

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

Ripperologist

No. 124

February 2012

The Aberconway Version

ADAM WOOD with a
History of the Macnaghten Memorandum

JOHN BENNETT on the Autobiography of James Carnac

NEIL and **TRACEY I'ANSON** look at Jacob Levy's asylum records

DR GEOFFREY PARNELL on the riddle of the Tower of London's Ravens

Victorian Fiction from **CHARLES DICKENS**

QUOTE FOR THE MONTH

"LONDON HAD JACK THE RIPPER. CHICAGO HAD AL CAPONE. MEDELLIN HAD ITS OWN INFAMOUS SON: PABLO ESCOBAR. AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH IN 1993 AT AGE 44, ESCOBAR WAS THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL. HE BLEW UP A CIVILIAN AIRLINER, BOMBED THE GOVERNMENT'S SECURITY MINISTRY, ASSASSINATED AT LEAST ONE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE AND WAGED A WAR ON THE STATE THAT KILLED THOUSANDS, INCLUDING DOZENS OF JUDGES AND HUNDREDS OF POLICEMEN. BUT IN THE AFTERLIFE, ESCOBAR HAS SUDDENLY BECOME SOMETHING NEW: A TOURIST ATTRACTION."

Dan Molinski, In Medellín, Notorious Figure Becomes Tourist Attraction.
The Wall Street Journal, 13 December 2011.

RIPPEROLOGIST 124, FEBRUARY 2012

EDITORIAL: ONE FOR SORROW, TWO FOR JOY
by Eduardo Zinna

A HISTORY OF THE MACNAGHTEN MEMORANDUM
by Adam Wood

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JAMES CARNAC
by John Bennett

JACOB THE RIPPER?
by Neil and Tracy I'anson

RIDDLE OF THE TOWER RAVENS ALMOST RESOLVED
by Dr Geoffrey Parnell

AMAZING DOGS
by Jan Bondeson

CHRIS SCOTT'S PRESS TRAWL

**SPITALFIELDS LIFE:
THE RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY MURDERS**
by The Gentle Author

**VICTORIAN FICTION:
NURSE'S STORIES**
by Charles Dickens

THE TRUTH
by Glen L Bledsoe

I BEG TO REPORT: NEWS ROUNDUP

REVIEWS
The Autobiography of Jack the Ripper and more!

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We would like to acknowledge the valuable assistance given by the following people in the production of this issue of *Ripperologist*: Loretta Lay, Hon. Christopher McLaren, Keith Skinner and The Gentle Author. Thank you!

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One for Sorrow, Two for Joy

EDITORIAL by
EDUARDO ZINNA

There is a question that lingers in the mind of everybody who has ever heard of Jack the Ripper, and there are no prizes for guessing what it is. *Who was Jack the Ripper?* This is the first question we ask ourselves on learning that the Ripper really roamed the dark streets of London; this is the first question we ask ourselves on learning that his victims were not the handsome, lusty wenches that grace film posters and paperback covers but ageing, feeble women who went to their lonely death not knowing and perhaps not caring why. It is a beginner's question, but also a youthful one; it is a question full of vigour, self-assurance and hope. We come to the Ripper case confident that its solution is at hand, that someone will soon unravel the mystery, that a long misplaced document will presently throw final and conclusive light on the old, shop-worn enigma. Almost inadvertently, we have entered Ripperworld, the murky, treacherous realm of inadequate evidence and unpersuasive theory. For many of us, there is no way out.

The truth, the sad truth, is that nothing is known with any certainty about the Whitechapel murders. Between 7 August and 9 November 1888, six women were found murdered in the East End of London. It is not known whether all of them died by the Ripper's hand or one or more fell prey to other killers. It is not known whether a single killer committed all the murders or several killers were active in the same small area of London at the same time. Some theorists assert that the murders ended in November 1888. Some claim to have found traces of the murderer in other places and at other times.

No one knows who Jack the Ripper was; perhaps no one ever knew. As 1888 moved forward and the murders continued, more and more policemen worked against the clock to bring the killer to justice. But by the end of the year, when it was clear that the murders had stopped, no progress had been made in unveiling the identity of their perpetrator. In later years, some of the policemen involved in the investigation, including senior officials, made claims to the contrary. Others who were also in a position to know admitted that they had no clue as to the Ripper's identity - and hinted that nobody did.

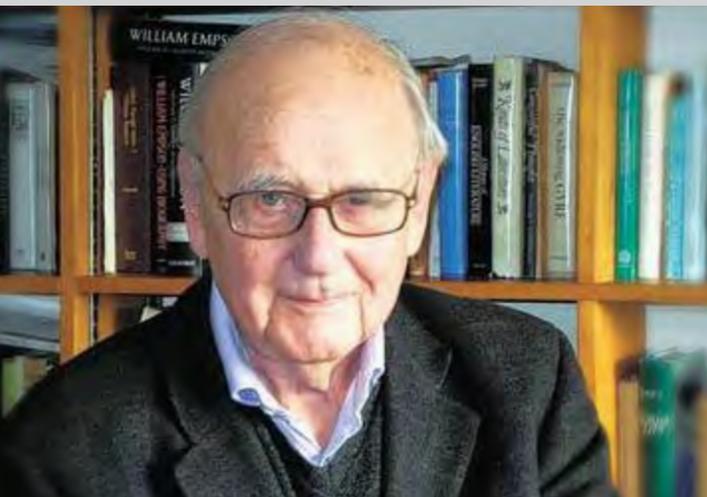
We ask ourselves other questions. *What was Jack the Ripper?* Prince or pauper? Englishman or foreigner? Victim or villain? The range of suspects is remarkable: tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors, rich men, poor men, beggar men, thieves - not to mention butchers, bakers and candlestick makers. The sheer number and variety of suspects obscures the fact that not only no one knew who the Ripper was, but no one knew what he was - or where to look for him.



Who was the Ripper? Unknown and unnamed in Pandora's Box.

Nor does conclusive evidence pointing to a solution to the mystery exist. What remains - reports, letters, news items, post-mortem reports, photographs, sketches, published and unpublished memoirs - may keep the search for the killer alive but will not bring closure to it. In the years since the murders, documents have surfaced which have named, not the Ripper, but plausible Ripper suspects: the Macnaghten Memorandum - which makes a special appearance in the present issue of *Ripperologist* - the Littlechild Letter, the Swanson Marginalia. More recently, several Metropolitan Police's Special Branch registers and ledgers listing communications received from a variety of sources emerged, long after they had been thought lost, pulped or destroyed during the Second World War. Tantalisingly, these documents contain the names of several individuals allegedly connected with the Whitechapel murders. Regrettably, the Metropolitan Police continue to resist, so far successfully, every effort to obtain full access to them. It is open to question, however, whether the information accompanying the names will move us closer to the solution of the mystery.

Much has been written about the Whitechapel murders, and quite a bit of it is admirable. But alongside solid studies of the case there are books which can boast of little more than a name, a prayer and an irresistible urge to pierce the mystery. There is no need to look too far for an example. It suffices to recall what may be the most entertaining as well as the most outlandish account of the murders. A fast-moving tale of royal dalliance, high-level conspiracy and cold-blooded murder based almost entirely on the improbable stories told by an unreliable narrator, it enjoyed a brief vogue as an historical narrative and far greater popularity as the plot of films and comic books, but collapsed in the presence of systematic, critical analysis. Still, new theories about the Ripper's identity crop up virtually every day, more often than not based on insubstantial or inexistent evidence and contentious interpretation. Which brings us to yet another question. What moves people to propose bizarre, far-fetched theories? Are they hoaxers, con artists or lunatics?



Sir Frank Kermode: do we need to be rewarded with conclusions?

Not really. Frank Kermode, the literary critic, discussed in *Sense of an Ending* our deep-rooted need to be rewarded with conclusions. There is a need to speak of a life's importance in relation to time - a need in the moment of existence to be related to a beginning and to an end. Fictions of Apocalypse, of the ways in which we have imagined the end of the world, provide clues to the ways in which fictions, whose ends are consonant with origins, and in concord, however unexpected, with their precedents, satisfy our needs. Perhaps Ripper theorists, like armchair detectives, whodunit readers and crossword-puzzle enthusiasts, abhor unsolved mysteries - narratives, real or fictional, which deny us a satisfactory conclusion.

There is another question that lingers in the mind of everybody who has ever heard of Jack the Ripper, and there are no prizes for guessing what it is. *Will the Ripper's identity ever be known?*

This is the question we ask ourselves after a few years and a few disappointments, after too many theories and too many books. We don't know the answer. Nobody does. Nobody could. We wait for the next book, the next theory, the next long lost document. The vigour and self-assurance of our beginnings may be gone, but the hope lives on.

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“Copy be damned, that’s the original!”

A History of the Macnaghten Memorandum

By ADAM WOOD

On 24 March 1891 the *Times* reported on the appearance at Lambeth magistrates court of a 27-year-old clerk who was charged with ‘feloniously cutting and wounding’ a woman with intent to ‘do grievous bodily harm’, and the attempted wounding of a second. Both attacks took place in Kennington, South London. The defendant, wrongly named by the *Times* as James Cutbush, proclaimed his innocence, saying: “*I could not commit the offence I am charged with. I read of a man in the newspapers stabbing girls at Clapham about five weeks back, and he is the man you want.*” Three weeks later, on 15 April, the *Times* reported that the man had been declared insane and was to be detained at Her Majesty’s pleasure. The prisoner was this time correctly named as Thomas Cutbush.

These events would lead to an accusation in a national newspaper which would be rebutted by a senior officer at the Metropolitan Police in a document now known as the Macnaghten Memorandum. This is the story of that document and its various versions, some published here in full for the first time. Transcriptions use a document’s original spelling and punctuation.

The Sun articles

On 13 February 1894 the *Sun* newspaper began a series of articles on the Whitechapel murders, which for the sake of completeness are published here in full¹:

**THE STORY OF “JACK THE RIPPER.”
SOLUTION OF THE GREAT MURDER MYSTERY.
HIS PERSONALITY, CAREER, AND FATE.**

The general impression for a long time has been that Jack the Ripper is dead. It was evident that the fiend who committed so many murders in such rapid succession - with such extraordinary daring - with such untiring ferocity - would never cease his bloody work until death or detection. Just three years have now passed away since these murders ceased to take place; and such an interruption in the series of crimes points clearly to the disappearance in some form or other of the man who was guilty of them.

But besides detection - which has not taken place - or death - there is a third solution. Such injuries could only be done by a homicidal lunatic; and a homicidal lunatic may sometimes try his hand at murder without success; inflicting, perhaps, only a wound - sometimes only causing a fright, and, caught in these comparatively minor offences and being unmistakably a lunatic, may thus be locked away, without noise, without attracting attention, without even a paragraph in the newspapers. Oftentimes a man, sentenced as a petty thief, turns out to be a long suspected and long sought for murderer. Charles Peace was first charged as a burglar; it was not till some time after he had been imprisoned that he was found to be the daring ruffian who had committed more than one murder, and for years had successfully defied all efforts to discover him.

¹ Transcripts of the *Sun* 13-17 February 1894 taken from the Casebook Press Project (www.casebook.org/press_reports/sun)

This is, we believe, what happened in the case of Jack the Ripper. He was first brought to imprisonment on the charge of being simply a dangerous lunatic. And the evidence of his lunacy - hopeless, abysmal and loathsome - was so palpable that he was not permitted even to plead. In the brief of the counsel who prosecuted, in the instructions of the solicitor who defended, there was the same statement - that he was suspected of being Jack the Ripper. In the case of both the one and the other, the very mention of this or any other dark suspicion was precluded; for, unable to plead, the wretched creature in the dock was saved from all indictment; was spared the necessity of all defence. He was sent forthwith to the living tomb of a lunatic asylum, and there he might have passed to death without mention of his terrible secret if a chance clue had not put a representative of The Sun on the track. The clue thus accidentally obtained has been followed up by months of patient investigation, and has been thoroughly sifted. Today we lay before the world a story - consecutive, careful, and firmly knit - which we believe will offer the solution of the greatest murder mystery of the nineteenth century.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF SUCH A MURDERER.

First, let us see if we can form a picture of the kind of being such a murderer as Jack the Ripper would be. That inquiry will largely help us in his identification with the man whom we decided to be he.

In the first place, he would be neither very young nor very old; not very young, because he could not have gone through the experiences which would produce such a mania as his; not very old, for he would not have had the strength or the agility, or the daring, to perform such a series of crimes.

What would be the experiences which would produce such a mania? It must be remembered that the mania of murdering women of the class who were the victims of Jack the Ripper is by no means unusual. Neill, for instance, was a maniac of this kind; and poisoned fallen women apparently in the mere wantonness of delight of such work. The writer of this article once saw a soldier - a quiet, almost gentle creature, with fine brown eyes and an intellectual face and mind - tried for the murder of an unfortunate woman whom he had not seen for nearly 20 years, and whom he murdered immediately after his return from a long period of service in India.

The originating cause of this mania in most cases is the ravages of the mind caused by constitutional disease, and the desire to avenge the wrong on the class from which it was supposed to have sprung. This is one of the many reasons which make it plain that Jack the Ripper would be a man past his first boyhood; old enough to have undergone years of severe suffering - mental and physical. It is often found that the idea of having contracted the disease, though unfounded, produces the same form of mania.

ACTIVITY.

Next, Jack the Ripper must have been a man of extraordinary activity. It would have been impossible for him to have escaped into the darkness and the unknown, if he had not been extremely fleet of foot. He must likewise have been a man of some strength, though not of such strength as some people have imagined. He need not have been a man of scientific knowledge, for it is popular mistake to suppose that the Whitechapel mutilations showed anything like the skill of a man accustomed to anatomy and to the structure of the human body.

THE CONTRADICTIONS OF LUNACY.

Above all things, Jack the Ripper must have had several of the most pronounced characteristics of the lunatic. One of these characteristics would be such insensibility to fear - to moral guilt - to the whole horror and terror of his dreadful act - as would have him resort to those simple expedients which are the surest method of escape. A murderer who had the full, or even the partial, possession of his senses would have resorted to all sorts of expedients for covering his tracks; would have matured his plans for days, if not weeks, before; would have used all kinds of skilful schemes for ensuring his escape; and in this way would have forgotten some detail, and this would have wound the rope of detection around his own neck. To proceed about his bloody work - as if it were just the ordinary task of his daily life - to act without any preconceived plan or preliminary preparations; to mingle in a crowd as if nothing had occurred, and he were like everybody else; in short, to conduct himself quite naturally, after the fashion of the ordinary man in

ordinary circumstances - this was the best, and, indeed, the only method by which Jack the Ripper could ensure the certainty of his escape. Such a man finding himself in circumstances in which a sane man could not by the remotest possibility escape - would yet, by the sheer force of the simplicity of his methods, baffle all detection and all pursuit. He might go through even a crowded thoroughfare with a whole crowd at his heels - policemen, men, screaming women - and yet manage to escape them all, and pass through them unobserved and untouched, at the very moment when they were searching everywhere for him, and apparently had closed against him every avenue and door of escape.

CUNNING AND CANDOUR.

Finally, such a man would have the strange mixture of cunning and simplicity which belong to true madness. At one time we have often pictured Jack the Ripper caught red handed, and have always figured him as a poor, rather simple creature who would blandly proclaim that he had really done nothing, but whose terrible tiger soul would be betrayed by the lurid eyes and by the sallow face and the worn figure.

While the cunning was uppermost he would baffle detection, would proclaim his innocence, would make good his escape. But on the other hand, when he had relapsed into the insane mood, he would come to the very first stranger, reveal to him - with apparent unconsciousness - the burden of his soul, the horrible secret of his life; present the indisputable proof of his guilt, and offer himself almost for arrest. Finally, there is one point - it is rather a small one, apparently, but its bearing will be seen by and by. He must from the nature of the wounds on his victims be either left handed or able to use both hands with pretty equal facility.

We believe that all these signs and tokens of the Whitechapel murderer ill be found united in the man whom we shall by and by - and though the same process of reasoning and investigation as we have passed through ourselves - declare to be the murderer.

Only one word more of preliminary remark. We have had to examine a vast number of persons in the course of this lengthened and difficult inquiry. In nearly every case we have been implored not to reveal names, for the very obvious reason that, even remotely, people shrink from possible and almost certain annoyance of being associated in even the remotest degree with his hideous crime. And now we introduce the reader to the first scene in this story across which Jack the Ripper throws his awful shadow.

THE STORY OF W_____ K_____.

At 10.30 on a March night in 1891, a man was seen lurking in the vicinity of a ruined building in the North of London. This is close to a street past which the train runs, and W K got out at this point with his sweetheart. As they walked the figure of a thin, tall, young man approached them in the dark.

He was very excited and weird looking. His coat collar was turned up about his throat, and his hat was pulled well over his face. He entered into conversation with them, begging that they would hide him, as the runners were after him, and £500 was offered for his apprehension. As he said this a cab drove by and he shouted, "There they come!" and bolted up to the door of a house and raised the knocker as if about to knock, but did not. Seeing that the cab passed, he left the door and joined Mr K who attempted to calm and quieten him, pooh pooing his apprehensions; but he would not be soothed. He made a long, rambling statement with great vehemence, saying he was wanted for a very serious charge. "You must know," said he, "that they say I am Jack the Ripper - but I am not, though all their inside are open and their bowels are all out. I am a medical man, you know, but not Jack the Ripper - you must not think I am. But they do, and they are after me, and the runners are after me, for they want the £500 which is offered for my capture, and I have only been cutting up girls and laying them out." So ran his curious confessions and entreaties to hide him away, and he explained that money was no object, as he had plenty of it, and rich relations. When they explained they had no place to hide him, he said, "Then show me the way to the fields - where I shall be safe!" Mr K's statement continues as follows:

"I TOOK HIM TO BE JACK THE RIPPER."

"But I did not like to say so at the time, as I did not want to frighten my sweetheart. He said so much in the twenty minutes we were talking that I cannot recall all, but I remember well that he impressed me at the time as being Jack the Ripper. He said £500 was offered for him, and begged me to take him home and hide him. I was half afraid of him, but he begged so hard of me that I pitied him, and I was glad not to have to interfere with him. I understood from his statements that he was in the medical profession. When he had left us I got curious, and we followed him, making up our minds when we met a policeman we would charge him. We followed him up Camden street, past Georgians street, across Camden road, and by the side of Winkworth's wine place by Bayham Wharf, where I went down, but he did not, and I missed him completely."

THE REWARD.

The only comment which it is necessary to make in producing this statement is in reference to the remark about the reward of £500 which the fugitive said was upon his head. There was only one official reward offered for the perpetrator of the Whitechapel murders. This was made in 1888 by the City Police, and the sum was £500.

Here we leave W K for the present; we shall return to him by and by. In the meantime, here is a remarkable letter. It is written on a fly sheet, and undated:-

A SENSATIONAL LETTER.

"Some three weeks ago I went to a surgeon's shop for advice. I explained that I felt rather unwell, and attributed it to having too much wine. The fact is I never had any wine at all. I said this because I was ashamed to own to my own beastliness and inclination. He told me that I need not trouble, as there was nothing the matter with me, and he gave me a bottle of mixture. I thought no more of the matter until a day or so afterwards, when I came on very ill. All the nerves and bones in my head seemed dropping to pieces. The nerve muscles of my face and jaw were greatly agitated - spots with large, red irritant patches came out on my face, and a dreadful burning pain in my left side. I was speedily in a state of great and terrible anxiety and fear. I went to him again four days after and explained the state I was in, and he said, "Yes, I will give you something for it." I have since then received three bottles of medicine. Iron, sarsaparilla, strychnine &c. My face is disfigured and illegible. I have been burning up till last night when I took some Epsom salt and applied [illegible] to the back of my neck and shoulders. After using the salve the prime agitation eased."

The letter is in a peculiar sloping backhand writing which its writer sometimes employed. The curious fact is that there was nothing the matter with him save the diseased condition of his mind.

The letter will be found to be a very important link in the chain of evidence in the identification of its writer.

The Sun continued on 14 February:

THE STORY OF "JACK THE RIPPER." SOLUTION OF THE GREAT MURDER MYSTERY. HIS PERSONALITY, CAREER, AND FATE.

We know the Christian name and surname of Jack the Ripper. We know his present habitation; our representatives have seen him, and we have in our possession a morass of declarations, documents and other proofs which prove his identity. We have a facsimile of the knife with which the murders were committed, purchased at the same place. We are able to trace the whole career of the man who committed those crimes, we can give the names of his employers, their places of business, the terms of his service there, and the incidents of his connection with them - incidents which clearly show that he was in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel at the time when the murders were committed; that he developed tendencies even in his employment of homicidal insanity; and finally he was at liberty and close to Whitechapel during all that period when the murders were committed; and that these murders immediately came to an end - as well as other crimes of violence - from the moment when he was safely under lock and key.

But at this moment our readers must be satisfied with less information than is at our disposal. Jack the Ripper has relatives; they are some of them in positions which would make them a target for the natural curiosity - for the unreasoning reprobation which would pursue any person even remotely connected with so hideous a monstrosity, and we must abstain, therefore, from giving his name in the interest of these unfortunate, innocent, and respectable connections. We are the more resolved to do so at the moment as a pathetic point in this otherwise hideous and awful story is the tenacity with which some of his relatives have clung to this awful type. They have tended him, nursed him, watched for him, borne with him with a patience that never tired, with a love that never waned. While he has been out through the watches of the night on his fiendish work, one of them has sat up, waiting anxiously for his return - frightened at every noise - apprehensive of every possible form of mishap; in imagination picturing this tiger who marched from crime to crime as some innocent, harmless, and helpless child in need of protection from the violence of others. In human history there is not a more remarkable case of the difference in the view between the relative of a human being and the world generally.

CHARACTERISTICS AND HABITS.

And now what is the story - what are the characteristics - what are the habits of the man whom we identify as Jack the Ripper?

It will be understood that for everything we say about him we have documentary and other proofs. In the first place, that he was an idle, somewhat dissolute fellow. He was dissolute, that is to say, in the sense that he kept bad company; that he exhibited the same tendency as Neill to consort with the women who were his victims.

He was in several situations years ago, but he was not steady in any of them; and he was impelled to retire from one of them. This was because he was suspected of something which at the time appeared merely a violent assault under the influence of passion, but which subsequent light on his character proves to have been an outcome of his homicidal mania.

His habits of life when he was out of employment were those one would imagine in such a creature as Jack the Ripper. He has spent most of his day in bed; it was only when night came that he seemed roused to activity and to interest in life. Then he used to go out, disappear no one knew whither, and never return till early on the following morning. And when he did return, his appearance was such as to reveal to any gaze but that of blind affection some idea of this bloody and horrible work in which he had been engaged. Even, however, to his relatives his appearance suggested something terrible. His clothes were covered with mud; there were other stains which might suggest the nature of his work; but, above all things, there was the expression of his face. His face was so distorted as hardly to be recognized. Such is the description which has been given of him.

The manner in which the creature spent the portion of the day in which he was not in bed, is also clear proof of his nocturnal occupations and of his identity. Persons who knew him declare that he always exhibited a strong love for anatomical study, and that - this is most significant - he spent a portion of the day in making rough drawings of the bodies of women, and of their mutilations, after the fashion in which the bodies of the women murdered in Whitechapel were found to be mutilated. His own reason assigned for these performances was that he was studying for the medical profession - a reason that must be taken in connection with that startling interview in North London, the particulars of which we gave in our issue of yesterday.

HIS KNOWLEDGE OF WHITECHAPEL.

We have already said that the man we identify as Jack the Ripper had been employed in Whitechapel, and had in this way had the opportunity of learning all about the infinite and labyrinthine construction of that strange region. It is also a further proof that we have identified the right man that he lived within a ten minutes' walk of the locality of most of the murders. He had thus the necessary knowledge on the one hand of this peculiar; and on the other, was within easy reach of a place of refuge.

The next point in the identification, on which we lay particular stress, is that this man was a victim of that strange form of delusion with regard to constitutional disease which is one of the most frequent accompaniments of the murder of fallen women. On this point we have an accumulation of evidence. But we must be content for the moment with stating that it is a confirmation in the most emphatic manner that the man we refer to suffered from strong

delusions of constitutional disease, and also from homicidal delusions such as one would expect to find in Jack the Ripper. The next point in the process of identification is the personal appearance of the man supposed to be Jack the Ripper. On this point the evidence is necessarily important. Curious as it may seem - paradoxical as it may sound - the only person whose identification of Jack the Ripper would be most indicative[?] is a blind boy.

[illegible 5 lines] ...fiendish hand which had done so many murders was responsible for her awful end. Her throat was cut, with the clean incisive cut which characterised all the atrocities; her body was mutilated, and her legs were hacked and slashed to the bone. Her murderer met her leaving a public house, and the fact was held to be clearly established at the time that she was, when accosted by the man, accompanied by a blind boy in whom she took a passionate interest. The boy heard the voice of the man who spoke to her - he remembered its strange tones distinctly and perfectly - and it was afterwards thought that in this lay a clue to the discovery of the murderer. But this boy does not seem ever to have been confronted with the man whom we declare to be Jack the Ripper. This is the more curious as the boy's description of the voice is said to have been of such a character as to make it clear that he would have been able to identify the voice. Therefore the description as to Jack the Ripper's appearance upon which we have to rely is that published by the City Police in October 2, 1888, a few days after what was known as the Mitre Square murder.

JACK THE RIPPER'S APPEARANCE.

But before giving this description we present the reader with the notes of the appearance of the man we identify as Jack the Ripper, taken by our representatives at the asylum in which he is at present incarcerated. He is just over 33 years of age. He is a man of about 5ft 8in to 5ft 9in in height. He is thin, and walks with a slight stoop, as if his chest troubled him. His face is narrow and short, with a high receding forehead, his eyes large and dark, with the expression of a hunted beast in them; his nose thick and prominent, his lips full and red, and his jaws give sign of much power and determination.

Now compare this with the official description, allowing, of course, for the necessary indefiniteness of the police description. This official description, it may be stated, was taken from the account given by a fallen woman of a man who had accosted her in a public house a few days before the Mitre Square murder. It will be seen that a description of this kind would necessarily be less perfect and detailed than that which comes from the pen of trained observers who went specially to see this man for the purpose of observing and describing him. But taking those two things into account, we ask our readers to place the descriptions side by side, and say whether they are not startlingly alike in their main features.

On October 2, 1888, the City Police announced that the man wanted for the Mitre Square murder was "Aged 28; slight; height 5ft 8in; complexion, dark; no whiskers; black diagonal coat; hard felt hat; collar and tie; carried newspaper parcel; respectable appearance."

We now come to what is perhaps, after all, the most convincing link in our chain of evidence. I began by saying that a man who had committed such murders as those in Whitechapel must have been so insane as to have the daring simplicity of a lunatic, and, therefore, able to make an escape when a sane human being would find it impossible to do so, from the sheer simplicity and calmness of utter insanity. Here is an instance that occurred in a district of London, busy, teeming with population, almost impassable. A man is in detention, all his clothes have been stripped off with the exception of his shirt; he is in bed, four men armed guard over him. Here certainly is security for his detention if such a thing is possible. But the prisoner swings from the bed, knocks down the four men on guard and scales, with the ease and nimbleness of a monkey, a wall 8ft in height.

He drops on the other side, and then he finds himself in the midst of an open and crowded district. At once the hue and cry is raised, and the whole district joins in it.

HIS CUNNING.

Policemen's whistles bring constables on the scene, and within a few moments of the man's escape descriptions of him are being wired from the district police station to every other station in London. His scanty apparel, it is thought, is sufficient to warrant his speedy capture.

Into a house in a busy thoroughfare goes the fugitive, with bare legs and shirt tail flying, and passing through it reaches the back garden, and then, jumping several garden walls, comes to another house, which he enters. His entrance and subsequent proceedings in the house are unobserved, because the inmates have gone into street to gaze at the other house. Here he finds a pair of striped trousers, check jacket, brown overcoat, black felt hat, and a pair of old boots, which he immediately puts on.

And while the crowd in full pursuit are clamouring for admission at the other house into which he had been seen to go, the fugitive comes out of the front door of the neighbouring house, and walks calmly and collectedly past the excited crowd and under the very nose of the people who are looking for him.

Now here we have an incident of a most remarkable character - an incident which is in many respects suggestive of the Whitechapel murders. The real secret of the success of the Whitechapel murderer's escape was his daring and simplicity, his power of doing the most terrible and extraordinary things in an ordinary way, and it would scarcely be possible that there could be in the same city two human beings so miraculously expert in escaping detection under such equally hopeless circumstances. When we add that the person who made this extraordinary escape was a person whom we can prove to have been employed for a considerable time in Whitechapel - to have been compelled to leave his employment there for a crime of violence suggestive of the homicidal tendency - to have been living at the time of his escapade within an easy distance of the scene of the murders in Whitechapel, accumulating proof becomes extremely strong.

But this is by no means the whole case. The rooms in which the man lived were searched. In them was found that extraordinary letter which we published yesterday - but there were other things - papers which had reference to women; and stuffed up the chimney a police inspector found waistcoats wet, having been washed, and coats, the sleeves of which smelt of turpentine. Among some papers which had been torn up and found in an overcoat in the room, were [illegible 12 lines].

Now we ask distinctly whether these were not the exact kind of drawings that would be found in the rooms [?] of Jack the Ripper?

And now we see who was the man who had evidently committed offences not so horrible as the Whitechapel murders, but somewhat similar to them; and whose rooms contained the batch of drawings which one might expect to find in the possession of Jack the Ripper. Evidence would stop abruptly and hopelessly short of conviction if we were unable in any way to associate the fugitive with Whitechapel and the murders; but we are about to do so; to bring this same man, with employment in Whitechapel, to show that the date of his employment synchronises exactly - almost to the day and hour - with the murders; and that their cessation for eight months equally corresponds with his dismissal from his employment and his disappearance from the immediate neighbourhood.

A STARTLING INCIDENT.

On July 24, 1888, exactly a fortnight before the date of the first Whitechapel murders, which occurred on August 7, 1888, a young man succeeded in obtaining employment at a firm in the immediate district of the murders. His age was about 27. He was swarthy in complexion, and his frame was slight and wiry. His only strong peculiarity, or eccentricity, as it was then thought, was a desire to advise all with whom he came in contact as to the treatment of certain horrible diseases. He was noticed to have possessed himself of certain medicines and lotions which he kept in his pockets. These he frequently partook of during the day, and it was remarkable that, while seemingly in good bodily health, it was his practice from time to time to retire, and when come upon suddenly, was found to be anointing his face with washes and ointments in front of a glass. This, and a faculty for drawing caricatures and anatomical figures, were his principal distinctions when not discussing nasty illnesses.

One day, an elderly official of the firm, noticing that the young man was employed anointing his face in front of the looking glass, said, in a bantering way quite innocent of malice, "I have known much better looking men than you who did not spend half as much time in looking at themselves."

No particular notice was taken of this incident, but when the elderly gentleman was proceeding upstairs, to his immense surprise, the young man, who up to this had never shown any violent propensities, sprang out of a dark corner where he had been lying in wait and hurled him to the bottom of the stone stairs, where he lay insensible in a pool of blood, which flowed from a terrible cut in his head. When people came upon the scene, the author of this outrageous assault remarked, "Poor gentleman, he has fallen downstairs."

This apparently ingenuous observation disarmed all suspicion, and it was not till the injured man came to himself weeks afterwards that the true facts were made known.

It is worthy of note at this point that the

SERIES OF MURDERS

which started immediately after his employment in the Whitechapel firm, and continued in almost regular intervals, as mysteriously ceased with his departure and were not heard of again for eight months.

And now here we have this striking combination of circumstances - that a man, admittedly a homicidal lunatic, almost clearly guilty of attempting to murder women - was the same man who at the time of the Whitechapel murders was employed in Whitechapel, and was guilty in the open daylight of just the kind of crime a Jack the Ripper would commit.

So far we have brought the case today: tomorrow we shall present the remainder of our proofs - so far as the public interest will permit them to be published - and, summing up this whole case, leave it to the judgement of our readers and commit it to the attention of the authorities.

On 15 February 1894:

THE STORY OF "JACK THE RIPPER." SOLUTION OF THE GREAT MURDER MYSTERY. HIS PERSONALITY, CAREER, AND FATE.

JACK THE RIPPER IN CAMDEN TOWN.

We return for moment to a scene which we have already described. It will be recollected that Jack the Ripper made one of his most marvellous escapes when, rushing from a lunatic asylum, evading four warders, climbing a wall eight feet high, he rushed naked through one of the most crowded districts of London, and then disappeared from the gaze of men. It will be remembered that we also described the method - simple, but marvellous - by which he effected his escape. Going into a house, he calmly walked upstairs, found a suit of clothes, put them on rapidly, and thus clothed was able to walk calmly out of the front door while the occupants of the house were in the street, joining in the hue and cry against him; and mingling with the noisy and big crowd that were waiting for him, quietly got away.

For some hours he is lost from sight in the maelstrom of London life; but we meet him again on that very night. It will be remembered that it was on this same night he met the man we have described as W K, who was then taking a walk with his sweetheart in Camden Town. We have already given W K's account of this interview, told to one of our representatives within the last two months. But we have another account from the same man written within a few hours of the interview with Jack the Ripper. It will be seen that it corresponds exactly with the account given to our interviewer; but it has the additional importance of having been written just at the time when the interview with Jack the Ripper had taken place. We believe this startling document will strike others, as it has me, with being a most important link in the chain of evidence that shows the man met by W K in Camden Town to be none other than Jack the Ripper:-

A STARTLING LETTER.

Dear _____, I hope you will kindly pardon the liberty I take in writing these few lines, but I write to ask you if there is any truth in the statements of a young man I accidentally met last evening in Camden Town, about 10.30. He was so very excited and begged of me to let you know by post that I consider it my duty to thus address you and give you every information relating to his movements relying, as I do, on his own words. He told me he was wanted for some grave and serious charge - I understood him it was some hospital inquiry - and begged of me to hide him for a few days, as he was quite innocent, and that the whole of London was after him, and that the runners were tracking him down, and that £500 was offered for his apprehension, but he had managed to escape them but did not know where to go for safety. He also informed me he had been placed in a hospital against his wish, and put with patients that were suffering from fever, but escaped. But if taken again the doctors would certify him mad and he would be placed in an asylum and there be murdered, and that _____ would never know his end. He then gave me an envelope with an address, and begged me to write _____, which I readily promised. I could not refuse his request, for he pleaded so earnestly for me to do so, and his excited manner and mental nervousness I consider justifies me making some inquiries, for I have reason now to believe that he suffers from delusions. Sincerely do I hope he is safe. For he was going to Hampstead, and wanted to get to the fields. He thought it would be safer for him. Poor fellow! I assure you, he has quite unnerved me, for he was quite the gentleman in manner and address, and if you will kindly grant me an interview this evening at 7.30 I will call and see you, and my young lady also, who can bear witness to my statements, she being with me at the time, and heard every word of this strange and startling incident.

THE MAN IN THE LIGHT OVERCOAT.

It is one of the most curious features of this strange story that many persons at that time were of opinion that this man was Jack the Ripper, and many who knew him well had certainly heard the suggestion. I shall give several statements drawn up on this point from a number of witnesses; and the accumulation of their testimony will, I believe, be found very striking.

I begin with a very remarkable letter written at the time by F K. F K is the father of one of the girls stabbed. It will be remembered that after these stabbing cases _____ was brought for trial, and that it was on these charges he was, though unable to plead, assigned to a lunatic asylum.

This is the letter which F K wrote at the time. I ask especial attention for this remarkable document - the letter was addressed to the police:-

Pardon me for suggesting an idea which has probably occurred to you in connection with the recent stabbing cases in this neighbourhood. The dagger which was found on the man now under detention is just such a one as was probably used with such dreadful success at Whitechapel, and there are several points of resemblance in the cases although those now before us are now trivial compared with the magnitude of the Whitechapel tragedies. This fellow approaches his victims from the back, and with such a weapon could very easily commit a Whitechapel murder and escape without showing any blood marks. He is catlike in his approach, very fleet of foot, and he can approach his victim unheard, and if true that he has a second dagger and revolver at home, it is probable they are intended for use in the event of an attempted capture. I think you will find on inquiry that one of the Whitechapel victims was seen in company of a man with a light coat shortly before the murder. His return - after a long absence with bleeding feet is very suggestive, and shows that his operations are performed some distance from _____.

First, mark this phrase in F K's letter - "He is catlike in his approach, very fleet of foot, and he can approach his victim unheard." Is not this an exact description of what the man must have been who could have committed the Whitechapel murders?

The allusion to the light overcoat must be taken in connection with the murder in an archway off Backchurch Lane. It was there that the body of a woman unknown was discovered in September, 1889; and it was reported that she had been seen a short time before her murder talking to a man in a light overcoat. A light overcoat was among the things found at the house of the man who stabbed this girl. Finally, as F K suggests, the knife used in the two sets of cases was of the same pattern.

OTHER HOMICIDAL SCHEMES.

We now come to another branch of the evidence. Before he had been discovered in the stabbing of girls, _____ had made himself very well known as a person of homicidal tendencies.

The first case is that of a medical man. I suppress the name - but this and every other fact in our possession we shall gladly place at the disposal of the authorities:-

I remember _____ very well. He complained that he was suffering from some constitutional disease of an aggravated type. I examined him carefully, made every kind of necessary test, and came to the conclusion that he was suffering from nothing but a delusion and mental aberration. I accordingly gave him a tonic combined with a nervine sedative and humoured his whims. He came off and on for some weeks or months, but being only an outpatient, and knowing little of him and nothing of his people, I could not communicate with him. About four or five years ago a letter was given to me. It was from _____ and addressed to me. The letter, said the writer, informed me that he had been to Scotland Yard and had laid an information against me, or some nonsense of that kind.

On November 15, 1890, I received a letter from a Mr S Y, saying that _____ had called on S Y and wanted him to lend him a pistol or money to buy one, and that the contents of it were intended for me. I took the letter to _____ police station that evening and laid the matter before the inspector. He referred me to some parish official living in _____. I saw him and he directed me to go next morning to the workhouse in _____.

When I got there I was informed that a medical officer and a Justice of the Peace had been to _____'s residence to ascertain the state of his mind, and that he had eluded them by jumping over the wall and had escaped. They advised me to lay the matter before the magistrate at _____ police court and ask him to grant a warrant for _____'s arrest. I did so, but the magistrate said the workhouse authorities must deal with the matter themselves.

THE STORY OF S Y.

It will be observed that the man alluded to in this statement is just the type of man who would commit the Whitechapel murders, having the delusions and the tendencies which are known to produce such murderers.

I pass on to the statement of S Y, which is alluded to in the letter just quoted.

S Y first states that he knew _____ at an office in which they had both been employed. _____ was dismissed on account of his eccentric conduct. S Y goes on:-

_____ called on me in 1891 and asked me to lend him a pistol to shoot Dr _____. I have learned from Mr D G that _____ was well known at the office, and the police have reasons to believe that he is Jack the Ripper. This appears to be founded on a statement made by one in a position to know that _____ on several occasions late at night was seen with his left sleeve covered with blood; and the theory of the authorities was that the Whitechapel murders were done by a left-handed man.

THE STORY OF D G.

And now for the story of D G. D G, who is in a legal office, first describes how the nature of his duties brings him in contact with criminals and lunatics; and then he continues with the story as to _____'s idea of shooting Dr. _____.

Among others I remember _____. He used to come here frequently and try to persuade me with a cock and bull story to prosecute a doctor for poisoning him. He was very strong on what he called the infamy of doctors being allowed to dispense their own prescriptions. He came and went as others do, and I took very little heed of him, just going through the old formula of listening to the same old story.

ANOTHER HOMICIDAL PLAN.

I interrupt the statement of D G at this point to call attention to the extraordinary statement which follows up that just made. It is nothing less than a description of a suspicion on the part of D G that his visitor contemplated murdering him, and, what is more remarkable, to murder him after the feline fashion in which this man stabbed the girls and the Whitechapel murderer must have killed his victims:-

One day, however, I was very busy over some papers, and only suddenly became acquainted with the fact that somebody had silently and stealthily slid into the office and had taken up his stand behind me. I felt at once that he was going to assault and possibly murder me, so I sprang up and faced him. It was _____, and so I closed with him and ran him out of the office.

LIST OF CRIMES.

And now I call the attention of the reader to the startling series of crimes either committed or contemplated by this man:-

1. Stabbing of six girls.
2. Murderous assault on fellow worker in Whitechapel.
3. Murderous assault on a relative.
4. Murderous assault on a servant girl.
5. Threat to murder Dr. _____.
6. Suspected intention to make murderous assault on D G.

Total of homicidal crimes committed or contemplated - 11.

And thus I have brought him to the point that - outside of the Whitechapel murders - this man employed in the East end at the time of the murders, and resident in a locality close to Whitechapel, was guilty of nine homicidal offences, and is strongly suspected of contemplating two more. It scarcely seems possible to imagine that there should be two men so closely associated with Whitechapel and at the same time capable of such a succession of crimes all more or less alike.

16 February 1894:

THE STORY OF "JACK THE RIPPER." SOLUTION OF THE GREAT MURDER MYSTERY. HIS PERSONALITY, CAREER, AND FATE.

THE WHITECHAPEL FIEND AT BROADMOOR.

IN BROADMOOR CRIMINAL LUNATIC ASYLUM.

It has already been stated more than once that the principal features in the career of the infamous criminal, Jack the Ripper, have been known to *The Sun* for many weeks, and that they were previously withheld from publication to permit of the most searching and patient inquiry in every direction. When the net of evidence began to close round one man - when it had been established beyond all reasonable doubt that the perpetrator of the Whitechapel murders was under the lock and key of the law - two representatives of *The Sun* went to Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum in order to come face to face with that inscrutable criminal. The asylum is situated on the crest of some well wooded rising ground about five miles distant from Bracknell station on the South Western railway. The only way to reach the place is to walk or drive, and the muddy roads on a mid January day did not tempt towards the former alternative. There is an inn near the station, which apparently does a thriving posting business, and an inquiry directed to the landlord as to the possibility of obtaining a conveyance at once elicited the suspicious query, "Do you want an open or a closed carriage, sir?" which plainly showed that in the opinion of the local Boniface anyone requiring vehicular assistance towards Broadmoor might, or might not, be a very dangerous customer. After a pleasant drive through the crisp wintry air, the journey being beguiled by the store of local information possessed by the driver, the four wheeled dogcart containing the little party bent on such curious business commenced to ascend the tortuous road which leads to the asylum out of the main road to Farnborough.

AT THE GATES.

The well known establishment for the safe custody of the criminal lunatics of the kingdom is externally a handsome, almost an imposing, building. Constructed of red brick faced with stone, in a light and effective architectural style, with its high outer walls shrouded by trees, and its approaches decorated with evergreens and flower beds, the first

appearance of Broadmoor is distinctly favourable. There is nothing of the gaol about it except the great iron-studded door and the barred windows of the porter's lodge - indeed the whole place might easily be the country mansion of some noble duke or earl. Yet within those walls there were immured over 600 human beings of whom more than 100 had taken the lives of fellow creatures under the most ghastly and terrible circumstances. To the representatives of The Sun the structure had an added interest from the fact which they alone knew at that moment - that it contained the most noted, mysterious, and world famous criminal of modern days.

Inquiry at the central entrance showed that Dr Nicholson, the Medical Superintendent, was awaiting his expected visitors at his house, a charming little villa situated under the lee of the vast asylum, and overlooking from its drawing room windows the beautiful valley which stretches away towards Aldershot. Dr Nicholson is a Scotchman whose geniality has survived many years of close acquaintance with the worst ruffians in Great Britain. He filled several medical appointments in penitentiaries and convict prisons before he was selected for the responsible post which he now holds and which he has held uninterruptedly for seventeen years. But if his kindly temperament has outlived the contact, he has not been so fortunate in other respects. Twice he has been assaulted with murderous intent either by a sullen convict or a lunatic, and he bears marks on his person which are eloquent testimonies to the unsavoury characters of the men whom he has had in charge. But for all that, Dr Nicholson speaks kindly and indulgently of the afflicted beings for whose comfort and safety he is responsible, and it was easy to see during a subsequent progress through the different wards of the asylum that the Medical Superintendent is on the best of terms with all those who are sane enough to be able to appreciate the care and unremittent attention bestowed upon them.

IN THE ASYLUM.

Dr Nicholson, after a cordial greeting, invited the representatives of The Sun to accompany him to his office, where he was soon busily engaged in transacting some necessary business which could not be left unattended. In the first place, he had to receive the reports from the doctors in charge of the various sections of the establishment, and some of these sounded very strange to unaccustomed ears. A stalwart warder stated that one man had developed dangerous symptoms during the night, and now required the constant supervision of three attendants, as he had threatened to "do for" a number of individuals, including himself. From the female ward came the report that "Tottie Fay," once well known to the frequenters of the London police courts, was very violent - "maniacal" was the word used in the official document - and had to be removed from her room to a cell where there was no furniture to break nor glass to smash.

At last Dr Nicholson had transacted the most pressing portion of his morning's work, and was able to tell his visitors that he could place the next couple of hours at their disposal. At this time he was unaware of the exact motive which occasioned their presence in the asylum, and they guardedly broached the matter, not knowing exactly what view the Medical Superintendent might take of it. The position taken up by Dr Nicholson was, however, a very simple one. He was always glad to show visitors over the asylum who came armed with the official permit, and would, of course, give all the information that lay in his power as to any particular inmate whom he was questioned about. The mention of the name of the one man above all others in whom the representatives of The Sun were interested caused the production of a large brown envelope, which contained the whole of the documents relative to the case for which he was incarcerated in Broadmoor. In these there was naturally no mention of his supposed connection with the Whitechapel crimes, and Dr Nicholson was absolutely astonished, not to say incredulous, when informed as to the identity of the wretched lunatic in whom he had previously taken no more than an official interest. However, it was but natural to expect that Dr Nicholson would not commit himself to any opinion or give any help towards elucidating the mystery other than so far as lay in his power by showing the representatives of The Sun every hole and corner of the asylum.

THE FEMALE WARD.

After a stroll along the spacious terrace which fronts the asylum whence a lovely view is obtained of a panorama of pastoral country, Dr Nicholson led his guests into the kitchen of the wing which is tenanted by some 200 female patients. Of these about 80% have committed crimes, yet, with very few exceptions, it was impossible to associate with these women the frightful deeds to which they owed a lifelong detention at Broadmoor. Several lunatics were assisting in the kitchen, which was spotlessly clean, and a very excellent dinner was at the moment being served up. Roast pork, pease pudding, potatoes, vegetables, and tapioca pudding constituted the menu for the day, and each of the poor

creatures was allowed half a pint of mild beer with the meal if she desired it, though the attendants endeavour to encourage them towards total abstinence. The weather chanced to be particularly bright and sunny, and it is difficult to convey an adequate impression of the pleasant and cheery nature of the interiors of the various wards. The plan of the buildings - consisting, simply speaking, in each block, of a wide longitudinal corridor, with bedrooms or general apartments running out of it, gave ample facilities for the diffusion of light and heat, and the otherwise unfortunate inmates were certainly made quite as comfortable as circumstances permitted. They were allowed what appeared to unskilled observation to be a remarkable degree of liberty of movement, passing unhindered, if not unheeded, from recreation room to library, from library to corridor, from corridor to their private apartments, and going up or down stairs to the different storeys apparently at their own will. Indeed, the whole system of the asylum is based upon due encouragement of good qualities, and restriction is only practised in instances where the individual is given to dangerous excess. Some of the poor demented beings were shrilly demonstrative as the Medical Superintendent passed; others looked up from book or knitting to answer with a smile a kindly inquiry as to their health, whilst a few were sitting alone and motionless, gazing blankly into space, the soul dead and the body waiting for death.

IN THE MALE WARD.

Sex has its distinctiveness even in a criminal lunatic asylum. Passing from the female wing to that portion of the building inhabited by the more numerous males, it was at once clear that the tidiness and generally homelike air of the place had disappeared. Everything was, of course, spotlessly clean, but nevertheless there were lacking that semblance of comfort and general aspect of pleasant surroundings which brightened the interior of the female ward, and rendered it almost attractive. The dingy clothing of the men and the sombre uniforms of the warders were also somewhat depressing after the neat garments of patients and nurses in the section just quitted. Dr Nicholson was evidently on the best of terms with the large majority of the inmates. Many of them had a pleasant word for him as he passed, and one man laughed heartily as he showed him some statements made in a popular weekly paper about the asylum. There were not wanting several strong hints that if the doctor's friends had well filled tobacco pouches the contents would be highly appreciated in the smoking room. These were at once met, as the Medical Superintendent gave his consent, and it was pitiful to note the eagerness of the man to obtain a share of the coveted weed. They were allowed a small quantity of tobacco each week out of the funds of the asylum.

It would not be seemly to single out individuals for comment, as the record of their eccentricities, however interesting to the general public, might cause pain to their friends. By far the larger number of the inmates are quite harmless, and some of them are to all outward aspect perfectly sane. But the Medical Superintendent explained that when once the trait of homicidal insanity has exhibited itself it is impossible to know the moment when it may recur in violent and unexpected form. The most dangerous lunatics are those who believe that some person or persons - vaguely alluded to as "they" - are seeking to do them harm. All at once this hostile element will to their distorted senses settle on an individual or an object, and then it is bad for the man or article, as damage will be done if the lunatic be not restrained. Some of the cases are very pitiful, where men of once high intelligence have degenerated into miserable and degraded beings, but the career of one inmate of Broadmoor is decidedly humorous. He was imprisoned for some slight offence, and let out several years later on the representation of his friends that he would be taken care of. He got married, and after two years of wedded bliss resolved to return to the asylum, which he did, and he is there yet.

But the human tragedy wrapped up in this visit to Broadmoor was now drawing to its climax. Strong iron gates were opened, an extra force of warders came in attendance upon the party, an order was given by the Medical Superintendent, and in a few minutes the visitors were passing through the "dangerous" ward in order to be brought face to face with the man whom they knew to be

JACK THE RIPPER.

Perhaps we were depressed - writes one of the representatives of *The Sun* - by the morbid surroundings, added to a hypersensitive appreciation of the strange, wild, devilish personality of the man we were about to see. Whatever the feeling, there can be no doubt that some of the brightness had gone from the sunlight, some of the purity from the air, as we looked out through a grated window into a spacious courtyard of asphalt; bounded on two sides by a high wall, and on the others by the tall buildings which shut out the now declining rays of the January sun. In this chill and dreary enclosed space some 50 men were taking moody exercise, or loitering aimlessly in small groups. The chief warder in our company looked keenly for the man whose name we had given, and at last he exclaimed, "There he is!"

He pointed to a solitary figure sauntering in the shade of the farthest wall, removed to the utmost possible extent from his fellows, with cap pulled closely down. The sight of this listless, dejected figure, skulking there in the distance - restive and apart from all human companionship - was a thing never to be forgotten. The dread and demoniacal associations connected with his name, the brutal and bestial crimes committed by the man in the silent watches of the night, the mystery and terror and horror which for years surrounded his unknown personality - all these considerations held me spellbound, silent, oppressed, and saddened in spirit. We gazed through the iron bars at the slowly moving figure beneath the opposite wall. The ghosts of the victims of this wretched man seemed to troop by his side in the gloom and solitude. We pictured to ourselves the ghostly procession, and the appalling image possessed me to the exclusion of words. It was therefore a great relief when Dr Nicholson said, addressing one of the warders, "Bring him here."

We passed into a little office close at hand, and, a minute later, Jack the Ripper entered with his guard. Two warders guided his uncertain steps towards a corner which was flooded with light from a large window and Dr Nicholson, stepping forward, said in cheery tones, "Well, my man, how are you?"

No verbal response came from this strange being, but, as if seized with some sudden conception of what was required of him, he took off his loosely knotted necktie, opened his shirt collar, bared his breast, and expanded his chest in a manner suggestive of one undergoing a medical examination. But never a word did he utter.

The Medical Superintendent humoured the man; and tapped the region of his lungs, saying, "Yes, yes, that's all right. You are in fine form. You are quite comfortable here, are you not?"

No answer.

"Would you tell these gentlemen how you are getting on? They would be very glad to hear that you were well."

It was useless. The voice of the Whitechapel fiend, whose tones are stored up in the preternaturally acute sound memories of a blind boy, will never again be heard on earth by other than a warder at Broadmoor Asylum. He took not the slightest notice of the doctor, nor did he evince the least interest in his surroundings or in the strangers who were looking at him. His face was absolutely animal and unintelligent. If there was aught of good in that poor tenement of clay it was shrouded in murky night which blotted out recollection and dulled perception. The man's eyes had a morbid fascination for me, and as I afterwards found, for my companion. They looked out into vacuity - dull, vacant, unconscious of life, or care, or hope. They were not ferocious but simply stolid, like the glass eyes of a wax figure. They implied to me that in such a man all actions were possible, that to their owner it was as simple a thing to put a knife upon a human throat as upon a upon a piece of thick twist tobacco. As we gazed at him we wondered whether awful visions of the past did not at times flit across his brain and twinge with horror that impassive face - visions of squalid, ill lighted streets and alleys, with draggle haired women, of whispered consultations, of sudden stabbing and hacking at palpitating bodies, of hair breadth escapes from capture, and mad races for life through the darkness and gloom of London.

But if such dreams came to Jack the Ripper, waking or asleep, there were no signs of them in his livid face on this occasion. When, in dull and stupid manner, he perceived that apparently no further examination was required of him, he fastened his shirt, but slightly resisted one of the warders who attempted to arrange his scarf for him. The coarse mouth and fishlike eyes were still expressionless, and the motion of resistance was only visible by a momentary use of his hands.

Then he did a strange thing. He grasped his throat with his left hand, threw back his head, and placed his right hand at the base of the skull. What he meant by this action neither Dr Nicholson nor the attendant warders knew. "He never speaks now," the Medical Superintendent said, "and he is in the final and most troublesome stage of lunacy, having lost his self respect." The chief warder told us of some the disgusting and degrading habits practised by this miserable wretch - habits the mere recital of which made one loathe to be in his presence, and which were yet strangely in accord with our preconceived notions of that which the man must be in order to be capable of the acts which are laid to his store.

One more question was necessary before the warder who had Jack the Ripper in charge took him out of our presence. "How does he eat his food?" one of us asked.

“With either right or left hand; he doesn’t seem to care which, sir,” came the answer - another link in our chain of evidence, and all the more valuable because it was unconscious, as the official had not the least knowledge of the real identity of the man whom he had watched during the past three years.

At last the unkempt, haggard, soulless man was led out into the open air again, and he promptly walked across the courtyard to his haunt by the side of the deserted wall. Here he resumed his aimless stroll backwards and forwards, with bent head and rounded shoulders - screened from curious eyes by slouched cap and capelike coat. And here we left him, to turn with a great gladness to the outer light, to the beauty of the trees and the sky, to the environment of refreshing nature, as a relief from the morbid nightmare of seeing and almost conversing with one who looked like a deathly and pallid figure risen from the marble slabs of the Morgue.

The final article in the series came on 17 February 1894:

**THE STORY OF “JACK THE RIPPER.”
SOLUTION OF THE GREAT MURDER MYSTERY.
HIS PERSONALITY, CAREER, AND FATE.**

ANTECEDENTS OF JACK THE RIPPER.

The next point to be considered about the criminal lunatic in Broadmoor, whom we identify as Jack the Ripper, is whether we can add to the accumulation of evidence against him any facts in his personal characteristics, his hereditary traits, and temperament which will point him as one likely to commit the Whitechapel crimes.

This man was born in 1865 in London. His father separated from his mother, whom he was said to have treated badly. In the case of the father, the morbid element appears in the treatment of his wife, his neglect of his child, and, finally, in his flying from his responsibilities and in his contracting a bigamous marriage abroad.

This man was employed in several offices, in none of them for a long time; and in every case his dismissal came from such irregularity as one would expect in the case of such a man. One of the most common of these irregularities was his constant irregularity of hours. He had begun at an early age that system of night waking and stopping in bed late in the daytimes, which finally developed into his turning night into day, and working under the protection of darkness his fiendish crimes. At the time when he committed the Whitechapel murders this tendency had so far developed that he spent most of every day in bed, and it was not till nine or ten o’clock at night that he ever went forth. It will be seen how much such habits helped him in evading detection. They kept him from being seen by all but a few; outside the relatives and chance lodgers who resided there, the house in which he lived concealed his identity, his very existence. In short, he was, except for a few people, hidden from all the world. The man who stalked Whitechapel was a thing of shadow and night - a thing hidden away from the common gaze, just like the family of a lunatic or imbecile who only signifies his existence to the casual visitor by the stifled cry or the muffled groan.

HIS TEMPERAMENT.

The testimony we are about to quote is fully clear as to the man’s having what we may call the Jack the Ripper temperament.

Already we have given many instances of that morbidness of mind, and especially in the direction of constitutional disease, which everybody who has studied this class of crime known to be a most significant impelling motive towards the murder of fallen women. So strong was this urging upon him, that, as we have already pointed out, he contemplated for a long time the assassination of a doctor who refused to take his hypochondria for real disease.

All the witnesses singularly agree in this description of the morbid and filthy tendencies of this man’s mind. Some of the statements made to me we shall have to omit as they are too loathsome for republication; but anybody reading between the lines will see the type of diseased and vile creature this man was. Anatomy held for him an irresistible fascination. We have already mentioned that in his room were found drawings and diagrams, just such as one would expect to find in Jack the Ripper’s habitation - diagrams of women mutilated, but mutilated in just the way in which the murdered women of Whitechapel were found mutilated.

In bed most of the day, out most of the night, engaged almost exclusively in the study of anatomy and the drawing of mutilated women - is not that exactly the picture one would form of the type of lunatic who would commit the Whitechapel murders? When it is added that, altogether outside the Whitechapel horrors, the creature who so lives has committed other homicidal offences, the case becomes irresistible.

THE TESTIMONY OF ACQUAINTANCES.

We now proceed to give the testimony of persons who knew the man we call Jack the Ripper. It will be seen that they correspond with our summary of these contents:-

First, there is the statement of S K. S K is a literary man; has written some works, and formerly knew A B; well, this is what he says of him:-

He was a curious fellow, and led an eccentric life. He was a clerk, but generally lost his employment by being continually late at the office, owing to his lying in bed till late. This came about through his being out very late at night. He used to come in through the windows and on one occasion I remember he broke the parlour window so as to undo the latch. He used to study books of anatomy, and was dirty in his habits and in his mind. He associated largely with fallen women. His appearance suggested filthy habits. I know that the police had their suspicions of his being Jack the Ripper.

I shall return to the sentence in this statement which I have italicised presently. For the moment, let me go on to give another statement which will help us to form a picture of this man. It is by H L:-

STATEMENT OF H L.

I knew A B. He was an idle, dissolute young fellow as long as I have known him. The way that he came to be arrested as a lunatic by the authorities was in this way. He seized a relative by the throat and tried to cut her throat with a large knife. She struggled and escaped and being now seriously afraid of him, gave information, but, like a woman, she became sorry afterwards. The police thought that he was Jack the Ripper. Whether it was true or not I cannot say, but undoubtedly the scene of the murders is only about 15 minutes from here he lived. He had a terrible face. For instance, when I married I took my wife to show her my old lodgings. When we left my wife said to me, "Did you ever see such a man? He has the head of a murderer!" He was found on medical authority to be a lunatic, and unfit to plead to the indictment, and there the matter began and ended.

He seemed very dazed, and as though he were under a great cloud. His conversation was very incoherent as a rule, but at times he spoke naturally. He appeared very frightened when the young women were taken to the asylum to identify him (which two of them did).

THE HOUSE OF JACK THE RIPPER.

And now we return to a passage in the first statement - "He used to come in through the window," says S K, "and on one occasion I remember he broke the parlour window so as to undo the latch." Now let us see what kind of a house was that in which this man lived. It will be seen, we think, it was just the kind of house which would facilitate the doings of such a creature as Jack the Ripper. Here is a description of it by one who has thoroughly investigated it.

The house is separated by a wall from a mews, kept open during the night for the convenience of carmen. The entrance to the mews is from a street running behind the houses. It was by the entrance to the mews that A B approached the house. When he came home early in the morning he climbed the garden wall and entered the house by the back window, and by the same means he left it when an endeavour was made to secure him as a lunatic. His curious conduct was well known to the neighbours who always regarded him as a little weak in the head. A B's room in the house was on the top floor. It was somewhat of the garret pattern, poorly furnished, and used by him as a writing room. When at home during the day he wrote a great deal, destroying, however, most of what he wrote immediately it was finished.

At the bottom of the garden attached to the house there was a small outhouse, which the police, when searching the house, neglected to overhaul. In this much might have been found. Shortly after the arrest the outhouse was pulled down.

THE MILE END JOB.

I pass to another branch of the case. It will be remembered that the charge on which the man was brought up was that of stabbing girls. When he was arrested he had a most significant observation. "Is this," he said, "for the Mile End job? I mean the public house next to the Syndicate where I just missed her that time. They took me to be of the Jewish persuasion."

Now this is an extraordinary observation in connection with the facts we are about to relate.

Inquiries were made for any trace of the "Mile End job in the public house next to the Syndicate," to which the lunatic referred on his arrest. It was discovered that next to the Jewish Synagogue in the East end there is a public house and that during the Jack the Ripper period of 1888 some disturbance was one night caused at the bar of the public house by a fallen woman screaming that Jack the Ripper was talking to her. She had been drinking and conversing with a young man of slight build and of sallow features, and she pointed to him when she made the startling announcement that he was Jack the Ripper. The man immediately took to his heels, departing with an alacrity that prevented all pursuit. The incident was but briefly reported in the daily papers under the heading of "Another Jack the Ripper Scare."

But a description of the man whom the woman pointed out was given as that of a young man of 27 or 28 years, slight of build and of Jewish appearance, his face being thin and sallow. This led to the theory entertained for some time that Jack the Ripper was a Jew.

The public house incident took place about the middle of September. On the night of September 30, 1888,

TWO WOMEN WERE KILLED,

one in Berner Street and one in Mitre Square. Over the latter there was written on the rough wall in chalk, "The Jews are not the men that will be blamed for nothing." The writing was ordered to be obliterated by Sir Charles Warren. In connection with the Mitre Square murder, the City Police offered, on October 2, 1888, a reward of £500 for the capture of the murderer, and the description given of the person wanted was:- "Age about 28; slight; height 5ft 8in; complexion dark; no whiskers; black diagonal coat, collar and tie; carried newspaper parcel. Respectable appearance."

Now we say that these facts enormously add to the proof that the man who made this observation was the same man who had murdered the two women on the night of September 30, 1888. The mistake of saying "syndicate" for synagogue rather adds to the strength of the story.

ANOTHER LINK.

But that is not all. It will be remembered that this man was charged with stabbing either four or six young women. These young women stated that while passing along the streets they had been stabbed by a man who, in each case, had made off at great speed. The women described that they had been struck by some sharp instrument, their clothes being punctured and smothered in blood, and all of them suffering more or less from haemorrhage.

What was this instrument like? We must go back to the time of this man's escape from the lunatic asylum. On the evening after he had had that remarkable interview with the man and his sweetheart in Camden Town the escaped lunatic returned to his house. It was twelve o'clock. His feet were bleeding, a fact on which, it will be remembered, the father of one of the girls stabbed commented. He had a bath, he changed his clothes, and it was understood that he was going to bed.

After everybody else had gone upstairs, they heard a heavy tread outside in the street. They thought the lunatic would be frightened, went downstairs,

AND FOUND HIM GONE.

He came back again at one o'clock to dinner, and stayed until seven o'clock in the evening. He went to sleep, and one of his relatives then took a knife from his pocket and hid it behind a piano. He then went out and wandered about the streets all Sunday evening. During the evening a police constable called at the house. He had heard that the man had returned home again and had gone to arrest him.

The police officer obtained the knife which had been taken from the man and hidden behind the piano.

THE KNIFE.

And now let us see what kind of weapon this was. The knife is one of the bowie pattern, the sharp blade tapering to a point, being nearly 6in in length, and also having a kind of sword hilt. The black handle is knotted, seven points on either being tipped with pearl. The knife bears the name of a firm in the Minorities.

THE SHEATH.

The lunatic himself, in spite of his insanity, felt the importance of the knife. To a police officer he made the significant observation, "I am all right - they can't do anything with me. The sheath only was found on me." And this observation was true; for in the hip pocket of his trousers had been found a leather sheath into which the knife fitted. Moreover he exhibited great concern that the knife had been given up to the police.

THE TERRIBLE LIST.

And now let us set forth the terrible list of the crimes which were committed by the wretched man called Jack the Ripper by himself:-

August 7, 1888 - Martha Tabran, found in George yard Buildings, Commercial street, Spitalfields, with 39 wounds on the body - supposed to have been murdered with a bayonet.

September 1 - Mary Ann Nichols found in Buck's yard, Whitechapel road. Throat was cut from ear to ear. Body ripped up abdomen almost to the breast bone; stabbed and gashed on thigh.

September 8 - Annie Chapman found at 29 Hanbury street, Spitalfields.

September 30 - Elizabeth Stride found in Berner street, Whitechapel, nearly opposite the International and Educational Club. Head nearly severed from the body.

September 30 - Catherine Eddowes or Conway, found in Mitre square, Aldgate - woman's throat cut from the left side; abdomen ripped open. Above the body was written in chalk on the wall, "The Jews are not the men that will be blamed for nothing."

November 9 - Mary Jane Kelly murdered in a house in Dorset street, Spitalfields. Body terribly mutilated and gashed.

July 17, 1889 - Alice McKenzie murdered, her throat being cut and body mutilated in Castle alley, Whitechapel.

September 11, 1889 - Woman, unidentified, murdered, her throat being cut and body mutilated in railway arch, Pinchin street, off Backchurch lane.

February 13, 1891 - Frances Coles murdered, her throat cut and body mutilated, in alleyway of the Great Eastern Railway which leads from Swallow Gardens, Whitechapel.

These crimes have horrified the whole world. The perpetrator has remained unknown. To this paper was accorded the duty of discovering him. The story, brought to us months ago, has been subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. Not days, or weeks, but months have been devoted to its investigation. Clues, elusive and slight, have been followed up; witness after witness has been examined. Every line of evidence has been sifted, weighed, collated. Much of the information in our possession we have not mentioned in the desire to make plain within the narrowest and most stringent limits which the telling of an intelligible narrative would permit we have kept our account. In the interests of the peace and security of the community and the tranquility of the public mind we ask that this story may be subjected by the authorities and the public to the most rigid investigation.

A JOURNALIST'S VERDICT.

The London correspondent of the Liverpool Daily Post writes in that paper today:

I happen to know a good many details connected with the identification of Jack the Ripper with a homicidal maniac now incarcerated in an asylum. These, for reason sufficiently patent to journalists, The Sun has abstained

from publishing but I am able to express a strong conviction that chain of circumstantial evidence is complete and irresistible. The Sun has got up the race with a skill and patience that might be well imitated by the Criminal Investigation Department and indeed the fact that the police inquiry signally failed is a disquieting commentary on the investigation of serious crime. The impossibility of giving names and stating facts which might implicate or incriminate others has seriously handicapped the newspaper revelations, but your readers may take it that there are behind the broad outlines proofs which supply all the links in the chain and rivet them emphatically. The lunatic, it must be understood, does not belong in the lowest class of society, his relatives being fairly well to do people of the comfortable lower middle class. Without dwelling too strongly on the present demeanour of the man, all that is known of his past habits and tendencies points to his being chronically possessed of that

INSENSATE MANIA

which satisfies itself only with the slaughter of fellow beings. There is, indeed, apart from the Whitechapel murders, a record of eleven homicidal crimes, committed, attempted, or planned, and it is for some of these, perpetrated in a manner singularly suggestive of the Whitechapel methods that he is now in confinement. Then as to Whitechapel. The murders began with his residence there, lasted while he remained, ceased when he left, and were resumed when he returned. There is, moreover, evidence identifying him with them still more closely. Some of this cannot be published, but amongst it is the discovery in his rooms of abominable drawings, showing such mutilations as were committed on the unfortunate victims. His way of life, the state of his clothing, to say nothing of testimony as to direct identification, are all strongly confirmatory, no less than the fact that he has on occasions practised successfully the low but simple cunning which enables a man to defy detection by mixing among those who are seeking for him. All this, and more, put together, makes the demonstration irresistible. But as he is already imprisoned as a hopeless lunatic, and nothing more could be done if the crimes were brought home to him, the case will probably never be judicially investigated, although it affords tempting scope for the pen of some future De Quincey or Poe.



Sir Edward Bradford,
Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police

It's easy to imagine reaction to the Sun's series, especially with so much detailed 'proof' of the murderer's identity. The newspaper's claims would have raised the possibility of a public inquiry, and Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Sir Edward Bradford would in all probability have requested a briefing on the Sun's suspect in order to be prepared for such an eventuality.

The man tasked to write the briefing document was CID Chief Constable (later Sir) Melville Macnaghten.²



Sir Melville Macnaghten

2 Sir Melville Leslie Macnaghten was born on 16 June 1853, youngest child of Elliot Macnaghten and Isabella Law. His father was the last Chairman of the British East India Company. Melville was educated at Eton and in October 1873 went to India to run his father's tea estates in Bengal. On 3 October 1878 he married Dora Emily Sanderson. In 1881 Macnaghten was attacked by Indian land rioters and subsequently became friends with James Monro, at the time District Judge and Inspector-General in the Bombay Presidency. On Macnaghten's return to England he was offered the post of Assistant Chief Constable (CID) by Monro, who had been named the first Assistant Commissioner (Crime) of the Metropolitan Police. The appointment was blocked by Commissioner Sir Charles Warren, probably as a result of uneasy relations between Warren and Monro. On Warren's resignation on 9 November 1888 Monro succeeded him as Commissioner, appointing Macnaghten to the post of Assistant Chief Constable on 1 June 1889. He was promoted to Chief Constable in 1890 and Assistant Commissioner (Crime) in 1903, succeeding Sir Edward Bradford. He was knighted in 1907 and appointed Companion of the Order of the Bath in 1912. He was forced to retire from service the following year due to ill health, and in 1914 published his autobiography, *Days Of My Years*, in which he simply suggested that in probability the murderer committed suicide soon after the Miller's Court murder. Sir Melville Macnaghten died on 12 May 1921.

The Macnaghten Memorandum

Macnaghten's report was written sometime between 17 and 23 February 1894, first in the form of rough notes and then edited and written up for submission on the latter date. The final, official version comprised seven foolscap pages. After detailing, and dismissing, the case against Thomas Cutbush, Macnaghten established what is now known as the five canonical Ripper victims and listed three possible suspects whom he felt could be considered a more likely murderer:

Confidential

The case referred to in the sensational story told in "the Sun" in its issue of 13th inst, & following dates, is that of Thomas Cutbush who was arraigned at the London County Sessions in April 1891 on a charge of maliciously wounding Florence Grace Johnson, and attempting to wound Isabella Fraser Anderson in Kennington. He was found to be insane, and sentenced to be detained during Her Majestys Pleasure.

This Cutbush, who lived with his mother and aunt at 14 Albert St. Kennington, escaped from the Lambeth Infirmary, (after he had been detained only a few hours, as a lunatic) at noon on 5th March 1891. He was rearrested on 9th idem. A few weeks before this, several cases of stabbing, or jabbing, from behind had occurred



Inspector Race

in the vicinity, and a man named Colicott was arrested, but subsequently discharged owing to faulty identification. The cuts in the girls dresses made by Colicott were quite different to the cut(s) made by Cutbush (when he wounded Miss Johnson) who was no doubt influenced by a wild desire of morbid imitation. Cutbush's antecedents were enquired into by Ch: Insp. (now Supt) Ch[damaged, presumably 'Chisholm,'] by Insp Race, and by P.S. McCarthy CID - (the last named officer had been specially employed in Whitechapel at the time of the murders there,-) and it was ascertained that he was born, and had lived, in Kennington all his life. His father died when he was quite young and he was always a "spoilt" child. He had been employed as a clerk, and traveller in the Tea trade at the Minorities, & subsequently canvassed for a Directory in the East End, during which time he bore a good character. He apparently contracted syphilis about 1888, and, - since that time, - led an idle and useless life. His brain seems to have become affected, and he believed that people were trying to poison him. He wrote to Lord Grimthorpe, and others, - & also to the Treasury, - complaining of Dr. Brooks, of Westminster Bridge Rd., whom he threatened to shoot for having supplied him with bad medicines. He is said to have studied medical books by day, & have rambled about at night, returning frequently

with his clothes covered with mud; but little reliance could be placed on the statements made by his mother or his aunt, who both appear to have been of a very excitable disposition. It was found impossible to ascertain his movements on the nights of the Whitechapel murders. The knife found on him was bought in Houndsditch about a week before he was detained in the Infirmary. Cutbush was the nephew of the late Supt Executive.

Now the Whitechapel murderer had 5 victims - & 5 victims only, - his murders were

- (i) 31st Aug '88. Mary Ann Nichols. at Buck's Row.
who was found with her throat cut. & with (slight) stomach mutilation.*
 - (ii) 8th Sept. '88. Annie Chapman - Hanbury St.
throat cut. stomach & private parts badly mutilated
& some of the entrails placed round the neck.*
 - (iii) 30th Sept. '88. Elizabeth Stride. Berner's Street.
throat cut, but nothing in shape of mutilation
attempted, & on same date
Catherine Eddowes. Mitre Square, throat cut
& very bad mutilation, both of face and stomach.*
- 9th November. Mary Jane Kelly. Miller's Court,
throat cut, and the whole of the body mutilated
in the most ghastly manner -*

The last murder is the only one that took place in a room, and the murderer must have been at least 2 hours engaged. A photo was taken of the woman, as she was found lying on the bed, without seeing which it is impossible to imagine the awful mutilation.

With regard to the double murder which took place on 30th Sept., there is no doubt but that the man was disturbed by some Jews who drove up to a Club, (close to which the body of Elizabeth Stride was found) and that he then, 'nondum satius', went in search of a further victim whom he found at Mitre Square.

It will be noted that the fury of the mutilations increased in each case, and, seemingly, the appetite only became sharpened by indulgence. It seems, then, highly improbable that the murderer would have suddenly stopped in November '88, and been content to recommence operations by merely prodding a girl behind some 2 years and 4 months afterwards. A much more rational theory is that the murderer's brain gave way altogether after his awful glut in Miller's Court, and that he immediately committed suicide, or, as a possible alternative, was found to be so hopelessly mad by his relations, that he was by them confined in some asylum.

No one ever saw the Whitechapel murderer; many homicidal maniacs were suspected, but no shadow of proof could be thrown on any one. I may mention the cases of 3 men any one of whom would have been more likely than Cutbush to have committed this series of murders:-

(1) A Mr M. J. Druitt, said to be a doctor & of good family - who disappeared at the time of the Miller's Court murder, & whose body (which was said to have been upwards of a month in the water) was found in the Thames on 31st Decr. - or about 7 weeks after that murder. He was sexually insane and from private info I have little doubt but that his own family believed him to have been the murderer.

(2) Kosminski - a Polish Jew - & resident in Whitechapel. This man became insane owing to many years indulgence in solitary vices. He had a great hatred of women, specially of the prostitute class, & had strong homicidal tendencies: he was removed to a lunatic asylum about March 1889. There were many circs connected with this man which made him a strong "suspect".



Ostrog

(3) Michael Ostrog, a Russian doctor, and a convict, who was subsequently detained in a lunatic asylum as a homicidal maniac. This man's antecedents were of the worst possible type, and his whereabouts at the time of the murders could never be ascertained.

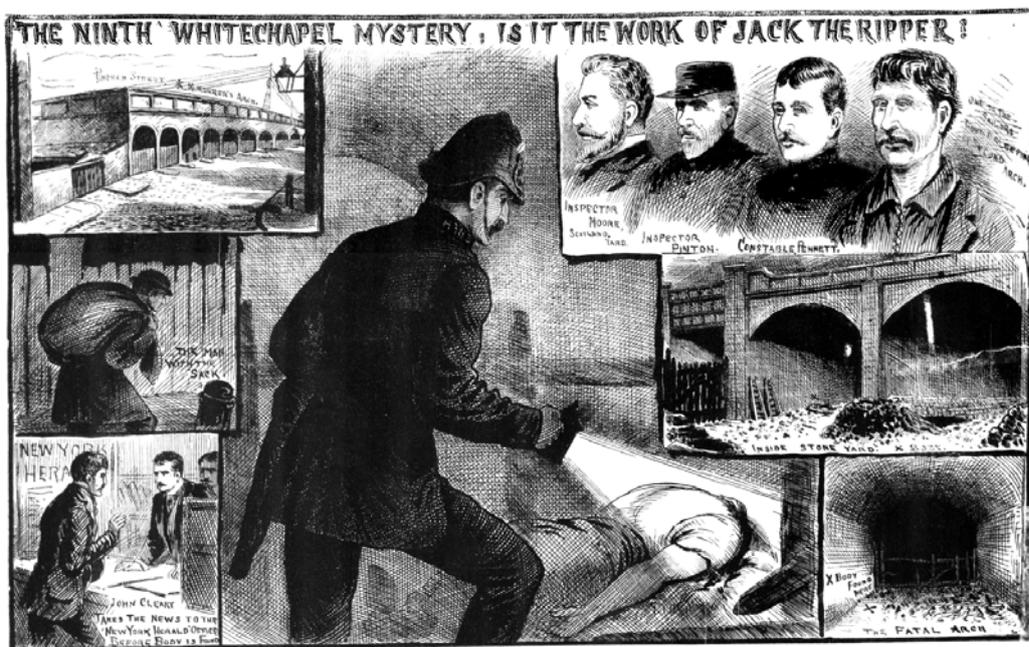
And now with regard to a few of the inaccuracies and misleading statements made by the "Sun". In its issue of 14th Feb, it is stated that the writer has in his possession a facsimile of the knife with which the murders were committed. This knife (which for some unexplained reason has, for the last 3 years, been kept by Inspector Race, instead of being sent to Prisoner's Property Store) was traced, & it was found to have been purchased in Houndsditch in Feb '91 or 2 years & 3 months

after the Whitechapel murders ceased!

The statement, too, that Cutbush "spent a portion of the day in making rough drawings of the bodies of women, & of their mutilations" is based solely on the fact that 2 scribble drawings of women in indecent postures were found torn up in Cutbush's room. The head & body of one of these had been cut from some fashion plate, & legs were added to show a woman's naked thighs & pink stockings.



Druitt



Discovery of the Pinchin Street torso
from the Illustrated Police News, 21 September 1889.

In the issue of 15th inst it is said that a light overcoat was among the things found in Cutbush's house, and that a man in a light overcoat was seen talking to a woman at Backchurch Lane whose body with arms attached was found in Pinchin St. This is hopelessly incorrect! On 10th Sept. '89 the naked body, with arms, of a woman was found wrapped in some sacking under a Railway arch in Pinchin St: the head and legs were never found nor was the woman ever identified. She had been killed at least 24 hours before the remains -(which

had seemingly been brought from a distance,) were discovered. The stomach was split up by a cut, and the head and legs had been severed in a manner identical with that of the woman whose remains were discovered in the Thames, in Battersea Park, & on the Chelsea Embankment on 4th June of the same year; and these murders had no connection whatever with the Whitechapel horrors. The Rainham mystery in 1887. & the Whitehall mystery (when portions of a woman's body were found under what is now New Scotland Yard) in 1888 were of a similar type to the Thames & Pinchin St crimes. -

It is perfectly untrue to say that Cutbush stabbed 6 girls behind. This is confounding his case with that of Colicott.

The theory that the Whitechapel murderer was left handed, or, at any rate, 'ambi-dexter', had its origin in the remark made by a doctor who examined the corpse of one of the earliest victims; other doctors did not agree with him.

With regard to the 4 additional murders ascribed by the writer in the Sun to the Whitechapel fiend:-

(1) The body of Martha Tabram, a prostitute was found on a common staircase in George Yard buildings on 7th August 1888, the body had been repeatedly pierced, probably with a bayonet. This woman had, with a fellow prostitute, been in company of 2 soldiers in the early part of the evening: these men were arrested, but the second prostitute failed, or refused, to identify, and the soldiers were accordingly discharged.

(2) Alice McKenzie was found with her throat cut (or rather stabbed) in Castle Alley on 17th July 1889; no evidence was forthcoming and no arrests were made in connection with this case. The stab in the throat was of the same nature as in the case of the murder of

(3) Frances Coles in Swallow Gardens, on 13th February 1891 - for which Thomas Sadler, a fireman, was arrested, &, after several remands, discharged. It was ascertained at the time that Sadler had sailed for the Baltic on 19th July '89 and was in Whitechapel on the night of 17th idem. He was a man of ungovernable temper & entirely addicted to drink, & the company of the lowest prostitutes.

(4) The case of the unidentified woman whose trunk was found in Pinchin St: on 10th Sept 1889 - which has already been dealt with.

M L Macnaghten
23rd Feb. 1894

Confidential

The case, referred to in the sensational story told in "The Sun" in its issue of 13th inst, on following date, is that of Thomas Cutts who was arraigned at the London County Sessions in April 1891, on a charge of maliciously wounding Florence Grace Johnson, attempting to wound Isabelle Fraser Anderson in Kensington. He was found to be insane, and sentenced to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure.

This Cutts, who lived with his mother and aunt at 74 Albert St. Kensington, escaped from the Lambeth Asylum, (after he had been detained there only a few hours, as is intimated) at noon on 5th March 1891. He was recaptured on 9th idem. A few weeks before this, several cases of stabbing, or "jobbing," girls behind had occurred in the vicinity, and a man named Collett was arrested, shot subsequently discharged owing to faulty identification. The cuts in the girls' dresses made by Collett were quite different to the cut made by Cutts (when he wounded Mrs Johnson) who was no doubt influenced by a wild desire of morbid imitation. Cutts' antecedents were enquired into by Ch. Drapp (now Sept) Chief by Drapp Dale, and by P.S. McCarty CID. (The last named officer had been specially employed in Whitechapel at the time of the murders there, and it was ascertained that he was born, & had lived, in Kensington all his life. His father died when he was quite young, and he was always a "spoilt" child. He had been employed as a clerk,

and traveller in the Tea trade at the
Minories, subsequently embassied for a District
in the East End, during which time he bore
a good character. He apparently contracted
Syphilis abt 1888, and, - since that time, -
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that people were trying to poison him. He wrote
to Lord Grimthorpe, and others, - also to the
Treasury, complaining of Dr. Brooks, of
Westminster Bridge Rd. whom he threatened
to shoot for having supplied him with bad
medicines. He is said to have studied
medical books by day, & have rambled
about at night, returning frequently with his
clothes covered with mud; but little reliance
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It was found impossible to ascertain his
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happens of the late Sept Executive.

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victims - 5 victims only, - his murders were
- (i) 31st Aug '88. Mary Ann Nichols, at Brit's Row,
who was found with her throat cut, & with
(slight) stomach mutilation
 - (ii) 8th Sept. '88. Annie Chapman - Hoxton St.
throat cut. Stomach & private parts badly mutilated
& some of the entrails placed round the neck.
 - (iii) 30th Sept '88. Elizabeth Stride - Berners' Street.

throat cut, but nothing in shape of mutilation attempted, on same date Catherine Edwards, Mitre Square, throat cut, very bad mutilation, both of face & stomach - 9th November. Mary Jane Kelly - Muller's Court throat cut, and the whole of the body mutilated in the most ghastly manner -

The last murder is the only one that took place in a room, and the murderer must have been at least 2 hours engaged. A phreatic outbreak of the brain, as she was found lying on the bed, without seeing what it is impossible to imagine the awful mutilation.

With regard to the double murder which took place on 30th Sept. there is no doubt but that the man was disturbed by some person who drove up to a Club, (close to which the body of Elizabeth Stride was found) and that he then, 'hordum satietas', went in search of a further victim whom he found at Mitre Square.

It will be noticed that the fury of the mutilations increased in each case, and, seemingly, the appetite of became sharpened by indulgence. It seems, then, highly improbable that the murderer would have suddenly stopped in November '88, and been content to commence operations by merely prodding a girl behind some 2 years & 4 months afterwards. A much more rational theory is that the murderer's brain gave way altogether after his awful ghastly in Muller's Court, and that he immediately committed suicide, or, as a possible alternative, was found to be so hopelessly mad of his relations, that he was confined to

Some reasons.

No one ever saw the Whitechapel murderer; many homicidal maniacs were suspected, but no shadow of proof could be shown in any one. I may mention the cases of 3 men, any one of whom would have been more likely than Luther to have committed the series of murders:-

(1) A Mr. M. J. Drutt, said to be a doctor of good family, who disappeared at the time of the Miller's Court murder, whose body (which was said to have been reported of a month or the other) was found in the Thames on 31st Dec. - or about 7 weeks after that murder. He was known to have a wife and four private wife I have little doubt but that his own family believed him to have been the murderer.

(2) Kosminski, a Polish Jew - resident in Whitechapel. This man became insane owing to many years indulgence in drinking vice. He had a great hatred of women, especially of the prostitute class, and strong homicidal tendencies; he was removed to the lunatic asylum about March 1887. There were many circumstances connected with this man which made him a strong "suspect".

(3) Michael Petrov, a Russian doctor, and a convict, who was subsequently detained in a lunatic asylum as a homicidal maniac. This man's antecedents were of the worst possible type, and his whereabouts at the time of the murders could never be ascertained.

And now with regard to the first of the

inaccuracies and misleading statements
made by the "Sun". In its issue of 14th
Feb, it is stated that the latter has in
his possession a pair of the knife
with which the murders were committed -
This knife (which for some unexplained
reason has, for the last 3 years, been kept
by Inspector Grace, instead of being sent to
Purvis's Property Store) was traced, and
was found to have been purchased in
Hornbush Street in Feb. '91, or 2 years or 3 months
after the Whitechapel murders ceased.

The statement, too, that Cuttrick spent a
portion of the day in making rough drawings
of the bodies of women, & of their mutilation,
is based solely on the fact that 2 sketches
drawings of women in indecent postures were
found taken up in Cuttrick's room. The head
& body of one of these had been cut from
some fashion plate, legs were added & shown
a woman's naked thighs & pink stockings.

In the issue of 10th inst it is said that a
light overcoat was among the things found in
Cuttrick's house, and that a man in a light
overcoat was seen talking to a woman &
Backchurch Lane whose body with arms
attached was found in Prichard St. This is
hopelessly incorrect. On 10th Sept. '89 the naked
body, with arms, of a woman was found wrapped
in some sackings under a railway arch in
Prichard St: the head legs were never found
nor was the woman ever identified. She had
been killed at least 24 hours before the remains
(which had seemingly been brought for a doctor,

1

were discovered. The stomach was split up
for a cut, and the head and legs had been
severed in a manner identical with that of
the woman whose remains were discovered
in the Thames, in Battersea Park, & on the
Chelsea Embankment on 4th June of the
same year; and these murders had no
connection whatever with the Whitechapel
horrors. The Darnley mystery in 1827, &
the Whitehall mystery (when portions of a
woman's body were found under what is now
known as Scotland Yard) in 1888 were of a similar
type to the Thames & Prichard crimes.

It is perfectly untrue to say that
Cutter stabbed 6 girls behind. This is
confounding his case with that of Colicott.

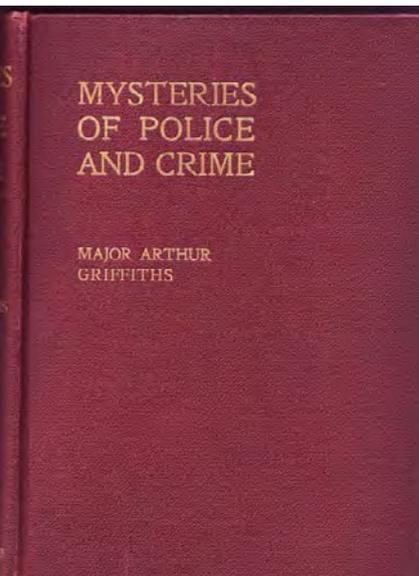
The theory that the Whitechapel murderer
was left handed, or, at any rate, ambidexter,
had its origin in the remark made by a doctor
who examined the corpse of one of the
earliest victims; other doctors did not agree
with him.

With regard to the 4 additional murders
ascribed to the writer in the Press & the
Whitechapel fiend:—

(1) The body of Martha Tabram, a prostitute
was found on a common stair case in George
Yard buildings on 7th August 1888; the
body had been repeatedly pierced, probably into
a bayonet. This woman had, with a jellous
prostitute, been in company of 2 soldiers
in the last part of the evening; these men
were arrested, but the second prostitute failed,
or refused, to identify, and the soldiers were
accordingly discharged.

- (2) Alice McKewen was found with her throat cut (or rather stabbed) in Castle Alley on 17th July 1889; no evidence was forthcoming, and no arrests were made in connection with this case. The stab in the throat was of the same nature as in the case of the number 4.
- (3) Francis Cole, in Spallow Gardens, on 13th February 1891 - for which Thomas Sadler, a fireman, was arrested, & after several remands, discharged. It was ascertained at this time that Sadler had sailed for the Baltic on 19th July '89. Cole was in Whitechapel in the night of 17th idem. He was a man of ungovernable temper & entirely addicted to drink, & the company of the lowest prostitutes.
- (4) The case of the unidentified woman whose trunk was found in Prichin St: on 15th Sept 1889 - which has already been dealt with.

W. Macnamphla
23rd Feb. 1894



In the event, no public inquiry was called as a result of the *Sun* articles and the sensational story faded into memory; Macnaghten's memorandum was filed³. It would not be viewed by the public until Robin Odell unearthed it in Scotland Yard files in July 1965 during research for the paperback version of *Jack the Ripper in Fact and Fiction*. However, the first public airing of Macnaghten's suspects was in Major Arthur Griffiths' *Mysteries of Police and Crime* in 1898⁴:

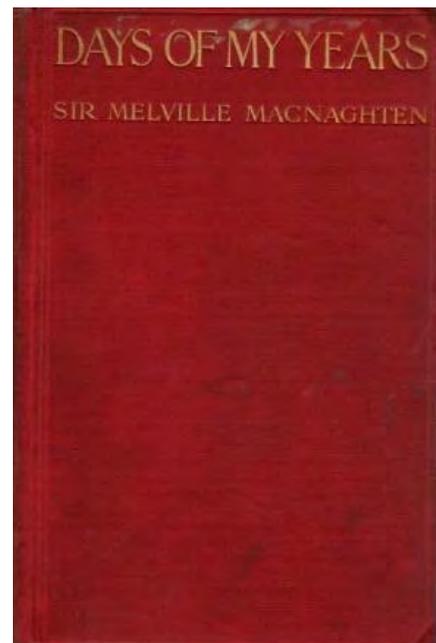
The outside public may think that the identity of that later miscreant, "Jack the Ripper," was never revealed. So far as absolute knowledge goes, this is undoubtedly true. But the police, after the last murder, had brought their investigations to the point of strongly suspecting several persons, all of them known to be homicidal lunatics, and against three of these they held very plausible and reasonable grounds of suspicion. Concerning two of them the case was weak, although it was based on certain suggestive facts. One was a Polish Jew, a known lunatic, who was at large in the district of Whitechapel at the time of the murder, and who, having developed homicidal tendencies, was afterwards confined in an asylum. This man was said to resemble the murderer by the one person who got a glimpse of him the police-constable in Mitre

Court. The second possible criminal was a Russian doctor, also insane, who had been a convict in both England and Siberia. This man was in the habit of carrying about surgical knives and instruments in his pockets; his antecedents were of the very worst, and at the time of the Whitechapel murders he was in hiding, or, at least, his whereabouts was never exactly known. The third person was of the same type, but the suspicion in his case was stronger, and there was every reason to believe that his own friends entertained grave doubts about him. He also was a doctor in the prime of life, was believed to be insane or on the borderland of insanity, and he disappeared immediately after the last murder, that in Miller's Court, on the 9th of November, 1888. On the last day of that year, seven weeks later, his body was found floating in the Thames, and was said to have been in the water a month. The theory in this case was that after his last exploit, which was the most fiendish of all, his brain entirely gave way, and he became furiously insane and committed suicide. It is at least a strong presumption that "Jack the Ripper" died or was put under restraint after the Miller's Court affair, which ended this series of crimes. It would be interesting to know whether in this third case the man was left-handed or ambidextrous, both suggestions having been advanced by medical experts after viewing the victims. It is true that other doctors disagreed on this point, which may be said to add another to the many instances in which medical evidence has been conflicting, not to say confusing.

This passage contains details not found in the final, official memorandum, but which do appear in the notes prepared by Macnaghten for that document, as we shall see later in the article. These notes, probably lent to Griffiths, contain a certain amount of personal opinion, which was subsequently edited out by Macnaghten for the official briefing document.

Similarly, the segment on Jack the Ripper in Macnaghten's autobiography from 1914, *Days Of My Years*⁵, uses almost identical phrasing to the notes:

It will have been noticed that the fury of the murderer, as evinced in his methods of mutilation, increased on every occasion, and his appetite appears to have become sharpened by indulgence. There can be no doubt that in the room at Miller's Court the madman found ample scope for the opportunities he had all along been seeking, and the probability is that, after his awful glut on this occasion, his brain gave way altogether and he committed suicide; otherwise the murders would not have ceased.



3 MEPO 3/141, ff.177-83

4 *Mysteries of Police and Crime*, vol 1, Major Arthur Griffiths, Cassell & Co., 1898, pp34-35.

5 *Days Of My Years*, Sir Melville Macnaghten, Edward Arnold, London, 1914. p61.

When Sir Melville died on 12 May 1921 his personal papers passed to his wife Dora Emily Sanderson⁶, who in turn passed away on 8 January 1929. It's unclear where the documents went at this point, as it would be expected for eldest son Charles Melville to inherit them, but he was at that point in Montreal and in fact died there of pneumonia, childless, on 4 February 1931⁷. Sir Melville Macnaghten's papers were inherited by eldest daughter Julia Mary Donner⁸.

It is my belief that Macnaghten's rough notes, made in preparation for the official memorandum, is the document which has become known as the Donner Version.

The Donner Version

Julia Donner died on 2 October 1938, and Macnaghten's private papers, including his notes, were inherited by her son Gerald Melville Donner⁹. Although never seen by Ripper researchers, the Donner Version was described by journalist Philip Loftus¹⁰, a friend of Gerald Donner, as "in Sir Melville's handwriting on official paper, rather untidy and in the nature of rough jottings."



Dora Sanderson from her daughter Christabel Lady Aberconway's book A Wiser Woman? Courtesy Christopher McLaren

6 Dora Emily Sanderson was born on 29 February 1860, the daughter of Reverend Robert Edward Sanderson and Dorinthea Phelps Oldham (www.thepeerage.com).

7 Charles Melville Workman-Macnaghten was born on 18 November 1879 at Rhutenpore, India, first child of Sir Melville Macnaghten and Dora Emily Sanderson. He spent the first 9 years of his life in East Bengal, moving to England with the family in 1888. He went to Eton in 1893, and in 1898 entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He married Annetta Nina Hopcroft on 30 December 1904 in Sydney, and began work as a solicitor. In 1909 he was appointed second lieutenant in the 1st Battalion, New South Wales Scottish Rifle Regiment, and was transferred to the 25th Infantry Regiment in 1912, and to the 26th in 1913. In December 1913 he was promoted to major. Macnaghten was appointed second-in-command of the 4th Battalion on 15 August 1914, and while serving in Gallipoli was shot twice in the chest and throat on 26 April 1915. In January 1916 he was appointed C.M.G. and mentioned in dispatches for his Gallipoli service. After being hospitalised in February, his service was terminated on medical grounds in September 1916, but after growing restless Macnaghten went to Queensland without informing his family and enlisted as private 'Ciam MacMilville' in reinforcements for the 9th Battalion. He was sent to France in April 1917 and his identity discovered shortly afterwards; he was permanently discharged and eventually emigrated to Canada, working as an accountant before his death from pneumonia in Montreal on 4 February 1931. (Gallipoli Album, May 1915, alh-research.tripod.com/gallipoli_album/index.album/charles-melville-macnaghten?i=168; Australian Dictionary of Biography, adb.anu.edu.au/biography/macnaghten-charles-melville-7426).



Charles Melville Workman-Macnaghten

8 Julia Mary Melville Workman-Macnaghten was born on 10 September 1881. She married Edward Oscar Donner (d. 23 June 1926), son of Julius Donner, on 3 October 1903. The couple had two children, Eileen and Gerald.

9 Gerald Melville Donner was born on 21 December 1907. On 21 December 1928 he married Pearl Sanderson, the daughter of Sir Frank Sanderson, Bt. MP. They had three children: twins John Melville Donner and Gillian Pearl Donner (b. 1930) and Rosita Ann Donner (b. 1933). The couple divorced in 1937 and on 26 October 1938 Donner married Mia Miles, the marriage resulting in one son, Anthony, born on 21 November 1939. Mia obtained a decree absolute on September 1949 on the grounds of her husband's adultery. She subsequently met a farmer named Maconochie and lived with him at Bunker's Hill Farm, Rotherwich, Hampshire. In 1953 a court rejected Gerald Donner's claim that he owed less maintenance because of Mia's remarriage on the grounds that Mia and Maconochie never actually married. On the passenger list for *SS Veendam*, departing Southampton to New York on 27 October 1951, Gerald is listed as travelling with Ellean Lily Donner. However, I can find no record of a marriage between the two. The list records their 'country of intended permanent residence' as 'India'. Gerald Donner died in Madras on 19 November 1968.

10 Philip Henry H Loftus was born in Birkenhead on 27 July 1908 and died in 1982 in Richmond, Surrey.

Philip Loftus examines Daniel Farson's latest conclusions on the identity of Jack the Ripper, and reveals his own chance discovery on the mystery - Guardian - 7/10/72

DID DRUITT DO IT?

THERE HAS been more silly speculation on the Whitechapel Murders than on most other mysteries from the Marie Celeste to the whereabouts of Martin Bormann. The name Jack the Ripper has become a sort of folk-legend, a universal—for it has spread far beyond this country—shorthand for the terror that lurks in the night and for the particular terror of the sexually-motivated, mutilating murderer.

It is the more lasting a legend because as far as most people are concerned it is an unsolved mystery. It has outlived many alleged solutions—perhaps because so many were less than convincing—and it has also outlived the more recent discovery of the name of the man who almost certainly did commit the murders.

The fact that Daniel Farson, in his new book (Jack the Ripper, Michael Joseph, £2.25) would seem to have tied up the case against Montagu John Druitt, barrister and a Wykehamist, is not at all certain to diminish the speculation and wild tales among those more interested in the horror than the truth.

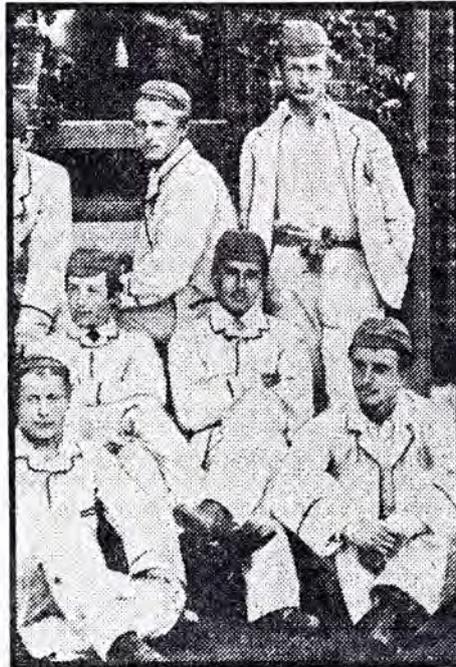
I think a lot of people do not even realise how short the Ripper's activity was. Even one of the relatively recent books has tried to make out that he committed 10 or 11 murders, so that its author, Michael Harrison, can drag in the ballad Ten Harlots of Jerusalem in support of his particular theory—and he gives Druitt only a five-word mention: "The shy, neurotic English barrister."

But there were only five murders undisputably attributed to Jack the Ripper: the first, of 42-year-old Mary Ann Nichols, on Friday, August 31, 1888, and the last, of Mary Jane Kelly, exactly 10 weeks later, on Friday, November 9. Between those dates, London experienced a lot of panic, but the Ripper struck on only two nights: on September 8, against Annie Chapman, and exactly three weeks later, when he killed first Elizabeth Stride but was apparently disturbed before he could mutilate her body and went for another victim, Catherine Eddowes, on the same night.

All had their throats cut. The first four, drunken and bedraggled prostitutes, looking older than their age, were murdered in the open. The fifth, Mary Jane Kelly, young and good-looking and curiously out of the pattern of both age and looks, was murdered indoors—and was the worst in a series of mutilations that (with the exception of the instance in which we may reckon him to have been disturbed) had got progressively worse.

And those are the only undisputed facts. Even the police, who arrested many suspects, only to let them all go again, during the public and political row that accompanied the murders, have mostly only added to the muddle.

Yet it was through one policeman, Sir Melville Macnaghten, that what must surely be the truth has emerged. He became Assistant Commissioner of CID at Scotland Yard in 1903, having been there since the year following the Ripper's activities. It is from copies



An extraordinary resemblance: above, M. J. Druitt, seated on the extreme right; below, the Duke of Clarence



of his private notes that Daniel Farson started to build his case against Druitt to which several of the many amateur criminologists fascinated by the old mystery have contributed.

My own interest in the Druitt possibility started even earlier than Mr Farson's, in 1950, when I was staying with an old school friend, Gerald Mel-

ville Donner. I saw framed on the wall what I took to be a copy of the first letter claiming to come from Jack the Ripper, sent before the third murder, and written in red.

"Copy be damned," said Gerald, "that's the original!" He told me that Sir Melville Macnaghten was his grandfather, and showed me the private notes, in Sir Melville's handwriting on official paper, rather untidy and in the nature of rough jottings.

As I remember them, they gave three suspects: a Polish tanner or cobbler; a man who went round stabbing young girls in the bottom with nail scissors; and M. J. Druitt, a doctor of 41 years of age.

What happened to those papers looks like becoming one of the peripheral mysteries in the Ripper story. Gerald died in 1968 and those close to his family do not know of them. When I recently wrote to Lady Aberconway, his aunt and Sir Melville's other daughter, she replied: "My elder sister, ten years older than myself, took all my father's papers when my mother died—which is why Gerald has them: I have never seen them. But in my father's book 'Days of my Years' he talks of 'Jack the Ripper' . . . that is, alas, all the information I can give."

In fact, it was from Lady Aberconway, now an elderly lady, that Daniel Farson got his lead in 1959, when, as he says, "she was kind enough to give me her father's private notes which she had copied out soon after his death." Though different in some respects from what I remember of Gerald's papers, they contain the same reference to Druitt.

Mr Farson's researcher succeeded in finding the real Druitt, and another amateur in finding a press report of the inquest on his suicide, and so a convincing picture is built up of a man whose educated manner enabled him to pick up women even when the scare was at its height, who was not a doctor (a common assumption from the mutilations) but whose family included several, whose mother became mentally ill just before the murders started, and who committed suicide in the Thames within a few weeks of the last one.

A few years ago I tracked down a picture of M. J. Druitt. It is a different one from that in the Farson book—and it seems to me to throw a curious light (to put it no stronger) on one of the more recent and dottier theories of the Ripper's identity, that published by Dr Stowell two years ago suggesting without quite mentioning the name that it was the Duke of Clarence, Queen Victoria's grandson.

It doesn't take long to demolish that. Farson does it, and I did it to my own satisfaction with a few press references to the Duke's movements and the train timetables of those (slow-moving) times. But when I put my photograph of Druitt, taken from a Winchester team group, alongside the standard one of the Duke of Clarence, it did strike me that there is an extraordinary resemblance. . . .

This description was given in Loftus' review of Daniel Farson's book *Jack the Ripper*, which appeared in *The Guardian* of 7 October 1972, and shown on the previous page:

My own interest in the Druitt possibility started even earlier than Mr Farson's, in 1950, when I was staying with an old school friend, Gerald Melville Donner. I saw framed on the wall what I took to be a copy of the first letter claiming to come from Jack the Ripper, sent before the third murder, and written in red.

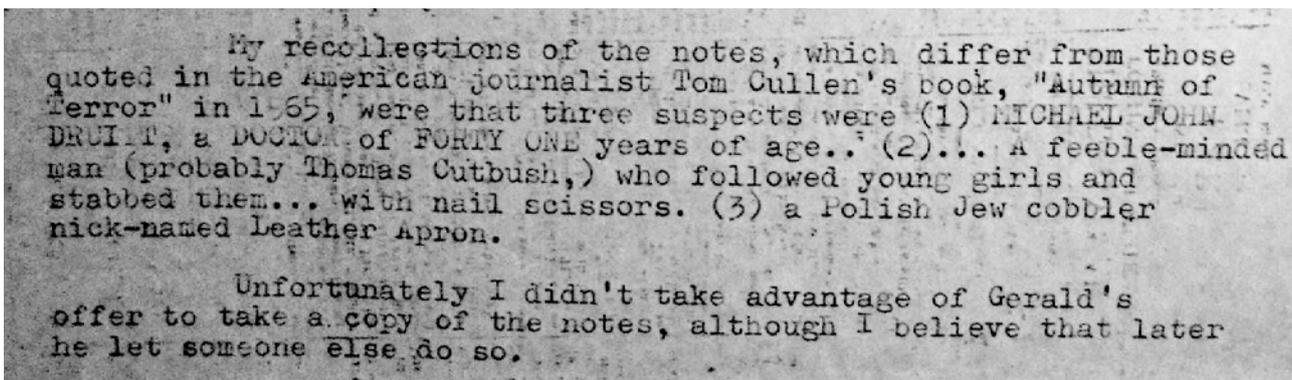
"Copy be damned," said Gerald "that's the original!" He told me that Sir Melville Macnaghten was his grandfather, and showed me the private notes, in Sir Melville's handwriting on official paper, rather untidy and in the nature of rough jottings.

As I remember them, they gave three suspects: a Polish tanner or cobbler: a man who went round stabbing young girls in the bottom with nail scissors; and M J Druitt, a doctor of 41 years of age.

Two months earlier, on 11 August 1972, Loftus had written to Christabel Lady Aberconway, Julia Donner's sister, presumably seeking further information for his *Guardian* review. He expressed the same belief in terms of suspects listed in the Donner Version:

My recollections of the notes, which differ from those quoted in the American journalist Tom Cullen's book, "Autumn of Terror" in 1965, were that three suspects were (1) MICHAEL JOHN DRUITT, a DOCTOR of FORTY ONE years of age.. (2)... A feeble-minded man (probably Thomas Cutbush,) who followed young girls and stabbed them... with nail scissors. (3) a Polish Jew cobbler nick-named Leather Apron.

Unfortunately I didn't take advantage of Gerald's offer to take a copy of the notes, although I believe that later he let someone else do so.¹¹



*Letter from Philip Loftus to Lady Aberconway, 11 August 1972.
Courtesy Christopher McLaren via Keith Skinner.*

This is all that is known in the way of provenance of the Donner Version. When comparing the three suspects named by Philip Loftus with the official memorandum, we can safely conclude that the journalist, quoting from memory more than 20 years after sight of the notes, had misremembered what he saw. The naming of Cutbush as one of the three suspects, when the notes were written expressly to disprove him as the killer, is the major indicator.

The most valuable part of Loftus' account is confirmation that the notes existed, in handwritten form and resembling rough jottings. This doesn't sound like the neat, studied script shown in the official document written by Macnaghten, but carefully filed away in the Borowitz Collection, now deposited at the Kent State University Library, is a letter dated 11 February 1901 (or 1907) from Sir Melville to George Sims. This letter, shown overleaf, indicates that Sir Melville's 'informal' writing style was much more relaxed.

¹¹ Copy of letter kindly supplied by Hon. Christopher McLaren via Keith Skinner.



11. 2. 01.

Dear Sims, get another light in dark, that generally known, metropolitan spots has flashed across my mind: —

Espe Street Hill - Clerkenwell - where there is a large colony of Italians who are mostly vic. wine vendors by day, & not infrequently, stabbers & shootists by night.

It may also save you the trouble of research if I give you the times & places of Jack ye Dippers' presentries.

- (1) 31st Aug. '88. Henry Ann Nichols, found on Ducks Row with her throat cut & slight mutilation of stomach.
- (2) 8th Sept. '88. Annie Chapman found in a back yard at Herbery St., throat cut & stomach & private parts.

- (13) 30th Sept '88. Elizabeth Stude, throat cut only (no mutilations) in Babbacoen Sr. near Merchant Club.
- (14) 30th Sept '88. Catherine Edgrees, found in Metro Square. Throat cut, had mutilation of face, eyebrows & private parts
- (15) 9th Nov '88. Mary Juliette Kelly, found in a room in Miller's Court, Dorset St. with throat cut, and the whole face & body crudely mutilated.

Don't forget "Dobbs" which has name to reference. & don't trouble Driff & his

Yours always
 H. J. Mansfield

11 February '01 (07?)

Dear Sims,

Yet another "light" in dark, & not generally known, metropolitan spots has flashed across my mind :-

Eyre Street Hill - Clerkenwell - where there is a large colony of Italians who are mostly ice-cream vendors by day, &, not infrequently, stabbers & shootists by night.

It may also save you the trouble of research if I give you the times & places of Jack ye Ripper's plesantries.

(1) 31st Aug. '88. Mary Ann Nichols. Found at Bucks Row with her throat cut & slight mutilation of stomach.

(2) 8th Sept. '88. Annie Chapman found in a back yard at Hanbury St., throat cut & bad mutilation as to stomach & private parts.

(3) 30th Sept. '88. Elizabeth Stride, throat cut only (no mutilations) in Berners St. near Anarchist Club.

(4) 30th Sept. '88. Catherine Eddowes, found in Mitre Square, throat cut, bad mutilation of face, stomach & private parts.

(5) 9th Novr '88. Mary Jeanette Kelly, found in a room in Miller's Court, Dorset St. with throat cut, and the whole face & body fiendishly mutilated.

Don't forget "Dowt-" which her name is Devereux, & don't trouble to reply to this

Yours always

M.L. Macnaghten

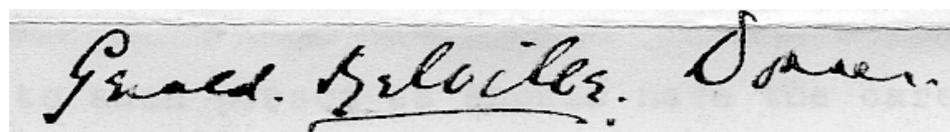
As well as providing an invaluable example of Macnaghten's informal handwriting, this letter is interesting as the descriptions of the Ripper's victims again tallies much more closely with that in his notes than the official memorandum. It has to be assumed that Macnaghten was again referring to his notes when writing this letter.

Bombay	DODWELL, Edward Arthur
"	DODWELL, Elizabeth Joan
"	DONNER, Gerald Melville
"	DONNER, Lily Ellean
"	DYSON, William

1951 and Gerald Donner sets sail for India, taking the Donner Version with him. Passenger list for SS Canton, 14 December 1951.

On 27 October 1951 Gerald Donner and third wife Ellean Lily Veitch sailed from Southampton to New York. They returned to Plymouth on 29 November, and on 14 December 1951 the couple sailed from Southampton to Bombay, where their home, given on the 29 November passenger list, would be 'Stonclink', Adyar, Madras. Donner is listed as a 'Merchant'¹². It seems that the Ripper material travelled with him.

Gerald Donner died in Madras on 19 November 1968. His Will, dated 5 November 1956, appointed R Kiffin-Petersen and Lloyds Bank of Madras, as his executors. They renounced probate because the estate was insolvent, and Donner's possessions were left to Lily Donner.



¹² Passenger lists of SS *Veendam*, Southampton to New York, 27 October 1951; SS *Liberte*, New York to Plymouth, 29 November 1951; SS *Canton*, Southampton to Hong Kong, 14 December 1951. Gerald Donner represented McClermont & Donner Ltd, who were based at 27 St Thomas Street, London. The company had traded since 1894, and were formally incorporated in 1938. They were manufacturers, importers and exporters of leather, hides and skins and other goods. It founded the South Indian Export Company in George Town, Madras, which during WWII was appointed by the Government as the sole inspecting agency of companies such as Titagurh Paper Mills, Indian Iron and Steel Company, and Tide Water Oil. The certificate for Gerald's marriage to Mia Miles gives his profession as 'Leather Merchant'.

In 1988 Paul Begg made contact with Donner's daughter Gillian Coburn, from his marriage to first wife Pearl Sanderson. Gillian told Paul in a telephone conversation that her sister Rosita had visited their father in India in 1954¹³ and had apparently seen several framed Ripper letters on the wall at his home at 'Kedlestone', 16a Ormes Road, Madras. Rosita offered to take the letters back to England but Donner apparently declined. He told Rosita that he was planning a return to England, but whether he did so is not known. This is believed to be the last time that Donner's Ripper material was seen for certain.

Following their telephone conversation, Gillian put Paul in touch with Raymond Gardner, a solicitor at London-based law firm Gordon Dadds. Gardner had handled the estate of Lily Donner, who died in London on 13 May 1970. In her Will, dated 16 November 1962, she left her possessions to her husband, or in the event of him pre-deceasing her, to her brother James Jarman Reynolds-Veitch, who actually died on 9 January 1964¹⁴. Mr Gardner informed Paul that as both had died before Lily, her property had passed to George Fearnley-Whittingstall and Gathorne Wade Gough Jnr, and that nothing Ripper-related was found among her papers.

Mr Gardner was also a personal friend of a stepson of Lily Donner's brother, Leander Gerald Diaz-Albertini¹⁵. When Paul contacted Diaz-Albertini, the latter said while Gerald and Lily were frequent visitors, he was unaware of any Ripper material in Donner's possession.



Notice in the Times seeking the whereabouts of Mia Donner

On 3 July 1970 Clarke Rawlins & Co., the Donner family solicitors, placed a notice in the *Times* seeking the whereabouts of Mia Donner, Gerald's second wife, using the address they had for her at the time of a maintenance case between the couple. The reason for Clarke Rawlins & Co.'s attempting to trace Mia is not known, but it is interesting that they did so just weeks after Lily

Donner's death. Were they in possession of some Ripper-related material after all, which Fearnley-Whittingstall and Gough declined to take custody of?

Mia Donner died at Epsom District Hospital, Surrey, on 20 October 1988. At the time of her death she was living at Linden House Rest Home, Epsom.

In November 1987 an anonymous package was sent to New Scotland Yard in an envelope postmarked 'Croydon, Surrey'. It contained various official Ripper-related documents including 'Dear Boss', believed to be the letter written in red ink seen by Philip Loftus on Gerald Donner's wall in 1950, Dr Thomas Bond's post mortem report on Mary Kelly, and material relating to the Dr Crippen case.¹⁶



The 'Dear Boss' letter and envelope, MEPO 3/3153. Courtesy John Bennett

While research is ongoing to ascertain when Mia Donner moved to Linden House Rest Home, if she did so a year before her death it would coincide with the return of the documents. Did her son Anthony Donner, sorting his mother's papers in preparation for her move to Linden House, discover the Ripper material and return it to New Scotland Yard? And if so, did he retain the non-official documents, including the Donner Version?

13 Rosita Donner arrived back in England on 12 June 1954: passenger list *SS Canton*, Bombay to London.

14 *The London Gazette*, 1 May 1964.

15 Leander Gerald Diaz-Albertini, aka Gerry Albertini, was born in Windsor on 9 April 1933, the son of Stockwell Reynolds Diaz-Albertini and Nora Dugmore. He married Laurel Heath in London in January 1957 and the couple travelled soon afterward to New York. In 1959 Diaz-Albertini inherited \$6 million from the estate of his industrialist father, who had died in 1942. His mother married Lt. Col. James Jarman Morgan Reynolds-Veitch, brother of Lily Donner, in September 1945. The *Daytona Beach Morning Journal* of 11 February 1972 reported that Leander Diaz-Albertini was a close friend of Clifford Irving, the author of the hoax autobiography of Howard Hughes, and had kept the manuscript in the safe in his home in Ibiza prior to it being handed to publishers McGraw-Hill.

16 The 'Dear Boss' letter, the first to use the name 'Jack the Ripper', was noticed as missing from Scotland Yard files by 1928 and is believed to have been the framed letter seen by Philip Loftus at Gerald Donner's home in 1950. This is the last probable sighting of the letter until November 1987, when it was sent anonymously to Scotland Yard in a brown envelope bearing a Croydon postmark. Also included in the packet was the envelope for 'Dear Boss', journalist Thomas Bulling's covering note, and Dr Thomas Bond's post mortem on Mary Kelly, along with documents relating to the Crippen case. The Ripper-related documents were filed in the National Archives, MEPO 3/3153. The 'Dear Boss' letter was displayed at the 2001 Jack the Ripper conference in Bournemouth and later at the Museum of London's 'Jack the Ripper and the East End' exhibition in 2008.

The Aberconway Version



Daniel Farson

While the 1950s might have closed a door on the Donner version of Macnaghten's notes, another opened when journalist and presenter Daniel Farson began work on *Farson's Guide to the British*, a two-part television programme scheduled for transmission in November 1959. While staying with a friend, Lady Rose McLaren, he happened to mention his work for the programme, which would include a segment on Jack the Ripper. Lady Rose was amazed at the coincidence, saying she had planned to take him to visit her mother-in-law, Christabel Lady Aberconway¹⁷, who happened to be Sir Melville Macnaghten's daughter.

Farson would write of the meeting in the introduction to his 1972 book *Jack the Ripper*:

A few hours later at Maenan Hall, I explained my interest to Christabel Aberconway and she was kind enough to give me her father's private notes which she had copied out soon after his death.

Farson was given permission to use these notes, now known as the Aberconway Version, on the condition that no names were revealed. What he had stumbled upon was Lady Aberconway's copy of the Donner Version, Sir Melville's rough notes held by her sister Julia.

November 1959 proved to be a busy month in the Ripper world. A few days before the first part of *Farson's Guide to the British* aired, the *New Statesman* ran a review by 'R.P.' of Donald McCormick's *The Identity of Jack the Ripper*. It drew a response from Lady Aberconway, her interest presumably roused by her contact with Farson. Her letter to the *New Statesman* was published on 7 November 1959:

I possess my father's private notes on Jack the Ripper in which he names three individuals 'against whom police held very reasonable suspicion' and states which of these three, in his judgement, was the killer. None of these three names is mentioned by Mr McCormick.



Christabel Lady Aberconway with Mr Kipps.
Photograph by Cecil Beaton.
Courtesy Christopher McLaren

10.45 FARSON'S GUIDE TO THE BRITISH THE BRITISH AS MURDERERS JACK THE RIPPER Part 1: The Wave of Terror DANIEL FARSON
introduces the famous murder case
A short time ago, Daniel Farson asked viewers for any new information about the Jack the Ripper murders of 1888. The response was so interesting that the investigation will be in two parts. This programme tells the actual story of the murders and will introduce people who have first-hand knowledge of them
Photographed by Adrian Cooper
Written by Daniel Farson
Research by Jacquemine Charratt-Lodwidge and Jeri Matos
Directed by CHARLES MARTIN

This disclosure by Lady Aberconway revealed to the world the existence of Sir Melville Macnaghten's notes; it would beat Farson's 'exclusive' on national television by five days, for it was on 12 November that the second part of *Farson's Guide to the British* was screened. In it, Farson discussed the Aberconway Version and Sir Melville's suspects, adhering to Lady Aberconway's wishes by referring to the perceived chief suspect by his initials only: 'MJD'.

The research potential hinted at in Lady Aberconway's letter in the *New Statesman* was recognised by the reviewer, Ralph Partridge, who wrote to her on 13 November 1959¹⁸:

Dear Lady Aberconway, your letter last week in the New Statesman was tantalising. As I am the "R.P." who reviewed the Jack the Ripper book I can't help wondering why you refrained from quoting the actual names of the suspects in your father's notes, and particularly the one he thought was the killer. They must all be dead now anyway. Are you perhaps considering the writing of a short article yourself on the Ripper based on your father's notes? I hope you are. We met many years ago at Clive Bell's in Golden Square, but I doubt you can remember the occasion."

17 Christabel Mary Melville Macnaghten was born on 12 December 1890, second daughter of Sir Melville Macnaghten and Dora Sanderson. At the age of 9, she was friends with Rudyard Kipling's daughter Josephine; Kipling wrote his poem *The Way Through The Woods* after a conversation with Christabel. In her memoirs *A Wiser Woman?*, published in 1966, Lady Aberconway recalls visiting her father's office at Scotland Yard and viewing photographs of the Ripper's victims; she said the "mutilated bodies looked like broken dolls". In the book, Christabel speaks fondly of her friendships with numerous celebrities including Cecil Beaton, Max Beerbohm, Osbert Sitwell and H G Wells. In 1929 Sir William Walton dedicated his *Viola Concerto* to Christabel. On 19 July 1910 she married Henry Duncan McLaren, 2nd Baron Aberconway, at St Margaret's Church in Westminster, London. The couple had five children: Hon. Elizabeth Mary McLaren (31 May 1911 - 4 December 1991), Charles Melville McLaren, 3rd Baron Aberconway (16 April 1913 - 4 February 2003), Squadron Leader Hon. John Francis McLaren (19 June 1919 - 23 March 1953), Dr Hon. Anne Laura Dorinthea McLaren FRS (26 April 1927 - 7 July 2007) and Hon. Christopher Melville McLaren (b 15 April 1934). Christabel Aberconway died on 7 August 1974.

18 Letter (and reply) kindly supplied by Hon. Christopher McLaren via Keith Skinner.

17th November 1959.

Dear Mr. Partridge,

Of course I remember you very well and was delighted to receive your letter. At the same time it shocks me greatly when you suggest that the actual name of the suspected "Jack the Ripper" should be given. After all he might have a nephew or a niece, born about 1890, who would not yet be 70; they in turn might have a child just about to get married. It would not be very pleasant to know that your uncle or great uncle was suspected of being "Jack the Ripper", would it!

I would love to show you my Father's notes sometime if they would interest you but only on condition that no names were revealed.

I go to the country on Thursday for a week; after that I shall be here until Christmas.

Yours sincerely,

Courtesy Christopher McLaren via Keith Skinner

Lady Aberconway's reply of 17 November gives a revealing insight into her feelings regarding her father's notes, which have a bearing on the Aberconway Version itself:

Dear Mr Partridge,

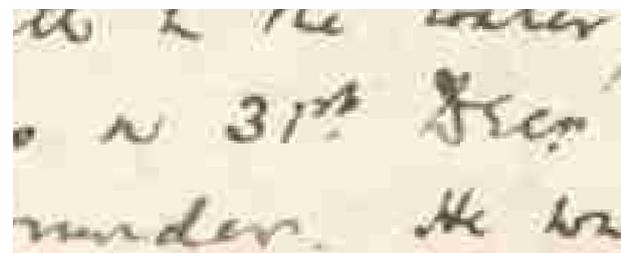
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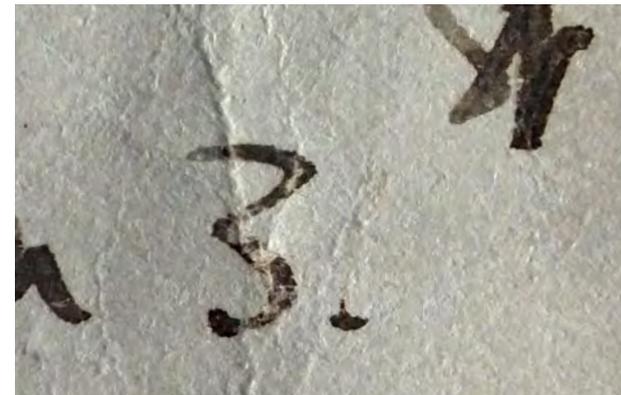
While Dan Farson would take another decade to get his 'Druitt as Ripper' theory into print, American journalist Tom Cullen beat him to it by presenting details of Macnaghten's notes, and the name Montague John Druitt, to the world in 1965's *Autumn of Terror*. The question which concerns this author for the purposes of the present article, however, is whether Cullen's source was Lady Aberconway or Farson. The answer lies, I believe, in the transcription of the Druitt section in the notes. In the official document, it is clear that Macnaghten wrote:

...whose body (which was said to have been upwards of a month in the water) was found in the Thames on 31st Decr. - or about 7 weeks after that murder.

Farson and Cullen, however, working from the Aberconway Version, both transcribe the date as '3rd December', and looking at a photograph of the relevant page of the Aberconway Version (opposite) it's clear to see that this is a misreading of 31st December, probably due to the lightness of ink pressure. A photocopy of this page, which presumably Farson took away from his meeting with Lady Aberconway, would have rendered the pen stroke invisible. While it's possible that both authors could have separately obtained a photocopy from Lady Aberconway, it must be noted that Farson accused Cullen of taking his research papers, including his copy of the Aberconway Version, when the former's attaché case went missing from his office just before *Farson's Guide To The British* aired. Don Rumbelow recalls that in a conversation with Cullen the latter said he was waiting for Farson to "put his head above the parapet and publicly accuse him of stealing the memoranda... when he would then sue him for libel". It's also telling that Cullen revealed the suspect's full name, against Lady Aberconway's condition made to previous researchers. Did he speak to her at all?



Official memorandum.



Aberconway Version.

Photograph Adam Wood. Courtesy Christopher McLaren

When Daniel Farson obtained a copy of the Aberconway Version by accident in 1959, the Ripper world became enthralled by the idea of Druitt as the Ripper. The official version of Macnaghten's report would be discovered by Robin Odell in 1965, but it would take a further 21 years for Ripper researchers to locate the material held by the Aberconway family.



Christopher McLaren

As the centenary of the Whitechapel murders drew near, a number of books were in the process of being written, some to cash in on the anniversary but others an attempt to present the facts. The authors of *The Ripper Legacy*, Martin Howells and Keith Skinner, were determined to use primary source material rather than secondary sources and thus on 15 August 1986 Keith wrote to Elizabeth Carlisle, Lady Aberconway's eldest daughter, in an attempt to track down the Aberconway Version. A few days later Mrs Carlisle telephoned Keith and referred him to her younger brother Christopher McLaren, to whom Keith wrote on 29 August 1986¹⁹.

Mr McLaren's reply, dated 9 September, was extremely promising: "I think there may be some notes made by either my mother or by my grandfather."

When Keith eventually visited Christopher McLaren, on 15 October 1986, he was happily surprised to be given a pre-prepared photocopy of the document seen by Daniel Farson 27 years earlier.

The Aberconway Version comprises seven typewritten quarto pages on white paper, and two sides of one sheet of pale blue paper containing handwritten notes. The typewritten pages are numbered; four of them bear handwritten annotations in pencil. On page 6 of the typewritten pages is a handwritten note referring the reader to the two handwritten pages. The handwritten pages themselves also bear light pencil annotations, the meaning of which will be discussed later.

It is published here in full for the first time. Blue text is used to highlight handwritten parts; it does not signify the colouring:

*Memorandum on articles which appeared in the Sun re JACK
THE RIPPER on 14 Feb 1894 and subsequent dates.*

by my father Sir M. M. [handwritten]

The case referred to in the sensational story told in the Sun (in its issues of 14 Feb 1894 and following dates) is that of Thomas Cutbush who was arraigned at the London County Sessions in April 1891 on a charge of maliciously wounding Florence Grace Johnson and attempting to wound Isabella Fraser Anderson in Kennington. He was found to be insane and sentenced to be detained during Her Majesties pleasure.

This Cutbush who lived at 14 Albert Street Kennington Street escaped from the Lambeth Infirmary (after he had been detained there only a few hours) at noon on 5 March 1891. He was re-arrested on 9th idem. Previously to this, - a few weeks before several cases of stabbing girls behind had occurred in the neighbourhood, and a man called Colicott was arrested and charged, but was subsequently discharged owing to doubtful identification. The cuts in the girls' dresses in Colicott's case were quite distinct from those made by Cutbush, who was no doubt influenced in his action by a wild and morbid desire of imitation. Cutbush's antecedents were enquired into by P.S. McCarthy, (an officer who was specially employed in Whitechapel during the time of the murders there); it was ascertained that he was born, and had lived always, at Kennington. His Father died when he was quite young, and he was a 'spoilt' child. He had been employed as a clerk and traveller in the Tea Trade at the Minorities, and subsequently canvassed for a Directory in that part of London - during which time he bore a good character. He, apparently, contracted syphilis about 1888, and after that year led an idle and useless life. His brain seems to have become affected, and he believed that people were endeavouring to poison him. He wrote to Lord Grimthorpe, and other, - and also to the Treasury, complaining of Dr Brooks, Westminster Bridge Road (whom he threatened to shoot!) for having supplied him with indifferent medicines. He is said to have studied medical books by day, and to have rambled about at night, returning to his home with his clothes covered with mud etc., However, little reliance can be placed on the statements of his Mother, or his aunt, who were both of a very excitable disposition.

I may mention that this Thomas Cutbush was the nephew of the late well-known Supt. of Executive Branch at C.O. The knife found on him was traced, and found to have been bought by him at Houndsditch about a week before he was detained in the Lambeth Infirmary, or just 2 years and 3 months after the last Whitechapel murder was committed! This upsets the statement made in the Sun's issue of 14th Feb. That "the writer has in his possession a facsimile of the knife with which the murders were committed."

19 Research dates and details kindly supplied by Keith Skinner.

The statement, too, that Cutbush “spent a portion of the day in making rough drawings of the bodies of women, and of their mutilation,” is wholly based on the fact that two drawings of women in indecent postures were found torn up in his room. The head and body of one had been cut from some old ‘fashion plate’, and the legs were added and made to represent naked thighs and pink stockings.

The statement in the issue of 15th Feb. that a man in a light overcoat had been seen talking to the woman, who dismembered torso was found in Pinchin St, (and that a light overcoat was among the things discovered in Cutbush’s house) is hopelessly incorrect. On 10th Sept. 1889 the naked body, with arms, of a woman was found under a Railway arch in Pinchin Street; the head and legs never came to light, nor was the woman ever identified. She had been killed at least 24 hours before the remains were discovered, and the said remains had evidently been brought from some distance. The head and legs had been severed from the body in a manner identical with that of the women whose remains were discovered, piecemeal, in the Thames, Battersea Park, and on the Chelsea Embankment on 4th June of the same year (1889) and these murders (?) had no connection whatever with the Whitechapel horrors. The Rainham mystery in 1887, and the Whitehall mystery (where the remains of a woman were found under New Scotland Yard in September 1888) were of a similar nature to the mysteries of “The Thames” and Pinchin St.

It is perfectly untrue to say (as the Sun asserts) that Cutbush stabbed six girls behind; this is confusing his case with Colicott - already spoken of.

The theory that the Whitechapel murderer was left handed, or, at any rate, ‘ambi-dexter’ had its origin in the statement of a certain doctor who examined the corpse of one of the earliest victims. Other doctors did not agree with him, and medical evidence, on this point, was (as it not infrequently is!) alike conflicting and confusing.

Now the Whitechapel murderer had 5 victims and 5 only. His murders were, as follows -

31st Aug. ’88 Mary Ann Nichols who was found at Bucks Row with her throat cut and slight mutilation of the stomach.

8th Sept. ’88 Annie Chapman found in a back yard at Hanbury St. throat cut and bad mutilation as to stomach and private parts.

30th Sept. ’88 Elizabeth Stride - throat cut only (no mutilation) in Berners St.

do do Catherine Eddowes, found in Mitre Square, throat cut, bad mutilation of face, stomach and private parts.

9th Novr. ’88 Mary Jeanette Kelly - found in a room in Millers Court, Dorset St. with throat cut and the whole face and body fiendishly mutilated.

The last murder is the only one which took place in a room, and the murderer, must have been at least 2 hours over his hellish job. A photograph was taken at the time, - (showing the woman as she was when the officers entered the room) without seeing which it is impossible to understand, or grasp the extent of the awful mutilation.

With regard to the double murder which occurred on 30th September there is no doubt that the ‘Ripper’ was disturbed by some Jews just after he had cut Elizabeth Stride’s throat, and before he had time to commence to mutilate her. He had got the victim behind a kind of stable door through which three Jews drove up to an Anarchist Club in Berners Street. The murderer must have been alarmed and fled away - but, ‘nondum satiat’ ? [handwritten in left margin with arrow], went off in search of a second victim whom he found in Mitre Square, and on whose body the mutilations far exceeded anything that he had before perpetrated. It will be noted that the fury of the murderer, as evinced in the mode of mutilation, increased every time, and his appetite appears to have become ‘sharpened by indulgence.’ It seems, then, improbable, that he should have suddenly stopped after 9th Novr. 1888 and been content to resume operations by merely prodding a girl lightly from behind some 2 years and 4 months afterwards. A much more rational and workable theory, to my way of thinking, is that the ‘rippers’ brain gave way altogether after his awful glut in Millers Court and that he then committed suicide, or, as a less likely alternative, was found to be so helplessly insane by his relatives, that they, suspecting the worst, had him confined in some Lunatic Asylum.

No one ever saw the Whitechapel murderer (unless possibly it was the City P.C. who was on [handwritten] a beat near Mitre Square) and no proof could in any way ever be brought against anyone, although very many homicidal maniacs were at one time, or another, suspected. I enumerate the cases of 3 men against whom Police held very

(here follows p 6A & 6B) written in ink and attached at end: [handwritten in pencil]

[Following all handwritten in ink]

6.A [handwritten in pencil]

reasonable suspicion. Personally, after much careful & deliberate consideration, I am inclined to exonerate the last 2. but I have always held strong opinions regarding no 1., and the more I think the matter over, the stronger do these opinions become. The truth, however, will never be known, and did indeed, at one time lie at the bottom of the Thames, if my conjectures be correct. No.1 Mr M.J. Druitt a doctor of about 41 years of age & of fairly good family, who disappeared at the time of the Miller's Court murder, and whose body was found floating in the Thames on 31st Dec: i.e. 7 weeks after the said murder. The body was said to have been in the water for a month, or more - on it was found a season ticket between Blackheath & London. From private information I have little doubt but that his own family suspected this man of being the Whitechapel murderer; it was alleged that he was sexually insane.

6B [not actually written on page]

no 2. [damaged, but obviously Kos]minski, a Polish jew, who lived in [damaged, but Farson records as 'the very'] heart of the district where the murders were committed. He had become insane owing to many years indulgence in solitary vices. He had a great hatred of women, with strong homicidal tendencies. He was (and I believe still is) detained in a lunatic asylum . about March 1889. This man in appearance strongly resembled the individual seen by the City P.C. near Mitre Square. no: 3. Michael Ostrog. a mad Russian doctor & a convict & unquestionably a homicidal maniac. This man was said to have been habitually cruel to women, & for a long time was known to have carried out with him surgical knives & other instruments; his antecedents were of the very worst & his whereabouts at the time of the Whitechapel murders could never be satisfactory accounted for. He is still alive.

And now with regard to the 4 additional murders asertied ? [ascribed written underneath] by the "Sun" writer to the "Ripper"

(here follows, on to 6.

1) The body of Martha etc:

(1) The body of Martha Tabran, a prostitute, was found on a common staircase in George Yard buildings, Whitechapel, on 7th August, 1888. When last seen she was in company of 2 soldiers and a companion prostitute; her body had received several stabs - apparently with a bayonet. The throat was not cut, and nothing in the way of mutilation was attempted. The two soldiers were arrested, but her companion failed, or rather refused, to identify.

(2) Alice McKenzie was found on 17th July 1889 with her throat stabbed in Castle Alley, Aldgate. No evidence was forthcoming and no arrests were made. The stab in the throat was identically the same as that in the case of

(3) Frances Coles in Swallow Gardens on 13th Feb. 1891 for which Thomas Sadler, a Ship's fireman, was arrested, and - after several remands - discharged! It was subsequently ascertained that Sadler had sailed for the Baltic on 19th July '89 and was in Whitechapel on 17th the night when Alice McKenzie was killed. He was a man of ungovernable temper, and entirely addicted to drink and the company of the lowest prostitutes. I have no doubt whatever in my own mind as to his having murdered Frances Coles -

(4) was the case of the unidentified woman who trunk was found in Pinchin Street on 10th Sept. '89 and has already been dealt with in this memorandum.

M. L. Macnaghten.

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7.

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careful & deliberate consideration, I am inclined to
exonerate the last 2. but I have always held
strong opinions regarding no 1., and the more
I think the matter over, the stronger do these
opinions become. The truth, however, will never be
known, and did indeed, at one time, lie at the
bottom of the Thames, if my ^{#.} conjectures be correct.
no 1. Mr. J. Druitt a doctor of about 40 years
of age & of fairly good family, who disappeared
the time of the Miller's Court murder, and whose
body was found floating in the Thames on 3.
Dec: 18. 7 weeks after the said murder. The body
was said to have been in the water for a month
or more - on it was found a season ticket
between Blackheath & London. From private
information I have little doubt but that his own
family suspected this man of being the Whitechapel
murderer; it was alleged that he was sexually insane.

no 2.

Michalski a Polish Jew, who lived in the heart of the district where the murders were committed. He had become insane owing to many years indulgence in solitary vices. He had a great hatred of women with strong homicidal tendencies. He was (and believe it is) detained in a lunatic asylum about March 1889. This man in appearance strongly resembled the individual seen by the City P.C. near Mitre Square no: 3. Michael Ostrog, a mad Russian doctor & a convicted & unquestionably a homicidal maniac. This man was said to have been habitually cruel to women, & for a long time was known to have carried about with him surgical knives & other instruments; his antecedents were of the very worst - his whereabouts at the time of the Whitechapel murders could never be satisfactorily accounted for. He is still alive.

And now with regard to the 4 additional murders ascribed? by the "Sun" writer to the "Ripper".

(here follows, on p 6.

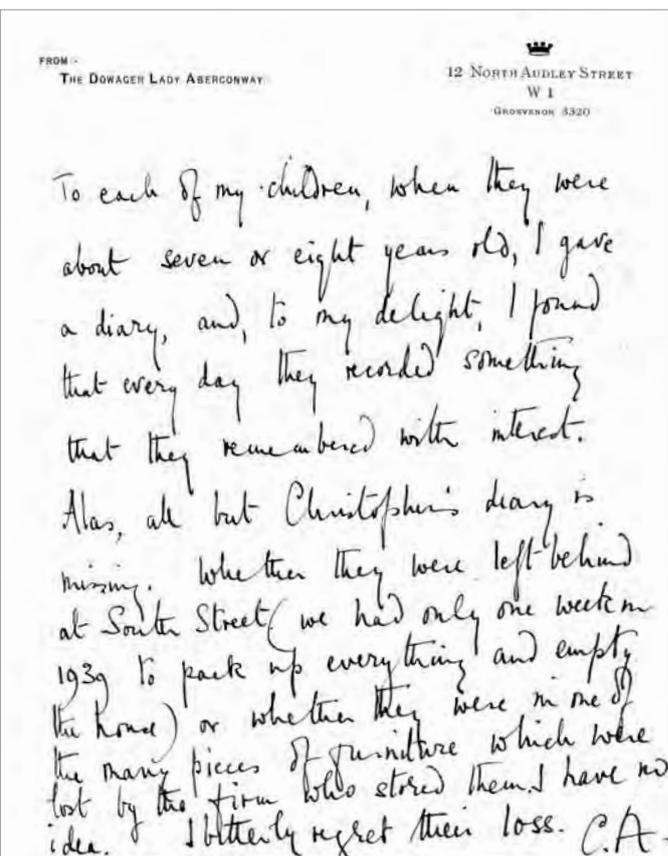
1) The body of Martha Str.

The images of the Aberconway Version published here are photographs taken by this author on 1 February 2012. Creases on the pages indicate that the notes were folded at some point, although Christopher McLaren advises that since coming into his possession in 1974 they have not been kept in an envelope, and he does not recall if they were previously.

Back to 1986. In the *Ripper Legacy* (pp 125-126) it is stated that tests conducted at that time indicated a paper production date of sometime in the early 1930s, which would correspond with when the notes were inherited by Julia Donner. This would seem to confirm that the Aberconway Version was prepared shortly after the death in 1929 of Lady Aberconway's mother, rather than Sir Melville's death in 1921 as stated by Dan Farson.

Speaking with Keith Skinner during my research for this article, however, it became clear that his satisfaction with the testing has greatly diminished. He emailed:

The more I think about this aspect of our investigation, (with the benefit of 25 years hindsight and learning about the correct and recognised procedure for testing documents), the more uncomfortable I feel about our conclusions. Especially, as it should be remembered, that what Martin and I originally set out to do was to compare Lady A's handwriting with the handwriting in the AV. Somewhere along that journey we made a detour into completely uncharted territory for two actors writing their first book who had absolutely no experience of how to conduct a historical or scientific investigation.



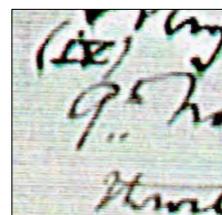
Courtesy Christopher McLaren via Keith Skinner

To each of my children, when they were about seven or eight years old, I gave a diary, and, to my delight, I found that every day they recorded something that they remembered with interest. Alas, all but Christopher's diary is missing. Whether they were left behind at South Street (we had only one week in 1939 to pack up everything and empty the house) or whether they were in one of the many pieces of furniture which were lost by the firm who stored them, I have no idea. I bitterly regret their loss. C.A.

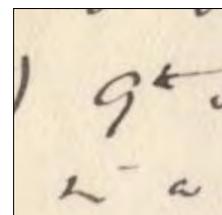
The handwriting comparison mentioned by Keith in his email was carried out after the researchers obtained a letter written by Lady Aberconway²⁰. The letter, shown here, seems to show similarities in style with the handwritten pages of the Aberconway Version. Further evidence that the Aberconway Version's handwritten pages were penned by Lady Aberconway came in the covering note sent with the sample by Christopher McLaren:

My sister, Elizabeth Carlisle, telephoned me on Wednesday night to say that she had discovered a document in my grandfather's handwriting and that she did not consider that it looked at all like that on the handwritten pages of the notes.

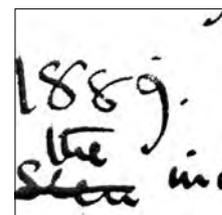
The conclusive proof for this author that the two handwritten pages were penned by Lady Aberconway is a single character: the number '9'. Looking at the official memorandum, Melville Macnaghten's '9' bears a straight



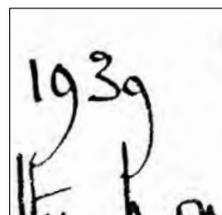
The Macnaghten Memorandum



The Sims letter



The Aberconway Version



The Lady Aberconway letter

20 Letter kindly supplied by Hon. Christopher McLaren via Keith Skinner, 21 October 1986.

The fact that the notes were typed up, presumably by Lady Aberconway's secretary, but still contain two handwritten pages is puzzling. Why weren't the full notes typewritten? To answer this, we need to consider Lady Aberconway's comments to Dan Farson, whom she asked not to reveal the suspects' names, and especially to Ralph Partridge, to whom she expressed concern that Druitt, Kosminski and Ostrog may very well have living relatives who would be affected by any disclosure. Taking into account these concerns, it seems likely that Lady Aberconway would withhold the two pages detailing the suspects from her secretary. Lady Aberconway then annotated the typewritten pages, referring the reader to the handwritten section. Conversely, I am at a loss to explain why Lady Aberconway didn't possess a full handwritten copy.

With Keith's recommendation that the dating carried out in 1986 be discounted, we simply don't know when Lady Aberconway made her copy of the notes. Farson wrote that she did so "*soon after the death of her father*", which Lady Aberconway could have told him, or he might have assumed was the case. The copy might have been made by Julia Donner for her sister when the former inherited the notes following their mother's death in 1929, but this seems unlikely given the existence of the two handwritten pages; the copy would have been supplied fully typewritten. If the copy was made around the time of their mother's death, it's more likely that Lady Aberconway would have made this herself before returning the original notes to her sister. At the present moment in time, all we know for certain is that the Aberconway Version was created some time between Sir Melville's death in 1921 and Farson viewing them in 1959. We can probably limit the later date to Gerald Donner's inheriting the notes in 1938; in her memoirs Lady Aberconway states that the family moved from London to Bodnant in Wales in 1939, and I would suggest the copy was made around this time.

Finally, a possible solution to a puzzling statement by Lady Aberconway which has often been debated due to its contrary nature... In his review for the *Guardian* of 7 October 1972, Philip Loftus wrote that in response to his letter of 11 August 1972 Lady Aberconway had told him:

My elder sister, ten years older than myself, took all my father's papers when my mother died, which is why Gerald has them: I have never seen them. But in my father's book 'Days of my Years' he talks of 'Jack the Ripper'... that is, alas, all the information I can give.

On face value this is a strange comment, given that the existence of the Aberconway Version had been known for more than a decade. But I wonder whether Lady Aberconway was actually referring to documents other than her father's notes; in the letter by Loftus, given in full below, he mentioned the Ripper letter 'in red ink' and asked whether it would be possible to see it again:

Dear Lady Aberconway,

Early in the 1950s, when I was staying over Christmas with Gerald Donner, (we were in Moretons together at Harrow,) I saw framed on the wall what I took to be a facsimile of the original red Jack the Ripper letter.

"Facsimile be damned!" said Gerald, and then told me that his grandfather was Sir Melville Macnaughten. He asked me if I was interested in the case, which I most certainly was, and he showed me your father's notes.

My recollections of the notes, which differ from those quoted in the American journalist Tom Cullen's book, "Autumn of Terror" in 1965, were that three suspects were (1) MICHAEL JOHN DRUITT, a DOCTOR of FORTY ONE years of age.. (2)... A feeble-minded man (probably Thomas Cutbush,) who followed young girls and stabbed them... with nail scissors. (3) a Polish Jew cobbler nick-named Leather Apron.

Unfortunately I didn't take advantage of Gerald's offer to take a copy of the notes, although I believe that later he let someone else do so.

A year or so later I decided to look Druitt up, but the only one I could find in the medical directories at the Guildhall Library had died in 1883.

Cullen was more persistent and discovered that MJD was a BARRISTER aged 31. When I was shown the cutting from The Guardian, herewith a copy, I got in touch with them, told them more or less what I have written above, that MICHAEL JOHN DRUITT as The Ripper had been uncovered 7 years ago. They were very interested when I showed them a photograph of MJD, (I am perhaps one of the few people who possesses one), beside one of the Duke of Clarence, and at the amazing likeness between them, and have asked me to do an article on JTR.

Would it be possible for me to see again your father's JACK THE RIPPER papers, particularly the letter in red?

*Yours sincerely,
Philip Loftus*

2 GREENCROFT GARDENS, N.W.6

11th August, 1972.

Christabel, Lady Aberconway,
Maenan Hall,
Llanwrst,
North Wales.

Dear Lady Aberconway,

Early in the 1950s, when I was staying over Christmas with Gerald Donner, (we were in Horetons together at Harrow,) I saw framed on the wall what I took to be a facsimile of the original red Jack the Ripper letter.

"Facsimile be damned!" said Gerald, and then told me that his grandfather was Sir Melville Macnaghten. He asked me if I was interested in the case, which I most certainly was, and he showed me your father's notes.

My recollections of the notes, which differ from those quoted in the American journalist Tom Cullen's book, "Autumn of Terror" in 1965, were that three suspects were (1) MICHAEL JOHN DRUITT, a DOCTOR of FORTY ONE years of age. (2)... A feeble-minded man (probably Thomas Cutbush,) who followed young girls and stabbed them... with nail scissors. (3) a Polish Jew cobbler nick-named Leather Apron.

Unfortunately I didn't take advantage of Gerald's offer to take a copy of the notes, although I believe that later he let someone else do so.

A year or so later I decided to look Druitt up, but the only one I could find in the medical directories at the Guildhall Library had died in 1885.

contd.

2.

Cullen was more persistent and discovered that MJD was a BARRISTER aged 31. When I was shown the cutting from The Guardian, herewith a copy, I got in touch with them, told them more or less what I have written above, that MICHAEL JOHN DRUITT as The Ripper had been uncovered 7 years ago. They were very interested when I showed them a photograph of MJD, (I am perhaps one of the few people who possess one), beside one of the Duke of Clarence, and at the amazing likeness between them, and have asked me to do an article on JTR.

would it be possible for me to see again your father's JACK THE RIPPER papers, particularly the letter in red?

Courtesy Christopher McLaren via Keith Skinner.

Was Lady Aberconway referring to the 'Dear Boss' letter and other material known to be in Gerald's possession, which she claimed to have "never seen"? Or did she resent Loftus' rather pushy, smug tone? Lady Aberconway's comment "...which is why Gerald has them..." is puzzling, as Gerald Donner had died three years earlier. Was Lady Aberconway aware of her nephew's death or did she mean the papers were with Gerald's family? Or was it simply a case of failing memory in her later years, as suggested as possible by her son Christopher McLaren?

The Future

In many aspects of the Ripper case little is known for certain and many theories and conclusions are based on best-guess. In this article I have made conclusions which are, to my mind, the most logical after careful consideration of the information gathered thus far. However, these conclusions are open to question and future research will either confirm or disprove them.

Points which need addressing include proving when was the Aberconway Version was created. Modern testing of paper and ink might reveal when the two handwritten pages were produced, proving them to be written by either Lady Aberconway or Sir Melville Macnaghten, while a test of the paper on which the typed notes were made would narrow the dates range of when the copy was made.

Regarding the Donner Version, is there any documented proof that Gerald Donner returned to the UK in the late 1950s, taking the Ripper material with him? Is it possible to prove that the documents passed to Mia Donner, finally being returned to New Scotland Yard in 1987?

Timeline

The timeline below is a list of notable events in the history of the Macnaghten Memorandum:

24 March and 15 April 1891

The *Times* reports on the court appearance of Thomas Cutbush.

13-17 February 1894

The *Sun* runs a series of articles alluding to Cutbush as Jack the Ripper.

17-23 February 1894

Melville Macnaghten writes a memorandum in response to the *Sun's* claims. The official version is dated 23 February 1894 and is filed by the Metropolitan Police. Macnaghten retains his notes made for the document.

1898

Major Arthur Griffiths' *Mysteries of Police and Crime* is published, featuring information and phrasing probably gleaned from Macnaghten's notes.

1913

Macnaghten retires.

1914

Macnaghten publishes his autobiography, *Days of My Years*, also using information available only in his notes.

12 May 1921

Macnaghten dies.

1928

'Dear Boss' letter noticed as missing from police files.

8 January 1929

Macnaghten's wife Dora Sanderson dies.

1929-1931

Macnaghten's private papers inherited by Julia Donner. *Notes made for memorandum subsequently called the Donner Version.*

2 October 1938

Julia Donner dies; Donner Version inherited by Gerald Donner.

1950

Philip Loftus claims to visit Gerald Donner and is shown Donner Version, and probably 'Dear Boss' letter.

14 December 1951

Gerald Donner travels to Bombay.

1954

Rosita Donner visits her father in Bombay and views Ripper letters at his home. Arrives back in England on 12 June 1954.

5 November 1956

Gerald Donner writes Will, leaving possessions to third wife Lillian.

Pre November 1959

Daniel Farson visits Lady Aberconway and is shown a copy of Macnaghten's notes. *Copy subsequently known as the Aberconway Version.*

5 November 1959

First part of *Farson's Guide to the British* broadcast.

7 November 1959

Letter from Lady Aberconway published in the *New Statesman*, in which she responds to their review of Donald McCormick's *The Identity of Jack the Ripper*. She reveals the existence of the Aberconway Version.

12 November 1959

Second part of *Farson's Guide to the British* screened; he discusses the Aberconway Version and Macnaghten's suspects, revealing the initials of the chief suspect as 'MJD' as per Lady Aberconway's wishes.

13 November 1959

Ralph Partridge, the *New Statesman's* reviewer, writes to Lady Aberconway asking her to reveal her father's suspects.

17 November 1959

Lady Aberconway replies to Partridge, expressing shock that he would want the suspects' names revealed.

1965

Tom Cullen publishes *Autumn of Terror* and reveals the suspects' names in full.

June 1965

Robin Odell discovers the official Macnaghten memorandum in police files; details appear in the Mayflower paperback version of *Jack the Ripper in Fact and Fiction*, April 1966.

19 November 1968

Gerald Donner dies in India.

13 May 1970

Lily Eilean Donner dies in London.

3 July 1970

Clarke Rawlins & Co. place notices in the *Times* seeking Mia Donner.

1972

Dan Farson's book *Jack the Ripper* is published.

11 August 1972

Philip Loftus writes to Lady Aberconway in preparation for his review, asks to see 'Dear Boss' letter.

August-October 1972

Lady Aberconway replies to Loftus, stating that her sister (Julia Donner) took all her father's papers and that she has never seen them.

7 October 1972

Philip Loftus reviews Dan Farson's *Jack the Ripper* for the *Guardian*.

7 August 1974

Lady Aberconway dies; Aberconway Version passes to Christopher McLaren.

1975

Donald Rumbelow's *The Complete Jack the Ripper* (W H Allen) publishes the text of the Macnaghten Memorandum in full for the first time.

15 August 1986

Keith Skinner writes to Lady Aberconway's daughter, Elizabeth Carlisle, who refers him to her brother Christopher McLaren.

29 August 1986

Keith Skinner writes to Christopher McLaren.

9 September 1986

Reply from Mr McLaren states "there may be some notes made by either my mother or by my grandfather."

15 October 1986

Keith Skinner visits Christopher McLaren and is given a photocopy of the Aberconway Version.

21 October 1986

Christopher McLaren sends Keith Skinner a letter containing a sample of his mother's handwriting.

1987

Ripper Legacy by Martin Howells and Keith Skinner publishes the results of their research into the Aberconway Version. First publication of a photograph of the photocopied page 6A.

November 1987

'Dear Boss' letter and other Ripper material, along with documents relating to the Dr Crippen case, returned anonymously to New Scotland Yard.

1988

Paul Begg contacts Gerald Donner's daughter Gillian Coburn.

20 October 1988

Mia Donner dies in Epsom, Surrey.

1991

The *Jack the Ripper A-Z* publishes a transcription of pages 6, 6A and 6B of the Aberconway Version.

22 November 2010

Keith Skinner visits Christopher McLaren and photographs the two handwritten pages of the Aberconway version.

1 February 2012

Adam Wood visits Christopher McLaren with Keith Skinner and photographs the complete Aberconway Version.

February 2012

The Aberconway Version published in full for the first time in *Ripperologist* issue 124.

Acknowledgements

Grateful thanks to Paul Begg, Neil Bell, Alex Billeter, Paul B Donner, Stewart Evans, Martin Fido, Lynne Jones, Loretta Lay, Robin Odell, Don Rumbelow, Charles Sanderson and Eduardo Zinna for their kind assistance and advice in the preparation of this article. Special thanks must go to Keith Skinner, without whose research material and kind co-operation this work would not have been possible. Finally, my appreciation to the Hon. Christopher McLaren for his permission to photograph and publish the Aberconway Version.

Dates of birth, marriage and deaths
sourced using findmypast.co.uk

findmypast[™].co.uk
search with the experts



ADAM WOOD is Executive Editor of *Ripperologist* magazine. He was the organiser of seven Ripper conferences from 2001 to 2010 before 'retiring' to concentrate on his design company. Adam's interest in the Whitechapel murders started in the late 1970s after hearing how his great-grandfather Benjamin Wood lived off Brick Lane in 1888 and supposedly saw the body of one of the victims. He lives in the Cotswolds.

Left: Adam Wood photographs the Aberconway Version under the supervision of Christopher McLaren. Photograph courtesy Evans/Skinner Crime Archive.

The Autobiography of James Carnac

By JOHN BENNETT

On 27 October 2009, a number of internet-based news sites crackled with the revelation that a typewritten manuscript, allegedly written as an autobiography by one James Willoughby Carnac, had come to light in Somerset, England. The manuscript, discovered in early 2008 amongst the effects of Sydney George Hulme Beaman, creator of the hugely successful children's characters Larry the Lamb and his home of Toytown, was to all intents and purposes, the autobiography of Jack the Ripper. In the manuscript, Carnac outlines his early life in North London, his motives and drives to murder in the autumn of 1888 and ultimately, the reasons for the cessation of the crimes. As the contributors to a number of internet forums (naturally including *Casebook* and *JTR Forums*) picked up on the news, speculation and not a little confusion were in the air for some days after. Very little information about the manuscript had been given away, but its provenance, obviously the most important aspect of a discovery such as this, appeared to be sound.



Montacute TV Radio and Toy Museum, Somerset.

Alan Hicken, owner of the Montacute TV Radio and Toy Museum in Montacute, Somerset takes up the story:

Just before Christmas of 2007 I received a letter from a Mrs Jean Caldwell, asking if I would like to purchase a collection of memorabilia from her late Uncle, S.G. Hulme Beaman, who was the creator of "Toytown" and it's most famous inhabitant "Larry the Lamb". After reading a list of the items she wanted to sell I thought that as we are a TV Radio Toy Museum that I would be interested in having this collection, which included the manuscript. Jean initially approached an auction house in the area where she lives, near Chester, in order to auction off the collection. However Jean wanted her Uncle's collection to stay together, so the auction house suggested selling it to a relevant museum as a complete collection. They recommended our museum for its connection with TV and Radio memorabilia.¹

1 Email to the author, 16 December 2011

The artefacts included original paintings and pastels, hand crafted, intricately carved and painted figures, various first edition books (some which he had dedicated to his children and parents) and photographs. The Carnac manuscript was included on the initial inventory sent in 2007 - Hicken, though interested, thought little of it and on receipt of the package containing Hulme Beaman's effects, put it to one side whilst he examined the rest of the contents. It would be a few months before the manuscript itself would merit Hicken's attention. Quoted on the BBC news website, he stated that:

*It made the hairs on the back of my head stand up. It was very chilling and quite honestly I was wondering if this was the real thing.*²

After reading, Hicken contacted Jean Caldwell to ask what she knew about the manuscript. Her cousin Betty (Hulme Beaman's daughter) believed it to be a true account. Hicken's daughter, who was given the manuscript to look at, agreed with her father that they had found something remarkable. As a result of the publicity, Paul Begg was brought in to give some initial comments on the manuscript. Having been shown a few sections of it, he stated that:

*There are several reasons for thinking that it is a work of fiction, not least of which is the 'feel' of the text, which reads more like a story than a narrative by the actual author.*³

The manuscript was publicised by Montacute as part of their Halloween events promotion and this publicity had naturally attracted the curiosity of a number of Ripperologists, some of them contacting Alan Hicken directly, though he was reluctant to give too much away. As October ended, the Autobiography of James Carnac was causing quite a stir in Ripper circles and as a mystery worth delving into, to quote Stewart Evans, "this has all the makings of a good one".⁴

The subject of Hulme Beaman's potential authorship of the manuscript was immediately (and perhaps logically) seized upon. What gave that idea more credence was the revelation that there were 'explanatory notes' at the start. Initialled 'H.B.', they stated that the writer of these notes was bequeathed the sealed manuscript by Carnac (whom he knew) as the executor of his will and although instructed to pass it on to an agent, the package was prematurely opened and the contents duly read. 'H.B.' went on to say that what was contained in the manuscript was exactly as given, with the exception of certain passages that he removed on the grounds of taste. It would be easy to conclude that 'H.B.' stood for 'Hulme Beaman'.

Prima Facie - judging solely on the *initial* publicity surrounding the discovery of the manuscript - there were two immediately tempting options; first, that the explanatory notes were true and the autobiographical content of the manuscript was written by James Carnac and that he was indeed Jack the Ripper. Thus, case closed - and would the last to leave please turn off the lights. Secondly, already the more popular option, was that it was simply a novel penned by Hulme Beaman, using the bequeathed manuscript idea as a springboard for a work of inventive fiction. A similar premise was later executed successfully by George MacDonald Fraser, who pretended that his Flashman novels had emanated from material discovered in an auction house in 1965.

But before continuing with our story, it is probably wise to look at the background of not just Sydney Hulme Beaman, but also the mysterious James Carnac.

On the assumption that James Willoughby Carnac was not a pseudonym, seemingly exhaustive research in 2009 by many following the manuscript's discovery failed to turn up anybody who actually existed with exactly that name, unusual in that it is a rather unique combination of names. If he existed, surely he would be pretty easy to locate in the census records, for one. One thing established from the information released at the time was that Carnac claimed that he was 69 years old at the time of writing. From this it was deduced that the manuscript was supposedly written c.1928/9 and that Carnac himself was born c.1859. There were plenty of 'James Carnacs' and especially 'Rivett-Carnacs' dredged up by the research, but none seemed to fit the bill. Nobody seemed to match the correct age either. One of the latter surnames threw up an interesting comparison; Edith Rivett-Carnac (1884-1958) was a writer of detective fiction during the 'golden age' of that medium. She published 48 novels (the first in 1931) as 'E.C.R. Lorac' and 23 under the name 'Carol Carnac'. The name 'Carnac' itself also has mystical connotations, from the standing stones of Carnac in France, the ancient temple of Karnak in Egypt, down to 'Carnacki the Ghost finder', a character who first appeared in 1912, created by William Hope Hodgson. If the author of the manuscript was working under a pseudonym, could they have used a combination of these enigmatic associations to create our mysterious Mr Carnac?

2 [BBC News, 27 October 2009](#)

3 [Ibid.](#)

4 [Various posts on Casebook and JTR Forums, 28 and 29 October 2009](#)

Sydney George Hulme Beaman (1887-1932) most definitely existed, of course. As stated before, he is best known for creating Toytown and its colourful characters in books and, in 1929, radio. He would not live to witness the popularity and longevity of his creations, dying of pneumonia at the age of 44. The legacy of Toytown continued long after his death, driven by his widow Maud and close friend Hendrick Baker, working on new stories and adapting those already penned. It became a huge success, transferring from radio and books to television, episodes of which were still being repeated as late as the 1980s. Hulme Beaman's work primarily focused on well-loved children's characters, so the appearance of a manuscript such as this, dealing with the life of a brutal prostitute murderer, demonstrated a jarring incongruity. The two themes could not be any more opposing.

There is one element of Hulme Beaman's work which does perhaps show a darker side, however. In 1930, an edition of *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* was published⁵, containing illustrations by Hulme Beaman that demonstrated an uncharacteristic gift for the macabre. As well as grotesque depictions of Mr Hyde himself, the illustrations (which look like Mezzotints⁶) showed a dark London, shadowed by creaking buildings and run through with sinister arches and alleyways, not unlike the popular perception of Jack the Ripper's Whitechapel. Could this have been a sign that Hulme Beaman was branching out, away from the innocence of children's fantasy and into a more adult world of mystery and crime, embarking on a new avenue of creativity sadly cut short by his early death? Who can say? Hulme Beaman was described as a quiet, gentle man who abhorred horror and who, on one occasion, fainted at the dinner table after being told a particularly gruesome story by a friend.



Sydney Hulme Beaman



The popular characters from Hulme Beaman's 'Toytown' with Larry the Lamb, bottom right



A selection of Hulme Beaman's illustrations for the 1930 edition of 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'.

Interestingly, the era in which the manuscript was supposedly written was that 'golden age' of detective fiction mentioned before and it is interesting to note -

if it be fiction - how the Carnac autobiography fits into that classic genre: an account of a series of murders from the perpetrator's perspective. This approach to crime fiction, though not without precedent, appeared infrequently. One of the characteristics of detective story-writing of the 1920s and 30s was in trying to find new ways of telling a story, an offshoot of which was trying to tell the tale from differing points of view. Agatha Christie's *Murder of Roger Ackroyd* (1926) was narrated by the killer himself and later, Philip MacDonald's *Mystery of the Dead Police* (1933) contained pages supposedly from the murderer's diary as the plot unfolded. We can go back further to Charles Dickens (*Master Humphrey's Clock*, 1840) and Edgar Allan Poe (*The Telltale Heart*, 1843) to see earlier examples. Ironically, in 1928, Robert Knox introduced his 'Ten Commandments of Detection'⁷ in which he stated that no villain was allowed "whose thoughts the reader has been permitted to follow".

5 John Lane/Bodley Head, 1930.

6 Mezzotint is a printmaking technique which uses the same principles as etching and engraving. However, unlike engraving, which is more reliant on line, mezzotint gains its unique quality through tone.

7 *Best Detective Stories*, 1928; Compiled by Robert Knox.

Regardless of what had been gleaned following the ardent curiosity of October and November 2009, the visible signs of interest died as suddenly as they had begun. There were no more news articles, discussion boards turned to other subjects and there appeared, to all intents and purposes, to be an information blackout. In fact the manuscript was going places and the behind-the-scenes workings of the publishing industry ensured a veil of silence over the whole of 2010 and much of the following year. After visiting Alan Hicken at Montacute in November 2009 (more of which later), Stewart Evans suggested that Hicken approach a literary agent, recommending Ripper publishing veteran Robert Smith. Paul Begg did likewise. Very soon, the ball was rolling.

Alan Hicken: *Within a week Robert contacted me by telephone asking if I would like to have a meeting with him at his office. He was also very excited about the manuscript and wanted to get it published. In the end Transworld Publishers were very interested in the manuscript...*⁸

Robert Smith: *Seven publishers were intrigued enough to sign a confidentiality agreement in order to read the manuscript. Three of the publishers were very interested in publishing it, but it emerged that Bantam Press, an imprint of Transworld, owned by the mighty Random House, and a several times winner of the "Publisher of the Year" award were the keenest, and we decided to enter into a publishing agreement with them.*⁹

Robert had sent the proposal to Simon Thorogood at Transworld who passed it on to Judith Welsh, who had a great deal of interest in the subject and naturally was extremely curious about the manuscript, saying...

*I found this version fascinating because it is by someone we've never heard of and it gives a very credible motive for both the start and the end of the killing spree, it also gives you his entire life instead of just the times when he was the Ripper. I also thought the lack of emotion in describing the murders rang true with accounts from modern serial killers. Of course there is the question of whether it is true or not, I honestly don't know.*¹⁰

A second burst of interest followed in September 2011 following the announcement of the manuscript's publication by Bantam; the date of release was 19 January 2012. Bolstered by an introduction by Alan Hicken and a lengthy analysis by Paul Begg, the Carnac memoir, remarketed as *The Autobiography of Jack the Ripper*, is now in the public domain and presents us with a most fascinating selection of questions. So, what of the content?

The manuscript itself is typewritten and is in a number of 'separate' sections. First up are the explanatory notes by 'H.B.', previously mentioned. After a short preface, Part One deals with the early life of James Willoughby Carnac, his upbringing in Tottenham, north London, his schooling, his family and the terrible circumstances which tore them apart. It also builds on the author's growing interest in knives, cutting and ultimately murder. Part two takes us to 1888 and the Whitechapel Murders, beginning with Martha Tabram and ending with Mary Jane Kelly. The murderer's blood-lust is cut short soon after by an accident in which he loses a leg. Part Three deals with events after 1888 whereby Carnac plans to kill his landlady whom he is convinced has seen the memoirs and may well report him as the Ripper. Finally, there is an Epilogue, essentially a transcribed report of the inquest verdict into Carnac's death; it seems his plan to kill his landlady backfired with lethal consequences.

This is the Carnac autobiography in a nutshell. This article is not, however, intended as a book review (Martin Fido has provided that elsewhere in this issue), but an alternative analysis of the questions thrown up by the manuscript itself; the big one being 'who wrote it?'

The published version of the manuscript contains sample pages from the original, specifically the explanatory notes, a few pages of parts one, two and three and the first page of the epilogue. This is very enlightening as what is apparent is that parts one and two have been written on a different typewriter to the other sections. This in itself may mean nothing (it was not unusual for writers to possess more than one typewriter and switch between them as appropriate in the days before word-processors) however these two all-important sections, detailing the author's early life and his murder spree in 1888 give some pretty strong clues as to the actual writer; much points to Sydney Hulme Beaman.

8 Email to the author, 11 December 2011

9 Email to the author, 19 January 2012

10 Email to the author, 8 December 2011



Philip Lane, Tottenham in 2009, home to both James Carnac and Sydney Hulme-Beaman. Beaman's former home, 4 Strathern Villas, is in the terrace at the right of this picture

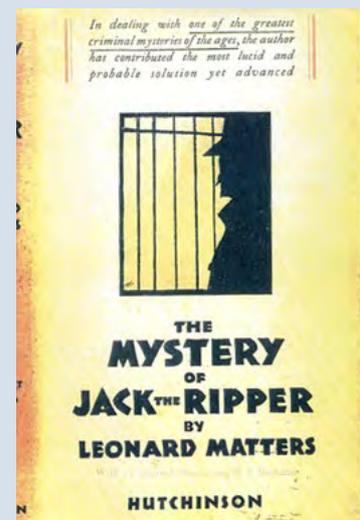
Carnac claims that he was brought up in Tottenham, then a semi-rural district in the North London suburbs. His family lived on Philip Lane (a significant thoroughfare to this day) and he describes the locality in a way that suggests great familiarity. He mentions specific places such as the High Road, Clyde Circus and interestingly, Clay Hill, evidently a rural location not too far from the Carnac home. Carnac and his father would visit it on their regular Sunday walks and indeed, Clay Hill, now called Devonshire Hill Lane, was a winding track through farmland at the time and was known as a popular location for such leisurely pursuits.

In fact the similarities between the Tottenham of James Carnac and Hulme Beaman are quite marked; in 1901, the Hulme Beaman family are listed as living at 4 Strathern Villas¹¹, Philip Lane and had lived in the neighbourhood for many years, previously in Baronet Road and later at Langham Road, which itself ran into Philip Lane. Carnac's descriptions of his peculiar schooldays also have parallels as he develops his love of drawing, an activity for which Hulme Beaman had an obviously significant talent. Interestingly, the name of Carnac's headmaster, Mr Styles, may have been inspired by William Styles, a 'printers colours grinder' who lived at the confectioner's at 203 Philip Lane and whose wife worked there. Not far away was Frederick Sims the grocer - is this where the name of the Carnac family doctor came from?¹² Additionally, Hulme Beaman's grandfather was a surgeon (Carnac's own father was a doctor) and before his death in 1863 had lived in Covent Garden - namely Henrietta Street¹³ - and it is in that very street where Carnac chooses to lodge prior to his first murder. Of course, this could all be coincidence, but the idea of an author borrowing elements from their personal life to construct a story is not uncommon.

Knowing the background of Sydney Hulme Beaman does make these similarities compelling and seem to point at his authorship of parts one and two particularly. And of course, it is part two, with its concentration on the year 1888, that makes this manuscript of special interest to us. So, how does the material fit with what we know about the crimes and does any of it suggest anything other than an interpretation of the known facts at the time of writing?

For a start, we have the crimes beginning with Martha Tabram. This idea was well and truly in the ether at the time the manuscript was written (c.1929) and remember, this is before the Macnaghten Memorandum had been discovered, the document which some would say whittled the Ripper's victims down to the famous five. Somebody wishing to research the murders would most likely have had to rely on the newspaper archives of the day to furnish them with the details. That is until May 1929 when Leonard Matters' *The Mystery of Jack the Ripper* was published, universally accepted as the first significant book-length study of the Ripper murders. Was it used as 'research' for the Carnac memoir? This is one issue already dividing opinion, even at this early stage.

During the original debates of late 2009, some put forward the observation that Matters' book was used as inspiration for the accounts of the murders¹⁴. Others disagreed, a stance held by Paul Begg in his published analysis and also by Robert Smith. But for this writer at least, the similarities, when they do present themselves, are occasionally quite strong. It is perhaps best to list these similarities and allow the reader to draw their own conclusion:



11 A terrace of handsome properties arranged similarly to those described by Carnac. Many such 'villas' still stand on Philip Lane, though they have since lost their grandiose titles.

12 1901 Census.

13 1861 Census.

14 'Carnac Diary' thread, *JTR Forums* 30 October 2009.

- Both Carnac and Matters reject Emma Smith as anything to do with the murders. In fact both use very similar descriptions of what happened to her:

Carnac: *“Mrs Smith was set upon by a party of men who assaulted her and severely injured her by driving an iron stake, or some such instrument, into her body”.*

Matters: *“One of them drove an iron stake, or some such weapon, into her abdomen”.*

- Matters describes George Yard Buildings as being in Commercial Street. Carnac does too and with Martha Tabram, accesses the buildings from a passage on that street, something which was not actually possible. If the author, be it Carnac or anybody else, had really been there, they would have known.
- When Louis Diemschutz finds the body of Elizabeth Stride, Carnac is hiding behind the gate, a scenario postulated (rather emphatically) by Matters.
- Carnac meets Catherine Eddowes in Houndsditch and notices she is drunk; after stopping by Mitre Square a policeman appears and they wait in the shadows for him to leave. All put forward by Matters.
- ‘The Man with the Black Bag’ is a chapter title in the Matters book and Carnac states this title verbatim in relation to the suspicion aroused by such men at the time. Both authors stress these men’s proneness to being attacked by mobs.
- Matters is emphatic that the Ripper was not a ‘lunatic’, a fact also admitted by Carnac who claims to be increasingly irritated by those commentators who say he was.

In the interests of balance, however, there are elements which make this idea less appealing. The manuscript calls Martha Tabram ‘Tabron or Turner’, Matters uses ‘Turner’. Carnac leaves Buck’s Row via Baker’s Row and not Brady Street as Matters suggests. Carnac buys grapes for Elizabeth Stride, something which Matters fails to mention altogether; Matters mentions the portion of apron found in Goulston Street, Carnac does not (quite a glaring omission) and both authors differ in their wording of the chalked graffiti found nearby. The two also differ as to the position of Mary Kelly’s room within No.26 Dorset Street (and remember, Matters should know, he went there). Nonetheless, this all points perhaps to the probability that, if the manuscript is a novel (as opposed to a genuine memoir), various sources could have been used, be they newspaper reports, accepted knowledge at the time and perhaps a *soupçon* of Leonard Matters. This combination, it seems, gave the writer of the manuscript a pretty good grasp of the ‘Autumn of Terror’, though nothing which could stand out as being unknown or unconsidered at the time of writing.

One particularly interesting part of the story is when Carnac goes to see a performance of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* at the Opera Comique Theatre; this was not Richard Mansfield’s famous production but one by Daniel Bandmann, a much reviled interpretation that was slated by the critics and only ran for a few performances. The fact that the author of the manuscript sees the show just before he kills Martha Tabram, shows either very good research and dramatic timing by a writer in the 1920s, or that the writer actually did what he claims. The latter option throws up a problem for Hulme Beaman’s authorship as he was born in 1887, so could not have seen it himself, yet the descriptions of the performance are strongly rendered and do tally with published reviews made at the time. Were these descriptions read from archive newspapers, or passed down by an older family member, or could it be that Hulme Beaman, probably working on his own ‘Jekyll and Hyde’ illustrations at the time, was effectively ‘cross-pollenating’ and therefore reading up on both subjects simultaneously?

The evidence that the manuscript was written by Sydney Hulme Beaman certainly carries a lot of weight in light of the similarities between his life and that of Carnac and, of course, the provenance of the manuscript itself further reinforces that assumption. But the physical appearance of the document again throws up even more questions - not only are parts one and two written on a different typewriter to the other sections, but page numbering is not consistent and there is a different style and feel to part three and the epilogue. In relation to Part Three, Paul Begg is quoted as saying that it “reads like fiction, looks like fiction and smells like fiction.” And according to Stewart Evans, who saw the manuscript in person in November 2009, the whole manuscript appears to be a copy:

The manuscript was in typed text but had not been typed onto the paper. It was rather in the form of an old fashioned stencil type copy that were produced when multiple copies of a document were done. Thus it was not original typewriting which is always obvious as it also indented the paper it was typed on. Nor was this any sort of carbon copy.¹⁵

This observation would certainly suggest that there was (and maybe still is) another version somewhere. The inconsistencies on the manuscript, such as the typewriter style and page numbering, may hint that there were perhaps other pieces that were removed (possibly the 'revolting' material), parts added (such as the posthumous Epilogue) and then the completed bundle assembled and then copied for submission to an agent. The addition of the hand-painted cover - very much in the style of Hulme Beaman, despite its simplicity - completes the package.

As pointed out previously, the use of different typewriters would not necessarily discount authorship by one person, but it *could* be possible that there was more than one hand at work here, evidenced by the differing style of the separate parts of the story. The explanatory notes by 'H.B.' also state that the murders took place in 1880, whereas in Part Two, the date is correctly given as 1888. This has been underlined and in the margin appears a question mark, suggesting that the 'editor' believed this date to be wrong or at least worthy of confirmation. In fact Parts One and Two also appear to be significantly more annotated than the 'Explanatory Notes' and the final two sections (Part Three and the Epilogue). One could theorise that Parts One and Two were written first and that somebody else has composed the rest and gone over the whole manuscript, annotating from their own standpoint. One would assume that if there was one author, one with a good grasp of the facts, then perhaps the '1880' should have received the question mark during the proofreading.

Despite the provenance of the manuscript - being found amongst the effects of Sydney Hulme Beaman - it is the 'H.B.' on the explanatory notes that goes part of the way to directing observers towards him as the author of the autobiography. And it is here where I must put forward the possibility that 'H.B.' may not have been him. Sure, the initials match his double barrelled surname, but would he have signed himself that? What about 'S.G.H', 'S.H.B' or any other combination of first and surname initials? All the other material at Montacute which relates to Hulme Beaman is hand written, so getting a comparison with his general method of initialling using a typewriter is difficult and indeed Alan Hicken, when asked, could find no other example that was of any use¹⁶.

However, there is one person in the life of Hulme Beaman and, importantly, the long life of his fictional creations who presents us with yet another interesting hypothesis - his friend, Hendrick Baker.

Hendrick Maurice Ruitenga Baker was born in 1910 and at the time of Hulme Beaman's death in 1932 was living at 23 Sneath Avenue, Golders Green, north-west London¹⁷ - Hulme Beaman lived at No.11. Baker subsequently worked alongside Hulme Beaman's widow Maud to continue the legacy of Toytown and its popular characters via Larry the Lamb Ltd. Many of the books which appeared after 1932 bear Baker's name as a co-author and he was also responsible for adapting the TV and stage versions of Hulme Beaman's original stories. At 22 years of age, he was a young man when he took on the Toytown 'brand' in 1932 and died as recently as 1991. The business concerns of Larry the Lamb Ltd were wound up by his widow, Dot, the following year as there were no immediate descendants or beneficiaries who could continue. When it was suggested to Alan Hicken that Baker may have had something to do with the Carnac manuscript, he felt it was highly unlikely:

Because it was found amongst the effects of Hulme Beaman and not Hendrick Baker, we can safely say that it was Hulme Beaman, besides all the dates in the autobiography tally up for it to be Hulme Beaman, as Hendrick Baker was not born until 1910 so would have been far too young to be the executor of the will. It is just a mere coincidence that they had the same initials...

*Also considering Hendrick did not die until 1991 he would have had a lot more time to get the book published, if it was him, and 1988 would have been a good year to get it published!*¹⁸

This of course works if one considers the explanatory notes as being true, rather than part of a fictional presentation. But in March 2011, a large collection of Toytown ephemera went up for auction in the Midlands¹⁹, the material discovered in - and rescued from - a house-clearance following the death of Hendrick Baker's widow. Almost everything in the lot related to Baker's involvement with Toytown on TV, stage and radio, except for a few documents from his staging of other plays in the 1950s and 60s and... a few items from Sydney Hulme Beaman. One of these documents is interesting in that it was "a home bound volume containing full script for a Philip and Phido story. *In later years Baker has added copies of Beaman's drawings taken from the Golders Green Gazette (we believe never published)*" (my italics).

15 Email to the author, 13 January 2012

16 Email to the author, 11 January 2012

17 Baker is recorded at this address on the incoming passenger list for the *Rajputana*, which arrived in London from Yokohama on 30 May 1930. He had embarked at Gibraltar.

18 Email to the author, 11 January 2012

19 www.sutton-elms.org.uk/toytown-archive.html

We have an example of material from one author being found in the ephemera of the other and to boot, evidence that Baker may well have amended that material after his friend's death, albeit in this case with illustrations. Did he do that with anything else? The link between the creative output of Hendrick Baker in relation to what Hulme Beaman left behind is an interesting one in the context of the Carnac manuscript, but one which, like much of the interpretation of the piece, is still riddled with unanswered questions, leaving us hanging in the air yet again. Is 'H.B.' Hendrick Baker? Is any of the manuscript his work?

Looking at the contentious Part Three, there are certain elements that prove interesting. For example, Carnac, reflecting on his life following his accident, muses on the futility of war and we may assume from the alleged date of the manuscript that he is talking about the First World War. It is unclear if Hulme Beaman served in that great conflict and Hendrick Baker was too young. The former obviously died before the breakout of the Second World War, but Baker did serve and according to documents from the 2011 auction lots received the 'King's Badge', an award given to servicemen who had been invalided out of service in the course of their duty. Unfortunately, the nature and severity of that affliction is not given, however the common experience of some incapacitating injury is an interesting parallel.

Furthermore, Carnac talks with great interest about the cinema, particularly his love of German expressionist film and relevantly, *Waxworks*, Paul Leni's silent feature which gave us one of the earliest movie depictions of Jack the Ripper. He speaks of his interests in the technical aspects of film and this would have been a subject very appropriate to Baker's work when he brought *Toytown* to the screen. Sydney Hulme Beaman died before his work made it to film and television and his only foray into animating his characters took place just before his death.

Carnac bemoans American moviemaking and claims to have visited America. As it happens, the 2011 auction lot contained many documents revealing Baker's business dealings with agents in both America and Germany, seemingly to the exclusion of anywhere else. There were also travel itineraries for his many international business trips.

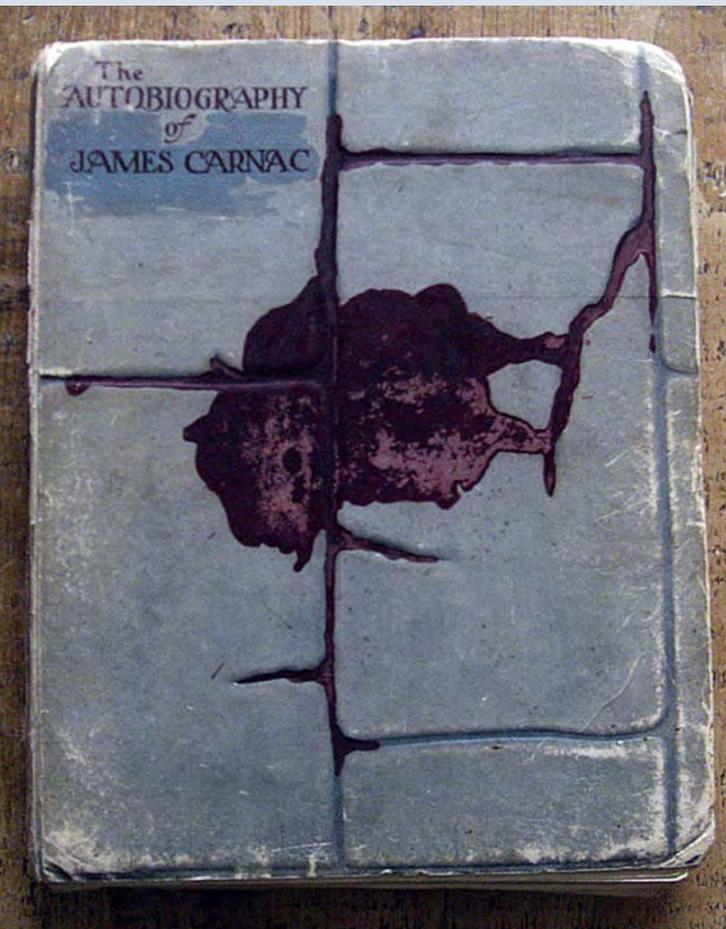


Jack the Ripper in 1924's Waxworks

So as well as the stylistic difference in Part Three (and the different typewriter used), this James Carnac appears to be speaking with a different 'voice' to the one portrayed in earlier sections. Is this the author's well-crafted appreciation of the experience and changes of old age, or a different author altogether? But *whatever* conclusion we attempt to draw from the material as new background information is unearthed, we can only make guesses and suggestions, for the information is tantalising and leaves much open to interpretation.

And so, regarding the genesis of *The Autobiography of James Carnac*, we are presented these possibilities:

- James Carnac existed, committed the Ripper murders, wrote the manuscript and gave his executor 'H.B.' (Hulme Beaman) responsibility to have it published following his death, resulting in the explanatory notes.
- As above, though 'James Willoughby Carnac' is a pseudonym.
- As both of the above, but 'H.B.' is Hendrick Baker.
- Hulme Beaman wrote the entire thing as a work of crime fiction and the explanatory notes are merely a dramatic device.
- Hulme Beaman wrote the explanatory notes and Parts One and Two, evidenced by the striking biographical similarities between his upbringing and that of his fictional protagonist. Somebody else wrote the rest, evident from the differing style.
- Hendrick Baker wrote the entire thing.
- Hulme Beaman wrote Parts One and Two only. The explanatory notes were written by Hendrick Baker along with Part Three and the Epilogue to finish off the concept, perhaps with an eye for publication at a later date, which of course, was never realised in Baker's lifetime.



And surely there are many permutations of, and alternatives to, those possibilities. The manuscript is now published and can be read and digested by anybody and thus many disparate opinions will no doubt manifest themselves with the passing of time. As 'Ripperature' it is not only important, but it is also unique. It takes the unusual stance of a killer committing murder because he is driven to it and enjoys it, quite a modern idea in light of what we know of serial killers today; murder at that point in time was generally thought to be driven by a tangible motive. But are these the true recollections of the Whitechapel Murderer? I think not, but every now and then we will see the media - in the usual manner in which it treats any development in this field, no matter how unlikely - flag up this interesting artefact as the 'real deal'. Soundbites, quotes out of context and the lure of a catchy headline have an uncanny habit of leading people exactly where the media want them to go. Despite the varying judgements of those who have previously studied the manuscript, there is essentially one thing they have all said; Alan Hicken sums it up nicely; "I think I will have to leave it up to the reader to determine whatever they believe it to be." And no doubt they will.

At this early stage, it is difficult to assess whether *The Autobiography of Jack the Ripper* will cause any media sensation once the content has percolated through the system. At the time of writing, the book has been in the shops for a week and the usually vocal and often prickly internet Ripper

community remains circumspect and, strangely, unconcerned. Will it stay that way or will we soon have another 'Maybrick Diary' on our hands? Well, let us hope not, for all those concerned.

Ladies and gentlemen, Ripperology now has yet another great mystery to play with - who knows what may come?

Acknowledgements

Alan Hicken, Robert Smith, Paul Begg, Adam Wood, Stewart Evans, Laura Prieto, Mei and Carol Trow, Professor Leroy Panek, Judith Welsh.



JOHN BENNETT is an author and tour guide who has contributed articles on various facets of the Whitechapel Murders and the East End to *Ripperologist*, *Ripper Notes* and the *Journal of the Whitechapel Society 1888*. He is the author of *E1 - A Journey Through Whitechapel and Spitalfields* and *Jack the Ripper: The Making of the Myth*. John was associate producer and co-scriptwriter of the 2011 Channel 5 documentary *Jack the Ripper: The Definitive Story*.

Jacob the Ripper?

By NEIL I'ANSON and TRACY I'ANSON

A definitive investigation into suspect Jacob Levy with proof of his relationship to witness Joseph Levy and including an in-depth look at his medical records

Jack the Ripper: a name to strike fear into the hearts of Victorian prostitutes and the people of Britain in general. The conductor who orchestrated the Autumn of Terror, his victims silently struck down and horribly mutilated, leaving the Victorian police wallowing helplessly in his wake, a master criminal never caught, a man who evaded capture through his wits and perhaps a bit of luck as well.

The first serial killer in history, a blood crazed sexual sadist, never caught, never named.

How much of this is true?

To try to discover the truth, we must plunge without trepidation into Ripper land. We must scale the mountains of false suspects, hack our way through the forest of scorn and criticism, and dive into the rivers of misconception. At the end of this, can we prove who Jack the Ripper was?

The quick answer is probably *NO*.

Many of the original records on the case have been lost, stolen or destroyed. Through two World Wars and since 1945, the East End streets where the murders occurred have been altered by bomb damage and major redevelopment. And down through the decades since 1888 we have been led astray time after time by false suspects and forged, hoaxed or misrepresented documents and artifacts.

However, we do have a suspect, and we have built a theory around this man. We can hear groans from Ripperologists already, locked as they are into their own suspects.

Hopefully you will see we have created a theory that is sound, based on fact, backed by physical and psychological reasoning, and that we describe a suspect who had the means, the motive and the opportunity to wear the title of 'Jack the Ripper.'

Our suspect is Jacob Levy, a local Jewish syphilitic butcher of unsound mind who had a criminal record.

The Night of the 'Double Event'

Sunday, 30 September 1888, 1.35am. Three Jewish men, Joseph Lawende, Joseph Hyam Levy and Harry Harris, are leaving the Imperial Club in Duke Street, Aldgate. By profession, the men are, respectively, a commercial traveller in the cigarette trade, a butcher and a furniture salesman. It's been another rainy night in London and their departure has been delayed by the inclement weather. They are each eager to get home for the night. After they exit the club, however, they are about to unwittingly become part players in a drama that confuses and intrigues to this day.

As they walk southeast along Duke Street toward Aldgate High Street, the men pass the Great Synagogue and approach the entrance to a narrow passageway named Church Passage. This passage leads into Mitre Square, which would shortly be the scene of the murder and mutilation of the reputed second Ripper victim of the night: Catherine Eddowes.



The Illustrated Police News from 3 November 1888.

They see in the shadows at the entrance to the passage a prostitute they would identify later as Eddowes. The woman was standing with a man.

As they glance at the couple, Levy remarks *"I don't like going home alone when I see these sorts of characters about."*

The question is: How did he know what sort of *characters* (note the plural) he was looking at?

Perhaps he recognised Eddowes as a prostitute, either by her dress or her actions, but how did he know what sort of character the man was?

The Times report of the inquest into Eddowes' death, published 12 October 1888, says about Joseph Hyam Levy:

Joseph Hyam Levy, of 1, Hutchinson-street, Aldgate, said he was a butcher. He was in the Imperial Club with the last witness [i.e., Lawende], and the time when they rose to leave was half-past 1 by the club clock. It was about three or four minutes after the half-hour when they left. He noticed a man and a woman standing together at the corner of Church-passage, but he passed on without taking any further notice of them. He did not look at them. From what he saw, the man might have been three inches taller than the woman. He could not give any description of either of them. He went on down Duke-street, into Aldgate, leaving the man and woman speaking together. He only fixed the time by the club clock.

By the juryman. - His suspicions were not aroused by the two persons. He thought the spot was very badly lighted. It was now much better lighted than it was on the night of the murder. He did not take much notice of the man and woman.

By Mr Crawford. - He was on the opposite pavement to the man and woman. There was nothing that he saw to induce him to think that the man was doing any harm to her.

The *Evening News* of 9 October 1888 tells us:

Mr Joseph Levy is absolutely obstinate and refuses to give us the slightest information. He leaves one to infer that he knows something, but that he is afraid to be called on the inquest. Hence he assumes a knowing air.

In *Jack the Ripper: The Facts*, Paul Begg comments, *"There is an inescapable feeling that Levy was being evasive."* Surely one can only agree with Begg's opinion.

To be clear, the distance between the exit of the Imperial Club to the entrance to Church Passage was only approximately ten yards - not a long distance, even in the poorly lit East End. We've already heard Levy's apparent comment about his thoughts on the couple - and yet, at the inquest, he balked and not only claimed that he could not recognize them again, but that he had not even looked at them in the first place! He then proceeded to distance himself as much as possible from the investigation, as did Harry Harris. Of the three, Joseph Lawende was the only one to provide a satisfactory description of the couple. Levy's testimony proved evasive and altogether suggests a man who was nervous about something.

So, just what happened to Joseph Hyam Levy? Was he simply, as with many other East End locals, fearful and suspicious of the police force, and therefore not inclined to assist them? Or was it that on the night in question he recognized the man standing with Eddowes as his own cousin, Jacob Levy? Obviously, if so, once he learned what happened in Mitre Square, this would have put him in a very difficult position indeed.

Having passed the man and woman, Joseph Levy then hurried on home by the shortest route possible. We know he was with Lawende and Harris at Church Passage at 1:35am and yet he testifies he was home by 1:40am, which would seem to indicate that he was keen to get away from the couple.

If Levy did recognise his relative, why didn't Joseph later come forward and identify Jacob?

We need only to point to the words used by Sir Robert Anderson in his memoirs published in *Blackwood's* magazine in 1910:

I will only add that when the individual whom we suspected was caged in an asylum, the only person who 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.

Just over a dozen years ago in *Ripperologist*, Mark King stated that he believed there was a chance that Jacob Levy could have been Jack the Ripper, but he could find nothing linking Jacob Levy to Joseph Levy.

Given the challenge of Mr King's inability to prove such a link, a few years ago we set out to raise the profile of Jacob Levy as a suspect, and to prove once and for all that the two men were in fact related by blood.

The Hunt for a Blood Relationship

To begin with, we must go back to 1810 and the birth records of one Hyam Levy, who is mentioned in the Great Synagogue Birth records (GSB L038). Here it states that the parents of Hyam are Isaac Ben Hyam Levy and Sarah Levy. After much searching, we found Isaac and Sarah were married before 1810 and had six children. Isaac had been born around 1770 and Sarah was born in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1777. Their children were Hyam b1810, Esther b1812, Elias b1816, Moss b1818, Joseph b1822 and Elizabeth b1826.

It should be noted that *Underhills Triennial Directory* records an Isaac Levy trading from 36 Petticoat Lane in 1822 as a butcher; in fact, it is likely that it was at this address that Hyam was born - an address that was in Levy hands for the next 81 years at least.

In the 1841 census we find living at 38 Petticoat Lane Sarah Levy, who is recorded as being the head of the house and a widow. With her are her family, Elias, Moss, Joseph, Elizabeth and their widowed sister Esther. As Sarah, Moss and Joseph are all listed as butchers we can safely assume that butchery was a well-founded family business.

In the same census, we find living at 36 Petticoat Lane Hyam Levy and his wife Frances, along with their children, Isaac, Napthali, and Sarah, with Hyam being recorded as a butcher.

In the 1851 census, we find living at 38 Petticoat Lane Sarah Levy, head, widow, age 74, butcher, born in Holland. With her are living Elias and Moss Levy, her sons.

At number 36, we have Hyam Levy and Frances with their children, Isaac, Napthali, Sarah, Joseph, Elias and Henry. Also with them is Leah Napthali who is recorded as being the mother-in-law to Hyam. From this, we gain quite a bit of information, i.e., we now know that Frances's maiden name was Napthali. It is interesting to note that at 38 Petticoat Lane with Sarah Levy lived Morris and Maria Napthali with their children.

Another point of note is the familial sequence of the names in Hyam's family. We find Isaac named after Hyam's father and Napthali named after his mother's surname. We discovered though that Frances's father and grandfather were both called *Francis*. You can imagine the amount of confusion this caused, because in the records we studied, Frances was many times recorded as son and grandson. Other repeating names were Sarah named after Hyam's mother and Elias named after Hyam's brother. And finally, Joseph, the witness, first recorded in the census after his birth in 1842 and named after Hyam's brother.

We would like to state at this stage that a lot has been said about how much of an asset the computer internet search has become to anyone doing census research. Yet, no computer search can allow for the human error of the original census takers. Much can be said about the interpretation of Levy and Levi, Napthali and Napthole and of Solomons and Solomans. There is also the challenge of Elias becoming Chas.

Yet another oddity is that as we work our way along Petticoat Lane, we find at the bottom of the census page, living at number 38, Sarah, Elias, etc., then turn the page and we are in Stoney Lane. There at 36 we find Hyam and Frances Levy; it is only when we look closely at the top of the page we find a very faint 'p/l' denoting Petticoat Lane and not 36 Stoney Lane as we had first thought.

If it was not for the challenge, would the success be so much fun?

In 1848, Hyam's brother Joseph had left home to marry the widow Caroline Solomons and set up house in 4 Little Middlesex Street. In the household are 4 children, Rebecca and Jane Solomons, Caroline's children from her previous marriage and daughters Elizabeth and Hannah Levy. The census indicates that Joseph carries on his trade as a butcher.

We don't know a lot about Caroline's life previous to her marriage to Joseph. What we do know is that her father was named Abraham Solomons and that he had died by the time she married Joseph in 1848. Her two daughters, Rebecca and Jane Solomons, were by her first husband Joshua Solomons who has a burial record for 23 March 1846 that indicates that he was laid to rest at Brady Street Cemetery.

We also have information that Rebecca Solomons married Nathan Hyams, who on 19 October 1883 committed suicide by hanging himself from the banister of a staircase.

By 1861, we still find Hyam and Frances living and trading from 36 Petticoat Lane. She is living with Sarah, Elias, Elizabeth and 19-year-old Joseph, the witness.

By 1861, a change had occurred in the circumstances of Joseph and Caroline Levy. They now live at 111 Middlesex Street, lodging with John and Mary Lee. Living with Joseph and Caroline are Jane, Hannah, Elizabeth, Isaac, Abraham, Moss and 5-year-old Jacob. This is the first record of Jacob, the suspect, born in 1856.

As can be appreciated, we have discovered and proved through reputable sources that Jacob Levy and Joseph Hyam Levy were actually cousins.

Does this mean that they knew one another?

Obviously, the two cousins, Jacob and Joseph Levy, both had a long lineage in the meat trade, having shops only yards from each other. It is likely they would recognise each other even if it was only as fellow tradesmen.

What this also shows is that from an early age Jacob was likely influenced by his surroundings. In the 1851 census, Napthali Levy is recorded as being an assistant to his father in the butchery trade at the age of 13.

Jacob Levy, the Suspect, and 'The Killing House'

Even today, with the advent of computerized machinery and proper equipment, the butchery trade continues to be a dirty, bloody affair. In the 1880s, it was much worse. Meat could not be 'refrigerated' as it is today to keep it fresh, only very basic cooling systems were available - especially to the poor butcher of the East End. Therefore, meat quickly started to go off - it stank, it attracted rodents and flies. Meat was sold and eaten even at these dangerous levels, as it was preferred to simply throwing it out - 'waste not, want not' was in full force.

This was also an era in which one could not simply be immunised against disease - accidentally cutting oneself with a knife in the process of butchering meat could not simply be fixed with a drop of antiseptic cream and a band-aid. Such a cut could very easily become infected and make the patient very sick indeed, if not die from the wound.

In these circumstances, the Levys carried on with their trade.

We must wonder at what age Jacob first visited a slaughterhouse. Would he have the mental capacity to witness such a scene not just of death but of the evisceration of animals?

Imagine the blood flowing in the killing house, men plunging their hands deep into the bodies of dead animals to pull out the lungs and innards, as blood steams and pours from the beasts' bellies.

We could conceive that such spectacles could have scarred Jacob for life. Possibly. In any case, of such scenes are fantasies born.

It is interesting to note that the murderers Kemper, Gein and Dahmer are all recorded as showing cruelty to animals at a young age and that animal cruelty is one of the early indicators to violent tendencies in later life. If these tendencies are masked by everyday involvement, what then?

Certainly, from as early as the age of 11 Jacob could have been visiting slaughterhouses, learning the skills of the killing house.

'Calm. Keep the animal calm, don't let it get excited, speak softly and calmly... THEN STRIKE!...

'Stun the animal, then with a quick clean cut, rip the throat open to let the blood flow, not jet, but ooze from the veins.'

Sound like anybody's work we can think of?

The Trauma, 1871-1881

Unfortunately, school records for Jacob's education are non-existent online. Not that we could find anyway, that is, of course, providing Jacob actually attended school.

In 1866, Joseph Hyam Levy married Amelia Lewis, as shown in the Great Synagogue Marriage Lists, and it is probable that he then moved his business to 1 Hutchinson Avenue.

The census lists in 1871 living at 1 Hutchinson Avenue:

Joseph Levy	head	married	30	Butcher born in Aldgate
Amelia Levy	wife	married	29	born in Aldgate

At 111 Middlesex Street lived:

Joseph Levy	head	married	50	Butcher born in Aldgate
Caroline Levy	wife	married	52	born in Aldgate
Elizabeth Levy	daughter	single	22	born in Aldgate
Isaac Levy	son	single	19	Cigar Maker born in Aldgate
Abraham Levy	son	single	17	Butcher born in Aldgate
Jacob Levy	son	single	15	Butcher born in Aldgate
Moss Levy	son	single	12	Scholar born in Aldgate

On 25 November 1872, Hyam Levy died at 36 Middlesex Street after a painful illness lasting 40 hours, at the age of 61, leaving his widow, Frances, and two daughters, Sarah and Elizabeth, to run the business by themselves, a business still in Frances's name in the 1881 census.

Apart from the cruelty to animals discussed above, what other stressors are often found in serial killers' developing years? One of them is abandonment, whether by parents, siblings or society. We discovered that this was too evident in Jacob's teen years.

Glasgow Herald, Friday, 28 May 1875:

Results of Unfortunate Speculation

Yesterday, Mr Humphries, the coroner for the eastern division of Middlesex, received information of the death of Mr Abraham Levy, age 22 years, carrying on the business of butcher at Whitechapel, London. Deceased had bet heavily on the Derby and on the arrival of the news of the result he appeared very desponding [sic].

At a quarter past six the door of his bedroom was found to be locked, and on it being burst open he was discovered suspended by a rope. A doctor was called in, but life had been extinct for some time. On account of the Jewish custom, an inquest will be held this day [Friday].

We have already speculated about Jacob's formative years and his involvement with dead bodies, now at the age of 19 Jacob's elder brother takes his own life, his closest sibling, the child he grew up with, fought with and worked with gone forever.

Yet it gets worse for Jacob. We were dumbfounded and aghast when, courtesy of Debra Arif, we were sent the following article:

Lloyd's Weekly London News, Friday, 28 May 1875

Suicide on Derby Day

On Friday, Mr Humphries held an inquest at the Coach and Horses, Middlesex Street, Whitechapel, on the body of Abraham Levy, aged 22, who committed suicide on Derby night. The evidence proved that the deceased, the son of a butcher, lived at 111 Middlesex Street. On Wednesday evening, shortly after 6pm he left the shop and went up to his room for the purpose of dressing, but nothing being heard of him, suspicions were aroused, when one Joseph Levy, brother to the deceased, going up he found the door locked. After repeated knocking's, and no

answer being given, the door was burst open, when he was discovered suspended by a rope line from the neck to a nail which he had fastened in the wall.

The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind".

For Jacob, the scene was the worst imaginable. We should point out the Joseph in the article is Jacob Levy. In 1881, he is recorded at 11 Fieldgate Street as Joseph Levy. We do not know why or how the reporter got the name Joseph from the Levys and then printed it as this was against a Jewish custom, to have a son use the name of a father before the father's death is rarely heard of, but this is obviously what happened.

In analysing these reports, we concluded that the *Lloyd's* report was the first printed article and the *Glasgow Herald* account was taken from it and expanded, although due to *Lloyd's* report carrying the inquest verdict, it is possible this was the later publication. We could also uncover no evidence of gambling in Abraham's life, the only link between the suicide and gambling is that it happened on Derby day.

Obviously, Jacob - along with the rest of the family - would have been shocked and devastated, we think this can be deduced by the sending for a doctor even though life was obviously extinct, but what else would Jacob have felt - grief and loss, yes, but what of anger and abandonment? These too could have played a huge part in Jacob's future behaviour.

We could envision in the future a person with Jacob's state of mind boiling over with anger and feelings of frustration and desertion.

A person in torment needing to strike out, perplexed at the loss of someone close, somebody needed yet hated.

We can also now ask ourselves if Jacob's mental problems were genetic, the Judge's ruling of 'whilst of unsound mind' shining like a beacon.

One interesting thing to note in his medical record taken from the record of Jacob's admission to the asylum, the information given is that Abraham died by cutting his own throat. Now, while we have reason to doubt this, it is interesting to see Jacob mistaking a hanging for a cut throat. So, did he develop a fixation with cutting people's throats as his madness set in?

Jacob, however, seems within several years to have recovered, or to have buried his grief, because on 23 April 1879 Jacob marries Sarah Abrahams, as shown in the Great Synagogue marriage records.

In the 1881 census, we have living at 11 Fieldgate Street:

Joseph [Jacob] Levy	Head	Married 26	Butcher born in Aldgate
Sarah Levy	Wife	Married 24	born in Aldgate
Joseph Levy	Son	20 months	born in Aldgate
Isaac Levy	Son	3 months	born in Aldgate

In 1881, Jacob is living with his family in Fieldgate Street, which was by reports of the time, a congested area, usually frequented by sailors and short-term lodgers. Before long, however, he moves to 36 Middlesex Street, home of Joseph Levy, the witness. It appears he takes over the lease from his aunt Frances Levy who is living at 60 London Road in 1891 with her 2 sons Isaac and Lewis and grand-daughter Betsy. She is living on her own means.

This is interesting because it means Jacob was a married man with children in 1888.

If Jacob Levy was indeed Jack the Ripper, what exactly did Sarah think of his late night sojourns that she would report? Is it possible that his absences only occurred on the nights of the Whitechapel murders? Did the children, by 1888 old enough to know what was happening around them, ask curious questions of where Daddy went to during the night? Did Sarah suspect something but suppress her suspicion for the sake of the family? Those questions can only be answered by those who were there, but they make interesting food for thought just the same.

Joseph Levy, the Witness, and His Possible Relationship to Jacob Levy

The 1881 census shows Joseph Levy, the witness, living at 1 Hutchinson Street with his wife:

Joseph Levy	Head	Married	39	Butcher
Amelia Levy	Wife	Married	39	

Amidst all of this, the Levys carried on their trade.

Now, having established that Joseph and Jacob were cousins we must consider more closely what sort of relationship they had, if any.

We certainly envisage them socialising together. It would appear that Joseph was a successful businessman as evidenced by his will of 1914, which shows an estate worth £2,410 (approximately £190,000 in today's money).

Probably due to his mental condition, Jacob doesn't seem to have been able to keep a steady trade. They would, however, we feel, definitely have known of each other.

Neil I'anson adds here:

Having worked in a butchery trade myself I always found it to be a very cliquish trade. If you were to run short of something, it would be readily given by a rival. New ideas and better profit-making schemes were readily shared, unless you crossed that hidden line. The one thing not tolerated was dishonesty. Be it short weight or receiving stolen meats to sell on, you would likely get caught and your name would be mud in the trade.

However, Joseph and Jacob were family. We have seen it before with butchers. You had to help that family member, so we don't think that Jacob would have been totally estranged from Joseph.

Our opinion only, of course.

The Decade of Destruction

Now we come to what we refer to as 'The Decade of Destruction': the destruction of a man's life through disease and mental aberration.

We know Jacob would have been introduced to the slaughter and mutilation of animals from a very young age, and that he discovers the dead body of his 21-year-old brother Abraham, hanging from a rope in his bedroom while he was barely out of his teens. Yet over the next ten years he was to find things even more difficult to cope with.

Although he was a man who was to die in an asylum just over a decade later, Jacob Levy was likely to have been no gibbering, slaving wreck, feeding himself from the gutter, as reported of another Jewish suspect, Aaron Kosminski. Rather, Jacob Levy was part owner of a butcher business, probably daily conversing with his customers. This would make him at least articulate, a skill, of course, needed by Jack the Ripper to trick his victims.

It would appear that together Jacob and Sarah built up a good business. So why in 1886 does Jacob find the need to turn criminal? From April 1886 we found the report of court proceedings from the Old Bailey, where Jacob Levy and two other men were accused of stealing from a neighbouring butcher's premises:

6 April 1886 Central Court Proceedings.

Morris Phillips (30), Moss Woolf (16), and Jacob Levy (30), Stealing 14 lb. of meat from Hyman Sampson, the master of Phillips and Woolf.

Mr. Clure Prosecuted, Mr. Moyser appeared for Phillips, Mr. Black for Woolf and Mr. Geoghegan for Levy.

Samuel Bacon (City Policeman 941): I received information from my inspector, and on 10th March, at 6.15 am, I was watching the prosecutor's shop—Phillips came up to the door and knocked, got no answer, and went away—about two minutes afterwards Levy came out at his shop door, which is next door, a post divides them—he knocked at Mr. Sampson's door and went back in at his own door, came out again in a minute or two unscrewed the bolt of his shutter bar, and then looked round and knocked at Mr Sampson's door again; there being no

answer he went down the street 10 or 12 yards to the corner of Stony Lane—Phillips joined him; they conversed and went back to Mr Sampson’s door—Phillips knocked, and Levy went in at his own door—the door was opened; Phillips went in and turned up the gas—Levy came out of his shop and went into Mr Sampson’s shop, where he had a conversation with Phillips—he came back in about a minute and went into his own shop, where I saw Woolf, who brought a piece of meat from the back of the shop to the door, and hung it on a hook just inside the door, and then came out on the footway, looked round, took the meat off the hook, and took it quickly in at Lewis’s door, and gave it to Lewis; he then returned to Sampson’s shop—I ran into Levy’s shop, caught hold of him with the meat in his hand, and asked what he was going to do with it—he said “We are only having a lark, I am going to weigh it”—I said I did not believe it, I should take him to Mr Sampson, which I did, and then took him to the station, where he repeated that it was only a lark—I found 32l. 10s. 9d. [approximately £1,572 in today’s money] in his [Levy’s] pocket—the meat was 14 lb. of beef—I had been watching since 5.15; it was perfectly light outside at 6.15, but not inside Levy’s shop, there being no gas.

After being cross-examined by Mr Black, we find PC Bacon was in some buildings opposite lying among some stones and bricks.

Cross-examined by Mr Geoghegan, PC Bacon says he does not know if they were rival butchers, but that they were both Jews. When Jacob said that he did it for a lark, Mr Sampson said, ‘You will be locked up for it.’ He valued the meat at 6d per lb (approximately £17 in today’s money).

James Jones, City Police Constable 935, was questioned next. He stated that he was with PC Bacon, had heard the evidence and corroborated it.

Hyman Sampson stated he was a butcher of 35 Middlesex Street and that Phillips and Woolf were his servants, Phillips having worked for him about 3 months and Woolf for about 2 to 2½ years. He had spoken to the Police and on 10 March about 5.00am he went to the market.

When cross-examined by Mr Black, Sampson stated he had discharged Woolf once and took him back again and that he had previously owned a butchers shop in ‘Goldstone Street’ (sic) for 19 years.

Cross-examined by Mr Geoghegan, he stated Levy was there before him and that he had not taken any of Sampson’s customers. Hyman says he had no animosity against Levy - he had met him out of business hours. It wasn’t the best meat at 6d a pound that he had some for 11d a pound.

He goes on to note that the Jewish authorities will not give a man a license unless he has an excellent character.

He denied saying that if Levy left his shop he would drop charges. He states he would not let him off for £10,000.

It was noted in the court transcript that Levy received a good character.

The sentences passed were as follows:

*Phillips - Not Guilty.
Woolf - Guilty recommended to mercy by the jury. 4 months’ hard labour
Levy - Guilty of receiving. 12 months’ hard labour.*

As we read the report of this case, we were looking for a motivation for the theft, that possibly Jacob was in financial straits through trade being bad. However, this doesn’t seem likely at the time of his arrest, because he had in his pocket £32 10s 9d, a goodly sum by anyone’s standards in the 1880s.

So why commit career suicide for 7s worth of meat?

For, the effect of the court hearing did not just mean that Jacob has a prison record and will serve a year in jail. He can now no longer hold a trading license. That’s it - gone. For a man who knows no other career, it is suicide. The Jewish authorities will not give him a license, so how will he feed his family? At this moment in time, the family are possibly facing the workhouse.

So why does he do it? The alternative possible answer is greed or kleptomania.

Looking closer at kleptomania, we see that it is not, as many people think, an effect of mental illness. Rather, it is a disorder in itself. Kleptomania is a disorder in which an individual repeatedly gives in to the impulse to steal for no great gain, even when they have sufficient money to pay for the item and no need for what they steal.

The individual is unsuccessful in resisting impulses to steal things that are not needed.

The stealing is not better accounted for by another mental disorder such as conduct disorder, anti-social personality or the manic phase of a manic-depressive illness.

Most sufferers of kleptomania have been female but as the sufferers are very secretive about their disorder the statistics aren't exact.

Research indicates that kleptomania is strongly associated with mood disorders - especially depression, anxiety disorder, eating disorders, substance abuse and other impulse control disorders.

We think that, given the above information, we can rule out kleptomania for Jacob in 1885-86. The theft of meat seemed to be going on for at least 10 months and we can see that there was planning involved.

We do find the remark by Jacob to Hyman Sampson, 'Mr Sampson, you aren't going to do anything with me' to be a little ominous.

This could be construed as either a plea or a threat.

Just before we move on, we can't resist commenting upon Hyman Sampson's remark about his former business having been in Goulston Street - *didn't Jack leave some sort of evidence there?*

From Jail to Asylum

Jacob's sentence of 12 months was meant to be served in Holloway Prison, yet just seven weeks later he is found in an asylum - The Essex County Asylum. Why?

Essex County Asylum was first built in 1853 as a pauper and lunatic asylum and still functioned as Essex's main asylum until its closure in 2001, although much of it was demolished in the late 1990s. A website that carries photos and remarks made by staff and patients from Warley Brentwood, Essex, to give it its full title, is well worth a visit. The site evokes the atmosphere and horrors of an asylum.

We tried to find Jacob's medical records from the Essex records office; however, due to a devastating fire in the late 1990s it is highly likely that his medical records for the time have been destroyed. We do however have his intake records and we learn that Jacob is patient no. 6720. He is admitted on 26 May 1886, his sentence expires on 4 April 1887, but he was actually discharged on 3 February 1887.

We express thanks to Chris Phillips, who located the intake files. Therein, we were to discover that on 19 April 1886 Jacob was transferred to Chelmsford Prison, Essex. Until we learned this, we had always wondered how Jacob could be sentenced to Holloway but then be transferred to Brentwood asylum. These records, A/H 10/2/1/2, his index records, and A/H 10/2/11/4/38 no. 6720 show that between 5 April 1886 and 19 April 1886 Jacob attempted to commit suicide by strangulation.

It was after this that he was transferred to Chelmsford Prison on 19 April awaiting a discharge of prisoner certificate stating Jacob was insane and should be transferred to an asylum.

This suicide attempt surely was a manifestation of a tremendous mental crash, but is there any evidence to support this notion?

Within A/H10/2/11/438 no. 6720, there is a document which is a statement respecting criminal lunatics, to be filled in and transmitted to the Medical Superintendent with every criminal lunatic. We start with Jacob's name and age and his date of admission. Here it says he was convicted on 5 April and transferred to Chelmsford prison on 19 April. It has his former occupation, butcher, and where it states from whence he was brought, it states Holloway, yet it obviously means Chelmsford. It goes on to say that he is married and has four children, yet when it asks for the age of the youngest it states unknown. It next asks if this was his first attack and the answer is yes, stating that the duration of the first attack was about three weeks. The state of his bodily health can only be interpreted as good.

So here we learn Jacob was only in Holloway two weeks and that he was transferred to Chelmsford where he awaited the certificate for him to be committed to asylum. He must have been at Chelmsford 4-5 weeks. We estimate that this interview took place around 16 May and he was transferred to Brentwood on 26 May.

STATEMENT respecting Criminal Lunatics, to be filled up and transmitted to the
Medical Superintendent with every Criminal Lunatic.

A newspaper report of trial should also be forwarded, if procurable.

Name	<i>Jacob Levy</i>
Age	<i>30</i>
Date of admission	<i>Convicted 5 Apr 1886. (transferred to Chelmsford Union 19.4.86)</i>
Former occupation	<i>Butcher</i>
From whence brought	<i>Walloway Prison</i>
Married, single, or widower	<i>Married</i>
How many children	<i>4</i>
Age of youngest	<i>Unknown.</i>
Whether first attack	<i>Yes</i>
When previous attacks occurred	
Duration of existing attack	<i>About three weeks</i>
State of bodily health	<i>poor.</i>

[OVER.]

Whether suicidal or dangerous to others	<i>Suicidal</i>	Whether subject to epilepsy	<i>no</i>
		Whether of temperate habits	<i>Believed to be temperate.</i>
		Degree of education	<i>well.</i>
Supposed cause	<i>Fretting about business & family.</i>	Religious persuasion	<i>Jew</i>
		Crime	<i>Felony</i>
		When and where tried	<i>C. C. C. (Central Criminal Ct)</i>
Chief delusions or indications of insanity. The Medical Officer is requested to arrange the information here required under the two following subdivisions:—		Verdict of jury	<i>guilty</i>
1. Facts indicating insanity observed by himself	<i>Rambling and incoherent talking. Restlessness & insomnia</i>	Sentence	<i>12 C. Mos.</i>
2. Other facts (if any) communicated to him by others, stating from whom such information is derived	<i>By temporary warden Wade attempted suicide by strangling. Shouting, restless & talking at night. Violence. Incessantly talking of imaginary people.</i>	Parish or Union charged with maintenance	
		Weekly amount paid	
		Name and address of the person by whom payable	
		H.M. Prison, <i>Chelmsford</i>	
		Date, <i>May 26. 1886.</i>	
		(Signed) <i>E. H. Carter</i>	<i>Medical Officer.</i>

The document continues on to page 2: Jacob is suicidal and the supposed cause is possibly fretting about business and family. Yet he doesn't know the age of his youngest child? Seems a little strange.

Now we come to 'The Chief Delusions of and Indications of Insanity' subdivided into facts indicating insanity observed by himself, this is answered - Rambling and incoherent talking, and restlessness and insomnia.

Other facts noted by temporary warden Wade - Attempted suicide by strangling, shouting, restless and talking at night. Violence. Incessantly talking of imaginary people.

So here we have a Doctor for the first time recording Jacob as being violent, yet this is a strange way to record this. It is not violent but violence, as if there was an actual attack committed by Jacob.

It continues on page 3 that Jacob is not subject to epilepsy, that he is believed to be temperate, his degree of education is well, that he is a Jew and that his crime is a felony, where he was tried, that he was found guilty and his sentence.

It is signed at Chelmsford Prison on 26 May 1886 by E H Carter, who is the medical officer.

So we have to assume this must be the document that Jacob takes with him to Brentwood, a sort of discharge/transfer medical.

A further document within this file is dated 5 June 1886 and initialled 'G. A.' It states:

On 26th May 1886 admitted -

He is in a state of melancholia, cries without adequate cause - is very despondent - from the fact that he attempted suicide by strangulation at gaol and that a brother committed suicide and insanity is hereditary in his family, I consider him suicidal and insane.

He is in fair health and condition.

26 May 1886 admitted
 He is in a state of Melancholia, cries without adequate cause - is very despondent - from the fact that he attempted suicide by strangulation at jail & that his brother committed suicide and insanity is hereditary in his family Jacob has been suicidal & morose
 He is in fair health & condition
 J. A. 3 June 1886

Thus Jacob was diagnosed by a doctor to be very depressed and suicidal. We feel we should balance Jacob's attitude with his behaviour seven weeks previously at his court appearance (committed to Holloway not an asylum) and even with his remarks at his arrest. Perhaps his remark to Hyman Sampson, then, takes on a new, more sinister significance.

Removal from Prison to Asylum form under the Criminal Lunatics Act 1884. In it, we have the registered Prisoner X10341, Jacob's name and his offence, his date of conviction, at which court and his sentence. Here we come to the important date of when Jacob was first certified to be insane - 21 May 1886; he is confined at Chelmsford Prison.

So up to 21 May 1886, Jacob would still have been classed as a convict not an insane prisoner.

Under this is legal document, Jacob was ordered removed from the prison population as a convict at Chelmsford and taken to Brentwood, Essex asylum and interred there as insane. It is signed by Godfrey Lushington on 25 May 1886.

We should mention another couple of items worth noting at the top of the document. In the top left corner is some scribble that could be his prison number 6720 and the date 26 May, and very faintly at the top centre is the word 'pressing' which leads us to ask how, without knowing the case, did the officials know it was pressing?

6720
26 May 1886

No. 2. Warrant of Removal from Prison to Asylum.

CRIMINAL LUNATICS ACT, 1884.
 47 & 48 V., c. 61, s. 2.

(a) Registered No. of Prisoner	(a) X 10341
(b) Name	(b) Jacob Levy
(c) Nature of offence committed	(c) Receiving stolen goods
(d) Date of conviction	(d) 5 th April 1886
(e) Court	(e) Central Criminal Court
(f) Sentence	(f) 12 calendar months hard labour
(g) Date when certified to be insane	(g) 21 st May 1886
(h) Prison in which detained at date of this Warrant	(h) Chelmsford

Warrant of Removal from Prison to Asylum.

Whereas the Prisoner above described, now in the above-named Prison, has been duly certified to be insane; this Warrant is to authorise and require you, the Governor of the said Prison, to cause the said Prisoner to be removed from the said Prison to Essex County Lunatic Asylum, and you, the Superintendent of the said Lunatic Asylum, to receive the said Prisoner and there to detain him as a Criminal Lunatic until further order.

Godfrey Lushington
 Under Secretary of State.

Whitehall,
 25th day of May 1886

To The Governor of H. M. Prison at Chelmsford
 AND
 To the Superintendent of Essex County Lunatic Asylum, Brentwood

* In the case of an unconvicted Prisoner—
 For (c) substitute, Offence charged.
 For (d) substitute, Date of arrest; or, Date of committal for trial.
 For (e) substitute, as the circumstances may require—
 Date of arrest; or
 Date of committal for trial; or
 Date when, on arraignment, Prisoner was found to be then insane by Jury specially empanelled for the purpose; or
 Date of trial when Prisoner signified to the Jury charged with indictment to be then insane; or
 Date when Prisoner was brought up before Court to be discharged for want of prosecution, and found to be then insane by Jury empanelled for the purpose.
 (f) to be omitted.

B. & B. (12174) 109 12-46

No. 6. Warrant of Absolute Discharge.

CRIMINAL LUNATICS ACT, 1884.
 47 & 48 V., c. 64, s. 5 (2).

(a) Registered No. of Criminal Lunatic	(a) X 10341
(b) Name	(b) Jacob Levy
(c) Nature of offence committed	(c) Receiving stolen goods
(d) Date of conviction	(d) 5 April 1886
(e) Court	(e) Central Criminal Court
(f) Sentence	(f) 12 cal. mos. H.L.
(g) Asylum in which confined at date of this Warrant	(g) Brentwood
(h) Date of Warrant of removal to the said Asylum	(h) 25 May 1886

Warrant of Absolute Discharge.

This Warrant is to authorise and require you to cause the Criminal Lunatic above described to be absolutely discharged.

Henry Matthews
 One of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

Whitehall,
 31st day of January 1887

To The Superintendent of The County Lunatic Asylum at Brentwood.

* In the case of an unconvicted Criminal Lunatic—
 For (c) substitute, Offence charged.
 For (d) substitute, as the circumstances may require—
 Date of arrest; or
 Date of committal for trial; or
 Date when, on arraignment, Prisoner was found to be then insane by Jury specially empanelled for the purpose; or
 Date of trial when Prisoner signified to the Jury charged with indictment to be then insane; or
 Date when Prisoner was brought up before Court to be discharged for want of prosecution, and found to be then insane by Jury empanelled for the purpose.
 (f) to be omitted.

B. & B. (11494) 59 12-46

Our next document is an application form for a warrant of absolute discharge under the Criminal Lunatics Act of 1884. This is the form that actually releases Jacob from the asylum at Brentwood. It contains Jacob's prison details and the date his confinement begins, 25 May 1886.

Under the subheading 'Warrant of Absolute Discharge', it reads:

This warrant is to authorise and require you to cause the criminal lunatic above described to be absolutely discharged.

It is signed by Henry Matthews, one of her Majesty's principal secretaries of state in Whitehall, to the Superintendent of the County lunatic asylum at Brentwood, Essex. So perhaps Henry Matthews did at least know about Jacob Levy.

Finally, we have a signed letter dated 31 January 1887 in Whitehall which

acknowledged the receipt of a letter from the Superintendent of Brentwood asylum reporting that Jacob Levy is of sound mind and asking for his release. It encloses the certificate allowing Jacob's release and is signed by Godfrey Lushington, assistant to Henry Matthews.

What we found informative here is that the opening three lines are a standard printed opening and the following nine or ten lines are handwritten. Here it is written, 'Under all circumstances of the case.' Does this mean Matthews/Lushington actually read Jacob's conviction file?

To summarise, we learn that patient no. 6720, Jacob Levy, is admitted on 26 May 1886, his sentence expires on 4 April 1887 but he was actually discharged on 3 February 1887.

On 21 May 1886, Jacob is classed as insane. He is suffering from hearing voices, insomnia, restlessness (dare we suggest walking the streets at night, as his wife later attested), crying, rambling and incoherent talking, and, above all, *violence*. Moreover, he has been convicted of receiving stolen goods and has attempted suicide.

Yet none of this was evident at his trial on 6 April seven weeks later. That is some psychotic episode surely.

Of course, eight months later, Jacob is released as cured... or is he?

There is also one glaring omission throughout all these reports - Jacob's syphilis.

If Jacob had syphilis in 1886, how could his wife Sarah then fall pregnant and deliver four children between 1887 and 1891, Nathan, John, Caroline and Moss?

In 1886-87, we have Jacob in Brentwood asylum, but what of his wife Sarah?

It seems she carried on trading from 36 Middlesex Street, still bringing up her family and trading as a butcher. This must be without a license from the Jewish Council so her trade lacked the kosher meat supply - or did it? Is it conceivable that her husband's cousin, Joseph, a well-respected member of the Whitechapel Jewish community, spoke up for her? At the very least, we could envision Joseph helping Sarah through the period of Jacob's incarceration.

As we move forward in time to 1888, we find Jacob still living and trading at 36 Middlesex Street. With him are his wife Sarah and his children Joseph, Isaac, Lewis, Hannah, Nathan and possibly Jacob.

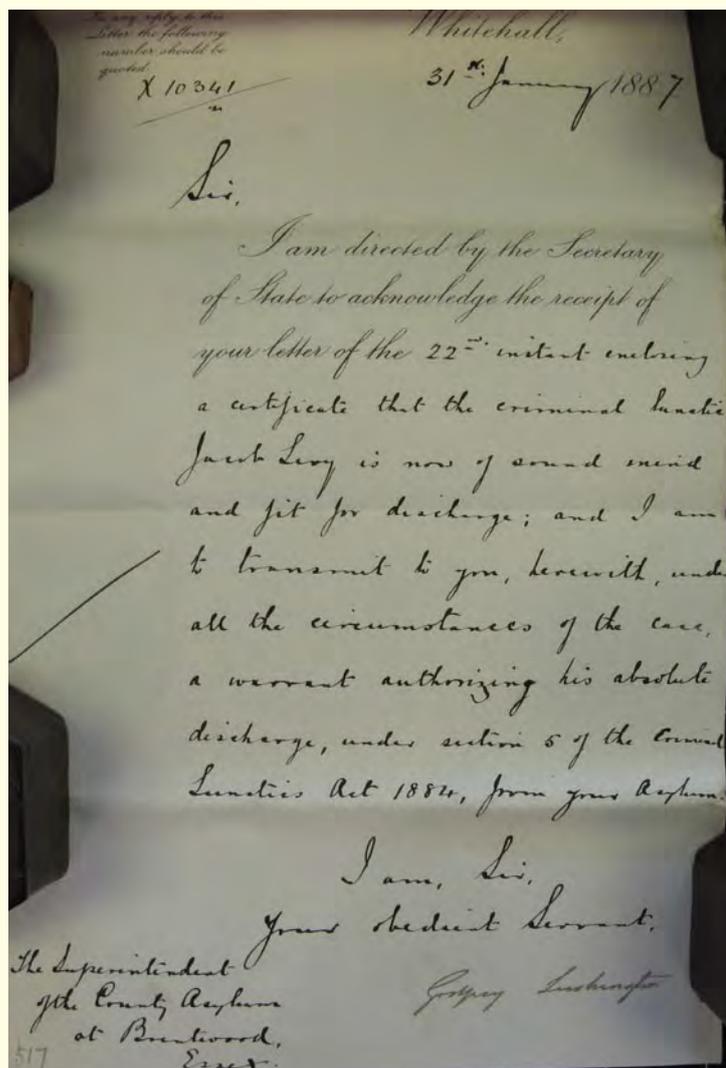
We felt that, daunting as our inexperienced minds were, in order to better understand Jacob Levy's mental condition, we had to investigate the vagaries and confusion that constitute syphilis.

Characteristics of Syphilis

Syphilis is an infectious venereal disease caused by the spirochetal bacterium *Treponema subspecies pallidum*. If untreated it progresses through four stages - primary, secondary, latent and tertiary.

The nickname for syphilis is '*The great imposter*' due to the fact it mimics many other infections and immune mediated process in advanced stages. Sir William Osler remarked, 'The physician who knows syphilis knows medicine.'

We have three general spirochetes which cause human infection:



1. *Treponema*, which causes syphilis, yaws and pinta.
2. *Borrelia*, which causes Lyme disease and relapsing fever.
3. *Leptospira*, which causes Leptospirosis.

The particular spirochete responsible for syphilis is *Treponema pallidum*.

Syphilis can either be acquired through sexual contact or more rarely through blood transfusions or it can be congenital.

In acquired syphilis, *T pallidum* penetrates intact mucous membranes or microscopic dermal abrasions and within a few hours has entered the lymphatic and blood to produce systematic infection.

Incubation time from exposure to development of primary lesions averages three weeks but can range from ten days to 90 days.

The central nervous system is infected early in the infection, at the secondary stage. During the first 5-10 years after the onset of untreated primary infection, the disease principally involves the meninges and blood vessels resulting in meningovascular neurosyphilis.

Later, the parenchyma of the brain and spinal cord are damaged, resulting in parenchymatous neurosyphilis.

Primary syphilis is characterised by the development of a painless chancre at the site of transmission after an incubation period of 3-6 weeks. The lesion is highly infectious whether treated or not. Healing occurs within 3-12 weeks with considerable residual fibrosis.

Secondary syphilis develops about 4-10 weeks after the appearance of the primary lesion. During this stage, the spirochetes multiply and spread throughout the body. Secondary syphilis lesions are quite variable in their manifestations. Systematic infestations include malaise, fever, myalgia (muscle pain), arthralgia (joint pain), lymphadenopathy and rash.

Widespread mucocutaneous lesions are observed over the entire body, on the lips, nostrils, conjunctivae, urethra, vagina, foreskins and anus, and may also involve the palms, soles and oral mucosae. Most often, these lesions are macular, discrete, reddish brown and 5mm or smaller in diameter; however, they can be pustular, annular or scaling.

Other skin findings of secondary syphilis are condylomata lata and patchy alopecia. Condylomata lata are painless highly infectious grey-white lesions that develop in warm moist sites.

The alopecia is characterized by patchy hair loss of the scalp and facial hair, including the eyebrows. Patients with these findings have been referred to as having a moth-eaten appearance.

During secondary infection, the immune reaction is at its peak and antibody titers are high.

Latent syphilis is a stage at which the features of secondary syphilis have resolved, though patients remain seroreactive. Some patients experience recurrence of the infectious skin lesions of secondary syphilis during this period. About one-third of untreated latent syphilis patients go on to develop tertiary syphilis, whereas the rest remain asymptomatic.

Currently, tertiary syphilis disease is rare. When it does occur, it mainly affects the cardiovascular system (80-85%) and the central nervous system (5-10%), developing over months to years and involving slow inflammatory damage to tissues. The three general categories of tertiary syphilis are gummatous syphilis (also called late benign), cardiovascular syphilis, and neurosyphilis.

Gummatous syphilis is characterized by granulomatous lesions, called gummas, which are characterized by a centre of necrotic tissue with a rubbery texture. Gummas principally form in the liver, bones, and testes but may affect any organ.

Gummas may break down and form ulcers, eventually becoming fibrotic.

Cardiovascular syphilis occurs at least ten years after primary infection. The most common manifestation is aneurysm formation in the ascending aorta, caused by chronic inflammatory destruction of the vasa vasorum, the penetrating vessels that nourish the walls of large arteries. Aortic valve insufficiency may result.

Neurosyphilis has several forms. If the spirochete invades the central nervous system, syphilitic meningitis results. Syphilitic meningitis is an early manifestation, usually occurring within 6 months of the primary infection.

Meningovascular syphilis occurs as a result of damage to the blood vessels of the meninges, brain, and spinal cord, leading to infarctions causing a wide spectrum of neurologic impairments.

Parenchymal neurosyphilis includes tabes dorsalis and general paresis. Tabes dorsalis develops as the posterior columns and dorsal roots of the spinal cord are damaged. Posterior column impairment results in impaired vibration and proprioceptive sensation, leading to a wide-based gait.

Disruption of the dorsal roots leads to loss of pain and temperature sensation and areflexia. Damage to the cortical regions of the brain leads to general paresis, formerly called 'general paresis of the insane,' which mimics other forms of dementia. Impairment of memory and speech, personality changes, irritability, and psychotic symptoms develop and may advance to progressive dementia.

The Argyll-Robertson pupil, a pupil that does not react to light but does constrict during accommodation, may be seen in tabes dorsalis and general paresis. The precise location of the lesion causing this phenomenon is unknown.

Congenital syphilis, which we discuss briefly, is a veritable potpourri of antiquated medical terminology. The treponemes readily cross the placental barrier and infect the foetus, causing a high rate of spontaneous abortion and stillbirth. Within the first two years of life, symptoms are similar to severe adult secondary syphilis with widespread condylomata lata and rash. 'Snuffles' describes the mucopurulent rhinitis caused by involvement of the nasal mucosae.

Later manifestations of congenital syphilis include bone and teeth deformities, such as 'saddle nose' (due to destruction of the nasal septum), 'saber shins' (due to inflammation and bowing of the tibia), 'Clutton's joints' (due to inflammation of the knee joints), 'Hutchinson's teeth' (in which the upper incisors are widely spaced and notched), and 'mulberry molars' (in which the molars have too many cusps).

Tabes dorsalis and general paresis may develop in adults, with 8th cranial nerve deafness and optic nerve atrophy as well as a variety of other ophthalmologic involvement leading to blindness being additional features.

The morbidity of syphilis ranges from the relatively minor symptoms of the primary stages of infection to the more significant constitutional systemic symptoms of secondary syphilis and the significant neurological and cardiovascular consequences of tertiary disease. Because latent syphilis can persist for years or decades, the manifestations of tertiary syphilis often occur much later in life, causing significant morbidity.

Although rarely seen by clinicians today following the widespread use of penicillin in the 1950s, the primary complications of syphilis in adults include neurosyphilis, cardiovascular syphilis and gumma. Death resulting from syphilis continues to occur. One study found that of 113 recorded deaths resulting from sexually transmitted diseases, 105 were caused by syphilis, with cardiovascular and neurosyphilis accounting for the majority of these deaths.

As no doubt everybody nowadays knows, syphilis is a virus passed on by close contact with another human being, and notoriously through sexual intercourse. In the 19th century, syphilis was the scourge of humankind, so much so that the British government ordered at one stage that prostitutes were to be randomly stripped and medically examined. Would Jacob have been sent to an asylum for only a sexually transmitted disease? We don't think so - we think Jacob was more likely to have syphilis plus some form of mental disease.

Judith R Walkowitz has noted that syphilis *per se* is rarely fatal in adults, but by altering the structure of the organs of vital importance, it renders the patient unable to resist the inroad of inflammatory action set up accidentally.

The Witness Description

We know from Jacob's asylum records that he was 5'3" in height and 9st 3lbs when admitted in 1890. His age was 32.

Of course, there is one witness statement we cannot ignore, that of Joseph Hyam Levy's description in regard to Catherine Eddowes' murder. As we now know, Jacob and Joseph Hyam Levy were cousins, and they traded less than 100 yards from each other in the same trade. Thus, if Jacob Levy was the man in Mitre Passage with Catherine Eddowes he would have recognised Jacob and would have identified him to the Police. So why didn't he?

From Anderson's article the words '*but when we learnt the suspect was a fellow Jew he declined to swear to him*' could point towards an answer. There is precedence for this reticence to involve the law, namely the costermongers.

Costers were notorious for exacting their own revenge or sorting out their own troubles, so perhaps the Jewish community followed a similar code. We must also add our reluctance to believe Anderson's choice of words. Did he possibly misplace his memories of the actual event?

Now let us reconsider the strange remark uttered by Joseph on the murder night: 'I don't like going home alone when I see these sorts of characters about.'

What type of people is Joseph referring to? Catherine Eddowes, the prostitute? This is Whitechapel late at night, where does he expect prostitutes to be? So we don't think it was Catherine who was the target of the complaint. Joseph's behaviour after this is worthy of note too. As noted earlier, Joseph seems to have hurried home, reaching there in less than five minutes. As Lawende states they were stood outside at 1:35am; Levy later states himself that he was home at 1:40am.

Possibly if Joseph recognised cousin Jacob in Mitre Passage and knew of his troubled past and mental deficiency, these events make sense.

Yet Joseph would still not identify Jacob - at least not to the police. Is it not believable that Joseph and others made it their business to confine Jacob in a sort of house arrest?

Could this explain the lack of full descriptions by the witnesses Levy, Lawende and Harris at the Eddowes inquest? Indeed, Harris was not called and both Lawende and Levy denied they would recognise the killer if they saw him again.

How did Levy know the likes of these characters unless he recognised at least one of them? Did the house confinement of Jacob lead to the longest gap between the victims of the canonical five?

Profile of a Serial Killer

Let us examine a few statements in regard to the profile of an anger-excitation killer. These we take from Robert D Keppel's book, *Signature Killers*:

The killer has rehearsed the plan of action over and over again and afterwards implements it with a well-equipped traveling murder kit...

The killer chooses a stranger who fits his needs in a sexually symbolic category, such as nurse, prostitute, child, and matriarch. This is a killer looking for sexual excitement based on anger but triggered by a fetish.

In his approach to his prey, this type of killer often displays a disarmingly charming manner... for the killer, the issue is always sex and sexual control as an expression of anger. The most complete control available to the serial killer is over a dead victim. The stages of violence leading to the victim's death excite the killer but are only a means to an end, rather than the end themselves.

Keppel goes on to state that it is not necessary for the killer to attempt sex at any point with the victim, he derives greater pleasure by removing trophies (coins, clothing or body parts) for use later in stimulating himself.

In anger-excitation signature murder the killer's supreme satisfaction is achieved not at the moment when the victim lies helpless under his control, but long after when the killer has returned home alone with his thoughts and trophies.

Keppel then adds:

Serial killers troll, they are always in motion, because that's how they come upon murder sites, victim pools.

Keppel provides a 7-point list of characteristics seen in murders committed by the anger-excitation killer:

1. Victim posed
2. No sexual interference
3. Killing tools removed
4. Massive overkill
5. Double kill method
6. Body parts removed
7. Increased frenzy as fantasy is driven to new heights in search of sexual relief

It would take a lot of persuading to sway from us from the view that Jack the Ripper fits the requirements for an anger-excitation killer. But does Jacob fit this profile?

Dr James Cook, an American psychologist, knew very little about the crimes before being asked to provide the profile for John J Eddleston's *Jack the Ripper: An Encyclopedia*.

This is an edited excerpt:

This kind of pathology usually starts around the age of 15. At or before this he may have begun to kill and mutilate animals, fantasising about them being people...

With a normal progression of his pathology he would have begun to act upon his fantasies and started killing between the ages of 25 to 35.

I believe that Jack lived in the Whitechapel area... he was probably never more than a short distance from what he considered a safe place.

After examining those profiles, Jacob's early years, his involvement with the butchery trade, killing and cutting up animals, and the trauma of finding his brother Abraham after he had committed suicide by hanging himself takes on new significance. Jacob lived all his life in Middlesex Street, at the epicentre of the Ripper murders.

We know Jacob spent nights restlessly walking the streets (wandering aimlessly or perhaps trolling?). And that he must have had underlying mental aberrations besides being infected with syphilis. His manner would have been charming; his wife said at one time his business was successful.

Surely the prostitutes of the night would have known and trusted Jacob, he was about at the same time of the night. So, yes, we believe there is a strong link between Jack and Jacob.

If we may hypothesise - is it beyond belief that Jacob walking the streets became a voyeur, getting to know where the prostitutes took their clients, where he would spy upon them?

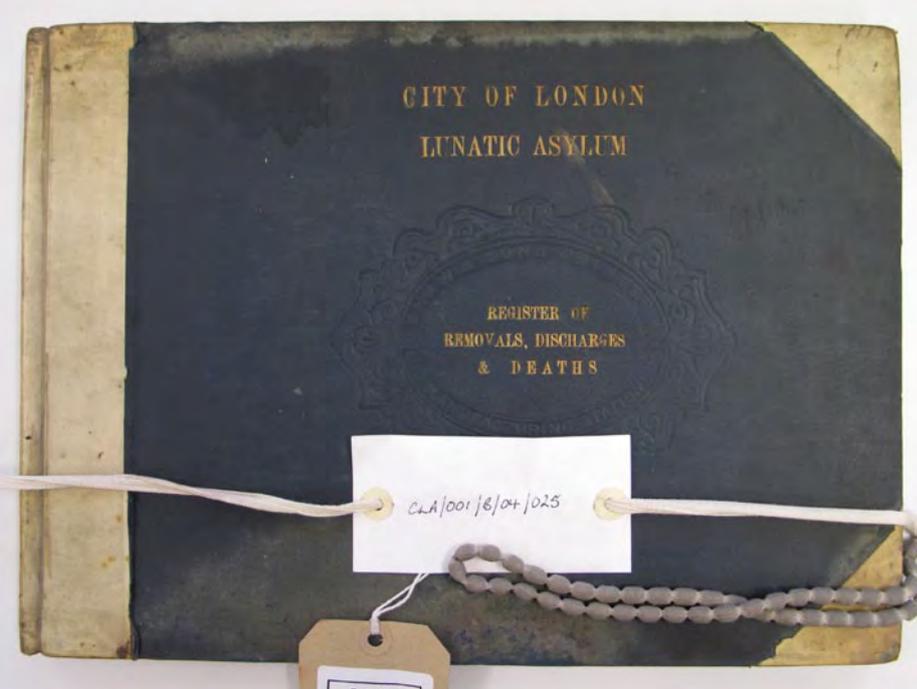
Perhaps one night one of these prostitutes caught Jacob while he waited to leave, but Jacob was not going to let her besmirch his name. Out flashed his knife and the reign of terror begins. Of course, his mood would have had to have altered, a hatred festering in his breast.

Do we know of any event that could have triggered Jacob into killing matriarchs, an event that could have been the stressor to the killings. Yes, we do: Jacob's mother Caroline died in May 1888.

Asylum Records for Jacob Levy through his Death

We feel that there is no need to go over each of the murders in detail. Let's face it, they have been done to death with as many questions still being asked as those that have been answered. There are no records for any involvement in the crimes that name Jacob Levy. Therefore we will carry on by examining the asylum records for Jacob. And here we must express our thanks to Chris Philips and Debra Arif for their excellent research skills and their generosity in finding and holding back these asylum records for us to use in this article.

To begin with we have a ledger type portfolio, partly bound (possibly leather). The front is embossed with City of London Lunatic Asylum with a subheading of 'Register of Removals, discharges and deaths.' It is tagged with CLA/001/B/04/025.



Inside are details of many patients but we are interested in patient 1860: Jacob Levy. This tells us he was admitted to the Asylum on 15 August 1890 and died on 29 July 1891. His cause of death was exhaustion from general paralysis of the insane. His age at death was given as 25; however, the age has been altered to read '35'.

We now move to the City of London Lunatic Asylum - Case book - Males No.9. This is a leather bound journal tagged with the serial number CLA/001/B02/009.

Following the alphabetic index to page 31 we find the intake record for 'Levy, Jacob'.

Date of Admission, Discharge, or Death.	Date of Birth.	Name of Patient.	CHRISTIAN AND SURNAME AT LENGTH.	Sex.	DISEASE.			TREATMENT, AND IN WHAT ASYLUM, HOSPITAL, OR LUNATIC HOME.			Date of Discharge.	Assigned Cause of Death.	Age at Death.	OCCUPATION.
					Admitted.	Relieved.	Discharged.	Admitted.	Relieved.	Discharged.				
1891	2 July 1865	William James		M										
7 July	2 Aug 1861	Jane Henry		F										
27	22 Sept 1858	Charles Farr		M										
28	24 Sept 1866	Jacob Levy		M										
	2 March 1848	James Harrison		M										
3 May	7 June 1860	George Sullivan		M										
1891	24 Sept 1862	Robert Henry Cook		M										

It is here we find Jacob and Sarah Levy's address of 36 Middlesex Street, but also the address of friends at 87 Middlesex Street. This is the address of Isaac Barnett, milkman, Jacob's brother-in-law, married to his sister, Elizabeth Levy.

As we move down we note that on intake next to skin tab is the comment 'covered with scratches, also deeply stained with copper coloured discolouration, most likely syphilitic.'

Under phenomena of attack, manner and record of attack, we find the record of Jacob's doctor, Henry James Sequeira of 34 Jewry Street Aldgate; this is the brother of George William Sequeira, the first doctor at the scene of Catherine Eddowes' murder.

Dr Henry James Sequeira states that he has known the patient several years, stating that he is incapable of carrying on his trade due to mishandling of the money. Then he reports that Jacob feels he will do violence unless restrained and he complains of hearing noises.

We then come to Jacob's wife Sarah's deposition. In this, she complains that Jacob had nearly ruined her, walking away with every penny he can lay his hands on, that he is continually taking other people's goods and carrying them off. She then carries on reporting that Jacob wanders away for hours, that he does not sleep well at night due to 'raving' and is continually fancying someone is going to do him some harm.

Next we have an erroneous report about a previous attack, that he was sentenced to 18 months imprisonment but sent to Essex County Asylum. It was actually only 12 months.

Now we come upon what is perhaps a very informative remark. Sarah now states that Jacob's brother Abraham did not commit suicide by hanging himself, instead she deposes that Abraham died by cutting his throat!

Where did she get this from? Could this be Jacob revealing a hidden fantasy by telling Sarah the wrong cause of his brother's suicide?

After the statement of any previous attacks it is reported that his elder brother was insane and committed suicide. His form of insanity is diagnosed as manic with the supposed cause being heredity.

The report also states that the cause of death was 'General paralysis of the insane' - the wording 'as ascertained by post-mortem examination' being crossed out and a handwritten comment 'PM refused' at the side. We understand this is due to a requirement of the Jewish religion.

Name: **Jacob Levy**
 Age: **34** years - male
 Social Condition: **married**
 A. in Reg. No: **1860**
 Religion: **Hebrew** Education: **good**
 Admitted: **Aug^t 15th 1890**
 Previous occupation: **Butcher**
 Address of Friends: **Sarah Levy (wife) 36 Middlesex St. Aldgate E.C.**
87 Whitechapel St. Aldgate

State on admission: **Habit of Body** **Temperament**
Abdom. Viscera **Normal**
Skin & **Covered with scratches also deeply stained with copper coloured discoloration most likely syphilitic**
Epileptic **no**
Insidious **No**
Dangerous **No**
Temp^t of Maintenance **Resist^o**
Temp^t of Resp^t Organs **Normal**
Pulse **95-**
Wound **a wound upon right buttock & wound upon left index finger**
Other injuries **two marks on back of recent boils on back**
Insidious **No**
Dangerous **No**

Phenomena of disorder: **mann^r & period of attack**
 Known patient several years. formerly shrewd business man, now quite incapable of carrying on the same, giving wrong change money back for things bought. Says he feels a something within him impelling him to take everything he sees. Feels that if he is not restrained he will do some violence to some one. Complains of hearing strange voices wife (Sarah Levy 36 Middlesex St) deposes that he has nearly ruined her business being quite incapable of taking care of money. Makes away with every penny he can put his hand on, buys goods in d. criminally & continually taking other people's goods carrying them off. wanders away from home for hours with out any purpose. does not sleep at night - raves and is continually fancying someone is going to do him bodily harm.

Previous history: **Has had a previous attack. was sentenced to 12 months imprisonment in 1886 but was sent from prison to Essex County Asylum**
Duration of attack - "some time"
Hereditary Predisposition - Eldest brother was insane & committed suicide
Previous attacks - One in 1886

Form of Insanity: **Mania**
 Bodily Health: **good**
Supposed cause **Wandering**
Aug^r - 5.3 **Weight 7.3**
PM refused in event of death

The date of 18 August gives us a report of a visit by Sarah Levy saying that Jacob recently took to drink and that this was what had alerted her to his altered medical condition.

21 August - on this day we have a doctor's report, although it is unsigned. It reports that Jacob is suffering from mania, and that he 'feels compelled to do acts contrary to the dictates of his conscience' also 'by a power he cannot withstand.' He has delusions as to his own importance, such as it being in his power 'to give great grants of land and money.'

It goes on to say he is free from disease of the lungs and heart with the exception of evidence of syphilitic disease, and he is in good general health.

27 August - a report states that he has settled well and is sleeping and eating well.

4 September - no material change. Is asking when he can go home. Weight 10st.

26 October - the last 2 or 3 days has seemed 'out of sorts' had an attack of giddiness - heart normal. Attack lasted only a few minutes. Is very depressed - can give no reason for this - crying and lost appetite. Pupils are unequal - left much larger - inactive - irregular - epiphora - (iritis?). The Doctor treats this with Rx Liquid Donovan.

On 8 November - had an epileptiform attack - convulsions were confined to the left side - was not unconscious - has felt giddy for 2 or 3 days - left pupil much enlarged.

By 4 December, however, apart from a rash on his thighs he is reported as being bright and lively and by January 1891 he is working on the farm.

32 2
August 18th His wife visited him today + says that he recently took to drink, and that was the first thing that attracted her attention to his mental condition he then wasted his money & pawned his goods & from being a good husband & father became neglectful & unkind.
Return to Commission in Lunacy -
21st He is suffering from mania, says that he feels compelled to do acts contrary to the dictates of his conscience by a power which he cannot withstand. Has delusions as to his own importance, such as it being in his power to give great grants of land & money. He is free from disease of lungs & heart. With the exception of evidence of a syphilitic disease he is in good health.
x 27th has been well behaved since admission - at that time he suffered from insomnia - now he sleeps well and takes food with a keen relish - he is loquacious & apparently does not feel his position at all - there is a "nonchalance" in his manner which is unaccountable to his condition - and ~~unaccountable~~ which suggests that he is conscious of a feeling of exaltation - Works on the farm daily.
Sept 4th = No material change - slight improvement - feels that he is much better & is asking when he may go home again.
10th 016 = No change to note - Oct 10th = No change of importance.
Oct 26th the last 2 or 3 days has seemed "out of sorts" today had an attack of giddiness & faintness - heart normal - attack lasted only a few minutes - is very depressed - crying - can give no reason for this - both his pupils are unequal - left much larger - inactive - irregular - epiphora - (iritis?) Rx. Liq Donovan 15 min 3 times a day.
Nov 8th = had an epileptiform attack today - convulsions were confined almost entirely to the left side - was not unconscious - has felt giddy for 2 or 3 days - left pupil much enlarged -
contin page 74

6 March 1891: Jacob is being reported as being very exalted. Pupils markedly unequal.

15 July: Jacob is reported 'much worse mentally, is losing strength and weight'. Jacob is requiring special feeding, with his pupils being recorded as very unequal. A little note in the margin states his weight is now 8st 7lb.

22 July: Jacob is very much weaker and very troublesome, requires 2 or 3 attendants to dress and undress him. Needs to be spoon fed.

We now come to the day of his death, 29 July 1891. The handwriting for this day is very small and scrawled. It begins:

Had an epileptiform attack at 8am. When seen at 8:30 pulse and respiration very rapid and feeble. No physical signs of pulmonary congestion, there are bruises on left arm and over inner end of l sternum. Also some slight over pelvis at the back caused by falling. Apparently some slight tenderness over right-side of the chest

1890 Jacob Levy continued from p. 32.

Dec^r 4. For the last few days has had an exzematous eruption on both thighs, resembling Seabies. it is yielding to Ung. Sulphuris. no change mentally - always bright & lively - no despondency since last note.

Dec 30th Exzematous eruption ~~very~~ quite well, patient is very contented with himself & things about him Adyans

January 31st Has been transferred to No 4 Ward. Works on the farm. Is in the same exalted state Adyans.

March 6th Still very exalted. Pupils markedly unequal. Adyans.

10st May 5th Has had a boil on his neck which is now getting better, on Tinct Ferri Perchlor etc. Adyans.

~~May 25th~~

July 15th 191 Is much worse mentally. Is losing strength & weight - in spite of special feeding. Pupils very unequal. Adyans.

July 22nd Is weaker & very troublesome, requires two or three attendants to dress & undress him. Requires to be spoon fed. Adyans

July 29th Had an epileptic attack at 8 a.m. When seen at 8-30 pulse & respiration very rapid & feeble. Rate 120. Res. 40. On examination no physical signs of pulmonary congestion. There are ^(slight) hams on left arm & over lower end of l. sternum also over ^(slight) pelvis at the back caused by jacking. Apparently some tenderness over right side of chest. He perspired examination vigorously

at 5 pm. Resp. 40 moist sounds all over backs of both lungs. Pulse cannot be counted at wrist (140-145-140). he gradually sunk & died at 7.52 pm. Adyans.
See Page 95

[inserted - 'but no bruising or other signs of injury']. *He resisted examination vigorously.* [Many thanks to Chris Phillips for deciphering this!]

At 5pm. Resp 40 Moist sounds all over backs of both lungs Pulse cannot be counted at wrist (140 at brachial) [located at the inside of the inner arm just above the elbow]. He gradually sank and died at 7:52pm.

When we turn the page we find the report on Jacob's death.

July 30/91 Statement of coroner of this day.

Jacob Levy - male - 35 - Butcher - 36 Middlesex Street Aldgate. 7:52pm Monday 29/91

Cause of death [added in red ink] - Exhaustion from general paralysis of the insane. In the male infirmary since May 29th last. Duration of disease [added in red ink] some years. Pm [added in red ink] - no permission refused. Present at death [added in red ink] - charge attendant Mr Hewlett and Mrs Levy (wife).

*30 July 1891 Ernest W White
Dead 29.VII.91*

So what can we learn from these reports? First, we see that Jacob had syphilis - the copper coloured marks and the pupils being enlarged confirm the diagnosis. We are also given to understand that the cause of death 'exhaustion from general paralysis of the insane' is a polite Victorian way of saying syphilis.

However, there is more, if we look at the reports and pick out:

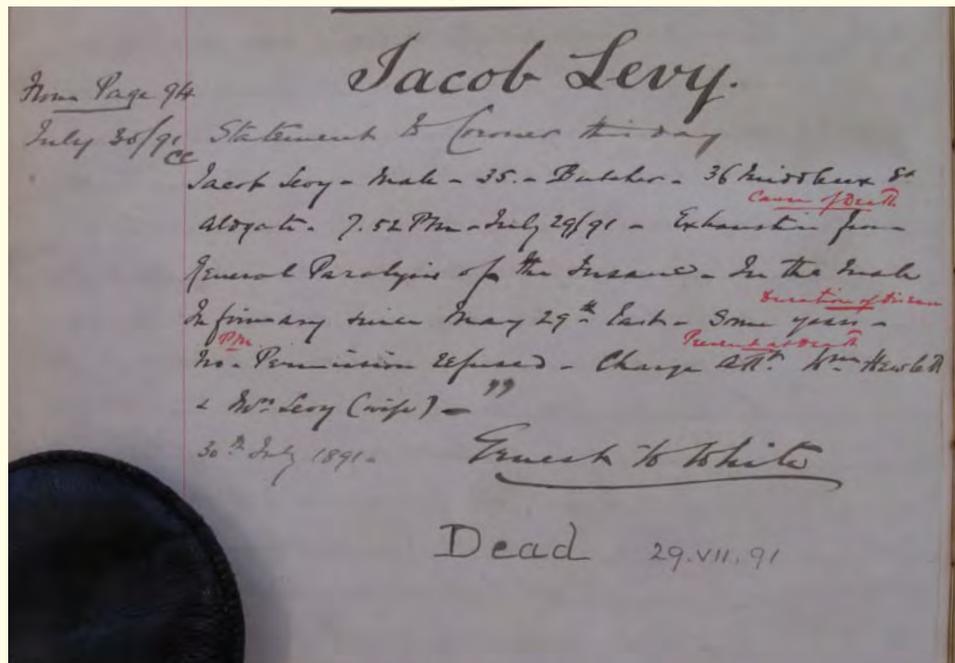
- A. Jacob feels he will do violence unless restrained.
- B. He complains of hearing noises.
- C. He walks away with every penny he can get his hands on.
- D. That he is continually taking other people's goods
- E. Jacob wanders away for hours and he does not sleep well
- F. He is continually fancying someone is going to do him harm.
- G. That his disease is hereditary
- H. He has delusions of his own importance

These are all symptoms of the schizophrenic. We can already hear the knowledgeable among you say that schizophrenics are not violent. And we must agree, schizophrenics are not *usually* violent.

Look at Jacob's life, however, and how much stress was he under. He was fighting syphilis (highly possible he caught it from a prostitute), his stealing must have preyed on his mind and then in May 1888 his mother dies. He is already paranoid and feeling persecuted, would this not have pushed him further over the edge to violence?

To conclude:

- Jacob was a Jew.
- Jacob was the right height according to some witness statements.
- He wandered aimlessly at all hours.
- He had knife skills.
- Jacob had contracted syphilis, likely from a prostitute.
- He had a traumatic upbringing, being involved with killing and cutting up dead animals.



Jacob discovered his elder brother's body hanging in his own bedroom.
He was jailed and probably lost the respect of fellow Jews in business and social life.
Jacob was a schizophrenic.
His mother died in May 1888 (burial date given is 18 May 1888).

We certainly believe there is a case for us to call him...

Jacob the Ripper!

Sources

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NEIL I'ANSON was born under the sign of Aries over half a century ago in a little village in Yorkshire. His father died when he was 5-years-old and the family moved to North East England where he now resides. He grew up during the Sixties and left school at 15 with no qualifications. Neil's desire was to be an archaeologist, but he couldn't spell it, so he became a butcher instead, serving his apprenticeship for 5 years and working in the meat industry for over 15 years before entering the retail management field. As his long-suffering wife remarks, 'Do you know how many butchers become serial killers?' Neil has been married since he was 21 and has 2 children. He loves walking around the countryside with his 3 dogs. His interests are gardening, sport and anything to do with history, be it family or social (he's just plain nosy). His greatest love is his family.



TRACY I'ANSON was born in the late 1970s and although diagnosed with a long-term illness at an early age she has never let this stand in the way of her zest for life, always trying to stay cheerful and optimistic. Tracy has a deep lifelong love of all animals and pets, shown in her care for her two dogs, a husky and a shih tzu/labrador. She adores history, especially Egyptology. Her interests also include fitness, true crime/cold cases and reading. Tracy's interest in genealogical research was stimulated by her family tree which has now been traced back to the 14th century. She has help with numerous genealogical projects for others—in her own words, 'Give me a laptop and feed me chocolate and I'll try to find anyone for you.' She has experienced a fairly high success rate in these endeavours.

Riddle of the Tower Ravens Almost Resolved

By DR GEOFFREY PARNELL

History is the most dangerous of the products of the chemical laboratory of our mind. It stimulates dreaming, it intoxicates nations, it generates in them false memories, exaggerates their reflexes, irritates their old wounds, deprives them of peace and infects them with megalomania.

Paul Valery



An early photograph of a group of eight Yeoman Warders posing for the photographer James Davis Burton at the rear of the Byward Tower in 1868. Three are embellished with the moustache, the other five moustache and beard. All are embellished with the Blue Undress uniform that was introduced in November 1858 to a design by Messrs. Batt and Son of Edwards Street near Portman Square and replaced earlier attire that originated in Tudor times.

Between the third and fourth Warders on the right hand side of the picture may be glimpsed the head and shoulders of a Tower policeman. The Tower acquired its own police force in April 1846. Numbering a sergeant and thirteen constables it was provided by the Metropolitan force at a cost of £893 per annum. By 1900 the duty station was in the northern half of the Byward Tower, i.e. the part of the tower immediately behind the policeman, while the cells were established in 1856 in the almost adjoining 2 Mint Street, the entrance to which is clearly seen on the right hand extremity of the picture.

In an effort to achieve greater economy the force was replaced by six Yeoman Warders in January 1924 who, together with their established colleagues, were issued with warrant cards for the purpose of arrest.

On Monday 15 November 2004, *The Guardian* newspaper ran a front page story, which included comments from the present author, by their Arts and Heritage correspondent Maev Kennedy titled 'Tower raven mythology may be a flight of fantasy' (Fig. 1). The 's**t hit the fan' as they say, and I was pleased to be at home in Devon that day for the nasty and ignorant Governor of the Tower of London all but wanted me beheaded. To cut a long day short, a small army of cameramen and reporters arrived at the fortress, including a CNN gang who were told they could not interview me for I no longer worked there! Undeterred, they arranged to ferry me in a nice, big, drink-enriched car the next day to their office behind Regent Street in the West End. On the way up to the recording studio the plan was swiftly changed and I ended up on the pavement giving a robust interview against the backdrop of traffic rolling by.

The good old BBC refused to be intimidated by the smooth press officers of Historic Royal Palaces operating out of the Tower or the Royal Armouries rough ones operating out of a glass and concrete mausoleum in Leeds, Yorkshire, who use words like 'dungeons' to described the semi-basemented areas of the White Tower. Thus did I give a robust defence of the academic argument for rejecting the nonsense of ravens, execution sites, the ludicrous Anne Boleyn Bedroom and the ridiculous Sir Thomas More Cell.

I have known Maev for many years and the mythical and silly nonsense about the Tower and the ravens has been discussed on a number of occasions and at a time, thank God, when Boria Sax was nowhere to be seen. On 30 November 1995 Maev provided an interesting article in *The Guardian* titled 'Myths in the making' where the threat of the Tower being turned into a theme park by the new commercial manager, Historic Royal Palaces, was discussed, and reference was made to the ravens and the fact that the identity of a donor was first revealed in 1918. In his book *The Tower of London From Within*, Major-General Sir George Younghusband, Keeper of the Jewel House, mentions that 'The present birds were given to the Tower by Lord Dunraven'. On 20 September 1993 I wrote to the then The Lord Dunraven, 6th Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl, at the family seat at Kilcurly House, Adare, County Limerick, Ireland (Fig. 2). Almost immediately His Lordship contacted me by telephone in my office at the Tower of London. An on-off piece of research to get to grips with a silly feathery yarn began with a letter on 20 September 1993 and ended with the arrival in my office of a coloured engraving from Brunswick, Maryland, USA, on 18 February 2003.

The Tower of London has for centuries been at the heart of the English nation and crown, and its resident ravens have become a recognised symbol of this story throughout the world. Visitors to the fortress are told that as long as there has been a Tower there has been a contingent of ravens within the walls, and accounts of their activities past and present abound.

It comes as something of a surprise, therefore, to observe that no mention of the birds is made in any of the guidebooks that have been regularly published since 1740 until the official colour souvenir guides of the early 1950s. Given that the Tower is one of the most recorded monuments in the world, it is perhaps even more surprising that no apparent reference to the birds appears in print of any kind until 1895. The observant and acidic diarist Ned Ward in his *London Spy* recalls rooks, rather than ravens, fluttering over him when he visited the fortress at the end of the seventeenth century. The Tower historian John Bayley makes no mention of them in his great work *The History and Antiquaries of the Tower of London* published in 1821. Harrison Ainsworth would surely have woven them into his 1840 *The Tower of London: A Historical Romance*, but all that features is 'a flock of carrion-crows and ravens' attending Lady Jane Grey's execution, almost standard fare for a period story of the time.

Tower's raven mythology may be a Victorian flight of fantasy

Maev Kennedy Arts and heritage correspondent

As every school child knows, there have been ravens at the Tower of London since time immemorial, and if they ever leave, the monarchy and the tower itself will fall.

The story is one of the most cherished of the tower's tales, and the current seven ravens stalk about the grounds very much as if they own the place.

It is impossible to say what bearing the ravens' health will have on Britain becoming a republic, but one thing does seem certain — they have only been there for a little more than 100 years.

A historian has scoured the records for 1,000 years, and can trace the ravens back no further than the late 19th century. Geoff Parnell, official Tower of London historian and a member of the Royal Armouries staff, is convinced they are merely a typical piece of Victorian romance.

Worse, Dr Parnell has found the statement in the records "there are none left" — and yet the monarchy and the tower have more or less survived.



One of the tower's ravens

A spokeswoman for Historic Royal Palaces, which runs the tower and has a special ravens section on its website, swallowed hard and said firmly: "This is a very interesting piece of research, which adds to the history of the tower. So much of the appearance of the tower that we see today does date back to the Victorian period that it is quite appropriate that the ravens should be a Victorian legend."

Dr Parnell has added another layer to the legend: his research suggests some ravens may have

been a punning gift to the tower by the Earl of Dunraven, an archaeologist and antiquarian fascinated by Celtic raven myths, who added ravens to his family coat of arms, or by his son the fourth earl.

The tower was raven-less by the second world war, when some were killed in bombing, and others pined and died of shock. The myth was already so powerful, however, that when the tower reopened to the public, on January 1 1946, ravens were back in place.

Dr Parnell first became interested in the ravens story when working on an exhibition about the tower menagerie, kept by generations of monarchs for at least 600 years until it became the foundation of London Zoo. There were hawks, lions, leopards, monkeys and even a polar bear — but ravens were conspicuously absent.

The earliest reference he found was 1895, in a piece in the RSPCA journal, *The Animal World*. One Edith Hawthorn referred to the tower's pet cat being tormented by the ravens, Jenny and a nameless mate.

Fig. 1. The Guardian article of Monday 15 November, 2004.



Fig. 2. The author posing at the Tower in 1993, the year his *Batsford Tower* book was launched and the year the search for the documented history of the Tower ravens began with a letter of enquiry to Lord Dunraven, 6th Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl.



Fig. 3. A tiny author in a mack looking up at one of the four weather vanes made and installed on the turrets of the White Tower in 1669 by Ralph Greatorix and William Partridge for £200.

Alfred Smee in his *Instinct and Reason*, published in 1850, describes a colony of rooks that took up residence on the White Tower in 1817, some even roosting on the seventeenth-century weather vanes that still surmount the turrets (Fig. 3),¹ after their home in St Dunstan's-in-the-East was disturbed by the rebuilding of the church. However, the birds were unable to reconcile themselves to the change and after the builders had withdrawn they returned to their traditional quarters. William Harvey, writing under the pseudonym 'Aleph', reflected on the event in his 1863 book *London Scenes and London People* and at one stage contemplated the 'autobiography of a patriarchal raven - one of those for instance, which roost on the crown of the loftiest pinnacle of the Tower'. At first glance this seems like a promising reference to ravens at the Tower, but on closer consideration it is clear that poetic license allowed a rook to be called a raven.

The natural historian W H Hudson in *Birds of London*, first published in 1898, probably provides the answer to the enigma of when the ravens first became closely associated with Tower. Hudson recounts the mysterious appearance of a solitary raven in Kensington Gardens in March 1890 and the accompanying speculation as to whether it was a wild bird or a pet that had made a successful bid for freedom. The rarity of such a sighting is illustrated by the fact that the last reported breeding of ravens in central London occurred in Hyde Park in about 1826. In seeking to explain the phenomena Hudson states that 'For many years past two or three ravens have usually been kept at the Tower of London' and that at the time of the sighting in Kensington Gardens the mate of a raven called

Jenny had departed the Tower after unsuccessful attempts had been made to clip his wings. Hudson seems to suggest that the birds were privately owned and notes that Jenny was still at the Tower and that she had since been provided with a new mate. A certain Edith Hawthorn writing three years earlier in the October 1895 issue of the RSPCA's journal, *The Animal World*, supports this account. In a humorous article centred around the pilfering of a cat's meal by Jenny and her mate, Hawthorn notes that the Londoners of the day were more than familiar with the City pigeons, but few, however, were aware of the Tower pigeons watched over 'by two tame ravens' (Fig. 4). Significantly she also adds that their mischievous behaviour was providing 'food for constant gossip', thus indicating that during the last decade of the nineteenth century the mythology of the Tower ravens was taking shape.

1. In their Office of the Ordnance bill for vanes dated 7 June 1669, Ralph Greatorix and William Partridge were paid £200 for '4 ffanes and Crownes with a strong crosse'. The weather vanes, which were painted 'lead' colour with details gilded, still survive, though the counter-balances were replaced with large arrows towards the end of the eighteenth century. Subsequent bills indicate that on 29 January 1670 Greatorix received £5. for taking a survey and making a plot of the house and grounds of the late Sir William Pritchard at Woolwich, on 12 April 1672 he was awarded £50 for providing a detailed survey of Windsor Castle, the town and its environs and 16 May the following year £53.19.02d for a complicated floating bridge that had been commissioned for Prince Rupert.

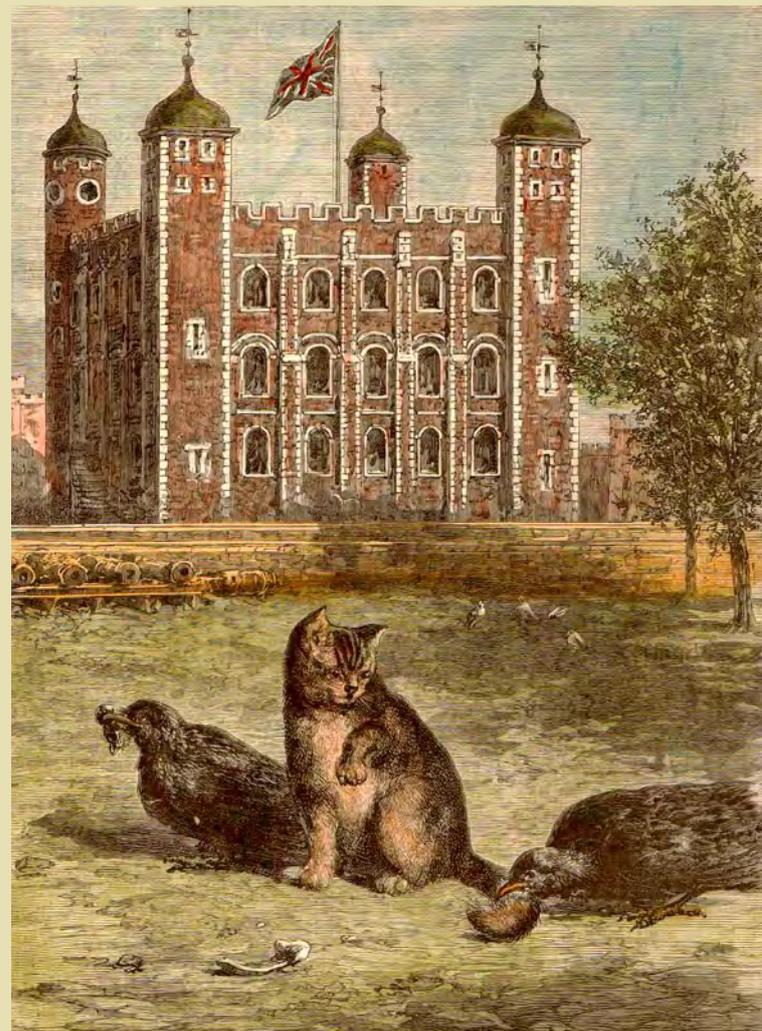


Fig. 4. Jenny and her mate pilfering a cat's meal on the lawns north of the Queen's House provide a humorous illustration for Edith Hawthorn's article in the October 1895 issue of the RCPA's *The Animal World*.

The process must have moved rapidly, for in 1903 Henry Thompson states in *Living London* that ‘Rising on to Tower Green under the plane and elm trees in ominous proximity to the site of the Block the five pet ravens may be seen... The ravens... are a private gift to the Tower, and should one die this is replaced by the donor’. The association between the sinister ravens and the scaffold site on Tower Green immediately became an essential part of Tower mythology and S T Dodd portrayed the scene in one of a series of illustrations first published in *Cassell’s Magazine* of June 1904. Like many ravens, Jenny may have lived to a ripe old age, for in May 1913 it was reported that there were four ravens in the Tower, one a ‘very ancient inhabitant’ for forty-two years or more.²

Various diarists and writers provide similar descriptions to that of Thompson during the next few years without doubting contemporary assertions being made by Yeoman Warders that the birds’ connection with the fortress stretched back into antiquity. It is not until 1918, however, that the identity of a donor is first revealed. In his book *The Tower of London From Within*, Major-General Sir George Younghusband, Keeper of the Jewel House, mentions, almost in passing, that ‘The present birds were given to the Tower by Lord Dunraven’. The reference to a Dunraven connection is intriguing. The family name itself spells an association and heraldic records show that raven supporters with elevated wings were added to the family arms in 1822. Moreover, the 3rd Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl, Edwin Richard Wyndham, was a respected Victorian archaeologist and antiquarian and an acknowledged expert in the field of Celtic studies. Among his achievements was a translation of *The Mabinogion*, the great Welsh epic that dates from the post Roman and pre-Norman era. In this collection of stories ‘Bran’, translated as Raven, the hero of Branwen Daughter of Llyr, commands his companions to cut off his head ‘and carry it to the White Hill in London’. Some writers have identified this as Tower Hill and the site of the Tower of London. That said, could a romantic association have been constructed between the Dunraven family and the Tower of London? If so, the 4th Earl, Windham Thomas, may have been involved, for the death of his father in 1871 probably pre-dates the introduction of the first birds at the Tower. None of the surviving family papers deposited in the Public Record Office, Belfast, or the Glamorgan County Record Office reveal any further information. I was in communication with Thady Windham Thomas before his recent death, but the 7th Earl was unable to add anything to the story, other than the fact that he recalled ravens breeding in the wild on the Dunraven Castle estate in Glamorganshire while he was a child.

The association between the sinister ravens and the scaffold site on Tower Green immediately became an essential part of Tower mythology and S T Dodd portrayed the scene in one of a series of illustrations first published in Cassell’s Magazine of June 1904.

That said, evidence suggests that the first ‘official’ ravens at the Tower did not come from the grounds of Dunraven Castle, but from a long-established London company called Philip Castang that provided animals for institutions and public alike. Writing in the letter pages of *Country Life* on 27 February 1955, R H Smith, the manager of Philip Castang, mentions how early 19th-century posters advertising the menageries on Tower Hill and the Exeter Change ‘together with the order for the first Tower ravens’ were then hanging on the wall of his office in Hampstead! Philip Castang had married the daughter of Joshua Brooks, whose father had first established the business in New-Road, Tottenham Court, during the early nineteenth century. Upon the death of Joshua Brooks the business moved to Leadenhall Market and changed its name to Philip Castang. The business remained in the City for almost a century before moving to Hampstead. It finally closed some years ago, but I managed to trace the present Mr and Mrs Castang who were kind enough to let me inspect the surviving company accounts. They show that the firm was supplying ravens to the public during the last two decades of the nineteenth century at the cost of 20 shillings a bird, but although the menagerie posters mentioned by Mr Smith could be found, the framed order for the Tower ravens could not. Mr Smith died many years ago so the fate of the order is a mystery. Mr and Mrs Castang remember the former manager as an efficient and intelligent man with a considerable knowledge of the history of the company and the natural world. In their view Mr Smith’s assertion that he had an order for the first ravens must be taken seriously, and it is a tantalising thought that the document may be in the possession of a relative or associate and may yet surface again.

2. *Notes and Queries* Vol. 7, p. 384.



Fig. 5. Peter Jackson's cartoon of 'The Tower Ravens' published in the *Evening News* of 16 November 1949.

It is not the purpose of this paper to chart the history of the ravens at the Tower throughout the twentieth century, but something may be said about the emergence of the famous legend that predicts that the White Tower and the kingdom will fall if the birds ever leave the fortress. The earliest printed reference to this I have been able to find is in the *Evening Standard* of 15 October 1949, when it was reported that a small army of thirty feral cats had taken up residence in the Tower. The report states that 'They have even attacked the Tower's ravens, which are officially on the strength of the garrison because there is a tradition that disaster will befall if the birds ever leave'. The story was subsequently depicted and described a few weeks later in a cartoon by the late Peter Jackson in *The Evening News* of 16 November (Fig. 5).³ Peter Jackson was Chairman of the London Topographical Society for thirty years and was always to be found at their Annual General Meeting. On one occasion I made arrangements for him to visit the Tower which he had not seen for many a year. During the visit I raised the question of the Raven cartoon he provided for *The Evening News* in November 1949. He smirked a little and admitted that the sketch emanated from the *Evening Standard* account which he thought was being rehearsed by the Yeoman Warders at the Tower.

Copies of official War Office and Ministry of Works correspondence (still on file in Fortress House, Savile Row, London - where I was based for many years), however, indicate that as a result of the disruptions and deprivations of the Second World War the raven population declined and that for a short period there were, in fact, no birds at the Tower. It may be that the story emerged as an antidote to what had happened following the re-opening of the fortress to the public in 1946. The assertion that Charles II tried to avoid a potential disaster by ordering a number of ravens to be retained within the fortress is clearly just another part of the myth invented, possibly, at about the same time.

In summary, therefore, it can be shown that at least two tame ravens, probably privately owned, were being kept at the Tower of London by the 1880s and that at some stage between 1895 and 1903 the number was increased to five who were deemed to be 'official' residents with an ancestry stretching back into the mists of time. For those not familiar with the ways of the Tower it may seem incredible that the event has been so effectively rewritten and transformed in such a short period of time. Set against the wider development of the Tower during the nineteenth century, however, the successful introduction of this imaginary tale is perhaps not so difficult to appreciate.

The nineteenth century was a period of radical transformation for the Tower, both in terms of appearance and function. As the official departments that had occupied the castle for centuries departed for more commodious sites elsewhere, the Tower came to be seen more and more as an ancient monument. With the reduction of entrance fees in 1838 the number of people visiting the Tower rose dramatically from 10,500 a year to over half a million by the end of the century. As visitor numbers increased, so did expectations. Set against the backdrop of the relentless march of the Romantic Movement the morbid myth of a grim fortress-prison was manufactured and embellished by Yeoman Warders and others. Every old building became associated with chilling and dastardly events. The historic basis for these claims was invariably flawed. For example the Queen's House, the only remaining sixteenth-century building in the fortress, became the place where many Tudor prisoners were lodged - including Anne Boleyn, whose 'bedroom' can be shown to have been constructed four years after her actual death! In 1862 a location to the south of the Chapel of St Peter ad Vincula was deemed to be the site of Anne's execution and duly marked with an inscription. Two years later the spot was given added significance when it was enclosed with iron railings and relabelled the 'Tower' execution site (Fig. 6 overleaf). In reality this site lies within the confines of the former Chapel graveyard which continued in use until 1810, while records show that Anne, like Robert Devereux after her, was executed on ground located between the White Tower and the present Waterloo Barracks to the east.

3. Peter Hammond drew our attention to this detail and others in his superbly researched and written account 'Epitome of England's History.' The transformation of the Tower of London as a visitor attraction in the 19th century. *Royal Armouries Yearbook* Vol. 4, (1999), pp. 144-75.

The ground floor of the Bell Tower, which should be remembered for its wonderful original vault, together with the earliest embrasures and arrow loops to be found not only in the castle, but almost anywhere in England, is sadly and erroneously branded as 'Sir Thomas More's Cell'. Elsewhere visitors are shown the stairs leading down to Traitors' Gate and told that the future Elizabeth I of England stopped and protested her innocence on the steps as she entered the fortress as a prisoner during Mary's reign. In fact the stairs were introduced in 1806 when the water-filled basin was remodelled and partially infilled. In any event it is known from contemporary accounts that Princess Elizabeth landed at the Privy Stairs towards the west end of the Wharf and that she entered the Tower via the bridge at the Byward Barbican (Fig. 7).

I have studied Tower documents of all sorts for over thirty-five years and I have never come across any official reference to the transportation of state prisoners through the 'Watergate' and up the stairs leading out of the back of the water-filled basin beyond. In fact, the extant basin and stairs were only laid out in 1806 while references to the earlier arrangement (now buried beneath Water Lane) dating from the reign of Queen Mary in the sixteenth century refer to women inhabitants of the castle damaging the stairs by battering their washing on the steps while others laid excrement (Fig. 8 overleaf).

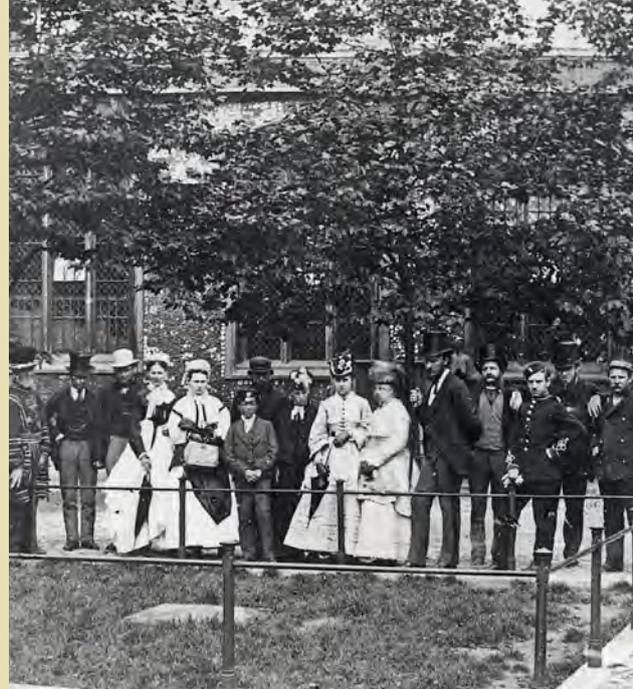


Fig. 6. The execution, or scaffold, site was first set out with a stone and inscribed brass plaque in 1862. Despite the erroneous attribution the site became an immediate visitor attraction and in 1864 was given added significance when it was enclosed with iron railings that may be seen in this James Davis Burton photograph of 1870 when the site was laid to weed.



Fig. 7. A late nineteenth-century photograph of the western entrance of the Tower dominated by Edward I's great, twin-towered, gatehouse known as the Byward Tower, owing to the adjacent Warder's Hall, that now performing the role of yet another unprepossessing shop.

On the south side of the tower stands the much smaller Barbican Tower. This remarkable triangular-fronted structure, pierced by an original barbican gate in the west flank, is, in fact, a stout late medieval gun tower built around 1470 as part of a modernisation of the western entrance. It has two large gun ports on the ground floor to accommodate ordnance mounted on wooden beds and number of key-hole ports on the first and second floors where hand guns of different calibre could be operated.

It is clear that even today much of the popular history on offer at the Tower owes more to the nineteenth-century story telling than historical research. The tales that comprise this mythical past are popular with large sections of the public who may be disappointed to see them revised or dismissed. That said, the documented history of this remarkable castle provides far more in the way of interest and amazement than myth and misconception that is still promoted by the fictional writers like the American, non-historian, Boria Sax who has never had anything to do with the Tower. A more factual approach to the issue of the ravens, Sir Thomas More's cell, or even 'Hitler's toilet', can only enhance the status of the Tower.

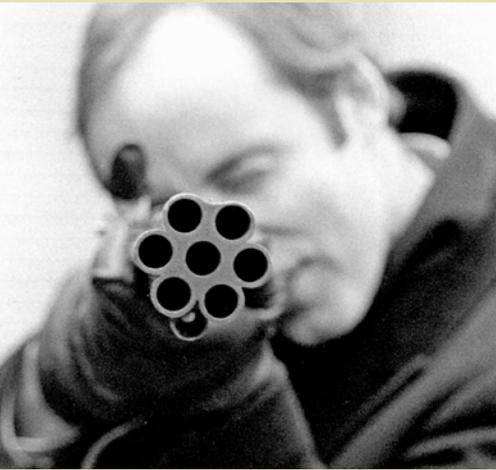
Documentary evidence indicates that the word 'Traitor's' only came into being in the seventeenth century and was probably derived from the old French word for 'Trader'. If the present, unscholarly commercial management of the Tower is so keen on ravens and cross-dressing, as opposed to more traditional, educationally sound, methods of presentation, why not - wearing genuine sixteenth-century clothing of course - instruct the Tower's talented cross-dressers to act out a genuine scene from merry old Tudor Tower with a live production of defecation on the stairs?

In 1860 a former Tower official referred to the Warders habit of enhancing and embellishing sensational aspects of the Tower's history as the 'traditionary snowball'. The practice is still alive and well, as vividly demonstrated a few years ago when I was asked by the press office in the Tower whether I had any evidence to support the story that a lavatory on the upper floor of the Bell Tower had been installed for convenience of Adolf Hitler! Apparently it was being reported that plans had been prepared to incarcerate the Nazi leader in the fortress at the end of the war. Apart from the dubious nature of such a scheme I pointed out that you did not need to be an archaeologist to appreciate that the pressed plastic cistern was unlikely to date from the time of the Second World War!



Fig. 8. This fascinating engraved view of the water-filled basin beneath and around St. Thomas's Tower helped illustrate David Hughson's vast, three-volume *Description of London* published in 1806. That said, much of the interesting architecture in the picture was destroyed that year and much of the water-filled basin infilled and contained with the extant dreary looking retaining wall with its unprepossessing flight of granite stairs. It is this nineteenth-century rubbish that today's Yeoman Warders and cross-dressing, period-style, actors, claim was the actual sight that greeted Anne Boleyn on the way to execution. In fact, documented accounts describe how she landed by barge at the Privy Stairs at the west end of wharf, entered the castle via the Byward Barbican and made her way in procession to her private apartments in and around the Lanthorn Tower. In 1672/3 these old apartments were converted into an administrative office for the Board of Ordnance that was embellished with classical pretension and 'Three sash windows at £7. 10s a window'. This is a small but fascinating entry for it seems to mark the moment when sash window made its debut at the Tower.

I do not suppose that the introduction of the sash window will interest the commercial managers of today's Tower of London, but the myth of Anne Boleyn's arrival could be given a whiff of legitimacy by documentary references to the 'Watergate' during the subsequent reign of Queen Mary. They describe how female inhabitants of the castle were damaging the stairs by battering them with washed clothing while others laid excrement on the steep. That said, surely the talented acting troop should be instructed to re-enact the arrival of Anne Boleyn's with the Queen's losing her balance on the slippery steep and going face down into a pile of someone else's poo.



DR GEOFFREY PARNELL is a former Keeper of Tower History at the Royal Armouries, Tower of London, and a former English Heritage Inspector of Ancient Monuments. He has undertaken numerous excavations at the Tower between 1973 and 1984 and has subsequently written and published widely on the archaeology and history of the site, and its buildings and institutions. Dr Parnell is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

Left: Taking aim - the author messing about with a nineteenth-century multi-barrelled gun in 1993. The weapon was one of tens of thousands of firearms that were housed in Edward I's massive late thirteenth-century Brass Mount, which sits on the north-east corner of the outer enclosure. Sadly this item, along with the rest of the Tower's great arsenal, is now stored in the Royal Armouries glass and concrete mausoleum/museum in Leeds, Yorkshire.

Dr Parnell Bibliography

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Amazing Dogs

Lady Florence Dixie and Hubert the St Bernard Dog

By JAN BONDESON

In the fifth of the series, Jan Bondeson reveals the amazing deeds, often criminal or heroic, of dogs of the Victorian era.

The author and traveller Lady Florence Dixie was an eccentric society figure in the 1880s and 1890s. She was the daughter of the equally dotty Marquess of Queensberry, the defendant in the Oscar Wilde case, and the sister of Lord Alfred Douglas. She married the wealthy alcoholic Sir Beaumont Dixie in 1875 and took him with her on long journeys to Africa and South America, in vain attempts to sober him up. In early 1883, when they were back in England, Lady Florence unwisely decided to meddle in Irish politics, condemning the Fenians with great vehemence. After she had allegedly received several death threats from the enraged sons of Erin, Sir Beaumont decided to purchase a large St Bernard dog, named Hubert, to serve as his wife's bodyguard.

On 17 March 1883, Lady Florence Dixie came running up to the Fishery, their elegant Regency house near Windsor. Two men dressed as women had suddenly attacked her, she breathlessly explained, flinging her to the ground and attempting to stab her three times! When she screamed for help, the villains stuffed earth into her mouth and knocked her on the head. Her fate would have been a dreadful one indeed, had not the faithful Hubert come bounding up to pull away the man with the knife!



Lady Florence Dixie from Vanity Fair, 5 January 1884

'I owe my life to this Mount Saint Bernard dog!' Lady Florence exclaimed when giving interviews to the journalists. She and Hubert were the celebrities of the day, particularly in the anti-Irish press: attempting to murder a defenceless woman was considered just the thing to expect from these dastardly Fenians. Hubert became the most famous dog in Britain. He was praised in the newspapers for his heroism, and the *Illustrated Police News* published his portrait. A gentleman sent Hubert a silver-studded collar, and many people sent him bones, beefsteaks and other treats.

A wealthy American who offered to purchase Hubert, and a showman who wanted to exhibit the hero dog in a music hall, were both turned down by the snobbish Lady Florence, although she consented to Hubert becoming the special invited guest at a dog show in Durham, where he was awarded first prize. The crowning touch in Hubert's meteoric career as a four-legged celebrity came when, as a newspaper expressed it:

To-day, Hubert, the dog to whose courage and devotion Lady Florence attributes the preservation of her life, was photographed by Mr Snooks, of Windsor, and an autographed copy was sent to H.M. the Queen.

Unless this paragon of canine virtue had added handwriting to his accomplishments, it was probably Lady Florence who supplied the autograph, however.

THE ALLEGED ATTACK ON LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.



The sensational attack on Lady Florence Dixie, from the Illustrated Police News, 31 March 1883. Note that Hubert was 'sketched from life'.

But after the police had begun to investigate the mysterious incident at the Fishery, there were serious doubts whether there had been any attack at all. Nobody had seen the two assassins in drag; had they used some magic spell to return to Ireland, or had Hubert eaten them? Lady Florence's dress was not dirty, and her injuries were very superficial. Nor had any of the several people near the Fishery gardens heard Lady Florence scream, as she claimed to have done. If a St Bernard dog is approached by threatening strangers, it is natural for the animal to bark, but nobody had heard Hubert utter a single yelp. And the booming bark of a fully grown St Bernard male would carry for half a mile at least, in quiet Victorian times. After it turned out that an Eton master had actually seen Lady Florence return to the Fishery, looking quite unhurt, the newspaper opinion quickly changed. Although several gentlemen objected that it was caddish to doubt the word of a noble lady, and although the *British Medical Journal* suggested that Lady Florence might have suffered from a hallucination, the eccentric lady and her silent four-legged accomplice both became laughing-stocks. It was even suggested that she had been drunk at the time, since she was known to share her husband's predilection for the bottle; the witty Countess of Antrim had once called her and her husband 'Sir Always and Lady Sometimes Tipsy'!

Several ribald poems were written to ridicule Lady Florence, with verses like:

*Lady Florence, Lady Florence, when you cried aloud for help,
And when your faithful hound proclaimed his presence with a yelp -
Why did no one hear you, in your own or neighbour's grounds?
The public to your ladyship this problem now propounds.*

*Lady Florence, Lady Florence, that such want of faith should be!
The public will not presently believe the things they see.
But when you next adventures of this kind should have to tell,
Please arrange to have some witnesses upon the scene as well!*

Hubert also received his fair share of ridicule. A letter to *Punch*, allegedly from the dog Toby, suggested that the two villains must have crammed dirt down Hubert's throat to prevent him from barking. Toby called on the Dog of Crime to end his silence on this mysterious matter, and to answer those who doubted the heroism of the St Bernard dogs, were it carrying half-frozen children to the monastery, or fighting armed assassins. *Funny Folks* published an amusing poem, allegedly written by someone who had seen Hubert at the Warwick dog show, beginning with...

*So thou art Hubert, canine stout,
Whose teeth - good gracious, what a row! -
Put banded murderers to rout.
(At least we're told that this was so.)*

*That massive throat bayed noble rage
As at the dastard pair you flew,
Just like a dog upon the stage!
(That is, if what's been said is true.)*



SCENE OF THE ATTACK



LADY FLORENCE DIXIE



THE WINDSOR ROAD, SHOWING THE WICKET GATE THROUGH WHICH HER LADYSHIP PASSED INTO THE PLANTATION WHERE SHE WAS ATTACKED



THE ST. BERNARD DOG, HUBERT, WHICH ATTACKED ONE OF HER LADYSHIP'S ASSAILANTS



"THE FISHERY," SIR BEAUMONT DIXIE'S WINDSOR RESIDENCE

THE ATTACK ON LADY FLORENCE DIXIE NEAR WINDSOR

Lady Florence Dixie's career took quite some time to recover after this disastrous ending to the 'Windsor mystery' of 1883. She published several more books, and became known as a proponent for equality between the sexes, rational female dress, and various kinds of medical faddism and quackery. When she expired in 1905, those who shared her views wrote approving obituaries. Sir Beaumont said he was heartbroken, but a few months later he married a barmaid.

And what about that canine prodigy, Hubert the St Bernard dog? It is sad to say that he sunk back into obscurity, fading away like a shooting star that once had lit up the firmament, or some luckless *Big Brother* contestant trudging back to his job stacking shelves in the supermarket.

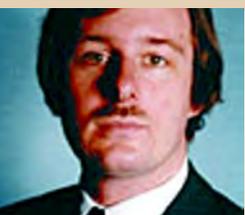
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*This is an edited extract from Jan Bondeson's book **Amazing Dogs** (Amberley Publishing 2011).*

Hubert and Lady Florence from Graphic, 24 March 1883.

Since Hubert rather looks like a sheep before and a squirrel behind, was he really 'sketched from life'?

Also note Hubert standing guard in front of the Fishery in the bottom panel.



JAN BONDESON is a senior lecturer and consultant rheumatologist at Cardiff University. He is the author of *The London Monster*, *The Great Pretenders*, *Blood on the Snow* and other true crime books, as well as the bestselling *Buried Alive*.

Spitalfields Life

By THE GENTLE AUTHOR
of www.spitalfieldslife.com

*“In the midst of life I woke to find myself living in an old house
beside Brick Lane in the East End of London.”*

These are the words of The Gentle Author, whose daily blog at spitalfieldslife.com has captured the very essence of Spitafields since August 2009. We at *Ripperologist* are delighted to have the The Gentle Author’s blessing to collate these stories and republish them in the coming issues for your enjoyment. We thank The Gentle Author and strongly recommend you follow the daily blog at www.spitalfieldslife.com.

Two Hundred Years Ago Tonight: The Ratcliffe Highway Murders

Late on 7th December 1811, on the site where this Saab dealership now stands, Timothy Marr, a twenty-four-year-old linen draper was closing up his business at 29 Ratcliffe Highway - a stone’s throw from St George’s-in-the-East. In the basement kitchen, his wife - Celia - was feeding their three-and-a-half-month-old baby, Timothy junior. At ten to midnight on the last night of his life, the draper sent out his servant girl, Margaret Jewell, with a pound note and asked her to pay the baker’s bill and buy some oysters for a late supper.

Timothy Marr made his fortune through employment in the East India Company and had his last voyage aboard the *Dover Castle* in 1808. With the proceeds, he married and set up shop just one block from the London dock wall. Already, Mr Marr’s business was prospering and in recent weeks he had employed a carpenter, Mr Pugh, to modernise the old place. The façade had been taken down, replaced with a larger shop window and the work had been completed smoothly, apart from the loss of a chisel.

When Margaret Jewell walked down the Highway she found Taylor’s oyster shop shut. Retracing her steps along the Ratcliffe Highway towards John’s Hill to pay the baker’s bill, she passed the draper’s shop again at around midnight where, although Mr Marr now had put up the shutters with the help of James Gowen, the shop boy, she could see Mr Marr at work behind the counter.



Courtesy The Gentle Author

“The baker’s shop was shut,” Margaret later told the Coroner, so she went elsewhere in search of oysters and, finding nowhere open, returned to the draper’s about twenty minutes later to discover it dark and the door locked. She jangled the bell without answer until - to her relief - she heard a soft tread inside on the stair and the baby cried out.

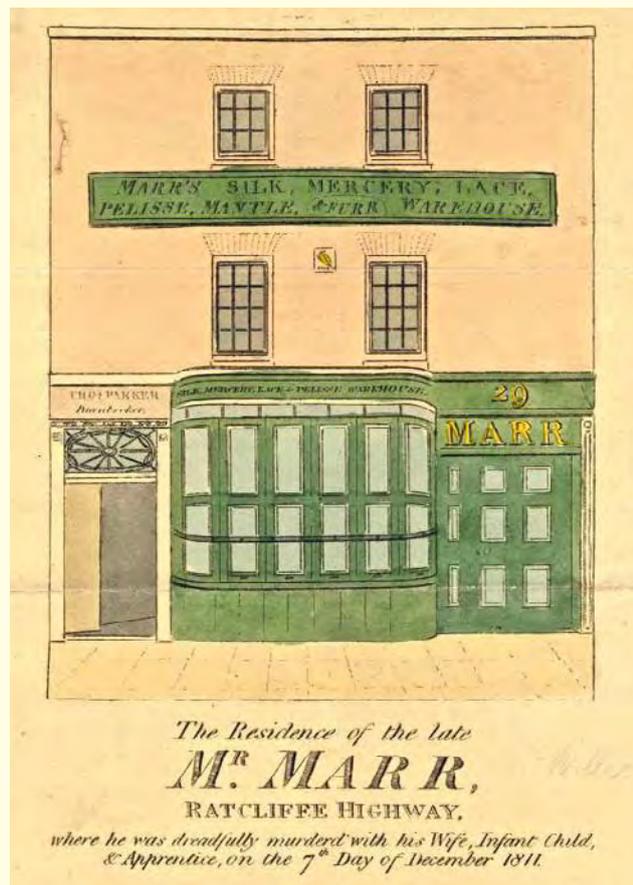
But no-one answered the door. Panic-stricken and fearful of passing drunks, Margaret waited a long half hour for the next appearance of George Olney, the watchman, at one o’clock. Mr Olney had seen Mr Marr putting up the shutters at midnight but later noticed they were not fastened and when he called out to alert Mr Marr, a voice he did not recognise replied, “We know of it.”

John Murray, the pawnbroker who lived next door, was awoken at quarter past one by Mr Olney knocking upon Mr Marr’s door. He reported mysterious noises from his neighbour’s house shortly after twelve, as if a chair were being pushed back and accompanied by the cry of a boy or a woman.

Mr Murray told the watchman to keep ringing the bell while he went round the back through the communal yard to the rear door, which he found open with a faint light visible from a candle on the first floor. He climbed the stairs in darkness and took the candle in hand. Finding himself at the bedroom door, he said, “Mr Marr, your window shutters are not fastened” but receiving no answer, he made his way downstairs to the shop.

It was then he discovered the first body in the darkness. James Gowen was lying dead on the floor just inside the door with his skull shattered with such violence that the contents were splattered upon the walls and ceiling. In horror, the pawnbroker stumbled towards the entrance in the dark and came upon the dead body of Mrs Marr lying face down in a pool of blood, her head also broken. Mr Murray struggled to get the door open and cried in alarm, “Murder! Murder! Come and see what murder is here!” Margaret Jewell screamed. The body of Mr Marr was soon discovered too, behind the counter also face down, and someone called out, “The child, where’s the child?” In the basement, they found the baby with its throat slit so that the head was almost severed from the body.

When more light was brought in, the carpenter’s lost chisel was found upon the shop counter, but it was perfectly clean.



Timothy Marr's shop.



The River Thames Police Office.
Courtesy The Gentle Author

Horrid Murder

The River Thames Police Office occupies the same site today on the Thames beside Wapping New Stairs as it did in 1811. Once news of the murders on the Ratcliffe Highway reached here in the early hours of December 8th, Police Officer Charles Horton who was on duty at the time ran up Old Gravel Lane (now Wapping Lane) and forced his way through the crowd that had gathered outside the draper’s shop. He searched the house systematically and apart from the mysterious chisel on the counter, he found five pounds in Timothy Marr’s pocket, small change in the till and £152 in cash in a drawer in the bedroom, confirming this was no simple robbery.

In the bedroom, he also found the murder weapon, a maul or heavy iron mallet such as a ship’s carpenter would use. It was covered in wet blood with human hair sticking to it. At least two distinct pairs of footprints were discerned at the rear door, containing traces of blood and sawdust - the carpenters had been at work in the shop that day. A neighbour confirmed a rumbling in the house as “about ten or twelve men” were heard to rush out.



*River Police Headquarters,
Wapping New Stairs.*

Primary responsibility for fighting crime in the parish of St George's-in-the-East lay with the churchwardens who advertised a £50 reward for information, including the origin of the maul. The Metropolitan Police was only established in 1829 - in 1811 there was no police force at all as we would understand it and, as news of the mystery spread through newspaper reports, a disquiet grew so that people no longer felt the government was capable of keeping them safe in their own homes. Indicative of government concern at the national implications of the case, the Home Secretary offered a reward of £100.

Meanwhile a constant stream of sightseers passed through the Marr's house, viewing the bodies laid out on their beds, and some left coins in a dish because Mr Marr had only left sufficient capital for his creditors to be paid nineteen shillings in the pound. The bill for the renovation of the shop was yet to be settled.

Three days after the crime, on 10th December 1811, when the inquest was held at the Jolly Sailor public house just across the Highway from Marr's shop, a vast crowd gathered outside rendering the wide Ratcliffe Highway impassable. Walter Salter, the surgeon who had examined the bodies, Margaret Jewell the servant, John Murray the neighbour and George Olney the watchman all told their stories. The jury gave a verdict of wilful murder.

For two centuries the Ratcliffe Highway had an evil reputation. Wapping was the place of execution for pirates, hung on the Thames riverbank at low water mark until three tides had flowed over them. Slums spread across the marshy ground between the Highway and the Thames, creating the twisted street plan of Wapping that exists today. This unsavoury neighbourhood grew up around the docks to service the needs of sailors and relieve them as completely as possible of their returning pay. Now it seemed that these murders had confirmed everyone's prejudices, superstitions and fears of the Highway - sometimes referred to as the Devil's Highway.

Whoever was responsible for these terrible crimes was still abroad walking the streets.

The Burial of the Victims

On 15th December 1811, one week after their violent deaths, the Marr family were buried in the churchyard of St George's-in-the-East in the shadow of the pepperpot tower designed by Nicholas Hawksmoor. In spite of the frost, crowds of mourners lined the Highway from early morning and at one o'clock the coffins were carried out from the draper's shop at 29 Ratcliffe Highway, where the deceased met their end, and into the church where two months earlier the family had attended the christening of Timothy Marr junior.

The following verse was inscribed upon the stone -

*Stop mortal, as you pass by
And view the grave wherein doth lie
A Father, Mother and a Son
Whose Earthly course was shortly run.
For lo all in one fatal hour
O'er came were they with ruthless power
And murdered in a cruel state
Yea, far too horrid to relate!
They spared no-one to tell the tale
One for the other could not wail
The other's fate in anguish sighed
Loving they lived, together died*



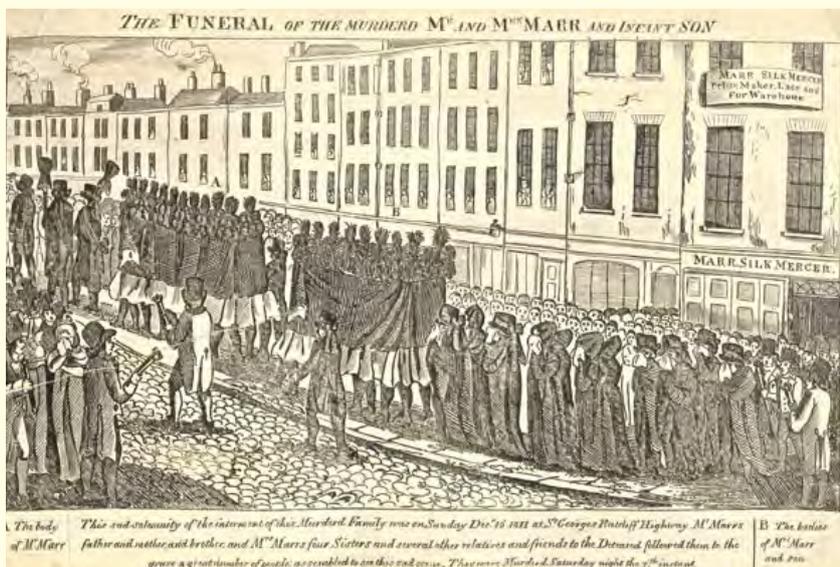
Courtesy The Gentle Author

Reflect, O Reader, o'er their fate
 And turn from sin before too late
 Life is uncertain in this world
 Oft in a moment we are hurled
 To endless bliss or endless pain
 So let not sin within your reign.

Meanwhile, no progress had yet been made in the detection of the perpetrators of the crime. Three Greek sailors loitering with blood on their trousers on the Ratcliffe Highway were arrested on the night of the murders but released again once an alibi was established, proving they had just come up from Gravesend.

More pertinently, Mr Pugh the carpenter who had undertaken the improvements to the Mr Marr's shop was questioned. He had employed a subcontractor to make the shop window, who requested the iron chisel (discovered on the shop counter after the killings) which Mr Pugh had borrowed from a neighbour. Once the work was complete the chisel could not be found, though the contractor claimed he had left it in the shop for Mr Pugh. However, Mr Pugh was found to be of good character and had a reliable alibi too. Either Mr Marr succeeded in finding the chisel after Margaret Jewell, the servant girl, had gone out at ten to midnight to buy oysters - or he had kept it secretly all along and brought it out in vain self-defence against persons unknown - or one of the murderers had brought it into the house as a weapon and not used it.

Without any significant leads in the case, the neighbourhood was left with only speculation and the deadly brooding fear that - although the Marr family were now buried - the train of events unleashed by their savage murder on the night of 11th December was far from over.



ESCAPE of JOHN TURNER by the SHEETS knotted together, after he had seen one of the Murderers plundering the dead bodies.

New Sanguinary Atrocities

Late on the night of 19th December 1811, events were to take an even more remarkable turn. Mr Anderson, the Parish Constable, who lived in New Gravel Lane opposite the King's Arms in Shadwell, decided to cross the road after closing time to get a top-up for his pint-pot from his good friend Mr Williamson, the landlord. As he opened his front door, he saw a nearly-naked man suspended in mid-air by sheets knotted together from a garret window of the pub opposite screaming, "Murder! Murder!" Mr Anderson grabbed his sword and staff from his house and emerged again just as John Turner, the lodger, dropped the last eight feet into the arms of the watchman Shadrack Newhall.

Mr Anderson prised open the pavement flap that led to the cellar of the King's Arms. Inside, on the cellar steps, the landlord's dead body was visible in the darkness, lying upside down with its legs splayed in the direction of the bar room above. An iron bar smothered in blood lay alongside the corpse, Mr Williamson's throat was cut to the bone, his head was beaten in and his right leg fractured. He had put up a courageous fight, revealed by the hand dreadfully hacked up as if in his last moments he had clutched at the knife that finished him off. One thumb dangled loosely in the blood trickling down the staircase.

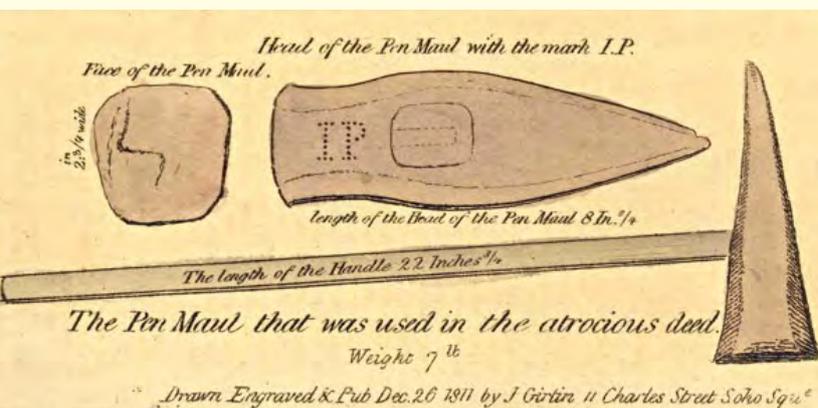
As Mr Andersen stood transfixed at his discovery, a cry came from the crowd gathering in the street, "Where's the old man?" Startled from his reverie, Andersen made his way up the stairs, stepping carefully over the body. On the ground floor, he found the corpses of Mrs Williamson and the servant girl, Bridget Harrington, both slaughtered with equal cruelty. In the darkness of the first floor bedroom, he came upon the Williamson's grandchild, Kitty Stillwell, lying in her bed asleep and unharmed. Overcome with powerful mixed emotions, he carried the sleepy little girl from the house into the street.

As John Turner recovered himself, he explained that he had seen a tall man in a long Flushing coat standing over the body of Mrs Williamson, corresponding to a description of a man seen outside the King's Arms that night. A window at the back which had been used for escape was left open with bloodstains on the sill. It was discovered that Mr Williamson's watch was missing.

That night, the wardens of St Paul's Shadwell gathered in the vestry in incredulous horror, realising that they were caught up in events so chillingly macabre as to be entirely beyond control of any mortal. No-one could

say how many more murders were yet to come or predict where these disquieting events might lead. They did all they could, which was to issue a reward of one hundred guineas.

Earlier that day, a critical discovery had been made concerning the maul which had been used in the slaying of Timothy Marr and his family. Although a handbill had been published requesting information as to the origin of the maul, it was only now that the blood and hair were removed from the maul to reveal the owner's initials I.P.



As the feast of Christmas came closer and innocent children lay sleepless in their beds listening for the tinkle of St Nicholas' sleigh bells, all across London their parents lay awake in terror craning for any sound that might presage the imminent invasion of unknown intruders with violent murderous intent.

Opposite you can see the site of the King's Arms today. The building was swept away with the expansion of the London docks in the nineteenth century, now these walls that weave through Wapping are mere remnants of the docks that survived the bombing of World War II to be closed down in the late twentieth century, and behind this wall is a housing estate of recent date.



Courtesy The Gentle Author



Dove Cottage.
Courtesy The Gentle Author



Robert Southey.

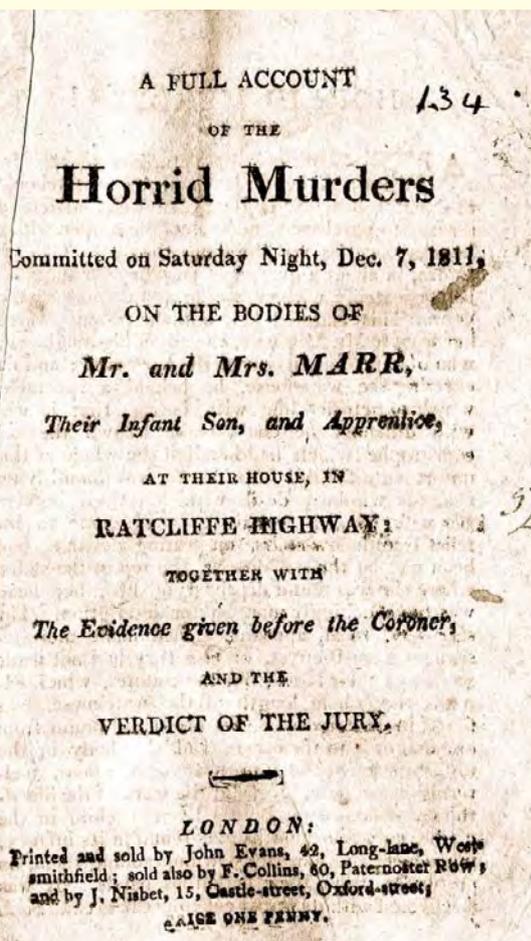


Thomas de Quincey.

Indescribable Panic

At Dove Cottage in Keswick, three hundred miles north of London, Robert Southey and Thomas de Quincey were reading the national newspapers with feverish excitement - as, like thousands of others, they followed every turn in the saga of the murders in Shadwell in December 1811. Southey declared it a rare example of “a private event of that order which rose to the dignity of a national event.” De Quincey wrote “the panic was indescribable. One lady, my next neighbour, whom I personally knew, living at that moment, during the absence of her husband, with a few servants in a very solitary house, never rested until she had placed eighteen doors (so she told me, and indeed satisfied me by oracular proof), each secured by ponderous bolts, and bars, and chains, between her own bedroom and any intruder of human build.”

In London, the question was raised how John Turner, the lodger at the King’s Arms, could have seen the murderer and then abandoned the infant Kitty Stilwell to her fate in seeking his own escape from the building. But De Quincey, having read the newspaper reports, launched into a powerful imaginative identification with the lodger. In justification of leaving the child sleeping, De Quincey surmised that the lodger “felt sure that sure that the murderer would not be satisfied to kill the poor child whilst unconscious. This would be to defeat his whole purpose in murdering her at all - to be an epicure of murder.” A startling creative leap.



At the inquest, Turner explained in his own words, “I went to bed and had not been there above five minutes before I heard the front door being banged to: very hard. Immediately afterwards I heard the servant exclaim ‘We are all murdered’ or ‘shall be murdered’ two or three times, I cannot be exactly sure which of the expressions she made use of. I had not been asleep. I heard the sound of two or three blows, but with what weapon I cannot say. Shortly afterwards, I heard Mr Williamson cry out, ‘I’m a dead man.’”

Although he knew of the murders a week earlier, astoundingly, Turner unlocked his door and crept downstairs where he spied through a doorway upon the murderer in the dark rifling through the pockets of a victim. “I did not see his face, and I only saw that one person. I was fearful and I went upstairs as quick but as softly as I could. I thought first of getting under the bed, but was fearful I should be found. I then took the two sheets, tied them together, tied them to the bed post, opened the window and lowered myself down by the sheets.”

No-one knew where the murder or murderers would strike next. “Many of our readers” wrote Thomas Macaulay years later, “can remember the state of London just after the murders of Marr and Williamson - the terror which was on every face - the careful barring of doors - the providing of blunderbusses and watchmen’s rattles. We know of a shop keeper who on that occasion sold three hundred rattles in ten hours.”

The Prime Suspect

On Christmas Eve, a vital break in the case came when the maul used as the weapon to kill the Marrs was recognised by Mr Vermilloe, the landlord of The Pear Tree. He reported that the initials I.P. were those of its owner John Peterson, a German carpenter from Hamburg who had recently lodged at The Pear Tree and left his tool chest there for safe keeping when he returned to sea.

This breakthrough led to John Williams. He was twenty-seven, an ordinary seaman who had once sailed with Timothy Marr on the Dover Castle. Upon his return from sea, he had taken lodgings down by the river at The Pear Tree in Cinnamon Street, Wapping - still cobbled today as it was in 1811. Although superior in education to his colleagues and possessing a fastidious, even foppish concern for his appearance, he was of quick temper and easily provoked into brawls. As well as the connection to Mr Marr, he had been seen at the King's Arms on the evening of the murder of the Williamsons and returning to his lodging that night after twelve, he requested his room-mates to put out the candle. This circumstantial evidence was enough to lead to his arrest and remand at Coldbath Fields Prison in Clerkenwell, pending further investigation.



Courtesy The Gentle Author

That very evening, John Williams was brought to Shadwell for interrogation in front of the magistrates in a crowded courthouse. John Turner, the Williamson's lodger who had seen the killer standing over Mrs Williamson's corpse was there but although he recognised John Williams as a regular at the King's Arms, he could not positively identify him as the killer. The questioning moved on to the laundress who washed John Williams' clothes. She confirmed bloody finger marks upon a shirt but was unclear of the date of this discovery. Then Mrs Vermilloe took the stand (her husband was confined to Newgate Prison for debt) and when she was overcome with emotion at being asked to identify the maul, two little boys were sent for who had been playing with it.

At this moment, John Williams was questioned about his bloody shirt only to describe a fight he had with a number of Irish coal-heavers over a card game at The Royal Oak. Next, his fellow lodgers were asked about Williams' mysterious request to put out the candle, and it became unclear which night this incident occurred. Next, one of the boys who had been playing with the maul, William Rice, aged eleven years old, arrived. He confirmed that the maul used to kill the Marrs was the same one from The Pear Tree and he had not seen it for a month.

It was now late on Christmas Eve, and the magistrates decided to adjourn proceedings until after the holiday. At this point John Williams could contain his frustration no longer and attempted to speak - calling out a question - but was forced to desist. We shall never know what he tried to ask. Instead, he was taken back to Coldbath Fields Prison and residents of the neighbourhood were able to sleep peacefully in their beds for the first time in many weeks, secure now in the widely-held but entirely tenuous assumption that the killer was under lock and key.

Three Wise Magistrates

On Christmas Day, the three Shadwell magistrates paid a call upon Mr Vermilloe, the landlord of The Pear Tree, residing in Newgate Gaol where the Old Bailey now stands. The mysterious package they carried was not a gift, it contained the iron bar used to murder Mr Williamson and the maul found at the scene of the Marrs' murder. Mr Vermilloe confirmed both items as originating from the tool chest of John Peterson kept at The Pear Tree. However, Mr Vermilloe, who was imprisoned for debt, had his eye upon the reward money and this must cast a shadow upon his testimony.



*At St Paul's Shadwell, where the murdered Williamson family were interred at Christmas 1811.
Courtesy The Gentle Author*

It is unlikely that John Williams, the principal suspect, now residing at Coldbath Fields Prison in Clerkenwell, could have committed these crimes alone. Two men were seen running up towards the Ratcliffe Highway from the King's Arms at the time the alarm of the murder was given. The shorter of the two was lagging behind and the taller man remonstrated "Come along Mahoney (or Hughie), come along." Consequently, a suspicious Irishman by the name of Maloney had been arrested and another Irishman by the name of Driscoll, who had the misfortune to lodge near to the King's Arms, was being held after a pair of his trousers were found to be blood-stained.

On Boxing Day, as the court convened in Shadwell, it began to sleet. Most likely based upon a tip-off from Vermilloe, John Williams' room-mate John Richter was examined on account of a pair of his trousers that had been found hastily washed yet still stained with blood. Richter was questioned about his relationship to two Irish carpenters, Cornelius Hart and Jeremiah Fitzpatrick. Hart was the subcontractor who had worked for Mr Pugh and requested the chisel to create the new window for Mr Marr's shop. He had been seen calling on Williams at The Pear Tree a few nights before the Marr's murder but he denied it. Richter said he had seen Hart, Fitzpatrick and Williams together on the Sunday following the Marr's murder.

After an adjournment, John Cuthperson, the other room-mate at The Pear Tree, revealed that on the morning after the murder of the Williamsons, he complained that a pair of his socks had been worn by someone else and caked in mud. It was John Williams who then took them into the yard and washed them.

At the end of the second day, the accumulation of statements had not clarified the picture at all. The magistrates were by no means certain that John Williams was their man and it became apparent that the case might unravel like string around a Christmas parcel. The strategy for the third day was to question Williams in relation to the stories of his confederates and see if he would betray himself, revealing guilt through inconsistency with the new testimonies. But just at the point that the judiciary were beginning to establish control of the case, all their speculations were about to be confounded for ever by something entirely unanticipated - an appalling event that would be revealed next morning.

A Verdict

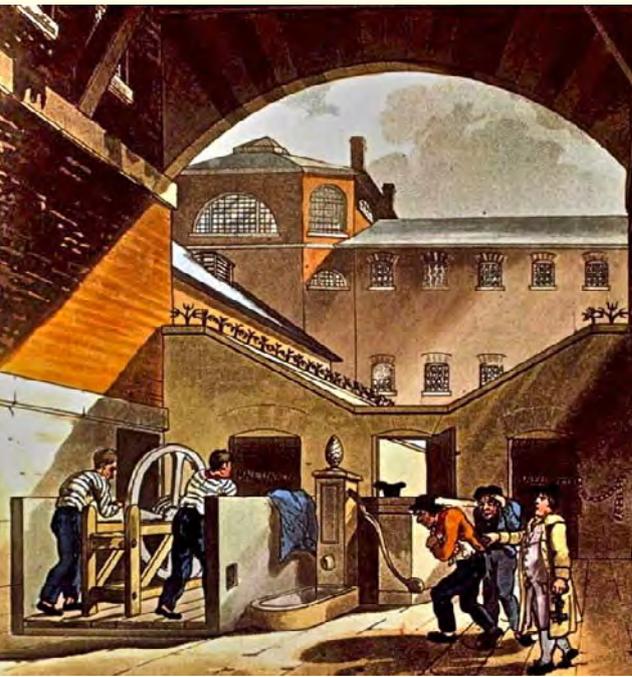
As the magistrates took their seats in Shadwell on 27th December 1811, the first snow of the Winter began to fall upon London. It did not cool the enthusiasm of the crowd in the street outside, eager to catch a glimpse of the major suspect in the Ratcliffe Highway murders, John Williams, as he arrived in manacles from Coldbath Fields Prison of which this fragment of old wall in Clerkenwell Close is now the only visible remnant.

Once the hour passed at which Williams was due to arrive and when the door of the courtroom eventually opened, those inside were surprised to see not the prisoner and his guards but instead a solitary police officer with a grim expression. When the turnkey at the gaol had gone to prepare the suspect for his trip to Shadwell that morning, he discovered Williams suspended by the neck from the iron bar which crossed the cell, provided for prisoners to hang their clothes. The body was cold and lifeless, and the universal conclusion was that John Williams had passed judgement upon himself. Thus the days proceedings were undertaken on the assumption that his guilt would now be revealed.

Mrs Vermilloe was questioned again but acted strangely - she would not confirm that the maul her husband and nephew William Rice had identified was the one from John Peterson's tool kit. Asked when she was first suspicious of John



Courtesy The Gentle Author



Coldbath Fields Prison by Thomas Rowlandson.

Williams, she explained it was when the socks claimed to have been worn by Williams were discovered to be bloodstained. When pushed as to why she had not revealed this before, she admitted to fearing he (or some of his acquaintances) would murder her.

Told that she need not fear John Williams any longer because he had hung himself, she exclaimed “Good God! I hope not!” The magistrate asked her why she hoped not and she replied “I should have been sorry, if he had been innocent, that he should have suffered.” Mrs Vermilloe knew more than she was prepared to say.

Once she learned Williams was dead, she changed her story, saying that it was the discovery of the initials I.P upon the maul that first drew her suspicion to him. In this transparently convenient alteration, Mrs Vermilloe began a prejudicial trend adopted by each of the other witnesses that day, which was to take the easy path of pinning guilt upon a dead man. But even this could not erase the names of those morally ambiguous individuals associated with John Williams who will always remain at the periphery of this story. John Cuthperson, John Harrison and John Richter, his room-mates, Cornelius Hart and Jeremiah Fitzpatrick, carpenters, John Cobbett,

a coal-heaver and Williams’ only intimate friend, William Ablass, a tall stout seaman, commonly called Long Billy, who was lame. This last individual, Ablass, had once sailed with Williams from Rio de Janeiro on the Roxburgh Castle and witnesses had seen them together at the King’s Arms on the evening of the Williamsons’ murder. Though Ablass had an alibi for the rest of the night given by a woman at his lodging house, which led to his discharge, it was a weak piece of testimony.

Lacking any clear evidence implicating anyone else, the belief that John Williams was the sole murderer of both the Marrs and the Williamsons grew. With this belief came a powerful realisation that so monstrous a villain, multiple murderer and self destroyer, must be made into an example for the whole nation because in the end he had cheated the majesty of Law. Few had any doubt that John Williams was getting his just deserts in the next world but they also wanted to see him receive punishment here on earth too. If there was not to be the spectacle of an execution, then something else had to be devised quickly before the year’s end, because public vengeance had to be satisfied.

A Shallow Grave

John Williams was buried here outside The Crown & Dolphin at the junction of Cannon Street Road and Cable Street on 31st December 1811. It was a tradition for a murderer who committed suicide while awaiting execution to be buried at the crossroads nearest the scene of their crime, with a wooden stake driven through the heart - and this was the ultimate fate of John Williams.

This practice - which was not unusual at the time - had its roots in folklore and the superstitious belief that only by driving a stake through the heart could the ghost of the murderer be prevented from returning to earth to plague the living. Even if the spirit were able to break free of the impaling stake, it would hover eternally irresolute at the crossroads. Although there was no legal authority for this custom, it was in this instance sanctioned personally by the Home Secretary, along with permission for a



Courtesy The Gentle Author

procession displaying the body publicly, prior to burial.

Londoners had been cheated of the spectacle of a public execution, so instead they were able to enjoy a parade. On the night before, the Deputy Constable of St George's-in-the-East sat alone in a hackney coach with the dead body, transporting it from Coldbath Fields Prison in Clerkenwell over to Shadwell. The blinds of the coach were shut because if the body were exposed to the eyes of the mob there was little chance that it would survive intact. It must have been a grim ride.

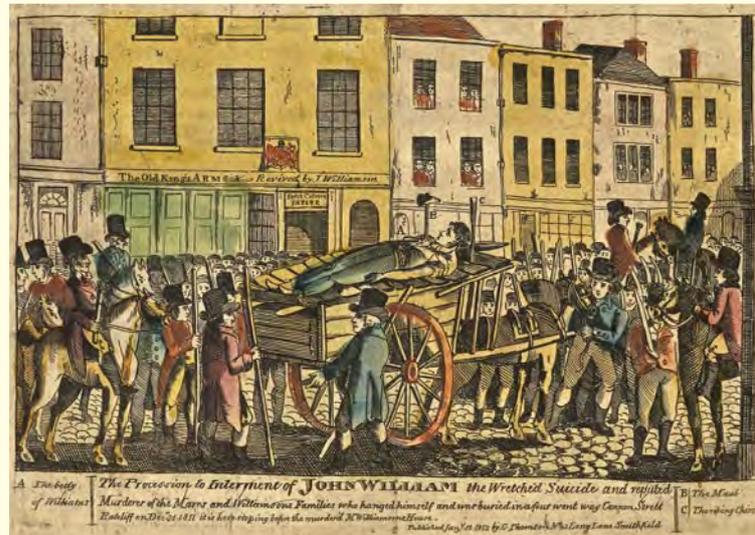
On the morning of New Year's Eve, John Williams' body was attached to a cart specially rigged with a raked platform allowing maximum exposure to the crowd, and with the maul and the chisel displayed on either side of his head. Above his head was affixed the iron bar used to kill Mr Williamson and at the back of the neck, the sharpened stake was placed ready for use at the burial. Travelling along the Ratcliffe Highway past the Marrs' draper's shop, the procession set out on a journey around Wapping, taking in The Pear Tree and The King's Arms along the way. When the cart reached the draper's shop it halted because Williams' head lurched unexpected to one side, as if he were taking a last look at the scene of his crime. Once someone had climbed up and straightened the head, the procession went on its way. It was estimated that ten thousand people turned out to witness the parade and although the Home Secretary feared the crowd might seize the body to exact direct physical vengeance, he was mistaken because the entire proceeding passed off in macabre silence.

At the crossroads, a grave four feet deep, three feet long and two feet wide had been dug and once John Williams' body was tumbled into this hole - made deliberately too small - one of the escorts drove the stake through his heart. As the stake entered John Williams' heart, the silence of the crowd was finally broken and cathartic shouts and cheers filled the air. A quantity of quick lime was thrown into the hole, it was hastily filled up with earth, and the paving stones were replaced and hammered down at once.

As darkness fell upon East London, people at last felt more comfortable to venture from their homes into the dark streets of Wapping, Shadwell, Whitechapel and Spitalfields as the New Year's celebrations got underway. But the confident verdict of the Shadwell Bench, that John Williams was the sole murderer of both the Marrs' and Williamsons' families, could have deceived no-one for long.

Epilogue

In the months after the burial of John Williams at the crossroads in Shadwell on 31st December 1811, some further evidence came to light. A search of The Pear Tree revealed a jacket with a bloodied pocket, blood stained trousers abandoned in the privy and a bloody French knife hidden in a mouse-hole - the knife that could have been used to slit the victims' throats. However none of these items could be incontrovertibly connected to John Williams.



The procession passes The King's Arms.



The procession arrives at the crossroads with The Crown & Dolphin in the background.

Most interesting was the testimony of the Captain of the Roxburgh Castle upon which Williams and William Ablass had sailed together out of Rio de Janeiro. They were a very bad crew, with Ablass - a violent character among the very worst of them, imprisoned in Surinam for leading a mutiny. Ablass was held in chains on suspicion of being Williams' accomplice to the Shadwell murders but released without sufficient evidence to charge him. The two men escaping up New Gravel Lane after the murder of the Williamsons were described as one short and one tall, but both Williams and Ablass were tall, which means if Williams was guilty then Ablass must be innocent, it was concluded. The converse deduction was not addressed.



In writing these episodes over the last month retelling the story of the Ratcliffe Highway Murders, I am primarily indebted to the conscientious work of P D James and T A Critchley in their shrewdly written book *The Maul and the Pear Tree* published by Faber & Faber, which stands as the definitive account, and I strongly recommend it to all who wish to learn the fuller story. In 1811, the systematic approach to crime solving that we recognise today - of suspects, clues, motive and alibi - was simply not in existence. Yet P D James and T A Critchley succeed in organising the arbitrary random scraps of evidence that survive into a coherent picture on the lines of our modern approach, and creating an exciting narrative in the process. They suggest that John Williams himself could have been an eighth victim - despatched by the killers in a staged suicide to shut him up and prevent their detection. Though to my ears this sounds overly contrived, after studying this story, I understand that it is irresistible to speculate upon a mystery that remains one of the greatest unsolved crimes in our history. You must read the book and draw your own conclusion.

Both multiple murders were on commercial premises within a quarter mile of each other and there is sufficient evidence to confirm more than one culprit. Immediately, this excludes the notion of a random diabolic psycho-killer on the loose and instead suggests organised crime, a protection racket of intimidation - which is entirely credible in such a bad neighbourhood with a high proportion of transients and little policing.

It is likely that Mr Marr knew that the oyster shop and bakers would be shut when he sent Margaret Jewell, the servant girl, out on 7th December, because he needed privacy for whatever negotiation was to take place with his expected guests at midnight. And in doing so, Mr Marr saved the girl's life. It is possible that Mr Marr took the chisel himself - when it went missing - to keep it as self-defence from persons unknown. This would explain its re-appearance on the night of the murder and why it was clean and untouched with blood. It is established that Mr Marr was in debt and sailed on the Dover Castle with Cornelius Hart, the carpenter who used the chisel to construct the new shop window and who was connected to the Pear Tree through John Williams. To me, there is the hint of a hidden narrative here weaving these characters together, and maybe of the resurgence of some old grievance from Mr Marr's seafaring days.

Intimidation alone cannot account for the extremity of the violence, but it could if the negotiation had turned bad and led to the killing of Mr Marr and his shop assistant, and then Mrs Marr too as witness. If there happened to be an unhinged individual with a violent murderous tendency among the group - someone like William Ablass - that alone can explain the murder of the baby. In this context, the Williamsons' subsequent murder may be comprehended as damage limitation, if somehow they had learnt the truth of the earlier killings.

It appears that a principal witness, Mrs Vermiloe, the landlady of the Pear Tree, had been intimidated or threatened and also that she was convinced of the innocence of John Williams. To me, John Williams' suicide speaks of his expectation of the outcome of any trial, irrespective of whether he was guilty or innocent. He took his own life rather than live through the ordeal that he knew lay ahead.

This fascinating tale - of which we shall never know the truth - speaks of a Britain not so long ago when the metropolis grew rapidly and the first national media

had come into existence but there was no police force yet. Nowadays, Mr Marr's financial dealings and phone records could be scrutinised, and the maul analysed for fingerprints and DNA, and the Ratcliffe Highway (now known simply the Highway) has CCTV cameras installed.

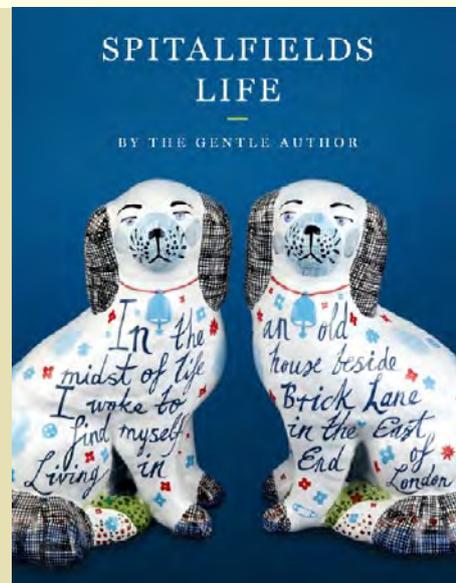
It was the widespread public unease generated by this case, driven by the universal terror of killers in the night and encouraged by the press reports that turned the Ratcliffe Highway Murders into the first national crime sensation, which contributed directly to the establishment of the Metropolitan Police in 1829. Such was the association with violence that the name of "Ratcliffe" was dropped from maps over time. Today, traffic thunders along the Highway past the headquarters of News International, occupying the site of former London Docks just fifty yards from the location of the Marrs' shop.

John Williams' body was exhumed a hundred years later when a water main was installed in Cable Street and his skull was kept for many years as a curiosity behind the bar in the public house at the crossroads. In recent years, The Crown & Dolphin has been converted to flats but I have not been able to discover what became of the skull. Does anyone know?



THE BOOK OF SPITALFIELDS LIFE. It is my delight to announce that the book of Spitalfields Life will be published by Saltyard Books (an imprint of Hodder & Stoughton) on March 1st. For over a year, I have been working to bring this mighty four hundred and fifty page book into existence, and here you will find one hundred and fifty of your favourite stories, published as a handsome illustrated hardback designed by distinguished typographer David Pearson.

When I set out to write my daily stories of Spitalfields Life in 2009, I had hardly written prose before and I did not know where it would lead, but it was my intention to pursue the notion of recording the stories that nobody else was writing. Although it was not in my mind that this would become a book, over time many readers wrote asking for a collection of these stories and then, in the Summer of 2010, several esteemed publishers came over to Spitalfields to discuss the notion of publication in print. See spitalfieldslife.com/2012/01/01/the-book-of-spitalfields-life.



CHRIS SCOTT'S

Press Trawl

The Scotsman
1 October 1888

MR SPURGEON AND THE ATROCITIES

News of the further outrages spread so quickly in London that at the morning service some pulpit references were made. At the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where there was a crowded congregation, Mr Spurgeon prayed this:-

“We hear startling news of abounding sin in this great city. Oh! God, put an end to this, and grant that we may hear no more of such deeds. Let Thy Gospel permeate the city and let no monsters in human form escape Thee.”

A REPORTED ARREST

The Central News is informed that shortly before midnight a man, whose name has not yet transpired, was arrested in the Borough on suspicion of being the perpetrator of the murders in the East End. This morning a tall, dark man, wearing an American hat, entered a lodging house in Union Street, known as Albert Chambers. He stayed there throughout the day, and his peculiar manner rivetted the attention of his fellow lodgers. He displayed great willingness to converse with them, and certain observations he made regarding the topic of the day aroused the suspicions. At night this mysterious individual attracted the notice of the deputy keeper of the lodging house, whose suspicions became so strong that he sent for a policeman. On the arrival of the officer, the stranger was questioned as to his recent wanderings, but he could give no intelligible account of them, though he said he had spent the previous night on Blackfriars Bridge. He was conveyed to Stones End Police Station, Blackman Street, Borough.

Monday morning (2am)

Both Scotland Yard and the City detectives are (says the *Daily Telegraph*) still busy making inquiries and search which they hope may throw light on the murders. There is an idea that if the criminal is not a member of a gang, he must be a homicidal maniac lurking alone in some wretched den or untenanted house, otherwise his bloodstained hands must have attracted attention. There are many such places about Whitechapel, and a search is to be made amongst them in case such a being should be in existence. At half past one o'clock this morning a report was in circulation that a man answering the published description of the Whitechapel murderer had been arrested at a common lodging house known as Albert Chambers, in Gravel Lane, Union Street, Borough. The rumour included the statement that the prisoner was conducted to the nearest police station by two constables at about 12 o'clock. Upon inquiry at the Police Station, Blackman Street, Borough, this morning, we were informed that there was no foundation whatever for the report, and no arrests had been made.

At the conclusion of several inquests held in London on Saturday, the Coroner (Mr Langham), replying to a reporter, said he received police notice of the discovery of a human arm in Lambeth on Friday.

THE GATESHEAD MURDER

Newcastle, Sunday.

Information has been received in Newcastle on Tyne this evening which strongly confirms the belief entertained in the early part of last week that Waddle, the man wanted for the Birtley outrage, is in Scotland. A gentleman residing at Otterburn states that on Monday morning last, he was on the road near the inn at Horsley, and saw a man, who was the tramp who is believed to be Waddle. Between Otterburn and Camptown, on the Border, the

man was seen by dozens of people, who afterwards identified the description in the papers; and finally he was observed on the other side of the Border making for Jedburgh on Tuesday morning. Telegrams have been received in Gateshead today, stating that Waddle was seen working in a harvest field near Berwick and that since he had been in Scotland he had changed his clothes.

Two more ghastly and atrocious murders of "unfortunate" women have been committed in the Whitechapel district of London. The particulars of both are similar in their fiendish details to the recent tragedies that have created such a sensation throughout the country. So far from displaying a less daring method than the crimes that have preceded, those discovered early yesterday morning indicate a far greater desperation, combined with cunning, than either the murder of Annie Chapman or that of Mary Ann Nicholls. Both of the tragedies were committed within an hour and three quarters of midnight, in thoroughfares not a stone's throw removed from Aldgate and Commercial Road, where many people were passing to and fro, and where thousands of persons were standing at their doors chatting previous to retiring for the night. In the case of the woman first discovered, the head had almost been severed from the body. The murderer in this instance is supposed to have been disturbed in his horrible work, for the body was not in any way mutilated. In the other case the body had been subjected to the revolting brutalities attending the previous Whitechapel murders. Dr. Blackwell, who examined the bodies, is of opinion that both murders were committed by the same man, and that he is a maniac, but one, at least, who is accustomed to use a heavy knife.

Early on Sunday morning two other unfortunate women were cruelly and foully murdered in the East of London. The body of the first was discovered in the entrance of a narrow close in Berners Street, Whitechapel, about one o'clock. The throat of the victim was deeply gashed, so that death must have been instantaneous. There are said to be bruises on the face, but the dress was not disarranged, and the body was not mutilated except in the neck. Three quarters of an hour later a policeman came upon the body of another murdered woman in Mitre Square, near Aldgate, within the bounds of the city, but close to the now notorious district of Whitechapel. These murders and the two that occurred a few weeks ago have all been committed within a circle having a radius not exceeding half a mile. The body found in Mitre Square was mutilated in a manner closely resembling that of Annie Chapman, and, if the accounts received are to be wholly trusted, with appearances of exaggerated brutality. The results of the post mortem examination have, however, been kept secret, and it is yet unknown whether or not any portion of the body has been removed. It is not unnaturally conjectured that the four most recent murders are all the work of the same hand. Within less than a year, six women have been cruelly done to death by undiscovered assassins in that part of London. The first of the six atrocities occurred as far back as last Christmas. The body, which had been cruelly mangled, was never identified, nor was any trace found of the murderer. The next victim was a woman named Martha Turner, who was found dead on the 7th of August last, on the first floor landing of a lodging house in Spitalfields. The body showed thirty nine wounds, which seemed to have been made with a bayonet or a dagger. There was nothing in the circumstances of these two crimes, apart from the locality and the wanton ferocity of the murderer, to connect them with the more recent murders. Then came the shocking case of the woman Mary Ann Nicholls, who was found killed in Buck's Row, Whitechapel, on the 31st August. This was the first case in which it was evident that more than murder was in the purpose of the criminal. Death was caused by the wound in the throat; but the lower part of the body was also mutilated. It was suggested in this case that the mutilation was the work of a practised hand; but the theory that the man might be a person employed in some of the neighbouring slaughterhouses was popularly accepted as sufficiently explanatory, though of course it was purely hypothetical. It was only after the still more horrible murder of Annie Chapman in Hanbury Street, showing a definite object in the mutilation of the body, that it began to be supposed that the Buck's Row murder was committed with the same object, but that something had alarmed the perpetrator before he had completed his work.

That it should be possible for such a series of similar crimes to be committed in the same locality and in such rapid succession without the discovery of the murderer, and, so far, without any apparent hope of his discovery, is astonishing and alarming. It seems to suggest the startling inference that a cold blooded, deliberate murder of this kind may be perpetrated in such a district as Whitechapel with impunity. Unpremeditated murder, which was the result of a quarrel, would be likely to be accompanied with noisy words, cries, or the sound of the scuffle, and thus to attract attention. There is also in the majority of such cases some previous relation or acquaintance between the murderer and the victim, and thus some clue is found by which the former is traced. But in the case of the recent crimes, there is no reason to suppose that the murderer and his victims ever met before or that

when they did meet, there was any quarrel leading up to the assassination. The man undoubtedly meant murder, but had none of the ordinary motives in his mind and no individual in his eye. The first unfortunate woman that gave him the opportunity served for a victim, and in all probability his conduct gave her no reason to suspect injury till the knife was at her throat. In such a case there is no noise to attract attention. The crime is committed in a secluded spot, in perfect silence, and the murderer gets clear away before the deed is discovered. The risk is great while the crime is in course of perpetration; but once the man gets fairly out of sight, it almost seems as if he were out of danger. How great the risk is until he does get away is strikingly revealed by statements made in each of the cases yesterday morning. The Berners Street murder was committed in a close which has on one side of it a building used as an International Working Men's Club. There is a side door from the court to this club, which the members, when going out and in after the club has met, use in preference to the street door. One man states that he came out of the club to get the fresh air at half past twelve o'clock, stayed outside about ten minutes, and re-entered at twenty minutes to one. Another man states that he entered about the same time. Neither of these men saw or heard anything unusual. The man who found the body arrived at the court twenty minutes later - that is, at one o'clock; and the fact that the body was still warm leaves almost no doubt that the murder was committed within the twenty minutes. In the Mitre Square case, the policeman is certain that when he passed the spot fifteen minutes before he found the body there was nothing unusual to be seen. Here again the body was warm. The man and the woman had entered the square, the crime had been committed, the whole process of mutilation gone through, and the murderer got clear off during the brief interval of fifteen minutes. If we accept the theory that the same man killed both the women, his double escape is very remarkable. In either case a few minutes, perhaps a few seconds, earlier or later, and he would have been seen.

It is somewhat remarkable that there is said to have been a disposition to incredulity when the news spread in Whitechapel yesterday morning that a repetition of the recent horrors had occurred. The panic following the murder of Annie Chapman seems to have completely subsided, and it would also appear that the popular impression produced by the Coroner's statement was that the murderer had completed his work. Either it was thought that he had gained his object and would seek no more victims, or that the publicity given to his purpose must have closed the market which it was his object to supply. But indeed it was not unnatural that people should find a continuance of such crimes inconceivable. All the greater, doubtless, were the horror and consternation of yesterday when it was found that not one, but two, women had been butchered in the night. The popular mind appears to have arrived unhesitatingly at two conclusions - that the man who committed the murder in Berners Street went red handed thence to Mitre Square and committed the second; and that he is also the murderer of the two women, Nicholls and Chapman. These conclusions can only be conjectural, and it might be easy to advance reasons against them. But popular instinct is, perhaps, as sure a guide in a case of this kind as the most ingenious trained reasoning. The only person who may be in a position to assert with confidence that the Hanbury Street and Mitre Square murders were or were not the work of one hand is the surgeon who has examined both bodies; and his opinion on the cases of yesterday is not yet divulged. In the meantime there is evidently a strong determination in London to reject the theory of the murders propounded last week by the Coroner. Even the Mitre Square mutilation, instead of being accepted as confirmation of that theory, is regarded as disproving it. The reason assigned is, that, had such a market existed as was indicated by the Coroner, the publicity given to his statement would certainly have closed it. That this seemed a probable result was remarked at the time in these columns. But the Whitechapel crimes play havoc with all sorts of theories and probabilities. Should the surgeon's report show that the same portion of the body is missing in the Mitre Square case as in the case of Annie Chapman, the conclusion will be inevitable that both these crimes at least were committed in order to obtain possession of the same organ. That a market did exist for this organ is also indisputable; for a man actually visited several well known institutions trying to make purchases and offering a large price. It is very likely that he gave a false account of the purpose he had in view; but that consideration is immaterial. The existence of the market is a fact. The murder - at least one murder and probably two - accompanied by seizure of the organ is also a fact. That the facts are co-relative can hardly be open to doubt. Several theories are of course possible, that of lunacy and that of imitation, for example. But an even more perplexing question is - how is the murderer to be discovered, and further repetitions of these dreadful crimes prevented?

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS

Today's *Times* says:-

"We are once again in the presence of mysterious crimes for which no adequate motive has been assigned. The object was not plunder - in neither case did the wretched woman offer any temptation for this. The circumstances are such as to forbid the idea of revenge."

Today's *Standard* says:-

"If calling into play every resource known to science and civilisation, if patience, energy, and lavish expenditure can accomplish it, the task of catching the Whitechapel murderer must be accomplished."

Today's *Morning Post* says:-

"On the whole, the popular belief that there is a fiend in human shape abroad in the East End, who has committed these horrible crimes from some form of homicidal mania, is the only one that satisfies all the conditions of the problem."

Today's *Daily News* says:-

"The most agonising of the East End mysteries is the mystery of the utter paralysis of energy and intelligence on the part of the police."

Today's *Daily Telegraph* says:-

"Truly the public generally would like at least to know whether Mr. Secretary Matthews still sees 'nothing in the present case to justify a departure from the rule.' In effect a Government reward - and a large reward - ought to be offered."

Today's *Daily Chronicle* says:-

"If the constable is accurate as to the number of minutes what he was absent on his round, it is a startling proof of the capacity with which this mysterious murderer can kill his victim and perform an operation which, it will be remembered, the doctor in Annie Chapman's case declared could not be got through even by him with such disadvantages under a certain time which he stated."

The Scotsman

2 October 1888

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS

THE HOME SECRETARY'S REPLY TO THE DEMAND FOR REWARDS

Very little additional information was forthcoming yesterday concerning the latest Whitechapel murders. So far there is no actual clue to the perpetrator of the murders. In Berner Street, the gateway within which the woman Stride was enticed, was yesterday closed, and in charge of two police constables of the Metropolitan District; but the sack manufacturer and cart builder, whose premises are situated behind the house in which the International and Educational Club meetings are held, were carrying on their business as usual, the workmen of both gaining access and egress to the yard by means of a wicket gate in the right hand half of the gate itself. The police in charge have little trouble in keeping the footpath clear, and it was only when the wicket opened to allow of some one passing out or into the yard that the constables had to use a little force to keep back the crowd, anxious to obtain a glimpse of the spot where the body of the murdered woman was found. The club itself, which is next door to the large gate, was yesterday closed; but all the forenoon members and others who have special business there were admitted after knocking at the door. The committee of the institution held a meeting yesterday morning, at which the crime was talked over, and it was decided not to admit any stranger without the payment of a fee. This fee, the secretary explained, was to assist the propaganda. The committee, it seems, did not fix the amount to be charged, but, in reply to a question, the secretary said he thought 5s. would not be too much. In the course of conversation the secretary mentioned the fact that the murderer had, no doubt, been disturbed in his work, as about a quarter to one o'clock on Sunday morning he was seen - or, at least, a man whom some persons regard as the murderer - being chased by another man along Fairclough Street, which runs across Berner Street, close to the club, and which is intersected on the right by Providence Street, Brunswick Street and Christian Street, and on the left by Batty Street and Grove Street, the two latter running up into Commercial Road. The man pursued

escaped, however, and the secretary of the club cannot remember the name of the man who gave chase, but he is not a member of their body. There was, notwithstanding the number who visited the scene, a complete absence of excitement, although, naturally, this fresh addition to the already formidable list of mysterious murders formed the general subject of conversation.

AN IMPORTANT CLUE

The most important clue which has yet been discovered with regard to the perpetrators of the murders came to light yesterday morning through information given by Mr Thomas Ryan, who has charge of the Cabmen's Reading Room at 43 Pickering Place, Westbourne Grove, W. Mr Ryan is a teetotaler, and is the Secretary of the Cabmen's branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. He has been stationed at Pickering Place for about six years, and is widely known throughout the Metropolis and in the country as an temperance earnest advocate. Ryan, who tells the story without affectation, says:-

Yesterday afternoon, while he was in his little shelter, the street attendant brought a gentlemanly looking man to him and said, "This 'ere gentleman wants a chop, guv'nor; can you cook one for him? He says 'he's most perished with cold.'"

The gentleman in question, Ryan says, was about five feet six inches in height, and wore an Oxford cap and a light check ulster with a tippet, buttoned to his throat, which he did not loosen all the time he was in the shelter. He had a thick moustache, but no beard, was round headed, his eyes very restless and clean white hands. Ryan said, "Come in; I'll cook one for you with pleasure." This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Several cabmen were in the shelter at the time, and they were talking of the new murders discovered that morning at Whitechapel. Ryan exclaimed, "I'd gladly do seven days and nights if I could only find the fellow who did them." This was said directly at the stranger, who, looking into Ryan's face, quietly said, "Do you know who committed the murders?" and then calmly went on to say, "I did them. I've had a lot of trouble lately. I came back from India, and got into trouble at once. I lost my watch and chain and £10." Ryan was greatly taken aback at the man's statement, and fancied he was just recovering from a drinking bout; so he replied, "If that's correct, you must consider yourself engaged." But he went on to speak to him about temperance work and the evils wrought by drink. Warming to his subject, Ryan spoke of his own work amongst men to try and induce them to become teetotalers: then the stranger said, "Have a drink" to Ryan, and produced a bottle from his inner pocket, which was nearly full of a brown liquid, either whisky or brandy. Ryan told him he had better put the bottle away, as they were all teetotalers there; whereupon the stranger asked for a glass to take a drink himself, which was refused him, because, Ryan said, "All our glasses are teetotal glasses." Meanwhile the chop was cooking, the vegetables were already waiting, and the stranger began eating. During the meal the conversation was kept up with Ryan and others in the shelter, all of whom thought the man was recovering from a heavy drinking bout, and that his remarks as to his being the murderer were all nonsense. Ryan reasoned with him as to the folly of drinking and at last he expressed his willingness to sign the pledge, a book containing pledges being shown him. This the stranger examined, and at length filled up one page, writing on the counterfoil as well as on the body of the pledge. In the hand of a gentleman he wrote the following words:- "J Duncan, doctor; residence, cabmen's shelter' 30th September 1888." After doing this he said, "I could tell a tale if I wanted." Then he relapsed into silence. After a pause he went on to speak of his experiences in India, and said he knew the Rev Mr Gregson, who was engaged in temperance work amongst the English soldiers in India, and had been for some time in Simla. He also stated that he was at Newcastle on Tyne before he went to India. Ryan called his attention to the fact that he had not filled in his proper residence and the man replied, "I have no fixed place of abode at present; I'm living anywhere." While Duncan was eating his chop he again asked for something to drink and water was brought to him, but then he said he would have ginger beer, and when that was brought him he filled up the glass with the liquid from the bottle he had in his pocket. "This he drank," said Ryan, "differently to what people usually drink; he literally gulped it down." In answer to further conversation about teetotalism, Duncan accepted an invitation to go with Ryan to church that evening, and afterwards accompany him to a temperance meeting which he was going to hold. For that purpose he said he would return to the shelter in an hour, but he never came back. Duncan carried a stick, and looked a sinewy fellow - just such a one as was capable of putting forth considerable energy when necessary.

OTHER SUPPOSED CLUES

During yesterday (Says the Press Association) all sorts of stories were brought to the police with the object of showing more or less effective clues to the perpetrators of the murders. One informant deposed that about half past ten on Saturday night, a man, aged about 33 years, entered a public house in Batty Street, Whitechapel, whilst men in the public house were talking about the Whitechapel murders. He stated that he knew the murderer, and that they would hear about him in the morning, after which he left. It being thought that this was merely idle talk, no notice was taken of the matter. Another story was to the effect that a man of light complexion had been seen struggling with the woman Stride in Berner Street, and that he threw her down; but it being thought that it was a man and wife quarrelling, nobody interfered with them. A description was circulated yesterday morning of a man who is said to have accosted a woman in the vicinity of Commercial Road on Saturday night, and to have threatened to cut her throat if she did not give him money. The woman gave him a shilling and he went away. The Press Association learns that last evening a singular discovery, which is supposed to afford an important clue to the murderer, was being investigated by the police at Kentish Town. It appears that about nine o'clock yesterday morning the proprietor of the Nelson Tavern, Victoria Road, Kentish Town, entered a urinal adjoining his premises for the purpose of pointing out to a builder some alterations he desired executed, when a paper parcel was noticed behind the door. No particular importance was attached from the discovery until an hour later, when Mr Chinn, the publican, while reading the newspaper, was struck with the similarity of this bundle with the one of which the police have issued a description as having been seen in the possession of the man last seen in the company of the woman Stride. The police at the Kentish Town Road police station were acquainted with the discovery and a detective officer was at once sent to prosecute inquiries. It was then discovered that the parcel had not been picked up, but was kicked into the roadway, where the paper burst and revealed a pair of dark trousers. The description of the man wanted for the murders gives the colour of the trousers he wore to be dark. The fragments of the paper were collected, and found to be stained with blood, and it is stated that some hair was found also amongst some congealed blood attached to the paper. It was subsequently ascertained from some lads who had been dragging the trousers through the Castle Road that a policeman picked up the article of clothing and carried it off. Detectives are investigating this strange discovery.

ARRESTS ON SUSPICION

During Sunday night and yesterday no less than five men were arrested in the East End of London in connection with the murders. Three were at different times conveyed to Lemn Street police station, but one was immediately liberated. Another was detained until noon yesterday, when he was set at liberty, after giving a statement of his movements. He was found to have been in straitened circumstances, and to have passed much of his time in common lodging houses in Whitechapel but there was nothing to show that he had anything to do with the murders. The third man was detained until the afternoon, when, after due inquiry, he was also liberated. Of the two men detained at Commercial Street, one was liberated soon after his arrest; but the other, named Frank Raper, was kept in custody. It appears that he was arrested late on Saturday night at a public house near Liverpool Street. He was standing in the bar while under the influence of liquor, and made a number of extravagant statements about the murder of Mrs Chapman and Mrs Nicholls. The bystanders sent out and obtained a constable, and when the policeman entered he was openly boasting of being the murderer, and complimenting himself on the means he had adopted to destroy all trace of his identity. He was removed to the police station, followed by a large and excited crowd. On being charged, Raper said he had no settled address and inquiries have satisfied the police that he is not the man wanted, so he was set free later in the day.

The Scotsman
3 October 1888

REMAND OF THE BELFAST PRISONER

Yesterday, at the Belfast Police Court, John Foster, arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the Whitechapel murder, was brought before the Belfast Magistrates. Evidence was given by the police that when arrested he had in his possession £19 odds, a clasp knife, chisel, a silver lever watch, with chain and locket. On the latter was a monogram, "A.M.R." He was wearing boots similar to those worn by the military. He also had a number of keys. He said he had been a few days in Glasgow, Greenock, and Edinburgh, but refused to give any other details. He said

he was a watchmaker, but had an income of his own, which he got from his father, who lived in London. He had three razors, one of which was stained with blood, and also a spring knife. The prisoner was remanded for a week.

THE SUPPOSED MURDERER TWICE ARRESTED IN GLASGOW

A curious outcome of the private detective fever, which is at present prevailing though the country, and which is the result of the London murders, has just taken place in Glasgow. It was yesterday reported in the columns of the Scotsman that a man had been arrested in Glasgow by a civilian, and given into the custody of a policeman on the supposition that he was the Whitechapel murderer. The suspected individual was a thin, cadaverous visaged man of fully five feet nine inches in height, and wore a slouch hat, was shabbily clothed, and had boots well worn. He had all the appearance of an American, and his accent was that of an Irish American, while it is stated that altogether he bore a striking resemblance to the portraits published of the alleged Whitechapel murderer. When taken to the St Rollox Police Office the man, whose name is given as Thomas Smith, was put through a searching examination, but nothing could be traced upon him or found in his statement to justify his detention and he was set at liberty between eleven and twelve in the forenoon. Three hours later, however, the same man found himself again in the hands of the police of the city through the overzeal of another private detective. Regarding the second arrest of Smith, which was carried out by a sea captain, it seems that the captain came across Smith lounging about the river quays. the appearance of the man at once aroused his suspicion, and confident that he had unearthed the culprit of the London outrages, he insinuated himself into his company, and the couple went off to a public house. While in the public house, the captain persuaded the supposed murderer to sign his name. The calligraphy of the signature confirmed the captain in the conviction that he had laid hands upon the right man, and his next endeavour was to get the man, who had again signed himself Thomas Smith, conveyed to the police office. Under the pretence of having a drive round the city, he got Smith into a cab, and immediately drove to the Central Police Office. On entering the Detective Department, Superintendent Orr was called, and at once recognised the man who had been liberated but three hours previously. He was further examined, but as nothing could be found to inculcate him with the Whitechapel murders, he was again set at liberty. Smith, who is thirty three years of age, stated that he arrived from America in May last, and had been employed about the docks at Liverpool until a few weeks ago, when he went off north on tramp. Since then he had been in Edinburgh, where he was imprisoned for ten days for begging, and had also been before the Glasgow Stipendiary Magistrate for a similar offence.

THE LONDON OUTRAGES THE ALLEGED MURDERER IN GLASGOW

Information having reached the Glasgow police authorities yesterday regarding a rumour that the supposed Whitechapel murderer was in Glasgow, a special description of the man, who is described as of Jewish appearance, was read out to the various day and night policemen yesterday before going out on their beats. The night policemen were all particularly warned to be on the outlook, and in consequence considerable excitement prevailed amongst the members of the force on duty, and the various closes and dark lanes were watched during the night with unusual care. The rumour is said to have been raised in Edinburgh, whence a telegram was received that a person bearing some resemblance to the perpetrator of the Whitechapel outrages had set out from there to drive by road to Glasgow during the night. It is stated that about ten o'clock last night a man, of Jewish caste of countenance, called at a public house in a central part of the city, and put a number of questions to the landlord regarding the locality. After obtaining the information the man left, and was not heard of again during the night.

The Press Association states that the startling story published yesterday with reference to the finding of a blood stained shirt, and disappearance of a man from a certain house in the East End, proves from investigation to be not altogether devoid of foundation. From the morning of the Berner Street and Mitre Square murders the police have had in their possession a shirt saturated with blood. They are evidently convinced that it was left in a house in Batty Street by the assassin. Having regard to the position of this house, its proximity to the yard in Berner Street, where the crime was committed, and to the many intricate passages and alleys adjacent, the police theory has in all probability a basis in fact. The statement has been made that the landlady of the house was at an early hour disturbed by the movements of her lodger, who changed some of his apparel, and went away after instructing her to wash the cast off shirt. Although the police during Saturday, Sunday, and Monday answered in the negative all questions as to whether any person had been arrested, there is no doubt that a man

was taken into custody on suspicion of being the missing lodger from 22 Batty Street, and that he was afterwards set at liberty. The German lodging house keeper could clear up the point as to the existence of any other lodger absent from her house under the suspicious circumstances referred to, but she is not accessible, and it is easy to understand that the police should endeavour to prevent her from making any statement.

The Scotsman
7 July 1892

TERRIBLE MURDER IN LONDON

The Press Association says:-

Bermondsey was thrown into a state of excitement yesterday by a rumour that a "Jack the Ripper" murder had been committed in that district. Investigation proved that while the rumour was unwarranted, there had nevertheless been discovered at Pettywood's Stables, White's Grounds, Bermondsey, a crime to which considerable mystery attaches. The stables in question, situated under No 18 Railway Arch, are in the occupation of Messrs. Pettywood, provision merchants, of Southwark, who until recently have employed a man named Dent, alias Poole, in the capacity of stableman. On Tuesday, the 20th ult, Dent telegraphed to a Mrs Lea, with whom he had been on intimate terms, asking her to come to him immediately, as he was dangerously ill, and wanted to see her most particularly. Mrs Lea, aged forty four, and the mother of several children, had been carrying on business as wardrobe dealer at Globe Road, Mile End, to which address she had moved from Stratford after being separated from her husband. Since the 20th ult. Mrs Lea has been lost to her family, who, becoming suspicious, gave information to the police, suggesting that she had eloped with Dent, who had in the meantime absconded from his employment on the same day. Yesterday morning Mrs Lea's son, aged twenty three, who had been most active in inquiring as to the whereabouts of his mother, visited Pettywood's stables, and demanded permission from the man in charge to search them. This, being refused, young Lea procured a search warrant from the police, and once more visited the stables. After a diligent search, he found in a remote corner of the stables the body of a woman covered with straw. Apparently the body had been hidden there for some considerable time, for the features were quite unrecognisable, and the clothes had begun to rot. It was at first thought that her eyes had been gouged out, but the medical opinion is that this is not the case. They had evidently been gnawed by vermin. Young Lea, however, was able to identify the body as that of his mother by the clothes, a bag which she had in her possession, and also by a telegram found in her pocket. The telegram was from Dent, and, as previously stated, invited her to visit him immediately in consequence of his being dangerously ill. The precise cause of death has not yet been determined, but it is conjectured, from the marks on the neck and general appearance of the face, that the unfortunate woman had been throttled. On account of the decomposed state a shell had to be obtained, and in this the remains were removed to Bermondsey Mortuary. It appears that the deceased was a frequent visitor at Pettywood Stables, and she was seen to enter them on the 28th ult. Dent, for whose arrest a warrant has been issued, is described as a well built and powerful man, aged about fifty years. The police have as yet been unable to effect his arrest.

The Scotsman
27 July 1910

STRANGE STORY ABOUT JACK THE RIPPER

Dr Forbes Winslow, at Bow Street yesterday morning, made application to Mr Marsham on behalf of an Irish medical student named William Grant. In 1905, he said, Grant was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude for wounding a woman in Whitechapel, and since his release letters had been appearing in the papers, signed by a solicitor, to the effect that he was in fact none other than "Jack the Ripper," but that he had died in prison. Dr Winslow said that Grant, so far from being dead, was in Court, and a lady in Australia, who had read of the allegations against him, had written saying that his case might be taken up, as she was convinced in her mind that the real "Jack the Ripper" was at present working in South Africa. This lady had been engaged to a man whom, after ascertaining certain facts and obtaining a confession, she gave up to the Australian police as "Jack the Ripper," though they discharged him without ascertaining his history previous to 1890. Mr Marsham advised Dr Winslow that Grant could bring an action to air the whole matter, and asked him to lay all information he had before the police.

For too many years secrecy has clouded the atrocities which occurred in Whitechapel in the fall of 1888. Not merely a series of eleven murders, but a string of horrors which reverberated not only across the planet, but throughout time. A society of men and women formed in the wake of these crime not to punish, but to learn...

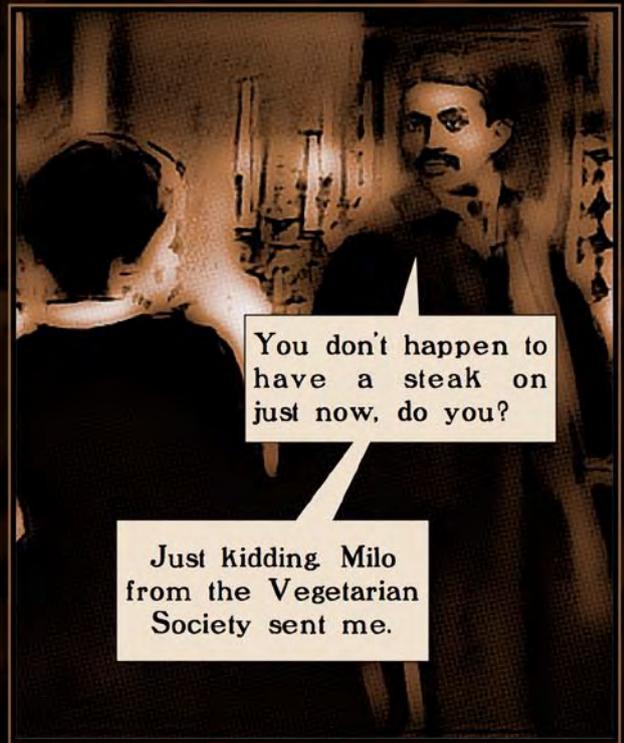
THE TRUTH

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Won't you
come in?



You don't happen to
have a steak on
just now, do you?

Just kidding Milo
from the Vegetarian
Society sent me.

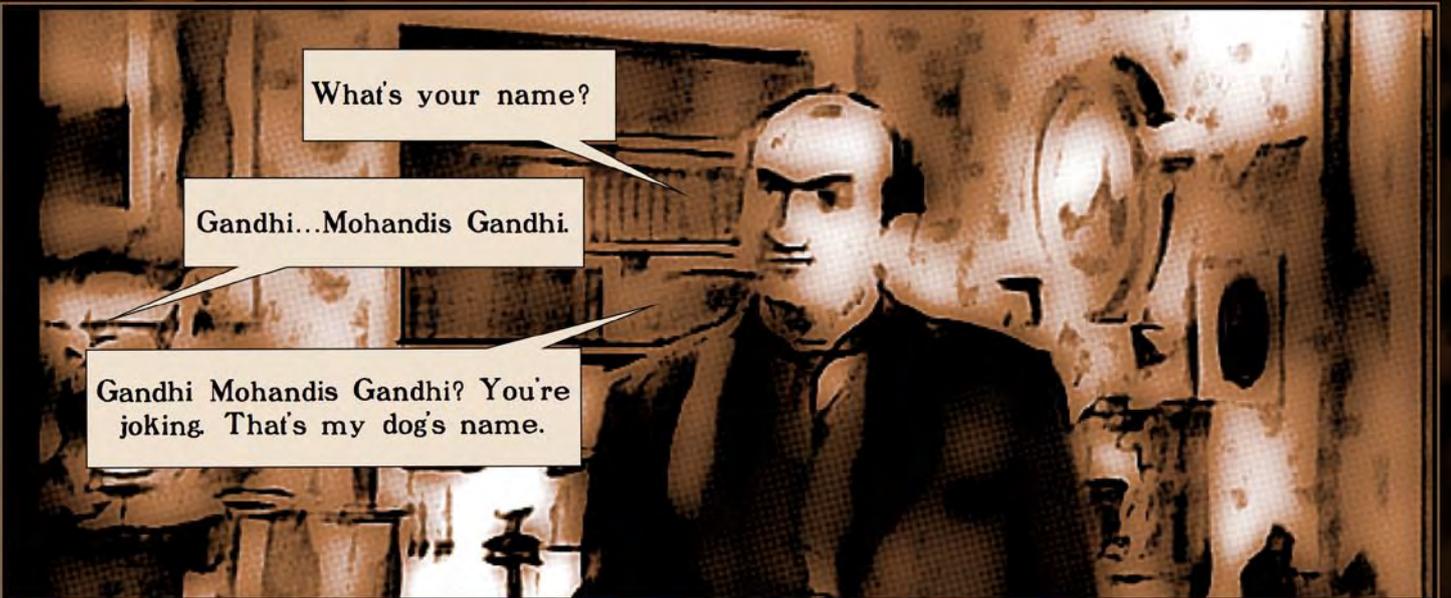


You were having me
on, now weren't you?

Never!



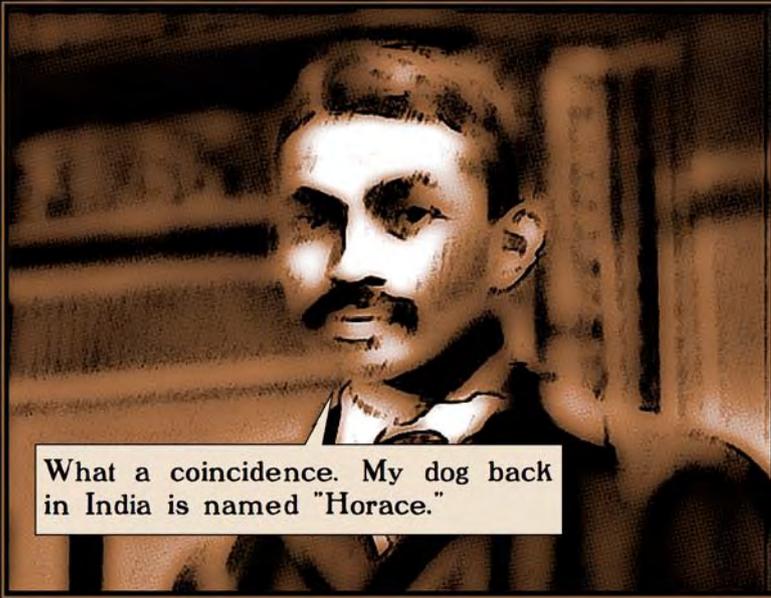
Horace, the man
from the Vegetarian
Society is here.



What's your name?

Gandhi...Mohandis Gandhi.

Gandhi Mohandis Gandhi? You're
joking. That's my dog's name.



What a coincidence. My dog back in India is named "Horace."

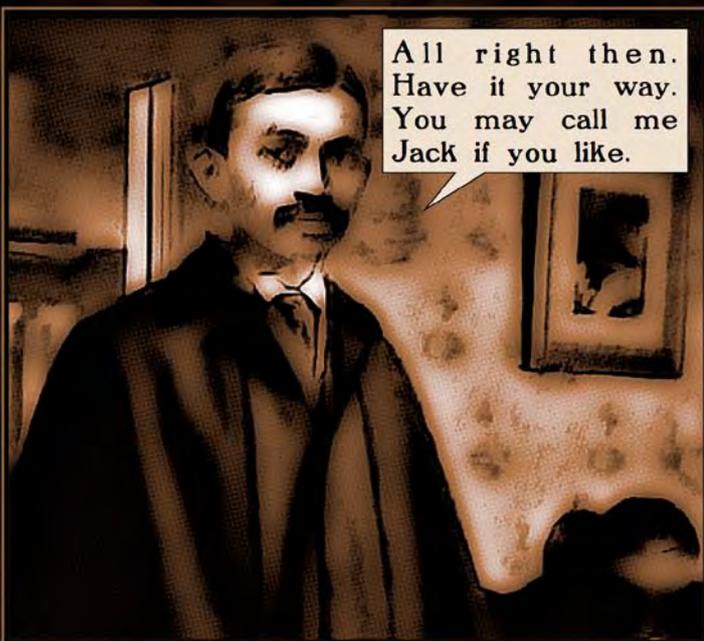


Now boys, let's be friends.



Just testing his mettle, Janet. But he's going to need a friendlier name if he's going to get on here.

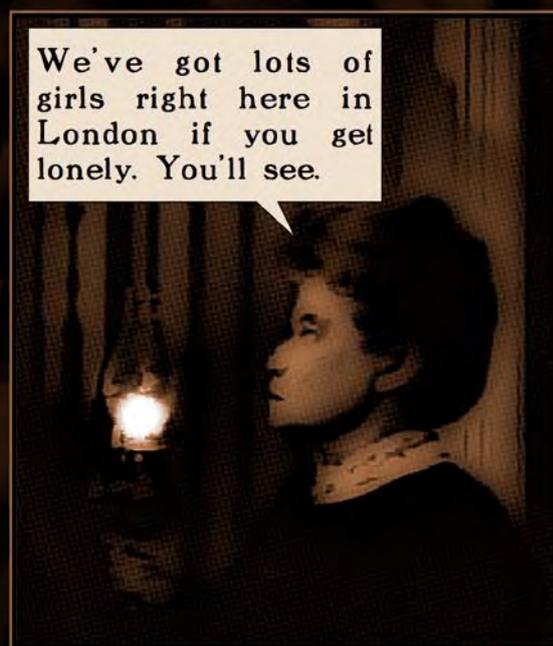
How about "Jack"? That's a friendly name if ever I heard one.



All right then. Have it your way. You may call me Jack if you like.

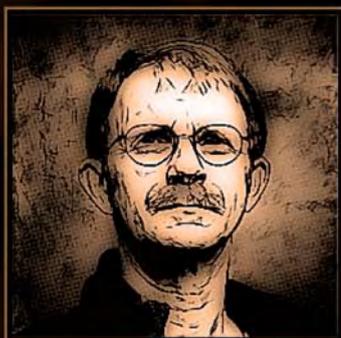


Simply ripping old man.



TO BE CONTINUED

Return to Ripperologist each and every issue to follow the story as The Truth slowly (very slowly) reveals itself.



Glen L. Bledsoe's mother instilled in him an interest in English history. (Instead of counting sheep when she can't sleep, she runs through the succession of English Kings and Queens.) Glen spent much of his late teens and early twenties making lists of well-known figures who were in London during the fall of 1888 to compile suspects for the Ripper. With his tongue planted firmly in his cheek he has pointed his accusatory finger at such notables as Bram Stoker and George Bernard Shaw. Glen is an elementary teacher, a writer of over seventeen books including *The Charity of Ebenezer Scrooge*, a magician, a photographer and a cartoonist.



Victorian Fiction Nurse's Stories

By CHARLES DICKENS
Edited with an Introduction
by Eduardo Zinna

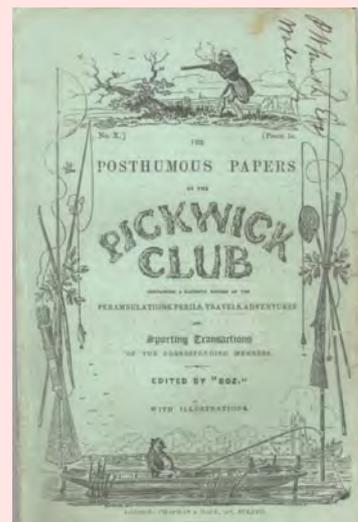
INTRODUCTION

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. Britain in the nineteenth century was an imperial Behemoth, an economic powerhouse, an industrial dynamo, a financial phenomenon, a political force, a naval superpower and a military juggernaut. She was also a land of child labour and prostitution, workhouses and poor laws, squalor, overcrowding and disease. Into this complex and contradictory world came Charles Dickens on 7 February 1812, two hundred years ago this month. His childhood was short, rootless and, in his own estimation, traumatic. John Dickens, his father, was a clerk in the Naval Pay Office. His job took him and his family from place to place and his inability to live within his income landed him - and his family - in the Marshalsea Debtors' Prison. Young Charles was sent to earn his own living in a boot blacking factory where he labelled bottles for six shillings a week - an experience which he felt sullied and shamed him.



Charles Dickens aged 26.

A legacy having rescued his father from prison and him from the factory, Charles resumed his schooling. His formal education complete at fifteen, he found a position as a clerk at a solicitors' firm, which he would soon leave for a more promising career as a court and parliamentary shorthand reporter, and later as a journalist on the *Sun* and the *Morning Chronicle*. In December 1833 he started contributing to the *Monthly Magazine* sketches of contemporary London life which were later collected into his first book, *Sketches by Boz*, published when he was 24. Two months after the appearance of the *Sketches*, *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* (1836-37), a comic masterpiece featuring the first of Dickens's memorable characters, the Cockney servant Sam Weller, began publication in monthly parts. Their success was prodigious. When the first number appeared, Dickens was unknown; by the time the work was completed he was the most popular writer in Britain.



Dickens followed the triumph of *Pickwick* with *Oliver Twist* (1838), which combined satire with pathos and social criticism in the story of a parish orphan who falls among

thieves. *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838-39) exposed the harsh conditions imposed on students in Yorkshire schools, *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1840-41) gave the modern world a long-suffering martyr in the person of Little Nell, and *Barnaby Rudge* (1841), a historical novel set in London during the anti-Catholic Gordon Riots in 1780, was widely seen as Dickens's attempt to replicate the style of the foremost author of the time, Walter Scott.



on in Penguin Classics, Cliff's Notes and BBC television series. But only one of them still enjoys undiminished popularity. In an age where the written word is steadily losing ground to alternative forms of instruction and entertainment, Dickens's novels continue to be read and have found a new lease of life in film, theatre, radio and television productions. Sometimes the characters Dickens created are reincarnated into contemporarily relevant personas. In Kenya, *Shujaaz*, a monthly comic and daily radio show aimed at young people, will soon publish the story of Titus Twist, an apprentice to a coffin maker who makes his precarious home in the tin-shack slums of Nairobi. Like Oliver, Titus will undoubtedly befriend prostitutes and thieves, since nowadays many poor Kenyans see prostitution and pick-pocketing as the only sure ways to make money. They strive to survive in their urban jungles as Nancy, the Artful Dodger and Fagin's pupils did in the back alleys of Whitechapel. Yet at the end of his story Oliver found his name, his family and his middle-class fate. Titus's future is still unwritten.

In 1859 Dickens founded a new weekly journal called *All the Year Round* to replace his previous venture, *Household Words*. His contributions to the journal included a series of essays, or journeys, published intermittently between 1860 and 1869 under the generic

title *The Uncommercial Traveller*. The essay from which the present entry in *Ripperologist's* Victorian Fiction series is excerpted first appeared in issue 72 of *All the Year Round*, on 8 September 1860, and subsequently became Chapter XV of *The Uncommercial Traveller*, entitled *Nurse's Stories*. In this essay, Dickens reminisced about the blood-curdling stories told by a young woman called Mercy and retold two of them. I have eliminated the frame story and excised Dickens's frequent comments on the tale Mercy - or Dickens himself - is telling. Apart from those deletions, and the addition of titles, the stories are all Dickens, and wonderful Dickens at that.

Nurse's Stories

I

CAPTAIN MURDERER



The first diabolical character who intruded himself on my peaceful youth was a certain Captain Murderer. This wretch must have been an off-shoot of the Blue Beard family, but I had no suspicion of the consanguinity in those times. His warning name would seem to have awakened no general prejudice against him, for he was admitted into the best society and possessed immense wealth. Captain Murderer's mission was matrimony, and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with tender brides. On his marriage morning, he always caused both sides of the way to church to be planted with curious flowers; and when his bride said, 'Dear Captain Murderer, I ever saw flowers like these before: what are they called?' he answered, 'They are called Garnish for house-lamb,' and laughed at his ferocious practical joke in a horrid manner, disquieting the minds of the noble bridal company, with a very sharp show of teeth, then displayed for the

first time. He made love in a coach and six, and married in a coach and twelve, and all his horses were milk-white horses with one red spot on the back which he caused to be hidden by the harness. For, the spot would come there, though every horse was milk-white when Captain Murderer bought him. And the spot was young bride's blood.

When Captain Murderer had made an end of feasting and revelry, and had dismissed the noble guests, and was alone with his wife on the day month after their marriage, it was his whimsical custom to produce a golden rolling-pin and a silver pie-board. Now, there was this special feature in the Captain's courtships, that he always asked if the young lady could make pie-crust; and if she couldn't by nature or education, she was taught. Well. When the bride saw Captain Murderer produce the golden rolling-pin and silver pie-board, she remembered this, and turned up her laced-silk sleeves to make a pie. The Captain brought out a silver pie-dish of immense capacity, and the Captain brought out flour and butter and eggs and all things needful, except the inside of the pie; of materials for the staple of the pie itself, the Captain brought out none. Then said the lovely bride, 'Dear Captain Murderer, what pie is this to be?' He replied, 'A meat pie.' Then said the lovely bride, 'Dear Captain Murderer, I see no meat.' The Captain humorously retorted, 'Look in the glass.' She looked in the glass, but still she saw no meat, and then the Captain roared with laughter, and suddenly frowning and drawing his sword, bade her roll out the crust. So she rolled out the crust, dropping large tears upon it all the time because he was so cross, and when she had lined the dish with crust and had cut the crust all ready to fit the top, the Captain called out, 'I see the meat in the glass!' And the bride looked up at the glass, just in time to see the Captain cutting her head off; and he chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Captain Murderer went on in this way, prospering exceedingly, until he came to choose a bride from two twin sisters, and at first didn't know which to choose. For, though one was fair and the other dark, they were both equally beautiful. But the fair twin loved him, and the dark twin hated him, so he chose the fair one. The dark twin would have prevented the marriage if she could, but she couldn't; however, on the night before it, much suspecting Captain Murderer, she stole out and climbed his garden wall, and looked in at his window through a chink in the shutter, and saw him having his teeth filed sharp. Next day she listened all day, and heard him make his joke about the house-lamb. And that day month, he had the paste rolled out, and cut the fair twin's head off, and chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Now, the dark twin had had her suspicions much increased by the filing of the Captain's teeth, and again by the house-lamb joke. Putting all things together when he gave out that her sister was dead, she divined the truth, and determined to be revenged. So, she went up to Captain Murderer's house, and knocked at the knocker and pulled at the bell, and when the Captain came to the door, said: 'Dear Captain Murderer, marry me next, for I always loved you and was jealous of my sister.' The Captain took it as a compliment, and made a polite answer, and the marriage was quickly arranged. On the night before it, the bride again climbed to his window, and again saw him having his teeth filed sharp. At this sight she laughed such a terrible laugh at the chink in the shutter, that the Captain's blood curdled, and he said: 'I hope nothing has disagreed with me!' At that, she laughed again, a still more terrible laugh, and the shutter was opened and search made, but she was nimbly gone, and there was no one. Next day they went to church in a coach and twelve, and were married. And that day month, she rolled the pie-crust out, and Captain Murderer cut her head off, and chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.



But before she began to roll out the paste she had taken a deadly poison of a most awful character, distilled from toads' eyes and spiders' knees; and Captain Murderer had hardly picked her last bone, when he began to swell, and to turn blue,

and to be all over spots, and to scream. And he went on swelling and turning bluer, and being more all over spots and screaming, until he reached from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall; and then, at one o'clock in the morning, he blew up with a loud explosion. At the sound of it, all the milk-white horses in the stables broke their halters and went mad, and then they galloped over everybody in Captain Murderer's house (beginning with the family blacksmith who had filed his teeth) until the whole were dead, and then they galloped away.

II

CHIPS, THE DEVIL AND THE RAT THAT COULD SPEAK

There was once a shipwright, and he wrought in a Government Yard, and his name was Chips. And his father's name before him was Chips, and his father's name before him was Chips, and they were all Chipsets. And Chips the father had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the grandfather had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the great-grandfather had disposed of himself in the same direction on the same terms; and the bargain had run in the family for a long, long time. So, one day, when young Chips was at work in the Dock Slip all alone, down in the dark hold of an old Seventy-four that was haled up for repairs, the Devil presented himself, and remarked:

'A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And I'll have Chips!'

Chips looked up when he heard the words, and there he saw the Devil with saucer eyes that squinted on a terrible great scale, and that struck out sparks of blue fire continually. And whenever he winked his eyes, showers of blue sparks came out, and his eyelashes made a clattering like flints and steels striking lights. And hanging over one of his arms by the handle was an iron pot, and under that arm was a bushel of tenpenny nails, and under his other arm was half a ton of copper, and sitting on one of his shoulders was a rat that could speak. So, the Devil said again:

'A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And I'll have Chips!'



So, Chips answered never a word, but went on with his work. 'What are you doing, Chips?' said the rat that could speak. 'I am putting in new planks where you and your gang have eaten old away,' said Chips. 'But we'll eat them too,' said the rat that could speak; 'and we'll let in the water and drown the crew, and we'll eat them too.' Chips, being only a shipwright, and not a Man-of-war's man, said, 'You are welcome to it.' But he couldn't keep his eyes off the half a ton of copper or the bushel of tenpenny nails; for nails and copper are a shipwright's sweethearts, and shipwrights will run away with them whenever they can. So, the Devil said, 'I see

what you are looking at, Chips. You had better strike the bargain. You know the terms. Your father before you was well acquainted with them, and so were your grandfather and great-grandfather before him.' Says

Chips, 'I like the copper, and I like the nails, and I don't mind the pot, but I don't like the rat.' Says the Devil, fiercely, 'You can't have the metal without him—and he's a curiosity. I'm going.' Chips, afraid of losing the half a ton of copper and the bushel of nails, then said, 'Give us hold!' So, he got the copper and the nails and the pot and the rat that could speak, and the Devil vanished. Chips sold the copper, and he sold the nails, and he would have sold the pot; but whenever he offered it for sale, the rat was in it, and the dealers dropped it, and would have nothing to say to the bargain. So, Chips resolved to kill the rat, and, being at work in the Yard one day with a great kettle of hot pitch on one side of him and the iron pot with the rat in it on the other, he turned the scalding pitch into the pot, and filled it full. Then, he kept his eye upon it till it cooled and hardened, and then he let it stand for twenty days, and then he heated the pitch again and turned it back into the kettle, and then he sank the pot in water for twenty days more, and then he got the smelters to put it in the furnace for twenty days more, and then they gave it him out, red hot, and looking like red-hot glass instead of iron—yet there was the rat in it, just the same as ever! And the moment it caught his eye, it said with a jeer:

'A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And I'll have Chips!'

Chips now felt certain in his own mind that the rat would stick to him; the rat, answering his thought, said, 'I will—like pitch!'

Now, as the rat leaped out of the pot when it had spoken, and made off, Chips began to hope that it wouldn't keep its word. But, a terrible thing happened next day. For, when dinner-time came, and the Dock-bell rang to strike work, he put his rule into the long pocket at the side of his trousers, and there he found a rat—not that rat, but another rat. And in his hat, he found another; and in his pocket-handkerchief, another; and in the sleeves of his coat, when he pulled it on to go to dinner, two more. And from that time he found himself so frightfully intimate with all the rats in the Yard, that they climbed up his legs when he was at work, and sat on his tools while he used them. And they could all speak to one another, and he understood what they said. And they got into his lodging, and into his bed, and into his teapot, and into his beer, and into his boots. And he was going to be married to a corn-chandler's daughter; and when he gave her a workbox he had himself made for her, a rat jumped out of it; and when he put his arm round her waist, a rat clung about her; so the marriage was broken off, though the banns were already twice put up—which the parish clerk well remembers, for, as he handed the book to the clergyman for the second time of asking, a large fat rat ran over the leaf.

You may believe that all this was very terrible to Chips; but even all this was not the worst. He knew besides, what the rats were doing, wherever they were. So, sometimes he would cry aloud, when he was at his club at night, 'Oh! Keep the rats out of the convicts' burying-ground! Don't let them do that!' Or, 'There's one of them at the cheese down-stairs!' Or, 'There's two of them smelling at the baby in the garret!' Or, other things of that sort. At last, he was voted mad, and lost his work in the Yard, and could get no other work. But, King George wanted men, so before very long he got pressed for a sailor. And so he was taken off in a boat one evening to his ship, lying at Spithead, ready to sail. And so the first thing he made out in her as he got near her, was the figure-head of the old Seventy-four, where he had seen the Devil. She was called the Argonaut, and they rowed right under the bowsprit where the figure-head of the Argonaut, with a sheepskin in his hand and a blue gown on, was looking out to sea; and sitting staring on his forehead was the rat who could speak, and his exact words were these: 'Chips ahoy! Old boy! We've pretty well eat them too, and we'll drown the crew, and will eat them too!'

The ship was bound for the Indies; and if you don't know where that is, you ought to it, and angels will never love you. The ship set sail that very night, and she sailed, and sailed, and sailed. Chips's feelings were dreadful. Nothing ever equalled his terrors. No wonder. At last, one day he asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. Chips went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. 'Your Honour, unless your Honour, without a moment's loss of time, makes sail for the nearest shore, this is a doomed

ship, and her name is the Coffin!' 'Young man, your words are a madman's words.' 'Your Honour no; they are nibbling us away.' 'They?' 'Your Honour, them dreadful rats. Dust and hollowness where solid oak ought to be! Rats nibbling a grave for every man on board! Oh! Does your Honour love your Lady and your pretty children?' 'Yes, my man, to be sure.' 'Then, for God's sake, make for the nearest shore, for at this present moment the rats are all stopping in their work, and are all looking straight towards you with bare teeth, and are all saying to one another that you shall never, never, never, never, see your Lady and your children more.' 'My poor fellow, you are a case for the doctor. Sentry, take care of this man!'

So, he was bled and he was blistered, and he was this and that, for six whole days and nights. So, then he again asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. He went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. 'Now, Admiral, you must die! You took no warning; you must die! The rats are never wrong in their calculations, and they make out that they'll be through, at twelve to-night. So, you must die!—With me and all the rest!' And so at twelve o'clock there was a great leak reported in the ship, and a torrent of water rushed in and nothing could stop it, and they all went down, every living soul. And what the rats—being water-rats—left of Chips, at last floated to shore, and sitting on him was an immense overgrown rat, laughing, that dived when the corpse touched the beach and never came up. And there was a deal of seaweed on the remains. And if you get thirteen bits of seaweed, and dry them and burn them in the fire, they will go off like in these thirteen words as plain as plain can be:

'A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And I've got Chips!'

Charles Dickens was born on 7 February 1812: this week sees the bicentenary of his birth.

To celebrate, we invite you to read Madeleine Murphy's *Dickens and the Ripper Legend*, which first appeared in *Ripperologist* issue 36, August 2001.

[Click here to read the article, which has been re-artworked.](#)



Dear Rip

Your Letters and Comments

Dear Rip,

Ripperologist 122: In The War Office Collection

Ripperologist issue 122 featured my article entitled 'In The War Office Collection'. The words "Assisted by Dr Geoffrey Parnell, former Keeper of Tower History" appeared in the article's heading. Those words should not be interpreted in meaning that Dr Parnell and I worked in tandem. But instead, those words were written for the purpose of acknowledging Dr Parnell's help in directing me to the appropriate paperwork at the National Archives. Those words were also intended to acknowledge his help in confirming that the Tower of London has not preserved any 1888 material that was relevant to my research.

Dr Parnell did not have the opportunity to offer advice and suggest a number of alterations because the author withheld the draft in advance of publication.

Joe Chetcuti

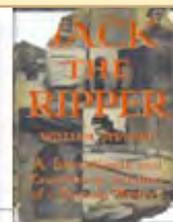
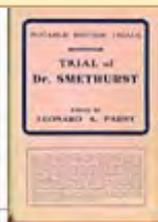
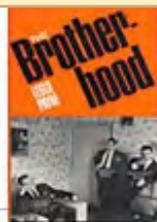
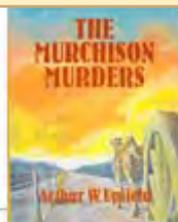
Dear Joe,

Many thanks for setting the record straight. Having worked with Dr Parnell on two articles for Ripperologist, the latest of which appears in this issue, we can confirm that his knowledge of history of the Tower of London is second to none.

Rip



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I Beg To Report

NEWS ROUNDUP



Monkbar Hotel, York

2012 JACK THE RIPPER CONFERENCE. Details have been announced about this year's Ripper Conference, which will take place over the weekend of 29 and 30 September, the dates lending themselves to the theme of The Double Event. Organisers Colin and Richard Cobb, in an attempt to revive the 'Conference on Tour' events last experienced in Wolverhampton in 2007, have decided on York as the location, and the Best Western Monkbar Hotel as the venue for all nine lectures.

The line-up of speakers is headed by Laura Richards, a criminal psychologist who set up the first Homicide Prevention Unit in the UK, as well as the Violent Crime Intelligence Unit at New Scotland Yard, and has trained at the National Centre for the Analysis of Violent Crime at the FBI. Ms Richards will be speaking on "Profiling Jack the Ripper: using 21st century techniques to

understand a 19th century killer". Speakers more familiar to Ripperologists are Robert Anderson on "Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About the Diary Tests But Were Afraid to Ask"; John Bennett on "The Strange Case of James Lampard"; Trevor Bond on "Writing Mary Kelly"; Stewart Evans with "The Life of a Ripperologist"; Rob House on "Aaron Kosminski, Scotland Yard's prime suspect"; Trevor Marriott on "Missing organs and the clue at Goulston Street"; Donald Rumbelow with "Scotland Yard investigates the night of the Double Event"; and Lindsay Siviter on "Sir William Gull the man behind the Myth".

So now to the all-important question: how much will it cost? The Conference itself is £125 per person, which includes nine talks; an evening meal with wine reception at York's historic St William's College banqueting hall; a special collector's delegate pack, designed by Andrew Firth, containing two souvenir booklets; breakfast on Saturday and Sunday morning; lunch on Saturday and Sunday; tea, coffee, biscuits and cakes; and evening entertainment. The organisers have decided to separate this cost so that delegates can book accommodation to suit their budget - nearby hotels can be viewed on the Conference website.

Organisers of the event are Colin Cobb and Richard Cobb, with assistance from Neal Sheldon and Jennifer Sheldon. Andrew Firth is providing the Conference artwork, and Claudia Oliver and Adam Wood acting as advisors.

Full details can be found at www.ripperconference.com - deposits now being taken.



Laura Richards

RIPPEROLOGIST ON FACEBOOK!

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www.facebook.com/ripperologist*



JACK THE RIPPER CONFERENCE 2012

THE DOUBLE EVENT

29TH & 30TH SEPTEMBER 2012

Nine conference speakers, including a leading Scotland Yard criminal profiler.

Includes an evening dinner function at the historical 16th Century St. Williams College Banqueting Hall, plus lunches, tea breaks and live entertainment.

All delegates will receive a special collector's conference pack.

For full details and to reserve your place, visit

www.ripperconference.com

‘RUMP RIPPER’ CAPTURED. In a case reminiscent of Thomas Cutbush, a man has been arrested in his native Peru on suspicion of attacking an estimated 13 young women in shopping malls in Fairfax County, Virginia between February and July 2011. Johnny Guillen Pimentel was being sought for questioning after the women, in their teens or early 20s, reported being cut on the buttocks with a razor blade or box cutter. The 40-year-old labourer fled to his homeland in December and it is believed officials are working to extradite him back to the US. It is alleged that Pimentel, dubbed a ‘serial butt-slasher’ in local media, would distract the women then cut their buttocks before disappearing into the crowded malls. He was identified after being captured on CCTV.

“Suspected serial-butt slasher nabbed in Peru”
Nina Mandell, Daily News, New York, USA, 14 January 2012
articles.nydailynews.com/2012-01-14/news/30628581_1_clothing-store-slasher-teenage-girls



Johnny Guillen Pimentel arrested in Peru

SANDYS ROW SYNAGOGUE RESTORATION COMPLETE. The Grade II-listed place of worship was established in 1854 and by 1881 boasted one of the East End’s largest congregations, largely due to its location in the midst of a poor Jewish community. The building itself, a stone’s throw from the site of Miller’s Court, was built in 1766. In recent years the roof had become dilapidated, and in May 2009 English Heritage awarded a grant of £250,000 for its restoration. A further £150,000 was raised to repair the building’s windows and original Huguenot plastering. Sandys Row synagogue welcomes tours: visit www.sandysrow.org.uk for information.

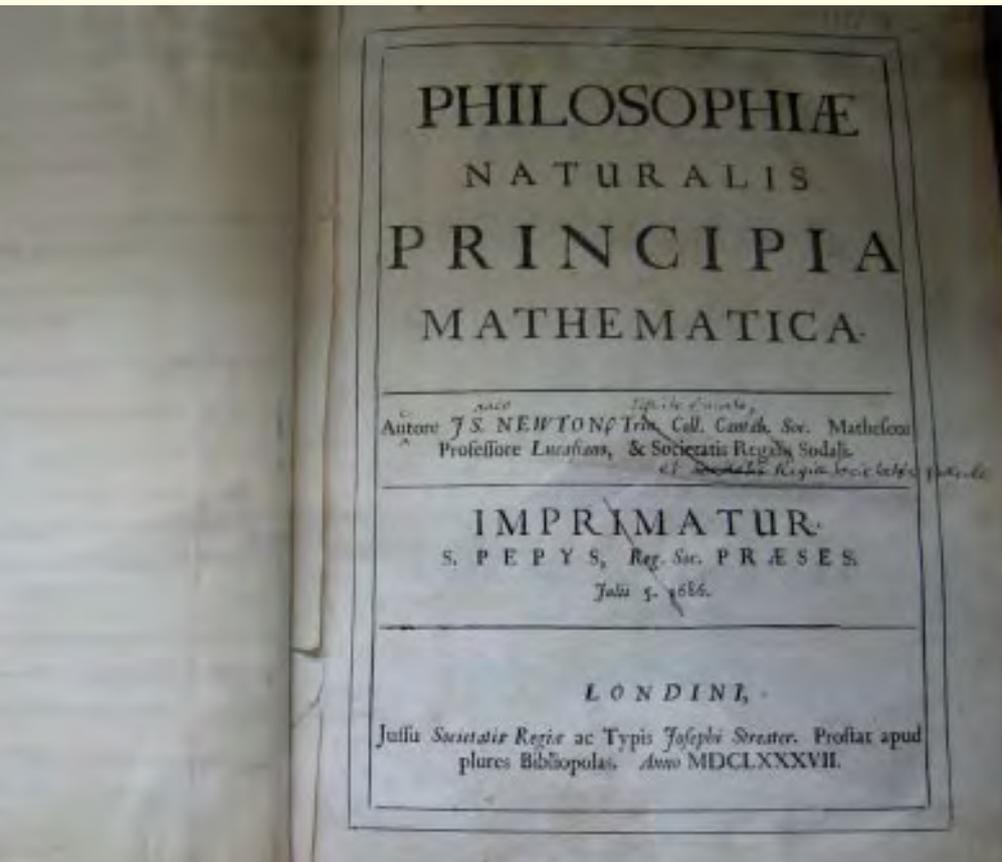
“Sandys Row is fully restored to its former glory”
Jessica Elgot, The Jewish Chronicle, London, UK, 12 January 2012.
www.thejc.com/community/community-life/61867/sandys-row-fully-restored-its-former-glory



Courtesy Sandys Row Synagogue

JACK THE RIPPER TAKES HIS VICTIMS TO NINE. 28-year-old boxer Badou Jack stretched his unbeaten record on 16 December 2011 when he stopped Adam Collins in Last Vegas. Jack, the Stockholm-born middleweight who represented Gambia at the 2008 Olympic Games through his father's nationality, revels in the nickname 'The Ripper' and is touted as a potential future star of the ring. His next fight is scheduled for 3 February. We'll be ringside to see if he slips between the ropes wearing a black cape.

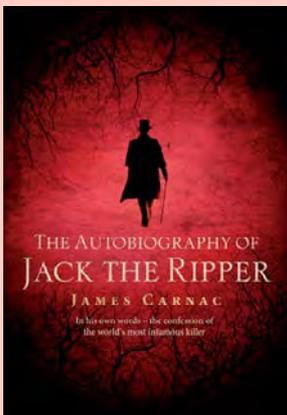
West Coast Radio website, USA, 20 December. westcoast.gm/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=602:gambian-boxer-badou-jack-still-goes-unbeaten&catid=39:sports&Itemid=60



Isaac Newton's Principia Mathematica

NEWTON'S NOTEBOOKS NOW ONLINE. The latest welcome example of historical documents being digitised was reported on 12 December 2011 when Cambridge University announced the launch of the Cambridge Library Project. Some 4,000 pages of Sir Isaac Newton's notebooks have already been scanned, with 8,000 pages to be added over the coming months. The notebooks, which include Newton's laws of motion and gravity, are written in Latin and Greek, with many of the manuscripts requiring conservation work before they could be scanned. Future works which will be digitised include the university's Charles Darwin collection.

"Cambridge University puts Isaac Newton papers online". BBC News, UK, 12 December 2011. www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-england-cambridgeshire-16141723



The Autobiography of Jack the Ripper

By James Carnac
Introduced & with an
analysis by Paul Begg and
a note on Provenance by
Alan Hicken
London: Bantam Press, 2012
www.transworldbooks.co.uk
297pp; illus; index
ISBN: 978-0-59306-820-5
£16.99

The obvious question may be answered at once. No, this is not a piece of history directing us to a new suspect. “James Carnac” is a completely fictitious character unconnected with any of the Carnacs or Rivett-Carnacs diligently uncovered by forum researchers. This book is a work of fiction, composed by a skilled author who successfully maintains a style suggesting a misanthropic late Victorian writing his memoirs in the 20th century.

The story is well constructed. Carnac’s unhappy childhood is reminiscent of Somerset Maugham’s or Samuel Butler’s accounts of unfeeling philistine parents or guardians, varied by the introduction of a coarsely amiable uncle whom Carnac feels compelled to leave when his innate bloodlust seriously threatens the avuncular throat. The cause of the bloodlust is original and imaginative: Carnac is descended from the great family of hereditary French executioners, the Sansons, and in one memorable vision sees himself accompanying them, one by one, through the scenes of torture and killing they apparently enjoyed. And driven by this - we might say genetic hard-wiring - he perpetrates the Ripper murders, until he loses his leg in an accident, and can no longer stalk, catch and dispatch. At the age of 69 he commits his memories to paper, but on finding his landlady has seen his dreadful memoirs, he hatches a cunning plan to kill her. An epilogue with a coroner’s statement explains how it went wrong, and Carnac himself died. And initial “Explanatory Remarks” signed HB tell how the manuscript came to his executor, who now intends to follow Carnac’s wishes and try to have it published.

Brief introductory notes by the current owner of the manuscript and by Paul Begg are added, and in a brilliant appendix Paul gives a full account of the writer and illustrator S G Hulme Beaman in whose collection of toys and memorabilia the work was found, together with a detailed analysis of the *Autobiography* and its possible links with Ripper facts and the likelihood of Hulme Beaman’s being its author. As Paul rightly says, this is an accomplished piece of writing, and parts, like the ending, are unmistakable creative fiction. I differ from him, however, when he suggests that HB’s Explanatory Remarks appear to be addressed to some potentially real individual and not the general reader. To me they read like a typical fiction-writer’s introductory effort to give an air of extra verisimilitude to the first-person narrative he is putting before the public. James Hogg’s brilliant *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* furnishes the most striking example of a supposed “manuscript” sandwiched between an editor’s observations and a detached conclusion.

Paul draws interesting attention to the mention of a mirror over Mary Jane Kelly’s bed: a detail mentioned (possibly erroneously) in only one hitherto known newspaper account. If true, he suggests, it would be the remarkable “justifying” clue to anyone wishing to claim the autobiography as a genuine confession (like the empty tin matchbox in the Maybrick Diary), but constant small errors also litter the descriptions of the murders. Paul notes the improbability of Mary Jane Kelly’s using face powder, and the inaccurate description of her bed. On page 168 Polly Nichols’ new bonnet is bestowed on Annie Chapman, and the lodging house “deputy” is anachronistically and wrongly called the “landlord”. On page 178 the Hyde Park bloodhound trials are mixed up with the dogs’ later excursion to Tooting Common. And on page 181 Packer’s house-front window greengrocery becomes a stall (well, perhaps he laid out a table of produce in front of it...)

But the most interesting observation about the manuscript lies in its composition on three different typewriters, with HB's Explanatory Remarks written on a machine used for no other part of the book. (The publisher's decision to use a font simulating typewriting throughout does not mean the book is a facsimile, but Paul's appendix fully explains the original variations.) This might suggest that HB - pretty clearly Hulme Beaman - did not write the novel, a question to which Paul devotes much thought.

S G Hulme Beaman (1879-1932) was an illustrator and writer who created the Toytown series with Larry the Lamb, Dennis the Dachshund, Mr Growser, the Mayor, the Magician, the Inventor, and other characters. A staple of BBC radio *Children's Hour* throughout the 1930s and '40s, it was partially revived for television, and its signature tune, "The March of the Toy Soldiers" has been a New York Radio City Rockettes feature in their Christmas spectacular for more than 60 years. Hulme Beaman was my favourite writer when I was 5. I collected all his Toytown booklets and listened religiously to Derek McCullough bleating "I'm o-only a li-i-ittle l-a-a-amb" to Ralph de Rohan's "Disgrrraceful!" And so, I'm sure, did Don Rumbelow and Robin Odell and Shirley Harrison and all other Ripperologists of more mature years. So we are fascinated by the possibility that this writer entered Ripper territory, unbeknownst to us all until his collection passed from family hands to a professional museum curator and collector.

So did Hulme Beaman write this piece? His family remembered him as a very sensitive man who once fainted on hearing a gruesome story, and his work was almost entirely and sweetly directed at children, except for a set of commissioned illustrations for *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, which Paul rightly notes are highly influenced by German expressionism and free from grisly and painful matter. I disagree. The finest German expressionism (notably Murnau's *Faust* and *Nosferatu*) is horrific without being grisly, and Hulme Beaman seems to me to catch this horror - often based on sinister lighting and shadows - with perfection and gusto. It may be worth noting, too, that the *Autobiography* makes effective and well-informed use of Daniel Bandmann's unsuccessful dramatization of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*: less well known than Richard Mansfield's, but equally contemporary, and probably unfamiliar to those who had not made some study of treatments of the novel. I note, too, that the Explanatory Remarks adopt the narrative device of saying that HB is going to see to the *Autobiography's* publication, though he hasn't done so yet, just as "James Carnac" tells us how he is going to settle his landlady's hash and see to the survival of his manuscript, though it requires a third person epilogue to explain how he failed.

But perhaps most revealing of all is the mis-spelling Joan of Ark on page 101. Most unlikely for an educated man of the generation which was impressed by her canonization in 1920. But entirely possible for a writer who had started on children's books about Noah's Ark characters, and retained Arkville as Toytown's rival throughout his career, and whose Noah's Ark figures constitute a major part of his collection. Yes, I think S G Hulme Beaman gave us this splendid addition to Ripper fiction.

Review by Martin Fido.

Jack the Ripper (Unsolved Mysteries)

Jennifer Joline Anderson

Content Consultant: Dr Drew Gray

Minneapolis: Abdo Publishing Company, 2012

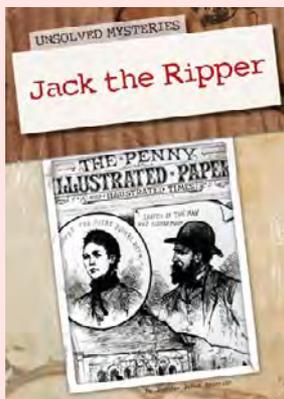
www.abdopub.com

111pp; notes; sources; index. ISBN: 978-1-61783-305-2. \$23.95

This book, which is part of a series about unsolved mysteries that includes titles on topics as diverse as the so-called Bermuda Triangle and the hijacker D B Cooper, is designed for children at reading level 8 and despite some niggling errors, if that's not too strong a word, it's very good. Jennifer Joline Anderson is an experienced writer and the Content Consultant is Dr Drew Gray, who is beginning to make a bit of a name for himself in this field, having authored *London's Shadows* and

been a speaker at the Drexel Conference.

The book looks at each of the victims in turn, taking the opportunity to look at various aspects of Victorian society and key moments in the investigation as it does so. Thus the book touches on London at the centre of a great empire, its mean streets, prostitution, the workhouse, and lodging houses. The book covers the victims, then looks at the Ripper correspondence, box outs discussing the Dear Boss and Lusk letter and things such as a microscope of the type Dr



Openshaw might have used. The book moves on to profiles of the Ripper, starting with Dr Bond's analysis and then the FBI profile created in 1988.

In the course of this brief but well-written trot through the case there are a few mistakes, the most serious, perhaps, is in a box out on page 37 where Major Smith is called the Commissioner of the City of London Police. And on page 31 we're told that the discovery of the apron in the yard at 29 Hanbury Street directed attention to John Pizer. These are small mistakes which won't seriously mislead young readers, but they are slightly surprising given the obvious responsibility the publisher felt towards accuracy by bringing on board a content consultant.

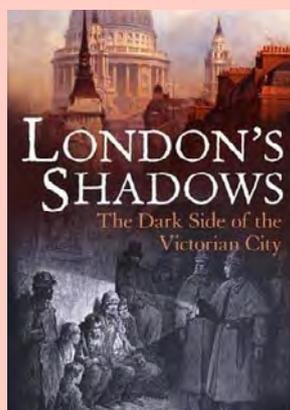
The chapter on suspects kicks off with Montague John Druitt and Ms Anderson very quickly gets into a spot of bother by claiming that Macnaghten named "the top three people suspected by police at the time of the murders". Obviously one appreciates that the most important thing when telling this story for children is not to over-complicate, and it isn't easy to otherwise briefly and accurately describe Druitt, Kosminski and Ostrog, but it might have been better to have described these men as leading suspects.

She includes Kaminsky/Cohen in the assessment of "Kosminski", for once giving full credit to Martin Fido. Ostrog is discounted by Ripperologists, says Anderson, because he was not "the right type" to have committed the murders, whereas, of course, whilst this may be true, he was also incarcerated in France when the murders took place. The account of Tumblety is likewise not quite right: he's described as a seller of phony medicines, which is to confuse a purveyor of alternative or herbal medicines with the tub-thumping seller of bogus preparations at county fairs.

Other suspects briefly discussed are George Chapman, Prince Albert Victor, Roslyn Donston Stephenson, and, in a box, out, the Maybrick diary. Ms Anderson concludes with a brief survey of the things we can do today which the Victorian police couldn't, which includes fingerprints, DNA, and psychological and geographical profiling.

Jack the Ripper is a tough subject for children and you'll have to explain what prostitutes and homosexuals are, and maybe what indecency with men is, but overall this book pulls few punches and is a good re-telling of the story, using it to set the context of Victorian society and of modern detection methods.

Review by Paul Begg.



**London's Shadows:
The Dark Side of the
Victorian City**

Drew D Gray

London: Continuum

International, 2011

www.continuumbooks.com

hardcover; 280pp; illus;

notes; bioblio; index

ISBN: 978-1-84725-242-5

£20.00

Drew Gray, Senior Lecturer in History of Crime at the University of Northampton, is a closet Ripperologist or at least Ripperologist-curious, for despite beginning *London's Shadows* by denying that he is one, he was a guest speaker at the recent Jack the Ripper conference in Philadelphia and, as noted above, was the content consultant on Jennifer Anderson's *Jack the Ripper*. And *London's Shadows* isn't a simple social history of the East End in the 1880s, but uses the Ripper murders centrally as the springboard and background for his investigation.

Reviewing some books is very hard, especially in a genre like this one when it is easy to be accused of assorted biases, and in this case I felt that I was reading my own *Jack the Ripper: The Definitive History*, in that Drew Gray uses the Jack the Ripper murders to explore the East End of the 1880s - the politics, poverty, prostitution, immigration, and much else that was focusing middle-class attention on the East End and consequently illuminating the stage onto which Jack walked.

The 1880s was a decade of dramatic social, cultural and above all economic change. Winston Churchill described it as "the end of an epoch" and went on, "The long dominion of the middle classes, which had begun in 1832, had come to its close..." The old structures upon which security and stability were based were being overturned, a new elite was emerging, and the bulk of the population, the struggling downtrodden masses, were beginning to flex their muscles. And the East End was a focus for a lot of this.

It is, of course, the poverty of the East End which first captures the eye, although it is questionable if it was universally bad as painted in the usual commentaries of the time, such as *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London* and Booth's *East London*. Gray carefully points out that these sources are

not altogether reliable because they reflect the impressions of middle- and upper-class cultural, social and economic values of their shocked and outraged authors, who were also writing with the intention of shocking their complacent middle-class readers into action. These writers did much to create the "other world" so ably reflected in Jack London's

description of East London as “the abyss” and his anecdote about the inability of travel organiser Thomas Cook to send him there. Recent historians and commentators such as John Marriott in his excellent *Beyond the Tower* have done much to dispel this semi-mythic creation.

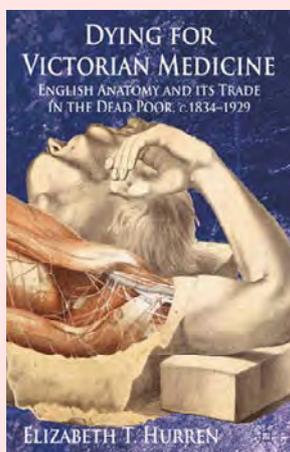
Gray looks at the “New Journalism” pioneered by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, notably Stead’s “Maiden tribute of modern Babylon”, and at the Contagious Diseases Act, but I find it difficult to agree with the influential Walkowitzian concept of Jack the Ripper’s victims as falling into prostitution for reasons other than their alcoholism and the desperate need to survive. Gray makes some interesting comparisons between our dislike of benefit scroungers of today’s so-called welfare state and the people who suffered the most appalling poverty in the era. When reading newspaper accounts of horrendously emaciated people, clothed in rags, who simply settled in a shop doorway to die from cold and hunger, no more than a mile from food and wealth and opulence, benefit scroungers become even more despicable but preferable to not providing any benefits at all. And the bridge between having something and having nothing is far easier to cross than most people imagine. But I digress.

Gray’s compilation of criminal statistics derived from the fabulous Old Bailey Proceedings Online is particularly valuable and points towards some interesting new avenues for research - some micro-histories of Victorian policing might be very insightful, a few areas of Victorian society, such as the street gangs, having received precious little attention. Would the life and times of Squibby be possible, I wonder?

London’s Shadows may have reeked of déjà vu for me, and I’m sure other historians of London’s dark side will experience the same, but Gray has put his well-researched material together in a highly readable way and this book should be on your shelf and well thumbed. But take the time to look behind the text. There is a sub, sub text here, as there is in the whole Jack the Ripper story, and that is that the poverty and deprivation that pushed the women onto the point of Jack’s knife still exist.

Highly recommended.

Review by Paul Begg.



Dying for Victorian Medicine: English Anatomy and its Trade in the Dead Poor

Dr Elizabeth Hurren

Basingstoke, Hampshire: Palgrave Macmillan, 2011

www.palgrave.com

hardcover; 380pp; illus; charts & graphs; notes; biblio; index

ISBN: 978-0-230-21966-3

£65.00

The year is 1834. Charlotte Burton was 22-years-old and living in abject poverty in Shoreditch and eking out whatever living she could by selling her body on the streets. She had managed to conceal the fact that she was pregnant and when the time came to give birth, she was alone in her filthy room and without the assistance of a midwife. The baby died and soon after so did Charlotte. Her fellow lodgers sold her body through an intermediary to the anatomists at St Bartholomew’s where it “was dissected and dismembered down to its extremities”.

This was two years after the passing of the Anatomy Act of 1832. The Act had put an end to grave robbing but done nothing to help the medical schools acquire fresh corpses, so they turned to the poor and destitute and as the story of the short and brutal life of young Charlotte Burton illustrates, her body had a value in death just as it had in life. Her fate was far from untypical.

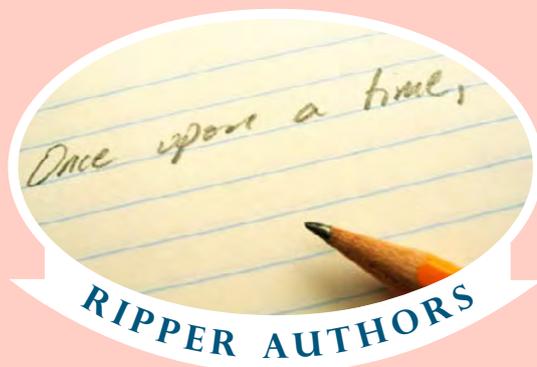
Dr Hurren, Reader in the History of Medicine at Oxford Brookes University and an authority on the history of anatomy and the body, poverty and welfare, has undertaken research in the dissection records of St Batholomew’s and produced some startling facts which provoke a reinterpretation of the late Victorian trade in cadavers. Her book, which is wonderfully free of the cant that so often mars academic books, makes distressing but fascinating reading, all the more so since the black market in body parts still exists, the scale of the trade perhaps being far greater than supposed - “To the unscrupulous the operating theatre is the body-repair shop of the twenty-first century.”

Between 1885-1886 Barts acquired 103 corpses, an increase of 48.5% over 1869-1870, the last figures available (the dissection register for the twelve busy body-buying years between 1873-1884 having gone astray) and research by Hurren suggests that anatomists consistently under-reported their body-buying activities to the central government, the official figures therefore being substantially lower than the reality. Body parts from amputations and post-mortems were also valuable commodities; Hurren gives a repellent description of the “dead house” room at St Mary’s hospital where bodies and body parts were stored on shelves in wooden cupboards near a furnace. The room was also used to store coal for the furnaces and was open to coalmen among others. The atmosphere (for which read stink) was described as “very bad”. This was in 1905!

Dr Hurren suggests that the Jack the Ripper murders may have had links to the anatomy trade. Briefly, by 1888 the preservation of corpses had considerably improved, but the methods of preservation gave them the look and feel of wax dummies. I’m not clear why this would have been so unsatisfactory that someone would feel the need to find a fresh corpse so badly that they’d murder someone, but this is Dr Hurren’s suggestion. I am not sure whether the dreadful mutilation of Kelly, which seems to me like sheer butchery, displays evidence of dissection techniques, or that anyone with an “ordinary” motive would have run the terrible risk of detection by murdering and mutilating on the street, and I’d welcome Dr Hurren’s view on this, but with these and one of two other caveats, she seems to advance a plausible theory. It’s given weight by Dr Hurren’s belief that the Ripper had surgical knowledge and skill, which she deduces from the way the murderer left the corpse clean and that the mutilations were methodical, albeit done at high speed and in poor conditions.

I can’t say I buy into the idea of Jack harvesting body parts, but Dr Hurren’s observations about Jack’s surgical skill are very valuable. Whilst this is not a pleasant subject and Dr Hurren is obviously writing for the academic audience (and the book accordingly has a price tag to match), the book provides a singular vision into late-19th century society. I found it one of the most engaging books I’ve read in a long time. Cannot be too highly recommended.

Review by Paul Begg.



Silent Court

M J Trow

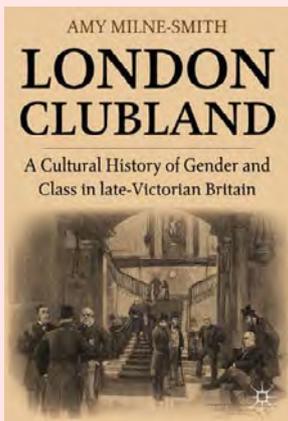
Sutton, Surrey: Severn House, 2012

www.severnhouse.com

hardcover; 224pp; 224. ISBN: 9781780290195. £19.99

The prolific Mei Trow launched a new detective series in mid-2011 with *Dark Entry* featuring detective and novice spy Kit Marlowe - Mei wrote a non-fiction book, *Who Killed Kit Marlowe* (2001), so he’s on familiar territory - and in this second novel in the series Marlowe is sent for political reasons to the Netherlands, but en-route at the home of Dr John Dee he finds himself embroiled in murder.

Review by Paul Begg.



**London Clubland:
A Cultural History of
Gender and Class in
Late-Victorian Britain**

Amy Milne-Smith
Basingstoke, Hampshire
Palgrave Macmillan, 2011
www.palgrave.com
hardcover; 296pp; illus;
notes; biblio; index
ISBN: 978-0-230-12076-1
£55.00

The stews of Whitechapel are far removed from the rarefied atmosphere of London’s exclusive gentlemen’s clubs, but several investigators of the case were clubmen, Sir Melville McNaughton belonged to the Garrick, Sir Robert Anderson the National (as did Dr Barnardo), Sir Charles Warren, Sir Edward Bradford, and Home Secretary Henry Matthews all belonged to the famed Athenaeum (Bradford was also a member of the United Service club and Matthews of the Carlton). Henry Labouchere belonged to the Reform (although he was famously involved in a contretemps outside the Beefsteak), George R Sims was a member of the Devonshire, among others Leonard Matters to the Press Club and the Publicity Club), and our own Colin Wilson belonged to the Savage.

The Rochester Conservative and scandal-riven MP Col. Hughes-Hallett concluded that Jack the Ripper was “a West End man, a gentleman of wealth and culture... [who] left his club, as I was then doing, and disguised himself for his hideous nocturnal revel...” William Greer Harrison related a story allegedly told to him by a Dr Howard, who was visiting the Bohemian Club in San Francisco. Howard said the Ripper was a pre-eminent society doctor who had been committed to an asylum by his colleagues when irrefutable evidence showed him to be the murderer. A later newspaper elaborated on the story and attributed its information to “a London clubman” then in Chicago.

The London clubs reached their heyday in the late 19th century, membership of at least one club being *de rigueur* and the club one belonged to having as much snob value as one’s public school, but for the most part they were and are a closed world. Amy Milne-Smith, an assistant professor of history at Wilfred Laurier University, has done much to open the portals to this woefully little understood world of the late Victorian social elite.

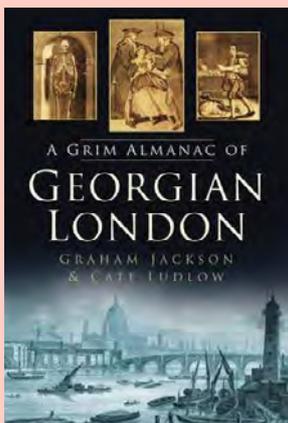
The London clubs reached their heyday in the late 19th century, membership of at least one club being de rigueur and the club one belonged to having as much snob value as one’s public school.

London clubland hasn’t passed unrecognised by historians, nor have these long-exclusive masculine domains escaped the attention of cultural and feminist historians, and Milne-Smith’s exhaustive bibliography makes this more than clear, and scandal has from time to time shone the light of public curiosity on such places. Amy Milne-Smith provides the first scholarly history of these establishments.

Based on extensive research in club archives, as well as diaries, memoirs, journals and newspapers, this book is an engrossing visit to exclusive establishments, from the member who went direct to his club from the lunatic asylum from which he’d managed to escape (oh, for the name!) to the impact on the clubs of the damage done in the 1886 “riot” by the unemployed.

Deftly written, not at all “academic” (although definitely a scholarly text - there are over 50 pages of notes; lots of notes are always a sign of a scholarly text - by an evidently accomplished academic), this is a book with what for many will be a prohibitive price tag, but it is a fabulous introduction to one aspect of the world in which the likes of Scotland Yard’s elite moved and probably circulated their anecdotes.

Review by Paul Begg.



The Grim Almanac of Georgian London

Graham Jackson
and Cate Ludlow

Stroud, Gloucestershire: The History Press, 2011

www.thehistorypress.co.uk

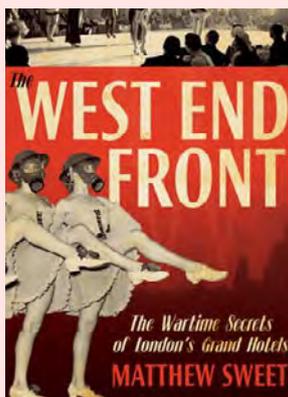
softcover; 191pp; illus; biblio. ISBN 978-0-7524-6170-0. £14.99

I must confess that I am not a big fan of the “Grim Almanac” series from The History Press. I prefer thematic chapters or at least year by year rather than flitting around from murder to suicide to whatever the grim story may be, and also backwards and forwards from one year to another. This volume is somewhat different in that it isn’t countywide, as most of the other titles in the series have been, but covers a period of history, and a large chunk at that. George I came to the throne on 1 August 1714 - as the book notes - and four successive Georges ruled until 26 June 1830, when William IV thoughtlessly bucked the trend and notably failed to give his name to the brief period he ruled.

This book therefore has a period of 116 years from which to choose its 365+ events and it’s a satisfyingly disturbing and gruesome time to plunder for stories, a fair few of which are from the East End.

The Victorian period is well covered by books, but the underbelly of Georgian London has not been so fully explored.

Review by Paul Begg.



I can name drop. I was once in the bar of the Dorchester waiting to meet Keith Skinner and Patricia Cornwell. I was fascinated by the price list and pointed out to Keith a brandy that cost nearly £1,000 a bottle. “No sir,” said the passing barman, “that’s per glass.” I may have gaped. It’s possible that I dribbled. Where did they keep the bottle; in a safe? It was and is a rare brandy, a Rémy Martin Black Pearl, so exclusive that if you see a bottle and fancy buying it, make sure you have £20,000 to spare!

That’s really the only anecdote I can tell about the posh hotels, but Matthew Sweet has a whole book full of fabulous ones as he takes you on a sweeping tour of these elitist establishments during WWII. Sweet’s quirkily original *Inventing the Victorians* (1991) was a super read and *The West End Front* is along the same lines, providing a more anecdotal history that scholarly examination, so you get a fair bit of salacious scandal as well as history about the way the rich largely flouted the wartime hardships that allegedly had everyone else pulling together in the face of a shared adversity.

In Sweet’s highly enjoyable book one tours the Dorchester, Ritz, Savoy and Claridge’s, plus a few slightly less glittering establishments, and whilst the book touches on the seemingly insurmountable problems facing the management and staff of these places in their efforts to cater for their demanding clientele, the book is more an anecdotal history of the clientele itself, suffering, as the poor dears did, through awful privations such as the rationing of oysters and caviar. And it must have been just awful when the waiters who were the backbone of these places, being Italian, were driven off in their droves to internment camps. Drawing on a large number of first-hand interviews, Sweet brings this now largely vanished world to life, introducing a diverse cast of characters, including the handsome, bizarre and ruthless King Zog of Albania, ousted from his self-appointed kingship by Mussolini in 1939 and enjoying a comfortable exile at the Ritz, where he paid his bills with gold bullion. Sir Curtis

Lampson, an aristocratic conman. And assorted spies and celebrities and posh homosexuals in the lower bar of the Ritz.

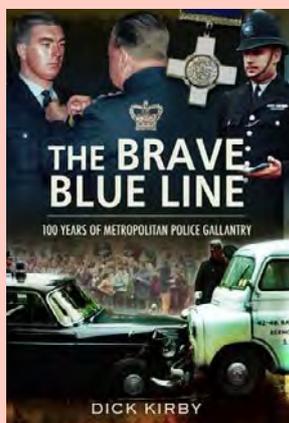
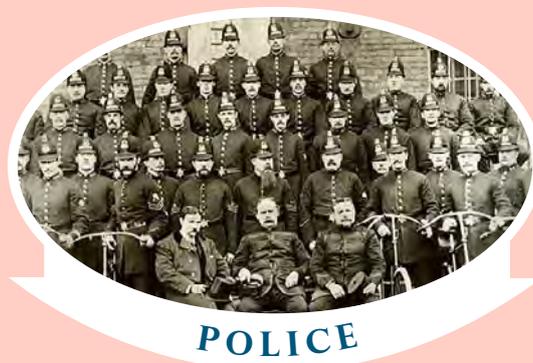
Sweet begins the adventurous tour through the bars and restaurants, and corridors and bedrooms with an account of the Savoy’s restaurant manager, Loreto Santarelli, one of the many staff arrested by the Special Branch on suspicion of being a spy. Broken by the experience, Santarelli died prematurely - a heart attack suffered on the Savoy’s plush carpeting after he’d been released from the barbed wire fringed camp where he was held. In telling his story Sweet doesn’t miss the opportunity to take a few diversionary trips down historical side roads to meet such people as regular partaker of luncheon at the Savoy, the repellent Claude Dansey, much hated deputy head of MI6 during the war. This sets the tone of the book; each chapter has a theme, chapter one is called “Aliens”, which provides a rough framework for

**The West End Front:
The Wartime Secrets
of London’s Grand
Hotels**
Matthew Sweet
London: Faber and Faber,
2011. www.faber.co.uk
hardcover; 362pp; illus;
notes; index;
ISBN: 978-0-571-23477-6
£20.00

stories and anecdotes, sad or salacious and sometimes both, both in and beyond the hotel walls.

Although it's a largely vanished world, although the hotels survived the stringencies of WWII and remain bastions of inequality.

Review by Paul Begg.

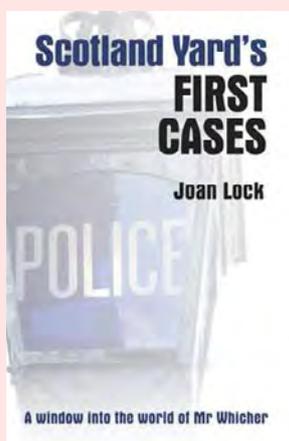


**The Brave Blue Line:
100 Years of Metropolitan Police Gallantry**

Dick Kirby
Foreword by Lord Stevens
Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Wharncliffe Books, 2011
www.pen-and-sword.co.uk
<http://www.dickkirby.com/>
hardcover; 198pp; illus; biblio; index
ISBN: 184884652-5
£19.99

The gushing, saccharine-coated jacket blurb deters rather than attracts the reader, especially the cynical, jaundiced reader who thinks of police corruption, institutionalised racism, and all the other criticisms piled up at the door of the police. But it is nevertheless true that for all its faults the Metropolitan Police Service is composed of individual men and women who daily face tasks the rest of us would avoid like the plague, and who sometimes perform truly extraordinary deeds of gallantry for which a medal seems slight reward. In this book the prolific Dick Kirby, who follows the same theme of police gallantry in his forthcoming *Death on the Beat*, gives due attention to those who did more than might be expected of them.

Review by Paul Begg.



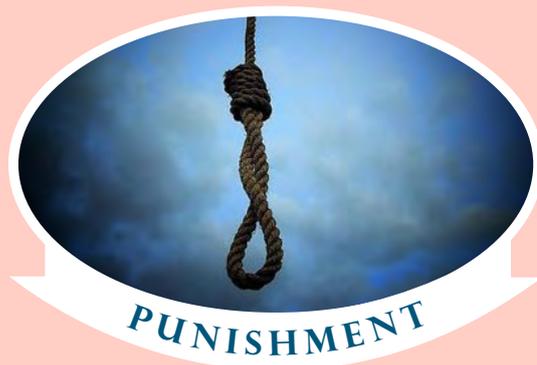
**Scotland Yard's
First Cases**
Joan Lock
London: Robert Hale, 2011
www.halebooks.com
www.joanlock.co.uk
hardcover; 256pp; illus; select biblio; index
ISBN: 978-07090-9125-7
£17.99

Perversely, the creation of the detective department at Scotland Yard in 1842 was an admission of failure. The creation of the police force was predicated on crime prevention, so the creation of a group of men whose job was to investigate crimes after they had happened meant that crime prevention had failed. Of course, not all crimes could be prevented, so it was inevitable that men who could specialise in crime detection would be needed, but as their whole *raison d'être* was based on failure they did not merit the highest attention. Even at late as the 1880s the detective department was secondary to the uniformed police, so much so that Sir Charles Warren didn't even mention the detectives in one of his annual reports. If one thing we have today was a consequence of the 1888 power struggle between Warren and former CID chief James Monro it is the pre-eminence of the detectives in the public mind.

The history of the police detective prior to the 1890s is therefore an interesting topic and one that it is important to understand the influences on the detectives at the time of the Ripper murders and their consequent handling of the case.

Joan Lock is a former nurse and former policewoman and has written widely about the police, including a book about the women police and an excellent previous foray into the world of early policing called *Dreadful Deeds and Awful Murders*, and in her latest - and excellent and highly readable - book she looks at how the early detectives had to work, the conditions they worked under, and some of their most notable successes. The book includes a fair bit about "superstar" Jonathan Whicher - Kate Summerscale has a lot to answer for! - and the investigation of the murder of Mr Briggs, the first railway murder.

Review by Paul Begg.



**Victorians Against the Gallows:
Capital Punishment and the Abolitionist Movement in Nineteenth Century Britain**

James Gregory

London: I.B. Taurus, 2011

www.ibtaurus.com

hardcover; 372pp; illus; extensive notes; biblio; index

ISBN: 978-1-84885-694-3

£65.00

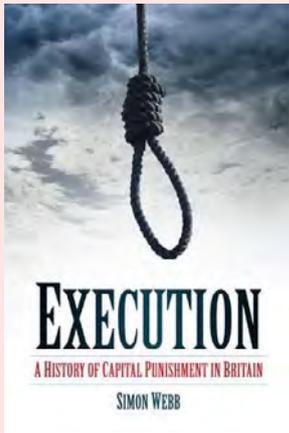
Heavy going but worthwhile reading. By the time Queen Victoria ascended the throne the death penalty was almost exclusively reserved for murder and even then there was a marked increase in the reluctance of juries to convict except in the most extreme cases. Public executions remained and were often attended by large crowds, often just to see and hear about the transgressor, much as successive generations liked to read about them in the Sunday paper after lunch and with one's pipe drawing nicely and a cup of nut brown tea close to hand. There was nevertheless growing unease in liberal quarters, not only about public executions but surrounding capital punishment as a whole and abolitionist movements were growing. Focusing in part on the activities of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, James Gregory looks at the abolitionist leaders and personal and at the strategies they employed to publicise their cause and achieve their ends. His coverage embraces abolitionist opinion and argument in poetry and novels and within the wider Victorian worlds of philanthropy, religious orthodoxy and social morality.

Review by Paul Begg.

READ SOMETHING WE SHOULD REVIEW?

If you've read something that belongs here, let us know!

Email us at contact@ripperologist.biz



Execution: A History of Capital Punishment in Britain

Simon Webb

Stroud, Gloucestershire:

The History Press 2011

www.thehistorypress.co.uk

SOFTCOVER; 158pp; illus;

isbn: 978-0-7524-6407-7

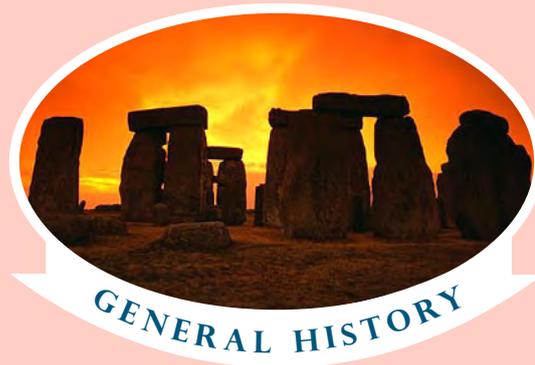
£9.99

According to Simon Webb, the first recorded judicial execution in Britain was that of St Alban who was executed for helping a Christian priest escape the Roman authorities. When this happened is far from certain, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle assigns it to the year 283, whilst Bede inferentially concluded that it occurred during the Diocletian persecutions in or after 303. Another early and overall probably more accurate source indicates the Christian persecutions of Septimus Severus c.209. But whenever it happened, it is the first on record in Britain and Alban was beheaded, a method of execution traditionally reserved for important people, suggesting, perhaps, that Alban was socially connected. Judicial execution was fairly uncommon, however, as Anglo-Saxons had a long and complex system of financial penalties for almost every offence imaginable and it's not until the post-Conquest that it is more frequent.

As the title of this book says, it looks at the history of execution, so Webb takes a sweeping tour through beheading, be it by sword, axe, or a beheading machine called the Halifax Gibbet, a precursor of the guillotine. He looks at crushing, breaking and boiling to death, and when death alone was deemed insufficient punishment there were variations on the theme, such as drawing and quartering. But hanging understandably receives the most detailed coverage.

Webb's slender volume is an excellent if somewhat superficial overview of execution from the Roman occupation until the abolition of the death penalty.

Review by Paul Begg.



SMERSH: Stalin's Secret Weapon. Soviet Counterintelligence in WWII

Vadim J Birstein

Introduction by Nigel West

London: Biteback Publishing, 2011

www.bitebackpublishing.com

www.vadimbirstein.com

hardcover; 512pp; notes; index

ISBN: 978-1-84954-108-4

£25.00

If you've only seen the James Bond movies you may be unfamiliar with SMERSH, a Russian assassination agency and Bond's nemesis, for it appears under the name SPECTRE, the SPecial Executive for Counterintelligence, Terrorism, Revenge, and Extortion, an organisation Fleming introduced in *Thunderball*. However, SMERSH, a Soviet counterintelligence organisation whose name is an acronym of the Russian words meaning "Death to Spies", features prominently in the novels *Casino Royale*, published in April 1953, *Live and Let Die*, *From Russia With Love*, and *Goldfinger*.

SMERSH was a real organisation and really was concerned with counterintelligence and executions. It had been created by Stalin in April 1943 to liquidate suspected Nazi collaborators and counter revolutionaries, and it existed until March 1946, at which time it was disbanded and absorbed into the Third Main Directorate of the MGB, the Ministry

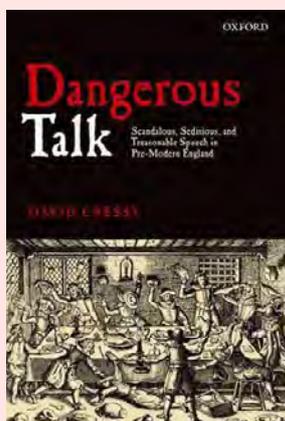
of State Security. Few outside the international intelligence community knew of its existence and Fleming's tolerably accurate, if superficial, description of it shows that he possessed "inside" information.

Other than Ian Fleming's dramatic representation of SMERSH, the short-lived organisation hasn't been the subject of much literature, especially in English, which makes this book by Russian-American historian Vadim J Birstein's exhaustively researched book so important. Be warned, though, that it's very heavy reading, vast areas are almost impenetrable to the general reader, and it's short on humanity. There is real horror behind the statistics given here and - perhaps thankfully - Birstein doesn't plumb those depths.

At the end of the book one knows a lot about SMERSH, probably far, far more than it was ever necessary to, but one feels that it's still as unknown as it was in the Bond novels. It's not enough to know what SMERSH was responsible for, one wants to know why. Was it all really done in opposition to perceived enemies, or was it a party spree by out and out sociopaths who made Hannibal Lecter look positively benign? Was it really facing off spies from outside and subversives from inside its own ranks, or was it settling personal scores and eliminating perceived rather than actual enemies?

This said, the book is a very important and enlightening piece of extraordinarily well-researched international intelligence history.

Review by Paul Begg.



**Dangerous Talk:
Scandalous, Seditious,
and Treasonable
Speech in Pre-Modern
England**

David Cressy
Oxford: Oxford University
Press, 2012
www.oup.co,
paperback; 374pp; notes;
biblio; index
originally published in
hardcover by Oxford:
Oxford University Press,
2010
ISBN: 978-0-19-960609-2
£18.99
Kindle edition £13.73

It's a good job message boards didn't exist in the past when an incautious remark could and did land you in prison or, worse, on the scaffold. Between 1534 and 1540 a hundred people were executed for bad-mouthing the king. In all some 500 cases had been raised during that time, of which 150 were tried. Clearly the monarchy was doubtful about its stability. Nothing much changed. In 1618 a hat was thrown through the window of King James' coach and it apparently hit the King in the face, for which act the hat's owner, a tailor with the magnificent name of Passwater Sexbie, received two whippings and three months in choky. He could have suffered far worse for this act of "audacious villainy" but he was drunk. (I confess that I doubted the genuineness of the name, but Passwater was not an unknown forename in the 1700s and earlier, and even as late as the 1840s there was a young bricklayer named Passwater Usher living in Maidstone.)

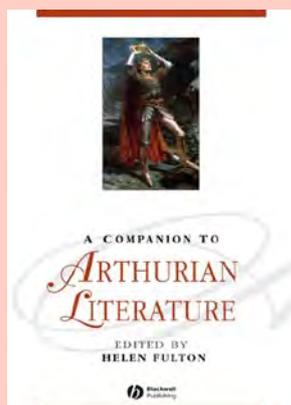
David Cressy, currently Humanities Distinguished Professor of History at Ohio State University, has nine books to his credit, including *Birth, Marriage and Death* (1997), *Agnes Bowker's Cat* (2001), and *England on Edge* (2006), and here he takes a look at how unguarded tongues could have the direst consequences and how over time freedom of speech became a birthright rather than a crime.

Cressy's study of "scandalous, seditious, and treasonable speech" looks at precisely what words and sentiments could get you into trouble - and it didn't take much. This book, though, is far more than a series of examples of the sort of language that could get you in prison or at the end of a noose. It's a look at the everyday language that one would encounter if you travelled back to the streets of the past.

You could be called "a cuckoldy witwally fool" - isn't "witwally" just a fantastic word! - and similar such inventive insults. Shakespeare wasn't being especially clever when he put wordy insults into the mouths of his characters. You were as likely to hear "...you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate, away you mouldy rogue" in a low alehouse as in *Henry IV Part 2*.

Good reading.

Review by Paul Begg.



A Companion to Arthurian Literature

Edited by Helen Fulton
Chichester, West Sussex:
John Wiley and Sons, 2012
www.wiley.co.uk/wiley-blackwell
softcover; 571pp; notes;
biblio; index
First published in hardcover
by Blackwell, 2009
ISBN: 978-0-470-67237-2
£27.99

It is almost impossible to praise this book too highly. It isn't for everyone and it won't have much to interest those who are more interested in the hunt for the historical Arthur than studying how his story has been reinvented to meet the demands and needs of successive generations, but if you are gripped by the literature of Arthur, from the Celtic traditions and legends through to modern Hollywood hokum then this is definitely a volume you will want on your bookshelf.

Helen Fulton, a Professor of Medieval Literature in the Centre for Medieval Studies at the University of York, had done a fabulous job in bringing together over thirty academics, each of whom has contributed a concise specialist chapter, to create one of the most valuable introductions to the diversity of Arthurian literature you are ever likely to come across.

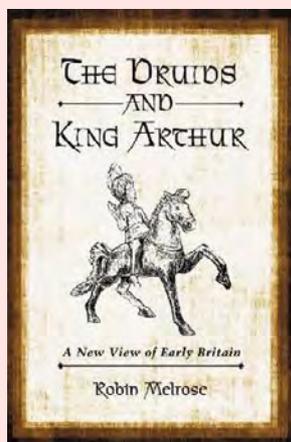
The story of King Arthur has touched almost every part of literature, from semi-historical works like Gildas's *De excidio...* and Nennius's *Historia*, through Celtic and early Welsh literature, the European "Matter of Britain", *Medieval and Malory*, to more modern stories like T H White's *Once and Future King* and Hollywood movies.

Alan Lane, Senior Lecturer in the School of History and Archaeology at Cardiff University, kicks off with a very well-balanced scene-setting introduction to the archaeological context for Arthur, managing to explain the opposing opinions of Alcock and Dumville. There is a typically elegant quick overview of the pseudo-historical Arthur by Nick Higham, and Helen Fulton and Lister M Matheson finish off this introduction to the "historical" Arthur with chapters looking at Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniae* and the portrayal of Arthur in the Chronicles.

With the foundations for the historical Arthur now set, short chapters by a host of top notch experts proceed to review the Arthurian legends from medieval to Victorian literature and beyond.

Excellent stuff.

Review by Paul Begg.



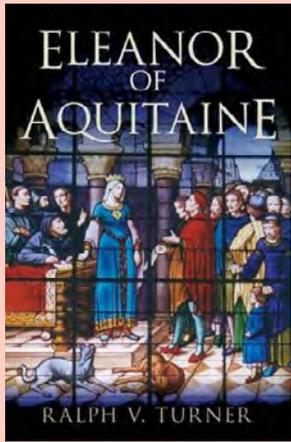
The Druids and King Arthur: A New View of Early Britain

Robin Melrose
Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland, 2011
www.mcfarlandpub.com
softcover; 214pp; maps; notes; biblio; index
ISBN: 978-0-7864-5890-5
£31.50
£20.86 (Kindle)

The combination of "Arthur" and "Druids" in the title of this book certainly does it no favours, barely nothing being known about the Druids, the religious leaders of the pre-Roman Britons, and Arthur a leader whose historicity is doubted who lived nearly 1,000 years after the Druids were wiped out. But the idea isn't quite as off the wall as it appears. It is entirely possible that a lot of pre-Christian beliefs did pass down through the centuries to be recorded, much garbled, as traditions and legends about the founding of Britain. It is equally possible that real history, also garbled and confused, was mixed with the old mythical traditions. The difficulty for historians is separating the myth from the history, or seeing how the myth influenced the perception of the past. Needless to say, that's nearly impossible.

It is nevertheless what Robin Melrose, a retired senior lecturer in English and linguistics at the University of Portsmouth, has attempted to do in this book. It is far from easy reading and Melrose writes to prove a theory rather than the story arising out of his research and knowledge, but he argues his corner with a certain grace and aplomb, though in the end I remain unconvinced.

Review by Paul Begg.



Eleanor of Aquitaine

Ralph V Turner
London: Yale University
Press, 2011
www.yalebooks.co.uk
softcover; 395pp; illus;
noted; biblio; index
ISBN: 978-0-300-17820-3
£14.99

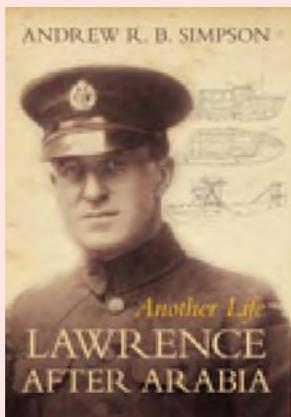
women having a far stronger presence in 12th and 13th century society than one might think, which makes Eleanor more representative of her age than standing out as an exception. Otherwise, an excellent and solid biography.

Review by Paul Begg.

Eleanor of Aquitaine is and forever will be Katherine Hepburn, whose defining performance in *The Lion in Winter* deservedly won her a third Oscar. The real Eleanor of Aquitaine lived from c.1122 until 1204 and was queen of both France and England, was extremely wealthy, was the patroness of literary figures such as Wace and Chretien de Troyes - and so was instrumental in giving us the "Matter of Britain" - and was the mother of Henry II's eight children, including the oddly fondly remembered Richard I and his "evil" brother and traditional enemy of Robin Hood, John.

Not much is known about Eleanor, so biographers have to make as much use as they can of what information exists, and repetition and close analysis of every nuance of meaning that can be wrung from the sources is therefore common and understandable in biographies. Ralph V Turner, emeritus professor of history at Florida State University, who has previously written about both Richard I and John, is no different, but skilfully uses his material with aplomb.

Eleanor was apparently a great beauty, but not well-liked and regarded as disreputable or *louche* by the people, and acquiring what Turner calls "a black legend" among the chroniclers, who accused her of murder (of Henry's mistress Rosamund Clifford), adultery with a sundry people, and spending too much on clothes. Apart from the latter, which is provably true, the rest is probably baseless gossip and is treated as such by Turner, who points out that the writers of history, mostly religious chroniclers, were not happy with Henry II and his circle because of the murder of the lice-ridden Archbishop of Canterbury Thomas Becket. This typifies Turner's approach to his subject, which neither follows the chroniclers nor the post-19th century Eleanor rehabilitationists. He's repetitive and not a stylistically accomplished writer, but is well-suited to his task. He seems a little off-key when it comes to gender,



Another Life: Lawrence After Arabia

Andrew R. B. Simpson
Stroud, Gloucestershire:
The History Press Ltd, 2011
www.thehistorypress.co.uk
softcover; 366pp; illus;
appendices; sources; index
ISBN: 978-0-7524-6358-2
£14.99

Just before the outbreak of the First World War the British military engaged the services of a young archaeologist in the Middle East to undertake under cover of his archaeological work a military survey of the Negev Desert. The archaeologist was T E Lawrence and thus was born Lawrence of Arabia.

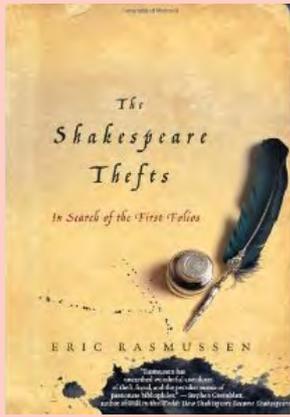
After WWI Lawrence worked for the Foreign Office and Colonial Office and rose to prominence as a consequence of the American journalist Lowell Thomas.

In August 1922, Lawrence enlisted in the Royal Air Force under the name John Hume Ross but was soon exposed. In 1923 he changed his name to T E Shaw and joined the Royal Tank Corps. In 1925 he was re-admitted to the RAF, serving abroad until 1928 when he returned to Britain, leaving the RAF in 1935. Two months later, aged 46, on his motorcycle, he swerved to avoid two boys on bicycles, lost control and crashed, sustaining injuries from which he died six days later.

Lawrence's life has been covered in considerable detail in a steady stream of books, the flow showing no sign of abating, the last month or so having seen the publication of *Guerrilla Leader: T E Lawrence and the Arab Revolt* by James J Schneider (Bantam) and the softcover publication of *Another Life*, which eschews Lawrence of Arabia and instead looks at Lawrence's life from 1920 onwards, when Lawrence strangely tried to vanish beneath pseudonyms in the RAF and Tank Corps.

Thus, the furrow that is T E Lawrence has been ploughed so thoroughly one does not expect to find much if any new material, but Andrew Simpson has turned some up and more particularly presents a number of new arguments and fresh perspectives. Simpson also seems to have taken the opportunity presented by the softcover edition to make some corrections to the text. This is not a lightweight book, but one clearly intended for the Lawrence aficionado, the more so as Lawrence's post-Arabia life seems rather gloomy and unexciting, but for Lawrenceites this full of facts book will be one to be savoured.

Review by Paul Begg.



The Shakespeare Thefts: In Search of the First Folios

Eric Rasmussen

London: Palgrave MacMillan, 2011

www.palgrave.com

hardcover; 212pp; ISBN: 978-

0-230-10941-4

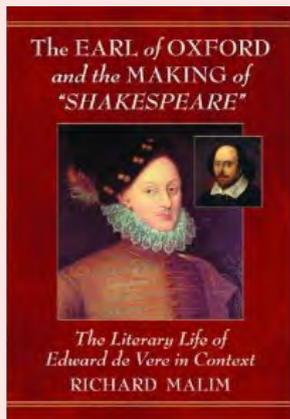
£16.99

At the end of 2011 Palgrave Macmillan published *The Shakespeare First Folios: A Descriptive Catalogue* by Eric Rasmussen and Anthony James West. The previous catalogue was compiled over a century ago (it listed 160 extant copies; of these 14 were subsequently stolen, only 2 of them ever recovered!) and Rasmussen and his team located a further 72 copies, bringing the total number of copies still extant to 232, all of them traced and personally examined by Rasmussen and his team.

Back in 1623 John Heminges and Henry Condell published Shakespeare's plays in a single volume. This is known to scholars today as the First Folio and it is generally accepted that a total of 750 copies were printed. Of those which have survived the ravages of time, many are held in various libraries around the world, the Folger Shakespeare Library (www.folger.edu) holding the largest collection. Others libraries such as the British Library and the Meisei University in Tokyo hold multiple copies, individual copies are held by various libraries and institutions, and a few are in private hands.

This regrettably slender volume with a largish typeface tells the story behind Rasmussen's search for the extant Folios, and it's a fabulous story which brought Rasmussen face to face with tattooed criminal street gangs in Tokyo, visits to reclusive billionaires, librarians who seemed to think they owned the books they looked after, and much else besides. Book collectors will thoroughly enjoy it, anyone who has faced the challenges of research will appreciate it, and anyone who loves Shakespeare will treasure it. A great little book. They say a good dinner should always leave you wanting a little more, and if there is any truth in that adage then it certainly applies to this book. Personally, I think a good dinner is one that leaves you stuffed to the gills and I wished this little feast of a book was three times as long.

Review by Paul Begg.



The Earl of Oxford and the Making of Shakespeare: The Literary Life of Edward de Vere in Context

Richard Malim

Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland & Company, 2012

www.mcfarlandpub.com

www.deveresociety.co.uk

softcover; 312pp; ISBN: 978-7864-6313-8

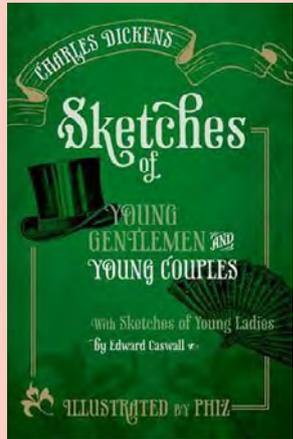
£39.50

Edward de Vere (1550-1604), the 17th Earl of Oxford, was a bit of a prat, but he was also praised in his day as a poet and as a patron by writers and playwrights, so he had some good points and since the publication of *Shakespeare Identified* by the unfortunately named J Thomas Looney he has also been the leading candidate for the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, a role perhaps assisted by the critically savaged movie *Anonymouse*. Unfortunately, it is difficult to escape the old and over-used

adage that if it looks like a dog and barks like a dog then it probably is a dog - in this case that the plays attributed to Shakespeare and that bear Shakespeare's name probably were written by Shakespeare. Nevertheless, the Shakespeare Authorship Question is a "mystery" that's much more of a cottage industry than Ripperology is often claimed to be and there are several books pushing de Vere. This volume by Richard Malim, a retired lawyer and secretary of the De Vere Society in London, is slightly different in that whilst it advocates de Vere as the author of the plays, it also looks closely at Oxford's life and in particular his theatrical times.

Frankly, this book isn't easy reading, not because Malim can't write or doesn't have a complete mastery of his subject, but because that subject is itself heavy going for the casual reader, especially one for whom de Vere holds little interest other than for his candidacy in the Shakespeare authorship question. And coming from McFarland it also has a very hefty price tag, so it's probably a book reserved for the interested and knowledgeable reader.

Review by Paul Begg.



Sketches of Young Gentlemen and Young Couples

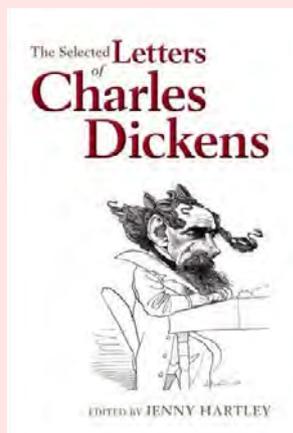
Charles Dickens
 Introduction by
 Paul Schlicke
 Oxford: Oxford University
 Press, 2011. www.oup.com
 hardcover; illus;
 ISBN: 978-0-19-960328-2
 £9.99

When the firms of publisher Archibald Constable and printer James Ballantyne went bankrupt in 1826 the fortunes of Sir Walter Scott, whose publisher and printer they were, collapsed with them, as almost did the fashion for long novels. Instead authors began writing short pieces, which like the preliminary work often done by artists were called sketches. One of them was Charles Dickens, who in 1836 had published *Sketches by Boz* to critical acclaim. He followed this with the serialisation of *The Pickwick Papers*, initially a series of set pieces, and in 1836, the year before Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the serialisation of *Oliver Twist* was just beginning. A contemporary success was the anonymous collection of brief vignettes called *Sketches of Young Ladies*, the identity of the author of which was not disclosed until 1908. It sold tremendously well, reaching eight editions in just over a year, and soon after the publisher commissioned a second volume, *Sketches of Young Gentlemen*, and after that a third, *Sketches of Young Couples*, apparently inspired by Queen Victoria's engagement to Albert. These were written by Charles Dickens and proved just as popular as the first. The short books remained in print for a great many years, then almost vanished without trace.

Here they are published again for the first time in many years, described by Simon Callow as "a delicious and illuminating part of the vast hidden forest of unknown Dickens". Illustrated by Phiz and with an informative introduction by Paul Schlicke, this little collection is undoubtedly a high point in the small library of books by and about Dickens in celebration of his bicentenary.

Review by Paul Begg.

The Selected Letters of Charles Dickens



Edited by Jenny Hartley
 Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2012
www.oup.com
 458pp; index
 ISBN: 978-0-19-959141-1
 £20.00

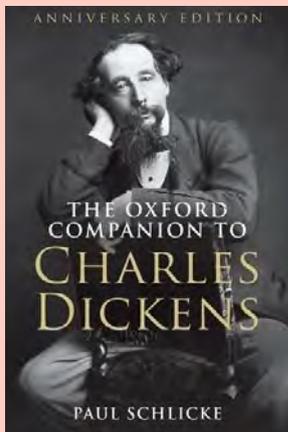
Charles Dickens never wrote an autobiography, for which we should be either grateful or sad and probably both. What we have of Dickens is what he wanted to leave us, his novels, and, as a man who rarely seems to have been introspective, and who was in life as in his art an actor forever changing how he was perceived, he never fell prey to the rosy coloured spectacles and the self-editing of memory that so bedevils autobiographers. But we do have his letters, some 14,000 of them, with new ones regularly emerging, and the collected edition of his letters in 12 volumes from OUP (yours for a paltry £3,000 - but there is a three volume collection for the Kindle that's free!) is the nearest thing we have to that autobiography he never wrote.

Jenny Hartley's *The Selected Letters of Charles Dickens* is even better, which sounds a daft thing to say, but Hartley, Professor of English Literature at Roehampton University, has intelligently selected for this bicentenary selection just 450 from his torrent of correspondence to convey an autobiographical "feel". Here is the man, both honest and shamefully

dishonest (as he disagreeably was about his discarded wife, Catherine), both the creative man and the businessman with an eye for money. Here's a man who has a good and supportive word for fan and fellow writer alike, who saw and understood so much, and who had the gift to convey it fluently to others.

A smashing selection, full praise to Jenny Hartley.

Review by Paul Begg.



The Oxford Companion to Charles Dickens: Anniversary Edition

Paul Schlicke

Foreword by Simon Callow

Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011

www.oup.com

hardcover; 675pp; illus; indecies; maps

Originally published as The Oxford Reader's Companion to Charles Dickens. Oxford: OUP, 1999

ISBN: 978-0-19-964018-8

£25.00

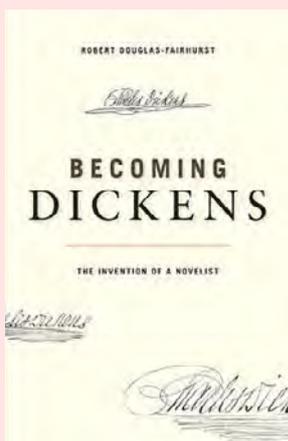
Long out of print and reissued to celebrate the bicentenary of Charles Dickens' birth, it's difficult to dispute the jacket's claim that this is "the most complete guide to Charles Dickens available". It's an A to Z containing 500 entries about every aspect of Dickens' time, his place, and the influences on him.

There is also a chronology of Dickens' life, a list of characters in his works, a list of entries by theme, a family tree, three maps, an invaluable bibliography, and a general index.

The book is edited by Paul Schlicke, an internationally renowned Dickens scholar, who headed a distinguished editorial team and over sixty contributors. The 500 entries are lucidly written and accessible mini essays combined into a single, authoritative book. An ideal and essential companion to Dickens and his world, both the world in which he lived and the world he created.

As Simon Callow rightly observes in his lamentably short foreword to this anniversary edition, the book's "return to print is long overdue and constitutes a wonderful way of celebrating the coming bicentenary".

Review by Paul Begg.



Becoming Dickens: The Invention of a Novelist

Robert Douglas-Fairhurst

Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 2011

www.hup.harvard.edu

hardcover; 389pp; illus; notes; index; ISBN: 978-0-674-05003-7

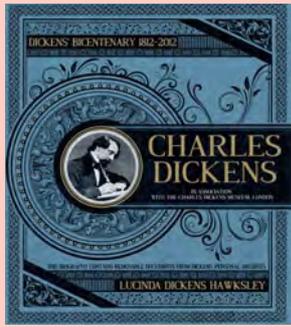
£20.00

Becoming Dickens focuses on Dickens' life until the end of the 1830s, telling the story of his early career - his traumatized childhood, the suicide of his first collaborator, the sudden death of the woman who was probably the love of his life - and the choices he could have made which might have spun his life in other directions. The central thesis of Robert Douglas-Fairhurst is that Dickens was haunted by how different his life could have been, and that unconsciously or otherwise he portrayed himself in his writing in these "what if it had turned out like this" scenarios. Also, we are so aware of what Dickens became that it is almost impossible not to fall into the trap of investing him with the foresight

we possess. For Dickens, penning some forgotten plays and writing sketches under the name of "Boz", the future held nothing but uncertainty. As Dickens observed of himself, "I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond."

Douglas-Fairhurst's lively and detailed book is sympathetic towards the young Dickens and the influences on his life, and not being burdened by the details of Dickens' later life, he's able to explore more fully the young man and his world, showing how he was transformed and transformed himself from the mind-numbing factory work through an office clerk to journalism and writing, seizing opportunities and lifting himself like an Oliver Twist or David Copperfield to a higher station in life than fate had consigned him.

Review by Paul Begg.

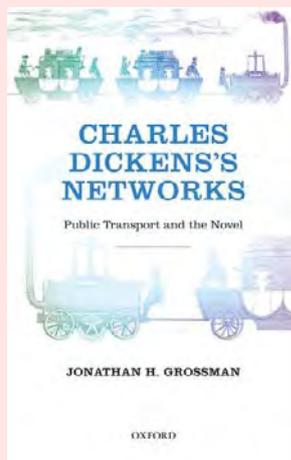


Charles Dickens

Lucinda Dickens Hawksley
London: Andre Deutsch, 2011
www.andredeutsch.co.uk
www.lucindahawksley.com
hardcover; 123pp; illus; memorabilia; index
ISBN: 978-0-233-00329-0
£30.00

Lucinda Dickens Hawksley is the great-great-great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens and this bicentennial offering is a beautifully produced “illustrated” history charting Dickens’ life, but with a difference: each short chapter is accompanied by a wallet containing facsimile documents ranging from photographs, playbills, letters, and so on. If you want to know more about Dickens but your interest isn’t great enough to sustain you through Claire Tomalin’s biography or even the Oxford Companion then this is undoubtedly the best for you.

Review by Paul Begg.



Charles Dickens’s Networks: Public Transport and the Novel

Jonathan H Grossman
Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2012
www.oup.com
Hardcover; 256pp; illus; notes; index
ISBN: 978-0-19-964419-3
£25.00

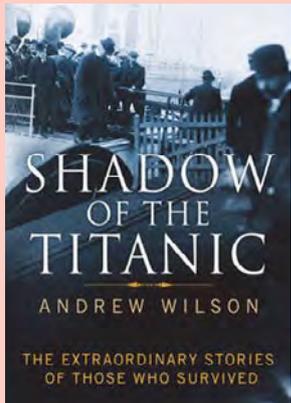
In February 1836 Charles Dickens was hired to write *The Pickwick Papers* and to make a somewhat tenuous link with the wonderful world of steam trains, it was also when the first railway line in London opened and was the death knell for those coaching inns that feature so prominently in many of Dickens’s novels. In this book Jonathan H Grossman, an associate Professor of English at UCLA and co-editor of the journal *Nineteenth-Century Literature*, looks not only at how the rise of the passenger rail network impacted on 19th century society but also at how it influenced Dickens’s work. His brief examination also embraces the ways in which rail travel compressed national distances and time, but also how oceanic liners brought the world closer together, this in turn influencing perceptions of time and space in ways that were massively revolutionary.

An odd book, specialised in more ways than one and in more ways than are immediately obvious, but strangely entertaining.

Review by Paul Begg.

READ SOMETHING WE SHOULD REVIEW?

*If you’ve read something that belongs here, let us know!
Email us at contact@ripperologist.biz*



**Shadow of the Titanic:
The Extraordinary Stories of Those Who Survived**

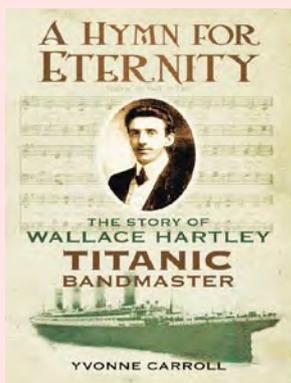
Andrew Wilson
London: Simon & Schuster, 2011
www.simonandschuster.co.uk
Illus; notes; index
ISBN: 1847398820
£19.99

Of the many books published about the 46,000-ton *Titanic* between now and 15 April, the 100th anniversary of its sinking, Wilson's is probably going to emerge as one of the best. Others have told the story of what happened on that tragic night, and several have told of it in excruciating detail, but, like Jack the Ripper books, none have focused on what happened to the survivors after the event. The

Ripper murders touched the lives of many people, yet we don't know what happened to the likes of Michael Kidney and Joseph Barnett. We can only guess at how their lives were affected by what happened. Similarly, what happened to the survivors of *Titanic*, many gripped by what we would today recognise as post-traumatic shock disorder. It almost destroyed Bruce Ismay's sanity, some actually ended up in asylums, at least ten survivors committed suicide. Ismay and Duff Gordon were branded cowards and a stigma attached itself to the privileged first-class passengers - hardly any of the women died, more than half in third class perished.

Wilson's book is a superb read even if the *Titanic* doesn't interest you or if the plethora of books on the subject have left you full to bursting. He's done his research, his writing sparkles, and his subject matter is gripping.

Review by Paul Begg.



A Hymn for Eternity: The Story of Wallace Hartley, Titanic Bandmaster

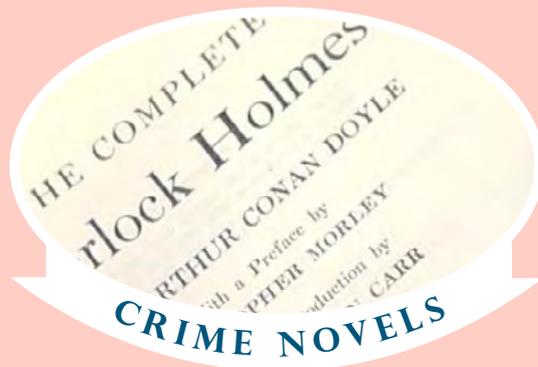
Yvonne Carroll
Stroud, Gloucestershire: The History Press, 2011 11
www.thehistorypress.co.uk
softcover; 124pp; illus
First published in hardback in 2002
ISBN: 978-0-7524-6073-4
£8.99

One of the most enduring and poignant stories about the *Titanic* is that of the eight-member band playing on as the vessel sank. Although the final music is disputed, it has popularly become *Nearer My God To Thee*, although wireless officer Harold Bride said it was *Songe d'Automne (Autumn)* and this was accepted by Walter Lord in *A Night to Remember*, as, indeed, it is by Yvonne Carroll in this short but well-researched biography of the bandleader Wallace Hartley.

Hartley was apparently last seen with several other band members just before *Titanic* went down. He allegedly shouted, "Gentlemen, I bid you farewell." Almost two weeks later his body was recovered from the ocean and was returned to England and he was buried in Colne in East Lancashire. He was 33-years-old.

Any collection of books about *Titanic* should feature this excellent biography, reprinted in paperback for the centenary.

Review by Paul Begg.



Retribution

Ray Alan

London: Robert Hale, 2011

www.halebooks.com

hardcover; 224pp; ISBN: 978-0-7090-9318-3

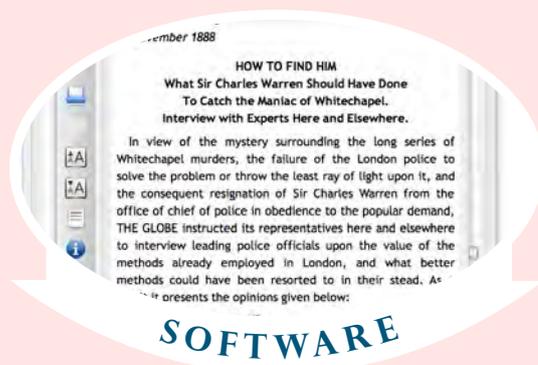
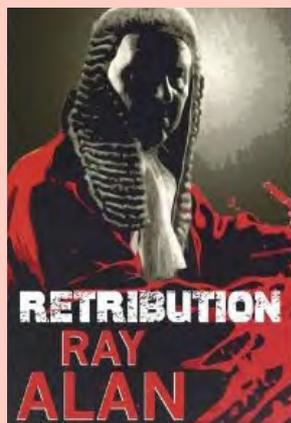
£18.99

I was drawn to this book because I remembered its author, Ray Alan, with his aristocratic dummy Lord Charles, as one of the most popular ventriloquist acts of the 60s and 70s. That he had also been a comedy writer for the likes of Morecambe and Wise and The Two Ronnies had utterly escaped me, as had the fact that he'd authored four crime novels. *Retribution* is the latest and is a posthumous publication, Mr Alan having died suddenly in May 2010.

A retired judge becomes the victim of hatemail and his grand-daughter is kidnapped. With his alcoholic brother and his housekeeper, the judge sets out to solve the mystery.

Not a book likely to win the CWA's Gold Dagger, but entertaining enough to keep you occupied and entertained for a few hours.

Review by Paul Begg.



Optical Character Recognition

No writer or researcher should be without good OCR software. It's the next most important tool to your scanner itself. The most important word in the foregoing, though, is "good". Here's why: if you scan a page of text, say a magazine article or a page from a book, then what you have is essentially a photograph of the page, and there's not a lot you can do with it. OCR software - OCR stands for optical character recognition - basically "reads" the text and retypes it, so you can store it, search it, and even copy segments into your own work when you want to quote it.

This sounds easy but isn't because the software is basically comparing each letter in the scanned text against its database of letter shapes, and even allowing for the thousands of different fonts, sometimes it's just plain tough to tell the difference between, say, "cl" and "d", meaning the software could type "dosed" instead of "closed". And, of course, it's all really a lot more complicated than that. The point, though, is that the better the software, the better the result, although how well the software does the job is largely down to the job you want the software to do.

If you are really lucky your computer may have come with bundled OCR software, usually a cut-down or feature reduced version of a commercial package, and generally speaking it'll probably do the job as well as you want. The commercial packages are often packed with features you don't want. You may not need it to recognise foreign languages or be bothered whether it can reconstruct the original page accurately. It is therefore isn't necessary to make a heavy financial investment.

In fact you could get away with not having to make any investment at all.

SimpleOCR

www.simpleocr.com

Freeware; Windows

SimpleOCR 3 is free and will run on most Windows operating systems from ME through to Vista. *SimpleOCR* has a 120,000 word dictionary, so it will probably recognise all but the most obscure words, and when it does encounter one you can easily add the new word to the dictionary. However, it is not designed to read difficult documents. It does come with a despeckle option which tries to clear up "noisy" documents such as faxes, but this software is primarily designed to recognise a clear, single column document such as a book page or something uncomplicated like a letter. It will not satisfactorily "read" columns or unusual fonts. However, it will handle different font sizes and basic font formatting such as underline, italic, and bold, and can retain the original formatting with 99% accuracy. I often find retention of the original formatting to be an annoyance, however, and *SimpleOCR* can be set to ignore formatting and simply recognise the text. It also highlights any text it doesn't recognise.

Nuance OmniPage Standard 18

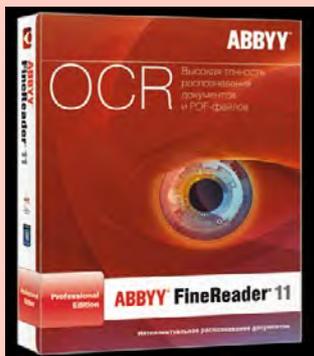
shop.nuance.co.uk/store/nuanceeu/en_GB/pd/productID.229630100, £79.99

Check the website to make sure you meet the system requirements; Windows/Mac/Linux

If you look for *OmniPage Professional 18* you'll see it has a heart-stopping £300 price tag, and whilst it's good, nothing except an evening with Sandra Bullock is that good! However, the standard version is a much more affordable £80 and if you shop around you can cut that down quite a bit.

Now, I have to say that the last time I used *OmniPage* it was in version 14 and I didn't like it and settled on a program called *Textbridge* which was blindingly easy to use and pretty accurate. Since then the Omnipage company has changed hands several times, is now with Nuance, famous for its speech recognition software, and it's very good indeed. It offers a clean and streamlined interface and is pretty much out-of-the box easy to use. But if you do have trouble there's a full manual, help, a getting started quick guide and even some video presentations guides. My only real criticism is that it's a little clunky about loading new pages and that can slow you down. But what matters is accuracy and on the tests I did it did a fantastic job. It even recognised footnotes with their reduced font sizes, thought it occasionally stumbled over the tiny numbers, which could be an irritation. It is nevertheless a very capable OCR programs and it pretty much the industry standard.

Omnipage 18 is great. I love it. Then along came...



ABBYY FineReader Professional 11

www.abby.com/products

£99.99; Windows/Mac/Linux

FineReader looks more expensive, but look around and you'll get it cheaper. ABBYY - the company name apparently means "keen eye" - is a Russian software company headquartered in Moscow and it is pretty much exclusively involved in developing language and text recognition software, of which its OCR package *FineReader* is the best known. I first encountered it when the much cut-down version, *FineReader Sprint*, came bundled with a new computer a few years ago. I liked it a lot and never really returned to *Textbridge*. If you search the net you can still find places to download it for free. These days the OCR market is pretty much tied up between *FineReader* and *Omnipage* and

to be perfectly honest you'd be hard pushed to slip a tissue between them. They are both easy to use, both are deady accurate reading a clean text, and both are feature rich, but in all the years I have been reviewing computer programs I have rarely if ever encountered software at this high end which is clearly better than the other(s). *Omnipage* is maybe a

tad faster and it'll do some things *FineReader* won't and which you probably wouldn't want to do anyway, but *FineReader* definitely had the edge in delivering excellent OCR without any hassle. In fact, for the most part it's a matter of a few mouse clicks and then sit back for the text to appear in *Word*.

However, what I really love about *FineReader* is its ability to read old newspaper reports. Now, newspaper reports are really tough for OCR to read. The typeface is usually small, often blurred, and the font is generally cracked and sometimes broken. OCR an old newspaper report and what you usually get is total gobbledygook. And I mean total. So when *FineReader* produced the following I was stunned.

Most of the "errors" are small and caused by the poor quality of the original, and the changes are easy and obvious. It had difficulty reading "R" instead of "B", had trouble with a boken "M" which it rendered "^I", and some speckling led to a shapes such as an asterisk being inserted. There was any gobbledygook and most of it could be quickly and easily corrected without consulting the original document. In far less time than it would take to retype the text you can OCR it, quickly edit it, and have it safely filed away in a database, be it something high end like *AskSam* (on which more in the months to come) or in the brilliant, free, and sadly no longer supported *KeyNote*, where it can be searched for out of thousands of news reports and the name of the human boa constrictor (Owen Williams) located in milliseconds.

I tried in on a number of newspaper reports, and on all but the very poor ones it performed tolerably well. The error levels increased according to the quality of the original, but that's to be expected, and even when it was not really acceptable, for a slow, two-finger typist like me it was faster to edit than it was to retype. But don't take my word for it. You can download a trial version and have a play.

A HUMAN BOA CONSTBICTOB,

Nature Drew the Line at Fishhooks, an<J

He Died.

From The 'Westminster Gazette.

Yesterday, at the London Hospital. ^Ir. Wynne E. Baxter held an inquest respecting the dea*th of Owen Williams, aged about forty-three years, late of 10 Brick Lane, Spitalfields, a common lodging house. Mary Ann McAuliffe, deputy of the lodging- house, deposed that the deceased had been a lodger on and off for seven years.

The Coroner—How did he get his living? Witness—He used to go out at night round to -the public houses, and amuse the people by eating all kinds of things, bottles, &c. I 'have seen him do it myself. I have known him to eat bread and cheese and pickles* and after that the saucer. [Laughter.] That's quite true. Sir. I had a little new pail to fill the boiler with, and he said If I gave him a shilling he would eat it. [Loud laughter.] The Coroner—I wonder what he would have charged to eat an elephant? Witness added that the deceased had not been well for the last three days.

The Coroner—He had taken something

tha/t disagreed with him, perhaps. [Laughter.] On Monday the deceased obtained an order for the infirmary, and he left to go there at 10:30 o'clock. The Coroner—Did he drink as well as eat? Witness—He never came home sober.

E>r. L. G. Hill, house surgeon, deposed that the deceased was suffering from obstruction of the intestines. An operation, was performed, but death ensued last evening. There were two large perforations of the intestines, which contained a bullet, twenty or thirty pieces of cork, twefity pieces of tinfoil, a piece of string IS inches long, with corks attached, and a. piece of leather 9 inches long, with a hook at each end. One of the hooks and a piece of the tinfoil had caused the perforations. Deceased told witness that he was very hard up. and used to swallow the things for a living. He gave witness a long list of the things he used to swallow, among which were chains, sovereign purses, French coins, halfpence, pipestems, newspapers, &c. Death was due to, peritonitis, the result or

the perforation.

« .

The jury returned the following verdict; " That the deceased died from peritonitis, following perforation of the bowel, caused by «a piece of tinfoil and a. hookf- which, with .other ^digestible things, h,e had., swallowed for a regard, death being due misadventure."

Review by Paul Begg.



"Scotland Yard"
Sir Melville Macnaghten by 'Spy' for Vanity Fair, 18 August 1905.