

‘At any rate they were delivered by us.’

‘Could you tell me to whom?’

‘Impossible, sir. We sell so many shoes every day that we couldn’t possibly furnish any information about the customers.’

‘Yet I badly need to know to whom these shoes were delivered. They were undoubtedly custom made.’

‘That’s right, these shoes were custom made!’ exclaimed the manager. ‘We haven’t got ready-made shoes with such delicate stitching<sup>3</sup> Miss Daisy, would you be so kind as to come here for a moment? Do you happen to remember for whom these shoes were made?’

‘Certainly. This kind of stitching is only available in London, where people are well known for spending freely.<sup>4</sup> It was the Comtesse de Malmaison who ordered these shoes and to whom they were delivered.’

‘The Comtesse de Malmaison?’ said the detective. ‘If I remember correctly, this lady belongs to the French community in London.’

‘A very elegant lady,’ said the clerk. ‘She has been a client of ours for quite some time.’

‘Is the Comtesse married or...?’

‘Married? No, sir! She is a young woman, nineteen or twenty years old!’

‘You’d better say she *was* a young woman,’ rejoined Sherlock Holmes. ‘The Comtesse is no longer of this world.’

‘She’s dead?’ exclaimed the clerk, startled.

‘She’s been murdered,’ replied the detective. And to avoid further questions, he left the premises of Laurin & Co.

## V. A cold-hearted father.

‘Will you please follow me? Despite the late hour, the Marquis is willing to receive you.’

A manservant of the Marquis de Malmaison addressed these words to Sherlock Holmes, who had called at midnight at the magnificent West End house where the French Marquis lived with his family. The detective had removed the make-up from his face and taken off his wig and appeared under his real aspect.

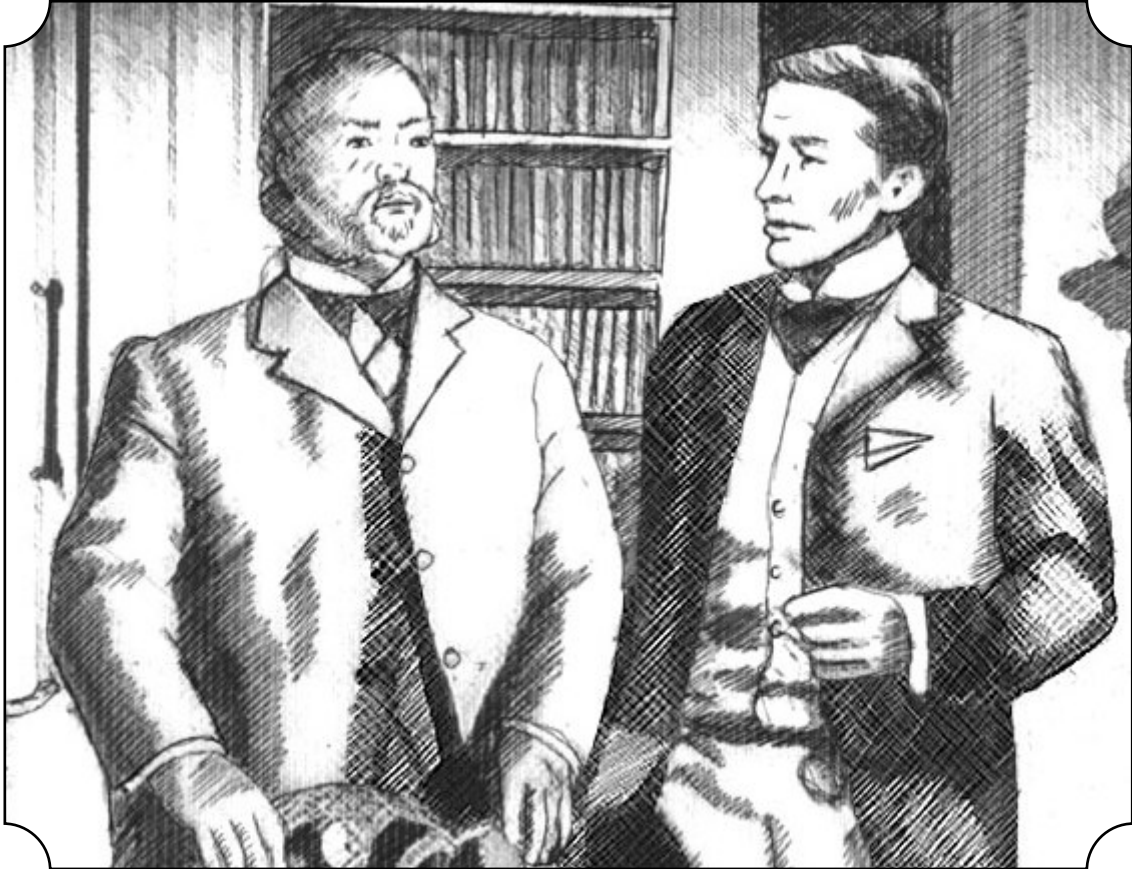
The manservant showed him into a library lit by a green-shaded lamp and asked him to wait for a moment. A few minutes later the Marquis de Malmaison entered, impeccably dressed, despite the lateness of the hour. His bearing was very aristocratic.

The Marquis held a visiting card in his hand. He glanced at it, shaking his head. ‘Sherlock Holmes,

<sup>2</sup> This sentence is missing in the Spanish version.

<sup>3</sup> This sentence is missing in the Spanish version.

<sup>4</sup> This sentence is missing in the Spanish version.



'My Lord, it is unfortunately an unpleasant circumstance that brings me here.'

Detective,' he read aloud, gazing at the man who stood before him. 'Are you then the celebrated detective? I have heard much about you, sir. I'm delighted to meet you. Yet I cannot but be surprised you have chosen this time of night to pay me a visit. Truth be told, I don't know to what I owe that honour.'

'My Lord,<sup>5</sup> it is unfortunately an unpleasant circumstance that brings me here. I beg you, don't be alarmed. Muster all your strength. Your daughter Irène has met with a misfortune.'

'Irène? My daughter?' exclaimed the Marquis anxiously. 'But, how can this be possible? Irène has been in her room since nine. She complained of a headache during dinner and declined to accompany me to the opera. If something had happened to her, I would have been told long ago, sir. As you see, there must be some mistake.'

'None at all. Unfortunately, I am quite sure of what I am saying. Your Lordship will presently be also convinced of it. Be kind enough to inquire whether the Comtesse is in her room.'

The Marquis rang. A manservant appeared to whom he said a few words. The manservant left at once.

'What could have happened to my daughter?' inquired the Marquis once the manservant had left. 'How could Irène - Ah, here you are, Baptiste. Well?'

'Monsieur le Marquis,' said the manservant, ill at ease. 'The maid I've sent to the young Comtesse's *boudoir* has admitted, after much hesitation, that the Comtesse is not there.'

The Marquis de Malmaison rose to his feet. He was deadly pale.

'Where is my daughter then?' he exclaimed irately. 'I think something strange is happening here. At once, bid the maid come, Baptiste.'

<sup>5</sup> In the French and Spanish versions Sherlock Holmes addresses the Marquis as 'Monsieur le Marquis' and 'Señor Marqués', respectively. That usage does not, unfortunately, sound appropriate in English. 'Mister Marquis'? I think not. I have therefore opted for the form of address used for an English nobleman of a similar status, that is to say, a Marquess: 'My Lord'.

The manservant left. Sherlock Holmes approached the grey-haired nobleman and said to him gently: 'The situation is more serious than your Lordship thinks. Your daughter is dead.'

'Dead! Almighty God! Irène dead? But no, but no, it's not possible. A young woman not yet twenty, in good health, of a joyful temperament -'

'My Lord, your daughter has been murdered,' said the detective sternly.

Without a word, the Marquis collapsed on a chair that stood next to the table. He cast a vacant look at the detective. Finally these words escaped his lips:

'Murdered, you say... Now I see why it is you who brings me the news.

'Irène murdered! And who is her murderer?'

'Pull yourself together, my Lord. The murderer's personality is as terrible as the murder itself. The Comtesse was murdered by Jack the Ripper.'

The Marquis, horrified, covered his eyes with his hands. 'And where was my poor daughter?' he whimpered. 'Where did that misfortune befall her? Mr Holmes, if it were not you who speaks to me, I'd thought I was the butt of a cruel joke, of a lie intended to push me to a desperate act. Speak, I beg of you: tell me everything. Where was Irène murdered?'

'At Mrs Cajana's opium den, a disreputable establishment your daughter has visited several times during the past month.'

The Marquis de Malmaison rose to his feet, holding back the tears that welled up in his eyes. An icy coldness suffused his features while a harsh expression transformed his countenance.

'Ah! So my daughter frequented opium dens,' he said quietly. 'Then my loss is not as serious as I thought. Let's change the subject, if you don't mind. As for you, sir, you have done your duty, more than your duty, and I am much obliged to you.'

'My Lord, if I have earned your gratitude, allow me to enter the Comtesse's *boudoir*,' replied Sherlock Holmes. 'That's all I want. I might find there something that will lead me to the murderer.'

'Entirely at your disposal, sir. Do as you please. Baptiste, show the gentleman to the Comtesse's *boudoir*.' And the Marquis de Malmaison left through a side door. Sherlock Holmes looked with surprise, tinged with some contempt, at that harsh father who disowned his daughter because she had erred.

'They are all the same,' muttered the detective. 'Instead of watching over their children, of renouncing some pleasures to be with them, of warning them against evil influences, they leave those young souls to themselves - and when a tragedy occurs they can only condemn them. As old as the world, particularly among upper-class families.'

Sherlock Holmes went over his thoughts as the valet led him through a number of well-appointed chambers. They came to a room wholly upholstered in blue satin. Turning to the detective, the manservant said:

'This is the Comtesse's *boudoir*.'

'Thank you, my friend,' replied Sherlock Holmes. 'Be kind enough to ask the maid to come. If she refuses, drag her here...'

The detective took in the whole room at a glance. Everything about it exuded opulence, comfort and elegance. Among these walls the young woman's passions must have blossomed as though in a greenhouse.

'Here is Miss Dolly,' exclaimed the manservant. 'She didn't want to come, so I lifted her bodily in my arms and brought her here as you ordered. I beg of you, sir' continued the valet, who showed much hostility towards the maid, 'question her thoroughly. She is a rascal who is responsible for all these misfortunes.' The maid whimpered and cried, wringing her hands.

'Tell me,' asked the detective. 'Did you help the young Comtesse to leave her father's house surreptitiously at night? Tell me the truth. It's too late to lie. There has been a tragedy.'

'Yes - I often warned the Comtesse - she never listened to me. What could I do? I was her maid and had to obey her.'

'Your duty was to alert the Marquis to his daughter's actions. Where did you think the Comtesse went?'

'To her lover,' answered the young woman.

'Very well, to her lover. And who was he?'

'I - I don't know.'

'You don't know? You are a liar; you know very well.'

'No, really, I know nothing. I couldn't ask the Comtesse, you see, so -'



She lies, sir, she lies,' cut in the manservant. 'Don't spare her. She hasn't said a word of truth. But she will - or else. You see my fist, little Dolly? Would you like to get acquainted with it?' 'Send away that rude and troublesome man and I will tell you the whole truth,' whimpered the young woman.

'Go,' said Sherlock Holmes to the valet. 'Leave me alone with this young woman.'

'If you insist, sir, I'll leave. But I'm telling you: don't trust her. Every word she says is a lie.' And, threatening the pretty maid with his fist, Baptiste left.

The detective beckoned the young woman to draw near. 'I must start by warning you,' he said evenly, 'that I could cause you much grief and trouble if I denounced you. You have acted as a go-between and, as you know, my dear, the law doesn't trifle with these matters.'

'Ah! My God! I'll confess everything!' exclaimed the young woman, terrified. 'The young Comtesse had a liaison with - I can't say it, I am too ashamed.'

'Ashamed? You should have been ashamed earlier, and protect your young mistress, still so innocent, against such an ill-fated love! This is no time to blush. Tell me the truth or you'll go to prison.'

The detective spoke in stern tones. The young woman was so upset that she no longer dared to lie.

'You are right, sir. Six or eight months ago the young Comtesse did not think about those things. She was as guileless and beautiful as an angel. But then the Marquis engaged an American groom for his riding horses, hunters and racehorses.'

'What is that groom's name?'

'Charles Lake.<sup>6</sup> He's a handsome man,' continued the maid, 'you can't deny that. On horseback, he is like a god - and his eyes -'

'All right,' interrupted the detective quietly. 'I have only a passing interest in Mr Lake's physical attributes. I wish to know how he entered into a liaison with the young woman.'

'Very simple. The Marquis decided the young Comtesse should take riding lessons. As a result, they were always together.'

'Ah! The old story!' muttered the detective. 'The riding master's trick. It's always him, and if not, the piano teacher or the French tutor, who wreaks havoc among the best families. So, in one word,' continued Sherlock Holmes, addressing the maid again, 'Mr Charles Lake and the Comtesse Irène had a liaison.'

'Yes. It's too late to deny it.'

'Did you know whether the lovers, to call them so, met somewhere?'

'Yes, at an opium den. I think the name of the proprietress is Mrs Cajana.'

'Very well,' continued Sherlock Holmes. 'Not a bad choice of place. The Comtesse de Malmaison went several times to Mrs Cajana's house. She rented a room in her establishment under the pretext of smoking opium, but actually she went to see her lover, who came through the balcony. I'll soon be done, my dear. I know what I wanted to know, and I am quite pleased. One more question. Where can I find this Mr Charles Lake?'

'Now, in the middle of the night?' asked the young woman.

'Yes, now, in the middle of the night,' returned the detective. 'I want to hit the iron while it's hot. I'm sure you know where Mr Lake lives; you must have delivered many love letters to him.'

'He lives near here. I'll show you where if you wish.'

'Yes, come with me.'

The maid tied a lace kerchief round her head and left the house together with Sherlock Holmes. A profound silence hung over the luxurious mansion where soon consternation and horror would reign. The hapless father had been far more deeply affected by the tragedy than he had shown to Sherlock Holmes. During that dreadful night he tried to persuade himself that such a vile and dissolute creature could not be his daughter.

No one could have believed that the proud Marquis would age twenty years in one night and that his heart would break in the struggle. The Marquis of Malmaison was one of those men who can conceal the deepest wounds under an appearance of utmost composure.

<sup>6</sup> In the French version this character is called Charles - which is also a French name - but Carlos in the Spanish version.

## VI A word too many.

'Please wake up, sir. I'm Sherlock Holmes, the detective. I must speak to you about a very serious matter.'

The American, Charles Lake, who slept soundly in his comfortable room, stirred a little, but then closed again his eyes, blinded by the glare of a small electric torch.

'What is the matter?' cried the groom, reaching for a revolver that lay on the night table. Sherlock Holmes pushed the revolver away and said sternly:

'You heard me. I am neither a thief nor a thug. I am Sherlock Holmes, the detective. Get up and put on your clothes. This is no time to sleep. I've come to tell you that the Comtesse Irène de Malmaison has been murdered.'

'Are you mad?' exclaimed Charles Lake, jumping out of bed.

'The Comtesse Irène de Malmaison,' went on the detective in a harsh voice, 'was murdered tonight in Mrs Cajana's opium den, in the room where the ill-fated young woman used to meet you.'

Charles Lake staggered as though he had sustained a strong blow. He picked up the robe lying over a chair at the foot of the bed, wrapped himself in it and gasped:

'I can't comprehend what you're telling me. I don't understand... Irène murdered? In the opium den?'

'Yes, in Mrs Cajana's opium den,' cut in Sherlock Holmes. 'That place is certainly not unknown to you. It was you who thought of meeting your lover there...'

'And what of it?' sharply retorted Charles Lake, who had quickly pulled himself together. 'What do you want from me, sir? Why do you come to disturb me?'



'Poor Irène! Poor darling girl! Why did you have to end like that?'

'First of all, don't take that tone with me or I'll have you arrested at once,' said the detective, calmly but sternly. 'We are looking for Irène de Malmaison's killer, and my suspicions might fall on you, sir.'

The groom quietened down at once. 'I swear, sir,' he cried, 'I know nothing about this crime.'

'Were you supposed to meet Irène de Malmaison at Mrs Cajana's opium den tonight?' asked the detective.

'Yes,' replied Charles Lake. 'We had agreed to meet tonight.'

'At what time?'

'At ten. But I was delayed, and when I arrived at the house at ten thirty I - I -'

'Why don't you go on?' asked Sherlock Holmes, noticing the young man's hesitation. 'I'll tell you myself; you don't want to admit that you were in the habit of climbing the balcony with a rope ladder thrown down to you by the Comtesse. Tonight you didn't find the ladder and left, brooding because you thought the Comtesse had not kept her appointment.'

'Sir, either you guess everything or you know everything. In effect, it's all true.'

'Then I'll tell you what happened during that period of time. A man who knew about your secret assignations with the Comtesse entered the room in your stead. How? I don't know. He entered the room where Irène was waiting for you. That man is the killer.'

Charles Lake stood as though turned to stone. He seemed to have truly loved the Comtesse, since his eyes were brimming with tears.

'Did you really love Irène de Malmaison?' asked the detective after a pause. 'Tell me the whole truth. It was not a mere whim of the senses which impelled you towards that beautiful young woman?'

'I truly loved her,' replied Charles Lake. 'But I couldn't hope to marry her one day. The Marquis would have had me locked up in a lunatic asylum if I'd come before him asking to become his son in law.'

'If you truly loved the Comtesse,' said Sherlock Holmes, 'you must do everything in your power to ensure that the murderer falls in the hands of the law. You must do everything you can.'

'Of course. I wish for nothing else.'

'Poor Irène! Poor darling girl! Why did you have to end like that?'

'But I don't understand the motive of the crime. Did the fiend want to rob her?'

'That remains to be ascertained. In the meantime, Mr Charles Lake, answer this question,' said the detective. 'Have you told anyone about your liaison with Irène de Malmaison? Have you confided the secret to anyone, apart from the maid? And, above all, have you told anyone where and how you met the young Comtesse?'

'Your questions offend me, sir,' rejoined Charles Lake, obviously annoyed. 'To betray the Comtesse would have been shameful of me. I hope you don't believe me capable of such an action. Nobody has ever known anything. Even though the maid knew we met at the opium den, I'm sure she didn't know how I entered the Comtesse's room.'

'Yet you must have confided your secret to someone else.'

'I haven't said a word to a living soul,' asserted Charles Lake, 'I give you my word. But, wait,' he exclaimed suddenly, passing his hand over his sweat-drenched forehead. 'What I just said is not quite true. There is a man who knows everything - but - he can't be the murderer - no, certainly not.'

'That's what we must find out; that is my business,' returned Sherlock Holmes. 'Tell me the name of the man in whom you have confided.'

The groom looked bewildered. He paced back and forth in the room. A fierce struggle was manifestly taking place within him.

'Mr Holmes,' he said at last, standing before the detective. 'You have certainly learnt many secrets in your life. You must be used to keeping them to yourself. Well, I beseech you to do so. Spare my dear Irène's memory, don't expose publicly that dear girl, let her rest in peace and don't tell anyone what I shall reveal to you.'

'If at all possible, Mr Lake,' replied Sherlock Holmes, 'you may be sure I'll keep your secret faithfully. But if I must divulge that secret in order to catch the murderer, then, my dear friend, it will be my duty to speak up.'

'I don't think that will be necessary,' replied the groom. 'Listen to me then. Our love had consequences. Irène was badly shaken, since her honour and her reputation were at stake. So I decided to consult a doctor.'

'Ah! A doctor!' exclaimed the detective. And as he always did when he heard some good news, he cracked his fingers.

'The doctor I'm talking about is very much in the public eye and doesn't normally accept this kind of case. But I had been of service to him in India -'

'In India?' interrupted the detective, startled. 'In India, Mr Lake?'

'I was a jockey at a large English stable in Calcutta. The doctor I'm talking about had bet a large sum on a horse I rode. I managed to win the race and thus saved the doctor from a loss which would have wiped away his entire fortune.'



‘This is rather odd. Don’t you think it’s strange for a doctor to be a reckless gambler?’

The groom shrugged his shoulders. ‘There are gamblers everywhere,’ he replied, ‘and the doctor played the horses with unusual passion. After the race he thanked me with all his heart and said: “If I can ever be of service, come to me and I’ll help you.” I remembered that pledge when Irène told me about her condition. I said to myself that the young woman’s honour was at stake. I had learnt by chance that the doctor was no longer in India, but in London, where he enjoyed an impeccable reputation. So I went to see him and begged him to help me.’

‘And what is the name of that doctor?’

‘Dr Robert Fitzgerald.’<sup>7</sup>

‘Dr Fitzgerald? But he’s a very well known surgeon! He lives in the West End, if I’m not mistaken.’<sup>8</sup>

‘Yes, not far from here, in the Cromwell Road. He owns a house close to the Kensington Museum.’<sup>9</sup> He has been very fortunate. He was not well-off in India, but he married the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Calcutta and since then has become a man of substance. Upon his arrival in England he performed some surgical operations that drew attention to him. Now everybody seeks his services. He has even tended to some members of the royal family.’

‘That’s right,’ said Holmes. ‘I remember reading he had saved the life of a royal princess through an operation whose success was nearly miraculous. He is a very learned man, Dr Fitzgerald, and above all his astonishing skill makes him a surgeon without peer. So it was to him that you confided your secret?’

‘I went to see him, I told him about my problem, I said I was very distressed, and he promised to help me.’

‘And it was to him you spoke about your assignations with the Comtesse de Malmaison?’

‘Yes. I had to; the doctor told me there was nothing he could do unless he saw the patient. But where? Irène would have never agreed to go to his office. Then I thought it would be best if he would -’

‘You see, you still hesitate,’ exclaimed the detective, ‘and I’ll tell you why. You agreed with the doctor to do as follows: he would climb the rope ladder in your stead, reach the balcony and enter Mrs Cajana’s house. He would then see the Comtesse and explain to her he was a doctor - and you thought she would not have refused to submit to an examination. Is that so, Mr Lake? Do you acknowledge the truth of my words?’

‘I admire your perspicacity. That’s indeed what happened,’ replied the groom.

‘It was not, therefore, an accidental delay that made you arrive at ten thirty at Mrs Cajana’s house. In fact, you wanted to give the doctor enough time to examine the young woman.’

Under the stern gaze of the detective, Charles Lake made no answer. He remained silent, his head lowered over his chest.

‘My dear friend, thank you for your confidences,’ said Sherlock Holmes taking his hat. ‘I will spare you unpleasantness as far as possible. You have honoured the memory of the poor Comtesse Irène de Malmaison. You have also revealed to me a very important secret. I hope it will help me to rid London of a monster who, despite all efforts, still continues to scorn the law.’

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7 Roberto in the Spanish version. It may be worth noting that an early suspect in the Ripper murders was John Fitzgerald, a bricklayer’s labourer who confessed to the Chapman murder on 26 September 1888. His confession was dismissed as unfounded within the space of a few days.

8 Dr Fitzgerald is among the first of a long line of West End physicians, fictional or real, who have been mentioned in connection with the Ripper crimes.

9 This museum, located in the Cromwell Road, was known in 1888 as the South Kensington Museum. At present it is the Victoria and Albert Museum.

*Jack the Ripper* will continue in the next issue of *Ripperologist*

CHRIS SCOTT'S

# Press Trawl

*Fitchburg Sentinel*

20 February 1891

## CRIME IN WHITECHAPEL.

Interview with the Wife of Sadler, the Accused Murderer.

London, Feb. 20.

The interest of the public, especially of Whitechapel, still centers upon the question whether the man Sadler is or is not the one who has committed the numerous murders in that district. With a view to throwing light on the matter, a reporter of *The Daily Telegraph* interviewed Sadler's wife, who, on account of his furious temper, is unable longer to live with him. According to her story, the sailor is a man of the most peculiar temperament; flies into an ungovernable rage over nothing, and commits, during spasms of ill temper, the most violent actions. "I would not live with him again," added the poor woman, "for when he's in them tantrums he's best left alone. I used to humor him like, but I've seed him behave like a lunatic. Many's the time as he's got up rows in cold blood when nobody was a'nagging 'im. One thing I will say for 'im, never 'ave I knowed 'im lose five minutes in 'is work. No matter how bloomin' drunk 'e might a bin the night afore, 'e allus come to time the next mornin'."

Being asked whether her husband had a knife, Mrs. Sadler replied that he had a strange looking clasp knife with a long, dagger like blade. She declared Sadler was thoroughly acquainted with every nook and corner of London, especially Whitechapel.

*Fitchburg Sentinel*

24 February 1891

## MURDER OF "CARROTY NELL".

The Man Accused of the Whitechapel Crimes Gives an Account of Himself.

London, Feb. 24.

A statement by Sadler, the man who is charged with being the murderer of "Carroty Nell" in the Whitechapel district ten days ago, was read at the coroner's inquest in the case. In this statement Sadler gives a coherent account of his doings between the time of his leaving the woman in a lodging house and the time of his arrest. As far as his drunken condition that night permits him to recollect, at the moment of the murder he was going to a hospital to get wounds dressed that he had received in a row at the docks. He denied selling a knife on the day following the murder and said that he had not had such a knife in several years. A seaman identified Sadler as a man who had come to the sailors' home on the morning the crime was committed and sold him a big bladed clasp knife, saying he had cut many a model with the knife.

*Castle Rock Journal*

1 July 1891

## Jack the Ripper Threatens.

The vigilance committee in Whitechapel, London, has been reawakened to activity by an undoubted warning from Jack the Ripper. A letter identical in style and writing with previous missives from 'Jack the Ripper' has been received by the chairman of the vigilants in which Jack announces that he is about to perform another operation and that if the chairman of the vigilants attempts to track him, he will knife him to the heart. It is the duty of the police, he says, to catch him. He adds that he has been nearly caught twice, but that he will never be taken alive,

*Frederick News*  
17 February 1891

### THE SUPPOSED RIPPER. Denizens of Whitechapel Want to Lynch Him.

London, Feb. 17.

The latest discovery made by the Metropolitan police in connection with the Whitechapel murder of Friday morning last, by which a woman known as "Carrotty Nell" lost her life, bids fair to connect the man Sadler, now in custody, with this Jack the Ripper crime. The police now have in their possession a sharp, dangerous looking knife, stained with blood, and showing traces of having recently been washed. The stains were microscopically examined by Dr. Phillips, the police surgeon attached to the Leaman street police station. Dr. Phillips has no doubt that the stains are those of human blood. This formidable knife has been traced to the possession of Sadler, who was a fireman on board a steamer which recently arrived from Turkey. The police have no doubt that Sadler is the murderer of "Carrotty Nell."

From the time that it became known that Sadler had been arrested and was formally charged with the murder of "Carrotty Nell" the greatest excitement has prevailed in and about Whitechapel. The Stepney police station, in Arbor square, where the prisoner was detained, is surrounded by a vast crowd of people, mostly women. The women are eager for a sight of the prisoner. Wild threats of lynching and tearing the prisoner to pieces were uttered by the most excited of these females. When the man was removed to the police court an immense force of police was employed, and every precaution was necessary in order to prevent the Whitechapel mob from lynching the bloodstained prisoner. Further details in regard to the bloodstained knife in the possession of the police show that Sadler sold the weapon to a sailor on Friday, the day of the murder.

Opinions differ as to whether the man charged with the murder of "Carrotty Nell" is the murderer known as Jack the Ripper. The inhabitants of Whitechapel believe that he is, but the police have not committed themselves to an opinion upon the subject up to the present.

During the course of the prisoner's examination a man testified to the fact that he had seen Sadler in company with the murdered girl on Thursday night. As the witness was making his statement the prisoner watched him sharply and suddenly exclaimed, addressing the man in the witness box, "Be careful about what you are saying." Continuing, the witness described in detail the visit of Sadler to a small "coffee shop", also known in Whitechapel parlance as a "bed house." Sadler, according to this witness, sat in the coffee shop with the murdered girl and seemed to be quarrelling with her. Sadler, the witness said, claimed to have been robbed. Finally Sadler and "Carrotty Nell" left the coffee shop separately.

Upon the conclusion of the testimony the prisoner was remanded until Feb 21.

*Daily Journal* (Telluride, San Miguel County)  
28 May 1901

### JACK THE RIPPER BREAKS OUT AGAIN. Horribly Mutilated Body of a Woman Found in Whitechapel Quarter in London.

London, May 28.

Scotland Yard have after years of fruitless search once more started to hunt for Jack the Ripper. Unfortunate women in Whitechapel are again in a panic over a murder that closely resembles the work of the celebrated fiend.

The corpse of a woman was found in a cheap lodging house yesterday. She was horribly mutilated and her wounds bear evidence of having been committed by the man who has for years baffled the skill of the most expert criminal hunters. The police learned today that the crime was committed Saturday evening, but they were not notified until the woman died yesterday. They admit they have small hope of catching him.

*Greeley Tribune*  
19 September 1895

### Jack the Ripper Murder.

London - Another supposed Jack the Ripper murder was discovered at Kensal Green. The victim was an unfortunate woman of the outcast class and her throat was cut from ear to ear and her head fearfully battered with a stone. No trace has been discovered of the murderer.



*Leadenville Daily and Evening Chronicle*  
31 January 1889

### RIPPER REDIVIVUS

It occurs to us that the Jack the Ripper business is becoming somewhat of a nuisance, as well as a chestnut. Our dispatches, the other day, told us how a young girl in London kept her neighborhood in a ferment for a fortnight by reports of letters of warning addressed to her by the mysterious and murderous personage, finally reaching a climax by displaying an arm badly lacerated by a knife, the wound said to have been inflicted by some unknown assassin. Interest in the romance was heightened by the confession of the young lady, when cornered by the detectives, that she had written the letters herself and done the stabbing as well. Some idle loafer, a week ago, sent a Jack the Ripper letter to the chief of police, in which, in a confusion of bad grammar and worse orthography, the author threatened such dire things against the women of the towns as to create almost a panic among that class of sinners. And now comes the Salt Lake Tribune, a very staid and circumspect journal, with this thrilling account of the presence, in the city of the saints, of the Ripper himself, or an able bodied sub.

Almost since the first murder in Whitechapel, the name of Jack the Ripper has become known in almost every part of the civilized world. The arch villain was, a few weeks ago, reported to be in Algeria, and on Tuesday last week some sailors from Kingston, Jamaica, brought the startling news that the Ripper was continuing his bloody work there. The various accounts in the newspapers have aroused the cranks in the country, and every day or so items are published telling of letters received in large cities by any number of these Jacks the Ripper.

Crimes of this character, like diseases, are apt to become epidemic, and just as certain forms of suicide often become fashionable, so do these outrageous crimes become the fad. There is said to be an imitator of Jack the Ripper in this city, and so well has he succeeded in frightening the good people of the Eleventh, Twelfth and Twenty First wards that wives and mothers and sisters and children may be heard almost every evening pleading with the male members of the family not to stir from home. It is currently reported that no less than two men and one boy have been mysteriously stabbed in the face, in the neighborhoods mentioned, during the past two weeks, and in each case the assailant has made his escape without capture or even pursuit, the victim so dumbfounded and paralyzed by the suddenness of the assault, as to forget or be unable to resist or attempt to make an arrest. Few men in those wards feel safe on the streets after dark without a gun, and should this mysterious stranger be caught in his nefarious operations, short work will be made of him.

*Leadville Daily and Evening Chronicle.*  
23 October 1889

### CURBSTONE COMMENTS.

JOHN SELLERS - Dr. Forbes Winslow, an English physician, claims to have in his possession the boots of Jack the Ripper. He says the boots are of the Canadian type, but refuses to disclose how they fell into his hands. In my opinion, Jack the Ripper is a sailor who committed about five of the Whitechapel horrors and than sailed away in the ship he belonged to when it came time for him to leave. The other murders were only done by weak minded desperados who were struck by the original style in butchering his victims and attempted to imitate. The original Jack the Ripper was undoubtedly the victim of some loathsome disease and, being made half insane, butchered the fallen women of that quarter of London. Some day he will turn up there again and the murders will be continued until he is either caught or goes away again. As for the Whitechapel murderer being in London at the present time no sane person believes it. His return to the scene of his atrocities is but a question of time.

*Ogden Standard*  
25 April 1895

The discovery of the original and only "Jack the Ripper" will set at rest the manifold theories as to the murderer and the cause. It is highly probable that a great many of the sensational crimes that have been chronicled as mysteries, may have been committed by such persons as the London maniac, and under like circumstances.

THE WHITECHAPEL FIEND.  
THE MURDERER IS SUPPOSED TO BE A YOUNG RUSSIAN.

New York, Nov. 12.

The New York Zeitung of today contains a cable from Paris, a translation of which is herewith given:

A few weeks ago while sitting in the Cafe de Boulevard, I happened to look in an English newspaper. Suddenly my interest was awakened by a notice stating that the corpse of a young girl had been found in Whitechapel. She had evidently been murdered. Added to this was the statement that a few days ago a murder had taken place on the same spot in similar circumstances, which had caused great excitement among the lower classes of the population. Involuntarily this newspaper notice brought my thoughts back to the time of my stay in Paris years ago. At that time a series of atrocious murders had filled all Paris with horror and indignation and spurred the Parisian police on to a feverish activity. The fiendish deeds at that time had an astonishing similarity to the brutal murder, the account of which I had just read. The horrid mutilation of the body in all cases was the same. I soon, however, forgot the fearful coincidence, and would not have thought of it more, had not, some time afterward, the news of another horrible Whitechapel murder attracted my attention. Then again, those fearful reminiscences came with force to my mind, and I remembered all the circumstances as they were impressed upon it fifteen years before. My memory did not retain the name of the murderer, who afterwards - not through the ability of the police, but more through an accident - had been brought to trial, but I remember that the murderer did not pay with his life for the fiendish deed, and the possibility that the same man had now regained his liberty shot into my head. Was the same man who was then called "the savior of lost souls" by the people still living and at liberty? The conclusion was terribly logical that he had begun this bloody activity now on the other side of the channel. So the first thing I wanted to know was whether this man had regained his liberty. In my inquiries I found that his name was Nicholas Wassily, and that he had left the Russian city of Firaspol in the department of Chersun, where he had been imprisoned since the first of January of the year. This does not, however, yet prove the identity of the "savior of lost souls" with the woman killer of Whitechapel, but it is perhaps a clue which will awaken interest the world over. the following facts are gathered from diligent researches from the acts of the Palais de Justice in Paris and from the private lunatic asylum in Bayonne.

In the year 1872 there was a movement in the orthodox church of Russia against some sectarians which caused a good deal of excitement. Some of the people who were menaced because of their religion fled from the country. Most of them were peasants, who, without many pangs, could take leave of their homes, where suffering stared them in the face on all sides, but Nicholas Wassily left a good home. His parents were quite wealthy. They had him well educated and had even sent him to the college at Odessa. But Nicholas was a fanatic sectarian, and he soon assumed the role of leader among them. The chief belief of his sect was in the renunciation of all earthly joys in order to secure immortal life in Paradise after death. Members of the sect, whether male or female, were strictly forbidden to have anything to do with the opposite sex. Wassily fled to Paris. He was an excellent type of a Russian. He had a tall, elastic figure, a regular, manly physiognomy, burning, languishing eyes and a pale, waxen like complexion. He avoided all contact with his countrymen, taking up a small lodging in the Quarter Mouffetard, where all the poor and miserable of Paris live. Here he soon became a riddle to his neighbors. He used to stay all day long in his room, studying books. At nightfall he went out and wandered through the streets until the morning dawned. He was often seen talking with abandoned women in the streets, and it soon became known that he followed a secret mission in doing so. That is why the voice of the people called him the "savior of lost souls." First he tried mild persuasion in speaking to the poor fallen creatures. By the light of the street lanterns he lectured them, telling them to return to the path of virtue and give up their life of shame. When mere words had no effect he went so far as to put premiums on virtue, and gave large sums to the cocottes on condition that they commenced a new life. Some of the women were really touched by his earnestness and promised to follow his advice. He could often be seen on the street corners preaching to gaudy nymphs who bitterly shed tears. His mission did not seem to be crowned with success. He often met on the streets girls who had taken a holy oath that they would sin no more. Then there was a change. He would approach a woman, speaking to her in a kindly way, and would follow her home. Then, when alone with the helpless creature, he would take out a butcher knife, kneel on her prostrate body and force her to take an oath not to solicit again. He seemed to believe these forced oaths, and always went seemingly happy. One evening the "savior of lost souls" as usual left his home. In the Rue de Richelieu he met a young woman, not with that impertinent smile which leaves nobody in doubt about her vocation, but in a decent way she crossed his path. She had an elegant figure and beautiful eyes. Wassily was armed against the glances of women, but this girl's look seemed to make a deep impression on him. He spoke to her; she was a lost one too - but not with brutal force. With kindness he touched her so deeply that she told him the whole story of her

life - the story of a poor parentless girl who through fate had been torn from happiness and splendor into a world of misery and shame. Wassily, for the first time in his life fell in love with a woman. He procured a place in a business house for her and paid liberally for her support, although he made her believe that she was supporting herself. For several weeks the girl, who had some regard for her protector, kept straight in the path of virtue. But one day when Wassily visited her home - a thing he seldom did, and then only when an old guardian of hers was present - he found that she was gone. She had left a note to him, in which she said that though thankful to him for all his kindness, her life was now too ennuient for her, and she preferred to be left alone. Wassily was in a fearful mood after this. He wandered so restlessly through the streets as to awaken the attention of the constables. Eight weeks afterwards he disappeared. At the same time Madeline, the woman he had supported, was found murdered in the quarter where she had formerly led a life of shame. Two days afterwards, in a quiet side street of the Faubourg St. Germain, the corpse of another murdered woman was found. Three days afterwards a Phryne of the Quartier Mouffetard was butchered at night time. All the murders were perpetrated in the same horrible way as those in Whitechapel. Jewels and everything of value on the corpses remained untouched. Five more victims were found butchered in the Arondissement des Pantheon, between the Boulevards de St. Michel and De L'Hospital. Then on the Rue de Lyon an attack was made on a girl who had a chance to cry for help and the would be murderer was captured. It was Nicholas Wassily. The mob wanted to lynch him, but he was protected. When his trial was in progress his lawyer, Jules Gianmer, claimed that his client was insane. The jury decided that such was the case, and Wassily was sent back to Russia after a short stay in the private asylum at Bayonne. From Firaspol he was released on January 1 of this year. This, in short, is the history I unearthed. Is Wassily the Whitechapel murderer?

*Lock Haven Express (US)*

29 October 1891

Ogden Standard

25 April 1895

The discovery of the original and only "Jack the Ripper" will set at rest the manifold theories as to the murderer and the cause. It is highly probable that a great many of the sensational crimes that have been chronicled as mysteries, may have been committed by such persons as the London maniac, and under like circumstances.

From "Jack the Ripper's" Brother.  
Kennett Square, Pa., Oct. 28.

Without any conceivable cause Mrs. Mary Shinn, if this place, has received a letter from a man who says he is "Jack the Ripper's" brother, warning her that she will be butchered if she shall neglect to leave town within a day. Mrs. Shinn is greatly worried over the epistle.

*Lock Haven Express*

26 October 1894

He May Be "Jack the Ripper."

Listowel, Ont., Oct. 26.

There is a growing suspicion that if Chatelle is the man who murdered Jessie Keith he is none other than "Jack the Ripper," the fellow who committed the Whitechapel murders some years ago. Chatelle says he has been a sailor, and that he left the sea two or three years ago. From an investigation by the police of Scotland Yard it was demonstrated that "Jack the Ripper" was a sailor and a foreigner. Another coincidence is that Jessie Keith was not subjected to any outrage before or after death. The assassin had killed and mutilated her by removing some of the organs of her body. This also was a characteristic process of the Whitechapel fiend.



VISIT TO EAST LONDON.  
SECTION FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS WHITECHAPEL.  
THE ABIDING PLACE OF THE POORER CLASSES.  
BY WILL E. WATT.

London with its thickly populated East End is a section of the city that is not often visited by the stranger, but in company with a detective from the central police station, I managed to spend from 2 o'clock in the afternoon until 2 o'clock in the morning. Here the poorer classes live more like animals than like human beings. London's poor in this section of the city number over five hundred thousand. The sights that greet you along the narrow, dirty streets make you think that life is not worth living under such circumstances. In the open way there used to be no fear of violence, but in the district where the slums thrive it is not safe for strangers unless escorted by the police. Just how many murders have been committed in this district is a question that can never be answered. Hidden away among the lines of bricks and mortar are today evidences of crime that will never be brought to light unless this section of the city should be removed and rebuilt. One of the chief highways through the East End is that section known as Whitechapel road. A few years ago this section was thrown into a state of excitement by a series of revolting murders, in each case a woman being the victim. These murders are supposed to be the work of some unhappy sufferer from insanity, and although he was never brought to justice, it is believed he found his proper place in an asylum.

Through this wilderness of streets you see poverty in its worst form. Stores that are not worthy of the name are found occupying space no larger than a good sized dry goods box. Numerous eating houses or restaurants are here found catering to the poor at the rate of three cents for a full meal. The bill of fare includes coffee, potatoes, bread, and one kind of meat. All customers wait on themselves but are obliged to pay before they eat.

Shopping is largely done in the open air and foreign Jews are proprietors of many of the places of business. Pawn shops are numerous, and it is a common sight to see the people carrying their household furniture and crockery in order to gain needed money.

In the midst of this poverty section is located St. Jude's church, which is decorated with three religious paintings. When we entered this sacred edifice we were just in time to see a wedding party ascend to the altar, where they were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. The bride and groom were both residents of Whitechapel and were accompanied by the interested relatives. There was no best man nor bridesmaid. Now was there any music. The seemingly happy bride was rather handsome, and was about twenty years of age. She was attired in a brown calico dress, and on her head wore a cheap straw hat. The groom had the appearance of a hard working youth, probably earning as much as two dollars a week. The father of the bride kindly invited me to remain and witness the ceremony, which invitation I accepted with thanks. A minister, who looked to me as though he was not enjoying a large income, performed the ceremony, which lasted about ten minutes. The usual congratulations were then in order, and as but few people were present, I thought it my duty to congratulate the bride, which I did in American style.

A NIGHT IN WHITECHAPEL.  
SCENES IN THE MOST DEPRAVED OF LONDON'S SLUM DISTRICTS.  
Not So bad as it Was in Jack the Ripper's Time -  
The Haunts of Thieves, the Receivers of Stolen Goods and the Garish Vice of the Streets.

Last night I rode into hell on the top of an omnibus, writes a correspondent in London. I entered through Aldgate and met a guide - an ex Scotland Yard detective - at the corner of Leman street and Whitechapel road. The hell was London's Whitechapel district, which was once probably the most thoroughly vicious area in the world, as it is still probably the most depraved. Leman street and Commercial road meet Whitechapel road together, and the three thoroughfares make a junction that is not equalled in London. Thirty thousand wretched women roam the district, and these corners are its most prominent spot. Jack the Ripper probably loitered in their whereabouts as he selected his victims from the miserable procession that is ever passing them. That his example made its impress on the neighborhood in a way other than frightening the women is shown by the fact that two women have been killed in somewhat similar ways not far from his old haunts since I have been in London. This was told to me by reliable persons, and I visited the scene of one of the murders on Butler street before the crime was twenty four hours old. Yet not a word had appeared in the London papers about the murders. The police here are fond of keeping their own counsel.

We went first to a Whitechapel lodging house, within a block or two of the scene of the first Ripper murder. It is one of the few of the old style left. Since Jack's flashing knife attracted the attention of the world to this district and its conditions, most of the lodging houses which formerly accommodated men and women indiscriminately have been forced to confine their business to one sex. But in a half a dozen or so of the places the old custom is still permitted, on the ground that the homeless are as likely to be husband and wife as to be single and that they must have places to sleep. The police watch these lodging houses with even closer attention than they devote to the others, however, and see to it that their patrons are not too young. The result is such a collection of tottering wrecks of manhood and toothless, crooning hags as Dante might have drawn ideas for his "Inferno" from.

### A WHITECHAPEL LODGING HOUSE.

Picture a long, low room, half filled with benches and narrow tables. At one side a great glow of coals in a mammoth brazier, over which such of the human outcasts as can find refuse food to eat are cooking it. Probably a hundred people are in the place, which is clouded by the output of many tobacco pipes, and fouled by the smell and smoke which comes from a bone which some clumsy fingers have dropped irreclaimably into the bed of coals. Combined with the reeking odor of burning flesh and bone is the reeking odor of the hundred squalid human beings.

A hundred human beings, and among them not one hint of youth or beauty; not one person who is clean; not one person whose clothes are other than in the last stages of dilapidation and decay; not one face unmarked by the vicious lines of depraved age, or the vacuous imbecility with which kind Time sometimes wipes away the traces of a bestial life. No collection of young criminals could be half so horrible as is this gathering of the time tossed scum. Sum up the ages of the crowd and you will reach an average of half a century. Five hundred years of horror lurk in the muddled memories in this room and look out from bleary eyes at the inquisitive visitors. Nothing good, nothing pure, nothing innocent, nothing that is not utterly and irredeemably vile is here. It is not a pleasant place to visit.

### BLOODY REFORMATION.

For many years the district had been allowed to act as a sink hole, into which the worst of London's sewage drained, there to fester in its own decay, unheeded by the other sections of the city, practically unknown to any but the police, and only disturbed by them when some particularly flagrant offense forced them to momentarily probe the depths. London officialdom had gone on the theory that a certain percentage of humanity must necessarily sink to this degraded level, and was rather proud that the refuse was concentrated in one locality. But the Ripper murders - frightful climax of this neglect - were so ghastly in their nature and persistent in their recurrence, that the attention not only of all London, but of all the world, was focussed on the neighborhood, and the authorities were forced to such action as I have described in previous letters. The number of police was quadrupled down there, and with such speed as was possible the destruction of the old slum environment was begun. Nearly every one of the old narrow streets on which the murders were committed has been torn out and widened, with both sides built up in substantial and sanitary "artisans' dwellings" to take the place of the old rookeries and the lodging houses, hitherto permitted to conduct their business as they pleased, have been placed under strict regulations, rigidly enforced. This has resulted in a one sided reform. The actual criminal classes - the thugs, highway robbers, foot thieves and like persons - have been to a great extent driven out or compelled to mend their ways.

Womanhood is without the safe hand of either law or custom. A woman anywhere in England gets little enough consideration; in Whitechapel she gets none. She drinks quite as freely as does the man; and attends the public house as often and as regularly. It is by no means uncommon to find women predominating in the bar room crowds down there, and the hardworking matron is quite as numerous in evidence as is the woman of the streets. Indeed, they rub shoulders constantly, and this rubbing has so far worn away the moral class distinction that the mother of daughters who drops into the "pub" for a social glass of bitter beer, taking her whole brood with her, in no way resents the presence of the frail sisterhood, nor objects to her daughters' observation of the miserable spectacle.

### CRIMINALS OF WHITECHAPEL.

There is no street in Whitechapel through which a stranger who knows how to mind his own business may not pass by night or day with reasonable safety, because of the overpowering constabulary, which is now everywhere in evidence. But there is scarcely a street in Whitechapel from whose crowds an old detective cannot single out many persons whose criminal records are known to the police, and my guide, whose forte has been the recovery of stolen goods, pointed out to me more than a dozen places which he designated as the resorts of these "receivers' shops." It was nearly midnight, and there were half a dozen men and boys, besides one woman, in the place, in addition to the aged Jew who kept it. The detective was well known there, and his arrival created a great commotion, the proprietor running for-

ward, rubbing his hands, to explain that he had done nothing wrong.

"Ho, no," said the detective assuringly, "I know you ain't. Whatever made you think I though you had? I am just a-showing this gentleman around a bit. What you got in that box under there, Levi?"

Levi pulled out the box. It was filled with silk handkerchiefs, washed and ironed and neatly folded now, but probably the outcome of some pickpocket "mobbs'" night's work. The detective questioned him closely, but the old man had a plausible answer for every query, and the box went back into its place. Then the detective made the aged rascal overhaul his entire stock for my benefit, and such a heterogeneous mass of everything under the sun was never gathered under one roof before. From old shoes to silver cake baskets; from books to a cask of smoked herring; from ladies' hats to a nickel plated American revolver, the strange mixture ranged.

"Now, Levi, you know that every bloody thing in the whole place is stolen goods, don't you?" finally queried the detective. "Oh, no, Mr. Dick. No, indeed. Not a single hartical!"

"Well, all I've got to say is that you ought to have raided long ago. Now, don't you ever let me find such a bloody curiosity shop here again, or I'll make you take the whole blooming graft up to be identified," responded Mr. Dick.

But after we had left, he said to me:

"The old scoundrel knows as well as I do that we can't do anything with him. He's careful to buy only of men he knows, and is reasonably certain to take in only stuff that has been stolen outside of London. This part of the town is a great headquarters for thieves who operate in the suburbs and the provinces. Burglars work out beyond the metropolitan police limits a good bit and bring their booty in to London to sell it.

"They are very clever about it all, and the danger of their being caught through the identification of the stolen goods in the hands of some receiver has been greatly decreased by the appearance in the business of 'salters.' Stolen goods are rarely recovered, you know, unless they are found in the first hue and cry that follows the robbery. Well, the 'salter' prevents that, and he is a dreadful bother to the police. He has only come into existence during the last few years, since the police have been astir down here. He acts as a safe deposit vault for the thief, as it were. The thief puts up his stuff with him, certain that it will be 'salted away' in some cellar or garret until even the man who was robbed, let alone the police, give the thing up for lost and forget to look for it. A year or two after the thing has been stolen there is very little danger that it will be identified when it is offered. The 'salter' rarely sells at retail, however. The thief gets so much extra comfort out of putting his stuff into such safe hands that he disposes of it to him for a very low figure - so low that the 'salter' can, after he has hidden it for a certain length of time, afford to turn it over to a receiver and still make money.

### *The People*

28 October 1888

Sir Charles Warren is not an easy man to bully. Several people have lately been trying it on with him without much result. He has not laid down on the ground or shrieked "I give in," which it would seem that some people, who completely failed to appreciate his character, thought he would. He has not left Scotland Yard, and I have every reason for stating that he does not mean to. At one moment it did, indeed, seem likely, but that moment has gone by, and there is no reason now why he should even consider such a step. Certainly he is not likely to do so because some people, with not wholly disinterested motives, want him to. The moment of danger referred to was when he was in antagonism to Mr. Monro, and perhaps with a different Home Secretary things might have been different; but Mr. Matthews, with his legal adroitness in evading an issue, found other means of settling the difference, and as far as Sir Charles is concerned, his position is his own as long as he chooses to hold it.

### SAD SEQUEL TO A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A terrible tragic ending has followed a practical joke, in which a man declared he was "Jack the Ripper." A young lady named Milligan, 21 years of age, has died at Kilkeel, County Down, under the following circumstances. A fortnight since, Miss Milligan was out walking with two lady visitors, and all three were startled by the sudden appearance of a man who, personating the Whitechapel monster, brandished a knife, exclaiming, "I'm Jack the Ripper." During the evening Miss Milligan became hysterical, and the next day fever set in which, notwithstanding the efforts of Dr. Wilson, terminated fatally. The sad event has caused much sympathy with the relatives of the deceased, and the police are on the look out for the man.



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

# I Beg to Report

DR CRIPPEN INNOCENT OF MURDERING HIS WIFE? A new investigation by US scientists casts doubt on the guilt of Dr Hawley Crippen for the poisoning and dismemberment murder of his wife, Cora. Mrs Crippen, who performed as a singer under the name of Belle Elmore, disappeared after a 31 January 1910 party. Dr Crippen was found guilty and hanged for her murder ten months later. Now, however, scientists using DNA analysis have declared that the body found in Crippen's London home was not Mrs Crippen's. Project leaders David Foran, a forensic biologist at Michigan State University, and clinical and forensic toxicologist John Harris Trestrail III, director of the Grand Rapids, Michigan, regional poison center, believe their analysis shows the remains buried in Crippen's cellar belonged to someone other than Cora Crippen.

The Crippen case was one of the most sensational murder cases of the twentieth century. After allegedly murdering his wife, the American-born homeopathic doctor fled from his home in Hilldrop Crescent, London, with his mistress Ethel le Neve. The couple boarded the SS Montrose bound for Canada with Ms le Neve disguised as a boy. The fugitives were captured by use of the then new transatlantic telegraph. The couple were apprehended on board ship on 31 July by Scotland Yard Chief Inspector detective Walter Dew, a veteran of the Ripper case. Meanwhile, Scotland Yard had performed four searches of the murder house. During the final search, the police discovered the remains of a human body buried under the brick floor of the cellar. Home Office pathologist Sir Bernard Spilsbury found traces of hyoscine, a calming drug. The corpse was identified as Cora Crippen's from a scar on a piece of skin from the victim's abdomen. The victim's head, limbs, and skeleton were never found. Nor was there anything to identify the corpse's sex. Crippen

Chief Inspector Dew escorting Dr. Crippen from the *Montrose*.



and le Neve were tried separately at the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey. After just 27 minutes of deliberations, the jury found Crippen guilty of murder and he was hanged that November at Pentonville Prison, London. Ethel le Neve was acquitted.

Speaking of the Michigan lab's analysis of the remains from Crippen's basement, Foran stated, 'This can't be Cora Crippen. We're certain of that.' Crippen always protested his innocence and claimed that his wife had returned to the USA. According to *Science Daily*, Foran's laboratory 'specializes in ancient and forensic DNA evidence, often working with human remains that are thousands of years old. The nearly 100-year-old microscope slide, sent to Michigan State from the Royal London Hospital Archives and Museum, is the same one the pathologist Bernard Spilsbury used to help hang Crippen. . . . The present-day challenge: getting past the pine sap that sealed the slide and the formaldehyde used to preserve the tissue in order to examine the mitochondrial DNA that could identify Cora Crippen based on the genetic history of her maternal relatives.'

Foran's laboratory has devised methods to extract and isolate mitochondrial DNA, the genetic blueprint passed down from mother to daughter. Unable to break through the sap seal, the scientists chipped away at the slide's glass cover slip to get at the tissue sample. They then took the unconventional step of finding living female relatives of Cora Crippen's mother. The DNA for comparison came from three grandnieces of Mrs Crippen's mother. Foran said, 'We took a lot of precautions when doing this testing. We just didn't stop. We went back and started from scratch and tested it again. The DNA in the sample is different from the known relatives of Cora Crippen.'

Trestrail, an internationally recognized expert on poisoning, was quoted in *The Daily Telegraph* as saying that the fact that the body had been mutilated suggested that the victim had not been poisoned, as was asserted at Crippen's trial. He stated, 'The thing about the Crippen case is the mutilation, which is contradictory to what poisoners do. They want a "natural death" certificate, and to walk away.' Trestrail hypothesises that Crippen was performing illegal abortions and that the body could have resulted from a botched procedure. Trestrail added, 'Crippen was not convicted just of murder - but the murder of Cora Crippen. If that body is not Cora, then that's another trial.'

[www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2007/10/071016131426.htm](http://www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2007/10/071016131426.htm)

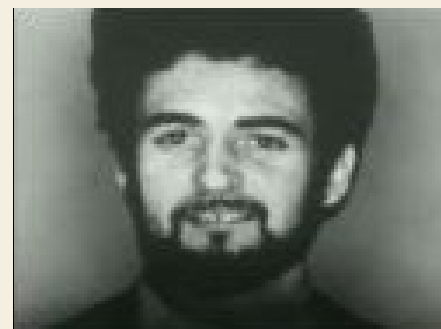
[www.telegraph.co.uk/news/main.jhtml?xml=/news/2007/10/17/ncrippen117.xml](http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/main.jhtml?xml=/news/2007/10/17/ncrippen117.xml)

COULD DNA CORRELATED BY SURNAMES HAVE CAUGHT THE YORKSHIRE RIPPER? In an interview published in *The Independent* on 3 October, Oxford University genetics expert Professor Bryan Sykes claims that Yorkshire Ripper Peter Sutcliffe could have been arrested much earlier if the proper DNA database by surnames had existed in the 1970s. The professor's study of family trees has led him to consider the potential impact of Y-chromosome and surname linkage to crime scenes. Sykes believes that the police could take DNA from a crime scene and solve crimes by cross-referencing it with a database of Y-chromosomes from men of known surnames.

'What we are trying to persuade the Home Office to do is sponsor a large-scale trial,' Sykes says. 'It wouldn't work every time; for example, with the surname Smith there would be all sorts of associated Y-chromosomes. But, apart from that, once you found the DNA at the scene of a crime you would correlate that with the surnames on the database and you might come up with a list of 30 names. Obviously you would be given a big leg-up in your investigations.' He adds: 'I always think: how much quicker would the Yorkshire Ripper have been caught if they had known his surname was Sutcliffe?'

That sounds like an obvious statement, but Prof Sykes's idea is evidently that persons with the surname Sutcliffe have a gene that leads to criminality and murder. Thus, his theory is of potential major consequence if not also one that is going to cause much controversy and debate. His notion appears to open up the possibility that police, armed with the information that Sutcliffes could be capable of such acts, might have been able to apprehend Peter Sutcliffe when he was interviewed earlier in the 1975-1981 murder investigation and before his final arrest on charges of being the Yorkshire Ripper. Over three months in 1977, Yorkshire police interviewed 5,000 men, including Sutcliffe, and he was reinterviewed at least two more times before his arrest in January 1981.

[news.independent.co.uk/sci\\_tech/article3022246.ece](http://news.independent.co.uk/sci_tech/article3022246.ece)



Peter Sutcliffe, the Yorkshire Ripper

**FINGERPRINT EVIDENCE DISALLOWED BY JUDGE.** In a possible landmark case, a Maryland, USA, judge has disallowed fingerprint evidence saying that such evidence is not always reliable. For more than 100 years, police have relied on fingerprints to help identify criminals. But in a groundbreaking ruling, a Baltimore County judge has disallowed prosecutors from using fingerprint evidence against a man facing the death penalty in a 2006 carjacking and murder at a local shopping mall. In her 19 October ruling, Judge Susan Souder wrote that just because fingerprints have been used by police for years does not make them reliable.

'Fingerprints - along with DNA - are the gold standard for evidence,' said Baltimore County state's attorney Scott Shellenberger, who stated that he was 'shocked' by the judge's ruling. 'The judge took 100 years of history and rejected it.' Judge Souder wrote, 'The long history of use of fingerprint identification does not by itself support the decision to admit it. Courts began admitting fingerprint evidence early last century with relatively little scrutiny. Relying on precedent, later courts simply followed.'

Judge Souter stated that after the 11 March 2004 terrorist bombings of commuter trains in Madrid, Spanish National Police recovered fingerprints from a plastic bag containing explosive detonators, but the FBI used the prints to misidentify a suspect in the case. That case is not alone, claimed Souder, who said there is a lack of certainty with fingerprint evidence. 'For many centuries ... humans thought that the earth was flat,' the judge wrote. 'But science has proved that the earth is not flat.'

The prosecutor asked for and received a postponement in the death penalty case against Bryan Rose, 23, of Baltimore, who is charged with first-degree murder and attempted armed carjacking in the January 2006 killing of Warren Fleming, 31, outside Security Square Mall. The trial is rescheduled for 7 April 2008.

[www.examiner.com/a-1006606-Judge\\_s\\_ruling\\_shocks\\_prosecutors.html](http://www.examiner.com/a-1006606-Judge_s_ruling_shocks_prosecutors.html)



**KING TUT DEATH RIDDLE SOLVED?** The mystery of the sudden death of Tutankhamun, the boy king who ruled Egypt more than 3,000 years ago, may have been finally solved by scientists who believe that he fell from a fast-moving chariot while out hunting in the desert. The mystery surrounding Tutankhamun's demise has existed since the discovery of his tomb in 1922 by archaeologist Howard Carter. X-rays of the mummy taken in 1968 indicated a swelling at the base of the skull, suggesting 'King Tut' was killed by a blow to the head. Up until now, historians had assumed that he was treated as a rather fragile child who was cosseted and protected from physical danger. However, Dr Nadia Lokma of the Cairo Museum said that a recent analysis of the chariots found in the tombs of the pharaohs indicated that they were not merely ceremonial but show signs of wear and tear. Hundreds of arrows recovered from the tomb also show evidence of having been fired and recovered. 'These chariots are hunting chariots, not war chariots. You can see from the wear on them that they were actually used in life,' Dr Lokma said.

A cache of clothing found in the young king's tomb, stored in the vaults of the Cairo Museum, suggest that he was accustomed to riding these chariots himself. They include a specially-adapted corset which would have protected the wearer's abdomen from any damage from an accident or the heavy jostling of a chariot ride. A final piece of evidence comes from a garland of flowers placed around the neck of Tutankhamun's mummy. Botanists found it included cornflowers and mayweed that were fresh at the time the decoration was made.

Nigel Hepper of the Royal Horticultural Society at Kew Gardens explained, 'The cornflower and mayweed on the garland around the mummy were in flower in March and April, which tells us the time of year he was buried.' Because the flowers could have been collected only between the middle of March and the end of April, and as the complex process of mummification lasted 70 days, this meant Tutankhamun probably died in December or January. That timing coincided with the middle of the winter hunting season. The results of the latest research into Tutankhamun were featured in a 25 October Channel Five documentary, weeks before the opening of the first British exhibition of his tomb's artefacts in 35 years at The O2 centre, formerly the Millennium Dome, in south-east London. The exhibition will open on 15 November and run until 30 August 2008.

[news.independent.co.uk/world/africa/article3084330.ece](http://news.independent.co.uk/world/africa/article3084330.ece)





Link Wray

LINK WRAY AND THE RAYBEATS VERSIONS OF 'RIPPER' ON THE WEB. Larry Grogan has given aficionados of rock music and persons interested in Ripper ephemera alike a treat by putting on his blog MP3 versions of the song 'Jack the Ripper' by late rock pioneer Link Wray as well as a cover by The Raybeats. Grogan notes: 'In addition to having maybe the coolest name in the history of the guitar. . . Wray created some of the greatest instrumentals in the history of axe-ology, including his hit "Rumble", as well as "Rawhide" and "Run Chicken Run". He was a pioneer in the use of distortion, reverb and power chord-ery, and was every inch the leather jacketed, slick haired paragon of cool.'

Grogan says he first heard the 1983 cover of Wray's 'Jack' done by New York band The Raybeats. Grogan explains, 'I set out on a quest to track down Link's original version of "Jack the Ripper", and it wasn't long before my search yielded pay dirt and I had a copy of the 1963 single on the Swan label (backed of course by the excellent "Black Widow", a fortuitous A/B side match up if ever I've heard one). Hearing the original "Jack the Ripper" was something like having your mind blown apart and then reassembled haphazardly by a mad scientist. Sure, all the parts are there, but the

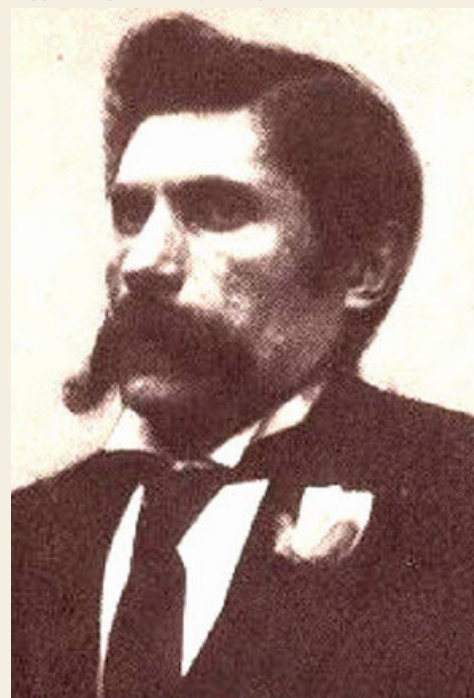
wiring is somehow askew. Where the Raybeats had gotten their claws into the song 20 years after the fact and ripped it limb from limb (in a good way, of course) the original was every bit as spare and haunted as the cover was bombastic. Where the Raybeats evoked the dark spirit of the atom age in their video for "Jack the Ripper", Wray's version - created during a time when the canned food in the country's bomb shelters was still edible - like a mushroom cloud on the horizon was possessed of an eerie energy, pushed forward by minimalist drums and bass (like a martian heartbeat). Link's own guitar veers wildly from echoey washes, to high-pitched leads and chicken scratch plucking, all straining his amp to its limits. So dark a sound flies from the grooves that I can picture someone driving home alone at night in 1963 getting the willies and turning off the radio (or stomping on the accelerator like a maniac) when "Jack the Ripper" came over the airwaves. So, pull down the ones and zeros, send them through your ears and into your fevered brain. Come the sunrise (should you survive) you might just thank me.'

[ironleg.wordpress.com/2007/10/02/link-wray-jack-the-ripper-bw-the-raybeats-jack-the-ripper/](http://ironleg.wordpress.com/2007/10/02/link-wray-jack-the-ripper-bw-the-raybeats-jack-the-ripper/)

DID GEORGE CHAPMAN PROTEST HIS INNOCENCE IN THE AFTERLIFE? Quoted in the *Strabane (Northern Ireland) Chronicle*, former policeman and clairvoyant Keith Charles, who calls himself 'A human telephone between this world and the next' cited an encounter he had experienced with alleged Ripper George Chapman. The clairvoyant spoke of the experience during an appearance at the Alley Theatre, Strabane, on 3 October. Charles said, 'I did a show with Vic Reeves once where we went on the trail of Jack the Ripper. We went to one part of London where we met a man called George Chapman. He had poisoned several women during his lifetime and it was rumoured that he may have been the Ripper. He got very angry that people today believed he was Jack the Ripper and he told me that, yes, he was a murderer but he had paid his debt. He was absolutely livid that people thought he had carried out the Ripper's crimes. So, yes, you do meet some nasty or grumpy people but I've never had a black eye or punch on the nose from a spirit. You just need courage and you need to know how to handle the spirits you meet.'

[www.nwipp-newspapers.com/SC/free/290436798025275.php](http://www.nwipp-newspapers.com/SC/free/290436798025275.php)

Ripper Suspect George Chapman



JACK THE FILLETER. In 'Fox Classics Pay Tribute to Brahm' writer Gary Giddins in the *New York Sun* on 9 October, assessed the Hollywood works of horror film director John Brahm now out on DVD. Giddins noted, 'The chosen films, which are bannered as "A Terrifying Trilogy of Terror," are not without horrific touches, but they are concerned less with the dismemberment of victims than with the misery of human monsters who are not accountable for their depredations. Scotland Yard assures the strangler of "Hangover Square" that he isn't to blame. Even Jack the Ripper (the eponymous Lodger) is presented as more bent than evil. Is it his fault that the Bible tells him to fillet fast women?'

[www.nysun.com/article/64218](http://www.nysun.com/article/64218)



Actress and author Lyndsay Faye photographed in New York City

NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES VERSUS JACK THE RIPPER NOVEL IN THE WORKS. American actress Lyndsay Faye has received a \$100,000 advance from the Simon & Schuster publishing company for her mystery novel about Jack the Ripper and Sherlock Holmes, tentatively titled *Knife Point*. The story of the 1998 R A Long High School graduate is related in 'From stage to page: RAL grad & actress to publish book' by Carrie Pederson in the Longview, Washington State, USA, *Daily News* of 14 October 2007. Although Jack the Ripper and Sherlock Holmes have been paired up before in novels and movies, Faye said she wanted to write the story in a less melodramatic style. 'I wrote this book because I wished it existed,' she said. 'It's more deeply rooted in what was going on at the time in Victorian London, before psychology existed, before police record evidence like they do now.'

Faye explained, 'I wanted to write something that's scary because it's real.' The novel therefore deals with 'all the real forensics, weather, street names and historical figures, right down to the police constable.' She said she spent hours at the New York Public Library looking at pictures of Victorian London and reading up on the unsolved murders of Jack the Ripper. The Sherlock Holmes part was easier, she said, because reading Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories was a 'family hobby' growing up in Longview. Faye added, 'I haven't given up acting officially, but while I'm in this writing creative vein I would like to see where it takes me - because I like where it's taken me so far.'

[www.tdn.com/articles/2007/10/14/area\\_news/news08.txt](http://www.tdn.com/articles/2007/10/14/area_news/news08.txt)

ONLINE PRESS ARCHIVE OF *GUARDIAN* AND *OBSERVER*. Ripperologists and researchers on other topics can only rejoice that it has been announced that every edition of the *Guardian* and *Observer* newspapers is to be made available via a newly launched online digital archive. The first phase of the 'Guardian News & Media archive', containing the *Guardian* from 1821 to 1975 and *The Observer* from 1900 to 1975, will launch on 3 November. It will contain exact replicas of the original newspapers, both as full pages and individual articles. The articles will be fully searchable and viewable at [guardian.co.uk/archive](http://guardian.co.uk/archive) with free 24-hour access during November, and thereafter a fee for access. The rest of the archive will launch early in 2008, making more than 1.2m pages of digitised news content available, with *Observer* content available from its launch as the world's first Sunday newspaper in 1791.

[media.guardian.co.uk/presspublishing/story/0,,2191657,00.html](http://media.guardian.co.uk/presspublishing/story/0,,2191657,00.html)

**'JACK THE RIPPER' PILOT IN WWII REUNION.** The pilot who flew one of two Second World War US bombers nicknamed 'Jack the Ripper' was reunited with fellow former prisoners of war in late September, according to the Fairborn, Ohio, USA, *Daily Herald*. Norman Dale Stuckey was the co-pilot flying the B-17 nicknamed 'Jack the Ripper' when it was shot down over Germany on 24 February 1944. Stuckey was reunited with his old buddies at the US Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio. Stuckey along with Sonny Eliot, shot down two days later, shared the same barracks room for a year and a half with 20 to 30 other men at a prisoner of war camp called Stalag Luft 1 in Barth, Germany. Another man at the reunion, Al Williams was in the same POW camp, but in a different barracks. Eliot said, 'Stuck was a great companion there for a year and a half, he would regale us with laughter. I remember him sitting on his bunk and reading to us from these joke books.' Stuckey also became a jail house entrepreneur, trading food, cigarettes and other essentials throughout the camp. After lights out, he would tell his bunkmates about the news he had collected. When he ran out of news, Stuckey told stories about his life back in Iowa. Life in the camp was rough, even though, the three veterans said, their German captors usually followed the rules for prisoner care. However, sometimes they didn't get enough to eat. 'At one point I was down to 85 pounds,' Williams said. Today, Stuckey raises horses and collects antique tractors and wagons.

[fairborndailyherald.1upmonitor.com/main.asp?SectionID=2&SubSectionID=4&ArticleID=126594&TM=46761.55](http://fairborndailyherald.1upmonitor.com/main.asp?SectionID=2&SubSectionID=4&ArticleID=126594&TM=46761.55)



Lt John Stevens and the 'Jack the Ripper II' B-24H bomber

**'JACK THE RIPPER II' BOMBER.** As for another American aircraft with the 'Ripper' name, the B-24H bomber 'Jack the Ripper II' was named by pilot Lt John Stevens after the movie of same name. Because of bad press related to US airmen captured with flight jackets that said 'Murder, Inc.', bomber headquarters instructed base commanders to screen aircraft noseart for similar names. Col Albert H Shower believed Jack the Ripper II was inflammatory, but Lt Stevens argued that the name derived from a horror movie not a gangster movie like 'Murder, Inc.' The noseart stayed. Flying its third mission 'Jack the Ripper II' crashed and burned on return at Manston Air Force Base, England, after a bombing mission to Lille on 3 August 1944. Four crewmen were killed and four wounded. The aircraft was salvaged.

[www.467bg.com/4252424.htm](http://www.467bg.com/4252424.htm)

**NEW BRICK LANE BOOK PRAISED.** In the *Jewish Quarterly* of 24 October, Judy Batalion writes highly of the new book by Rachel Lichtenstein, *On Brick Lane* (Hamish Hamilton, 2007, £20). 'Impassioned by the diversity of the area and her own links to it, Lichtenstein's new book is both a compassionate look into the history and current cultures of the street with its markets, restaurants, shops, art sites, worship sites and now-defunct brewery, as well as an unabashed cry against the area's gentrification and the influx of "media types," which she repeatedly refers to. Fearing the imminent physical and cultural demolition of this unique and hybrid zone, Lichtenstein sets out to record details - of the good and the bad - and to reveal complex and authentic narratives, "the quieter but no less remarkable stories of the people who have lived and worked in Brick Lane" instead of simply Jack the Ripper tales and other grim stories which, she claims, help boost the property value.'

[www.jewishquarterly.org/article.asp?articleid=311](http://www.jewishquarterly.org/article.asp?articleid=311)

**DONALD STEWART BOOK FOR SALE FOR £900.** Loretta Lay Books are offering for sale for the tidy sum of £900 a copy of Donald Stewart's rare 1939 book in a 'very good' condition first edition. Stewart's *Jack the Ripper. A New Theory. A Sensational and Convincing Solution of a Famous Mystery*, published by Quality Press, is described in Ross Strachan's *The Jack The Ripper Handbook: A Reader's Companion* as 'without doubt the most sought after Ripper book which is now very scarce. Copies rarely turn up for sale and, when they do, can command a high asking price due to the fact that the book is thought to have had a small print run.' The bookseller offers to send a jpg image of the book to interested buyers upon request. Loretta Lay Books, 24 Grampian Gardens, London, NW2 1JG, UK. [Lorettalay@hotmail.com](mailto:Lorettalay@hotmail.com) [www.laybooks.com](http://www.laybooks.com)



'JACK THE RIPPER - THE MONSTER OF WHITECHAPEL' IN DALLAS, TEXAS. 'They cut her like a fish!' 'Holy Mackerel!' These are the opening lines of a Ripper parody production now playing in Dallas, says Mark-Brian Sonna in *Pegasus News* on 1 October. Sonna describes the show as a 'silly, corny, so-bad-it's-good melodrama.' The comedy, 'Jack the Ripper - Monster of Whitechapel' written by Joe Dickinson will play at the Pocket Sandwich Theatre through 1 November. Reviewer Sonna says, 'Though it sounds corny, I can't help myself: This show is a "ripping" good time, a "scream" of fun, and "killed" me with its humor.' Seats \$10 to \$18. Pocket Sandwich Theatre, 5400 East Mockingbird Lane, Suite 119, Dallas, TX 75206. Telephone: 214-821-1860.

[www.pegasusnews.com/news/2007/oct/01/theater-review-jack-ripper-monster-whitechapel/](http://www.pegasusnews.com/news/2007/oct/01/theater-review-jack-ripper-monster-whitechapel/)

'TERROR 2007!' AT THE UNION, LONDON. 'Terror 2007!' is billed as 'an evening of short horror plays, quirky cabaret and other oddities' and Lyn Gardner in *The Guardian* on 22 October names as 'pick of the bunch' Mark Ravenhill's play 'Ripper.' The evening of entertainment will be performed at the Union Theatre, Southwark, until 10 November. 'Ripper', Ms Gardner says, features 'a new twist on the theory of royal involvement in the Ripper murders, it offers up a vision of Queen Victoria (Bette Bourne, scrumptious) in fluffy slippers and a butcher's apron. Dripping gore and Wildean epigram, it is a clever, transgressive skit on power, empire and history that in its final moments, as it looks forward to the 20th century, generates a genuine chill.' Terror 2007! is suitable for adults only. Union Theatre, 204 Union Street, London SE1 0LX. Nearest Tube: Southwark. Tickets: Tuesday to Thursday - £10, £8 concessions; Friday to Saturday - £12, £10 concessions. Box office: 020-7261 9876.



Betty Bourne as Queen Victoria and Mark Senton in 'Ripper' at the Union Theatre

[arts.guardian.co.uk/theatre/drama/reviews/story/0,,2196621,00.html](http://arts.guardian.co.uk/theatre/drama/reviews/story/0,,2196621,00.html)

'YOURS TRULY JACK THE RIPPER' IN SELKIRK, SCOTLAND. Not to be confused with Frogg Moody and Dave Taylor's rock musical of the same name, 'Yours Truly Jack the Ripper' written by David Prior will be performed at the Bowhill Theatre, Selkirk, on the evening of 4 November. From the press release we read: 'In 1888 five women were brutally murdered on the streets of London. Their killer was never caught but more than a century later his name carries terrifying echoes of that autumn of terror. This drama looks at the events through the eyes of the Metropolitan Police commissioner who, as he resigns on the day of the last murder, recounts the tension and horror of the days when the world held its breath. Performed by Pat Abernethy and Dave Marsden and using the words of actual witnesses in the case and underscored by music of the period the production brings to life the true and terrible facts of the world's most infamous murders.' Bowhill is situated 3 miles west of Selkirk on the A708 Moffat / St Mary's Loch Road. 4 November, 7:30pm, telephone 01750 22204. Tickets are £9 and £7 under 16. Optional supper available for £11.

[www.bowhilltheatre.co.uk/article\\_187.shtml](http://www.bowhilltheatre.co.uk/article_187.shtml)



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# Loretta Lay Books

Over 200 Jack the Ripper and associated titles on the website

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Begg/Fido/Skinner	The Jack the Ripper A to Z hb/dw signed labels : Begg/Skinner/Rumbelow (wrote Intro')	£60
Colby-Newton (Katie)	Jack the Ripper h/b (ex- lib.)	£45
Eddleston (John J.)	Jack the Ripper An Encyclopedia 1st US edn. h/b	£50
Evans (Stewart) & Skinner (Keith)	Jack the Ripper Letters From Hell hb/dw signed labels	£15
Fuller (Jean Overton)	Sickert & The Ripper Crimes (with unique bookmark) 1st edn. hb/dw	£30
Griffiths (Major Arthur)	Mysteries of Police and Crime 3 vols (1920) h/b	£75
Harrison (Paul)	Jack the Ripper The Mystery Solved hb/dw	£25
Hinton (Bob)	From Hell p/b signed label	£10
Horsler (Val)	Jack the Ripper h/b (The National Archives)	£8
Leeson (Ex-Det. Sergeant B.)	Lost London 1st edn. (1934) h/b v.scarce	£100
Rumbelow (Donald)	The Complete Jack the Ripper hb/dw signed labels Rumbelow and Colin Wilson	£30

# Book Reviews

## Catch Me When You Can - Jack the Ripper

By Leanne Perry

Introduction by Shannon Christopher

Maps and Illus by Jane Coram

Sydney Australia: Perry Publishing, 2007

Illustrations, sources and acknowledgements; index

Those who frequent the Casebook.org message boards are aware that Leanne Perry has been working on this book for many years and happily it has finally been issued. Those who have followed the progress of the book over the years are also aware that the author is an unabashed partisan of the theory first advanced by Bruce Paley in *The Simple Truth* that Mary Kelly's quondam companion, Joseph Barnett, was responsible for her murder as well as the others attributed to Jack the Ripper. Thus, the book will hold no surprises for most Ripperologists. Indeed, the author makes her suspicions quite plain by mentioning no other modern suspect but Barnett.

That said, however, the book as whole is much more even-handed and objective than one might imagine. There are good, solid chapters on the Irish emigration to England, the social milieu of the East End and Billingsgate Market that reveal a good deal of research in contemporary sources. Each of the victims and her murder are neatly summarized in a manner that will inform those new to the case without unduly trying the patience of long-time students of murders.

The real strength of the book for me, though, was in the way the author handled a number of vexing questions. In this regard it is very much a personal statement about the Ripper crimes by Perry. This is particularly so in the chapter about the more notorious of the many letters received by the police and purportedly written by Jack the Ripper. While dismissing many of letters, Perry accepts the "Dear Boss" communication of September 25 as being genuinely by the Ripper as well as the letter threatening a witness dated October 6. Perry does this in the blunt, personal tone that supplies much of the book's charm:

*It is very hard to imagine what a journalist or anyone could hope to achieve by sending a witness a threatening letter that warns him against revealing it to the police. An idiot would've known that it was a matter of time before a press release met the eyes of the police.*

That sort of straightforward statement is typical of the author's style, which is chatty and conversational.

The author also offers interesting personal opinions about a number of other contentious points. These include the question of whether it was Lizzie Albrook or Maria Harvey that Barnett saw the night of Mary Kelly's death and the supposed sighting of Kelly the morning of her death by Caroline Maxwell and Maurice Lewis. While Perry's arguments in each instance are not totally convincing they are compelling and will certainly give the reader pause to consider her points.

Of course, the ultimate test of any suspect-based book about Jack the Ripper is how well the case is made against that suspect and it is here that Perry must work with less than a smoking gun (or bloody knife). To begin with, a much better argument could be advanced that the Kelly murder was a "domestic killing" in response to Kelly ending her live-in arrangement with Barnett. In fact, that might be a more satisfying approach to the Miller's Court conundrum, though one less likely to interest the public.



Instead, Perry follows the lead of Paley and suggests that Barnett sought to keep Mary Kelly from street-walking by frightening her with the random killings of prostitutes. And, as with Paley, the evidence for such a conclusion is mighty slim. Basically, it comes down to a belief—unproven—that Barnett suffered from abandonment by his mother as child and that he suffered from a speech impediment—also unproven—that often plagues schizophrenics. That isn't much to go on and is rather like trying to make bricks without both straw *and* clay.

Moreover, while generally well-sourced, there are certain key aspects of Barnett's life accepted only on inference. This was also a failing of Paley's book. An example is the statement that Barnett's brother made sure young Joe stayed in school and is based on the fact that Joe could read and write. Yet, without any school records upon which to rely, it is only supposition. Indeed, a modicum of literacy could be obtained in other ways. As a personal example, my paternal grandfather was quite literate (as his library and extant letters amply prove) and yet he was at work in a Scottish quarry at least by age 10, if not earlier. That Barnett was himself a quick-study who spent only a little time in school must remain a possibility.

Nonetheless, as very much a personal statement on the Ripper's murders the book's strengths far outweigh any quibbles. Perry is clearly not afraid to give vent to her many opinions about what happened in the fall of 1888 in Whitechapel and that makes it very enjoyable to read. Nor does the author present a totally one-sided analysis. Conflicting opinions about many vexing questions are noted, if not accepted, and that is enough to keep the book from being overly subjective.

The presentation of the book is also a plus. Perry displays a real knack for picking appropriate contemporary quotations and the illustrations are many and effective. Moreover, the maps by Jane Coram are top notch for clarity and accuracy. As a self-published effort there are a few more typographical errors than in a commercially produced book, but they do not detract from the overall presentation, which is quite attractive.

In sum, then, *Catch Me When You Can* is an entertaining and thought-provoking analysis of the Ripper's "reign of terror." The reader will quickly find himself feeling he is engaged in a personal conversation about the crimes with the author and this is what really makes the book a worthy addition to anyone's Ripper library. Those new to Ripperology will find the book an interesting overview, albeit one that makes no pretence that anyone but Barnett was the Ripper, while even old-hands will find themselves having to rethink some of their long-held and cherished conclusions.

## The Prince, His Tutor and the Ripper

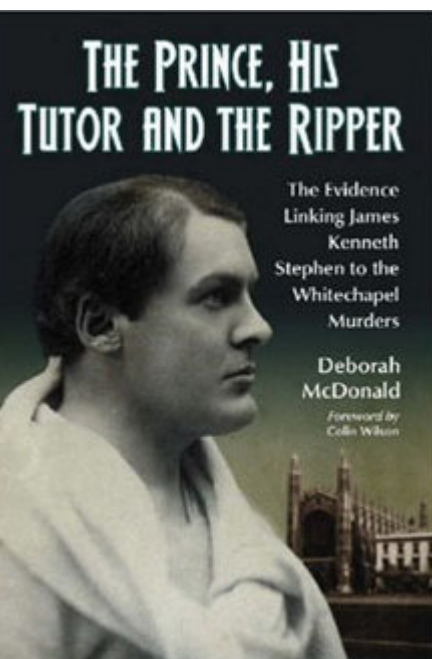
By Deborah McDonald

Foreword by Colin Wilson

Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland, 2007

Illus, notes, biblio, sources, index.

£22.50



Prince Albert Victor has been the subject of much recent interest. Back in 2002 Bonhams auctioned letters written by the Prince to his solicitor George Lewis concerning the purchase of letters he had written to two women. Both of the women are thought to be blackmailing prostitutes, one of them named Miss Richardson. Letters to her were apparently purchased by Lewis for £200, a very considerable sum of money in those days. Then, in 2005, papers released by the National Archives showed that the Prince probably did have an affair with Margery Haddon and fathered her child Clarence, who in the 1920s caused a bit of bother when he turned up in London seeking Royal acknowledgement that he was the bastard child of the Prince. He later wrote a book, *My Uncle King George V*, which was published in America in the 1930s. Most recently we saw the book and accompanying Channel 4 documentary *Prince Eddy: The King We Never Had*, which suggested that the Prince's name was deliberately blackened and that he wasn't really the utter dolt he's commonly portrayed as having been.

What's interesting is that all the elements are there for the inspiration for Joseph Sickert's story: affairs, bastard children, blackmailing prostitutes.



Anyway, of one thing we can be tolerably certain and that is that he wasn't Jack the Ripper. And neither, for that matter, was James Kenneth Stephen. But what has been needed for quite some time is a book that dispassionately looked at the evidence that has formed the basis of the cases against both men. And that is exactly what Deborah McDonald has done—and she has done it very well indeed.

I confess that I almost read this book in a single sitting, which itself is a testimony to its holding power, especially as some of the content—Montague John Drutt's background, the Lipski case and the Cleveland Street scandal—was already very familiar to me. But the examination of Stephen's life and his relationship with and probable influence over Prince Albert Victor was fascinating and refreshing reading.

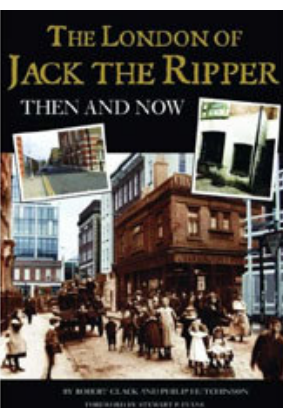
Stephen's life is set against a background of 'Socratic love', homosexuality, and paedophilia prevalent in English public schools, and McDonald has gone back to original sources, most of which have apparently never before been used in association with Stephen, and most importantly among this new information was his mother's diary that charts the course of his fatal illness

McDonald also takes a careful look at Stephen's poetry and his relationships at the time they were written, arguing that they weren't truly misogynist.

This isn't a new topic, having been explored quite fully in the late Theo Aronson's *Prince Eddy and the Homosexual Underground* and in Martin Howells and Keith Skinner's *The Ripper Legacy*, but the former didn't specifically deal with the Ripper and the latter, though unbiased, attempted to make a case that Drutt was possibly murdered by former *Apostles* using a house called the Oziers. Ms. McDonald covers this familiar ground, but brings it together in a cohesive whole.

### Other New Books

2007 August: *Jack the Ripper: Media, Culture, History* by Alexandra Warwick and Martin Willis. University of Manchester Press. Review forthcoming.



2007 October: *The London of Jack the Ripper: Then and Now* by Philip Hutchinson and Robert Clack. Breedon Publishing. Photographic tour of the crime scenes using many previously unpublished photographs and illustrations.

2007, October: *The Victims of Jack the Ripper* by N Stubbings Shelden. Inklings Press.

2007, October: *Shadow Pasts: 'Amateur Historians' and History's Mysteries* by William D. Rubinstein. Longman. Professor Rubinstein looks at some of history's mysteries. These include who was Jack the Ripper? Was there a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy? Did Richard III murder the Princes in the Tower? And so on. More important, he examines the people who investigate, write and read about them, and at the academic historians who virtually ignore these subjects and treat those who are interested in them with contempt.



2007, November: *Adventures in Paranormal Investigation* by Joe Nickell. University Press of Kentucky. Contains a chapter about the Ripper apparently examining Patricia Cornwell's investigation.

2007, December *Ripper Suspect: The Secret Lives of Montague Drutt* by D. J. Leighton. Sutton Publishing. Paperback edition of Drutt biography previously published in hardback.

### 2008

2008, January: *Quest for the Ripper* by Thomas Toughill. Sutton Publishing.

2008, March: *Poison Murders of Jack the Ripper: His Final Crimes, Trial and Execution* by R. Michael Gordon. McFarland & Company. Fourth foray into claim that poisoner George Chapman was Jack.

2008, April: *Jack the Ripper and the East End* by David Spence and Peter Ackroyd. Chatto and Windus. Published to coincide with an exhibition organised by the Museum of London, the book examines how the East End provided the background for Jack the Ripper murders, how the brutal crimes were reported and how the police tried to identify the murderer. A final section shows how Jack the Ripper has shaped our vision of London, and influenced our popular culture.

2008, 24 April: *The Jack the Ripper A to Z* by Paul Begg, Martin Fido and Keith Skinner. Sutton Publishing. New edition of established handy sourcebook.

# On the Crimebeat

WILF GREGG looks at the new additions to the True Crime bookshelf

## FIRSTS, LASTS & ONLYS: CRIME

Jeremy Beadle & Ian Harrison

H/B, 192 pp., Robson Books, £6.99

This is my sort of book. Jam-packed with references to both major and serious crimes, with odd items often laughable and bizarre, with a chronological listing dating from 1076 and the first man in England to be legally beheaded, through to 2006 and the first conviction based on evidence from a camera fitted to a policeman's hat.

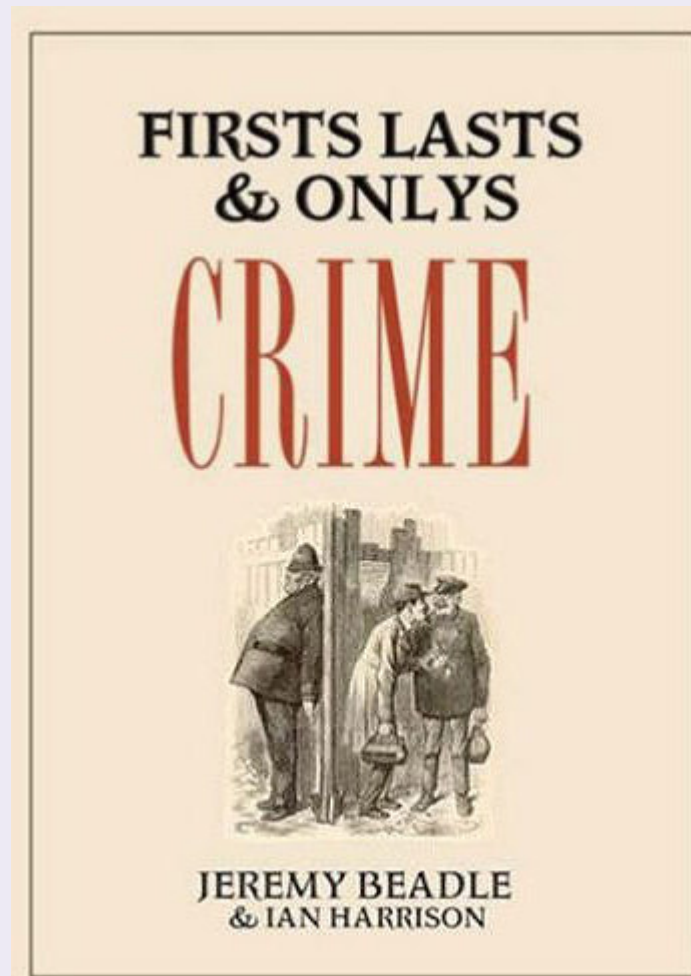
A few instances taken at random:

- Only woman known to have been tortured on the rack (1546)
- Only couple hanged for adultery in America (1643)
- Last victim of the ducking stool in England (1809)
- Last person in England imprisoned for denying the existence of God (1842)
- Only US President to have personally hanged criminals (1873)
- First white man hanged for murder of black person in Kenya (1960)

Readers know Jeremy for his brilliant hosting of conferences plus his enthusiasm for matters Ripper, but this book demonstrates his talent and love for oddities on a wider scale. The dust wrapper describes him as “the nation’s curator of oddities”, although I would prefer “the master collector of oddities”.

An excellent production, which at its cover price has to be the best true crime publishing bargain for many years. As a book collector, I occasionally come across a book which makes me wish I had written it - this is definitely in that category. My praise is in no way influenced by being a close friend nor by the very flattering, but nevertheless very much appreciated, mention of myself in the dedications.

It’s a great book. Don’t miss it.



## EDWARDIAN MURDER

Diane Janes

H/B, 306 pp., Illus., Sutton, £14.99

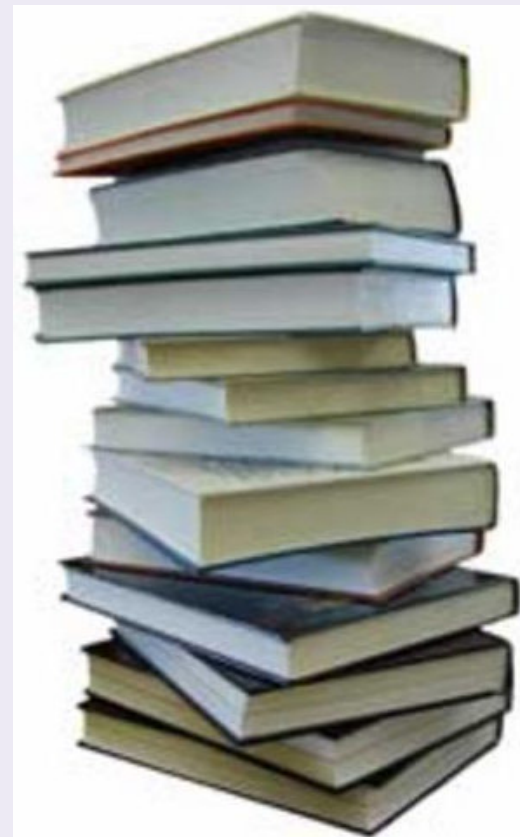
This is a meticulous account of two major Edwardian murders seemingly quite separate, but which were much later linked by allegations of a judicial conspiracy to convict the man accused in one case because he had committed the other. The cases were the unsolved murder of Mrs Caroline Luard in Ightham, Kent in 1908, and what became known as the Morpeth Train Robbery in 1910, for which John Alexander Dickman was convicted and executed.

Firstly, the author sets out the facts about the murder of John Nisbet on the Morpeth Train and then examines Dickman's trial. She certainly establishes that there were irregularities in the proceedings which were glossed over when Dickman appealed.

Turning to the Luard case, again the facts are examined, as well as the inquest, at which it was stated that Mrs Luard's husband, Major General Charles Luard, had an unshakeable alibi, and then the suicide of General Luard soon afterwards.

Ms Janes also examines the conspiracy allegations contained in a memorandum written years later by C.H. Norman, the official shorthand writer at Dickman's trial. She has uncovered very interesting material on Norman, and it was gratifying to read that she totally rejects other media allegations that Dickman was the earlier murderer of a Sunderland money lender.

First class research and impartially presented. Strongly recommended.



**Got something to say?**

**Got comments on a feature  
in this issue?**

**Or found new information?  
Please send your comments  
to [contact@ripperologist.info](mailto:contact@ripperologist.info)**



Aldgate High Street from St Botolph's Church  
Photograph - Adam Wood

