

**Jabez Balfour
Analyses
The Ripper
Murders**

THE CASEBOOK
Examiner
issue four
October 2010

**The Cattleman,
The Lunatic,
& The Doctor**

Tom Wescott

JACK THE RIPPER STUDIES, TRUE CRIME & L.V.P. SOCIAL HISTORY

INTERNATIONAL

**MAN
OF MYSTERY**

R J Palmer concludes his examination of Inspector Andrews

**GOING
POSTAL**

D M Gates
Puts his stamp
on the 1888
Kelly Postal
Directory



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THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM

CAROLINE MORRIS

On August 22 this year, 2010, the following words appeared in a *Casebook* post:

**'I DON'T
BELIEVE IN
JACK THE
RIPPER'**

Back in early April, when our community traditionally remembers Emma Smith, the first of the Whitechapel murder victims, and flowers were blooming in the spring, the *Examiner* was about to make its own debut with

Issue One. In with flaming June came Issue Two, when in 1888 most were unaware that Smith had ever shared their world, let alone that she had left it in one of the foulest ways imaginable. Whitechapel was indelicately poised on

the edge and nobody suspected it had anywhere left to fall.

Four months after Emma died from her horrific injuries, following the senseless attack she described on Osborn Street, Martha Tabram smashed into the high summer newspapers when her lifeless body was found stabbed repeatedly in an almost unprecedented fashion, just a few seconds' walk away in George Yard, Gunthorpe Street. It was in the wake of our thoughts going out to Tabram that the August issue of the *Examiner* appeared, and just a couple of weeks before Polly Nichols would make it a Whitechapel murder hat trick — or jolly bonnet trick if we can trust the anecdote.

Issue Four now finds us slap-bang in the middle of saucy Jacky's supposed gap month, the October lull before the November storm. Much has happened since the beginning of September: Annie Chapman joined Nichols in murder history, having met her killer the very next weekend; then three weekends later — or a mere fortnight

ago, from our point of view — Elisabeth Stride and Catherine Eddowes had their throats cut on the same night, within an hour of one another and a quarter of an hour's walk. A few hours previously, a letter signed 'Jack the Ripper' had reached police hands, and its author was claiming responsibility for the bloodshed. Whoever took the lives of these women now had a name of sorts, if no face to put to it.

Blessed with the exact science of hindsight, you will have guessed that Mary Kelly's untimely end is the unknown storm to come. But is there a need in this day and age, so far removed from the event, to downgrade it from the most damaging hurricane of the season, the decade or even the century, to an unexpectedly violent gust from a different direction entirely? If so, is this in line with current understanding of serial murder and murderers in general, or more the result of frustrated efforts to wring anything more illuminating from the same facts they had to face 122 years ago?

What would we be expecting today if we found ourselves in an identical 'height of scare' situation? Would we be predicting a Kelly storm to hit within the month? In the next six months perhaps? Or would we be caught napping and unprepared for the impact? Would it be realistic to react with renewed horror, but with little doubt that this was more of the same phenomenon, as we did when the fifth woman to disappear from Ipswich's red light area was found murdered? Or is there good reason to be sceptical of that tiny room in Miller's Court staging a repeat performance by someone who had killed several times already this year? How would we be making sense of it this time round, if it were happening all over again in the here and now?

Dear reader, if you can put yourself in this position, with more than a century's worth of murder, serial or otherwise, to fire your imagination or leave it jaded and uninspired, what do you see before you? Do *you* believe in Jack the Ripper this mid-October?

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Inspector Andrews Revisited part three:

Behind the Scenes in America

R.J.PALMER

When we last left Inspector Walter Andrews, he had sailed from Liverpool aboard the *S.S.Sarnia* en route to Halifax, Nova Scotia, landing there on December 9th, 1888. His prisoner, Roland Barnett, was in tow.

The arrangements for Andrews' trip to North America had been finalized on or around November 27th, following a week where Scotland Yard had been soliciting at least two American police departments about the antecedents of Francis Tumblety. Of considerable interest is that these negotiations to send Andrews to Canada had begun on November 19th — only three days after Tumblety had managed to make bail, and only two days after an 'American doctor' had been picked up on suspicion

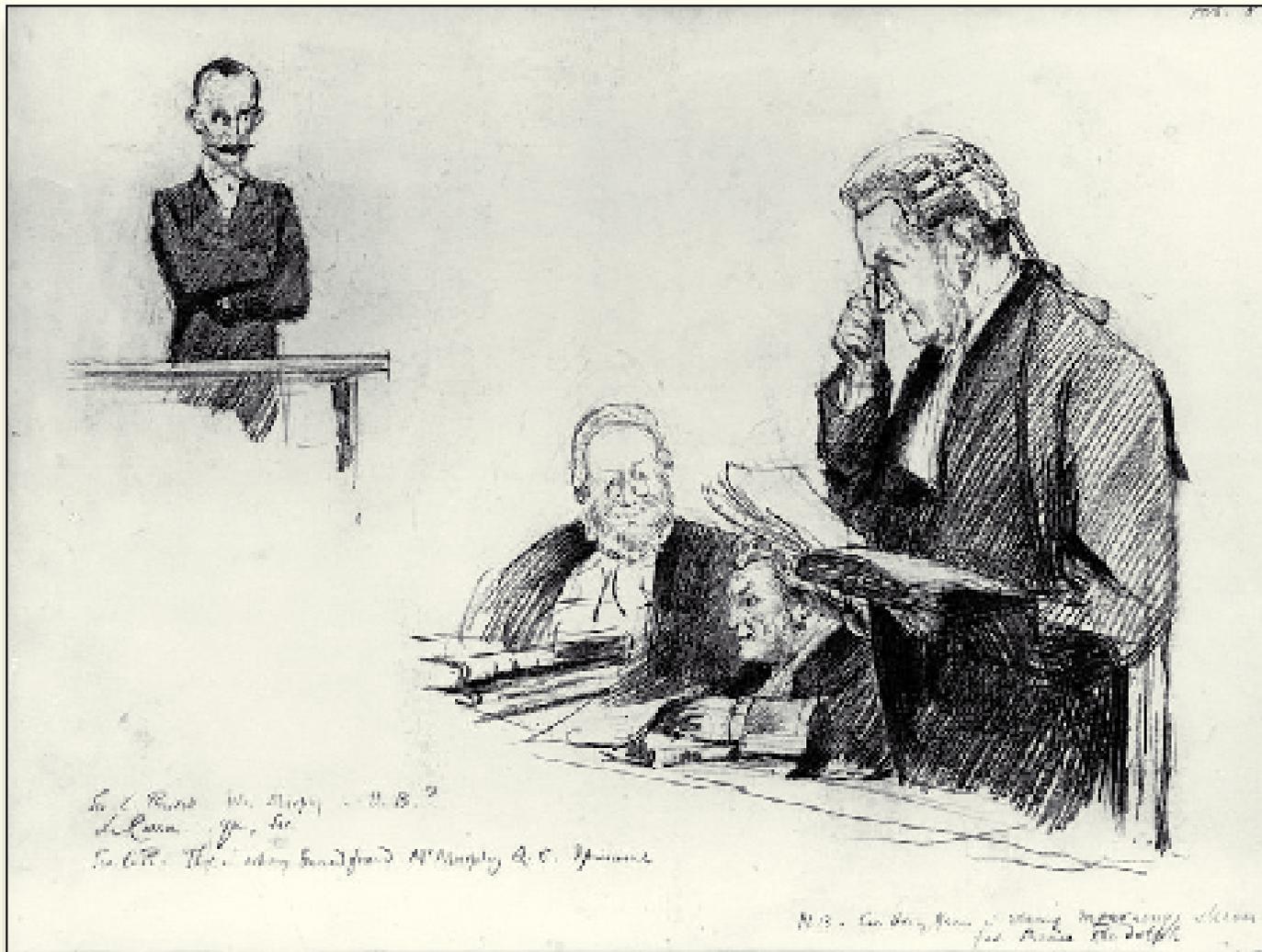
at Euston Station — an oddity that would be reported in the press the same day that Tumblety's gross indecency case leaked from a source inside London's Central Criminal Court.¹

The timing of Andrews' voyage was highly suggestive, particularly since he would later be named as one of three Scotland Yard detective-inspectors called in to assist in the Whitechapel Murder investigation. Yet, as we have also seen, modern critics have challenged any notion that Andrews' trip had anything to do with Tumblety, and it is fair to admit that their two strongest objections remain. Yes, Andrews was on his way to Canada, but, by 1888,

¹ In an article appearing in the current issue of *The Whitechapel Journal*, Joe Chetcuti contends that the Euston suspect was, in fact, Francis Tumblety.

the 'Canadian phase' of Tumblety's career was seemingly thirty years in the past and very far removed indeed from Whitechapel; further, contemporary sources offer an alternative explanation for Andrews' mission: he was actually crossing the ocean to hunt up witnesses for *The Times*' "Parnell" Commission in London.

Complicating matters was that strange and enigmatic figure that haunts the center of the Ripper case: Dr. Robert Anderson. It was Anderson who was ultimately responsible for the detection (or 'non-detection') of 'Jack the Ripper,' and it was Anderson who orchestrated Andrews' voyage to North America. It was Anderson, too, who had telegraphed the United States, asking for more information about Tumblety.



THOMAS MILLER BEACH

On the other hand, it was also Anderson who had written the 1887 'Behind the Scenes in America' articles that had contributed to the formation of the Parnell Commission that autumn, and it would be Anderson's agent in America, the spy Thomas Miller Beach, who would soon appear

as the Commission's chief witness.

It was a confusing state of affairs, and by March, 1889, the center could no longer hold. The Parnell Commission was becoming an extremely ugly affair, rife with rumor, innuendo, and bona fide scandal, and its ugliness now directly touched Walter Andrews.

Following a month of startling revelations, it was whispered that Andrews met with Thomas Miller Beach while in North America — in other words, that Scotland Yard had been in collusion with *The Times*. Andrews, it seems, had allowed himself to become a pawn in a political game.

This certainly put a different complexion on things, and doubts about the true nature of Andrews' mysterious mission to North America have only intensified in recent years. Indeed, there has been a rather dramatic turnaround. When Stewart Evans and Paul Gainey's *The Lodger* appeared in 1995, it was generally accepted that Andrews had gone to America to track Ripper suspect Francis Tumblety; now, some fifteen years later, theorists such as Wolf Vanderlinden and Timothy Riordan have argued — sometimes with seeming persuasion — that Andrews was actually hunting up Irish Nationalists for *The Times*.

What is the truth? Do these revisionist theories hold up to scrutiny?

Before answering this question, two things must be kept in mind. The Parnell Commission was an intensely partisan affair, divided almost perfectly along party lines. The Liberal

Party supported Parnell (they needed the Irish M.P.s to have any chance of winning an election), and from their point of view, the very existence of the Commission was a travesty of justice — a blatant attempt by the Salisbury government to destroy Irish Home Rule cause by unfairly linking Parnell to terrorism. The Conservatives, for their part, were disgusted at how Irish Nationalism had paralyzed British politics for a decade, and were eager to put the ‘Home Rule’ movement to bed. From their angle, the Liberals were hopelessly naive; their misguided support of the Irish M.P.s. had left them myopic to the ‘fact’ that both Parnell and the Land League had intimate links to agrarian violence in Ireland and the mad bombers coming over from America. In short, the Commission was a political bar-room brawl, and, as such, both sides were eager to accuse the other of dirty tricks.

The second important issue to bear in mind is that the Commission was the extension of what was originally a civil suit — O’Donnell v. Walter. Following *The Times*’ ‘Parnellism and Crime’ exposure in 1887, ex-Irish M.P. Frank Hugh O’Donnell, cried foul and sued Arthur Fraser Walter, the chief

proprietor at *The Times* for libel. Thus, the ensuing Parnell Commission was never a criminal investigation; it was an inquiry to determine whether *The Times* had libeled Parnell and his fellow M.P.s by suggesting their complicity in specific acts of terrorism. Scotland Yard had no business being involved in the Commission.

This is a key point, for it also means, of course, that it was entirely legitimate for *The Times* to defend itself against the charge of libel, and to bring witnesses before the Commission. This they did most vigorously (and some would say, ruthlessly) and it is known that Joseph Soames, one of *The Times*’ solicitors, hired private detectives to secure witnesses in Ireland, England, and, to a lesser extent, North America. It raised an outcry, but there was nothing illegal in it.

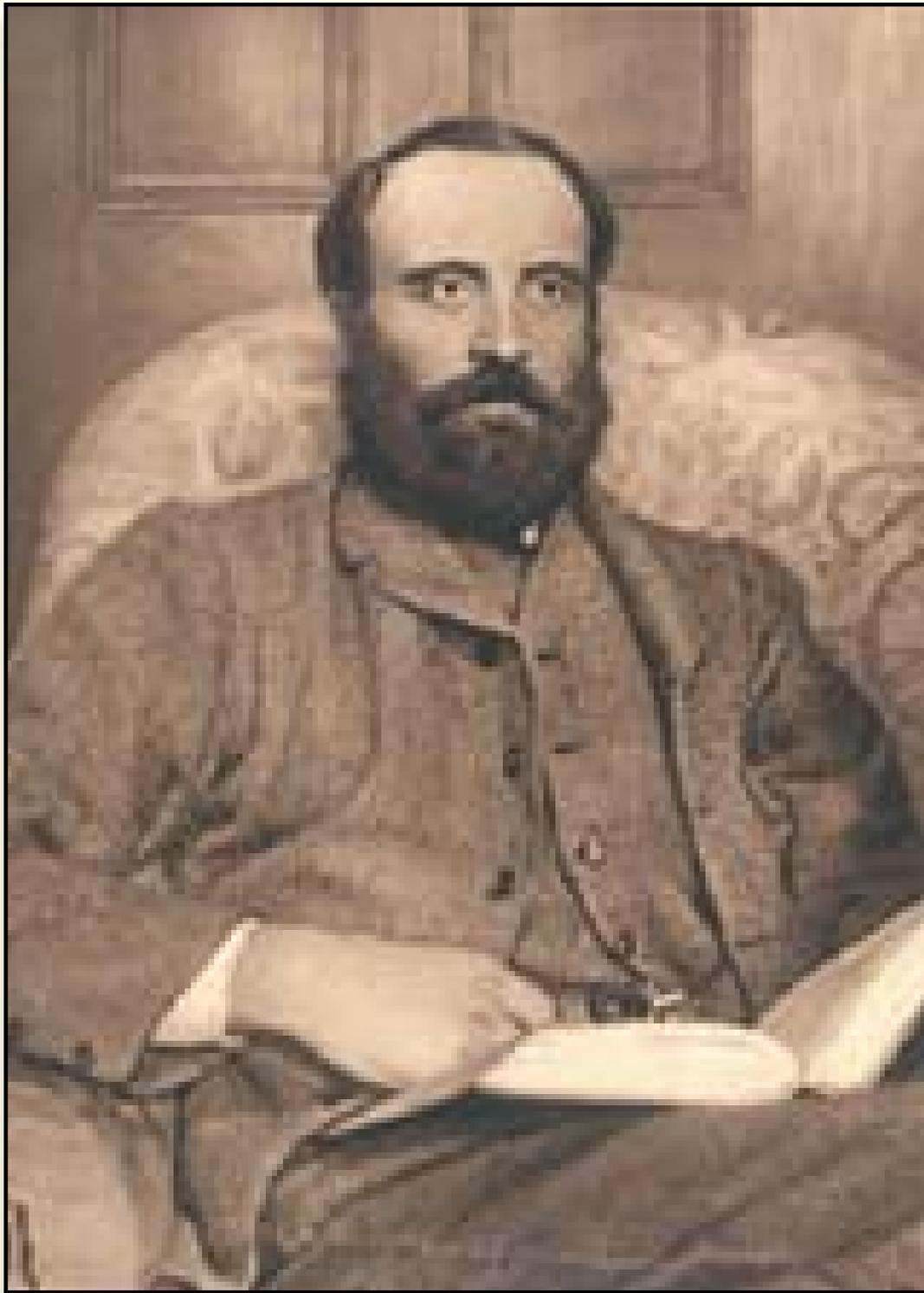
That said, we also need to appreciate that it would have been entirely *illegitimate* if the current administration (led by Lord Salisbury) aided Soames in this enterprise. Why? Parnell was a duly elected member of parliament. He was also a member of the opposition. In Britain, it is understood that the police are to investigate

crime — but stay firmly out of politics. If it could be shown that the Salisbury government had ‘lent’ Scotland Yard detectives to aid *The Times* in their campaign against Parnell, it would have run counter to everything in the civil service handbook, as well as the long held British tradition of not politicizing the police force. Further, if *The Times* and the Salisbury government were in collusion, it would have been a grotesque infringement of the understood separation between the government and the free press.

A volatile situation, indeed, and yet Wolf Vanderlinen, Timothy Riordan, and other critics have argued that this is indeed what was happening; Inspector Andrews had, in fact, gone to America not in pursuit of a legitimate criminal inquiry, but to drum up Fenians on behalf of *The Times*. But do these allegations hold water?

ANDERSON AND THE PARNELL COMMISSION

The question cannot be sensibly answered without taking a closer look at Dr. Robert Anderson, for he was certainly the man in the shadows. As previously noted, Anderson had a long



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

history of doing secret Fenian work on behalf of the British government — first at Dublin Castle, and then, following the Clerkenwell bombing of 1867, at the Home Office in London.

Anderson's chief value as an advisor on political crime was the handling of at least two agents in America. The first, 'General' Frank Millen, was a soldier-of-fortune and member of the Fenian Brotherhood (and later, the *Clan-na-Gael*) who had turned informer. In 1866, Millen had written an exposé of the Fenian movement for the benefit of the British government, demanding a price tag of £250. Robert Anderson was the guardian of this report.

Far more important to our purposes, however, was Anderson's other main informant, Thomas Miller Beach, often referred to by his French alias, 'Henri Le Caron.'

Beach was born in Colchester, Essex in 1841, but being adventurous by nature, had run off to fight for the Union Army during the American Civil War. By the late 1860s, he had cultivated the acquaintance of several members of the Fenian Brotherhood in North America, and during a subsequent visit to England was recruited as an agent for the British Government.

Once again, Robert Anderson was his handler.²

By the early 1880s, Beach had moved on to Illinois, but he remained in close contact with Anderson. He was now posing as a strong supporter of Alexander Sullivan, one of the more violent Irish Nationalists, being the head of the Triangle Branch of *Clanna-Gael*. In 1881 Beach reported back to Anderson the agenda of the so-called ‘Dynamite Convention,’ which pushed for ‘advanced methods’ in the pursuit of Irish independence — a code phrase meaning dynamite and other forms of terrorism.

Over the next three years, 1881-1883, Irish-American dynamiters greeted Britain with a string of frighteningly close calls. Salford Barracks near Manchester was bombed, and, on two separate occasions, parcels filled with explosives were found outside the Mansion House, home to London’s Lord Mayor. In early 1883, another bomb targeted the Local Government Board (also in London), and still another fizzled and misfired in Playfair Yard, behind *The Times*’ newspaper offices.

After these scares, whispers

² See J. A. Cole, *Prince of Spies: Henri Le Caron* (1984).

began to arise in official circles that Anderson’s informers in America had not provided intelligence specific enough to have thwarted any of these plots, which, in each case, had been discovered accidentally and after-the-fact. There is little doubt that Anderson’s rival, Edward Jenkinson, encouraged this criticism; Jenkinson was the U.K.’s unofficial ‘spy master general,’ and, in theory, should have been cooperating with Anderson. Espionage is a messy business, however, and Jenkinson and Anderson loathed one another, refusing to share information. There are indications, too, that Jenkinson — for good or ill — was an intelligence expert in the modern sense of the term; that is, he was involved in black operations of every conceivable variety, including the use of agent provocateurs. In other words, Jenkinson encouraged dynamite plots, which he then ‘thwarted.’ By contrast, Anderson appears to have been old-fashioned and perhaps even a little ineffectual, maintaining something of the moral high ground. This, in fact, may have been his downfall.

By the spring of 1883, Anderson’s star was quickly fading. The Home Office gave his prime agent in America, Thomas Miller Beach, what appears to

have been his last paycheck in April (to the tune of \$1,200 American), and over the following months Anderson was systematically shoved to the sidelines. He was no longer allowed daily briefings from Dolly Williamson at Scotland Yard, nor from officers at the Royal Irish Constabulary. It was also strongly suggested that if Anderson wanted to retain his job he needed to expand his network of informers. Yet, by that September, Jenkinson gloated to Home Secretary William Harcourt that Anderson hadn’t acquired a ‘single agent.’ Thereafter, Harcourt, who had great faith in Jenkinson, gave Anderson what the historian Bernard Porter later described as a ‘dressing down.’

The push was now on for Anderson to quit, but he complained, rather remarkably, that he needed the money. Harcourt complied with £2,000 in compensation. Nonetheless, by May 8th, 1884, Anderson was relieved of all ‘responsibilities and duties relative to Fenianism in London.’³

Jenkinson’s own fall from grace wasn’t far behind. Though now virtually in control of British intelligence, Jenkinson was distrusted by the new

³ Bernard Porter, *The Origins of the Vigilant State* (1987) pp. 47-48.

head of the C.I.D., James Monro, who had been brought back to London from India specifically because of his expertise in combating secret societies — what we would now call terrorist organizations. Monro distrusted Jenkinson's methods, believing (correctly) that he was using agent provocateurs — something that Monro, and his main officer, John Littlechild, are said to have shunned. In late 1886, Monro broke up a ring of Jenkinson's agents in London (some of whom were criminals) and Jenkinson was forced to resign.

Jenkinson's departure paved the way for Anderson's reemergence, and in May 1887, Monro landed Anderson a job as his personal assistant at the Met. Monro later revealed that Anderson's main worth was the information he was receiving from a man in America 'who corresponded directly with him, and whose name I did not know.' This, of course, was Thomas Miller Beach, a.k.a, Henri Le Caron.

It was at precisely this point that Anderson committed an act of indiscretion that is still despised, and just as often misstated.

In March 1887, *The Times* published the first installments of its 'Parnellism and Crime' series, arguing

that M.P. Charles Stuart Parnell's actions on behalf of the Land League in Ireland had led to an outbreak of violence, culminating in the murder of several Anglo-Irish landlords.

This accusation caused considerable outrage, but as Wolf Vanderlinden rightly points out, Parnell refused to take the bait. Inevitably, however, there were further developments.

But others, however, were moved to action. Dr. Robert Anderson, who was soon to be appointed the new Assistant Commissioner of the CID of the Metropolitan Police, was at the time toiling in relative obscurity doing secret Irish work at the Home Office. Anderson contacted the *Times* through an intermediary and offered to provide additional evidence against Parnell culled from his massive collection of secret files.⁴

Before we proceed to rake Anderson over the coals, let's hesitate for a moment.

Two of Vanderlinden's above points are not entirely accurate. Anderson was not employed at the Home Office when the articles appeared in May, 1887. As we have just seen, he had been 'relieved

⁴ Vanderlinden, 'On the Trail of Tumblety, Part Two,' *Ripper Notes* No. 24, p. 32.

of all duties in regards to Fenian work' in the spring of 1884. Anderson was now actually working for James Monro at the Met, and his appointment as Assistant Commissioner was still a year and a half away.

Further, it is somewhat misleading to state that Anderson's information was 'culled from his massive collection of secret files.' Secret they were, but 'Behind the Scenes in America'—Anderson's contribution to *The Times*' attack on Parnell — relied on one source, and one source only: the circulars and clippings that Anderson had been receiving from Thomas Miller Beach. Indeed, what led to Anderson's dismissal in the first place was the apparent fact that his files *weren't* massive and that he had, in fact, only one useful agent in America. Both these corrections might strike one as minutiae but they are, in fact, key in understanding Anderson's later justification for his actions.

In 1910, when Anderson's authorship of the Parnell articles became widely known, it caused a scandal. Civil servants were supposed to obtain the authorization of their superiors before releasing official documents, and, further, it appeared to be a clear case of

Anderson revealing covert information for a strictly political motive.

In defending himself, Anderson countered that he never needed Home Office consent, for, indeed, the Home Office didn't own the files.

'The figment that the Fenian pamphlets were Home Office papers was fully dealt with in 1889,' Anderson wrote. 'They were lent to me by my informant, who held them as a presiding officer of a Fenian lodge . . .'

In other words, the *Clan-na-Gael* circulars that Beach had forwarded to Anderson were never the property of the Home Office; by prior arrangement, the ownership of the letters and circulars had been retained by Beach. It is a technical and tedious point — and one that many in the government refused to accept, but in Anderson's mind, at least, he was justified in writing the articles in May, 1887, particularly since a dangerous conspiracy was just then hatching in America.

Anderson is a polarizing figure, but this final point is not easily dismissed. Within three and a half months of publishing 'Behind the Scenes,' two Irish-American members of the *Clan-na-Gael*, Thomas Callan and Michael Harkins, were arrested in London, having

smuggled a large cache of dynamite into a bed-sit in Islington. By Anderson's own account, this was the threat that he had been trying to prevent with his 'Behind the Scenes' articles — a conspiracy that 'had been hatched in the Chicago Convention of August, 1886,' and was intended to 'bring about a pyrotechnic display in honor of the Queen's Jubilee.' In other words, it was the infamous Jubilee Plot of 1887.

In studying Anderson's actions, it is difficult not to conclude that he *believed* that he was acting properly and morally in writing the articles; on the other hand, it is also difficult not to concede that he knew he was pushing the envelope by leaking intelligence reports that had been ultimately paid for by the government. Further, in presenting the impending threat in an all-out press attack on a duly elected member of parliament, Anderson certainly knew that he was engaging in party politics.

DID SCOTLAND YARD CONSPIRE WITH THE TIMES?

At this point, one might fairly ask what any of this has to do with Walter Andrews or his trip to North America in 1888. Only this: Andrews, a mere

Detective-Inspector at Scotland Yard, would obviously have been under the direction of his superiors in any given mission. If we are to accept the premise that Andrews went to America on behalf of *The Times*, a necessary link in the chain of evidence is to show that he had been authorized to do so by senior officers at Scotland Yard.

Directly, or indirectly, this is what Vanderlinden and Riordan are suggesting. As Wolf Vanderlinden puts it:

*Did the highest officials within Scotland Yard aid and abet the London Times' case against the Irish movement? After all, by November 1888, both the Commissioner and Assistant Commissioner [meaning Monro and Anderson] were not only close friends but also former Secret Irish Department members who had worked behind the scenes against the Irish movement for years.*⁵

Well, yes and no. While it is undoubtedly true that Anderson was a staunch Unionist, and it is even fair to refer to him as an enemy of Irish independence in any form, it is more than a little misleading to claim that Monro 'worked behind the scenes against the Irish movement for years.'

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 34.

The 'Irish Movement,' as Vanderlinden calls it, was hardly a unified entity in the 19th Century; rather, it was an extremely convoluted muddle that included both legal and illegal factions.

The most important of these were the entirely legitimate constitutional efforts led by Parnell, William O' Brien, and other Irish M.P.s., to gain an Irish parliament in Dublin. Their immediate aim was not absolute separation from Britain, but merely a return to the

in many respects, quite incongruous with Parnell's Home Rule movement, and the two men eventually parted company. Although in time the Land League would be outlawed (it was accused of inciting agrarian outrages) it, too, was seen by many as entirely legitimate.

By contrast, there were myriad lesser nationalist factions that advocated violence. The 'Fenians' — the I.R.B. in Ireland and the Fenian Brotherhood in America — looked

Donovan Rossa's 'Skirmishers' in New York City. Their goal was to win concessions for Ireland through direct intimidation and terror, and they were the ones responsible for the bombings in Britain.

The point of all of this is that in stating that James Monro, as head of Scotland Yard's C.I.D., was 'against the Irish Movement' this is true only in that he investigated specific acts of terrorism. Obviously, when Irish-American dynamiters blew up a room

DIRECT INTIMIDATION AND TERROR

'Home Rule' that Ireland had already enjoyed in the 18th Century — that is, before the Act of Union.

Of nearly equal importance was the Land League. Its spiritual and political leader, Michael Davitt, was more radical and proletarian than any of the Irish M.P.s, for he sought to destroy the feudal system in Ireland through rent strikes and the boycotting of Anglo-Irish landlords. Although Parnell, in time, would be induced to become president of the Land League, Davitt's ultimate goal was,

backwards to the French and American revolutions for inspiration, believing that the only solution to Ireland's woes was a military and manly one: an armed rebellion. There was also the so-called Dynamite Party in America, often wrongly referred to as Fenians, when, in fact, their methods were generally despised by the I.R.B. This was the most radical faction of all (or rather two factions, as the group was deeply divided), comprised of Alexander Sullivan's Triangle branch of the *Clan na Gael*, and Jeremiah O'

in the Tower of London in 1885 it was James Monro's job to chase down those responsible — in other words, to engage in a legitimate criminal investigation. But to state that this meant that Monro was 'against the Irish movement' implies that he would have been equally willing to allow the illegal use of Scotland Yard detectives to conspire against the entirely legal Home Rule movement through collusion with *The Times*. There is little evidence that this was Monro's attitude, and, indeed, we have his views



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on the matter.

When *Blackwood's Magazine* serialized Robert Anderson's memoirs in 1910, the Parnell affair was, for many, an increasingly distant memory. The Republic of Ireland was still a dozen years in the future, however, and Irish Members in the House of Commons were agape at one of Anderson's strange admissions:

To the present hour I do not know whether the Home Secretary was then aware of my authorship of the Times articles of 1887 on "Parnellism and Crime," for in relation to this matter I acted with strict propriety in dealing with Mr. Monro and not with the Secretary of State.

It is now difficult to appreciate what a great bombshell this was, particularly among the Irish M.P.s. Their jaws must have surely dropped, for many had long suspected that Lord Salisbury's government had aided *The Times* in its destruction of Charles Stuart Parnell. Here, at last, appeared to be confirmation. A well-known figure at Scotland Yard was admitting that he had penned some of the original articles; further, since Anderson had been head of the C.I.D. (although only *after* 1887) it was an easy leap to wonder if

he went on to use Scotland Yard men to further *The Times*' agenda during the Special Commission of 1888-89.

Quizzed by a reporter on the precise genesis of the articles, and whether he had obtained official sanction before publishing them, Anderson elaborated.

'I acted quite correctly in going to Mr. Monro . . . I told him of my intention, and said, "Will this embarrass you?" He said: "I think it very important."⁶

Is this evidence that Monro and Anderson conspired together? Did Monro play party politics?

Maybe, maybe not.

Now in retirement in Scotland, Monro was alerted to this interview by his old friend in London, Melville Macnaghten, whose attitude towards Anderson seems to have cooled considerably during the intervening years. Flabbergasted, and evidently in a state of white heat, Monro sat down and penned a letter to *The Times*.

The alleged statement of Anderson to an interviewer that it was arranged between him and me that he should write the [Parnellism and Crime] letters and that they should be offered to

⁶ *Morning Post* (London), April 8, 1910.

The Times as the best medium for their publication is absolutely incorrect . . . As a matter of fact, no such authority was asked by Mr. Anderson, and none was given to him by me . . . A long time afterwards, Mr. Anderson informed me that he had written one or more of the articles, and I felt much annoyed . . .

My principle throughout has ever been in police matters, politics have no place — and this principle I followed during the whole time I was at Scotland Yard, under four different Secretaries of State . . . whether the Government was Liberal or Conservative. . .⁷

If Monro's denial can be believed, then so much for Vanderlinden's suggestion that Monro had conspired with Anderson in 1888. For if Monro was much 'annoyed' on learning that Anderson had written for *The Times*, one can only imagine his utter contempt at any suggestion that Scotland Yard detectives be loaned out to further that agenda. Indeed, as we shall see in a moment, Monro would, on a much earlier occasion, directly and unequivocally deny that Scotland Yard ever did this — and his denial stands up to scrutiny.

Meanwhile, there is a deeper

⁷ *The Times*, April 9, 1910.

problem. Although, as we shall see, Monro remains an important figure in all of this, despite Vanderlinden's suggestion, the Scotsman was *not* Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police in November 1888; that is, at the time of Andrews' voyage to North America.

While it is widely known that Sir Charles Warren resigned as Metropolitan Police Commissioner on November 8th of that year (this was not immediately publicized, however, and Warren's departure thus became popularly linked to the unsolved murder of Mary Kelly), what is lesser known is that Warren remained in his post until November 30th. In other words, Monro didn't assume the commissionership until December 1st. Thus, it was Warren, not Monro, who authorized Inspector Andrews' trip to North America, and it was Warren, in fact, who alerted the Toronto authorities that Roland Barnett would be escorted to Canada by a member of Scotland Yard.⁸ Further, Warren was still at the helm when Andrews physically boarded

⁸ *The Mail* (Toronto), November 29, 1888. For details of Warren's resignation, see Evans and Rumbelow, *Jack the Ripper: Scotland Yard Investigates* (2006) pp. 194-196.

the *S.S. Sarnia* on November 29th.

This is a damning point against Vanderlinden's suggestion, for Warren, the military man, had a strong aversion to 'secret work' and would have vigorously resisted any attempt by his subordinates to engage Scotland Yard in any politically motivated chicanery. The record is quite clear on this. Throughout the first half of 1888, Warren fought bitterly with Monro, believing he was spending too much time and manpower on anti-Fenian work. Warren even tried to reduce the number of men assigned to guard public buildings, believing the Fenian threat had withered away. Indeed, Warren even wrote to the Home Office in April, 1888, complaining that Monro should 'devote his time and energy to legitimate work,' (which, for Warren meant maintaining law and order) rather than 'be burdened with the care and anxieties of duties which previously occupied the whole of the attention of an officer of undoubted experience and ability' — an obvious reference to the now departed spy master Edward Jenkinson.⁹

The clear implication is that Warren believed the Met was no place

⁹ Porter, *op. cit.*, p. 87

for espionage, and indeed, in May, 1888, Warren went so far as to suggest that the Irish Branch be removed from the umbrella of Scotland Yard, as it was 'really not part of the Police Force.'¹⁰ Given such attitudes, it is clearly ridiculous to suggest that Warren, who had already announced his resignation in November, 1888, would risk a political scandal, not to mention his own reputation, by authorizing a nefarious mission to ruin the Parnellites.

But what of Robert Anderson? Could he have conspired with *The Times* without Monro or Warren's knowledge?

Possibly, but there is little to credit it.

It will be remembered from the second part of this series that Anderson's maneuvers to send Andrews to Canada were made through the proper channels (i.e. a request to Godfrey Lushington at the Home Office). This was then forwarded to an unknown bureaucrat at the Colonial Office. This is a telling detail, for under the British system, each ministry consists of both political appointees and permanent under staff (those who retain their positions

¹⁰ Warren to Ruggles Brise, May 16, 1888 (MEPO 1/48) cited in Porter, p. 216.

regardless of changes in administration) and thus would not necessarily be opponents to Home Rule. If Anderson was involved in a political intrigue, following this official procedure by writing Lushington would have been reckless in the extreme. Further, it will be recalled that Godfrey Lushington was highly skeptical of Anderson's abilities; he had even protested his appointment to the C.I.D. It is hardly credible that Anderson — up to no good — would now include Lushington in a dangerous game that could have been so easily exposed.

On the whole, the allegation that Scotland Yard's senior officers were in collusion with *The Times* does not appear credible, but before dismissing this outright, let us first examine the *specific* allegations leveled against Inspector Walter Andrews.

ANDREWS' SECRET MISSION ... REVEALED?

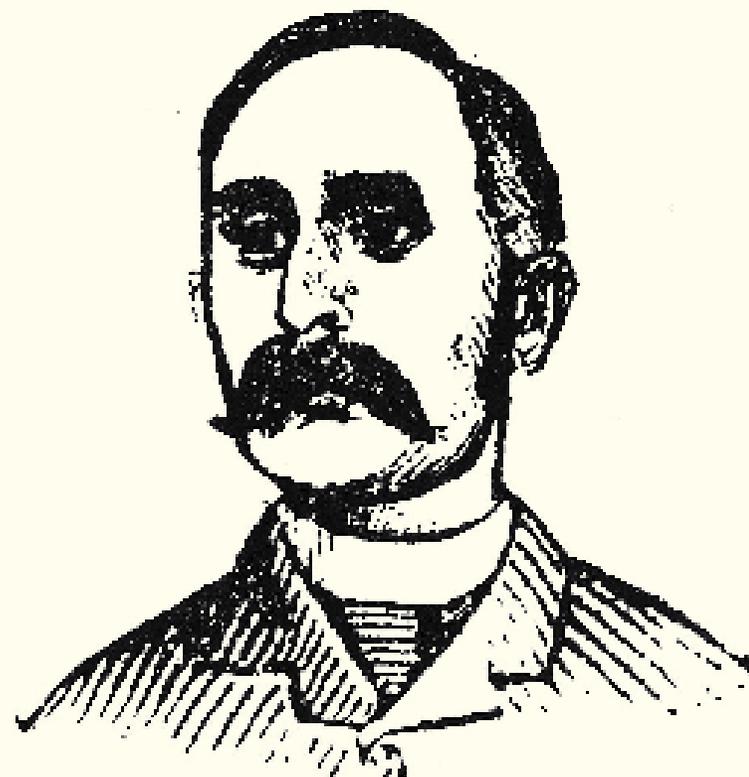
The most startling fact about Inspector Walter Andrews' trip to North America in December 1888 is that we know so little about it. Not a single known document filed at the C.I.D. or forwarded to the Home Office reveals what Andrews was actually investigating, and all

that can be said with utter certainty is that he brought the absconding swindler, Roland Gideon Barnett, to the docks at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he was relinquished to the custody of Inspector William Stark of the Toronto Police Department. What remains unknown is why Andrews accompanied Stark back to Toronto, lingered in and around southern Ontario for roughly a week, visited Montreal, and then boarded a ship to England — all the while investigating *something* that has never been revealed in any official document.

To his credit, Wolf Vanderlinden has done some original research in the Toronto police archives, and has, to some extent, fleshed out further details of Andrews' movements in Canada. Unfortunately, this information largely consists of police expense accounts, showing, for instance, that Andrews, Stark, and Barnett, on leaving Halifax, took an express train to Toronto. Or that, once in Toronto, Andrews stayed at the Rossin House Hotel. What isn't revealed is why Andrews stayed in Toronto for a full eight days inclusive, and thus we are still left entirely in the dark as to why he was in the city. Vanderlinden's most

WILLIAM STARK.

Though his hair is streaked with grey, Inspector Stark is yet young in years. He joined the police force in 1875, but had previously served five years as a policeman. After a tour in the United States Inspector



Stark took charge of the detective staff.

valuable discovery, meanwhile, is a letter from Toronto Police Chief Henry Grasset to Robert Anderson at the C.I.D., thanking Anderson for all his help in extraditing Barnett, and stating that “Inspector Andrews left on the 18th inst [December 18th] en route for London.” Thus we know that Andrews arrived in Toronto on December 11th, 1888, and left on the 18th. Beyond that, it is not even certain whether Grasset himself knew the true nature of Andrews’ mission.

Strangely neglected by previous historians, the most valuable description of Andrews’ time in Toronto actually appeared in three editions of the *Toronto Mail*, dating to mid-December, 1888. These articles, in time, would lead to one hell of a ruckus.

The Mail’s first piece on Andrews, appearing on December 12th, was relatively tame, stating that he was ‘suffering from a slight cold,’ and describing him as “a typical Londoner.”

Inspector Andrews is a man about five feet ten or eleven inches in height, broad shouldered, and heavy built. Just the kind of individual that would prove an ugly customer in a scrimmage. His general appearance is that of a Londoner, and it certainly should be, as he has

lived there for over thirty years. Anyone seeing him on the street with his soft “Cockney” hat, Macintosh of approved Inverness cut, and his “Wales” beard, or hearing his accent, would at once feel certain as to his cockney identity. His hair was dark brown, but is now richly sprinkled with gray. Twenty years’ experience on the Metropolitan Police force is enough to turn the color of any man’s beard. When speaking to a person his eyes have that far away look peculiar to so many human sleuth hounds, as if they were continually watching someone else. And they generally are.

The tone of the article is good-natured, and goes on to give Andrews’ personal account of the arrest of Roland Barnett in London. One is left with the impression that *The Mail’s* reporter had no idea that Andrews was intending to stay in Toronto, nor hoped to accomplish anything beyond ‘escorting’ Barnett back to Canada.

By December 19th, however, Andrews had lingered in and around Toronto for another week, and *The Mail* now exuded a far more conspiratorial tone. Under the title ‘What They Are After,’ and subtitled, ‘The Scotland Yard Detective Works *The Times* Case,’ this would be the earliest allegation

that Andrews was actually in Canada to drum up witnesses for the Parnell Commission.

Inspector Andrews, of Scotland Yard, left last night for Europe. He leaves this city with an impression that will probably live in his memory for several years. When he gets over to London, England, and tells his co-labourers that a magistrate sitting on the bench daily in this city can sentence prisoners to penal servitude for life they will probably open their eyes . . .

While the Inspector was here he was not idle. When he first arrived there was a whisper to the effect that he was doing some work “on the side” in the Parnell Times case, which he took pains to suppress. But after all it turns out that he was doing some work of this character all the same. When confronted with the truth of his acts yesterday by a reporter of THE MAIL he did not deny it, and said that it would be unprofessional for him to allow it to become known. “Now,” he said, “as I am leaving, I do not mind telling you that since I have been in Toronto I have obtained some important clues in the Parnell case—things I never dreamed of before. But I can say no more, so don’t press me.” It is well known that the Inspector

paid several mysterious visits to parties in the city whom he called his friends, but even to the Toronto detectives he would not divulge these friends' names. Several evenings were spent in this kind of work, and it is to be presumed that Scotland Yard has an agent in this city. But Inspector Andrews is not the only officer of Scotland Yard in America at present on a similar mission. Inspector Fred Jarvis, a bosom friend of his, and also Chief Inspector Shore, of the same department, are in the United States hunting evidence. It is said for over 3 years three of Pinkerton's most expert men have been at work on the Irish National Societies. One of these men is the celebrated McPharland, who broke up the Molly Maguires, and when Mr. Chamberlain was in Toronto last year two of Pinkerton's men were his constant bodyguard. The question now is, who are they after? Time alone will tell.

The most telling detail of the article, perhaps, was the admission that Andrews had been entirely reticent during his stay in Toronto — not even discussing the nature of his investigations with the Toronto Police — but then inexplicably revealed his mission on leaving town. It was strange timing to say the least and a motif that dogged

Andrews all the way back to London, repeated in two other Canadian cities that he would visit along the way.

The following day, December 20th, *The Mail* published its longest article on Andrews (too long to reprint in its entirety) 'explaining' Andrews' trip to Toronto. In a fit of alliteration, *The Mail* titled the piece 'Inspector Andrews' Mysterious Mission Made Manifest.'

The revelations in THE MAIL of yesterday relative to the secret mission of Inspector Andrews of Scotland Yard, created a profound sensation . . .

The English detective was not on the hunt for Fenians and Invincibles, and was not engaged in ferreting out political refugees. On the contrary, the Inspector was searching for Leaguers willing and able to give evidence before the Parnell Commission that would tend to make the National League responsible for murder and other outrage in Ireland, and his statement to this effect did not insinuate anything more . . .

Here the article goes on to repeat the claim that an agent in the pay of Scotland Yard (still unnamed) was living in Toronto. It then proceeds:

The facts in the present case are as

follows: . . .

On his way to Toronto Inspector Andrews told Inspector Stark that he had some friends in the city he intended calling upon. After he had been here a day or so a lady called on him and they took a cab and drove away up north in the city. He returned four or five hours afterwards. He made several such calls. To those who were apparently inquisitive he explained that the lady was a distant relative of his. Then, again, there was his trip to Niagara. When he returned from there he carried a large bundle of papers and books. He said these were photographs. What he could want with an armful of photographs was more than his friends could understand. From these circumstances, and from what he said himself, only one inference could be drawn, and that was that he had some object in coming to Canada other than the escorting of Barnett. He acknowledged to a reporter of THE MAIL that there were at present two Scotland Yard inspectors in the United States and their names were Fred Jarvis and Chief Inspector Shore. Did he consult with either one of these gentlemen while here? It looks much as if he did. McPharland, one of the ablest of Pinkerton's staff, has been at work

on the Irish-American secret societies for three years, at a salary, it is said, of \$15 per day. He is at present working up a case among perturbed members of the Clan-na-Gael in Chicago. Several others are at work in Kansas City, where Irish societies are active, and it is there that Inspectors Shore and Jarvis have gone. It is said that the Times' lawyers are awaiting the researches of the detectives, and what would be more likely than that Inspector Andrews would be the bearer of papers and other important information?

For good or ill, this is possibly the most detailed account of Andrews' movements in and around Toronto that will ever surface. Not surprisingly, the suggestion that Andrews had come to Canada to drum up witnesses on behalf of *The Times* did not sit well

with Toronto's Irish community.

Several gentlemen prominent in National League circles of this city were interviewed yesterday. Mr. Patrick Boyle, editor of the Irish Canadian, warmly expressed indignation against Inspector Andrews and the mission he had undertaken. He believed that the Inspector knew his expedition would be fruitless, and that he had entered upon it merely to obtain cheap notoriety. If he wanted false witnesses, he would have to seek them elsewhere than in Toronto, for there was no treason among the Irishmen of this city. The Scotland Yard man came, and saw, but he did not conquer. He had gone away as empty-handed as he came.¹¹

It is worth pointing out that, according to *The National Biography*

11 *The Mail* (Toronto), December 20, 1888

of Canada, Boyle was one of the fiercest pro-Fenian voices in the land.

Also interviewed was R. B. Teefty, a treasurer for the Toronto branch of the Irish National League.

"Since the Inspector saw no reason to prevent him from revealing his mission, I don't know why Irish Nationalists should deny it," [Teefty said].

"Would you be surprised to learn that before Andrews left Scotland Yard it was known in Montreal that Barnett was to be used as a blind, concealing his real object in coming to Canada? From Montreal the information was communicated to Toronto. Andrews may be a clever detective, but perhaps he didn't know that men in his own profession were shadowing him."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that others beside Inspector

**...POSSIBLY THE MOST
DETAILED ACCOUNT OF
ANDREWS' MOVEMENTS
IN AND AROUND TORONTO
THAT WILL EVER SURFACE.**

Stark were awaiting Mr. Andrews' arrival at Halifax, and that his movements in that city were watched. Similar close attention had been arranged for him at Montreal, where, it was expected he would make his chief endeavor to fill the duties entrusted him. He didn't bother Montreal, however, and it soon appeared that it was in Toronto he intended to do his hardest work. Is it necessary for me to tell you that he was under surveillance here, also?"

"But why should the League go to so much trouble about him? Surely he could not accomplish in Canada anything against Parnell?"¹²

"He might or he might not be able. It was known what he would try to do, and you know from recent developments in the Parnell Commission that the Times is not scrupulous about the character of its witnesses, and that it is not unwilling to buy evidence that will help its case. Canada apparently offered a fine field for this procurement of wretches who would perjure themselves for a reasonable reward, because, as it was doubtless presumed, they would have no reason to dread the revenge of neighbors upon returning

home. Accordingly it was here considered desirable to know what success Mr. Andrews was meeting in his search for people without a conscience."

"Do you know if he had any success, or was his visit fruitless?"

"Well," answered Mr. Teefy, smiling. "I don't know much about that, but I am in a position to say that if he was not successful it was his own fault. He was offered as many witnesses as he wished to take back with him, for a moderate sum per head and expenses paid. He did not accept the offer, and if he had, probably some of the money would have gone to swell the Parnell defense fund. Already the Times has paid part of Parnell's expenses, and in a similar way."

What is to be made of this host of strange of allegations? Did Andrews meet with Jarvis (or Shore) in Niagara? Was he really approached by Irishmen in Toronto 'willing' to give evidence before the Commission, only to rebuff them?

At the very least, it seems suspicious that Boyle and Teefy offer no specific information. They supply no names, dates, or details about who allegedly approached Andrews, nor who Andrews contacted while in

Toronto. On the whole, they appear to be posturing for the sake of their fellow nationalists, or, as we might say nowadays, were 'speaking to their political base.' But let us, for the moment, withhold judgment.

What cannot be denied is that *The Mail's* astounding revelation had legs. Over the next two days, several newspapers in the United States would repeat — and sometimes expand — on this initial coverage, and it would be these secondary articles that would find their way into Ripper literature, repeated by theorists who now argue that Andrews' mission to North America was indeed 'manifest.'

In his recent biography of Francis Tumblety, Timothy Riordan writes:

Earlier studies suggested that Andrews came to America in pursuit of Tumblety. He supposedly made several statements about the Whitechapel investigation while in Canada. However, his true purpose was soon evident. The British government was trying to collect as much incriminating evidence as it could against the Irish leader Charles Parnell and his National League. Andrews revealed that there was a network of detectives, including the Pinkertons, in America keeping an

12 An astute point. See below

eye on the Irish-American wing of this group. Andrews went to Niagara Falls to meet with the head of this network.¹³

Riordan does not give a source for this extraordinary claim, but it is clear that he is working from a single newspaper report: *The New York Herald* of December 23rd. Let's look at this.

Two or three days after leaving Toronto, and despite Teefy's earlier suggestion that he would avoid the city, Inspector Andrews moved on to Montreal. Once again, on the 'eve of his departure' (more strange timing!) Andrews loosened his lips. Yes, Andrews admitted, he was indeed working *The Times'* case — this time in Montreal. His ultimate goal was to set up a 'network' of agents to thwart the Irish National League.

Montreal, Que. Dec. 22. Prominent Irish nationalists of this city are much excited over an avowal of Inspector Andrews, of Scotland Yard, who brought Roland Gideon Israel Barnete, [sic] the wrecker of the Central Bank of Toronto, that he has also occupied his time, both here and in Toronto, in working up evidence for the London Times with the object of associating

¹³ Timothy B. Riordan, *Prince of Quacks* (2009) pp. 183-184.

the Parnellite party with outrages and murders in Ireland. Ever since his arrival in the country and his subsequent lengthy stay in Toronto rumors have been current to the effect that he was one of many men in the employ of the British government, arrayed against the representatives of the Irish people in the search for the least evidence that will seemingly injure the Parnellites, but until now Andrews has flatly denied it.

This morning, however, on the eve of his departure for home the emissary of Scotland Yard admitted that he could not deny the charge, and practically acknowledged that that was his mission. He had, however, to admit that he had not been very successful, many of the men whom he had interviewed declined to become informers on their trusted leaders. Some evidence of an unimportant character may have been gathered, but it is the general belief here that it will not affect the proceedings before the Parnellite Commission to any material extent. Mr. Andrews distinctly said he had not been looking after Fenians and Invincibles, confining his attention to members of the National League, especially recent arrivals from Ireland, though he had

communications with the English police agents in the United States and from this latter source he hoped much . . .

Though he could not divulge the secrets of his profession, he could say that there was an organized detective system in behalf of the British Government both in Canada and the United States . . . The Chiefs of this detective service were Fred Jarvis and Chief Inspector Shore, and he (Andrews) had had a conference with them at Niagara which he hopes would be fruitful. Other members of this British service were employed by the Pinkertons, while still others occupied high positions in mercantile life . . .

Although the above has been used by Riordan and others as evidence of Andrews' 'real' mission in Canada, it smells more than a little fishy. The wording is particularly suspicious; 'it was rumored' that Andrew was doing this, 'he could not divulge' his secrets, but 'he practically acknowledged' this was his goal. Further, the whole piece appears to be the same story earlier supplied by *The Mail* in Toronto — only now transferred to Montreal. Significantly, the piece is subtitled, 'The Alleged Indiscretions of an English Detective.'

Yet, beyond this, the source of this report is more than a little interesting. The *New York Herald*, in particular, would have been all too eager to paint Scotland Yard as duplicitous in a plot to smear Parnell. Why? In 1888 The *New York Herald's* night editor was none other than 'General' Frank Millen, Fenian skirmisher *extraordinaire*, member of the *Clan na Gael*, sometimes profiteer in the pay of Robert Anderson (and later Edward Jenkinson) — the same Millen whom Assistant Met Police Commissioner James Monro would later name as the mastermind behind the Jubilee dynamite plot of 1887. In a strange but perhaps significant twist, it is also known that Millen himself was in negotiation with Joseph Soames of *The Times* to give evidence before the Commission.

As pointed out by journalist Christy Campbell, *The New York Herald's* owner, James Gordon Bennett, 'delighted' in hiring such rabble rousing characters, filling *The Herald's* office with more Irish rebels than a *Clan-na-Gael* picnic.

The newspaper's foreign editor had served ten years in Dartmoor for shooting a policeman. The drama critic set out to capture the Rock of Gibraltar;



EDWARD JENKINSON

*the night editor drew up the operational plan. The paper's weather forecaster, Jerome Collins, before perishing in 1882, on a disastrous expedition to arctic Siberia, had plotted to kidnap Queen Victoria's son.*¹⁴

Riordan's acceptance of this story has further problems, for the allegation that Andrews, Jarvis and Shore were conspiring with the Pinkerton Agency to set up a network of spies in America would soon be exploded by someone in a position to know: Robert Pinkerton himself.

Three weeks later, the *Herald* couldn't resist the temptation of publishing a companion piece with even more amazing revelations. On January 16th, a front page article reported that Inspector Andrews, Jarvis, and Superintendent Shore had gone so far as to conspire with two Irish Nationalists in America to blow up a passenger ship in New York Harbor! Their motive for this outrage? 'To force the adoption of the British-American extradition treaty, and strengthen the case of the *London Times* against the Parnellites.'

If this wasn't evil enough, Shore and Jarvis then went on to Kansas

¹⁴ Christy Campbell, *Fenian Fire* (2000) p. 14.

City (a repeat of the allegation already made by *The Mail*) in order to drum up even more witnesses. Nor was this all. The *Herald* further reported that Mr. Bangs, a manager at the Pinkerton Detective Agency, indiscreetly admitted to all of this — no doubt on 'the eve of his departure.'

The story was so audacious as to not require rebuttal, but Robert Pinkerton nevertheless picked up his pen.

To the Associated Press, New York City.— Gentlemen: My attention has been called to an article in a New York paper in which it is stated that Inspector Fred Jarvis and Chief Inspector Shore, superintendent of the criminal investigating department of the Great Scotland yard, London, were in America in the interests of the London Times to ferret out information concerning the movements of Irish-American conspirators; that Messrs. Shore and Jarvis met representatives of the Pinkertons at Kansas City; that three of the Pinkerton men have been at work for years in the Irish national secret societies, and that Manager Bangs of this city admitted it to an Irish nationalist who caught him in a trap.

I wish to positively contradict the statements above referred to. If an Irish

nationalist or any one else has stated that Mr. Bangs made such an admission he has stated what is not true. The Pinkerton's National Detective agency has never obtained a particle of evidence against Mr. Parnell, and has never been requested by the London Times or the British government to hunt up evidence. I know of my own knowledge that Superintendent Shore has not been in this country for a number of years. Inspector Fred Jarvis is here in connection with a criminal matter which has no relation whatever to Irish affairs, and neither he nor Mr. Shore have met with any of our representatives in Kansas City. The recent visit of my brother William and myself to Kansas City and Denver was our yearly business trip to our offices in those cities. Inspector Andrews is unknown to us.

Yours respectfully,

ROBERT A. PINKERTON,
*General Superintendent Eastern Division.*¹⁵

There are several reasons for accepting Pinkerton's seemingly sincere denial. It is entirely reasonable that Pinkerton would have been under the impression that Superintendent

¹⁵ Robert Pinkerton, letter to the Associated Press, *Chicago Daily News*, January 19, 1889.

John Shore had not been in the United States for ‘years,’ for Shore had been sending the Pinkertons letters from London for the better part of a decade. Both Shore and the Pinkertons were obsessed with nabbing the famous British thief and international racketeer Adam Worth (most famous, perhaps, for stealing a Gainsborough painting) and Shore had written to William Pinkerton from London as recently as August 4, 1888.¹⁶ Further, it is known that Inspector Jarvis *was* in America that autumn — attempting to trace the swindler and fugitive Thomas Barton — and Pinkerton knew this because his agency was working on Jarvis’ behalf. Nor is there any reason to believe that Pinkerton would have known Walter Andrews, for, as we have seen, though Andrews worked many criminal cases in London, there is not the least indication that any of these cases ever brought him across the pond.

The *Herald’s* bizarre article also received a strong dismissal from C.H. Epplesheimer, the Pinkerton’s superintendent in Kansas City, who said, among other things, “the Messrs.

¹⁶ Pinkerton Archives, Document #744, cited in Ben Macintyre, *The Napoleon of Crime* (1997) p. 316.

Pinkerton visited this city a couple of months ago on their annual tour of inspection and were not securing evidence of any kind. There was no secrecy about their visit. They registered at the Midland hotel and called on many of their acquaintances. There were no English detectives with them.¹⁷

The story was clearly bogus, and beyond this, no historian of 19th Century British Intelligence — Bernard Porter, K.M. Short, or others — have ever dropped the slightest hint that Scotland Yard detectives ever attempted to set up a ‘network’ of spies in America. It was not how Scotland Yard operated, and official government files make it clear that the Home Office relied on British consuls in America to gather local intelligence. Probably the most important man in this capacity was William Hoare in New York, who retained the position until 1890. Rather significantly, it is well documented that in 1888-89 Hoare refused to play partisan politics by supplying Soames with information beneficial to *The Times’* case in London.¹⁸

Meanwhile, what purported to be the most detailed account of Andrews’

¹⁷ Vanderlinen, *op. cit.*, p. 38.

¹⁸ Campbell, *op. cit.*, p. 340, 347.

secret mission to North America — complete with names and dates — was published by *The New York World* and *The Boston Globe* on December 22nd and 23rd, under the title “Polluted Hands.” In an obvious repeat of the earlier allegations, Andrews was again said to be working the Parnell case in conjunction with Shore, Jarvis, and Pinkerton agents, but it was now revealed that members of the “National League of Canada” were already well aware of the scheme.

Two weeks before Barnett started for this country R.B. Teefy, president of the Toronto branch of the league, received a communication from the other side of the Atlantic apprising him of the fact that Inspector Andrews who had done considerable and successful dirty work against the league in Ireland and England, would be given the task of bringing Barnett to this country.

For an allegedly true story, this was a weak start. There is, in fact, no evidence that Andrews spent 1888 doing ‘dirty work’ against the National League. His known movements that year show him in and around London, investigating several mundane criminal cases: a large jewelry heist near Maidenhead (January); two

ALAS, THESE DETAILS — SEEMINGLY SPECIFIC — ARE UNDENIABLY BOGUS.

bogus lottery cases occupying most of February and early March (one alongside Inspector Root of the City Police); the investigation of a man accused of fraud under the Bankruptcy Act (May); and the arrest and subsequent hearing of Roland Barnett in August and September.¹⁹ If Andrews ever traveled to Ireland, no evidence for it has come to light.

The Canadian leaguers, however, were having none of it.

The communication further stated that Andrews' accompanying Barnett hither was only a blind, and that it would not be injudicious if a watch were set upon the detective after he got to this country.

The hint was no longer received than acted on. Inspector Stark of Toronto met Andrews and Barnett at Halifax upon the Sarnia's arrival there. Two other men also saw them. Stark immediately took charge of Barnett. Then Andrews' duty ended so

¹⁹ See *The Times'* police columns for January 24, February 23 and 25, May 9, and September 14, 1888.

far as Barnett was concerned, and it was thought that he would return on the next steamer. Instead of doing so, he surreptitiously took an intercolonial train two nights after his arrival and left for Montreal. His Irish watchers were on the train also. His baggage was telegraphed for from Moncton, N.B., the next night, to be sent to him at Montreal. Arriving here the two watchers were joined by two others put upon the scent by H.J. Cloran, a prominent lawyer of this city, and president of the Montreal branch of the league, who had also been advised of Andrews' mission. He stayed here a day and never left his hotel, but received calls from several Irishmen who are known to have not the best of feelings towards the League, for two of them are among several expelled for shady practices . . .

From here Andrews went to Toronto still shadowed . . .

Alas, these details — seemingly specific — are undeniably bogus.

Police expense accounts still existing in the City of Toronto Archives

show that Andrews arrived in Halifax on December 9th, but did not linger in the city for two nights (as the story claims), but left on an express train for Toronto that same afternoon, accompanied by Stark and Barnett. The trip generally took two days to complete, and Andrews duly arrived in Toronto on December 11th, booking a room at the Rossin House hotel.²⁰ Thus, at the time Andrews was supposedly soliciting Irishmen in Montreal, he was actually three hundred miles away in Toronto. Whoever the police were watching the week of December 9th, it was most assuredly *not* Inspector Andrews.

This leaves the veracity of the entire article in grave doubt, but, nonetheless, it goes on to describe secret meetings with a 'resident detective' in Toronto named 'Sketchley,' and the subsequent travels of Andrews around the Great Lakes region.

[In Toronto] the men put upon Andrews' track shadowed him to the resident detective's house night after night.

²⁰ See Vanderlinden, *op. cit.*, pp. 27-29.

Frequently the two left the house, went to a place on Elizabeth Street, where they were met by a man who has since turned out to be Detective Jarvis. Andrews made several trips to Detroit and Windsor accompanied by Jarvis. In the former city they visited an individual whose life seems to be one of perfect ease and impenetrable mystery. He gave the name of Worden but has been known to call at the post office for letters addressed to two or three different names, one of them Thompson. A week ago yesterday, Andrews left Toronto for a trip to Niagara Falls, ostensibly to see the great waterfall. At the Prospect House he was met by Jarvis and two other men — one of them undoubtedly an Irishman, the other an American in speech style and manner. The latter carried a large valise, which he never left out of his sight and reach. They were there until Monday last.

Little of this can be confirmed, but of potential interest is that the only “Worden” listed in Detroit in the 1880 U.S. census is an aged physician from New York named William Worden — leaving the possibility that this meeting, if it ever occurred, may have had more to do with Tumblety than Parnell. The only other mention

of a ‘Dr. W. Worden,’ so far located was the proud owner of a bogus medical degree from Buchanan’s diploma mill in Philadelphia — the same college linked with Francis Tumblety.²¹

Meanwhile, the story’s most telling detail concerns the two witnesses (who allegedly accompanied Andrews back to London) and the valise, which was to be delivered to the Parnell Commission ‘within a month.’ In reality, no such witnesses nor papers ever surfaced at the Commission in London, a point we will return to in a moment.

‘Polluted Hands’ next present an interview with Andrews in Montreal, shortly after he purchased a ticket for the steamer *Peruvian*, which was to leave Halifax for Liverpool on December 24th. Now hot on the trail, the reporter confronted Andrews about the ‘secrets of his office.’

“It is generally understood, Mr. Andrews, that your stay in this country has been lengthened by certain work you have been doing in connection with

²¹ Dr. W. W. Worden’s name was found on a list of bogus diplomas seized at Buchanan’s ‘college’ in 1880. See Harold Abrahams, *Extinct Medical Schools of Nineteenth Century Philadelphia* (1966) p. 548. Tumblety was similarly linked to Buchanan’s institute in the December, 1888 issue of the *Medical Standard*.

the Parnell Commission. Is there any truth in the rumor?”

“I had rather not answer that question,” he replied.

“Will you deny that such was your mission or part of your mission here?”

“Why do you press me? You ought to know that I cannot divulge the secrets of my office.”

“But won’t you say yes or no?”

“No, I will not deny the statement.”

“It is said that you have been very unsuccessful in your efforts; that to try and find bona-fide evidence detrimental to the league is lost time in this country. What has been your experience?”

“I may not have been as successful as could be wished, neither do I think, from my experience, that I have been very unsuccessful. As for its being lost time to look for evidence in America, that is all rot. I am pretty certain that a continual correspondence has gone on for years between Parnell, O’Donovan Rossa and others in this country and western America, who I am not prepared to name, and much of this correspondence will naturally fall in line as evidence against Parnell when the proper time comes to present it.”

“When will that be?”

“I cannot tell you, but it will likely

be given within a month, at the next sitting of the Commission.”

“Don’t you want to know something about the Whitechapel murders?”

“No, thank you.” replied the reporter, “I have got quite enough,” and the interview ended.²²

If this is to be believed, Andrews wanted to talk about the Whitechapel murders (evidently because it was his ‘blind’) but, remarkably, the reporter smugly snubs him — odd behavior for an objective newsman seeking the truth. In sharp contrast, every other report coming out of Canada comments on Andrews’ consistent reticence; at one point, he is even quoted as saying that the Whitechapel Murders were something “he didn’t care to talk about.”

Finally, this remarkable article ends with an uncomfortable descent into outright dishonesty. A long statement is given by the Toronto Irish Nationalist, R.B. Teefy, “confirming all the particulars as narrated above were correct.” This is odd indeed, for the long reply by Teefy is word-for-word the same statement he had already offered up to *The Mail* back on December 19th (quoted earlier) when he not only gave

22 *New York World*, December 22, 1888; *The Boston Globe*, December 23, 1888.

no details of Andrews’ movements, but even admitted that Andrews had ‘steered clear’ of Montreal on his inland voyage — an obvious contradiction of the very details he was supposedly confirming. This begs a question. If Teefy was truly confirming the story, why was the reporter forced to rely on a statement he made *before* it broke in Montreal and which, in fact, directly clashed with these ‘new’ revelations? The obvious answer is that the article is a cut-and-paste job with a few embellishments tossed in for good measure.

But if this is the case, what on earth was going on? Are we to believe the accounts of Andrews working *The Times* case in America? Are *any* of these stories even remotely reliable?

In truth, those who have put faith in the veracity of these and similar accounts are seemingly unaware that 19th Century news reports dealing with Irish Nationalism were notoriously unreliable. Not only are there many examples of entirely bogus ‘interviews’ being published, but the nationalist press frequently printed out-and-out misinformation solely designed to embarrass the British government.

A prime example of this sort of thing can be found in the ‘work’ of

Eugene Davis, a failed priest, poet, and yellow journalist who spent most of the 1880s rubbing elbows with a band of tattered Irish exiles in Paris, the frequenters of an Irish pub in the *rue Duras* known as the “Shamrock.”

Davis supported himself by selling clever but entirely fictitious stories to gullible newspaper editors. These invariably involved Irish ‘plots.’ One of his more infamous pieces even led to an international incident when he reported that the Irish patriot James Stephens had met with co-conspirators on an island in the Seine in order to plan a dynamite attack. The British government, putting faith in the story, demanded Stephen’s expulsion from France — only to learn with considerable embarrassment that the whole episode was blarney.²³

Interestingly enough, Davis was also the foreign correspondent for O’Donovan Rossa’s *United Irishman* in New York — a nationalist paper that delighted in keeping the British government guessing. This raises the possibility that stories of this type were often deliberate attempts to misdirect or infuriate Scotland Yard. Indeed, what appears to

23 John Devoy; *Recollections of an Irish Rebel* (1929); pp. 276-277.

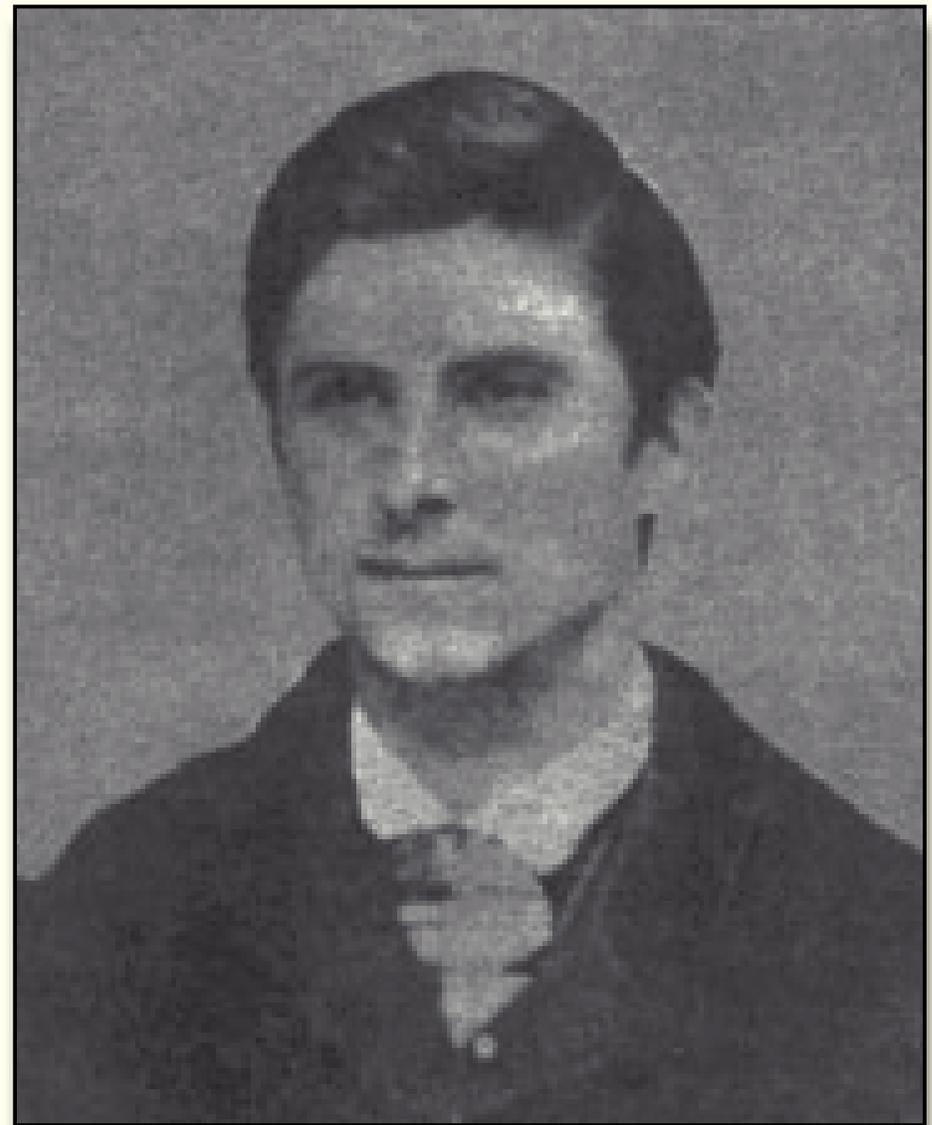
be an example of this was later revealed by the Irish nationalist John Devoy.

At the end of 1884, the dynamiter William Lomasney (known as “the little Captain”) died during an attempt to place a bomb underneath London Bridge. Lomasney’s body was never recovered and for years rumors circulated that he had somehow miraculously survived the blast and was plotting further outrages. This proved to be a great annoyance to Scotland Yard, who were forced to waste time investigating the claims. (At one point, Special Branch detective John Sweeney spent weeks chasing down a rumor that Lomasney had been spotted in South London.) As later described by Devoy, Eugene Davis took full advantage of the confusion.

Davis played a similar trick in the case of William Mackey Lomasney after he had been blown to atoms in an explosion at London Bridge. He wrote an “interview” with “The Little Captain,” got £5 for it from the Standard correspondent and the paper published it. It was cabled to the New York Herald and published in full. Lomasney’s wife, a devoted Irishwoman, was completely deceived by it, with very bad effects on her mind . . . I called on her one day,

and she told me she was quite sure that William was alive and in prison. Feeling tired one day she lay down on the bed and while half asleep imagined she saw his figure standing inside the door — he had no beard, and that showed that he must be in prison, as

he always wore one. I told her the facts about his death and that of his brother and a man named Fleming who lost their lives with him. She told me I was mistaken, went to the drawer of a little table, took out a clipping from the Herald and showed it to me as proof



WILLIAM MACKEY LOMASNEY

that he was still alive. I told her all about Davis, but I wasted my breath. She knew nothing about the newspapers or how easily the best of them are deceived by fakers and continued to believe up to her death that her husband was still living. The Irish movement has been always cursed by fellows like Davis hanging on the skirts of it who humbug the newspapers with stories that have no foundation at all, — to make a little money.²⁴

Clearly, the humbug interview could prove a powerful ruse in the propaganda war waged between Irish Nationalists and the British government, leaving us to wonder whether *any* of the statements attributed to Andrews in America can be accepted at face value. An equally unsettling possibility is that the men shadowing Andrews in Montreal didn't even have the right man. They had, after all, earlier placed Andrews in the city when he wasn't there, and their description of him on December 21st is more than a little suspicious: "a tall, brown whiskered, fine looking man about 40 years old, whose sharp blue eyes were never off the valise."²⁵ Perhaps,

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 277.

²⁵ *New York World*, December 22, 1888.

but only a week earlier, the *Toronto Mail* described Andrews' hair as being "richly sprinkled with gray" — a detail confirmed by the only known photograph we have of him — and Andrews' pension papers lists his eye color as not blue, but hazel.²⁶

If, in fact, this was a case of mistaken identity — coupled with blarney — it wouldn't be the first time that winter that Irish sleuths in America tracked someone they *assumed* was a Scotland Yard detective, but who turned out to be nothing of the sort. And here is where things take a decidedly strange — and enlightening — turn. To find out the truth of Andrews' mission, we must now leave America and return to London.

SCOTLAND YARD V. HENRY LABOUCHERE

While the original source of the rumors implicating Inspector Andrews in *The Times*' shenanigans included Irish-Canadian Patrick Boyle, and a reporter at the *New York Herald* (or was it *Millen*?), the main accuser in England would be Henry Labouchere — M.P., radical, and editor of the

²⁶ Cited in Evans and Gainey, *Jack the Ripper: First American Serial Killer* (1998) p. 41.

London weekly, *Truth*. Significantly, Labouchere was now one of Parnell's strongest supporters, and would spend much of 1889 and early 1890 still loudly proclaiming that active Scotland Yard detectives had gone to America to destroy Parnell. Nevertheless, very soon Labouchere would have to eat his words — and pay a Scotland Yard detective damages for libel — after it was privately proven that the C.I.D.'s detectives had *not* been in America to do the dirty work of *The Times*.

By the beginning of 1889, the once tedious Parnell Commission had turned into high drama. Startling revelations followed even more startling revelations and the hearings were soon frequented by such London celebrities as Mrs. Gladstone, Oscar Wilde, and the president of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton.

The Commission's most astonishing witness in February 1889 was the dapper spy, Thomas Miller Beach, alias Henri Le Caron, who, we have seen, was handled by Dr. Robert Anderson.

What proved so damaging in Beach's testimony was the undisputed fact that during Parnell's tour of America in 1880, he was frequently accompanied by Alexander Sullivan

— the head of the *Clan na Gael*. Equally damning, Beach convincingly argued that at least some of the funds gathered in America for the National League were used by Sullivan to finance dynamite outrages in England. Beach also claimed (more than a little dubiously) that Parnell had once privately admitted that he was in favor of violent methods.

Following Beach's testimony, it seemed all but assured that *The Times* would carry the day.

But then came Richard Pigott.

Pigott was responsible for the most damning evidence of all; the letters that supposedly proved that Parnell had welcomed the Phoenix Park murders of Irish Cavendish and Burke in 1882. Yet, under a scathing cross examination by Sir Charles Russell, Pigott buckled and nearly collapsed. That night, he visited Henry Labouchere's London home and signed a confession stating that he had, in fact, forged the infamous 'Parnell letters.' He then fled to Madrid and committed suicide.

Clearly, *The Times'* original 'Parnellism and Crime' articles had now lost all credibility. The Commission, for all intents and purposes, was a done deal.



HENRY LABOUCHERE

When one has produced damning evidence, it is always wise to rest one's case. Henry Labouchere, confident that he had played a major role in the exposure, should have happily retired from the scene. Sadly, he did not. Smelling blood, perhaps, Labouchere could not resist the temptation of pulling another startling sensation from his briefcase.

Outraged by the earlier revelation that Anderson, the current head of the C.I.D., had been Beach's handler in America, and half-convinced of the wayward rumors that Scotland Yard had been conspiring with *The Times*, Labouchere now recalled that Inspector Andrews had been in North America the previous December. *The Pall Mall Gazette* had reported that this was in connection with the Whitechapel Murder case, but was there another explanation? Could there have been a connection between Andrews and Beach?

In March, 1889, Labouchere stood up in the House of Commons and posed two politically motivated questions. Did Inspector Andrews visit America since the passing of the Special Commission bill, and did he meet with Le Caron?

In Wolf Vanderlinden's article 'On the Trail of Tumblety?' these questions take on a sinister dimension.

Vanderlinden writes:

There is one clue, perhaps, which might shed some light on the nature of Inspector Andrews' travels after he left Canada. On the 21st of March 1889, two questions were asked of the Home Secretary in the House of Commons in London. The first was whether "Police Inspector Andrews had visited America since the passage of the Parnell Commission bill." Sir Henry Matthews replied that Andrews had. The implication of the question was that Andrews' trip had something to do with the Parnell Commission. Matthews could have deflected the question by adding that the trip was merely a police matter involving the extradition of a wanted man back to Canada. He didn't do this. The second question was "whether Andrews had seen Le Caron, the informer, there." Surprisingly, Sir Henry merely replied that he didn't know and made no attempt to use any cover story involving Barnett.

Henry Le Caron, in reality Thomas Beach, was a British double agent situated very high in the Clan na Gaul [sic] organization. So important was Le Caron that the government was unable to sack his spymaster, Dr. Robert Anderson, because Le Caron

would trust only him.²⁷ If Andrews did indeed travel to have secret talks with Le Caron, then he would have had to travel to Chicago, where Le Caron lived and worked, not New York. This might explain talk of Andrews traveling to New York after Jack the Ripper. It was a ruse. The announcement that Inspector Andrews was heading to Chicago, the headquarters of Clan na Gaul, [sic] would have brought undue attention to him and his movements and made any meeting with Le Caron practically impossible. Le Caron was much too valuable and in much too dangerous a position for Andrews to have risked it openly. The announcement that the Scotland Yard official was now chasing Jack the Ripper in New York would have provided an excellent cover if Andrews wanted to slip unnoticed into Chicago.²⁸

Evidently unknown to Vanderlinden, this theory had already made the rounds in 1889, alluded to by a reporter for the *Halifax Morning Herald*. Referring to the same exchange between Labouchere and Matthews, the reporter gave yet another remarkable example of Andrews' 'alleged

27 Actually, as we have seen, Anderson was sacked.

28 Vanderlinden, *op. cit.*, p. 41-42.

indiscretions' on the 'eve of his departure.'

It will be remembered that Inspector Andrews came out to this country with a Toronto embezzler who had been captured in Liverpool. [sic] A HERALD reporter received information that Andrews was collecting evidence for The Times, to be used before the commission. The inspector returned home by way of Halifax, and as he stepped from the train at the deep water terminus and on board the steamer Oregon he was accosted by the reporter and questioned upon this delicate point. The inspector did not appear any too well pleased at the question, but allowed himself to be drawn into conversation when he admitted, as far as professional etiquette would allow, that such was his mission. But he would go no further. The inspector, as was remarked at the time, was far above the ordinary stamp of English police officers and detectives seen on this side, and was evidently one of the big men of Scotland Yard.²⁹

This revelation placed in the middle of an article about the quizzing of Henry Matthews, clearly meant to imply that Labouchere was onto something big

²⁹ *Morning Herald* (Halifax) March 22, 1889.

— that there was, in fact, some foundation to the idea that Andrews had met with Le Caron in America.

There are deep problems with the credibility of this report, however. It dates to March 22nd, 1889, but a careful examination of all copies of the *Morning Herald* dating back to the previous December shows that there was never any previous mention of Inspector Andrews in Halifax, let alone his remarkable admission at the docks. Thus, we have to accept the unpalatable idea that the reporter 'sat' on this explosive story for a full three months. Further, is it merely coincidental that Andrews' comment about 'professional etiquette' preventing him from 'going further' is suspiciously similar to the wording he allegedly used in Montreal? Perhaps, or perhaps not, but it's rather easier to believe that the *Morning Herald's* reporter simply based his story on the piece that had already appeared in *The New York Herald* back on December 23rd.

Incidentally, it is also of interest that the piece claims that Andrews left Halifax for Liverpool aboard the steamer *Oregon*. This is significant in that it counters *The Pall Mall Gazette's* claim that Andrews was 'generally

believed' to have been in America in search of the Whitechapel murderer, and continued on to New York. The latter half of this claim certainly appears to be doubtful; there is nothing to indicate that Andrews ever went to New York. Riordan, meanwhile, in his book has Andrews sailing out of Halifax on December 24th, but does not give a source. He may well be correct, but Chief Grassett's letter to Robert Anderson, informed him that Andrews left Toronto, bound for London, on December 18th; the *Oregon* did indeed leave Halifax six days later.

Confusing matters is the frustrating fact that the *Morning Chronicle* doesn't state *which* sailing of the *Oregon* Andrews boarded; the ship sailed from Halifax to Liverpool on three separate occasions between December 24th and March 22nd—its regular route. Further, the report obviously flies directly in the face of *The World's* claim that Andrews had sailed out on the *Peruvian*. Faced with three conflicting accounts, where and when Andrews actually left North America must remain an open question until an actual ship passenger list can be produced.

Meanwhile, is this the final answer — did Andrews meet with

Thomas Miller Beach while in North America and convince him to address the Parnell Commission?

The short answer is no. As is so often the case, the devil is in the details.

While it is often stated that Robert Anderson ‘put Beach on the stand,’ this is not, in fact, what happened.

In late 1888, Beach was living in Braidwood, Illinois, (other reports have him in Chicago) successfully running a string of drugstores. While the Parnell Commission chugged away in London, Beach, according to his own account, read with increasing dissatisfaction the coverage in the American press, frustrated that the solicitors for *The Times* were failing to produce convincing evidence linking Parnell to the violent fringe. At this point, Beach entertained the idea of blowing his cover and returning to England to address the Commission in person.

A key point is that Robert Anderson initially rebuffed Beach’s suggestion, and, according to Beach’s biographer, J.A. Cole, was even ‘horrified’ by the idea.³⁰ No matter what the temporary political expediency, Anderson was unwilling to give up

³⁰ Cole, *op. cit.*, p. 154.

his major peephole inside the *Clan na Gael*. He steadfastly refused Beach’s overture, and this is where matters stood in early December, 1888.

A further problem is that Beach made it abundantly clear in his memoirs that he refused to have his identity shared with anyone. As we have already seen, not even James Monro, head of the ultra secret Section D, knew the identity of Anderson’s informant in America. The reason for this was quite dramatic; as Anderson states in his sketch, *Sidelights of the Home Rule Movement*, early in his career, he mentioned the name of an informer to a politician, who, in turn, indiscreetly repeated it in a restaurant. An Irish waiter overheard the conversation, passed it on, and Anderson’s informer was shot dead on his arrival in New

York City. After this tragic mishap, Anderson promised that his jaws would be forever clenched to the identity of informers. Thus, if Anderson had sent Andrews to America to meet with Beach, it would have been a grave betrayal of their arrangement, and Beach, understandably, would have been outraged.

Yet, beyond this, there is a more fundamental reason why Andrews could not have contacted Beach in America, despite the insinuations of Labouchere, Vanderlinden, and the Halifax reporter. Anderson’s spy was 3,500 miles away and on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean.

The movements of Thomas Miller Beach a.k.a. Henri Le Caron can be successfully traced by referring to a passage in what should have been the

...ANDERSON'S INFORMER WAS SHOT DEAD ON HIS ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK CITY.

most obvious source to consult: Beach's autobiography, *Twenty-Five Years in Her Majesty's Secret Service* (1894).

After briefly discussing the growing tension at the far-away Parnell Commission, Beach gives a rundown of the events that eventually led him to return to England. Of crucial importance is that what initially brought Beach back was entirely accidental — his father's failing health.

*The following year – 1888 – was my last in America, and ere its close I left for the purpose of attending the dying bedside of my father. I left for England in December with the full purpose of returning in a month, but as matters turned out I really left my house for the last time. I had written twice to Mr. Anderson, offering my services in connection with the Special Commission, but nothing had come of my proposal, and I had no idea anything would happen in connection with the matter.*³¹

A few paragraphs later, Beach describes his eventual arrival at the family home in Colchester, England.

Long before these final developments, however, I sailed for England,

³¹ Henri Le Caron, *Twenty-Five Years in the Secret Service* (1892) p. 257.

*and severed for all time my connection with Irish politics in the United States. I had come, as explained, to my father's dying bedside. Unfortunately for me, I was not in time to find him conscious, and did not reach the house where he lay till the day on which he died.*³²

Obviously, Beach's account should have raised red flags, for he is directly stating that he left America sometime in December, 1888, whereas Labouchere insinuated that he met with Inspector Andrews sometime after December 9th, and Vanderlinden suggested that it may have been sometime after December 21st. The crucial question, therefore, is when, in December, did Le Caron leave the United States?

Fortunately, the above passages in Beach's autobiography give us enough information to successfully trace his movements.

Thomas Miller Beach's father was a lay preacher and poor rates collector named John Joseph Billis Beach, who lived most of his life in the family home at No. 10 Teresa Road, Colchester. To test the validity of Labouchere's insinuations, a certified copy of John Billis Beach's death certificate was obtained from the General Register Office in

³² *Ibid.*, p. 266.

London. The relevant information reads:

When and Where Died: Fifteenth December, 1888, 10 Teresa Road, St. Botolph, Colchester.

Name and Surname:

John Joseph Billis Beach.

Sex: Male.

Age: 72 years.

Occupation:

Collector of Poor Rates.

Cause of Death: Sclerosis Multiplex. 42 days. Paralysis Cerebri. Certified by C. O. S. Beker, M.D.

The above certificate shows that the reminiscences of the spy Thomas Beach are accurate. His father had suffered from a '42 day illness'—affording ample time to warn Beach in November that he needed to return to England. Further, Beach, in dating his arrival to 'not till the day on which he died,' pinpoints his arrival in Colchester to December 15th, 1888. The UK did not, unfortunately, systematically preserve ship passenger lists until the 1890s, but there are other sources that confirm Beach's arrival date. Reasoning backwards, an Atlantic crossing from New York to Liverpool took, on average, six to eight days. It would have taken another half or full day to

disembark from Liverpool and catch a train to Colchester — a 245 mile trip by rail. This suggests that Beach landed in Liverpool on the 14th or early on the 15th of December, having left North America roughly a week earlier.

A search of steamers arriving in Liverpool from America on those two dates indicates that the most likely ship would have been the *Umbria*, and, indeed, confirmation of Beach's voyage can be found in a rather remarkable article that appeared in the *Brooklyn Eagle* on February 12th. Whether one views the spy Beach as an opportunist or a patriot largely depends on one's own politics; regarded in England (and particularly by Robert Anderson) as a hero, the general opinion in America was that Le Caron (Beach) was a profiteer.

St. Paul, Minn. February 11. "Says he Met Le Caron"

John S. Barnes, of this city, who recently returned from a trip to England, where he went to take possession of property bequeathed him, says that Dr. Le Caron, or Beach, who is now testifying in London, was a fellow passenger on the outward trip in December. During the voyage, Barnes was thrown much in Le Caron's company and soon

came to regard him as a confidence man. Le Caron had heard of Barnes' good fortune and to use the latter's words, "tried to work him for a sucker." Barnes denounced him. Le Caron did not take the affront as an insult, but tried to laugh the matter off, treating Mr. Barnes during the rest of the journey as a man who thoroughly understood him.

Barnes describes Le Caron, or Beach, as an entertaining conversationalist and one of the smoothest men of his class that he ever met. This statement as to the date of Le Caron's departure from America for Europe — December — is a flat contradiction of Miss Beach, sister of Le Caron, who stated that her brother arrived in England shortly before the death of their father in November last." [sic]

The ship in question, the *Umbria*, sailed out of New York at 9 am on December 8th, and arrived in Liverpool early on the morning of December 15th — entirely consistent with Beach's memoirs, and the date on his father's death certificate. John S. Barnes' return trip from England, incidentally, is confirmed by contemporary ship passenger lists.

Not to belabor the point further,

but this conclusively proves that by the time Andrews was in Toronto and Montreal pursuing his investigations, Beach was in England. Further, since Beach left New York on the 8th, and Inspector Andrews, chugging across the north Atlantic, did not land in Halifax until the 9th, the two men could never have met.

Yet, remarkably, Labouchere was not through, and would drag out the matter for another year. Having settled for merely indulging in unsupported (and as we now know, false) insinuations about Walter Andrews, Labouchere was even more insistent when it came to Inspector Jarvis's role in America.

On March 11, 1890, Labouchere accused the government of 'an intrigue to procure an American Fenian leader [Patrick Sheridan, who supposedly had information about the Phoenix Park murders] as a witness before the Commission, asserting that Inspector Jarvis, of Scotland-Yard, had been placed at the disposal of *The Times* for that purpose.'

Here was the old accusation again rearing its head, and, much as he had done at Walter Andrews' expense, Labouchere next quizzed Home

Secretary Henry Matthews in the Commons. Matthews, undoubtedly fed up with the accusations, firmly denied that Jarvis had gone on any such mission. Labouchere persisted, however, and repeated the allegations in two issues of his weekly, *Truth*. On April 3rd, he wrote that ‘The Government will stick at no *suggestio falsi* or *suppressio veri* in order to escape from the admission of this . . . Jarvis went there in connection with *The Times*’ attempt on Sheridan, and I do not entertain the vestige of doubt that he reported — either in writing or verbally — to his superiors what he did there.’

Labouchere’s allegations continued in the April 17th issue, until finally, on the following day, James Monro, now Metropolitan Police Commissioner dashed off a letter to *The Times*. Written under the title ‘Truth and Falsehood’ (an obvious jab at the name of Labouchere’s weekly) Monro’s statement deserves careful scrutiny by historians of the Whitechapel murder investigation.

Sir, — My attention has been directed to a statement in this week’s issue of Truth, which is a repetition of assertions made in the issue of the same periodical of the 3rd instant, to the

effect that in November or December, 1888, an officer of the Metropolitan Police — Inspector Jarvis — was at Kansas City, and at Del Norte, a village in the State of Colorado, United States of America, employed under the orders of Government in aiding The Times to procure the evidence of P.J. Sheridan.

As Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, responsible for and cognizant of the movements of the officers of the force under my orders, I think it right to give to the statements and assertions above referred to the most unqualified denial. Such statements and assertions are absolutely untrue. Since I became Assistant Commissioner of Police in 1884 until now, neither Inspector Jarvis nor any other officer of the Metropolitan Police has been at any time within many hundred miles of either Kansas or Colorado, nor has any officer of the force been in America assisting The Times, directly or indirectly, in connection with their case before the Special Commission.

*I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. Monro, the Commissioner of
Police of the Metropolis
4, Whitehall-place, S.W., April
18.³³*

³³ *The Times*, April 19, 1890.

Monro’s final statement bears repeating, “nor has any officer in the force (which would include, of course, Walter Andrews) been in America assisting *The Times*, directly or indirectly.”

Documents in *The Times* archive, as well as internal Home Office reports, unearthed by such historians as R. Barry O’Brien, have since proved the accuracy of James Monro’s statement. Just as Andrews hadn’t met with Beach in America, Jarvis hadn’t gone to Kansas City or Colorado as insinuated by Labouchere. *The Times* had, in fact, hired an agent to approach Sheridan in October, 1888, who, in turn, sent telegraph messages in cipher back to Joseph Soames at *The Times*. Members of Parnell’s defense team (which by now included Labouchere) broke the code and were aware that a deal was being brokered. Unfortunately, the agents involved used aliases, and Soames’ team misinterpreted their meaning. The man who was actually attempting to contact Sheridan was not from Scotland Yard; contemporary documentation shows that he was actually J.T. Kirby, a Canadian private detective. Kirby, however, was evidently spotted on a train, lost his nerve, and

failed to make his way to Sheridan's ranch. As it turns out, the Irish agents in America had wrongly assumed that Kirby was Inspector Jarvis.

Later, another agent for *The Times* did contact Sheridan in Colorado (who subsequently laughed the whole thing off and tried to extort money from *The Times*) but, once again, it wasn't a Scotland Yard man. As unearthed by Irish historian R. Barry O'Brien, he was a private citizen named 'Birch' who was on leave from his job at the British Museum.³⁴

Scotland Yard now had Labouchere by the throat, and they squeezed. When it was privately proven that Jarvis had not been in Colorado, nor Kansas City, nor had been working for *The Times*, but had been in America to trace the absconding swindler, Thomas Barton (just as Robert Pinkerton had implied a year and a half earlier) Labouchere was forced to print a halfhearted retraction in *Truth*, admitting that his informers in America had fallen prey to a case of 'mistaken identity.' Moreover,

³⁴ Birch's full name is not given, but he must surely have been Walter Degray Birch of No. 3 Grove Road, St. Pancras, who is listed in the 1881 UK census as an "Assistant in Manuscript Department in British Museum."

Inspector Jarvis filed a libel suit, and settling out of court, Labouchere was forced to hand over £100 and costs.

Sir Robert Anderson would later give an interesting insight into the affair, revealing, along the way, his rather peculiar methods.

I must premise that Le Caron's evidence was my only point of contact with the case for The Times. And I say this emphatically, because I find that there are people still who credit Mr. Labouchere's statements that I sent police officers across the Atlantic to tout for evidence against the Parnellites. The allegation was unequivocally denied by the Secretary of State in Parliament, and by the Chief Commissioner of the Police . . .

I was naturally indignant, and I determined to bring [Labouchere] to book. But I could take no action on words spoken in Parliament. The course I adopted, therefore, was to give the facts to the editor of the World; and, as I expected, "Edmund" drew "Henry" in the "par" columns of Truth. Mr. Labouchere declared in his paper that he was fully prepared to prove that Inspector Jarvis of my department had been to a town named Del Norte to interview the Land Leaguer Sheridan

in the interests of The Times.

This was exactly what I wanted. Inspector Jarvis had, in fact, been in America at the time indicated. But to have undertaken a mission outside the duty I had entrusted him was a grave breach of discipline. So I directed his superintendent to bring him before me "on the report;" and the charge having been preferred, I adjourned the case to give the incriminated officer an opportunity to clear himself.

In due time, Mr. Wonter, the solicitor, called on me to say that, on Jarvis' instructions, he had commenced an action against Mr. Labouchere, and that Messrs. Lewis and Lewis now wished to compromise it: would I be content if the defendant paid all costs, and allowed judgment to be entered against him? "Certainly not," I replied; "the matter before me is the conduct of an officer of my department, and if the case is settled out of court, the settlement must be on terms that will veto all suspicion of collusion." The matter ended by Mr. Labouchere paying the costs, plus £100 for damages, and inserting an apology in Truth.³⁵

It hardly needs to be pointed out

³⁵ Sir Robert Anderson, *Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement* (1907), pp. 147-148.

that if Anderson had actually sent Scotland Yard detectives to America on behalf of *The Times*, then the above passage from 1907 is the most audacious and misleading lie imaginable.

But is this a case of Anderson simply lying? Had he, in fact, sent Andrews and other detectives to America to drum up evidence for *The Times*?

Anderson repeatedly stated that he never did this. Further, he insisted he wasn't even approached by an agent for *The Times* (James Cameron

date to January 5th and 10th, 1889.³⁶ Obviously, the incidental return of Beach to England also supports this chronology — Anderson could hardly have orchestrated the elder Beach's death from multiple sclerosis! In short, when Walter Andrews was sent to Canada, Anderson was not yet in communication with *The Times*.

WHERE DOES THIS LEAVE US?

In order to believe that Walter Andrews was 'working *The Times*' case in America, we have to accept

medical mission in India when plague was raging — also lied. We have to believe that Sir Charles Warren, who consistently fought with the C.I.D. about engaging in anti-Fenian surveillance, nonetheless risked the ultimate disgrace by authorizing a politically explosive mission, even though he had already tendered his resignation. We also have to believe that Henry Mathews, Robert Pinkerton, and C.H. Epplesheimer lied. Finally, we have to believe that Walter Andrews himself, whose career shows he was a man

A POLITICALLY EXPLOSIVE MISSION

MacDonald, the paper's general manager) until after New Year's Day, 1889 — that is a full six weeks after Andrews had left for North America. This is damning, for this was a full six weeks *after* Anderson had negotiated to send Walter Andrews to America, and, long after Andrews had already sailed to America. Existing documentation in the Home Office files fully support Anderson's version of the events. Letters showing the negotiations between McDonald and Anderson (which allowed Beach to take the stand)

any number of wild improbabilities. We have to believe that Anderson blatantly lied in print on no less than ten occasions (by his own count) and, further, that on becoming Assistant Met Commissioner, he immediately behaved in the most reckless fashion imaginable; not only plotting a political conspiracy, but doing it through the proper channels. We also have to believe that James Monro — who went on to risk his life by founding a

36 PRO HO 144/1538, cited also in Campbell, *op. cit.*, pp. 323-4 & 403.

of competence and integrity — he once gave testimony before a Parliamentary Committee on Police Ethics and Discipline — not only knowingly cooperated in an illegal enterprise, but then — for no imaginable reason — made the utterly stupid mistake of admitting it in the press.

This last point is particularly difficult to accept. Under an 1882 police directorate established by Sir Edmund Henderson, Scotland Yard detectives were forbidden to discuss their investigations with the press without the

expressed consent of their superiors; the Treasury established similar rules in 1875 and 1884 for civil servants (and this, incidentally, was the directive that landed Sir Charles Warren in hot water in 1888). It borders on the ludicrous to believe that Andrews, an experienced Scotland Yard detective whose discretion was commented upon, would have engaged in a covert mission and then undermined the entire enterprise by unnecessarily blabbing about it. Andrews, we are told, ‘practically admitted this was his mission’ — meaning, of course, that he said nothing of the sort.

Andrews, in fact, was a particularly poor choice to engage in such a covert operation, and this is perhaps the most damning of all the arguments against the theories of Vanderlinden and Riordan. As we have seen, Andrews’ career at Scotland Yard in no way involved Irish terrorism. He was not a Special Branch man. He had no contacts in America and his worth in ‘tracking down Fenian witnesses’ would have been negligible. As we have seen in the first installment of this series, up to and including the spring of 1888, Andrews’ career concerned itself with standard criminal

investigations — cases of burglary, fraud, illegal abortion, and the hunting down of fugitives.

And, despite insinuations to the contrary, we actually know the names of the investigators used by *The Times* in America, gleaned from such sources as *The Times* archives in London and through the research of such historians as Leon O’Broin, R. Barry O’Brien, and Christy Campbell. *The Times*’ agents were J.T. Kirby, the rather disreputable Canadian private detective; James Thomson (an ex-Inspector at the Met, now a private detective) whose role in combating Fenianism stretched back to the Clerkenwell explosives case of 1867; John P. Hayes, a Philadelphia informer and *Clan na Gael* initiate who had previously worked for spy-master Edward Jenkinson; Thomas Walsh, a convicted Fenian gunrunner turned informant; Walter Birch, a curator at the British Museum, and James Moser — another ex-Scotland Yard Inspector who had kept earlier surveillance on Irish Nationalists in Paris, but had also retired in 1887 to become a private investigator. This poses an obvious question. With such heavyweights as Thomson, Hayes, Walsh, and Moser at *The Times*’ disposal, why would they

(or Anderson or Scotland Yard) have needed to risk a political scandal by sending Andrews — of all people — to America?

There is one last hurdle. It is the task of every careful historian to test his or her pet theory, and even, if possible, to disprove it. Yet, clearly, no one has bothered to ask the most obvious question: If Andrews had really gone to North America to drum up witnesses for the Special Commission, and had (as he allegedly said) “obtained some important clues in the Parnell case — things I never dreamed of,” where are his results? After Andrews’ return to England, the Parnell Commission lumbered on for another year and did not conclude until November 22, 1889. These hearings were not held in secret; all testimony was made public, and can be found in such collections as *The Daily News Diary of the Parnell Commission* (1890), whose several hundred pages of fine print record a running commentary of the 128 sittings and some 460 witnesses who were called to testify. If Andrews had secured witnesses in Toronto or Montreal, it would be a relatively easy matter to point them out.

In truth, in the weeks following the dramatic revelations of Thomas

Miller Beach, the proceedings of the Special Commission had very little to do with America. Rather, it almost exclusively focused on the activities of the Land League in Ireland, and its supposed connection to agrarian violence. The typical witness testified to the smuggling of weapons or of some vague plot against a land agent. How any of this could have related to drumming up witnesses in Toronto, Ontario, is difficult to comprehend.

Indeed, of the many dozens of witnesses who addressed the Commission after Andrews' return to London, there appears to have been only one with a Canadian connection. On March 7, 1889, an Irishman named Coleman, who had recently lived in Canada, and who once worked on the Canadian Pacific Railway, gave a rambling tale of violence and smuggling he had encountered many years earlier in County Mayo, Ireland. *The Daily News* was far from satisfied with Coleman's vague testimony, "impressed by the dullness and the inconsequence, more than by the villainy, of this tissue of stories."

Certainly Coleman had recently resided in Canada, but he described his property as being in Winnipeg, Manitoba — nearly 1,000 miles by

rail from Toronto. More doubtful yet, Soames of *The Times*, under cross-examination, admitted that he hadn't taken Coleman's statement until March 1, 1889, and, further, that Coleman had personally contacted 'Constable Preston' (the Chief Constable of the Royal Irish Constabulary) who he had recently met with in Ireland, and had offered to give information for a fee.³⁷

Clearly, Coleman had not been induced to testify by Walter Andrews, nor by anyone else at Scotland Yard. We are left with no credible evidence whatsoever that Andrews had gone to America to 'drum up' Fenians.

THEORIES, MYSTERIES AND REVELATIONS

The whole truth behind Andrews' voyage to Canada at the end of 1888 will probably never be known. We lack reliable documentation. That said, we do have circumstantial evidence, gleaned from various sources, and it is reasonable to draw a conclusion.

Several critics have argued that the reports of Andrews investigating the Whitechapel murders in North America were bogus, and that he was

³⁷ *The Daily News Diary of the Parnell Commission* (1890), pp. 177-180.

really rounding up witnesses for the Parnell Commission. The evidence suggests this is 180 degrees backwards; it was actually the other way around.

It will be recalled from the second part of this series [*Casebook Examiner* No. 2 June 2010] that after news of Tumblety's London arrest leaked back to America on November 18th, 1888, it was reported that he was a Canadian — a piece of misinformation that would be repeated a few days later by Brooklyn Police Chief Patrick Campbell, one of the officials who was in contact with Robert Anderson at the C.I.D. For some odd reason, Campbell was under the impression that Tumblety hailed from Sherbooke, Quebec.

Thus, by the time Andrews boarded the *Sarnia* on December 9th, Scotland Yard may well have been under the impression that their suspect was from Canada. He was not, but it was certainly true that he had substantial ties to Toronto and Montreal — two cities that Andrews subsequently visited.

Robert Anderson, meanwhile, was interested in Tumblety's antecedents. Chief Crowley in San Francisco was photographing Tumblety's bank statements for Anderson's benefit, and it

is known that Campbell in Brooklyn was compiling a written report on Tumblety, complete with one of his pamphlets.

The chronology here is important. Crowley and Campbell were gathering their reports, photographs, etc., on November 22-24th. Originally, the arrangement was for these to be forward to London. But this arrangement dates to a time *before* the negotiations to send Andrews to Canada had been finalized. By the end of the week, the situation had changed, and Robert Anderson now knew that he had a man crossing the Atlantic.

Andrews now sails to Halifax, stays a week in Toronto (more on this in a moment) then travels to Niagara, Montreal, and, finally, home.

His mission is reported in the press, but only two of these reports appear credible. The first is merely descriptive; as reported in *The Mail*, Andrews returned from Niagara with a sheaf of papers.

Then, again, there was his trip to Niagara. When he returned from there he carried a large bundle of papers and books. He said these were photographs. What he could want with an armful of photographs was more than his friends could understand.

The Mail assumed that Andrews had received Fenian documents while in Niagara. This, we now know, is highly doubtful. Yet, the description of books, papers, etc., remains entirely consistent with materials we *know* were being gathered in the United States by Crowley and Campbell (i.e. those concerning Francis Tumblety).

It is pointedly remarked that Andrews never made his way to New York City — an obvious place to investigate Tumblety. This is irrelevant. We also know from credible reports by several competing New York dailies that an English detective was in lower Manhattan watching Tumblety's boarding house in early December. Brooklyn Police Chief Patrick Campbell was also investigating. Quite simply, there was no need for Andrews to travel to the United States to duplicate those inquiries. Further, the Irishman had previously spread himself so thinly across a vast continent — with connections to San Francisco, Montreal, St. Louis, New Orleans, and elsewhere — that any inquiry regarding his past would have required more than one detective. Thus, the most likely answer is that Andrews was merely handling the Canadian end of things while awaiting reports from

a second officer in the United States. These he subsequently received in Niagara — a major border crossing and the obvious place to liaise with someone coming up from New York.

A very strong indication that Andrews *was* investigating Tumblety in Canada can be found in another credible report, one coming out of Montreal. It is credible because it does not originate with Andrews — Scotland Yard detectives didn't discuss their cases — but from a source inside the Montreal Police Department.

*(Montreal, Dec. 20th). It was announced at police headquarters today that Andrews has a commission in connection with two other Scotland Yard men to find the murderer in America. His inaction for so long a time, and the fact that a man, suspected of knowing considerable about the murders left England for this side three weeks ago, makes the London police believe "Jack" has left that country for this.*³⁸

This is obviously and indisputably a reference to Tumblety, and it is known that Andrews did meet with Montreal Police Chief George Hughes that afternoon.

³⁸ *St. Louis Republican*, by-lined 'Special to Republic' from Montreal, December 22, 1888.

Vanderlinden, rather conveniently, dismisses this meeting as a social call, a whiling away of time while Andrews was awaiting his outbound train. There is no reason to suppose this. In fact, it is uncertain how long Andrews stayed in Montreal; one account has him leaving on the 20th, another on the 22nd. Since Andrews left Toronto on the 18th and, presumably, arrived in Halifax on the 24th, it leaves six days travel time for a two or three day trip. Andrews may well have stayed in Montreal for two days.

same suspect's former dealings with a prostitute? It's difficult to accept.

Which, in a roundabout way, brings us back to Walter Dew.

It is clear that the Tumblety critics don't quite know what to do with Dew. Riordan fails to mention him, and Vanderlinden does so only in passing, commenting that Andrews' name nowhere appears in the Whitechapel Murder files. Yet this is hardly surprising, considering that nearly all the specific suspect files have gone missing.

But Dew doesn't easily go away. He

Station' attending a hearing held for the interesting but neglected Ripper suspect, Nikaner Benelius. A few days later, November 23rd, Dew had a suspect of his own. An unidentified man entered an East End coffee-house and asked to have a piece of meat cooked. He then began acting so suspiciously 'that Dew thought he might be the Whitechapel murderer.' The man was taken to Commercial Street station for questioning, but eventually released.³⁹

Dew, of course, later went on to a famous career at Scotland Yard, rising

HE WAS LITTLE MORE THAN A BLOWHARD

And Montreal is a very likely place for Andrews to have made inquiries. Tumblety once lived in the city, and, as is well known, was once arrested there for allegedly supplying abortifacients to a prostitute. Only days before Andrews' departure, Anderson had wired Crowley in San Francisco, asking him to "send handwriting and all details you can of Tumblety." Yet, with Andrews now in Montreal, Scotland Yard is suddenly not interested in the

has his detractors; the most vocal, the writer A.P. Wolf, once suggested that he was little more than a blowhard who never worked the Whitechapel murder case in the first place. This claim has no validity. Dew's police record shows that he was stationed in H-Division in 1888, and there are contemporary references to Dew working the Ripper investigation. *The Times* of November 19th, 1888, for instance, mentions 'Detective Sergeant Dew' from 'Commercial Street

all the way to Chief Inspector. Given this history, it's inconceivable that he wouldn't have known which Scotland Yard officers had worked the most sensational case of the Victorian era — one in which he was personally involved. Dew named Walter Andrews. Further, any suggestion that Andrews' connection to the Whitechapel Murder case was a blind to hide his true motives

³⁹ See Connell and Evans, *The Man Who Hunted Jack the Ripper* (1999), pp. 71-72.

falls apart once it is realized that Dew published his account in 1930 — eight years after the foundation of the Republic of Ireland, and decades after the Parnell Commission had been long forgotten and Andrews himself had slipped into obscurity. Had Andrews been involved in a politically explosive scandal, rather than the Whitechapel Murder investigation, Dew could have simply avoided mentioning him altogether.

Yet, there is one final objection to Andrews investigating Tumblety in Canada. Walter Andrews spent most of his investigation — a whole week — in and around Toronto, Ontario. Although Tumblety once lived in Toronto, Wolf Vanderlinen has made the seemingly sensible objection that this was in 1858, and thus this ‘connection ended thirty years earlier.’ In Vanderlinden’s words, the ‘thirty year gap’ between 1858 and 1888 made it ‘highly unlikely’ that Andrews could have been investigating Tumblety’s whereabouts (or antecedents) in Toronto.

Unfortunately, on this point Vanderlinden is simply wrong. Tumblety’s connection to Toronto didn’t end in 1858; indeed, it extended all the way to 1888.

Throughout the 1870s and 80s, Tumblety was a frequent visitor to the city. After an extended trip to Europe in 1878, he immediately returned to Toronto, despite being embroiled in a fight over stolen bonds in New York City. According to a California man who knew Tumblety well, “between the years 1856-1860, he was a regular visitor at the annual provincial expositions held at Toronto . . . until in time he came to be considered as much a part of the exposition as any special feature of it.” These visits seem to have extended to well after 1860, however, for it was following a Toronto Exposition in October, 1880, that the fifty-year-old Tumblety was arrested and subsequently convicted of assaulting a fourteen-year-old youth named Isaac Bulger.

In November 1883, Tumblety once again appeared in Toronto under characteristically odd circumstances.

Sir, – We notice an article in the Mail of to-day headed “The Same Tumblety,” in which is given the history and a description of a Dr. Tumblety recently arrested in connection with the Whitechapel murders. In November, 1883, a man of the same name ordered a coat and other things from us. He was

in the store several times, and, being of striking appearance, excited our curiosity. He was over six feet in height, stout and dark. He was possessed of plenty of money and showed us several very valuable diamond rings which he carried in his pocket. At that time his arm was in a sling, but for what reason our utmost scrutiny and questions failed to discover. Shortly afterwards he vanished, and we have not seen him since, but from the description in this morning’s paper, we have no doubt but that he is the same Dr. Tumblety as mentioned in the article you print from the New York Times.

Yours, etc.,

Geo. Harcourt & Son, Toronto, Nov. 21.⁴⁰

The fact that Tumblety visited the store ‘several times’ certainly suggests another extended visit.

Yet, perhaps the most relevant fact of all is that Tumblety yet again returned to Toronto in 1888, and appears to have been there directly before the Whitechapel Murders. This was reported by two of Toronto’s competing dailies, *The Mail* and *The Globe*.

Dr. Francis Tumblety, who was
40 *The Mail*, November 22, 1888.

arrested in London recently on suspicion of being implicated in the Whitechapel murders, was in Toronto for a few days January last [i.e. 1888]. That was his last visit to this city. While here he informed a reporter of THE MAIL that he (the doctor) was suffering from kidney and heart disease, and that he was constantly in dread of sudden death. He left Toronto in the last week of January for the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and during the last ten years has passed most of his time at the various health resorts in America and on the Continent of Europe. He is a fine-looking man, strongly built, and over six feet in height. He is now sixty years of age, but as he regularly dyed his fierce mustachios a rich deep black, he manages to retain a moderately youthful appearance. He claims to be an Irishman, but in manners and speech he is now thoroughly American. His real name is Tully. He has on several occasions been placed in durance by representatives of the law, and has always succeeded in establishing his innocence of the crime charged against him . . .

[Tumblety] has in his possession, and they were read by a MAIL reporter, autographed letters addressed to him by Napoleon III, John Bright, Lord

Baconsfield, and other notable persons. As an "Indian Herb Doctor" he carried on business in Toronto in the latter part of the fifties, having an office on King street east, almost opposite the St. Lawrence Market. For many years past, however, he has not practiced medicine, but occupies himself in continual travel, rarely stopping more than a few days in any place.⁴¹

The report is credible. It relates many of Tumblety's oddities that are now confirmable, but weren't widely known at the time; his bogus letters from Napoleon III, for instance, or his diamond rings and affinity for the bath-houses in Hot Springs. It also magnifies what has always been a chief difficulty in assessing Tumblety as a suspect in the Whitechapel Murder case; by 1888, the image of Tumblety as an outlandish 'Herb Doctor' (so popular in the press and in the minds of 'Ripperologists') was an anachronism. In the several years leading up to his arrest in London, we know the least about him; he seems to have abandoned medicine to lead an increasingly wayward and dissipated existence, filled with rent boys, saloons, grandiosity, hypochondria, and — to my mind — hints of

41 *The Mail*, November 23, 1888.

advanced syphilis. His sudden appearance in East London at the height of the murders — and Scotland Yard's obvious interest in him — remains a very real mystery.

And, despite *The Mail's* assurance that Tumblety had left Toronto in January 1888, the cross-town *Globe* reported that he actually returned again that spring. This is most interesting of all, for the 'doctor' appears to have traveled to London in May with a group of tourists from the Toronto area.

Dr. Tumblety, who was recently acquitted [sic] of a charge of being concerned in the Whitechapel murders, was in Toronto last May and sailed for England shortly afterwards. His fellow-passengers became much interested in the doctor, who is a man of striking presence, pleasant manners and great conversational powers. He had traveled much and had practiced medicine in San Francisco, New York, Toronto, and Montreal. He was in Canada in the fifties and showed an extract from a Montreal paper in which he was spoken of as a candidate in opposition to the late D'Arcy McGee. He had printed copies of letters to himself from Napoleon III, John Bright, and other celebrities, and a letter from President

*Lincoln introducing him to Lord John Russell. He appeared to have plenty of money, and was lavish in his generosity to the attendants on the steamboat. The impression he left on the passengers was that of a dashing, reckless and adventurous man, but not one who would be guilty of crime.*⁴²

Why was Tumblety constantly returning to Toronto in the 1870s and 80s? There are several possibilities. The bitter Canadian winters tended to drive street urchins indoors, where they became easy prey for pederasts willing to give them temporary lodging. Tumblety, increasingly marginalized in the latter half of his life, also seems to have had a psychological need to return to his former haunts, so he could recapture his now dwindling notoriety as the 'Indian Herb Doctor.' Further, there are indications that Tumblety may have even owned property in southern Ontario. In an advertisement that ran in the *Montreal Gazette* in 1859, Tumblety claimed that he was the owner of acreage near the Grand Trunk Railroad in Upper Canada — meaning, not northern Canada, but the upper end of the St. Lawrence River in southern Ontario — which, of course, is where

⁴² *Toronto Globe*, November 23, 1888.



DR. FRANCIS TUMBLETY.

Toronto is located. If this was a hollow boast, it was certainly a long-lived one; accused of bilking patients in Liverpool, England, in 1875, Tumblety excused his disreputable practices by stating that he was raising money to fight a land suit over his Canadian property.⁴³

Considering Tumblety's presence in Toronto in the spring of 1888, a suggestion first made by Donald Rumbelow cannot be entirely discounted. During the Victorian era, it was commonplace for Scotland Yard detectives to study hotel registers, bank statements, and ship passenger lists to trace Americans in England suspected of various crimes; obviously, they wanted to know who the suspect was, and where he had come from. If Scotland Yard had somehow learned of Tumblety's frequent visits to Toronto, or that he had been there that spring, it is not implausible that Andrews would have lingered in the city for a week to see if he showed up. As Rumbelow noted, the Ashburton Treaty between the United States and Britain did not allow extradition for gross indecency. However, if Tumblety followed his old pattern of spending part of his winters in Toronto, he could have been arrested and brought back

⁴³ *Liverpool Mercury*, January 28, 1875.

to London. Evidently Tumblety never showed, and Andrews finished his investigation and left.

Finally, there are two events at the end of 1888, both bizarre, which may well shed indirect light on Andrews' mysterious mission. They both occurred in London.

The first concerns one of the final acts of Sir Charles Warren as Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. At the end of November 1888, Warren "*desire[d] to place on record the conduct of the following officers, who, by zeal and activity in the discharge of their duties, effected the apprehension of persons wanted for offenses committed.*"

(4th inst). Insp. (C.I.D.) Marshall

(4th inst). Ch. Insp. (C.O.-C.I.D.)

Littlechild

(4th inst). Ch. Insp. (" ") Swanson

(4th inst). Insp. (" ") Andrews.

The notice subsequently appeared in the Metropolitan Police Orders for Tuesday, November 27, 1888 (the day before Warren telegraphed Toronto about Andrews' pending arrival) under the heading "Commendation and Rewards."

First discovered several years ago by Stewart P. Evans and Donald

Rumbelow,⁴⁴ this strange reference has excited nearly no commentary, even though it is certainly one of the strangest documents in the entire canon.

All the officers named are familiar to students of the Whitechapel Murder case. Chief Inspector Swanson was the administrative head of the investigation during Anderson's absence from London in September and early October, and is mentioned throughout the case files. Littlechild, of course, is the Chief Inspector who named Tumblety as a 'very likely' suspect in the murders. As operational head of the Special Branch, it is frequently argued that Littlechild was out of the loop, but this suggestion carries little conviction. Entries in the still closed Special Branch files refer to the East End murders, and, as shown in the above entry, Littlechild was working closely with Swanson during the height of the scare. Inspector Henry Marshall, though not known to have worked the case, headed the closely related inquiry into the so-called 'Whitehall Mystery,' the unidentified female torso dumped at the New Scotland Yard building site on October 3rd. The final name is Walter Andrews.

⁴⁴ Evans and Rumbelow, *Jack the Ripper: Scotland Yard Investigates* (2006), p. 202.

Such rewards and commendations were usually reserved for prominent cases; the arrest of an embezzler who stole hundreds, or a dynamiter who had attempted to blow up a building. And this is the oddest thing of all. There is seemingly no prosecution in December 1888, or throughout early 1889, that refers to arrests made by Littlechild, Swanson, Andrews, and Marshall. Thus, whatever case Warren was referring to remains an enigma, and three days afterwards, Warren left the Met, never to return.

There is one possible solution, but it is unlikely to please the critics. The ‘apprehensions’ Warren refers to dated to November 4th, 1888, and involved four Scotland Yard officers, evidently working in unison. It is documented that Tumblety had a sexual encounter with John Doughty two days earlier, November 2nd, and was subsequently picked up on November 7th. Yet, Tumblety wasn’t charged merely for ‘gross indecency’ with Doughty; in the meantime, three other ‘victims’ had come to light. The shadowy arrests on November 4th, by four different officers, would certainly make sense if a police ‘sweep’ on that date picked up Doughty, Fisher, Brice,

and Crowley — the four youths with whom Tumblety had been involved. Three days later, Tumblety was ‘received into custody.’ Rather dubiously, he is eventually charged with four counts of ‘indecent assault with force of arms,’ strongly implying that the police were only interested in him, and not the four youths. Their cooperation obtained, they afterwards disappear from the records.

This might sound far-fetched, but no other prosecution in late 1888 or 1889 fits the bill, and it’s certainly odd that Warren was commending Andrews the very moment that he was leaving on a ‘mission’ to Canada, and odder still that Andrews is being linked in early November to Littlechild, who later named Tumblety as a ‘very likely’ suspect.

Meanwhile, Warren’s own opinion about the Whitechapel Murder case remains largely unknown, though there is a vague and even doubtful reference to it in Jay Robert Nash’s massive six volume *Encyclopedia of World Crime*. In an entry on Sir Charles Warren, Nash states, ‘towards the end of his life, although he never made his opinions public, Warren intimated to friends that he believed the Ripper

was an Irish maniac.’⁴⁵ This is odd. The biography of Warren written by Watkin Williams gives no further elucidation; it merely states that Warren didn’t care to discuss the Whitechapel murder case, and then goes on with a doubtful rendition of the Druitt theory — without the least evidence that Warren himself supported it. Secondary sources are, of course, worthless as historical evidence. A careful sifting of all the relevant citations in Nash’s bibliography fails to identify his source, and the most that can be said is that Nash owned one of the largest collections of criminal material in the world, and a source for Warren’s beliefs might still be found.

The second mystery concerns the strange actions of Robert Anderson at the end of 1888. On December 20th, ‘Rose’ Mylett, a prostitute, was found murdered — evidently garroted — in a deserted court in Poplar, East London. Over the following days, Anderson would repeatedly meddle with the findings of the local coroner in an increasingly bizarre attempt to have the death ruled as a self-inflicted, albeit accidental, strangling. This was an unlikely

⁴⁵ Nash, *Encyclopedia of World Crime*, Vol. IV., p. 3096.

theory, and few believed it; indeed, the coroner's jury eventually ruled that Mylett had been murdered 'by person or persons unknown.'

The full extent of Anderson's strange gyrations over the course of that week has been fully dealt with elsewhere, but what has never been explained is *why* Anderson would have so vigorously involved himself in the Mylett inquest.

There is, however, a possible solution. A neglected aspect of Anderson's career and personality is that he was a lawyer. This is hardly incidental. When the C.I.D. was first organized, the government appointed Howard Vincent — 'an astute young lawyer' — to be its first head. It was a shrewd move; a lawyer would be sensitive to all the legal ramifications and technicalities of any case being investigated by the Yard. In 1888, Anderson — another lawyer — was similarly appointed.

Anderson's strange involvement in the Mylett case in December, 1888, may well indicate that he had a specific *legal* reason for wanting the murder 'off the books.' But what could this reason be? Only one comes to mind. It was Anderson who telegraphed America concerning Tumblety, and it was

Anderson who sent a man to Canada. And at the time of the Mylett murder — December 20th — that man, Inspector Andrews, was still abroad finishing his inquiries. Indeed if the reports out of Montreal can be believed, the very day that Mylett was found dead — December 20th — Andrews was investigating 'a man suspected of knowing considerable about the murders.'

If, in fact, Robert Anderson suspected Tumblety's involvement in the Whitechapel case — and even thought that a prosecution might be pending — then he had, in fact, a clear motive for 'nullifying' the Mylett murder. Why? Tumblety's defense team would surely have a field day pointing out that another dead prostitute had been found in East London, *after* their client had already blown town. Far-fetched? Maybe, but Walter Andrews, while in Canada, also allegedly stated that he believed the 'right man' was among the suspects.⁴⁶ If accurate, this remarkable admission is surely a guarded reference to the same man he had crossed the ocean to investigate. It would have then been the job of Andrews' supervisor — Robert Anderson — to eliminate

46 *Toronto Globe*, December 21, 1888. Cited in Vanderlinden.

any pending legal hurdles if Tumblety were to ever face prosecution. Clearly, 'nullifying' the Mylett murder would have been highly desirable nipping any defense argument in the bud. At the very least, the *timing* of Anderson's interference with the Mylett inquest is extraordinary.

Of course, years later, Anderson would famously claim there was 'no doubt whatsoever' that a Polish Jew was Jack the Ripper. Perhaps; but neither the biographical details of Aaron Kosminski, nor Anderson's earlier complaints about the 'non-detection' of the murderer, inspire confidence, and there has always been a strong sense that Anderson was merely overcompensating for Scotland Yard having botched the investigation in 1888. *Contemporary* sources leave no doubt that Anderson was deeply interested in Francis Tumblety.

ANDREWS' END

It is appropriate to end this series with a brief look at Andrews' final years. They are, sadly, marred by tragedy.

Little is known of what happened to Andrews on his return to London, or after the Labouchere affair brought his name before the public. In August,

...SADLY, MARRED BY TRAGEDY...

1889, he suddenly retired from Scotland Yard, citing bad health. The following November, a reception was held in his honor.

On Friday afternoon a pleasing ceremony took place in Scotland Yard Detective Office, namely, the presentation of a clock, vases, and an address on vellum, to Ex-detective Inspector Andrews, who retired a few weeks ago on the ground of ill-health. The gifts were subscribed for by his brother officers, and presented by Chief Inspector Shore, in a very happy address, in the presence of all the inspectors and officers of the department. Mr. Shore, in the course of his remarks, hoped Mr. Andrews would live many years to tell the time by the clock. The inscription on the clock is as follows: "Presented to Inspector Walter S. Andrews, Criminal Investigation Department, Great Scotland Yard, by his brother officers, as a mark of their esteem and regard on his retirement from the service, after a period of 19 years. August, 1889." Mr. Andrews, in acknowledging the presentation, expressed his regret at having to leave the service, but said it was a

*source of gratification to him to know that he retired with the respect and goodwill of all active officers, and that he had the confidence of Mr. Monro, the Chief Commissioner, the Assistant Commissioners, and all the heads of the service.*⁴⁷

As was the case with so many who retired from Scotland Yard, Andrews went on to pursue a career as a private detective; he could now slacken his pace and pick his own hours.

Somewhat oddly, the 1891 UK census does not show Andrews living in the family home in Lambeth; his eldest daughter Edith, however, is still there and is listed as a 'detective's clerk' — presumably because she was working for her father.

In 1895, *Windsor Magazine* included a brief reference to Andrews, along with a photograph, in an article titled "The Detective in Real Life." Andrews is described as being one of the most prominent private enquiry agents in London. There is little more and thereafter Andrews falls beneath

⁴⁷ *The Police Chronicle & Guardian*, November 9, 1889.

our radar.

Four years later, on August 26, 1899, a father and son bicycling along a lonely stretch of road near Horndean, Hampshire, came across a horrific sight. Beneath a roadside tree, a man was dangling from a short length of rope, his knees dragging on the ground. It was Walter Andrews.

The county coroner [Mr. E. Goble] held an inquest at the "Ship and Bell" Inn, Hordean, on Monday afternoon, touching the death of Walter Simon Andrews, aged 52, of Hillside Villas, Frensham road, Farnham, late detective-inspector attached to the Criminal Investigation Department at New Scotland Yard, who was found dead suspended by a rope from a tree by the roadside at Horndean on Saturday last. Mr. Carpenter was chosen foreman of the jury.

Jane Andrews, widow of the deceased, stated that he had been pensioned from the police force for the last ten years on account of failing health. For eight years after he left the force he carried on a private enquiry agency in London, but two years ago he was

obliged to give it up, as his health got worse. They then removed to Farnham on the advice of a doctor. Whilst residing at Farnham he had complained of imaginary troubles, and last Wednesday left his home apparently to go for a walk, but did not return. Enquiries were instituted and on Thursday she went to London to see if he had gone to visit some friends there, but failing to find him she returned to Farnham and reported the matter to the police. He had never threatened to commit suicide, but on Thursday she received an unintelligible letter from him which indicated that he was not in a sound state of mind . . .

*The jury returned a verdict of suicide whilst in a state of temporary insanity.*⁴⁸

It was a sad end to one of Victorian Scotland Yard's finest detectives, and a reminder of the dire toll the job took on so many.

Andrews' final resting place is unknown. It can only be hoped that his secrets did not die with him.

48 *The Hants & Sussex News*, August 30, 1899.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Biography

R.J. Palmer

R.J. Palmer lives and works in Eugene, Oregon. He began studying the Whitechapel Murder case in 1989, after taking Donald Rumbelow's classic tour of

London's East End. Currently, he is researching a book on the Irish Nationalist journalist Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa.

Plotting the 1888 Kelly Postal Directory

D.M.GATES

This paper should **NOT** be read as an argument paper. It does not contain the classic formula of thesis, argument and conclusion. Rather, it contains a section on biases within the source document, a section on methodology, and sections on individual findings. The reason for this stems from the reasoning for the creation of the dataset that spawned this paper in general. I was curious about the nature of the environment the victims understood as reality. Having only the mass media image to start with, I was curious to see if the *1888 Kelly Postal Directory* reinforced this image. While the conclusions sections argue against the paradigm of district poverty, the reader should not extend those

arguments to being accurate characterizations of the area. These arguments are refutations of the common conception based on *Directory* data.

This paper is not intended as a complete dataset regarding the economy of the Jack the Ripper murder district of 1888. This paper stems from the analysis of an incomplete dataset, and therefore can only be incomplete as a result. It is a summary of the image portrayed in the *Directory*. As such, it ignores the admittedly flourishing street trade, especially in food and used clothing, although that trade only strengthens the argument of economic vitality. The findings presented do not replace other interpretations of the reality of the murder district in

1888, but they do augment them. The *Directory* reflects an aspect of the 1888 reality that is lacking in detail in other datasets common to the novice Ripper scholar. I am only a student of these events and the form of this paper was determined by an express desire to inform my Ripper scholar peers without the *pro forma* argument of the classical style of presentation.

The *Directory* image of the area is largely the image of major streets. These are the areas shaded bright red on the Booth survey map, and they indicate the well-to-do or middle-class, according to Booth. This selective representation within the *Directory* is the reason that the Booth map and *Postal Directory* datasets are not



BOOTH MAP

exclusive of each other. Contextually, the *Directory* takes us from red shading to specific numeric values. It is correctly understood as the fleshing out of detail regarding the nature of economic conditions that was lost in the shading process in the creation of the Booth maps.

It is a fact that the *Directory* aligns with, and augments part of, the Booth map dataset. The differing presentations between the Booth map as a whole and the *Directory* stems largely from the fact that you have two distinct datasets generated for different purposes. Each dataset was made by entities with differing goals and with different views regarding the approach to the collection and presentation of data. The dominance of one image over the other in terms of popularity is largely the result of which dataset past Ripper students and mass media entities have chosen to emphasize.

These two datasets were both realities, and the primary reason they have traditionally been perceived as being exclusive of each other is that the frame of reference of the observer prohibited a unified vision of the datasets. Unfortunately, one image has

come to dominate the other in terms of popularity and dispersion. One interpretation has in effect become a paradigm for how Ripper scholars view the community of 1888. Many forms of media have unabashedly favored the Booth map dataset in terms of being representational of the area, and thus they have created a faulty paradigm for the understanding of the area. I strongly suspect that this approach of emphasizing poverty and criminality within the area has led to a skewed perception of the actual environment that has become common to novice Ripper students.

This is the “murder district” I will be referring to. It is the area circumscribed by the recovery sites of the “Macnaghten Five” victims. It encompasses 62.39 hectares or, for the metrically challenged, 154.17 acres. Politically, it represents sections of Whitechapel, Mile End New Town, Mile End Old Town, the City of London, Spitalfields, and St. George’s in the East. It is because of this composition I have settled on the term murder district to specifically include all areas within the recovery sites of the Macnaghten Five victims, regardless of their political or religious

nomenclatures. In practical terms it was the Ripper’s hunting ground according to the Macnaghten grouping of the Whitechapel murders.

Very quickly after starting the mapping it became apparent that there was a differential representation in favor of the larger streets and against more residential areas. Plotting locations demonstrated that in 500 feet of a larger street there might be 35 entries, while on a more residential street there might not be any. This differential representation correlates well with the Booth map dataset regarding well-to-do or middle-class areas in the district.

There are two primary reasons for this. Larger streets contained a higher number of enterprises that required a public listing as a form of advertisement, and larger streets also contained vastly more enterprises to which the 3 shilling (£68.87 today) cost of inclusion in the *Directory* would be acceptable. Because of this bias towards business listings within the *Directory*, I have confined my comments to presenting findings based on economic activity within the district. I reiterate this is an incomplete dataset with at least two unquantifiable Victorian

biases that affect the final form of the source document. It should in no way be considered an alternate perception of the reality of the 1888 murder district. It is merely the less expressed one. When values are given they are the minimums in terms of frequency, and approximations in terms of percentages. Values are presented as (number of listings) (% and economic sector) *grouping nomenclature (in italics)*, or **actual listing nomenclature (in bold)**.

however, we should examine how severe of a bias it was. I have chosen to illustrate the cost of inclusion (3s.) against some of what is known of our victims:

1. Nichols stole clothing worth £3 10s from an employer. That is 70 shillings or 23.33 times greater than the cost of inclusion.
2. Chapman received a payment from her estranged spouse of 10 shillings a week. More than triple the cost of inclusion per week.

Anyone arguing for a formidable economic sampling error within the *Directory* must not only account for these values in terms of the common access to the sum of 3s. within the district, they must account for why listings for enterprises like a cock finder (a finder of wayward fowl) and cow keepers, presumably low-profit endeavors, exist within the *Directory* despite the fee being a selective bias. The sampling error created by this fee is minimal in contrast to the historical background

...DIRECTIONALLY SELECTIVE BIAS AGAINST THE POOR...

Before we begin our examination of the *Directory*, there needs to be some discussion of this economic bias as to its potential scope of effect. Some will undoubtedly argue that the fee was a directionally selective bias against the poor and it therefore makes the *Directory* an irrelevant tool for Ripper scholars owing to the disproportionate numbers of poor within the district. Yes, the fee is a directionally selective bias against the poor. Before we throw the baby out with the bathwater,

3. Stride was paid 6d by Mrs. Tanner for cleaning rooms, or 1/6 of the cost of inclusion.

4. Eddowes received 2s 6d for a pawned pair of used boots. This is ½ shilling (6d) shy of the cost of inclusion.

5. Kelly paid rent of 4s 6d a week and she was 29 shillings in arrears at the time of her death. The cost of inclusion was less than one week of Mary's rent and just 10.3 % of what was in arrears.

and poverty counterpoint the *Directory* provides. Exclusion of the *Directory* image because of a perceived economic sampling error can only result in a deliberately skewed perception of the district, and faulty conception of both people and events within the district.

Because I was dangerously ignorant going into this project, I had no categories for listing type. I also had no agenda in demonstrating a "truth" about the district as a whole. My bias, if it can be called such, was to understand

the environment that the victims and their killer(s) moved through. The primary ingredients in this project were curiosity, the *Directory* street listings, maps available in the public domain, and a mapping program that would allow a correlation of the two. I possessed no agenda regarding how these ingredients should interact, and none concerning what, if anything, I would discern from the effort.

The initial foray into mapping entries was based on street name as the grouping mechanism. It was not until I was several hundred listings into the project that this system became untenable, and the need for a more sophisticated classification system became undeniable. Fortunately, by that time I had enough listing variety to establish some basic criteria for the sorting of the plottings. Looking at what had been plotted up to that point; it became abundantly clear that the bulk of the entries could be categorized in just four economic sectors. These sectors are food (and drink), manufacturing, services, and retail. Just as the term murder district is a matter of convenience to avoid the entanglements of varied nomenclatures, so too these sectors represent a convenience for the

grouping of plottings. These sectors are instructive however, as we shall see.

To offer some scale to the values that follow we should examine the *Directory* as a macro regarding these categories. The largest economic sector portrayed in the *Directory* is food at 35.34% of the listings. In descending order the rest are retail at 23.30%, manufacturing at 22.64%, and services at 18.72 %.

With these macro numbers we can see that the two largest sector values are the sectors catering to the murder district itself. This indicates that the majority of listings in the *Directory* (58.64%) are tied to economic activities within the district itself. This implies that the flow of money in the district was not dismal as in the popular poverty paradigm of the district, but instead significant enough to justify the economic structures demonstrated in the *Directory*. This in turn places the victims in the light of the desperately poor, but not indicative of the entire district. At every turn we will see the economic structures portrayed in the *Directory* militate against the currently popular district paradigm of poverty as the key defining characteristic of the district.

Clearly, there was enough monetary flow within the district to justify more than half of the local economy's gearing for local consumption. When one considers the variability of listings and their volume, local consumption becomes apparent. Again and again, we will see the idea of outsiders frequenting the district for these goods and services in the required numbers as an untenable counter explanation. Equally so, the natures of some of these goods and services are simply non-exportable. The composite picture presented in the *Directory* makes primary local consumption the most parsimonious explanation for all of the *Directory* data when taken together.

While I do not doubt the desperate poverty of the victims as a whole, I have grave reservations concerning the logical extrapolation that they accurately represent the community within the district. We have, as fact, that the district received waves of immigrants, who were in turn folded into an already existing (and economically functioning) social matrix within the district. When one considers the aforementioned economic bias that was a selective factor in the final *Directory* form, it becomes rather clear that the desperately poor were

a subset of a larger reality within the district. This reality contained professionals, independent businessmen, and small business operators in addition to poverty stricken masses of immigrants.

As a rule businesses geared to local consumption do not locate (or exist in large numbers and diverse types) in places where it is fundamentally impossible to realize a profit due to an unhealthy market demand fostered by poverty. To find either local consumption en masse or large volumes of listings in singular activities is to find a marketplace of economic means. Both the diversity of listings and their volume point to a district monetary flow not allowable within a district poverty paradigm. While one or the other of these listings characteristics may be explained in the context of a statistical anomaly, both cannot be explained in this fashion. When one couples these listing characteristics with the multi-component compositions within sectors, and the cross-sector alignments with known community needs, it becomes clear that the most parsimonious explanation for *Directory* data is that of greater district consumption than is possible within the paradigm of district poverty.



BUTCHER'S SHOP

When we couple this with the number of enterprises competing within economic sectors for the same market share, one is swiftly led to the realization that the numbers reflected in the *Directory* indicate a state of robust economic competition within a marketplace not devoid of economic

means. The *Directory* data do not imply economic blighting but rather strongly suggest a consumer market within the district that was healthy enough financially to foster not just economic competition among providers of the same goods and services, but also the servicing of community needs with economic

structures that cross sectors in support of community needs.

Food (35.34% of the total listings) encompasses a variety of listing types, from produce to meat, and milk to alcohol. Of these (60) (22.22% of food) are *pubs*. Pubs illustrate very well the extent of local consumption. Pubs also militate against interpretations of listing export outside the district as well as client influx from outside the district. Pubs, however, are not the only type of establishment centered on a consumable liquid product that existed within the district in sizeable quantity. Within the *Directory* (30) (11.11% of food) are **coffee shops**. The highly mobile nature of coffee as a component coupled with numerous locations within the district strongly suggests primary local consumption. When it comes to food, (35) (12.96% food) are listed as **grocers**, both green and unspecified and (34) (12.59% of food) as **chandlers**.

These last two values suggest it was roughly as common to prepare one's own food as it was to visit a chandler within the district. That is to say there was roughly the same economic demand for grocers as for chandlers within the district. When we apply the

capitalist economic caveat of free markets—that a free market structurally justifies whatever market demand supports—grocers and chandlers are nearly equal in terms of frequency, and therefore nearly equal in terms of market demand. These two values reflect that the district demand for food was met through enterprise specialization within the marketplace of the district. This specialization is commonly considered by capitalist economists as being resultant from competition within economically viable marketplaces. Competition is similarly viewed as a process of functioning and healthy marketplaces. This places the district marketplace solidly within the light of being financially capable of supporting enterprise diversification in support of market demands.

Lesser represented food entries include (19) (7.04% of food) unspecified **butchers**, (16) (5.92% of food) **bakers**, (14) (5.18% of food) **confectioners**, (15) (5.5% of food) **beer retailers** and (6) (2.22% of food) **fried fish shops**. Both diversity and volume of listings demonstrate that food was the dominant economic sector within the district, and it was well developed in form.

This degree of specialization

reflected in *Directory* listings is telling. Specialization within marketplaces is commonly interpreted as demonstrating the economic vigor within that marketplace. The food listings do not reflect the “take what you get” lack of diversity normally reflective of economically unhealthy marketplaces. This would be the anticipated presentation within the *Directory* if the paradigm of district poverty was completely correct. Food listings within the *Directory* unambiguously support the contention of economic competition, and thusly economic health within the district. Food listings could not be more militantly opposed to the poverty paradigm of the district.

Retail (23.30% of total listings), as the second largest value in terms of listings volume, is also instructive in so far as it indicates something about the nature of goods consumed in the murder district. Location of retail spaces in the district also strongly implies local consumption. When one considers the types of retail goods as a whole, the contentions of primary district external consumption, and consumer influx become dubious at best.

Items like books, knives, lamps, and stationery can be produced, and

therefore purchased, anywhere. The concept of consumer inflow for these goods is untenable. Similarly, they are highly exportable as well, meaning if economic demand justified it, these products could readily be exported from the district. The presence of these types of retail outlets within the district is a very strong indicator of primary local consumption, even more so if one is seeking parsimony in explanation.

Far and away the largest subsection of the retail sector is (31) (17.42% of retail) *clothing*. The largest subsections of the *clothing* category are (17) (9.55% of retail) **clothiers** and (10) (5.62% of retail) **hosiers**. I fully concede these are highly exportable products. I also concede these listings may reflect in part outside consumers entering the district to purchase clothing. Before we extend this line of thought too far, however, we should ask ourselves how likely a class-conscious populace would be to travel into the district in such numbers as to justify a quantity of retail locations in the district. If the paradigm of poverty is correct in large measure, the answer is not very. When one considers the highly exportable nature of clothing and couples it with the ease of clothing creation nearer a

district external consumer, district consumption again represents the most parsimonious explanation.

Another large and telling subsection of retail, one half as large as clothing in scale, is *tobacco*. Listed are (16) (9% of retail) **tobacconists**. This large value for a consumable product that is sold within the district is another strong indicator of monetary flow within the district. Given the highly mobile nature of the product, one runs into the same question as with clothing and household goods. The *Directory* defines multiple, large, retail subsections that point to a monetary flow within the district, and away from a district paradigm of poverty.

Along these lines one finds (11) (6.18% of retail) listings for **furniture dealers**. On this matter there are only two reasonable conclusions. The first is that the craftsmen who made the furniture were located locally. This would explain the retail outlet within the district, and the retail outlets would have been frequented by Londoners from outside of the district. We can call this the “district external consumption model.” The second choice is naturally a “district internal consumption model.” While the reality was

certainly somewhere in between these two extreme models, other *Directory* values suggest the latter is the more correct (dominant) of the two positions. Like food, furniture retail can best be explained in the context of the servicing of a community need. Like food, retail in general—and furniture retail specifically—is openly contrary to a district poverty paradigm.

Similarly, fully 25.85 % of retail listings (6.02% of total listings) are accounted for in just four categories of retail, and they are all consumable in nature. *Tobacco* (9%) + *oil* (6.74%) + *non durable goods* (rags, feathers, hay, et cetera) (6.74%) + *stationery* (**stationers**) (3.37%). When we compare these retail values against the poverty paradigm of the district we are left with a *non sequitur* in so far as impoverished populations are not known for driving mainstream economic activities centered on varied consumable products. Consumables are another subsection of retail that strongly militates against the currently popular image of poverty as the district paradigm.

The next largest economic sector in terms of listing volume centers on manufacturing (22.63% of total listings). Of these listings (38) (21.97% of



FURNITURE SELLER

manufacturing) were related to *footwear* (**boot and shoe makers**). Other notable subsections of manufacturing include (19) (10.98% of manufacturing) *industrial products*. When we allow for the known manufacturing aspect of the district and the sheer volume of people in the district, the most parsimonious explanation is again district internal consumption. As mentioned before, manufacturing contains another indicator that retail and manufacturing were aligned in support of district marketplace demand. Listed are (17) (9.83% of manufacturing) *household goods* (lamps, knives, books, toys, et cetera). This alignment is most easily explained in the context of the servicing of local demand, and so these aspects of manufacturing also militate against the poverty model for the district, by pointing unambiguously towards a district internal consumption model.

When one gets away from larger streets, local manufacturing in the form of cottage industry becomes apparent. While individual in scale, these listings account for a significant amount of the local economy according to the *Directory*. Listings include (7) (4.05% of manufacturing) *Cane/stick/umbrella* makers, (4) (2.31%

of manufacturing) **picture frame makers** and (3) (1.73% of manufacturing) **packing case makers**. That is (8.39% manufacturing) or (1.89% of total) *Directory* listings in just three manufacturing values centered on cottage industry.

Clearly some small manufacturing businesses did exist. To contend that Londoners outside the district favored district cottage industry products in a sizeable fashion is to reject openly the most parsimonious explanation (district consumption) as well as to deny the district poverty model by virtue of the class-oriented consumer market. Since we can be reasonably sure that these products were not made to be given away, district monetary flow is again implied by this subsection of manufacturing.

I fully accept that products made within the district can be partially explained in the context of sweatshop type activities when viewed alone, and that products made in the district cannot be assumed to be consumed in the district automatically. As we have seen, and will see again, significant amounts of local production align with prominent retail and services subsections within the district, and jointly

point to primary district consumption, and away from a district poverty paradigm. Manufacturing supports the implications of the retail and food sectors.

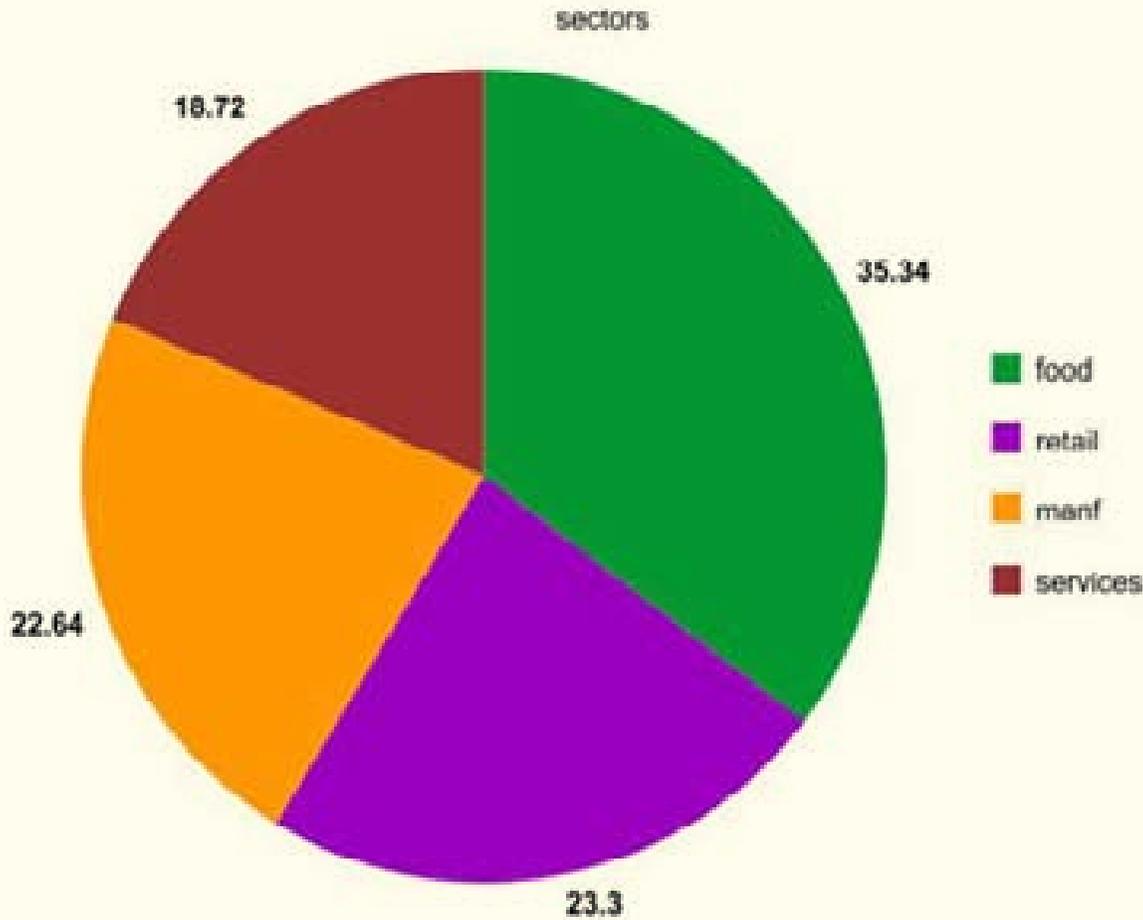
Services are an interesting section of listings within the *Directory*. They account for (18.71% of total listings). They can most parsimoniously be interpreted as being centered within the district because they serviced the district. Alternatively, they can be explained as being located in the district by virtue of favorable locating circumstances (such as low rents) while servicing those outside of the district. While evaluating this data bear in mind how likely a class-conscious person might have been to travel into the district to procure these services, particularly if the poverty paradigm were true.

Co-dominant service listings are (25) (17.48% of services) **tailors** and (25) (17.48%) **hair dressers**. To assert a substantial flow of class-driven persons into the district to obtain either of these services so readily available elsewhere, is to deny the economic blighting model as an accurate district identifier. If one is going to argue substantial consumer inflow, any differentiation of the district based on class

or economic status must be blurred to the point of being ineffectual in order to secure a volume sizeable enough to justify the volume of listings within the district. I would also contend that anyone advancing such an argument must supply some characteristic of district services that differentiate them from the same service listings available external to the district. Services again refute a poverty model for the district, and again point to primary local consumption, and in turn district monetary flow.

Other notable service totals are (13) (9.09% of services) *medical services*, with (6) **surgeons** being the dominant subclass, (12) (8.39% of services) *those who deal with animals* (**furrier, farrier, cow keeper**, et cetera). I really look forward to an argument that justifies outside-the-district demand for cow keepers and doctors, or one that declares their exportable nature. I submit that these values exclusively represent the servicing of a local need.

The services section also raises other pertinent issues for Ripper studies. Interestingly we see professionals located within the district. Listed were (8) (5.59% of services) **engineers**, (4) **solicitors** and (3) **dentists**. There is



no doubt that some professionals lived and worked within the murder district. There is only a small doubt that they were servicing local market demand. This strongly suggests at least some well-appointed persons were regularly within the district. Appearances are still a particularly acute issue for professionals, and it would have been even more so in a class-oriented society. This is an issue we will visit again later.

The service listings also leave no doubt that the keeping of animals was a local characteristic within the district. Within the services entries we see several that are in support of local animal keeping. This is a badly represented feature in the *Directory* in terms of scope, yet critical to a Ripper scholar. In terms of scope, aside from not being a mainstream commercial activity, an unknown number

of persons were serviced by a singular entry of say a **hay salesman** or **cock finder**. Important to Ripper students is that the *Directory* points to an unknown and potentially large segment of the district population having a working familiarity with knives and their use on animals within the context of food preparation. The dictum, “not even the skill of a butcher,” leaps to mind. Services, like the other sectors, point at primary local consumption. Once again we see listing type as well as listing volume suggesting that the district economy was not blighted, and that *Directory* data suggest widespread servicing of district needs.

Looking at select values across sectors is instructive. Let us revisit the issue of physical appearances within the murder district.

Clothing 17.42% R
tailors 17.48% S
+ *Jewelry* 2.80 %R
+ **hair dressers** 17.48%S
20.22% R x (.2330) = 4.71% of total
+ 34.96S x (.1872) = 6.54% of total

That is 11.25% of total listings, across economic sectors that were dedicated to appearances within the district in just four values, and these values again cross-sector divisions

implying the servicing of community market demand. When we compare this to pubs (22.22% of total) we can see the gravity of the error of the popular image in relation to the reality. When has a Ripper film set out to show well-appointed, concerned people within the district with equal vigor to drunkards and vagrants?

The presence of well-appointed people in Spitalfields should not be an issue for discussion among Ripper scholars, it should be a given. The routine presence of professionals (and their heightened need to convey a respectable image) within the district is a fact. The dedication of substantial retail and service sectors of the district economy being geared to appearances is a fact. If students of the Ripper crimes feel a compulsion to assert the paradigm of poverty, let them apply it to the victims. We can say with some historical certainty that they were occasionally that way. We should not

personally generalize the district as a whole to suit victim image through the logical device of extenuation, nor should we except such a proposition from others.

Sadly for the field of Ripper studies, the paradigm of district poverty is so widespread in its distribution, that it is the image most novice students bring to their studies. When we couple this with the small number of students who challenge the validity of this image, we can see not just the mechanism of creation of this faulty paradigm, but also the mechanism of its maintenance within the Ripper studies community. This is an issue that concerns all Ripper students who concern themselves with the health and vitality of this field of study. It not only affects how we perceive these events, it also guides us in our reaching of conclusions, thusly affecting the validity of those conclusions.

In total then, the *Directory*

provides a glimpse of the murder district we rarely encounter in Ripper-related studies. The *Directory* image stands in contrast to the one we find familiar to our victims, portrayed in the Booth map dataset, or common in Ripper-related portrayals of the district in media of diverse forms. It is in fleshing out Booth's red shadings we can discern another district reality that was no less an environmental factor to our historical actors than the dominant paradigm. As pointed out at the beginning, the intent of this paper is not to change readers' images of the district to the view expressed in the *Directory*. Rather, it is to demonstrate that the currently popular interpretation of the reality of life in the murder district is incomplete, and as such, it is a poor paradigm for understanding the district as a community. I do not expect, nor do I wish for the reader to now conceive of the district as middle-class in paradigm. I also do not believe

**...IT IS A POOR PARADIGM
FOR UNDERSTANDING THE
DISTRICT AS A COMMUNITY.**

it would be accurate to conceive of the victims as belonging to an exclusionary subclass of the population of the district. Equally, I do not wish to see the image of the district any further skewed to the negative by a failure to present a factually based interpretation that indicates another demonstrable reality.

The image represented in the *Directory* is one facet of the multifaceted reality that was the murder district in 1888. It is simply another image of that time and that place. It is an image that few have chosen to rigorously assert, and many more have openly rejected. It

is an image that is seldom emphasized, and as a result it is not the popular image of the district in Ripper studies.

As the Ripper studies community, we should stress to new students that we cannot represent the victims as indicative of the district with great historical accuracy. If we want new students to enter this field with correct conceptions concerning these crimes, it is imperative we refute the flawed image that has become popular regarding the district. In a very real way, the image of the district has become another victim of that unknown homicidal person in

1888 through the focus that is placed on a tragically flawed district paradigm.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I owe many thanks to the members of *casebook.org* that have helped me in placing occupations that I am unfamiliar with into the correct economic sector. I also owe thanks to several members who helped me revise this paper into a presentable form. I hope my efforts in some small measure are compensation to them.

Biography

My name is Dave. I was born in and still reside in Kansas. I have been an airborne soldier, a carpenter, had a stroke at age 33, and now I am finishing my degrees in Anthropology and History. I genuinely enjoy both, and they marry together well. My concentrations in both areas have been centered on the First Nations of North America. My sense of humor is very dry, and usually on prominent

display. My interest in the Ripper case was brought about by the podcasts of Mr. Menges, and my acute insomnia. Since coming to the case, I have been and continue to be fascinated by both the anthropological and historical issues involved, I wish my fellow students of this phenomenon well and I urge them to look outside the “facts” of the case to increase their understanding of these events more fully.



D.M. Gates

Jabez Balfour and The Ripper Murders

The final two portions of Jabez S. Balfour's "Crimson Crimes" essays on the Jack the Ripper, which appeared in the *Weekly Despatch* in 1906, are presented, along with commentary on sources and suspects by Don Souden and Tom Wescott.

From Tinkers to Evers to Chance?

Okay, that bit of inside baseball lore is probably lost on many of our readers, but just how *Casebook Examiner* was able to provide the first opportunity for most Ripperologists to read the long-lost series on the Ripper murders by Jabez Balfour is a great example of friendship and sharing within our field. And, as *Examiner* "Scenes of Crime" columnist Rob Clack explains things, it may even make the reference to an old baseball double-play

combination understandable.

How I got the articles is quite boring really. Tom [Wescott] read about the existence of the articles from the book The Fox and the Flies by Charles Van Onselen and mentioned this to Debs [Arif] who mentioned it to me in an e-mail. Mention was also made by Tom that it was in a series called 'Crimson Crimes'. All I had to do was go to Colindale Newspaper Library and have a look through the Weekly Dispatch on the dates Tom mentioned.

Some were a bit out by a few months but they were quite easy to find. So I didn't do much really.

What Rob didn't mention is that besides finding the elusive clippings he photographed them and thus we had jpegs of the originals and were then able to transcribe them into a more easily read format. The nice result is that these interesting articles are now available to all. Thanks to everyone involved—from Wescott to Arif to Clack!

SOURCE FOR THE GOOSE?

DON SOUDEN

Just what are we to make of Jabez Balfour's musings upon Jack the Ripper and his identity? The four articles he wrote in 1906 for the *Weekly Dispatch* and that we have transcribed are certainly entertaining. The writing style, in the spirit of the era, is rather turgid and florid at times and oft supplying more bathos than pathos about the victims. Still, just as we will suffer execrable prose from some modern Ripper authors in order to parse their theories, Balfour's occasional bombast is taken easily enough in stride. More to the point, though, is what he had to say and what sources he may have had for his information.

Early on in the series Balfour assures us that: *I have neglected no opportunity of glean- ing information on this subject. I have discussed this great mystery with all sorts and conditions of men — with detectives who were engaged in the investigations at the time, with barristers who have carefully scrutinized and weighed the evidence that was tendered at the inquests, with journalists, whose vocation requires an inti- mate knowledge of every topic of public interest: and last, but by no means least, with convicts, for whom this great undiscovered series of tre- mendous crimes — the work of an outsider — is a matter of absorbing interest and speculation to this very day. I have thus talked to men who believe they know who Jack the Ripper was, who think they can localise the distant land where they believe he is still living. I shall draw*

unreservedly on all these sources of information in the course of this narrative.

Strong words and a quick look through the articles would tend to confirm their promise. Certainly the articles are factually correct in many particulars, "more detailed and accurate than many accounts published within the first 50 or even 75 years of the murders," as Tom Wescott wrote in *Casebook Examiner* No. 2. Moreover, there are certain references and names that give the reader cause to think that Balfour may well have had "inside information." Yet, against this general fidelity to fact are errors so egregious as to positively stupefy. One great example being Balfour's persistence in referring to Elizabeth Stride as "Elizabeth Watts," a mistake from which even a first-time viewer of the most simplistic TV documentary on Jack the Ripper would recoil in disbelief. The error stems from early newspaper reports that Mrs. Mary Malcolm had identified Stride as her sister, Elizabeth Watts, only to have Watts (now Stokes) appear alive and well.

Thus, the question becomes just what were Balfour's sources of information for his interesting and often unique series about the Ripper murders? The articles have lain largely unread since their inception until rather recently. Indeed, several eminent Ripperologists professed not to have read them before. But, sight unseen, most have suggested that Balfour likely made use of contemporary clippings and

scrapbooks, either his own or borrowed from another student of crime. With that in mind, a search was made for any possible sources available to Jabez Balfour.

A major error, like calling the Berner Street victim “Watts,” would immediately seem to preclude Balfour actually having had long and serious discussions with any detectives who had investigated the murders or with journalists who had covered the case. They would most certainly have known the woman was quickly identified as Stride and not Watts. There are, however, other misspellings and misidentifications of victims and witnesses that can provide as basis for investigating, to a degree at least, just what may have been Balfour’s major sources for his series of articles about the Ripper murders.

Balfour starts his series with the murder of Martha Tabram and for whatever reasons this particular article seems well researched. Indeed, with the exception of referring to her throughout as “Martha Turner” his account would compare quite favorably with those appearing in books even today. That said, the use of *Turner* must immediately point to newspaper

accounts in the immediate wake of the tragedy as his major source. Martha was murdered in the early morning of August 7 but it was not until the 23rd of the month that newspapers began to refer to her as Martha Tabram (and even then many spelled it as *Tabran*). Nor is there anything in Balfour’s account that would indicate his information—and *misinformation*—came from anywhere other than newspapers.

This surmise is bolstered further by the “fun” contemporary newspapers had with the spelling of Dr. T. Robert Killeen’s surname as all initially rendered it in a variety (at least six) of phonetic approximations and only much later was it spelled correctly (some editor finally checked). Balfour always spells it *Keleene*, the form adopted by the *Morning Advertiser* on August 10 and the *Evening Post* and *Guardian* the following day. The possible source can be narrowed a bit more because the first two journals gave his address as “28, Brick-lane,” as did Balfour. Other newspapers made it 68 Brick-lane or provided no house number at all.

There was one part of the first article in the series that did, initially, raise the possibility of a personal source

when Balfour wrote that Pearly Poll arrived at the Guards barracks “accompanied by Inspector Reid, Detective-sergeant Caunter, and another officer . . .” Detective-sergeant Caunter was an unfamiliar name, at least to this writer because Reid did not name him in his investigation minutes. Alas, Caunter has been out there all along and a quick check revealed that the *Echo* of August 15 and the *Morning Advertiser* of August 16 both mentioned the good sergeant.

And so it proved for most of the seeming “inside color” that Balfour presents in his articles. The “zig-zag” trail of blood from Brady Street to Honey’s Mews mentioned in regard to the murder of “Polly” Nichols was fully covered in the *Echo* and *Evening News* of September 1. Similarly, the attack on “Widow Annie” was mentioned in the *Star* of September 5. Balfour’s identifying the woman who last spoke to Nichols, Ellen Holland, as “German Maggie” has so far eluded any newspaper searches, including an extensive one by the indefatigable Howard Brown. Still, the presumption remains strong that Balfour read it somewhere in a contemporary account.

Thus, one is left unfortunately

with the undeniable sense that all the details—and the few egregious errors—in Jabez Balfour’s accounts of the Whitechapel murders were readily available to a researcher in newspaper stories written in the immediate aftermath of the Ripper atrocities—and *only* in the immediate aftermath. To assert that Balfour did nothing more than consult old newspapers, however, would constitute the “*Kon-tiki* fallacy.” That is, just because something *could* be done does not prove that it *was* done. Still, the evidence does suggest that

the articles were heavily dependent on most of the same sources available to us today and not on the memories of detectives, legal minds, journalists and prisoners as Balfour promised.

Moreover, there remain Balfour’s pronouncements about possible suspects, some of which seem quite original. The business about a “South American cattleman” sounds quite like a conflation of Edward Knight Larkins’ accusations about Portuguese cattle boats and Balfour’s own adventures in Argentina, while that of the

“Broadmoor lunatic” is similar to many tales being tossed around at the time. The story of the fellow convict at Portland and Parkhurst, whom Tom Wescott convincingly identifies as Charles Le Grand, and Balfour’s prime suspect, the maniacal anti-vivisectionist surgeon, are both quite unique, however, to Jabez’s “Crimson Crimes” series. Of course, when all is said and done, in assessing Balfour’s assertions one must always bear in mind he was a convicted fraudster.

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“Crimson Crimes.” 1. — Jack the Ripper

THE SEPTEMBER MURDERS AND THEORIES AS TO THE RIPPER’S IDENTITY

Mr. Jabez Balfour’s Investigations

I have already described in detail the mysterious murders of Martha Turner and Mary Anne Nicol. [sic] In these two cases it was necessary to relate not only every distinctive feature, but many apparently trivial, though really significant, details, because they were the first and because the facts as brought out have led to the conclusions which I arrived at as to the aim of these atrocities and the personality of the perpetrator. It will be sufficient if I describe the remaining murders mainly as they affect these conclusions. Nor will it be necessary to deal at any great length with the countless theories, some of them highly ingenious, some very plausible, and others wildly extravagant, which were the inevitable outcome of this profound and perplexing mystery. It may be said with truth that the Jack the Ripper crimes did not lack a single feature which might be

calculated to attract the attention and excite the alarm of every class of the community. It appealed to the imagination of the whole nation. Who could fail to be moved by the picture of a hitherto undreamt-of monster prowling the London pavement, and pursuing his prey with a ruthless ferocity and tenacity of purpose.

Theories of all kinds as to the identity of the murderer were therefore inevitable. Many were mooted at the time, others have been propounded since. There was pointed out to me at Portland, and later at Parkhurst, a prisoner whom I was told that many of the most experienced detectives believed to be Jack the Ripper.

“Do you see that tall and villainous looking ruffian there?” a warder once said to me.

“Of course I do. What’s the matter with him?” I answered.

“Oh, nothing,” was the laconic reply; “Only he’s Jack the Ripper.”

Naturally, the assertion startled me. The man who made it was a staid and sober-minded officer, not given to romancing, and much better educated than many of his fellows.

I set myself to sift it as thoroughly as I could. To my astonishment I found that a prisoner, a man once high up in the detective service, was firmly of the same opinion. He had himself been actively engaged in the Whitechapel cases, and he knew the man in question well. On one occasion he had arrested him for another offence; but much as I was impressed by these views, I was not convinced.

CRUEL, EVIL MAN

So far as I could make out, the opinions were based on this sufficiently startling fact. The man was believed by all who

knew him, and who knew the criminal classes, to be the most likely man in all England to commit such atrocities. The most likely morally, for he was adept in depravity. A lustful, cruel, evil man, delighting in every kind of abominable wickedness; passing his life among abandoned women, and thriving on the wages of their sin; the most likely naturally, for he was wonderfully skillful in the use of a knife; swift as a panther, cunning as a fox. Known to have been the perpetrator of many serious offences, he had only been convicted of two. There was not a worse, a more likely man in all London. By nature, by personal gifts, as well as by habits and surroundings, he was as near an approach to what Jack the Ripper might be expected to be as any man ever known to the police. I never could find out, however, that there was ever any satisfactory evidence to connect him personally with any of the crimes, and however likely he might have been, without some such connection, the suspicion was little else than a mere conjecture. Moreover there was a scientific accuracy displayed, if I may use the expression, in all these crimes after the first, such as there was no known ground to attribute to this

particular man.

Another popular and plausible theory was that the crimes were committed by some South American cattleman employed on a vessel engaged in the live cattle trade between Argentina and England. No doubt many of these men are desperadoes, living a wild life, dexterous in the use of the knife, not unfamiliar with brawls and bloodshed. It was even stated all the murders were committed when a particular ship known to the police was lying in the port of London, and that a particular man, also known to the police, formed part of the crew during all those times. Even if these facts were as stated, they would apparently be mere coincidences. Moreover, no matter how adroit a South American cattleman might be in the use of the knife, it would be extremely improbable he would be possessed of the anatomical knowledge of the human frame displayed by Jack the Ripper.

Another man to whom these terrible crimes have been imputed is to-day an inmate of the criminal lunatic asylum at Broadmoor. The man is, I believe, an undoubted lunatic and the insane boasting which he from time to time has indulged, combined with a

singular familiarity with the East End of London, are the principal grounds for imputing the crimes to him. I have not heard it suggested that any one of these three men was a left-handed man; or that he had been seen at any time in the society of any of the victims. Had the suspicions attaching to any of these men been ever anything more than suspicions there can be little doubt these men would have been brought to trial. There never was a murder mystery which the police were more determined to unravel, and it is because all those suspicions never covered the whole ground, never were consistent with all the circumstances proved at the various inquests, that they never assumed the more definite and precise shape of a charge in a court of law.

Having thus disposed of these three very plausible theories, let us now continue our painful narrative.

MURDER OF ANNIE CHAPMAN

The third murder was committed on Saturday, September 8, in Hanbury-street, a long thoroughfare, which runs from Baker's-road, Whitechapel, to Commercial-street, and consists partly

of shops and partly of private houses. No. 29 in that street was a three-storied building with an entrance at the side. The house was occupied, as are most of the houses in the district, by many tenants. A man named Davies and his wife rented the top front room. A Mrs. Richardson was tenant of half the premises, and lived on the first floor, while on the ground floor an elderly woman named Hardiman and her son, a youth of sixteen, a dealer in cat's meat, had the front room. The back room was also rented by Mrs. Richardson, and was locked up on the night of the murder after she held a prayer meeting there, as was her frequent custom. The rest of the occupants were lodgers, one of whom, Robert Thompson, a carman, went out of the house at 3:30, but heard no noise. Two girls, also lodgers, were talking in the passage at half-past twelve to some young men, and they appear to be the last of the inmates of the house to retire to rest. The most important feature of the premises has yet to be mentioned.

A passage, twenty-five feet long and three feet wide, ran through the house to the yard at the back, with a shed on one side and a recess three feet deep on the other. The floor of the

passage was bare and no one could pass along it without making some noise. The front and back door to this passage remained open all night, so there was no difficulty in getting into the yard. No better place for a foul crime of this kind could have been selected. The time was sufficiently fixed. Mrs. Richardson's son, a market porter, went into the yard at about a quarter to five to see if the shed was secure, as there had been a robbery there some time before. He opened the yard door, but did not go into the yard itself. He saw no one, and had there been anybody he could hardly have failed to notice them.

At a quarter to six John Davies got up and passed through the yard, and in the [illegible word] he was terrified at beholding the ghastly spectacle of a woman lying in a pool of blood.

She was on her back, close to a flight of steps leading from the house into the yard, which was a lower level than the ground floor. The throat was cut open in a dreadful manner, and the mutilations of the body were altogether too dreadful for description. The police were called to the spot and Dr. George Phillips, the divisional surgeon, was summoned. The only unusual thing

discovered near at hand was a leather apron, deemed of importance at the time, but really of no significance.

The victim was said to be Annie Sievy, but it afterwards transpired that her real name was Annie Chapman, that she came from Windsor, and had friends residing at Vauxhall. She had been married, her husband having been a coachman near Windsor, but they had lived apart for three or four years, during which he had made her an allowance of ten shillings a week. On his death, about Christmas 1886, these payments ceased. For a couple of years she had been living with a wire sieve maker, and thus became known as Annie Sievy. She was forty-seven years of age, five feet in height, with fair brown wavy hair and blue eyes. Her most striking feature was a large, flat kind of nose, and by means of this peculiarity the police hoped to trace her movements during the last hours of her life. Her clothing was old and dirty, like most of her wretched class. For the previous four months she had been living in a lodging-house, 45, Dorset-street, Spitalfields, and she was eating some potatoes there as late as two o'clock on the morning of her death. She had not the money to pay for



"Never mind, Tim; I'll soon be back with the money for my doss." Annie Chapman's last recorded words before she went to her dreadful doom.

her bed, and told the "deputy" to keep it for her, as it would not be long before she returned. She stood in the doorway two or three minutes, and then went off in the direction of Brushfield-street after repeating, "Never mind Tim. I'll soon be back with the money for my doss. Don't let the bed." Almost the same words as poor Mary Nicholls had used, only eight mornings before. For a woman to be bedless is evidently no rare occurrence in Whitechapel.

Soon after the remains of Annie Chapman had been taken to the mortuary, she was identified by an acquaintance who knew her as "Dark Annie." This poor woman, as she came from the mortuary gate, overwhelmed with horror and crying bitterly, exclaimed between her sobs, "I know'd her. I kissed her poor cold face!" No depth of degradation, no hunger, poverty, or disease, can wholly eradicate the innate tenderness of a woman's heart.

The excitement caused by this fresh outrage was intense. It was not confined to Whitechapel or to one grade of society. It is stated that two well-known peers went to Whitechapel the Monday following and visited the scene of the last tragedy. During the Saturday afternoon the occupants of

the house next door charged an admission fee of 1d. to people anxious to view the spot where the body was found. Hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity. In the street half a dozen costermongers put up their stands and did a brisk trade in fruit and refreshments. Thousands of respectably dressed persons visited, and occasionally the road became so crowded that the police had to clear it by a series of charges.

knowledge had been displayed by the murderer." There were indications of it, and his own impression was that anatomical knowledge was only less displayed or indicated in consequence of the haste the murderer had to use. He, Dr. Phillips, could not have inflicted all the injuries or performed all the mutilations, even without a struggle, under a quarter of an hour, and if done with deliberation they would have occupied the best part of an hour. The summing

Three weeks passed by. London was still vibrating with horror, when the climax of atrocity was attained by the committal of two murders within an hour of one another, and within an area of a quarter of a mile. The first was discovered about one o'clock on Sunday morning, September 30, and the second at a quarter to two o'clock. The scene of the first was a narrow court in Berner-street, a quiet thoroughfare running from Commercial-

SUDDENLY, THE HILARITY WAS BROUGHT TO AN ABRUPT AND DREADFUL STOP.

The most material features of the doctor's evidence related to the probable character of the weapon used. "It must have been a very sharp knife. Probably with a thin, narrow blade. At least six to eight inches in length, and very likely longer. One of the instruments used by medical men for post-mortem purposes might have caused them. A slaughter-man's knife well ground down might have caused them." He thought "some anatomical

up of the coroner, Mr. Wynne Baxter, is one of the very ablest contributions to the careful investigation and examination of these atrocities, and I am disposed to think that if by some arrangement the investigation of the whole matter, and the holding of subsequent inquests, had been entrusted to that most experienced coroner the mystery surrounding these cases would have been much less dense than it has remained until this day.

road to the Tilbury and Southend Railway. At the entrance to the court was a pair of large wooden gates, in one of which was a small wicket for use when the gates were closed. At the hour when the murderer entered with his victim these gates were still open. For a distance of eighteen or twenty feet from the street there was a dead wall on each side of the court, so that the intervening space was surrounded in absolute darkness. The whole length

of the court was occupied by the premises of the International Workmen's Educational Club, and on the night in question the club was winding up the holiday season, or opening the winter season, with a lecture on "Judaism and Socialism." Proceedings were continued to about half-past twelve, and were followed by a sing-song, and what was described as a "general jollification," a noisy function—which would effectually drown any cry for help from the court outside.

Suddenly, the hilarity was brought to an abrupt and dreadful stop. A man, pale as death, rushed into the club with horrible tidings. The members streamed pell-mell into the yard, where they encountered a terrible spectacle.

They saw, by the aid of a flickering light, the prostrate body of a woman, and across the stone-paving of the court her life-blood was flowing in copious streams and forming a pool at the very entrance to the clubhouse. When the police arrived it was found that the woman lying on the ground had had her throat terribly jagged; her hands were clenched and when the doctor opened them it could be seen she had been holding grapes and cachous. None of the members of the club had ever

seen her before. The woman turned out to be of the same class as her predecessors. She was known as "Long Liz," her right name being Elizabeth Watts. There was nothing in her history to distinguish her from the other victims. She was of Swedish parentage and drink and dissipation generally had brought her to the lowest stage of degradation. The point of especial interest in this case is that there was no mutilation. The woman's throat was cut and from that wound she died. One swift gash from left to right, which would hardly occupy a second, and the bloody deed was done. It was established that the murderer of Elizabeth Watts, as of Mary Anne Nicholls, was a left-handed man. It is also evident he possessed some anatomical and surgical knowledge. The throat was cut either when the woman was falling or was actually on the ground. The blood would have spurted about if the deed had been committed while she was standing up. Of course, the wretch's object was to do his fell work without incriminating himself with bloodstains. The fact that atrocities of this nature could have been committed without the assassin himself carrying away evidence of his crime on his clothes is one of the most

remarkable facts in this dreadful series of crimes. It suggests the expert.

FIRST USE OF 'JACK THE RIPPER'S' NAME

A very short time must have intervened between the murder and its discovery. We also get something approaching the description of a man who was seen with this woman a very short time before. He was said to be of middle age, about 5 feet 6 inches in height, rather stoutish and decently dressed. He had on a black coat and dark trousers, and he wore a round cap with a small peak to it. He bore the appearance of a clerk, was quiet in speech, and seemed to be educated. He and the woman were seen walking in the middle of the road, but away from the club and not towards it.

It was in connection with this case that the name Jack the Ripper was first mentioned. It arose from the fact that a ridiculous letter, signed "Jack the Ripper," was received at the Commercial-street police station some days before the murder, but was not at once published. The name caught on, and remains to this day associated with these terrible tragedies.

The second murder on the same night, the fifth of this terrible series,

was committed in Mitre-square, Aldgate, which is now, I think, a thing of the past. It had three narrow approaches, and was fairly lighted, save in the south-west corner. It was there a body was found.

FROM POLICE CELL TO HER DOOM

I do not like to speculate on the motives of a fiend like Jack the Ripper. I hope that I, in common with all my readers, am incapable of fully appraising those motives. They are beyond our ken. But it would really seem in this case the monster, baulked in carrying out his outrage in Berner-street to his full satisfaction, had determined not to be robbed thus of his full banquet of horror, but to sate his appetite with a very plethora of carnage. Nothing could have suppressed the horrible nature of the mutilations. The work must have been done with diabolical swiftness as the policeman on the beat had passed through the square not long before the

discovery of the murder. The doctor called to examine the body stated that death must have taken place within half an hour. He declared that death was immediate, and resulted from the bleeding consequent upon the throat injuries. The mutilation was inflicted after death. "The person who inflicted the wound must have possessed a good deal of knowledge. It would take five minutes to inflict the wounds upon the murdered woman. . . . I feel sure there was no struggle, and I think the act was the act of one person only. There was no reason to believe that any drug had been administered. I should not expect to find much blood on the murderer; the windpipe being once severed the woman would be unable to cry." The scene as pictured by Dr. Brown, and his remarks as to the anatomical knowledge possessed by the miscreant are significant enough. He might have added that the gloom in which the murderer worked must have retarded his operations, and that he succeeded

to the extent that he did enormously strengthens the theory that he was no amateur.

The identification of the victim was easily established. Her name was Catherine Eddowes, and she was in all respects of precisely the same degraded class and calling as the other victims.

There is one weird incident connected with this poor creature. She had only been discharged about one o'clock Sunday morning from Bishopsgate-street Police Station, where she had been detained for being drunk in Aldgate on the Saturday evening. This wretched being, therefore, when she hastened from the police station with a ribald jest upon her lips, was actually walking straight to her doom. It is the last glimpse we catch of her until her hacked and mutilated body is discovered [illegible word] in its own blood in Mitre-square.

(To be continued next week.)

“Crimson Crimes.” 1. — Jack the Ripper MYSTERY OF HIS IDENTITY SOLVED

Mr. Jabez Balfour’s Investigations

We are now drawing to the close of these long series of atrocities. We have followed them, one by one, to the double horrors of September 30, 1888—in one aspect the climax of the Jack the Ripper outrages. We have avoided, indeed, their most repulsive features, but have sought to bring out their most distinctive details, particularly those which show that they were the work of one and the same man.

Another has yet to be related; but before doing so let me dwell very briefly on what these two murders, occurring within an hour of one another in point of time, and within a few hundred yards of one another in point of distance, seem to indicate. In the first of the two, the Berner-street murder, where poor Elizabeth Watts was so foully done to death, there was, as already stated, an entire absence of mutilation.

In the case of Katherine Eddowes, at Mitre-square, on the other hand, the mutilation of the body was effected with a cold-blooded minuteness and a loathsome indelicacy which excited equal horror and disgust. It would be unseemly at this distance of time to recall the degrading details of this orgie of ferocity. I can come to no other conclusion than that, just as the first murder of the series, the murder of Martha Turner, on August 6, was, as I have already suggested, an experiment or rehearsal, so the murder of Elizabeth Watts, in Berner-street was, from the murderer’s own point of view, a failure—a failure, that is to say, to this extent, that, while the monster succeeded in taking the life of his victim, he was prevented from effecting his real purpose, which was not murder—that was a mere incident—but mutilation, and mutilation that

would put him in possession of various organs of the human frame.

Alarmed by the sounds of revelry proceeding from the adjoining club, conscious that he might be interrupted at any moment, the assassin stayed his hand and fled. He must at that time been in a condition bordering on absolute frenzy. When his hand relaxed its tiger-like clutch upon the dead woman whom he had just butchered, there could not have been in all London, there was not, perhaps, in all the world, a heart or brain so enflamed with devilish passions, so dominated by an insatiable lust for blood. He was possessed with a legion of devils. He hurried away from that dark passage in Berner-street, scared by all the risks he had run, gloating over his narrow escape yet cursing his cruel luck because he had not been able to complete his work. I imagine that at that

moment he was filled with an exultation of ferocity and despondency as to be literally beside himself.

And thus it happened when he was accosted by poor, half-tipsy Catherine Eddowes, wandering in her still befuddled condition from the police-station toward her wretched "doss" house, the hellish thought issued through his mind, that it was not yet too late to make the work of the evening a suc-

assassin. Possibly, and very probably, the pair may have met face to face, or the murderer may have slunk unobserved into some alley or courtyard or doorway to let the constable go by.

POLICEMEN DISGUISED AS WOMEN

Be this as it may, there seems good ground to suppose this incarnate fiend was sobered by the awful occurrences

his notice and luring him to attempt a repetition of his fiendish practices. He would also discover that the wretched social helots upon whom he preyed were filled with alarm and dread, and were in a sense forewarned, and that they would be slow to expose themselves to the dreadful doom which had befallen their wretched sisters in vice.

Indeed, it throws a lurid light upon the horrible destitution of these

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cess. Here was another chance, and he seized it; and it was thus that, without any previous intention or design on his part, he followed or accompanied her to that dark corner in Mitre-square. In this case the body was discovered, as already explained, so soon after the perpetration of his crime that it is fair to assume that the policeman who made the discovery must have been almost on the heels of the departing

of that Sunday morning. He would also know, if he read the papers, or from conversations with his miserable victims themselves, that all London was stirred and on the alert, and that a hundred agencies were at work to entrap or detect him. He would learn that women in the pay of the police and men disguised as women were roaming the terror-stricken streets and haunting all their likeliest purlieus with the object of attracting

miserable creatures that any women could still be found willing for the sake of food or lodging to run so fearful a risk. The appalling misery of the East End of London must indeed be great when even the terror of such atrocities could not wholly stop this degrading commerce.

Slowly, very slowly, as week followed week, and there was no recurrence of the atrocities, the excitement

subsided and London began to breathe more freely. Five weeks had elapsed since the tragedies in Berner-street and Mitre-square when another outrage, assuredly the work of the same human fiend, was committed on Friday, November 9, under conditions so different as to show that the assassin had thought it wise to abandon his former methods. He did not lure his victim, nor was he guided by her, to some deserted and obscure passage, alley, or recess contiguous to the quieter and more secluded streets running from the larger thoroughfares, but he wrought out this last, this crowning, this most repulsive of all his murders in the seclusion and privacy and shelter of a house. The streets were no longer safe.

The facts of this last of this most terrible series of atrocities must be related with some detail, seeing that they differ so materially from all the other cases, both as to the scene of the crime and the completeness with which it was perpetrated. Even in the Mitre-square case there was evidence of a hurry which indicated a fear of interruption and discovery. In this there was both deliberation and precision. The murderer had more time. He had

been free from and had not dreaded any interruption. Thus working at his ease—if such a phrase can be used, if this blood-stained soul had ever been at ease—he showed conclusively by the way he carried out his horrible task that he was not only generally acquainted, but was familiar with the anatomy of the human frame and an expert in the use of the dissecting knife.

MURDER OF MARY KELLY

The scene on this occasion was Dorset-street, Spitalfields, a thoroughfare that had already acquired a sinister notoriety, for here was situated the squalid building where the homeless women occasionally found shelter. Dorset-street runs out of Commercial-street, nearly opposite Spitalfields Church, and the scene of this atrocity was Miller's-court. The victim, one Mary Jeannete Kelly, occupied a single room on the ground floor of the house, which was let out in tenements. These rooms were numerous, and by what some would think an ominous coincidence, the number of Kelly's room was 13.

She had lived there for ten months with a man who had passed for her husband, and at the beginning of the week the couple had quarreled and the

man left her. Immediately the woman was seen about the streets with other men, and as late as midnight on Thursday, November 8—or perhaps a little after—she was known to be alive and well.

At a quarter to eleven o'clock on the morning of Lord Mayor' Day the landlord, Mr. McCarthy sent a youth to ask for some rent as Kelly had got into arrears. He knocked at the door several times, and failing to obtain any answer he went to the window, which looks into the court, and, peering in, saw that there was blood about the bed. Filled with alarm, he ran back to his master, whose shop stood at the entrance to the court.

The landlord at once returned with him, and finding a corner of the window panes broken, pushed in his finger high enough to thrust back the blind. He then saw sufficient to know that a tragedy had been committed, and he exclaimed, "This is another Whitechapel murder." The youth was immediately despatched to the police station in Commercial-street, and warned not to mention anything to any of the neighbours. The inspector who was in charge of the station at the time returned with him, and finding



The landlord pushed his finger through the broken window, thrust back the blind, and saw sufficient to know that a tragedy had been committed.

that a murder had undoubtedly been committed sent at once for assistance. Dr. Phillips, the divisional surgeon of the police, and Superintendent Arnold were also sent for. During this time, the door had not been touched. On the arrival of the superintendent he despatched a telegram to Scotland Yard announcing what had happened. The door was forced open and a sickening and horrible sight presented itself.

The poor woman lay on her back nearly naked. Her throat was cut from ear to ear, right down to the spinal column. Her ears and nose had been cut right off. It will be sufficient if I say there was hardly an organ of the body which had not been subjected to the knife and the limbs had been so slashed as to leave the bones visible.

I need scarcely say that the room, or rather the shambles, which was the scene of this hellish atrocity was a squalid apartment, about 12 ft. long by 8 ft. wide. Its wretched furniture consisted only of an old painted wooden bedstead, two old tables and a dilapidated chair. There was no appearance of a struggle, no knife, and no weapon of any kind. The assassin had observed his usual craftiness; the only candle was a stump in a wine-glass. It was

evident from the appearance of the grate that a fire had been lit. The ashes were afterward examined, and it was ascertained that portions of a woman's clothing had been burned.

In the opinion of one competent detective the clothes had been burned to make the fire blaze, and thus enable the murderer to see better what he was about.

A well-informed writer, referring to this crime, has remarked that "its revolting barbarities suggested that either the miscreant had determined to compensate himself for his abstinence for the last five weeks, or that having more leisure, he had positively revelled to the full in his hideous mania." I agree absolutely with the latter portion of his opinion—indeed, I should agree with it as a whole if the two propositions had been stated positively and not alternatively. I think that both are true.

Before bringing to a close these dreadful series of atrocities, the miscreant meant to set aside any lingering doubt as to his anatomical knowledge and operative skill. He intended to reveal himself as fully as he dared, and to give the world a hint as to his motive, and even as to his individuality—a hint to the student, but not

a clue to the police. In all this he succeeded; and thus having carried out his fell purpose in its entirety, and to its cruel end, he returned his blood-stained knife to its sheath, and ceased from his fiendish labors. His vile work was finished.

All this indicates the iron will of a mastermind—of a mind disordered and a will demoralised. Satan has been well described as the impersonation of intellect without conscience.

Jack the Ripper stands forth as the incarnation of intellect without pity or remorse.

Great difficulty arose when it was sought to discover the woman's movements for some hours previous to her death. Mary Ann Cox, living in No. 5 Room in the same house, said she saw Kelly at a quarter to twelve on Thursday night. Kelly was then intoxicated, and was going up Miller's-court with a short, stout man, shabbily dressed in a long brown coat. He was carrying a pot of ale. He had a blotchy face and a full carrotty moustache. Cox saw them go into No. 13 Room, Kelly droning in a drunken voice a line of a then popular ditty, "A Violet I Pluck from my Mother's Grave."

Cox remained in her room about

a quarter of an hour, and then went out. This would be about midnight. She heard Kelly singing as she passed. Cox was away some two hours and a half, and when she returned, between 2:30 and 3 a.m., the light was out in Number 13, and there was no noise. Cox said she failed to go to sleep, and had there been any sounds from No. 13 she must have heard them.

Elizabeth Prater, who lived in Room 20, immediately above Room 13 told a gruesome story. She went to her room about twenty minutes to one Friday morning, that is about forty minutes after Cox had gone out again. Prater would have seen any glimmer of light coming from Kelly's room, but all was then dark. The partition dividing Kelly's room and the passage was so thin that it was possible to hear anyone walking about, and Prater heard nobody. She went to sleep, and at about half-past two [sic], that is to say in something less than an hour after Cox's return, Prater was disturbed by a kitten, and as she turned in her bed she heard a suppressed cry, "Oh-murder!" in a faint voice. There was no second cry, or groan, or sound of any kind. All this evidence as to the exact time at night must be taken with

a good deal of reserve. The witnesses had neither watches nor clocks, and would be indulging merely in more or less likely guesses.

Sarah Lewis, who slept in No. 2 Room, said that as she entered the court at 2:30 a.m. (somewhere about the same time as Cox) she noticed a stout man in a wideawake. He was staring up the court as if looking for some one. She went to her room and was dozing in her chair, when at four o'clock she was awakened by a cry of "Murder!" in a female voice. She only heard one scream, then all was silent again.

There is nothing contradictory in the evidence of the three women. Two of them may have heard the poor woman's despairing cry. It is by no means extraordinary that they did not think much about it. They only recalled it afterwards. Cries and shrieks in the dead of night were doubtless too common in Miller's-court to attract much attention.

But a totally different view of the case was presented by Caroline Maxwell, of 14, Dorset-street. Maxwell declared that she saw Kelly standing at the corner about eight or half-past eight on Friday morning—that is to say, within two hours and a half of the

discovery of the murder. Maxwell swore that she remarked to Kelly across the street that it was unusual to see her up so early. Kelly replied, "Oh Carrie, I feel so bad," and went on to say that a glass of ale she had drunk had made her ill. Maxwell went away for some little time, and on returning saw Kelly outside a public-house talking to a short, stout man wearing dark clothes.

If Maxwell told the truth, and there is no reason that she should not, and her report of her conversation with Kelly is specific, the cry of murder heard by the others was either fancy, as is quite possible, or had nothing to do with this case.

THE MURDERER VANISHES

The result of the evidence comes to this, that the actual hour when poor Mary Kelly was done to death, and her remains profaned, is left in doubt. If Maxwell was correct, it must have been between half-past eight and ten forty-five on the Friday morning. If she was mistaken, as I am disposed to think she was, it happened some hours earlier. At all events, this was the last of the series of tragedies, which ceased as suddenly as they began. On that Friday, November 9, the Ripper slunk

back all unobserved by mortal man into the darkness from which he had stepped on the previous August 6, and from that darkness he has never until now emerged.

The crimes in themselves were to the last degree brutal and weird, but though pre-eminently horrible, this alone would not account for the interest and dismay which they created at the time throughout the whole world. Nor would it alone suffice to justify this narration of the harrowing details. As regards these details, I have not related a tithe of the horrors which were recounted at the inquests, and published in the press.

It is the absolute mystery that surrounds these atrocities which makes them appeal to every student of social life. The prurient mind naturally sees in them only what is revolting and filthy, and with hypocritical unction will speak of them as details which decent-minded people had hoped had sunk into oblivion. But it is possible to deal with the subject, as I claim it has been dealt with here, with an honest desire to elucidate those surrounding mysteries which have ever since perplexed all thoughtful minds.

The identity and motive of the

assassin, these are problems which ought not to be buried with his victims to spare the morbid modesty of the prurient and the prude.

Now, who was Jack the Ripper and what were his motives?

With great diffidence, I am unable to accept the theory which Mr. Archibald Forbes suggested in a morning paper in October, 1888, that is before the occurrence of the Dorset-street tragedy which I have just related. I have already stated why I cannot adopt the other theories about South American cattlemen, about the man who was pointed out to me at Parkhurst as Jack the Ripper, or about the man who is confined as a criminal lunatic at Broadmoor Asylum.

There are no doubt coincidences which warrant all these theories, but it will be found that there are numerous and insuperable difficulties in the way of adopting any of them. For the solution which is presented here I make no claim for originality. I have myself conversed with a man who was living in Johannesburg in the year 1900, and who there was intimately connected with two well known men, who declared they knew Jack the Ripper personally, and knew where he was living at that

time. He was neither a sailor, nor a cattleman, nor a butcher, nor a professional criminal. He was a short, stout man of dark complexion, five feet or five feet two in height, with “mutton-chop” whiskers. He was the intimate friend and associate of Deeming, his inferior in social station, who committed several atrocious murders in Australia, and who was executed in England for an equally atrocious murder here.

IDENTITY OF JACK THE RIPPER

Jack the Ripper was a man of good education and considerable talent, who from his youth had been filled with a morbid passion for cruelty and for gloating over deeds of bloodshed and horror. He had been trained as a surgeon, and was possessed of considerable surgical knowledge and of even greater manual dexterity. To all questions affecting the structure of the human frame and the mutual relationship of the various organs of the human body he had devoted his mental faculties, until his mind had lost its balance, and on this subject, and on this subject only, he was an absolute lunatic. The worst of all lunatics—a monomaniac.

Inflamed by reports of the horrors

of vivisection on dumb animals, he had been filled and possessed with an uncontrollable longing to practise and pursue similar experiments on the human frame. With the monomaniac’s supreme and fiendish cunning he had chosen for his victims the most likely class of human beings without any pretence to civilisation, and for the scene of his operations a neighbourhood swarming with a population steeped in poverty and notorious throughout the world for the precarious lives of its inhabitants. How well this lunatic had chosen, the foregoing narrative will have demonstrated. Not one single detail which is known in connection to the Whitechapel murders is inconsistent with the opinion thus confidently expressed.

On the contrary, it will be found that they all tend to substantiate and confirm this view.

Jack the Ripper is living still in a remote British colony.

**HE WAS AN ABSOLUTE LUNATIC.
THE WORST OF ALL LUNATICS—
A MONOMANIAC.**

THE CATTLEMAN, THE LUNATIC, AND THE DOCTOR

The Other 3 Suspects of
Jabez Spencer Balfour

TOM WESCOTT

Jabez Spencer Balfour figured prominently as an original source in my essay 'Le Grand: The New Prime Suspect', featured in *Casebook Examiner* No. 2. He had served time for years alongside Le Grand, both at Portland and at

Parkhurst prisons, where Le Grand was pointed out by different individuals — including a former detective — as a prime suspect in the Ripper investigation. Other sources presented in my work proved this to have been true. By Jabez's estimation,



JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR

Le Grand was the perfect Ripper suspect, except that he was not a surgeon nor known to be left-handed, which Jabez erroneously felt were necessary traits to have been the Whitechapel murderer.

Jabez had been a Member of Parliament and claimed to be well-connected with many of the individuals associated with the Ripper investigation. That he had a strong interest in the case was made evident by his four-part survey published in the *Weekly Dispatch* from October 28th to November 18th, 1906, only months after his release from prison. His sources were quite varied, suggesting he had kept a personal file on the case from 1888 onwards, which he consulted for his articles.

Alongside Le Grand, Jabez recounted the case against three other suspects, two of which he dismissed on similar grounds — that they weren't known to have been surgeons, left-handed, and the assumption that they weren't known associates of any of the victims. The third suspect, a doctor, he took more seriously and provided a number of details from which I hope some enterprising Ripperologist will be able to track

down to a particular individual.

Jabez first discussed his suspects in the third part of his series, published November 11, 1906.

Another popular theory was that the crimes were committed by some South American cattleman employed on a vessel engaged in the live cattle trade between Argentina and England. No doubt many of these men are desperadoes, living a wild life, dexterous in the use of the knife, not unfamiliar with brawls and bloodshed. It was even stated that all the murders were committed when a particular ship known to the police was lying in the port of London, and that a particular man, also known to the police, formed part of the crew during those times. Even if these facts were as stated, they would apparently be mere coincidences. Moreover, however adroit a South American cattleman might be in the use of the knife, it would be extremely improbable that he would be possessed of the anatomical knowledge of the human frame displayed by Jack the Ripper.

Another man to whom these terrible crimes have been imputed is to-day an inmate of the criminal lunatic asylum at Broadmoor. This man is,

I believe, an undoubted lunatic, and the insane boastings in which he from time to time has indulged, combined with a singular familiarity with the East End of London, are the principal grounds for imputing the crimes to him. I have not heard it suggested that any one of these three men [Le Grand being the third man-TW] was a left-handed man; or that he had been seen at any time in the society of any of the victims. Had the suspicions attaching to any of these men been ever anything more than suspicions there can be little doubt the men would have been brought to trial. There never was a murder mystery which the police were more determined to unravel, and it is because all these suspicions never covered the whole ground, never were consistent with all the circumstances proved at the various inquests, that they never assumed the more definite and precise shape of a charge in a court of law.

The next week, in his final installment, Jabez goes into greater detail about his preferred suspect, stopping just short of naming him. Before looking closer at this man, let us first consider the other two cases.

THE CATTLEMAN

While Jabez mentions that a particular sailor on a specific boat may have been individually suspected, he doesn't endorse this view with any personal information and more or less seems to present the 'cattleman' as more of a general theory than a particular suspect. Indeed, it was more than likely inspired by the imaginings of E.K. Larkins, an early Ripperologist who annoyed the police with endless correspondence pertaining to his unsupported notions of the Ripper's identity.

THE LUNATIC

We are on slightly better footing in our ability to put a name to Jabez's 'lunatic', but only just. In the December 2, 1897 edition of the *Butte Weekly Miner*, while discussing the case of another murderer, the following tantalizing mention was made of the death of Jack the Ripper.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that it was at Broadmoor that the blue-blooded perpetrator of the Whitechapel murders is now admitted by the authorities to have breathed his last . . .

If we accept as likely that the Broadmoor lunatic discussed in 1897

is the same suspect discussed by Jabez in 1906, then we are well on our way to identifying him, thanks to the additional detail that he was 'blue-blooded', suggesting some tie to nobility. Upon making this connection I was reminded of an article published several years prior that received very little comment at the time. I tracked the article down to issue No. 26 of *Ripper Notes* magazine (2006) and believe it provides the identity of the 'blue-blooded' suspect, who is also probably one and the same as Jabez's Broadmoor lunatic.

The article in question, entitled 'In Hours of Red Desire', was composed by researcher David A. Green, who found himself intrigued by a press clipping published in an earlier edition of *Ripper Notes*¹ relating to a previously unknown suspect, and set about attempting to identify him. This he did admirably well, but before getting to that, let us first read the press clipping that inspired Green's quest.

I have been informed on perfectly

1 Wolf Vanderlinden discovered the *New York Times* article and published it in the 'Newspaper Morgue' section of *Ripper Notes* No. 23. The date was erroneously given as October 24th, 1897, but this was corrected to October 23rd upon the publication of David A. Green's article in No. 26.

trustworthy authority that the perpetrator of the Whitechapel murders is known to the police, having been finally identified with a certain lunatic, who is now confined in a madhouse in Scotland. The murderer is an Oxford graduate, and made a certain reputation some ten years ago as a minor poet. He bears a distinguished name, which has been repeated to me, and is famous in Scottish history in connection with a young woman who saved a King's life in a heroic way. The 'Ripper' had a wife who was descended from a very famous English Admiral. His latest delusion is that he is the grandson of Napoleon the Great.

The details provided here are provocative but singular. Green points out that a lady-in-waiting to Jane Beaufort, named Catherine Douglas, later Barlass, attempted but failed to save the life of King James I of Scotland by using her arm as a door bolt to prevent assassins from killing the King. Her arm was broken and her valiant defense proved a failure, but she became a hero to the Scottish people. A descendant of Catherine Barlass, contemporary to the Ripper crimes, was John Barlas, who in honor of his esteemed ancestor published

...SHE BECAME A HERO TO THE SCOTTISH PEOPLE.

four volumes of poetry under the *nom de plume* of Evelyn Douglas between the years of 1884 and 1893. Aside from being a moderately successful poet, Barlas was also an Oxford graduate, and was committed to his first asylum in 1892. He would die in one in 1914. In case there's still a shadow of doubt that John Barlas and the *New York Times* suspect are one and the same, Barlas married Eveline Honoria Nelson Davies, the great-grandniece of Admiral Lord Nelson, qualifying him with the article's detail that *'The 'Ripper' had a wife who was descended from a very famous English Admiral.'*

Given the specificity of the details provided in the *New York Times* article it is beyond question that John Barlas was the Ripper suspect being described, and given the emphasis on his royal connection, and the fact that the *Butte Weekly Miner* article appeared less than two months later, it is reasonable to expect it was also referring to Barlas. However, it is not without its errors, as Barlas had not 'breathed his last' by

December 1897, and would in fact enjoy freedom again before being recommitted and dying in an asylum in 1914. Such errors are all too common and, as any researcher knows, muddies the waters in our search for the truth, but unless another lunatic with royal connections can be found to have been a Ripper suspect in 1897, Barlas must remain the most likely candidate.

If Barlas is indeed the suspect described in the *Butte Weekly Miner*, then they may have made another error in stating that the suspect was an inmate of Broadmoor asylum, as I've found no mention in the more readily accessible accounts of his life that he was ever incarcerated there. This discrepancy, if that it is, can also be found in Jabez's later recounting of a Broadmoor suspect. One might see this as disqualifying Barlas as having been Jabez's lunatic, however, a repeated fallacy can be just as telling as a fact when it can be traced to its original source.

In short, if we agree that the *New York Times* article could only refer to

John Barlas, then we might find the article appearing at about the same time and also referring to an asylum inmate of 'blue-blood' descent to refer to the same man. The only other alternative would be for us to assume another asylum inmate with royal connections came under suspicion for the Ripper murders at the exact same time as Barlas. To my mind, it is far more reasonable to assume that the details of the inmate's death and possibly his incarceration at Broadmoor were in error than to assume two unique individuals were being described. This being the case, we find that in 1897 the story of Barlas the Ripper was being circulated with the erroneous detail that he was caged at the well-known Broadmoor asylum. We likewise find a similar suspect described in 1901, as we shall see shortly, from a source that may have shared the same roots as Jabez Balfour's unnamed source. Keeping in mind Barlas' familiarity with the East End, and his exalted delusions of identity, we find that he's

a good fit with the scant details Jabez was able to provide about the inmate suspect – *‘the insane boastings in which he from time to time has indulged, combined with a singular familiarity with the East End of London, are the principal grounds for imputing the crimes to him.’*

For the above reasons, I am tentatively identifying Jabez Spencer Balfour’s ‘lunatic’ as John Barlas.

I have much more to say about Barlas, his association with four or five other Ripper suspects, Mary Kelly, and the Berner Street club, but to keep from diverting too much from our topic at hand, I’ve decided to hold off for now and present the information in a piece of its own, which I hope will prove interesting to those, who, like myself, enjoy traveling the oft-neglected back roads of Ripperology.

THE DOCTOR

Moving forward, we will now look at the man Jabez Spencer Balfour considered to be the most likely suspect to have been Jack the Ripper. The following is from the fourth and final installment of his treatment of the Ripper crimes, published November 18, 1906 in the *Weekly Dispatch*.

The identity and the motive of the assassin, these are problems which ought not to be buried with his victims merely to spare the morbid modesty of the prurient and the prude.

Now, who was Jack the Ripper, and what were his motives?

With great diffidence, I am unable to accept the theory which Mr. Archibald Forbes suggested in a morning newspaper in October, 1888, that is, before the occurrence of the Dorset-street tragedy which I have just related. I have already stated why I cannot adopt the other theories about South American cattlemen, about the man who was pointed out to me at Parkhurst as Jack the Ripper, or about the man who is confined as a criminal lunatic at Broadmoor Asylum.

There are no doubt coincidences which seem to warrant all these theories, but it will be found that there are numerous and insuperable difficulties in the way of adopting any of them. For the solution which is here presented I make no claim for originality. I have myself conversed with a man who was living in Johannesburg in the year 1900, and who there was intimately connected with two well-known men, who declared that they knew Jack the

Ripper personally, and knew where he was living at that time. He was neither a sailor, nor a cattleman, nor a butcher, nor a professional criminal. He was a short, stout man of dark complexion, five feet or five feet two in height, with “mutton-chop” whiskers. He was the intimate friend and associate of Deeming, his inferior in social station, who committed several atrocious murders in Australia, and who was executed in England for an equally atrocious murder here.

Jack the Ripper was a man of good education and considerable talent, who from his youth had been filled with a morbid passion for cruelty, and for gloating over deeds of bloodshed and horror. He had been trained as a surgeon, and was possessed of considerable surgical knowledge and of even greater manual dexterity. To all questions affecting the structure of the human frame and the mutual relationship of the various organs of the human body he had devoted his mental faculties, until its [sic] mind had lost its balance, and on this subject, and on this subject only, he was an absolute lunatic. The worst of all the lunatics – a monomaniac.

Inflamed by the reports of the

horrors of vivisection on dumb animals, he had been filled and possessed with an uncontrollable longing to practice and pursue similar experiments on the human frame. With the monomaniac's supreme and fiendish cunning he had shown for his victims the most likely class of human beings without any pretence to civilization, and for the scene of his operations a neighbourhood swarming with a population steeped in poverty and notorious throughout the world for the precarious lives of its inhabitants. How well this lunatic had chosen, the foregoing narrative will have demonstrated. Not one single detail which is known in connection with the Whitechapel murders is inconsistent with the opinion thus confidently expressed.

On the contrary, it will be found that they all tend to substantiate and confirm this view.

Jack the Ripper is living still in a remote British colony.

Jabez's theory seems somewhat outlandish and improbable, and one would be excused for thinking he'd fabricated the whole thing himself. However, a report, published in the



FREDERICK DEEMING



DEEMING, AND THE WIFE MURDERED
AT RAINHILL, ENGLAND.

Eastern Mercury of January 8, 1907,² seems to refer to the same suspect and appeared only two months following Jabez's article. The following extract appeared as part of an article marking the retirement of Superintendent Thomas Arnold (head of H Division in 1888), but it should not be assumed that Arnold held to this theory, or was even aware of it. The reporter seems to have included it as a related aside.

'[The Ripper's] identity to this day is a matter of dispute, although it is freely stated that the man is actually a farmer in one of our most prosperous colonies.'

By 'farmer', it would mean the man owned a farm in 1907, but obviously would not have been a farmer in 1888 when he was presumed to be in London killing women. Whoever our doctor/farmer was, he was still alive in 1907. The British colony he was living in can now be narrowed down to 'one of [the] most prosperous' in 1907, so hopefully that will help in the doctor's identification one day.

Another article that might possibly be in reference to the suspects described by Jabez appeared a full five
2 Begg, Paul, Martin Fido, Keith Skinner, *The Complete Jack the Ripper: A to Z* (2010).

years earlier and was published in the *Salt Lake Herald* of August 25, 1901.

As to the identity of Jack the Ripper, both the man and his habitat are known. But, mind you, it is only in the last three months that this fact has come out. At the time of which I write London was divided in its opinions. Some thought the work was that of a frenzied sailor – a butcher on one of the cattle transports, who had taken this form of revenge upon those outcasts for a fancied wrong. Others held that it was a physician, a reputable man in London – a perfect Jekyll and Hyde. He had developed a homicidal mania and had been confined in a private sanitarium in a suburb of London. How he escaped was a mystery, but Scotland Yard knows the man today. He is an exile from the country. He lives in Buenos Ayres [sic] in the Argentine republic, and there being no law of extradition between that country and England, he is entirely safe there. I

have this on the best authority, although this is the first time the facts have been given to the public.

“Jack the Ripper” has not been in evidence since Dr. E. left England. I need hardly say he is under close surveillance in the Argentine capital, so there will be no repetition of his offence.

The author of this article was John T. Sullivan, an actor on the London stage who had performed with Richard Mansfield at the Lyceum Theater in 1888. Sullivan claimed that he worked for the police and dressed as a woman to walk the streets in the hunt for the Ripper. His command of the facts of the investigation is atrocious, getting names, places, and dates wrong. In this respect he is at great odds with Jabez, who was remarkably accurate in his relating of the events.

What struck me as similar is that Sullivan clearly mentions both a cattlemen and doctor, as did Jabez, and

strangely has the doctor admitted as a lunatic to an asylum where he inexplicably escapes, suggesting the possibility that Sullivan confused the doctor with another suspect that happened to be a lunatic, the ‘escape’ being assumed by Sullivan to explain the doctor’s freedom. This seems to be the most likely explanation as there was no other theory circulating so widely in 1901 (as stated by Sullivan) that involved a doctor being admitted into an asylum. There had been the ‘Dr. Benjamin Howard’ hoax of more than five years earlier, but that was long forgotten by the time Sullivan wrote and would not fit with Sullivan’s proclamation that *‘it is only in the last three months that this fact has come out.’*

The authors of *The Complete Jack the Ripper: A to Z* remark that the Sullivan ‘doctor’— appearing in print a full 28 years before Leonard Matters published *The Mystery of Jack the*

HE HAD DEVELOPED A HOMICIDAL MANIA...

Ripper, regarded today as the first serious book-length treatment of the case — might be the first description of ‘Dr. Stanley’, Matters’ pseudonymous suspect whom most researchers feel was a fictional character utilized by Matters as a plot tool to present his theory. Indeed, there are a couple of startling similarities — both were medical men who retired to Buenos Aires. However, Matters’ suspect didn’t retire to Buenos Aires until 1908, seven years after Sullivan published his description, and there’s little reason to imagine Dr. Stanley, if he ever existed, had at any time fallen under suspicion — Matters only learned of Stanley because Stanley allegedly confessed the crimes on his deathbed to a former student, who in turn published the details in a Spanish-language journal which Matters happened to stumble across. If there is any correlation at all between Sullivan’s doctor and ‘Dr. Stanley’, it could only be that Sullivan’s theory in some way influenced the creation of the fictional Dr. Stanley, either by the student who allegedly supplied the journal with the story, by the journalist who wrote it, or by Matters himself. Leonard Matters became managing editor of the Buenos Aires *Herald* during the first decade of the 20th century, so if

Sullivan’s story, because of the Buenos Aires link, was picked up and carried in the paper at some point, it is likely it would have come to the attention of the newspaper staff — especially as the managing editor held an interest in the Ripper murders.

So from where did Sullivan obtain the details of his mysterious doctor? Of this we can’t be sure, because to date no known source has been discovered that provides corroborating details. However, if Sullivan was mistaken and his doctor fled, not to Buenos Aires, but to a remote British colony, it would dovetail nicely with Jabez’s suspect. However, until more sources are discovered to help us put the pieces together, Sullivan’s suspect should be considered independently from Jabez’s.

For the sake of easy reference, here is what we can glean about Jabez’s mysterious doctor from the various sources.

The suspect was a London physician at the time of the murders, but did not reside in the East End. He was described by Jabez, who heard it from a man, who heard it from two men, who claimed to have known the suspect personally, as being a short, stout man of dark complexion, five feet or five feet two in height, with “mutton-

chop” whiskers.

He was an associate (or, as Jabez describes, an ‘intimate friend’) of Frederick Deeming, who was his social inferior. This might suggest ties to Australia, from where Deeming hailed. Doctors with tangential association to other figures in the Deeming case should also be considered.

The suspect was living in a remote British colony, probably as a farmer, by the year 1906, and possibly by 1900, assuming Jabez learned no details regarding the suspect except what he heard second-hand from a conversation that took place six years before he published his article. The colony was probably one of the ‘most prosperous’ by the standards of 1907, when the *Eastern Mercury* published their titbit.

Jabez cites as his source a man with whom he conversed who had been living in Johannesburg in 1900, where he was ‘intimately connected’ with two ‘well-known’ men. Presumably the three were in business together, and it is worth noting that Jabez’s source was *living* in Johannesburg in 1900, and not merely visiting. Jabez’s use of the term ‘conversed with’ suggests his source was someone outside of his circle of friends, or perhaps he was protecting

his source. Jabez had only been out of prison a couple of months when he penned his article, and had spent most all of that time squirreled away writing columns for the *Weekly Dispatch*, as he was in dire need of funds. If he made contact with his source during this time, it is most likely to have been with someone connected to the paper, such as his editor, Lord Northcliffe (also proprietor of the *Daily Mail*), or Northcliffe's subordinate, John Hammerton, who described Jabez as being 'squirreled away' in a cottage in Maidenhead where he wrote 20,000 words within 72 hours of leaving prison. Another possibility is that Jabez made contact with his source inside either Portland or Parkhurst prison.

Regarding the two 'well-known' men who are the alleged root-source of the story, it might be assumed that they held some sort of exalted position, either in government or in the police force. Had they been well known in the capacity of, for instance, the stage or as artists, it is doubtful that someone such as Jabez, a former MP, would have invested the theory with as much faith as he did. It should be possible to identify any of the top brass investigators who had been through South Africa in 1900.

If this doctor ever existed, and there's reason to suppose he may have, some of the above details should lead to his identification if an enterprising young (or even not-so young) researcher should care to take on the challenge. As for myself, I find Charles Le Grand the most likely and promising of suspects, in spite of Jabez's sincere but misguided objections, but will keep my eye out for other new and potentially viable suspects as they come along. We're just getting started.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Rob Clack and Debra Arif for their research assistance. Chris Scott for originally discovering the John T. Sullivan article and posting it to the *Casebook*, and Phil Carter for recently reposting and reviving the discussion of the Sullivan suspects.

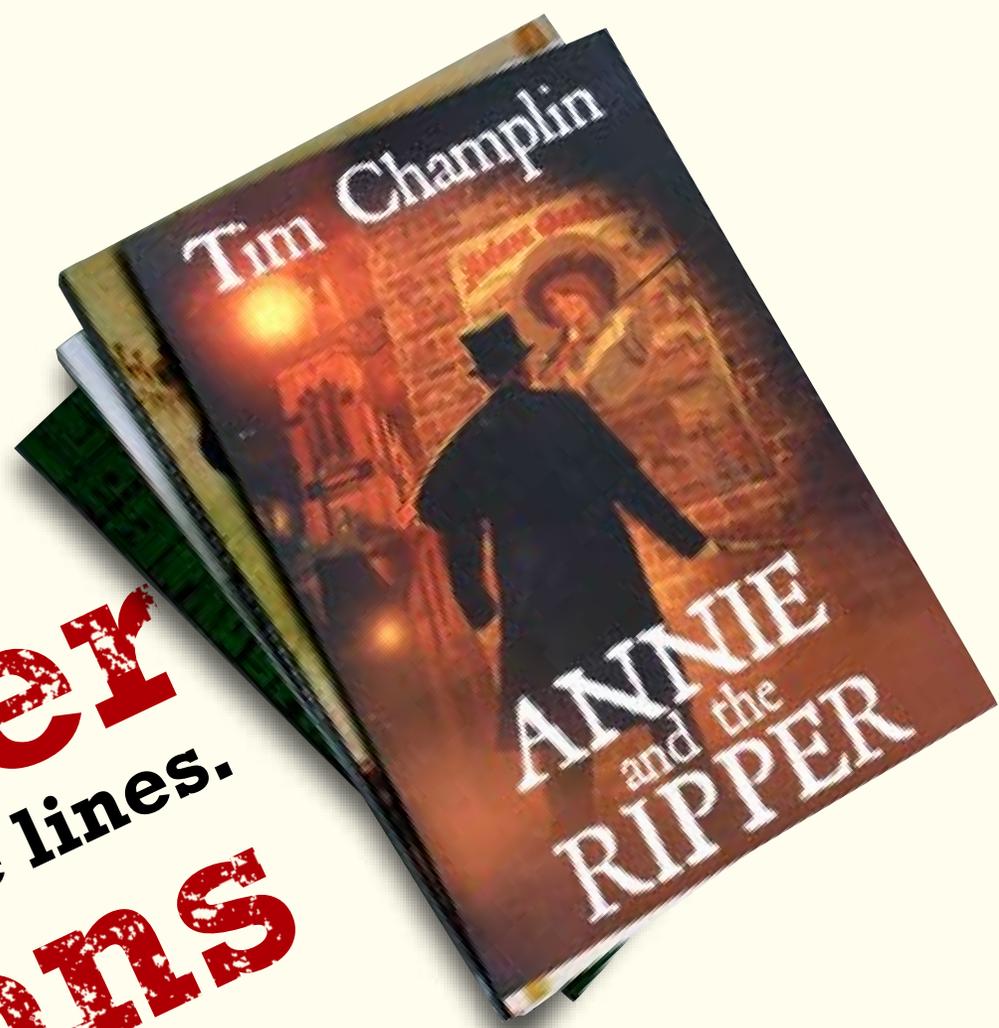
Biography

Tom Wescott

Tom lives in America's heartland and, while still a young man, he has been a *Casebook.org* member since 1998. He has written extensively on the

Ripper murders and his articles have appeared in *Ripper Notes*, *Ripperologist* and the *Whitechapel Society Journal*. This is his third article for *Casebook Examiner*. Tom has two pet ferrets.

Undercover
Our regular read between the lines.
Investigations

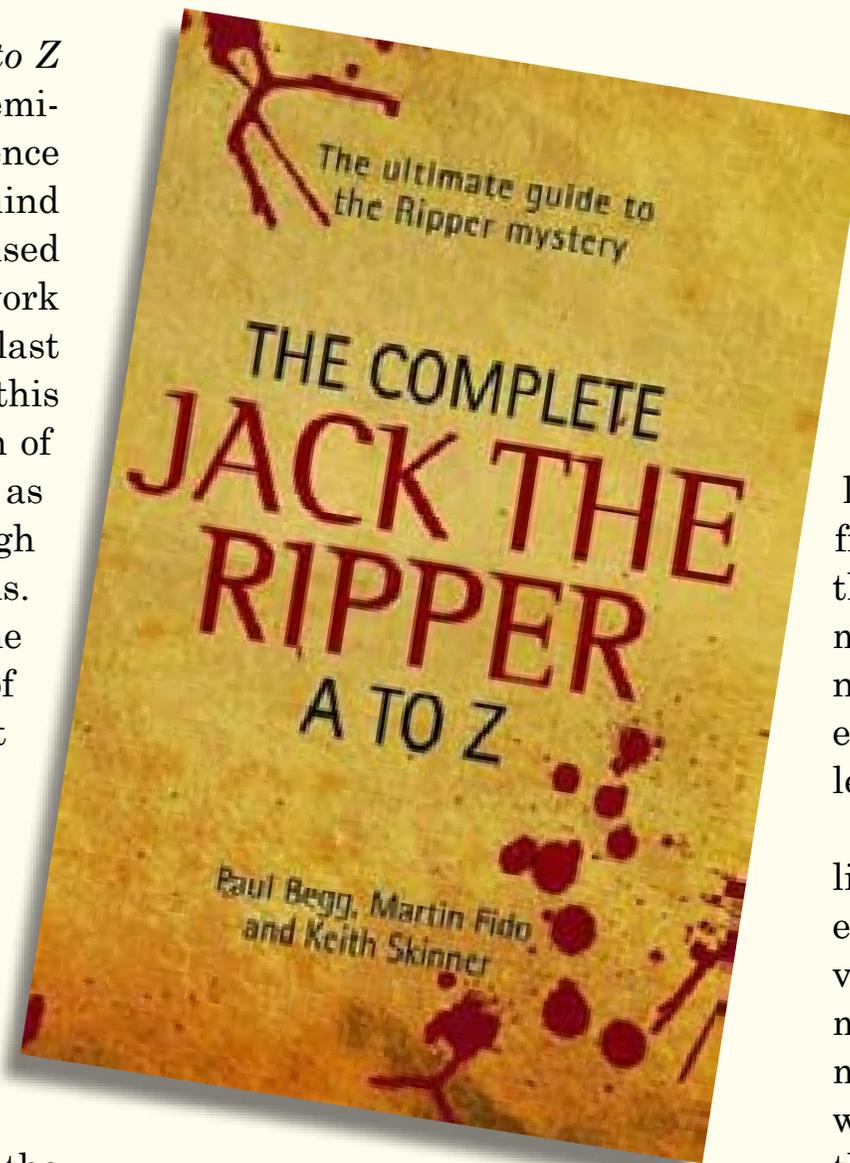


The Complete Jack the Ripper A to Z

Paul Begg, Martin Fido and Keith Skinner

2010 John Blake Hardback 580pp, illus, index £17.99

The original version of the *A to Z* is regarded as one of the seminal works of Ripper reference of the 1990s. It was with this in mind that we eagerly anticipated the revised and updated version of this work released nearly 15 years after the last updated revision in 1996. Sadly, this new (apparently 'complete') version of the *A to Z* disappointed this reader, as I was expecting more given the high praise garnered by earlier versions. It is true that the vast nature of the subject combined with fast pace of modern researchers' finds make it almost impossible for books, especially as all-encompassing as this one sets out to be, to be bang up to date. This said, it was not just in regard to new information surpassing what was written at the time of publication that led to mistakes. Strange errors have crept into this work, not present in the previous 1996 version. For example,



the entry for Amelia Richardson incorrectly states that John Richardson discovered the body of Annie Chapman (this being located opposite the page about John himself, which goes into some length to try and explain that Richardson claimed to have not seen the body of Annie Chapman). How something like this could even have been typed from the keyboard of any of these three leading Ripper experts escapes me! With this in mind one feels the sad need to question the accuracy of other entries about people or events that are less well known.

One further point that jarred a little in this regard is in relation to errors that were in the text despite the very same entries referring to source material containing the correct information. One example of this which was immediately apparent to me was the entry under Robert James Lees, which incorrectly states he was born in

...STRANGE ERRORS HAVE CREPT INTO THIS WORK...

Birmingham; an error clearly not corrected from the last edition. However, the same entry mentions a reference to an article of mine which clearly gives the correct place of birth as Hinckley. It seemed to me at least that there had, perhaps, been a rush in places to finish off certain entries. There was also the odd strange omission from the list, even when the information was in some cases in the 1996 version of the book. One such example is the fact that, whilst Thomas Conway and John Chapman, the significant others of Eddowes and Chapman, both had entries Mary Nichols' husband William

did not warrant an entry, despite being in the 1996 edition. Perhaps with this revised and updated version it has become the case that whereas the original *A to Z* was seen as the place to go for the ultimate piece of easy reference material for so many aspects of the case, now it must be used only as a guideline and cross-referenced. It is still a handy tome for quick references to things Ripper related but it certainly should not be viewed as a complete and error-free account of events. With this in mind, perhaps we had better start looking forward to a revised paperback edition!



Our rating

Jennifer Shelden

Jack the Ripper: British Intelligence Agent?

Tom Slemen with Keith Andrews
Foreword by Richard Whittington-Egan

2010 The Bluecoat Press (Liverpool) Paperback pp 400, index £8.99

This year saw the release of a book promised to us for almost a decade, so it was a bit of a surprise that when it came out almost no one noticed. This was particularly strange given Slemen's talent at generating publicity for himself and the built-in pseudo-celebrity status he enjoys from years of publishing and speaking on the subject of ghosts and the paranormal, that would have presumably afforded him a platform from which he could announce to the world that he had solved its greatest crime mystery. Reflecting back on Slemen's unbending confidence in his theory as evinced in forum discussions on the *Casebook* during the early part of this decade, I was taken aback by the question mark at the end of the book's title and an afterword entitled 'What If We Are Wrong?' which reads as though the author fully expects someone to follow up on his research and discover some

piece of evidence that will render his theory impossible, ala Michael Ostrog. It makes one wonder as to whether Slemen upon writing the book found the many weak links and black holes in the evidence became more apparent to him, and the magic of discovering a 'new suspect' lost some of its muster. Or at least I would like to extend Mr. Slemen such benefit of the doubt.

So what is the theory explored in the book? The following excerpt should give you a good idea of what you're in for:

In all probability, Marie Jeanette Kelly – the last known victim of the Ripper, was a Fenian agent who had been sent from Ireland to London as a 'sleeper'; a spy with no immediate mission, who would loyally stand by for further orders from Ireland. (pp 302)

What evidence does he offer to support this 'probability'? Only that Kelly's family *allegedly* failed to come forward following her murder, and that *allegedly*

no letters were found in her room, even though her landlord, John McCarthy, stated that she received such letters. Only Slemen doesn't use the word 'allegedly'. Apparently the Fenians didn't pay well as Mary Kelly had to prostitute herself for money to survive while awaiting her mission orders.

As to the Ripper's mission, we are told he '*was a trained killer and British intelligence agent carrying out the blackest of black operations: the brutal and terrifying murder and mutilation of female couriers working for the Anarchists and the Fenians.*' (pp 319) Just who was this super-skilled assassin? Why, no less than Sir Charles Warren's close friend and co-author (of 1884's 'Jerusalem'), Claude Reignier Conder. I won't go into Conder's personal history here, because I have only Slemen's book to quote from, and since he chose not to include anything resembling sources, footnotes, or

...IT IS NECESSARY TO ADVISE EXTREME CAUTION...

bibliography, I cannot estimate how accurate the information is. In this day and age, it is all but unforgivable to publish a book claiming to be a historical survey and not include your sources, particularly when so much information is offered that would not be familiar to most of your readership. Considering the many errors that would be glaring to all but the most novice Ripperphile, it is necessary to advise extreme caution at accepting any unfamiliar piece of information presented in this book at face value.

Some of Slemen's sources are obvious from the text. For instance, his choice in spelling Eddowes' Christian name as 'Catharine' amongst other singular errors, tells me that an old edition of *Jack the Ripper A-Z* never left the side of his keyboard. His write-up of Charles Le Grand (whom he presents in a fictional exchange with PS Stephen White, while failing to inform the reader that he fictionalized the exchange) tells me that Slemen made commendable use of

Ripper journals such as *Ripper Notes* and *Ripperologist*. Other 'facts' offered up by Slemen were not of such apparent provenance, such as the following (unsourced) revelation:

'A detective asked Diemschutz [sic: Diemshitz] if he had known Stride, and the Socialist categorically denied he had ever set eyes on her before, yet in a subsequent interview with a newspaper, Diemschutz made a curious comment. He told the reporter how Stride was much better dressed than Annie Chapman; but how did he know this? Had Diemschutz known the previous victim of Jack the Ripper?'

Curious comment, indeed, made all the more curious by its complete lack of existence outside of Slemen's book. If Slemen would be so kind as to reveal his source for stating that Louis Diemshitz knew Annie Chapman, I, for one, would be most grateful. More likely, however, is that Slemen dramatically misinterpreted a widely reported statement from Diemshitz, such as this from the *Daily News* of

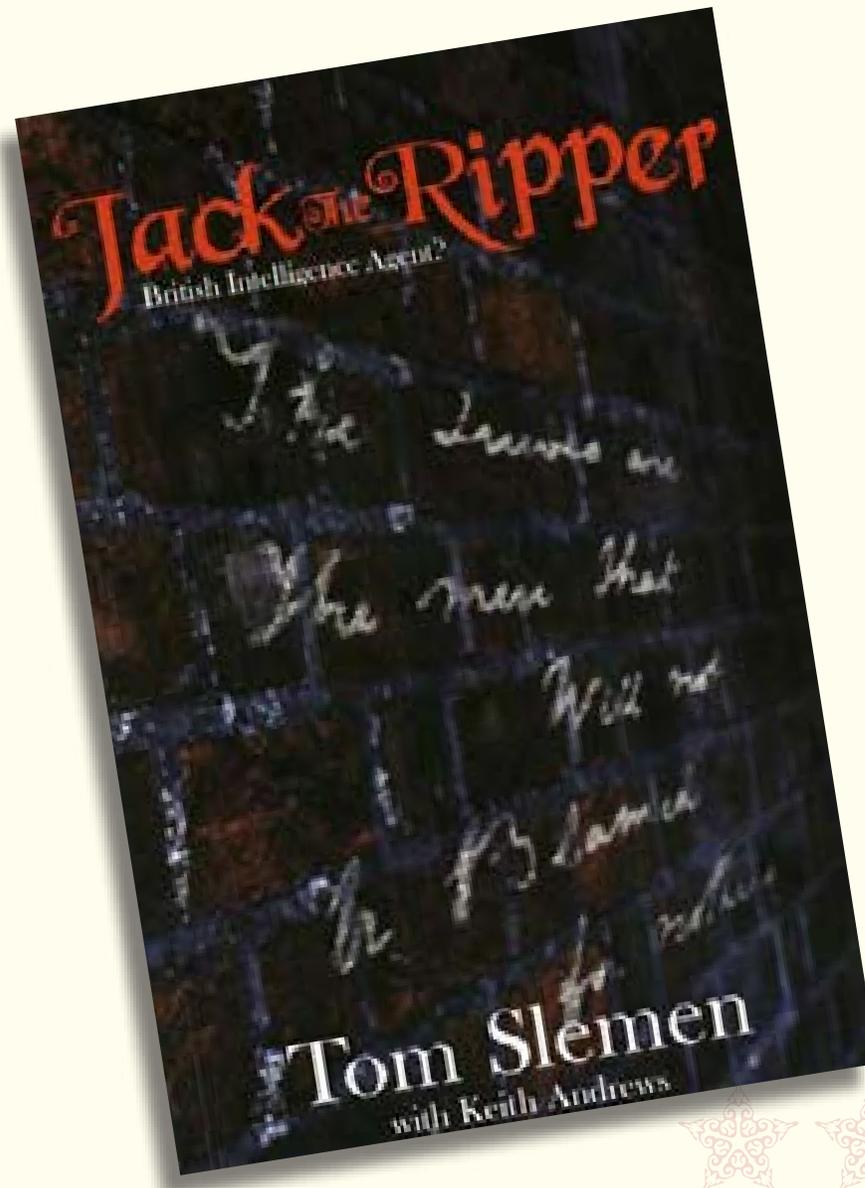
October 1st, *'I could not say whether or not she was an unfortunate, but if she was I should judge her to be of a rather better class than the women we usually see about this neighbourhood.'* Clearly, Diemshitz is comparing Stride's dress to that of other prostitutes in the area, and not to any past Ripper victim. Unfortunately, this seemingly minor error on Slemen's part forms the foundation for his argument that the Ripper victims were couriers for the Anarchists of the Berner Street club and the Fenians, whom he alleges were briefly working in concert to bring down the monarchy. This hypothesis in turn brings in the necessity for his suspect, Conder, to silence the couriers, simultaneously sending a message to the Anarchists in power (Diemshitz, in reality a minor socialist figure at best, and club secretary, William Wess) and their Fenian confederates that their jig is up. In short, if Diemshitz didn't compare Stride's dress to that of Chapman, as we know he did not, then there's no reason to suspect Conder. This might

be a simplification of the thesis, and I do not wish to do Mr. Slemen an injustice, but his 'evidence' is really no stronger than this.

Probably Slemen's most impressive achievement with this book was in obtaining renowned author, wordsmith, and Ripperologist, Richard Whittington-Egan, to author a brief foreword, at the end of which he offers the jaw-dropping endorsement that '*Slemen and Andrews' offering is... without question an extremely significant addition to the shelf of worthwhile studies of the great East End enigma.*' To be fair to Mr. Whittington-Egan, he prefaces this with a wink in stating, '*this is surely all good fun, and harmless to boot...*'

If your idea of 'fun' is spending 20 bucks and a precious few hours of your life being frustrated by misconstrued facts, mile-leaping conclusions, and no supporting sources, then you'll have a ball with this one. But if you're hoping to enhance your knowledge of the Ripper and his world and be presented with a plausible solution to your favorite mystery, you will not find what you're looking for in *Jack the Ripper: British Intelligence Agent?*

...MILE-LEAPING CONCLUSIONS...



Our rating
Tom Wescott

The Real Jack the Ripper

A TV documentary by MDF Productions, Inc., Canada

Producer: Peter Gentile Writer: Robert Colapinto Running time: 44:01

This new Jack the Ripper documentary, first broadcast on the History Channel on August 31, is actually two programs in one. Unfortunately, neither is entirely satisfactory. The first is the usual sensationalistic, made-for-TV retelling of the Ripper story, replete with Jack in top hat skulking through the fog. The second show is a discussion among a select group of Ripperologists (though the criteria for selection are open to question), sitting for the most part in a pub and saying nothing at all controversial. Unfortunately, there was a real disconnect between the two parts and much of what the Ripperologists said with authority was ignored by the producer and writer when the other part was put together.

Before discussing the roundtable (plus two) segment it is well to issue a general disclaimer that obviously all the Ripperologists featured are known to me and several are friends. Moreover,

not only is one of those interviewed the husband of our own Jennifer Shelden, but Jen is seen (but not heard—more's the pity) in a scene at a cemetery.

The Ripperologists' roundtable at Paul Begg's cozy pub, the Old Plantation (that *is* a blatant plug), involved Begg, Don Rumbelow, Bob Hinton, Philip Hutchinson, John Bennett and Jeff Leahy (Stewart P. Evans and Neal Shelden were filmed separately) was surely helpful to those viewers who know little, if anything, about the Ripper. Unfortunately for those in the field, despite the eminence of the participants nothing was said that wasn't already known almost by rote. This is particularly galling since we know that the gentlemen assembled have real differences of opinion on many matters related to Jack. Oh to have viewed the slanging match if, say, the veracity of Sir Robert Anderson had been broached.

In fact, there might be a few quibbles about what was said in the

**...TOP
HAT-
WEARING,
BAG-
CARRYING
JACK IN
THE FOG...**

roundtable discussions, such as the role of the press or that Catharine Eddowes definitely suffered from Bright's disease, but overall it was instructive for a general audience. And as mentioned previously, if only the writer and producer had bothered to listen to what the Ripperologists were saying.

Alas, they did not and the result was the usual overwrought dramatic flourishes like the aforementioned top hat-wearing, bag-carrying Jack in the fog (by the way, production values were clearly stunted and the fog produced wasn't worthy of a high school rendering of Macbeth—you can actually see the "fog" puffing out). There were also rats scuttling about on cobbles, but—low production values again—not a single hansom cab or gas lamp, items almost obligatory for Ripper documentaries.

Some of the other omissions, however, were more egregious. While there were attempts to paint the victims as more than just props (more on this later) and the despair that caused them to turn to casual prostitution was mentioned, the fact that except for Kelly all the other victims tried to earn their keep with more honest pursuits should have been pointed out. The police efforts were dismissed in a couple of uninformative

sentences and the political realities that drove much of the newspaper coverage ignored completely.

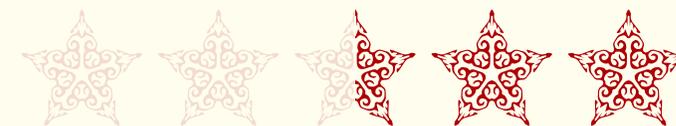
Moreover, the suspects, other than Pizer, who were mentioned were Prince Eddy, Lewis Carroll and the Elephant Man, all of which was a pander to arrant sensationalism more blatant than what the documentary accused the contemporary press of doing. Finally, and most interesting, although the viewer is told Eddowes lost a kidney and Kelly likely a heart, the fact that Chapman and Eddowes also lost a womb went stunningly unmentioned. Indeed, such great pains were taken to remove any sexual element from the murders (the Ripper's "rage" was stressed instead) that it must be assumed 21st century Canadian sensibilities are still on a par with those of Victorians.

Actually, there was a "third show" within the other two that made this documentary worthwhile and that was the visit to London by Mary Ann Nichols's great-great granddaughter, Maureen "Nichols." Indeed, Maureen was the "star" of the program. Not only did she have the most interesting things to say, but she came across as much more genuine than either the Ripperologists or the actors. Some day someone will

produce a Jack the Ripper documentary that looks more closely at the victims in life as in death but, Maureen's appearance notwithstanding, this program was not it.

Finally, this documentary suffers from the same fault as do far too many of those about Jack the Ripper—Anglo-centrism. That there is outstanding research and analysis being done in North America and Australia is now undeniable, yet we get the same old English experts on camera. For that matter, they also tend to be rather male-centric, though in this case it is understood that Jane Coram was supposed to have been part of the roundtable discussion but had to cancel due to a medical problem.

In short, then, this documentary is no better and no worse than most of those we have already seen. The only things that made this program different—and which give hope for the future—were the segments featuring Maureen Nichols. Otherwise, give it a grudging 2½ stars.



Our rating
Don Souden

Jack the Ripper – East London

iPhone/iPod Touch/iPad application by Clay Interactive Limited

£0.59 Available from the iTunes App Store (requires iOS 3.1.3 or later)

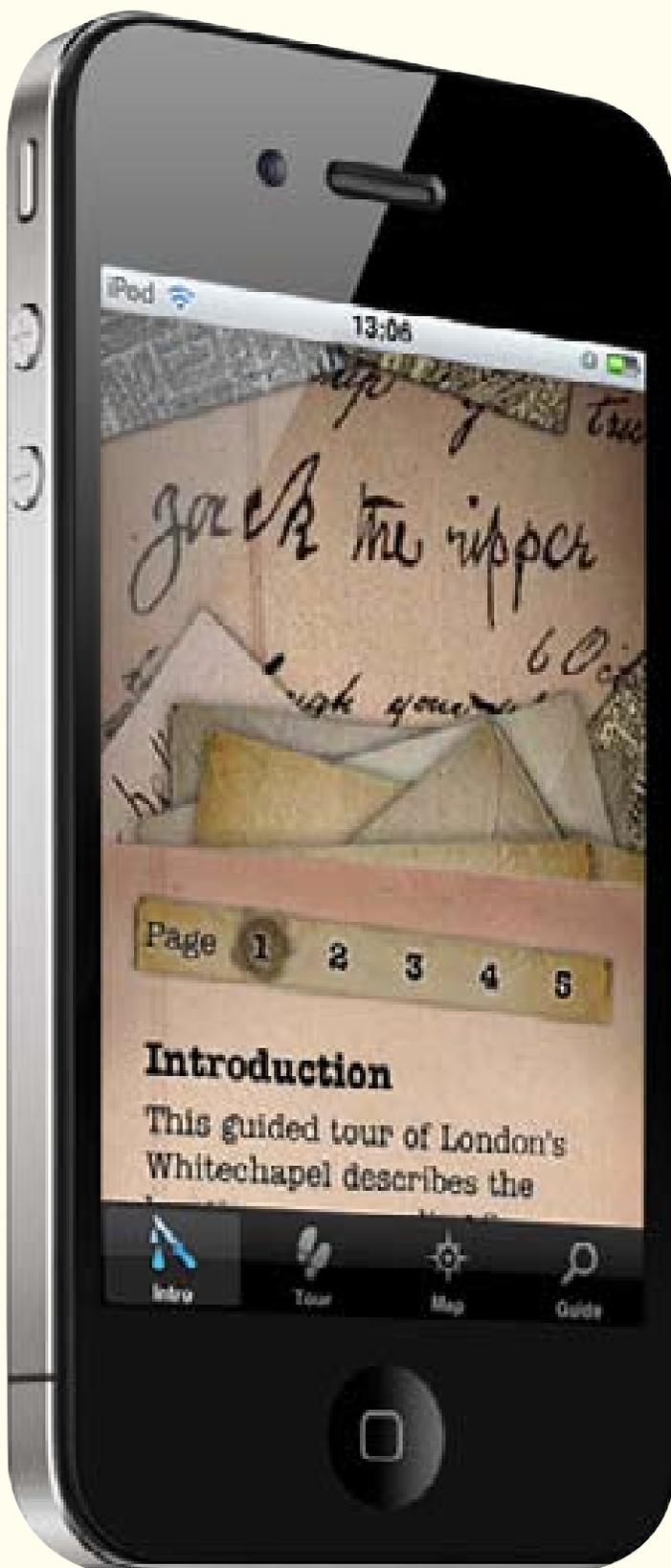
With the ever growing popularity of applications for mobile devices like the iPhone, it was only a matter of time before one would be made available for those wanting to take a self guided Jack the Ripper tour of Whitechapel and Spitalfields. Sure enough, earlier this year, “Jack the Ripper – East London” was released on iTunes for the iPhone, iPod Touch and iPad.

I had seen an earlier map based program by a different developer that offered to guide the user to the murder sites, but this had turned out to be rather inaccurate, placing all the sites (with the exception of Buck’s Row) in the wrong places on the map. It was therefore with some trepidation that I downloaded this app.

First impressions are quite favourable. Certainly the developers have chosen to make the app look “Victorian”

with pictures of sepia tinted handwritten documents strewn across the background, giving a pleasing look. After a short pause on the title screen, you’re greeted with a five page introduction to the murders, which takes less than a few minutes to read in full, and doesn’t really go into the amount of depth you would get in an introduction for a published book.

The main section of the application consists of fourteen pages covering each of the stopping points on the walk. Starting at Aldgate underground station and finishing at Whitechapel station, all five canonical murder sites are included, plus that of Martha Tabram in Gunthorpe Street. Three pubs, the White Hart, the Frying Pan, and the Ten Bells are covered, as is Flower & Dean Street, Goulston Street and the London Hospital. Each location is given a couple of paragraphs of text, and one or two



...POTENTIAL...

good quality photos. It's noticeable that some proof reading would have been a good idea, as several sentences are cut short or have inaccurate spellings. In addition, the directions given to guide you from one location to another are less than clear; in particular those given for the route between Dorset Street and the Wentworth Dwellings on Goulston Street confused me, and I know the route without needing to refer to a guide! One other unfortunate error is the inclusion of a picture of Fairclough Street (around the corner from Dutfield's Yard) being included as an image of Buck's Row / Durward Street, which needs to be rectified in any future version.

Probably the most notable thing about this application, is the map function. This uses a Google map, marked with the route, which is intended to help the user navigate through the east end. Whilst iPhone owners will

find this feature of use, it will not be of help to an iPod Touch user, as a live phone network or WiFi connection is required in order to view the maps. As an app that is primarily of use whilst out walking, surely a nice scrolling map that is viewable offline would have been a better solution?

Overall, the application isn't too bad, and given a little more development, could be useful for someone new to the case wanting to visit the murder sites. At the moment it has a tendency to shut down for no reason, and some of the facts given in the text are incorrect, but there is potential for this to be a useful little reference guide if the developers make some improvements to this first version.



Our rating

Andrew Firth



Annie and the Ripper

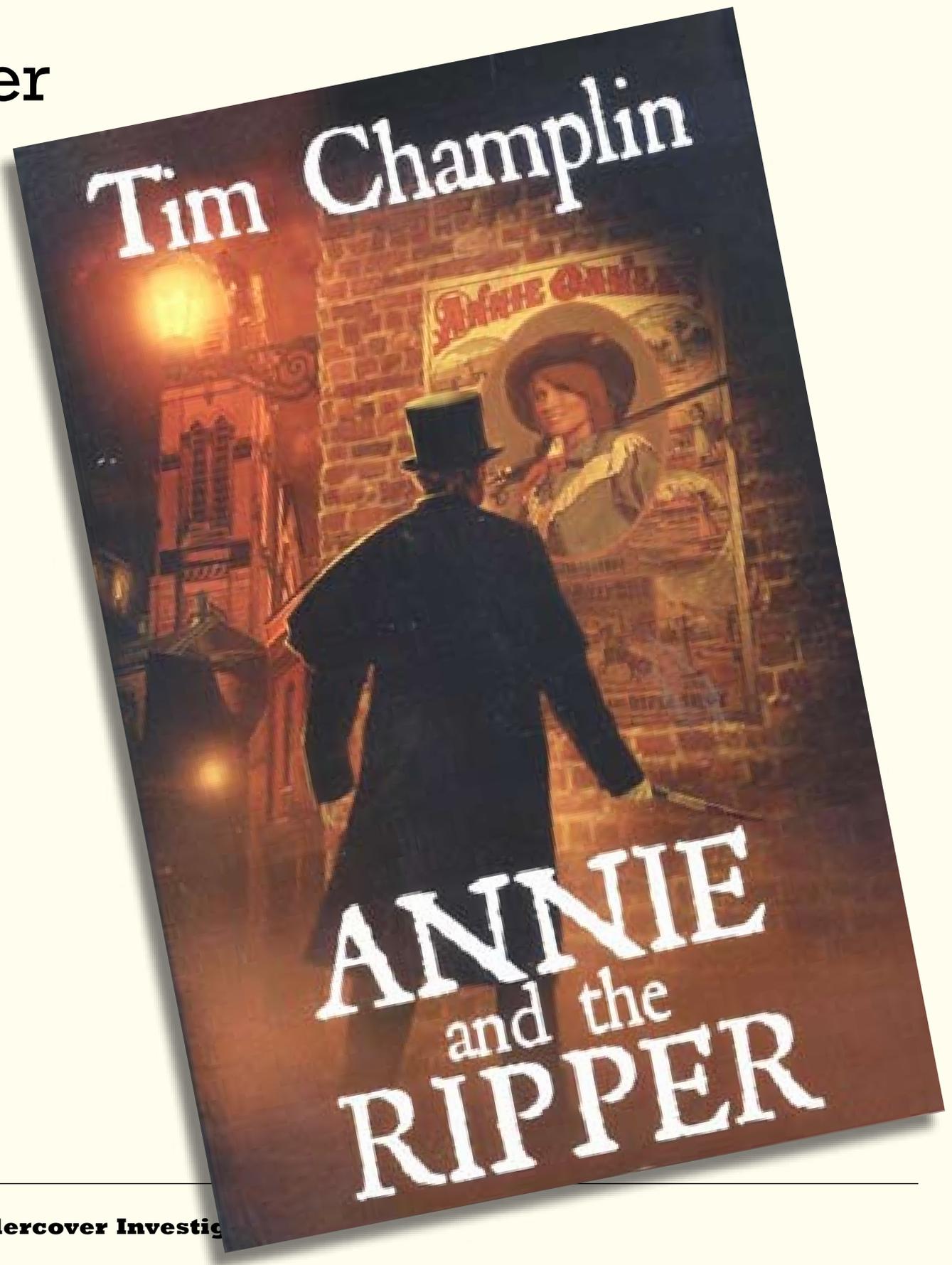
Tim Champlin

2010 PillHill Press (Chadron, Nebraska)
Paperback 211pp \$9.99

The first few pages of this novel provide two surprises. For one, the “Annie” in the title refers not to “Dark Annie” Chapman but American sharpshooter Annie Oakley.

The second is that unlike far too many practitioners of Ripper fiction, the author, Tim Champlin, actually can write. The reason for both surprises is almost assuredly that Champlin is the author of more than a score of novels, most of them set in the American West.

This story, however, is set in London in the fall of 1888 and concerns the Ripper’s murders and Scotland Yard’s hunt for him in the person of Inspector Abberline. The change in his normal venues is handled quite well by Champlin and while there is the obligatory London fog scene he is careful to note that the real Ripper never murdered in a fog. He does miss the distinction between a *lodger* and the more generic American term *boarder*,



... A REALLY DECENT HUMAN BEING.

but otherwise seems almost as much at home in the East End as on the western range.

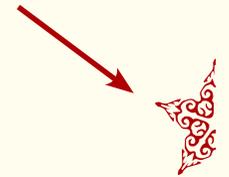
Of course, as a work of fiction there are a few changes to history as we know it in order to advance the plot. For one, Abberline is a bachelor, and Dr. Rees Llewellyn (renamed Andrew) assumes a much bigger role in order to serve as someone with whom Abberline can exchange ideas. Those sort of fictional embellishments are fine, but there are others that needlessly strike discordant notes such as saying that Kelly was three months pregnant or that the locked door to Number 13 Miller's Court was opened not by prizing it open, but by Abberline reaching through the broken pane.

These sort of moments jar because they are not plot devices and the book is otherwise quite well researched. Indeed, it could almost serve as a

primer for those new to the murders, as it almost certainly will for the bulk of readers most familiar with Champlin's many stories about the wild West. As it is, only Ripperologists will even notice the occasional error.

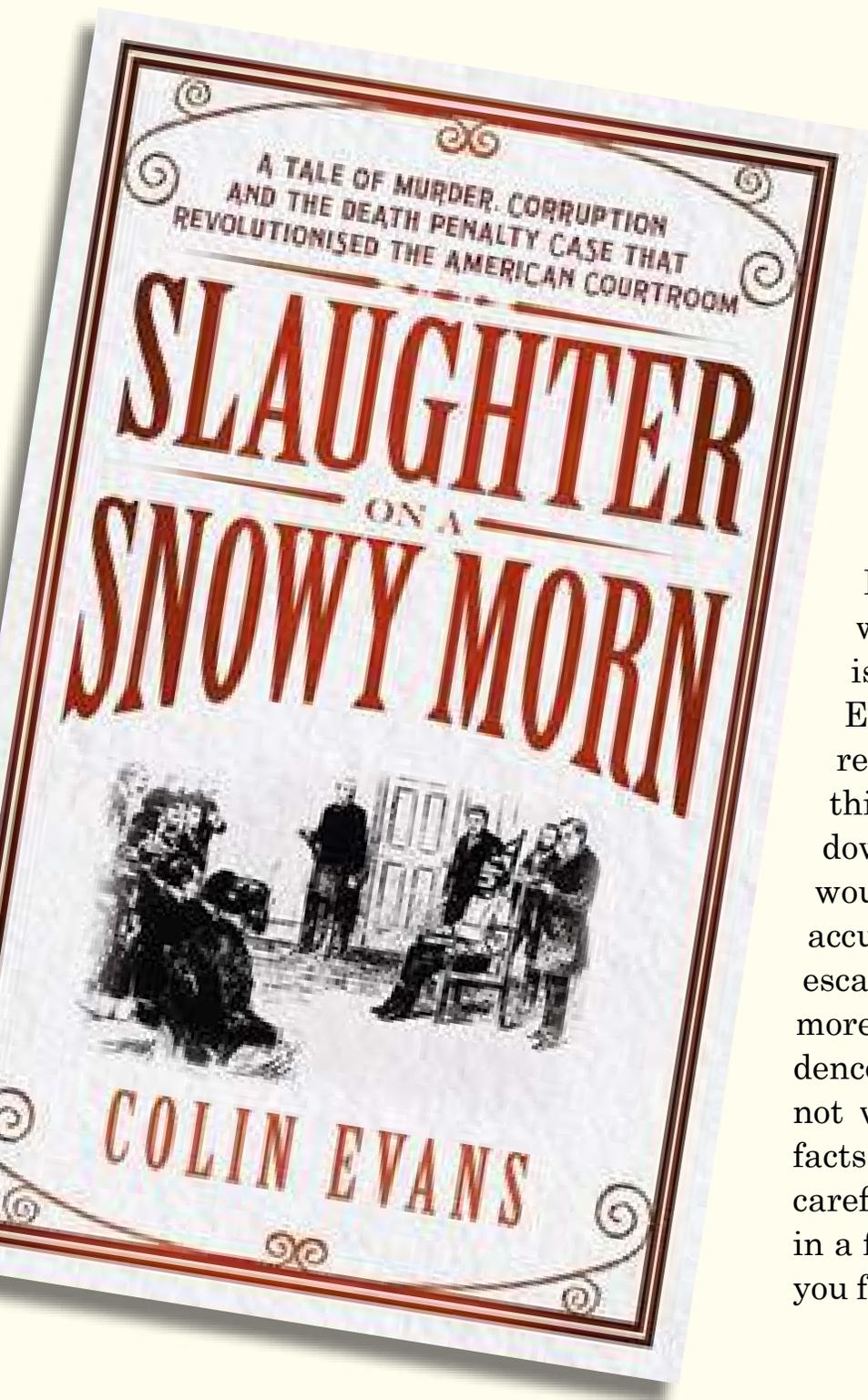
As a story, however, it is exciting enough and even Annie Oakley's involvement will seem quite natural as readers rapidly turn the pages as the Ripper manages to stay a step or two ahead of his pursuers until . . . but then you'll have to read it yourself. Abberline and Oakley come across as the strongest characters and that is especially so with the latter. In fact, Annie Oakley is sadly neglected today even by her countrymen. She was as extraordinary a sharpshooter as legend has it and was truly an American original and American hero. Moreover, she was evidently a really decent human being.

It is the best Ripper fiction I have read in quite a while. Since this review is mainly for Ripperologists, it rates three-and-a-half stars, largely because of the needless errors that will have you muttering "No!" but for all other readers I'd add a half star.



Our rating

Don Souden



Slaughter On A Snowy Morn

Colin Evans

2010 Icon Books Paperback 400 pp, illus £12.99

This book is about a little known American double murder case that occurred in 1915, which was investigated with some degree of corruption. But don't be put off by the somewhat drab grey cover, this book is as compelling as it is troubling. Evans holds the attention of the reader from start to finish, making this book near impossible to put down. I read it wanting to know what would befall Charles Stielow, who was accused of the crime, hoping he will escape the electric chair as it becomes more and more apparent that the evidence that was used to convict him was not what it first appeared to be. The facts of this case were succinctly and carefully presented within the pages in a fair and logical way. Evans makes you feel that you were there at the time

of the murder and subsequent investigations, agonising over what could be done. I find it amazing that this interesting and heart-wrenching case is not one that is better known. There is little more that can be said about this book without giving away the twists and turns that the author has so brilliantly managed to include, other than it is a must read for all those interested in true crimes. One would be hard pressed to find much, if anything at all, negative to say about it. This is one of the best books, on any subject, that I have read this year and so it comes highly recommended.



Our rating

Jennifer Shelden

...COMPELLING...

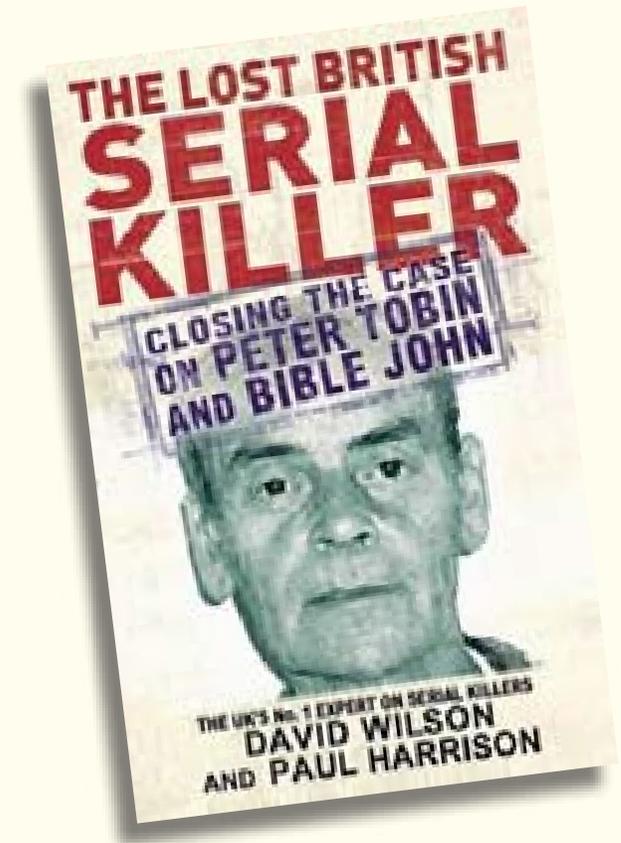
The Lost British Serial Killer: Closing the case on Peter Tobin and Bible John

David Wilson and Paul Harrison

2010 Sphere Paperback 273 pp, biblio, illus, index £6.99

This book makes for compulsive, if disturbing, reading, as it deals with many truly appalling rape and murder cases. Its focus is Peter Tobin who was recently convicted for the murders of Dinah McNicol, Vicky Hamilton and Angelika Kluk, but is said to have told police he killed many more women, whilst remaining silent on exactly where and when these other crimes took place (something the police continue to investigate). The authors attempt to link Tobin to a series of unsolved murders in Glasgow in the 1960s and in doing so close one of Scotland's most baffling cases, that of the so-called Bible John killings. The case rests on the similarities between the crimes and those known to have

been committed by Tobin, as well as the fact that he was known to be in Scotland at around the time they were committed, but subsequently moved. The authors also offer the possibility that he was then responsible for many other rapes and murders of young women, particularly in Scotland and the South of England, between 1969 (the date of the last Bible John murder) and 2006 (when he is known to have killed Kluk). It is in places a little shaky in its arguments regarding links to these earlier crimes, and certainly didn't close the case in this readers mind, but, it is also convincing in other places. This book was easy to read, thought provoking and hard to put down. It therefore comes recommended.



Our rating

Jennifer Shelden

...COMPULSIVE, IF DISTURBING...

Peter Manuel Serial Killer

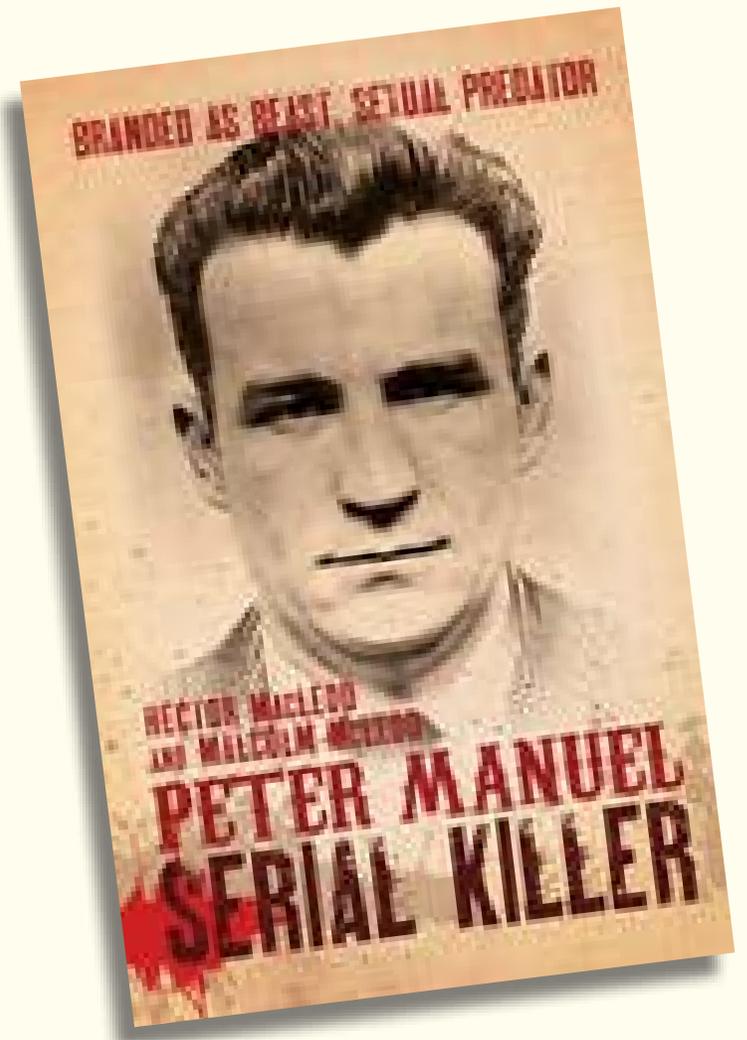
Hector MacLeod and Malcolm McLeod

2010 Mainstream Publishing Paperback 368 pp, biblio, illus, index £7.99

**...THE NARRATIVE IS
NOT ALWAYS CLEAR.**

This book is about a startling series of crimes committed by Peter Manuel in Scotland in the 1950s. Manuel was clearly a strange and disturbing character, and his murders were at times gruesomely brutal. This book is, however, a bit of a laboured read in places, as it is dryly written. Although the crimes themselves and the subsequent trial

are disturbing and interesting, the book is confused in its dealings with them and the narrative is not always clear. Despite the case being based on seven murders the amount of the book devoted to analysing these and Manuel's actions at the time seems relatively small compared to how much is devoted to exactly what was said at the trial.



Our rating

Jennifer Shelden

Doctors Who Kill: Profiles of Lethal Medics

Carol Anne Davis

2010 Allison and Busby
Hardback 316 pp, biblio, index £19.99

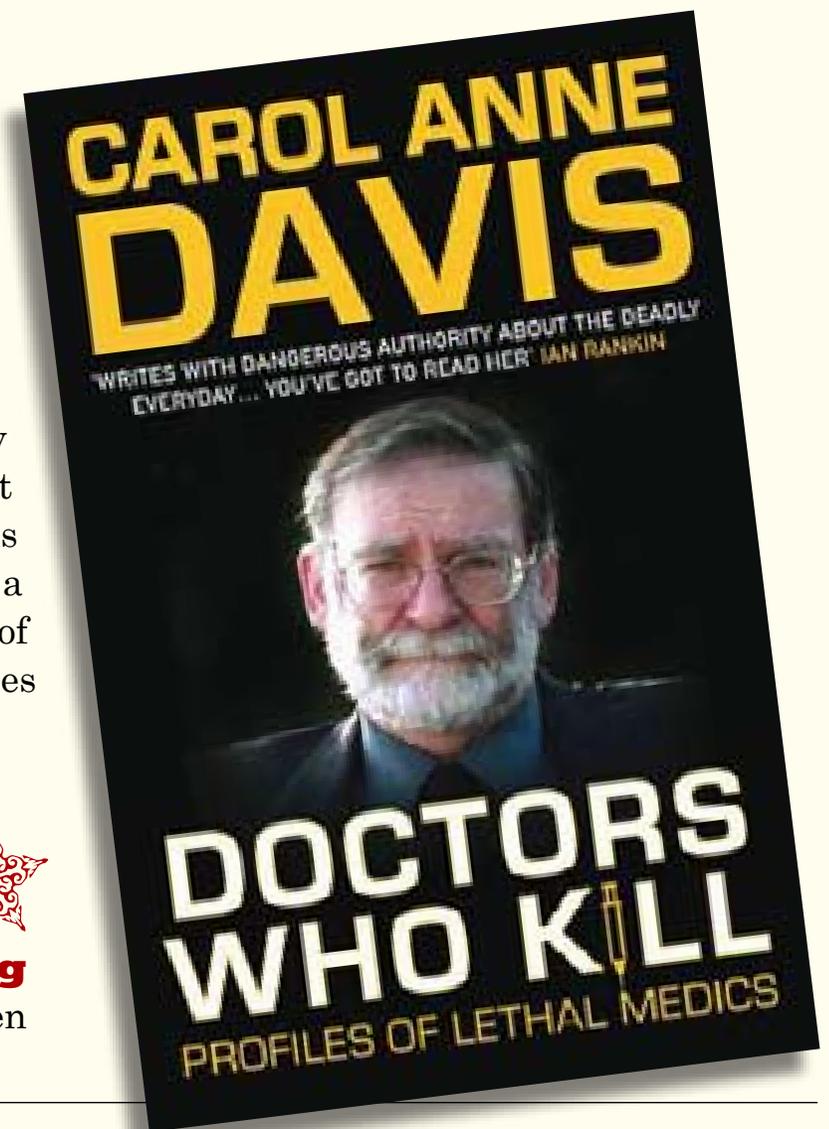
Carol Anne Davis proves, once again, that she is an immensely enjoyable writer. Her book is packed with information about medics who kill not only their patients, but also their loved ones. Davis has divided the book into several sections that include doctors who kill at home, high profile cases, doctors who kill their patients and those who pretend to be medics with fatal consequences. Perhaps though, medics who kill, rather than the more defined doctors, would have been a better title as this book also includes cases where paramedics, nurses and dentists have turned into killers. Davis writes about each case with a well paced tone that

is, although factual, also very readable, keeping this reader turning the pages until the end. Whilst some of the cases will be particularly well known to readers, such as that of Harold Shipman and Beverley Allitt, the sections where this is not the case do not bore. Perhaps, it is best not to read this book if you or a loved one are in hospital or in need of the family doctor! That said it comes recommended.



Our rating
Jennifer Shelden

...PARAMEDICS, NURSES AND DENTISTS HAVE TURNED INTO KILLERS.



Did You Miss?...

The Ripper Code **Thomas Toughill**

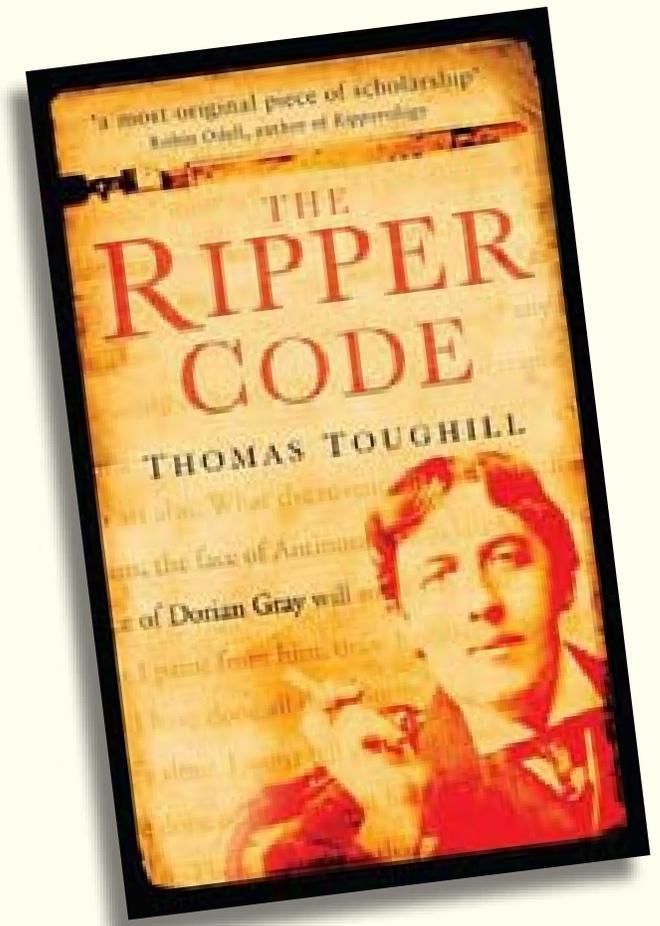
History Press, Biblio, illus.

Hardback Edition published 1 March 2008, 320 pp, £19.99

Paperback Edition published 1 November 2009, 288 pp, £12.99

This book was years in the making, indeed, Toughill's research into Frank Miles' candidacy as the Ripper, is said to date as far back as the 1970s. The first half of the book sets the scene and outlines the murders and some of the suspects. As one starts reading this well written, if error strewn, section of the book one does not begin to get a sense of foreboding about what is to follow. However, what does follow is a rather strange case against Miles, that is, in places, too baffling to even begin to describe. Miles was an artist, a friend of Oscar Wilde with whom he resided until they had a falling out. According to Toughill, Wilde knew all about Miles being the Ripper and thought the best way to clear this up would be to drop hints about it in his novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, written in 1889, hence

Toughill's chosen title for this book (or perhaps Toughill had been reading Dan Brown's book *The Da Vinci Code* prior to writing his own). There is certainly some interesting information about Miles contained within the pages, and it would indeed be fair to conclude from the evidence presented therein that if Miles were to be arranging a picnic, he would find himself short of a few sandwiches. Nonetheless, the knock out evidence to take us from these quirks to him as the Ripper, does not ever come, nor do many of the other strands of evidence appear to be particularly strong. Some of the information and theories about Montague Druitt are intriguing. All in all a very large pinch of salt is probably best taken with the reading of this book.



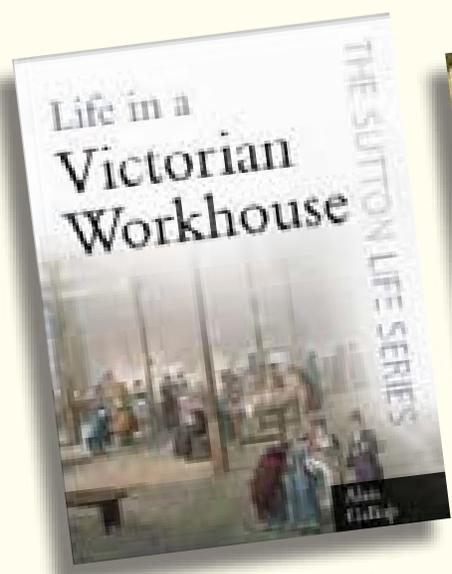
...**SHORT
OF A FEW
SANDWICHES.**



Our rating
Jennifer Shelden

Undercover Investigations: From The Library Shelves **THE WORKHOUSE**

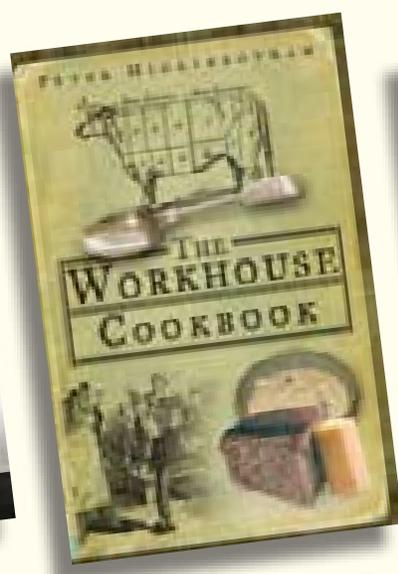
Welcome to our fictitious library, containing all the best books on all the subjects that are of interest to social historians. This edition we have decided to take a look at the books on our shelves that feature the most feared of Victorian institutions, the Workhouse. We hope you find amongst these items, something to tickle your fancy.



Life in a Victorian
Workhouse

Alan Gallop

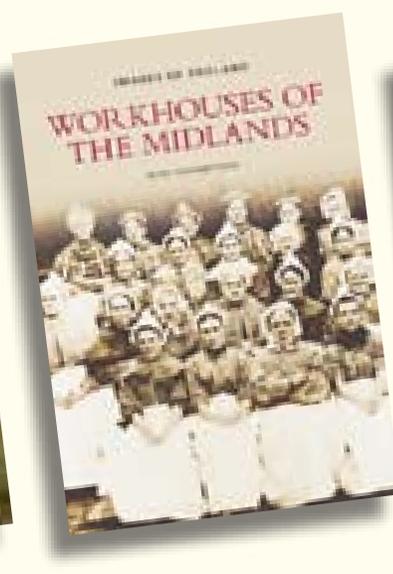
2008 Sutton Paperback 96 pp



Workhouse Cookbook

Peter Higginbotham

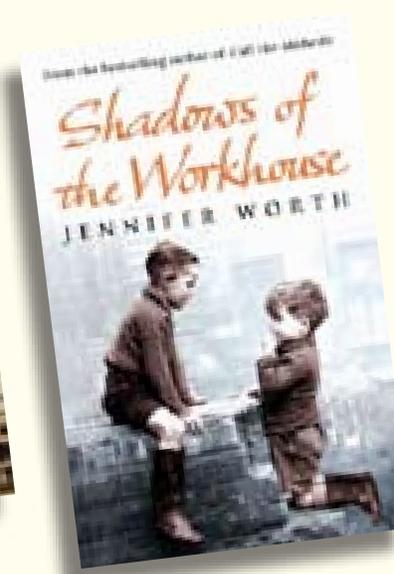
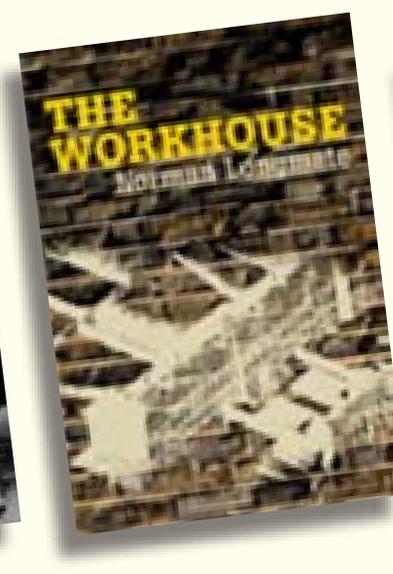
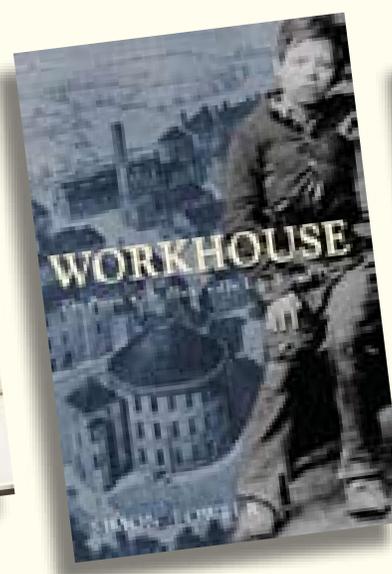
2008 Tempus Paperback 192 pp



Images of England
-Workhouses of the
Midlands

Peter Higginbotham

2007 Tempus Paperback 192 pp



Part of a series of books by Higginbotham focusing on workhouses in different areas. For more information about Higginbotham and his excellent research on workhouses, why not visit his website, www.workhouses.org ?

Undercover Investigations: From the Library Shelves

Workhouse

Simon Fowler

2007 National Archives

Hardback and paperback issues 240 pp

**Life in the Victorian and
Edwardian Workhouse**

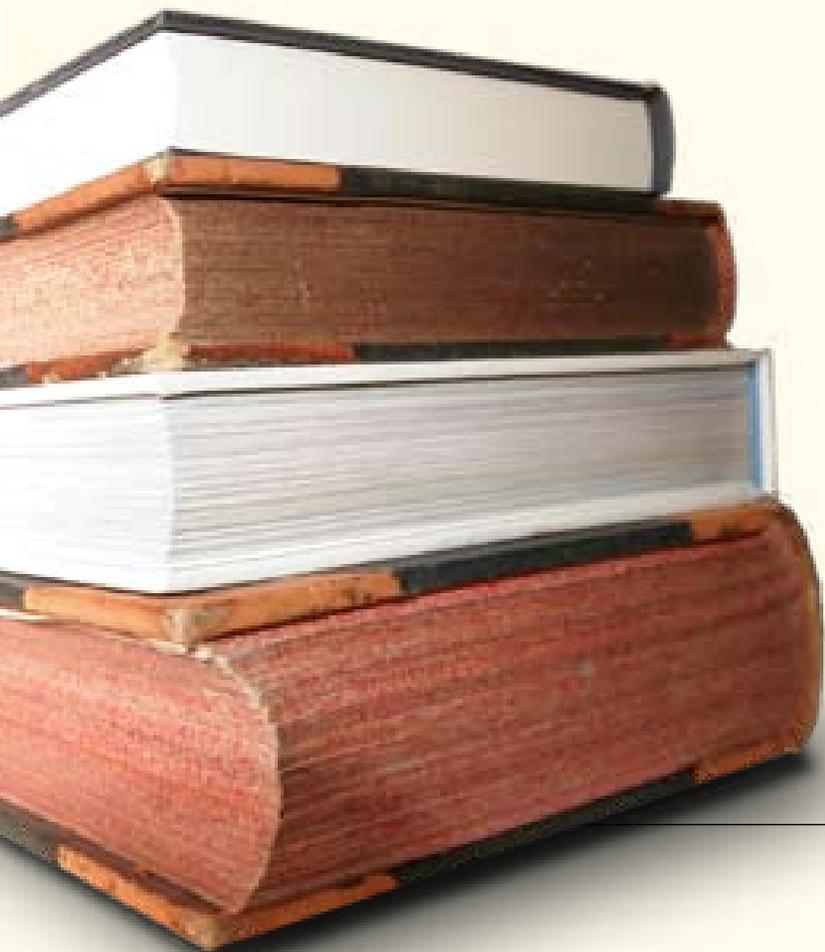
Michelle Higgs

2007 Tempus Paperback 192 pp

The Workhouse

Norman Longmate

2003 Pimlico Paperback 320 pp



Shadows of the Workhouse

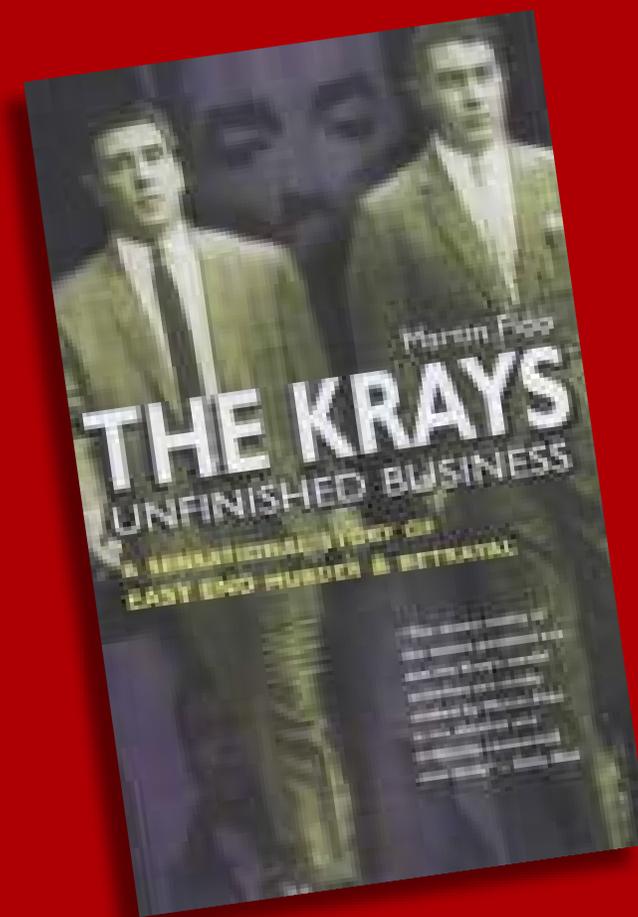
by Jennifer Worth

2005 Merton Books Hardback 240 pp

This book is certainly a must for all our readers who enjoy social history. By the author of *Call the Midwife* it explores tales of people who had to go into East End workhouses. These are recalled to the author by people whom she met in the area she worked during the 1950s in her role as a midwife. The book is a very easy but enjoyable read. It was found in the tragic tales/biography section of the bookshop, but perhaps this is unfair as it serves more as a sort of oral social history that has been transcribed. If you ever wondered what it was like for the poor souls who ended up in the workhouses up and down Britain, you need wonder no more. The book covers many varied tales, each offering a unique and sometimes upsetting insight into life in the workhouse in the first part of the last century.

They Also Wrote...

*Did you know that Martin Fido, author of *The Crimes, Detection and Death of Jack the Ripper*, is also the author of *The Krays: Unfinished Business*, published by Carlton Books in 2002?*



Open Book Exam: A continuing look at detective fiction

Exploring the Fens

Don Souden

Mix an Oxford don running for Parliament without any hope of victory, a home handyman from Hell, a writer of execrable detective fiction madly in love with the most beautiful and most vacuous blonde barmaid in six counties, an escaped lunatic who thinks he's Woodrow Wilson, a murderous blackmailer, a "none-doing" pig and a constituency that would make the denizens of "Cold Comfort Farm" seem the country club set in comparison and what do you have? I would love to say the answer was a typical Edmund Crispin mystery novel, but aside from a generally high quality of writing there is no typical Crispin effort.

That said, the above ingredients—shaken well—will produce *Buried For Pleasure*, which just may be Crispin's finest book featuring Oxford don turned

occasional detective Gervase Fen. And as such it should be savored. As someone once observed, the good thing about a James Dean film retrospective is that it doesn't last long (the glacial pace of "Giant" notwithstanding). In the same way, though a notion much sadder to contend with, the Fen *oeuvre* is much too small—just nine books spread over 33 years.

The reason for this paucity of production lies, unfortunately, with the author and his life. Born in Buckinghamshire, England, in 1921, Bruce Montgomery came into the world with two club feet and this physical disability would shape much of his early life. His father was a civil servant in the India Office and had hoped young Bruce would eventually join the Foreign Service. Montgomery's lameness,

however, made his years at Merchant Taylor's School hell as he was hopeless at games and further ridiculed for winning scholastic prizes and generally being a "swot." That he emerged from it all with a keen sense of humor is only to be admired.

Life did improve markedly, however, at Oxford where his natural talents for music and literature were more appreciated by fellow students. He was the choir master and organist at St. John's, read omnivorously, was a famed pub-crawling conversationalist at an institution where that is considered a minor art form and even overcame his innate shyness to date in an at least desultory manner. Indeed, it was said of Montgomery at university that all he really thought important were books, drinking, cigarettes and talking.

Open Book Exam: A continuing look at detective fiction



BRUCE MONTGOMERY

Doubtless, living what he thought was the “good life” contributed to his taking only a second in modern languages and with it any thoughts of the Foreign Office, which may have been a godsend as the mind boggles at just what sort of international incidents Bruce Montgomery might have contrived while walking the corridors of power. Instead, Montgomery’s life was

...BOOKS, DRINKING, CIGARETTES AND TALKING.

moved into an entirely different direction at Oxford when a friend lent him a copy of *The Crooked Hinge* by John Dickson Carr. In fact, this classic detective novel “unhinged” Montgomery in a most positive way and all other literature was temporarily cast aside as he devoured the works of Michael Innes, Carr, Agatha Christie, Gladys Mitchell and many others.

Open Book Exam: A continuing look at detective fiction

In many ways, Innes had the most effect upon Montgomery. His pseudonym, Edmund Crispin, is taken from a character in an Innes book and Fen's later Scotland Yard pal, Inspector Humbleby, is a clear clone of Innes's Inspector Appleby (Innes would later write an introduction to one of the Crispin books, so there were no hard feelings over those borrowings). Gervase Fen is said to have been based, in part, on a don at St. John's but in a creation of character I can well appreciate, almost assuredly all of Fen's attitudes and observations are purely Montgomery's. As for adopting the pen name Crispin, that was because "Bruce Montgomery" was being saved for the "great novel" of manners and insight into the human soul he always dreamt of writing.

So the first in the Fen series, *The Gilded Fly*, appeared in 1944 while Montgomery was still an undergrad. It was set, appropriately enough, in Oxford and was soon followed by *Holy Disorders* and *The Moving Toyshop*. Sometime after graduation Montgomery became a teacher at Shrewsbury, a public school that would

later serve as the thinly disguised setting of *Love Lies Bleeding*. Eventually, the ever-restless Montgomery would settle in Devon and turn to his other talent, musical composition.

Naturally, Montgomery hoped to become a "serious" composer and wrote several chorales, including *Oxford Requiem*, and other works he considered worthy of his talents. But, just as a serious novel escaped him in contrast to the success of his Fen books, so too with his music. Instead, for most of us his most familiar and successful compositions were for the movies and he did the scores for the first five films in the "Carry On . . ." series. This movie work brought him a comfortable living and the setting for yet another Fen book, *Frequent Hearses*, but even that did not last long.

Sadly, Bruce Montgomery was a bibliophile but also quite bibulous and the drinking began to get the better of him. Writing either music or books became quite impossible and he survived on writing reviews, anthology introductions and other make work. Naturally, his health also began to fail and it was only with a sense of the end

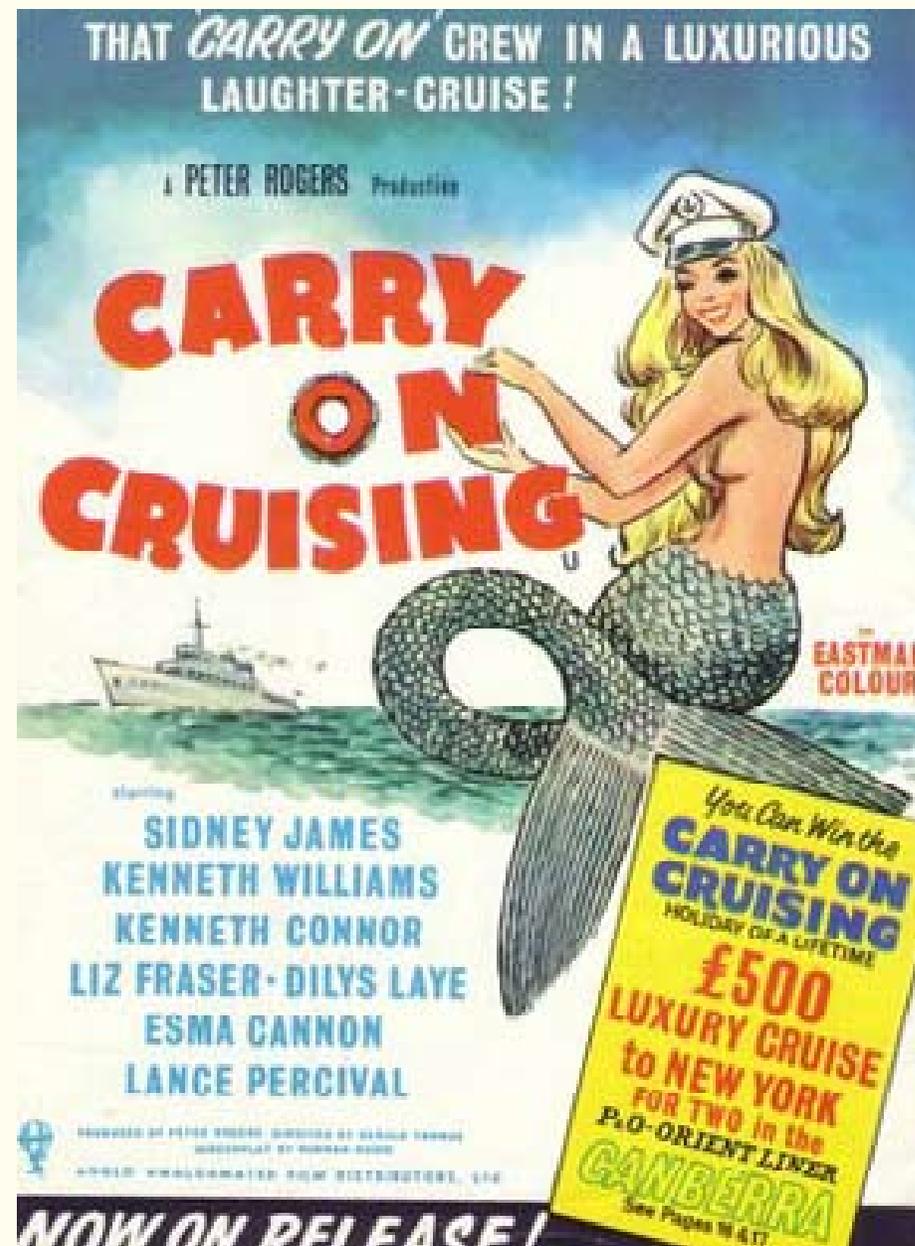
in sight that in 1977 he manfully finished his last Fen novel, *Glimpses of the Moon*, which had been in the planning stages for more than two decades. Perhaps not just coincidentally, the year before he married his secretary, Ann, who had been in that job almost as long. Finally, in 1978, he died leaving behind a small but entertaining body of work for the discerning reader of detective fiction.

And what is to be made of those few books that make the name "Edmund Crispin" so special among devotees of detective fiction? Certainly, they were not formulaic as each varies in terms of plausibility of plot, characterizations, settings and satiric elements as if, like some long-ago alchemist Montgomery was searching time and again for the right combination of elements to produce pure gold. To be sure, the writing is always smooth and erudite (perhaps too much so for some modern tastes), the settings superbly rendered and the subsidiary characters interesting if not always memorable, but too often the sum of the parts are greater than that of the whole.

As mentioned earlier, my favorite

now is *Buried Pleasure* (which was also Montgomery's), perhaps because the various story elements are in better balance than usual. Of course, the plot did give Montgomery an opportunity to have great fun with politicians. In an exchange that still resonates today on both sides of the Atlantic, candidate Fen has his political agent tell him even if he doesn't believe in elimination of capital punishment he should say so because "My dear sir, it doesn't matter whether you do or not," said Captain Watkyn with candour. "You must rid yourself of the idea that you have to try and implement any of these promises once you're actually elected." Sound familiar?

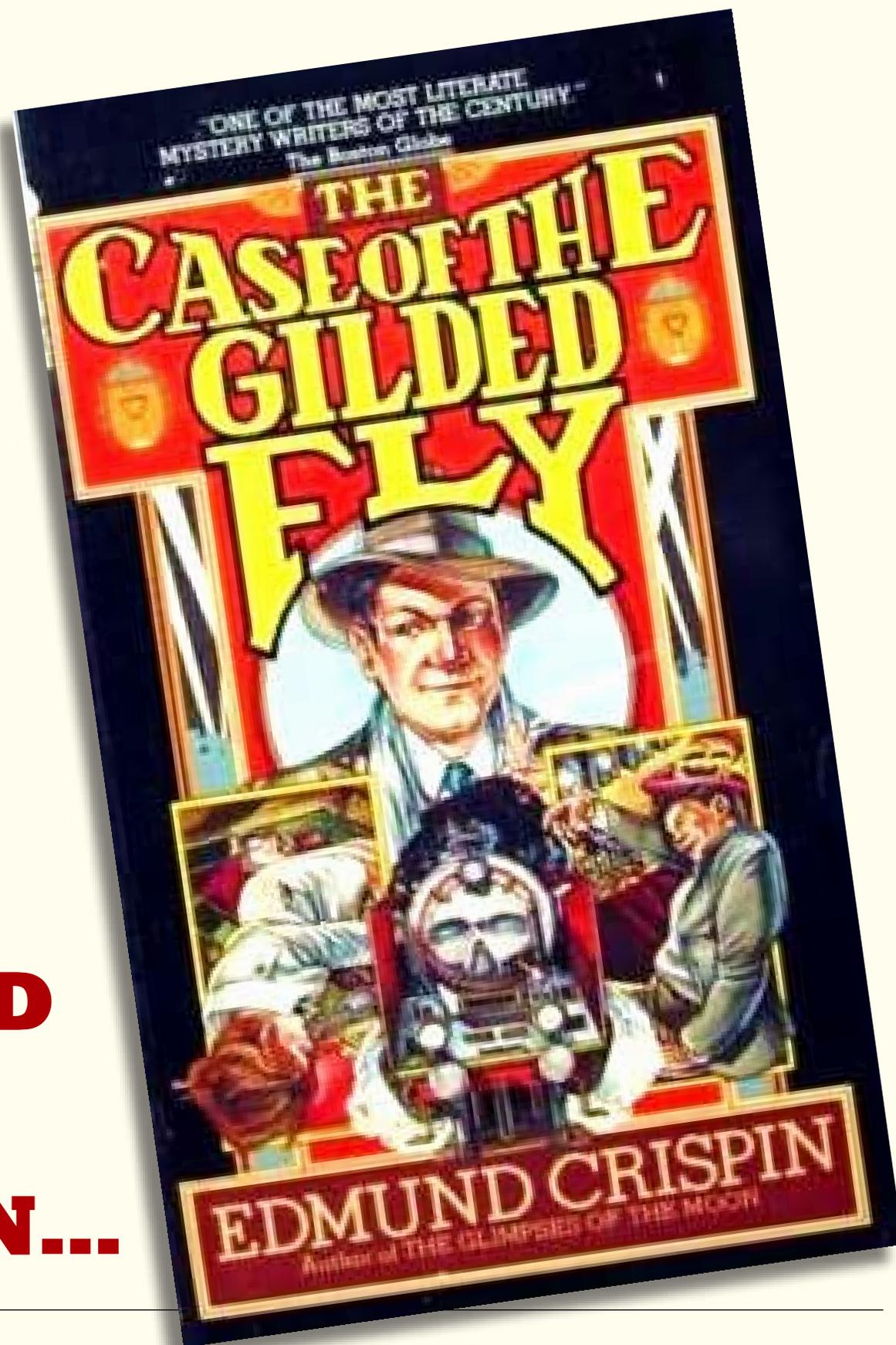
Of the others in the Fen canon, *Holy Disorders* is my least favorite. Not because it is intrinsically inferior but because it is set during World War II and the Nazi baiting, while certainly justified, seems awkwardly dated. *Frequent Hearses* probably presents the best straightforward mystery, but his efforts to satirize the movie industry are largely muted, possibly because Montgomery was still earning his living from that business. At the other end of the scale his last book, *Glimpses of the Moon*, has an absolutely implausible



mystery but also is by far the funniest. Montgomery jabs all segments of society with his pen, often with a positively politically incorrect focus, as if he knew this was his last book and he would leave no target unscathed.

Finally, two collections of short stories, *Beware of the Trains* and *Fen Country*, must be mentioned if only because the latter contains the very short but delightful “Merry-Go-Round.” To my mind it is not only a stunningly clever story of pay-back for perceived grievances, but Ripperologists may just find evocations of the Maybrick Diary. If you have not yet shared a weekend with Gervase Fen do so soon . . . I don’t think you’ll be disappointed.

**IF YOU HAVE
NOT YET SHARED
A WEEKEND
WITH GERVASE
FEN DO SO SOON...**



COLLECTORS



WITH STEWART P. EVANS

Stewart is widely recognised as a leading authority on the Jack the Ripper case. He is the author of several true crime books including *The Man Who Hunted Jack the Ripper*, *Executioner* and *The Ultimate Jack the Ripper Sourcebook*. He is also an avid collector of Jack the Ripper related books and memorabilia and in our view this makes him the ideal candidate to answer your questions about Jack the Ripper collectables. So, without any more hesitation, let's turn to the questions posed this issue...

"Are there any DVDs or videos that are worth adding to my collection of Jack the Ripper items?"

As regards DVD or video recordings, I should say that it is probably a matter of personal preference. Personally I have transferred all the old video cassette recordings I had onto DVDs. The best ones to collect, in my opinion, are the seminal or significant recordings. Much of what has been released in the last few years is not worth having. But items such as the Stephen Knight Final Solution recording, the 1988 Thames/Lorimar production, the Christopher Frayling Timewatch episode etc. are well worth preserving.

"I want to have a complete collection of Jack the Ripper books, but in order to do this I need to buy those by some people whose theories I don't necessarily want to endorse financially, what do you think of my predicament?"

If you want to own a complete collection of Ripper books then I guess that you have to bite the bullet and buy them all - including the rubbish. I find now that there are so many new Ripper books appearing that I have not bothered with them all. Most will never be a collector's item anyway. However, many of these books are remaindered and may be obtained at 'give-away prices'. EBay appears to be a good place to find these.



COLLECTORS

"I want to search out Jack the Ripper books that are out of print and add them to my collection as cheaply as possible. Is eBay a good way to pick up such items?"

eBay is also a good place to find the rarer and more desirable books that become available. The finding of a rarer book at a cheap price comes down to serendipity and is a rare thing indeed.

"I've been interested in Jack the Ripper for quite some time, and I've noticed I have unwittingly amassed quite a collection of items such as, magazines and newspaper clippings etc. How can I best keep these items in good condition?"

If you have a question about Ripper books and collectables that you would like answered then why not send it to Stewart via our email address EXAMINER@CASEBOOK.ORG. Stewart will be answering again next issue, so get those questions in and get collecting.

Over the years I have accumulated dozens of relevant magazines and cuttings. These I index on my computer and store in numbered archival boxes. When I need to consult an item, a word search on my computer reveals which box the desired item lurks in. Wallet folders also provide excellent storage for miscellaneous cuttings. Of course, there's always the good old-fashioned scrapbook if you wish.

**DON'T BE SHY RIPPEROLOGISTS
EMAIL STEWART TODAY!**



On The Case...

THE NEWS FROM RIPPER WORLD

ON FILM...

Wimborne Minster Cine and Video Club have made a film about local Jack the Ripper suspect Montague John DrUITT called *Montague Jack*. It lasts 58 minutes and stars actor Michael Medwin as DrUITT. It cost £1,500 to make and the Club were helped by local school children. Poole Harbour nearby in Dorset doubled for the Thames for DrUITT's death scenes. It is set to screen at Corfe Mullen Village Hall on 22nd October, and the club hope to release a DVD thereafter.

WWW.BOURNEMOUTHECHO.CO.UK

NEWS.BBC.CO.UK

ON YOUTUBE...

The Whitechapel Society recently uploaded an interesting piece on Wentworth Model Dwellings to their Channel. Which can be seen [HERE](#)

ON THE MARKET...

The Guardian recently reported that porters at the Billingsgate fish market fear the Corporation of London is trying to get rid of the role. The decision by the Corporation, who own Billingsgate Market, is to revoke a bylaw, dating back to 1876, which renews fish porters' licences. The Corporation argues this bylaw does not guarantee jobs or standards. Time will tell if these porters are right to be worried about the future of the market overall as a result of it.

WWW.GUARDIAN.CO.UK

ON MY BAD...

In last issue's 'On The Case' we mistakenly referred to Mr Bennett as Jonathan. Sorry John, we knew really!

ON A DATE...

The Whitechapel Society Xmas Bash – 4th December – Aldgate Exchange, London.

News reaches us that the documentary *Jack the Ripper the Definitive Story*, being made by John Bennett, Paul Begg and Jeff Leahy is due to hit the UK screens on Channel Five in mid December.

ON A TRAM...

The website History of the World have recently uploaded the tram pass of Inspector John Spratling who investigated the Whitechapel Murders. It was found by David Smith in some furniture when he was a child. He and his wife passed it to the Metropolitan Police Crime Museum who gave them more details. It was apparently unusual for police to travel using such a pass. See

[HERE](#)

On The Case...**Extra**

THE NEWS FROM RIPPER WORLD

A HISTORIC MEETING

by Jennifer Sheldon

Earlier in this issue we reviewed the recently aired Canadian Jack the Ripper Documentary, *Jack the Ripper Revealed*, directed by David Mortin. My husband Neal was invited to be in the programme, and as a result we both went down to the filming in London at the beginning of the year. Due to the nature of his research Neal was able to arrange for several of the descendants of Ripper victims to be involved in the filming and it was lovely for me to meet them for the first time.

However, what was even more important, historical and interesting to us was that, one cold day in January in the City of London cemetery, for the first known time ever, descendants



TRACEY SMITH, MAUREEN NICHOLS & JEAN SMITH

of two different Ripper victims met. Fittingly, given the location, these were Maureen Nichols, descendant of Mary Ann Nichols and Tracey and Jean Smith, descendants of Catherine Eddowes. Now the documentary has been screened we can show this exclusive picture taken on the day. It was interesting to hear the three descendants reminisce about similarities in their families and their discovery of the fate of their ancestor. It was clear that Maureen, Jean and Tracey felt a real connection to each other and they vowed to keep in touch.

Have a comment about
something you read
in this issue?
Write a letter now to
the Examiner at
examiner@casebook.org

JACK THE RIPPER CONFERENCE 25TH SEPTEMBER 2010

by Jennifer Sheldon (with a little help from some friends)

I was delighted to once again be among friends and familiar faces at the one-day Jack the Ripper Conference, held in London at the Kings Stores Public House in Widegate Street, just a stone's throw from the site of Mary Kelly's murder. But don't just take my word for it; some fellow delegates from first timers to the regulars have also given some thoughts to the *Examiner*.

On Friday, before the conference's official start the next day, we made our way to the Bell Public House for the Frances Coles Memorial Appeal quiz night. The night was organised by conference speaker Trevor Bond (who was aided and abetted very well by Andrew Firth). It was not the easiest of quizzes, "[the] Ripperology Challenge quiz on the Friday night was incredibly taxing (even for the most dedicated Ripperologist!)" recalls Jon Rees. Suzi Hanney explains, "A great quiz was put

together by Trevor Bond and Andrew Firth - ably assisted and distracted by my lovely assistant 'Diddles', Diddles having appeared in the round 'Where's Diddles?' put together with good humour by Andrew. To my utter delight, my team 'The Swallow Gardens Massif', consisting of John Bennett, Laura Prieto, Pete Whitby (who came up with the team name), Suzi Hanney and myself won (in convincing style and in no small part due to the first on that list of team members). We were thrilled to win and as Suzi says "The prize of twelve bottles of personalised Diddles ale was divided amongst the team after a minimum of dispute and everyone went away happy!"

Then there was also an auction of the only hardback copy of *The London Job 2010* book edited by Andrew Firth. Liza Hopkinson proved she is no slouch as an auctioneer and the book raised

a staggering £140, which was brilliant news. Trevor told me later that he was very pleased with the turn out and that the appeal raised a lot of money on the day, and also at the auction on Saturday after his talk, of which more later.

Whitechapel proved an ideal location, as fellow delegate Norma Buddle later relayed to me “Whitechapel has countless little corners and alleys but none better than the corner on which The King’s Stores edging onto Petticoat Lane [Middlesex Street] and Artillery Lane which Adam so aptly chose as our venue.” The conference proper kicked off at 10 on Saturday morning, Suzi remembers “The excellent Colin Cobb was in cracking form as MC - despite being restricted to a mere 15 minutes!”, the latter referring in jest to a slip of the pen in the initial programme, where conference organiser Adam Wood allocated him a 45-minute slot. Phil Carter also noted “Colin Cobb, our MC, and all-round wit, really did find the right tone in his initial presentation. It was perfect. That eerie silence at the start of these occasions wafted into the sound of first chuckles, then laughter. It made the presentations something to look forward to each and

every time he took the microphone.” And so the Conference proper had begun.

John Bennett gave a lively and interesting speech about doss houses in the Flower and Dean Street area. Turning to Norma again for recollections, “On Saturday the area was buzzing and had a sunny and prosperous look but John Bennett helped us understand that this was not always so. His talk addressed the overcrowding in the doss houses of the rookeries and the scope of homelessness that existed in the area where most of the victims lived, barely a stone’s throw away from where we were sitting.” Phil Carter remembers “John Bennett’s portrayal of the doss houses of Flower and Dean Street, amongst others, was fascinating. His style of presentation was easy on the ear. Relaxed, convivial, and light. It made understanding the subject he presented alarmingly clear.”

After brief discussion from MC Colin Cobb about how to say Severin Klosowski’s name, Gareth Williams said he would try and be serious as he delivered his talk on the man otherwise known as George Chapman. As Norma says “Gareth Williams [Sam Flynn] took a detailed look at the background

of Severin Klosowski a.k.a George Chapman, one of the many immigrant Eastern Europeans who came to the East End because they could find cheap rents, a welcoming community of other immigrants and jobs--or news about jobs. In fact though, he questioned quite why Severin Klosowski ever came to Whitechapel to be a barber here or run a public house when he had spent so much time becoming qualified as a *Feldscher* in Poland and presumably could have used his qualifications better in his home country!” Nathen Amin notes that this was a “very detailed speech [...] with evidence to back up the theories from census records and the like. I feel slightly more drawn to Klosowski than other candidates for reasons unknown to myself so I found myself very into the talk”; whilst Phil Carter has this memory, “If I wondered in any way if it was possible to listen to a speaker on a subject that most all knew almost everything about, and be concerned that nothing “new” would appear, then Gareth Williams’ talk on Severin Klosowski allayed those small fears. Another world of research opened up before my eyes and ears. [...] Some of the material was an eye and mind opener to look at and listen



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT
CONFERENCE ORGANISER ADAM WOOD.
COLIN COBB DELIVERS HIS OPENING.
ANDREW FIRTH AND LIZA HOPKINSON AUCTIONING
JANE CORAM'S PICTURE OF FRANCES COLES ON THE
SATURDAY AUCTION.
JOHN BENNETT TAKES TO THE FLOOR FOR THE FIRST
TALK OF THE DAY.
SPEAKER'S EYE VIEW.
FROM HULL, NOT FROM HELL, MIKE COVELL GIVING
HIS LECTURE.
SPEAKER TREVOR BOND DELIVERS HIS TALK. GARETH
WILLIAMS GIVING HIS TALK ON GEORGE CHAPMAN.



to, and his presentation, again like John's before him, was interspersed with good humour and one-liners and rippled from the tongue."

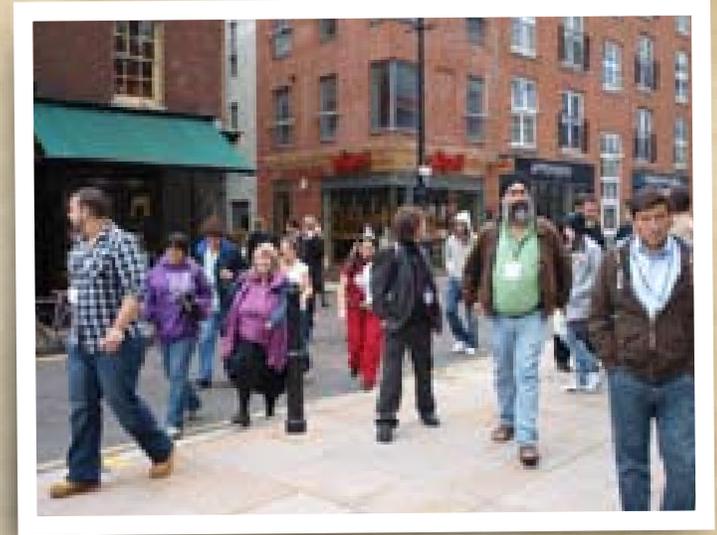
There then was a break for lunch and this led to the now infamous wall visit, when a group of us, led by the unassuming Rob Clack, under the direction of Liza Hopkinson, went to look at a piece of wall that was probably the back wall of the building mentioned by John in his talk. I can confirm that it was indeed definitely a wall. Philip Hutchinson started it all by asking John at the end of his talk if he thought the said wall was indeed of the doss house. Philip later stated that he failed to realise the group had set out to look at the wall or else he would have joined in. The most priceless bewilderment appeared on the face of one of the workers in the restaurant whose building on Brick Lane now incorporated the brickwork. He came out to see what exactly we were doing (we were arguing about and looking at a wall!). This was after Liza went into the kitchen to ask to see the wall from the other side (sadly obscured). On following her out of the premises all he saw was a large gathering of Ripperologists staring at his back wall; well one can only

imagine what he must have thought! John would have been proud of us, we were definitely looking at a building that wasn't there any more (a practice as jokingly mentioned in his spoof documentary 'Ripperland'). Andrew Firth remembers, "Only at a gathering of Ripperologists, would so many people be so enthusiastic about going to look at a bit of wall. Well, maybe a gathering at a bricklayer's conference. After John Bennett had mentioned in his talk that he'd spotted some brickwork that looked like being the back of one of the doss houses in Flower & Dean Street, the majority of delegates marched across Spitalfields to have a look at this hitherto ignored bit of brickwork. Us? Dedicated to our chosen subject? Definitely!"

Mike Covell had some sad news as he travelled to the conference as he later publicly revealed on his blog: his father, for whom he credits his interest in the topic passed away on that Friday. Our thoughts are with Mike at this difficult time. He nonetheless gave a good talk and I'm sure his father would have been very proud of him. As Norma remembers, "The third speaker was Mike Covell who took us on a breathtaking *tour de force* tour of Hull,

spotlighting the addresses of the truly astonishing number of Jack the Ripper suspects connected with the town in one way or another." Furthermore Phil Carter mentions "He seemed to be able to completely immerse himself in the subject at hand. I listened intently, and let me assure you all, Mike Covell knows Hull, inside out. There cannot be many places in this city that remain unknown to him. The history of every place, house and street he talked of was thorough. He walked us all through Hull, walked us through the people connected to the case, and did this without a script. I sat there wondering if this level of knowledge could ever be attained by the likes of myself. I concluded that it was impossible."

Trevor Bond, the founder of the Frances Coles Memorial Appeal, delivered a talk about ... well you guessed it, Frances Coles. Norma says, "Finally the persuasive talk by Trevor Bond took us further into the construction of the personal life of Frances Coles and helped to begin the process of crediting that life. In doing so he reminded us, lest we grow immune to the callousness and savagery of the murders, that she, [...] was once part of a family with brothers and sisters and descendants today." Phil Carter,



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

THE TEAMS PREPARE FOR THE QUIZ IN AID OF THE FRANCES COLES MEMORIAL APPEAL

THE SWALLOW GARDENS MASSIF SHOW OFF THEIR WINNINGS. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, JENNIFER SHELDEN, LAURA PRIETO, SUZI HANNEY, DIDDLES, JOHN BENNETT AND PETER WHITBY

THE GROUP HEAD TO LOOK AT A WALL DURING SATURDAY'S LUNCH BREAK

LIZA HOPKINSON AND ROB CLACK AT THE WALL COLIN COBB SINGING

AS MANY WOMEN AS LIZA COULD FIND SINGING MAMMA MIA AT THE KARAOKE

A GROUP DANCE.

SUZI HANNEY AND TREVOR BOND



also a trustee of the Appeal, states that the “presentation of Frances Coles was brilliant. Overlooked by many in this field, she somehow does not attract attention, though still a victim of the Whitechapel murders. Trevor told us all of the life, family and times of Frances Coles.” After the talk Trevor, aided once again by his assistants, Andrew and Liza, auctioned off several items for the Appeal, including a painting by Jane Coram that went for over £100. As Norma recalls “Finally I must not forget here Jane Coram’s lovely portrait of Frances in which she hints that her attractive young subject may in fact be aware, as she looks over her shoulder, that she was living such a precarious existence.”

The evening entertainment included dancing, drinking, karaoke, a raffle and for some a late night trip to the White Hart. Suzi fondly remembers that, “The evening karaoke was as great as ever seen from both inside the venue and from the highly popular ‘Pavement Gallery’.” Jon adds “And once again the evening entertainment was a real treat with Colin Cobb’s fantastic karaoke (and his infamous Elvis impersonation!).” And as for the White Hart, as Suzi again recalls, “An end of evening

‘continuation session/debrief’ at the White Hart was the crowning glory!”

It was a cracking good conference, from which I for one was still recovering many days later! As Suzi remembers “All four speakers, John Bennett, Gareth Williams, Mike Covell and Trevor Bond were excellent and provided a wonderful combination of information, humour and some deftly answered questions!” Meanwhile Andrew recalls, “It was my first conference, and what a great day it was. The four speakers clearly highlighted just how much research is presently being done in the world of Ripperology; a theme that Adam Wood, the organiser, touched upon in the conference programme.” Jon reminisces, “All the speakers’ talks were both informative and engrossing, and it was nice as always to see familiar faces and meet some new ones.”

With the news that Adam Wood has made this his last conference, thoughts began to turn to who will run the next conference and where it will be. The Whitechapel Society Committee commented that they would be discussing the matter. Whilst Colin and Richard Cobb put in a highly passionate and convincing case for

Belfast, which seems to have emerged at present as the possible front-runner. As Suzi manages to sum up “Thanks to Adam as ever for his WONDERFUL work and every good wish to whoever takes on the mantle!!”

I will leave you with some final thoughts: Norma says, “It is always such a pleasure to be able to talk to old friends and this time to meet so many lovely new people as well”. Of his first conference Andrew remarked “One of the nicest things about the conference for me, was meeting up and socialising with people who up until then were just names on the forums, or on *Facebook*. Plus of course, catching up with people I already knew from previous events like the London Job. It’s always a pleasure meeting up with those who have a shared interest. The social side of Ripperology is always great fun! Thanks to everyone who contributed to the conference, it really was a brilliant weekend.” Gail Dowle sums up her experience thus “That was my second conference and was the official photographer at both. I love being around so many like-minded people and always enjoy myself immensely. I have always had an interest in the East End in the Victorian period and it is nice to see

that although the area is in another phase or change one can still see the history through the eyes of others.” Jon reminisces, “Adam Wood has pulled out all the stops and organised another fantastic (if brief) conference.” Nathen adds, “I feel I made the right decision in attending, meeting these same people as well as learning much more specific issues around the case”. I’ll let Phil Carter have the last word, as I couldn’t agree more with him when he says “Ladies and gentlemen, I can assure you that should you ever wonder if it is worth the effort to attend a “Jack the Ripper” conference, then doubt not. Socially and intellectually, it really was superb. And everybody I met, and I mean everybody, were really fine company, one and all. I felt honoured to be a small part of this occasion.”

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Photos courtesy of Rob Clack, Suzi Hanney and Andrew Firth, thank you!

PUZZLING CONUNDRUMS

Just how good a detective are you? At the annual Jack the Ripper conference, the MC has mixed up his notes and lost the order of the speakers, their topic of discussion and what they had ordered for dinner. Use the clues provided to help him out and save the Ripper Conference from catastrophe! Although the names might seem familiar, this is purely for fun and is not meant to be historically accurate!

If you are not sure how to solve a logic puzzle like this one then go to WWW.LOGIC-PUZZLES.ORG for instructions and a video tutorial.

You could print the puzzle to work on it, or click on the relevant boxes on the next page to fill them in with an X or O.

Then click and hold on the box below to see if you solved the case correctly!

Go to the next page for the puzzle



On The Case... PUZZLING CONUNDRUMS

1. The person who spoke second didn't discuss the Goulston Street graffito.
2. Rob Bennett spoke right after Trevor Morris.
3. John Bond had shepherd's pie and spoke fourth.
4. The five speakers were John Bond, Caroline Bell (who had fish and chips), the one who spoke second, the one who discussed the Maybrick diary, and the one who had bangers and mash.
5. Neil Clack, who didn't discuss William Gull, spoke after John Bond.
6. The speaker who discussed the graffito (who wasn't Caroline Bell) didn't have bangers and mash.
7. The speaker who discussed William Gull didn't have fish and chips.
8. The last presentation of the evening wasn't about cockney rhyming slang.
9. Of the first speaker and the one who had tagliatelle, one was Rob Bennett and the other discussed the Maybrick Diary.

		Speaker					Topic					Dinner				
		Caroline Bell	John Bond	Neil Clack	Rob Bennett	Trevor Morris	Cockney Slang	Graffito	Lusk Kidney	Maybrick Diary	William Gull	Bangers & Mash	Fish & Chips	Salmon Mousse	Shepherd's Pie	Tagliatelle
Order	First															
	Second															
	Third															
	Fourth															
	Fifth															
Dinner	Bangers & Mash															
	Fish & Chips															
	Salmon Mousse															
	Shepherd's Pie															
	Tagliatelle															
Topic	Cockney Slang															
	Graffito															
	Lusk Kidney															
	Maybrick Diary															
	William Gull															

Ultimate Ripperologists' Tour:

From Canterbury to Hampton and Herne Bay, Kent

**A compendium
of travels through
locations pertinent
to the Ripper case.**

This issue's leg of our Ultimate Tour takes us the short route from the pretty and historical city of Canterbury in the Kentish countryside to the blue seas of Hampton and Herne Bay on its coast. This issue we will be travelling by train, bus and on foot, so get set and go! The first leg of this issue's journey is Canterbury, a city that can be reached by train easily from the London Station of St Pancras.

HERNE BAY



HISTORIC CANTERBURY

Canterbury, located on the River Stour, is a city that has been inhabited since prehistoric times. Therefore it is full of history. In the first century the Romans captured Canterbury, and their name for the settlement, Durovernum Cantiacorum, is where the modern place name originates.

One of the most imposing buildings in Canterbury is its cathedral. In AD 597 missionaries from Rome converted the King of Kent to Christianity. The Augustine leader of the mission was made its Archbishop and a cathedral was established in Canterbury. It was here that the murder of Thomas Becket, then archbishop of Canterbury, took place in 1170. It is also the site of St Thomas a Becket's (as he is now known) tomb, which was subsequently destroyed, on orders of Henry VIII in 1538, as his cult questioned the king's supremacy on church matters. Other notable burials here include Edward the Black Prince (died 1376) and King Henry IV and his Queen, Joan of Navarre.

Canterbury is also the setting, unsurprisingly, of Geoffrey Chaucer's best-known book, about pilgrims going there, *Canterbury Tales*. Canterbury

is associated with several Saints. The city also has a Norman Castle and historical city walls, dating from the 14th Century.

Once you have acquainted yourself with this beautiful city, it is time to go and look for its Ripperological connections. The first of these is that Edmund Reid, head of H Division CID

at the time of the Whitechapel murders, was born 21st March 1846 in Beer Cart Lane, above the Pickfords Removals Office, in the city. From the High Street take the turning down St Margaret's Street and you will come to the small and picturesque street, on your right. As an aside Beer Cart Lane now has a fantastic little second-



BEER CART LANE

hand bookshop on its corner. Another Reid connection to the city is that he married his first wife, Emily Jane Wilson in 1868, in the Baptist Chapel in Canterbury. The Chapel is located on St George's Place, just outside the city walls: from Beer Cart Lane make your way down Watling Way, which runs off St Margaret's Street in the other direction, then at Upper Bridge Street follow the path along the city walls and St George's Place runs to the right after the roundabout, and the Chapel is opposite the superstore and just after the cinema.

Another police link is to Sir Charles Warren, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police at the time of the ripper murders. After his death in 1908 in Weston-Super-Mare in Somerset, he was given a military funeral in Canterbury.

To get to Herne we must use the triangle bus route 4A/B/X and 6A/B/X, operated by Stagecoach, that runs regularly between Canterbury and Herne Bay. However, before joining the bus towards Herne we are going to make a small diversion...

...TO WESTBERE

Westbere is a small village about

three and a quarter miles to the north of Canterbury between it and the Isle of Thanet. The village today only contains around one hundred and forty houses. It is reachable from Canterbury via the Stagecoach bus route 8.

It was in the churchyard here that Sir Charles Warren was buried, after his military funeral had taken place in nearby Canterbury, next to his wife, in 1908. The Church is located, unsurprisingly, on Church Lane.

Now head back to Canterbury bus depot and get on the triangle route, heading firstly to Herne (luckily a ticket of a flat rate of £5.50 will get you on all the local buses all day!).

HERNE

Once you are on the bus get off at Herne Street, in the picturesque village of Herne, just outside of the coastal town of Herne Bay to where we will then be heading. Edmund Reid has several connections to this town in which he became landlord of the Lower Red Lion Public House after his retirement in 1896, despite having been a teetotaler for many years. He gave up the pub in 1898 and moved to nearby Herne Bay. The Upper Red Lion, which was next door, is still in existence by name,

but the Lower Red Lion seems to have all but vanished. Reid also sat on the committee that organised celebrations at Herne for Queen Victoria's 60th Jubilee.

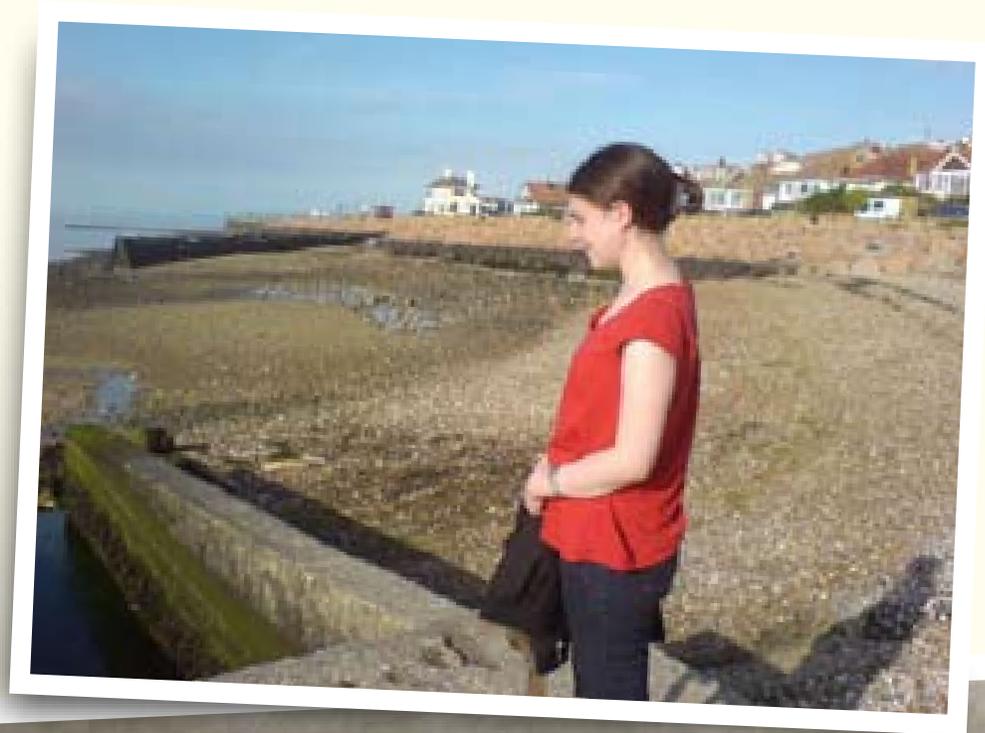
Get back on the bus and head forward to the coast and Herne Bay. You will need to get off the bus once more before reaching the coast in order to stop off at Herne Bay Cemetery just on the outskirts of town; the bus stop is directly opposite. Edmund Reid was buried here when he died in 1917 and the funeral service was also held here. Once you have paid your respects, head back to the same bus stop and wait for the next bus to Herne Bay.

BESIDE THE SEASIDE AT HERNE BAY

Getting off the bus on the High Street in Herne Bay, one can smell the sea air. We have come a long way from our original location and are now seven miles north of Canterbury. The name Herne Bay is derived from the nearby town of Herne, meaning place on a corner of land. The town began as a shipping community receiving passengers from London on route to Canterbury and Dover. It became a seaside resort in the 19th century and a

group of investors built the promenade and first pier. Herne Bay's seafront is home to the world's first free-standing purpose built clock tower, built in 1837. Also of historical note is the fact that Reculver, to the east, is where the bouncing bomb was tested during World War Two before it was deployed, with devastating effect, in Germany. A statue to its creator, Sir Barnes Wallis, is erected on the sea front in Herne Bay. Herne Bay's shingle beaches have been awarded blue flag status.

There have been three piers here, the first of these was built after London businessmen visiting Canterbury, had the idea to go and look at the sea. On doing so the thought occurred to them that it would be the ideal place to have a resort with a pier to bring paddle steamer passengers from London, as they had done in nearby Margate and Ramsgate. George Burge, who had also built Southend-on-Sea's pier in Essex, was called in to help with the first pier's construction. Parliamentary authority for this was given to the Herne Bay Pier Company. The first pile of this new pier was driven into the seabed in 1831. However, the Herne Bay Pier Company started to run into financial difficulties and so the pier



HERNE BAY, NOW AND THEN

itself began to deteriorate. At the end of 1862 the first pier was closed and it was demolished in 1871. The townsfolk were keen on the idea of a short modern promenade pier and so a new Pier Company was put together with a new second pier being opened in 1873, and a pavilion was added to the shore end of the new pier in 1884. It also had a bandstand on the shore end. In 1890 the Pier Company changed its name back to Herne Bay Pier Company and some of the management was altered. They set about building a longer pier that could once again accommodate steamer traffic. The third pier ultimately achieved the length of 3, 787 feet (1154 metres) making it one of the longest in the country. In around 1910 a pavilion was added to the pier. Sadly the third pier was to suffer a series of misadventures. In 1928 the pier's entrance building burnt down in a savage fire, then during the Second World War, two gaps were cut into it for defensive purposes. The pier could only ever be repaired with wooden rather than metal fixtures due to the need for metal elsewhere after the war effort. There was a terrible storm in 1953 that weakened the pier further and then in the winter of 1962-3 it was

battered by ice after the sea got so cold that it froze in places! In 1968 after a structural survey, it was decided that the pier was unsafe and it was put out of bounds. The council decided to redevelop the front portion of the pier to the pavilion but just as it was completed a fire, probably caused by a spark in the equipment being used to repair it, started in the pavilion's theatre, totally destroying it. It was replaced in 1973 with the sports centre that can be seen today (and is butt ugly). The end of the pier became unsafe and in 1980 the centre section was removed completely leaving the pier head stranded out at sea on its own, as it was too expensive to remove it. The residents of Herne Bay are now campaigning and raising funds to restore the pier to its former glory, and remove the 1970's sports centre and replace it with something more appropriate.

On July 12th 1912 the first of the Brides in the Bath murders occurred and it was in Herne Bay the murder took place. George Joseph Smith murdered his wife Bessie Mundy whom he had married under the alias of Henry Williams, by drowning her in a bathtub. The location of this murder was 159 High Street, which was then

number 80 (sadly the building today is not as it was, the first storey having vanished). The couple also briefly lived at Kingsbury Villas, King's Road in the town prior to their fatal residence along the High Street. Bessie was buried at Herne Bay cemetery.

For our Ripper connection we once again turn to Inspector Edmund Reid, who coincidentally resided in this area during the time of the above crimes. The first of Reid's addresses was Mercy Villa on Stanley Road where he resided after leaving Herne in 1896. He then moved to nearby Hampton-on-Sea (see below). However, he returned to Herne Bay in 1916 and resided at Palm Villa, 6 Pier Avenue until his death in 1917.

Herne Bay has a wonderful and atmospheric inn, called the Ship Inn that dates back to the eighteenth century. It comes highly recommended as a place to have a drink and a bite to eat; it falls into the pricey but nicey category. Also there are a few guest houses on the sea front. The one I stayed in was the Eveningtide, and it was of very high quality.

A SHORT WALK TO HAMPTON

A short walk along the coast to the west of Herne Bay is the site of what used to

be Hampton-on-Sea, and is now known as the Hampton Area of Herne Bay. Hampton literally means home farm. It started off, before the development there, as a settlement of just two farmhouses, a beerhouse, a few cottages and the West Brook which was also known as Hampton Brook. Hampton Farmhouse was then 300 yards from the sea and dated back to the 17th century. Hampton-on-Sea grew up from a tiny fishing hamlet in 1864, at the hands of an oyster fishing company. A land company then developed it from 1879 to 1916. The site of Hampton-on-Sea was at the west side of the northern end of what is now Hampton Pier Avenue. Besides the stub of Hampton Pier and the Hampton Inn, the curved shape of the Land Company's 1900 sea wall, visible at low tide, is all that is left today of Hampton-on-Sea.

After twenty years the unsuccessful oyster company was wound up by the Board of Trade. Frederick Francis Ramuz, then Mayor of Southend and a land agent, bought the property cheaply and began the town's development. This included the planned street names of Swalecliffe Gardens, Hampton Grand Parade, Marine Drive, Canterbury Gardens, Hampton

Gardens, Eddington Gardens next to Hampton Farmhouse and Herncliffe Gardens incorporating the oyster fishery's Hampton Terrace. However, only eight plots bought from the Land Company were developed namely Hampton Terrace in Herncliffe Gardens which was extended by three villas; four villas were built in Eddington Gardens (where Edmund Reid resided)

alongside the old Hampton Farmhouse; and Pleasant Cottage, later called Hampton Bungalow, was built in Swalecliffe Avenue in the late 1890s.

A great storm of 28th to 29th November 1897 damaged houses in Herncliffe Gardens and brought coastal erosion closer to the properties. Numbers One and Two Herncliffe Gardens were abandoned in July



EDMUND REID AT HERNCLIFFE GARDENS, 1910

1899, but numbers Three to Twelve remained tenanted until at least 1902. In 1899-1900 a sea wall was built to protect the houses but to no avail. By 1901 number Three had been abandoned, though officially listed as occupied, and the high water mark had reached the corner of number One. By 1905 Hampton Grand Parade and half of Marine Drive had been eroded away, then a storm broke through the sea wall and reclaimed the land. The Land Company continued to advertise empty houses in Herncliffe Gardens for sale, even though they were damaged and eroding and they were having to buy back land from investors. By 1910 the two seaward-end houses of Herncliffe Gardens had been demolished, whilst by the end of 1911 all twelve of the houses on the terrace were abandoned and then demolished.

Just less than one mile from the pier at Herne Bay is the pier at Hampton-on-Sea. There is a signpost adjacent to the pier here that pictures Edmund Reid and tells of the drowning of the village. It doesn't mention Reid by name or explain his links to the Ripper and the now drowned village, but I will. In his retirement Edmund Reid chose to champion the

plight of the residents of this area. He moved into 4 Eddington Gardens in 1903, his house was at the landward end of the terrace and is said to have cost him approximately £300. At the point he moved in the sea was still 300 yards away from his house. He named his house Reid's Ranch, painted castellations and cannon on its side and is said to have had an eclectic mixture of things in the house, including a parrot, and photographs of his London cases. His garden had a cannon ball, retrieved when a water main was being laid in the village. Reid was asked to donate the cannon ball to the museum, as it was similar to one that had been retrieved in Herne Bay, but he refused. He had a wooden kiosk in his garden that he called the Hampton-on-Sea Hotel from which he sold postcards of the vanishing town, as well as light refreshments! He flew the Union Flag from a flagpole also in his back garden. Reid was not a fan of the Hampton Brook, which he sarcastically referred to as Lavender Brook; he wrote many letters to the council about this and other issues affecting the town's people. With the help of two neighbours he built a bridge over the brook, but the council declared it

unsafe and knocked it down. By 1916 Reid was the last remaining resident in Hampton-on-Sea and he was forced to abandon his house, moving back to nearby Herne Bay.

The pier itself is said to be the cause of the ultimately devastating erosion that was to make Hampton-on-Sea into Hampton-in-the-Sea. Hampton Pier was built of wood and concrete by the oyster company in 1865 at a cost of £28,000 as a clause from the Board of Trade agreement for the oyster fishing was that they must build a pier to land boats on. Unlike the nearby pier at Herne Bay, Hampton's was constructed with a solid base. After Hampton Pier was built, the flow of the sea running west along Herne Bay beach dropped its sand and pebbles on the east side of the pier instead of replenishing beach material in front of the new development. Therefore, after being forced into a loop around the pier-end it was possibly forced inshore by deep-water currents. That means that at a certain point in the flow-tide it could have continued briefly westward past Hampton-on-Sea, then turned inshore and looped back strongly eastwards along the beach towards Hampton Pier Avenue, eroding land at Hampton-on-Sea and

then turning north along Hampton Pier Avenue and the pier itself, carrying soil with it. Another problem was that water ran under the cliffs causing them to become unstable.

By the 1920s only Hampton Farmhouse and numbers One and Two Eddington Gardens were all that was left in Hampton-on-Sea, and the latter two were demolished in 1921. It is at that point that Hampton-on-Sea is officially said to have been finally drowned. By the 1920s and 30s the higher land of Hampton was being developed and the streets Hampton Pier Avenue and Swalecliffe Avenue were built on the higher ground, this time as a suburb to Herne Bay. Where Herncliffe Gardens and Eddington Gardens stood, there is now the 1959 sea wall, beach and undersea mud. Altogether the coastline at this site receded by 175 metres (574 ft) in the years between the completion of Hampton Pier in 1865, and the start of construction of modern coastal defences in 1958.

It is with the thought that here used to be a village community with our very own Edmund Reid at the centre that we must leave this leg of our tour. I recommend a drink in the pleasant surroundings of Hampton

Inn, where one can affectionately remember Reid and almost picture him sitting there. Indeed he did attend the inquest of William Lingham who was found drowned off the coast there and whose body he witnessed being recovered to the mortuary. In this quiet bay it is hard to imagine a whole village once stood, now lost to the sea, probably due to the fluke of the construction method of a solitary pier built to help the townspeople and not hinder them. One can almost picture the Victorian village of Hampton-on-Sea before it so sadly vanished into the sea.

To check train and travel info go to: -

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BRIDES_IN_THE_BATH

TRAVEL WRITERS NEEDED!

Is there a Jack the Ripper connection to your local town or district? Why not tell us about it? We would be delighted to include a guide to your area in a future issue as we are on the lookout for would-be travel writers to tell us about the places they know with a Ripper connection. Simply email the features editor at EXAMINER@CASEBOOK.ORG with a few brief details about the place you have in mind and we'll take it from there! We look forward to featuring your area soon.

CSI: WHITECHAPEL



SEPTEMBER 1888
CATHERINE EDDOWES

Location:

Mitre Square, City of London

Date: 30th September, 1888

Time: 1:45 AM

The Victim:

Catherine Eddowes a.k.a. Conway, Kelly. She was a resident of Cooney's lodging house Flower and Dean Street, where she had been living with a man named John Kelly. She had been locked up at Bishopsgate Police Station at 8:45 pm for drunkenness but, being sober, was discharged at 1:00 am. She was identified by her sister Eliza Gold and by John Kelly her partner..

VICTIM DISCOVERED BY:

PC Watkins, City of London Police, whose beat encompassed Mitre Square. The beat took him between twelve and fourteen minutes to walk and he had been continuously patrolling from 10:00 pm until 1:30 am and in all this time nothing caught his attention. At 1:30 am, his lantern freed on his belt, he noticed nothing (he had looked into different passages) and he saw no one. At 1:44 am as he turned to his right he saw the body of Catherine Eddowes. On discovering the body PC Watkins ran to Kearley and Tongue warehouse and finding the door ajar pushed it open and called out to the night watchman, George Morris (a Metropolitan Police pensioner) who was inside and he came out and was sent for assistance.

FIRST POLICE ON SCENE:

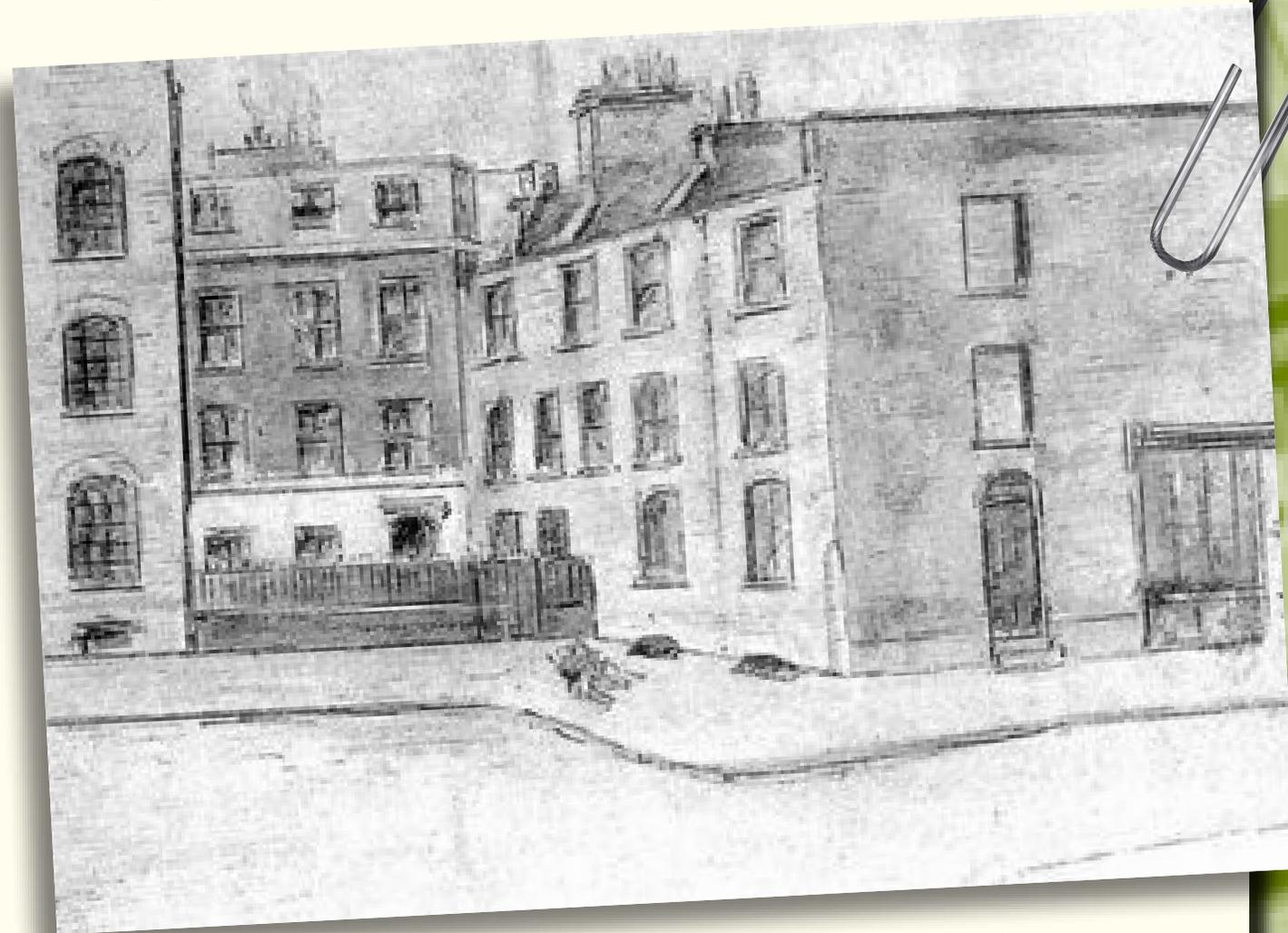
Was PC Watkins, who as discussed above discovered the deceased. Inspector Collard was sent for and he was on the spot within a few minutes arriving at approximately 2:00 am. PC Watkins remained with the body whilst assistance was fetched. PC Holland arrived and went to fetch Dr George Sequeira. PC Harvey whose beat included Church Passage which he went down as far as

Mitre Square (and would have been at the end of the passage at approximately 1:39 am) saw no one and heard no cry or noise until George Morris approached him and told him of the murder.

MEDICAL ASSISTANCE:

Dr George Sequeira was fetched and was the first of the medical men to arrive and he pronounced life extinct.

Dr Frederick Gordon Brown was called for by the City Police at 2:00 am and arrived at 2:18 am to make a more detailed examination. The doctors remained until the arrival of an ambulance to take the body to the mortuary. The body of Catherine Eddowes was taken to Golden Lane Mortuary at the direction of Dr Frederick Gordon Brown.



MITRE SQUARE 1888

THE CRIME SCENE:

Mitre Square was only 300 yards from the City boundary and is a small square heading off Mitre Street, Aldgate. It has three entrances: the first one from Mitre Street; the second leading from Duke Street via the narrow Church Passage; and the third leading from St James's Place. Frederick Foster, an architect and surveyor, made plans in three sections: one of eight feet to an inch; another twenty feet to an inch; and a third from an ordnance map to the same scale. He found that from Berner Street to Mitre Square it was approximately three quarters of a mile that equated to a twelve minute walk.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY:

Inspector Collard stated that no one touched the body prior to the arrival of Dr Frederick Gordon Brown. Catherine was lying on her back, with her feet facing towards the Square. Her body was on its back her head was turned to the left shoulder and her arms were by the side of her body, as if they had fallen there. Both of her palms were facing upwards and her fingers were slightly bent; a thimble was lying off the finger on the right side. The abdomen

was exposed. Catherine's right leg was bent at the thigh and knee and her left leg was extended in a line with her body. There was great disfigurement to the face and the throat had been cut across, below this cut there was a neckerchief. There was a little mud on her left cheek.

The intestines were drawn out and placed over the right shoulder; they were smeared with some feculent matter. A piece of about two feet was detached from the body and placed between the body and the left arm apparently by design. There were no superficial bruises and no blood was on the skin of the abdomen or any secretion of any kind found on her thighs. The blood was in a liquid state and was not congealed. There was no spurting of blood on the bricks or on the pavement around. There was no blood on the front of the clothes. There were no marks of blood below the middle of the body. Her head and neck and shoulders were lying in a pool of blood on each side of her. There was a quantity of clotted blood on the pavement on the left side of the neck and round the shoulder and upper part of the arm. Several buttons were found in the clotted blood after

the body was removed. There was fluid blood and serum that had flown under the neck to the right shoulder, the pavement sloping in that direction. There were no traces of recent sexual activity. The body was quite warm and rigour mortis had not set in. Therefore, Dr Brown concluded, she must have been dead most likely within half an hour. There was no appearance of any struggle having taken place.

Her clothes had been drawn up above the abdomen and her thighs were naked. Her bonnet was at the back of her head. The upper part of the dress was pulled open a little and her clothes were up above her waist. When Sergeant Jones looked on the left side of the deceased, he picked up three small black buttons generally used for women's boots, a small metal button, a common metal thimble and a small mustard tin containing two pawn tickets in a tin box. They were made out in the name of Emily Birrell and Anne Kelly and the articles had been pawned for 1s and 6d with Mr Jones of Church Street Spitalfields.

When the body arrived at Golden Lane Mortuary some of the blood was dispersed through the removal of the body

upper lateral incisor tooth. About half an inch from the top of the nose was another cut and there was a cut on the right angle of the mouth as if by the cut of a point of a knife that extended an inch and a half parallel with the lower lip. There was on each side of the cheek a cut that peeled up the skin forming a triangular flap of an inch and a half. On the left cheek there were two abrasions. There were also two slight abrasions under the ear.

The throat was cut to the extent of six or seven inches. There was a superficial cut that commenced about an inch and a half below the lobe, about two inches behind the left ear, and extended across the throat to about three inches below the lobe of the right ear. The big muscles across the throat were divided through on the left side and the large vessels in the left side of the neck were severed. The larynx was also severed below the vocal chords. All the deep structures were severed to the bone and the knife marking the cartilages. The sheath of the vessels on the right side was just opened and the carotid artery had a fine hole opening. The internal jugular vein was opened an inch and a half but not divided.

The abdomen's front walls were

laid open from the breastbone to the pubes. The cut commenced opposite the enciform cartilage with an incision that went upwards but that did not penetrate the skin that was over the sternum. It divided the enciform cartilage; therefore the knife must have cut obliquely at the expense of that cartilage. The liver was stabbed as if by the point of a sharp instrument and below this was another incision in the liver of

about two and a half inches and below this the left lobe of the liver was slit through by a vertical cut. The abdominal walls were divided in the middle line to within a quarter of an inch of the navel; the cut then took a horizontal course for about two and a half inches towards the right side then divided round the navel on the left side and made a parallel incision to the former horizontal incision leaving the navel



ST. JAMES PLACE 1884



on a tongue of skin. Attached to the navel on the left side of the abdomen, were two and a half inches of the lower part of the rectum muscle. On the left side of the abdomen the incision took an oblique direction to the right that went down the right side of the vagina and rectum to half an inch behind the rectum. There was a stab of about an inch to the left groin and below this

was a cut of three inches going through all tissues and making a wound of the peritoneum about the same extent. An inch below the crease of the thigh was a cut extending from the anterior spine of the ilium down the inner side of the left thigh separating the left labium and forming a flap of skin at the top of the groin. The left rectum muscle was not detached. There was a flap of skin

formed by the right thigh, attaching the right labium extending up to the spine of the ilium. The muscles on the right side inserted into the frontal ligaments were cut through. The skin was retracted through the whole of the cut through the abdomen, but the vessels were not clotted, nor had there been any appreciable bleeding from the vessels.

The intestines had been detached to a large extent from the mesentery and about two foot of colon was cut away. The sigmoid flexure invaginated into the rectum very tightly. Her right kidney was pale and bloodless with slight congestion at the base of the pyramids and her pancreas was cut, but not through, on the left side of the spinal column. Three and a half inches of the lower border of the spleen by half an inch was attached only to the peritoneum. The peritoneal lining was cut through on the left side and the kidney on this side was carefully taken out and removed. Dr Brown determined that this was done by someone who knew the position of the kidney and had cut through the left renal artery. The lining of the membrane over her uterus was cut through. The womb was cut through horizontally leaving a stump of three quarters of an inch; the rest of the womb

had been taken away with some of the ligaments. The vagina and cervix of the womb were uninjured. The bladder was uninjured and contained three or four ounces of water. There was a tongue-like cut through the anterior wall of the abdominal aorta. The other organs were healthy.

Dr Frederick Gordon Brown believed that the perpetrator must have had considerable knowledge of the positions of the organs in the abdominal cavity and the way of removing them, although the part removed would not have been any use for any professional purpose. It required a great deal of knowledge to remove the kidney and know where it was, but one in the habit of cutting up animals might possess such knowledge. Dr Brown also felt that the murderer had sufficient time or he would not have nicked the lower eyelids.

Dr Brown stated that it would have taken the killer at least five minutes to inflict all the injuries that Catherine suffered. The wound on the throat was the first inflicted. At the time she would have been lying on the ground. The throat was instantly severed, this meant that Catherine would not have had time to scream/call out. It was concluded that abdominal cuts

were made after death and that there would not be much blood on the murderer. The cut was made on the right side of the body while kneeling below the middle of the body. The cause of death was a haemorrhage from the left carotid artery. Death was immediate and the mutilations were inflicted after death. He stated that the murder was the act of one person and he would not expect much blood to be found on the person who did it.

ON HER PERSON:

Catherine had with her two small blue bags made of bed ticking, two short black clay pipes, one tin box containing sugar, one tin matchbox that was empty, twelve pieces white rag (some slightly bloodstained), one piece coarse white linen, one piece of blue and white shirting, three cornered, one piece red flannel with pins and needles, six pieces of soap, one small tooth comb, one white handle table knife, one metal teaspoon, one red leather cigarette case with white metal fittings, one ball of hemp, one piece of old white apron with repair, several buttons and a thimble, a mustard tin containing two pawn tickets - one in the name of Emily Birrell, 52 White's Row, dated August 31, 9d

for a man's flannel shirt and the other is in the name of Jane Kelly of 6 Dorset Street and dated September 28, 2s for a pair of men's boots (both addresses were false), a printed handbill and a printed card for 'Frank Carter, 305, Bethnal Green Road, a portion of a pair of spectacles and also one red mitten. She was wearing a black straw bonnet trimmed in green and black velvet with black beads. Black strings, worn tied to the head, a black cloth jacket trimmed around the collar and cuffs with imitation fur and around the pockets in black silk braid and fur, large metal buttons, dark green chintz skirt, three flounces, brown button on waistband. The skirt was patterned with Michaelmas daisies and golden lilies, a man's white vest, matching buttons down front. She also had on a brown linsey bodice, black velvet collar with brown buttons down front, grey stuff petticoat with white waistband, a very old green alpaca skirt (worn as undergarment), very old ragged blue skirt with red flounces, light twill lining (worn as undergarment), white calico chemise and she was wearing no drawers or stays. She had on a pair of men's lace up boots, with mohair laces. The right boot repaired with red thread, one piece of

red gauze silk worn as a neckerchief, one large white pocket handkerchief, one large white cotton handkerchief with red and white bird's eye border, two unbleached calico pockets, tape strings, one blue stripe bed ticking pocket, brown ribbed knee stockings, darned at the feet with white cotton.

THE MURDER WEAPON:

Dr Brown stated that it was the case that a sharp, pointed instrument such as a knife performed all these injuries. The wounds on the abdomen and face prove that a sharp pointed knife inflicted them.

THE SEARCH FOR CLUES:

DC Halse, Outram and Marriott had been searching the passages in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where the murder was committed and where the doors were left open all night. Upon hearing of the murder, which they did at 1:55 am, they set off in different directions to look for suspected persons. The neighbourhood was searched. A search was made at the back of the empty houses backing onto the Square but no trace could be found whatsoever. Printed bills were ordered and circulated in response to

which a great many communications were received. Officers were sent to all lunatic asylums in London to make enquires about suspicious persons who had recently been admitted or discharged. The divisions of the City Police and the Metropolitan Police Force were telegraphed a description of Catherine and her clothing. On the 1st October the Lord Mayor gave authority for a reward to be offered. There was some graffiti found in a nearby street, this will be analysed in more detail in the next issue.

WITNESSES:

It is said that no one saw the deceased after the time she was discharged, following her arrest for drunkenness, from the Bishopsgate Police Station, until she was discovered dead, apart from three gentlemen on their way home from the Imperial Club, Joseph Lawende, of 79 Fenchurch Street and his two friends Jacob Levy and Harry Harris. Lawende said that he left the Imperial club at 1:30 am and he was walking a little in front of his friends, Levy and Harris. He saw standing in the corner of Church Passage in Duke Street, which leads to Mitre Square, a woman who was standing with her

face towards a man. Lawende only saw her back. She had her hand on the man's chest. The man was taller than she was. She was wearing a black jacket and bonnet, which he believed were the same as those he saw on the deceased. She appeared to be short. The man had a cap with a cloth peak. Joseph Lawende stated that the clothing of the deceased was black and similar to that of the woman he had seen. However, he doubted if he would have known the man again. Levy said he saw the man and woman standing in the corner of Church Passage but he passed them and took no further notice of them. The man was three inches taller than the woman but he could not describe either.

George Clapp, who resided at 5 Mitre Street, and whose house backed onto Mitre Square, was sleeping in the back room of his house on the second floor at the time of the murder. During the night he heard no sound or noise of any kind and did not hear of the murder until the morning.

SUSPECTS:

John Kelly, the man with whom Catherine had been living prior to her death, was investigated at once. The

result was that it was clearly shown that he was not the murderer. It was found amongst her friends and relations there did not exist the slightest motive to commit this murder.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE DAY:

On the 16th of October George Lusk, head of the vigilance committee, received a letter and half a human kidney in a parcel wrapped in brown paper. This letter is now known as the From Hell letter. The parcel contained postmarks but from them it could not be said whether it was posted in the E or EC district. There was no envelope with the letter so the police were unable to make further inquiries in that regard. George Lusk took this kidney to Dr Reed of Mile End Road and subsequently to Dr Thomas Openshaw of the London Hospital, Whitechapel. It was also taken to Lemn Street Police Station and examined by Dr Frederick Gordon Brown. The kidney was of a human adult and was divided longitudinally. According to Reed the kidney was human and had been preserved in spirits of wine. Openshaw stated the kidney was from a woman who was about forty-five years of age. Dr Frederick

Gordon Brown stated that he could see no reason why the portion sent was not the same as taken from Catherine Eddowes' body. He could not say if it was the left or right kidney and said that it had been trimmed. It had been cut previously and immersed in spirits, which exercised a hardening process, but it had not been in spirits for more than one week. It had not decomposed which was surprising due to the length of time lapsed if it were to be found to be from Eddowes. Dr Openshaw felt that the kidney had come from someone who had drunk heavily. He examined the kidney under the microscope and he believed it was a left human kidney.

The forensic team of the time had more difficulty in determining where the kidney came from than would a modern forensic team. The doctors agreed that the kidney was human and not from an animal. Some of them went further, but the most detailed examination they appear able to do was to look at the kidney under a microscope, which is primitive in today's terms. Today it would probably be possible to examine DNA samples from the kidney and the body of Catherine Eddowes, to ascertain if there was a match.

CONCLUSION:

The murder could be one in a series, connected to that of Mary Ann Nichols and Annie Chapman and Elizabeth Stride (see our last files). Despite numerous suspects being investigated the case remains unsolved and the file is still open.

SOURCES:

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Lane, B (1993) *The Encyclopaedia of Forensic Medicine*, Headline, London.

Sugden, P. (2002) *The Complete History of Jack the Ripper, Revised paperback edition*, Constable and Robinson, London.

WWW.CASEBOOK.ORG/VICTIMS/EDDOWES

WWW.CASEBOOK.ORG/VICTORIAN_LONDON/SITEPICS.W-MITRE

from the casebook archives: James Monro

Next issue we
will have a look at
Elizabeth Jackson

This issue's look at the *Casebook's* extensive archives focuses on James Monro. Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police (CID) until August 1888, he subsequently replaced Sir Charles Warren as their Commissioner on Warren's resignation in November 1888.

Why not look at Andrew L. Morrison's two excellent essays on *Casebook* covering this topic? Dip into this essay, 'A Very Discreet Man: James Monro and the Whitechapel Murders' [HERE](#) as this offers a look at the man including a timeline of his career, as well as some analysis about exactly what Monro could have known

about the Ripper murders. Meanwhile, the second of Morrison's essays 'A Mystery Play: Police Opinions on Jack the Ripper' can be found [HERE](#) and instead focuses on the similarities and differences of the leading police officials' views on the murderer.

A further dissertation that is of interest in relation to this official is Martin Fido's 'Anderson, Monro and Jsfmboe' which can be found [HERE](#). In Martin Fido's own words it focuses on the need to 'understand Anderson and Monro and the extraordinary Jubilee plot they agreed they had foiled' which apparently one needs 'some knowledge of Jsfmboe' in order to do. If this has piqued



your curiosity, why not head over to the *Casebook* and read the full essay!?

For an unlikely suspect profile of James Monro from Christopher Morley's comprehensive e-book *A Suspect Guide* go to [HERE](#) and find out how on earth Monro managed to get the unfortunate tag of Ripper suspect rather than Ripper hunter. Morley explains in part stating that 'Monro has been mentioned as a possible Ripper suspect by a theorist in Australia who claims Monro had a pathological hatred of Sir Charles Warren, though has offered no evidence to support this claim.'

For those of you interested in reading a contemporary source on his appointment to the rank of Metropolitan Police Commissioner go to [HERE](#).

Drop into the message boards to see what everyone has been chatting about on this man by heading to [HERE](#)

This is a thread that starts by saying it's a pity there was no thread before and if you agree then add your opinion based on the information you have gleaned!

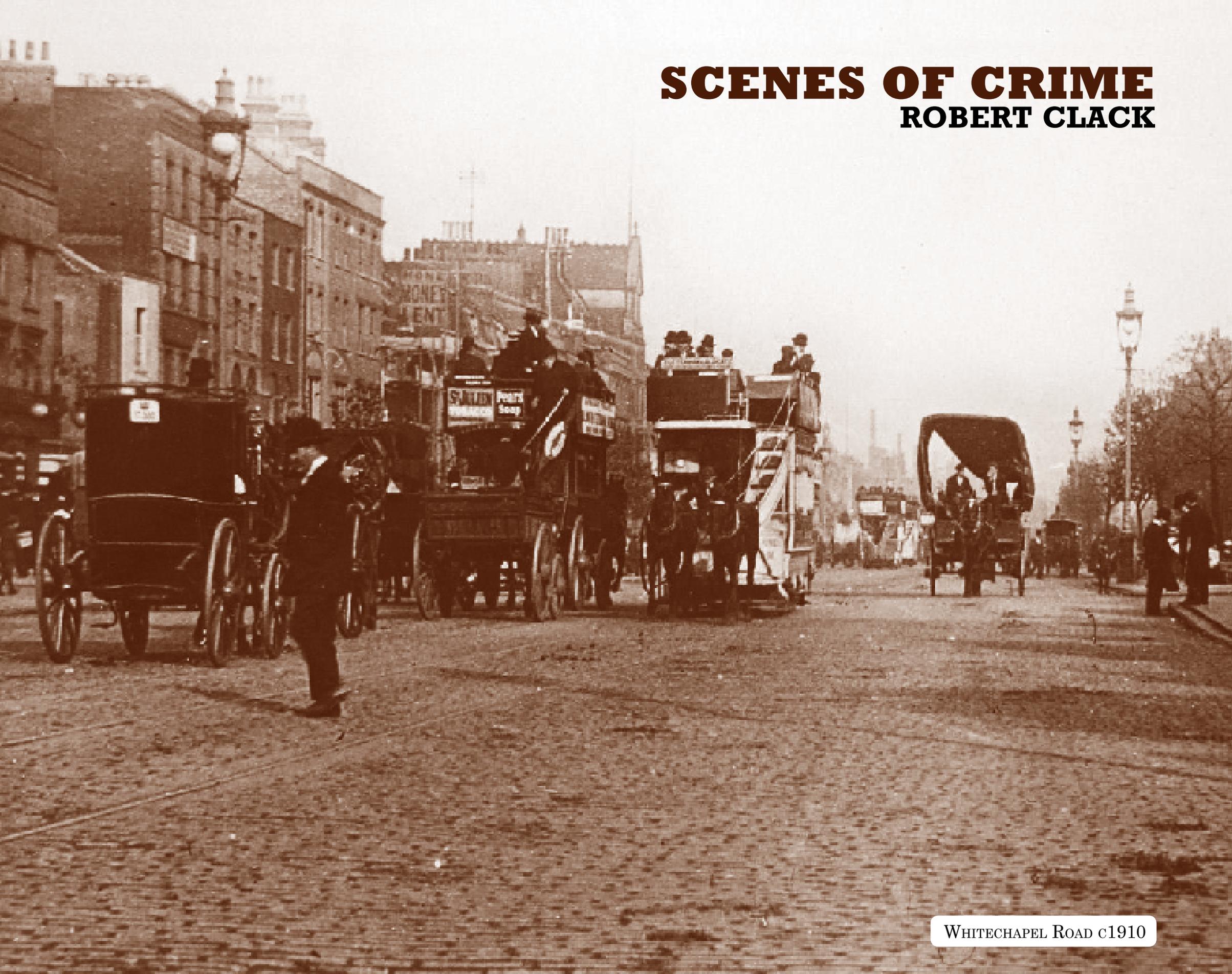


...
**RIPPER
SUSPECT
RATHER
THAN
RIPPER
HUNTER**

...

SCENES OF CRIME

ROBERT CLACK



WHITECHAPEL ROAD c1910

Last issue I concentrated on a small area of the Whitechapel High Street, for this issue I thought I would travel a little further to the East, and into Whitechapel Road. This stretch of the road will be familiar to most of us; hopefully the photos will be new to you.

The photograph on the previous page is a view looking eastwards and is from around 1910. Moreover, as you can see from it the Whitechapel Road then was just as busy as it is today. The photograph was taken just before the junction with Court Street, which is on the left. On the western corner with Court Street is the 'Star & Garter' Public House, which, in 1888, was run by Clement Dixon. Further along, in between the two horse-drawn buses, nearest the camera, you can see the 'Whitechapel Working Lads Institute' where the Inquests of Martha Tabram, Mary Ann Nichols, Annie Chapman, Alice McKenzie and Frances Coles were held. Built in 1885, the building was officially opened at 4 o'clock on Saturday 31st October 1885 by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Just across the road on the right is the London Hospital, which was opened in 1757.

WORKING LADS
INSTITUTE c1905



This photograph was taken around forty years later and shows us a quieter scene than the earlier one. The 'Working Lads Institute' stands out prominently. Next door is the Whitechapel Underground Station, opened on Monday 10 April 1876. At first, it was only the East London Line (now the Overground Line) that went through Whitechapel. The District and Metropolitan Line did not arrive until Monday 6th October 1884.

The building to the right of Toy Centre is 'The Grave Maurice' Public House, while not having a Jack the Ripper connection it was a known haunt of the Kray twins in the 1960s; William Gordon Crow was the Licence holder back in 1888. This stretch of Whitechapel Road from Court Street to Brady Street had diverse amounts of businesses; Alexander Dippie kept a grocers at 143, George Gut was a baker at 150, Louis Floringer a watchmaker at 137 and Henry Cole a pork butcher at 151 to name a few. Most importantly to us, other than 'The Working Lads Institute' Doctor Ralph Rees Llewellyn lived at number 152 next door to Henry Cole. Along with several public houses, 'The Lord Nelson', 'The Queens Head' and 'The Lord Rodney's Head', there



WHITECHAPEL ROAD c1950

were several other refreshment places, George Milward's Refreshment Rooms and 'Lockert's Cocoa Rooms'.

What is remarkable looking at these photographs is that nearly all these buildings are still standing and would easily be as recognisable today as they were a hundred years ago. The only noticeable difference would be the new Ideal Store Library on the Eastern corner of Brady Street and Whitechapel Road, which is a ghastly modern glass building.



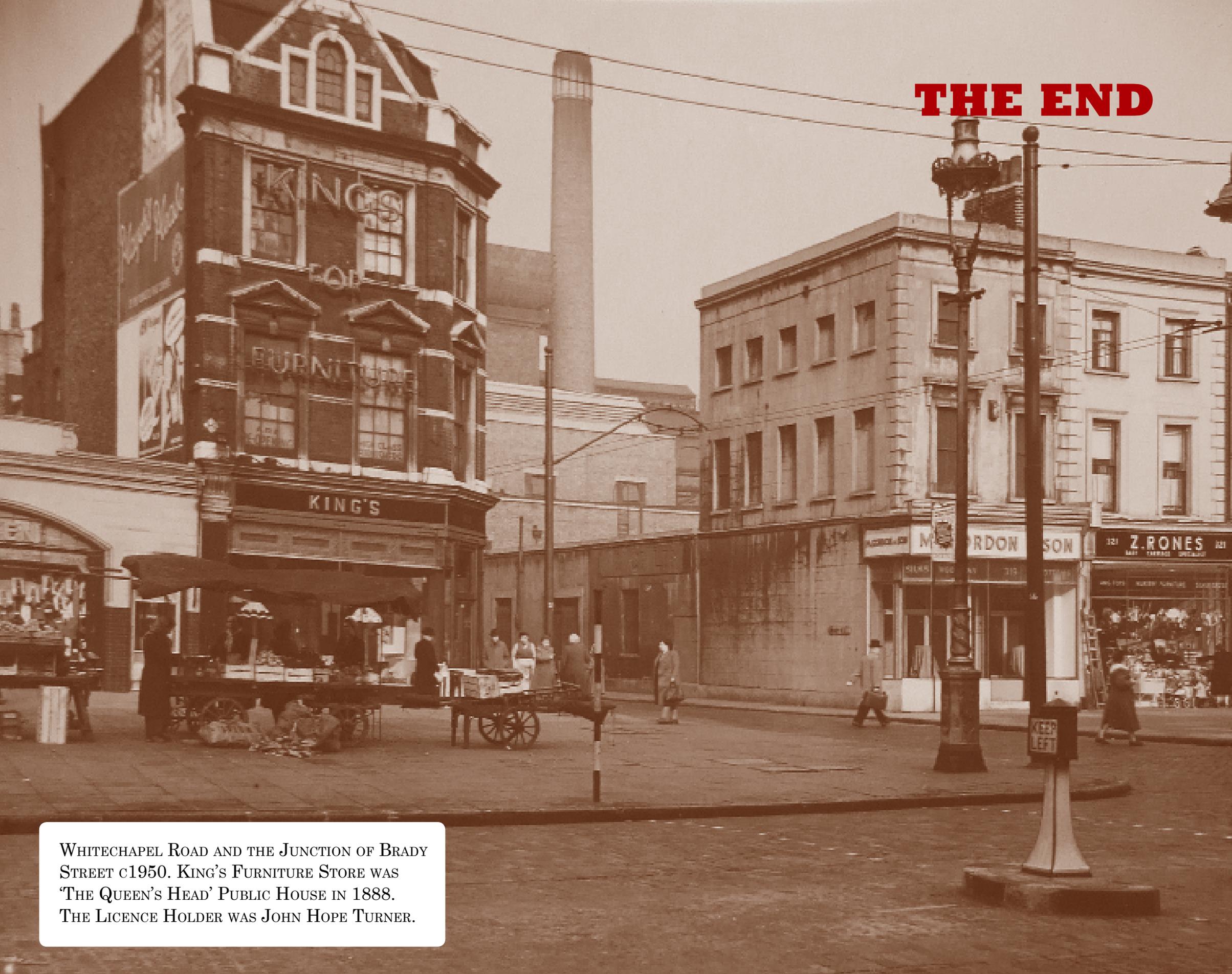
Biography

Robert Clack

Robert Clack, from Surrey, England, has been studying the Whitechapel Murders for over 25 years. At the 2009 Jack the Ripper Conference he was presented with the Jeremy Beadle Award for his outstanding contributions to Ripperology. He is the co-author of the book *The London of Jack the Ripper: Then and Now*, with Philip Hutchinson.



THE END



WHITECHAPEL ROAD AND THE JUNCTION OF BRADY STREET c1950. KING'S FURNITURE STORE WAS 'THE QUEEN'S HEAD' PUBLIC HOUSE IN 1888. THE LICENCE HOLDER WAS JOHN HOPE TURNER.