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Editorial: Pandemic, 1892

ADAM WOOD

“From the time of the earliest tidings of its appearance in the East, its progress was carefully watched from Whitehall; and the moment it became apparent that the malady had assumed pandemic characters and was spreading westwards, our Local Government Board took the precaution of sending inspectors to all ports... with the view of warning the local authorities the danger, and see that the machinery necessary for quarantine and isolation was in thorough working order. This, as we know, had been followed by the best results, and we might now perhaps congratulate ourselves that great disaster had warded off, that we had escaped the introduction of a pestilence, which otherwise there was every reason to believe might have ravaged the country far and wide.”

Let's hope the self-isolation of 2020 is as effective in warding off COVID-19 as that of 1892, as described by Professor John Hamilton in a talk given at Aberdeen that October.

With the current outbreak causing worldwide panic – not least on social media – many have been looking to history and pandemics of the past, especially the so-called Spanish flu of 1918-20 which resulted in an estimated death toll of between 17 and 50 million people.

Before this was the influenza pandemic of 1889-90, which started in Russia and quickly spread across the northern hemisphere. Recurrences came to Europe in early 1891 and then November 1891 to June 1892 and again in winter 1893/94. One million people died, and among the millions struck down by the virus were people known to readers of this magazine.

Chief Inspector Donald Swanson was one such who succumbed, being diagnosed with pharyngitis on 12th January 1892 and forced to take a week away from his duties. Despite returning to work on 19th January, Swanson then developed tonsillitis and was sent home for another twelve days, returning on 2nd March only to be diagnosed with influenza. He would spend twenty-two days recovering, returning to his duties on 27th March after a total of 41 days absent.

Over eighteen weeks that year some 2,242 people died in London alone, including, it was reported in the *Sussex Agricultural Express* of 6th February 1892, Chief Inspector Swanson:

Over a thousand of the London Police are still down, and the death is reported of Detective Swanson who it may be remembered took a prominent part in the Lefroy [Mapleton] murder a case a few years ago.

In fact, reports of Swanson's demise were premature. It had actually been his nephew James Alexander Swanson, fourth son of Donald's eldest brother John, who had passed away. James had served in the Metropolitan Police for several years, and at the time of his death, on 26th January 1892 aged just 28, was a Sergeant living at south London.

Swanson was not the only sufferer; virtually all officers of the CID were struck down, along with Hon. Hamilton Cuffe, the Director of Public Prosecutions, some 50 workers at the Bank of England, firemen at the Brigade's Southwark headquarters and soldiers at Knightsbridge Barracks.

President of the Local Government Board Arthur Balfour, later Prime Minister, was severely affected, as was Lord Rosebery, also a future Prime Minister. The Rev. Samuel Flood Jones, a Minor Canon and Precentor of Westminster Abbey, died there on 26th

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February following a week suffering from bronchitis.

Heir to the throne and Jack the Ripper suspect Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence, would be the highest-profile casualty, when he passed away at Sandringham on 14 January.

On 27th February, the *Birmingham Daily Post* reported that 111 people had died in the previous seven days as a direct result of influenza, compared with just 24 the week before. In total, there were 3,119 deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs that week, against the previous week's 1,840. By way of contrast, 2,156 people

would die in London alone as a direct result of influenza during the sixteen-week outbreak of 1895.

These figures pale when compared with those of the 1918 Spanish flu pandemic, but perhaps serve as a reference point when considering the 2020 outbreak.

And there are no reports of the Victorians stockpiling toilet paper. Stay safe, dear Reader.

*

A good read for those self-isolating is *A History of the Great Influenza Pandemics: Death, Panic and Hysteria, 1830-1920* by Mark Honigbaum (2013).



The death of Prince Albert Victor during the 1892 influenza pandemic.
From the Illustrated Police News, 3rd January 1892

Henry Richard Farquharson, M.P.

The Untrustworthy Source of Macnaghten's 'Private Information'?

By JOANNA WHYMAN

Today Henry Farquharson is a footnote in history, most often cited in regard of the accusation of libel made against him by his political opponent Charles Gatty in 1893 or with his identification as the 'West of England MP' who accused a son of a surgeon who drowned himself as the perpetrator of the Jack the Ripper murders. Generally, Farquharson has been dismissed by modern authors as 'a bit of a political naïf'.¹ But careful scrutiny of contemporary newspapers and memoirs reveal a more complex character who displayed a pattern of compulsive lying dating back to his teenage years. Thus, a wider discussion of Farquharson's track record of exaggerating or making up stories has never been fully discussed before. This article aims to redress this.

Background

Henry Richard Farquharson was born at Marine Parade, Brighton on 29 May 1857 to Henry James Farquharson, fourth son of James John Farquharson of Langton, Dorset and his wife, Fanny Marcia, née Ward, his parents having married at Child Okeford on 1 May 1852. He was, at the time of his birth, the second son and fourth child of his parents, his siblings being Margaret (b.1853), Frederick Henry (b.1854), Florence (b.1856) and Frank Spencer (b.1858). The family lived at St Leonard's Farm in Langton Long Blandford, a sleepy Dorset village where Farquharson's much-loved grandfather reigned from Langton House and was known to all as Squire Farquharson. Henry Richard Farquharson himself was later described as 'a spirited character- red haired and quick tempered'.² A writer for the *Wells Journal* would later describe him as 'unquestionably a man of ability, for he not only formed his own conclusions, but could

express them forcibly and agreeably. But he carried originality to the verge of eccentricity'.³ The reporter for the *Wells Journal* also added that he was 'somewhat deaf', but this did not affect his ability to speak well in public.⁴ Although he was capable of being charming, Farquharson frequently involved himself in petty squabbles, especially with those he considered to be beneath him such as traders, tenant farmers and political rivals. He would then go to ridiculous lengths in his own defence to assert the validity of his claims, claims it would often transpire had very little merit whatsoever.

The Trouble at Eton

By 1875, memoirs written about life at Eton during the 1870s by his contemporaries identify Farquharson as one of the leaders of a 'bad set' that had emerged within the school, most of whom resided at house of Edward Pecker Rouse, a mathematics master.⁵ This set was described as having been 'collected from the dregs of other houses',⁶ and as containing 'all the rowdy characters of the school',

1 J.J. Hainsworth, *Jack the Ripper—Case Solved 1891*, (Jefferson, 2015), p.76.

2 D. Hawkins, *Concerning Agnes: Thomas Hardy's 'Good Little Pupil'* (Gloucester, 1982), p.62.

3 'Death of Mr. H.R. Farquharson, M.P.', *Wells Journal*, April 25 1895, p.5.

4 Ibid.

5 T.R. Oliphant, 'ETON: Life Among the Oppidans', in Pascoe, Charles Eyre, ed., *Everyday Life in Our Public Schools: Sketched by Head Scholars of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Harrow, Rugby, Charterhouse* (London, 1881), p.47.

6 Ibid.

including Farquharson.⁷ These students became notorious throughout the school for their late-night hunting exploits, partying, heavy drinking, and elaborate pranks.⁸ Like many adolescent rebellions, Farquharson's behaviour was probably the result of a difficult home life. In 1870, his mother, elder brother and father had died within three months of each other, making Farquharson and his three surviving siblings orphans. Until they reached the age of majority, the children were to be raised by their uncles, James John and Robert Farquharson, their late father's brothers. While Farquharson's behaviour, at least the partying and drinking, might be seen as a rite of passage today, in the Victorian era such overt acts of teenage rebellion were shocking. As one contemporary put it, while Farquharson's crowd were 'regarded by most of the boys with a certain awe and admiration for their daring exploits', they soon came to be met by 'considerable disfavour by the more respectable and law-abiding of the school'.⁹



Henry Richard Farquharson

Matters came to a head in the spring of 1875. The events that follow were recorded for posterity in 1939 by William St John Fremantle Brodrick, the 1st Earl of Midleton (1856-1942) in his memoir *Records and Reactions: 1856-1939*. Throughout his account of the events that took place at Eton in 1875 Brodrick refers to Farquharson as 'F', however he makes Farquharson's identity obvious towards the end of his account by linking 'F' to the 1893 libel trial.¹⁰ One morning, Brodrick reports that Farquharson 'overslept himself and missed Early School'.¹¹ No doubt this absence was due to having too much to drink the previous night.¹² Although the incident was relatively minor, at the time Farquharson happened to be in the division of Oscar Browning, who in 1875 was involved in a serious dispute with the Headmaster of Eton, James John Hornby, and had been accused of being involved in an inappropriately close relationship with another pupil at the school, the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon. For this reason, the Headmaster was keen to find any excuse to get rid of Browning, and his position at the school was under threat. Accounts differ over whether the 'praepositor [prefect] on duty' marked Farquharson as being in the class by mistake, and Browning attempted to correct this, or whether the prefect drew attention to

the incident in the first place.¹³ Whichever the case, it was Browning who reported Farquharson's absence to the school authorities, but as the fact of whether he was absent from that lesson or not was in dispute, Farquharson denied Browning's accusations. Browning was able to back up his claim by explaining that he had no exercise from Farquharson for the class in question, therefore he must have been absent.¹⁴ However, Farquharson turned on Browning, and, as Brodrick put it, 'F[arquharson] unblushingly accused Browning of having torn up his exercise as he always did, considering his exercises to be worthless'.¹⁵ As a result of Browning's accusations and Farquharson's refusal to admit that he had missed the lesson, the incident came to the attention of the Headmaster. At this stage, Farquharson must have realised that Browning had evidence which would confirm that he had in fact missed

the lesson. In order to counteract Browning, Brodrick reported that Farquharson and his companions sought to tamper with the evidence:

F[arquharson] was equal to the emergency. With a skeleton key he invaded Browning's study and made away with his exercises from among the weekly files

7 Hon. G.J.D. Coleridge, *Eton in the 'Seventies* (London, 1912), p.86. Farquharson is described as 'Farquharson who won the school sculling and rowed against us in the Jesus, Cambridge boat, at Henley in 1878'.

8 Ibid, pp.87-9.

9 T.R. Oliphant, 'ETON: Life Among the Oppidans', p.47.

10 Earl of Midleton, *Records and Reactions: 1856-1939* (New York, 1939), p.23.

11 Ibid, p.21.

12 Hon. G.J.D. Coleridge, *Eton in the 'Seventies* (London, 1912), p.89 'nocturnal potations lead to heavy sleep in the morning'.

13 Earl of Midleton, *Records and Reactions: 1856-1939* (New York, 1939), p.21; Hon. G.J.D. Coleridge, *Eton in the 'Seventies* (London, 1912), p.89. Brodrick appears to believe that the prefect on duty marked Farquharson as being present at the lesson by mistake, while Coleridge reports that the prefect realised that Farquharson was absent and brought this fact to the attention of the school authorities.

14 Earl of Midleton, *Records and Reactions: 1856-1939* (New York, 1939), p.21.

15 Ibid.

of the division, and so equipped, called upon the Headmaster, before deciding the case, to examine the files, and see whether his exercises were preserved. Browning naturally accepted this, and on the examination taking place and further traps being laid, he was defeated at every turn.¹⁶

In other words, Farquharson and his friends broke into Browning's office and got rid of Farquharson's exercises. In effect, they had framed him. To make Farquharson's story appear to be genuine, 'several of his boon companions, with a hardihood worthy of a better cause, came forward to say that they saw him in school, and pressure was put on others to manufacture evidence in his defence.'¹⁷ Because of these manoeuvres, the Headmaster of Eton came to conclude that Farquharson was telling the truth, which put Browning in a very difficult position. As Brodrick later recalled, if events had ended there, Farquharson would have most likely got away with it. However:

Unluckily, F[arquharson] made no secret of his machinations and revelled in the downfall of a not too popular master. As a result... all concerned, knew that the authorities were being hoodwinked – indeed, F[arquharson] with great gusto daily retailed his feats to the... [prefect] on duty, while waiting to see the Headmaster.¹⁸

The fact that Farquharson seemed to be getting away with deceiving the teaching staff at Eton appears to have disturbed some of the senior pupils at the school, among them Brodrick himself and his close friend, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.¹⁹ Coincidentally, both were also friendly with and much admired Curzon, who was no doubt keen to protect his own mentor, Oscar Browning. Owing to these concerns, Brodrick and Lyttelton along with other 'leading members of the Sixth Form'²⁰ decided to alert the Headmaster to Farquharson's actions. However, the weak and ineffectual Hornby failed to be of any practical help in this situation.²¹ Finally, the most influential teacher at the school, Edmond Warre, decided to act. Although he and Browning disliked one another, Warre clearly felt he could not allow Farquharson to get away with it for any longer. Farquharson had a reputation at Eton for being a 'prominent oarsman',²² and when the school rowing team for 1875 was announced, Warre used the opportunity to take decisive action:

At last Warre cut the Gordian knot, when asked, as was the custom, to coach the eight, by striking F[arquharson's] name out of the list and saying he would take no part if that name were included. The Headmaster then plucked up courage and sent F[arquharson] away from Eton.²³

Therefore, due to mounting pressure from both staff and

students, Hornby felt it necessary to expel Farquharson.

Brodrick reports that Farquharson chose to leave Eton in style, organising a drunken revelry at Rouse's the night before his departure. He

...signalized his departure by emptying a cellar which he had under the floor of his room and by a debauch which laid low two or three of his friends the following morning on the way to Early School.²⁴

In many ways, Brodrick's account of events leading up to Farquharson's expulsion from Eton seems to make sense. These accounts suggest that Farquharson himself could be charming and convincing when he wished to be; they also suggest that he would do anything, including manufacture evidence to back up his case, if confronted. But this does not mean that these accounts are entirely accurate. All of the above evidence comes from memoirs, the accuracy of which can be questionable in some cases. This said, although Brodrick's account was written over sixty years after the event supposedly took place, it has a ring of authenticity about it. Also, some of the events described by Brodrick are also reported by Gilbert Coleridge (writing in 1912) and one T.R. Oliphant (writing in 1881).²⁵ Coleridge, although he does not name Farquharson or Browning in connection with the incident described, does mention the lesson allegedly missed by Farquharson and alludes to the subsequent attempts made to cover it up by Farquharson and his friends, and Farquharson's expulsion.²⁶ Oliphant also writes about the gang who resided at Rouse's house, their pranks, and mentions Farquharson's expulsion from Eton but fails to name him.²⁷ As both Oliphant and Coleridge's accounts

16 Earl of Midleton, *Records and Reactions: 1856-1939* (New York, 1939), p.21.

17 Hon. G.J.D. Coleridge, *Eton in the 'Seventies* (London, 1912), pp.89-90.

18 Earl of Midleton, *Records and Reactions: 1856-1939* (New York, 1939), pp.21-22.

19 Ibid, pp.19-20.

20 Ibid, p.20. The Sixth Form was the most senior form at Eton.

21 Ibid.

22 Ibid, p.21. Keeping alcohol underneath the floorboards was common practice at Eton during this period.

23 Ibid, p.22.

24 Earl of Midleton, *Records and Reactions: 1856-1939* (New York, 1939), p.22.

25 'T.R. Oliphant' is probably a misprint and most likely refers to Francis Romano Oliphant (1859-1894), one of the two surviving sons of Margaret Oliphant (1828-1897), a well-known authoress. Both boys attended Eton in the 1870s.

26 Hon. G.J.D. Coleridge, *Eton in the 'Seventies* (London, 1912), pp.89-90.

27 T.R. Oliphant, 'ETON: Life Among the Oppidans', p.47.

of the events that took place at Eton in 1875 are written closer to the time and complement Brodrick's, it would be fair to conclude that there is no reason to dispute him. On balance, this shows that Brodrick's account can be trusted. Also, his recollection of these events seems to foreshadow Farquharson's later career; for this reason, the events that occurred at Eton in 1875 can be seen as being particularly significant.

Gatty v Farquharson

Between 1875 and 1893 Farquharson appeared to settle down. After his expulsion from Eton he studied at Cambridge, married his first cousin Constance, had three children, renovated the house he had inherited from his grandfather at Tarrant Gunville, bred Newfoundland dogs, dabbled in the tea trade in Ceylon (modern day Sri Lanka), and, most significantly, was elected MP for West Dorset in 1885.



We give a portrait of Mr C. T. Gatty, who has obtained £5000 damages from Mr Farquharson, M.P. for West Dorset, for libel.

Portrait of Gatty printed in The Edinburgh Evening News, 22 June 1893

It was in his capacity as MP that Farquharson became involved in a feud with Charles Tindal Gatty, who had been appointed editor of the local liberal newspaper the *Western Chronicle*, which dared to challenge Farquharson and published stories about his feuds with local farmers, at least one of which ended up in court. Although Gatty left the *Western Chronicle* in 1890 to work for the Liberal party in London, he returned in 1892 as the Liberal candidate for West Dorset. Unsurprisingly, the 1892 election became particularly heated in Dorset, with both

sides determined to destroy the other.



MR. H. R. FARQUHARSON, M.P.
(the defendant in the libel action, Gatty v. Farquharson.)

Portrait of Farquharson in Court printed in the Western Chronicle, 23 June 1893

Inevitably, this would involve Farquharson once again deploying his over-fertile imagination against his opponent. These rumours were inspired by some particularly malicious whispers about the fact that aged 13 Gatty had been asked to leave Charterhouse School after he turned in a group of older boys who had been putting pressure on the younger boys to participate in sexual acts with them. Farquharson turned the story round, spreading a rumour that Gatty had been expelled from Charterhouse School for 'offences against purity'.²⁸ He then began another rumour based on the first that Gatty had been forced to leave the *Western Chronicle* at Yeovil as he had been found to have been molesting several boys who worked in the newspaper printing office.²⁹ Gatty lost the election, but immediately sued Farquharson for libel.

The 1893 libel trial was in many ways an echo of Farquharson's expulsion from Eton in 1875, with Alfred Lyttelton serving as a member of Gatty's legal team and Brodrick being called upon to give evidence for the defence, recalling a meeting between himself, George Wyndham, Curzon and Farquharson in the House of Commons where the latter repeated the rumours he had been spreading

28 E. Crowell, 'The Necromancer and the Seer: Bibliophilia at the fin de siècle,' *TLS*, (2015), p.17.

29 Ibid.

about Gatty and the boys who worked at the printers. Gatty won the suit and the judge, who was known to have Liberal sympathies, awarded him £5,000 in damages which were reduced on appeal to £2,500.³⁰ In a final twist, Brodrick concluded his account of Farquharson's exploits at Eton with a brief account of the 1893 libel trial explaining that he later bumped into the judge at a party, where he told him he knew about Farquharson's expulsion from Eton and that he mistakenly thought that he had also been expelled for 'offenses against purity.' Consequently, the judge considered Farquharson a hypocrite and penalised him accordingly.³¹

Farquharson's Fable

On 10 February 1891, the London Correspondent for several regional newspapers, including the *Nottingham Daily Guardian* and the *Bristol Times and Mirror* reported that an unnamed West of England MP believe he knew the identity of Jack the Ripper. According to the *Bristol Times and Mirror*:

I give a curious story for what it is worth. There is a West of England member who in private declares that he has solved the mystery of 'Jack the Ripper.' His theory – and he repeats it with so much emphasis that it might almost be called his doctrine – is that 'Jack the Ripper' committed suicide on the night of his last murder. I can't give details, for fear of a libel action, but the story is so circumstantial that a good many people believe it. He states that a man with blood-stained clothes committed suicide on the night of the last murder, and he asserts that the man was the son of a surgeon, who suffered from homicidal mania. I do not know what the police think of the story, but I believe that before long a clean breast will be made, and that the accusation will be sifted thoroughly.³²

This report was widely circulated and reproduced across the country. Commenting on the reports, the *Western Mail* suggested that the MP argued that 'the knowledge of which he [the suspect] had gained in his father's surgery... accounted for the skill with which he finished off his victims.'³³ Initially, the British press was less than impressed with the MP's story, as only two days after his discovery was circulated the murder of another prostitute, Frances Coles, took place in Whitechapel, indicating that the real Ripper was alive and well. However, the MP stuck to his guns as the London Correspondent for the *York Herald* reported on 18 February 1891 'the member of parliament who recently declared that "Jack the Ripper" had killed himself on the evening of the last murder, adheres to his opinion.'³⁴ It was not until February 1892 that the identity of the MP was revealed, when the *Western Mail* announced that it was Farquharson who had

been the originator of the theory.

When Thomas Sadler was ultimately discharged for the murder of Frances Coles in March 1891, the *Nottingham Evening Post* urged the MP to report what he knew to the authorities. It seems that Farquharson did just that, for many years later it would come to light that the prime suspect of Melville Macnaghten, the Assistant Chief Constable of the Metropolitan Police, bore an uncanny resemblance to the man described by Farquharson in 1891. Significantly, Macnaghten would have been a natural source of contact in the police for Farquharson, as both had attended Eton and both were connected to the tea trade. It is notable that the suspect outlined by the West of England MP was supposed to have committed suicide 'on the night of the last murder,' was the son of a surgeon and suffered from 'homicidal mania.' Similarly, Macnaghten's suspect was said by him to have died on the 'night of the last murder,' which Macnaghten believed to be that of Mary Jane Kelly on 9 November 1888. But Macnaghten also believed his suspect was a doctor, and that he was 'sexually insane.' Nevertheless, there are enough similarities and coincidences to suggest that Farquharson was the source of Macnaghten's information about Druitt.

Another reason for believing that Farquharson had accused Druitt of being Jack the Ripper is that he and Druitt were certainly acquainted with one another, although there is no evidence to indicate a friendship existed between the two men. When he was at home in Dorset during the summer holidays, Druitt often played for Kingston Park Cricket Club, where he mixed with Farquharson's first cousin Edward, his brother-in law Rev. Frank Salmon, the vicar of Langton-Long-Blandford, and Rev. Alfred Watlington Parke, a fellow old Wykehamist who was a close friend of the Farquharson family. Whilst at Oxford Montague was a member of the Caning Club, a Conservative debating society which included George Nathaniel Curzon among its members, indicating that Montague was friendly with at least one individual with a low opinion of Farquharson.

It may have been from some of these friends and family that Farquharson heard about Druitt's fate. Also, he may have read about the inquest into Druitt's death in one of

30 E. Crowell, 'The Necromancer and the Seer: Bibliophilia at the fin de siècle,' *TLS*, (2015), p.17.

31 Earl of Midleton, *Records and Reactions: 1856-1939* (New York, 1939), p.23.

32 *The Bristol Times and Mirror*, 11 February 1891.

33 'The Murder Fiend Once More,' *Western Mail*, 14 February 1891.

34 'London Letter (From Our Own Correspondent),' *York Herald*, 18 February 1891, p.4.

the local newspapers. It is possible that Farquharson was merely repeating local gossip. It may be that Farquharson heard some whispers about the Druitt family following the death of Druitt's mother Ann at Chiswick in December 1890 and the return of the family for her funeral in Wimborne after a two-year absence. But it is equally possible that any gossip about the Druitts had nothing to do with Jack the Ripper, but Farquharson made up the story because he had disliked Montague in life. This possibility will be explored further in the following paragraphs.



Montague Druitt

Farquharson's *modus operandi* when circulating his outlandish stories is revealed in an 1892 letter to his friend, General Pitt-Rivers, a keen collector of historical artefacts:

...Now you have made so many discoveries you ought to be able to form a pretty clear idea of the daily life of our predecessors here. You ought to write a short magazine article on it, not referring to your discoveries but based on them, a little fiction mixed in, on which to base your tale. A Briton at Rotherly making love to a girl at Woodcuts. You could show us how they dressed, their ornaments, their horses, the mode of life, their means of locomotion, the character of the land round &c &c. All this would immensely interest us & then the learned would pick holes in your tale, as improbable & you would then prove them wrong by the production of your various proofs in your collection.³⁵

The last explanatory lines are particularly significant. Essentially, Farquharson is advising that the General write a fictitious story about his archaeological findings and then use various objects in his collection to back up the tale. This is exactly what Farquharson did to 'prove' that Browning had destroyed his homework, and that Gatty instigated immoral behaviour whilst at school. In the former case Farquharson broke into Browning's study to steal his own exercises and had his friends lie about where he had been that morning. In regard to the latter, Farquharson left a telegram with his neighbour and tenant at Tarrant Gunville, Joseph Fowler, a contemporary of Gatty's at Charterhouse, to be sent to him when 'proof' was needed. The incriminating telegram sent by Farquharson in July 1892 was produced by Leonard Barnes, a Post Office official for the Queen's Bench on 16 June 1893:

Will you wire me at once as follows: As a schoolfellow of Gatty's at Charterhouse it is common knowledge to myself and others, that if not expelled he was called upon to leave – Fowler Gunville – Farquharson Bridport.³⁶

Farquharson then used the telegram to 'prove' that there was something in the rumours circulating about Gatty, and that Farquharson himself was not the originator of these stories. Also, Farquharson said as much at a pre-election meeting held at Loders on 7 July 1892.³⁷ This seems to suggest that Farquharson exhibited an established pattern of behaviour where he told outlandish stories and then manufactured 'proofs' to support them.

In light of this, it is interesting to speculate whether Farquharson used similar techniques when promoting his story that Druitt was Jack the Ripper. The potential 'facts' that Farquharson might have presented as 'proof' are as follows: (1) that his suspect died on 'the night of the last murder,' (2) that the suspect assisted his father in his work as a surgeon, (3) that he absented himself from home at 'certain times,' (4) that his suspect was 'sexually insane' or a 'sexual maniac,' (5) that his family or friends suspected him of being the murderer, and (6) that Farquharson himself had known Montague Druitt and had been his 'friend'. All these arguments either appear in contemporary newspaper articles, Macnaghten's 1894 memorandum or in Macnaghten's memoir, *Days of My Years*. In other words, it can be suggested that Farquharson

35 L918: Henry R. Farquharson to General Pitt-Rivers, 5 September 1892.

36 *Salisbury Times*, 23 June 1893.

37 'West Dorset Election: Mr. H.R. Farquharson's Meetings,' *Bridport News*, 8 July 1892, p.6.

convinced Macnaghten and others that Druiitt and Jack the Ripper were one and the same through presenting a forceful argument backed by vague and, at least on one count, untrue 'proofs.'

Farquharson may well have got the false impression that Druiitt had drowned on the night of the last murder; however, there could be another motive behind Farquharson's storytelling in this instance. Throughout his repeated retellings of the story it appears that Farquharson failed to mention Druiitt's actual professions (barrister and teacher); instead he goes on about his father's job as a surgeon and speculates that Druiitt helped his father in his surgery. While this titbit was obviously used to bolster his case, it also suggests that the upper-class Farquharson looked down on the middle-class Druiitts and perhaps resented Montague's ability to gain popularity in the highest social circles in Dorset and with influential individuals, such as Curzon. It is important to mention here that in the Victorian era, to be a surgeon was dangerously close to being in trade. Thus, it is clear that in Farquharson's view Druiitt was a ruthless social climber. It is worth noting here that Gatty was the son of a clergyman who moved in influential circles, becoming particularly close to the well-known Wyndham family, something it was acknowledged at the time that Farquharson resented. Curzon's winning poem for the Crabtree Club, submitted less than two weeks after the libel trial on 1 July 1893 and entitled 'Sin', included the following illuminating lines:

And Gatty shall defend us
And get damages tremendous
If any jealous critic vents his stupid spleen
in slander.³⁸

In other words, Curzon was of the opinion that Farquharson was motivated by jealousy. As Farquharson felt that his peers failed to value him or his ideas in the way he thought they should, he seems to have attacked those who he felt had no right to move in such circles.

Conclusion

Following his early death in April 1895 from dysentery on the way home from his plantations in Ceylon, his obituarists agreed that while Farquharson was clearly a man of ability, his poor judgement had ruined what should have been a promising political career. According to the *Wells Journal*:

...There is something peculiarly tragic (says the *Morning*) about the sudden death of Mr. H.R. Farquharson... inasmuch as beginning with every advantage, the last few years of his life were crowded with worry of serious mistakes. Mr. Farquharson

entered parliament 10 years ago a young, good-looking squire, with broad acres and a large rent-roll, on whom the world was disposed to smile. He was popular at first in his constituency and in the House of Commons, but through want of judgment, his political career, was to say the least, unfortunate...³⁹

Surprisingly, the *Western Chronicle* was in full agreement, observing that:

...Mr. Farquharson has on several occasions been subject to adverse comments in these columns, but it may be said here to-day, without the slightest suspicion of hypocritical affectation, that it must ever remain a matter of deep regret to his strongest political opponents that the promise of his youth was so sadly marred, and that his life should have closed among such melancholy surroundings. Life is short to the longest lived of men, and mistakes are common to all. It is the needless mistakes, the things that need not have been, which seem saddest when the curtain is rung down, and when the brief comedy is submitted for judgment.⁴⁰

What these testimonies suggest is that far from being dismissed as a blithering idiot, Farquharson's abilities were recognised by his peers. What he failed to earn was their trust and respect. Given his track record of pulling off elaborate deceptions and advocating eccentric policies such as protectionism this is, in hindsight, unsurprising.

The purpose of this article has been to illustrate that there are links between the lies Farquharson told about Oscar Browning while at Eton, the stories he spread about Charles Gatty in 1892, and his claim that Montague Druiitt was Jack the Ripper. The first two situations both involved Farquharson making serious accusations against an antagonist which were later proven to be false. I hope here to illustrate that it may be the case that his story about Druiitt is of a similar nature.

What is interesting about all three stories is Farquharson seems to have deliberately set out to damage the reputation of a man who he considered to be socially beneath him, and (certainly in the cases of Browning and Gatty and possibly in the case of Druiitt), rumoured to be a homosexual. Could it be that Farquharson's sense of superiority, jealousy and homophobia have motivated this behaviour? It is a matter of historical record that Farquharson had a habit of lying, repeating rumours and

38 K. Rose, *Curzon: A Most Superior Person*, (London: 1985), p.155.

39 'Death of Mr. H.R. Farquharson, M.P.', *Wells Journal*, 25 April 1895, p.5.

40 'Death of Mr. H.R. Farquharson, M.P.: Special Memoir,' *Western Chronicle*, 26 April 1895, p.5.

exaggerating the truth and also that he manufactured 'proofs' to back up his stories when required. It is my opinion that, if he was indeed the source of Macnaghten's 'private information', this considerably weakens the case for Montague Druitt being Jack the Ripper.

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JOANNE WHYMAN Masters' Degree in History from the University of Bristol and works as a writer and researcher, specialising in historical topics. In her spare time, she enjoys genealogy and participating in amateur dramatics.



MR. H. R. FARQUHARSON—WEST DORSET.

Mr. Henry Richard Farquharson, born 1857, eldest surviving son of Mr. H. J. Farquharson, of Langton, Blandford, and Tarrant Gunville; was educated at Eton, and at Jesus College, Oxford, and is elected for the new Division of West Dorset.

Trinity Hall, Durward Street

Trinity Hall, now upmarket urban apartments, was built in 1876 as the Bucks Row Board School. Sited in the heart of Whitechapel, the adjacent railway was problematic and the school deteriorated and was closed by the 1920s. Used as a factory it then fell into disrepair but recent renovation has brought it back to its former glory. It remains an infamous reminder of the 'Whitechapel Murders' as the first canonical victim, Polly Nichols was found at the perimeter of the property. This event was enough to cause the street to be renamed.

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Inspector Andrews' Orders to New York City, December 1888

By MICHAEL L. HAWLEY

In late November to December 1888, Scotland Yard's Inspector First Class Walter Andrews was assigned to escort a Canadian prisoner from London to Toronto, Canada. After the publication of Roger Palmer's three-part thesis on Andrews and his transatlantic mission in *The Casebook Examiner* in 2010, Ripperologists took seriously the possibility that he had a second mission, involving Dr. Francis Tumblety and the Whitechapel murders. Tumblety, a Jack the Ripper suspect, jumped bail on a misdemeanor court case and arrived in New York Harbor on December 2, 1888.

Research by others continued; additional evidence was discovered, and this claim received pushback, ultimately concluding that Andrews' mission in North America was strictly extradition and it never involved the Whitechapel murders investigation. A discovery has just been made that not only refutes the extradition-only assertion, but also corroborates Palmer's conclusion.

At face value, the following December 21 1888 *New York World* article reports upon Inspector Andrews being directed by his Scotland Yard superiors around December 9 or 10, 1888, to add to his original assignment of escorting Canadian prisoner Roland Barnet from London, England, to Toronto, Canada, and assist two other Scotland Yard men in finding Jack the Ripper in America before returning:

ALL THE WAY FROM SCOTLAND YARD.

An English Detective Coming Here
in Search of Jack the Ripper.
[SPECIAL TO THE WORLD].

MONTREAL, Dec. 20 – Inspector Andrews, of Scotland Yard, arrived here to-day from Toronto **and left to-night for New York**. He tried to evade newspaper men, but incautiously revealed his identity at the Central Office, where he had an interview with Chief of Police Hughes. He refused to answer any questions regarding his mission, but said there were twenty-

three detectives, two clerks and one Inspector employed on the Whitechapel murder cases. And that the police were without a jot of evidence upon which to arrest anybody.

"How many men have you working in America?"

"Half a dozen," he replied; then hesitating, continued: "American detective agencies have offered to find the murderer on salaries any payment of expenses. But we can do that ourselves, you know."

"Are you one of the half dozen?"

"No, my boy; don't say anything about that. I meant detective agencies."

"But what are you here for?"

"I had rather not say, just at present, anyhow."

Ten days ago Andrews brought Roland Gideon Israel Barnet, charged with helping wreck the Central Bank of Toronto, to this country from England, **and since his arrival he has received orders from England** which will keep him in America for some time. It was announced at Police Headquarters to-day 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.

It is said among Irish Nationalists here that they have information that Andrews is remaining in America for the purpose of hunting up certain men and evidence to be used by the London *Times* in the Parnell case.

[Author emphasis added]

As the above report shows, when Inspector Andrews arrived at police headquarters in Montreal, Canada, on December 20 1888, he was questioned by newspaper reporters on the Whitechapel murders investigation, reluctantly telling them there were 23 detectives, two

clerks, and one inspector employed on the Whitechapel murders case. Doubt has been placed upon this article, because the reporter claimed that Andrews “left to-night for New York”, and there is no direct evidence of this. In fact, there is evidence that Andrews left Montreal for Halifax and quickly boarded the SS *Sarnia*, disembarking on December 22 1888 for England.

The second reason for skepticism is because the reporter claimed to have received information from police headquarters in Montreal that Andrews has a commission “to find the murderer in America”; a suspect who left England for America three weeks ago. Since the claim involves Andrews on his way to New York and a suspect arriving in America weeks earlier, this narrows the suspect down to Francis Tumblety. Tumblety lived in New York and was a Scotland Yard suspect who left England three weeks earlier, around November 24 1888, and arrived in New York Harbor on December 2 1888. On the surface the skepticism is well-placed, since they knew Tumblety was in New York City, thus, finding him makes no sense.

In order to embrace the two reasons for skepticism, the only conclusion is that the reporters were making the information up. While being convinced by baseless rumors in the halls of the police station may explain the belief that Andrews was leaving for New York, the comments upon Andrews being commissioned to find Jack the Ripper has to be a bold-faced lie. The reporter claimed that this information was part of an announcement made at the police station.

The following report from a *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, which has also been challenged, suggests that Andrews did indeed arrive in New York:

Eastern Morning News, January 2nd, 1889
THE WHITECHAPEL TRAGEDIES.
SEARCH IN AMERICA.

Inspector Andrews of Scotland Yard [according to the] ***Daily Telegraph's* correspondent says he has arrived in New York from Montreal.** It is generally believed that he has received orders from England to commence his search in this city for the Whitechapel murderer. Mr. Andrews is reported to have said that there are half a dozen English detectives, two clerks, and one inspector employed in America in the same chase. Ten days ago Andrews brought hither from England Roland Gideon Israel Barnett, charged with helping to wreck the Central Bank, Toronto; and since his arrival he has received orders which will keep him in America for some time. The supposed inaction of the Whitechapel murderer for a considerable period, and the fact that a man suspect of knowing a good deal about this series of crimes left England for this side of the Atlantic three weeks ago, has produced the

impression that “Jack the Ripper” is in America. Irish Nationalists pretend that the inspector is hunting up certain evidence to be given before the Parnell Commission.

An argument has been made that the *Daily Telegraph* reporter was only guessing, just as the Montreal correspondent for the *New York World* had merely guessed that Andrews left for New York on the afternoon/evening of December 20, 1888. Supporting this is the observation that none of the information in this article is new, and all of it originated in the first *New York World* article. In view of this, the first reason for skepticism continues to be valid. Besides, the second reason for skepticism still stands.



DR. TUMBLETY.

A closer look at the *New York World* correspondent's comment “newspapermen” being used in the plural form has allowed a check into the accuracy of the article. On the very same day the *New York World* article was published, the *Ottawa Daily Citizen* published its own account of the Andrews interview at Montreal Police Headquarters, yet is clearly not a reproduction of the *New York World* article. The article certainly does repeat Andrews' comment on 23 detectives, two clerks, and one inspector dedicated to the Whitechapel murders case, and even uses the phrase “jot of evidence,” but this correspondent reported upon entirely different aspects of the interview:

Ottawa Daily Citizen, December 21, 1888
THE WHITECHAPEL SLAYER.

Twenty-three Detectives Anxious to Capture Him.
Montreal, 20th. – Inspector Andrews, the Scotland Yard detective who brought R.G. Barnett from England to Toronto, is in the city. **Talking to several members of the press** about the Whitechapel murders, he said:

"We are utterly powerless, as we have not a jot of evidence or clue of any kind moral or legal, against any man. I am of the opinion that the man has some surgical knowledge. This was shown in at least five of the six murders. They may continue for years, and I quite expect that he will go on with his work. He and his victim always avoid the police. No one has ever seen him approach or leave his victim. At Toronto the other day a man was at my hotel before I was up to give me the name and full description of the murderer. I said, "My dear sir, why don't you go over to London and secure the \$75,000 now offered as a reward and, also, in all probability, something for life?" I quite expect a similar experience in New York. We have a special staff of 23 detectives, two clerks and an inspector doing nothing else but working on this case. They have received at least 6,000 letters, each having a distinct idea on the murders." Inspector Andrews is a handsome man of about 40, with full brown beard and moustache. *[Author emphasis added]*

This report also comments upon Inspector Andrews being interviewed by more than one newspaperman, and even gives a first-hand account of what Andrews looked like. Additionally, when the *New York World* correspondent reported upon a part of his story that he did not receive from the Andrews interview, but from a later announcement at police headquarters, the second reporter did not report upon this. An announcement means multiple people heard this, so it begs the question if the *New York World* reporter would have purposely deceived readers on information that could have been corroborated.

Also conflicting with this scenario is a discovery made by David Barrat of an official letter written by Robert Anderson, who stated on March 17 1890 that Andrews was never in the United States:

Perhaps I should add for Mr. Matthews' information in the event any supplementary Q being asked, that at the date specified there was another of my Inspectors across the Atlantic (since pensioned) had taken an extradition prisoner to Canada (as papers in H.O. will [explain]) but he was not in the United States at all. This whole story is a stupid fabrication.¹

While Barrat has taken Anderson's word as gospel – thus, Andrews never made it to New York – a number of points need to be considered. Barrat must claim that Anderson's boss, Home Secretary Matthews lied. On that very day – March 17, 1890 – the Home Secretary commented to members of the House of Commons about the *Times* attempting to procure evidence in the United States against Parnell by using Metropolitan Police officials. Anderson's anger must have been festering for a

full year, because on March 21, 1889, the Home Secretary formally admitted in the House of Commons that Inspector Andrews went to America. According to the *Evening Star* of March 21 1889

Home Secretary Matthews, in reply to a question, admitted that Police Inspector Andrews had visited America since the passage of the Parnell commission bill, but he did not know whether Andrews had seen Le Caron, the informer, there. *[Author emphasis added]*



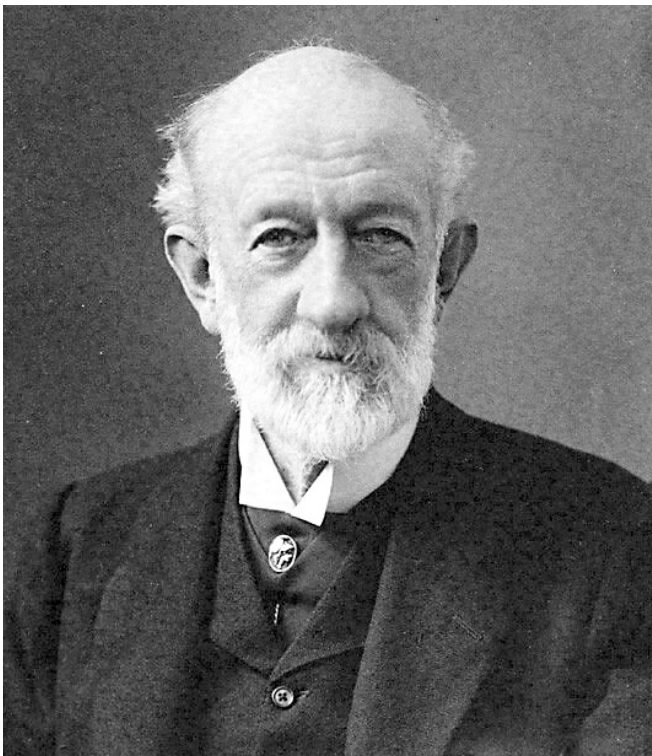
Henry Matthews

While it is true that Anderson's letter is an official document, Matthews' response in the House of Commons was also in an official capacity. Additionally, Anderson was commenting upon Andrews' supposed visits from Toronto to Detroit and Niagara Falls *before* he made his way to Montreal on December 19, 1888.² It was alleged that Inspector Andrews entered the United States between December 11 and 18, 1888 in an attempt to collect damning evidence in the United States against Charles Stewart Parnell. In a series of articles against Parnell and his Irish Home Movement in the London *Times* in 1887 which were titled "Parnellism and Crime", it was alleged that British Member of Parliament Charles Parnell was secretly and illegally involved with the violent wing of the Irish Independence Movement, much of which was based out of the United States. Anderson wanted to make it clear

- 1 National Archives: HO 144/478/X27302 1. See Barrat, D., "The Third Man, Suckered! A Trilogy", May 2015 www.orsam.co.uk/xthethirdmanx.htm.
- 2 Palmer, R., "Behind the Scenes in America, Inspector Andrews Revisited part three," *Casebook Examiner*, Issue 4, October 2010.

that Andrews never crossed the border. This was not the same trip that Andrews was reported to have gone to New York City, which was *after* his Montreal visit on December 20, 1888. Anderson may have been purposely ignoring the New York visit in order not to muddy the waters in the Parnell case, a conspiracy that could end his career.

Anderson did state that Andrews never made it to the United States “at all,” which means either Anderson was lying or Matthews was. Keep in mind, Assistant Commissioner Anderson was already secretly conspiring against Parnell in this case. In his memoirs in 1910, he finally admitted that he secretly authored the “Parnellism and Crime” articles, so Anderson had an incentive to be deceitful in this 1889 letter that contradicted Matthews.



Robert Anderson

When taken into perspective, the two reasons for skepticism by modern researchers – Inspector Andrews going to New York and him being commissioned to find the murderer in America – are actually presented to support an over-arching claim that Scotland Yard had little interest in Tumblety, and he was not considered a serious suspect. A closer look shows that these two reasons for skepticism actually corroborate Scotland Yard’s continued investigation into Tumblety, meaning Tumblety was a significant Jack the Ripper suspect in November and December 1888.

With respect to the first reason for skepticism, thanks to the *Ottawa Daily Citizen* article we now know the source for the *New York World* reporter believing Andrews left for New York after the interview, and that

source was Inspector Andrews himself. It was not a reporter’s invention. Inspector Andrews was stating to reporters that when he was at his hotel in Toronto, an armchair detective claimed he knew who Jack the Ripper was, which Andrews took as condescending to himself and the Metropolitan Police Department. He then stated to the Canadian reporter in Montreal, “I quite expect a similar experience in New York.”

We now know why the Montreal correspondent from the *New York World* reported that Inspector Andrews was on his way to New York. It was Andrews himself who told the reporters what he should expect when he gets to New York. It is only logical for the reporters to assume he was on his way to New York. This is powerful corroborating evidence that Home Secretary Matthews did *not* lie, and that Anderson either lied or was only referring to Andrews’ Detroit or Niagara Falls visits in his 1889 letter.

So, regardless of whether Andrews physically made the trip to New York City or not, his intention on the night of December 20, 1888, was to cross into the United States for a purpose other than his extradition orders. This directly conflicts with the claim that Andrews’ visit to North America was only for the extradition of Barnet. Further, the *New York World* reporter asked, “But what are you here for?” Andrews’ reply was cryptic, stating, “I had rather not say, just at present, anyhow.” Escorting Barnet was far from being a secret assignment since it was already public record, so Andrews had to have been referring to another assignment, one which involved going to New York City.

The *New York World* reporter was clear that the announcement (and by inference, others heard the announcement) about Andrews being commissioned to work with two Scotland Yard detectives on the Whitechapel murder case was the reason he was going to New York City. There certainly was a Scotland Yard detective reported to have been in New York City and there because of the Whitechapel murders case. He was following Francis Tumblety. Note how a *New York World* correspondent stationed in New York City reported the incident:

It was just as this story was being furnished to the press that a new character appeared on the scene, and it was not long before he completely absorbed the attention of every one. He was a little man with enormous red side whiskers and a smoothly shaven chin. He was dressed in an English tweed suit and wore an enormous pair of boots with soles an inch thick. He could not be mistaken in his mission. There was an elaborate attempt at concealment and mystery which could not be possibly misunderstood. Everything about him told of his business. From his

little billycock hat, alternately set jauntily [sic] on the side of his head and pulled lowering over his eyes, down to the very bottom of his thick boots, he was a typical English detective. If he had been put on a stage just as he paraded up and down Fourth avenue and Tenth street yesterday he would have been called a caricature.

First he would assume his heavy villain appearance. Then his hat would be pulled down over his eyes and he would walk up and down in front of No. 79 staring intently into the windows as he passed, to the intense dismay of Mrs. McNamara, who was peering out behind the blinds at him with ever-increasing alarm. Then his mood changed. His hat was pushed back in a devil-may-care way and he marched by No. 79 with a swagger, whistling gayly, convinced that his disguise was complete and that no one could possibly recognize him.

His headquarters was a saloon on the corner, where he held long and mysterious conversations with the barkeeper always ending in both of them drinking together. The barkeeper epitomized the conversations by saying: **"He wanted to know about a feller named Tumblety, and I sez I didn't know nothink at all about him; and he says he wuz an English detective and he told me all about them Whitechapel murders, and how he came over to get the chap that did it. [Author emphasis added]"**

When night came the English detective became more and more enterprising. At one time he stood for fifteen minutes with his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down, behind the lamp-post on the corner, staring fixedly at No. 79. Then he changed his base of operations to the stoop of No. 81 and looked sharply into the faces of every one who passed. He almost went into a spasm of excitement when a man went into the basement of No. 79 and when a lame servant girl limped out of No. 81 he followed her a block, regarding her most suspiciously. At a late hour he was standing in front of the house directly opposite No. 79 looking steadily and earnestly [sic].

The *New York Herald* reporter's eyewitness account was less detailed, yet had clearly seen the same Englishman:

I found that the Doctor was pretty well known in the neighborhood. The bartenders in McKenna's saloon, at the corner of Tenth street and Fourth avenue, knew him well. And it was here that I discovered an English detective on the track of the suspect. This man wore a dark mustache and side whiskers, a tweed suit, a billycock hat and very thick walking boots. He was of medium height and had very sharp eyes and a rather florid complexion. He had been hanging around the place all day and had posted himself at a window which commanded No. 79. He made some inquiries

about Dr. Tumblety of the bartenders, but gave no information about himself, although it appeared he did not know much about New York. It is uncertain whether he came over in the same ship with the suspect.

Both the *New York World* and *New York Herald* had competing stories on December 4, 1888, of an English detective in New York City staking out Tumblety's room with a reported mission to come over and get the chap that committed the Whitechapel murders. Two independent reports actually clarify where the English detective came from – Scotland Yard.



Inspector Walter Andrews

In the December 14, 1888, issue of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, an Associated Press article discussed an investigation on Tumblety going on in Cincinnati, which states, "...Dr. Francis Tumblety, one of the suspects under surveillance by the English authorities, and who was recently followed across the ocean by Scotland Yard's men. From information which leaked out yesterday around police headquarters..."

In the December 16, 1888, issue of the *San Francisco Examiner*, the article referred to the English detective in

New York City as, the “detective from Scotland Yard.”

Just days earlier in Toronto on December 11, 1888, Inspector Andrews told a *Toronto World* reporter the reason he wanted to meet Tumblety. He wanted to interview him, “Do I know Dr. Tumblety, of course I do. But he is not the Whitechapel murderer. All the same we would like to interview him, for the last time we had him he jumped his bail. He is a bad lot.” When Andrews stated “we,” he meant Scotland Yard as a whole, thus, his superiors wanted Tumblety interviewed, regardless of whether Andrews believed Tumblety was the murderer or not. This conforms with Andrews’ new commission he received around December 9 or 10, 1888. An interview requires the interviewer, in this case Inspector Andrews, to be present in New York City.

There has been a claim that Andrews wanted to interview Tumblety for the gross indecency case he jumped bail from, yet, an interview in the US would have been of absolutely no value. The case was done. The grand jury returned a true bill on November 19, 1888, meaning the prosecution’s case against Tumblety was so solid that it convinced the jurors to send the case up to Central Criminal Court. Also, New York Chief Detective Thomas Byrnes stated publicly that Tumblety jumped bail on a non-extraditable misdemeanor case, thus, Tumblety was untouchable. Byrnes, though, would have allowed Scotland Yard officials to interview him. Now, an interview about the Whitechapel murders investigation, an ongoing extraditable case, may very well have been fruitful, especially when Byrnes also stated that if Scotland Yard issued an extraditable warrant, then he would allow extradition, as reported in the *New York Sun*, December 4, 1888, “...but Inspector Byrnes said that no one has any right to bother him [Tumblety] for what occurred across the ocean, unless the Government becomes interested and issues a warrant for his detention.”

For argument’s sake, let us assume that Inspector Andrews did not go to New York City. Andrews may have cancelled his New York City trip given the whereabouts of Tumblety on December 20, 1888. Tumblety had vanished from New York City on December 5, 1888; less than one day after two New York City dailies reported on the English detective casing his room 69 E. 10th Street with the reported intent of “getting the guy who murdered those women.” Tumblety would have been convinced Scotland Yard intended on bringing him back to London.

On December 20, when Andrews was speaking with reporters in Montreal, Tumblety’s whereabouts were still undetermined. Unbeknownst to the Scotland Yard and the New York City officials, Tumblety was hiding out with his sister’s family in Waterloo, New York. In a small town New York newspaper, the *Waterloo Observer*, in its December

12 1888 issue, a Waterloo correspondent reported on Tumblety being in their town. Waterloo is about 40 miles east of Rochester, New York, his family residence. The report stated:

Wild rumors are afloat about villains in many villages and cities assaulting, insulting and molesting women and young girls on public streets after dark. All these places have a modified prototype of the White Chapel murderer. ‘Dick the Slasher.’ The announcement that Dr. Tumblety had come to New York and departed for a rural retreat, in the fancy of many timid females has been located in Waterloo. And this is the more certain; since the veritable doctor spent a summer here some ten years ago. Moreover, during the past week, a young lady was met about seven o’clock, in the evening on a public street in the first ward by a man who said, ‘You are the girl I want.’ And tried to seize her by the neck, when she beat him in the face with an umbrella and he fled. Also, in the lower ward, a woman was followed for a long distance in a menacing manner, and sought safety in a neighbor’s house and company home. If there is anything going on in this line more serious than trying to frighten timid females, the villain ought to be run down and punished.

A local Waterloo reporter had his article published in the local newspaper, so no one, other than locals, would have read the paper. Even though the *Waterloo Observer* may have received Associated Press news cables, stories they initiated would not have been wired. Tumblety hid for the next month and a half, yet Scotland Yard and the New York City Police Department had no idea when, or even if, he would return.



Further corroborating Andrews’s intended trip to New York is the geographic location of Montreal, Canada, which was due north of New York and situated on the shortest railway connection to New York City. This would have been the logical location for Andrews to take a train to New York, while any other Canadian location he stopped

at would not. It would also have been the perfect go-no-go time for him to either divert to New York City or continue on to Halifax to catch his scheduled transatlantic return trip onboard the SS *Sarnia* on December 22, 1888, or the SS *Peruvian* on December 24. Halifax was also connected to New York City by rail. It also explains why he visited Montreal police headquarters, an organization with direct, private police cable transmissions. It would have made sense when Andrews would be awaiting word by his superiors or the Scotland Yard detective in New York City before diverting to New York. If Tumblety was not available for an interview by the First Class inspector, then a trip to New York City would not have been as fruitful. Andrews could have cancelled the New York City leg of his journey and make his scheduled transatlantic ship with a full day to spare.

The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent who reported that Andrews *did* arrive in New York in what seemed to be a first-hand account now has corroboration. Andrews certainly did state that his next destination after Montreal was New York City. Once Andrews arrived, he would have been greeted by the New York City-based Scotland Yard detective, and would have been informed that Tumblety was not available for an interview by him, a First Class inspector. This would also have allowed Andrews to receive any documents acquired by the detective stationed in New York City. Andrews would then immediately catch the next train to Halifax on December 21, 1888, with ample time to board the SS *Sarnia* departing Halifax bound for England on December 22, or the SS *Peruvian* departing two days later.

The *New York World* reporter did comment upon his new commission will keep Andrews in America for an extended amount of time. If Tumblety had been found between December 5 and December 20, an extended visit to New York may very well have in order. Actually, this may still have happened. Andrews' name on any return trip has yet to be found.

The whereabouts of Francis Tumblety also explains the second skeptical claim specific to "finding the murderer in America." The *New York World* article stated that on or about December 10 1888, Andrews had a commission, or an amendment to his assignment, involving the Whitechapel murders. This was about five days after Tumblety vanished from New York City. Scotland Yard and the New York City Police Department knew this, so Andrews' orders would have been to first find Tumblety before he could interview him. Andrews himself was quoted by the *New York World* correspondent discussing finding the murderer in America when he stated that half a dozen American detective agencies "have offered to find the murderer on salaries and payment of expenses. But

we can do that ourselves, you know." American detective agencies, such as the Pinkerton Detective Agency, would only have been referring to a search in America, especially since the question to Andrews was about the Whitechapel murders investigation in America. Andrews commenting that Scotland Yard officials "can do that ourselves," means Scotland Yard detectives were searching in America.

This now explains the comments made by Guy Logan in his book *Masters of Crime* (1928):

The murders ceased, I think, with the Miller Court one, and I am the more disposed to this view because, though the fact was kept a close secret at the time, I know that one of Scotland Yard's best men, Inspector Andrews, was sent specially to America in December 1888, in search of the Whitechapel fiend on the strength of important information, the nature of which was never disclosed. Nothing, however, came of it, and the Inspector's mission was a failure.

Andrews not able to meet up with Tumblety in New York and interview him would have been considered a failure. An argument against the credibility of Logan's comments is that Andrews was not sent to America, but to Canada. While Andrews certainly was sent to North America in December 1888, thus, this comment is still accurate, even if Logan meant the United States when he wrote "America," it still makes sense. Recall that Andrews was sent to Canada in order to escort Barnet to Toronto, and then received new orders specific to the Whitechapel murders. Logan was clearly referring to the second set of orders, which pertained to the Whitechapel murders and involved Andrews traveling from Montreal to America, or New York City. If Logan's Scotland Yard source was privy to inside information, as he claimed, then the British reporter may have been correct and Andrews did indeed make it to New York City.

On his website David Barrat makes a claim – without stating any evidence – that Logan had weak connections and his source was most likely Chief Inspector Walter Dew, who was a junior detective during the murders.³ Barrat claims that Dew was an uninformed junior detective at the time of the murders, who likely read a newspaper article on Inspector Andrews' trip to America being about Jack the Ripper, never corroborated it with any of his fellow detectives, then was completely convinced the newspaper story was true.

In *Ripperologist* 134, October 2013, Logan authority, author and rheumatologist at Cardiff University Jan Bondeson wrote the first of a two-part article on the history of Guy Logan and his literary connections to the

3 Barrat, D., Ibid.

Whitechapel murders.⁴ In 2013 Bondeson also edited and republished Logan's first true crime novel on the Whitechapel murders, which Logan wrote in 1905, titled *The True History of Jack the Ripper*. Logan wrote *Masters of Crime* in 1928, and his first chapter was on the Whitechapel murders. Bondeson does not characterize Logan as having weak Scotland Yard connections as Barrat does, stating, "Guy Logan and George R. Sims moved in the same circles: both were playwrights and journalists, and they shared an interest in criminal history..." Sims knew Macnaghten and Major Arthur Griffiths, all three promoting the same drowned doctor theory. Logan's 1905 *The True History of Jack the Ripper* follows closely with this theory, suggesting Logan shared Sims' sources.⁵ Further, Bondeson explains that former Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard, Sir Basil Thomson, wrote the preface to Logan's 1935 book *Verdict and Sentence*. This suggests that Logan certainly did get this information in his *Masters of Crime* book from a credible Scotland Yard source.

On a side note, Bondeson claims Logan was not referring to Tumblety when he stated "Inspector Andrews, was sent specially to America in December 1888, in search of the Whitechapel fiend on the strength of important information, the nature of which was never disclosed. Nothing, however, came of it, and the Inspector's mission was a failure." The main premise for his claim is that Tumblety's connection to the Whitechapel murders was fabricated by vindictive American newspapers, Bondeson stating:

The problem was that the good 'doctor', who was already notorious for his self-promotion and habitual untruthfulness, had accumulated a good many enemies within the American newspaper press. These individuals published articles about Tumblety's escape from London, hinting that his arrest had been connected to the Jack the Ripper murders, and even untruthfully alleging that Scotland Yard was trying to get him extradited. But the New York City police, who kept Tumblety under surveillance, said that there was no proof of his complicity in the Whitechapel murders...

Bondeson is concluding that because of this, Logan's source could not have meant Tumblety. After taking a paragraph to explain – with outdated information – why he personally believes Tumblety is not a viable suspect, Bondeson then asks, "Are there any other Ripper suspects that fit Guy Logan's profile of the 'travelling serial killer'?" In so doing, Bondeson has lead the reader into believing Logan was not referring to Tumblety.

The fatal error in Bondeson's conclusion is that his premises are absolutely false. First, there is no evidence

that Tumblety accumulated enemies in the press. In fact, the press had no idea who Tumblety was. The last time Tumblety advertised, or self-promoted, in the American papers was over a decade earlier. In the 1880s Tumblety avoided being in the press. Tumblety arrived in New York Harbor on December 2, 1888, after sneaking out of England, and two New York detectives were waiting to identify him, then follow him. As he disembarked the SS *La Bretagne* and rushed down the gangplank, the *New York Herald* reported in its December 4, 1888 issue: "It was the now famous Dr. Tumblety," pointing out that he was not well known to the press before the autumn of 1888.



Thomas Byrnes

Secondly, it was Head of New York City's detective division Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes, on November 18, 1888, who informed the American press that Francis Tumblety was arrested on suspicion for the Whitechapel crimes, but when they did not have enough evidence to bring the case to trial, they re-arrested him on a winnable misdemeanor case. The press went to Byrnes' office because on November 17, 1888, the *New York World's* London correspondent, E. Tracy Greaves, broke the story of a New Yorker named "Kumblety" was arrested on suspicion. Greaves' news cable detailed at least four Ripper-related stories out of London, and none of these stories were ever in the British papers. On two earlier occasions Greaves admitted that he had a Scotland Yard

4 Bondeson, J., "Guy Logan vs. Jack the Ripper", *Ripperologist* 134, October 2013.

5 Logan, G., *The True History of Jack the Ripper*, 1905.

informant, which could only have been his source for these stories. Greaves' headliner was that Sir George Arthur was arrested on suspicion. The Tumblety story was a subordinate story.

Thirdly, Bondeson states that American newspapers published on Tumblety's escape from London and at this time that the papers merely hinted that Tumblety was arrested on suspicion. While the very first report on Tumblety's arrest on suspicion was on November 19 1888, it was not until December 2 that the press found out Tumblety had escaped from London, and it again was E. Tracy Greaves, a man with a Scotland Yard informant, who broke this story. Chief Inspector Byrnes, though, admitted that he knew of Tumblety's escape "a week ago," and his source could only have been Scotland Yard. Bondeson then states that the papers "untruthfully" alleged that Scotland Yard was trying to extradite him, which is also absolutely false.

Fourth, never did Byrnes, nor anyone else in his office, state that there was no proof of Tumblety's complicity in the Whitechapel murders, as Bondeson claims.

With Bondeson's premises in error, logic dictates that his conclusion is neither valid nor sound. Since contemporary sources, i.e., E. Tracy Greaves and Chief Inspector Byrnes, show that Scotland Yard was ultimately the source of newspapers reporting on Tumblety being arrested on suspicion, it stands to reason that Logan's source informed him that Inspector Andrews' December 1888 North American trip involved Tumblety, who had arrived in New York City on December 2, 1888. Reinforcing this is that Tumblety had indeed vanished on December 5, thus, the December 9/10 commission by headquarters was to first find him, just as Logan stated. Since Tumblety stayed in hiding until mid-January 1889, then Andrews' mission involving Tumblety was not a success.

The last comment Logan stated was that their interest in Tumblety was based upon the strength of important information already in the hands of Scotland Yard. Notice the similarity of this comment and the following report out of Cincinnati just days before Andrews arrived in Montreal:

It has been known for some days past that the detectives have been quietly tracing the career in this city of Dr. Francis Tumblety, one of the suspects under surveillance by the English authorities, and who was recently followed across the ocean by Scotland Yard's men... The investigation in this city [Cincinnati] is

understood to be under the direction of English officials now in New York, **and based upon certain information they have forwarded by mail.** – *Daily Picayune*, December 17, 1888. **[Author emphasis added]**

This means that everything in Logan's comment was true, and it involved Tumblety. The fact that Logan was indeed accurate actually suggests that his Scotland Yard source was well-informed, and important.

A Canadian reporter actually quoted Inspector Andrews on December 20, 1888, commenting upon an event that he predicted would happen when he will be in New York City, Andrews stating: "I quite expect a similar experience in New York." The *New York World* correspondent stationed in Montreal corroborated Andrews talking to reporters about New York City, and it being the next leg of his journey. Regardless if Andrews made the trip or not, his intentions were to go. Nothing in New York City would have involved his extradition mission, but corroboration from numerous sources shows that this mission involved the Whitechapel murders and the search and interview of suspect Francis Tumblety.

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MICHAEL HAWLEY is the author of *Jack the Ripper Suspect Dr. Francis Tumblety* (Sunbury Press, 2018) and *The Ripper's Haunts* (Sunbury Press, 2016). He has published over a dozen research articles in *Ripperologist*, *Whitechapel Society Journal* and *Casebook Examiner*, and has published online articles for numerous websites. Hawley has lectured in Baltimore, Maryland, in April 2016, at *RipperCon 2016* and in Liverpool, England, in September 2017, at the *Jack the Ripper Conference*. He was honored to be interviewed in numerous podcasts for *Rippercast*, *Beyond Reality Radio*, *Jim Herald.com*, and *ESPN's Judge Penny Wolfgang*. He is also the author of *The Watchmaker Revelations*, a mystery/thriller fiction trilogy: *The Ripper's Hellbroth* (Sunbury Press, 2017), *Jack's Lantern* (2014), and *Curse of the Bayou Beast* (2015). He is also the author of *Searching for Truth with a Broken Flashlight* (Nonfiction, 2010), which was awarded June 2011 Book of the Month for the mega-website, *ReligiousTolerance.org*, and was the subject of an article in the *Buffalo Spree*, June 2011. Hawley holds a Master's degree in science (invertebrate paleontology) and secondary science education at State University of New York, College of Buffalo, and a Bachelor's degree in geology and geophysics at Michigan State University. He is a commander and naval aviator in the U.S. Navy (retired), and is currently enjoying a career as a secondary earth science and chemistry teacher. He resides with his wife and six children in Greater Buffalo, New York.

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Eliza Ross

The Female Burker

By MARTIN BAGGOLEY

84-year-old Caroline Walsh, a poor Irishwoman, survived by hawking bobbins, lace and other trifles on London's streets. Nevertheless, she was in good health and was not alone in the world as her granddaughters, Ann Buton and Lydia Basey, were in regular contact with her.

In the summer of 1831 Caroline was staying with Ann, but was befriended by a neighbour, 34-year-old Eliza Ross. A few weeks later, Ross persuaded Caroline to lodge with her at 7 Goodman's Yard in the Minories, where she lived in rented rooms with 50-year-old Edward Cook and Ned, their 12-year-old son. Cook worked at the St Katherine Docks and Ross took any work she could, but earned most of her income by killing and skinning cats, to sell the coats to local furriers.

When Caroline told Ann of the pending move, which was to take place on Friday, August 19th, her granddaughter was troubled as she had never liked or trusted Ross, who she knew to be a violent alcoholic. She therefore arranged to call on Caroline at nine on the morning of the twentieth, to ensure suitable arrangements had been made. She asked her grandmother not to go out until she had visited her at the new lodgings, but when Ann arrived she was told by Ross that Caroline had left a little earlier, promising to be back soon.

Ann waited for some time but Caroline did not return and, concerned as to what might have happened to her, she invited Ross out for a drink, hoping alcohol might loosen her tongue. They called at Bishop's Gin Shop before moving on to Brown's public house, where Ann told her drinking companion she thought it strange her grandmother should go out, knowing she was due to visit. Ross became anxious and blurted out "You seem the think from what you say that we have murdered your grandmother."

Ann acknowledged that the possibility had crossed her mind.

Ross appeared to become more nervous and suggested they should return to Goodman's Yard to eat. Fearing for her own safety, Ann thought it wise to decline the invitation. and instead handed a few coppers to Ross with

which to purchase bread and meat to bring back to eat in the pub. Ross left with the money but did not return.



Eliza Ross

Ann and Lydia spent the next few weeks searching for Caroline and visited several hospitals and poor-houses, but without success. In mid-October they reported their concerns to the police and the inquiry was put in the hands of Constable James Lea, who visited Ross and Cook at White Horse Court, where they were now living. Both continued to claim Caroline had left their rooms on the morning of August 20th, and they had not seen her since.

However, a breakthrough came when the constable took Ned to the police office at Lambeth to question him, and the frightened youngster described what he had witnessed. The information he provided led to his parents being arrested on October 28th, and they were placed in separate cells, on either side of the one already occupied by Ned. This was when the couple first became aware of



The murder of Caroline Walsh

the contents of their son's statement to Constable Lea.

The police listened to their conversations, and as the damning nature of what Ned had told Constable Lea emerged, his parents began to realise they were in an extremely difficult situation. Ross was heard to cry out "Oh! Lord Jesus that we should suffer thus, what we know nothing about." Cook simply muttered "God knows, I had no hand in it."

They had good reason to be worried.

In his interview with Constable Lea, Ned had recalled the events of the night Caroline arrived at Goodman's Yard, which began with his mother making a pot of coffee, a cup of which the elderly woman drank. She appeared to become drowsy almost immediately and was encouraged by his mother to stretch out on his parents' bed, before falling into a deep sleep.

A few minutes later he watched his mother place her right hand over the woman's mouth and nose, which she held there for about thirty minutes. As she did so, Ned was standing at the fireplace, too scared to do or say anything, while his father looked out of the window into the street below. Later, his mother carried the body out of the room.

The next morning, before walking to school Ned went to the privy in the filthy rat-infested cellar, which was rarely visited by other residents, who preferred to use the much cleaner privy in the outside courtyard. However, Ned intended feeding some ducks kept in the cellar by

a neighbour, but was shocked to see the woman's head protruding from a sack in a dimly-lit corner.

That night, the youngster was looking out of the window and saw his mother leave the building, carrying away the sack which contained the body. When she returned, he heard her tell his father that she had taken the corpse to a hospital, but he did not hear its name.

The police considered Ned to be an excellent witness, despite his youth and the obvious difficulty he was having in speaking against his parents. They believed Ross and Cook had enticed Caroline into their rooms with the sole intention of murdering her and selling the body to a hospital to be dissected for medical research.

The Murder Act of 1752 stipulated that only the corpses of executed murderers could be used for research purposes, but the medical advances of the early nineteenth century, and a decrease in the number of executions, resulted in a shortage of available bodies. This led to the emergence of an illicit trade, in which so-called 'Resurrectionists' would dig up recently buried bodies to sell to unscrupulous anatomists for a few guineas.

In Scotland, however, William Burke and William Hare had decided to put an end to late night visits to graveyards and opted instead to simply murder several individuals and sell their bodies. They were caught, and to save his own neck Hare agreed to testify against Burke, who was hanged in January 1829. The London police were satisfied that Ross and Cook had decided to copy their methods.

The coffee offered to Caroline was presumed to have been drugged so that she would fall asleep and be unable to resist as Ross suffocated her. Poison was not used as that may have been detected when her body was being dissected, so suffocation was the most suitable method of killing her because there would be no signs of violence. Cook was believed to have been standing at the window to ensure there were no unexpected visitors.

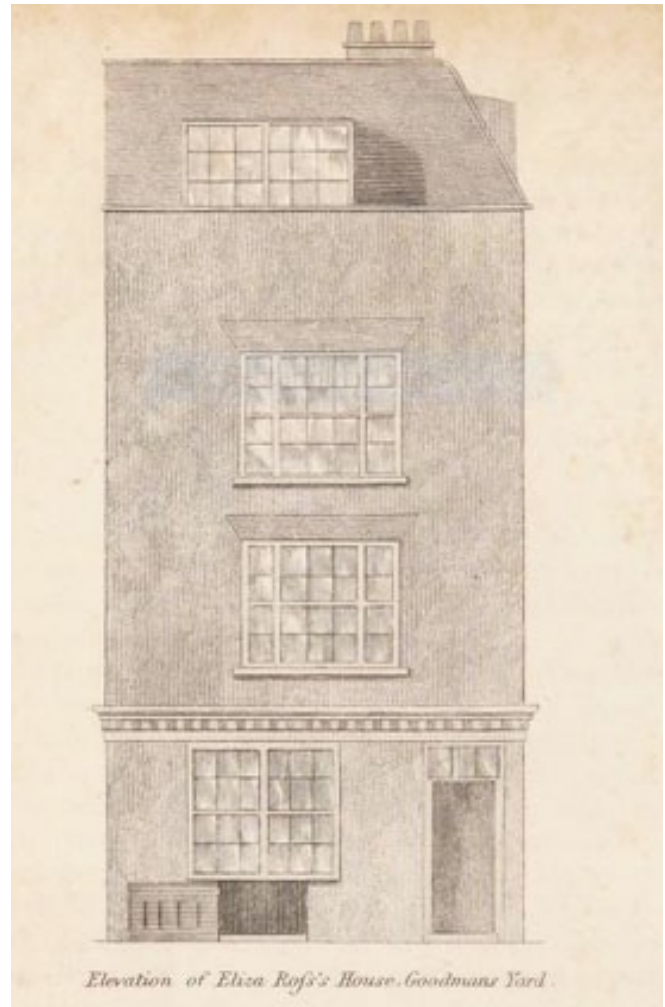
The trial of Ross and Cook was delayed due to an unforeseen development, which required further inquiries to be made. An elderly woman, in poor health, was found in a doorway on Fenchurch Street on the night of August 20th and, being unable to walk, she was carried to the watch-house in Aldgate. Like the missing woman she was Irish, and had a basket containing small wares for sale. Furthermore, when asked for her name she replied, in an indistinct voice, either Caroline or Catherine Welch, or possibly Walsh.

After treatment she was provided with a room in a cheap lodging house, but a few days later, having broken her hip, was admitted to the London Hospital. She died soon afterwards and, following an inquest which no relatives attended, the woman was buried. Ross and Cook, who became aware of these events, claimed the woman must have been Caroline Walsh, meaning they could not be guilty of her murder. Determined to prove otherwise, the Home Office decided upon an exhumation of the woman's remains, which Caroline's granddaughters attended.

When the woman had first entered hospital she was washed by Priscilla Bradley, an assistant nurse, who recorded details of her patient's condition. She noted the presence of bunions, and that on one of her feet one toe overlapped another. Before the exhumation had taken place, Ann had noticed these details in Priscilla's report and told officials the body in the ground could not be that of her grandmother, who had healthy feet. Nevertheless, given the time the woman's existence came to light, the similarity of their names, ages and occupations, the police knew more proof that this was not Caroline was required. This would come from an examination of the exhumed woman's teeth.

It was now recognised that the condition of an individual's teeth and their presence, or absence, could play a part in determining his or her identity. The woman's skull was examined by Alfred S Taylor FRS, who found two teeth on either side of the upper jaw but none at the front, and he was able to confirm the missing teeth had been extracted a considerable time before she died. Ann and Lydia insisted their grandmother had good front teeth on the upper and lower jaws, and still had her incisors. The crown had complete faith in the granddaughters' description of Caroline's teeth, and was satisfied their

information proved the body was not that of their grandmother and could be presented to a jury.



Scene of the murder

As news of the arrests spread several people, all of whom knew Ross, came forward with important information. William Austin, a pawnbroker in Houndsditch told of her pledging a dress for half a crown on August 20th. Rag Fair was where London's poor bought and sold their clothes, and stallholders Mary Sable, Hannah Channel and Mary Hayes reported that Ross had attempted to sell them several items of women's clothing. From the descriptions given, her granddaughters claimed all of these clothes were being worn by Caroline when they last saw her.

The police also reopened the unsolved mystery of the disappearance of 14-year-old servant girl Sarah Vasey in November 1830. Sarah was in service close to where Ross and Cook were then living, and a witness claimed at the time to have seen the former wearing the missing girl's bonnet and shoes, but there had been insufficient evidence to charge the couple with any offence. It was now believed that Sarah had also probably been murdered so that her body could be sold to an anatomist. Despite the new investigation, it proved impossible to build a case against Ross and Cook for this crime before their trial, for

Caroline's murder opened at the Old Bailey on January 5th 1832.

There was no corpse, no information regarding its alleged sale, nobody to corroborate the granddaughters' statements regarding Caroline's physical condition, and the most important witness was a frightened 12-year-old boy. Nevertheless, the crown was convinced it had a strong case. Early in the proceedings the skull of the exhumed woman was handed to the members of the jury to examine and the evidence regarding the teeth given to establish that this was not Caroline. Several witnesses were called to support the prosecution case, but Ned was by far the most important. He broke down in tears on several occasions as he gave his evidence and was interrupted repeatedly by his mother, but he came across well. To support his testimony, Henry Reynolds, a surgeon, confirmed that Ned's description of the method used to kill the victim would have proved fatal.

The defence relied on the absence of a corpse, the lack of any evidence regarding the disposal of a body and attempted to pour scorn on the crown's reliance on the testimony of a child. As for the clothes sold at Rag Fair, the accused woman claimed that they had been given to her by Caroline's granddaughters, as a contribution towards her rent. It was also claimed that the slightly-built Ross would have been unable to carry the body on her own; however, Ann testified that her grandmother was not heavy and she had carried her unaided on many occasions.

Ross addressed the jury and insisted that Ned had been threatened by Constable Lea, and furthermore was warned by his schoolmaster that he would be accused of the murder if he did not implicate his parents. She added, "I am innocent of the dreadful offence with which I am charged. I trust you will excuse me and not think me wanting in parental regard and affection towards the principal evidence in this melancholy circumstance and case, but I cannot help repeating that my son's statement is false throughout. But I leave my unfortunate case in your hands and most earnestly pray that God will pardon my child and that he may ere long be brought to confess that I am innocent of the charge."

Cook said, "The boy left the room and went to school, leaving the old woman and me in the room. She swept the room up, smoked her pipe, put some matches into her basket and said she should go out. That is all I know of her, so help me God. I can only repeat what I have before stated at the police office on Lambeth Street, that I am entirely innocent of the horrible crime laid to my charge. I again repeat also that my son's statement is one tissue of falsehoods and lies. I shall throw myself upon the attention and discrimination of an intelligent jury and a merciful judge and patiently and calmly resign myself to

their decision."

The jury retired for fifteen minutes and found Cook Not Guilty, but convicted Ross of the murder and she was sentenced to death, after which she was to be dissected.

As her execution approached, she asked for a final meeting with Cook and Ned but this was refused, as it was feared she might attempt to harm one or both of them. She was hanged outside Newgate Gaol on Monday January 9th 1832 in front of a large number of spectators, who made their antagonism towards her clear by hurling abuse and hissing when she stepped on to the scaffold. After falling through the drop, she struggled violently for a few minutes and was left hanging for the customary hour before being cut down.

Her body was taken first to the rooms of Dr Holme, a highly regarded phrenologist, who examined her head. Not surprisingly, with the benefit of hindsight, he found the extent of the organs of destructiveness to be great as opposed to the diminutive nature of those relating to benevolence. The body was then taken to the London Hospital where it was dissected, and Eliza Ross made her own contribution to the advancement of medical research.

Ned was not allowed to return to his father's custody, and instead was placed in the care of the parish authorities of St. Botolph, Aldgate. It is believed that a few months later, he changed his name and went to sea.

As the inquiries into Caroline's disappearance were being made, John Bishop and Thomas Williams were executed at Newgate on December 5th 1831 for the murder of 14-year-old Carlo Ferrari, whose body they had attempted to sell for dissection. However, a suspicious anatomist had reported his concerns to the police and the crime was uncovered.

The crimes of the capital's 'Burkers' led to the introduction of the Anatomy Act of 1832, which ensured an adequate and legitimate supply of corpses for medical research in the future, as a relative who had lawful possession of a body could now agree to donate it to an anatomist or hospital. Anatomists were to be licenced and four inspectors were appointed to oversee the practice throughout the country. Henceforth, the services of 'Resurrectionists' and 'Burkers' would no longer be required, and no further murders appear to have been committed to provide the medical profession with bodies.



MARTIN BAGGOLEY is a retired probation officer, who has written extensively on the history of crime and punishment for magazines in the UK and USA. He is also the author of several books on historical murders including the murder of police officers during the Victorian era.

From the Archives

Sex or No Sex: The Mind of the Ripper

By AMANDA HOWARD

This article first appeared in Ripperologist 83 (September 2007)

The argument rages on regarding the Ripper's motive for killing his victims. Was he a sexual deviant set on raping and pillaging who committed murder to escape detection? Was he a doctor who sought to remove the female sexual organs for scientific research at the dawn of the modern medical age? Or was he a cold and callous madman who took pleasure in murdering the unfortunates who walked the cobblestoned streets of London's East End?

Many Ripperologists tend to dismiss the possibility of the Ripper being a sexually motivated serial killer. Some state, inconclusively, that the victims were not sexually assaulted. But – given the extent of the victims' injuries and the absence of forensic testing for such a crime – I must ask: How did doctors in Victorian England's prudish times know that the women were not raped? After all, we are talking about women who worked as prostitutes and were not renowned for bathing, particularly between customers.

The murders committed by Jack the Ripper were not the first of their kind. Similar crimes had occurred across the Continent as well as in America. The motives of Jack's contemporaries' murders were often sexual in nature. During 1806-1809, Bavarian Andreas Bichel raped, tortured and murdered the young women he enticed to his home promising to tell their fortunes. Like Jack, Bichel sliced open the women's abdomens and removed their organs. Unlike Jack, he preferred his victims alive when he began the dissections and later masturbated over their writhing bodies. In 1871, Eusebius Pieydagnelle, a Ripper-type killer from France, claimed he mutilated and murdered his victims to achieve intense orgasms. In 1874, in America, fifteen-year-old child-killer Jesse Pomeroy also claimed to climax when beating, mutilating and murdering the children he abducted.

Though we are unable to question Jack about his crimes, or to know for certain his exact motives, the posing and mutilations of his victims point directly to the

crimes being sexual in nature.

According to former Bronx Police Commander Vernon Geberth, M.S., M.P.S, an expert in sex crimes, lust murders can be defined as:

...homicides in which the offender stabs, cuts, pierces or mutilates the sexual regions or organs of the victim's body. The sexual mutilation of the victim may include evisceration, piquerism, displacement of the genitalia in both males and females and the removal of the breasts in a female victim (defeminization). It also includes activities such as "posing" and "propping" of the body...

You could say that this definition for a sexual (lust) motive was written specifically for the Ripper murders. Using the above definition and a break-down of the five murders may provide a glimpse into the sexual nature of the crimes and the possibility that Jack was a rapist as well as a murderer.

Mary Ann 'Polly' Nichols

The most amazing aspect of the Nichols murder, the first recognised victim of Jack the Ripper, was the initial assessment by Dr Rees Ralph Llewellyn, who failed to notice the victim's extensive abdominal injuries. It was only after the woman had been moved to the mortuary and her skirt lifted that a workman made the discovery.

Evidence of the state of cleanliness of the body also differs from Llewellyn's description to that made by the scene of the crime officer. At the Inquest into the woman's murder, Inspector John Spratling of J Division noted that 'the skin presented the appearance of not having been washed for some time previous to the murder.' Dr Llewellyn's notes, however, state her thighs were clean. Some may say that this comment may be the doctor's polite way of suggesting a lack of evidence of sexual contact, but the woman's movements in the final hours preceding

her death prove that she had made some money from soliciting and it was unlikely she had washed thoroughly enough that a lack of intimacy in the hours preceding her murder could be inferred.

We remember from the records that Polly had been evicted from the doss-house owing to a lack of money; yet she had purchased a new bonnet that day from her earnings. She was also very much the worse for drink when last seen by Emily Holland an hour before her death. Nichols had no other source of income except prostitution, and had made enough money for alcohol and a hat during that fateful day. Since there is little doubt that Polly had had sexual relations prior to meeting Jack the Ripper, how can anyone be certain that he did not have sexual contact with her as well?

The period between the last eye-witness's sighting of Nichols and her body being discovered was approximately half an hour. This afforded plenty of time for the killer to attempt sexual intercourse with the victim, possibly as he inflicted the knife wound to her throat or even as a ruse to get her into a position where she could not fight her killer.

Annie Chapman

John Evans, the night watchman at Crossingham's lodging house, watched Annie Chapman walk along Little Paternoster Row in the direction of Brushfield Street and head towards the Spitalfields Market at about 1.50am on Friday 7 September 1888. Annie's last words to the man were to ensure that her bed at the lodgings would not be rented, as she set out, much the worse for drink, to ply her trade to earn eight-pence to pay for her bed.

The next possible sighting of the woman was about 5 am. Some say that at that time she was already dead and secreted into the darkness at the feet of John Richardson as he cut an offending piece of leather from his boot whilst sitting on the steps of the backyard at 29 Hanbury Street. Others believe she was last seen at 5.30 am talking with a man outside the house at that address. Elizabeth Long said she heard Annie answer 'Yes' to a man's ambiguous question: 'Will you?'

Within a few minutes of that possible eye-witness account, another man, Albert Cadosch, claimed he heard a scuffle and the word 'No!'

Annie's body was found at approximately 5.55 am, some twenty-five minutes after she had probably last been seen alive. According to Dr George Bagster Phillips, who was on the scene within half an hour of the body's discovery, Annie had been dead more than two hours, as made evident, he claimed, by the onset of rigor mortis.

Eyewitness accounts are, at best, unreliable, and using the initial signs of rigor mortis to establish a time of death

in modern society would be naïve. As stated in the *Daily News*, ten days after Annie's death, 'Very grave doubt now exists as to the exact time when the woman Chapman was murdered.'¹ We can assume that she died between 1.40 and 5.55am – an extensive four-hour-plus timeframe.

At any rate, the woman was attacked at some-time during the night.

As James Kent stated after seeing the body, it appeared that Annie '[was] on her back and fought with her hands to free herself [from her attacker]'.² Annie was alive and conscious and aware of the malicious intent from her killer when the attack began. She had suffered what would now be referred to as defensive wounds: 'The face and hands were besmeared with blood, as if she had struggled.'³

She was found with her bare legs apart and covered with blood, frozen in a final degraded pose as she struggled against her attacker. This position suggests that Annie's killer had knelt between her legs, a common attack stance taken by rapists and sexual serial killers.



Rear yard of 29 Hanbury Street

1 *Daily News*, 17 September 1888.

2 *Daily Telegraph*, 13 September 1888.

3 Ibid.

At the inquest into her death, John Davies, one of the lodgers at 29 Hanbury Street, described the area in which Annie was found:

There was a little recess on the left. From the steps to the fence is about 3 ft. There are three stone steps, unprotected, leading from the door to the yard, which is at a lower level than that of the passage. Directly I opened the door I saw a woman lying down in the left-hand recess, between the stone steps and the fence. She was on her back, with her head towards the house and her legs towards the wood shed.⁴

From the steps to the fence there were only 3 feet (91 centimetres), leaving little room for Annie to be lying on the ground with the killer kneeling beside her as is commonly believed. Jack the Ripper probably knelt between her legs as he killed and mutilated the woman. This position would have allowed the killer better access for penetration or masturbation over the body.

Such information would surely have been left out of Victorian newspapers. Research to find any specific details of a rape or other violent sexual crime in the 1800s has led to nought. No such information is detailed in media archives from the era of Jack the Ripper.

But one must look at it logically. Annie had gone out into the night to earn money for a bed at Crossingham's lodging house. She had plied her trade for possibly two to four hours before her demise. It can be assumed she must have met with at least one client during that time to leave enough evidence that any sexual interference by Jack the Ripper would be impossible to discern.

Elizabeth Stride

Elizabeth Stride was the lucky one, if anyone is ever lucky who is brutally murdered. Unlike the other victims, she was neither mutilated nor had body parts removed following her death.

Whether it was because the killer was disturbed or had other plans, we will never know for sure. Nonetheless, her crime was more than likely part of the series and within a short period of time the killer set upon his next victim to satisfy his lust.

Catherine Eddowes

At the inquest into Catherine Eddowes's death, the 'experts' of the time finally discussed the possibility of sexual intercourse. Dr Frederick Gordon Brown stated that there had been 'no indication of coitus'. This was the only time that the question was answered, though what 'indication' Dr Brown was looking for remains unknown.

For the moment we will assume that he meant that no seminal fluid was found.

For most of the evening prior to her death, Catherine Eddowes had been incarcerated for being drunk. In *Autumn of Terror*, Tom Cullen added that she was impersonating a fire engine – an assertion otherwise undocumented. Did he mean that she was making wailing sounds as she ran around the streets or perhaps that she simulated a fire-hose and was caught urinating in public? The exact nature of the charges is unknown. Be it as it may, until forty-five minutes before her death Catherine was in the drunk tank at Bishopsgate Police Station and unable to ply her trade.

Catherine was released from police custody at 1.00am on 30 September 1888, at the same time as Elizabeth Stride was being murdered at Dutfield's Yard. The woman decided to take a long walk home and, unbeknownst to her, headed towards her death.

The last eyewitness accounts place her in the arms of a man ten minutes prior to the discovery of her body. This gave the killer at least 10 minutes to kill and mutilate his victim, or, if the eyewitnesses were wrong, up to 45 minutes to inflict the injuries.

After such an unsuccessful evening, the Ripper wanted blood and possibly sex. He had not completed the job with Elizabeth Stride, who was neither mutilated nor sexually assaulted. She was murdered and dumped in Dutfield's Yard, where she was chanced upon almost instantly. The killer fled the scene, only narrowly escaping detection.

So, in search of another victim, the Ripper found Catherine Eddowes, still under the influence of alcohol, stumbling home through an extended route.

Serial killers who murder at least two or three victims usually follow a pattern. As the number of murders grows, they occur more frequently. The killers will hone their skills and become more adaptable to the situation. The double event shows that this is true of Jack. Since he could not 'complete' the murder of Elizabeth Stride, he sought out a new victim.

A serial killer will often inflict more and more mutilation injuries or use over-kill on a victim. These are cases where any of a number of injuries could have caused death, such as stabbing, shooting and strangling the same victim, and this happens particularly when a failure occurs. The mutilations committed by Jack were about to increase exponentially with the penultimate victim and explode, almost literally, with the final one.

Catherine's wounds were far greater than those inflicted on the previous victims, Annie and Polly.

⁴ *Daily Telegraph*, 11 September 1888.

Jack not only mutilated Catherine's abdominal region, but also sliced her face, a common escalation in serial-killer murders.

Yet the wounds were not frenzied, as many would expect, but slow, deliberate slices. Jack carved tiny triangular flaps into Catherine's cheeks and nicked her eyelids.



Let's now examine Dr Brown's initial assessment of the crime so as to ascertain any possible sexual contact or sexually motivated injuries. As mentioned earlier, Dr Brown stated that there was 'no secretion of any kind on the thighs',⁵ further saying that there were 'no traces of recent connexion' and concluding that Catherine had not had sexual intercourse before her death. But, given the significant injuries that had occurred in the genital and anal regions, how could he be so sure?

In his reports, Dr Brown discussed the long cut that had originated at her breastbone and continued down her body, round her navel and 'down the right side of the vagina and rectum for half an inch behind the rectum. There was a stab of about an inch on the left groin. This was done by a pointed instrument. Below this was a cut of three inches going through all tissues making a wound of the peritoneum about the same extent.'⁶

The blood loss, even when the circulatory system

was no longer working, would have been significant. Finding approximately 15 mls of seminal fluid amongst the mutilations and blood would have been nigh on impossible.

There is also the possibility that the killer did not concentrate his emissions on the woman's genital region. Today, at crime scenes, investigators look beyond the immediate area where the body lies. Bodily fluids including semen, vomit and excrement may be found nearby, though not actually with the body. The killer may have moved out of the blood and ejaculated nearby, if he so desired.

Nonetheless, the absence of seminal fluid on the thighs of the victim does not prove convincingly that the killer murdered the woman without sexually motivated intent.

Mary Jane Kelly

Jack the Ripper had many hours to inflict his basest desires upon Mary Jane Kelly, producing one of the most horrific murders in the annals of crime. Her body was mutilated almost beyond recognition and some of her injuries uncovered her bones. How could doctors in 1888 know whether the victim was assaulted, prior, during or after her death and mutilation?

If a case like this occurred today, sexual-assault swabs would be used to detect seminal fluid round the regions that would have once been Mary Jane's orifices: her vagina, anus and mouth, and even her ears and eyes. In the presence of such a mutilation, these areas, although they no longer resembled their living anatomy, would still warrant checking, as would the stab wounds.

A killer intent on rage alone would not require the time that Jack needed to murder and mutilate his victim. Jack the Ripper had a plan for Mary Jane Kelly; he was methodical though maniacal in her mutilations. He defaced and defiled her entire body, leaving very little evidence of the woman that was. What Jack the Ripper left behind after so many hours alone with his victim was nothing less than horrific.

But could Jack have spent so long with a prostitute without sexual satisfaction?

Mary Kelly was heard singing at 1.00am by a neighbour, Mary Ann Cox, who was going out on the streets to ply her trade.

Earlier, Mrs Cox had seen Mary enter her tiny bed-sit with a man with a carrotty moustache. Later Kelly was seen in the company of a man of a foreign or Jewish appearance whom Kelly befriended and with whom she

⁵ *Daily Telegraph*, 11 September 1888.

⁶ *Ibid.*

walked back towards her room. The man was heard saying to Mary 'You will be alright for what I have told you.' The man's arm was round her shoulders and together they entered Mary's residence. Had the man just convinced the woman that he was not the Ripper?

According to Mary Ann Cox, when she returned home at 3.00am, Mary's room was in darkness, though other witnesses claim to have seen Mary later that morning.

Regardless of the precise time of Mary's murder, her killer had plenty of time to spend mutilating and murdering the woman as well as indulging any other desire he may have needed to satisfy.

Without going into the minute details of the well-documented knife wounds inflicted on Mary, it suffices to say that the attack did not show the speed that the Ripper had displayed in the other murders. He took his time, wielding his knife as he chose, without fear of interruption.

Mary Kelly was naked. When police opened the door to her bed-sit, she was only wearing a flimsy chemise – a garment resembling a vest or a singlet. The rest of her clothes were found neatly folded on a chair. Other clothes in the room were used as fuel for a fire to light the room and were found in the ashes of the cooling fireplace.



In previous murders, the killer had pushed up the skirts and underclothes of the victims in order to inflict the wounds. He had also disfigured the faces of the later

victims. This time the killer had his victim undress, so he had a completely blank canvass to inflict his handiwork upon.

Unlike the others, Mary's dead body was moved from one side of the bed to the side where the killer was standing or perhaps sitting, so he could gain better access to her and work on her further.

In the post-mortem no mention is made of any sexual contact with the victim. Yet we are aware that she had been seen in the company of two men in her room in the hours preceding her death and we can assume sexual relations had occurred with at least one of these men. Such evidence, however, has not been noted anywhere in the subsequent notes. The Ripper also eliminated any visible signs of sexual contact when he removed Mary's outer vaginal area with the large slice that denuded her right thigh, pubis and buttock.

Further evidence of sexual contact was impossible to find with the vagina and uterus removed and found drenched in blood, along with one of Mary's breasts, under the pillow upon which her mutilated face rested.

The chance of finding any seminal fluid in the bloodbath that was Mary's room would have been nigh on impossible in 1888. Today, tests could be conducted to prove such motivation conclusively.

Then and Now

Today, a simple rape kit swabbed over the relevant areas of a victim allows investigators to search for a likely suspect. Swabs are taken of the victim's genital area, anus, mouth, eyes and ears, as well as of the orifices made by the killer.

Rapists and sexually motivated killers do not just concentrate on the 'usual areas' for penetration. Some have been known to use knives to 'make' their own orifices, through which they would then penetrate their victims, often leaving an ejaculation behind.

A forensic technician these days would have difficulty pin-pointing visually areas of semen on a body so brutally destroyed as Mary's, but even the smallest amount could be easily found using rape kits and testing. Yet, given the savagery that befell Mary, we cannot expect a doctor in Victorian England to be able to find the evidence needed to ascertain whether she had or had not been sexually assaulted.

More than a century has now passed since the crimes occurred and we have learned much about sexually-motivated crimes and how to detect them. Rape kits are the standard form of evidence collecting, but we have many other ways to prove such acts have been perpetrated, such

as 'alternate light sources'. We've also spent the past 100 years or so interviewing serial killers, rapists and their ilk and learning more about them and about the why and how of victimology.

Prostitutes are often the victims of serial killers who consider them as easy targets or invoke the religious and social stigma associated with them as justification for their murder.⁷ Jack the Ripper was no different. Though his motives remain unclear, victimology provides evidence that he did not want to spend time looking for a more suitable victim, choosing convenience over the search for 'the right victim' – unless you subscribe to the theory that the Ripper's victims were killed because they were a 'blackmailing circle of friends.'

I have believed that Jack the Ripper was a sexually-motivated killer from the very beginning of my research. The mutilations were mainly concentrated on the areas that define a woman: the genital regions, breasts and face. The killer took great pains to remove the wombs of several of the women; thus, in a simplistic sense, eradicating what made them women.

Was the killer perhaps attempting to eliminate the evidence he had left behind? Although, in Victorian England, a killer could not be identified from semen, he could eliminate the idea that he had raped his victims, or perhaps, knowing them to be prostitutes, he may have cut

out their wombs to provide a cleaner albeit bloody orifice for him to satisfy his lust?

Though these thoughts may be repulsive to some, the situation they describe is not uncommon. Semen has been found in knife wounds in rape and murder victims and the killer's motivation has been to inflict as much pain and degradation on the victims as possible. I believe that Jack was a subscriber to this school of sadistic murder.

All in all, Jack the Ripper has provided us with a blueprint for sexually motivated murder. Whether he raped his victims or not can never be conclusively proved. But the wounds and mutilations he inflicted on his victims supply links to modern day rapists and killers, who – we know and can prove – have performed similar injuries for sexual stimulation and release and perhaps reflect back onto Jack as one of the forefathers of violent deviant sexual murder.

7 See en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Prostitution#Violence_against_prostitutes

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Freedom Bookshop, Whitechapel High Street

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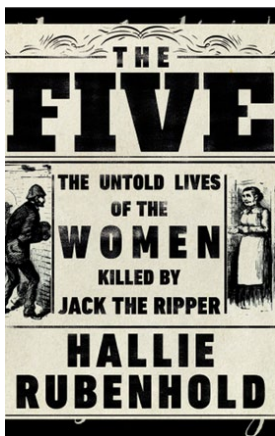
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Spotlight on Rippercast

Rippercast Reviews

The Five by Hallie Rubenhold



Welcome to the latest instalment in our new series, SPOTLIGHT ON RIPPERCAST, in which Rippercast host Jonathan Menges transcribes excerpts from his extensive vault of Ripper-related podcast discussions.

Hosted Jonathan Menges (JM), this edition is from 5 March 2019, and features Debra Arif (DA), researcher of the lives of the victims and other associated personages and co-author of forthcoming *The New Jack the Ripper A-Z*; Paul Begg (PB), author of *Jack the Ripper: The Facts*, co-author of *The Forgotten Victims* and of *The Jack the Ripper A-Z*; Amanda Lloyd (AL), Administrator of the popular Facebook group Ripperology Books... and More; Robert McLaughlin (RM), author of *The First Jack the Ripper Victim Photographs*; Jon Rees (JR), researcher, writer and lecturer; and Mark Ripper (MR), as M.W. Oldridge, co-author of *The A-Z of Victorian Crime* and *Murder & Crime: Whitechapel & District*.

JM: Although there has been a considerable amount of research into the victims done by Ripperologists like Neal Shelden, Debra Arif, Chris Scott and others – all of them are acknowledged as sources in the book – when it was first announced, Ripperologists were still anxious to find out if the author had made any new discoveries about the lives of the canonical five victims. So let's start off by discussing any new information that we've seen and also mention what aspects of the book that our panel may have enjoyed.

MR: I saw Hallie Rubenhold, the author of this book, give a talk in September 2018 at an event in Spitalfields¹ and it was very good. One of the things that she mentioned during that talk, and one of the things that she describes in the book, is Annie Chapman's time in the sanatorium being treated for alcoholism. That was something of which Ripperologists were kind of cautiously aware of before the publication of this book, but she found the sanatorium records and I thought that was really great. It's very pertinent to her subject and genuinely new information. I was really pleased to read that.

DA: I was as well. What was definitely new to me was that Catherine Eddowes had a daughter named Harriet Eddowes who died in infancy in, I think, 1869.

MR: Yes. And I suppose I should also mention there is some of Annie Chapman's children who I wasn't aware of who have been discovered. And so, they are now a part of this story. So again, I was pleased to read about that.

AL: The selection process at the Peabody Buildings was new to me. I knew about the Peabody Buildings but I didn't know about the extent of the selection process to determine who they allowed to live there. I found the chapter on the Peabody Buildings a very interesting part of the book.

MR: Another thing I think it's worth mentioning at this point. Mary Ann Nichols' first child was William Edward Walker Nichols, born in 1864, and the book mentions him. It says that he failed to live more than a year and nine months. I knew about that child and that was information that appeared in Neil Bell's book² two or three years ago, but I didn't know about the child's death. So presumably HR has found that, and I wasn't able to find it. So that's something.

- 1 The Whitechapel Society 1888's 'Victims' conference held on 8 September 2018 at the Hanbury Hall, London. This talk can be heard at www.casebook.org/podcast/listen.html?id=218.
- 2 Bell, Neil R.A. *Capturing Jack the Ripper: In the Boots of a Bobby in Victorian London*. Amberley Publishing, 2014. p137n49.

PB: Amongst the new information and new sources there is the information about the people that lived in Peabody Dwellings, which also included a reference to William Nichols leaving the property to go off and live somewhere else and he got a bad mark. So that's a source we haven't seen which we could do with going and finding to see if it produces anything further. The sanatorium records were new to me anyway, but I wasn't following it with that degree of depth, but that is another set of records that we should go and look at to see if it tells us anything more. Putting the lives of the victims in the context is what really brings the book alive for most people. That is where I think we get the big difficulty, because while there are small details like names of children, or deaths, and that sort of stuff, any big information about the victims – something significant and new – there is not much of that in there. But the context is new. The trouble is that what she's done is to take the framework – the skeleton – of all the information, everything that we've known about the victims, and she's put that into context. She's added the colour, the stuff that makes the book really readable. The context is great. We have no problem with that, but it's important that people realize that the basic facts are everything that we've already found out and that is obviously one of the criticisms. Hallie Rubenhold claims in this book and elsewhere that this is stuff that nobody knew about.³

JR: She can really conjure up the world and set the scene and build the picture. It's really good in that sense. If you have no idea what the Victorian world was like for poor people, it does conjure up the images of what it was like. That is a positive in the book.

JM: Back to what you were saying about taking the sections she wrote about the Peabody Buildings, a researcher interested in the lives of the victims can build upon that and go out and explore more. Debra pointed out a section in the book, I believe it concerns Catherine Eddowes in the workhouse with her son Frederick.

DA: I actually looked at all of this two years ago, Catherine Eddowes in the workhouse. And that's how I found that she had another son called Frederick. I followed through all the entries and found her being pregnant then being transferred to the infirmary and then having Frederick,⁴ which is a child that hasn't been mentioned before, and I also found the middle name of her other son which led me to find the birth records. But I did look at this two years ago and HR has gone down the same route and found the same thing as me. I did think at that time that the record can't be shown that Eddowes was living the lifestyle of a vagrant. She was hawking, moving from place to place and using the casual wards. But the records only exist for one casual ward or a couple of casual wards, not

Whitechapel, Mile End, or any of those, but for Newington, and because Catherine came from that area and she was living in Whitechapel, it would be normal if she was travelling between those two places to use the Newington casual ward, and not being someone who was a vagrant.

JM: Right. In her book Rubenhold just mentions one of her stays, but indicates that there were more. Whereas you've actually produced a list of all the places and dates, and how she identified herself as a hawker or whatnot on each time she registered over a number of years.⁵

DA: Yes, throughout the 1870s and even in 1888, in April, she was using the Newington casual ward at least once.

JM: Whereas in the book we just get a couple of sentences basically covering that decade of being in and out of the workhouse.

DA: Yes, she just makes a summary of it. We are more careful with the way we write, we reference everything. We show our research whereas she just summarized it.

JM: And that indicates how this book is aimed more for a general readership as opposed to Ripperologists. We like lists and we don't mind so much the absence of a lot of context, but the context that she does put into the book, you all have thought it is a pretty positive thing?

PB: Yes, that is very important. It is the purpose of the book. Putting the lives of victims into a context to explain the things that they were going through, and that is a way of being able to draw conclusions from the information. It used to be said that 'raw dates without context is meaningless'; it isn't really, but it can be. You can draw conclusions once you have the context. For right or wrong, one might choose to conclude that the Nichols' were thought of being a cut above the rest of the neighborhood, and they might have even seen themselves that way. Now that's a conclusion that we can draw from the context of rigorous vetting procedure that they had to go through to be offered a tenancy in the Peabody Buildings. And the rules that they had to live under once they were there, and the fact that if you broke those rules you could be ejected. All of that would suggest that Peabody was a little bit above the rest. So context gives you the opportunity to draw conclusions. That's really good stuff to know. I don't think anybody can read about the life of Elizabeth Stride when she was in Sweden without thinking that she had a hell of a time. That's all really down to context. All of the

3 In countless press interviews, promotional blurbs, and on the back cover of the book, it is claimed that the life histories of the victims has been "prevented from being told", and that *The Five* "finally sets the record straight".

4 www.jtrforums.com/showthread.php?t=24287.

5 www.jtrforums.com/showthread.php?t=7604.

facts of where she was and what she was doing, that has all been known.

JM: You were saying about raw data being so dry and clinical and boring. Debra shared with me the death certificate of Catherine Eddowes' daughter Harriet, who we mentioned earlier, and who was apparently discovered by Hallie Rubenhold, and died in 1869 of marasmus – which is starvation – at only five weeks old. The death certificate states that Catherine was present at Harriet's passing. We assume that the author had seen this death certificate, as it's the only document that describes what happened to Harriet. The way that she describes the child's death-food having ran out in the home, Kate feeling her daughter's final convulsions, she's holding Harriet in her arms, to me that is a way of writing a pretty excellent biography.⁶ When the subject of your biography does not have much else besides these clinical data records about their lives, and these lists... that's what an author has to do if they choose to go out and write a biography of some of these people. Wouldn't you agree?

PB: I think that it's something that biographers do, and in this particular instance I think it was basically fiction. Unless there is something to say that that is what happened, the child could've died anywhere else. Just because Catherine Eddowes was there, it doesn't mean that the child died in her arms and that she felt the convulsions of the little body as the last breath was expelled. That's almost Victorian melodrama.

JM: But I think that it's almost impossible to write about something like that without injecting it with that fiction because what you want to do is have your readers emotionally connect to your subjects. There really isn't any other way to go about doing that if you want to get that emotional connection from the reader to Catherine Eddowes, right?

PB: I agree with you entirely, it's literally just a matter of whether or not in that particular instance, the awfulness of a baby dying from starvation, it is awful to have to convey that awfulness and Hallie Rubenhold did that very well. Is it history? I don't know. We have no idea if that is what is actually happening or not. We just know that the child died. So do you write this in a way that gets that across without introducing fictional elements? You're perfectly able to write about how awful that must have been, you can speculate about how Catherine Eddowes must've felt, but we don't actually know. Therefore it points to this difference between historical facts and the colour of fiction making it come alive.

AL: It's the one strength of the book. The context in the book is its strength, and is what will draw readers and is what the readers are bound to love. I found myself getting

quite into the story. I enjoyed the stories as they were. If I didn't know anything about the subject I would've really enjoyed it. She can tell a story, and that's one of the positives about the author, and I thought that she did that part of the book very well.

MR: Can I go back to the death of Catherine Eddowes' child for just a second? You've the death certificate for Harriet? And it says marasmus right? So, I'm on slightly thin ice here because I'm not a expert, but my impression is that marasmus is failure to thrive. And the book draws the conclusion, or points us in the direction, that the child's failure to thrive and death by marasmus was a result of financial hardship in the home. But I'm not sure about that. Starvation when there is no food is not the same as 'failure to thrive', by definition, I don't think. So I don't know whether you can conclude or infer from that that money was short. Do you know what I mean?

AL: Oh, yes. The baby could've had some sort of heart condition or anything like that.

MR: And this is a Victorian England and those types of things happened, sadly, very often. I think that this is an example when the author takes the raw data and makes something rather more of it. I'm not sure whether I agree, leaving the convulsions and that stuff to one side, and clearly it's an extremely sad case.

DA: Sorry, but the convulsions are mentioned on the death certificate.

MR: Okay, that's good. I'm not sure but that bit actually struck me as being slightly jarring when I read that. I'm not convinced by the idea that there was financial hardship at the time, although I'm sure they were not well off. I'm not convinced financial hardship lead in any direct or indirect way to the death of the baby. And I don't feel completely comfortable with turning the raw data into, as Paul described, a sort of Victorian melodrama scene. It does go more towards fiction at that point rather than history, so I have some reservations about that method.

DA: I think that she's trying to humanize the women, and she had to fictionalize it because we don't know anything about them really. We know the bare bones, like Paul has said already, but that's it.

MR: No, I agree, and even when I'm saying it I'm thinking about how clinical I sound, but I really can't shake that feeling to be honest.

DA: But it is fiction really, because we don't know whether marasmus could be as result of neglect, because we know Catherine Eddowes abandoned her children⁷

6 Rubenhold, Hallie. *The Five*. Houghton Mifflin Harcourt 2019 ARC pg. 229.

7 www.jtrforums.com/showthread.php?t=24287.

and they were taken into the workhouse when they were found wandering around. I think that happened twice in the workhouse reports.

AL: It's something that we'll never know.

MR: But, if we don't know, should we try to create a scenario around it? Create a scene around it? I know I sound cynical but it makes me feel slightly uncomfortable.

PB: Yes I agree. It is very difficult line to draw between what is historical fact and what is reading into the historical fact things that might not be there. It's fine to report that what was on the death certificate, it's fine to possibly speculate about what that means, but if you step over the line to say, or give some impression that 'this is what happened' then you're going into the realms of fiction. So it's just the way that you handle it. If you have a death certificate, and you have the wording on the death certificate, then you can draw conclusions from that. But you shouldn't then take that into the realms of fiction, and that is what we are seeing, basically.

MR: I feel like one of the weaknesses of this book is that there is too little negotiation with the reader about how to interpret sources, and what weight and relevance to give to them. I think sometimes the author is too tempted to make definitive statements about things. For example, 'financial hardships lead to the death of the child'. That is a paraphrase, not directly from the book. But there's a whole negotiation we can have there about whether financial hardship was part of it, or whether, as Deb says, there is an aspect of neglect, or whether, as Amanda said, there is an aspect of a neonatal, congenital illness... we don't really hear those discussions. We don't find out in this book why the author came to the conclusions that she came to. She just tells us what the conclusions are without giving us insight into her cognitive process and how she came to that assessment.

JM: One issue that has been debated for some time – decades in fact – that the book takes as its guiding theme is that three of the five women – Nichols, Chapman and Eddowes – had never in their lives had to resort to prostitution in order to survive. She admits that Stride and Kelly had, but states that there is no evidence that any of the canonical five were reduced to selling themselves on the street on the night of their murders. Which eliminates the widespread assumption that their murderer posed as a sex client and in some cases, and by using this ruse, had lured them to the places where they were murdered. A lot of Ripperologists would say that the question about the victims being prostitutes really only matters if the writer, reader, or researcher is interested in examining the MO of the killer, his approach when carrying out the crime. And so a lot of us whose interest in the case *isn't* suspect-driven haven't really cared about this question.

The book on the other hand, while it attempts to remove Jack the Ripper from these women's biographies, also seeks to remove any possibility that the women may have been so desperate that they had to, on occasion, resort to selling themselves. To do this, the author completely leaves out or misrepresents several contemporary reports and accounts that *do* provide some evidence that these women may have been making ends meet by working as prostitutes. So, let's inform listeners of those sources that the book either doesn't mention, or distorts in order to convince the reader of this claim that the victims were not prostitutes.

PB: As you say, this is a theme running through the book and it is also taking a prominent role in the publicity surrounding *The Five*. And she also argues – and it is a point that I don't think she substantiates in the book at all – that it was because of sexist police in 1888 that branded all homeless women as prostitutes.⁸ And also, of course, she argues that the fact that they were prostitutes has been unquestioningly accepted ever since. That's not strictly true, of course. We have questioned whether they were prostitutes, and did so in *The Jack the Ripper A-Z* about 20 years ago.⁹ There's numerous times throughout the book where she writes that the victims were not prostitutes. On page 15 she writes, "Jack the Ripper killed prostitutes, or so it has always been believed, but there is no hard evidence to suggest that three of his five victims were prostitutes at all." Those victims, as you say, are Nichols, Chapman and Eddowes. On 7th September 1888 a police report written¹⁰ by Inspector Helson of J Division summarized the investigation to date and referred to the evidence of William Nichols and he said, I quote, "they separated about nine years since in consequence of her drunken habits. For some time he allowed her five shillings per week, but in 1882, at having come to his knowledge that she was living the life of a prostitute, he discontinued the allowance. In consequence of this she became chargeable to the guardians of the Parish of Lambeth, by whom the husband was summoned to show cause as to why he should not be ordered to contribute towards her support, and these facts being proved,

8 On page 80, Rubenhold writes "However, before they had even listened to it fully... both the authorities and the press were certain of one thing: Polly Nichols was obviously out soliciting that night, because she - like every other woman, regardless of her age, who moved between the lodging houses, the casual wards, and the bed she made in a dingy corner of an alley - was a prostitute". *I don't think Rubenhold supports this accusation that every homeless, destitute woman was branded a prostitute by the authorities* - PB.

9 Begg, Fido & Skinner, *The Jack the Ripper A-Z*, London: Headline, 1994, pg. 133.

10 MEPO 3/140 ff. 235-8.

the summons was dismissed.” Here we have Inspector Helson saying that William Nichols had stated that he had stopped paying his wife’s support because he had found that she was a prostitute. I don’t know whether Hallie Rubenhold would classify a statement like that in a MEPO report as being “hard evidence”, but the book makes no mention of Helson’s report, it ignores it completely. And that is extraordinary to me because surely her readers deserve to be told what Helson had written so that they can decide for themselves whether or not this theme that runs throughout her book has legs or not. What is curious to me is that in the bibliography she includes a book called *Common Prostitutes and Ordinary Citizens: Commercial Sex in London 1885-1960*, which was published in 2011 and written by Dr. Julia Laite, a lecturer in modern British and gender history at Birkbeck University in London. Laite referred to William Nichols’ statement to the police and states “she had separated from her husband seven years before and like Tabram’s husband, he had subsequently cut off support payments to her with the court’s consent after he had proved she was earning money through prostitution.” So here is one of HR’s academic sources who has read this information as well, and basically seems to agree with it, and again it’s just ignored. So she’s ignoring the sources that she cited, and she’s ignoring a MEPO report... I just find that extraordinary. There is another piece of evidence which she actually messes around with, but we can come back to that. Now, according to an early and widely-published newspaper report, a number of women visited the mortuary to view the body but they were unable to identify it. But then a woman who we now know was Emily Holland came to view the body and she identified it as Polly, with whom she shared lodgings at 18 Thrawl Street. The newspaper report, as I said it was widely published but this quote comes from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of 1st September 1888. The report then reads “Women from that place [18 Thrawl Street] were fetched and they identified the deceased as Polly who had shared a room with three other women in the place on the usual terms of such houses. Likely paying four pence each. Each woman having a separate bed. It was gathered that the deceased had led the life of an unfortunate while lodging in the house, which is only for about three weeks past. Nothing more was known of her by them but that when she presented herself for lodging there Thursday night she was turned away by the deputy.” This statement is by women, and it is perfectly consistent with what the police would have done at the time. They would have fetched other people from 18 Thrawl Street to confirm the identification by Emily Holland, and hope to obtain other information. All they could ascertain from these women is that they knew Nichols as a prostitute. The significance

of that report is utterly ignored by Hallie Rubenhold. She does include it in her book but she judiciously edits it to give it a completely different impression. But we can talk about that a bit later on. So, those are evidence that Nichols was a prostitute.



Timothy Donovan and Annie Chapman

RM: And there are other reports, it’s not just with Polly Nichols. We see it with Annie Chapman as well – more evidence from the official files. In a report by Inspector Chandler on September 8, 1888,¹¹ he says “The woman has been identified by Timothy Donovan, deputy of Crossingshams lodging house 35 Dorset St., Spitalfields. He states he has known her for about 16 months as a prostitute and for the past four months she has lodged at the above house.” Once again, that’s a fairly definitive statement. It actually says the word ‘prostitute’. Now in the newspapers, Donovan is a bit more guarded about this, but understandably so. He was a deputy lodging house keeper and saying something like that in public could get him into a lot of trouble, legally. So he was very careful in his statements to the press. But in his statement to Chandler he spells it out very clearly. And this is somebody who knew Annie Chapman for a long period of time. She had lodged there at Crossingshams for the previous four months. And just that mere fact... because Rubenhold says

11 MEPO 3/140 ff. 9-11.

in her introduction that she wants to use as sources the people who knew the victims which is why she disregards any of those from sources that did not know the victims, but Timothy Donovan clearly knew Annie Chapman and yet she disregards his statement to the police. This is a huge oversight.

JM: Hasn't she said that she examined the Met police reports? So she's claiming to have used these reports as a source but yet – if that's true – it appears that she's leaving out the instances contained in those reports where they directly refer to the victims as prostitutes.

RM: Correct. Now, if she believes that the police in these examples are wrong, or they're acting out of some ulterior motive like misogyny or something else... she doesn't state that in the book, but she should. She should at least put forth that evidence and explain to us why it is invalid, in her opinion.

PB: And we have other examples. A man called Thomas Bates who was a watchmen that knew Elizabeth Stride was interviewed by a journalist working for *The Star*, so this is a first-hand report of what he said.¹² He said that Long Liz, which was Elizabeth Stride's nickname, was "a clean and hard-working woman. Her usual occupation was that of a charwoman and it was only when driven to extremities that she walked the streets. Lord bless her, when she could get no work she had to do the best she could for a living. But a neater and cleaner woman never lived." So here we have a man saying that she was a casual prostitute, which is what Ripperologists have been saying about the victims all the time, who walked the streets when she had to. Here is a witness who is acknowledging that Elizabeth Stride was a prostitute. He does his damndest to make it clear that she was hard-working and only went on the street when she had to, but it's still stated that she was a prostitute.

AL: And that's an example of attitudes at the time. This is a man who sounds like he almost admired her for the way that she struggled to keep things going. He sounds like he was quite fond of her, and he knew her by sight. We hear talk of attitudes towards these women... it wasn't really true throughout their community. Men and women knew that other women struggled and I think that that is a very good example of attitudes at the time. You know, these women didn't deserve to die the way they did. They were people. And I like that quote being from someone who knew her.

PB: There's somewhere in the book where HR actually says that people were quite happy to acknowledge that their friends were prostitutes.¹³ She doesn't give a source for that, and I don't believe it's true. I think the majority of the attitudes at the time were 'don't speak ill of the dead'. And I think they worked very hard in some cases to avoid

making those admissions. Now, here is an example; a man who knew Elizabeth Stride and he's saying that yes, she was a prostitute, but also worked extremely hard and did whatever work she could to earn money. But, from time to time when things are really bad, she walked the streets. But that's what people had to do. I think that, as you say, it's a very personal thing. We see it again at the inquest for Annie Chapman.¹⁴ Her friend Amelia Palmer was specifically asked whether Annie Chapman earned money from prostitution and she said, "I cannot say. I'm afraid she was not particular. She was out late at night at times, she told me so." This quote shows Palmer being a little bit evasive, trying to avoid a direct answer, not giving any 'yes' or 'no' answer... but "I'm afraid she is not particular" is probably about as close to an admission that she was a prostitute as somebody was prepared to give at that time. So, there are a lot of statements here, and this is just a random selection. We haven't gone searching... these are just ones that we know about. But these are statements that show that these women were prostitutes and none of them are addressed by Hallie Rubenhold. They're not included in her book at all.

RM: And I think what's important about that, Paul, is that all of these should be viewed in their totality. It's not just one single piece of evidence. We're not just saying there is one file that calls one victim a prostitute. There's a totality of evidence and we've listed many examples of this.

PB: An important point I think is that, given that very few of the Home Office and Scotland Yard files have survived and given that we have hardly any actual statements given to the police and so forth... we're lucky that we can go through the MEPO profiles and at least find the references to Nichols and Chapman. That is extremely lucky. Goodness knows what other evidence are in those files had we had them all, because people would've been more prepared to explain privately to a policeman than they would want to make public at an inquest or anywhere else. And the fact that they weren't pushed on this at the inquest – despite the fact that Hallie Rubenhold suggests otherwise – indicates that there was no real attempt for anybody to show that the women were prostitutes.

RM: No, there doesn't seem to be a moral agenda by the inquest or the police in that sense.

12 *The Star*, 1 October 1888.

13 Rubenhold, Hallie. *The Five*, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt 2019 ARC pg.125. "In impoverished areas like Whitechapel, where little stigma was attached to the sale of sex, a woman's friends, family and associates were not bashful about openly identifying her as a prostitute when she genuinely was one."

14 HO 144/221/A49301C, f 13.

PB: No. And I think we're very lucky that we've got these various reports, I'm sure that if we go through we'd find more. I know that some 20-odd years ago when my colleagues and I on the *A to Z* looked at this question we concluded that the evidence for Nichols and Chapman was conclusive in our view. We doubted that the evidence was so strong in the case of Eddowes, and we were picked up on that by Stewart Evans and Donald Rumbelow in their book *Scotland Yard Investigates* and they gave their reasons why they thought Eddowes was a prostitute.¹⁵ So this is a question that has been examined and thought about in the past, and again this is something that Hallie Rubenhold seems to imply that it's all been unquestioningly accepted by sexist researchers down through time.

MR: I think for me it's the disappointment of the book that the evidence about the victims use of prostitution – probably the most appropriate term I can think of is 'subsistence prostitution', they were not prostitutes every single day – but like Elizabeth Stride and how Thomas Bates describes her – when times are hard that's how they made ends meet. It's a disappointment for me that that evidence has been completely obscured in this book because actually by doing that the reader has lost the chance to understand part of these people's vulnerabilities. I don't understand myself why it's necessary to do that. I think the book is doing a great job in terms of restoring people to historical record where maybe they haven't had exposure before, and as a principle I have no problem with that at all. But it seems to fight shy of the idea that prostitutes, specifically, are worth restoring to the historical record or are worth our attention, or that they are worth our compassion. And I don't understand quite why the book draws that line so clearly. It seems to me that whether somebody is working as a prostitute to make ends meet or not, they are entitled to our respect and our compassion. You don't have to obscure the evidence that shows they were working as prostitutes in order to have respect and compassion for them. But the book deliberately seeks to obscure that evidence as if that's the only way that these women can be restored to some sort of public virtue, and I don't understand that. It seems to be very prejudicial way to treat women.

PB: Yes it is. And just to follow along from that... the only thought that went through my mind originally, and I think it is gone through the minds of others as well, is that really it's having a go at men. It's having a go at the police in 1888 and it's having a go at researchers since by trying to argue that these women weren't prostitutes and that we should consider them as people. That thinking of them as prostitutes has somehow dehumanized them. I don't think that that's happened.

MR: I don't think that that's happened either. By

definition the police in 1888 were male, but researchers since 1888 have not always been male. This has not been a process that has been initiated and done by men, but by the evidence. It's very difficult to feel confident about this book because a lot of people who buy the book will be people who don't have knowledge of the MEPO files. They don't have the knowledge of the Victorian newspapers. They don't have those other sources so that they can make up their own minds. This book will suggest to them that there is no evidence that Nichols, Chapman and Eddowes were prostitutes. That's not true. Therefore it is a very difficult book to recommend on that basis.

PB: When I first heard about the book I was concerned, rather, when I first heard Hallie Rubenhold stating that three of the victims were not prostitutes... this wasn't something that she said she was going to prove or "read my book later and see the evidence"... it was a statement of fact, and I was worried that that statement of fact would get into the public domain and infect the minds of people all over the country, and all over the world, with this wrong piece of information, if indeed it was wrong because we obviously hadn't read the book at that time. But for 130 years it had been accepted the victims were prostitutes, we have looked at that question at various times over the last 30 or 40 years or more, so it did seem a tad worrying that somebody was now coming along saying "You've all been wrong".

MR: I feel that an argument can be made that it is an injustice to the victims of Jack the Ripper not to acknowledge parts of their lives that caused them to be

15 Evans & Rumbelow, *Jack the Ripper: Scotland Yard Investigates*. Sutton Publishing, 2006 p.259. "CATHERINE EDDOWES MAY NOT HAVE BEEN A PROSTITUTE. Catherine Eddowes was clearly a casual prostitute although it has now become popular to suggest that she was not. The influential *Jack the Ripper A-Z* states: 'we have no direct evidence that she did prostitute herself: only the suggestive facts that shortly before she died she was talking to a strange man at a dark corner in a direction leading away from the lodging house where she was staying; she had, apparently, no money at 2.00 p.m. on 29 September; but had acquired enough to make a drunken scene six hours later.' This idea has been taken up by some other students of the case, but it is not, in the opinion of the authors, a very likely suggestion. The facts are that she was murdered in an area frequented by casual prostitutes, away from where she lived, in the early hours of the morning and this surely points as to what she was doing when she was killed. We also have the remarks made by her partner Kelly at the inquest and the statement made by Inspector McWilliam of the City of London Police that she had lived with a man named Thomas Conway, a pensioner for about twenty years & had three children by him — two sons & a daughter, but Conway was eventually compelled to leave her on account of her drunken and immoral habits.' We had considered whether the victims were prostitutes or not, and that by at least 2006 Evans & Rumbelow were saying that it was "popular" to say that Eddowes was not one. As said earlier, we'd said that at least as far back as 1994, which is depressingly a quarter century ago! Rubenhold's idea that she is presenting a new argument is therefore untrue. - PB.

extremely vulnerable. If we are going to restore – and I’m completely happy that we should – people to the historical record and to make the 2D victims of Jack the Ripper into 3D people, which I think is an absolutely laudable intention, we should do that by treating them as 3D people and not blighting out parts of their lives that we don’t approve of or which don’t conform to our existing agenda. And that’s a real opportunity missed in this example. It seems to be that at their most vulnerable, that is when the book turns its back on them.

PB: Absolutely. This is not particularly relevant, but when I first became interested in this subject rather than just casually reading stuff when I saw it, it was because of Mary Kelly. In my youthful mind at the time I was horrified that according to her story her husband was killed in a mining accident and society had no safety net for her. And so a young woman is suddenly cast adrift in the world and sinks into prostitution and ultimately onto the knife of Jack the Ripper. That struck me as a moral story, a horrible story. That if anything, what was being said about Victorian values, it made the point those Victorian values weren’t all that good to begin with.

MR: I don’t know of any responsible Ripperologist who is completely immune to the stories of human suffering that you learn when you read about Jack the Ripper. I think people are moved by that. I think people are affected by that. Every responsible Ripperologist I know recognizes that these were real people who had real lives and they are entitled to be treated with some respect. I think that what we should avoid as Ripperologists is fetishizing the victims and making them into paragons of virtue. We know what their real lives were like. There were ups and there were downs and, you know, the book does a good job of telling you about that. It tells you when things were better and it tells you a bit when things were worse. We shouldn’t fetishize them. We shouldn’t make them into examples of something. We should try to understand them and understand what happened to them. Understand their vulnerabilities. Understand their trauma. That is what we should do, it seems to me. What we *cannot* do is, we cannot co-opt them and make them part of a wider agenda because that’s not treating them with respect, actually. That’s not restoring them to the historical record. That’s exploiting them.

PB: A corollary to the ‘they weren’t prostitutes’ argument is Hallie Rubenhold’s argument that the victims were sleeping when attacked by Jack the Ripper. This theory seems to me to be an answer to Ripperologists’ argument that if they weren’t prostitutes, what were they doing in the dark and lonely places where they were found? Hallie Rubenhold I think basically said if I can think of a plausible explanation for what they’re doing there

then that would be better. And so that they were sleeping is what she came up with. On page 13 she says “However, the police were so committed to their theories about the killer’s choice of victims that they failed to conclude the obvious: the Ripper targeted women while they slept.” To me, I thought when I read that, that the police in H Division must’ve been very accustomed to finding women asleep or finding anybody asleep in shop doorways and alleyways and everywhere else, that perhaps that these women were sleeping would’ve been the first thought that came to mind.

AL: I think it was the main thing the book fell down on. The stories of their lives went along and then all of a sudden there is this completely imaginary scene that these women just wanted to lie down on the cold pavement and drop off to sleep. It didn’t make any sense at all. For me the nap theory ruins the whole thing for me. I’ve gone along with the book to a certain degree and then comes this daft idea. There is no reason why any of them would’ve wanted to curl up on the pavement or in the corner of Mitre Square. No. She used it, as you say, because she had to come up with some reason why they were there.

PB: It doesn’t conform to the facts either.

JM: No. She leaves out even more evidence in the ‘sleeping rough’ idea in her book than she does with the ‘not prostitutes’.

PB: Yes. An example is John Richardson.¹⁶ John Richardson’s mother ran a business from the yard of 29 Hanbury Street, and he came by at about 4:45 to check the locks on the cellar door because it had been previously broken into and some tools had been stolen. He sat on the second of the three steps leading into the yard next to the door behind which Annie Chapman is supposed to be snoring gently. He said that he felt certain that if the body had been there he would’ve seen it. He said he thought the yard was light enough for that. This evidence calls into question HR’s argument that Chapman was sleeping there, so she ignores it altogether. She just doesn’t include that piece of evidence in her book. And yet again, shortly before the body was found, there was a Mrs. Long who thought she saw Chapman outside 29 Hanbury Street talking to a man. I can understand why Hallie Rubenhold didn’t get involved in the arguments of whether it was or wasn’t Chapman, Mrs. Long’s timing being correct and so forth. But then on the other hand, Albert Cadosch lived next door to 29 Hanbury Street and came out into his yard a couple of times. On the first occasion he heard some talking coming from the backyard of 29 Hanbury Street, and on the second occasion he heard somebody fall against the fence. Now that was possibly Annie Chapman

¹⁶ HO 144/221/A49301C, ff. 14-15.

being murdered. If it wasn't, then who was it, and what were they doing there? And was the dead body already there? It raises all sorts of awkward questions.

JM: One of the ways in which he is quoted in the newspaper¹⁷ he says he heard some words which he did not catch, but "I heard a woman say 'No', and then I heard a kind of scuffle going on and someone seemed to fall heavily onto the ground against the wooden partition which divided the yard at the spot where the body was afterwards found." That indicates that Chapman was awake, standing up, scuffling and then falling. Now whether the perpetrator woke the victims up and had their full attention before he murdered them... I guess that's a possibility.



John Richardson

JR: It all builds up the picture that she wasn't there for a long time previously. And if you are going to sleep rough, why would you go through this house and then go sleep in the corner of a dirty backyard instead of in the hallway? If you're going to try your luck surely you will try your luck inside?

AL: Instead of right by steps where people are coming in and out as well. Even if she was going to sleep in the yard, why not go around the back somewhere? Why by the steps where people are going to be getting up soon and going in and out?

JM: Rubenhold says that no sound was ever heard by anyone concerning any of these murders.¹⁸ But that is just not the case. You have Cadosch hearing a scuffle, someone saying 'No', and a person falling to the ground after hitting up against the fence. In the Nichols case you have Harriet Lilly, who stated that she heard gasps and a painful moan around 3:30 in the morning two doors away from where Polly Nichols was discovered in Bucks Row, followed sometime thereafter by the sound of two men whispering to each other, which could very well be hearing Mary Ann Nichols being throttled and murdered and later, soon after, being discovered by Paul and Cross. And just like in the Chapman case there is bruising on the face and it appears that she may have been punched in the jaw. There is bruising on her throat when he grabbed her

throat so forcefully that his fingers – individual fingers left bruising on the neck of Polly Nichols – which may have been what Harriet Lilly heard, the painful moans followed by repeated gasps. And with Chapman, of course there's evidence that the coroner was testified to, evidence of strangulation. Her tongue was protruding and she had been suffocated, according to the coroner. If they were sleeping it would've been just prior to their murder, and the murderer would've woken them up first. That's the only way I can make sense of the sound witnesses and the eyewitnesses and the coroner's statements.

PB: It's interesting the points that you've drawn there because you get the feeling that Hallie Rubenhold drew a line under her research when it came to anything that involved the death or aftermath, or anything associated with the death of the victims that she had no interest in it. I don't know about the rest of you, but it interested me that her knowledge of the police and how the police worked and how the police were set up at the time, anything to do with crime... all of that stuff is really where she makes a lot of mistakes. They just leap off of the page. They're tiny things of no significance, but they are mistakes. Israel Lipski she calls Moses Lipski. Adolf Beck she gets wrong and calls him Alfred Beck. She describes the Ratcliff highway murders as "one of England's first serial killings".¹⁹ And she even makes mistakes with names of Ripperologists and their book titles. There are some bigger errors that she makes as well. On page 6 – again it's nothing big, but just suggest that she is not familiar with the police set up. She says about Nichols, "She was to become the first of the five canonical victims of Jack the Ripper, or those whose deaths the police determined were committed by the same hand in the East End District of Whitechapel." Well of course, not all of the victims were murdered in Whitechapel. Eddowes was murdered in the City of London, which is in the jurisdiction of a completely different police force. The police didn't determine that the canonicals were murdered by the same perpetrator. That was Macnaghten, as we know. People like Sir Robert Anderson actually included Martha Tabram, and other policemen included or excluded some of the canonicals. There are examples here where she doesn't seem to understand the crime set up and the police set up.

AL: She talks about Scotland Yard assisting with the City of London police.

PB: Yes, she says that about H Division. She's visualizing H Division almost as a separate investigative body, and says something along the lines of 'Even with the assistance

¹⁷ *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, 9 September 1888.

¹⁸ Rubenhold, Hallie. *The Five* Houghton Mifflin Harcourt 2019 ARC pg.12.

¹⁹ *Ibid*, pg. 270.

from Scotland Yard and the City of London Police, nothing useful was found'.²⁰ She sort of is imagining that Scotland Yard and the City of London Police were helping H Division investigate all five crimes. It may be a nitpicking point perhaps, but I would've thought that it might have been a good idea to have a basic understanding of the Metropolitan Police and the City of London Police, and who was responsible for investigating what.

JR: Just to go very quickly back to the unmentioned victims... I think that by including them, even saying that there had been earlier murders in Whitechapel that are now not believed to have been committed by Jack the Ripper... I know she doesn't want to focus on Jack the Ripper, but it would've given context as to why, when Polly Nichols was murdered, the newspapers were obsessed almost immediately. Because in her book, this obsession goes towards her argument that it was a judgmental thing on the lives of prostitutes, and it was not. It's because there was this epidemic of murders. That's why the papers were concerned, and they were building up the story. The press were inflating it in a way, but the context is important here and it would have been useful – even if there was one sentence in the introduction – that as far as the press and the general public was concerned it was not the first murder.

MR: I want to return to something that Paul described earlier which relates to why the police came to the conclusion that Polly Nichols was a prostitute, and part of that was the information they were given by some women from 18 Thrawl Street who knew Mary Ann Nichols and identified her body. Paul read out a quote from the newspaper from the *Pall Mall Gazette* on 1 September 1888 and I'm just going to read that bit again, because I think that this is really worth going through in detail, so apologies for the repetition. The report reads "Women from that place (18 Thrawl Street) were fetched and they identified the deceased as Polly, who had shared a room with three other women in the place on the usual terms of such houses, nightly payment of four pence each. Each woman having a separate bed. It was gathered that deceased had led the life of an unfortunate while lodging in the house, which was only for about three weeks past. Nothing more was known of her by them, but when she presented herself for her lodging on Thursday night she was turned away by the deputy because she had not the money." The way that that report is used in Hallie Rubenhold's book is, in my view, very misleading. This is what Hallie Rubenhold says on page 83: "When the story first broke, before anything substantial was known about Polly's life, almost every major newspaper in the country carried a piece stating 'It was gathered that the deceased had lived the life of an unfortunate'". Now that's just not

the newspaper speak, that report – as Paul quoted earlier – from the *Pall Mall Gazette* makes completely clear that that was the information given by the women from 18 Thrawl Street. It's not the newspapers making assumptions about the victim, that was information that came from people who knew the victim. So Hallie Rubenhold goes on to say "It was gathered that the deceased led the life of an unfortunate and in spite of also reporting that 'nothing... was known of her'". "That nothing... was known of her". That's not what the quote actually says. The quote from the newspaper says, "It was gathered that deceased had led the life of an unfortunate while lodging in the house, which was only for about three weeks past. Nothing more was known of her by them". "Nothing more was known of her by them", but that she was refused a place on the previous Thursday. So it's not saying that nothing was known of her, and that they filled the gaps with an assumption about her using prostitution to make ends meet. What the women said, who knew her, was that she had lead the life of an unfortunate while she was lodging in that house for the last three weeks and they knew nothing more about her apart from she had been refused entry the previous Thursday. It's completely different to say that 'Nothing was known of her', or 'Nothing more was known of her'. There is a qualitative difference between those two things. I think it's very unfortunate that the book does resort to that – misquoting and slightly tricky and slippery treatment of sources. That is not the only example.

PB: No, that's not the only example. There's one example where she says, "Following inquiries made amongst the women of the same class... at public houses in the locality the police could find not a single witness to confirm that she had been among the ranks of those who sold sex",²¹ 'she' being Chapman, of course. And then there's a footnote, #13. If you go there, there's a source for a Home Office file and this consists of an index and a fairly long report by Inspector Swanson dated 19th October 1888, which enumerates the investigation to that date. And what the report actually says is "Inquiries were also made amongst women of the same class as the deceased, and the public houses in the locality". The report does not make any mention of the police having been unable to find anyone who could confirm that Chapman was a prostitute. In fact, no mention is made of the police having even looked for anyone who could confirm that Chapman was a prostitute. It simply says that inquiries were also made amongst the women of the same class as the deceased and at pubs. What Hallie Rubenhold has done is take from Swanson's report a statement that inquiries had been made among

20 Rubenhold, Hallie. *The Five* Houghton Mifflin Harcourt 2019 ARC, pg. 6.

21 Ibid, pg. 125.

women and at the pubs, and then added her statement that they hadn't found anybody to confirm that Chapman was a prostitute, giving the impression that the search amongst the women and the pubs had been in an effort to find that information out. To find out whether there was anybody to confirm that Chapman was a prostitute. And that isn't, in fact, what this report says. She puts the footnote number at the end of her bit that said 'They could not find a single witness', which gives the impression that the Home Office file actually said that. As you say it just seems to me that doing something like that is manipulating the source to try to make it look like it's saying something that it isn't.

MR: Yes, and that brings me back to this quote that I want to read out, and whether it makes the podcast or not I don't really mind. This is a quote from Richard J Evans, a British historian of significant reputation. This is from page 257 of his book *Telling Lies About Hitler*, which was discussing the misrepresentation of the Holocaust by David Irving. Prof. Evan says this "Reputable and professional historians do not suppress parts of quotations from documents that go against their own case, but take them into account, and, if necessary, amend their own case, accordingly. They do not present, as genuine, documents which they know to be forged, just because these forgeries happen to back up what they are saying. They do not invent ingenious, but implausible, and utterly unsupported reasons for distrusting genuine documents, because these documents run counter to their arguments; again, they amend their arguments, if this is the case, or, indeed, abandon them altogether. They do not consciously attribute their own conclusions to books and other sources, which, in fact, on closer inspection, actually say the opposite. They do not eagerly seek out the highest possible figures in a series of statistics, independently of their reliability, or otherwise, simply because they want, for whatever reason, to maximize the figure in question, but rather, they assess all the available figures, as impartially as possible, in order to arrive at a number that will withstand the critical scrutiny of others. They do not knowingly mistranslate sources in foreign languages in order to make them more serviceable to themselves. They do not wilfully invent words, phrases, quotations, incidents and events, for which there is no historical evidence, in order to make their arguments more plausible. At least, they do not do any of these things if they wish to retain any kind of reputable status as a historian." So... comparisons with David Irving. I am *not* comparing Hallie Rubenhold to David Irving at all. David Irving is a completely separate level of historical misconduct. When people have recourse to flawed methodologies which are like those adopted by people who seek to deny the Holocaust, we are below the threshold for historical responsibility at that point. And

clearly denying the Holocaust is a whole different level of wrong compared to talking about Jack the Ripper. Jack the Ripper does not bring this into anything like the domain of significance which you might encounter if you want to discuss the Holocaust. But we should treat historical events according to the social conventions and social contracts between historians and society. Not everyone in society is a historian, but society trusts historians to treat sources respectfully and according to certain conditions, so that the conclusions they draw can be relied upon by people who haven't consulted those sources. When historians dip below that standard the public is misled. And unfortunately in this book *The Five*, the public is sometimes misled.

PB: That's a very good and slightly complicated argument. Hallie Rubenhold looks at the statements that Mary Ann Nichols told to Ellen Holland. Basically what she is saying is Nichols told Holland that she didn't want to stay at a mixed-sex establishment, but wanted to come back to the single-sex women-only common lodging house that was 18 Thrawl Street, which was called Wilmott's. *The Five* says "The comment was made in contrast to the lodgings available at Wilmott's and which she [Nichols] preferred."²² In reference to the White House, which is the one that Nichols had been staying out for the last few days, Polly stated that "She didn't like to go there and that there were too many men and women." Now, there's some misrepresentation here to give the impression that Mary Ann Nichols preferred the single-sex Wilmott's lodging house to the mixed-sex White House. It not-so-subtly implies that by preferring the single-sex establishment that Nichols wasn't a prostitute. In fact, the source which HR gives is the *East London Observer* for 8th September 1888. And that newspaper reported two references by Holland about the White House. She said, "She told me that she was living in another house together with a lot of men and women", and the second reference is "She said there were too many men and women at the place she was staying at and she didn't like to go there." Now the first thing to note is that nothing Nichols said about the White House was in contrast to the single-sex lodging at Wilmott's. Nichols' complaint was not that it was mixed-sex, but that a lot of people stayed there. "There were too many men and women at the place." And the White House was indeed a very large establishment in comparison to Wilmott's. So, by twisting what Nichols actually said to Holland we get a misrepresentation of what Nichols was saying, and by implication that she was not a prostitute. So as you said, there are a number of these examples of misuse of sources.

22 Rubenhold, Hallie. *The Five* Houghton Mifflin Harcourt 2019 ARC, pg. 69.

MR: It falls below an accepted standard.

PB: Yes. I was trying to think of a nice way of putting it.

MR: I want to also talk about where Hallie Rubenhold says that one of Annie Chapman's children, Annie Georgina Chapman, was born in 1873 with fetal alcohol syndrome. And she bases that diagnosis on the picture of Annie Georgina Chapman and what she identifies as the physical characteristics. The book says "small wide set eyes, thin upper lip and a smooth ridge that runs below the nose to the top lip."²³ Now the book is absolutely right about those characteristics, in fact the space between the eyes is not a diagnostic criterion for fetal alcohol syndrome but the width of the eyes is. We're on slightly thin ice with diagnostics of this sort, because you also need things like neurodevelopmental markers for a complete diagnosis of fetal alcohol syndrome, but I understand that as a historian she's not trying to attempt a real diagnosis in the way a clinician would attempt it. I can't tell from this picture whether Annie Georgina's eyes are actually two or more standard deviations below the mean, and no-one can. But on the whole, looking at the picture and looking at the diagnostics, I think that there is every chance that Annie Georgina Chapman might well have had fetal alcohol syndrome and I also think, on the same basis, that if you look at the picture of Annie Georgina Chapman's older sister, who is called Emily Ruth Chapman, she might also have had fetal alcohol syndrome. I say on the whole that's a pretty good spot by Hallie Rubenhold and I'm kind of happy with it. What I'm not happy with is where it goes from there. There is a footnote that follows shortly after this description about fetal alcohol syndrome and this is what the footnote says. "Phillips [George Bagster Phillips, the police surgeon for H Division] was brief about the nature of Annie's illness because it played no role in her death. His entire [paraphrased] statement was that she displayed a 'Disease of the lungs [which] was long standing, and there was disease of the membranes of the brain.' Recently, a number of authors have, without any evidence, stated that Annie suffered from syphilis, because of this mention of damage to the brain. The type of damage that Phillips reported is known to occur in cases of tuberculosis, as the bacteria spread to various parts of the body. If Annie had been exposed to syphilis, signs of brain degeneration, or the neurosyphilis that occurs in the tertiary phase of the illness, would not have appeared for at least ten to thirty years after the initial exposure. There is no evidence whatsoever that Annie engaged in prostitution as a teen or through her married years, or that she was ever exposed to syphilis." My comment about that is, I don't know who she means by "a number of authors have, without any evidence, stated that Annie suffered from syphilis", but I might be one of them. In *Ripperologist*

No. 149, two or three years ago, I wrote an article about Annie Chapman and syphilis and it was published under the name 'Team Syphilis',²⁴ and I had done some research



Annie Georgina Chapman

with a number of other people and through this research the result was this article. I wrote the article and they all saw the article before it went into publication. The article talks about Kassowitz' law, and Kassowitz was an Austrian pediatrician who had noticed, and this is a quote from his 1876 book *Die Vererbung der Syphilis*, "There is a gradual diminution in the severity of congenital transmission of syphilis between a mother and fetus. It is a pattern beginning with miscarriages, followed by stillbirths, neonatal deaths, unhealthy but living children and finally the birth healthy children." So syphilis works its way out through repeated cycles of pregnancy and childbirth. This is what Kassowitz noted. And actually research that Hallie Rubenhold has done in finding children of Annie Chapman that *Ripperologists* weren't aware of before, actually

23 Rubenhold, Hallie. *The Five* Houghton Mifflin Harcourt 2019 ARC, pg.108.

24 Team Syphilis. 'Fermat's Last Theorem and Annie Chapman's Missing Children', *Ripperologist* magazine No. 149, April 2016.

substantiates the suggestion I'm making in that article that she might have contracted syphilis in about 1874 and it might have worked its way out through the subsequent maternal cycles. There appears to be one child we don't know of possibly stillborn around 1874-1875, and then there is Georgina, whom I discussed in the article, who lived for about ten days in 1876, then there is George William Henry whom Hallie Rubenhold discovers who lived for ± 11 weeks in 1877-1878, and then there was Miriam Lilly and then there was John Alfred Chapman, born with disabilities, but survived, in 1880. And this is absolutely typical, this sequence is absolutely typical of Kassowitz' Law. Now there are some ways in which you can catch syphilis which don't include commercial sex. So I say in this article – I speculate – that Annie Chapman may have been exposed to syphilis in around 1874, and maybe she caught it through casual prostitution to support and alcohol habit, or maybe she got it because her husband had slept with someone else who had syphilis and passed it on to her. We don't know how she contracted syphilis, but the birth pattern does exactly what you would expect from someone who did have syphilis. Also in terms of the objection in *The Five* to the brain degeneration – if, in late 1873 to early 1874 was when Annie Chapman was exposed to syphilis then we are talking 14 years later, and the point made in the book is that the brain degeneration would not have appeared until at least 10 to 30 years after the initial exposure. So that kind of meets the criteria as well. I'm not talking about Annie Chapman being exposed to syphilis in the 1880s, I'm talking about it in the early to mid 1870s. So I think it's... I don't know whether she is referring to me or that article, she doesn't cite the article, I think there is some evidence there. It's not conclusive evidence. It's inferential evidence. But I think there is some evidence that Annie Chapman contracted syphilis in the early to mid 1870s, and I think therefore it's misleading to say there is absolutely no evidence of it. What I would've preferred to have seen in the book is the author engaging with that evidence, and saying why she thinks it's not reliable. Saying why she thinks it's wrong. I don't have a problem if the author considers that Annie Chapman in fact didn't have syphilis as I can't prove absolutely that she did. But I want to know why that evidence has been excluded. I want to know why that evidence has been obscured. And that is my criticism of the book overall. We never find out, or we very rarely find out, what kind of historical process the author has gone through to decide what is reliable evidence and what is not. She doesn't present her reasoning in this case, she just says that there's no evidence. That is not by itself a true statement. I would've preferred if she had engaged with the evidence and explained why, if she thinks that it's not reliable – why not?

PB: Throughout the book she does present it as a bit of the novel. She doesn't get involved in arguing whys and wherefores of things. She just gives her conclusion of whatever it might be. So in her view, there is no evidence of syphilis and so that's it. And that sort of understandable in the context of the book, but if you want to write a book on a subject that's basically new to you then you should try to explain why it is that you disagree with the opinions of people who have studied the subject for a long time, or disagree with their interpretations of the evidence. In this case you're making a very good case for there being syphilis.

AL: It's easier to say that there's absolutely no evidence than to try to explain...

MR: That's irresponsible. I think that if the book wanted to make the point and thought it could substantiate it, that three of Jack the Ripper's victims were never prostitutes, you could still say one of them has syphilis in the 1870s and we don't know how she got it. Maybe she got it through non-commercial sex, maybe she slept with someone who had syphilis already. Maybe that was her husband, maybe it was somebody else. It doesn't imply that she's a prostitute. The argument – that conclusion – is still available to you. The conclusion that Annie Chapman was not a prostitute is still available to you, even if you decide that you can accept, or that you can at least argue with, the case for her having syphilis. You don't have to say she doesn't have syphilis or that she never had syphilis in order to make that argument. You can still make it. I think the problem is that if you do look at the birth patterns and Kassowitz' Law and the very unfortunate fates of the children from 1874 on, there is a very strong case there for maternal syphilis, and then you have to deal with the argument after that. Maybe she was funding her alcohol addiction by engaging in prostitution? That argument can be made at that point and you have to address it. What she has done is shied away from addressing those more tricky parts of the story. That is the irresponsible approach. That's not a good historical approach to just say the evidence does not exist. That's not truthful. The evidence is there, it may not be completely conclusive, but she needs to engage with it and tell us if she feels that it can't be relied upon, why not?

JM: It is one of the rare instances of her actually acknowledging information that she thinks is incorrect.

PB: I was about to say the same thing. I want to make it plain that it's not something I would personally do in a book, but if she wanted to she should really have avoided mentioning that authors think that she had syphilis. If she hadn't acknowledged it then she wouldn't have had to answer it.

MR: I'd just like to say again that I don't know that she's looked at this particular article. I only know of this

article because I wrote this article. She could be referring to other authors I do not know. I just feel that as Robert spoke earlier of the totality of the evidence... this is again more evidence that needed to be taken into account.

PB: To extend on from that, there are a couple examples in the book that I noticed where she brings up some non-sequiturs. One that I noted in particular was "As soon as each body was discovered in a dark yard or street the police assumed that the woman was a prostitute killed by maniac who had lured her to the location for sex. There is, and never was, any proof of this either. To the contrary, over the course of the coroner's inquest it became known that Jack the Ripper never had sex with a single victim."²⁵ Basically, what she's doing here is saying that the police assumption that they were dealing with a maniac killing prostitutes who had lured his victims to where they were killed for sex, that that is negated by the statement that Jack the Ripper never had sex with a single victim. She misses the whole point, which is that the murderer lured the victims to where they were found for sex and then killed them. He never had any intention of having sex with them, his thing was to kill them. And there are several instances. She writes of Mary Kelly's father's attempt to find her when she is living in Pennington Street, and she says "Whatever his identity, he was almost certainly not Mary Jane Kelly's father. Mrs. Felix insisted that Mary Jane Kelly had no contact with her family, who had discarded her. And Barnett too stated that she saw none of her relations."²⁶ Well, we know that when this man came looking for her Mary Kelly hid and never met him. And therefore what Mrs. Felix and Joseph Barnett said was perfectly true. But that doesn't mean that the man wasn't Kelly's father. So these are little problems of logic that you get when going through the book.

AL: She was supposed to have changed her name, according to the author, when she arrived in Ratcliff and so, whoever was looking for her, would he have known about this name? Or was it her real name?

PB: There're all sorts of questions, aren't there?

AL: It doesn't make any sense does it? She says that she changed her name to Mary Kelly and yet somebody's looking for her. Well, who would've known what name she was using to look for her?

JM: She also says about Kelly that the stories that she told about herself likely contains some truth and some fiction, "But no-one has ever been able to ascertain which parts were which", and then on the immediate page following she says "The only likely conclusion is that the tale of Mary Jane Kelly's life, including her name, was entirely fabricated."²⁷ Well, which is it?

AL: She doesn't follow her logic through, does she?

PB: It's almost as if she had written those two pages, gone on holiday in between and forgotten what she had written.

MR: Should we do the summing up and recommendation?

AL: When you talk about recommending it, I think that the biographies of the woman are really good but as we've been discussing it tonight, and Mark has made it very clear, and so no, I don't think we should recommend it really as a serious study of the women's lives because there's too much misinformation in it. If someone really wants a story or something to read and that someone isn't necessarily interested in Jack the Ripper, they might enjoy the book as almost a novel. And they can learn quite a bit from that as a social history exercise. The women's lives were actually pretty typical of the lives of a lot of women across the country. The poverty and the struggles that they had. And so in that sense I would recommend it to somebody who just wanted a book to read. But as a serious study? No, I wouldn't recommend it.

JM: I waffled back and forth for the past couple of months as to whether I would recommend it. I used to believe that since Neal Shelden's book is so difficult to find and when it is found it can be pretty expensive. And that not everybody follows the discussions on a daily basis on the message boards, and people might not be subscribing to *Ripperologist* magazine. For those types of readers that she's trying to reach as a general audience, I used to believe that, yes, I would've recommended it if you can set aside the amount of biased theorizing that goes into the book. But ultimately I reach the decision that there's too many 'ifs' in my recommendation. If you can't get Shelden's book. If you don't follow the case and all of the new discoveries. If you can overlook the agenda that she has based her entire book around. So I don't think that bigger necessarily means better. Yes, it has more pages than Neal Shelden's book, but that doesn't necessarily mean that it's a better quality of a book. So I don't think I would recommend it.

DA: I wouldn't recommend it for anyone who's interested in Ripperology. I don't understand the book to be honest. I don't understand where she's coming from with this. She started off with an idea to prove that these women weren't prostitutes, but it doesn't seem to make any difference anyway. I don't understand why she would want to prove that. It didn't make a difference to the investigation or how the police handled it. She's put the

25 Rubenhold, Hallie. *The Five*, Houghton Mifflin Harcourt 2019 ARC pg.12.

26 Ibid, pg. 276.

27 Ibid, pg. 256-7.

lives of the women back in context, but she's taken away a big part of it as well. A big part of the context, by taking away Jack the Ripper.

AL: I totally agree with you Debs. Has she done what she set out to do? Just trying to prove that these women weren't prostitutes, and I don't think she actually did it. I don't think at the end of the book I came to that conclusion at all. I think you're right. She set off on an idea but it didn't really make sense as the book went on.

PB: I personally don't think that she set out to prove that they weren't prostitutes. I think she arrived at that conclusion probably before she even sat pen to paper. I get that feeling, or at least it came very soon after she started writing, because the theme that at least three of them weren't prostitutes is something that runs through the whole of the book. It's not something that Ripperologists want to prove – that the victims *were* prostitutes – but she wants to prove that they weren't. She's arrived at that conclusion, and throughout she's telling you one way or another there's no evidence that these people are prostitutes. And that frankly is wrong, because there is evidence that they *were* prostitutes. It may not be particularly good evidence. It may not be strong evidence. It may not be conclusive in anyway. But it's there, and it should be discussed. But in fact she just ignores it totally. So I think that throughout the book she wanted to start off by saying, 'Look, these three women weren't prostitutes. They were branded prostitutes by sexist policemen in 1888 and they have been branded that way ever since by sexist researchers'.

AL: I sense that that was her agenda when she sat down. She'd already kind of decided on this. In the book right at the beginning she says that these women were not prostitutes and presumably she'd been looking into their lives before she sat down. But I think her purpose was a feminist agenda, a feminist angle, and I don't feel myself that it was through any real sense that history was wrong. It was a misogynist society, this awful society that Victorian life was like at that time, and in how women were treated, that they immediately came to the conclusion that they were prostitutes because they were found where they were. The book itself has that theme all the way through it, and that was her intention from the beginning.

MR: I think the serious weakness of this book is that rather than engaging with the evidence of the victims of Jack the Ripper were working as prostitutes at or near the time of their deaths, actually this book just obscures that evidence and states openly that the evidence doesn't exist. But it does exist. And I feel like that's a failure of the historical method at that point which, when the method fails, you can't even get as far as considering whether the conclusions are viable because the method has gone down

in the first place. I think in terms of whether the author had an established intention before she started to write the book, I'm not sure whether she did or not. I don't think I can speculate about it. I don't blame feminism, for example, for the way that this book looks. I think that if you're writing feminist history, history from a feminist point of view, your responsibility to the sources is the same as everybody else's, and obscuring the sources and saying that those sources don't exist... that's not a methodology which feminist history accommodates anymore than any other form of history. There is a problem there. I feel like a better book would've been more of a negotiation. That evidence would've been included in the discussion. And if the author considers that the evidence isn't good evidence and should be discarded for another interpretation, we should know why. The problem is, in this book we don't know why. I don't know why the lodging house women talking about Mary Ann Nichols, for example, were treated as reliable in one part of what they said but unreliable in the other parts. And we're not told why part of what they told the newspapers that doesn't seem to conform to the author's thesis has been obscured. We're not told why that's been omitted. We don't know what her reasoning was for doing that. The worry I have there is that when you don't know what reasoning process the author has gone through then you have to look at the quality of the mistakes the author makes. My analogy is – if I work for a bank, and Robert's money ended up in Debra's account and Debra's money ended up in Paul's account and Paul's money ended up in Jonathan's account, you would all come to me and say "You're an incompetent bank worker. You're making mistakes all the time." And I *would* be making mistakes. Historians make mistakes because they are human beings. But I'd be making mistakes in all random directions, because I wouldn't know that they were mistakes. If my methodology was so poor that I couldn't use it properly, those mistakes would be made in all directions. But, if Robert's money and Debra's money and Paul's money and Amanda's money ended up in *my* bank account, you wouldn't come to me and say, "You're an incompetent bank worker." You'd come to me and say, "You've done something wrong. You've cheated the system." And in this book if the evidence for the victims being prostitutes has been obscured, that doesn't look like a simple mistake. That looks like the reader has been deprived of the opportunity to consider the evidence, and that to me is a significant problem. I feel that I'm hesitant to recommend. I think the very best bits of it are really good, I think that where she has contributed to the fund of knowledge by finding out new information through archival research is great. I'm really pleased with those parts of the book. What I'm not pleased with is the methodology adopted. We've considered a number of different cases where sources

have been mishandled, and they all tend to err in the same direction, which is towards the author's thesis, and that's a problem for me. And I feel like unfortunately the victims of Jack the Ripper have been done a slight disservice by this book. They are 3D people. They are real people. They are entitled to being considered seriously by historians. Unfortunately, this book doesn't do that in the way that it could. So, a slightly missed opportunity.

PB: I worried when the book was first announced. Some of the things that were being said, I kind of worried about how the general public perceived us. I'm perfectly well aware that the general public perceives Ripperology as something akin to people who study UFOs and things of that nature. Flat Earth Society, perhaps. And I'd like to have seen what we do respected a little bit more. Particularly as pretty much all of the information that people would consider to be new like that Elizabeth Stride was born in Sweden and Catherine Eddowes came from Wolverhampton... all that stuff we've known for years and years and years. And we have asked all the questions that Hallie Rubenhold seems to think that we haven't asked. So, the book itself... I love the contextualization. I think that is excellent and I really don't think that Ripperologists do enough of that. We tend to stick with the genealogical data and stories that we can get from the newspapers or from the appropriate websites, but we don't do the contextualization very much, and I think that that was great. And I hope that it really shows people the potential that's there to give this event a bigger meaning. But I agree with everybody else and was seriously let down by all of this stuff, where the sources were manipulated and

so forth. The story that they weren't all prostitutes just doesn't stack up. We've got plenty of evidence that they were. And that theme runs to the whole the book. I think that if Hallie Rubenhold had actually just stuck to telling the stories of the victims then, as I said, I think we would be saying really nice things about the book. Unfortunately she didn't, and that's really what has let the book down and I suspect that that is what most people, when they come to read it, will comment on.

JM: As I said in my introduction, when the book was first announced we were all anxious to find out if she was going to be discovering anything majorly new. In particular people were excited about Mary Kelly, but in general, everyone that I knew of in the Ripperology community was very curious and really looking forward to the book. We welcome outside researchers taking a fresh look at the case, and we welcome historians digging through archives that maybe haven't been searched before, and finding something new. That's our lifeblood in the field. We've been characterized as being 'gatekeepers': that somehow no-one is allowed to research the Whitechapel murders unless they get our approval. It doesn't work that way. People are free to research all they want and we welcome new researchers. But, the product at the end is going to be critiqued, and that's what we've been doing on the show today. So thank you for participating in this round table book review of Hallie Rubenhold's *The Five*.



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Murders Explained By London Brains

By NINA and HOWARD BROWN

The last three instalments of this column were about what people from different backgrounds had to say as to the identity of and motive behind the murders committed by Jack the Ripper.

The previous articles featured the opinions of American police officials from major cities, convicts in Sing Sing Prison in New York state, and anonymous New Yorkers writing to the 'Letters to the Editor' columns. This final piece holds the opinions of novelists, a newspaper editor, and a Member of Parliament.

Henry Labouchere's view of the London police wasn't much different than that of the published views of some major American city newspapers. For some time now, we've considered the possibility that the American newspaper op-ed's were influenced by the London branch of their American-based paper, inspired by how some prominent Brits, such as Labouchere, viewed the Met and City Police.



Henry Labouchere

In the case of the NYPD's disparagement of the London police prior to the Carrie Brown murder in 1891, we can see this as a matter, more or less, of transatlantic rivalry. However, a number of the dismissive comments made about the London force in American papers weren't presented to necessarily compare one force against the other, such as Labouchere's in this article. In any event, the slights published originally in New York and other East Coast US newspapers were subsequently re-published in other smaller city papers from coast-to-coast.



LUST FOR BLOOD DISPLAYED BY JACK THE RIPPER

*

Labouchere: "It is Like all Other Bad Appetites."

*

"A Purity Zealot," Says Moore

*

Buchanan Thinks the Butcher Has a Double.

Boston Globe

July 18, 1889

London, July 18.- *The Herald* (New York) correspondent, anxious to find a theory to work upon, has interviewed many men of brains as to their opinion regarding the murderer of the degraded women of Whitechapel.

Robert Buchanan,¹ while engaged at a rehearsal at the Haymarket Theater, said: "I don't think Jack the Ripper committed the murder [a reference to the murder of Alice McKenzie on 17th July]. It seems to lack the atrocious skill displayed by him. There is none of the distinctive

1 Robert Williams Buchanan (1841-1901) was a Scottish poet, novelist and dramatist.

handiwork of the original fiend. It is probably a work of an imitator. Of course that is very loose guesswork, but the evidence at present is very slight.”

Mr. Buchanan had not heard the latest details when he spoke.

George Moore² was engaged in correcting the manuscript of his forthcoming novel. He thought the murderer to be Jack. Could he imagine a motive?

“Very easily. I have made up a theory almost from the start and I still believe in it. The absence of motives which generally lie at the root of a murder is very remarkable. These crimes are not committed for gain. That, at least, is certain. They are not, I think, committed out of revenge. My theory is that they are the work of some weak-brained zealot of the purity class. Perhaps this unspeakable wretch thinks that by creating a panic among the poor women of the class he preys upon he may frighten them from their trade. It is an insane idea, of course, but a conceivable one. He is the loathsome outcome of the puritanism of the day. That is my idea.”

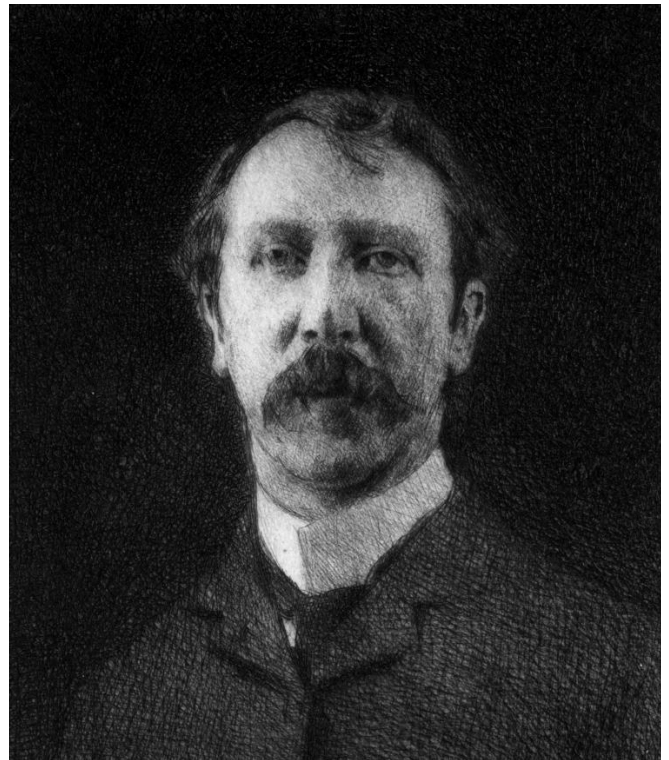
Dr. Welles, the author of *Fatal Physic*, thought the murderer was Jack. He could not believe that there were two such butchers.

The novelist James Payn³ had no theory. To have a theory in such a case was a policeman’s duty.

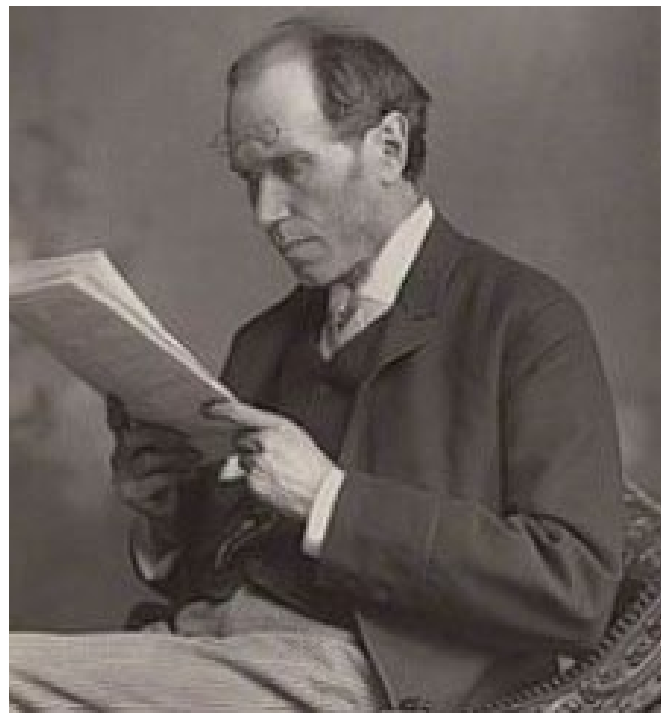


Robert Buchanan

“It is obvious,” said Walter Besant,⁴ “that he is a criminal of a low class. That, I think, is proved by the status of his victims. It is also obvious that he has at least a rough-and-ready knowledge of anatomy also. He would seem to be a



George Moore



James Payn

- 2 George Augustus Moore (1852-1933) was an Irish novelist, short-story writer, poet, art critic and dramatist.
- 3 James Payn (1830-1898) was an English novelist. Among the periodicals he edited were *Chambers’s Journal* in Edinburgh and the *Cornhill Magazine* in London.
- 4 Sir Walter Besant (1836-1901) was a novelist and historian.

bird of passage. It is hardly conceivable that, with that horrible lust of blood constantly torturing him and spurring him on to commit fresh outrages, he would have remained in London so long without its mastering him. Here, then, we have three considerations: Lowness of class; knowledge of anatomy; and nomadic life. Those traits would be united in a ship's butcher. Not many ships carry live cattle for slaughter nowadays. Great liners are all provided with ice rooms. But there are still to be found ships without those conveniences. I have made a voyage around the Cape in a ship, in which we slaughtered our cattle for the table. A doctor who is a friend of mine made the suggestion at the time when Jack was busy in Whitechapel last year, that in a certain kind of disorder which sometimes turns to homicidal mania, it is especially directed against women and it might be worthwhile to make inquiries at the hospital as to whether any man with symptoms of such a disorder was discharged at about that date."

Henry Labouchere⁵ said: "It does not seem possible to form a theory which will hold water. I have seen and heard a score, but never one without a hole in it. In fact, most of them are all holes. The man must have some hiding place in which to conceal his clothes which can hardly escape bloodstains, and in that district everybody is so much on the *qui vive* that he could not find such secrecy as was needful."

"Mad?"

"Well, no. I should say he was conspicuously sane. I have seen something of mad people and they all talk. They can't keep a secret. Of course this man has very particular reasons for keeping his tongue between his teeth. If he was caught, a Whitechapel mob would make short work of him. He is clever enough to laugh at the police, though that



Walter Besant

does not take any great amount of genius. The police have bungled the affair terribly, but I don't see anything apart from the individual points of the case which incline me to think the man is insane or why a murderer, even such a murderer, need to be mad. It is a taste, like any other. The fellow committed the first murder perhaps from some perfectly understandable motive. He was not caught, the taste developed, and he went on."

- 5 Henry Du Pré Labouchère (1831-1912) was an English politician, writer, publisher and theater owner in the Victorian and Edwardian eras.



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Victorian Fiction

Miss Cayley's Adventures: III. The Adventure of the Inquisitive American

By Grant Allen

With original illustrations by Gordon Browne

Edited with an introduction and notes by Eduardo Zinna

INTRODUCTION

Current steps towards ensuring full equality between men and women feature daily on the news. The half-forgotten words and deeds of the men and women who laid the foundations upon which present achievements are built can be found only in history books, newspapers, records, letters, memoirs and dusty archives.

Strong, independent, unconventional women have always existed. But the first concerted efforts to attain equality between the sexes might best be traced back to the late eighteenth century. In 1792, the educatress, critic and translator Mary Wollstonecraft, an unconventional woman herself, published *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, where she attacked vigorously the conventions of the time and demanded a fundamental change in society's perception of the function, place and potential of women. 'From the tyranny of man,' she asserted, 'the greater number of female follies proceed.' Miss Wollstonecraft's work was warmly welcomed by many, but received with open hostility by many more.

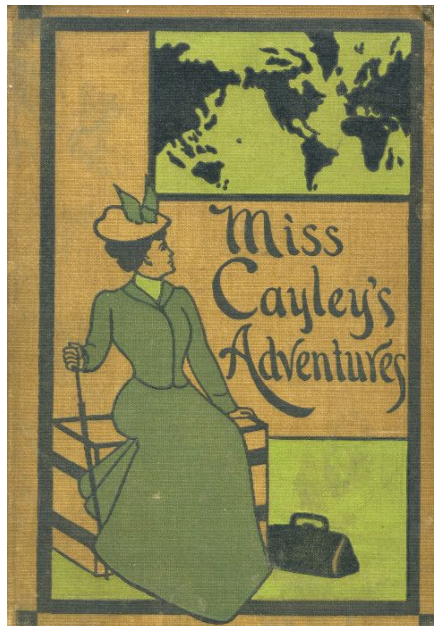
In subsequent years, the clamour for the recognition of women's rights grew increasingly pronounced. Its promoters included such prominent figures as Charlotte Brontë, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Richard Monckton

Milnes, Charles Kingsley, Mary Howitt, Florence Nightingale and John Stuart Mill. Indeed, the campaign for women's suffrage could be said to have started in earnest in 1866 when a group of women presented a petition to Mill, then independent MP for Westminster, requesting women's enfranchisement. Although the amendment to current laws moved by Mill was defeated, he made notable contributions to the parliamentary debates on the subject.

In *The Subjection of Women* (1869), he reiterated his support for women's suffrage and pleaded for rational dress, educational opportunities for women and the abolition of the double standard in sexual matters.

During the last decade of the nineteenth century, a number of playwrights and novelists influenced by John Stuart Mill and other supporters of women's rights produced works which would later become collectively known as New Woman Fiction. New women appear in the works of Grant Allen, Emma Frances Burke, Mona Caird, Ella Hepworth Dixon, Ménie Muriel Dowie, George Egerton (a pseudonym for a

woman writer, Mary Chavelita Bright), George Gissing, Sarah Grand (i.e. Frances Elizabeth Bellenden McFall, who adopted this pseudonym after leaving her tyrannical husband), Thomas Hardy, Henrik Ibsen, Iota (i.e. Kathleen Mannington Caffyn), Ralph Iron (i.e. Olive Schreiner),



George Bernard Shaw and H G Wells. Sarah Grand has been credited with the coining of the phrase 'New Woman' in the *North American Review* in 1894 to describe the new generation of women. She was the author of the successful and scandalous novel *The Heavenly Twins* (1893), which dealt with such shocking subjects as inequality in marriage, contraception and the dangers of syphilis.

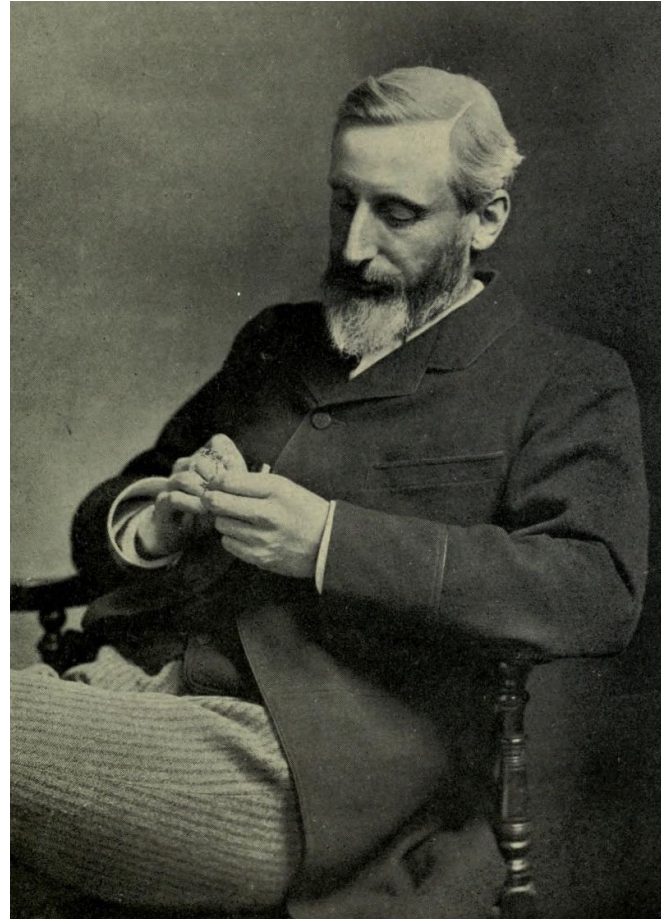
Of all the new-woman novelists the most widely read were Thomas Hardy and Grant Allen. Hardy created powerful woman characters such as Eustacia Vye in *The Return of the Native*, Bathsheba Everdene in *Far from the Madding Crowd* and, particularly, unconventional, hypersensitive Sue Bridehead in *Jude the Obscure*. Grant Allen wrote *The Woman Who Did*.

The best-selling *The Woman Who Did*, published in 1895, was intended as a protest against the subjection of women. Its protagonist, Herminia Barton, a woman of advanced views, believes that marriage is incompatible with the emancipation of women. She accordingly enters into a love affair with a bohemian artist. After several blissful months, Herminia and her lover go to Italy to wait for the birth of their child. Their happiness is cut short by his death of typhoid fever. Back in Britain with her illegitimate daughter, Dolores, Herminia suffers the enmity of society and the rejection of her dead lover's straitlaced family. Yet she decides to raise Dolores even freer than she was. The novel does not have a happy ending, but this should not be seen as a condemnation of Herminia or a punishment for her sins against contemporary morality. *The Woman Who Did* was an indictment of Victorian conventions. Its last, defiant lines read: 'Herminia Barton's stainless soul had ceased to exist for ever.'

Canadian-born Grant Allen was a scientist by learning and a socialist by conviction. For a number of years his publications dealt principally with science, but the need to secure an adequate income led him in the mid-1880s to start writing fiction alongside his scientific essays. His novels and short stories appearing alongside his learned articles won him monetary rewards, critical appreciation and popular acclaim during the rest of his life.

Allen did not forsake his progressive ideas in his popular fiction, but often commented on social justice, race relations and the emancipation of women. His *The Type-Writer Girl* (1897) purports to be a journal by a liberated young woman who decides to support herself working as an office stenographer. She is a 'Girton Girl', that is to say, a graduate of Girton College, one of the 31 constituent colleges of the University of Cambridge which was established in 1869 with the aim of improving educational opportunities for women. Other works by Allen – mostly out of print but available to those who search – include *Babylon* (1885), *The Devil's Die* (1888),

The Tents of Shem (1891), *Splendid Sin* (1896) and the science-fiction novel *The British Barbarians* (1895). In a lighter vein are the detective novels *The Scallywag* (1893), *An African Millionaire* (1897) and his last work, *Hilda Wade, Hospital Nurse* (1900) and the delightful *Miss Cayley's Adventures* (1891).



Grant Allen

The protagonist of *Miss Cayley's Adventures* is spirited Miss Lois Cayley, a proud officer's daughter, Girton Girl and new woman who sallies forth to conquer the world on her own terms. In Chapter I, she finds herself a penniless orphan upon the death of both her mother and her stepfather, who before his not quite untimely demise managed to misappropriate and squander her inheritance. Miss Cayley is lovely, well educated, athletic and fearless. Unwilling to take up teaching as a profession, she decides to go out in search of adventure. Soon she finds herself a berth as a cantankerous old lady's companion in a tour of Germany. As she proceeds in her adventures, she receives several proposals of marriage, thwarts crooks in pursuit of illicit gain, climbs mountains, hunts tigers and wends her way through Germany, Italy, Egypt, India and Scotland. Throughout the novel Allen surrounds her feisty protagonist with an array of characters more often than not identified by their accents, linguistic peculiarities and personal idiosyncrasies, but it's all in good fun, Allen's

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touch is light and justice triumphs at the end. *Miss Cayley's Adventures* was serialized in issues 87 to 98 of the *Strand Magazine* between March 1898 and February 1899 and appeared in book form in April 1899.

In the late Victorian era, the invention of the safety bicycle, which was both safer and easier to ride than its predecessors, led more men and women than ever to take up the sport. As a side effect, bicycle-riding had a strong influence in women's dress. Since it was virtually impossible to ride a bicycle wearing the heavy, layered skirts and corsets that were fashionable at the time, women turned to more practical dress, wearing shorter dresses, looser or no corsets and cycling costumes. Soon the bicycle and the cycling costume became a symbol of the liberated, independent woman; in short, the new woman.

Yet not everybody, not even every woman, welcomed progress in the condition of women. The new woman and her bicycle were ruthlessly satirised or disparaged. As late as 1905, the formidable arbitress of French social taste the Comtesse de Tramar wrote in *L'Étiquette Mondaine* "The bicycle is valued in different ways. Men use it to devour

distances, which allows them to conclude rapidly their business, and in their free time; women find pleasant this sport which finally lets them wear bloomers; they have nevertheless understood in the end that skirts are more decent.'

Miss Cayley, a new woman, is a superb cyclist. While reminiscing with a former schoolmate about their early days at Girton, she recalls that her friend was almost afraid at first to speak to her. 'You see, you had a bicycle,' replies her friend, 'and in those days, of course, ladies didn't bicycle.' 'I was before my time, that was all,' says Miss Cayley, 'at present, even a curate's wife may blamelessly bicycle.'

In *Ripperologist's* present Victorian Fiction offering, Chapter III of *Miss Cayley's Adventures*, *The Adventure of the Inquisitive American*, Miss Cayley's skill and stamina on a bicycle are essential to the plot. So are her determination, her daring and her breeding. She meets incomprehension and even hostility in her endeavours but, as could be expected of a new woman, she overcomes all obstacles before resuming her adventures.

The Adventure of the Inquisitive American

By Grant Allen

In one week I had multiplied my capital two hundred and forty-fold! I left London with twopence in the world; I quitted Schlangenbad with two pounds in pocket.

‘There’s a splendid turn-over!’ I thought to myself. ‘If this luck holds, at the same rate, I shall have made four hundred and eighty pounds by Tuesday next, and I may look forward to being a Barney Barnato¹ by Christmas.’ For I had taken high mathematical honours at Cambridge, and if there is anything on earth on which I pride myself, it is my firm grasp of the principle of ratios.

Still, in spite of this brilliant financial prospect, a budding Klondike,² I went away from the little Spa on the flanks of the Taunus with a heavy heart. I had grown quite to like dear, virulent, fidgety old Lady Georgina; and I felt that it had cost me a distinct wrench to part with Harold Tillington. The wrench left a scar which was long in healing; but as I am not a professional sentimentalist, I will not trouble you here with details of the symptoms.

My livelihood, however, was now assured me. With two pounds in pocket, a sensible girl can read her title clear to six days’ board and lodging, at six marks a day, with a glorious margin of four marks over for pocket - money. And if at the end of six days my fairy godmother had not pointed me out some other means of earning my bread honestly - well, I should feel myself unworthy to be ranked in the noble army of adventuresses. I thank thee, Lady Georgina, for teaching me that word. An adventuress I would be; for I loved adventure.

Meanwhile, it occurred to me that I might fill up the interval by going to study art at Frankfort. Elsie Petheridge had been there, and had impressed upon me the fact that I must on no account omit to see the Städel Gallery. She was strong on culture. Besides, the study of art should be most useful to an adventuress; for she must need all the arts that human skill has developed.

So to Frankfort I betook myself, and found there a

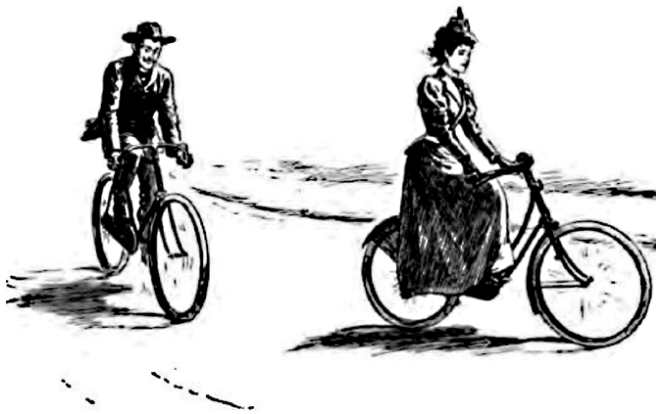
nice little pension - ‘for ladies only,’ Frau Bockenheifner assured me - at very moderate rates, in a pleasant part of the Lindenstrasse. It had dimity curtains. I will not deny that as I entered the house I was conscious of feeling lonely; my heart sank once or twice as I glanced round the luncheon - table at the domestically-unsympathetic German old maids who formed the rank-and-file of my fellow-boarders. There they sat - eight comfortable Fraus who had missed their vocation; plentiful ladies, bulging and surging in tightly stretched black silk bodices. They had been cut out for such housewives as Harold Tillington had described, but found themselves deprived of their natural sphere in life by the unaccountable caprice of the men of their nation. Each was a model Teutonic matron manquée. Each looked capable of frying Frankfort sausages to a turn, and knitting woollen socks to a remote eternity. But I sought in vain for one kindred soul among them. How horrified they would have been, with their fat pudding-faces and big saucer-eyes, had I boldly announced myself as an English adventuress!

I spent my first morning in laborious self-education at the Ariadneum and the Städel Gallery. I borrowed a catalogue. I wrestled with Van der Weyden; I toiled like a galley-slave at Meister Wilhelm and Meister Stephan. I have a confused recollection that I saw a number of stiff mediæval pictures, and an alabaster statue of the lady who smiled as she rode on a tiger, taken at the beginning of that interesting episode. But the remainder of the Institute has faded from my memory.

1 A British music-hall artist, prizefighter and entrepreneur born in Whitechapel in 1851. In the 1870s he moved to South Africa, where he eventually gained control of diamond mining and, later, of gold mining. Barnato was lost overboard near Madeira in 1897 while on a passage to Britain. He was the model for the title character in Grant Allen’s novel *An African Millionaire*.

2 Region of the Yukon, in north-western Canada, which was the scene of the Gold Rush from 1896 to 1899.

In the afternoon I consoled myself for my herculean efforts in the direction of culture by going out for a bicycle ride on a hired machine, to which end I decided to devote my pocket-money. You will, perhaps, object here that my conduct was imprudent. To raise that objection is to misunderstand the spirit of these artless adventures. I told you that I set out to go round the world; but to go round the world does not necessarily mean to circumnavigate it. My idea was to go round by easy stages, seeing the world as I went as far as I got, and taking as little heed as possible of the morrow. Most of my readers, no doubt, accept that philosophy of life on Sundays only; on weekdays they swallow the usual contradictory economic platitudes about prudential forethought and the horrid improvidence of the lower classes. For myself, I am not built that way. I prefer to take life in a spirit of pure inquiry. I put on my hat: I saunter where I choose, so far as circumstances permit; and I wait to see what chance will bring me. My ideal is breeziness.



He kept close at my heels.

The hired bicycle was not a bad machine, as hired bicycles go; it jolted one as little as you can expect from a common hack; it never stopped at a Bier-Garten; and it showed very few signs of having been ridden by beginners with an unconquerable desire to tilt at the hedgerow. So off I soared at once, heedless of the jeers of Teutonic youth who found the sight of a lady riding a cycle in skirts a strange one - for in South Germany the 'rational' costume is so universal among women cyclists that 'tis the skirt that provokes unfavourable comment from those jealous guardians of female propriety, the street boys. I hurried on at a brisk pace past the Palm-Garden and the suburbs, with my loose hair straying on the breeze behind, till I found myself pedalling at a good round pace on a broad, level road, which led towards a village, by name Fraunheim. As I scurried across the plain, with the wind in my face, not unpleasantly, I had some dim consciousness of somebody unknown flying after me headlong. My first idea was that Harold Tillington had hunted me down and tracked

me to my lair; but gazing back, I saw my pursuer was a tall and ungainly man, with a straw-coloured moustache, apparently American, and that he was following me on his machine, closely watching my action. He had such a cunning expression on his face, and seemed so strangely inquisitive, with eyes riveted on my treadles, that I didn't quite like the look of him. I put on the pace, to see if I could outstrip him, for I am a swift cyclist. But his long legs were too much for me. He did not gain on me, it is true; but neither did I outpace him. Pedalling my very hardest - and I can make good time when necessary - I still kept pretty much at the same distance in front of him all the way to Fraunheim. Gradually I began to feel sure that the weedy-looking man with the alert face was really pursuing me. When I went faster, he went faster too; when I gave him a chance to pass me, he kept close at my heels, and appeared to be keenly watching the style of my ankle-action. I gathered that he was a connoisseur; but why on earth he should persecute me I could not imagine. My spirit was roused now - I pedalled with a will; if I rode all day I would not let him go past me.

Beyond the cobble-paved chief street of Fraunheim the road took a sharp bend, and began to mount the slopes of the Taunus suddenly. It was an abrupt, steep climb; but I flatter myself I am a tolerable mountain cyclist. I rode sturdily on; my pursuer darted after me. But on this stiff upward grade my light weight and agile ankle-action told; I began to distance him. He seemed afraid that I would give him the slip, and called out suddenly, with a whoop, in English, 'Stop, miss!' I looked back with dignity, but answered nothing. He put on the pace, panting; I pedalled away, and got clear from him.



I was pulled up short by a mounted policeman.

At a turn of the corner, however, as luck would have it, I was pulled up short by a mounted policeman. He blocked the road with his horse, like an ogre, and asked me, in a very gruff Swabian voice, if this was a licensed bicycle. I had no idea, till he spoke, that any license was required; though to be sure I might have guessed it; for modern Germany is studded with notices at all the street corners, to inform you in minute detail that everything is forbidden. I stammered out that I did not know. The mounted policeman drew near and inspected me rudely. 'It is strongly undersaid,' he began, but just at that moment my pursuer came up, and, with American quickness, took in the situation. He accosted the policeman in choice bad German. 'I have two licenses,' he said, producing a handful. 'The Fräulein rides with me.'

I was too much taken aback at so providential an interposition to contradict this highly imaginative statement. My highwayman had turned into a protecting knight-errant of injured innocence. I let the policeman go his way; then I glanced at my preserver. A very ordinary modern St. George he looked, with no lance to speak of, and no steed but a bicycle. Yet his mien was reassuring.

'Good morning, miss,' he began—he called me 'Miss' every time he addressed me, as though he took me for a barmaid. 'Ex-cuse me, but why did you want to speed her?'

'I thought you were pursuing me,' I answered, a little tremulous, I will confess, but avid of incident.

'And if I was,' he went on, 'you might have con-jec-tured, miss, it was for our mutual advantage. A business man don't go out of his way unless he expects to turn an honest dollar; and he don't reckon on other folks going out of theirs, unless he knows he can put them in the way of turning an honest dollar with him.'

'That's reasonable,' I answered: for I am a political economist. 'The benefit should be mutual.' But I wondered if he was going to propose at sight to me.

He looked me all up and down. 'You're a lady of considerable personal attractions,' he said, musingly, as if he were criticising a horse; 'and I want one that sort. That's jest why I trailed you, see? Besides which, there's some style about you.'

'Style!' I repeated.

'Yes,' he went on; 'you know how to use your feet; and you have good understandings.'

I gathered from his glance that he referred to my nether limbs. We are all vertebrate animals; why seek to conceal the fact?

'I fail to follow you,' I answered frigidly; for I really didn't know what the man might say next.

'That's so!' he replied. 'It was I that followed you; seems I didn't make much of a job of it, either, anyway.'

I mounted my machine again. 'Well, good morning,' I said, coldly. 'I am much obliged for your kind assistance; but your remark was fictitious, and I desire to go on unaccompanied.'

He held up his hand in warning. 'You ain't going!' he cried, horrified. 'You ain't going without hearing me! I mean business, say! Don't chuck away good money like that. I tell you, there's dollars in it.'

'In what?' I asked, still moving on, but curious. On the slope, if need were, I could easily distance him.



Seems I didn't make much of a job of it.

'Why, in this cycling of yours,' he replied. 'You're jest about the very woman I'm looking for, miss. Lithe - that's what I call you. I kin put you in the way of making your pile, I kin. This is a bona-fide offer. No flies on my business! You decline it? Prejudice! Injures you; injures me! Be reasonable anyway!'

I looked round and laughed. 'Formulate yourself,' I said, briefly.

He rose to it like a man. 'Meet me at Fraunheim; corner by the Post Office; ten o'clock to-morrow morning,' he shouted, as I rode off, 'and ef I don't convince you there's money in this job, my name's not Cyrus W Hitchcock.'

Something about his keen, unlovely face impressed me with a sense of his underlying honesty. 'Very well,' I answered, 'I'll come, if you follow me no further.' I reflected that Fraunheim was a populous village, and that only beyond it did the mountain road over the Taunus begin to grow lonely. If he wished to cut my throat, I was well within reach of the resources of civilisation.

When I got home to the Abode of Blighted Fraus that evening, I debated seriously with myself whether or not I should accept Mr Cyrus W Hitchcock's mysterious invitation. Prudence said no; curiosity said yes; I put the question to a meeting of one; and, since I am a daughter of Eve, curiosity had it. Carried unanimously. I think I might have hesitated, indeed, had it not been for the Blighted Fraus. Their talk was of dinner and of the digestive process; they were critics of digestion. They each of them sat so complacently through the evening - solid and stolid, stodgy and podgy, stuffed comatose images, knitting white woollen shawls, to throw over their capacious shoulders at table d'hôte - and they purred with such content in their middle-aged rotundity that I made up my mind I must take warning betimes, and avoid their temptations to adipose deposit. I prefer to grow upwards; the Frau grows sideways. Better get my throat cut by an American desperado, in my pursuit of romance, than settle down on a rock like a placid fat oyster. I am not by nature sessile.

Adventures are to the adventurous. They abound on every side; but only the chosen few have the courage to embrace them. And they will not come to you: you must go out to seek them. Then they meet you half-way, and rush into your arms, for they know their true lovers. There were eight Blighted Fraus at the Home for Lost Ideals, and I could tell by simple inspection that they had not had an average of half an adventure per lifetime between them. They sat and knitted still, like Awful Examples.

If I had declined to meet Mr. Hitchcock at Fraunheim, I know not what changes it might have induced in my life. I might now be knitting. But I went boldly forth, on a voyage of exploration, prepared to accept aught that fate held in store for me.

As Mr. Hitchcock had assured me there was money in his offer, I felt justified in speculating. I expended another three marks on the hire of a bicycle, though I ran the risk thereby of going perhaps without Monday's dinner. That showed my vocation. The Blighted Fraus, I felt sure, would have clung to their dinner at all hazards.

When I arrived at Fraunheim, I found my alert American punctually there before me. He raised his crush hat with awkward politeness. I could see he was little accustomed to ladies' society. Then he pointed to a close cab in which he had reached the village.

'I've got it inside,' he whispered, in a confidential tone. 'I couldn't let 'em ketch sight of it. You see, there's dollars in it.'

'What have you got inside?' I asked, suspiciously, drawing back. I don't know why, but the word 'it' somehow suggested a corpse. I began to grow frightened.

'Why, the wheel, of course,' he answered. 'Ain't you come

here to ride it?'

'Oh, the wheel?' I echoed, vaguely, pretending to look wise; but unaware, as yet, that that word was the accepted Americanism for a cycle. 'And I have come to ride it?'

Why, certainly,' he replied, jerking his hand towards the cab. 'But we mustn't start right here. This thing has got to be kept dark, don't you see, till the last day.'

Till the last day! That was ominous. It sounded like monomania. So ghostly and elusive! I began to suspect my American ally of being a dangerous madman.

'Jest you wheel away a bit up the hill,' he went on, 'out o' sight of the folks, and I'll fetch her along to you.'

'Her?' I cried. 'Who?' For the man bewildered me.

'Why, the wheel, miss! You understand! This is business, you bet! And you're jest the right woman!'

He motioned me on. Urged by a sort of spell, I remounted my machine and rode out of the village. He followed, on the box-seat of his cab. Then, when we had left the world well behind, and stood among the sun-smitten boles of the pine-trees, he opened the door mysteriously, and produced from the vehicle a very odd-looking bicycle.

It was clumsy to look at. It differed immensely, in many particulars, from any machine I had yet seen or ridden.

The strenuous American fondled it for a moment with his hand, as if it were a pet child. Then he mounted nimbly. Pride shone in his eye. I saw in a second he was a fond inventor.

He rode a few yards on. Next he turned to me eagerly. 'This ma-chine,' he said, in an impressive voice, 'is propelled by an eccentric.' Like all his countrymen, he laid most stress on unaccented syllables.

'Oh, I knew you were an eccentric,' I said, 'the moment I set eyes upon you.'

He surveyed me gravely. 'You misunderstand me, miss,' he corrected. 'When I say an eccentric, I mean, a crank.'

'They are much the same thing,' I answered, briskly. 'Though I confess I would hardly have applied so rude a word as crank to you.'

He looked me over suspiciously, as if I were trying to make game of him, but my face was sphinx-like. So he brought the machine a yard or two nearer, and explained its construction to me. He was quite right: it was driven by a crank. It had no chain, but was moved by a pedal, working narrowly up and down, and attached to a rigid bar, which impelled the wheels by means of an eccentric.

Besides this, it had a curious device for altering the gearing automatically while one rode, so as to enable one to adapt it to the varying slope in mounting hills. This part of the mechanism he explained to me elaborately. There was a gauge in front which allowed one to sight the

steepness of the slope by mere inspection; and according as the gauge marked one, two, three, or four, as its gradient on the scale, the rider pressed a button on the handle-bar with his left hand once, twice, thrice, or four times, so that the gearing adapted itself without an effort to the rise in the surface. Besides, there were devices for rigidity and compensation. Altogether, it was a most apt and ingenious piece of mechanism. I did not wonder he was proud of it.

‘Get up and ride, miss,’ he said in a persuasive voice.

I did as I was bid. To my immense surprise, I ran up the steep hill as smoothly and easily as if it were a perfectly-laid level.

‘Goes nicely, doesn’t she?’ Mr. Hitchcock murmured, rubbing his hands.

‘Beautifully,’ I answered. ‘One could ride such a machine up Mont Blanc, I should fancy.’

He stroked his chin with nervous fingers. ‘It ought to knock’em,’ he said, in an eager voice. ‘It’s geared to run up most anything in creation.’

‘How steep?’

‘One foot in three.’

‘That’s good.’

‘Yes. It’ll climb Mount Washington.’

‘What do you call it?’ I asked.

He looked me over with close scrutiny.

‘In Amurrica,’ he said, slowly, ‘we call it the Great Manitou, because it kin do pretty well what it chooses; but in Europe, I am thinking of calling it the Martin Conway or the Whympier, or something like that.’

‘Why so?’

‘Well, because it’s a famous mountain climber.’

‘I see,’ I said. ‘With such a machine you’ll put a notice on the Matterhorn, “This hill is dangerous to cyclists.”’

He laughed low to himself, and rubbed his hands again. ‘You’ll do, miss,’ he said. ‘You’re the right sort, you are. The moment I seen you, I thought we two could do a trade together. Benefits me; benefits you. A mutual advantage. Reciprocity is the soul of business. You hev some go in you, you hev. There’s money in your feet. You’ll give these Meinherrs fits. You’ll take the clear-starch out of them.’

‘I fail to catch on,’ I answered, speaking his own dialect to humour him.

‘Oh, you’ll get there all the same,’ he replied, stroking his machine meanwhile. ‘It was a squirrel, it was!’ (He pronounced it squirl.) ‘It’ud run up a tree ef it wanted, wouldn’t it?’ He was talking to it now as if it were a dog or a baby. ‘There, there, it mustn’t kick; it was a frisky little thing! Jest you step up on it, miss, and have a go at that there mountain.’

I stepped up and had a ‘go.’ The machine bounded forward like an agile greyhound. You had but to touch it, and it ran of itself. Never had I ridden so vivacious, so animated a cycle. I returned to him, sailing, with the gradient reversed. The Manitou glided smoothly, as on a gentle slope, without the need for back-peddalling.

‘It soars!’ he remarked with enthusiasm.

‘Balloons are at discount beside it,’ I answered.

‘Now you want to know about this business, I guess,’ he went on. ‘You want to know jest where the reciprocity comes in, anyhow?’

‘I am ready to hear you expound,’ I admitted, smiling.

‘Oh, it ain’t all on one side,’ he continued, eyeing his machine at an angle with parental affection. ‘I’m a-going to make your fortune right here. You shall ride her for me on the last day; and ef you pull this thing off, don’t you be scared that I won’t treat you handsome.’

‘If you were a little more succinct,’ I said, gravely, ‘we should get forrader faster.’

‘Perhaps you wonder,’ he put in, ‘that with money on it like this, I should intrust the job into the hands of a female.’ I winced, but was silent. ‘Well, it’s like this, don’t you see; ef a female wins, it makes success all the more striking and con-spicious. The world to-day is ruled by advertizement.’

I could stand it no longer. ‘Mr. Hitchcock,’ I said, with dignity, ‘I haven’t the remotest idea what on earth you are talking about.’

He gazed at me with surprise. ‘What?’ he exclaimed, at last. ‘And you kin cycle like that! Not know what all the cycling world is mad about! Why, you don’t mean to tell me you’re not a pro-fessional?’

I enlightened him at once as to my position in society, which was respectable, if not lucrative. His face fell somewhat. ‘High-toned, eh? Still, you’d run all the same, wouldn’t you?’ he inquired.

‘Run for what?’ I asked, innocently. ‘Parliament? The Presidency? The Frankfort Town Council?’

He had difficulty in fathoming the depths of my ignorance. But by degrees I understood him. It seemed that the German Imperial and Prussian Royal Governments had offered a Kaiserly and Kingly prize for the best military bicycle; the course to be run over the Taunus, from Frankfort to Limburg; the winning machine to get the equivalent of a thousand pounds; each firm to supply its own make and rider. The ‘last day’ was Saturday next; and the Great Manitou was the dark horse of the contest.

Then all was clear as day to me. Mr. Cyrus W. Hitchcock was keeping his machine a profound secret; he wanted a woman to ride it, so that his triumph might be the more complete; and the moment he saw me pedal up the hill, in

trying to avoid him, he recognised at once that I was that woman.

I recognised it too. 'Twas a pre-ordained harmony. After two or three trials I felt that the Manitou was built for me, and I was built for the Manitou. We ran together like parts of one mechanism. I was always famed for my circular ankle-action; and in this new machine, ankle-action was everything. Strength of limb counted for naught; what told was the power of 'clawing up again' promptly. I possess that power: I have prehistoric feet: my remote progenitors must certainly have been tree-haunting monkeys.

We arranged terms then and there.

'You accept?'

'Implicitly.'

If I pulled off the race, I was to have fifty pounds. If I didn't, I was to have five. 'It ain't only your skill, you see,' Mr. Hitchcock said, with frank commercialism. 'It's your personal attractiveness as well that I go upon. That's an element to consider in business relations.'

'My face is my fortune,' I answered, gravely. He nodded acquiescence.

Till Saturday, then, I was free. Meanwhile, I trained, and practised quietly with the Manitou, in sequestered parts of the hills. I also took spells, turn about, at the Städel Institute. I like to intersperse culture and athletics. I know something about athletics, and hope in time to acquire a taste for culture. 'Tis expected of a Girton girl, though my own accomplishments run rather towards rowing, punting, bicycling.

On Saturday, I confess, I rose with great misgivings. I was not a professional; and to find oneself practically backed for a thousand pounds in a race against men is a trifle disquieting. Still, having once put my hand to the plough, I felt I was bound to pull it through somehow. I dressed my hair neatly, in a very tight coil. I ate a light breakfast, eschewing the fried sausages which the Blighted Fraus pressed upon my notice, and satisfying myself with a gently-boiled egg and some toast and coffee. I always found I rowed best at Cambridge on the lightest diet; in my opinion, the raw beef régime is a serious error in training.

At a minute or two before eleven I turned up at the Schiller Platz in my short serge dress and cycling jacket. The great square was thronged with spectators to see us start; the police made a lane through their midst for the riders. My backer had advised me to come to the post as late as possible, 'For I have entered your name,' he said, 'simply as Lois Cayley. These Deutschers don't think but what you're a man and a brother. But I am apprehensive of con-tingencies. When you put in a show they'll try to raise objections to you on account of your being a female. There won't be much time, though, and I shall rush the

objections. Once they let you run and win, it don't matter to me whether I get the twenty thousand marks or not. It's the advertizement that tells. Jest you mark my words, miss, and don't you make no mistake about it - the world to-day is governed by advertizement.'

So I turned up at the last moment, and cast a timid glance at my competitors. They were all men, of course, and two of them were German officers in a sort of undress cycling uniform. They eyed me superciliously. One of them went up and spoke to the Herr Over-Superintendent who had charge of the contest. I understood him to be lodging an objection against a mere woman taking part in the race. The Herr Over-Superintendent, a bulky official, came up beside me and perpended visibly. He bent his big brows to it. 'Twas appalling to observe the measurable amount of Teutonic cerebration going on under cover of his round, green glasses. He was perpending for some minutes. Time was almost up. Then he turned to Mr. Hitchcock, having finally made up his colossal mind, and murmured rudely, 'The woman cannot compete.'

'Why not?' I inquired, in my very sweetest German, with an angelic smile, though my heart trembled.

'Warum nicht? Because the word "rider" in the Kaiserly and Kingly for-this-contest-provided decree is distinctly in the masculine gender stated.'

'Pardon me, Herr Over-Superintendent,' I replied, pulling out a copy of Law 97 on the subject, with which I had duly provided myself, 'if you will to Section 45 of the Bicycles-Circulation-Regulation-Act your attention turn, you will find it therein expressly enacted that unless any clause be anywhere to the contrary inserted, the word "rider," in the masculine gender put, shall here the word "rideress" in the feminine to embrace be considered.'

For, anticipating this objection, I had taken the precaution to look the legal question up beforehand.

'That is true,' the Herr Over-Superintendent observed, in a musing voice, gazing down at me with relenting eyes. 'The masculine habitually embraces the feminine.' And he brought his massive intellect to bear upon the problem once more with prodigious concentration.

I seized my opportunity. 'Let me start, at least,' I urged, holding out the Act. 'If I win, you can the matter more fully with the Kaiserly and Kingly Governments hereafter argue out.'

'I guess this will be an international affair,' Mr. Hitchcock remarked, well pleased. 'It would be a first-rate advertizement for the Great Manitou ef England and Germany were to make the question into a casus belli. The United States could look on, and pocket the chestnuts.'

'Two minutes to go,' the official starter with the watch called out.

'Fall in, then, Fräulein Engländerin,' the Herr Overseer Superintendent observed, without prejudice, waving me into line. He pinned a badge with a large number, 7, on my dress. 'The Kaiserly and Kingly Governments shall on the affair of the starting's legality hereafter on my report more at leisure pass judgment.'

The lieutenant in undress uniform drew back a little.

'Oh, if this is to be woman's play,' he muttered, 'then can a Prussian officer himself by competing not into contempt bring.'

I dropped a little curtsy. 'If the Herr Lieutenant is afraid even to enter against an Englishwoman - ' I said, smiling.

He came up to the scratch sullenly. 'One minute to go!' called out the starter.

We were all on the alert. There was a pause; a deep breath. I was horribly frightened, but I tried to look calm. Then sharp and quick came the one word 'Go!' And like arrows from a bow, off we all started.

I had ridden over the whole course the day but one before, on a mountain pony, with an observant eye and my sedulous American - rising at five o'clock, so as not to excite undue attention; and I therefore knew beforehand the exact route we were to follow; but I confess when I saw the Prussian lieutenant and one of my other competitors dash forward at a pace that simply astonished me, that fifty pounds seemed to melt away in the dim abyss of the Ewigkeit. I gave up all for lost. I could never make the running against such practised cyclists.



"Don't scorch, miss; don't scorch."

However, we all turned out into the open road which leads across the plain and down the Main valley, in the direction of Mayence. For the first ten miles or so, it is a dusty level. The surface is perfect; but 'twas a blinding white thread. As I toiled along it, that broiling June day, I could hear the voice of my backer, who followed on

horseback, exhorting me in loud tones, 'Don't scorch, miss; don't scorch; never mind ef you lose sight of 'em. Keep your wind; that's the point. The wind, the wind's everything. Let'em beat you on the level; you'll catch'em up fast enough when you get on the Taunus!'

But in spite of his encouragement, I almost lost heart as I saw one after another of my opponents' backs disappear in the distance, till at last I was left toiling along the bare white road alone, in a shower-bath of sunlight, with just a dense cloud of dust rising grey far ahead of me. My head swam. It repented me of my boldness.

Then the riders on horseback began to grumble; for by police regulation they were not allowed to pass the hindmost of the cyclists; and they were kept back by my presence from following up their special champions. 'Give it up, Fräulein, give it up!' they cried. 'You're beaten. Let us pass and get forward.' But at the self-same moment, I heard the shrill voice of my American friend whooping aloud across the din, 'Don't you do nothing of the sort, miss! You stick to it, and keep your wind! It's the wind that wins! Them Germans won't be worth a cent on the high slopes, anyway!'

Encouraged by his voice, I worked steadily on, neither scorching nor relaxing, but maintaining an even pace at my natural pitch under the broiling sunshine. Heat rose in waves on my face from the road below; in the thin white dust, the accusing tracks of six wheels confronted me. Still I kept on following them, till I reached the town of Höchst - nine miles from Frankfort. Soldiers along the route were timing us at intervals with chronometers, and noting our numbers. As I rattled over the paved High Street, I called aloud to one of them. 'How far ahead the last man?'

He shouted back, good-humouredly: 'Four minutes, Fräulein.'

Again I lost heart. Then I mounted a slight slope, and felt how easily the Manitou moved up the gradient. From its summit I could note a long grey cloud of dust rolling steadily onward down the hill towards Hattersheim.

I coasted down, with my feet up, and a slight breeze just cooling me. Mr. Hitchcock, behind, called out, full-throated, from his seat, 'No hurry! No flurry! Take your time! Take-your-time, miss!'

Over the bridge at Hattersheim you turn to the right abruptly, and begin to mount by the side of a pretty little stream, the Schwarzbach, which runs brawling over rocks down the Taunus from Eppstein. By this time the excitement had somewhat cooled down for the moment; I was getting reconciled to be beaten on the level, and began to realise that my chances would be best as we approached the steepest bits of the mountain road about Niederhausen. So I positively plucked up heart to look

about me and enjoy the scenery. With hair flying behind - that coil had played me false - I swept through Hofheim, a pleasant little village at the mouth of a grassy valley inclosed by wooded slopes, the Schwarzbach making cool music in the glen below as I mounted beside it. Clambering larches, like huge candelabra, stood out on the ridge, silhouetted against the skyline.

'How far ahead the last man?' I cried to the recording soldier. He answered me back, 'Two minutes, Fräulein.'



How far ahead the first man?

I was gaining on them; I was gaining! I thundered across the Schwarzbach, by half-a-dozen clamorous little iron bridges, making easy time now, and with my feet working as if they were themselves an integral part of the machinery. Up, up, up; it looked a vertical ascent; the Manitou glided well in its oil-bath at its half-way gearing. I rode for dear life. At sixteen miles, Lorsbach; at eighteen, Eppstein; the road still rising. 'How far ahead the last man?' 'Just round the corner, Fräulein!'

I put on a little steam. Sure enough, round the corner I caught sight of his back. With a spurt, I passed him - a dust-covered soul, very hot and uncomfortable. He had not kept his wind; I flew past him like a whirlwind. But, oh, how sultry hot in that sweltering, close valley! A pretty little town, Eppstein, with its mediæval castle perched high on a craggy rock. I owed it some gratitude, I felt, as I left it behind, for 'twas here that I came up with the tail-end of my opponents.

That one victory cheered me. So far, our route had lain along the well-made but dusty high road in the steaming valley; at Nieder-Josbach, two miles on, we quitted the road abruptly, by the course marked out for us, and turned up a mountain path, only wide enough for two cycles abreast—a path that clambered towards the higher slopes of the Taunus. That was arranged on purpose - for this

was no fair-weather show, but a practical trial for military bicycles, under the conditions they might meet with in actual warfare. It was rugged riding: black walls of pine rose steep on either hand; the ground was uncertain. Our path mounted sharply from the first; the steeper the better. By the time I had reached Ober-Josbach, nestling high among larch-woods, I had distanced all but two of my opponents. It was cooler now, too. As I passed the hamlet my cry altered.

'How far ahead the first man?'

'Two minutes, Fräulein,'

'A civilian?'

'No, no; a Prussian officer.'

The Herr Lieutenant led, then. For Old England's sake, I felt I must beat him.

The steepest slope of all lay in the next two miles. If I were going to win I must pass these two there, for my advantage lay all in the climb; if it came to coasting, the men's mere weight scored a point in their favour. Bump, crash, jolt! I pedalled away like a machine; the Manitou sobbed; my ankles flew round so that I scarcely felt them. But the road was rough and scarred with waterways - ruts turned by rain to runnels. At half a mile, after a desperate struggle among sand and pebbles, I passed the second man; just ahead, the Prussian officer looked round and saw me. 'Thunder-weather! you there, Engländerin?' he cried, darting me a look of unchivalrous dislike, such as only your sentimental German can cast at a woman.



I am here behind you, Herr Lieutenant.

'Yes, I am here, behind you, Herr Lieutenant,' I answered, putting on a spurt; 'and I hope next to be before you.'

He answered not a word, but worked his hardest. So did I. He bent forward: I sat erect on my Manitou, pulling hard at my handles. Now, my front wheel was upon him.

It reached his pedal. We were abreast. He had a narrow thread of solid path, and he forced me into a runnel. Still I gained. He swerved: I think he tried to foul me. But the slope was too steep; his attempt recoiled on himself; he ran against the rock at the side and almost overbalanced. That second lost him. I waved my hand as I sailed ahead. 'Good morning,' I cried, gaily. 'See you again at Limburg!'

From the top of the slope I put my feet up and flew down into Idstein. A thunder-shower burst: I was glad of the cool of it. It laid the dust. I regained the high road. From that moment, save for the risk of sideslips, 'twas easy running - just an undulating line with occasional ups and downs; but I saw no more of my pursuers till, twenty-two kilometres farther on, I rattled on the cobble-paved causeway into Limburg. I had covered the forty-six miles in quick time for a mountain climb. As I crossed the bridge over the Lahn, to my immense surprise, Mr. Hitchcock waved his

arms, all excitement, to greet me. He had taken the train on from Eppstein, it seemed, and got there before me. As I dismounted at the Cathedral, which was our appointed end, and gave my badge to the soldier, he rushed up and shook my hand. 'Fifty pounds!' he cried. 'Fifty pounds! How's that for the great Anglo-Saxon race! And hooray for the Manitou!'

The second man, the civilian, rode in, wet and draggled, forty seconds later. As for the Herr Lieutenant, a disappointed man, he fell out by the way, alleging a puncture. I believe he was ashamed to admit the fact that he had been beaten in open fight by the objurgated Engländerin.

So the end of it was, I was now a woman of means, with fifty pounds of my own to my credit.

I lunched with my backer royally at the best inn in Limburg.



Non-Fiction Reviews

Included in this issue:

Jack the Ripper: The Complete Series,
The Hidden Lives of Jack the Ripper's Victims and more!

JACK THE RIPPER: THE COMPLETE SERIES

www.simplymedia.tv

Stars Stratford Johns and Frank Windsor

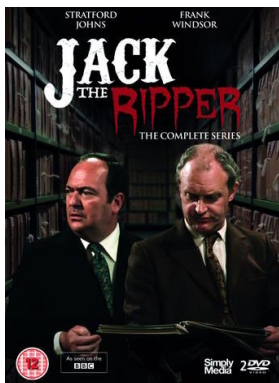
Written by Elwyn Jones and John Lloyd

Directed by Leonard Lewis, David Wickes, and Gilchrist Calder

Region 2

2 discs/307 minutes

£19.99



At 9:25p.m. on BBC1 TV, on Friday 13th July, 1973, the first episode of *Jack the Ripper* was broadcast. Almost half a century later it is still regarded as one of the best television programmes about the Ripper murders. Who'd have thought it!

The concept was blindingly simple: using contemporary accounts and dramatized reconstructions, and have the Jack the Ripper crimes re-investigated by two of the most popular TV detectives of the day, Charles Barlow and John Watt.

Played by Stratford Johns and Frank Windsor, Barlow and Watt had been staples of British television since 1962, when they were characters created for the police series *Z Cars*. They'd gone on to have spinoff series, *Softly, Softly*, *Softly, Softly: Task Force*, *Barlow*, and *Barlow at Large*.

Jack the Ripper ran for six episodes. It was popular enough for a follow-up series called *Second Verdict*, in which Barlow and Watt took a fresh look at assorted other mysteries such as the murder of the Princes in the Tower and Lizzie Borden. That was three years after *Jack* and as far as I am aware, neither *Jack* nor *Second Verdict* were ever repeated.

The series is perhaps best remembered for introducing us to Joseph Sickert. The producers had been in contact with Scotland Yard, and a press officer there had suggested they talk to Joseph, which they did. His appearance towards the end of the series is a brief one, and nobody

would have thought that it would lead to Stephen Knight talking to him!

Although the series was never repeated, it crept out onto YouTube a few years ago and you can still watch it there. The quality is a little variable, and production standards aren't up to what we have today, but you'll probably agree that this really is a series that deserves to be on DVD and in the collection of every serious Ripperologist.

WHO WAS JACK THE RIPPER? ALL THE SUSPECTS REVEALED

Members of H Division Crime Club

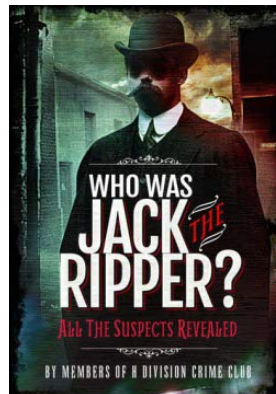
Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen and Sword, 2019

www.pen_and_sword.co.uk

256pp; illus; biblio; index

ISBN: 978-1526748720

Hardcover £19.99, Ebook £6.95



the mix.

Richard C Cobb provides a broad overview to kickstart the book, there's an introduction by Professor David Canter, and Katherine Ramsland has provided concluding thoughts about the sort of person Jack the Ripper might have been. The essays are by Mick Priestly, who outlines the case against Albert Bachert, Keith Stride who has written about Joseph Barnett, Bill Beadle (William Bury), David Andersen (Montague John Druitt), Martin Fido (David Cohen), Bob Hinton (George Hutchinson), Stephen Blomer ('Kosminski'), Edward Stow (Charles Lechmere),

The title promises to reveal all the people suspected of being Jack the Ripper, but unsurprisingly it doesn't and could not conceivably have done so in 177 pages. It is instead a collection of essays about just eleven suspects, most well-known and many the subject of full-length books, but with a handful of fairly new names thrown into

Tracy I'anson (Jacob Levy), M.J. Trow (Robert Mann), and Mike Hawley (Francis Tumblety). Most of these authors have set out their theories in detail elsewhere and as far as I can tell they offer little or no new information here.

This leads to an obvious question: if most of these suspects have been discussed and often discussed at length elsewhere, and if this book offers little or nothing new, why do we need it? This is especially relevant given that quite a few suspect compilations are available, some encyclopaedic in scope and only recently published, such as Paul Williams' *Jack the Ripper Suspects* (2018) and C.J. Morley's *Jack the Ripper Suspects* (2018). Then there is the Whitechapel Society's *Jack the Ripper: The Suspects* (2011), Mike Holgate's *Jack the Ripper: The Celebrity Suspects* (2008), and Stan Russo's *The Jack the Ripper Suspects* (2004).

Perhaps the most welcome essay is Edward Stow's 'Charles Lechmere – Hidden in Plain Sight'. This isn't because Lechmere is a likely suspect – he isn't – but because there isn't a book carefully setting out the case against him. However, he's much discussed on message boards and if you don't want to wade through hundreds of often heated and sometimes acrimonious posts in order to get at the basic facts, this essay is your only real alternative.

Tracy I'anson's essay about Jacob Levy is also very welcome. It barely says much more than that Levy was a Whitechapel butcher who suffered mental issues and was related to one of the 'witnesses' in the Eddowes murder, but I'anson has a book on Levy due from Mango, so she probably didn't want to give too much away.

Another essay of note is by my friend and colleague Martin Fido, whose unanticipated death last year means that this was almost the last thing he wrote about Jack the Ripper. It is far from a fitting tribute, being no more than a restating of his theorising that David Cohen was the Ripper. Apart from some slight revisions over the years, Martin's theory hasn't changed significantly since he first aired it back in 1987.

One thing some readers might find baffling is the H Division Crime Club, to which all the contributors apparently belong. Described as 'the world's largest organisation for the study of Jack the Ripper and true crime', it was created in 2010 – and didn't exist when this book was published, and still doesn't. Not under that name. It appears that the name has been changed to The Dagger True Crime Club.

All criticism aside, this book introduces a variety of suspects that anyone really new to the subject will probably enjoy dipping into, and for the most part the authors are the go-to people for information about their

favoured suspects, eight of the eleven having written books about them! The cover price is a little high for just 177 pages, although Amazon offers a hefty discount.

THE HIDDEN LIVES OF JACK THE RIPPER'S VICTIMS

Robert Hume

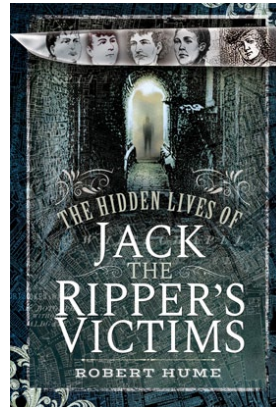
Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen and Sword, 2019

www.pen_and_sword.co.uk

156pp; illus; notes; biblio; index

ISBN: 978-1526738608

Hardcover £19.99, Ebook £9.59



I'm glad nobody has asked me to choose the worst Jack the Ripper book of the decade. There are so many deserving candidates that it would be tough to pick just one, but *The Hidden Lives of Jack the Ripper's Victims* would certainly be on the list of nominees.

A full-length book about the lives of Jack the Ripper's victims should have been written a long time ago. Whether a full-length book *could* have been written is another matter. The information wasn't as accessible as it is today, and researchers sweating at the coalface, digging out a nugget of detail here and another there, was a long process. So, we've waited for ages for a full-length book about Jack's victims. Then, like buses, two come along at the same time, or almost at the same time, first Hallie Rubenhold's *The Five*, then Robert Hume's *The Hidden Lives...* But *The Five* was an exercise in 'historical negationism' and Hume's slender volume is an unpleasant mixture of fact, invention and error. Neither book gives the victims the service they deserved.

We encounter Robert Hume's first mistake just two words into chapter one. He writes 'Charles Andrew Cross' instead of Charles Allen Cross, and he maybe should have written Lechmere instead of Cross anyway. It's not a big error, but is compounded by Mr Hume saying that Cross passed down Bucks Row at 3:30am, whereas he left home in Doveton Street at 3:30am and walked down Bucks Row nearer 3:45am. He'd also been employed by Pickfords, the removal people, for exactly twenty years, not 'over twenty years' as Mr Hume says.

He similarly portrays Eddowes purchasing a jacket and boots in Maidstone when on her way to the hop fields in nearby Hunton. These purchases were made as they tramped home from Hunton to London. Again, it is a small detail, but *The Hidden Lives...* is supposed to be a book about the victims, and the facts about their lives, especially the last days of their lives, are important. Okay,

these are little, picky, inconsequential mistakes, but they make you question Mr Hume's care and attention to detail.

But it's his chapter about Mary Kelly that is jaw-droppingly awful. Hume, a history teacher, seems to have no understanding of his source materials, and the chapter on Kelly is a hotchpotch of everything he could find. He says that a Mary Jane Kelly was born in 1863, in Castleconnell, was baptised on 31 March that year, and lived with eight or nine brothers and sisters in Mungret Street, Limerick City.

It's ever so easy to miss that 'a'. There are lots of women named Mary Kelly, and there is no reason to suppose that this one was the Mary Kelly. Indeed, Hume accepts that the father of the murdered Kelly was named John, and he knows that the Castleconnell Kelly's father was named Michael, so it's highly probable that she wasn't.

He tells us that the murdered Mary Kelly moved with her family to Carmarthen, where Mary's older sister went to live with an aunt and cousin. On Wednesdays and Saturdays the cousins went to work in Carmarthen market, and sometimes Mary went along too, helping the girls 'carrying big baskets of ribbon and thread, which they would attempt to sell to passers-by.' But Mary said nothing like this about her life. It seems to be a product of Hume's imagination.

The chapter continues by drawing upon Stephen Knight, Jean Overton Fuller, Patricia Cornwell and Wynne Weston Davies, with no critical analysis of their claims. He has Kelly working as a nanny for the Sickerts, being a friend of Florence Pash, moving off to the Maundrells... all uncritically presented as if it was established fact.

The feeling that Hume knew nothing about Jack the Ripper's victims before coming up with the idea for this book, possibly to cash in on the success of *The Five*, is enhanced when one learns that many people who received an ARC (a free 'advance reader's copy' sent by the publisher in return for a review on Amazon or suchlike) of *The Hidden Lives...* reported that among the book's illustrations were all or most of the much-discussed bogus victim photos scattered on various websites. Fortunately, this was picked up before the book went to print, but the book still contains one supposedly of Mary Ann Nichols captioned 'Maid in a pinafore: What Nichols may have looked like' and the given source is a blog by Alyson Dunlop. Dunlop reproduces all the bogus photos. Hume has written a book about Jack the Ripper's victims, yet he doesn't know that there is only one photo of a victim in life!

I had hoped that Hume's book would have offered a corrective to Hallie Rubenhold's *The Five*, but it didn't, and the cover blurb makes the same silly claim that the 'victims

have been sorely neglected, relegated to the simple label: prostitute', and that their lives were 'Ignored by the press and overlooked by historians...' If the victims had been so badly neglected, I wonder where Mr Hume obtained all his information about them? Neither he nor Hallie Rubenhold found it for themselves.

JACK THE RIPPER'S NEW TESTAMENT: OCCULTISM AND BIBLE MANIA IN 1888

Nigel Graddon

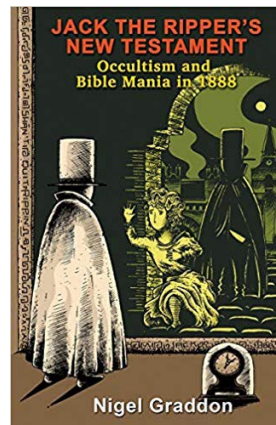
Kempton, Illinois: Adventures Unlimited Press, 2019

www.adventuresunlimitedpress

292pp; illus; notes; biblio

ISBN: 978-1948803137

Softcover £19.99/Ebook £13.31



On 13th October 1888, Sir Charles Warren wrote in a report, 'As Mr Matthews is aware I have for some time past inclined to the idea that the murders may possibly be done by a secret society, as the only logical solution of the question...'

We don't know why Warren thought the murders were committed by a 'secret society',

nor do we know what sort of secret society he had in mind – except it is unlikely to have been the Freemasons. However, as a prominent Freemason, the founder in 1884 of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge, he would have been brought into direct contact with esoteric thinkers and occult societies, such as the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, founded in 1887 by fellow Quatuor Coronati Lodge member, William Wynn Westcott.

In the 19th century, perhaps in response to the pace of change, a lot of people turned to the magical and mystical, as well as religions old and new, in an effort to understand their challenging and often baffling world, and the case advanced here by Nigel Graddon is that two assassins, members of an occult or religious elite, were sent to London to commit the murders attributed to Jack the Ripper. "This book offers evidence, for the first time, that those responsible for the Whitechapel murders were members of a hit team associated with a centuries-old European occult confederacy dedicated to human sacrifice." Or so the blurb on the back of this book proclaims.

As you can probably imagine, I approached *Jack the Ripper's New Testament* with considerable reluctance, convinced that reading it was going to be a chore, and the amateurish cover illustration by Julien Decaudin did

nothing to change that opinion. My lack of enthusiasm sank even further when flicking through the book I came across some of those bogus victim photographs. But the book was more entertaining than I had expected. Nigel Graddon, who had written a Ripper novel, *The Looking Glass Ripper*, self-published back in 2015 under the name Gordon Finlay, seems very erudite, he writes well, and for the most part his book is easy and fun reading; I almost read it cover-to-cover at one sitting, although I admit that I skipped a few parts that didn't hold my attention. The only thing is, it didn't have much to do with Jack the Ripper.

Graddon is candid about this, writing, 'I have no insights into the precise nature of the events that precipitated the Whitechapel murders.' His argument is that the Whitechapel murders were committed by two agents of an order of assassins controlled by senior Vatican clerics to help out the British Royal Family with an unspecified problem. The assassins are identified as George Tyrell and Henri Bremond, though to be honest there is no real evidence against either. 'I cannot put hand on heart and say unequivocally that Tyrell and Bremond carried out the Whitechapel murders,' writes Graddon. 'Nevertheless, who knows what might be discovered if the necessary diaries and records could be found?'

Well, yes, who does indeed know what we might discover if only supporting documents could be found – assuming those supporting documents ever existed in the first place! But the cover blurb succinctly says that corroboration did and maybe does exist. The idea of this elite group of assassins who committed the Whitechapel murders 'was first mooted' back in 1993, says Graddon, by someone named by Jim Keith in his book *Secret and Suppressed*, and it was afterwards actually 'corroborated in the private papers of a Monsignor' who wrote about 'a Vatican-based cabal of assassins' who sent some agents to commit the Ripper murders 'to "solve a sticky problem for the British Royal Family"'

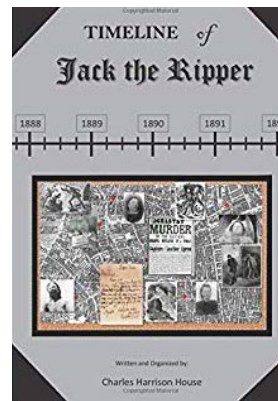
Golly gosh! I invested in Jim Keith's book and found that he had only repeated the old Stephen Knight story about the Masons, and the so-called 'corroboration' turned out to be an anonymous document allegedly sent to Jim Keith, and about which even Jim Keith seems to have been dubious.

Sorry, Mr Graddon, but I'm afraid I need a hell of a lot more than that before I come anywhere near buying into that idea! However, one of the pleasures of Ripper studies is the weird and wonderful people one encounters populating the fringes of acceptable society, such as black magician Roslyn Donston Stevenson or pimple potion peddler Frances Tumblety. Nigel Graddon's book is a rollicking introduction to similar people, several of whom

have loose Ripper connections, like Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Aleister Crowley. Some were frauds and charlatans, some needed psychiatric help, but some were sincere explorers of the borderland of reality. The trouble is, the book has very little to do with Jack the Ripper and hardly any of what it does have is credible.

TIMELINE OF JACK THE RIPPER

Charles Harrison House
Independently published, 2019
Endlessmuseum.com
45pp; illus
ISBN: 978-1652464518
softcover £6.49



I thought a timeline was an excellent idea and as a specialist book it could become the essential go-to to quickly check what happened and when. My initial enthusiasm had me pressing the 'Buy Now' button on Amazon before I realised this book was only 45-pages long. I don't usually review 'books' that short, because more often than not

they are rip-offs that are of marginal interest, even to completists who must have everything in their collection.

In fairness to Charles Harrison House, he does say in the blurb that this is a 'mini-book', so I only have myself to blame for being too quick off the mark to buy. However, he also claims that he 'chronologizes nearly every crime, murder, letter and discovery...' which makes it sound like it does a lot. In fact, it doesn't do that at all.

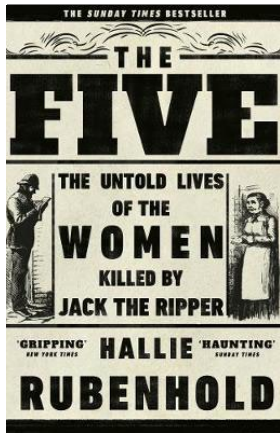
The 'book' describes one incident per page, and very superficially. One incident a day means that the 'timeline' consists of a mere 40 or so events, and they are pretty much just stuff like the when letters like 'Dear Boss' were received or when the murders were committed. A very mundane timeline indeed.

So, whilst the idea was good, what was delivered, nicely produced though it is, you'd be advised to put your £6.50 towards something more worthwhile.

THE FIVE: THE UNTOLD LIVES OF THE WOMEN KILLED BY JACK THE RIPPER

Hallie Rubenhold
London: Black Swan, 2020
www.penguin.co.uk
415pp; notes; biblio; index
ISBN: 978-1784162344
Softcover £9.99

Hallie Rubenhold's account of the lives of Jack the Ripper's victims was one of the publishing successes of



2019, almost universally well-reviewed, a *Sunday Times* bestseller, and winner of the Baille Gifford Prize for non-fiction. But students of the Ripper case – the best people to judge the book – were unenthusiastic, arguing that it was historical negationism, denying her claim that there was no evidence that at least three of the victims were

prostitutes, unimpressed by her suggestion (inherent in the book's title, that the lives of the victims had hitherto been neglected), and dismissing as rather ludicrous her idea that the victims were found where they were found because they had gone there to sleep. They also objected to how she barred Ripper folk from her Twitter feed and effectively stifled legitimate criticism.

There was much else for which the book was criticised, but Hallie Rubenhold took the known facts about the victims and put them into context. There is little about the victims' lives that wasn't already known, but the contextualisation is excellent, and the book is highly readable and understandably popular, although one has to wonder whether it would have proved so popular if the women hadn't been killed by Jack the Ripper. Anyway, as far as a shortish perusal goes, this softcover edition appears unchanged from last year's hardcover, which is perhaps unsurprising because Hallie Rubenhold has moved on to her next project, *Bad Girls*, an account of the women who associated with Dr Crippen.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE DIARY OF JACK THE RIPPER

(Fully Revised New Edition)

Robert Smith

London: Mango Books, 2019

www.MangoBooks.co.uk

first published as a limited-edition hardback (London: Mango Books, 2017)

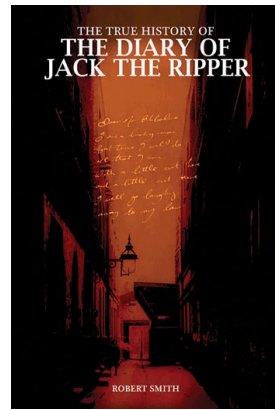
162pp; illus; facsimile of original diary; transcript; notes, sources; index

ISBN: 978-1-911273-79-0

£20 softcover

Like it or not, the so-called "diary" of Jack the Ripper has caused the most significant stir in Ripper circles since Stephen Knight's *Jack the Ripper: The Final Solution*. It is generally accepted that it's a fake and it's often dismissed as an obvious and amateurish one, but when it was composed and by whom has defied general agreement for twenty-five years!

Whatever your feelings about the "diary", anyone



nearest you'll ever get to doing so. The facsimile lets you see the handwriting, ink colour, grammatical and spelling errors, as well as all the blots and blemishes, enabling you to get a feel for the book that no written description can provide.

Robert Smith, who now owns the diary and who in October 1993 published Shirley Harrison's classic volume that kicked off the controversy, here explores what is known about the "diary". He is as fair as he could be expected to be, I think, given that he believes it to be genuine. But he intends to give readers all the information they need to enable them to reach their conclusions.

This softcover edition updates the limited-edition hardcover published in 2017 and corrects a few errors.

SWANSON: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A VICTORIAN DETECTIVE

Adam Wood

Preface by Nevil Swanson

Foreword by Paul Begg

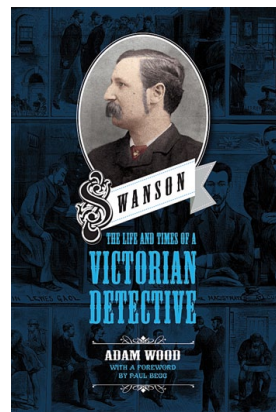
London: Mango Books, 2020

www.MangoBooks.co.uk

750pp; illus; appendices; notes; biblio; index

ISBN: 978-0-993-1806-1-3

£25.00 hardcover, £20.00 softcover, £9.99 ebook



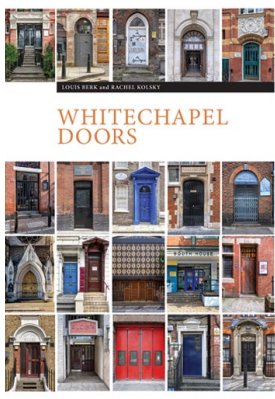
I have been involved with it since it was little more than a glimmer in Adam Wood's eye, and it was genuinely an honour to provide the Foreword, so this can't be a review of what I think you'll agree is a genuinely magisterial biography, but I couldn't let this issue of the *Rip* pass by without drawing your attention to such a terrific book.

As said in the Foreword, the trouble with most police biographies is that the shortage of information about the policeman concerned means that the "biography" really becomes little more than a recounting of the best-known

cases he investigated. With Swanson, this would have made an interesting book, but the Swanson family has been fortunate enough to have preserved a large number of photographs and numerous documents that have fleshed out Swanson's story from his birth in the far north of Scotland through his career at Scotland Yard, in which he played a part in numerous high-profile investigations, not least being the murders attributed to Jack the Ripper. To this, Adam Wood has interweaved the results of several years of research, providing the most extraordinary details. This is a police biography, not a Ripper book, but it is terrific reading.

WHITECHAPEL DOORS

Louis Berk, and Rachel Kolsky
 London: Mango Books, 2019
 www.MangoBooks.co.uk
 116pp; illus in colour
 ISBN: 978-1-911273-71-4
 £20 softcover



The surprise of the month!

I can't say *Whitechapel Doors* is an inexpensive book, but it's one to cheer you up on a wet Sunday afternoon.

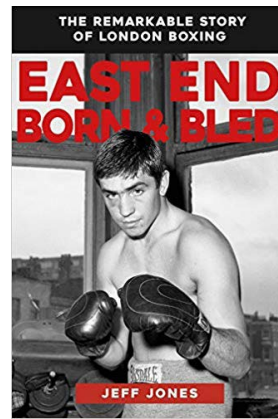
Frankly, I thought the idea for this book was rather silly – take a bunch of photographs of doors and add a bit of text. It's the stuff of a Wickes catalogue and, unless you're buying a new door, enough to bore the

pants off you. But nothing could be further from the truth. This book is a wonderful dip-in-and-browse book. The doors are different, so are the colours, and the photos are great. The accompanying text is also usually relevant and often compelling. This is a book to settle down with and look at, and from now on when I look at a door I'll see more than I ever did. Thank you, Berk and Kolsky.

EAST END BORN AND BLED: THE REMARKABLE STORY OF LONDON BOXING

Jeff Jones
 Foreword by Harry Redknapp
 Stroud, Gloucestershire: Amberley Publishing, 2020
 www.amberley-books.com
 288pp; illus; appendices; notes; biblio; index
 ISBN: 978-1445694979
 Softcover £16.99

The East End of London is synonymous with crime and boxing. Some of the great names in boxing came from the East End, and some still do, and even some of the earliest boxers it produced are remembered names today, like Daniel Mendoza and Tom King.



On the morning of 5 April 1882, several men appeared at Bow Street Police Court on a charge of causing a breach of the peace by being involved in promoting a prize-fight just over a week earlier, on 27 March, in St Andrews' Hall, Tavistock Place. Apart from not being fought according to the Queensbury rules, the venue was a former church

hall and thought to still be consecrated ground. But it is of interest to us because among the men charged with the offence of 'riot' were John Satchell and John McCarthy, the latter being the shopkeeper of Dorset Street, who would be Mary Kelly's landlord shopkeeper of 27 Dorset Street.

Now, unfortunately Jeff Jones doesn't mention this incident in his book, which is a shame because the fight was between Jack Hicks and Henry 'Sugar' Goodson. Jones does give a bit of space to the Goodson brothers, Thomas and Henry, respectively nicknamed 'Treacle' and 'Sugar', but nothing to Hicks, who was quite a famous pugilist in his day. One of the best lightweights around in his day, Hicks had pretty much retired from the ring and gone into business, and was highly regarded in the East End.

I'd love to know what brought Hicks out of retirement to fight Goodson, especially as the former was about 55-years-old, and the latter a muscular young 25-year-old, but despite their age difference it would appear that Hick's skill and experience would have won the day. What the outcome would have been will forever remain a mystery because the police stopped the fight, making several arrests, including John 'Jack' Hicks, Henry 'Sugar' Goodson and John 'Jack' McCarthy.

Of course, of major interest is that name, 'Goodson', because a man named Goodson lived with Rose Mylett for the last three months of her life. His name was Ben Goodson. and 'Treacle' and 'Sugar' had an elder brother, Benjamin or Ben Goodson who, the author tells us, 'spent several spells in prison for a number of fairly serious offences'. And, indeed he did, but was he *the* Ben Goodson? Research continues.

Whilst Jeff Jones doesn't say much about the Goodsons, and nothing at all about Jack Hicks or their arrest with McCarthy, I think he does the best anyone could have done with such a huge subject.

Boxing was seen as a manly sport that required training and discipline, a healthy physique, and obedience to rules, and in the brutal environment of the slums a knowledge and skill at self-defence was of considerable

value. Bareknuckle street fighting was commonplace, unstructured, bloody, and did a lot of physical damage, whereas organised contests, padded boxing gloves, and the Queensbury rules was morally superior as well as instructive. The East End had a lot of gyms and clubs around and many Christian establishments supported and encouraged boxing, among them and perhaps most famously, Holy Trinity, Shoreditch, right in the heart of the Old Nicol, one of the worst slums London had to offer.

The vicar was Rev Arthur Osborn Montgomery Jay (1858-1945), who wrote a book, *Life In Darkest London*, and was the model for Father Sturt in Arthur Morrison's *A Child of the Jago*. He was never far from controversy; one of the reasons was the fully-equipped gym, including a boxing ring, in the basement of his church.

One of the advantages of Rev Jay's gym was that it kept men out of the pub. An aspect of life in the East End that I hadn't fully appreciated was the extent to which pubs were involved with the boxing business. Some actually staged fights, in a ring inside the pub or somewhere outside and nearby.

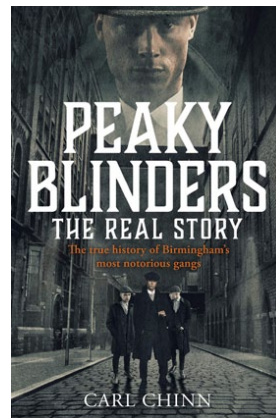
Of course, Jeff Jones' book isn't all about East End boxing in the late 19th and early 20th century, the period that probably interests you most, but comes up to date, or to the start of the 21st century, and it recalls what I suspect may be a fast-vanishing world. Doctors are voicing concerns about the long-term damage boxers suffer, the damage done when a punch bounces the brain around inside the head like a pinball. Doctors talk about chronic traumatic encephalopathy (CTE), which used to be called 'punchy' or 'punch-drunk', but actually leads to paranoia and other mental problems.

I'm not a big fan of boxing, but I can recommend *East End Born and Bled* as an easy and enjoyable read. I'd like to know a lot more about the part boxing played in the days of 'Sugar' Goodson and Rev Jay, so maybe Jeff Jones will concentrate on that period in a future book. If I have a criticism, it is the lousy index. It's pretty much just the names of people, but even then it's incomplete. It doesn't mention Rev Jay, for example.

PEAKY BLINDERS: THE REAL STORY

Carl Chinn
London: John Blake, 2019
www.johnblakebooks.co.uk
Illus; select reading; notes
ISBN: 9781789461725
Softcover £8.99 / ebook £3.80

On Monday, 24 March 1890, the *Birmingham Mail* reported that a young man named George Eastwood had called into the Rainbow pub in Adderley Street, where he ordered a ginger beer. He was followed in a short time later



by a group of roughs who the newspaper described as 'the "peaky blinders" gang'. They verbally abused Eastwood for drinking a non-alcoholic drink and, knowing the thugs for what they were, he sensibly took the view that discretion was the best part of valour and left the pub. Unfortunately, the gang followed him out and in a suitably dark place he was set

upon and severely beaten, being lucky not to have been killed. The only member of the gang to be caught by the police was twenty-six-year-old Thomas Mucklow, who received a meagre nine months in prison!

This report is one of the first and maybe the first reference in a newspaper to the Peaky Blinders, a Birmingham gang from the decades preceding WWI, when many British cities were plagued by mindless thuggery – one recalls the exceptionally violent High-Rips of Liverpool and the widespread hooliganism to which the 1 December 1900 murder of P.C. Ernest Thompson, who discovered the body of Frances Coles, was attributed. One report of P.C. Thompson's murder linked it to other attacks in Whitechapel, the knifing of a young wood carver and the shooting of woman.

The Peaky Blinders supposedly took their name from their habit of sewing razor blades into the peak of the flat caps gang members habitually wore, but this is unlikely to be true because the name existed before the blades were manufactured.

Already it is clear that the Peaky Blinders were not at all like the gang of professional criminals led by the Shelby family, whose exploits are at the heart of the hugely successful television series *Peaky Blinders*, heading into its seventh and final series. Many of the people who feature in the series were real, such as Billy Kimber (1882-1945), but they've been fictionalised, and, of course, the Shelbys didn't exist at all. And the Shelbys were real gangsters, professional criminals, whereas the real Peaky Blinders were nasty street thugs who engaged in mindless violence for the fun of it.

Peaky Blinders: The Real Story is Carl Chinn's second bite at the Blinders cherry, his earlier history being *The Real Peaky Blinders* (2014). Both provide an interesting insight into the real street gangs on either side of 1900, as well as exploring Billy Kimber and the Racecourse wars of the 1920s.

BRITAIN'S UNSOLVED MURDERS

Kevin Turton

Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen and Sword True Crime, 2019

www.pen-and-sword.co.uk

139pp; illus; index

Softcover £12.99 / ebook £5.99



There really isn't much to say, it's all said in the book's title. It's no offence to Mr Turton or his book, but it is basically a re-telling of some fairly well-known to very well-known murder cases.

Following a very brief introduction, the author discusses thirteen unsolved murders, two of which are of peripheral Ripper interest;

the murder of John Gill in 1888, and the murder of Emily Dimmock in 1907.

Johnny Gill was a little boy who went missing from home on 27 December 1888 and was later found murdered and mutilated not too far from his home. Both Patricia Cornwell and Bruce Robinson have suggested that he was a victim of their respective candidates for the Jack, Walter Sickert and Michael Maybrick.

Emily Dimmock was a young prostitute whose murder seemingly inspired a series of paintings by Walter Sickert, *The Camden Town Murders*. Patricia Cornwell has suggested that Sickert was the Ripper.

Other cases covered by Kevin Turton are the murder of Emile l'Angelier (for which Madeleine Smith stood trial) in 1857, Windsor Hambrugh, 1893; Rees Brandish, 1897; Rose Harsent, 1902; Caroline Luard, 1908; Mabel Greenwood, 1919; Florence Shore, 1920; Evelyn Foster, 1931; Angelos Zemenides (1933); George and Lillian Peach, 1952; and Anne Noblett, 1957.

Overall, Turton doesn't seem to offer any new information and if you are familiar with these murders – and there are some there which you might not be – then there will be nothing to surprise you, but the book is a handy memory-jogger and is an excellent read for a bus or train journey.

A DATE WITH THE HANGMAN:

A HISTORY OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN BRITAIN

Gary Dobbs

Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pan and Sword History, 2019

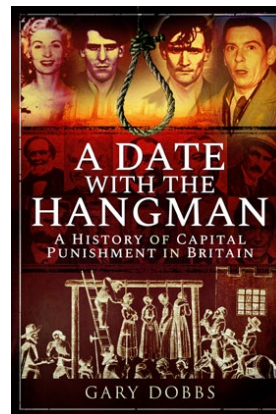
www.pen-and-sword.co.uk

142pp; illus; short biblio; index

ISBN: 978-1526747433

Hardcover £19.99 / Ebook £6.95

Four very short chapters discuss aspects of execution



several doctors reaching this conclusion, one of them a Dr Begg. That naturally caught my eye. Had a case for diminished responsibility been entered, it's likely that Evans would have escaped the noose.

Gary Dobbs doesn't go into any of the details of the Evans and Allen case, not even giving the name of the man they murdered, but in some cases he gives details, as with James Hanratty, executed in 1962.

There are other books about executions and executioners, notably John J Eddleston's *The Encyclopedia of Executions* (2002), which is, I recall, about as comprehensive as it gets. Dobbs, though, has put together a small volume – just over 140 pages, which at £20 must be considered rather expensive – that gives the basic facts, such as who was executed, where, when, what for and by whom. It's a sad collection of lives wasted and lives cut short.

TRIAL OF RONALD LIGHT: THE GREEN BICYCLE CASE.

Notable British Trials, No. 87

Edited by Sally Smith

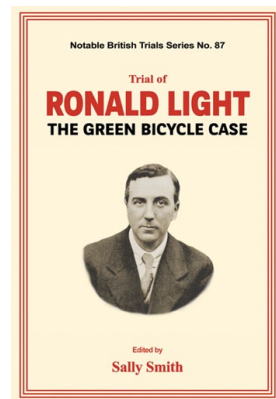
London: Mango Books, 2020

www.MangoBooks.co.uk

195pp; illus; appendices; index

978-1-911273-76-9

£20 hardcover; £7.99 ebook



through the ages. The rest of the book is a listing, decade by decade, of executions. The listings conclude in 1964, of course, with the execution of Peter Allen in Liverpool, and Gwynne Evans in Manchester. It was suggested a year or two back that Evans was mentally challenged, childish, a compulsive liar, and a psychopathic personality,

several doctors reaching this conclusion, one of them a Dr Begg. That naturally caught my eye. Had a case for diminished responsibility been entered, it's likely that Evans would have escaped the noose.

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On the evening of 5 July 1919, a young woman was shot in the head. Her name was Bella Wright. She was attractive, paid well, and enjoyed a good social life – in short, she was self-sufficient and independent, what back then was known as a “new women”. She enjoyed cycling and frequently seen in the country lanes near her home.

It was in one such, near the village of Little Stretton, that her body and her bicycle were found. At first the discovery

was treated as a tragic traffic accident, but a young village bobby was unhappy with the conclusion and the next day took a careful look at the scene and the body, which was when he discovered the bullet hole and the police realised that they had a murder on their hands.

Inquiries established that a man riding a green bicycle had been seen in Bella's company, but the investigation otherwise ground to a frustrating halt. It was seven months later that a green bike was pulled from the River Soar. Enough of the serial number remained for the police to trace ownership to Ronald Light, to all outward appearances a respectable former army officer from a wealthy family. However, beneath that thin veneer of propriety was a man who had been expelled from school, sacked from his job, and kicked out of the army. He had also been in trouble with the police for various offences, including misconduct with women.

Light initially lied about owning the bicycle and meeting Bella, but witnesses positively identified him. Also pulled from the water with the green bicycle was a package containing bullets that matched the one that had killed Bella. It looked like a slam-dunk, but the great Edward Marshall Hall led Light's defence and successfully argued that the prosecution had not proved guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. Ronald Light was acquitted and lived until 15 May 1975.

Over the years the case has become a classic, dissected by several writers, but it missed inclusion in the original Notable British Trials series. That has now been rectified by barrister Sally Smith, whose biography, *Marshall Hall: A Law Unto Himself* (2016), was top-notch. Her introduction is clear, concise, and a joy to read. There are lots of footnotes and appendices, including the full text of the recently discovered confession allegedly made by Light to Superintendent Bowley (also illustrated), and, of course, the superb index we've come to expect from Mango.

MADELEINE SMITH ON TRIAL: A GLASGOW MURDER AND THE YOUNG WOMAN TOO RESPECTABLE TO CONVICT

Brian Jenkins

Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland and Company, 2019

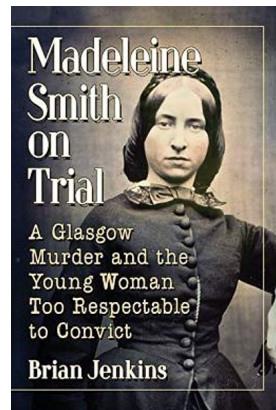
www.mcfarlandpub.com

229pp; illus; notes; biblio; index

ISBN: 978-1-4766-7840-5

£42 softcover, £18.50 ebook

Early in 1855, Madeleine Smith began a steamy relationship with Pierre Emile L'Angelier, but her upper-middle-class parents, ignorant of that relationship, arranged a more socially acceptable relationship for their daughter and in 1857 she attempted to finish with L'Angelier. However, L'Angelier possessed some passionate letters written by Smith, and he threatened to make them



public if she didn't marry him. L'Angelier soon after died of arsenic poisoning, and not only did a search of his lodgings discover the letters, suggesting a motive for murder, but Smith had been seen buying arsenic.

The circumstantial evidence was strong, but the prosecution was unable to prove guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. The Scottish jury returned a verdict of Not Proven, and Madeleine Smith walked from the court.

There have been quite a few books written about Madeleine Smith, most notably F Tennyson Jesse's *Trial of Madeleine Smith* in the Notable British Trials series, and *That Nice Miss Smith* by Nigel Morland. There was also a book in the Gender in History series from Manchester University Press, *Murder and Morality in Victorian Britain: The Story of Madeleine Smith*, which I haven't read but looks interesting. To this mini-library, Brian Jenkins has added what could be the definitive account. There are just over 200 pages, but the print is quite small, so the size of the book belies how extraordinarily detailed this account is. It is also very readable. Sadly, it is eye-wateringly expensive, which probably means it won't be on as many reading piles as it deserves to be.

MISJUDGED MURDERESSES: FEMALE INJUSTICE IN VICTORIAN BRITAIN

Stephen Jakobi

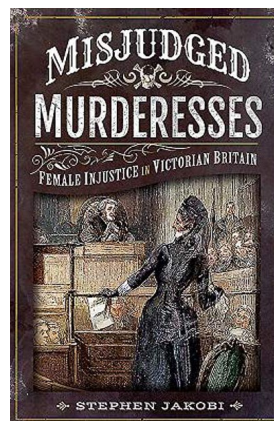
Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen and Sword, 2019

www.pen-and-swordbooks.co.uk

239pp; illus; notes; index

ISBN: 1526741628

£12.99 softcover



A theory is that Madeleine Smith escaped a guilty verdict because of her social class and gender, and I wondered if this conflicted with Stephen Jakobi's suggestion that misogyny in the Victorian period led to the wrongful conviction of women.

Jakobi was a highly-respected human rights lawyer with a particular interest in miscarriages of justice. In this book he examines the cases of eight Victorian poisoners who, he argues, were wrongly convicted because of the misogynistic legal system in Victorian Britain. The poisoning cases discussed are Mary Ball, Sarah Chesham,

Ann Merritt, Sarah Barber, Priscilla Biggadike, Mary Lefly, Lizzie Pearson and Florence Maybrick.

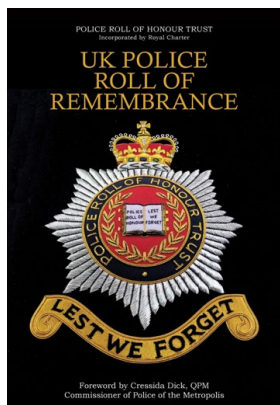
Of the eight cases, Jakobi concludes that seven were probably, firmly or undoubtedly innocent, while one was probably guilty, but not beyond a reasonable doubt. But were they convicted because they were women? There is no doubt Florence Maybrick's infidelity and the double-standards of the day doomed her, but the misdirection of the judge, who was going potty, didn't help her case either. Had Mr Justice Stephen been in his right mind and his directions to the jury been fair and just, the outcome of the trial might have been different. So, I am not sure what was gender-related about these particular convictions. The Victorian judicial system was extremely harsh, the accused wasn't allowed to testify in their defence or appeal against their sentence, so the odds were somewhat stacked against them, but plenty of men were wrongly convicted too.

Mentioning Mrs Maybrick, I should just mention that there is a page devoted to the so-called Maybrick diary and watch, Mr Jakobi concluding that both are probably "fake tributes to the popularity of Ripperology" (whatever that means).

Misjudged Murderesses is a useful look at eight poisoning cases, one a cause celebre in its day, and you can decide whether you agree with the conclusion that they were probably innocent.

UK POLICE ROLL OF REMEMBRANCE

Police Roll of Honour Trust
London: Mango Books, 2019
www.MangoBooks.co.uk
226pp; illus; index by police force; index by name
ISBN: 978-1-911273-85-1
£20.00 hardcover



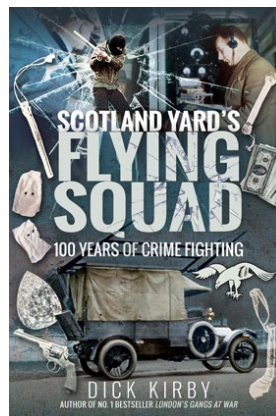
Richard Clynton was a Parish Constable in Uxbridge, Middlesex, and in common with other parish constables, he may have worked part-time and been unpaid. I know little more about Clynton, except that on 2 January 1547 he confronted "a riotous mob" and was killed. His name is the first in this book.

It sounds like a corny cliché when we say that policemen and firemen, among others, really do face the genuine prospect when they go off to work that they'll never come home again. I don't know how many names there are between Clynton's and the last-named, 52-year-old Roy Buggins, who died on 3 September 2019, but it is a humbling list and their stories,

though very briefly told, are ones we should remember. This book is a fantastic commemoration of all those men and women who courageously and selflessly paid the ultimate price in the battle to keep the rest of us safe. Not all died from violence, of course, but all were on duty.

SCOTLAND YARD'S FLYING SQUAD: 100 YEARS OF CRIME FIGHTING

Dick Kirby
Foreword by John O'Connor, former commander of the Flying Squad
Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen and Sword, 2019
www.pen-and-swordbooks.co.uk
234pp; illus; biblio; index
ISBN: 1526752131
£25.00 hardcover, £10.79 ebook



The turbulent years following the First World War saw a dramatic increase in crime, particularly violent crime such as armed robberies. In 1913 Sir Basil Thomson succeeded Sir Melville Macnaghten as head of the C.I.D. and looked at ways of improving the efficiency of the detective department. As early as 1916, Superintendent

Frederick Porter Wensley had floated the idea of an elite team of detectives able to provide a rapid response to crimes committed across London. It had not been possible to implement at that time, but when the war over the time came to put Wensley's plan into action, and in 1919 the Flying Squad was born. Last year was the 100th anniversary of its creation and in this book the prolific Dick Kirby, a former Flying Squad officer, reviews the key moments in its chequered history.

Earlier last year, Neil Root's *Crossing the Line of Duty* (The History Press) was published. It told the story of the corruption within the Flying Squad back in the 1970s when its commander, Kenneth Drury, was convicted of corruption on an almost industrial scale and sent to prison. Kirby doesn't normally gloss over the weaknesses and failings of the police, so I was surprised that he mentioned Drury once, almost in passing, and left comment to someone else whom he quoted.

Of course, the truth is that it is only by associating with villains that one picks up intelligence about crimes committed and being planned, so members of the Flying Squad often consorted with criminals and established a network of narks (I believe they are called Covert Human Intelligence Sources!) But going on expensive holidays with them, inviting them to the Flying Squad's annual dinner, and pocketing thousands of pounds worth of

bribes, was taking the proverbial. The corruption damaged the Squad and the reputation of the Met as a whole, and the ramifications are still keenly felt half a century later.

But not every copper was in the pocket of the bad guys, and there were a lot of good men working long hours to bust the criminals. In what is a celebration of the Flying Squad, Kirby tells the stories of their successes, making this book one of his usual page-turners.

FROM THE FLYING SQUAD TO INVESTIGATING WAR CRIMES

Ron Turnbull

Foreword by John G.D. Grieve, Former Deputy Assistant Commissioner, New Scotland Yard

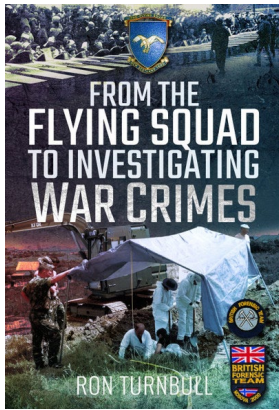
Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen and Sword, 2019

www.pen-and-swordbooks.co.uk

236pp; illus; index

ISBN: 978-1-52675-866-8

£19.99 hardcover



One of those men who got the job done was Ron Turnbull, and phew, what a career Mr Turnbull has had. He's lived life to the full and has lots of stories to tell. The trouble is that 200 pages aren't enough to tell them. This book is, therefore, a slightly breathless tour through a series of incidents that could probably have done with a book each.

Turnbull began his career as a bobby in Fife, Scotland, but soon went south to London where dedication to the job led to his appointment to the elite Flying Squad, which thanks to rhyming slang will forever be known as the Sweeney.

He went on to become a scene of crime expert, which in turn led him to investigate serious crimes abroad, including genocide, in Bosnia, Croatia, and Kosovo, and working for the United Nations.

As said, Ron Turnbull whizzes through his life. He has seen a lot of extremely distressing things, and thankfully Turnbull holds back on a lot of it, though what he does describe can be disturbing, even distressing. But he also writes with honesty and humour, recalling anecdotes by the dozen. The book is not so much a biography as social history, recalling both policing in the last decades of the 20th century, forensics – the Rachel Nickell case as well as IRA bombings – and international investigations. It's a terrific book, and I almost feel privileged to have read it. There's a brief foreword by John Grieve, who ought to write his autobiography one day too!

UNDAUNTED: MY LIFE AS POLICEMAN AND PRIVATE EYE

Jim Smith

London: Blue Lamp Books, 2019

www.MangoBooks.co.uk

First Published by Round Midnight Editions, 2009, 2013

322pp; illus (many in colour); index

ISBN: 978-1-911273-74-5

£10.00 softcover



This book was originally published back in 2009 and again in 2013 and was generally well-received, but blighted by spelling and grammatical errors. This revised edition from Mango Books has been completely re-edited, updated, re-illustrated, and, as one expects from Mango, given a full and proper index.

There were a lot of very good coppers in the Met during the '60s and '70s, but there were also some very crooked ones – Operation Countryman investigated allegations of corruption against eighty-four Met officers between 1978 and 1982. Corruption blighted the careers of many good coppers, those who were corrupt as well as those who weren't. Smith was one of the latter, the victim of a cabal of bent brethren who forced him out of the Force and even tried to muck up his subsequent career as a private detective. Smith holds back no punches in his forthright description of those days, and it's a disgrace that such a good policeman, one who was awarded the British Empire Medal for gallantry, should have suffered at the hands of dirty cops.

Although born in the tough tenements of Govan in south-west Glasgow, an area distinguished for its poverty and deprivation, Jim Smith chose to join the Metropolitan Police, which he did in 1962. He was posted to H Division, where many celebrated police officers cut their teeth. He subsequently operated across the Met as a member of the Special Patrol Group.

Smith has a lot of stories to tell, and he tells them very well. I don't know why certain things in a book stick in your mind; perhaps it's because you get so wrapped up in the narrative that for a moment you forget your surroundings and are there with the people you are reading about, almost actively involved in what's going on.

I was there, looking at Jim Smith's desk as he sorted some photos he and John French had just taken. They were of two big-time pornographers, Bernie Silver and Big Frank Mifsud, and were the first photographs the Met had secured of them. My heart sank when along trundled

Commander Dave Dilley, who declared that Bernie Silver was a has-been and that the Met didn't need photographs of him clogging up the system. He took them and binned them, as, of course, you knew he would – Dave 'The Kipper' Dilley, so named because kippers have two faces and no backbone, was one of many senior officers who received a back-pocket bounce from Silver.

Smith tells his tales with a matter-of-factness touched here and there with surprising good humour. *Undaunted* is a personal story, a brave story told by a brave man, and above all a copper's book for coppers, but you're invited to pick it up and enjoy – and I'll tell you this, once you've picked it up, it takes a determined effort to put it down!

THE PEASANTS' REVOLTING CRIMES

Terry Deary

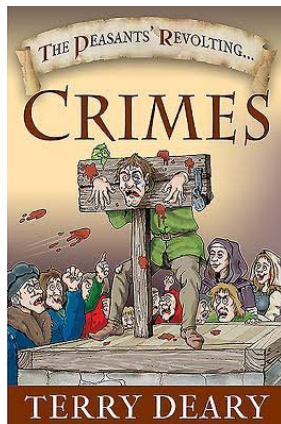
Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen and Sword, 2019

www.pen-and-swordbooks.co.uk

210pp; index

ISBN: 1526745577

£9.99 softcover



Terry Deary is the creator of the bestselling *Horrible Histories* series. If you are familiar with those books (or the TV series or recently-released movie), you'll have an idea of what's in store for you with this, the first in a new series called "The Peasants' Revolting..." The next book, apparently called *The Peasants' Revolting Lives*,

will be published next year.

Popularly, crime is something in which the rich and powerful engage, albeit mostly as victims, but quite often bumped off by the close social equals. Dickens breaks the mould, of course, and now so does Terry Deary. In this book, you'll encounter all the rather unpleasant and even downright nasty things the underclasses did, as well as the punishments, often involving the loss of a limb or one's life, that the wrongdoers suffered.

Arsonists, beggars, poisoners, prostitutes, robbers, an occasional axe-wielder, along with grave robbers and garroters, rustlers and sheep-stealers, forgers and... well, you get the idea about the kind of folk you'll be meeting!

Jack the Ripper gets a couple of brief mentions; we're told that *The Pirates of Penzance* was first produced eight years "before Jack the Ripper brought a new level of meaning to the job description 'cut-throat'. The gurgling Jack heard was not that of a little brook."

BLITHE SPIRITS: AN IMAGINATIVE HISTORY OF THE POLTERGEIST

S.D. Tucker

Stroud, Gloucestershire: Amberley Publishing, 2020

www.amberley-books.com

352pp; illus; biblio; references

ISBN: 976-1-4456-6728-7

£16.99 softcover



As you probably know, 'poltergeist' is a German word that means 'noisy ghost', a force that does things like throw objects around a room or moves furniture, and sometimes hits or otherwise physically torments people. Since ancient times there have been reports of poltergeist activity, and S.D. Tucker suggests in *Blithe Spirits* that

the poltergeist may have its origins in the Trickster-god who appears under various guises in the myths and folklore of numerous cultures around the world. The Norse, for example, have Loki, the Greeks have Hermes, and in Native American folklore the Trickster-god is represented by Raven and Coyote. The British have the mischievous Robin Goodfellow.

Tucker has a regular column in *Fortean Times* and has written some terrific books for Amberley, including *Quacks*, recently reviewed in the *Rip*. Here he takes a slightly tongue-in-cheek look at poltergeists in his usual highly entertaining style.

THE FIRST SHOWMAN:

THE EXTRAORDINARY MR ASTLEY

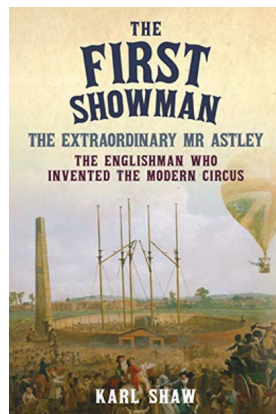
Karl Shaw

Stroud, Gloucestershire: Amberley, 2019

287pp; illus (many in colour); appendices; biblio; index

ISBN: 9781445695495

Hardcover £20 / ebook £12.79



The First Showman, which tells the story of Philip Astley (1742-1814), widely regarded as the 'father of the modern circus', is a little before Jack the Ripper's day, but is a great read and introduction to the early days of the entertainment business.

Philip Astley, an ex-military man (he was a sergeant major in the army) and something of a national hero, was a skilled horseman who, in 1768, began demonstrating trick horseback riding, at a field in

Lambeth called Ha'Penny Hatch. However, he found that in the gaps between the horseback acts the audience became restless, and he resolved this problem by hiring acrobats, jugglers and clowns to entertain them. The circus was born and Astley enjoyed tremendous success from that time forward.

As said, this is really good reading. In the first few pages you meet a range of characters, including Jacob Bates, the first recorded trick-rider, The Irish Tarter, exhibiting at The Three Hats, commonly acknowledged to be the greatest rider of them all, 'Old Sampson' and his rival Thomas Price at the wonderfully named Dobney's Tea Gardens and Bowling Green. And, of course, Mr Astley.

HOLLYWOOD'S DARK HISTORY: SILVER SCREEN SCANDALS

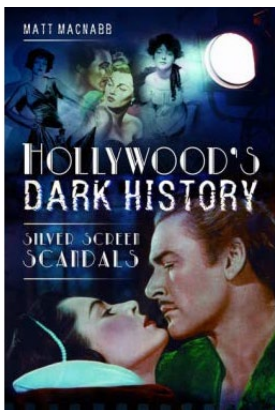
Matt Macnabb

Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen and Sword History, 2019

www.pan-and-sword.co.uk

160pp; illus; biblio

Softcover £12.99 / ebook £5.99



Why do we think an actor is like the character they play, and it is always a shock and disappointment when we discover they aren't? There was a time when the big Hollywood studios moved heaven and earth to maintain the illusion that their debauched, alcoholic, drug addicted, and sometimes murderous stars were clean

living, moral, chaste and monogamous churchgoers. Sometimes, often long after the star's star had waned, the truth would come out, and the gossip columns would gobble up the facts and rumours.

This volume is very far from original. There are piles of books re-dishing the old and stale dirt about half-forgotten movie stars, and the seasoned readers of Hollywood's scandals will find little that's new or different here. If you are new to the subject, this is a very easy-to-read introduction to the topic. Matt Macnabb is a content provider to websites and publishers, who has been studying movies, television, and comics for 20 years, and here he's turned his attention to some Hollywood scandals from the days when movies were black-and-

white and silent, now shown only in art cinemas, if they are shown at all. Some of the names may be familiar: Evelyn Nesbit, Thelma Todd, Jean Harlow, Charlie Chaplin, Mae West, Errol Flynn, Joan Crawford, Barbara LaMarr, Mabel Normand, William Desmond Taylor, Fatty Arbuckle, Clara Bow...

Evelyn Nesbit, Thelma Todd, Mabel Normand, and William Desmond Taylor are all connected with death and murder. Nesbit was connected to the murder of Stanford White by Harry Kendall Thaw, the latter being mentioned in the Littlechild letter. The beautiful and tragically young Thelma Todd was found dead in her car, a suicide or a murder victim. And Mabel Normand was wrapped up in the William Desmond Taylor case. And if you are unfamiliar with the last case, years ago I read *A Cast of Killers* by Sidney D Kirkpatrick, which relates how the movie director King Vidor undertook his own investigation. That book has stuck in my mind ever since, though I gather than some of its claims have been questioned.

Some of the tales here aren't quite so interesting, mainly sexual indiscretions writ large – what a pity Errol Flynn was such a pervert! I can't watch *Robin Hood* or *Captain Blood* with the same enjoyment that I used to – but I enjoyed Macnabb's book, which was very easy reading and although it lacked substance, it is, I think, a good introduction to some interesting cases from far off times.

CELTIC QUEEN: THE WORLD OF CARTIMANDUA

Jill Armitage

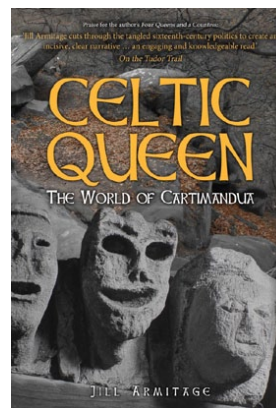
Stroud, Gloucestershire: Amberley Publishing, 2020

www.amberley-books.com

319pp; illus; appendices; notes; biblio; index

ISBN: 978-1445684154

Hardcover £20 / Ebook £15.60



Popular history is a fickle thing, it remembers some people and forgets others. Boudica is a name very well-known, but Cartimandua isn't. Yet the Roman historian Tacitus always calls Cartimandua regina or queen, but never uses that word to describe Boudica. The probable explanation

for this is that Boudica opposed the Romans, whereas Cartimandua was loyal to Rome and had other attributes of which even Tacitus was critical.

Cartimandua was a queen of the Brigantes. Before the Roman 'conquest', Britain was divided into a number of small tribal kingdoms. The largest of these, and dwarfing neighbours such as the Parisii and Carvetii, was Brigantia, the tribal homeland of the Brigantes. The kingdom was almost certainly an confederation of a number of much smaller tribal units, the names of some of which are known.

At the time of the Roman invasion in 47 AD there was a revolt of certain tribes in the south of England, among them the Catuvellauni, whose leader was Caratacus. His forces were defeated, but he escaped and fled north, seeking sanctuary with Queen Cartimandua. Treacherously, she surrendered him to the Romans, apparently handing him over in chains. Caratacus was taken to Rome, but he was given the opportunity to address the Senate and was so impressive that he was allowed to live.

Cartimandua's disloyalty did not impress her own people, who twice revolted against her, and Tacitus did not write favourably about her either.

Both rebellions were led by her ex-husband Venutius, the second, in 69 AD, resulting in victory. The Roman troops managed to evacuate Cartimandua, but were unable to stop Venutius from taking control of Brigantia. Thereafter Brigantia continued to be a thorn in the side of the Romans, although they were eventually defeated.

And what of Cartimandua? Ah, well that's the thing, nobody knows. She vanishes from the face of history.

This isn't the first 'biography' of Cartimandua, Nicki Howarth having written a book about her, *Cartimandua: Queen of the Brigantes* (History Press, 2008), but Jill Armitage's volume is very welcome. Of course, the facts of Cartimandua's life might just about fill a pamphlet, so this book explores her times as well as her life, presenting a fully-rounded story of the earliest known queen in Britain. The book is well written, easy to read, and a great introduction to a time on the borderland of recorded history.

BRITAIN IN THE AGE OF ARTHUR: A MILITARY HISTORY

Ilkka Syväne

Barnsley, South Yorkshire: Pen and Sword Military, 2019

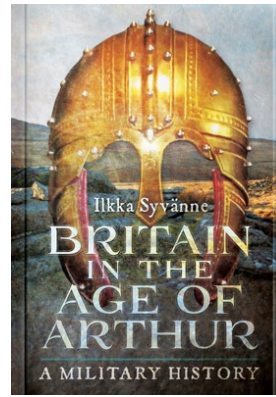
www.pen-and-sword.co.uk

278pp; appendices; notes; biblio; index

ISBN: 1473895200

Hardcover £25.00 / Ebook £10.79

Back in 1971, a well-respected historian, John Morris, wrote a terrific book called *The Age of Arthur*. It was



highly readable, popular, and made sense of the Dark Ages, essentially that time between the departure of the Romans and the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons. But scholars criticised Morris' methodology and interpretations, dismissed the book as largely unreliable and misleading, and left Morris's reputation shredded.

But Morris accepted the possibility that Arthur was a real historical figure, unlike a lot of scholars then and now, and he tried to not only fit Arthur into a time and place, but also understand the historical record, such as it is, in light of the world of Arthur he'd created.

I couldn't help being reminded of John Morris when I read this fresh examination of the times of Arthur by Finnish historian Ilkka Syväne, whose military biography of Emperor Caracalla was reviewed in the *Rip* a little while back. In his opening chapter, which he calls 'A Bit of Polemics', and would have been well-advised to moderate, Syväne says the purpose of the chapter was 'to criticise the methodology employed by ultra-conservative historians, and to show how it was possible to find new insights 'if one just abandons the faulty methodology followed up by ultra-conservative, pompous brand of Classicist and Medievalist schools...' Unfortunately, this read to me like the words of someone with a chip on his shoulder and, far more importantly, I wondered who these 'ultra-conservative historians' were, what was so wrong about their 'methodology', and in what way did they display their pomposity? No doubt all would be explained in the course of the book, but writing those words without at least an explanatory preamble gave the impression that readers were expected to know what Ilkka Syväne was talking about. This made it look as if the book was for people in the know and that general readers would be left floundering.

What encouraged reading beyond the opening pages was that Ilkka Syväne did not dismiss a real Arthur out of hand. Also, he believes that Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Kings of Britain* preserves a memory of real events. Geoffrey's book is widely regarded as utter fiction, but in recent years he has been undergoing a reassessment. Geoffrey claimed that his History was his translation of 'a certain very ancient book' brought for him from Britany by a friend called Walter, the archdeacon of Oxford. Walter was a real person and certainly could have brought a book back from Britany, where it is entirely possible some 'very ancient' books could have been taken for safety when people fled there to escape the upheavals

in the immediate years of post-Roman Britain. But the idea that the *History* is a straight translation of a single book is not probable. But Geoffrey certainly seems to have possessed something, possibly some sort of annal or chronicle recording the principal events of a year.

Starting from these assumptions and using 'common sense' – so often a dangerous tool to employ – Ilkka Syväne interprets the sources to give an account of Arthur's military career and to test it against what is known of the events of the period.

And do they? Well, for the most part they do, or they seem to, and Ilkka Syväne writes a fascinating, albeit complex, history. Overall, I think the general reader will find this book very tough going, and – if you aren't familiar with the subject – possibly tough to the point of being impenetrable, but if you have a good basic knowledge of the history, and especially if military history is your thing, you'll want this book on your bookshelf.

HENRY VII AND THE TUDOR PRETENDERS: SIMNEL, WARBECK AND WARWICK

Nathen Amin

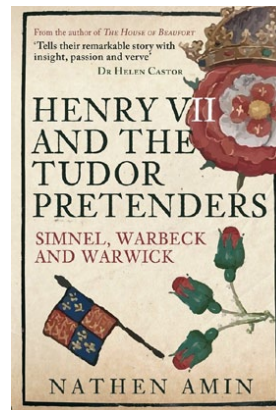
Stroud, Gloucestershire: Amberley Publishing, 2020

www.amberley-books.com

ISBN: 978-1445675084

£20.00 hardcover

Heading our way and due to arrive on 15 July is *Henry VII and the Tudor Pretenders: Simnel, Warbeck and Warwick* by Nathen Amin, who was kind enough to let me have a look. I am not reviewing the book here because I haven't finished reading it, but I think you might want to consider adding it to your "want" list. The Tudors are



currently very popular, what with Hilary Mantel's novels and the success of *Wolf Hall* on television, but it isn't my "period of history", and I am out of my comfort zone when I visit there, but I am fascinated by the mystery of the Princes in the Tower.

As you probably know only too well, when King Edward

IV entrusted the welfare of his young sons, Edward and Richard, to Richard, Duke of York, immortalised by Shakespeare as a crook-backed monster for whom no villainy was too evil. Richard claimed the throne for himself, becoming Richard III, and the two boys, last seen alive in 1483, vanished, their fate a mystery. It is generally accepted that they were murdered, popularly but uncertainly on the orders of Richard III, soon to die himself at the Battle of Bosworth, being succeeded by Henry VII, the founder of the Tudor dynasty.

Alternative theories to explain the fate of the princes include the suggestion that one or both of them lived into maturity, and more often than not, it is the younger son, Richard of Shrewsbury. Two young men who attempted to usurp Henry Tudor were Lambert Simnel in 1487 and Perkin Warbeck in 1491. Both claimed that were Richard – were they? Nathen's forthcoming book looks into that question. You just might want to start putting your pennies away right now.

All reviews by Paul Begg

Loretta Lay
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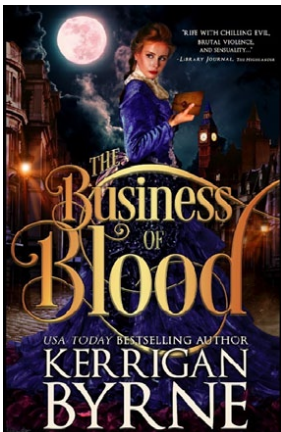
Fiction Reviews

By DAVID GREEN

Included in this issue:
x and more

THE BUSINESS OF BLOOD

Kerrigan Byrne
Oliver-Heber Books, 2019
ISBN: 978-1947204997
Paperback, 308pp.
£9.11



Fiona Mahoney is a crime scene cleaner. She deals with the offal left behind after violent death. Once the police have finished their work and the corpses have been carted away, in comes Fiona and her crew with their scrapers and scrubbing brushes and buckets of water. It's grim, messy work, and Fiona still has nightmares about the time she cleaned up after 13

Miller's Court, a job made even worse because Mary Kelly was her childhood best friend. That night she made a vow:

As I'd scooped ruined bits of her into the very pail I now gripped in my hand, I'd promised that I would avenge her death. That I wouldn't rest until I uncovered the identity of Jack the Ripper and saw to it that justice was done.

Two years later, Fiona is called out to another clean-up job on Dorset Street. This time the victim is male, but the style of mutilation is horribly familiar. Jack the Ripper is back, it seems. A tantalising clue at the crime scene propels Fiona into a new area of enquiry for her murdered friend... Yet there are complications: Fiona has a murky history as a body snatcher for Dr Phillips, and her activities are beginning to attract notice. Has she drawn the attention of a killer? Who exactly is the hunter and who is the prey?

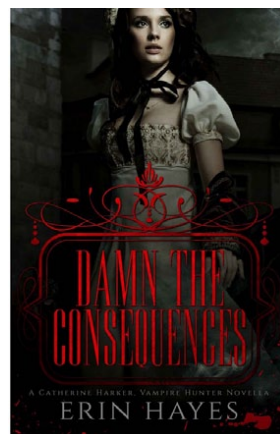
Kerrigan Byrne is a writer of mainly historical romance fiction. Her books are full of maidens falling in love with

scoundrels, and black-hearted men on the wrong side of the law. This theme is present to some extent in the novel under review, with its gallery of dangerous and mysterious male characters – the sinister but alluring Police Inspector Croft, the Jewish East End gangster boss known as The Hammer, his North American Indian assassin Mr Night Horse. And lurking in the shadows, surpassing them all, the Whitechapel fiend.

The Business of Blood is alive with 'the noises of grief, and things that are wet'. Dr Bond has a voice 'as cool and smooth as the steel table upon which the corpse was splayed before us.' With a strong female lead and a taut, suspenseful plot, this is a superior murder mystery thriller that explores justice and revenge and adds another powerful layer of story to the mythology of Jack the Ripper. It upsets the stomach and it disturbs the mind. Recommended.

DAMN THE CONSEQUENCES

Erin Hayes
Erin Hayes Books, 2019
Kindle Edition, 38pp.
£0.99



Erin Hayes is the author of the Harker Legacy books, a series of paranormal romances chronicling the life and undead adventures of a family of vampire hunters. Think of Stephenie Meyer's *Twilight* books, only darker, more gruesome, and far bloodier. *Damn the Consequences* is a novella-length prequel to this series, set in Whitechapel in 1888.

Catherine Harker is dying. Her body is disfigured and furiously rotting away. But she has strength left for one

last mission, one final hunt – to track down and kill the perpetrator of the Jack the Ripper murders, who she believes is a vampire on the loose. Accompanied by her sister, off she goes to Berner Street with two knives and a spring-loaded pistol tucked about her person, and a third knife concealed in the handle of her parasol. They are in luck: a drug-addled old woman informs them that Jack the Ripper has just passed by not thirty minutes earlier...

Damn the Consequences largely strips vampirism of its Gothic substance, and transplants this age-old story of contagion and corruption into the unlit courtyards of the East End. The dead and the living are effortlessly blurred, but for all its gory aspirations this is an anaemic confection, offering little more than a bite-sized teaser for the full-length books – a splash of blood, if you like, for the carnage to come.

SHADOW THE RIPPER

Drew Payne

Crimson Night Publishing, 2019

Kindle Edition, 200pp.

£3.21



One of my favourite series from 2017 and 2018 was the *Ripper* trilogy by Lexy Timms – *Track the Ripper*, *Hunt the Ripper*, and *Pursue the Ripper* (see reviews in *Ripperologist* 157, 158 and 160). The fourth book, *Shadow the Ripper*, finally came out at the end of last year under the rebrand 'Drew Payne'.

Readers anticipating another instalment of noir thrills, near-future science fiction and supernatural terror set in the familiar New Londone and Whitechurch universe will be slightly disappointed. Gone is the late Victorian semi-steampunk world of East Edge, with its werewolves and monstrous hybrids of animals and genetically-modified humans. Gone are the self-driving vehicles and the voice-activated police database. Gone are the inner-city slum districts ravaged by poverty and terrorized by Saucy Jacky. Instead, the reader is taken far into the future to the demolished city of Long Ago – a thinly-disguised re-imagining of the Chicago of HH Holmes. With a new cast of characters, a new cityscape, and possibly a new authorial voice, *Shadow the Ripper* is an altogether different beast of a book, but nonetheless recognisable as a continuation of the *Ripper* series. East End dirt and grue have been swept away, only to be replaced by dirt and grue from the Illinois farmlands.

Amid the fire-scorched rubble of Long Ago a notebook is

found telling the story of Eyer [i.e. Frank Geyer], a broken former detective who is invisible and sleeps in a cemetery:

Eyer had gotten used to being invisible, too used to it in fact that when someone paused to give him a quizzical look, he ended up being surprised, glancing around him and forgetting for an instant that he was, in fact, still there.

As the World Fair rolls into Long Ago, girls are going missing, and the terrible serial killer Hermil Webber Mudgel, the Devil in the Red City, is busy building his Murder Hotel.

Shadow the Ripper is a rewarding read with plenty of menace and heart-stopping page-turning thrills: topically, it also features a pandemic virus called Hollower that eats people from the inside out. Even die-hard fans of the original series will quickly feel at home among the mechanised slaughterhouses and the corpse-filled waterways of Long Ago.

GORGONEION

Gabriella Messina

Independently published, 2019

ISBN: 978-1703706161

Paperback, 308pp.

£13.22



Dr Linus Hopkins is a young physician with consulting rooms in Cheapside. For several months he has been investigating the Whitechapel murders. Now, in the wake of the double event, and at the bidding of Walter Dew, he is visited by a strange woman. Her hair is 'a wild mass of curling tendrils' and she wears tight-fitting goggles that completely cover her eyes. She is

Medusa, loveliest and most deadly of the three Gorgon sisters, who is also hunting Jack the Ripper. An alliance is formed: over chamomile tea Hopkins and Medusa agree to pool resources to track down the East End monster. A quick cab ride takes them to the Victoria Embankment where the torso of a woman has just been found dumped in the vault beneath the new police headquarters. The game is afoot...

Gabriella Messina is chiefly known for her Kate Gardener Mysteries featuring an American forensic photographer working alongside the Metropolitan Police. In *Gorgoneion* she tries something slightly different, travelling back 130 years to London at the height of the Ripper scare, and even

further back to the ancient world of Perseus and Hades and the myths about a race of terrible creatures whose gaze turned men to stone. The result is an epic tale about a legendary killer of women pitted against a woman in legend who kills mortal men.

Midway through the novel there is a shift of focus as Linus and Medusa cross the stygian River Thames at the Tower of London to enter the Underworld, a kingdom of two- and three-headed dogs where Jack the Ripper reigns supreme...

Gabriella Messina skilfully blends myths from classical antiquity with the horrors of 1888 in a thrilling read that examines the workings of fate and vengeance.

A BURIED PAST

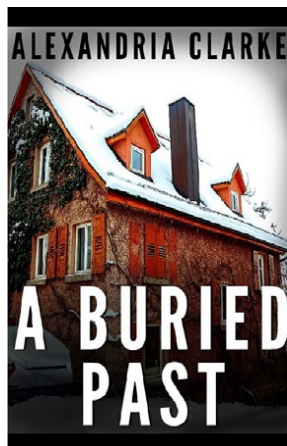
Alexandria Clarke

Independently published, 2020

ISBN: 979-8605367444

Paperback, 310pp.

£12.23



San Diego Private Investigator Jacqueline Frye ('built for sneaking and creeping') comes over to Whitechapel to help out her friend Evelyn Grey, a bodyguard, who has injured her shoulder. One evening they go on a Jack the Ripper tour guided by Bertha the Ripperologist (there's an interesting episode towards the end of the walk when the guide and the tourists

debate the merits of Trevor Marriott's Carl Feigenbaum theory!) But the tour has been disrupted by a real-life murder in Durward Street – a man has been slayed in a Ripper-style attack and the area has been cordoned off by the police. Astonishingly, the date is 31 August, 2019. Is there a copycat killer on the loose? Jacqueline (or Jack for short), who prides herself on being an expert on the Jack the Ripper mystery, begins to investigate... Somehow she manages to steal the police case notes on the Durward Street killing, and she learns that the *modus operandi* exactly matches that of the Ripper in 1888.

Inevitably, there are further murders on the anniversaries of the original killings and in the same locations and at the same times; and in an Oxford bookshop Jacqueline detects some marginalia – a confession of murder! – in a Jack the Ripper textbook. Jacqueline teams up with Bertha to hunt down the copycat killer...

This is a wildly enjoyable novel, even if it is riddled with errors and burdened with coincidences and implausible

episodes. The ease with which Private Eye Jacqueline Frye sneaks into mortuaries, creeps unseen around Mitre Square during a massive police surveillance operation, and locates clues that trained senior detectives overlook, is frankly ludicrous. Yet if you can put aside the goofiness of it all and the sheer silliness of the plotting, this is an entertaining and even an exciting riff on the Ripper copycat theme.

THE MIND OF A KILLER

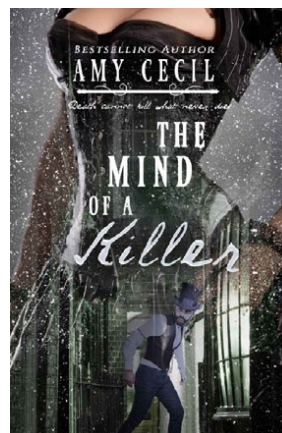
Amy Cecil

Independently published, 2019

ISBN: 978-1700455901

Paperback, 106pp.

£5.47



Amy Cecil follows up last year's *Ripper* (see *Ripperologist* 163) with an exciting sequel that continues the story of Jackson Kent and his search for the depraved killer of his lover, Mary Kelly. Beware! This short novel comes with trigger warnings about 'dark, taboo, and disturbing content'.

Kent calls on his old friend Frederick Abberline for advice. He is shown Bond's autopsy report; he gets to speak with Joe Barnett, John McCarthy and George Hutchinson; he visits Madame Grace's brothel where Mary Kelly worked for a while after she came back from Paris, and he pokes around in Miller's Court. Kent strongly suspects that the murderer is known to him and that the reason for the Whitechapel murders, and for Mary Kelly's death in particular, has a strong personal connection to events in his own life. He starts to home in on the West End sadist who took Mary abroad...

By mingling fiction with truth, and by interposing inquest testimony with invented dialogue, the author succeeds in creating an intimate historical background to her story. *The Mind of a Killer* is a chilling revenge thriller that manoeuvres around the Whitechapel murders in creepy fashion.



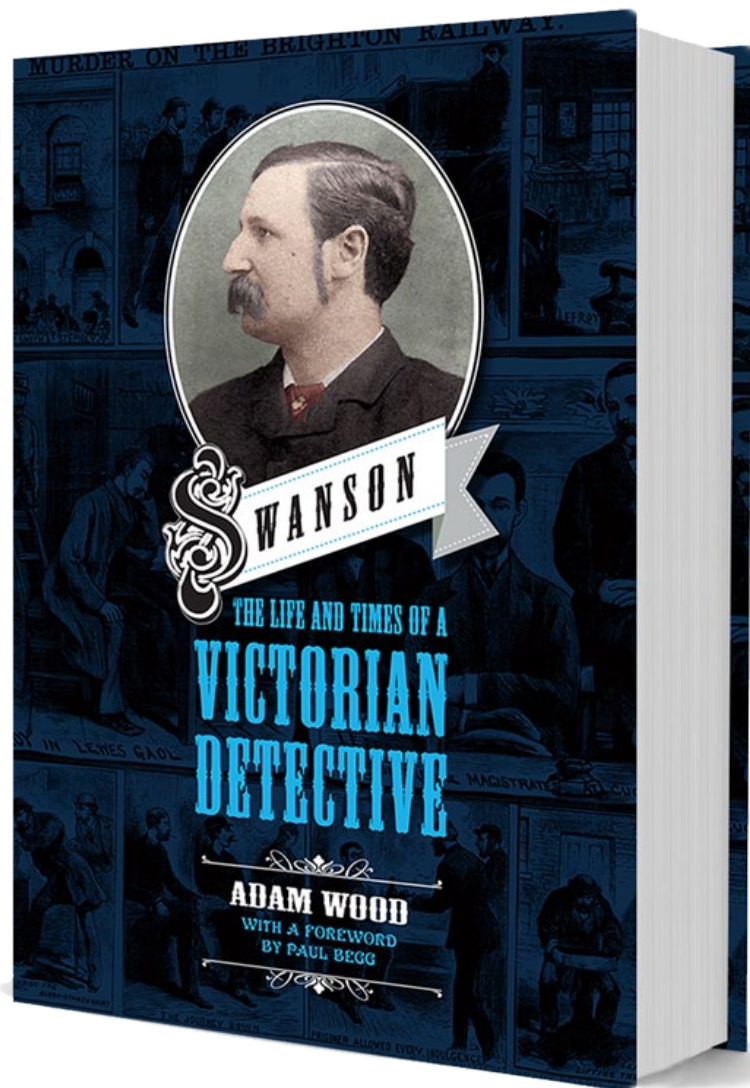
Next issue we review *The Ladies of Whitechapel* by Denise Bloom, plus all the latest Ripper fiction.

David Green lives in Hampshire, England, where he works as a freelance book indexer. He is the author of *The Havant Boy Ripper* (Mango Books, 2018), an account of the Percy Searle murder case of 1888.

SWANSON: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF A VICTORIAN DETECTIVE

ADAM WOOD

WITH A FOREWORD
BY PAUL BEGG



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