

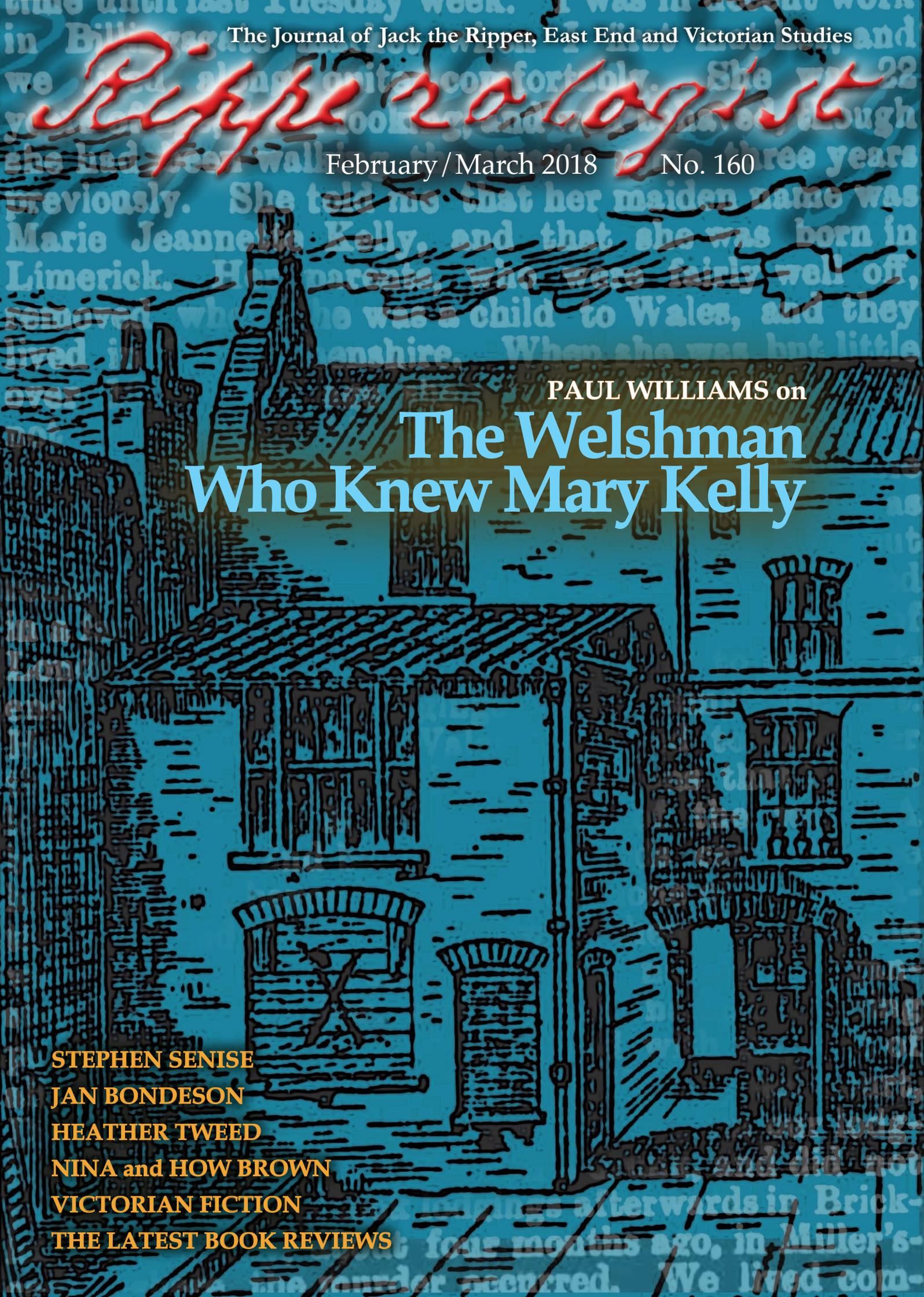
The Journal of Jack the Ripper, East End and Victorian Studies

# Ripperologist

February / March 2018 No. 160

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## Editorial

# Changing Faster Not Better?

**ADAM WOOD**  
**Executive Editor**

There was a very interesting feature in a recent issue of *BBC World Histories*,<sup>1</sup> in which a panel of eminent historians pondered the question “Is the world changing faster than ever?” That may seem an obvious statement given the incredible speed at which technology is advancing, and the fact that social media allows news and ideas to be shared at the click of a button, but has the world seen more rapid change at any time in its past?

Rana Mitter, professor of the history and politics of modern China at Oxford University, the incredible advances of that country over the last century bear the premise out; China has grown from a poor, agricultural country to the second largest economy in the world.

Author Keith Lowe, on the other hand, argued that the world changed much more from what it was in 1938 compared to life in the post-War years.

Ian Mortimer, author of the *Time Traveller's Guides*, looked at events of the past and wrote that the world changed rapidly as a result of the Great Plague, or the French Revolution. Interestingly, Mortimer also suggested that the raft of inventions in the 25 years 1835 and 1860 altered the world to a huge extent in a relatively short space of time.

It was during the Victorian era that Rowland Hill's Penny Post created uniformity for letter writers, while the invention of the commercial electric telegraph (1837) and telephone (1876) made it easier than ever to communicate. The world's first wireless station was established in 1897 by Marconi on the Isle of Wight, Queen Victoria's holiday destination of choice. The recipients of those letters and telegrams were able to read by the glow of an incandescent light bulb, invented in 1835 but first demonstrated in 1878; the light switch was invented in 1884.

Other inventions to make life easier for the Victorian included the pedal bicycle (1839) and, in 1841, Alexander Bain's electric clock. Two years later Bain patented a design for a facsimile machine.

Famously, in 1837 Charles Babbage invented what he called an “Analytical Engine”, a mechanical programmable machine which was the forerunner of the computer.

Other important creations in this era were the world's first steam-powered, screw propeller-driven passenger liner - Brunel's SS Great Britain - (1843) and a steam-driven ploughing engine in 1852. The following year, physician Alexander Wood developed a medical hypodermic syringe.

Lastly in this whistle-stop list of Victorian inventions is Sir Francis Galton's method of classifying fingerprints in 1892, published in his book *Finger Prints*. Galton would work with Sir Edward Henry, who on being appointed Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police ushered in the use of fingerprint in criminal investigations.

The inescapable conclusion is that a great many of today's ‘new’ ideas are in fact improvements or enhancements of inventions and discoveries first established during Victorian's reign.

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Back issues from 62-159 are available in PDF format.

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We welcome well-researched articles on any aspect of the Whitechapel murders, the East End or the Victorian era in general.

1 “Is the world changing faster than ever before?” *BBC World Histories*, Issue 8, February/March 2018.

# The Welshman Who Knew Mary Kelly

By PAUL WILLIAMS

**A woman who called herself Mary Jane Kelly was murdered on 9 November 1888. She has never been identified. Attempts to trace her have relied on information provided by her ex-boyfriend Joseph Barnett. She told him that she came to Wales from Ireland when very young, either Carmarthenshire or Caernarvonshire. There is only one record of a person claiming to have known her in Wales and it has been dismissed as a case of mistaken identity. This article re-examines the claim and, for the first time, explores the murky background of the witness and his family.**

On 12 November 1888 the Swansea reporter of the *Cardiff Western Mail* wrote that Kelly was born in a house near the National School, Llanelly, Carmarthenshire. She went to Swansea and entered the service of Mr and Mrs Rees for about six months.<sup>1</sup> Mrs Rees, daughter of the late Doctor Hopkins of Carmarthen, was awaiting a murder trial. Afterwards Mary lived at Swansea and her morals became more questionable every day. The next day the reporter made a correction, saying that Kelly lived with Mr Rees and his first wife, not the lady on trial. This information came from Mr Rees, who said that Kelly was born at Llanelly and her father was a marine store dealer, well-known in the area. He often argued with Dr. Hopkins, Rees's second father-in-law. After leaving the service of Mr Rees, Mary went to Swansea and then to Cardiff. She used to drink at the Unity Inn. Mr Rees saw her in London about six months earlier, and she spoke to him in Welsh.<sup>2</sup>

On 15 November 1888 the *Western Mail* reported that Jane Williams, landlady of the Unity Inn, denied that the woman Kelly who visited her house was the murder victim. Instead it was Abigael Kelly, who married a man called Muir and emigrated to America where she lived in Kansas City with two children.<sup>3</sup> Abigael was born Alice Kelly in Llanelly on 22 October 1858. She was one of three daughters of Dennis Kelly, a marine store dealer. There is

no evidence that she lived in Swansea before her marriage to William Muir in 1881 or her arrival in America in 1882. She was alive after 1888, so could not have been the murder victim that John Rees explicitly stated he knew as Mary Jane Kelly, the daughter of a marine store dealer in Llanelly.

We cannot confirm when Jane Williams took charge of the Unity Inn, but do know that it was after 1881. In April that year it was leased to Thomas Davies and a month later being run by a Mr. Anderson.<sup>4</sup> The first record of a Williams there is in 1886.<sup>5</sup> Clearly Jane Williams knew Abigael Kelly, but it appears to have been after her marriage and she did not mention the immoral life. Abigael used that name, and sometimes Abbi, instead of Alice. It is possible that one of her two sisters, probably Margaret, used the name Mary Jane. Unlike Abigael, Margaret is known to have engaged in drunken behaviour. After her marriage to Alexander Brewer she was convicted of assault at a St. Patrick's Day ball in Llanelly along with the other sister, Julia. She was said to have been dancing with other men.<sup>6</sup> She could have worked for Rees before moving to Swansea then returning to Llanelly to marry, and is the only one of Dennis Kelly's daughters who has not been traced after 1888. However, in February that year she was burying a child, Francis Brewer in Dafen, not living in London with Joseph Barnett.

1 *Cardiff Western Mail*, 12 November 1888, p.1.

2 *Cardiff Western Mail*, 13 November 1888, p.3. In August 1888 Jane Williams transferred her licence to a different pub; *The Cambrian*, 10 August 1888, p.8.

3 *Western Mail*, 15 November 1888, p.3.

4 *The Cambrian*, 20 May 1881, p.8.

5 *Western Mail*, 17 September 1886, p.3.

6 *Cardiff Times*, 25 March 1882, p.2.

BURIALS in the Parish of <i>Llanelli</i>				
in the County of <i>Carregarthorpe</i>		in the Year One thousand eight hundred and <i>eighty eight</i>		
NAME.	ABODE.	When Buried.	Age.	By whom the Ceremony was performed.
<i>Brynmor Evans</i> No. 217	<i>34. Wern Road.</i>	<i>March 1st</i>	<i>8 Months</i>	<i>E. Thomas.</i>
<i>Thomas George Finney</i> No. 218	<i>12. Gilbert Place</i>	<i>March 3rd</i>	<i>10 Years</i>	<i>E. Thomas.</i>
<i>Francis Brewer</i> No. 219	<i>42. Wern Road</i> <i>Llanelli</i>	<i>Feb. 28th</i>	-	<i>Certified under the Burial Law Amendment Act 1880 by Margaret Brewer the person having charge of the Burial.</i>

Death of Francis Brewer, showing that Margaret Kelly was in Llanelli in February 1888.

Twenty-two years earlier her father, Dennis, died at the age of 42 and was buried in Dafen.<sup>7</sup> John Rees implied an association between the Rees, Hopkins and Kelly families. Given the comparative social status this seems unusual. In the 1860s Hopkins was a well-known physician, and John Rees the son of a wealthy farmer and son-in-law of the local inspector of weights and measures. A marine store dealer was a rag and bone man, usually those who travelled from place to place. Rees described Mary's father, who he did not name as Dennis, as being intelligent and articulate. Dennis Kelly was frequently in court and was described by the press as "notorious".<sup>8</sup> In 1864 he was convicted of being in possession of stolen goods, namely a 4oz weight.<sup>9</sup>

There is evidence suggesting that John Rees and Dennis Kelly knew each other. On 8 September 1862, Dennis Kelly was assaulted by a fellow marine store dealer named Andrew Casey, who called a John Rees as a witness to rebut the charges.<sup>10</sup> Casey was convicted of an assault on Kelly's wife, Julia. Dennis Kelly accused various other people of assault during the 1860s, some of which were substantiated.<sup>11</sup> As yet no link with Dr Hopkins has been discovered to support Rees's tale of arguments between the two.

We cannot be certain that it was the same John Rees who testified against Dennis Kelly but, if so, it is perhaps unlikely that he would later employ Dennis's daughter. Rees claimed that this employment was before she went to Swansea. We are expected to believe that he stayed in touch after she left his service, even knowing where she drank in Swansea, and met her in London several years later. If true, this suggests a deeper relationship than master and servant.

The reporter's original source, sadly unknown, said that the murder victim lived with Mr and Mrs Rees in Swansea, which is where Rees lived with his second wife. Mary Rees nee Hopkins moved to Swansea after her father's death in 1884. Mary Jane Kelly is believed to have arrived in London around that time. Barnett's story

7 Burials in the Parish of Llanelli, 1866, 687, p.86.

8 *The Welshman*, 16 November 1860, p.6.

9 *Cardiff and Merthyr Guardian*, 29 July 1864, p.6.

10 *The Welshman*, 12 September 1862, p.5.

11 They included John Morris, *The Welshman*, 14 October 1864, p.5, Mary Carey, *The Welshman*, 19 February 1864, p.4, John Armstrong, *The Welshman*, 16 November 1860, p.6 and John Davies, *The Welshman*, 15 December 1865, p.5.

made no mention of Swansea. According to him, Kelly went to a cousin in Cardiff, who was responsible for her turning to prostitution and stayed in an infirmary in the city. The Swansea police had no record of Kelly.<sup>12</sup> John Rees was first known to have been living in Swansea in 1885. He was still there in 1888 and, a few weeks after speaking to the *Western Mail*, stood in the dock of the same court where his wife was charged with murder; the same court where his father-in-law had stood trial for murder three years earlier.

John Morgan Hopkins was born in Fowenhope, Herefordshire and received his MD from the University of Edinburgh in 1838.<sup>13</sup> Moving to London he was made bankrupt two years later, from an address at 13 Guildford Street, Russell Square.<sup>14</sup> In 1843, described as a surgeon in the East India company, he appeared in court to unsuccessfully defend himself against a charge of refusing to pay a London cab driver.<sup>15</sup>

The following month he married Jane Lott. Her father Thomas came to London to seek medical advice from Hopkins, leaving Jane to sell his cattle and farming stock. She did this and took bills for most of the stock. Thomas stayed with Hopkins in London from July until the wedding. Hopkins and his new wife then kept the bills and refused to give them up. An injunction was granted.<sup>16</sup>

Their first child, Thomas, was born in London in 1844. On 22 April 1847 Hopkins was ordered to pay for the illegitimate child of Maria Pride, after a court accepted that he was the father. At the time of the conception he was living in Pimlico and working as a medical officer at the Blenheim dispensary on Oxford Street.<sup>17</sup> Despite this and the earlier dispute, he was reconciled with Thomas Lott and living at his farmhouse at Goitre Wen, Llanon, Carmarthenshire, at the time of the 1851 and 1861 censuses. Six more children were listed in these returns. In 1853 Hopkins and Lott were convicted of failing to pay poor rates for the farm.<sup>18</sup> In 1860 Hopkins was again in court, this time for refusing to pay a servant and, again, convicted.<sup>19</sup>

On 27 December 1869, Hopkins wrote to the *Evening Standard* following reports that he had treated the so-called Welsh Fasting Girl, Sarah Jacobs. It was claimed that Sarah lived without food and various experts assembled to observe this. She died during the experiment and her parents, Evan and Hannah, were convicted of manslaughter. According to Hopkins's letter, Evan alleged that the local doctor, Davies, believed his daughter to be incurable and that Hopkins cast doubt on the competence of Davies. Hopkins denied this, stating that the parents deceived him. He described himself as former senior physician to the Finsbury Dispensary, the St John's British Hospital and the Blenheim Free Dispensary, London. He

had also practised in Paris. According to Joseph Barnett, Mary Jane Kelly spent time in Paris after leaving Wales.

In 1869 Hopkins lived at Bellvue, Carmarthen. His former housekeeper, Caroline Davies, made a claim against him for articles of furniture, a dog cart and a horse which were seized by the bailiff under the impression that they were Hopkins' goods.<sup>20</sup> There appears to have been a split from his family, as he was still living alone at the time of the 1871 census at Spilman Street, Carmarthen, described as a Physician of London. His family remained in the farmhouse at Goitre Wen with the eldest child, Mary Jane Hopkins, working as housekeeper. He came last of four candidates in the Municipal elections in Carmarthen in 1873, with 182 votes.<sup>21</sup> In 1876 he was the only nomination as guardian for the Llanon parish, and was re-elected four years later.<sup>22</sup>

From about 1876 he practised from 11 Quay Street Carmarthen. He became a widow when his wife died on 22 February 1879.<sup>23</sup> At the time of the 1881 census two daughters in their 20s lived with him, Mary Jane and Barbara. Neither appear in previous censuses and there is no record of their births being registered in Llanelly, unlike the other children who remained at Goitre Wen in 1881.<sup>24</sup> The last of the original children born was Octavia, on 4 January 1859. This means that Hopkins had two living daughters with the same name, Mary Jane. Given the lack of records for the second Mary Jane and Barbara, it is possible that both were illegitimate.

Also at 11 Quay Street in 1881 was a visitor, Elizabeth Watkins. In court three years later, both John Hopkins and Mary Jane Hopkins the younger stated that they never had visitors staying at the house. They were called to testify after the death of a woman called Emily Cope in the house on 12 July 1884. Two surgeons conducted a post-mortem, concluding that she had given birth with the last week and died of blood poisoning.<sup>25</sup> Mary Jane Hopkins told the inquest that she was her father's housekeeper. Cope

12 *South Wales Daily News*, 13 November 1888, p.3.

13 *The Medical Register*, 1863, p.192.

14 *Perrys Bankrupt Gazette*, 25 April 1840, p.4.

15 *Morning Post*, 22 September 1843, p.4.

16 *Morning Post*, 15 February 1844, p.7.

17 *Morning Post*, 23 April 1847, p.7.

18 *The Welshman*, 20 May 1853, p.3.

19 *The Welshman*, 23 March 1860, p.5.

20 *The Welshman*, 25 March 1864, p.6.

21 *South Wales Daily News*, 3 November 1873, p.3.

22 *South Wales Daily News*, 31 March 1876, p.6. *South Wales Daily News*, 27 April 1880, p.3.

23 *The Cambrian*, 28 February 1879, p.8.

24 There was a Mary Jane Hopkins born in Llanelly in 1859, but the certificate shows different parents.

25 *South Wales Daily News*, 16 July 1884, p.3.

arrived by the last train two weeks earlier. She was not known or expected. Mary explained that her father was away, and suggested that Cope stayed in her bed. Hopkins returned the following day and Cope remained there. Mary denied that Cope was pregnant, claiming not to know what was wrong with her. Emily Morgan, Hopkins's niece who had been staying at the house for seven months, added nothing else to the evidence.

Hopkins said that he never asked any questions of his patients. He examined Cope three times during her stay, diagnosing pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs. He denied that she was delivered of a child and did not feel that an inquest was necessary.

The coroner asked how he knew Cope's name. Hopkins said that he wrote to Charles Hopkins, who knew the family in Bristol. He was sent two pieces of paper, one with her name on and the other saying that the body should be sent to the railway station at Bath. A cabinet maker measured the body, believing the death was due to typhoid fever and saw the pieces of paper.

On 29 July the jury delivered a verdict of wilful murder against Hopkins and a married dentist, Andrew Francis Bayntun, whose affair with Cope resulted in pregnancy. Telling her parents that he was a Carmarthen solicitor and intended to marry her, he arranged for her to go to Carmarthen. A few days later her parents received a letter saying she had married and given birth to a boy.<sup>26</sup>

Hopkins appeared at Swansea Court with Bayntun for their murder trial on 6 November 1884. The charges against Bayntun were dropped and he testified as a witness. He admitted knowing Hopkins for about twenty years and to escorting Cope from Carmarthen Station to Hopkins's house. He used the name Charles Hopkins for correspondence.

The judge directed the jury to find a verdict of not guilty against Hopkins because the medical evidence showed that death was caused by blood poisoning, but no doctor had given evidence that there was an attempt to procure abortion. Nor could manslaughter be proved. Whilst this verdict is legally sound, it does not explain what happened to Cope's child, or why someone wrote to her parents with false information.

Hopkins died on 29 January 1885. Eight days earlier he was listed as the father on the baptism records of a child called John Morgan Hopkins, born at GoitreWen.<sup>27</sup> Probably this was his own baptism, as the press reported that he had been ill for some time. It could also have been his adult son of the same name.

Mary Jane Hopkins the younger testified that he had been suffering from gout and a verdict of death from natural causes was given.<sup>28</sup> On 24 March 1885, less than two months

after her father's death, Mary married John Rees. Both gave their address as Melbourne Place, Swansea. Rees was 42 and employed as an agent. They had a daughter, Gertrude Irene, the following year.<sup>29</sup>

John Rees was born in Llanon in 1839 to Daniel and Mary, nee Mainwaring. He married Mary Ann Thomas in Dafen on 21 March 1863, with his occupation given as fitter. As well as being the inspector of weights and measures, his father-in-law was a land agent. After his death in 1870, Rees, his executor, unsuccessfully applied for the vacated post and keeper of the Llanelly lock up.<sup>30</sup>

When his daughter Mary Harriett was born on 27 December 1863, John Rees was a grocer and the family lived in Thomas Street. In 1869 a court ordered him to pay a brickmaker after a dispute.<sup>31</sup> In 1871 he was living at 9 Stepney Street, Llanelly, described as a spirit dealer. Some of his wife's siblings lived with them. A researcher has claimed that John Rees was based at the Stepney Hotel in Llanelly, but I have found no evidence to support this.<sup>32</sup>

He may have been the John Rees, commission agent from Llanelly, who was charged with embezzling money from his employers, Messrs. White, Wine Merchants, Thomas Street, Bristol in 1872.<sup>33</sup> Fifteen years later, now living in Swansea, he was accused of the same offence, but the evidence was insufficient to justify a trial.<sup>34</sup> He was then a travelling salesman for Messrs Manning, whisky distillers, Waterford.

Mary Ann Rees died on 18 September 1874, age 30. John, described as a commercial traveller, was present at the death. As it was certified it is tempting to think that Dr Hopkins was in attendance, but this cannot be proved. Joseph Barnett said that Mary Kelly was 25 in 1888, making her 11 in 1874. She may still have been a servant to Mrs Rees. John Rees's parents employed a seven-year-old servant in 1861, but, if so, whoever remembered her and told the reporter in 1888 was recounting events of at least fourteen years earlier. It is also unlikely that her immorality in Swansea began before puberty. There was no servant in the Rees household at the time of the 1871 census. On 8 June 1874 Abigail Kelly sang in a school fund raising concert, which also featured her sister Margaret (Maggie).<sup>35</sup>

26 *Western Daily Press*, 30 July 1884, p.8.

27 *Llangennech Baptisms*, 1885, 105, p.14.

28 *Carmarthen Weekly Reporter*, 6 February 1885, p.4.

29 *Weekly Mail*, 9 January 1886, p. 8. Address was 5 Melbourne Place Swansea. Gertrude was adopted by a family called Thomas.

30 *Western Mail*, 2 July 1870, p.3.

31 *The Welshman*, 2 April 1869, p.2.

32 The claim is made on a website, [victorianripper.niceboard.org/t1657-the-mysterious-mary-kelly](http://victorianripper.niceboard.org/t1657-the-mysterious-mary-kelly).

33 *Bristol Mercury*, 16 November 1872, p.3.

34 *South Wales Daily News*, 15 June 1887, p.3.

35 *Western Mail*, 13 June 1874, p.6.

Registrar's District <i>Llanelly</i>									
18 <i>74</i> DEATHS in the District of <i>Llanelly</i> in the County of <i>Carmarthen</i>									
No.	When and Where Died	Name and Surname	Sex	Age	Rank or Profession	Cause of Death	Signature, Description, and Residence of Informant	When Registered	Signature of Registrar
<i>39</i>	<i>Eighteenth September 1874 Thomas Street Llanelly</i>	<i>Mary Ann Rees</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>30 Years</i>	<i>Wife of John Rees Commercial Traveller</i>	<i>Pulmonary Consumption Certified</i>	<i>John Rees Present at the Death Thomas Street Llanelly</i>	<i>Nine-teenth September 1874</i>	<i>Arthur David Davies Registrar</i>

Death Certificate for John Rees's first wife, Mary Ann Rees

In the 1881 census, living at home with his mother in Cwmbach, John was described as a colliery proprietor. His daughter was living with Benjamin Rees, John's brother, a publican. Like John Morgan Hopkins he appears to have spilt from his first family and, for both men, Mary Jane Hopkins was involved. We do not know if he was merely visiting his mother or living there permanently.

After the marriage, Mary Jane Hopkins advertised as a midwife from her father's former surgery, but also worked from 18 Trafalgar Terrace, Swansea.<sup>36</sup> On 17 August 1888 she appeared at the Cardiff Police Court along with Louisa Wilson (alias Earle), charged with causing the death of Maud Neville Williams by using, or assisting in the use of, instruments for the purpose of causing a miscarriage.

A solicitor obtained a deposition from Maud before her death. Wilson was arrested at her house, 28 Hamilton Place, Canton, and implicated Mary Rees. They were also accused of using an instrument on Mary Jane Collier to procure a miscarriage. Collier, a married confectioner from Treorky, responded to an advert from 28 Hamilton Place placed in the name Cerise Hahn. She went there and paid Wilson £2 for an abortion, which was performed by Mary Rees.<sup>37</sup>

The trial took place in Swansea on 18 December 1888. The court heard that Maud Williams and her husband lived near Rees in Swansea and both received medical treatment from her, although she wasn't qualified. They moved to Cardiff in March. On 20 July Maud visited Wilson, was taken ill, had a miscarriage and died on 26 July. Her deposition was ruled inadmissible by the judge because it was taken in the presence of a justice who had no part in the committal of the prisoners and did not contain a caption stating the charges as required by statute.

Denied the deposition as evidence the jury were requested to return a verdict of not guilty.<sup>38</sup> Both women were found guilty of procuring an abortion on Collier.<sup>39</sup> The judge adjourned sentencing for a day, to see if there was other information on the prisoners and to hear the case against Mary Rees's husband.

John Rees was arrested on 3 December 1888, after days of

rumours about abortion providers in Swansea.<sup>40</sup> Described as an agent, he was indicted for using an instrument on Alice White for the purpose of procuring a miscarriage. White, a young woman employed at a steam laundry, believed she was pregnant and asked for his assistance. Rees performed two operations, saying "the old man" had shown him how to do it, and asked her to stay the night. She demanded her money back. The defence cast doubt on White's character and Rees was found "not guilty."<sup>41</sup> The inference was that he committed a fraud to raise money for his wife. The gullibility of the witness, who could not tell if she was pregnant, and her character were also questioned. Rees had two previous convictions at Cardiff for debt which were not mentioned in court.<sup>42</sup> This implies that he lived in Cardiff, where Mary Jane Kelly allegedly resided, at some point. We can speculate that Rees assisted John Morgan Hopkins, perhaps by finding women willing to pay for abortions on his travels around the country. Emily Cope travelled to Carmarthen from Bath. We also know of Emily Morgan and Barbara Hopkins, who stayed at Quay Street. They may have been relatives, as claimed, but it is possible they were clients. Given Hopkins's position, financial status and disregard for the law it is likely that there were many others.

The police believed that Mary Rees had carried out many other abortions. She was sentenced to ten years, and Wilson to five.<sup>43</sup> She was in Woking prison in 1891, using the middle name of Florence which also appeared on her

36 The house number was given on the charge sheet for John Rees. A J. Rees also lived at 45 Trafalgar Terrace and some newspapers confused the two because Rees was 45.

37 *South Wales Echo*, 17 August 1888, p.3.

38 *South Wales Echo*, 18 December 1888, p.3.

39 *South Wales Daily News*, 19 December 1888, p.2.

40 *South Wales Echo*, 4 December 1888, p.3.

41 *South Wales Daily Echo*, 19 December 1888, p.2.

42 Ancestry.com. Swansea and Surrounding Area, Wales, Gaol Records, 1877-1922 [database on-line]. Lehi, UT, USA: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2016. Accessed 10 November 2017.

43 *South Wales Echo*, 19 December 1888, p.2.

court records. Another Florence, Mrs Maybrick, was also in Woking jail at that time. On her release, Mary Rees rented a small shop in Woodfield Street, Morrision, and lived apart from her husband.<sup>44</sup> She died on 13 September 1901 at The Cross, Morrision, after a long illness.<sup>45</sup>

In 1898 Rees was living at the Halfway House, Llansamlet, where he received a bankruptcy order.<sup>46</sup> He was described as a commission agent, latterly colliery proprietor and coal merchant. He had liabilities of £325 and was carrying on a business with William Howell at the Llanweren and Tyrisha Collieries. This may be the William Sidney Howell who witnessed his second marriage.<sup>47</sup>

There is a possible trace of John Rees in the 1901 census, described as a retired general merchant. He died in the Swansea infirmary on 10 February 1906, his age incorrectly given as 63.<sup>48</sup> The obituary states that he was known as the doctor, again supporting the idea that he sourced patients for Hopkins and was a native of Cwmbach with connections at Llangennech, and was interested in many local undertakings. At one time he was part owner of the Pontardulais brickworks. Pontardulais was near Goitre Wen. He left a daughter in a respectable position in Swansea. This reference may imply that Rees had a third daughter. Gertrude was adopted after her mother's trial. Her new family was called Thomas, but it is not known if they were related to the family of Rees's first wife. Thomas was, like Rees, a popular Welsh surname that appears several times in this story. Probate on Mary Jane Rees was granted to David Thomas, and Lizzie Thomas was one of the witnesses at Abigael Kelly's wedding. Rees's first daughter, Mary Harriett, married David Lloyd in 1888 and moved to America.

According to the obituary, Rees had been earning a living by travelling for cider and beer and undertaking odd jobs.<sup>49</sup> His greatest period of prosperity seems to have been between the death of his first wife and the arrest of his second, the time when he was most likely to have received commission payments for finding abortion patients. The cause of death was Syncope, accelerated by exposure and exhaustion.<sup>50</sup>

Rees is not known to have made any further comments about Mary Jane Kelly. His reasons for talking to the press are unclear. At his trial it was alleged that he wanted money from Alice White to pay for his wife's defence. Perhaps he sought payment from the newspapers, but it seems more likely, as noted at the time, that he did not want to prejudice the trial. Whilst stating that the story was in the main true, the *Western Mail* journalist wrote:

There is however one point in which I was inadvertently led into error and as it might, in the opinion of some (although I hardly think so myself), be calculated to prejudice the mind of the public against Mrs Rees, who

was stated to be the mistress of the deceased. I gladly take the opportunity of correcting it.



*Gertrude Irene Rees, daughter of John Rees and Mary Jane Hopkins, in later life. Kind permission of Andie Brock.*

That brings us back to the original story. Someone told the journalist of a connection between Mary Jane Kelly and John Rees. Was it Rees himself, who invented the story for money then had to backtrack when he realised that it diverted attention to his second wife? The part of the story stated to come from Rees is embellished at best, especially the London encounter. Reading this, Jane Williams recalled Abigael Kelly who came from Llanelly and used to drink in her Swansea pub, the same pub where Rees said that Mary drank. Later researchers then assumed that the first woman mentioned was Abigael. We can thus make sense of the reports, but it leaves us no closer to finding Mary Kelly.

44 *Carmarthen Weekly Reporter*, 16 February 1906, p.3.

45 See *Carmarthen Weekly Reporter*, 20 September 1901, p.1.

46 *South Wales Echo*, 29 January 1898, p. 4.

47 *Evening Express*, 16 February 1898, p. 4

48 Swansea Poor Law Union Records, Register of Deaths 1895-1912,

49 *The Cambrian*, 16 February 1906, p. 3.

50 *Carmarthen Weekly Reporter*, 16 February 1906, p. 3.



**PAUL WILLIAMS is a writer of fiction and non-fiction, based in Australia and originally from Birmingham. This is his tenth article for *Ripperologist*. His third book, a study of the Jack the Ripper suspects, is now available and reviewed in this issue. Follow him on Twitter.com: @PaulECWilliams**

# George William Topping Hutchinson: ‘Toppo’

By STEPHEN SENISE

**I’ve briefly touched on matters pertaining to Toppo on other occasions, most recently in a *Dear Rip* letter in issue 156. The arguments for and against Toppo’s belated candidacy as he of Miller’s Court notoriety have been well expounded over many years.**

But briefly, to clarify what I mean by ‘belated candidacy’: it needs to be kept in mind that Reg’s volunteering of his father as *the* George Hutchinson is hearsay. As far as can be readily gleaned, not in his lifetime was Toppo himself known to have made any public pronouncements along the lines attributed to him by Reg. Indeed, the Toppo episode first came to public attention more than a century after events, and long after GWT Hutchinson (d.1938) was no more. Let us remain mindful, too, that Toppo’s supposed suspicions – as attributed to him – that someone “like” (ie specifically) Lord Randolph Churchill was at the heart of the Ripper saga came to light within the framework of a Royal-masonic conspiracy serendipitously featuring none other than... wait for it... Lord Randolph Churchill. Which is not to demote Inspector Abberline (and his diaries) from the bill simply because he couldn’t spell his own name.

There is, to my mind, another discussion which I have found increasingly problematic on the score of Toppo. The one surrounding his signatures, specifically, that Toppo’s hand allegedly matches that of the Miller’s Court witness. In this current climate, the expunging of Sue Iremonger from the record is of concern. Rarely, if at all, have I heard her name come up in recent times. And yet she is the only professional document examiner to have ever taken a look at the signatures.

A quick recap of her findings: “the world renowned

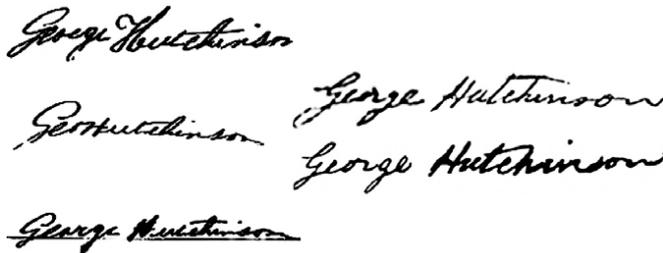
document examiner”,<sup>1</sup> Sue Iremonger, “expressed her opinion to Martin Fido (telephone conversation, 22 September 1993) that the signature of Reg Hutchinson’s father was unlikely to be in the same hand as the signature on witness George Hutchinson’s statement, although she did note the ten year gap between signatures and observed that they could change markedly”.<sup>2</sup>

Iremonger is a member of WADE, the World Association of Document Examiners. However, there seems to be a tendency presently, within our study, to deal with the matter in-house. In the pages that follow, I will continue with the inclination for doing things *inter nos* but with one important difference: whereas others no more qualified than I have waded in to effectively reject Iremonger’s determination, my own layman’s observations are in support.

As it turns out, we are fortunate these days to have an added Toppo signature, which if I understand correctly, Iremonger did not – that from the 1911 census – to go with the one from his 1898 marriage certificate. Over that 13 year gap Toppo’s signature gives every indication of having remained remarkably stable and consistent. It is only when both of these signatures are compared to the three 1888 samples of the Miller’s Court witness that some marked stylistic differences become evident, for all that the chronological gap is shorter, at its closest comparison: 10 years.

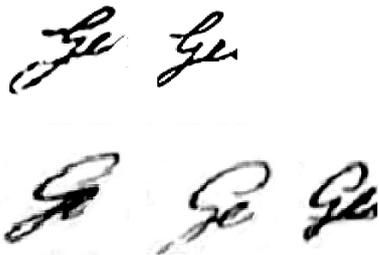
1. *From Hell ...The Jack The Ripper Mystery*, Bob Hinton, Old Bakehouse Publications (1998), p.217
2. *The Complete Jack The Ripper A To Z*, Paul Begg, Martin Fido and Keith Skinner, John Blake Publishing (2010), p.435

Where I have seen a few lay arguments in favour of GWT Hutchinson's and witness George Hutchinson's signatures being in the same hand, what has jumped out at me most of all has been the fact that here was the name George Hutchinson. In other words, a name spelled the same way, taking up roughly as much space as any other rendition of the same name would, and therefore inevitably sharing a certain compounded similarity. A not unreasonable argument might be made that the comparative signatures are all on a right leaning slant, rather than being upright or left leaning, but that's about all that can be said in support, as I see it.



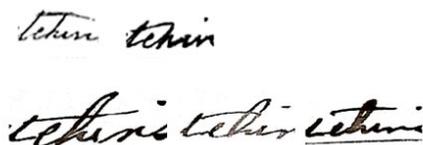
Left: GH1888 statement (pages 1, 2 and 3)  
Right: GWTH 1898 (top) and 1911 (bottom)

More apparent seem to be the many striking and consistent dissimilarities between the 1888 witness statement signatures versus the 1898/1911 Toppo signatures, most notably:



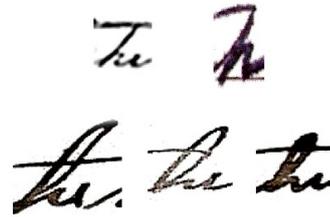
Top: (left) GWTH 1898; (right) GWTH 1911  
Bottom: GH 1888

1. The capital "G". Note the stylistic difference between the open and closed top loop of that capital letter. That aside, the curvaceous and circular nature of the top half of the "G" in the 1888 examples is apparent, compared to the straighter, more linear "G" of 1898 and 1911.



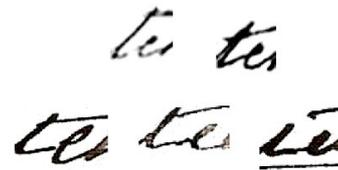
Top: (left) GWTH 1898; (right) GWTH 1911  
Bottom: GH 1888

2. The distinct way in which the crossing of the "t" goes on to intersect the small "h" in the comparison above: straight out and across the middle of the "h" in the 1888 samples, versus contact being made at the very top of the "h" in the Toppo versions.



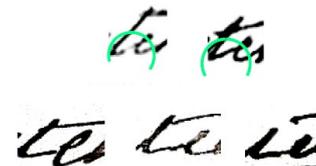
Top: (left) GWTH 1898; (right) GWTH 1911  
Bottom: GH 1888

3. The representation of the small "h" itself: note the consistent elliptical loop forming the vertical backbone (GH), versus a simple, linear stroke (GWTH).



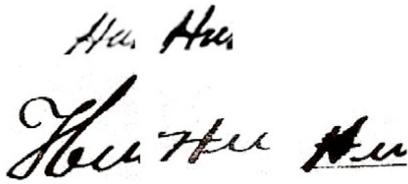
Top: (left) GWTH 1898; (right) GWTH 1911  
Bottom: GH 1888

4. The length of the vertical stroke of the "t" in the Toppo versions, is about twice the height or more, of the "c" following; whereas in the 1888 samples the differential is significantly less pronounced (ii & iii) or it is non-existent (see example i, where the "t" and "c" are as tall as each other, top to bottom).



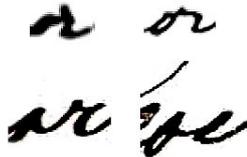
Top: (left) GWTH 1898; (right) GWTH 1911  
Bottom: GH 1888

5. The joining of the "t" and "c" in the three witness statement signatures commences lower down the "c" than in the two Toppo examples where they meet up at roughly, a 45° degree angle. The effect is sufficiently pronounced that the gap between the two letters forms a distinctive, crested or rolling wave formation absent in the November 1888 examples, which are straight out across and flat by comparison, the two letters meeting up at a 175° degree angle instead. That's, c. 45° (Toppo) versus c. 175° (1888).



Top: (left) GWTH 1898; (right) GWTH 1911  
Bottom: GH 1888

6. Some of the same dynamics are on display when observing the joining-up of the capital “H” with the “u”. Note again how the “u” commences lower down in the examples provided by the 1888 witness statement, whereas in the Toppo versions, it starts either in the middle, or at the top, of the “u”. Observe also, the respective relationship to the “H”, comparatively: how the “u” is written as an unbroken continuation of the capital “H” in the Toppo examples, but as a separate, new letter in at least two of the three 1888 samples. Noticeable too: the Toppo “u”, in both examples, is more pinched off at the top or somewhat closed, whereas the 1888 samples are represented by a more open-topped “u”.



Top: (left) GWTH 1898; (right) GWTH 1911  
Bottom: GH 1888

7. Another, not dissimilar, effect is at play where the “o” and “r” in “George” join up. See how in the Toppo examples they are closely attached, perched one atop the other almost; where instead, in the 1888 examples there is a greater distinction and space between letters. Importantly, in the Toppo samples they join relatively high up on the “o” and “r” in keeping with his style, whereas in the 1888 signatures the stroke that joins the two letters, as per usual, starts much lower down.

*NB Readers should be aware that because the 1888 witness signed one of the pages of his police statement with the abbreviation “Geo” instead of George, we only have two samples in this instance, instead of the usual three.*



Top: (left) GWTH 1898; (right) GWTH 1911  
Bottom: GH 1888

8. The last “n” in the 1888 samples, trail noticeably downwards, closing off the letter by crossing, or at least touching, the invisible or internal linear axis on which the signature rests, whereas with the Toppo versions the effect is either barely neutral (1898) or slopes upwards and remains open, as it were, suspended in mid-air (1911). Or to put it another way, the Toppo “n” faces straight down or to the right, but the 1888 samples face to the left. More importantly, the final stroke in the Toppo samples forms a distinct u-like pattern, whereas nothing comparable is in evidence with the 1888 signatures.

More broadly, there is another thing. The Toppo signatures appear to be slightly more modern or streamlined, comparatively, to the more frilly, slightly archaic, style of the 1888 examples. It might suggest that if they were made by two men, they went through the education system at different times, reflecting that they had different ages. It is just one of many interpretations which may account for the difference.

All of the above considerations, taken together, suggest to my layman’s eye, a basic and notable stylistic inconsistency between the 1888 samples on the one hand, and those of 1898/1911 on the other. Maybe some of the above points jumped out at Sue Iremonger too. I don’t know. Ultimately, more information may be forthcoming were one of *Ripperologist’s* readers able to get their hands on Sue Iremonger’s findings as presented at the 1993 WADE Conference in her paper *Jack the Ripper Revisited*,<sup>3</sup> or were a new professional analysis to be undertaken in the future.

I am mindful that I am no professional document examiner. My point is that neither are those who would overthrow Sue Iremonger’s conclusions in various ways, most often by omitting reference to them when the subject of the Toppo signatures comes up. I hope, if nothing else, that my efforts here may go some way to showing that if, as a collective study, we are going to ignore Iremonger, then there are also good, in-house arguments readily available for the purposes of defending her proffered judgement. I share my humble observations on that basis, rather than as an exercise in polemics or to try and convince anyone – aware that, inevitably, we all carry our own biases, both conscious and subconscious, and which may account for an added veneer of cynicism on my part when it comes to Toppo.

3. *Jewbaiter Jack The Ripper: New Evidence & Theory*, Stephen Senise, Acorn Independent Press (2017), p.304

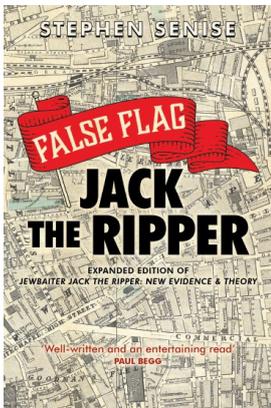
As I've said in these pages on another occasion, here's to everybody having their say and holding different opinions. It should be no bad thing. Indeed, adding a greater depth of perspective depends by necessity on including those opinions we might not necessarily warm to, especially if they are professional assessments which our study has gone out looking for.

It reminds me of the anecdote of the government minister who seeks out expert opinion on a matter from a competent departmental officer. Once the relevant advice is at hand, the minister duly ignores it and forms his own opinion, taking the very opposite course of action to that recommended. When, eventually, events transpire such to prove the value of the departmental advice, the minister has the adviser fired. Maybe, there are moments when it's just as well that Ripperology is not a government. Sue Iremonger would be in pretty big trouble



Stephen Senise is the author of *False Flag Jack The Ripper* (Acorn Independent Press, 2018). It is an expanded edition of *Jewbaiter Jack The Ripper: New Evidence & Theory* (Acorn Independent Press, 2017).

#### AUTHOR'S NOTE ON HIS NEW BOOK



In order to distinguish between the 2017 and 2018 editions, a change of title, cover design and book dimensions has been brought to bear. Other differences fall into two main categories: minor and not-so-minor.

In the former category is the aesthetic housekeeping which has taken place within the narrative; plus the addition of a brief glossary, some review quotes, a short preamble, several new chapter introductory quotes, and other sundries.

In the not-so-minor category, there are some new

images as well as newly incorporated in-page footnotes (in addition to the existing end-of-book reference notes, appendices, and End of Chapter notes or observations). Another significant contribution comes from the 'meat and potatoes' of the book, or additions to the narrative proper.

One such tid-bit, by way of example, comes from a report in the *Commonweal* which reveals that in the weeks leading up to the double-event, activists from the Jewish socialist club in Berner Street had been parading along Petticoat Lane on Sunday mornings to sell copies of the *Arbeter Fruint* – a geographic imposition which their more devout co-religionist did not take kindly to. (Did someone living in the neighbourhood take note of the fracas, and gain new depths of inspiration for his future intrigues, given Petticoat Lane's recurring role in the story?)

In a broader thematic sense, the central part of my thesis is expounded, in particular what I consider to be the central piece of the Ripper puzzle or the story's rationale: that the two great *causes célèbres* of the 1880s, the Tisza-Eszlar and Ritter cases, had so poisoned the popular imagination, that Jack the Ripper sought to enlist key elements of those fanciful, racist narratives (essentially, the blood libel) for his own anti-Semitic campaign. The charged politics of the moment, as played out in the East End, are important in that sense, and get a distended airing.

While there was a tendency in *Jewbaiter Jack the Ripper: New Evidence & Theory* to narratively take a step back, almost inviting the reader to join the dots, *False Flag Jack the Ripper* is more bullish in presenting some of the points under discussion. And so, while the former edition was entirely written in the third person, there is in this expanded edition an extensive epilogue offering an author's perspective come new final chapter, and which helps bring the various discussions advanced in the book to a concluding denouement.

While the benchmark of volume does not, on its own, reflect the book's edition-to-edition evolution, nevertheless, taken together, the above mentioned changes all play their part in making *False Flag Jack The Ripper* an expanded version of the original by about one-fifth.

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# From Ripper Suspect to Hyperpedestrian: The Strange Career of Beresford Greathead

By JAN BONDESON

**The astonishingly-named Percy Beresford Greathead was born in Milford, Hampshire, in June 1862, the son of a gentleman. He had quite an adventurous past. As a young man, he worked as a planter in the West Indies for several years.**

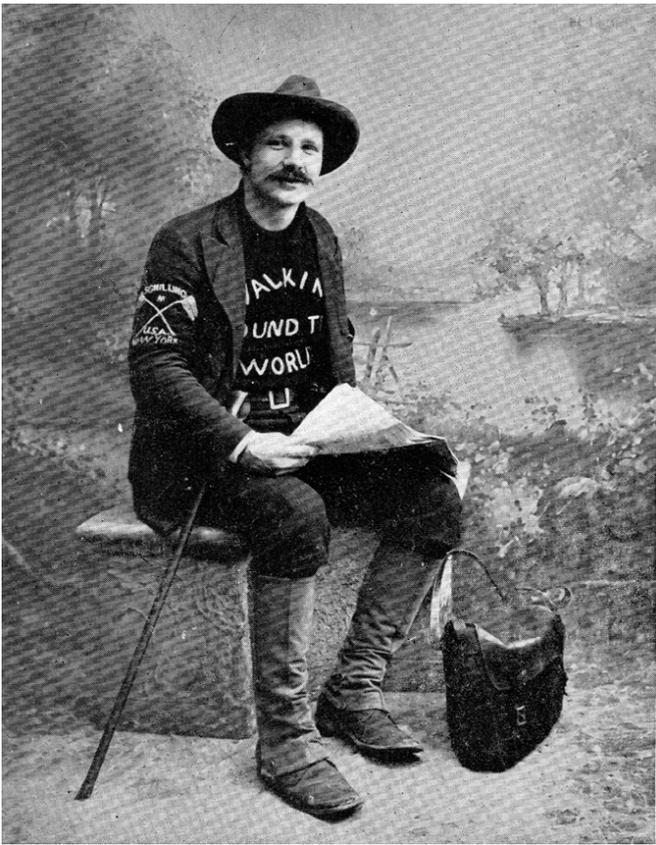
In 1891, after drinking hard in London for several weeks, he wanted to see the East End slums made famous by Jack the Ripper. Skulking out of his lodgings late at night, Beresford armed himself with a loaded revolver and a large Bowie knife, in case Jack would be at large. When he came past some prostitutes, one of them called out 'Is that Jack the Ripper?' and another of them said 'Now, then, bighead, it is time you were in bed!' Beresford whipped out his revolver and aimed at her face, saying that if she was talking to him in such terms of disrespect, he would shoot her! The prostitute, the young Irishwoman Margaret Sweeney, screamed 'Here's Jack the Ripper!' and there was a great uproar in the neighbourhood. Rumours were flying that the Whitechapel Fiend had finally been tracked down. Beresford was arrested by a police constable and brought before the Worship Street Police Court. Although just 29 years old, he had been drinking hard for some time, and was without occupation. When drunk, his habits were extremely rowdy, and he had more than once fired his revolver more or less at random. In the end, he was ordered to find two sureties of £200 each, and give his own bail for £400 for his good behaviour for 12 months.

After his narrow escape in the 1891 'Ripper' scare, Beresford Greathead emigrated to Canada. He led a more wholesome life there, and no longer drank to excess. In 1895, two clubs in Vancouver wagered \$50 000 on whether a man could walk around the world in five years without money or luggage. The daredevil Beresford Greathead offered his services, and he walked out of

Vancouver in August 1895, carrying only a small bag and a loaded rifle. He walked across the American continent, sleeping rough and subsisting on wild game he shot with his rifle. In January 1897, he arrived in Liverpool as a passenger on the Allan liner 'Numidian' from New York. After his foot had been run over by a carriage in March the same year, he was forced to recuperate in hospital for several months. He then walked north to Aberdeen and Inverness, touring Scotland before returning to London on a train. He then set out for Gloucester, where he told a journalist that he had worn out 19 pairs of boots, before touring Wales, Dorset, Devon and Cornwall in November and December 1898. He made it into Europe, walking through Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Austria and Romania. In Manchuria, he was arrested as a spy, and detained for two months until he escaped. Beresford was dismayed by the Chinese troubles, and instead of walking on through the Middle East and India, he returned to Le Havre by train, arriving in Southampton in November 1901. He once more toured Britain, lecturing about his travelling exploits and assuring his audiences that if it had not been for the restless and hostile Orientals, he would have won his great wager. Since he has successfully dodged the Internet genealogists, no clue remains as to his ultimate fate.



Beresford Greathead was one of the earliest hyperpedestrians, who attempted to walk round the world for a wager. The most celebrated of them was George Matthew Schilling, who was born in Pittsburgh in 1874. In 1883, his left arm got caught in machinery at a Pittsburgh axe factory, and was torn off at the shoulder, but this did not prevent Schilling from becoming quite an athlete and daredevil, diving into rivers from tall bridges,



*George M. Schilling after his walk around the world*

and specializing in long-distance walking. On 3 August 1897, George M. Schilling left New York for his most ambitious walking feat yet: he was to walk around the world in four years, for a wager of \$5 000 with the boxing promoter and theatrical company director 'Parson' Davies. He left New York dressed in a suit made of newspapers, accompanied only by his faithful foxhound cross 'King II'. It was stipulated that he would leave with no money, and not be allowed to beg, borrow or spend; still, he was to return to New York within four years' time with \$5 000 in cash. Friendly Americans gave him money, and one of them paid for a comfortable walking suit of clothes. Schilling tramped from New York to Chicago, then on to St Louis, and through the Plains and Rocky Mountains to reach Mexico and Southern California. In the Great American desert he met with difficulties, although supplied with food and water by some soldiers, and given rice and stew by friendly Chinese navvies. He followed the railway, eating various unpalatable dishes donated by the Chinese, but he suffered very much from the heat, and his dog was fast petering out. Reaching the town of Elko, his shoes were worn out, and he had not eaten for two days. Two railway travellers gave him breakfast and some money, but he could not get hold of a new pair of shoes. Footsore and bedraggled, he struggled on to San Francisco, where he tried to get a berth on board a ship for Australia. The mariners would not allow the dog on board ship, however.

Schilling did not want to part company with King II, who had saved him from hostile Indians on several occasions during his travels in Mexico, so he tramped 400 miles to Vancouver, where he got aboard a sailing vessel bound for Sydney in Australia, working his passage before the mast.

In Sydney, the dog King II was seized by the authorities and placed in a quarantine for six months. During this time, Schilling walked through Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand. In the larger towns and cities en route, he held lectures about his adventures on the tramp. A tall, powerful man with a bronzed and sunburnt face, he sold postcards with his picture, and a pamphlet describing his experiences this far. He brought with him a large ledger, which was to be sealed and signed in all the towns he had visited, to obtain proof of his tour round the world. In spite of all the hardships on his perilous tramp through the American continent, braving deserts, storms and snow, he had gained two pounds in weight since leaving New York. In New Zealand, he joined forces with a travelling variety company of actors and singers in December 1898, and shared the stage with them on many occasions. He was still in New Zealand in April 1899, before returning to Australia. In Auckland, he doubled back to Sydney, picked up the dog, and went on to tour Western and Southern Australia for several months, giving lectures, selling postcards, and collecting seals and signatures in his ledger.

In August 1900, George M. Schilling and King II arrived in Colombo, Ceylon. He walked on to Kandy and Calcutta, and crossed India to Bombay, where the dog expired in some unspecified sub-continental calamity. Schilling went on to Rangoon and Singapore, reaching Hong Kong in March 1901. He walked to Shanghai, and hoped to walk through China, but this was not possible due to the Boxer Uprising. Instead, he went to Japan, landing in Nagasaki and then reaching Kobe in May 1901. Due to this wartime disturbance to his walking schedule, 'Parson' Davies allowed him an additional year to complete his world tour. Schilling went on to the Philippines, Java and Sumatra. In October 1901, we find him in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, where he could see the ending of the Boer War first hand. He walked on to East London and Johannesburg, before going on to Rhodesia. At this time, there was a sudden and suspicious cessation of newspaper reporting of his activities. In January 1905, a South African paper reported that the skeleton of a man had been found nine miles north of Puff Adder, in the district of Preiska; lying close by were papers giving the name G.M. Schilling, and a map of South Africa. Had the great pedestrian lost his life? 'No, certainly not!' the Virginia Enterprise newspaper responded: Schilling had arrived in Berlin in August 1904 and was now on his way to Britain. He later explained this African hiatus by pointing out the great difficulties in

proceeding north through Uganda, and the great deserts to the north. Furthermore, he had been arrested as a spy by the Turks, who did not believe in his story about walking round the world for a wager, and held in prison for several months. His wager was now irrevocably lost.

Nevertheless, the determined George M. Schilling kept tramping on. He reached London in November 1904, and in early January, we find him lecturing in Gloucester, on his way from Bristol to Worcester. He then walked on to the north, giving a series of lectures in Hull to great acclaim, describing his perilous journey through the world. In Hull, the 30-year-old globetrotter met the 23-year-old draper's assistant Ellen May Matthews, a pretty girl who was the daughter of a respectable Hull butcher, and he fell in love with her on first sight. After a whirlwind romance, he married her in Newcastle on 1 March 1905. Unconventionally, the bride wore black, but the jolly George M. Schilling was dressed in his usual costume, with 'Walking round the world' inscribed in large letters on the front of his jersey. On the marriage certificate, he described himself as an athlete and lecturer. He told a journalist that although he had lost his wager, he had gained a bride; now, he intended to walk through Scotland and Ireland, before ending his tour round the world in Liverpool. He did not return to Pittsburgh, but remained in Britain for some time. He kept selling his postcards, advertising various unrealistic future walking stunts. In 1908, he wanted to pull a small airship for 20,000 miles in three years. In 1911, he announced his intention to roll a large globe, inside which he would sleep at night, around the world for a wager, accompanied by his large black mongrel dog King III. There is nothing to suggest that either of these expansive projects ever came to fruition, but until the end of his life, George M. Schilling boasted that he was the first man who had ever walked around the world. He left Britain for the United States in or around 1914, and died there in May 1920, aged just 46, leaving a widow and several children; he is said to have great-grandchildren alive today.



George M. Schilling, the dog King III, and his giant globe

◆

George M. Schilling was by far the most successful of these early would-be globetrotters, although he was not the first of them. Already in June 1893, the American pedestrians Fred Thoerner and Gus Koegel walked out of San Francisco on a tramp around the world; in April the year after, they are recorded to have come walking into Monte Carlo. Another German American, Sid Stupp, joined them in Munich, and after Thoerner had fallen ill in Bucharest, Stupp and Koegel left him behind and proceeded through the Middle East on their way to India. In March 1896, they were still on the road, but nothing would indicate that their walk was completed as planned. In January 1894, the Russian journalist Michel Debernoff, the son of General Debernoff, who had started an ambitious walking tour around the world, arrived in Gibraltar from Cadiz. He had already visited the principal capitals of Europe, and was now on his way to Africa.



Mr and Mrs George O'Malley, who left San Francisco in October 1897 to walk around the world, from a postcard stamped and posted in Germany on 30 April 1900

The publicity enjoyed by George M. Schilling and Beresford Greathead persuaded quite a few other people to set out on walking tours through the world. For a wager of \$2 000, the young New Zealander Harry Carter left Wellington in 1902, dressed in a suit made of newspapers; he is recorded to have reached London in March 1906, on his way to Holland and Denmark. The globetrotting couple Mr and Mrs George O'Malley left San Francisco



*H. de Graaf and M. and Mme Saeys, the Dutch globe-trotters, and their dog*



GLOBE-TROTTER  
 ———  
**TOUR DU MONDE A PIED**  
 Record  
 International de la marche  
 n'ayant pour ressource  
 que la vente de sa carte  
 photographique

Tour du monde en  
 cinq ans, a visité les cinq  
 parties du monde,  
 il ne lui reste  
 plus qu'à par-  
 courir une partie  
 de la France.

Avec les  
 contrôles les  
 plus sérieux.

Il aura  
 couvert 52.500  
 kilomètres.

*Jean Terrat, the French globe-trotter, and his dog*



*Reise um die Welt von Belgischen Ehepaar  
 Tour du Monde à pied, en chantant par deux époux belges.*

in October 1897, and were in Berlin in late 1900. The Croatian adventurer Joseph Mikulec set out from Austria in February 1906, walking through Europe and taking a ship from Portugal to Cape Town, and then across the Atlantic to South America. He wanted to cross the Andes into Chile, but was deterred by the extreme cold. In Brazil, he was twice robbed by highwaymen, and tormented by the mosquitoes, before leaving as a deckhand on board a steamer for Philadelphia. He walked through the entire American continent, collecting autographs of famous people for a large ledger he carried along. Mikulec liked the United States, and he became an American citizen. His original plan had been to set out from Portland to Australia, and then proceed to Japan and China, before walking through Russia from Siberia to St Petersburg. There is nothing to suggest that this ambitious plan was acted upon, however, although Mikulec took part in various American walking stunts well into the 1920s. His great ledger, said to contain 30 000 autographs, was lost after his death.

In 1908, the Touring Club de France announced a contest for walking around the world, for a prize of 100 000 francs. There was immediate enthusiasm from the Gallic tribe, and a number of jolly-looking pedestrians set off on their journeys, walking their dogs, playing their mandolins, and selling postcards along the way; most of them did not even get out of the country before becoming footsore and homesick, and longing for a comfortable train to take them back to civilization. Four Romanian students in Paris also heard of the prize, and decided to take part: Dumitru Dan, Paul Pârveu, Georg Negreanu and Alexandru Pascu. They

went back to their native land and underwent a rigorous period of training before setting off, carrying musical instruments and wearing traditional garb, in early 1910. Following tradition among the hyperpedestrians of olden times, they brought with them a dog named Harap. In July 1911, they had reached Bombay, where they were invited by the local Rajah to tell about their adventures. When Pascu was invited to smoke some opium, he overdid it and died from morphine poisoning. The remaining three pedestrians went on to China, where Negreanu fell down a precipice and died. The other two walked through Alaska, and down through the United States. In Jacksonville, Florida, Pârveu developed gangrene of the feet, and was left behind with the dog Harap for company; although both his legs were amputated, he died in May 1915. The sole survivor of the Romanian walking party, Dumitru Dan, kept a low profile during the Great War, but he walked off again in 1919, and is said to have completed his journey in 1923.

The *New York Times* tells us that Mr and Mrs Harry Humphries, who had set out for a walk around the world from New York in July 1911, had reached London in November the same year. The Canadian newsboy 'Pittsie' Ryan had set out from Edmonton, Alberta, for a walk round the world with seven other newsboys; in July 1914, he was the only one of them still on the road, reaching Paris after walking 40 000 miles in two and a half years. The Great War put an end to these silly walking stunts, on both sides of the Atlantic; walking round the world for a wager had lost its novelty and attraction, for good, and the 1920s and 1930s saw very little in the way of hyperpedestrianism.

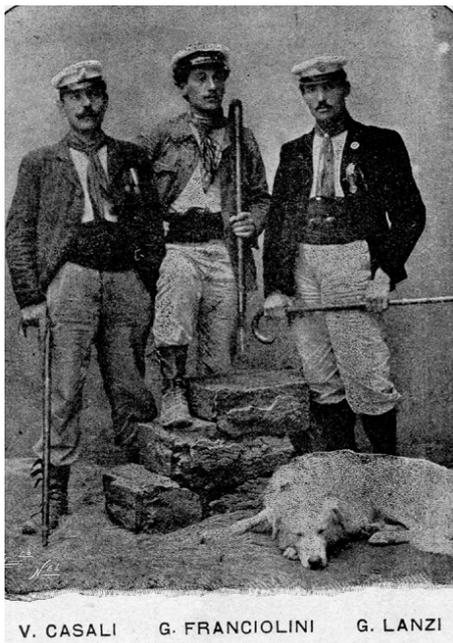
According to established history, the first person to walk around the world under controlled circumstances was the American Dave Kunst, from 1970 until 1974. His feat was equalled by another American, Steven M. Newman, from 1983 until 1987. Do any of the historical hyperpedestrians mentioned here have a claim to a precedent? Joseph Mikulec never seems to have made it to Africa or Asia, and Beresford Greathead had to admit defeat in Manchuria. This leaves the original performer, George M. Schilling, who was on the road from 1897 until 1905, and Dumitru Dan, who took from 1910 until 1923 to complete his feat. Schilling's progress through America, Australia, New Zealand and Asia was regularly reported in the newspapers, although he never seems to have been able to enter China, due to the anti-Western feelings from the restless natives. Then there was an unexplained hiatus from October 1901, when he was recorded to have been in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, and August 1904, when he walked into Berlin. Did Schilling stay in South Africa longer than he was willing

to admit, did the unwholesome African climate stop the intrepid traveller in his tracks, or was there any truth in his own story about being arrested as a spy in Turkey? It is unfortunate indeed that the large book where Schilling recorded the progress of his walk does not seem to have survived; it is said, by an alleged descendant of his, to have perished in a fire. Dumitru Dan also has a claim to have completed his walk around the world, although parts of his journey also remain unverified, particularly the final leg of it, after the Great War.



This is an edited extract from Jan Bondeson's book *The Lion Boy and Other Medical Curiosities* (Amberley Publishing, Stroud 2018). See review in this issue.

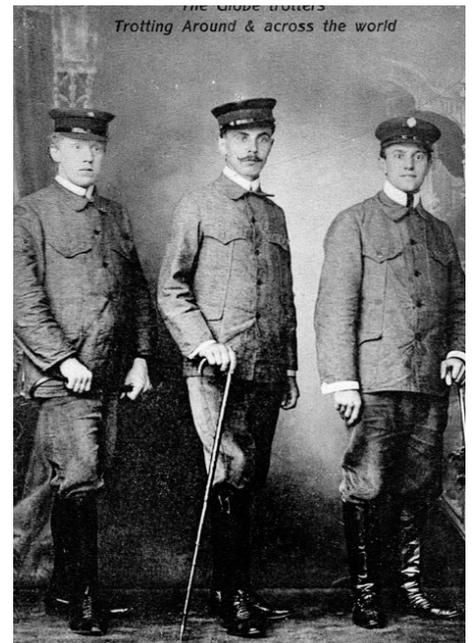
**JAN BONDESON** is a senior lecturer and consultant rheumatologist at Cardiff University. He is the author of *Rivals of the Ripper*, *Murder Houses of London*, *The London Monster*, *The Great Pretenders*, *Blood on the Snow* and other true crime books, as well as the bestselling *Buried Alive*.



Lanzi, Franciolini and Consonni, the Italian globe-trotters, and their dog



M and Mme Lagneaux, a French married couple on their way around the world, with their three children and their dog



Three uniformed Austrian globe-trotters

## WRITE FOR RIPPEROLOGIST!

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# Lulu - The Eighth Wonder of The World

By HEATHER TWEED

*'LULU, the Marvel of the Age! LULU, the Wonder of the Universe!  
LULU, the Embodiment of Grace! LULU, the Eighth Wonder of The World!'*

*The Era, August 1875*

*'The first thing I taught my pupils to do was fall.'*

Guillermo Antonio Farini, Manager and adoptive father of Lulu

*The Graphic, September 1893*

## **A hushed, expectant audience crammed around the ring of Henglers Circus, Dublin in August 1876.**

The blonde-haired beauty, Lulu, stepped on to a little black square on the floor. MC Signor Farini explained she would be propelled 50 feet into air, then catch hold of the trapeze.

The audience waited, there was a dull mechanical click, Lulu was steadfast in the same spot. The audience clapped politely not sure if the trick had happened.

Stage hands rushed to the scene in a flurry of activity as Farini explained there had been some technical hitch. Lulu entertained the crowd with spectacular flips, triple somersaults and twists on the trapeze.

The spring was reset and the audience fell silent. Lulu shuddered slightly. Bang! The trigger exploded into life. The audience screamed in horror as they saw Lulu flung straight up into the air, nowhere near the trapeze bar. She flailed her arms as if grasping for something at the height of her ascent, then plummeted to the ground. Her inert body bounced from the edge of the safety net and she fell onto her back at edge of the ring fence, then rolled towards the orchestra.

Theatre staff and audience members crowded to her side and she was quickly bundled backstage, where a nearby doctor was speedily summoned to examine her.

Miraculously, Lulu had no serious injuries and was able to hobble to a waiting cab that night.

Some papers went to print in the expectation that she would not survive the night.

As she fell, The Great Farini's teachings flowed into her reflexes. Counter-intuitively he taught his students to curl up and go limp if they fell, then land on their back. One year before, when Lulu had a similar accident, she twisted mid-air, bounced from the loose safety net, curled and landed on her back, reporters mistook this for a bad fall. As The Great Farini explained to a reporter from *The Graphic* in 1893 as he tapped him on the back, 'Stretch out your arm to save yourself, you'd probably break it... fall here and you can fall from what height you like, and come to no hurt.'

Appearances can be deceptive; all was not as it seemed.

Thirteen years before, in 1862, The Great Farini balanced on a rope stretched high above the Plaza Torres bullring in Havana. Perched on his back was his young wife Mary. As he reached the end of the rope the large audience below clapped their approval and Mary let go her grip on his neck to stretch back and wave at the crowd. To their horror she slipped. In an instant Farini followed, quickly hooking his knee around the rope. He grabbed the gauzy skirt of her costume. It ripped. She plunged 60 feet toward the wooden seats below. She survived for four distressing days with horrific injuries as 'the wealthiest ladies of Havana... soothed her dying pillow'<sup>1</sup>

1 *Newbern Weekly Progress*, January 17th 1862

The ladies rallied round and hoped to raise 10 to 20 thousand dollars to care for the young child she left behind. Mary died in January 1863 and was embalmed, then placed in a vault at a Havana cemetery.

Guillermo Antonio Farini was in fact William Leonard Hunt, born in New York and raised in Canada. Young William dreamed of becoming an acrobat, a tightrope walker, and secretly practiced until he was good enough to walk a taut rope across the nearby river for a local carnival. His strict father ordered him to learn medicine so he could become a doctor. William complied, but also continued with his funambulistic studies. He was a true impresario, an innovator and inventor. His restless, inquisitive mind drove him to design the first folding theatre seats and the first cannon to fire acrobats across the circus ring, and he is credited with developing and using the first safety net. He filed countless patents, and brought new and sensational acts to the stage.

Farini was confident enough to make a number of challenges to Blondin, the Niagra Falls tightroping supremo.

Farini returned to Latin America a few years after his wife's death, then came to England in 1866 bringing with him an attractive, golden-locked orphan boy whom he called El Niño.



*El Niño Farini*

© Victoria and Albert Museum

The youngster was actually Samuel Wasgatt; some claim he was the child the women of Havana cared for. There is certainly a boy of that name living in a Boston institution in 1865,<sup>2</sup> and he was possibly housed there whilst Farini found his feet again. Farini never wrote of the traumatic fall in his autobiography or spoke of it in press interviews.

Farini took the youngster under his wing, teaching balance, strength and, above all, safety.

In the late 1860s El Niño Farini thrilled audiences. He leapt high on the trapeze and bent his head back to grip the crossbar with only the nape of his neck. At the same time he beat rhythms out on a large drum strapped to his chest, dexterously juggling wooden sticks in both hands.

Farini shrewdly sold photographs of the feats after each show.

Some audiences were shocked that he appeared to be so young. He looked eight, but was in fact ten.

Twenty-two thousand crowded to see him at the Crystal Palace in 1867. El Niño Le Tambour Ariel was a wonder of the age.

Then a few short years later, despite his continued popularity, El Niño disappeared.

On 29th July 1870 The Great Farini arrived in Paris with a new act. His protégé Lulu first swung through the air at the Imperatrice Theatre. Her trademark 'Lulu Leap' wowed the crowds and Farini knew he was on to a winner as he did a roaring trade in souvenir photographs, not to mention the amorous admirers crushing the stage door requesting a private audience with the gorgeous young lady. The Prince of Wales saw the show at least once in 1871.

Whispers crept through all stratas of London society, but it was up to a sharp eyed reporter at the *Birmingham Evening Gazette* in February 1871 to finally 'out' Lulu in print. He spotted the similarity between El Niño and Lulu, writing that 'whether the turning of a triple somersault should be included among the "Rights of Women" the profoundest philosophy of Mr Mill would scarcely enable us to decide.'

The most surprising thing about Lulu was that she was in fact a he.

Other journalists made mention of the fact over the years but actually there was no big reveal, no scandal attached.

Some of Lulu's more ardent stage door admirers may have been a little red-faced (including the German baron who pursued him relentlessly with an eye to marriage), but as male hirsuteness began to show, this fact seemed to

2 Massachusetts State Census, 1865

have been a fairly open secret. Lulu the young girl was in fact a young boy and serenaded the crowds at the end of his act with the dulcet tones of *Wait till I'm A Man*.<sup>3</sup>

Later, in an 1884 interview with *The Era*, Farini, ever the experimenter, explained that everyone mistook the pretty El Niño for a girl so he decided to try dressing him as a girl. His experiment was a success, and Lulu was born.

The deception stretched to filling out the England census of 1871 listing Lulu as a female artiste. It is possible that 'Lulu's Companion' on the census, Carola Alexadenova, born in Moscow, was actually Farini's younger sister, Edith May Hunt.

In 1883 Lulu revealed to the *Cardiff Times* that he 'maintained my disguise under all circumstances; even my intimate acquaintances were deceived.' He was even a bridesmaid at a wedding, 'blushing when it was proper, and looking demure and sorry just at the right moment.'

By 1878 Lulu had patented his own apparatus to help him fly 'from wall to wall of The Great Pavilion (lengthwise)'.<sup>4</sup> An amazing and dangerous spectacle that required Lulu's dexterous precision, combined with a well-tuned mechanical device. Lulu was fearless.

On August 10th 1876 the *Daily Telegraph* took a strong view of the danger that the acrobats, 'poor creatures', put themselves through for the sake of their evil audiences. 'However humane they may individually be [they] are, in the aggregate, utterly callous and hard hearted, and would complacently see a woman in tights and spangles dance upon a field of razor-blades set on end or plunge into a cauldron of blazing petroleum.' Stating that if the managers of the halls and circuses failed to stop dangerous practices, 'the police and the Government must step in.' The *Telegraph* had repeatedly printed warnings and Lulu's accident was an excuse for them to continue in their campaign.

Then in 1878 Lulu walked onto the stage as usual. The audience were delighted to see her in full female costume but sporting a well-groomed beard and spectacles. As dexterous and supple as ever, his unusual glasses were no barrier to the act.

By that time Farini was making an advertising virtue of 'Lulu of the past' and 'Lulu of the present' being one and the same.

Lulu had married Edith, Farini's younger sister in 1875 and they had a daughter, May Julia Wasgatt Farini in 1877. Perhaps these events had a bearing on Lulu's slight change of appearance?

Despite his many successes, The Great Farini became restless. He took up painting and stumbled across the possibility of a great adventure.



*Lulu before 1878*

Farini needed someone he could trust 'with total confidence'.<sup>5</sup> There was only one person, and he finally persuaded a very reluctant Lulu to accompany him on an exploratory adventure to South America. Once he was persuaded of the 'splendid opportunities'<sup>6</sup> to take photographs in remote areas that few had ventured to explore and he had 'secured all the improvements in portable photographic appliances, sketchbooks etc,' he was ready to accompany his father on the trip. They travelled incognito so Farini could eavesdrop on what polite society was gossiping about behind his back. But most importantly, news was starting to leak out about the real reason for the trip. Farini had been told by a Kalahari hunter named Kert that there were large diamonds to be found in a remote part of the desert. A sceptical Farini

3 *Derby Daily Telegraph*, October 3rd 1879

4 Adverts in multiple newspapers

5 Farini" *Through The Kalahari Desert*

6 Ibid

surreptitiously searched the tribesman's bag looking for traitorous poison; instead he found diamonds and immediately started planning his adventure.

The Farinis visited a diamond mine, marveling at the naked workers, the strange carved landscape, the noise and dust from the explosions.



Lulu in 1886. From "Through the Kalahari"

One day the lunchtime bell rang but Farini couldn't find Lulu. He hurried back to the top of the quarry and peered down to the pit through his binoculars. There he spotted Lulu, 'not much bigger than a child', holding the camera. 'Boom! Went another explosion; and a perfect hail of gravel, mingled with huge chunks of clay fell around him.' The air cleared Lulu was down on one knee clutching the broken tripod. 'Out thundered the roar of another charge.' Then a third explosion, yet Lulu didn't take cover. Farini rushed down to his son. Lulu simply pointed to a rock, worried that he would have been 'in a fix' had the camera been smashed. 'Never mind the camera, if it had hit you, what a fix I would have been in if I couldn't get another Lulu in this country, or any other.'<sup>7</sup>

They scrambled over dangerous terrain, hunted wild animals, and took photographs. Only once did Lulu lose heart. Fed up with the monotony of the 'wretched, miserable, desolate, sandy, rocky' landscape, he wished he

could 'control an earthquake for five minutes' to open up a sea 'I would sail quietly home to my wife and child'.<sup>8</sup>

Farini simply smiled, and a minute later heard Lulu whistling a song from *Patience*, the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta.

Lulu's photographs of Table Mountain were exhibited in a group show at The Royal Photographic Society in London. His father illustrated his German lecture in Berne with his son's images.

By 1920 at the age of 64, Lulu was living in New York.<sup>9</sup> Still a professional photographer, he had also moved into the early flourishing motion picture business.

He died in Hillsdale, New York State, in 1939 at the age of 83.

Rather adorably, he kept the name Lulu all his life, even on many official documents.

7 Farini" *Through The Kalahari Desert*

8 Ibid

9 United States Federal Census, 1920

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**HEATHER TWEED is an artist, writer and educator based in the South West of England. She is currently researching and writing a book about an eccentric and troubled 19th Century heiress.**

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PLAYED NICELY DURING HER MARVELLOUS PERFORMANCES  
Während ihrer wunderbaren Vorstellungen gespielt



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speziell für LULU komponirt und ihr gewidmet  
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*The Lulu Waltz sheet music, 1870*

# Woman's Work

## Part Two

### An Interview with a Woman of Character: Polly Murphy of Hoxton

By NINA and HOWARD BROWN

AN AMERICAN DETECTIVE'S OPINION

"I should have gone to right to work in a common sense way and not believed in mere theories. With the great power of the London police I should have manufactured victims for the murderer. I would have taken 50 female habitués of Whitechapel and covered the ground with them. Even if one fell a victim, I should get the murderer."

- Inspector Thomas Byrnes, NYPD -  
*The Sun, London, October 4th, 1888.*

After the Chapman murder on September 8th, women, and not necessarily prostitutes, armed themselves as depicted in this *Illustrated Police News* etching from the September 22nd, 1888 issue:



In the last issue of *Ripperologist*, we concluded our column with a article published in the *South Wales Echo* (Glamorgan) from 1890, two years after the Autumn of Terror. The article mentioned women from the district being used as decoys and how shrewd it was to employ them in this capacity. Articles which appeared in various newspapers mentioning female decoys generally didn't reveal the names of those engaged in this potentially lethal volunteer work.

Following the murder of Alice McKenzie in July 1889 one article *did* name an intrepid female decoy by name, appearing in the very same *South Wales Echo* three days after the killing in Castle Alley. This is that article.



*South Wales Echo*  
20 July 1889

#### A CHAT WITH A FEMALE DECOY

"Good evening, George," said a *Star* man to a coster who was selling cherries and gooseberries in Nile-street, Hoxton. "Have you seen Poll?"

"I see her not mor'n half an hour ago, and told her you was comin' round, but I s'pose she forgot"

The *Star* man wished he had stayed at the National Liberal. However when he reached the City-road, after peering into or three pubs, he found still open the shop of a tradesman whom he knew, so he entered and asked his friend whether he had seen Polly Murphy about.

#### "POLLY MURPHY?"

shouted John, the tradesman's boy. "I saw her not a quarter of an hour ago. I can find her for you sir."

"All right" said the tradesman, "Let me get my shop shut up first. But what do you want with Polly Murphy?" he inquired.

"Oh, I just want to have a chat with her."

"Jack the Ripper is it? She saw him once," he continued as the *Star* man nodded affirmatively. "She came to me one night in an awful state as I walking down the road here last winter, and she told me that she just left him."

"Well, why didn't she hold him; she's strong enough to hold any man?"

"Yes, but a man with such a record is enough to paralyze the strongest woman with fear."

By this time the shop was closed and John went to a pub opposite, and soon Poll was striding across the road just like a man.

"Well, my boy, how are you?"

"Well, Poll, how are you?" and Poll and the *Star* man heartily shook hands. Thereafter she kissed John affectionately and bade him good night.

"You seem to be very fond of John," said the *Star* man.

'Lor' bless you, that's only good will," and Poll beamed as though she would like to kiss the whole world. Poll is

#### A GOOD HEARTED WOMAN

though decidedly what would be termed a rough character. She is a mixture of Welsh and Irish and better educated than the people with whom she is associated. She is as strong as a horse, about 5 ft. 6 in. high, and though not prepossessing in appearance, her bright frank grey eyes and somewhat broad, determined face, pronounced her to be a woman of character.

"You know what I want to see you for," said our man. "You were employed as a decoy during the murder scares last year, were you not?"

"Yes, I was a decoy for three nights, but it was no good. I went to every court and alley in Whitechapel. I tried hard to catch him, but it was no good. When I would be looking for him in one place he was committing a murder in another."

"Who employed you as a decoy?"

"Ah, that I'm not going to tell. He was a gentleman in an official position and gave me half a guinea a night, and I had as much food as I could eat. We had 'Jack the Ripper' over the road there once," she said suddenly. "I'm sure it was him. he had a hand with fingers as long as that"-measuring halfway up her wrist from the tip of her fingers. "He was

#### A FINE MAN

too, six foot high, with a silken beard and moustache. Nobody knew his name, but he said he was the son of a fruiterer in Spitalfields Market. He used to show up here and took a fancy to Ginger Alice and wanted her to go with him for a walk, but she got frightened and wouldn't go, though I told her I'd follow them. At last the woman that keeps the greengrocer's shop in Provost-street here called this man, 'Jack the Ripper' and I've never set eyes on him since then."

"While you were walking about Whitechapel, were you accosted by strange men?"

"Accosted! Bless you, yes," and Poll began to laugh as though it were great fun. "I got a farmer to treat me one night and give me a six-pence for my doss. I told him I'd have to walk the streets all night if he didn't, and that perhaps I'd be murdered like the others."

"Were you not afraid?"

"Afraid!" she shouted, "You don't know me.

**I NEVER KNEW WHAT FEAR WAS**

Lots of girls came forward to act as decoys, but they wouldn't have them. You see, I can take a drop of beer and it doesn't knock me over. Besides, I can handle the knife as well as 'Jack the Ripper'. Look at these cuts on my hand; that's with killing sheep. I've killed hundreds of sheep." and as Poll showed her hands the *Star* man noticed that her arms were tattooed. "They all know me at the Meat Market and call me 'Dick' the meat carrier." I know something about sheep sticking and from what I read in the papers this woman's been killed by a man that knows how to stick sheep."

"Can you tell me anything that happened while you were wandering about Whitechapel?"

"No, nothing happened to me. I used to have a bit of chaff with the men, and used to see the men and women about, you know. But nothing happened to me. All the victims, you see, are right down, down as low as they can be. They haven't got a copper and no chance of getting one except by what leads them to their death," she added, pointing significantly to the gutter. "God knows my life is rough enough, but its not so rough as that by a long way." she added earnestly. "But its a licker, ain't it?" she added.

"It is so," said the *Star* man. "What's your opinion?"

"Well, sometimes I think one thing and sometimes another. There's one thing that I have noticed about them all: they're

**ALL MARRIED WOMEN,**

been cast off by their husbands or left their husbands and gone wrong." But Poll's theory was a very shadowy one and as our man bade her good night she declared that she was ready to go as a decoy tomorrow if they wanted her.

*Footnote: Some researchers believe, or at least think its possible, that individuals such as alleged Tabram witness Pearly Poll and murder victims Polly Nichols, Catherine Eddowes and Alice McKenzie may have worked for the police at one time or the other. Perhaps with further in-depth research we'll know for sure.*

*The Star*  
3 October 1888

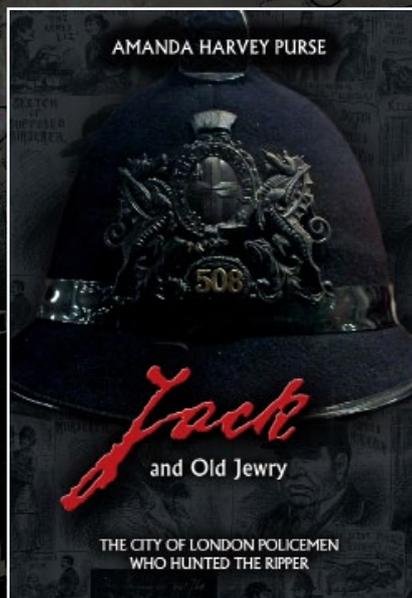
The services of "noses" - that is to say, people who are hand in glove with persons of indifferent character - are frequently called into play, and they are deputed to go to the low lodging-houses and other places that are the resort of low characters, and keep their eyes and ears open for anything likely to give a clue to the individual or individuals wanted. Women often act as "noses."



Thanks to Jerry Dunlop for the transcription of the *Star* article.



**NINA and HOWARD BROWN are the proprietors of JTRforums.com.**



In the early hours of 30th September 1888, the City of London Police force went from being a close bystander to having an active involvement into the investigation of the world's most famous murder case with the death of one woman: Catherine Eddowes. The murderer is still unknown, but has passed into history under the name 'Jack the Ripper'.

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Victorian Fiction

# The Withered Arm

By Thomas Hardy

Edited with an introduction by Eduardo Zinna

## INTRODUCTION

Some label Thomas Hardy's *The Withered Arm* a ghost story, although there are no ghosts in it; some call it a tale of the supernatural, although there's no incident in the story which is not susceptible of a rational explanation; some say it is a love story, although its protagonists are not moved by love but by bitterness, jealousy and loathing. Still, there is some truth to every one of these assertions. If there is no ghost in the story, there is uncanny coincidence, there is chance, there is, above all, a malignant, almost sentient fate lying in wait for its unwary characters; if there is no supernatural incident, there is superstition, there is sorcery, there's a chilling touch of the macabre; if there is no romantic love and no trysts by moonlight, there is reluctant friendship, and growing affection, and the love of two women for one man, twisted out of shape in one by resentment and shame, tinged with insecurity and anxiety in the other. What is there is a tale of rural England in the early nineteenth century enacted by a marvellous cast of characters: the two women whose conflict is at the centre of the story, one tall, the other short, one dark, the other fair, one fading, the other blooming, one who was discarded, the other who was chosen; there is the former lover of the one and the husband of the other, a proud, hard, unloving man; there is a doomed boy, a faith-healer doubling as a seer, a philosophical hangman and a chorus of country people, ranging from milkers to ostlers. These varied and dissimilar characters move against the background of Hardy's native Dorset, or Wessex, as he later called it; an ancient land whose main activity had been from time immemorial farming and whose lack of coal deposits had kept the industrial revolution at bay.

Thomas Hardy was born on 2 June 1840 at the village of Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester, the first child of Thomas, a stonemason, and his wife Jemima. His mother instilled in him her love of reading and his father taught him how to play the fiddle and, later, took his son with

him into the village band that performed at weddings, church services and fairs. When Thomas was growing up, the railway had not yet reached the region and its ways had stayed unchanged by hundreds of years, regulated by the seasons and marked by religious and secular festivals. He learned about the hardships and rare joys of country life, about poverty and hunger, about local superstitions and legends, about harsh laws and harsher punishments. His feeling for the land of his birth, its landscapes and its people would always be with him.



Thomas was educated at a local school and at Dorchester. Despite showing promise, he could not pursue higher studies because of his family's scant resources. At the age of 16, he was apprenticed to an architect specialising in church restoration. At 22, he joined an important architectural firm in London where he distinguished himself in a variety of assignments. Away from work,

he led a hectic life; he enjoyed the cultural offerings of London, but also its seamy side. He developed a keen interest in religion – and even considered taking holy orders - but eventually lost his faith and developed a grim, pessimistic view of the world, where human beings were the victims of indifferent forces. He also read voraciously and wrote poetry, of which very little survives.

In 1867, five years after his arrival in London, ill-health forced Thomas to return to Dorchester. There he completed a first novel, which was not published and has been lost. In subsequent years, while still working as an architect, he published several novels, including *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, the first book bearing his name.

Hardy achieved popular and critical success in 1874 with his fourth novel, *Far From the Madding Crowd*, a title derived from Thomas Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. It was his first book to be set in Wessex, the mythical country he had fashioned out of the six south-western counties of England and named after a mediaeval Anglo-Saxon kingdom. *Far From the Madding Crowd* shows the impact of social change and industrialization on rural society and introduces one of Hardy's most memorable heroines, the feisty heiress Bathsheba Everdene, and her three suitors. His financial situation bolstered by his success, Hardy was able to leave architecture for a career

in literature.

During the remainder of his active life, Hardy wrote over a dozen novels and collections of stories. Perhaps the best known of his novels are *The Return of the Native* (1878), *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886) and *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891). His work won him wealth, fame and recognition as one of the major British novelists of his time. But it also attracted hostility because of his rejection of Victorian convention, his denunciation of social injustice and his lamentations for the erosion of the rural life to which he was so close. After the negative reaction to *Jude the Obscure* (1895), which was pronounced utterly indecent and exceedingly pessimistic, Hardy did not write any more novels and devoted his declining years to his first love, poetry. He died on 11 January 1928 at Max Gate, the house in Dorchester which he had designed himself in 1885. His ashes were buried with great ceremony at Westminster Abbey and his heart more modestly in his first wife's grave at Stinsford, Dorset.



The *Withered Arm* first appeared in January 1888 in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*. Within the same year it was collected, together with other five stories, in *Wessex Tales*, published by Macmillan & Co., London.

# The Withered Arm

By THOMAS HARDY

## I. A LORN MILKMAID

It was an eighty-cow dairy, and the troop of milkers, regular and supernumerary, were all at work; for, though the time of year was as yet but early April, the feed lay entirely in water-meadows, and the cows were 'in full pail.' The hour was about six in the evening, and three-fourths of the large, red, rectangular animals having been finished off, there was opportunity for a little conversation.

'He do bring home his bride to-morrow, I hear. They've come as far as Anglebury to-day.'

The voice seemed to proceed from the belly of the cow called Cherry, but the speaker was a milking-woman, whose face was buried in the flank of that motionless beast.

'Hav' anybody seen her?' said another.

There was a negative response from the first. 'Though

they say she's a rosy-cheeked, tisty-tosty little body enough,' she added; and as the milkmaid spoke she turned her face so that she could glance past her cow's tail to the other side of the barton, where a thin, fading woman of thirty milked somewhat apart from the rest.

'Years younger than he, they say,' continued the second, with also a glance of reflectiveness in the same direction.

'How old do you call him, then?'

'Thirty or so.'

'More like forty,' broke in an old milkman near, in a long white pinafore or 'wropper', and with the brim of his hat tied down, so that he looked like a woman. 'A was born before our Great Weir was builded, and I hadn't man's wages when I laved water there.'

The discussion waxed so warm that the purr of the milk-streams became jerky, till a voice from another cow's belly cried with authority, 'Now then, what the Turk do it



matter to us about Farmer Lodge's age, or Farmer Lodge's new mis'ess? I shall have to pay him nine pound a year for the rent of every one of these milchers, whatever his age or hers. Get on with your work, or 'twill be dark afore we have done. The evening is pinking in a'ready.' This speaker was the dairyman himself; by whom the milkmaids and men were employed.

Nothing more was said publicly about Farmer Lodge's wedding, but the first woman murmured under her cow to her next neighbour, "'Tis hard for she,' signifying the thin worn milkmaid aforesaid.

'O no,' said the second. 'He ha'n't spoke to Rhoda Brook for years.'

When the milking was done they washed their pails and hung them on a many-forked stand made of the peeled limb of an oak-tree, set upright in the earth, and resembling a colossal antlered horn. The majority then dispersed in various directions homeward. The thin woman who had not spoken was joined by a boy of twelve or thereabout, and the twain went away up the field also.

Their course lay apart from that of the others, to a lonely spot high above the water-meads, and not far from the border of Egdon Heath, whose dark countenance was visible in the distance as they drew nigh to their home.

'They've just been saying down in barton that your father brings his young wife home from Anglebury tomorrow,' the woman observed. 'I shall want to send you for a few things to market, and you'll be pretty sure to meet 'em.'

'Yes, mother,' said the boy. 'Is father married then?'

'Yes . . . You can give her a look, and tell me what's she's like, if you do see her.'

'Yes, mother.'

'If she's dark or fair, and if she's tall - as tall as I. And if she seems like a woman who has ever worked for a living, or one that has been always well off, and has never done anything, and shows marks of the lady on her, as I expect she do.'

'Yes.'

They crept up the hill in the twilight, and entered the cottage. It was built of mud-walls, the surface of which had been washed by many rains into channels and depressions that left none of the original flat face visible; while here and there in the thatch above a rafter showed like a bone protruding through the skin.

She was kneeling down in the chimney-corner, before two pieces of turf laid together with the heather inwards,

blowing at the red-hot ashes with her breath till the turves flamed. The radiance lit her pale cheek, and made her dark eyes, that had once been handsome, seem handsome anew. 'Yes,' she resumed, 'see if she is dark or fair, and if you can, notice if her hands be white; if not, see if they look as though she had ever done housework, or are milker's hands like mine.'

The boy again promised, inattentively this time, his mother not observing that he was cutting a notch with his pocket-knife in the beech-backed chair.

## CHAPTER II-THE YOUNG WIFE

The road from Anglebury to Holmstoke is in general level; but there is one place where a sharp ascent breaks its monotony. Farmers homeward-bound from the former market-town, who trot all the rest of the way, walk their horses up this short incline.

The next evening, while the sun was yet bright, a handsome new gig, with a lemon-coloured body and red wheels, was spinning westward along the level highway at the heels of a powerful mare. The driver was a yeoman in the prime of life, cleanly shaven like an actor, his face being toned to that bluish-vermilion hue which so often graces a thriving farmer's features when returning home after successful dealings in the town. Beside him sat a woman, many years his junior - almost, indeed, a girl. Her face too was fresh in colour, but it was of a totally different quality-soft and evanescent, like the light under a heap of rose-petals.

Few people travelled this way, for it was not a main road; and the long white riband of gravel that stretched before them was empty, save of one small scarce-moving speck, which presently resolved itself into the figure of boy, who was creeping on at a snail's pace, and continually looking behind him-the heavy bundle he carried being some excuse for, if not the reason of, his dilatoriness. When the bouncing gig-party slowed at the bottom of the incline above mentioned, the pedestrian was only a few yards in front. Supporting the large bundle by putting one hand on his hip, he turned and looked straight at the farmer's wife as though he would read her through and through, pacing along abreast of the horse.

The low sun was full in her face, rendering every feature, shade, and contour distinct, from the curve of her little nostril to the colour of her eyes. The farmer, though he seemed annoyed at the boy's persistent presence, did not order him to get out of the way; and thus the lad preceded them, his hard gaze never leaving her, till they reached the top of the ascent, when the farmer trotted on with relief in his lineaments-having taken no outward notice of the boy whatever.



'How that poor lad stared at me!' said the young wife.

'Yes, dear; I saw that he did.'

'He is one of the village, I suppose?'

'One of the neighbourhood. I think he lives with his mother a mile or two off.'

'He knows who we are, no doubt?'

'O yes. You must expect to be stared at just at first, my pretty Gertrude.'

'I do,-though I think the poor boy may have looked at us in the hope we might relieve him of his heavy load, rather than from curiosity.'

'O no,' said her husband off-handedly. 'These country lads will carry a hundredweight once they get it on their backs; besides his pack had more size than weight in it. Now, then, another mile and I shall be able to show you our house in the distance-if it is not too dark before we get there.' The wheels spun round, and particles flew from their periphery as before, till a white house of ample dimensions revealed itself, with farm-buildings and ricks at the back.

Meanwhile the boy had quickened his pace, and turning up a by-lane some mile and half short of the white farmstead, ascended towards the leaner pastures, and so on to the cottage of his mother.

She had reached home after her day's milking at the outlying dairy, and was washing cabbage at the doorway in the declining light. 'Hold up the net a moment,' she said, without preface, as the boy came up.

He flung down his bundle, held the edge of the cabbage-net, and as she filled its meshes with the dripping leaves she went on, 'Well, did you see her?'

'Yes; quite plain.'

'Is she ladylike?'

'Yes; and more. A lady complete.'

'Is she young?'

'Well, she's growed up, and her ways be quite a woman's.'

'Of course. What colour is her hair and face?'

'Her hair is lightish, and her face as comely as a live doll's.'

'Her eyes, then, are not dark like mine?'

'No-of a bluish turn, and her mouth is very nice and red; and when she smiles, her teeth show white.'

'Is she tall?' said the woman sharply.

'I couldn't see. She was sitting down.'

'Then do you go to Holmstoke church to-morrow morning: she's sure to be there. Go early and notice her walking in, and come home and tell me if she's taller than I.'

'Very well, mother. But why don't you go and see for yourself?'

'I go to see her! I wouldn't look up at her if she were to pass my window this instant. She was with Mr Lodge, of course. What did he say or do?'

'Just the same as usual.'

'Took no notice of you?'

'None.'

Next day the mother put a clean shirt on the boy, and started him off for Holmstoke church. He reached the ancient little pile when the door was just being opened, and he was the first to enter. Taking his seat by the font, he watched all the parishioners file in. The well-to-do Farmer Lodge came nearly last; and his young wife, who accompanied him, walked up the aisle with the shyness natural to a modest woman who had appeared thus for the first time. As all other eyes were fixed upon her, the youth's stare was not noticed now.

When he reached home his mother said, 'Well?' before he had entered the room.

'She is not tall. She is rather short,' he replied.

'Ah!' said his mother, with satisfaction.

'But she's very pretty-very. In fact, she's lovely.'

The youthful freshness of the yeoman's wife had evidently made an impression even on the somewhat hard nature of the boy.

'That's all I want to hear,' said his mother quickly. 'Now, spread the table-cloth. The hare you caught is very tender; but mind that nobody catches you.-You've never told me what sort of hands she had.'

'I have never seen 'em. She never took off her gloves.'

'What did she wear this morning?'

'A white bonnet and a silver-coloured gown. It whewed and whistled so loud when it rubbed against the pews that the lady coloured up more than ever for very shame at the noise, and pulled it in to keep it from touching; but when she pushed into her seat, it whewed more than ever. Mr Lodge, he seemed pleased, and his waistcoat stuck out, and his great golden seals hung like a lord's; but she seemed to wish her noisy gown anywhere but on her.'

'Not she! However, that will do now.'

These descriptions of the newly-married couple were continued from time to time by the boy at his mother's request, after any chance encounter he had had with them. But Rhoda Brook, though she might easily have seen young Mrs Lodge for herself by walking a couple of miles, would never attempt an excursion towards the quarter where the farmhouse lay. Neither did she, at the daily milking in the dairyman's yard on Lodge's outlying second farm, ever speak on the subject of the recent marriage. The dairyman, who rented the cows of Lodge, and knew perfectly the tall milkmaid's history, with manly kindness always kept the gossip in the cow-barton from annoying Rhoda. But the atmosphere thereabout was full of the subject during the first days of Mrs Lodge's arrival; and from her boy's description and the casual words of the other milkers, Rhoda Brook could raise a mental image of the unconscious Mrs Lodge that was realistic as a photograph.

### CHAPTER III-A VISION

One night, two or three weeks after the bridal return, when the boy was gone to bed, Rhoda sat a long time over the turf ashes that she had raked out in front of her to extinguish them. She contemplated so intently the new wife, as presented to her in her mind's eye over the embers, that she forgot the lapse of time. At last, wearied with her day's work, she too retired.

But the figure which had occupied her so much during this and the previous days was not to be banished at night. For the first time Gertrude Lodge visited the supplanted woman in her dreams. Rhoda Brook dreamed-since her assertion that she really saw, before falling asleep, was not to be believed-that the young wife, in the pale silk dress and white bonnet, but with features shockingly distorted, and wrinkled as by age, was sitting upon her chest as she lay. The pressure of Mrs Lodge's person grew heavier; the blue eyes peered cruelly into her face; and then the figure thrust forward its left hand mockingly, so as to make the wedding-ring it wore glitter in Rhoda's eyes. Maddened mentally, and nearly suffocated by pressure, the sleeper struggled; the incubus, still regarding her, withdrew to the foot of the bed, only, however, to come forward by degrees,

resume her seat, and flash her left hand as before.

Gasping for breath, Rhoda, in a last desperate effort, swung out her right hand, seized the confronting spectre by its obtrusive left arm, and whirled it backward to the floor, starting up herself as she did so with a low cry.

'O, merciful heaven!' she cried, sitting on the edge of the bed in a cold sweat; 'that was not a dream - she was here!'

She could feel her antagonist's arm within her grasp even now-the very flesh and bone of it, as it seemed. She looked on the floor whither she had whirled the spectre, but there was nothing to be seen.

Rhoda Brook slept no more that night, and when she went milking at the next dawn they noticed how pale and haggard she looked. The milk that she drew quivered into the pail; her hand had not calmed even yet, and still retained the feel of the arm. She came home to breakfast as wearily as if it had been suppertime.

'What was that noise in your chimney, mother, last night?' said her son. 'You fell off the bed, surely?'

'Did you hear anything fall? At what time?'

'Just when the clock struck two.'

She could not explain, and when the meal was done went silently about her household work, the boy assisting her, for he hated going afield on the farms, and she indulged his reluctance. Between eleven and twelve the garden-gate clicked, and she lifted her eyes to the window. At the bottom of the garden, within the gate, stood the woman of her vision. Rhoda seemed transfixed.

'Ah, she said she would come!' exclaimed the boy, also observing her.

'Said so-when? How does she know us?'

'I have seen and spoken to her. I talked to her yesterday.'

'I told you,' said the mother, flushing indignantly, 'never to speak to anybody in that house, or go near the place.'

'I did not speak to her till she spoke to me. And I did not go near the place. I met her in the road.'

'What did you tell her?'

'Nothing. She said, "Are you the poor boy who had to bring the heavy load from market?" And she looked at my boots, and said they would not keep my feet dry if it came on wet, because they were so cracked. I told her I lived with my mother, and we had enough to do to keep ourselves, and that's how it was; and she said then, "I'll come and bring you some better boots, and see your mother." She gives away things to other folks in the meads besides us.'

Mrs Lodge was by this time close to the door-not in her silk, as Rhoda had seen her in the bed-chamber, but in a morning hat, and gown of common light material, which became her better than silk. On her arm she carried a basket.

The impression remaining from the night's experience was still strong. Brook had almost expected to see the wrinkles, the scorn, and the cruelty on her visitor's face.

She would have escaped an interview, had escape been possible. There was, however, no backdoor to the cottage, and in an instant the boy had lifted the latch to Mrs Lodge's gentle knock.

'I see I have come to the right house,' said she, glancing at the lad, and smiling. 'But I was not sure till you opened the door.'

The figure and action were those of the phantom; but her voice was so indescribably sweet, her glance so winning, her smile so tender, so unlike that of Rhoda's midnight visitant, that the latter could hardly believe the evidence of her senses. She was truly glad that she had not hidden away in sheer aversion, as she had been inclined to do. In her basket Mrs Lodge brought the pair of boots that she had promised to the boy, and other useful articles.

At these proofs of a kindly feeling towards her and hers Rhoda's heart reproached her bitterly. This innocent young thing should have her blessing and not her curse. When she left them a light seemed gone from the dwelling. Two days later she came again to know if the boots fitted; and less than a fortnight after that paid Rhoda another call. On this occasion the boy was absent.

'I walk a good deal,' said Mrs Lodge, 'and your house is the nearest outside our own parish. I hope you are well. You don't look quite well.'

Rhoda said she was well enough; and, indeed, though the paler of the two, there was more of the strength that endures in her well-defined features and large frame, than in the soft-cheeked young woman before her. The conversation became quite confidential as regarded their powers and weaknesses; and when Mrs Lodge was leaving, Rhoda said, 'I hope you will find this air agree with you, ma'am, and not suffer from the damp of the water-meads.'

The younger one replied that there was not much doubt of it, her general health being usually good. 'Though, now you remind me,' she added, 'I have one little ailment which puzzles me. It is nothing serious, but I cannot make it out.'

She uncovered her left hand and arm; and their outline confronted Rhoda's gaze as the exact original of the limb she had beheld and seized in her dream. Upon the pink round surface of the arm were faint marks of an unhealthy colour, as if produced by a rough grasp. Rhoda's eyes became riveted on the discolorations; she fancied that she discerned in them the shape of her own four fingers.

'How did it happen?' she said mechanically.

'I cannot tell,' replied Mrs Lodge, shaking her head. 'One night when I was sound asleep, dreaming I was away in some strange place, a pain suddenly shot into my arm

there, and was so keen as to awaken me. I must have struck it in the daytime, I suppose, though I don't remember doing so.' She added, laughing, 'I tell my dear husband that it looks just as if he had flown into a rage and struck me there. O, I daresay it will soon disappear.'

'Ha, ha! Yes . . . On what night did it come?'

Mrs Lodge considered, and said it would be a fortnight ago on the morrow. 'When I awoke I could not remember where I was,' she added, 'till the clock striking two reminded me.'

She had named the night and the hour of Rhoda's spectral encounter, and Brook felt like a guilty thing. The artless disclosure startled her; she did not reason on the freaks of coincidence; and all the scenery of that ghastly night returned with double vividness to her mind.

'O, can it be,' she said to herself, when her visitor had departed, 'that I exercise a malignant power over people against my own will?' She knew that she had been slyly called a witch since her fall; but never having understood why that particular stigma had been attached to her, it had passed disregarded. Could this be the explanation, and had such things as this ever happened before?

#### CHAPTER IV-A SUGGESTION

The summer drew on, and Rhoda Brook almost dreaded to meet Mrs Lodge again, notwithstanding that her feeling for the young wife amounted well-nigh to affection. Something in her own individuality seemed to convict Rhoda of crime. Yet a fatality sometimes would direct the steps of the latter to the outskirts of Holmstoke whenever she left her house for any other purpose than her daily work; and hence it happened that their next encounter was out of doors. Rhoda could not avoid the subject which had so mystified her, and after the first few words she stammered, 'I hope your-arm is well again, ma'am?' She had perceived with consternation that Gertrude Lodge carried her left arm stiffly.

'No; it is not quite well. Indeed it is no better at all; it is rather worse. It pains me dreadfully sometimes.'

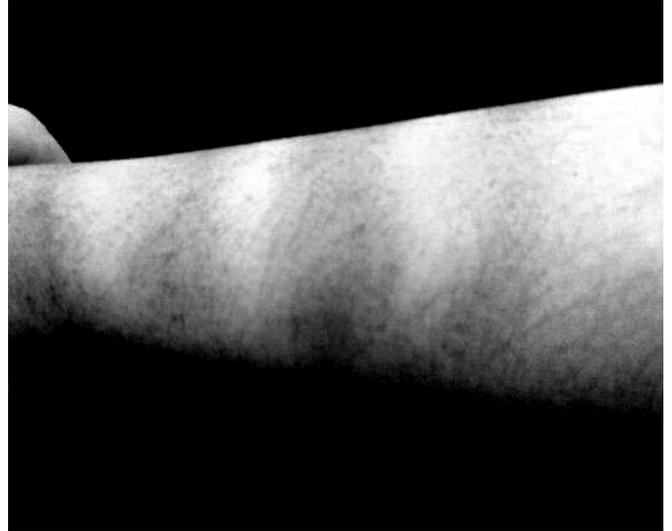
'Perhaps you had better go to a doctor, ma'am.'

She replied that she had already seen a doctor. Her husband had insisted upon her going to one. But the surgeon had not seemed to understand the afflicted limb at all; he had told her to bathe it in hot water, and she had bathed it, but the treatment had done no good.

'Will you let me see it?' said the milkwoman.

Mrs Lodge pushed up her sleeve and disclosed the place, which was a few inches above the wrist. As soon as Rhoda Brook saw it, she could hardly preserve her composure. There was nothing of the nature of a wound, but the arm

at that point had a shrivelled look, and the outline of the four fingers appeared more distinct than at the former time. Moreover, she fancied that they were imprinted in precisely the relative position of her clutch upon the arm in the trance; the first finger towards Gertrude's wrist, and the fourth towards her elbow.



What the impress resembled seemed to have struck Gertrude herself since their last meeting. 'It looks almost like finger-marks,' she said; adding with a faint laugh, 'my husband says it is as if some witch, or the devil himself, had taken hold of me there, and blasted the flesh.'

Rhoda shivered. 'That's fancy,' she said hurriedly. 'I wouldn't mind it, if I were you.'

'I shouldn't so much mind it,' said the younger, with hesitation, 'if—if I hadn't a notion that it makes my husband-dislike me-no, love me less. Men think so much of personal appearance.'

'Some do-he for one.'

Yes; and he was very proud of mine, at first.'

'Keep your arm covered from his sight.'

'Ah-he knows the disfigurement is there!' She tried to hide the tears that filled her eyes.

'Well, ma'am, I earnestly hope it will go away soon.'

And so the milkwoman's mind was chained anew to the subject by a horrid sort of spell as she returned home. The sense of having been guilty of an act of malignity increased, affect as she might to ridicule her superstition. In her secret heart Rhoda did not altogether object to a slight diminution of her successor's beauty, by whatever means it had come about; but she did not wish to inflict upon her physical pain. For though this pretty young woman had rendered impossible any reparation which Lodge might have made Rhoda for his past conduct, everything like resentment at the unconscious usurpation had quite passed away from the elder's mind.

If the sweet and kindly Gertrude Lodge only knew of the scene in the bed-chamber, what would she think? Not to inform her of it seemed treachery in the presence of her friendliness; but tell she could not of her own accord—neither could she devise a remedy.

She mused upon the matter the greater part of the night; and the next day, after the morning milking, set out to obtain another glimpse of Gertrude Lodge if she could, being held to her by a gruesome fascination. By watching the house from a distance the milkmaid was presently able to discern the farmer's wife in a ride she was taking alone—probably to join her husband in some distant field. Mrs Lodge perceived her, and cantered in her direction.

'Good morning, Rhoda!' Gertrude said, when she had come up. 'I was going to call.'

Rhoda noticed that Mrs Lodge held the reins with some difficulty.

'I hope—the bad arm,' said Rhoda.

'They tell me there is possibly one way by which I might be able to find out the cause, and so perhaps the cure, of it,' replied the other anxiously. 'It is by going to some clever man over in Egdon Heath. They did not know if he was still alive—and I cannot remember his name at this moment; but they said that you knew more of his movements than anybody else hereabout, and could tell me if he were still to be consulted. Dear me—what was his name? But you know.'

'Not Conjuror Trendle?' said her thin companion, turning pale.

'Trendle—yes. Is he alive?'

'I believe so,' said Rhoda, with reluctance.

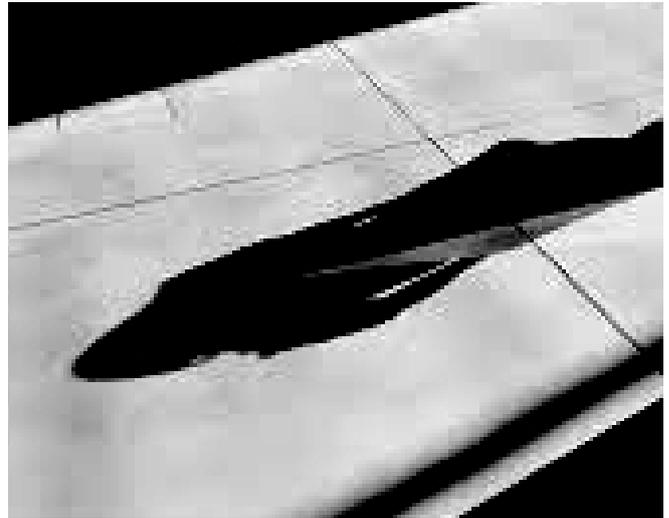
'Why do you call him conjuror?'

'Well—they say—they used to say he was a—he had powers other folks have not.'

'O, how could my people be so superstitious as to recommend a man of that sort! I thought they meant some medical man. I shall think no more of him.'

Rhoda looked relieved, and Mrs Lodge rode on. The milkwoman had inwardly seen, from the moment she heard of her having been mentioned as a reference for this man, that there must exist a sarcastic feeling among the work-folk that a sorceress would know the whereabouts of the exorcist. They suspected her, then. A short time ago this would have given no concern to a woman of her common-sense. But she had a haunting reason to be superstitious now; and she had been seized with sudden dread that this Conjuror Trendle might name her as the malignant influence which was blasting the fair person of Gertrude, and so lead her friend to hate her for ever, and to treat her as some fiend in human shape.

But all was not over. Two days after, a shadow intruded into the window-pattern thrown on Rhoda Brook's floor by the afternoon sun. The woman opened the door at once, almost breathlessly.



'Are you alone?' said Gertrude. She seemed to be no less harassed and anxious than Brook herself.

'Yes,' said Rhoda.

'The place on my arm seems worse, and troubles me!' the young farmer's wife went on. 'It is so mysterious! I do hope it will not be an incurable wound. I have again been thinking of what they said about Conjuror Trendle. I don't really believe in such men, but I should not mind just visiting him, from curiosity—though on no account must my husband know. Is it far to where he lives?'

'Yes—five miles,' said Rhoda backwardly. 'In the heart of Egdon.'

'Well, I should have to walk. Could not you go with me to show me the way—say to-morrow afternoon?'

'O, not I—that is,' the milkwoman murmured, with a start of dismay. Again the dread seized her that something to do with her fierce act in the dream might be revealed, and her character in the eyes of the most useful friend she had ever had be ruined irretrievably.

Mrs Lodge urged, and Rhoda finally assented, though with much misgiving. Sad as the journey would be to her, she could not conscientiously stand in the way of a possible remedy for her patron's strange affliction. It was agreed that, to escape suspicion of their mystic intent, they should meet at the edge of the heath at the corner of a plantation which was visible from the spot where they now stood.

#### CHAPTER V—CONJUROR TRENDLE

By the next afternoon Rhoda would have done anything to escape this inquiry. But she had promised to

go. Moreover, there was a horrid fascination at times in becoming instrumental in throwing such possible light on her own character as would reveal her to be something greater in the occult world than she had ever herself suspected.

She started just before the time of day mentioned between them, and half-an-hour's brisk walking brought her to the south-eastern extension of the Egdon tract of country, where the fir plantation was. A slight figure, cloaked and veiled, was already there. Rhoda recognized, almost with a shudder, that Mrs Lodge bore her left arm in a sling.

They hardly spoke to each other, and immediately set out on their climb into the interior of this solemn country, which stood high above the rich alluvial soil they had left half-an-hour before. It was a long walk; thick clouds made the atmosphere dark, though it was as yet only early afternoon; and the wind howled dismally over the hills of the heath—not improbably the same heath which had witnessed the agony of the Wessex King Ina, presented to after-ages as Lear. Gertrude Lodge talked most, Rhoda replying with monosyllabic preoccupation. She had a strange dislike to walking on the side of her companion where hung the afflicted arm, moving round to the other when inadvertently near it. Much heather had been brushed by their feet when they descended upon a cart-track, beside which stood the house of the man they sought.

He did not profess his remedial practices openly, or care anything about their continuance, his direct interests being those of a dealer in furze, turf, 'sharp sand,' and other local products. Indeed, he affected not to believe largely in his own powers, and when warts that had been shown him or cure miraculously disappeared—which it must be owned they infallibly did—he would say lightly, 'O, I only drink a glass of grog upon 'em—perhaps it's all chance,' and immediately turn the subject.

He was at home when they arrived, having in fact seen them descending into his valley. He was a grey-bearded man, with a reddish face, and he looked singularly at Rhoda the first moment he beheld her. Mrs Lodge told him her errand; and then with words of self-disparagement he examined her arm.

'Medicine can't cure it,' he said promptly. "'Tis the work of an enemy.'

Rhoda shrank into herself, and drew back.

'An enemy? What enemy?' asked Mrs Lodge.

He shook his head. 'That's best known to yourself,' he said. 'If you like, I can show the person to you, though I shall not myself know who it is. I can do no more; and don't wish to do that.'

She pressed him; on which he told Rhoda to wait outside where she stood, and took Mrs Lodge into the room. It opened immediately from the door; and, as the latter remained ajar, Rhoda Brook could see the proceedings without taking part in them. He brought a tumbler from the dresser, nearly filled it with water, and fetching an egg, prepared it in some private way; after which he broke it on the edge of the glass, so that the white went in and the yolk remained. As it was getting gloomy, he took the glass and its contents to the window, and told Gertrude to watch them closely. They leant over the table together, and the milkwoman could see the opaline hue of the egg-fluid changing form as it sank in the water, but she was not near enough to define the shape that it assumed.

'Do you catch the likeness of any face or figure as you look?' demanded the conjuror of the young woman.

She murmured a reply, in tones so low as to be inaudible to Rhoda, and continued to gaze intently into the glass. Rhoda turned, and walked a few steps away.

When Mrs Lodge came out, and her face was met by the light, it appeared exceedingly pale—as pale as Rhoda's—against the sad dun shades of the upland's garniture. Trendle shut the door behind her, and they at once started homeward together. But Rhoda perceived that her companion had quite changed.

'Did he charge much?' she asked tentatively.

'O no - nothing. He would not take a farthing,' said Gertrude.

'And what did you see?' inquired Rhoda.

'Nothing I-care to speak of.' The constraint in her manner was remarkable; her face was so rigid as to wear an oldened aspect, faintly suggestive of the face in Rhoda's bed-chamber.

'Was it you who first proposed coming here?' Mrs Lodge suddenly inquired, after a long pause. 'How very odd, if you did!'

'No. But I am not sorry we have come, all things considered,' she replied. For the first time a sense of triumph possessed her, and she did not altogether deplore that the young thing at her side should learn that their lives had been antagonized by other influences than their own.

The subject was no more alluded to during the long and dreary walk home. But in some way or other a story was whispered about the many-dairied lowland that winter that Mrs Lodge's gradual loss of the use of her left arm was owing to her being 'overlooked' by Rhoda Brook. The latter kept her own counsel about the incubus, but her face grew sadder and thinner; and in the spring she and her boy disappeared from the neighbourhood of Holmstoke.

## CHAPTER VI-A SECOND ATTEMPT

Half-a-dozen years passed away, and Mr and Mrs Lodge's married experience sank into prosiness, and worse. The farmer was usually gloomy and silent: the woman whom he had wooed for her grace and beauty was contorted and disfigured in the left limb; moreover, she had brought him no child, which rendered it likely that he would be the last of a family who had occupied that valley for some two hundred years. He thought of Rhoda Brook and her son; and feared this might be a judgment from heaven upon him.

The once blithe-hearted and enlightened Gertrude was changing into an irritable, superstitious woman, whose whole time was given to experimenting upon her ailment with every quack remedy she came across. She was honestly attached to her husband, and was ever secretly hoping against hope to win back his heart again by regaining some at least of her personal beauty. Hence it arose that her closet was lined with bottles, packets, and ointment-pots of every description-nay, bunches of mystic herbs, charms, and books of necromancy, which in her schoolgirl time she would have ridiculed as folly.

'Damned if you won't poison yourself with these apothecary messes and witch mixtures some time or other,' said her husband, when his eye chanced to fall upon the multitudinous array.

She did not reply, but turned her sad, soft glance upon him in such heart-swollen reproach that he looked sorry for his words, and added, 'I only meant it for your good, you know, Gertrude.'

'I'll clear out the whole lot, and destroy them,' said she huskily, 'and try such remedies no more!'

'You want somebody to cheer you,' he observed. 'I once thought of adopting a boy; but he is too old now. And he is gone away I don't know where.'

She guessed to whom he alluded; for Rhoda Brook's story had in the course of years become known to her; though not a word had ever passed between her husband and herself on the subject. Neither had she ever spoken to him of her visit to Conjuror Trendle, and of what was revealed to her, or she thought was revealed to her, by that solitary heath-man.

She was now five-and-twenty; but she seemed older. 'Six years of marriage, and only a few months of love,' she sometimes whispered to herself. And then she thought of the apparent cause, and said, with a tragic glance at her withering limb, 'If I could only again be as I was when he first saw me!'

She obediently destroyed her nostrums and charms; but there remained a hankering wish to try something

else-some other sort of cure altogether. She had never revisited Trendle since she had been conducted to the house of the solitary by Rhoda against her will; but it now suddenly occurred to Gertrude that she would, in a last desperate effort at deliverance from this seeming curse, again seek out the man, if he yet lived. He was entitled to a certain credence, for the indistinct form he had raised in the glass had undoubtedly resembled the only woman in the world who—as she now knew, though not then-could have a reason for bearing her ill-will. The visit should be paid.

This time she went alone, though she nearly got lost on the heath, and roamed a considerable distance out of her way. Trendle's house was reached at last, however: he was not indoors, and instead of waiting at the cottage, she went to where his bent figure was pointed out to her at work a long way off. Trendle remembered her, and laying down the handful of furze-roots which he was gathering and throwing into a heap, he offered to accompany her in her homeward direction, as the distance was considerable and the days were short. So they walked together, his head bowed nearly to the earth, and his form of a colour with it.

'You can send away warts and other excrescences I know,' she said; 'why can't you send away this?' And the arm was uncovered.

'You think too much of my powers!' said Trendle; 'and I am old and weak now, too. No, no; it is too much for me to attempt in my own person. What have ye tried?'

She named to him some of the hundred medicaments and counterspells which she had adopted from time to time. He shook his head.

'Some were good enough,' he said approvingly; 'but not many of them for such as this. This is of the nature of a blight, not of the nature of a wound; and if you ever do throw it off; it will be all at once.'

'If I only could!'

'There is only one chance of doing it known to me. It has never failed in kindred afflictions,—that I can declare. But it is hard to carry out, and especially for a woman.'

'Tell me!' said she.

'You must touch with the limb the neck of a man who's been hanged.'

She started a little at the image he had raised.

'Before he's cold—just after he's cut down,' continued the conjuror impassively.

'How can that do good?'

'It will turn the blood and change the constitution. But, as I say, to do it is hard. You must get into jail, and wait for him when he's brought off the gallows. Lots have done it, though perhaps not such pretty women as you. I used to

send dozens for skin complaints. But that was in former times. The last I sent was in '13-near twelve years ago.'

He had no more to tell her; and, when he had put her into a straight track homeward, turned and left her, refusing all money as at first.

#### CHAPTER VII-A RIDE

The communication sank deep into Gertrude's mind. Her nature was rather a timid one; and probably of all remedies that the white wizard could have suggested there was not one which would have filled her with so much aversion as this, not to speak of the immense obstacles in the way of its adoption.

Casterbridge, the county-town, was a dozen or fifteen miles off; and though in those days, when men were executed for horse-stealing, arson, and burglary, an assize seldom passed without a hanging, it was not likely that she could get access to the body of the criminal unaided. And the fear of her husband's anger made her reluctant to breathe a word of Trendle's suggestion to him or to anybody about him.

She did nothing for months, and patiently bore her disfigurement as before. But her woman's nature, craving for renewed love, through the medium of renewed beauty (she was but twenty-five), was ever stimulating her to try what, at any rate, could hardly do her any harm. 'What came by a spell will go by a spell surely,' she would say. Whenever her imagination pictured the act she shrank in terror from the possibility of it: then the words of the conjuror, 'It will turn your blood,' were seen to be capable of a scientific no less than a ghastly interpretation; the mastering desire returned, and urged her on again.

There was at this time but one county paper, and that her husband only occasionally borrowed. But old-fashioned days had old-fashioned means, and news was extensively conveyed by word of mouth from market to market, or from fair to fair, so that, whenever such an event as an execution was about to take place, few within a radius of twenty miles were ignorant of the coming sight; and, so far as Holmstoke was concerned, some enthusiasts had been known to walk all the way to Casterbridge and back in one day, solely to witness the spectacle. The next assizes were in March; and when Gertrude Lodge heard that they had been held, she inquired stealthily at the inn as to the result, as soon as she could find opportunity.

She was, however, too late. The time at which the sentences were to be carried out had arrived, and to make the journey and obtain admission at such short notice required at least her husband's assistance. She dared not tell him, for she had found by delicate experiment that these smouldering village beliefs made him furious

if mentioned, partly because he half entertained them himself. It was therefore necessary to wait for another opportunity.

Her determination received a fillip from learning that two epileptic children had attended from this very village of Holmstoke many years before with beneficial results, though the experiment had been strongly condemned by the neighbouring clergy. April, May, June, passed; and it is no overstatement to say that by the end of the last-named month Gertrude well-nigh longed for the death of a fellow-creature. Instead of her formal prayers each night, her unconscious prayer was, 'O Lord, hang some guilty or innocent person soon!'

This time she made earlier inquiries, and was altogether more systematic in her proceedings. Moreover, the season was summer, between the haymaking and the harvest, and in the leisure thus afforded her husband had been holiday-taking away from home.

The assizes were in July, and she went to the inn as before. There was to be one execution-only one-for arson.

Her greatest problem was not how to get to Casterbridge, but what means she should adopt for obtaining admission to the jail. Though access for such purposes had formerly never been denied, the custom had fallen into desuetude; and in contemplating her possible difficulties, she was again almost driven to fall back upon her husband. But, on sounding him about the assizes, he was so uncommunicative, so more than usually cold, that she did not proceed, and decided that whatever she did she would do alone.

Fortune, obdurate hitherto, showed her unexpected favour. On the Thursday before the Saturday fixed for the execution, Lodge remarked to her that he was going away from home for another day or two on business at a fair, and that he was sorry he could not take her with him.

She exhibited on this occasion so much readiness to stay at home that he looked at her in surprise. Time had been when she would have shown deep disappointment at the loss of such a jaunt. However, he lapsed into his usual taciturnity, and on the day named left Holmstoke.

It was now her turn. She at first had thought of driving, but on reflection held that driving would not do, since it would necessitate her keeping to the turnpike-road, and so increase by tenfold the risk of her ghastly errand being found out. She decided to ride, and avoid the beaten track, notwithstanding that in her husband's stables there was no animal just at present which by any stretch of imagination could be considered a lady's mount, in spite of his promise before marriage to always keep a mare for her. He had, however, many cart-horses, fine ones of their kind; and among the rest was a serviceable creature, an

equine Amazon, with a back as broad as a sofa, on which Gertrude had occasionally taken an airing when unwell. This horse she chose.

On Friday afternoon one of the men brought it round. She was dressed, and before going down looked at her shrivelled arm. 'Ah!' she said to it, 'if it had not been for you this terrible ordeal would have been saved me!'

When strapping up the bundle in which she carried a few articles of clothing, she took occasion to say to the servant, 'I take these in case I should not get back to-night from the person I am going to visit. Don't be alarmed if I am not in by ten, and close up the house as usual. I shall be at home to-morrow for certain.' She meant then to privately tell her husband: the deed accomplished was not like the deed projected. He would almost certainly forgive her.

And then the pretty palpitating Gertrude Lodge went from her husband's homestead; but though her goal was Casterbridge she did not take the direct route thither through Stickleford. Her cunning course at first was in precisely the opposite direction. As soon as she was out of sight, however, she turned to the left, by a road which led into Egdon, and on entering the heath wheeled round, and set out in the true course, due westerly. A more private way down the county could not be imagined; and as to direction, she had merely to keep her horse's head to a point a little to the right of the sun. She knew that she would light upon a furze-cutter or cottager of some sort from time to time, from whom she might correct her bearing.

Though the date was comparatively recent, Egdon was much less fragmentary in character than now. The attempts - successful and otherwise — at cultivation on the lower slopes, which intrude and break up the original heath into small detached heaths, had not been carried far; Enclosure Acts had not taken effect, and the banks and fences which now exclude the cattle of those villagers who formerly enjoyed rights of commonage thereon, and the carts of those who had turbary privileges which kept them in firing all the year round, were not erected. Gertrude, therefore, rode along with no other obstacles than the prickly furze bushes, the mats of heather, the white water-courses, and the natural steepes and declivities of the ground.

Her horse was sure, if heavy-footed and slow, and though a draught animal, was easy-paced; had it been otherwise, she was not a woman who could have ventured to ride over such a bit of country with a half-dead arm. It was therefore nearly eight o'clock when she drew rein to breathe the mare on the last outlying high point of heath-land towards Casterbridge, previous to leaving Egdon for the cultivated valleys.

She halted before a pool called Rushy-pond, flanked by the ends of two hedges; a railing ran through the centre of the pond, dividing it in half. Over the railing she saw the low green country; over the green trees the roofs of the town; over the roofs a white flat facade, denoting the entrance to the county jail. On the roof of this front specks were moving about; they seemed to be workmen erecting something. Her flesh crept. She descended slowly, and was soon amid corn-fields and pastures. In another half-hour, when it was almost dusk, Gertrude reached the White Hart, the first inn of the town on that side.

Little surprise was excited by her arrival; farmers' wives rode on horseback then more than they do now; though, for that matter, Mrs Lodge was not imagined to be a wife at all; the innkeeper supposed her some harum-skarum young woman who had come to attend 'hang-fair' next day. Neither her husband nor herself ever dealt in Casterbridge market, so that she was unknown. While dismounting she beheld a crowd of boys standing at the door of a harness-maker's shop just above the inn, looking inside it with deep interest.

'What is going on there?' she asked of the ostler.

'Making the rope for to-morrow.'

She throbbed responsively, and contracted her arm.

'Tis sold by the inch afterwards,' the man continued. 'I could get you a bit, miss, for nothing, if you'd like?'

She hastily repudiated any such wish, all the more from a curious creeping feeling that the condemned wretch's destiny was becoming interwoven with her own; and having engaged a room for the night, sat down to think.

Up to this time she had formed but the vaguest notions about her means of obtaining access to the prison. The words of the cunning-man returned to her mind. He had implied that she should use her beauty, impaired though it was, as a pass-key. In her inexperience she knew little about jail functionaries; she had heard of a high-sheriff and an under-sheriff; but dimly only. She knew, however, that there must be a hangman, and to the hangman she determined to apply.

#### CHAPTER VIII-A WATER-SIDE HERMIT

At this date, and for several years after, there was a hangman to almost every jail. Gertrude found, on inquiry, that the Casterbridge official dwelt in a lonely cottage by a deep slow river flowing under the cliff on which the prison buildings were situate-the stream being the self-same one, though she did not know it, which watered the Stickleford and Holmstoke meads lower down in its course.

Having changed her dress, and before she had eaten or drunk - for she could not take her ease till she had

ascertained some particulars - Gertrude pursued her way by a path along the water-side to the cottage indicated. Passing thus the outskirts of the jail, she discerned on the level roof over the gateway three rectangular lines against the sky, where the specks had been moving in her distant view; she recognized what the erection was, and passed quickly on. Another hundred yards brought her to the executioner's house, which a boy pointed out. It stood close to the same stream, and was hard by a weir, the waters of which emitted a steady roar.



While she stood hesitating the door opened, and an old man came forth shading a candle with one hand. Locking the door on the outside, he turned to a flight of wooden steps fixed against the end of the cottage, and began to ascend them, this being evidently the staircase to his bedroom. Gertrude hastened forward, but by the time she reached the foot of the ladder he was at the top. She called to him loudly enough to be heard above the roar of the weir; he looked down and said, 'What d'ye want here?'

'To speak to you a minute.'

The candle-light, such as it was, fell upon her imploring, pale, upturned face, and Davies (as the hangman was called) backed down the ladder. 'I was just going to bed,' he said; "'Early to bed and early to rise", but I don't mind stopping a minute for such a one as you. Come into house.' He reopened the door, and preceded her to the room within.

The implements of his daily work, which was that of a jobbing gardener, stood in a corner, and seeing probably that she looked rural, he said, 'If you want me to undertake country work I can't come, for I never leave Casterbridge for gentle nor simple - not I. My real calling is officer of justice,' he added formally.

'Yes, yes! That's it. Tomorrow!'

'Ah! I thought so. Well, what's the matter about that? 'Tis no use to come here about the knot - folks do come continually, but I tell 'em one knot is as merciful as another if ye keep it under the ear. Is the unfortunate man a relation;

or, I should say, perhaps' (looking at her dress) 'a person who's been in your employ?'

'No. What time is the execution?'

'The same as usual - twelve o'clock, or as soon after as the London mail-coach gets in. We always wait for that, in case of a reprieve.'

'O - a reprieve - I hope not!' she said involuntarily.

'Well, - hee, hee! - as a matter of business, so do I! But still, if ever a young fellow deserved to be let off, this one does; only just turned eighteen, and only present by chance when the rick was fired. Howsoever, there's not much risk of it, as they are obliged to make an example of him, here having been so much destruction of property that way lately.'

'I mean,' she explained, 'that I want to touch him for a charm, a cure of an affliction, by the advice of a man who has proved the virtue of the remedy.'

'O yes, miss! Now I understand. I've had such people come in past years. But it didn't strike me that you looked of a sort to require blood-turning. What's the complaint? The wrong kind for this, I'll be bound.'

'My arm.' She reluctantly showed the withered skin.

'Ah - 'tis all a-scam!' said the hangman, examining it.

'Yes,' said she.

'Well,' he continued, with interest, 'that is the class o' subject, I'm bound to admit! I like the look of the wovnd; it is truly as suitable for the cure as any I ever saw. 'Twas a knowing-man that sent'ee, whoever he was.'

'You can contrive for me all that's necessary?' she said breathlessly.

'You should really have gone to the governor of the jail, and your doctor with 'ee, and given your name and address - that's how it used to be done, if I recollect. Still, perhaps, I can manage it for a trifling fee.'

'O, thank you! I would rather do it this way, as I should like it kept private.'

'Lover not to know, eh?'

'No - husband.'

'Aha! Very well. I'll get ee' a touch of the corpse.'

'Where is it now?' she said, shuddering.

'It? - he, you mean; he's living yet. Just inside that little small winder up there in the glum.' He signified the jail on the cliff above.

She thought of her husband and her friends. 'Yes, of course,' she said; 'and how am I to proceed?'

He took her to the door. 'Now, do you be waiting at the little wicket in the wall, that you'll find up there in the lane, not later than one o'clock. I will open it from the inside, as I shan't come home to dinner till he's cut down. Goodnight.'

Be punctual; and if you don't want anybody to know 'ee, wear a veil. Ah - once I had such a daughter as you!

She went away, and climbed the path above, to assure herself that she would be able to find the wicket next day. Its outline was soon visible to her—a narrow opening in the outer wall of the prison precincts. The steep was so great that, having reached the wicket, she stopped a moment to breathe; and, looking back upon the water-side cot, saw the hangman again ascending his outdoor staircase. He entered the loft or chamber to which it led, and in a few minutes extinguished his light.

The town clock struck ten, and she returned to the White Hart as she had come.

### CHAPTER IX-A RENCONTRE

It was one o'clock on Saturday. Gertrude Lodge, having been admitted to the jail as above described, was sitting in a waiting-room within the second gate, which stood under a classic archway of ashlar, then comparatively modern, and bearing the inscription, 'COVNTY JAIL: 1793.' This had been the façade she saw from the heath the day before. Near at hand was a passage to the roof on which the gallows stood.

The town was thronged, and the market suspended; but Gertrude had seen scarcely a soul. Having kept her room till the hour of the appointment, she had proceeded to the spot by a way which avoided the open space below the cliff where the spectators had gathered; but she could, even now, hear the multitudinous babble of their voices, out of which rose at intervals the hoarse croak of a single voice uttering the words, 'Last dying speech and confession!' There had been no reprieve, and the execution was over; but the crowd still waited to see the body taken down.

Soon the persistent girl heard a trampling overhead, then a hand beckoned to her, and, following directions, she went out and crossed the inner paved court beyond the gatehouse, her knees trembling so that she could scarcely walk. One of her arms was out of its sleeve, and only covered by her shawl.

On the spot at which she had now arrived were two trestles, and before she could think of their purpose she heard heavy feet descending stairs somewhere at her back. Turn her head she would not, or could not, and, rigid in this position, she was conscious of a rough coffin passing her shoulder, borne by four men. It was open, and in it lay the body of a young man, wearing the smockfrock of a rustic, and fustian breeches. The corpse had been thrown into the coffin so hastily that the skirt of the smockfrock was hanging over. The burden was temporarily deposited on the trestles.

By this time the young woman's state was such that a grey mist seemed to float before her eyes, on account of

which, and the veil she wore, she could scarcely discern anything: it was as though she had nearly died, but was held up by a sort of galvanism.



'Now!' said a voice close at hand, and she was just conscious that the word had been addressed to her.

By a last strenuous effort she advanced, at the same time hearing persons approaching behind her. She bared her poor curst arm; and Davies, uncovering the face of the corpse, took Gertrude's hand, and held it so that her arm lay across the dead man's neck, upon a line the colour of an unripe blackberry, which surrounded it.

Gertrude shrieked: 'the turn o' the blood,' predicted by the conjuror, had taken place. But at that moment a second shriek rent the air of the enclosure: it was not Gertrude's, and its effect upon her was to make her start round.

Immediately behind her stood Rhoda Brook, her face drawn, and her eyes red with weeping. Behind Rhoda stood Gertrude's own husband; his countenance lined, his eyes dim, but without a tear.

'D--n you! What are you doing here?' he said hoarsely.

'Hussy - to come between us and our child now!' cried Rhoda. 'This is the meaning of what Satan showed me in the vision! You are like her at last!' And clutching the bare arm of the younger woman, she pulled her unresistingly back against the wall. Immediately Brook had loosened her hold the fragile young Gertrude slid down against the feet of her husband. When he lifted her up she was unconscious.

The mere sight of the twain had been enough to suggest to her that the dead young man was Rhoda's son. At that time the relatives of an executed convict had the privilege of claiming the body for burial, if they chose to do so; and it was for this purpose that Lodge was awaiting the inquest with Rhoda. He had been summoned by her as soon as the young man was taken in the crime, and at different times since; and he had attended in court during the trial. This was the 'holiday' he had been indulging in of late. The two wretched parents had wished to avoid exposure; and hence had come themselves for the body, a waggon and sheet for

its conveyance and covering being in waiting outside.

Gertrude's case was so serious that it was deemed advisable to call to her the surgeon who was at hand. She was taken out of the jail into the town; but she never reached home alive. Her delicate vitality, sapped perhaps by the paralyzed arm, collapsed under the double shock that followed the severe strain, physical and mental, to which she had subjected herself during the previous twenty-four hours. Her blood had been 'turned' indeed - too far. Her death took place in the town three days after.

Her husband was never seen in Casterbridge again; once only in the old market-place at Anglebury, which he had so much frequented, and very seldom in public anywhere. Burdened at first with moodiness and remorse, he eventually changed for the better, and appeared as a chastened and thoughtful man. Soon after attending the funeral of his poor young wife he took steps towards giving up the farms in Holmstoke and the adjoining parish, and,

having sold every head of his stock, he went away to Port-Bredy, at the other end of the county, living there in solitary lodgings till his death two years later of a painless decline. It was then found that he had bequeathed the whole of his not inconsiderable property to a reformatory for boys, subject to the payment of a small annuity to Rhoda Brook, if she could be found to claim it.

For some time she could not be found; but eventually she reappeared in her old parish,-absolutely refusing, however, to have anything to do with the provision made for her. Her monotonous milking at the dairy was resumed, and followed for many long years, till her form became bent, and her once abundant dark hair white and worn away at the forehead — perhaps by long pressure against the cows. Here, sometimes, those who knew her experiences would stand and observe her, and wonder what sombre thoughts were beating inside that impassive, wrinkled brow, to the rhythm of the alternating milk-streams.

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PAUL WILLIAMS

Toronto, Canada: R.J. Parker Publishing and VP Publications, 2018

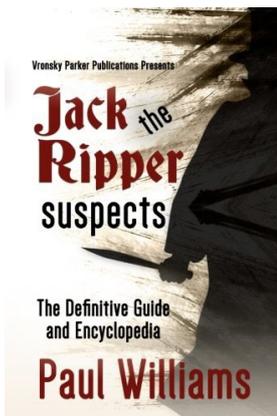
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softcover & ebook

324pp; notes and sources

ISBN:1986324699

softcover £11.35 & ebook £4.15



Ripper books over the past year or so have been pretty dire or derivative and sometimes both, so I'm not making a difficult prediction when I say that we're unlikely to see a book about Jack the Ripper in 2018 that's better than this one. It's far from error free, but it's definitely a title you are going to want to have on your Ripper bookshelf.

The alphabetical list of 333 suspects runs from *Inspector Abberline* (yes, Abberline. You might recall that he was advanced back in 2007 by Jose Louis Abad, but not on any evidence worth the name; Abad is supposed to have aired his suspicions in a book published in Spain, but Williams doesn't name it and I've never located it, so I assume it never made it from Abad's mind into the real world) to *Manual Cruz Xavier*, one of the Portuguese cattlemen suggested by Edward Knight Larkin in 1889; thankfully, for otherwise we'd be lacking a "Z" suspect. As is clear, not all of these 333 suspects come anywhere close to being real suspects, and the list also includes a good many drunks and lunatics who turned up at police stations to confess or otherwise attracted attention by behaving oddly.

The book begins with a brief introduction intriguingly stating that among the suspects we'll meet "the publican who painted his dog, the first woman sentenced to the

electric chair, the writer of *The Red Flag*, the man with a thousand convictions, Britain's oldest Prime Minister, and many others." We do, too. Then there are two chapters taking a detailed look at the murders and the evidence. The suspects aren't listed alphabetically, as one might have expected, but by when or where suspicions against them were first aired, or the type of suspects they are. Suspects are therefore categorised by "At the Scene", "Arrested on Suspicion", "Accused during the Terror", "Mad Confessions", and so on through to "Lunatics", "Women", "Doctors and Surgeons", and so on.

Williams discusses the case against the suspects in as many or as few words as they deserve, and is succinct, giving only as much detail as you need to understand the arguments for and against – although Williams avoids personal comments and observations as far as is possible; he says that Patricia Cornwell believes Walter Sickert had a penile fistula, but doesn't comment on the disputed probability that he did or not. This detached, straight-down-the-middle style is highly commendable and enviable.

However, what's most valuable about this book – what makes it such a must-have title – are the footnotes. All 1,389 of them. Williams sources pretty much everything, albeit often to secondary sources such as Jack the Ripper books and websites, but this makes tracking back information easy and useful. For example, I'd remembered that Abad chap's accusation against Abberline, and I knew I didn't have his Spanish language book, but I couldn't recall where I'd read of his theory. Williams gave the source, *The Sun*.

We should not underestimate the task of looking at over 300 suspects. You can't be an expert or have read everything there is on all of them, and I think Paul Williams has done a remarkable job on his own. As with every Ripper book – and you may not believe this, but even with mine – there are inevitably a few issues here and there. In this case some errors have crept in and there are some sources given that may or may not refer to the suspect, but to someone like named. Williams generally

identifies these, although not always as clearly as one might like. Purists are probably glad they're there, but on reflection Williams might have been better off omitting them in case they misled the unwary.

I do have one big criticism of Williams' book, there's no index, which is extremely annoying given that without one the suspects are almost impossible to find. I'd have had a huge problem finding the reference to Abad, for example. The lack of an index means the ebook, easily and quickly searchable, is a better choice than the softcover, but if you find pleasure in casting your eye along your Ripper books lined neatly on your shelf, the lack of an index may force you into purchasing both the softcover edition as well as the ebook!

I've never heard of R.J. Parker Publishing, whose website suggests they're a quirky and small Canadian or American outfit specialising in true crime. Frankly, I'm surprised that Paul Williams's book wasn't offered to a big or biggish mainstream publisher, who I'd have thought would have snapped it up. This is the first edition and hopefully corrections and additions can be made, in which case this could be a truly invaluable reference book.

### THE RIPPER'S VICTIMS IN PRINT: THE RHETORIC OF PORTRAYALS SINCE 1929

REBECCA FROST

Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland & Co, 2018

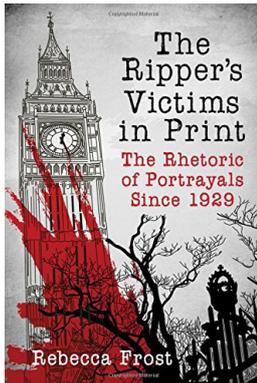
www.mcfarlandpub.com

softcover & ebook

239pp; notes, biblio, index

ISBN:9781476669892

softcover £29, ebook £11.75



Rebecca Frost wanted to see how the victims of Jack the Ripper had been represented in books written since 1929, when Leonard Matters wrote the first full-length book on the subject, *The Mystery of Jack the Ripper*, and she hoped that she would “see a constant, steady movement toward the humanisation of the murdered

women.” She saw nothing of the sort, of course, but it baffled me that she hoped to see this developing “humanisation” at all. Frost tells us that in the summer of 2009 she bought her first Ripper book, *The Complete History of Jack the Ripper* by Philip Sugden, and within three years she had read ‘a vast number of books on the Ripper’ and come to realise that books about serial killers were overwhelmingly devoted to the killer.’ The victims were just ‘objects’, not people, and so the idea took hold to look at how authors presented the Ripper’s victims over the past eighty-nine years. So, she tells us she had read lots

of books about Jack the Ripper before she conceived her project, therefore she knew how those books represented the victims.

It’s also clear that she also knew why they are represented the way they are. Over seven or eight chapters, Rebecca Frost looks at how the victims of Jack the Ripper have been portrayed by writers and she is clear that ‘the focus of this book is the representation of the victims as living women’ and that she wasn’t concerned with the factual accuracy of what was written about them or interested in them as clues pointing to the Ripper’s identity. She was interested in what the authors of Ripper books had to say about victims as real people. Which is fine, except Frost says very clearly: “from previous research I already knew that many true crime texts present murder victims as objects and sources of evidence that can be used to point to the killer...” In other words, she knew that most true crime books primarily concerned with the identity of the murderer treated the victims almost exclusively as sources of clues to the identity of the murderer. And, of course, that isn’t just true of true crime books, but of crime fiction and real life. As Patricia Cornwell succinctly expressed it, the “most important piece of evidence in any homicide is the body.” Given that Jack the Ripper probably first met his victims a short time before the murder was committed, what they forensically told and tell investigators is very little. Authors will therefore represent the victims as little more than cardboard cut-outs. So why was Rebecca Frost interested only in how Ripper authors would treat the victims as real people when she knew (or at least had every reason to believe) that they would be treated “as objects and sources of evidence”? I wondered if Frost had another agenda. And, unfortunately that suspicion grew as I read her book.

For example, she began by looking at how the victims were represented by Leonard Matters back in 1929, and homed in on Matters’ passing observation that Elizabeth Stride’s stature was such that she could “have fought tenaciously for her life.” Matters did not expand on this, but Frost found it “intriguing” and speculated about what Matters actually meant. Did he mean that Stride wasn’t given time to fight, that she fought but was overpowered by her killer, or that Stride’s life wasn’t worth fighting for and that she might have submitted to her fate as a way to commit suicide? But as far as I can see, Matters was airing a simple thought based on Stride’s above average height. There’s no reason to suppose that he had followed through that thought and I don’t see why Frost speculated about Matters’ supposed meaning at all, or why did she credit him with possibly thinking that Stride’s life wasn’t worth fighting for and that she committed suicide by

submitting to her killer. That strikes me as a pretty grim thought with which to credit him without reason and to plant into her readers' minds.

Edwin T Woodhall wrote a single sentence about Elizabeth Stride and concluded that there was nothing more to be said "for the reason that there were no fresh aspects, beyond the fact of the crime belonging to the same class of female mass-killings." Woodhall, a former policeman, was stating the facts as they were available to him: he knew nothing about Stride that added materially to what was already known. Frost writes that Woodhall had evidently concluded that "there is no use expounding on her presumably unremarkable life," and that "readers should count themselves lucky to know Elizabeth's name". And she adds that the victims mattered as little to Dr Stanley (Matters' suspect) as "Elizabeth Stride does to Woodhall." Edwin T Woodhall was writing in 1937, his book was one of several pulp paperbacks he churned out in the 1930s, and it's unlikely that Woodhall thought it merited much time for research. It's to be doubted that Woodhall knew enough about Elizabeth Stride's life to be in a position to expound on it all, let alone that he thought it too unremarkable to be of interest. The suggestion is therefore entirely Frost's, and I don't know about you but I think that it was disgraceful for Frost to say that the victims mattered as little to Woodhall as they did to "Dr Stanley", the deranged doctor Leonard Matters postulated was Jack the Ripper.

Frost continues through the decades, speculating about what authors mean, attributing to them thoughts and feelings she doesn't know they entertained, and struggling to find something good to say even when more fulsome praise is due. I think most commentators would agree that Neal Shelden's research into the victims was groundbreaking, but Frost devotes a single, short paragraph to his *The Victims of Jack the Ripper*. Frost acknowledges that his victims book was 'a notable goal', but otherwise negatively writes that half the short volume is devoted to photos of descendants, that chapters about individual victims include continuations of their family tree, Shelden limits himself to recording confirmable facts, and he makes no effort to "reanimate the victims into people with personalities".

But at least Shelden got a mention; *Elizabeth Stride and Jack the Ripper* by Dave Yost, which was published by Frosts' own publisher and is a book devoted to a victim, isn't mentioned at all!

I regret being so negative about this book because I actually come out of it quite well, although Frost has a problem with a comment I made in *Jack the Ripper: The Uncensored Facts*. I observed that being murdered by Jack the Ripper had conveyed upon the victims a

certain immortality, adding that I doubted this would have been any consolation. Frost spends a paragraph or two speculating about what I meant and the fact that she refers to the victims' immortality several times throughout the book suggests that this was a concept she struggled with. At one point she revealingly commented on something John Bennett and I had written: "The fact that their graves are marked and their names, according to the authors known and recognised around the world is meant to elevate them somehow above any woman who falls outside the canonical five." Of course, having names that are known around the world and a marked grave was not "meant to" elevate the victims above non-victims, but the fact is that most of us would like to be remembered and remembering one's ancestors even features in several major religions, but most of us won't leave anything to show that we existed except a name in some dry and dusty bureaucratic records, and sometimes not even that. But there was intense interest in the victims of Jack the Ripper because they were victims of Jack the Ripper, which means it has been possible to construct more of their life stories than is ordinarily possible. Being remembered is not "meant to" elevate the victims, it does elevate them.

However, constructing these life stories, minimal as they might be, has only been practicable since the digitisation of newspapers and genealogical documents in the late-1990s and early 2000s. Before then authors were largely reliant on reports in *The Times*, the only newspaper available on microfilm in libraries across the country and indexed. Furthermore, a lot of research is discussed on-line, and this includes research into the victims (as I write there has been some excellent work done on Alice McKenzie), which tends to be posted and discussed on websites like Casebook and JTRForums and written up in articles in journals like *Ripperologist*. These sources did not come within the purview of Frost, nor did she consider the requirements of commercial publishers who were and are primarily interested in "sensationalist" books about the identity of Jack the Ripper. This is slowly changing, and next year will see the publication of *The Five*, a book about the victims by the historian Hallie Rubenhold, who has a track record for writing about the *demi-monde*. It's questionable whether anyone not so qualified would have got a look in and a couple of years ago Rubenhold probably wouldn't have done either.

So, there are several reasons why the victims of Jack the Ripper haven't had their stories told, none of them examined by Rebecca Frost, whose approach to Ripper writing was largely negative from the outset and didn't take into account the various factors that influence the way writers have written what they have. When reading Frost's book it's probably worth remembering

that practically everything that's known about Jack the Ripper's victims was uncovered by Ripperologists. Nobody else was interested.

### THE ANNOTATED I CAUGHT CRIPPEN

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES  
BY NICHOLAS CONNELL

London: Mango Books, 2018

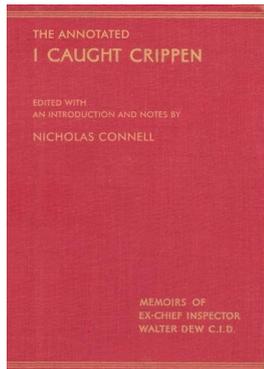
www.mangobooks.co.uk

hardcover & ebook

331pp; illus; notes; appendices; biblio; index

ISBN:9781911273318 (hardback) & 9781911273325 (ebook)

£20 hardback & £7.99 ebook



Walter Dew's start in life did not promise great things. He did not exhibit any academic ability at school and left in 1876 when he was 13-years-old, which was as early as he was able and the law allowed (at least until 1918 when the Fisher Act raised the school-leaving age to 14). He clerked in the offices of a solicitor and

then in those of a seed-merchant before following his father onto the railways and becoming a railway porter. In 1882 he joined the Metropolitan Police, which proved to be his metier and he enjoyed a successful career, albeit a largely unremarkable one, rising through the ranks to that of Chief Inspector.

It was in 1910, ironically the year he retired from the Metropolitan Police, that Walter Dew was involved with what is historically the most important case of his career. A sometime music hall artiste who used the stage name Belle Elmore had disappeared and Inspector Dew was assigned to investigate. Her remains were eventually found buried in the cellar of the home she shared with her husband, the American-born Harvey Hawley Crippen.

The mild-mannered Crippen was nowhere to be found. He'd fled with his lover, Ethel le Neve, and they were already aboard a ship, *S.S. Montrose*, where they were identified and their description was telegraphed to the police. Dew boarded a faster ship and set off in hot pursuit, the public becoming gripped by the newspaper reports of the exciting chase and Detective Dew becoming an international celebrity and the most famous policeman in the country. As most people know, Dew eventually boarded the *Montrose* and famously greeted Crippen, "Good morning, Dr Crippen. Do you know me? I'm Chief Inspector Dew from Scotland Yard."

Dew had been transferred very early in his detective career to Whitechapel, where he played a part investigating the Jack the Ripper murders, most famously being the first policeman to reach Miller's Court and to see remains of

Mary Kelly. The sight understandably wasn't one he was anxious to recall.

In 1938 Walter Dew published his memoirs, *I Caught Crippen*, which was really three separate newspaper serials, the first recalling the Crippen case, the second his recollections of his involvement in the hunt for Jack the Ripper, and the third a collection of various cases in which he was involved, including that of 'Harry the Valet' and the theft of the Duchess of Sutherland's jewels.

If you haven't read *I Caught Crippen* then you should do so, especially Dew's first-hand account of the Ripper investigation, but a nice copy of the book will set you back several hundred pounds. Round about £500 the last time I looked. More if the book has a jacket. Mango have reproduced the original book as closely as possible and sans a dust jacket, so the "cover" price of £20 is a real bargain.

But as the title of the Mango edition tells us, this is an edition that packs in more than the original book. Nick Connell, the go-to man if you want to know about Crippen, provides a great introduction and appendices containing writings by Dew and writings about Dew by others.

I think this is a fantastic book and I really hope that Mango do other "Annotated" editions of police memoirs, which can be tough going for modern audiences who quite often have no idea what's being written about. The authors wrote of forgotten crimes, forgotten criminals, and once topical but now forgotten events; and their world, familiar to the audience for whom they were writing, might as well be Mars for all modern audiences know of it. The trouble in this case is that Connell doesn't really address too much of this sort of stuff in his footnotes.

The thing is, as said above, *I Caught Crippen* originally appeared as three serialised newspaper features which differed from the text of the book, and a further complication is that the features were published in Scottish and English editions which differed slightly too. Most of Connell's annotations note the differences between the text of the book and the two newspaper serials on which it was based. Few of these changes make a difference to the meaning of Dew's narrative and hardly any will interest the general reader. Some, such as whether there was a comma or not, probably won't matter to anyone at all! It's stuff for the absolute purist.

But where I think the Dew's narrative would have benefitted from expansion, the footnotes tell the reader very little. For example, an important figure in the story of 'Harry the Valet' (a career criminal whose real name was William Johnson) was a woman who Dew refers to throughout as 'Miss X'. Connell tells you in a footnote that this mysterious woman was "Maude Richardson, alias Louis Ronald." But just a name tells the reader very little

about this woman who I know led a colourful life (to say the least). Connell could have fleshed out people like Maud Richardson.

There are quite a few books making heavy demands on your loose change – or loose banknotes – this month, but *The Annotated I Caught Crippen* probably makes the loudest. Dew’s first-hand account of the Ripper investigation is a must-read, despite some errors and questionable statements, and holding such a quality facsimile of the original makes the read so much better. Connell’s notes, subject to my observations, often add a lot to the original text, but his introduction and collection of writings by or about Dew are must-haves.

A great book and hopefully Mango will make huge efforts to follow up with other “Annotated” police memoirs – maybe for their new and exciting Blue Lamp imprint.

### THE 130TH ANNIVERSARY OF JACK THE RIPPER

JENNIFER HELEN JOHNSTONE  
Independently published, 2018  
softcover and ebook  
177pp; notes and sources  
ISBN:1980563462  
£7.99 softcover & £4.99 ebook



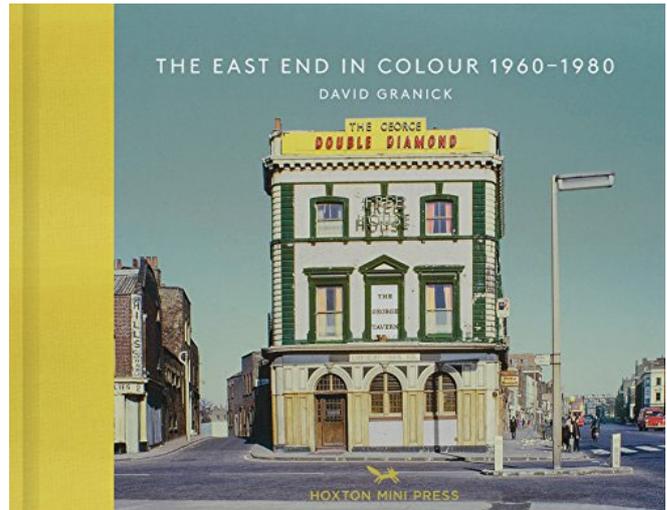
This book is a simple, straightforward and unremarkable retelling of the murders. Over eight chapters, beginning with a timeline, it describes the victims, the place, the correspondence, and the suspects. Something like 200 footnotes citing the sources used, but these are mainly internet sites. The information

given on internet sites isn’t always reliable and I’m of the generation that seeing them cited immediately raises doubts that the author is discerning about their choice of sources and who suspects the author of having cobbled their book together from what they can find free with a mouse click or two. Inattentive editing has allowed a few typos through, such as referring to “Robert Swanson” (a conflation of Robert Anderson and Donald Swanson), and unfortunately Johnstone doesn’t write very well either. On top of all that, the book is poorly produced and uses a large typeface and double-spacing, like a “Janet and John” book for very young readers. The book is tolerably accurate, although some readers will baulk at statements like: “all of the senior police officers, except Abberline, suspected Kosminski of being Jack the Ripper”! I didn’t note anything new, either fact or observation. Overall, it’s not worth the purchase price.

## OLD LONDON

### THE EAST END IN COLOUR, 1960-1980

DAVID GRANICK  
Edited & introduced by Chris Dorley-Brown  
London: Hoxton Mini Press, 2018  
www.hoxtonminipress.com  
www.modrex.com  
hardcover  
128pp; illus  
ISBN:9781910566312  
£16.95



When David Granick died in 1980 he bequeathed 2,000 Kodachrome colour slides to Tower Hamlets lending library. This large Victorian building in Bancroft Road had a small local history section in a single upstairs room and that’s where the slides went, to sit unseen and gather dust. Nowadays the whole building is devoted to local history. It’s called Tower Hamlets Local History Library and Archives and houses an amazing 35,000 illustrations of East End streets and people dating back to the 1800s, and David Granick’s collection was lost among them.

Until 2017.

That’s when they were discovered by a cracking documentary photographer, Chris Dorley-Brown (check out his website).

Granick had taken his photographs mostly in the 1960s and 70s. I suppose they were put aside and attracted little interest, because when they were received by the library in 1980 they were a visual record of the East End as it still was. Indeed, it’s pretty much as I can recall it. But from the perspective of 2018, Granick’s photos are of an East End that’s very much changed. Fortunately, Granick, who took his photographs to illustrate occasional talks he gave to the East London History Society, had carefully noted what the photograph was of and when it was taken.

This is an important collection of photographs, all the more so for being in colour, and the indie publisher

Hoxton Mini Press have done a nice job producing this book. It goes without saying that this is definitely one to add to your collection.

**HISTORIC ENGLAND: CITY OF LONDON:  
UNIQUE IMAGES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF  
HISTORIC ENGLAND**

MICHAEL FOLEY

Stroud, Gloucestershire: Amberley Publishing, 2018

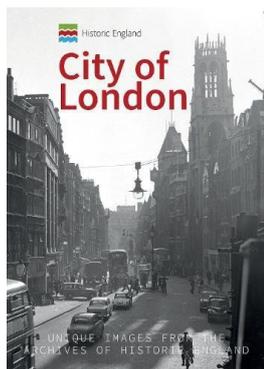
www.amberleybooks.com

softcover

96pp; illus;

ISBN: 9781445677323

£14.99



The photographs in this illustrated history of the City of London are taken from the archives of Historic England (or, to give it its full title, the Historic Buildings and Monuments Commission for England), which is the body given responsibility by the Department for Culture, Media and Sport with preserving and listing historic buildings and ancient monuments.

The Archive, much of which is searchable online – visit [historicengland.org.uk](http://historicengland.org.uk) - although it's far from being one of the best websites you'll find, is a collection of over 12 million photographs, drawings, plans and documents. It covers almost everything you can think of, including archaeology, architecture, social and local history, and much else. Pictures date from the birth of photography right up to the present.

*City of London* is a collection of photographs, both ancient and modern, of London's business heart, affectionately referred to as the Square Mile. Some of the photographs are old and of particular nostalgic interest. Two that stick in my mind are of the "Old Dick" (a pub called The Dick Whittington) in Cloth Fair, an obviously ancient building that became a pub in 1848, and the other of St Andrew Undershaft, a church in St Mary Axe, and a row of nearby shops, outside one of which a horse-drawn cab appears to be waiting.

**VICTORIANA**

**BALLOONOMANIA BELLES:  
DAREDEVIL DIVAS WHO FIRST TOOK TO THE SKY**

SHARON WRIGHT

Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen & Sword History, 2018

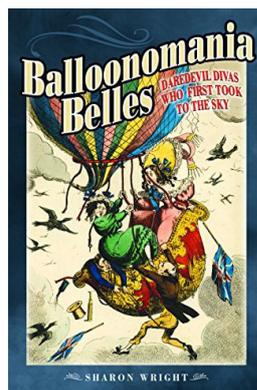
www.pen-and-sword.co.uk

hardcover & ebook

175pp; illus; biblio; index

ISBN:1526708345

£19.99 hardcover & 14.39 ebook



Have you ever "flown" in a hot air balloon? What you notice most is the silence. There's no engine noise. Nothing. Just the occasional noise of hot air filling the balloon above your head.

Lily Cove sat on a trapeze. It dangled below the balloon as it rose heavenward. Lily waved at the crowd of spectators far below, then jumped. A cord would then jerk open a parachute and Lily would safely drift to the ground, much to the awe and relief of the crowd. But on one Monday in June 1906, high above the Yorkshire Moors, near the Brontes' home of Haworth, the parachute didn't open and Lily fell to her death, just another name on the list of intrepid balloonists who died.

Elizabeth Mary Cove, who was just twenty years old, was an East Ender, born in Hackney on 7 November 1885, the daughter of Thomas Charles Cove, a bootmaker and serial sex offender. On 8 September 1903, he was sentenced to twelve months hard labour for indecently assaulting Mabel Trenerry, a girl under the age of thirteen years. He did time for the same offence in 1911 and 1912. We don't know if Elizabeth was abused, but she left home when she was thirteen years old and in due course became a daring fairground balloonist, "Leaping Lily".

The tragedy of Lily Cove is just one of the stories of the female pioneers of balloon flight told by award-winning journalist and playwright Sharon Wright in *Balloonomania Belles*. Balloon flights were hugely popular entertainments in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, attracting large audiences and they were usually among the attractions available at places such as Alexandra Palace on Bank Holidays, and, of course, "Ripper Street" Reid was an award-winning balloonist, but women were in the vanguard of the ballooning craze.

Women may have had second-class status on the ground, but up in the sky they were daredevils whose perilous ascents in all manner of balloons brought them fame and in many cases, like "Leaping Lily" premature death.

*Balloonomania Belles* proved to be an engrossing read and I think I'll always recall the story of Dolly Shepherd, probably the most famous lady balloonist of the Edwardian age. In 1903, at the age of sixteen, Dolly was eager to see John Philip Sousa, the marching band composer perhaps best-known today for "The Liberty Bell", used as the theme for the TV comedy *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. Ticket prices were well beyond her means,

but she managed to get a job as a waitress that would let her see and hear Sousa for free. Imagine, then, what it must have been like when at one of the tables on which she was waiting sat the great man himself, joined by famed balloonist August Gaudron and Buffalo Bill Cody. It was a meeting that would lead to Dolly enjoying a ballooning career, fortunately a long and successful one. Just imagine if, as a teenager, you'd got a waiting job in order to see a favourite entertainer and then found them sitting at you table with a bunch of other luminaries!

There always seems to be a surprise book, one that doesn't appeal for some reason, but which turns out to be a really good read. *Balloonomania Belles* was that surprise book. Warmly recommended.

### THE LION BOY AND OTHER MEDICAL CURIOSITIES

JAN BONDESON

Stroud, Gloucestershire: Amberley Publishing, 2018

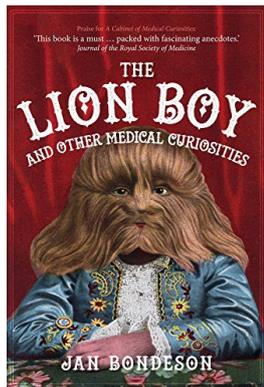
www.amberley-books.com

softcover

288pp; illus; sources

ISBN:9761445676289

£14.99



I am irresistibly drawn to reading about “freaks”, but discomforted in equal measure by my curiosity and interest. I am appalled that people used to pay to gawp at these unfortunate people in carnivals, penny gaffs and stage performances, but conscious that I am doing the same thing, albeit reading about and looking at pictures of them

in books. What really gets me, though, is the way some people, authors included, are barely able to stop drooling with delighted horror and disgust at these poor people.

But what I like about Bondeson's books on this subject is his detachment. He never forgets that these were real people, people who inside their heads and hearts were just like you and I. Bondeson tells the stories with sympathy and understanding, and with a doctor's genuine interest.

And, of course, Bondeson's flair for historical research and digging out that obscure background detail is matched by his writing ability.

In *The Lion Boy* Jan Bondeson revisits a subject he first investigated in his successful collection *Cabinet of Medical Curiosities* back in 1999, which I'm impressed, albeit unsurprised, to learn has sold 20,000 copies.

I think the provisional title of this book was “The Fat Boy of Peckham”, which I preferred but which could have caused some readers to mistake it for some sort of diet

book. The “Fat Boy's” story begins Bondeson's tour of the weird and the wonderful. His name was John Thomas Trunley, who was born on 14 October 1898 in Peckham, south-east London, which just over eighty years later would be made famous as the stamping ground of “Del Boy” Trotter.

Trunley was big. Very big. When aged five he was 4ft tall, had a chest measurement of 44 inches, and weighed 10 stone. He was also starting to attract attention and at the end of 1903, having added four stone to his weight, he made his stage debut as “The Fat Boy of Peckham”. Over the next few years he continued the plough on the weight (at one point reaching 33 stone) and tour the country, becoming a national celebrity.

Then he lost weight. It was the Great War that did it, specifically the air raids and wartime rations. Trunley was terrified of the raids, his terror causing the stones to fall away, and the rations not being sufficient to put them on again. He managed to put some of the weight back on, but the mood of the post-war nation caused his celebrity to vanish. His life thereafter wasn't a decline. He married, had a son, maintained a career as a clockmaker, and in 1944 succumbed to tuberculosis and pneumonia.

What's slightly worrying is that as the 20th century dawned a fat man was such an abnormality that he was a carnival performer, a rarity, a freak who people would pay money to look at. A century later you can see people like him in the street of every town and city. It's a sobering thought.

Bondeson kicks off this collection of medical curiosities with the rather questionable display of morbidly fat people for entertainment, and there were quite a few, from the renowned Daniel Lambert, through fat boys and girls of various nationalities, to named performers such as 42-stone Tom Tonn. Afterwards, we meet giants, dwarfs, porcupine men, a transparent man, and people with physical and other deformities. As well as explorations of a number of odd but commonly-held expected beliefs (such as the eye retaining the image of the last thing a person sees, and whether one's hair can turn white overnight.

*The Lion Boy* makes a good cover-to-cover read, or an equally good dip-into book.

## BAD GIRLS

### BAD GIRLS: A HISTORY OF REBELS AND RENEGADES

CAITLIN DAVIES

London: John Murray, 2018

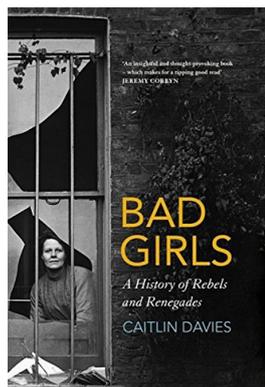
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373pp; illus; notes and sources; index  
 ISBN: 9781473647749  
 £20 hardcover & £13.99 ebook



Of all the books read this time round, Caitlin Davies' *Bad Girls* was the most enjoyable, which surprised me because I really didn't think it would be. But I settled on the couch, the dog snuggled in next to me, and I had a big mug of tea close to hand. I opened the book and the hours slipped by.

Holloway Prison is famous as a women's prison. In fact, it was the largest women's prison in western Europe. It had begun life in 1852 as a mixed-sex prison and remained as such until 1903, 'a castle jail, with its high turrets and gothic battlements' in the heart of London. It was rebuilt in the 1970s, apparently to make it less forbidding and less like a prison. This meant that the remains of the five women executed there had to be moved, four (Amelia Sach, Annie Walters, Edith Thompson and Styllou Christofi) remained together at Brookwood cemetery in Surrey. One (Ruth Ellis), was reburied at St. Mary's Parish Church in Amersham, Buckinghamshire. Holloway was closed in 2016.

In *Bad Girls*, Caitlin Davies expertly tells the story of Holloway Prison, largely through its prisoners and beginning with "The Duchess of Holloway Jail", May Caroline, the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland. She had been the mistress of the Duke of Sutherland for some time and married him in February 1889, a matter of mere months after the death of the Duke's wife in November the previous year. Marrying so soon after his wife's death, a breach of convention, caused a sensational scandal. Not that she was a stranger to scandal; the death of her first husband, Captain Arthur Blair, was rumoured to be a suicide or even murder! She had ended up in Holloway, however, for destroying documents shortly after the death of the Duke of Sutherland in 1892. Nobody knows what was in the documents she destroyed, launching Davies book with a frustrating mystery.

The variety of prisoners and their crimes range from baby farmers – for whom it's a struggle to find any sympathy, even when they pay the ultimate penalty, as did two of the five women executed at Holloway, Sach and Walters – to high profile prisoners like Myra Hindley and Rose West, along with the headline-making scandals associated with both.

The journey on which Davies is our always thoughtful, sometimes witty, and never judgmental guide, takes in the Suffragettes; Colonel Victor Barker, whose story I don't recall having come across before. He was a she and

had even married, 'his' wife claiming not to have noticed that he was deficient in certain areas; the notorious Kate Meyrick, nightclub owner and alleged drug dealer, who also did some time, as well as fascists (Diana Mosley), spies, and pacifists. There's a chapter, 'The Messalina of Ilford', given to poor and silly Edith Thompson, essentially executed for having an affair, and Ruth Ellis, who, like Thompson, should never have been executed.

But the book isn't just a catalogue of Holloway's notorious or more celebrated prisoners, it looks at the staffing of Holloway, it's governors, the prison routines, the prison's failings (which are worrying), prison life (childbirth), racism (by the staff as well as inmates) and life after the nick (if there is one), and ultimately Davies asks whether a women's prison is needed.

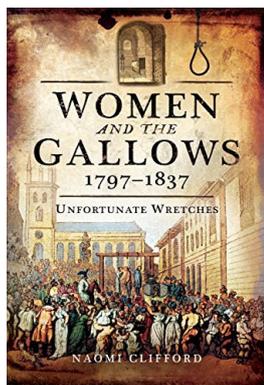
Most crime and nearly all violent crime is committed by men. Most prisoners who pose a threat to society are men. 'Men are responsible for 88 per cent of crimes against the person, 90 per cent of murders and 98 per cent of sex offences.' If you're a man, that's uncomfortable reading. 'Eighty-four per cent of women sentenced to prison have committed a non-violent offence, often theft in order to support their families.' Davies doesn't go off on an anti-man tirade, but the statistics themselves raise the question whether the majority of women sent to prison really merited a custodial sentence. Would they be helped more effectively if other agencies provided help and support.

Caitlin Davies writes enviably well, and she interweaves her stories of the people who have populated Holloway since 1852 with descriptions of her research visits to the prison. I don't feel that this review really does justice to what I thought was an excellent read.

#### **WOMEN AND THE GALLOWS 1797 1837: UNFORTUNATE WRETCHES**

NAOMI CLIFFORD  
 Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen & Sword History, 2017  
[www.pen-and-sword.co.uk](http://www.pen-and-sword.co.uk)  
[www.naomiclifford.com](http://www.naomiclifford.com)  
 @NaomiClifford  
 hardcover & ebook  
 236pp; illus; chronology; notes & biblio; index  
 ISBN:1473863341  
 £19.99 hardback & £14.39 ebook

I remember reading how men and women were publicly executed for picking pockets and how pickpockets roamed among the crowds come to witness these appalling scenes and picked their pockets. The story was told by way of illustrating that not even the death penalty acted as a deterrent. It was Frederick Porter Wensley, the renowned East End detective, who commented that punishment did not act as a deterrent if the criminal thought he could get away with the crime, therefore the best deterrent was



increasing the probability of getting caught. I'm not sure that that's a lesson we've properly learned.

Certainly, back in the late 18th and early 19th centuries this lesson wasn't appreciated at all, although in fairness crime was so bad that the authorities probably weren't so much interested in preventing crime

as in permanently removing criminals from society, and the number of crimes carrying the death penalty increased by over 100 from the middle of the 18th century, so that by 1815 they numbered 288. Executions were frequent and numerous, and multiple executions weren't unknown – in 1785 twenty men were hanged outside Newgate, mainly for various forms of theft, none of them for murder. Between 1797 and 1837, 131 women were hanged in England and Wales. Their crimes were many and varied, and in this book Naomi Clifford, who has previously authored the well-received true crime history *The Disappearance of Maria Glenn*, looks at the lives and stories of eighteen of them.

They are divided into those who committed crimes against the person and against property, the former embracing murder and the attempted murder of husbands, infants and children, and the latter of crimes from theft, fraud, and arson, to passing forged banknotes.

There is also a complete chronology of all the women executed over the forty years covered by this book, which includes a brief account of each case.

Overall, the stories of these women tell us much about the world in which they lived. Most of them were poor and desperate, some were probably insane, and others such as Mary Bateman, the so-called "Yorkshire Witch", died because in the dawning scientific age they managed to tap into a deeply rooted belief in sorcery and witchcraft.

This is a highly readable look at some women, some crimes, and, more particularly, at the mores of the last decades of the Georgian era. It's well written and well researched.

### **TRIAL OF LOUISE MASSET (NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS)**

INTRODUCTION AND EDITED BY KATE CLARKE

London: Mango Books, 2018

[www.MangoBooks.co.uk](http://www.MangoBooks.co.uk)

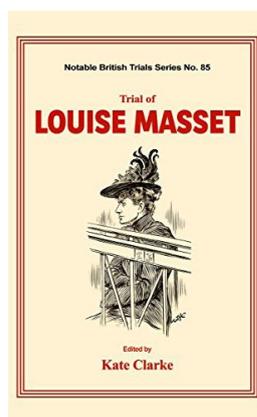
[www.kateclarke.co.uk](http://www.kateclarke.co.uk)

hardcover & ebook

261pp; Illus; appendices; index

ISBN: 9781911273271 hardcover & ISBN: 9781911273288 ebook

£20 hardcover & £7.99 ebook



*Trial of Louise Masset* is the 85th volume in the Notable British Trials and the second volume in the revived new series launched last year with *Trial of Israel Lipski*. The new series has the same look and feel of the original, right down to the boards and dust jacket.

Notable British Trials provides the best available transcript of the court proceedings and invites you into the courtroom to follow a trial as it unfolded, allowing you to read the actual words spoken by the witnesses and get as close to the case as it's possible to get. But the real value of the book is the expertly-written and detailed introduction which explores the intricacies of the case. The introduction to *Trial of Louise Masset* runs to 64-pages and is written by Kate Clarke, a superb author whose *Murder at the Priory* is probably the best account of the celebrated Bravo mystery.

Louise Masset has the distinction of being the first person to be executed in England in the twentieth century. She had been found guilty of murdering her son, three-year-old Manfred, whose bludgeoned, suffocated, and still-warm body was discovered on Friday, 27 October 1899, on the floor of a lavatory on Dalston Junction Railway Station. Louise claimed that she had caught the 4:30p.m. train to Brighton, where she had gone to spend the weekend with her lover, Eudore Lucas, and therefore was not anywhere near Dalston when the murder must have been committed. However, an eye-witness testified to having seen her at the station much later. Louise also spoke of two women into whose care she had entrusted her son, but no evidence could be found that these potential baby farmers actually existed.

In mid-December 1899, Louise Masset was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of her son. She was found guilty and hanged on 9 January 1900.

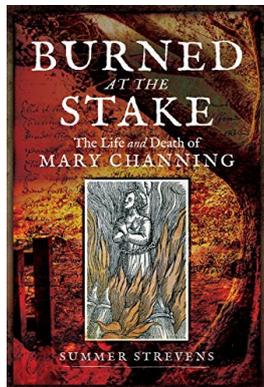
Notable British Trials is a very special series, probably the only one that is concerned with and which follows the trial rather than the commission or investigation of a crime, and of particular value when there are unresolved questions, as there are in the Louise Masset case, which raise doubts about the solidity of the conviction. With serious and scholarly introductions, the series is a must have.

### **BURNED AT THE STAKE: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARY CHANNING**

SUMMER STREVENS

Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen & Sword History, 2017

www.pen-and-sword.co.uk  
 www.summerstevens.com  
 @SummerStevens  
 softcover & ebook  
 117pp; illus; biblio; index  
 ISBN:1473898722  
 £12.99 hardcover & £7.59 ebook



A henge is a Neolithic earthwork, circular and with a ditch inside the bank. The location of the ditch suggests that henges weren't defensive, which indicates that they were ritualistic, which basically means that we haven't any real idea what they were used for. One of the best known henges – if any henge apart

from Stonehenge and Avebury, about 20 miles to the north, are “known” to the public at large – is Maumbury Rings in Dorset, close to Dorchester. Maumbury emerges a little from obscurity when used by the Romans as an amphitheatre, and was used centuries later as a defensive position during the Civil War, but, as Thomas Hardy wrote in *The Times* in 1908, when “the curtain” next rose it was in 1706 on a “scene as sinister as event as any associated with it...real flesh and blood, and no longer uncertain visions of possible Romans at their games or barbarians at their sacrifices”. It was the execution of nineteen-year-old Mary Channing for the murder of her husband. She was burned at the stake at Maumbury Ring in front of a crowd estimated to have numbered 10,000.

Mary Channing was the last woman to be burned at the stake in Dorset, but the barbaric practice would continue in Britain for a further eighty-three years, and while there were many reasons that led to its abolition, one of them was the transfer of public executions from Tyburn to Newgate. In 1786 Phoebe Harris was the first woman burned at the new location and *The Times* (23 June 1786) complained that the smoke from the burning body had severely affected “several persons in the neighbourhood of Newgate lying ill”. Phoebe wasn't burned alive, but was first of all hanged – reports suggest that in fact she took several minutes to strangle to death– and after being left to hang for half an hour, her body was dropped into the flames below.

In the case of Mary Channing, Hardy writes, “There is nothing to show that she was dead before the burning began, and from the use of the word ‘strangled’ and not ‘hanged,’ it would seem that she was merely rendered insensible before the fire was lit.” Hardy asked: “Was man ever ‘slaughtered by his fellow man’ during the Roman or barbarian use of this place of games or of sacrifice in

circumstances of greater atrocity?”

What seems to have bothered Hardy, who was slightly obsessed with the story of Mary Channing, is his belief that she was innocent of the crime for which she suffered such a barbaric punishment.

Mary Channing was a “wild child” beyond the control of her parents and married against her will to an extraordinarily indulgent and “weak-minded” husband, who permitted her to keep her lovers, financed her parties and kept her supplied with money. “The present writer had examined more than once a report of her trial, and can find no distinct evidence that the thoughtless, pleasure-loving creature committed the crime, while it contains much that she did not. Nor is any motive discoverable for such an act,” wrote Hardy.

Summer Stevens, in *Burned at the Stake*, tells the story of Mary Channing, and tells it very well. My one criticism, and it's a very small one, is the title of her book. I admit that I can't immediately think of a more attention-grabbing one, but one's immediate thought is that it is a history or an anthology of burnings and that on reading the sub-title the potential buyer might be disappointed to find the book is about one specific case. The title needed something to make clear what a dramatic and fascinating story Stevens has to tell. Channing defended herself in court, and did so very ably, even being commended by the judge, and she never admitted her guilt, but fiercely maintained her innocence throughout. At the end of the trial she revealed that she was pregnant, and therefore the execution was delayed until she had given birth. As Hardy observes, Channing then became seriously ill and lost so much weight that she was reduced to skin and bone. She apparently welcomed death, but nevertheless maintained her innocence, and continued to do so till the end. It's impossible not to have great sympathy for Mary Channing, but was she innocent or guilty? Summer Stevens' tells the tale, it's up to you to decide.

#### IN THE MIND OF A FEMALE SERIAL KILLER

STEPHEN JAKOBI

Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen & Sword History, 2017

www.pen-and-sword.co.uk

First Published:

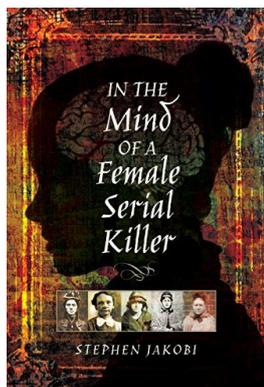
softcover & ebook

147pp; illus; notes; index

ISBN:1526709716

£12.99 softcover & £9.35 ebook

The execution of Ruth Ellis on 13 July 1955 sparked author Stephen Jakobi's mistrust of authority, opposition to capital punishment, and eventual career as an internationally-recognised human rights lawyer who, in 1992, founded the Human Rights Organisation Fair Trials International. A few years ago he published his autobiography, *Freeing the Innocent: From Bangkok Hilton*



to *Guantanamo*, sadly now out of print (but available as a Kindle), and he has recently been looking for “missed” miscarriages of justice – that is miscarriages which haven’t attracted public attention like the cases of Edith Thompson, Ruth Ellis and Emily Swann.

Interestingly, he’s “discovered” that the key files, those dubbed the Home Office “death files”, were pretty much fallow fields. That is to say, they’d been pretty much ignored by researchers to date and accordingly yielded hitherto unsuspected treasures. These “death files” contain the information provided for the consideration of the Home Secretary when called upon to consider the possible commutation of sentence. Normally closed for 100 years, a recent relaxation of the rules meant that files that would have remained closed for a further 30 years have been made available. Among the files accessible to Jakobi was that of Louie Calvert, a woman who he describes as “a little-known serial killer of the 1920s”. Among the treasures found by Jakobi was a notebook into which Calvert pencilled her autobiography! Calvert’s is one of the four cases Jakobi examines in this book, along with those of Agnes Norman, Kate Webster, and Emma Willis.

Whether any of these were serial killers in the generally accepted sense of someone who killed multiple times without profit or gain is open to question, and I’m not entirely sure Jakobi made much of an effort to get into the minds of these women either, so the book will likely prove a disappointment to anyone expecting a psychological evaluation of four female serial killers.

That said, Stephen Jakobi has written a solid re-evaluation of four little-known cases – well, three little-known and in the case of Kate Webster, one reasonably well-known. Of particular interest is what Mr Jakobi describes as “the explanation of one of the key puzzles in the ‘Thames Torso’ murders”. It would spoil things if I were to give details of this “explanation”, but I’ll say that it is interesting and merits some thought, but I didn’t find it particularly persuasive.

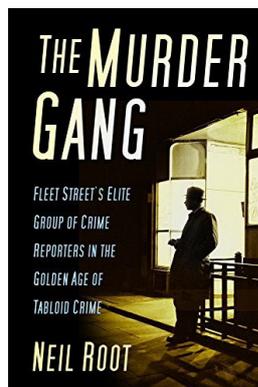
## CRIME

### THE MURDER GANG: FLEET STREET’S ELITE GROUP OF CRIME REPORTERS IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF TABLOID CRIME

NEIL ROOT

Stroud, Gloucestershire: The History Press, 2018

www.thehistorypress.co.uk  
hardcover & ebook  
240pp; illus; biblio; index  
ISBN:978075098371  
£20 hardcover & £8.54 ebook



A man wearing a trench coat and a trilby hat, a cigarette burning away, a glass close to hand. A noisy smoke-filled pub near Fleet Street or maybe down by Aldgate, drizzling rain outside, grey skies threatening a storm. A shifty character shuffles up to the man. A quiet word is exchanged, the man talking without moving his lips,

and maybe a pound note surreptitiously changes hands before “Shifty” shuffles out. It’s a tip off, the word on the street, maybe the headline of tomorrow’s *Daily Sketch*.

From the 1930s until the mid-1960s the staple diet of newspapers wasn’t the doings of temporarily famous soap stars and pop bands like it is today, but crime and criminals, and Fleet Street had reporters nosing out stories on the streets, in pubs, snooker halls, and assorted shady places. Hilde Marchant, a journalist all but forgotten today, but wrote a hard-to-come-by account of her coverage of WWII, *Women and Children Last: A Woman Reporter’s Account of the Battle of Britain*, wrote a feature for the photojournalism magazine *Picture Post* in 1947 in which she gave a name to the *crème de la crème* of these crime journalists: the “Murder Gang”.

These guys all knew each, some hung out together, but the competition for the story was fierce, no holds barred. This was a time when, to quote Neil Root, “anything went so long as the story landed on the front page and papers were sold.”

These journalists, writes Root, “would stop at nothing to get the story. If that meant becoming criminals in the process then that was part of the job. It was a hard-drinking, chain-smoking, stressful, highly competitive job with long and irregular hours, populated by larger than life characters, often using dubious and highly unethical methods.”

But these men weren’t chasing down some “who cares” scandal involving a here-today-gone-tomorrow television personality. Most of the people about whom the “Murder Gang” were writing - Buck Ruxton, Donald Hume, James Hanratty, John Bodkin Adams, John George Haigh, John Christie, and Neville Heath - were or would soon be standing in the shadow of the gallows. This was life and death stuff and it sold newspapers. Lots of them.

These were different and journalistically more

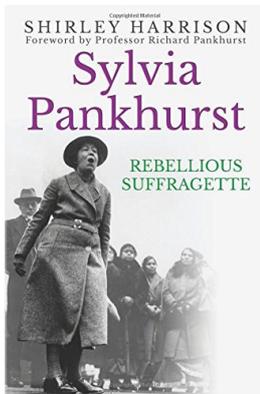
exciting times, but by the mid-1960s, when *I Can't Get No Satisfaction* blasted from jukeboxes in pubs and canteens across the country, the hard-boiled crime journalist, trench coat flapping and trilby tilted jauntily on the back of his head, walked almost unnoticed into the sunset. Television had happened, giving an immediacy to the news and claiming a large chunk of advertising money that would hitherto have gone into the coffers of the newspapers. Newspaper circulation began declining and journalism was changing, news stories were fast taking the back seat to features and analysis. It is also generally agreed that the public's rather dubious love affair with crime journalism declined when the death penalty was repealed.

*The Murder Gang* isn't altogether original. Back in 2016, we saw Duncan Campbell's *We'll All Be Murdered in Our Beds: The Shocking History of Crime Reporting in Britain*, and it told of some of the nefarious tricks employed by journalists in the 60s and 70s, but books looking at crimes through the eyes of crime reporters are decidedly thin on the ground and Neil Root has done a good job drawing upon first-hand accounts of the "golden age" of crime reporting. Recommended.

## HISTORY

### SYLVIA PANKHURST: THE REBELLIOUS SUFFRAGETTE

SHIRLEY HARRISON  
London: Sapere Books, 2018  
www.saperebooks.com  
First Published: Sylvia Pankhurst, a Crusading Life 1882–1960 (2003)  
Softcover & ebook  
422pp; sources  
ISBN:1912546132  
£10 softcover & £4.99 ebook



Shirley Harrison describes Sylvia Pankhurst as running a "teashop" and I imagined Sylvia in a black dress and a white, starched-crisp, frilly pinny serving scones with clotted cream and strawberry jam. Elsewhere, Shirley has described this establishment as a "transport café", which conjured an equally incongruous

picture of Sylvia enveloped in a blue haze of cooking fat, spatula in hand, flipping eggs, frying bacon, and plating up sausages for overweight lorry drivers wearing sweaty vests and smoking Woodbines.

I have no idea which of these images is the closest to the truth, but both are clichéd images, so neither is probable.

Nothing about Sylvia Pankhurst's life was a cliché.

Sylvia Pankhurst (1882-1960) was the daughter of Emmeline Pankhurst and sister of Christabel, the two great figures in women's suffrage, but Sylvia was probably the most likeable and in many respects perhaps the most idealistic. Unlike Christabel who led from the rear, as it were, avoiding much of the suffering her followers endured, even fleeing to France to avoid arrest, Sylvia did her time, literally and figuratively, and went on hunger strike and endured forcible feeding. Sylvia also took her campaign to the poor, unlike Christabel who targeted the middle and upper class, and founded the East London Federation of Suffragettes, which campaigned for the vote for working-class women between 1912 and 1920.

Sylvia continued to fight for the vote after Emmeline and Christabel had moved on to other things, notably supporting WWI (and the highly controversial and in some ways deplorable Order of the White Feather, whose members and supporters gave a white feather denoting cowardice to men not in uniform), with which Sylvia disagreed, deepening the rift between them.

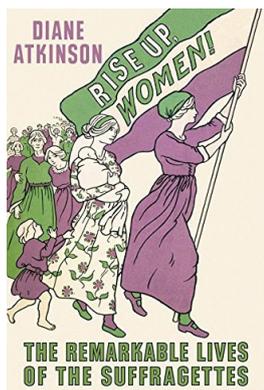
Sylvia founded and edited four newspapers, wrote and published 22 books and pamphlets, and countless articles.

Shirley Harrison has written a masterful and exceptionally well-received biography of Sylvia Pankhurst. This is not a new book, which is why we haven't dallied long in its company, and it has in fact seen two previous incarnations, the revised 2012 edition having been republished by Sapere. Whilst the book isn't new, the publisher is. Sapere – which I think means "to know" – was launched this year by Amy Durant, Richard Simpson and Caoimhe O'Brien, who formerly worked for the now defunct Endeavour Press. They're an untraditional publisher, limiting their costs by only publishing print-on-demand and ebooks, and selling their goods exclusively through Amazon. The softcover is nicely produced, but lacks illustrations and an index, which is essential for a book of this size and subject matter, and for some reason there is a request from the author at the end of the book that the reader leave a review on Amazon and Goodreads. Which is all well and good, except the author is Keith Moray and the book is an unidentified crime fiction novel.

### RISE UP WOMEN! THE REMARKABLE LIVES OF THE SUFFRAGETTES

DIANE ATKINSON  
London: Bloomsbury Publishing, 2018  
www.bloomsbury.com  
www.dianeatkinson.co.uk  
@Dithe Dauntless  
hardcover & ebook  
670pp; illus; appendices; notes; biblio; index  
ISBN:9781408844045

£30 hardcover (but see below) & £3.47 ebook



At well over 600 pages, Diane Atkinson's book is a heavyweight in every respect except reading, for the narrative moves at a sprightly pace, which is both a good and a bad thing. Diane Atkinson's aim is to provide a comprehensive account of the suffrage movement, and in this she succeeds admirably, but the topic is huge and it's difficult to

tell in detail, which means that Atkinson flashes through her narrative with what amounts to a series of pen-portraits or vignettes of people and events.

We mainly recall the Pankhursts, primarily Emmeline and her daughter Christabel, founder and leader of the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU), who tirelessly campaigned between 1903 and 1914, becoming increasingly violent, but Atkinson doesn't give them the usual limelight and instead pays attention to others who played a major but now virtually forgotten part in the cause – the armour-wearing, white horse riding Margery Bryce, and the arsonist Lilian Lenton, a master of disguise nicknamed the "Elusive Pimpernel".

It wasn't a simple matter of giving women the vote. That this would happen was almost inevitable. What worried many people in authority was that Britain was heading towards revolution, and some looked favourably on the real possibility of war as the only way of preventing it. Others were seriously concerned that enemy agents were entering the country in large numbers. The suffragettes, smashing windows, chaining themselves to railings, setting fire to public buildings and empty houses, were viewed as terrorists, akin to the Fenian bombers of an earlier generation, and one of the subversive elements determined to bring down the status quo. Even a great many women thought that giving women the vote would "damage the country and the Empire".

It's little surprise, therefore, that the police were ordered to respond to the Suffragettes with force and in many cases acted with undue and unnecessary brutality, and that women taken prisoner were treated like common criminals and held in unsavoury conditions, rather than the better conditions they would have been afforded if treated like the political prisoners they saw themselves as being.

World War One effectively brought the Suffragette movement to an end. Campaigns were suspended for the duration, Emmeline and Christabel threw their weight behind the war effort, women turned to taking over the jobs of men in factories.

*Rise Up, Women!* is a meticulously researched celebration of the women who answered the call and among the better books written in this centennial year of partial women suffrage. As said, it isn't a tough read, but it isn't easy going either. But it is very satisfying. It's also worth noting that although the cover price is £30, it's possible to pick up a new copy for half that price and that the ebook is less than £3.50.

### **KING STEPHEN AND THE ANARCHY: CIVIL WAR AND MILITARY TACTICS IN TWELFTH-CENTURY BRITAIN**

CHRIS PEERS

Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen & Sword Military, 2018

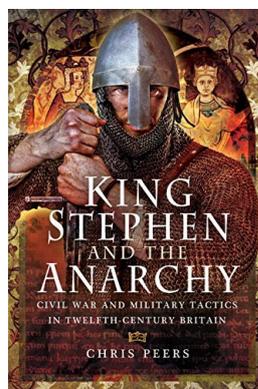
[www.pen-and-sword.co.uk](http://www.pen-and-sword.co.uk)

hardcover & ebook

183pp; illus; biblio; index

ISBN:1473863678

£19.99 hardcover & £11.39 ebook



The Anarchy was a civil war between the heirs of King Henry I, a son of William the Conqueror, that threw England into a state of lawlessness and rent the country apart between 1135 and 1153. In 1120 Henry's young and foolish son had died, leaving Henry without a legitimate male heir. Henry nominated his daughter Matilda

as his successor, forcing the nobility to pledge their support, which many resented and withdrew as soon as Henry was dead. As the right of succession wasn't as clear cut in Norman England as it later became, there were several other claimants, among them Matilda's cousin Stephen of Blois, who was in Boulogne, and when Henry I died in 1135, Stephen very quickly crossed the Channel to England and within a matter of weeks was crowned King by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At first Matilda didn't make much of an effort to assert her claim to the throne, but in 1138 her supporter and half-brother Robert of Gloucester, one of the most powerful barons in England, rebelled against Stephen. The following year Matilda's forces invaded England and the civil war began in earnest.

Chris Peers, the author of this book, has written extensively on the history of armies and warfare, including *Genghis Khan and the Mongol War Machine* (2015), and the book in which I first encountered him, *Offa and the Mercian Wars*. In *King Stephen and the Anarchy*, Peers brings a clear eye to reconsidering the civil war, describing each phase, the strategies employed by both sides, and examining the character and claims of the Stephen and Matilda. It's a specialist book, but fascinating reading about a period of English history about which

many people are ignorant.

The struggle between Stephen and Matilda is interesting in itself, but it's the widespread breakdown of law and order that I find really absorbing, partly because we don't know too much about it and partly because it possibly provides the milieu for one of the great characters of criminal history and legend.

If you're not familiar with the Anarchy, it may help to know that it's the background against which the late Ellis Peters set her novels about the medieval Benedictine monk/detective Cadfael, and this time of lawlessness featured prominently in the Cadfael story *The Virgin in the Ice* in which an illegitimate son of a noble family, Alain de Gaucher, leads a renegade army terrorising and pillaging the land. This is what actually happened, dispossessed aristocrats and others forming outlaw bands. A chronicler, Matthew Paris, wrote of these people: 'ashamed to beg, ignorant of how to dig, they and their sons and brothers took refuge in the woods, they robbed and they raided rapaciously but only when they were lacking in game and victuals'. Sound familiar? Well, a good case can be made that Robin Hood lived – if he lived at all – at the time of King Stephen. Chris Peers touches on it briefly and it's too complicated to go into at length here, but it adds that additional element of interest to the period.

The Anarchy is a period of history rarely described in any detail, or at least as far as I know, so I found this book a very welcome addition to my limited library about the time. Well-written, with every effort made to make clear who all the people are (so many of them had the same name!), right down to including potted biographies in a valuable appendix, 'Who Was Who in the Anarchy'. This was a thoroughly enjoyable book.

### **THE LIFE AND LEGEND OF A REBEL LEADER:**

#### **WAT TYLER**

STEPHEN BASDEO

Pen & Sword History, 2018

[www.pen-and-sword.co.uk](http://www.pen-and-sword.co.uk)

[www.gesteofrobinhood.com](http://www.gesteofrobinhood.com)

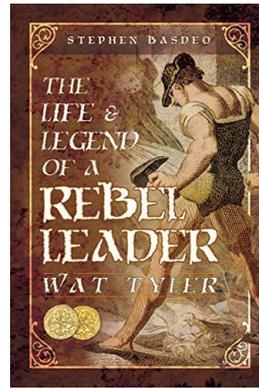
hardcover & ebook

184pp; illus; appendices; biblio; index

ISBN:1526709791

£19.99 hardcover & £11.51 ebook

The year is 1381 and the ordinary people are suffering. Adding to the poverty, Black Death, and the effects of war, was the Poll Tax, a tax to which large numbers strongly objected and against which they rose in rebellion. Thousands of men, armed with whatever they could get hold of, marched through Kent, to London where they confronted the young King Richard II with their grievances. At their head was a man whose name would live down the succeeding generations, invoked whenever



the people wanted to inspire fear in the authorities – Wat Tyler.

On 6 June 1381 several thousand rebels attacked and took Rochester Castle, releasing the prisoners held there. They then swept on to Maidstone where for some reason they beheaded and looted the house of a landowner named John

Southalle before attacking the town gaol, among the prisoners they released being a radical and dangerous priest named John Ball, who had been imprisoned for life. What interests me about this event, apart from the story itself and the later literary use of Tyler's name, is a tradition that Wat Tyler belonged to Maidstone and that he led the rebellious peasants into 'the town by a path long after known as Tyler's Lane.'

Now, towards the end of the 18th century this path was undergoing development, or at least one side of it was. There was already a pub there and next to it a row of terraced houses would soon be built. The pub was called the Union Flag to celebrate the recent union of England and Scotland and Tyler's Lane was renamed Union Street after it. The pub would later be renamed Style and Wynch and I spent more happy hours in it than I should have done.

So, who was this rebel leader Wat Tyler?

Well, that's pretty much the point; we don't know. We don't know a great deal about Wat Tyler at all. It's not even certainly known that he was from Maidstone or that Wat Tyler was his real name. What we do know is that the rebellion he led was very far from bloodless, but that his amateur army was exceedingly well trained, and that Tyler presented the peoples' grievances to the boy-king Richard and received his agreement to many. And that like so many since and probably before, he quickly came to a sticky end when killed, most likely treacherously, by the Lord Mayor of London. The rebellion fizzled out, a failure in every way except one: Tyler and his 'lieutenants', John Ball and Jack Straw, enjoyed a post-medieval literary afterlife, Tyler's name usually invoked at times of trouble and strife, a warning to the established order of how insecure they really are.

And that's what Stephen Basdeo's book is all about – the literary Wat Tyler. There's quite a small library of books about the Peasant's Revolt of 1381, one of the most recent being Dan Jones's excellent *Summer of Blood*, but Basdeo's contribution to the subject doesn't tell the story (except in one compact chapter), but instead looks at how the story

has been interpreted and used over the years, roughly since the late 1500s through to the present. Such literary analysis isn't to everybody's taste, but it is interesting to trace how stories like Wat Tyler, Robin Hood, or even Jack the Ripper begin with the truth and quickly take on all the trappings of the mythic.

One thing: Basdeo writes that 'there have been, to my knowledge, no cinematic portrayals of the events of 1381,' then references 'an interesting American educational film entitled *Medieval England: The Peasants' Revolt of 1381*' which appeared in 1969 and starred Anthony Hopkins as Wat Tyler. It's available to view on-line - [www.youtube.com/watch?v=AVXGzXSQChA](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AVXGzXSQChA) - and it also featured Edward Fox, Mike Pratt (who you should know as Jeff Randall in *Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased)*), and as Richard the boy-king, a distinguished Ripperologist!

### THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY: HOW A FORBIDDEN RELIGION SWEEP THE WORLD

Bart D. Ehrman

London: Oneworld Publications, 2018

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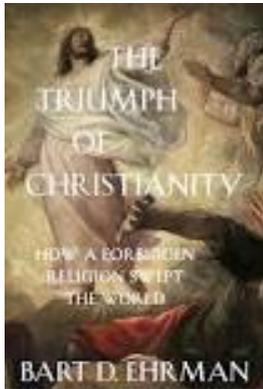
[www.bartdehrman.com](http://www.bartdehrman.com)

hardcover & ebook

335pp; appendices; notes; index

ISBN:9781786073013

£20 hardcover & £8.96 ebook



One of the greatest mysteries in the world is how twenty or so illiterate peasants living in the backwaters of the Roman Empire turned the teachings of an executed enemy of the state into what would become "the greatest and most powerful institution Western Civilization has ever seen." Of course, some people will see the hand of God in this but taken as a non-

miraculous and strictly historical event, it is an astonishing achievement.

The Roman emperor Constantius and his son Constantine came to York in A.D. 305, and it was there that Constantius died the following year, being succeeded by his son. Seven years later Constantine won a great battle and attributed the victory to the vision of a Christian

symbol on the sun, which he interpreted as symbolising the intervention of the Christian god. Soon after, Constantine decreed that Christianity was to be the official religion of the Roman Empire.

It is generally agreed that Jesus was crucified about AD 30, which means that in roughly three-hundred years Christianity had gone from being an outlawed religion preached by a handful of Jesus's followers, to being the official religion of the empire! Consider, too, that Christians probably accounted for an absolute maximum of about 10% of the empire's population at the time of Constantine's conversion, yet a century later, when Britain left the empire, 50% of the population of the empire, some 30 million people, were Christians.

And to add to all of that, Christianity wasn't even a codified religion when Constantine converted. There was no agreed life of Jesus and no New Testament, and Christians belonged to numerous sects that disagreed with one another on even the most fundamental things. Frankly, nobody would have thought Christianity could supplant the well-established pagan beliefs, so how did it happen?

That's the question Bart D. Ehrman sets out to answer in his new book.

Ehrman is a distinguished Biblical scholar, but he's also a hard-nosed historian and, strange for a Biblical scholar, an agnostic or even an atheist. For me that makes him free of the taint of bias or the miraculous. Not everyone shares that opinion, and Ehrman often finds himself criticised by fundamentalists and atheists alike. But Ehrman knows his stuff and his writing style is easy and flowing, not at all stuffy, and pretty much as down to earth as you'll find.

A figure who plays a pivotal role in the story Ehrman unfolds is Paul. For some reason I've never paid much attention to Paul, who was initially a rabid opponent of Christianity but underwent a conversion, traditionally on the road to Damascus, and Ehrman explains how really significant his conversion must have been.

Bart D Ehrman's books are solid scholarship, well-written and entertaining. *The Triumph of Christianity* is no different. Recommended.

*All reviews by Paul Begg.*

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# Fiction Reviews

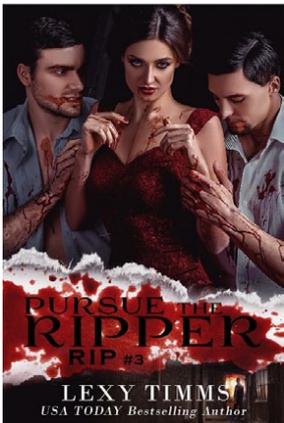
By DAVID GREEN

Included in this issue:

*Pursue the Ripper, The Prince and the Whitechapel Murders and more*

## PURSUE THE RIPPER

Lexy Timms  
Dark Shadow Publishing, 2017  
ISBN 978-1976421563  
Paperback, 249pp.  
£7.55



*Pursue the Ripper* is the third and concluding volume in Lexy Timms's trilogy of novels set in her alternate New Londone / East Edge. Together, the three books depict a dark, off-kilter world where shapeshifters, dog-men, and immortal Supernaturals co-exist alongside regular humans in a city plagued with disease. Part

urban fantasy, part crime story, it is unquestionably one of the most original and exciting Ripper series of recent years.

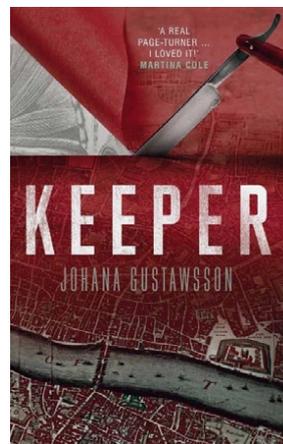
It is 2038, twenty years since the Ripper last struck in Whitechurch. But dead bodies are once again turning up in the slums, shredded and disembowelled and with traces of wolf pelt mixed in with the gore. It's bad news for the East Edge, and it's especially bad news for the city's new mayor, Sparks Denton, in his second year in office. Frank Abberline has long since retired, so it's down to internet journalist Joy Glass, skin-crawling pathologist Rees Llewellyn, Mary Kelly's daughter, and a small band of 'Specials' with extraordinary powers, to save New Londone from the claws of a fearsome serial killer.

What strikes you immediately about Lexy Timms's work is the flamboyance of her writing. She takes well-

known motifs and situations from the Ripper mystery and makes them strange by relocating them in her near-future metropolis; familiar characters are corrupted and repurposed into ghouls, freaks, were-creatures and hybrids. *Pursue the Ripper* is as good as its predecessors, offering her usual high-powered blend of horror, sex, and rollicking supernatural adventure. I was especially taken by her portrait of the ghostly night watchman Patrick Mulshaw, doomed to patrol the dangerous streets of the East Edge for eternity. It all amounts to a compelling crime thriller and a wonderful piece of London exotica.

## KEEPER

Johana Gustawsson (translated by Maxim Jakubowski)  
Orenda Books, 2018  
ISBN 978-1-912374052  
Kindle Edition, 184pp.  
£2.18



Johana Gustawsson is being hyped as the new queen of French Noir. *Keeper* is her second novel and the second outing for her crime-fighting duo of Emily Roy, a Canadian psychological profiler, and Alexis Castells, a French true crime writer. This time they are joined by Aliénor Lindbergh, a criminal law student with Asperger's, who's the first to spot a connection between Jack the Ripper and the recent spate of grisly murders in Tower Hamlets and Halmstad on the west coast of Sweden.

In *Block 46*, her debut novel, Gustawsson invoked the Buchenwald concentration camp during World War II as the starting point for her modern-day serial killer thriller. She does the same kind of thing here, drawing on the Lusk letter and the life story of Elizabeth Stride, the Swedish victim of Jack the Ripper, to propel her contemporary police procedural. Her themes are human evil and sexual depravity, and the ways in which abuse and psychological damage are passed down through the generations.

In effect, what we have here is a blood-soaked sexual horror story that seeks to repulse and nauseate:

She couldn't take her eyes off the woman's face. It was so deformed, it was barely human, peppered with monstrous red and purple blisters that puffed her lower lip down as far as her chin and a hole in her right cheek like a window into her mouth filled with yellowed, porous gums and a greyish tongue.

Her tale of a cannibal serial killer on the loose, scoffing breasts and kidneys and meat off the bone à la Miller's Court, is spectacularly unpleasant in places, and deeply, unremittingly grim. While she is not averse to shock tactics (even stealing the 'I can smell your cunt' scene from *The Silence of the Lambs*), her novel achieves its most unsettling effects through an accretion of small, insidious images: I was particularly impressed by the way she queasily juxtaposes the eating of Swedish pastries and English junk food with images of necrophagy: posh ladies in Kensington Park Gardens nibble slices of lemon cake as a servant girl relates the latest atrocity in the East End; crime scene photographs of partially-eaten bodies from 2015 are speckled with cinnamon brioche crumbs.

At times the novel is a little confusing to follow – the action jerks around like an 8mm home snuff movie, and the short chapters (sometimes no more than a page and a half in length) give the book a choppy, distracted feel. However, the various strands and storylines gradually come together to bring this readable, fast-paced thriller to a melodramatic finale.

Early on, in what may be another nod to Thomas Harris, we watch lambs being shepherded down Buck's Row on the way to the slaughterhouse. This gruesome, ogrimish book will turn your stomach and scare you half to death.

## THE GASLIGHT STALKER

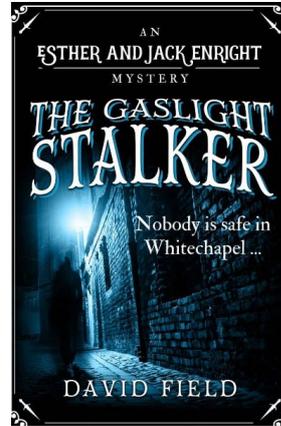
David Field

Sapere Books, 2018

ISBN 978-1912546039

Paperback, 203pp.

£6.50



Esther Jacobs is a Jewish seamstress living and working at Satchell's lodging house in Spitalfields. When her neighbour and friend Martha Tabram is found murdered in George Yard Buildings, Esther puts her needlework to one side and finds herself drawn into the police investigation. Bloodthirsty Grenadier guardsmen, revengeful prostitutes,

lunatics with surgical knives... The police are dithering, so can Esther step in and provide a breakthrough in the Ripper enquiry? She has a tidy, logical mind, and plenty of pluck and spirit that sometimes causes her to behave impetuously, but her chief asset as an amateur sleuth is her invisibility and the fact that she can easily go where men can't. She is perfect for undercover and surveillance work.

A relationship quickly develops between Esther and Metropolitan police constable Jack Enright, and throughout the novel this wholesome, chaste romance is contrasted to good effect with the murky, sinful world of prostitution, backstreet abortion, and serial murder. The fresh air of a riverside vicarage in old Barking serves to intensify the malignity of the novel's bleak East End setting.

*The Gaslight Stalker* is an appealing mystery that largely sticks to historical facts while at the same time departing from them for the sake of a good story. Occasionally the narrative screeches to a halt under the weight of exposition, and this, coupled with a tendency toward cliché ('They passed from one pool of gaslight to another in the fog-wreathed streets of Whitechapel'), works against the author's efforts to sustain a convincing mood of fear and unease. However, there is much to enjoy in this disquieting tale about everyday, fallible folk caught up in terrible events. The Ripper murders are a constant

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brooding presence in the novel, nominally at the centre of the story but often pushed to the side to allow the ordinary business of life to assert itself and come to the fore. Ultimately, it is the sensitive portrait of the affair between Esther and Constable Enright that captivates the most.

This enjoyable novel is the first in a new series featuring Esther and Jack. I'm already looking forward to their next adventure.

### JACK THE RIPPER GOES WEST

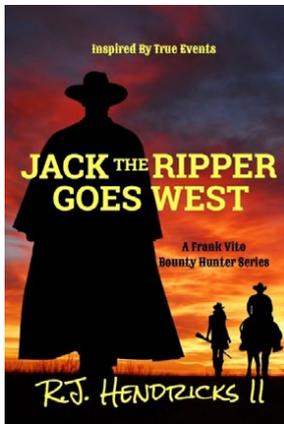
RJ Hendricks II

2018

ISBN 10-1979961050

Kindle Edition, 130pp.

\$1.37



A stagecoach rattles across the dusty plains of Texas en route to the small prairie town of Abilene. On board are bounty hunters Frank Vito and his partner Ellie Stockwell, and an English journalist named Edwin Greaves, who covered the Jack the Ripper murders for the London newspapers. He

regales his fellow passengers with all the grisly details before confiding that the killer has crossed the Atlantic to continue his bloody work in the New World. Indeed, only a few days previously a prostitute was found butchered in Abilene in a frenzied Ripper-style attack, her body cut up like a side of cattle...

This is the latest instalment in the author's Bounty Hunters series. In a previous volume Frank and Ellie found themselves in Austin, tracking down the Servant Girl Annihilator. Can they repeat their success here? Will Edwin Greaves get the story of a lifetime? Or will Jack the Ripper commit five murders in Abilene and then vanish like he did in London? It's not a straightforward case by any means; we learn there are several suspects – a vicious cowhand named Tom Ballard, the town sawbones Nathan Jacobson, and a surgeon listed as Scotland Yard's number one most wanted – Doc Francis Tumblety...

*Jack the Ripper Goes West* combines the thrills of the Wild West with the suspense of a good historical murder mystery. It's written with considerable panache. If you concentrate, you can smell beans and meat, whiskey and gunsmoke, and the foetor of thick, dark blood.

### THE PRINCE AND THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS

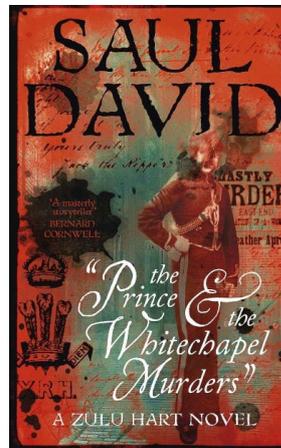
Saul David

Hodder & Stoughton, 2018

ISBN 978-0340953686

Hardback, 294pp.

£18.99



Major George 'Zulu' Hart is offered a job with the Special Irish Branch. They want him to go under cover as a squadron commander in the 10th Hussars and act as bodyguard to Prince Albert Victor (Eddy), heir apparent to the throne. If he can keep the young prince out of trouble for a year, Hart will earn enough money to pay off his crippling gambling debts.

Keeping Eddy safe means two things: protecting him from Irish republican terrorists, and working to deflect political or criminal blackmail arising from Eddy's homosexual activities. Sure enough, Hart travels incognito to Kilburn and infiltrates the Fenians, acting as agent provocateur in a plot to assassinate the prince. At the same time, he accompanies Eddy, J.K. Stephen, and Montague Druitt to a male brothel in Cleveland Street, where he learns that the prince and his friends sometimes venture out at night into the slums of Whitechapel for 'a bit of fun'. Reading the newspapers, he is shocked to learn that these forays into the East End coincide with the murders of prostitutes. Summoned to Scotland Yard by Sir Charles Warren, Hart is tasked with a third mission – to exonerate the prince from any connection to the Jack the Ripper murders. Yes, it's Zulu Hart vs. Jack the Ripper! After his victories over Dervish, Boer, and Afghan warlord, can the dashing but very dislikeable cavalry officer defeat the Whitechapel Fiend?

This is Saul David's third Zulu Hart novel, and it marks a significant change of direction for his mixed-race, red-blooded action hero. Gone are the Sinai Peninsula and the bloody battlefields of Isandlwana and Rorke's Drift; in their place are the decaying tenements of Whitechapel and a plate of bacon and eggs with Pearly Poll in a greasy spoon in Spitalfields.

The author is a highly regarded academic military historian, and as you might expect, his story convinces when it deals with army life and notions of empire and war as the crucible for Victorian male character. Yet he seems curiously unwilling to explore what is in fact the main theme of his book, that of homosexual desire and

intimacy among men and between men and teenage boys. Instead of examining the many issues raised by this subject – the ambiguous position of homosexuality within Victorian culture, the nature of exploitation and the balance of sexual power between older and younger males and between royalty and commoners – we are treated to a rather far-fetched romp that relies too much on happenstance. The blurb promises a ‘new twist on the Ripper story’, but in fact the novel riffs on one of the oldest suspect theories around.

Zulu Hart is a fascinating Boy’s Own character who has been brought in to solve problems the Government and the Metropolitan police can’t fix on their own. He’s a strapping fellow but also rather humourless and self-righteous; I found it difficult to take him seriously, especially when he goes around stepping in dog shit and getting locked in a dustbin in Miller’s Court. I’m reminded of those clockwork toy soldiers I used to play with as a boy – you wind them up and watch them walk into walls and march off the table onto the floor. Accidentally kneeling

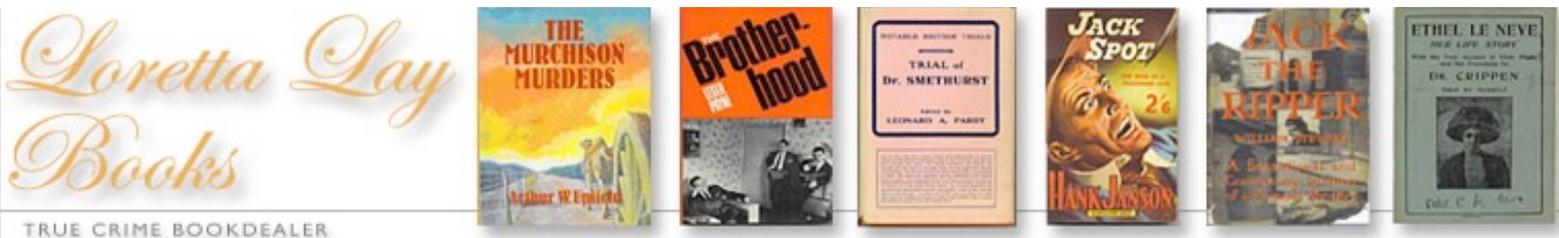
a child in the face as he races across the road, he flips the mother a coin with the throwaway remark, “Get her checked by a doctor”. What a guy! At least DrUITT would have kissed the child better.

But the novel impresses on many levels. Audaciously, the author has turned his hand to crime fiction, and the result is an exhilarating caper full of high drama, dare-devil schemes, cut-throat action, and hair-breadth escapes. Plotted with manic zest and executed at a hectic pace, this is a vastly enjoyable swashbuckling adventure that entertains to the very last page.



IN THE NEXT ISSUE we review *Murder at the Bayswater Bicycle Club* by Linda Stratmann, plus all the latest Ripper fiction.

**DAVID GREEN** lives in Hampshire, England, where he works as a freelance book indexer. He is the author of *The Havant Boy Ripper* (forthcoming), an account of the Percy Searle murder case of 1888.



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# THE ANNOTATED I CAUGHT CRIPPEN

BY NICHOLAS CONNELL

In 1910 Chief Inspector Walter Dew became the most famous detective in the world after a transatlantic chase resulted in him capturing the American murderer Dr Hawley Harvey Crippen. This was the first time that wireless telegraphy had resulted in the arrest of a murderer and it was Dew's final investigation for Scotland Yard.

After retiring from the Metropolitan Police and working as a private detective Dew began to write and in 1938 his autobiography I CAUGHT CRIPPEN was published. It subsequently became an important work for crime historians and has long been out-of-print. Dew's accounts of the Crippen case and his futile hunt for Jack the Ripper are the lengthiest ever written by a police officer closely involved in the investigations.

The latter part of I CAUGHT CRIPPEN deals with a variety of other cases that Dew worked on, including the arrest of the international jewel thief Harry the Valet.

THE ANNOTATED I CAUGHT CRIPPEN makes this classic work available again. It contains a full transcription of the original text, annotated with footnotes including additional material from a newspaper serialisation of Dew's memoirs that has never appeared in a book before. It also features appendices of Dew's other writings and articles written about the celebrated detective during his lifetime.

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