The Story of Jack the Ripper – a Paradox.

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CONTENTS

This author, who has written about Francis Thompson, grants his readers an imaginary summary of things as if written by his suspect.

'Black it is to describe this species, thus I shall begin with light. My own perspective on life has caused me to accept certain principles. Some of them have found favour due to their assistance when trying to solve problems. One, which has proved useful, is the knowledge that we can only see by the eye what the mind can bear to feel. Unless there are beings, such as I, to witness light, as motes of dust do, suspended in the still air of a sanctuary, even the rays of the blessed sun are made black. So too may light be flashed back from a void. For the ability to perceive what is gross illuminates what is dark and through illumination makes what is small and dull into beings both monstrous and radiant. Yet I tell you, those that have read on, that whatever does follow, although based on myself, has been 'ghost written' by a mediocre poet who to me is not unlike a particle isolated and alone in a distant place and far off time. He is a man of little or no originality and of finite personality he speaks of me only because fear has bent him to his knees, not all the perfumes of all the world can remove his stench of fear. Prick his words and they will lie bleeding. So what if there is a little blood? It been many years now since this world has been born through me. My day has come and, pity for us all, I must die. Let my tears be his blackest ink and as I attempted to write in the blood of my five sisters, allow his fingers on the keys to impress upon you what I think. It is for this reason that I Francis Thompson have become breathless and to the author re-sign my breath. It is he who tries to grapple my crown of death though he knows that his success is all my power, but knowing this and despite knowing this, he shall speak for me and make his confession as he wears my life as one would a shroud of white.'

'On a clear day you can see a long long time ago.'
Francis Thompson:

INTRODUCTION
Murders in the Sanctuary.

This book is about Jack the Ripper. This is the name given for the person responsible for a series of gruesome murders in London near the end of the 19th century. The victims were lower class prostitutes who worked near to where they lived, in a poverty-stricken borough in the eastern area of the city. The murders, of which there were at least five, occurred during the autumn months of 1888. The killer sent a series of taunting letters to various officials signed Jack the Ripper. Despite a rigorous and large-scale investigation involving thousands of police and a great deal of media attention the murderer was not caught. The murders seemed to end inexpiably. It is largely because of the mystery of the murderers identity that the Ripper crimes have become legendary.

Over the years, amateur sleuths and seasoned professionals alike have put forward names as a possible solution to who was the Ripper. These have ranged from illiterate seamen to high standing doctors police officials and academics. Almost no one has been spared accusation. Poets, priests, politicians, petty thugs, prince and pauper have all been the subjects of articles, books, plays and films claiming guilt.

All this has spawned a virtual Ripper industry bringing in millions on millions of pounds. Many believe that the crimes will never be solved while the enduring mystery to the Ripper's identity defines how we see the Victorian age. Some people might argue what good would it do if the identity of the murderer were uncovered. After such a long time the answer has become irrelevant. Better to let sleeping dogs lie. There is some truth to this, but also danger. Since we do not know who the Ripper is, we can only conjecture why he killed these women. It is only seen as an oddity that many modern day serial killers express admiration for the Ripper while many other murders mimic his deeds.

Regardless we accept that these crimes were isolated to a small part of the world and in ending closed a dark chapter in history. Our interest is narrow and we are so far removed from the events that the connotations of it, gaslight, and fog bound streets; cockney accents, steam ships and horse drawn carriages have taken on a romantic quality. Our modern world contains a legion of serial killers an army of terrorists and environmental challenges to dismay anyone who might have lived a hundred years ago. Ironically, we now look to the Victorian age, the time of the Ripper murders, as a time of innocence.

There seems little more to add, little more to ponder apart from one thought. What if who the Ripper was, the answer to his identity, carried with it a dreadful motive, deadly in its aim and dreadful in its scope. What should we do if the truth to his identity showed he had the means to alter the course of history? What if who he was revealed that the present day is under his influence? That might appear to be improbable incredible and far-fetched. Surely, no one could be considered the contender for such a claim. Without further adieu, I give you Francis Thompson.

I believe him to be the Ripper. He mingled with the highest circles of British society. After his crimes, he transformed himself into a poet and writer who influenced great figures of literature, politics, religion, the military and science. His knowledge of history was profound his genius was unmistakable and his studies of the occult was thorough. Thompson was a man of words who thought that his written verse held magical properties. He saw himself as a wizard who could cast spells with his pen. Thompson's motive behind these murders was very personal, but once completed he formulated a greater plan. It is simple in design but terrifying in scope. One that would bind all of us into his fevered desires. This book is about to tell a ghost story and confer to you the reader a dark gift. This story begins well over a hundred years ago but it will end with you.

The connecting of this English poet to the Ripper crimes is not an overnight discovery. It has been gradual and over the years has moved from innuendo, to the linking his name to the events, then posing

the question of his guilt and finally to committed research on the possibility. There are many inferences possibly linking him to these crimes.
These go back decades. Father Terence Connolly created the Francis Thompson Room at Burns Library in Boston College. It was opened in 1959 on the centenary of Thompson's birth. The creation of this mini-museum signifies how important Thompson is viewed as a force in literature. Father Connolly was a Jesuit priest. As priests go he was well prepared to gather a collection that represented a murderer turned poet. Father Connolly had earlier worked as a prison chaplain counselling murderers on death row before becoming interested in Thompson and helping publish his posthumous works. In researching the poet's life Connolly travelled to England and met Father Adam Wilkinson, who had taught Thompson at Seminary College fifty years earlier. It was at this college that for some years Thompson trained to take up the Catholic priesthood. Connolly told in his 1945 book "In His Paths. A Visit to persons and Places Associated with the poet", of the first meeting between Wilkinson and himself concerning Thompson:

> *'We found the aged priest, sitting before a blazing hearth fire, reading a detective story in Braille. He was then eighty years old.... "Just a minute, Fathers, please. I must not lose my place. Oh, my! They're hot on the trail of the murderer." As he spoke, he marked the place in some mysterious way, placed the book on the mantel over the fire and then extended his hand in welcome.'*

Perhaps Connolly was not making any insinuation at all, and that this coupling with detectives on the hunt for a killer and a researcher upon a poet's biography was merely meant to inject some excitement into his little book. Consider this though. Maybe out of respect Connolly could neither present the elderly Father Wilkinson, as a fool unaware of the truth of Thompson or as a fellow conspirator. When questioned this blind priest, an apparent fan of crime, at least in the confines of a book, remembered how young Francis was not content to leave some things to the mere printed page:

> *'His tastes were not as ours. Of history he was very fond particularly of wars and battles...he sought to put some of their episodes into the concrete.'*

Forty-two years later the writer John Evangelist Walsh wrote "Strange Harp, Strange Symphony the Life of Francis Thompson." This was another biography containing a great deal of new material on the poet. A poet who happened to find the mysterious mechanism of coincidence so fascinating that he was drawn to write a essay on the subject and its influence on English literature, and whose downfall of the central character in his only published story was triggered by the observance of a series of perplexing coincidences. Any great coincidence consequently upon Thompson's life would have surely been included in Walsh's book. If it were the most bizarre coincidence in Thompson's life, it might have even warranted a chapter. As it happens it is included, but only relegated to Footnote 27 of the Appendix to his 1987 book. Why is this? It might have had something to do with the unsavoury subject matter, being the poet's connection to the Ripper crimes. Walsh's footnote reads:

> *'At this time occurred the most bizarre coincidence in Thompson's life. During the very weeks he was searching for his prostitute friend, London was in an uproar over the ghastly deaths of five such women at the hands of Jack the Ripper…The police threw a wide net over the city, investigating thousands of drifters, and known consorts with the city's lower elements, and .it is not beyond possibility that Thompson himself may have been questioned. He was, after all, a drug addict, acquainted with prostitutes and, most alarming, a former medical student!'*

In the winter of 1988, on the centenary of the Ripper murders, and on the centenary that Thompson first became published, Medical Examiner for Nueces County, Texas, Joseph C. Rupp, M.D., Ph.D. took things a step further when he published his article "Was Francis Thompson Jack the Ripper?" in "The Criminologist." This is a monthly journal focusing on true crime and the criminal mind. Dr. Rupp, whose expertise was in forensic pathology, wrote of Thompson's medical learning, and knowledge of the streets of London and its relevance to what is known of the Ripper: Dr. Rupp, gave his reasons on why we should look to Thompson as a suspect. He finished his article suggesting a scientific comparison of the Thompson's and the Ripper's handwriting was one way this question of Thompson's guilt might be answered:

> *'Francis Thompson spent six years in medical school: in effect, he went through medical school three times. It is unlikely, no matter how disinterested he was or how few lectures he*

attended, that he did not absorb a significant amount of medical knowledge. Indeed, we know that he learned enough medicine to deceive his father, a practising physician, for a matter of six years…The Ripper was able to elude the police so many times in spite of the complete mobilization of many volunteer groups and the law enforcement agencies in London. If we look at Thompson's background, having lived on the streets for three years prior to this series of crimes, there is no doubt that he knew the back streets of London intimately and that his attire and condition as a derelict and drug addict would not arouse suspicion as he moved by day and night through the East End of London ... Francis Thompson was at least as good and perhaps a far better candidate for the role of Jack the Ripper than was the Duke of Clarence or any number of suspects that have been put forward over the past one hundred years…Was Francis Thompson Jack the Ripper? Perhaps the matter can be resolved. The matter can probably be settled since handwritten notes from the Ripper and handwritten manuscripts by Francis Thompson are easily accessible.'

Nine years later at the end of the second year of a Philosophy course at a Melbourne University, I volunteered for my Philosophy Tutor to write an essay argumentative essay upon whether evil had either a genetic or an environmental cause. My Tutor hoped to include it in a book he was working on. The topic was on murderers. He believed that these criminals were born evil while I felt that society influenced their formation. Using a well-known murder case, the Ripper murders, as the backdrop to my essay I began some research. Coincidently at the same time, this being late spring of 1997, I happened to buy a small volume of poems by Francis Thompson. He was a poet who was unknown to me, although I had studied 19th English Literature. At that time, I was unaware of Father Connolly's book and Dr. Rupp essay. Before I became interested in the Thompson/Ripper theory and published my findings, there was no mention of him as a suspect in any book on the Ripper or online search. I choose to delay studies, devoting myself to being a sort of literary sleuth, and write down whatever I discovered. On Fools Day (Ha Ha!) of April 1, 1998 reporter Nick Oddy wrote in the Melbourne paper the "Preston Post" of my continuation of the Thompson/Ripper research:

'Mr Patterson has spent the past five months researching the Jack the Ripper crimes and said he had discovered the killer's identity. In a recently completed book Mr Patterson names Jack the Ripper as a long dead poet by the name of Francis Joseph Thompson. "I was reading a poem by Francis Thompson in November and thought it was really good," he said. Mr Patterson said he did some research on the poet and 100 different things incriminated him. "I thought if anything doesn't point to him being the murderer I'll stop," he said. "I haven't stopped."'

How does someone who has spent a decade on the subject summarise why he thinks his suspect for the Ripper murders is worth consideration? - Francis Thompson had a violent childhood, doomed medical school training and a continual fascination with death. Thompson's life and verse reflect his downward drug induced spiral into vagrancy. In 1888 Thompson was suicidal and in possession of a dissecting scalpel. Having failed in his attempt for the priesthood, he had trained as a surgeon for six years. After drifting through London a homeless man for three years, he was then living in what is now called Tower Hamlets. It is in this Borough that the murders occurred. The murders centred around the borough's district of Whitechapel while Thompson was near the murder scene at the West India docks in the Blackwall district.

His addiction to opium was constant for the past decade. During the murders, he was seeking out a prostitute for whom he had a fancy. Upon meeting Thompson, she vanished and he became delirious all during the very time of the Ripper murders. Thompson's writings are filled to the brim with allusions to the occult and murder, which will be examined in this volume. Even if Thompson had never written a word and had been an illiterate, on the strength that he possessed the necessary skills, a dissecting knife, and was near to the murderers would suffice closer study. Add to this that he would have hardly have been able to furnish an alibi, and harboured a motive, he is worth investigating. Coupled with this is that his age, childhood, social settings, and lifestyle resemble that of the serial killer profile proscribed by the F.B.I and the C.I.D. The infamous Ripper letters not only resemble Thompson's own handwriting but their contents largely reflect his own ideals and personal circumstances.

At the time of the murders, Sir Melville Macnaghten was the London Assistant Chief Constable of Scotland Yard. He witnessed at first hand the fall out of these crimes. On the Ripper case, Macnaghten wrote in his "Days of My Years" on what is known as the canonical five victims:

> *'Suffice it at present to say that the Whitechapel murderer committed five murders and -to give the devil his due - no more. These being Nichols, Chapman, Stride, Eddowes and Kelly.'*

Poets like other artistes are said to suffer for their work. Maybe this is true but surely sacrificing their lives is the rarity rather than the norm. Does Thompson explain his verse as a being a product of any sort of self-sacrifice? Hardly! This is evident by a single line answer to what fed his talent. First though I would like show a peculiar parallel to what Macnaghten wrote and the contents of an essay by Francis Thompson.

My suspect was a self confessed admirer of the 18th century poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Of the hundred or so poems Coleridge wrote Thompson singled out five pieces that he thought stood out from the rest. Thompson thought there was a kind of occult significance in these poems and their relationship to the number five. In his essay "Coleridge," Thompson spoke of the English poet and the sacrifice made for theses five poems:

> *'He did influence my development more than any other poet...necromancy is performed, so to speak...There remain of him his poems...striving to the last to fish up gigantic projects...over the wreck of that most piteous and terrible figure of the all five star of his glorious youth; those poor five resplendid poems, for which he paid the devil's price of desolate life and unthinkably blasted powers.'*

What sort of “Unthinkably blasted powers” did Thompson mean? Hardly the attributes you might think should be assigned to a poet. We are speaking of poems after all. Aren’t poems simply a product of inspiration, some gesture in reply to a grand or sentimental thought? Exactly where did Thompson think poems originated given that he believed they granted powers beyond comprehension? The simple answer is given in biographer J.C Reid's, book, "Francis Thompson Man and Poet," published on the centenary of the poet's birth. Reid recorded a chance remark by Thompson in which the poet made an effective summary of his view to what feeds inspiration:

> *‘Every great poem is a human sacrifice.'*

This book sets out to explain how and why Thompson under the guise of the Ripper sacrificed those poor women. It does through exploring the Ripper murders, Thompson’s life and broader cultural and social aspects the Victorian Age. This book examines how Thompson was looked upon by those who knew him and how other historical figures influenced his outlook. It delves into the origins and forces behind the Ripper murders and finally moves beyond the era of the Victorian Age viewing how Thompson influences world events.

Of the people who figure largely in the life of my suspect, it would be worthwhile at this point to provide a brief introduction. First, there is his father Dr. Charles Thompson and his mother Mary Morton Thompson, both whom were Catholic Converts. Francis's publisher was Wilfrid Meynell. He was born 1852 and he died 1948. Wilfrid was a Catholic Convert at eighteen. He and his wife Alice founded the “Merry England” magazine in 1883 and became its editors. The “Merry England” was a monthly magazine focusing on Catholic literature that ran for twelve years. A selection of Thompson’s poems and essays were first published in the “Merry England”. This was done by Wilfrid who befriended Thompson in 1888. Wilfrid was also the executor of Thompson's estate after the poet's death. Alice Meynell who was born 1847 and died 1922 converted to Catholicism at the age of twenty-five and went on to become a celebrated poet, who contributed frequently to the “Merry England”. Alice was an admired essayist and in 1897, she was elected the president of the society of women journalists. Alice was a mother to eight children some of whom also became writers. This included Everard Meynell who was born in 1882 and died in 1926. Everard was the eldest son of Wilfrid and Alice. He knew Thompson from the age of six and was the author of the first biography on Thompson. His “The Life of Francis Thompson” was published in 1913. Everard spent the last weeks of his life on the fifth and final edition.

It is worthwhile including two other 1913 publications. These were an anthology titled the “Works of Francis Thompson” and a murder mystery called "The Lodger." These two books are seemingly unrelated. “The Lodger” was the first successful novelization of the infamous Jack the Ripper murders while the “Works of Francis Thompson” were a compilation of mainly religious poetry and essays on literature.

The suspect in “The Lodger”, written by Marie Belloc Lowndes, was a religious maniac believing he is predestined to kill prostitutes. In her novel, an inquest is held to determine the identity of the killer. During the inquest, a surprise eyewitness, named Mr Cannot, gave a description of a suspect that conforms eerily to that of Francis Thompson:

> *'He was a grim, gaunt man, was this stranger, Mr Coroner with a very odd-looking face, I should say an educated man in common parlance, a gentleman. What drew my special attention to him was that he was talking aloud to himself- in fact he seemed to be repeating poetry.'*

The story of “The Lodger” concerned a killer named the Avenger who is killing blond haired women in London. A middle-aged couple take in a strange man as a lodger. Their blond haired daughter becomes interested in him and gradually the couple begin to suspect that the man they have let a room to might be the Avenger. It turns out that the real Avenger’s first victim was the lodger’s sister. The lodger had made a vow to capture him. The actual murder turns out to be a religious manic.

A far more notable connection is that “The Lodger” was published by Methuen. This publishing house, founded in 1889 also released Thompson’s **“**Selected Poems” in 1908. It included a biographical note by Wilfrid Meynell. Methuen Publishing had their offices were at 36 Essex Street, London. On the same street, four doors down at number 44 were the officers of “Merry England”. It was here that Thompson delivered his first specimens of poems addressed to Wilfrid Meynell.

Meynell was Thompson’s patron from 1888 until his death in 1907. Meynell was also associated with Methuen Publishing who helped bring forward a novelization of the Ripper murders whose suspect could recite verse and boar a physical resemblance to the poet Francis Thompson. How strange that those two books, one that would embed the Ripper crimes into literature and another that would do the same for Thompson, shared such common ground.

“The Lodger” despite its simplistic vernacular style struck a chord with the public it would become a worldwide success. The book was reprinted many times and it spawned at least three films, most notably as the 1927 silent film directed by Alfred Hitchcock. It is interesting to note that Hitchcock spent some of his childhood living in the East End where he played on the very streets that Jack the Ripper had struck.

The brother of the Marie Belloc Lowndes, author of “The Lodger” was the writer Hilair Belloc. He was a life-long friend and one time neighbour of Wilfrid Meynell. It was Meynell who as well as publishing Hilair Belloc's poetry produced the "Works of Francis Thompson". In 1913, the same year that the Ripper murders became popularised in literature, the "Works of Francis Thompson" was posthumously released. These three volumes of green cloth and gold gilt were what Viola Meynell, Wilfrid's daughter, would come to call:

> *'The bringing into existence of the complete counterpart of the man, the body of his mind made whole and perfect.'*

Francis Thompson was born in 1859, and despite having paternal relations who showed a talent for literature, he gave no outward yearning to become a writer. It was not until he was rescued from the streets at the end of 1888 that his poetic career began. From then onwards he was a virtual recluse of whom Viola Meynell would come to write: ‘Francis Thompson must have been known to fewer people than anyone has ever been who achieved so much fame.’ He was seen by those who knew him as an excessively shy man, timid and disengaged with reality. In his writing however he was a different person altogether. Upon his death in 1907, the literary supplement of the "London Times" told of how Thompson was only in his element when writing verse. In his territory, he did not hesitate to use all the arms at his disposal for the sake of aesthetic affect:

> *'Thompson...the poet, entirely free from timidity in matters of poetic form, relied not on chastity or perfection of detail, but on the perfervid rush of his genius. Here was a large utterance - large in bulk, speed, in a lavish disregard for economy and yet, what could not for a moment be mistaken was that the poetry was once great and sincere.'*

Thompson is known chiefly for his 1888 poem, "The Hound of Heaven," a poem about a fugitive pursued by a spiritual bloodhound and his much longer 1895 obscure mystical work, "Sister Songs." Although he is one of the most anthologised Catholic poets in the English language, much of Thompson's life and poetry has remained hidden. What fleeting fame he had is now mostly regulated into a footnote or anecdote. Many pious Catholics who claim to understand Thompson describe him as a suffering soul swayed by the temptation of opium until he grew weak and idle. Psychologists see Thompson as a borderline manic-depressive or someone who exhibited signs of a bi-polar disorder. His letters exhibit signs of sharp vacillation, paranoia and despondent moods. He never formed a meaningful relationship with a woman, had a family, or ever became self-sufficient. Due to his neglect of his friends, his cancelled appointments, and many missed deadlines, Thompson was largely shunned and ostracized. He strongly felt the stings of those critics who deplored his verse, but he never wrote to please them or indeed even the reader. This aloofness won him few friends and made him an easy target. The subject of his poems was often beyond the comprehension of readers. The “Westminster Gazette” asked of verse: ‘Is it poetry? Is it sense? Is it English?’

Typical of current views on Thompson is that of John Heath -Stubbs, who in his book "The Darkling Plain" provided criticism and a possible reason for Thompson's obscurity in terms of his verse:

> *'His affectation of the baroque is mainly an archaic mannerism. Thompson's undisciplined flamboyance in the choice of words and his fondness for complicated, unnatural rhymes may be symptoms induced by his addiction to opium...The whole is almost devoid of meaning... Thompson appears to have been a weak and feckless creature. I am not forgetting Thompson's sufferings. He knew the depths of destitution in the streets of London ... But this is sheer sentimentality - an insult in fact to his real sufferings. He was a remarkable and unlikely phenomenon but serious criticism cannot for a moment contend that he is a good poet.'*

How the Ripper murders stand in relationship to what is now called the Victorian Age is well expressed by the British writer Sir Osbert Sitwell. In the 1929, book "The Sober Truth”, about 19th century enigmas Sitwell wrote in its preface, upon the Ripper crimes.

> *'By now all three murders were recognized as the work of one man- a criminal of a very different stamp from the ordinary Whitechapel rough. During that year there happened to be an extraordinary outbreak of crime and the first two murders passed almost unnoticed among the many that were daily reported in the press. But the uniformity in the details of these tragedies could not fail to attract attention. One account would do for them all. The victim was a middle age woman, widowed or separated from her husband, barely subsisting on her earning as a prostitute. On the night of the crime, she was drunk and penniless. The murderer was a stranger to her until a few minutes before he seized and killed her noiselessly, within earshot of at least half a dozen people. Then careless of detection, he proceeded to mutilate her body…'What a romantic epoch that is that unfolds itself? The world could not be changed, as each generation trusted it would be, by a few years of gaslight and steam-engines or telegraph and electric-light... A thousand false messiahs born into this arid, sure and religious century. The same period which was the first, perhaps, to organize an efficient police …watched the noiseless and remorseless operations of Jack the Ripper...That series of*

anonymous and sequent murders that is the most frightening in the annals of English crime. Indeed as this dim, jaunty figure of vengeance slinks down the crooked, rat-ridden alleys, through the beautiful courts of older London, his murders seem to transcend crime and to attend by some of the monstrous and diabolic…Jack the Ripper displayed an anatomical knowledge that could not have gained in any other epoch. This fact, indeed, while it narrows down the field for inquiry only makes the figure of the murderer more mysterious. Did he belong to the professional classes, this terrible, quiet monster; was he a doctor, a medical student, or a student of a veterinary college and, if so, for what purpose did he write the horrifying letters?'

Incredible as it might seem a great deal of Thompson's poetry contain thinly disguised references to the Ripper murders. Both his published and unpublished poems illustrate, especially when the facts of the murders are considered, not only the details of the murders but his motive. Some critics will say that we cannot place any credence on Thompson's verse as indication of any actual happening or admittance of guilt and that it is all merely fiction and art. Thompson would not agree. In January 1890, writing from Storrington Priory the poet explained his verse to his publisher Wilfrid Meynell. Thompson told of his fears that his writings would display more than mere artistic licence:

'I am painfully conscious that they display me, in every respect, at my morally weakest...often verse written as I write it is nothing less than a confessional, a confessional far more intimate than the sacerdotal one. That touches only your sins….if I wrote further in poetry, I should write down my own fame.'

The newspaper the "Pall Mall" dismissed the works in Thompson's book "New Poems" published in 1897, as nonsense. Calling one of his poems, “The Anthem of Earth” a 'terrible poem…without form and void, rhymeless,' but the metaphors Thompson drew upon might have had far darker origins than the paper's critic may have dared believed. Part of his "An Anthem of Earth" relates Thompson's distaste of the world's adoration of science. He equates science to a decrepit pig with a surgeon's knife cutting away flesh in vain. Going on to describe the interior of his mind, Thompson tells he sees himself as a stranger lost in a vast maze of dark burial chambers. In verses typical of Thompson, he asks a hungry world to be patient for soon it will feed on the flesh of the slaughtered until it vomits. He wonders if the reader can hear the rattle of knives crying to be set free. Finally, he says that mankind is useless and he promises that it will perish in blood:

"An Anthem of Earth" by Francis Thompson:

'Science, old noser in its prideful straw,
That with anatomizing scalpel tents
Its three-inch of thy skin and brags 'All's bare'-...
All which I am; that am a foreigner
In mine own region? Who the chart shall draw
Of strange courts and vaulty labyrinths
The spacious tenements and wide pleasances,
Innumerable corridors far-withdrawn,
Wherin I wander darkling, of myself?
Darkling I wander, nor dare explore

The long arcane of those dim catacombs,
Where the rat memory does its burrows make,...
Tarry awhile lean Earth, for thou shalt drink,
Even till thy dull throat sicken,
The draught thou grow'st most fat on; hear'st thou not
The worlds knives bickering in their sheaths? O patience!
Much offal of a foul world comes thy way
And man's superfluous cloud shall soon be laid
In a little blood...'

The Ripper murders, if they involved some dark scheme, should be linked by the choice of victim, time and location. The crimes should not be some random meaningless act. There should be a pattern. There is a pattern. Dr. Robert Anderson was appointed Assistant Commissioner to London's the Criminal Investigation Division on August 31 1888. The same date as the first Ripper murder. In 1901 Anderson wrote in "The Nineteenth Century," Of the exactness of the Ripper's obsession:

> *'These crimes were a cause of danger to a particular section of a small and definite class of women, in a limited district in the East End. And that the inhabitants of the metropolis generally, were just as secure during the weeks the fiend was on the prowl as they were before the mania seized him,'*

Why was there such a precise selection of victim and location? A salient and most basic fact about these crimes is the name of the district that the murders were focused – Whitechapel. Of the eighty-five names of districts of London and its surrounds in the 1880's, Whitechapel is the only one whose name suggests a place of religious worship. Although more properly the Ripper crimes overlapped districts of what since 1965 is called the borough of Tower Hamlets, it is commonly said the murders happened in Whitechapel. The name of the district alone does not mean there was a religious motive to the crimes. It is only when we examine the specific locations and dates of the murders that such a motive becomes clearer.

It was in Whitechapel in the autumn of 1888 that the Ripper killed five women prostitutes. All were slain within a quarter square mile of each other. Henry Moore was promoted to Inspector of the Metropolitan Police Force in 1878. A decade later Moore was Inspector for the Whitechapel Murders Investigation. In 1905 Moore was interviewed by reporter Henry Cox from America's "Thompson's Weekly News". Moore told the reporter of the Rippers obsession with the murder local:

> *'In nearly every case the murders were committed on the actual spot where the bodies were found, or very close to it...This, as I say, seems to point to the murderer having a system... The murderer never shifted his ground.'*

It is appropriate at this point to describe the history of Whitechapel and better understand why this district may have appealed to a murderer with a compulsion to kill in such a place. St Mary's Catholic Church gave Whitechapel its name. St. Mary's was once known as the Whitechapel, because its tower was painted with whitewash. Although the date that St Mary's church was built is uncertain, it is recorded to have existed by 1286. The Church grounds held a sanctuary. It was once the law of Sanctuary that if a person suspected of a crime reached consecrated ground then they could avoid arrest. It was reasoned that if a suspect was truly guilty then their fate was under the jurisdiction not of the sheriff, but of God. Those suspected of a crime were also granted the right to immigrate, to a foreign country.

Sanctuaries in England can be traced to the fifth century B.C, when the Molmutine code was first decreed by King Dunvallo Molmutius. These codes of laws, probably the earliest in England, were strengthened under his son Belinus who proclaimed that no weapon was to be drawn on holy ground and that even criminals were to be left unmolested. The code insisted that any accused criminal that fled to a place of worship was to be pardoned by the accuser upon departure. The belief behind this law was that once the accused criminal stood on Holy ground their guilt or innocence and possible punishment was a matter between that of the criminal and God alone. If the criminal left such a place unharmed then in God's eyes they were innocent of any wrongdoing. The code also strengthened the church's secular power since they could act as arbitrator.

The Christian King Lucius, of the 2nd century, continued and strengthened the tradition of Sanctuary. The Molmutine code was dealt a lethal blow in 1538 when Protestant Henry VIII decreed the dissolution of the monasteries. An act in 1623 by King James saw sanctuaries abolished, effectively dismantling the code. Francis Thompson studied for several years to become a Catholic priest. Ecleastical history such as this if not taught to Thompson would have been readily available in the school library. In the Ushaw magazine a fellow student of Thompson wrote:

> *'Most of his leisure hours were spent in our small reading-room amongst the shades of dead and gone authors.'*

By the 1780's, after having operated as a sanctuary for almost six centuries, St. Mary's had been brought to ruin and regulated to a farmhouse while the old church fields of neighbouring Spitafields came to serve as an archery ground and later as a target for cannon drill. In 1840, to provide better transportation, Whitechapel High Street was constructed bisecting the graveyard of St. Mary's. The road was paved with flagstones and rails, on which cattle dragged dray carts laden with produce such as sugar or hops. It passed within a few yards of the church. St. Mary's was more than once besieged by fire but restored. Finally during World War II it was bombed in the Blitz and all that now remains is a grassy park dotted with some mature trees. It is now called Altib Ali Park after the name of a local youth who was killed by racists. A pathway winds it, passed an old tomb and a few headstones clustered at its western edge. An outline of the church itself is marked out by a row of bricks.

If the Ripper were a religious maniac then he may have felt Henry's ruling was illegitimate and that much of the Whitechapel area was still Holy Ground. Of course, such a killer would have seen that the taking of a life upon this ground was particularly potent. Thompson certainly was well studied in ecclesiastical history and law. Does this mean he recognised the significance of the act of murder on church grounds? The idea that the Ripper knowingly committed the murders with this knowledge is after all a contention of this book. A letter Thompson wrote to Everard Meynell, the son of his publisher, shows that Thompson was more than aware of this subject. Thompson seemed to trust Everard more than he did others, maybe because Everard was just a child when they first met. Perhaps he guessed or was told that one day Everard would make it his life's work to write a his biography. In many of the letters Thompson wrote to Everard, he alluded to certain themes that highlighted his personal thoughts. Such allusions were always tentative. Everard who was aware of Thompson's introspective nature wrote: 'Francis gave out no secrets unless he had wrapped them in poetry.' One letter that Thompson wrote to Everard began with the following:

> *'DEAR Ev,-I told your father I should come to-morrow, but I send you a line to mak siccar...'*

Murder upon sacred ground was not without historic precedent. There was the killing of Thomas Becket the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1170 and that of Red Comyn at a Greyfriars church in 1306. It was the latter that Thompson wrote about. The term ‘mak siccar’, quoted in Thompson's letter meaning 'make sure' was made infamous during the time of the Scottish Clan wars in 1306. After years of bitter fighting two main factions remained one under Robert the Bruce, the other led by Red Comyn. Robert wished for Scottish Independence while Red Comyn was ready to accept English rule under Edward I. Both Bruce and Comyn were Catholics who understood that shedding blood on holy ground was considered sacrilege. This was why both men agreed to meet and settle their differences in the Greyfriars church at the Scottish border town of Dumfries. When they met an argument broke out with Robert the Bruce becoming incensed by Comyn's refusal to reject Edward I plans of English domination. In a fit of anger Robert drew his sword fatally wounding Comyn before the altar. He left the church and met his men at its entrance. Meanwhile the Franciscan friars rushed into the church and lifted Comyn onto the altar attempting to staunch the wound. Outside Bruce told his men about what he had done. ‘I doubt I have killed him.’ He said and his friend Kirkpatrick replied. ‘I will make it certain.’ This was the 'mak siccar' alluded to in Thompson's letter. Kirkpatrick and some other of Bruce's followers then went into the church and restrained the Franciscan monks. They then finished the already dying Comyn off with their daggers. Bruce and his entourage then rode on to Glasgow where Bruce met with the Bishop and pleaded for absolution for the crime. In the eyes of the Catholic Church Bruce's murder of Comyn was not only detestable in itself but also abominable since it had been committed on Holy ground. The reigning Pope had no choice but to excommunicate Bruce for his deed. It seemed that this stabbing in the church by Bruce instead of bringing the wrath of God, rather sealed the destiny of Bruce's kingship. Thompson's letter to Everard told of his thoughts of the importance of this historical event:

> *'The critic in question considered that Bruce had left off too soon. But to Bruce's taste evidently there was a suggestion in the hinted tragedy of' "I doubt I have killed Red Comyn" more truly effective than the obvious ending substituted by his confrere. History, by the way, has curiously failed to grasp the inner significance of this affair.'*

The significance to Thompson was that Bruce believed that Comyn could not be dead for if he was then wouldn't have God surely struck Bruce dead on the spot. That he walked from the sanctuary unscathed despite 'Thou shalt not kill' being one of God's commandments told Bruce his act was righteous. Bruce had set a dangerous precedent.

Some research on each murder site produces facts that support this hypothesis of a religious motive to the crimes. Bucks Row, where Mary Ann Nichols was killed, was before 1888, named Ducking Pond Row. A 1746 map shows the ducking pond itself was situated near to the murder site. The name Ducking Pond Row was to honour a medieval practise when women, who were under trial and punishment, were tied to a special chair and submerged in a pond. This device was used by to extract information from suspected witches and it was often used to punish prostitutes. Such treatment could prove fatal due to suffocation or hypothermia. The use of ducking ponds as punishment continued until 1809. By 1888, the ducking pond had disappeared but maps showing its existence and other features of Whitechapel were housed in the London's Guildhall library well known for its rare collections and century old survey maps. When Thompson was homeless he spent a 'good deal' of his time amidst the bookshelves of the Guildhall library musing over its contents, until after complaints from the attending librarian, he was barred from entering by the police. The librarian remembered that Thompson had a copy of the works of Sophocles in his coat pocket. Sophocles, the Classical Greek writer, who lived circa 440 B.C., was the author of Oedipus Rex, Electra, and Oedipus at Colonus. These tragedy plays are primarily about patricide, incest and fate.

At the front of Twenty-Nine, Hanbury Street hung a sign that read 'Mrs A. Richardson Rough Packing Case Maker'. The front of the ground floor was part of the quarters of Mrs Richardson, her son and the offices for her packing case firm. Mrs Richardson was a practicing Millenniast. This Protestant sect preached the Second Coming with the passing of the second millennium. The businesswoman's back rooms served, part time, as a meeting hall for her Co-religionists. It was besides the backrooms that Annie Chapman's body was found. The last positive sighting of Chapman before her murder was when John Evans last saw her at 1:45 enter a court called Paternoster-row. The name of this court derives from when it was where Catholic worshippers would buy prayer beads and rosaries. Elizabeth Stride's body was found at the rear of the 'International Working Men's Educational Club,' in Berner Street. Mainly Jewish Atheists attended this club. The club provided a venue for those who proscribed to the socialist ideal. On the evening of the double murders, the topic of discussion at the hall was upon the necessity of socialism for the Jews. Mitre Square, where Catherine Eddowes was found, was beneath the shadow of The Great Jewish Synagogue that fronted adjacent Dukes Place. The square, having once been Catholic owned and part of the Prior of Holy Trinity, was where from the beginning of the 17th century the Ashkenazi Jews congregated and where their earliest synagogue was likely to have been. Mary Kelly's body was found in her room less than 100 meters from Christchurch. Completed in 1729 and dominating the surrounding streets with its portico and spire. This imposing landmark was commissioned to strengthen Protestant Anglicanism in the East End.

Theories that the series of murders formed a corresponding geometric pattern have been advanced for many years. Magician and occultist Aliester Crowley, told of his thoughts on the Ripper murders which occurred when he was a boy of thirteen:

> *'One theory of the motive of the murderer was that he was performing an Operation to obtain the Supreme Black Magical Power. The seven women had to be killed so that their bodies formed a "Calvary cross of seven points" with its head to the west.'*

After the murder of Nichols, the killer turned west with the murder of Chapman. He then went southeast and killed Stride, before again making his way west to slay Eddowes. Finally, the killer returned to the northeast with Kelly's murder. If a line is drawn, following these directions, given that they are true and equidistant, they make a figure eight pattern. This pattern is more commonly called the 'Vesica Pisces' or Vessel of the Fish and is a paramount image of sacred geometry and a central symbol to Christianity. Carved upon Francis Thompson's tomb are the figure eight of two linked crowns, one of laurels and the other of thorns. Thompson longest poem "Sister Songs" depicts Dryads, which are mythical winged spirits. These spirits trace two circles in a linked figure eight pattern in the air. "Sister Songs" records:

> *'Gyre in gyre their treading was,...*
> *Wheeling with an adverse flight,*
> *In twi-circle o'er the grass','*

So, it can readily be seen that Thompson placed great importance in the Vesica Pisces, but would he have really superimposed it onto a physical landscape of the streets of Whitechapel, like some cartographer of evil. Thompson saw the points of a compass as holding religious potency. This will be shown by his letters to the writer Coventry Patmore. These letters, begun in 1894, show that he held a deep interest in the subject.

Taking the next step from considering the location of the murders in a religious light and specially a Catholic perspective, given the legacy of St Mary's Church, when we look at the dates of the murders a compelling feature emerges. In Catholicism, followers who encountered substances such as blood or animal waste were considered spiritually unclean. Such pollution was particular prohibited in sacred areas or by the clergy. The Catholic Church recognized that for certain occupations contamination was unavoidable since they required handling internal organs or bodily fluids and wastes. Such occupations included butchers, soldiers, midwives and doctors. These are the occupations believed by most police and theorists to be that of the Ripper's.

Like most occupations, they had various Patron Saints who were considered to act as their holy ambassadors and protectors. Each saint was revered on a certain day of the year. The days of these particular Patron Saints, butchers, soldiers, midwives, and doctors, fell upon the same as the dates of the Ripper's five canonical murders. It is plausible that the Ripper may have chosen the dates of the murders to coincide with these Catholic Patron Saints believing bizarrely he was 'working' under their blessing and therefore he was rendered innocent of any crime. In 1969, the Second Vatican Council under Pope Paul VI reorganised the Roman calendar. These changes, which came into affect on the 1st of January 1970, meant that many saint days, celebrated in the 19th century, were now confined to local cults and their significance lessoned. In some cases, saints were removed from the calendar of worship entirely, but in 1888, it was still in effect and these saints were venerated.

The 1888 Roman Catholic calendar shows that the August 31 murder of Nichols fell upon Saint Raymund's day. This martyr is the patron saint of the innocent and the falsely accused. If the killer wished to somehow commit his crimes, yet remain free of sin what better day to begin his murder spree than on this saint day? The occupation protected by saint Raymund is that of Midwives. The September 8th, murder of Chapman occurred on the feast day for Saint Adrian the patron saint of both Butchers & Soldiers. Concerning the September 8th murder, a water soaked leather apron was found folded in the yard that Chapman was found and thought to be a vital clue. The apron re-ignited expectations that the killer was indeed a butcher, but the police soon discovered it belonged to a resident. Found resting by Chapman's head were the remains of an envelope that bore the red military seal for the Sussex Regiment. Detectives believed once more the murderer could be a soldier but discovered that the public could purchase the same kind of envelope. The night of the double murders, September 30th, was the feast day of Saint Jerome. He is the patron saint of Doctors. The November 9th murder of Mary Kelly occurred on the feast day for Saint Theodore the martyred patron saint of soldiers.

During the 1880's, a murderer with an intense pro Catholic bias would have little hesitation in angering the police. Many of those heading the police force and leading the Whitechapel murder investigation were Protestants and members of the Freemasons. These people included the Head of the force Police Commissioner Sir Warren who as well as being a member, conducted research for the brotherhood. Dr. Robert Anderson who upon his return from Switzerland was placed as head of the investigation was a Freemason. Coroner to the murder inquests Wynne Edwin Baxter was a Freemason of the South Sussex Lodge.

The Freemasons are an old secular fraternity that, although respected by many as charitable and ethical organisation, has a history of secrecy. Its insistence that members accept that there is a Supreme Being is felt to hold religious overtones. Freemasonry is open only to men and bars Catholics from membership. Pope Leo XIII reflected the view of many Catholics in the 19th century on Freemasonry in his 1884 encyclical. His eight thousand-word paper named "Humanum Genus" argued against the doctrine of Freemasonry and said in part:

> *'The race of man, after its miserable fall from God, the Creator and the Giver of heavenly gifts, "through the envy of the devil," separated into two diverse and opposite parts...one is the kingdom of God... The other is the kingdom of Satan...At this period, however, the partisans of evil seems to be combining together and to be struggling with united vehemence, led on or assisted by that strongly organized and widespread association called the Freemasons. No longer making any secret of their purposes, they are now boldly rising up against God Himself... it is Our office to point out the danger, to mark who are the adversaries and to the best of Our power to make head against their plans and devices...the sect of Freemasons grew with a rapidity beyond conception in the course of a century and a half, until it came to be able, by means of fraud or of audacity, to gain such entrance into every rank of the State as to seem to be almost its ruling power. ...For these reasons We no sooner came to the helm of the Church than We clearly saw and felt it to be Our duty to use Our authority to the very utmost against so vast an evil.'*

The murderer, if he were a Catholic religious manic, may have felt his murders and subsequent escape dealt a blow against the police and subsequently the order of Freemasons and that he was championing the cause of Pope Leo XIII. Francis Thompson, a devout Catholic, who studied as a priest for several years, was so much in agreement with Leo's encyclical that later in his life he made an exhaustive, although unpublished effort in writing a history of Freemasonry aiming to expose it as counter to civilisation. Father Anselm a friend and advisor of Thompson told he had: "what seemed to me a morbid fear of freemasonry."

The supposition that the Ripper crimes where committed by a religious extremist familiar with Catholic Doctrine and who had a hatred for non-Catholics, particularly protestants, Jews and Atheists is fortified with the discovery made by City Police Constable Alfred Long. On the night of the double murders, at 2:55 am, in Goulston Street, PC Long's lantern illuminated a piece of bloodied white apron which was found to match the apron of Catherine Eddowes. Written, immediately above it, with white chalk, on a nearby stucco wall was the slogan:

"The Juwes are
the men that
will not
be blamed
for nothing'

Mitre Square, where Eddowes was killed, was 350 yards northeast from where the piece of apron was found. More than eighty-percent of those people living in Goulston Street were Jewish. The same applied to neighbouring Flower & Dean Street, Hanbury Street, Old Montague and Thrawl Street. Goulston Street was a Jewish heartland for thousands of newly arrived families and notwithstanding the importance of places of worship like the Great Synagogue in Duke Street places such as the Goulston Street Bathhouse catered to the sanitary and religious needs of the Hebrew population. There has been a long history of hatred between Christian and Jew, hatred that more enlightened people have overcome. A zealous Catholic with a grudge might not have been ready to make war.

Leaving this religious discussion, we will now look at the suggestion that the murderer may have been a doctor. A feature of the Ripper murders was that the killer most probably possessed medical skills. Thompson, who studied surgery in Manchester for a number of years, possessed these skills. The coroner to the murder of Chapman said there were indications of anatomical knowledge and the mode in which portions of the body had been extracted showed some anatomical knowledge. The coroner also thought that the injuries could have been done by such an instrument, as a medical man would use for post-mortem purposes. The coroner stated he himself could not have performed all the injuries described without a struggle within the 15 minutes timeframe that the murder apparently had. The "Times" newspaper also said: 'The injuries had been made by some one who had considerable anatomical skill and knowledge'. The “Times” reported that Dr Phillip’s medical evidence was that the murderer's method was apparently 'scientific in manner':

> *'There were no meaningless cuts. The organ had been taken by one who knew where to find it, what difficulties he would have to contend against and how he should use his knife so as to abstract the organ without injury to it. No unskilled person could have known were to find it or have recognised it when found. For instance no slaughter of animals could have carried out these operations. It must have been some one accustomed to the post mortem room.'*

With the murder of Catherine Eddowes, the catalogue of wounds is almost too many to contemplate. Yet, their very bloodiness causes many to overlook a vital detail. All these horrid mutilations were made after her death. The fatal and first wound was a pinhole made with a sharp pointed knife into the left carotid artery causing a haemorrhage. Her death was instantaneous. This suggests a precise killer rather than a clumsy butcher. Dr. Brown believed that the killer would have needed good deal of medical knowledge as to the positions of the organs in the abdominal cavity and the way of removing them. Sir Robert Anderson, Commissioner to the CID, from August 31 1888 onwards, wrote of the Ripper:

> *'One thing is certain, namely, the elusive assassin whoever he was, possessed anatomical knowledge. This, therefore, leads one pretty surely to the conclusion that he was a medical man, or one who had formerly been a medical student.'*

The infamous five murders attributed to the Ripper had a ghastly prelude. Before this murder on the spring bank holiday of April 6 1888, Emma Smith, of George Street, Whitechapel, was attacked and killed. Press reports gave that Smith spotted three men as she stood on a street corner, besides St Mary's Church. While Smith lay dying of peritonitis, she told that near the end of Osborn Street, the men who stalked her raped her with some kind of baton. The police questioned local gang members with no arrests being made.

Four months later, on the night of the Easter Monday holiday of August 7 1888, flickering gas lamps, dimly lit George Street Whitechapel. Since cutting the supply of gas for streetlamps at eleven o'clock was standard-practice as church bells rang the streets were plunged into darkness. It was almost pitch black when at 1:40 am, Elizabeth and George Mahoney, arrived home fatigued. George worked as a Carman and Elizabeth as a match-girl. The couple lived at George Yard Buildings off George Street. Fireworks at night had added sparkle to an otherwise grey day of leaden skies heralding immanent rains. As Mrs and Mr Mahoney passed the small, darkened first floor landing, they claim to have seen nobody there. Mrs Mahoney left her hat and coat in their room and went downstairs to purchase supper at a candle maker's store in nearby Thrawl Street. Mrs Mahoney returned at 1:50 am, ascended the stairs and saw nobody as she passed the landing. The Mahoneys ate supper and at two o'clock, they went to bed.

It was at this time that Police Constable Thomas Barrett approached a Grenadier Guardsman, who served for the light infantry battalion, was standing in nearby Wentworth Street, Whitechapel. The Grenadier, who was aged about twenty-four and wearing a good conduct badge, told the Constable that he was waiting for a 'chum who had gone off with a girl' to return from George Yard Buildings. The Constable hurried the man along and continued on his beat.

Meanwhile the Superintendent of George Yard Buildings, Francis Hewitt, was slumbering in bed with his wife. As the bells of nearby Spitafields Church struck 2:30 am, Mrs Hewitt awoke briefly, to the call of 'Help Murder!' before returning to sleep. On the landing, twelve feet away from the Superintendent's room, a woman was killed.

Another resident of George Yard Buildings, whose room was next door to the Mahoneys, was Alfred George Crow. At 3.30 am, Crow arrived home from work and passed the landing where he saw a body but Crow dismissing it as a sleeping drunk went to his room to sleep. At around 4:45 am, John Saunders Reeves, of number thirty-seven, George Yard Buildings, awoke. Reeves, who had slept ten hours straight, had heard nothing the night before. He walked down the stairs and when he reached the landing his foot slid on the tiles that were wet with blood, he turned and looked in the corner to discover the corpse.

Dr. Timothy Robert Killeen performed an autopsy and told that the victim, who was thirty-nine, had been punctured, thirty nine times and two weapons had been used. The first from a dagger like implement able to penetrate her breastbone and the rest: 'apparently with a penknife'. The cause of death was due to blood loss. Police identified the body as that of Martha Tabram who was last seen alive at 11:45 p.m. the previous night Tabram, who was also known as Mrs White, was last known to be living down the road at number nineteen George Street. Tabram failing to pay her rent had only recently become a homeless prostitute. Tabram was found naked from the waist down with her legs spread and raised. Although Dr. Killeen found no evidence of sexual penetration Constable Barret, who also viewed the body on the spot it was found told the inquest that. 'her position was such as to at once suggest in my mind that recent intimacy had taken place'.

The police of H Division had blamed the earlier, April 2, murder of Emma Smith, on neighbourhood gangs. Various witnesses told of seeing Tabram with an army private. Police learned that some hours before her murder Tabram had been drinking at the Two Brewers pub in Brick Lane with another prostitute named Mary Ann Conolly who was known to others as Pearly Poll. Conolly was a big woman, with a low, husky voice and drink-reddened face. She lived at Crossingham's Lodging House the past two months.

This large common lodging had about eighty residents. All common lodging houses were licensed and followed provisions that were set by law and enforced by police supervision. At the front of these houses hung a sign stating the number of beds for which it is licensed. All beds were to have their linen changed at least once weekly and to ensure adequate ventilation windows were to be opened by ten o'clock each morning. On the ground floor was a common room in which lodgers could warm themselves by a fire and cook their meals.

When questioned by police Conolly told she had known Tabram for almost five months and on the night of Tabram's murder they had met a guardsman and a corporal. Connolly had taken her corporal to Angel Alley while Tabram took her guardsman up to George Yard. As sightseers crowded to gaze at the blood-soaked floor where the body was found H Division turned their attention to several soldiers from the Scots Guards. A line up was organized at the Tower of London, but no charges were laid.

Could these murders have also been committed by Thompson? Police were looking for a suspect that could be a soldier At first glance this hardly fits a poet. It does fit Thompson though. Francis Thompson's schoolboy military interests earned him the class honouree title of 'L'homme militaire', which in French meant 'Our Soldier'. Despite Thompson's academic achievements, he was whipped for absence from class. He had lost track of time, becoming entranced by a retired sergeant's confessions of the ordeals of the Indian Mutiny, in 1857 and the massacre of the British garrison, at Cawnpore. It was on July 30 1878, during the Russian-Turkish war, that the Russians attacked the Turkish town of Plevna. Thompson, then aged nineteen, was a keen follower of the battle. Using planks of wood and chairs Thompson built a replica of the beleaguered city and recreated the siege. Thompson joined the army in 1885. The poet signed up in Manchester, had his uniform fitted, equipment such as bayonet acquisitioned. This sword was attached to rifles so that combatants could stab their enemies to death when fighting at close range. Thompson was discharged a month later for failing at drill. It is not known weather he returned the bayonet.

Investigating Inspector Walter Dew, who knew of the earlier murder of Emma Smith, wrote upon Martha Tabram's murder:

> *'Even the police had abandoned all hope of solving that mystery. Then came the first real evidence that Whitechapel was harbouring a devil in human form. Emma Smith had been murdered on Easter Holiday of the same year. A curious coincidence this, does it mean that these two nights were deliberately chosen?'*

It was shortly before nine pm, on August 30 1888, immediately before the so-called first Ripper murder, that a fire broke out in the docklands. This fire would influence the early murder investigation. It caused police officers experienced with the Whitechapel area to be withdrawn from normal duties and officers from other districts to cover their patrols. The fire happened in the West India London Docks about a thirty-minute walk from the murder scene. How the warehouse fire on the night of the first Ripper murder began is unclear, perhaps it was arson. If the Ripper had planned a fire that would cause the most distraction, this would have been it. There was the real danger of an explosion. Beneath the warehouse were the vaults containing brandy, a drink made from 40%, flammable alcohol. When the warehouses were first built in 1802, they were the largest brick buildings in the world. The vaults held around two hundred kegs with twenty seven thousand litres of brandy. The blaze could be seen for miles and by ten o'clock thousands of curious onlookers went to the scene. To control the crowds police reinforcements from Whitechapel's H-Division district were called in. The fire was fierce and was not brought under control until well after midnight. The first police officer to discover Nichol's body in Whitechapel was from Bethnal Green's J Division. Since this was not his regular beat, the PC was not familiar with the territory, what might have been out of the ordinary, or who may have been a stranger to the area.

It is so common for serial killers to also show a history of arson that this is one-thing forensic psychologists look for when profiling suspects. This classic trait of serial killers is reflected in the history of Francis Thompson. In Everard Meynell's biography upon Thompson, he detailed his proclivity for fires, writing:

> *'fires he always haunted and his clothes were burnt on sundry occasions, as they were before the class-room fire.'*

The school, which was chosen, for young Francis, was in the northern county of Durham. It was a Catholic Seminary College, which prepared novice priests to take Holy Orders. It was while at the college that Francis was disciplined for an attempted arson attack. Refusing to wear the proscribed church robes and demanding that he be allowed to wear a vestment of purple, instead of regulation black, Francis responded to the priest's rebuttal by stealing the church lighters job. Traditionally purple vestments are worn only by bishops and cardinals during requiems. These are masses for the dead. The protest, in which he threatened to burn the church, proved a failure. In 1871, Francis tried again. Acting as an altar boy in St. Mary's Church, at the age of twelve, Francis, unexpectedly, seized another boy's thurible. This is the device, on a chain, used to hold burning frankincense. Francis spun the thurible around, over his head, causing the charcoal embers to be scattered. He had previously unhinged the lid.

Thompson's dangerous connection to fires continued throughout his life. In 1896, Thompson set fire to his London's lodgings. When asked why he did not rouse the landlady, who was also in the house at the time, Thompson quipped: 'A house on fire is no place for tarrying'. The following year Thompson moved into the Meynell's residence at Palace Court where he set fire to the cupboard with his clay pipe kept lit in the pocket of his overcoat. In that year he was he was asked for a book on London. In reply Thompson wrote he wished to dwell on the:

> *'Houseless wanderer sleeping in the streets' and 'Factory at Night' since I have in mind such a factory across Westminster...In the same section I should dwell on such a neighbourhood as New Cut [now shortened to 'Cut' situated in Lambeth] ... And I intend to describe a night fire; and the effects of vistas of lamps in such a neighbourhood as Pall Mall, Locality you see is unimportant. It is effect I wish to dwell on; the character of horror, sombreness and suggestiveness of, London because I have seen it most peculiarly under those aspects.'*

It was also at the West India Docks, where the warehouse fire was; that biographers tell Thompson in 1888 was sleeping while homeless. Presumably, it was not within the Docks themselves that Thompson would have slept. Most likely it would have been newly opened Salvation Army shelter that catered to the homeless. At the time of the murders a letter to London's "Daily Telegraph" advised:

> *'Such exiting revivalism as the Salvation Army movement may be responsible in a measure for the mind of the criminal.*'

It would seem unlikely that a suspect might be found who was deranged enough to not only identify with a perceived militarism of the Salvation Army movement but also see his own killings as some kind of moral crusade. Francis Thompson presents himself as such a suspect. Using the pseudonym of Tancred, Thompson wrote a notice in the January 1891, edition of "Merry England", called "Catholics in Darkest England". The name of Tancred was borrowed from Benjamin Disraeli's novel 'Tancred', also titled “The New Crusade”. Tancred the book’s main character decides to go on a crusade to the Holy Land in the east. Disraeli in turn had selected the name of Tancred from that of an actual crusading knight who lived from 1076 to 1112 AD. This knight helped capture Jerusalem from the Muslims and was for a short time Prince of Galilee. Thompson's article was written as a reply to a book called "In Darkest England", written by General Booth the head and founder of the Salvation Army. Thompson's view was that Catholics should take up and accentuate the militarism of the Salvationists:

> '*I see upon my right hand a land of lanes and hedgerows, I look upon my left hand and I see another region-is it not rather another universe? A region whose hedgerows have set to brick, whose soil is chilled to stone; where flowers are sold and women, where the men wither and the stars; whose streets to me on the most glittering day are black. For I unveil their secret meanings. I read their human hieroglyphs. I diagnose from a hundred occult signs the disease which perturbs their populous pulses. Misery cries out to me from the kerb-stone, despair passes me by in the ways; I discern limbs laden with fetters impalpable, but not imponderable; I hear the shaking of invisible lashes, I see men dabbled with their own oozing life. ... they are brought up in sin from their cradles,... the boys are ruffians and profligates, the girls harlots in the mother's womb. ... our derelict Catholic men and women shall not have to wait till the Salvation Army has bruised our heel. ... Here, too, has the Assassin left us a weapon which but needs a little practice to adapt it to the necessity of the day? Even so our army is in the midst of us, enrolled under the banner of the Stigmata, For better your children were cast from the bridges of London than they should become as one of those little ones.*'

Chapter One
Francis Thompson Poet of Sacrifice.

‘I have never killed anything in my life.’
Francis Thompson.

‘he was one of the most innocent of men.’
Alice Meynell.

Francis Joseph Thompson was born in Preston Lancashire. This industrial river port town of Preston lies by the Ribble River, in England’s Mid-East. If Thompson had grown up to become a priest, as he attempted, his birthplace would have been fortuitous. Preston gained its name from a contraction of 'Priest's town'. Preston's origins date from the dark ages when the Catholic Church, with its many monasteries, held power. The ownership of this land was passed through successive churches.

The secular side of history holds a special place for Preston. It was in 1648, at Preston, that the monopoly on law held by the monarchy was dealt a mortal blow the defeat of the Royalists, under Charles I, by Oliver Cromwell. In 1767, Preston witnessed a surge of the industrial revolution with Sir Richard Arkwright’s, invention of the Spinning Frame. This automated loom was able to produce cloth at a rate far exceeding that of manual cottage weavers. It gave the impetus for the establishment of cotton mill factories in Preston and the neighbouring cities of the north. These factories signalled the migration of rural workers to the urbane landscape.

Under wage disparities and the loss of traditional social units, such as that of the extended family, the workers of Preston, once weavers, fishermen, farmers and assorted craftsmen, now toiled in factories, pump rooms, barges and mine shafts. Often frustration over bad conditions and poor pay would erupt into protests or violent riots that the government, fearing radicals and revolutionaries, were quick to quell. Many people sympathetic to the plight of the working class hoped that an uprising was bound to happen. Karl Marx the author of "The Communist Manifesto" compared it to Russia's cities under Czar Nicholas II. 'Preston is our St Petersburg', he said deeming it most suitable for a revolution. The eyes of economists, radicals and social theorists were upon the city of Preston. All wondered what spark would begin the conflagration and when it would occur.

Thompson's birth held no portents. No mysterious comet blazed the night skies, an inexplicable storm did not ruin the countryside, and not even the lonely flame of a candle was blown out. Of course, nobody in England, or Earth for that matter, knew of the fierce solar storm that raged in the heavens. This storm, is the largest on record and if it had occurred in our modern day, scientists believe that it would have flung us all into the Dark Age. Huge flares emitted by a disturbed sun, sent the globe in magnetic flux of such power it would have short-circuited the technology we take for granted, CCTV, radio, aircraft, missile defence systems, the light in the refrigerator. In 1859, the use of electricity was in its infancy, the only sign of the solar storm was relegated to the explosion of a few telegraph poles triggering minor brush fires.

It was an exceedingly cold and frosty day when Thompson came into the world in the family home at number-seven Winckley Street, on Sunday December 18 1859. The home in which he was born was an unassuming residence, a featureless grey estate cottage wedged into a row of similar houses in a short street with a small park at one end and the local shopping area at the other. His birth was a quiet and private affair with his father acting as the midwife.

His baptism was performed at Preston's St Ignatius Church. Thompson's parents were recent Catholic converts and their home was a gathering place for the local clergy. It was a close-knit community. Since the Reformation Catholics had been barred from many professions, including that of doctors. Though recent laws had repealed these restrictions, Catholics still bore the stigma of persecution.

Francis's father, Dr. Charles Thompson, was born 1823 and died 1896. At the age of thirty-six, Charles was a Homeopathic doctor. Homeopathy was first devised by the German physician Samuel Christian Freidrich Hahnemann (1755-1843). The term Homeopathy is a contraction of the Greek words 'homoios' and 'pathos' which mean 'similar' and 'suffering. Dr. Hahnemann believed in the function of similarities, rather than opposites and followed the holistic view of nature. He held that herbs that had the 'signature', or appearance, of the diseased organ could be used as a remedy for the ailment. One of Hahnermann's 'Laws' was that of 'Infinitesimals', which was the doctrine that the smaller the dose of medication is, if accurately measured, then the more powerful will be its healing affects. The ratio of dose was reckoned to be one part per million. An interesting aside is that the Ripper claimed five victims in London, a city of five million people.

Dr. Thompson was also a lay healer; taking on religious responsibilities such as baptizing dying infants. Before setting up practice with a dispensary and surgery at the rear of his house the doctor began his career in Bristol and would later became the house surgeon for the Homeopathic Dispensary in Manchester. Dr. Thompson was seen by his brethren as affordable and hardworking while poetry and literature held little interest for him; unlike his four brothers. The surgeon John Costall Thompson was esteemed for his 1848 poem "A Vision of Liberty". Reverend Henry Thompson published his sermon, "The New Birth by Water and Spirit", in 1850. Edward Healy Thompson was professor of English Literature at Dublin University and sonnet writer. He had once been an Anglican curate and his works were of a theological character that gained some controversy. James Thompson was a biographer on his nephew Francis though he died fighting in the Boar war before he could publish his work.

The poet's mother, Mary Morton Thompson, who was born in 1827 and died 1880, converted to the Roman Catholic faith when she was thirty-two. After failing in her attempt to become a nun, Mary became engaged to a fellow Catholic. In response to this Mary's Protestant family disowned her. Soon after Mary's fiancée died and she then spent time as a governess before meeting and marrying Dr. Thompson. The surname of Thompson originates from the Aramaic and means 'a twin'. After her first son lived a day at the age of thirty-seven Mary gave birth to a second and only son named after Saint Francis of Assisi.

This Italian saint was the first person to manifest the wounds known as stigmata. This was spontaneous bleeding from locations corresponding with the five wounds of the crucified Christ. The constant pain took two years to kill him. One day Thompson would grow up to write in an essay of his namesake. In his essay he discussed how pain could be used to elevate the soul:

> *'the pain of his stigmata was agonising, but was accompanied by a sweetness so intense as made it ecstatic to him...Pain may be made the instrument of joy.'*

Despite the death of an elder brother he never knew, Francis Thompson would not be an only child. Three sisters would follow, Mary, Margaret and the youngest Helen. On January 15 1864, when Francis Thompson was five years old, Helen caught tuberculosis, then known as consumption and died. Tuberculosis was a prevalent disease typified by the wasting away of the body. Neither Dr. Thompson nor his wife Mary was able to save Helen, then aged fifteen months. A vaccine for tuberculosis would not be available until 1944.

Meanwhile Francis had his first jaunt to the seaside. Upon the sands of Colwyn Bay, by the Irish Sea, Francis and his younger sister Mary fielded balls as they played cricket. Naked save for the consecrated silver medal of the Virgin, which hung from his neck, Francis would plunge into its waters. His sister Mary would recall that it was 'the phosphorescence on the crest of the waves at dusk.' that most held the boy's fascination. Seemingly magical to young Francis were the microscopic sea-life, which through bioluminescence, invigorated by the incoming waves of a moonless night, would 'respond through the darkness in swarms of jewel-like flashes',

The newspaper the "Morning Leader" would one day write an analogy of Thompson's poetic achievement that would have appealed to Thompson's childhood fascination:

> *'Thompson mixes his metaphors so wisely that they illumine each other, strange lights, shooting out of weltering chaos, like radiance of phosphorescent waves. He troubles you with sudden pictures which flash out of blackness'.*

Holidays were disrupted for Francis when the same year saw the Thompson family move to Ashton-under-Lyne near Manchester. As he once did in Preston, in 1857, Dr. Charles Thompson, in 1864, re-opened his homeopathic surgery from the Thompson residence in Stamford Street, of Manchester's Ashton. Manchester was a Protestant stronghold with a Cathedral dating from the 15th century. The first canals, which extended from Liverpool, were constructed in 1762. Manchester, with its wool trade, cotton and weaving factories, had by the 1860's and Industrial Age, become what was considered the greatest manufacturing town in the world. Less than a century had seen a rustic town, of thirteen thousand inhabitants; grow into a population of near to three hundred and fifty thousand. Ashton, was a district on the, eastern, outskirts of the expansive metropolis. Once a quiet village nestled about a meandering brook by the time the Thompson's arrived it had been swallowed up by neighbouring Manchester and been relegated to a suburb. The sleepy little hamlet consisting of a few dozen thatched roofs, hedged fields and meadows had been replaced with rows of high stone terrace blocks and smoking factories.

The Thompson residence was a two-up-two-down brick abode. Steps at the back led to Dr. Thompson's clinic. Although Francis' father had links with the small Catholic community the move to a new town meant that five year old Francis, a naturally shy boy, clung to his mother Mary. Once whilst out shopping at Ashton's market place Francis lost track of her. The memory of the event would forever hold for him a sense of:

> *'world-wide desolation and terror of, for the first time, realising that the mother can lose you, or you her.'*

The year 1865 may well have afforded, a six-year-old, Francis with a view of one of Ashton-under-Lyne's Easter customs. It was during the Christian holy days, of Easter, which observed Christ's Death and Resurrection that the ritual- a remnant of a pastoral, Pagan history - called 'The Riding of the Black Knight' took place. It was in the form of a sacrifice. An effigy of a knight, made from straw and swathed in black, would be led, upon a frail horse, up Stamford Street, passed the Thompson's house, to a nearby field. There, after the spurned knight was set on fire, the participants would pelt it, with mud, until it was destroyed.

Francis Thompson, a stranger to Ashton and too young to be attracted to such community revelry, replaced social participation with the solace of the written word. Hunched up on the stairs, which faced the front door, to his home, Francis would sit, with a book. Oblivious to the calls and sounds of hurried footsteps out in the street beyond and to the talk of those ascending or descending the stairs, Francis fed his infant love for poetry with the works of Coleridge or Shakespeare Of his childhood experience of the plays of William Shakespeare, the Elizabethan bard, Thompson later would remember:

> *'In the Midsummer Night's Dream I experienced profoundly that sense of trance, of dream-like dimness, the moonlight glimmer and sleep-walking enchantment.'*

In 1913, six years after the death of Francis Thompson, his criticisms of Shakespeare's prose were posthumously published. Thompson told of his thoughts of Shakespeare's betrayal of his own thoughts within the playwright's 'Henry V'. Thompson believed that when Henry spoke to his soldiers in the play, goading them to fight against the French, that the King's insistence that they put aside their own concerns over wrong or right was an argument of Shakespeare rather than Henry. The argument being that there comes a time when an individual must sacrifice his or her own moral sense for the certain causes:

> *'in particular we quote his chief defensive utterance: "There is no king, be his cause ever so spotless, if it come to the arbitrament of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on term the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder...Therefore*

should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience." The whole is on a like level and it is obvious that Shakespeare is defending a thesis with a pen, rather than Henry with a tongue.'

In 1868 when Francis was almost nine years of age and living in Ashton-under-Lyne, an anti-Catholic agitator, named William Murphy, arrived. His appearance heralded a chain of events that would lead to violent ends. Murphy began a series of fiery speeches expounding his hatred for Catholicism. The Catholic religion to Protestants was one shrouded in mystery and secrecy. Fear of the unknown had caused wild rumours to spread. There were claims of a conspiracy headed by the Pope in Rome against the people of England, even worse some said that the rites and rituals practised by Catholics involved horrible things including infanticide. Murphy appealed for the largely Protestant crowd to riot against the Catholics. On May 10th, a mass of people rushed through streets attacking almost every house of the Catholics. Wielding hammers, hatchets and knives the rioters wreaked havoc. Furniture was overturned and household items and bedding were strewn onto the roads and gutters. Scores of people were shot and stabbed. They included Thomas Summer a clothier who suffered scalp wounds from a bullet while walking in Stamford Street, the street that Thompson lived. It is highly likely that Dr. Thompson was called upon to treat the wounded in his home, his impressionable son looking on or even helping. A large mob descended upon the two small churches of St. Mary and St. Anne. The interior of St. Anne, in Cavendish Street was destroyed. The "Manchester Guardian" gave a detailed account of the damage:

'The appearance of the chapel could not easily be forgotten by anyone who had the opportunity of seeing it shortly after the event. The floors in every part were strewn with broken glass, stones and brick-bats; benches were broken, pictures torn down and destroyed, a brass bell used in divine service had been taken from the alter steps and broken into fragments; an oil painting of the Sacred Heart was cut through and torn; a holy water font broken; the alter in the chapel dedicated to St. Joseph destroyed and a figure of the saint removed and broken to pieces; and the whole of the canvas matting in the aisles had been taken up. The figure was seen to be carried off by one of the rioters and dashed to fragments against the street pavement.'

The crowd who, numbered almost 3,000, then attempted to storm St. Mary while the parishioners, who included the Thompson family, mounted a guard inside. The rioters attacked with bottles and stones. Shots were fired and the Riot Act was read. After three days of continual fighting, the army was called in.

One can only imagine the scene. The Thompson family barricaded in the church with fearful others. Taunts and cruel laughter emanating outside while bullets were heard to strike the greying stones of the church. All feebly illuminated by the glow of church candles while red light from burning torches and incinerated buildings streamed like blood through the broken stained glass windows. Francis's father his brow glistening with sweat performing crude surgery along the pews, probably having to perform amputations or suture open wounds. There is no anaesthetic and Francis is either looking on or helping his father to hold down the screaming patients.

By the end, of the chaos, the church of St. Anne's school and presbytery were broken into. They contained altars, paintings and statues, which were incinerated. A further 111 houses of the Catholic congregation were gutted. For a month the entire clergy fearing for their lives, was obliged to leave town. Such events might have sent any boy mad, but Francis turned to the bible for comfort. What passages did he read? It is only fitting that it was in this year that Thompson would first read the 'Apocalypse'. In his mature years he wrote of this piece of work:

'Job, Isaiah, Ezekiel, all ye prophets with ye amazing Apocalypse at their head, are but the Imagination (God's) stooping to ye tongue of ye nursery. Yet ye Apocalypse is so big with meanings that every sentence yields significances for endless study. …The world-the Universe-is a fallen world.'

Of this biblical text prophesying the end of the world Francis Thompson wrote of it as:

> *'An appalling dream; insurgent darkness, with wild lights flashing through it...on the earth hurryings to and fro, like insects at a sudden candle; unknown voices uttering out of darkness darkened and disastrous speech; and all this in motion and turmoil,...Such is the "Apocalypse" as it inscribes itself on the verges of my childhood memories.'*

When Francis turned nine, in 1867, his maternal grandfather, Joseph Morton, a bank clerk, died in the Thompson Ashton home. There is little to indicate that Joseph Morton and his daughter Mary had previously reconciled their religious differences. By now for Francis the loss of life and violence had become the rule rather than the exception. For the growing child the world is often viewed, with the imagination as a fusion between myth and reality. Logic and reason are often superseded by emotions and the faculties of make believe. It is the child's use of play as a means of excitement and a function of learning. Play is a way to transmit their thoughts and celebrate the pleasure that is life. Concerning Francis Thompson's own life, his first years were marked by death. The loss of an oldest brother, youngest sister and his grandfather provided a grim introduction to harsher realities. The distractions of recreational props, for children, are often a case of improvisation. A few sticks and a piece of string suffice, to the childish eye, as a bow and arrow. A blanket makes a cape and a bed heaped with pillows becomes a mountain. For the Thompson children, as well trips to the seaside and reading, there were card games. In Mid-Victorian times card games existed with names like Whist, Beggar My Neighbour, All-Fours and Cribbage. Francis played card games with his surviving two sisters, Margaret and Mary. Which game he practiced with them, since he decreed that they play in his closed room, under a vow of secrecy, is not known. Many children's games and toys, are devised by adults, in hopes to benefit, or mould, a child. For such ends Francis received a toy theatre. Made from cardboard it was used to stage plays, for his two sisters, with marionette puppets. Francis would keep his theatre folded away until the last years of his life. Upon meeting the Meynell family Francis came to ponder the possible assistance to his toy theatre by one of their daughters, writing in a notebook that: *'Sylvia's hairs shall work the figures (?)'*

The toy theatre and conjuring tricks, performed before his sisters, gave Francis a love for the audience. Francis, who attended the Parish drama group, was dismayed that his sisters riled against his readings of Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar'. The two girls shied away from poetry as a thing to fear. Neither would they appreciate Francis when he took to painting with oils, in the style of Edward Burne-Jones, telling him that his art could never be framed. Francis also enjoyed chess, which he compelled his sisters to play for hours on end. Of the Ashton house, Margaret told that it was: 'a horrid little place'. Mary Thompson wrote of childhood with her brother:

> *'we did not have any friends apart from the priests of four or five who would gather to dine and pass the evening...In our play-room he used to get Maggie and me to join him in mimic sieges...he could get into a temper when roused.'*

When Francis was alone and left to his devices, the Thompson's maid became used to finding him hidden, perched, besides the top of a ladder, on the top shelf of the linen cupboard. Only once is an adult known to have played with Francis, a domestic governess, who offered a prize for the best pupil. Despite Francis excelling his sisters in class, the prize went to Mary for her good walking pace during outings. It was a small clockwork mouse, which, when wound, would move. Mary in later years could not recall the reason for her winning the mechanical mouse; still she was not surprised that Francis remembered, writing in a letter many years later:

> *'But Francis never forgot it; he could never see the justice of it, he said.'*

In the use of play, such as sports, there is the means for the player, bounded by the rules, to understand the prevailing ethics of good conduct, to learn how to win and lose. Reading is a solitary sport, which Francis Thompson would only reluctantly leave. Though when asked to join in group games, he would rarely grumble, only, as an adult noting his part:

> *'I played, but my sport was solitary sport, even when I played with my sisters; from the time I began to read (about my sixth year) the game (I think) meant one thing to me and another (quite another) to them- my side of the game was part of a dream scheme invisible to them.'*

In the summer, of 1870, Francis became entranced with a girl was named Lucy Keogh, a friend of his sister's Mary whom he met at an outing and was instantly smitten. He never informed Lucy of his feelings and although he met her only once the memory would become forever fixed in his consciousness. The poet who would come to write the "Hound of Heaven", made no admission to mere puppy love, recording the briefest glance she threw to him in his poem, "Dream Tryst" of a dream in which he encountered Lucy again:

> *'There was no change in her sweet eyes*
> *Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine;*
> *There was no change in her deep heart*
> *Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.*
> *Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,*
> *Wherein did ever come and go*
> *The sparkle of the fountain-drops*
> *From her sweet soul below.'*

When Francis turned eleven years of age Mary Thompson, who called her son her 'pet' gave him a bust of William Shakespeare. It was in reward for his tidiness and punctuality. His father gave him a microscope and taught him the love of walking, in their many jaunts over the moors and seaside, in which they collected stones and shells. A boyhood, for Francis, of summer holidays spent in Wales and annual visits to the Flower show, at Manchester's Old Trafford cricket ground, with his mother would end, in 1870.

Francis was ten years of age, when he was notified that he was to go to school. The institution, which was chosen, was in the northern county of Durham. St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw was a Seminary College and boarding school, which prepared novice priests to take Holy Orders. Francis' journey to Durham was by train. In 1870, train carriages consisted of three coaches with each holding six people. Dining cars would not be introduced until 1879 and common passageways and corridors were not installed until 1891. It was with a bag full of jam tarts that Francis found a seat on the train headed for the boarding school. A fellow pupil of St. Cuthbert's and the future Bishop Casartelli, who was six grades higher than Thompson, shared his carriage. Casartelli reminisced about the journey through the countryside of Leeds and of the fate of a bag of tarts Francis had been given by his mother:

> *'I well remember taking him up to Ushaw as a timid, shrinking, little boy...the other boys in the carriage teased and frightened him...the bag of jam tarts in his pocket got hopelessly squashed in the process!'*

Built on a hilltop, Ushaw's history goes back to the mid 16th century and the town of Douai in France where several colleges were founded for the purpose of training Catholic Priests and maintaining Catholic learning. William Allen created the college when Elizabeth 1st outlawed Catholicism in England. In 1793 when England and France went to war, Douai's English citizens were forced to leave France. By then, the Catholic minority of England were no longer outlawed and the Douai priests returned. In 1808, when Ushaw first opened its doors, after four years of construction, to its staff and students, all that existed were three buildings. These were attached to each other as a partially completed quadrangle. By the time of Thompson's arrival, the Seminary boasted buildings from the designs of neo-gothic architects like Pugin. Its buildings included two churches with attendant chapels. The church treasury contained England's largest collection of relics in private ownership including what is believed to be a large part of the True Cross upon which Jesus died and a ring worn by Saint Cuthbert. There also existed an extensive library resplendent with rare manuscripts. Other buildings at the college were a museum, exhibition hall and farm buildings. All these were clustered about the original Georgian quadrangle. There was also a smaller separate establishment for the younger boys in which Thompson first stayed. Upon reaching St. Cuthbert's, Francis was handed over to a prefect who assigned two other children to introduce him to the rules of the school. To initiate Francis, they whipped him. Of his school days, Francis related his impressions of his fellows stating that it was they:

> *'who danced around me with mocking evil distortion of laughter...devilish apparitions of a hate now first known; hate for hate's sake, cruelty for cruelty's sake. And so such they live in my memory, testimonies to the murky aboriginal demon in man.'*

Before Francis Thompson left home often, when his sisters where asked, by a parent or maid of the whereabouts of their brother, they would invariably reply, 'Up in the moon again." 'Mooney,' and 'abnormally frail' was how his peers would describe Francis upon his entry to St Cuthbert's. Francis, fresh from Ashton, responded to provocation with shows of anger. His classmates dubbed Francis Thompson 'Tommy', a name that would stick to him for the next seven years. Thompson spent his time in the school library behind a barrier of books erected as a protection from paper bullets catapulted from his classmates. He was sometimes seen at the courts playing racquet or handball.

At St. Cuthbert's 'Tommy' formed a pirate band consisting of younger underlings. Their lair was an ancient yew tree in the centre square of the junior school. Some believe that the name Ushaw is a variation for the Scandinavian word Ulfshaw meaning wolves wood. More likely, it comes from the old English Yew-shaw or 'forest of yews'. These trees were brought from France during the time of the Saxons and were planted around cemeteries since yews were believed to symbolise everlasting life. Eventually a forest grew which was over the next few centuries cut down for firewood and to make arrows. The old yew in the junior school grounds was the last remaining tree of this ancient cemetery. The yew, made hollow inside by the centuries was transformed by the children's imagination into a galleon and before and within it the band would play at walking the plank and enacted sea battles of old. Actual theft and pillage was substituted for shows of bravado and flair with wooden swords. The old tree fell a few years after Thompson's attendance. The students who used it to make crosses and paper knives kept some of its wood. Of the tree Thompson wrote the poem “A Fallen Yew”, bequeathed, by Thompson, to St. Cuthbert's, it was published in the “Merry England”, in 1892. Within it Francis told of his thoughts on the tree in respect to mythical Greek Land of the Dead. Hades was supposed to be region of the underworld where the god Dis, or Pluto, ruled. Within Hades ran the rivers of night, called Acheron and that of oblivion, known as Lethe. Thompson's poem promised that even though the old tree had been struck down a sacred part, its spiritual heart, would never be surrendered to death:

'A Fallen Yew'

'But now our yew is strook, is fallen-yea,
Hacked like dull wood of every day
To this and that, men say.
Never!-To Hades' shadowy shipyards gone,
Dim barge of Dis, down Acheron
It drops, or Lethe wan.
...
Its breast was hollowed as the tooth of eld;
And boys, there creeping unbeheld,
A laughing moment dwelled.'

Yet they, within its very heart so crept,
Reached not the heart that courage kept
With winds and years beswept'

At St. Cuthbert's, in Durham, Francis Thompson, who would learn Sanskrit and French, excelled in Latin, English and Greek. He won sixteen of the school's twenty-one competitive exams in essay writing. In 1872, the English master described his writing ability as: *'the best production from a lad his age I have ever seen in this seminary.'* When Francis first entered the seminary, in 1870, the report of his studies told that: *'Frank gives the greatest satisfaction in every way.'* Won, discreetly, by Francis Thompson, were also series of essays upon naval and land battles. His essays, with titles such as 'The Storming of the Bridge of Lodi', upon a Napoleonic battle, were given, at the College-Speaking Day, in the main hall. Everard Meynell gave a summary of the crowd's reaction: *'The piece took the ears of his schoolfellows.'* Francis, who had another pupil act as substitute, did not read these essays. Despite his academic achievements Francis, was again whipped, this time for absence from class. Francis had been hearing a tale by a retired Sergeant confessing the ordeals of the Indian Mutiny, of 1857 and the massacre, of the British garrison, at Cawnpore. His military interests earned Francis the honouree title of 'L'homme militaire', which meant 'Our Soldier.'

In 1874, Francis Thompson was transferred from the junior seminary, of St Cuthbert's, to the senior seminary college of Ushaw. Francis, who had not returned home for the past four years, wrote upon a child's tenth birthday:

> *'well he remembers the tall old castle with its moss-eaten battlements, the great door with its huge iron bars and bolts and the lofty towers with their loopholes and embrasures. In the courtyard is assembled a goodly company. There is father attired for the hunt, while his favourite groom holds his grey charger, which none but himself can manage...' the child asks his father whether he can join in the hunt, but ...the request is refused and the gay company rides out of the castle gate and the gay shouts and songs soon die away into the distance. The boy stands alone upon the castle steps gazing after them with a disappointed countenance, while the autumn wind plays with his golden tresses and scatters them in wild disorder.'*

In July 1877, as Francis entered his adult years and his fellow scholars took their Holy Orders for a life in the priesthood, his parents received another report from the school. The letter was from the president of the college who wrote to Dr. Charles Thompson telling him:

> *'With regard to Frank...I have been most reluctantly compelled to concur in the opinion of his director and others that it is not the holy will of God that he should go on for the priesthood...he has the ability to succeed in any career.'*

In 1878, Francis returned to his Stamford Street home and Dr. Charles Thompson chose that Francis should become a surgeon. In the same month as his return, Francis sat for his entrance examinations into the Owens Medical College, Manchester. He was accepted gaining honours in Greek and Latin with poor marks in mathematics and science. Francis was told to attend college come the end of the summer break. Inside the main hall of the infirmary, patients were taxied in and out. There was a huge bell that tolled for surgeons to give medical aid. When not operating staff and students would sit in a common room and chat around a continual fire. Inside the operating room the wooden tables, on which patients lay, had leather straps for binding those who struggled. Operating was a gruesome affair as anaesthetic was still a new invention and was not generally used. The floors of the operating rooms were strewn with sawdust to soak up the blood. At home, Mary, Francis' brother, told he did little to commend himself for family responsibility. Bringing Mary to tell that:

> *'he required looking after almost like a child, though he was the eldest in the family.'*

Neighbours would remember that Francis would leave his house with untied laces and make his way up Stalybridge road muttering to himself, in his quick odd step, to wander the public gallery or library. Afterwards, with promises that he was studying late at college, Francis would visit the home of a pianist. His body would sway and tremor with noticeable pleasure as he listened to the ivory keys echoing the musical genius of Chopin, Beethoven and Berloiz.

In 1878, Russia and Turkey were at war. News of the battles being fought on foreign fields was a welcome distraction for the wayward doctor's son. On July 30, The Russians attacked the Turkish town of Plevna. The Russians, with 35,000 men and 170 heavy guns, launched a frontal assault against the fortified town. The Russians faced 22,000 men with 58 heavy guns. The toll against the Russian army was great with 7,300 men dying daily. The Russians had made no previous reconnaissance of Plevna's fortifications. After three weeks of fighting, in which the Russians lost 27,500 men, they were forced into retreat. It was not until December 1878, that the Russians managed to take the besieged city. Francis Thompson, who was then aged nineteen, was a keen follower of these events and passed his time building a replica of the beleaguered city of Plevna, from planks of wood and chairs to recreate battles.

In the autumn of 1878, Francis entered his name on the Manchester Royal Infirmary registrar. This teaching hospital was founded in 1752. Owens College where Thompson attended school was established in 1851 by the money left in the will of John Owens a successful Manchester Cotton Merchant. Mr Owens was a Nonconformist who wished that there be a medical school that did not insist its students were followers of the Church of England. As stated in his 1845 will:

> *'...students, professors, teachers and other officers and persons connected with the said institutions shall not be required to make any declaration as to, or submit to any test whatsoever of, their religious opinions:...'*

In 1874, the College moved from Quay Street, in Deansgate. To Oxford street where the evolutionist Thomas Huxley presided over its opening. Lectures and practical experience divided studies. A high physical endurance was vital for the gruelling workload. From the first semester, the study of anatomy, with dissection classes, was a major course requirement.

In June of 1879 when Thompson went to London for his medical exams, he also visited the South Kensington Museum to view the gold treasures brought from the once lost city of Troy. One artefact in particular drew his greatest interest. It was a large gold cup-like object identified as 'Possibly the Amphicypellon' - a mythical artefact mentioned in the works of the Greek poet Homer. The cup which had come from a city believed to have fallen over a millennia before the birth of Christ, had, according to Homer, been made, by the god, Hephaestus. Also known as Vulcan to the Romans, Hephaestus was the ironsmith of the gods. Legend has it that once the Greek gods had begun to squabble over petty differences while in revelry in the halls of Olympus. In response Hephaestus, the Greek god of crafts, fashioned a drinking vessel that when used would bestow immortality on the imbiber. Hephaestus returned with the cup and pretending to be waiter used it to serve wine. This 'delicate jest of a limping cup-bearer black from the forge' was Hephaestus's admonishment against the gods who took for granted their own immortality. If, of course they drank from the cup it would have had no affect. Such a device reminding the gods of their powers presented such irony that their infighting was replaced with mirth.

When Francis visited the museum, the cup was on display as part of the Heinrich Schliemann dig, of 1873. This dig was an excavation in Hissarlik, Turkey where Schliemann discovered what he dubbed the "Treasure of Priam" in a buried ancient city. Schliemann believed this city to be Troy the legendary city recounted by Homer in his epic poem 'The Iliad'. The cup, in the Kensington Museum, (Now the Victoria and Albert Museum) was in the shape of a boat. Both the shape and usage of this cup, said to have been forged by a god, fascinated Francis Thompson. At each end were two spouts and there were large handles on both sides. If wine was being continuously poured into the cup, whilst it was held upright, two could drink from the same cup. After its run of museum exhibitions the Schliemann's treasure, including the gold cup returned to Germany where it remained until it vanished during World War 2. Years later, having been stored in a bunker beneath a zoo, the treasure went on public display at the St Petersburg Museum in Russia.

As a young man studying in Manchester, Francis, again, fell in love. This time it was with the plaster bust of a woman. This bust was in the plaster section of the gallery a room that held copies of great sculptures for art students. Francis believed that no living woman could equal his love for the plaster cast: 'for she was a goddess.' The statue was called the 'Vatican Melpomene'. Melpomene was one of nine muses of Greek mythology. The muses were the children of Zeus and Mnemosyne, the god of memory. Mnemosyne was one of six titans who were half gods. As a muse Melpomene, daughter of Mnemosyne, was a mystical being who bestowed artistic creativity. Melpomene, whose name means 'to sing', was the muse of tragedy, song and harmony. Known as the saddest muse, Melpomene is often depicted holding a tragic mask, sword and a garland of grape leaves. The statue was in the Manchester Gallery. Francis found that her beauty originated from her countenance. He felt that a quirk of the cast had given the statue a unique expression and her mouth brought the greatest fascination. In one corner of the mouth was the hint of a dreamy happiness. The other corner drooped ever so slightly at some suggested sadness. By viewing the statue from either a left or right angle, two different expressions could be asserted. Francis felt that when the statue was viewed head on these angles combined to produce an emotion in the viewer that was impossible to express. For him it was to briefly glimpse the infinite. The ‘indecipherable significance’ of these two opposites combining to form a greater truth was that divinity could be revealed by accident. The paradox being that God is in the error.

Thompson in his essay “The Way Of Imperfection” wrote:

> *‘Over the whole contemporary mind is the trail of this serpent perfection…Guard against this seductive principle of perfection …Wherever else the reader may be grieved by perfection, this article, at least, is sacred from the accursed thing.’*

In this light coincidence and contradiction merely complement design. In the gathering dark of twilight Francis would meet the statue and watch as its eyes:

> *'broke out from their day-long ambuscade. Eyes of violet blue, drowsed-amorous, which surveyed me not.'*

Francis eventually deemed that he was unworthy for the Vatican Melpomene and placed his failure to form a relationship partly onto the dress sense and hairstyles of his female modern contemporaries. Francis questioned why love and beauty had become regulated to the women on the covers of old books, in particular the depictions by the British writer and Zambian explorer, Frederick Courtney Selous:

> *'I understood love in Shakespeare...Those girls of floating hair I loved; and admired the long-haired, beautiful youths whom I met in these pictures which I connected with the lovely, long-tressed woman of F.C. Selous' illustration to Cassell's Shakespeare, my childish introduction to the supreme poet ... Comparing the pictures of medieval women with the crinolined and chignoned girls of my own day, I embraced the fatal but undoubting conviction that beauty expired somewhere about the time of Henry VIII. I believe I connected that awful catastrophe with the Reformation.'*

Everard Meynell concluded that Francis Thompson was:

> *'the actor in unreal realities. Already he had been thrice in love-with the heroine of Selous's Shakespeare, with a doll, with a statue.'*

In 1879, after falling ill with a lung infection, Thompson was medicated with laudanum, a mixture of alcohol and ten percent opium. When Thompson was introduced to laudanum, it was generally considered as a beneficial drug. Sold at pharmacies for pain relief, aid in sleeping, and relieving menstrual cramps laudanum was spoon fed to babies by nurses. To keep Thompson occupied during his long recovery his mother gave him Thomas De' Quincey's, 1821 work, “Confessions of an Opium Eater”. Thompson would come to think of his relation to the dead writer as, 'that of a younger brother to an elder brother.' De’ Quincey was born in Manchester and died in 1859, the year of Thompson's birth. De’ Quincey became a vagrant in London where he fell in love with a prostitute called Ann. De’ Quincey enjoyed writing essays and stories about murderers. One such murderer written about by De’ Quincey was a man named Williams. The nature of the his crimes in 1811 were so similar to the Ripper’s that the “Star” newspaper compared the two when in 1888 it wrote:

> *'There is another Williams in our midst. Hideous malice, deadly cunning, insatiable thirst for blood - all these are the marks of the mad homicide. The ghoul-like creature who stalks through the streets of London, stalking down his victim like a Pawnee Indian, is simply drunk with blood and he will have more.*

The Williams that the paper was referring to was responsible for the Ratcliffe Highway murders. This involved the brutal killings of the Marr family. Timothy Mar a draper, his wife Celia, their baby and a boy apprentice James Gowen were killed by an unknown intruder, with a ripping hook in their home. Perhaps this weapon is where the Ripper derived his name. It was found next to the body of Mrs Marr house, was two feet in length and had been taken from a chest of tools owned by Mr Marr. Two weeks later close by a publican named Williamson, his wife and maidservant were killed with an iron bar and their throats were cut. An upstairs lodger John Turner came down into the family room while the murders took place. Turner escaped from the upstairs window using a rope made from bed sheets and his cries for help caused a crowd to gather. The crowd broke into the house but the killer escaped through a rear window. A hammer was traced to a sailor's lodging house and a young Irishman named John Williams was arrested. He was detained in a holding cell when blood was found on his clothes,

but before he could be brought to trial Williams hung himself. The residents, in fear, that his ghost would rise from the grave, to haunt his captors, decided to bury him at a crossroad, near to where the murders occurred. It was a common belief that crossroads would serve to confuse the avenging spirit. The site was chosen was at the intersection of Cannon Street Road and Commercial Road. Ten Thousand jeering onlookers gathered to watch the corpse as it was paraded through the streets. An account of the event reads:

> *'Here a hole about four feet deep, three feet long and two feet wide, had been dug ready. The hole was too small for the body, deliberately so...William's body was seized, tumbled roughly out of the cart and forced into the hole. Immediately one of the escorts jumped down beside it and began to drive the stake through the heart'*

De' Quincey's essay 'Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts,' was upon John Williams. In his essay De' Quincey wrote:

> *'People begin to see that something more goes to the composition of a fine murder than two blockheads to kill and be killed, a knife, a purse and a dark lane. Design gentleman, grouping, light and shade, poetry and sentiment, are now deemed indispensable to attempts of this nature.'*

In an essay, Thompson wrote on De' Quincey he could not conceal his admiration when he remarked:

> *'The famous Murder as One of the Fine Arts' is the only specimen which we need pause upon. ...The passage which describes how murder leads at last to procrastination and incivility - 'Many a man has dated his ruin from some murder which he thought little of at the time'-...In this, as in other things, De Quincey was an innovator and, like other innovators, has been eclipsed by his successors.'*

Another work by De' Quincey 'The Avenger' was a fictional story on a series of murders, The Opening lines, of 'The Avenger' are:

> *'Why callest thou me murderer and not rather the wrath of God burning after the steps of the oppressor and cleansing the earth when it is wet with blood.'*

Thompson's often quoted the works of Thomas De' Quincey. Everard Meynell, told, of the relation between Thompson and De' Quincey that: 'De' Quincey's words become his own by right of succession'

On December the 19th, 1880, after suffering a complaint of the liver, Mary Morton Thompson, Francis' mother died. Mary was aged fifty-eight. It was the day after Francis Thompson's twenty-first birthday. It was early in 1882 that James Thompson, uncle to Francis, told that his nephew suffered a nervous breakdown, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. The Owen's College register shows that from May 1882 Thompson was absent from the start of the summer session:

{Thompson's unpublished}

> *'Died; and horribly*
> *Saw the mystery*
> *Saw the grime of it-...*
> *Saw the sear of it,*
> *Saw the fear of it,*
> *Saw the slime of it,*
> *Saw it whole!*
> *Son of the womb of her,*
> *Loved till the doom of her*
> *Thought of the brain of her.*
> *Heart of her side:*
> *Joyed in him, grieved in him-*
> *God grew fain [pleased] of her,*
> *And she died.'*

Near the end of 1882, Francis Thompson went to the city of Glasgow for his second attempt at the medical finals. Thompson failed the exam again and compensated his poor marks in theory with long hours and a scalpel in the college's mortuary. A medical pastime that brought his sister, Mary, to remark:

> *'Many a time he asked my father for 3 pounds or 4 pounds for dissecting fees so often that my father remarked what a number of corpses he was cutting up.'*

The year 1883, which was that of Thompson's slow recovery, was when the twelve-year run of the "Merry England", began. The "Merry England" was the second publishing venture of Wilfrid and Alice Meynell, their first being the short lived the "Pen". The Meynell's were husband and wife, who co-edited the new monthly periodical. Francis Thompson was amongst the "Merry England's" first readers and soon became a loyal follower and admirer of the Wilfrid Meynell, editor of this magazine. He later told:

> *'I was my self virtually his pupil and his wife's long before I knew him'*

The cover, of the first edition, bore a portrait of the British Tory statesman, novelist and twice British Prime minister, Benjamin Disraeli. (1804-81). The magazine was conceived to support the social revolution of the Young England Movement. This movement was formed in 1842, partly by Disraeli, and represented a small but influential group. Its aims were for the rich to protect the poor from exploitation by the middle class. These aims, an idealistic mixture of benign feudalism and an ordered society, were seen by its supporters it to be in parallel with Christian virtues. As the first edition stated:

> *'We shall try to revive in our hearts and in the hearts of theirs, the enthusiasm of the Christian Faith...to recover the humour and good humour of the Saints and Fathers.'*

Contributors, to the journal, included writers such as Coventry Patmore, Katherine Tynan, Wilfrid Blunt, Hilair Belloc, Lionel Johnson, Cardinal Manning and Francis Thompson's, uncle Edward Healy Thompson.

Wilfrid Meynell, whose first name was a contraction of his full name William Francis Butler, was born into a Protestant, Quaker origins. His mother was one of the Tukes of York that had made their fortunes through the founding of England's first lunatic asylum when in 1792 William Tuke proposed a retreat be built. Wilfrid Meynell was born at Picton House in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1852, the seventh child of a colliery owner. Wilfrid Studied at Bootham school in York. When he was barely fifteen he met Sir James Simpson the inventor of chloroform used to anaesthetise patients. Simpson had stopped at York to dine with Lord Houghton. He then went to chat with his medical friend Dr. Caleb William's who was Wilfrid's uncle. When they first met, Simpson asked Wilfrid to kneel down with him and offer prayers that he might also be a Healer. When Simpson rose, he said to Wilfrid. 'Pain, my boy, I have made it an oblivion; it is for you to make it an ecstasy.' After moving to London Wilfrid converted to Catholicism. Wilfrid was known for his controlling nature and his work in aiding: 'lost causes, lame dogs and forlorn friends.' In his first years in London Wilfrid worked for Father Lockhart's journal "The Lamp" in which he visited the slum areas of London and wrote of his concerns for the poor. Father Lockhart was the rector of St. Elthdreda's chapel that ran a Catholic Charitable organisation situated at 14 Ely Place, Holborn. This chapel was built in the 13th century as a domestic chapel for the Bishop's of Ely.

In 1877, he married Alice Gertrude Christiana Thompson, a poet and essayist, who was born on September 22 1847, at Barnes, near London. Alice's family knew many of England's best writers. In 1843, Charles Dickens became infatuated, with Alice's mother Miss Christiana Weller. Dickens met Weller while she was still unmarried whilst at a dinner party held on behalf of the Liverpool Mechanics Institute. Charles Dickens had been invited to speak upon self-improvement. Dickens was with his wife Catherine when he was first introduced to Miss Weller; who was playing there as a guest pianist. Dickens was staying in Manchester at his friend's, Thomas James Thompson's, house. He asked Thompson if he could arrange a meeting. The next day Dickens lunched with Miss Weller at her brother in laws house. Dickens confided, to T.J. Thompson, of his yearning for Miss Weller:

> *'I cannot joke about Miss Weller; for she is good; and interest in her (spiritual young creature that she is and destined to an early death, I fear) has become a sentiment with me.'*

A few weeks later Dickens was appalled to read, in a letter, from T.J. that he himself intended to Marry Miss Weller. At first Miss Weller's father, who was disappointed with Mr T.J. Thompson's fiscal concerns, refused his consent. Dickens surprisingly intervened on behalf of his friend and Miss Weller's father recapitulated. At Christiana and T.J. Thompson's wedding, in an effort outshine the groom; Dickens arrived wearing the brightest waistcoat he owned.

Relations between Dickens and T.J. turned sour when during rehearsals, in London, for 'Every Man in His Humour', in 1845, T.J, who was also a fellow cast member, noted Dickens unconstrained mirth when Miss Kelly, the theatre owner, almost choked on a glass of water. Dickens attitude and attempts to dominate stage directions became overbearing. The lack of sympathy Dickens showed when his wife Catherine Dickens, fell through the trap door, on the stage, braking her ankle, caused further resentment between Dickens and T.J.

Despite some resentment Dickens' friendship to the wedded couple continued when he visited their villa, in Geneo, Italy, where they lived. Here he was introduced to their two daughters. Miss Weller's first child, Elizabeth, would grow up to become, the admired genre painter, of battle scenes, Mrs Lady Francis Butler. The second child was Alice, would grow up to become a poet and essayist.

Alice Thompson settled in London, in 1864 and converted to the Catholic faith in 1872. Alice began writing poetry and she became friends with the Poet Laureate, Alfred Lord Tennyson, who published her first volume of poems named 'Preludes', in 1875. As a poet, Alice Meynell once recorded her experience of fallen leaves in her poem "Autumn":

> *'I lie amongst you and I kiss*
> *Your fragrance mouldering*
> *O dead delights, is it such bliss,*
> *That tuneful Spring?*
> *Is love so sweet as come to this?'*

Alice regularly returned to Italy. In 1876, she revisited Florence where she enjoyed feasting on over ripe peaches, which were saved for her, after being gathered by the local peasants. Alice’s father at first did not approve of the marriage between his daughter and Wilfrid since he was concerned that Wilfrid’s income was not enough to support a family. For a long while it looked like he would never approve but by 1877 they were married. Alice and Wilfrid settled at 11 Inkerman Terrace, Kensington. In 1878, at the Bournemouth house, of Lady Taylor, Alice Meynell met and befriended, Lady Shelley, the daughter-in-law of the poet Percy Shelley. Alice's exploration of London was not limited to the literary elite alone. Alice, due to an early disappointment in love had formed a kind of detached view on the world that suited her style as a poet. This was reflected in her letters such as one in which she wrote of roaming London looking for inspiration:

> *'the dreadful incident of a man's cutting his own throat on the pavement in Shoreditch. I took note of London steeples.'*

After his failing medical school, Francis applied for a position of an encyclopaedia salesperson, in which he would receive a commission on the books sold. Francis had a two-month deadline to sell the encyclopaedias. In the ensuring eight weeks, Francis read every word and volume, though sold no copies. In 1883, Dr. Thompson found him a position at a local medical instrument factory. Thompson managed a fortnight's work before being dismissed. In 1885, Francis Thompson's father accused his son of drunkenness. Francis, knowing that the cause of his flushed appearance was opium, denied the accusation. His father then accused him of stealing laudanum from his supply of medicine. Francis was also bitter over his father's plans to remarry. His sister Mary wrote about the argument telling that this second marriage might:

> *'Have been the cause...My father may have given Frank some reason for thinking that he may have been in the way.'*

It was on the night of November 9 1885, three years ago from the day of the murder of Mary Kelly, that Thompson, leaving only a note, fled his father's Manchester house. All his previous attempts to find a publisher were kept from his parents and all his submissions were either rejected or ignored. Of rail transport Thompson wrote: 'trains I hate as the gates of Hades.' Consequently, Thompson walked the 189 miles to London. 'If the lad had but told me!' Dr. Charles Thompson would one day implore when asked of his efforts to assist with his only son's aspirations of becoming a poet. Francis had previously begun to write poetry and had sent them to select publishers. Francis did so without his father's knowledge. Thompson had grown into a voracious reader and had collected over a hundred volumes. Writers, on his bedroom shelf, consisted of William Blake, Aeschylus, Edmund Spenser, Emile Zola, Goblet D' Alvella, John Keats, Lord George Gordon Byron, Richard Crashaw, Samuel Taylor, Thomas Babington, Thomas Brown, Walter Scott and William Wordsworth. He would eventually be forced to sell almost all his books due to poverty. His attempts at publishing his own poetry all met with failure. All his submissions were rejected or ignored. Whilst homeless Thompson recorded that:

'The shadows plot against me,
and lie in ambush for me;
The stars conspire
and a net of fire
have set for my faring o'er me.
I ride by ways that are not
with a trumpet sounding to me
from goblin lists,
and the maws of mists
are opened to undo me.'

From November 1885, to August 1886, Francis Thompson stayed at a number of cheap lodgings paid for by his father. Thompson gained no steady employment and his income was minimal. Thompson tried his hand as a bootblack. Complaints from a nearby shopkeeper caused the police to order him to move from the corner on which he had established his business. From then on Francis relied on the pennies gathered by tips as he carried luggage, or sold matchboxes and newspapers, in the Soho theatre district. It had been in Soho, whose name originates from an old hunting cry, near the Duchess theatre, in Catherine Street, that Thomas De' Quincey had once began his "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Here Thompson cared for handsome cabs, which graced the Drury Lane or Haymarket theatres, earning a sixpence per week to hold a horse's head. Eventually even these efforts proved hopeless and his failure to gain a publisher, or find a career, were not helped by his increased reliance to opium.

Francis Thompson found solace as a regular visitor to the National Gallery. One painting, which Thompson would spend hours gazing at was the 'The Procession to Calvary' by the artist Ghirlandaio. Painted in around 1505 it depicts a woman, called Veronica, who, in pity for Christ, wipes his bloodied face with her veil and thus leaves an imprint upon it. The picture is unusual in that Christ if shown with a weary expression burdened by the cross he carries yet the transparent veil shows a smiling Christ. The name Veronica comes from the Latin words 'Vera Icon' which means True Image. It is as if the imprint on the veil suggested Christ's coming resurrection. Francis turned to explain the picture to two woman patrons when they expressed disgust at his poverty-stricken appearance and he fled never to return.

Thompson's: "The Owl":

'The owl is the witch of the cauldron of sleep
And she stirs it and seethes it whooping deep;
And she thrusts the witch-bits into it deep,
Gendereing ghosts for the smoke of sleep,
She flings in toads from the money-dust,
And feeds it thick with the dead fat of lust;'

On August 1886, a Protestant Churchwarden named John McMaster aided Francis Thompson. The Churchwarden for St. Martins of the Fields also ran a Bootmaker shop and workrooms, which were located in nearby Panton Street Haymarket. Thompson had been homeless a fortnight when he was

sighted by McMaster. Thompson was wandering the Strand when he was found attempting to sell a box of matches to those passing. Thompson had sold all his other goods and the matches were his only possession. From the crowded street's din McMaster called out to Thompson: 'Is your soul saved?' Thompson gave a curt reply: 'What right have you to ask me that question?' McMaster was brought to ask: 'If you won't let me save your soul, let me save your body.' Thompson relented and he was hired by McMaster to work at his bootmakers shop. The store was well known for serving famed writers and publishers. Thompson wrote poems, in the front room, on the shop's account books. Thompson was accepted readily into the McMaster household; befriending his orphaned niece, called Rosebud, taking her to feed the ducks in St. James Park and playing about with her in the shop. Those who worked at McMaster's bootmakers were given extra duties. Many found themselves singing for St. Martins choir, or ringing the church bells and tending the St. Martins graveyard. In the rear workshop, he distracted the other shoemakers with conversation. McMaster remembered that Thompson would shout in medical and other arguments and told that:

> *'There was something wrong between him and the priests...A damp rag of humanity...He was the very personification of ruin, a tumbledown, dilapidated opium-haunted wreck.'*

It was during his time at the Bootmakers shop that Thompson became absorbed in the works and teachings of Edward Bulwer-Lytton. Born in 1803 and dying in 1873, Lytton was a British author notable for his diverse range of fantasy and horror stories. It was Lytton who penned the famous first line in one of his stories: ‘It was a dark and stormy night;’ He is quoted as saying: ‘The pen is mightier than the sword.’ Lytton was an avid ocultist with a fascination in phycic phenomena and magic. His friends included Eliphas Levi a French occultist. Lytton, Levi with other members practised secret magical ceremonies in which they claimed to raise the dead. Everard Meynell provided a one-word description of Thompson’s appreciation of Lytton’s works: ‘Bulwer Lytton was devoured, then as in later years.’

In mid-January 1887, Thompson was dismissed after he dropped a wooden window shutter onto a customer's foot. McMaster soon found Thompson's behaviour strange. Such as the mass, he would hold nightly, for the woman of his dreams. As Thompson would later relate:

> *'It was my Practice from the time I left college to pray for the lady whom I was destined to love- the unknown She'*

On February 23 1887, five weeks after becoming unemployed by Mac Master, Thompson let fall a crumpled parcel into the "Merry England", Kensington letter box at 44 Essex Street. The parcel held some torn pages from McMaster's ledger books that made up a letter, an essay and three poems. The essay was called "Paganism old and New," the poems were "The Passion of Mary," "Dream Tryst," and the "Nightmare of the Witch Babies." Thompson's letter to the magazine's editor Wilfrid Meynell explained away the laudanum stains and the torn pages:

> *'Dear Sir...I must ask pardon for the soiled state of the manuscript. It is due...to the strange places and circumstances under which it has been written...on the principle of "yet will I try the last," I have added a few specimens...Kindly address your rejection to the Charing Cross post office.'*

Thompson's "Paganism Old and New" quoted the works of Thomas De’ Quincey. Thompson's Paganism essay ended with his praise of and a quote from, De' Quincey:

> *'but take as a last one of those magnificent eyes of De’ Quincey's 'Master Suspiriarum: "Her eyes were filled with perishing dreams and wrecks of forgotten delirium."'*

Everard, then just a child wrote of his mother's Alice Meynell's opinion:

> *'Told by A.M at 21 Philimore Place, Mother read in bed the dirty ms of Paganism and along with it some witch-opium poems which she detested.'*

The poem 'Nightmare of the Witch Babies' was withheld from publication. It was about a knight who hunts down a female and then rips her guts out. A portion reads:

'Two witch-babies,
Ha! Ha!
Two witch-babies,
Ho! Ho!
A bedemon-ridden hag,
With the devil pigged alone
Begat them, laid at night
On the bloody-rusted stone;
And they dwell within the Land
Of the Bare Shank-Bone,
Where the Evil goes to and fro,
Two witch babies, Ho! Ho! Ho!...

A lusty knight,
Ha! Ha!
On a swart steed,
Ho! Ho!
Rode upon the land
Where the silence feels alone,
Rode upon the Land
Of the Bare Shank - Bone,
Rode upon the Strand
Of the Dead Men's Groan,
Where the Evil goes to and fro
Two witch babies, Ho! Ho! Ho!
A rotten mist,
Ha! Ha!
Like a dead man's flesh,
Ho! Ho!
Was abhorrent in the air,
Clung a tether to the wood
Of the wicked looking trees,
Was a scurf [dead skin] upon the flood;
And the reeds they were pulpy
With blood, blood, blood!
And the clouds were a-looming low.
Two with babies, Ho! Ho! Ho!
No one life there,
Ha! Ha!
No sweet life there,
Ho! Ho!
What is it sees he?
Ha! Ha!
There in the frightfulness?
Ho! Ho!
There he saw a maiden
Fairest fair:
Sad where her dreaming eyes,
Misty her hair;
And strange was her garment's flow.
Two witch babies, Ho! Ho! Ho!...
'Swiftly he followed her
Ha! Ha!
Eagerly he followed her
Ho! Ho!
From the rank, the greasy soil,
Red bubbles oozed and stood;
Till it grew a putrid slime,
And where his horse had trod,
The ground plash plashes,

With a wet like blood;
And chill terrors like fungus grow,
Two witch babies, Ho! Ho! Ho!...
Into the fogginess
Ha! Ha!
Lo, she corrupted
Ho! Ho!
Comes there a Death
With the looks like a witch,
And joins that creak
Like a night-bird's scritch,
And a breath that smokes
Like a smoking pitch,
And eyeless sockets a glow.
Two witch babies, Ho! Ho! Ho!
And its paunch [stomach] was rent
Like a brasted [bursting] drum;
And the blubbered fat
From its belly doth come
It was a stream ran bloodily
Under the wall
O Stream, you cannot run too red
To tell a maid her widowhead!
It was a stream ran bloodily
Under the wall.
With a sickening ooze-Hell made it so!
Two witch babies, Ho! Ho! Ho!'

The Meynell children remembered that the tables and desks of their household were strewn with unopened letters, bound manuscripts and preview editions. Wilfrid, never the most efficient office keeper, often resorted to bonfires to clear all the clutter. Francis Thompson's parcel was pigeonholed and would not be opened until over a year later.

McMaster told that at Christmas of 1886 Thompson visited his family home in Manchester but returned to the shop forlorn and did not speak of any change for the better between him and his father. Thompson wrote of his father and stepmother in his unpublished poem, "The Ballad of Fair Weather" in the following verses:

'My father, too cruel,
Would scorn me and beat me;
My wicked stepmother
Would take me and eat me,
They looked in the deep grass
Where it was deepest;
They looked down the steep bank
Where it was steepest;
But under the bruised fern
Crushed in its feather
The head and the body
Were lying together,-
Ah, death of fair weather!
Tell me, thou perished head,
What hand could sever thee?...
My evil stepmother,
So witch-like in wish,
She caught all my pretty blood
Up in a dish:
She took out my heart
For a ghoul-meal together,
But peaceful my body lies

In the fern-feather,
For now is fair weather.'

In April of 1887, Dr. Charles Thompson married his second wife Anne Richardson, the daughter of a Levenshulme solicitor. His son did not attend. It is pertinent to recall that 'Mrs A. Richardson.' was written on the front the building where Annie Chapman was strangled and repeatedly stabbed to death.

To meet his addiction and the necessities of survival, Francis had already sold ninety-five of his books. For a time his father provided Francis with a small allowance that he would claim from the desk of the Reading Room of the Clarendon library. Francis, his clothes, unkempt at the best of times, now reduced to rags, grew fearful that he may be dragged out of the Reading Room so he ceased calling to claim his father's allowance. His depictions of the streets of London, during his vagrant years, were in the form of brief jottings only, such as: 'My two ladies'. Sometimes he wrote only a single word: 'Murder'. Years after his rescue Thompson would write of London describing it as more an open wound than a city.

'We lament the smoke of London-it were nothing without the fumes of congregated evil, the herded effluence from millions of festering souls. At times I am merely sick of it....Nothing but the vocabulary of the hospital, images of corruption and fleshly ruin,...The very streets weigh upon me. These horrible streets with their gangrenous multitudes, blackening ever into lower mortifications of humanity! The brute men; these lads who have almost lost the faculty of human speech, who howl & growl like animals, or use a tongue which in itself a cancerous disintegration of speech…Seamed & fissured with Scarred streets under the heat of the vaporous London Sun, the whole blackened organism Corrupts into foul humanity, Seething & rustling through its tissues.'

By now, Thompson had drifted into vagrancy. (SEE APPENDIX VAGRANCY) It was in the vegetable rubbish dumps of Covent Garden Market where Thompson sometimes slept and where, in the spring of 1888, he attempted to commit suicide. This act was forbidden as a sin by the Catholic Church and, in the 19th century, in Britain, was illegal. Punishment for attempted suicide could include the death penalty. Thompson's planned suicide was to be through an overdose, after dark, with enough laudanum to kill two men. Francis took the first half, which should have killed him when, as Thompson claims, he was saved by a phantom.

It was the ghost of the writer called Thomas Chatterton. He was born in 1752 in Bristol and died in 1770. When Chatterton was eleven he published his first poem and by the age of thirteen he had begun a five yearlong project in which he wrote a series of poems. Chatterton sent them to the writer Walpole, claiming them to be the work of a 15th century monk named Thomas Rowles. At first Walpole was gushing with praise for such fine and witty verse but then discovered that they were fake and he rejected them. Chatterton was thereafter treated by the literary world as a social pariah. At the age of eighteen, feeling that he would nevermore have his work published, he committed suicide. He consumed arsenic and died in his loft, in Holborn Street London. Chatterton was buried in a pauper's graveyard. Chatterton's phantom may have seen a kindred spirit in Thompson not only by the fact that both were aspiring poets. Thompson was about to end his life at a vegetable market. While Chatterton's body lay under what by Thompson's time had become the site of the Farringdon vegetable market. Chatterton's Will had the following clause:

"Item. I leave the young ladies all the letters they have had from me, assuring them that they need be under no apprehensions from the appearance of my ghost, for I die for none of them."

Since he appeared to Thompson, the conclusion must be reached it was for Thompson that he died. While they held hands the apparition, whom Francis Thompson recognised from his portraits, told him that if he had delayed his death by one more day then he would have discovered that a publisher had accepted his works. Thompson took Chatterton's advice and waited, but the spectre's consoling words gave only a little hope to the homeless poet who saw himself as little more than the focal point of converging doom.

{Thompson's unpublished}

'Adders of longing and fanged regrets;
Winged lizards of terror and monstrous threats
Ah. horrible terrors, the withering threats!
And she sees with her eyes which the Fires look through
Her deep sleep-cauldron, reeking new;
And she laughs at sleep, tu-whit, tu-whoo!

And so murk is the sleep-smoke of despair,
And so awful the spectres rising there,
And so fearful they throng on the calm night air,
That were not sleep as brief as deep,
It were better almost to die than sleep!'

Months later and Thompson was still homeless. The nights of torment in hunger and addiction appeared endless and then a minor miracle occurred. He was walking more to keep warm than in any direction along a crowded street when heard a clinking sound and saw a coin rolling in the gutter. He watched as it weaved itself about the feet of the passing pedestrians and revolved to a stop. Thompson picked it up and because no one approached him to claim it, he kept it. Believing that the coin was a newly minted halfpenny, Thompson put it in his waistcoat pocket and walked on. Then he decided to turn back the way that he had come. When Thompson reached the same spot where he had found the first coin, he saw another coin glittering on the road. Thompson, thinking that it was another halfpenny, picked it up as well. He looked at the coin in his hand and saw a golden sovereign. Francis took the first coin from his pocket and when he held both coins together, he saw that they were both gold. Everard recorded, in his "Life of Francis Thompson", the homeless poet's reaction to the finding of the equivalent of two pounds, which was effectively equivalent to a fortnight's working wage:

'"That was a sovereign too, Evi; I looked and saw that it was a sovereign too!" he ended with a rising voice and tremulous laughter.'

Following Thompson's episode with the two coins that apparently turned to gold, he tried selling newspapers. A Rothschild's, banker buying a paper from him, gave Thompson a florin. The paper only cost one penny and the florin was worth twenty. Thompson attempted to pursue the banker to return him his florin becoming vexed when he lost track of him. The 17th century loans of the Rothschild's caused the English poet Lord Byron to muse, in his Don Juan:

'every loan
Is not merely a speculative hint,
But seats a nation or upsets a throne.'

The Rothschild's are an old banking firm that began in the Jewish Ghetto of Frankfurt. They were first known by a saucepan, which hung upon their door. By 1888 Rothschild had become the worlds most powerful bank and was headed in England by the founder's grandson forty-four year old Nathaniel Rothschild. Nathaniel, more affectionately known as 'Natty', was in 1885 the first Jew in England to be made a Baron. His fame extended to as far as Baghdad where he was treated as a visiting sovereign. Natty was known for his habit of giving money to beggars but then running off in fear of their thanks. Years later, when Thompson learnt of the death of the banker who tipped him, he expressed anguish that he could never repay him.

This florin must have only served as a sharp reminder of his plight. Even as he struggled to prise himself away from the crowds of the destitute with his newspaper selling a shining unwanted charity let him know that others knew him as simply a beggar. A 'little sweetness making grief complete.' Everard Meynell recorded that it was soon after the episode with the florin that Francis's became delirious. A bizarre metamorphism occurred in him where the hungers of food and addiction, and the accompanied anxiousness crumbled as his mind gave way. His Biographer and colleague Everard Meynell described this as follows:

“his weakness has passed and he is drifting along the streets, not wearily but with dreadful ease, with no hope of having resolution to halt.”

This happened on the very eve of the Ripper murders. Not more than a hundred meters from where the Ripper killed his first victim was the grave of the founder of the Rothschild Bank.

CHAPTER TWO
Mary Ann Nichols - Innocent in Death.

It was about a thirty-minute walk from the docklands warehouse fire to Whitechapel. If we were to follow the railway line, which began at the docks, northwards into the urban landscape we would have seen that much of the streets were full of advertising. Buildings were fronted by billboards, on which we might have read why we should purchase face powder, starch, cocoa powder, soap, paraffin oil, or other such things. Other signs told the populace to attend promenade concerts at Covent Garden, or hire rooms open for dancing at the admission price of one Shilling. Walls too were plastered with posters. A liquor business informed pedestrians that it was the 'The Spirit of Today and Tomorrow,' while another poster for a cigarette company insisted that their product was 'Sweet. Cool. Fragrant.'

The railway line heading north from the West India Dock Road, passed over Limehouse Station and Limehouse Cut Canal. Here two-dozen dingy and decrepit buildings made up the Chinese quarter that held Chinese groceries, lodgings and Opium dens. Next were Stepney and Shadwell Stations. Although passing through about a mile the immigrant houses here held people from such places as France, Ireland, Germany, Scandinavia, India, Arabia, Mozambique, and Islands of the South Pacific. The line continued on crossing the intersection of the London and Blackwall Railways. The railway then passed over Cable Street, before diving underground beneath Commercial Road. The next major thoroughfare was Whitechapel Road where lay the entrance to the Whitechapel underground station, facing London Hospital. Apart from one exit into busy Whitechapel Road, the station's other exit was into the much darker and less used Bucks Row. The railway emerged from its underground tunnel just beyond the street and continued northwards disappearing into a narrow siding.

From the air Bucks Row was a place of cracked chimneystacks adorning sloped roofs covered in terracotta tiles that had been blackened over the years with soot and grime. The street was of narrow cobblestone, twenty feet wide with slightly raised footpaths less than three feet wide. Large warehouses and other industrial buildings backed the street and facing it were rows of two-story residences. At the eastern end of Bucks Row, near where the body of Nichols was found, was Brown's Stables. This premises was owned by Harrison, Barber & Co Ltd. At the western end of the street was a four-storied board school.

In the Catholic Calendar August, the 31st, is set aside as a feast day for Raymund Nonnatus the patron saint of, childbirth, children, pregnant women, innocent people and the falsely accused and Midwives. That the legend of the Ripper, who inflicted sever abdominal wounds on his victims, was born on the day of this saint, whose mother died of abdominal injuries at his birth, is indeed a grim irony. One long held hypothesis as to a suspect for the Ripper murders began in 1939 when William Stewart published his "Jack the Ripper: A New Theory" suggesting the Ripper was a midwife.

Saint Raymund was a 13th century Cardinal, whose second name, of 'Non-natus' is Latin and means 'not-born'. He was named this because he was brought into the world, by caesarean section. Nonnatus was held captive by Moslems, in Algeria, on the Barbary Coast. Although technically a prisoner, he was allowed to walk the streets but after attempting to convert similar poor prisoners to Christianity Saint Raymund was made to run the gauntlet. Running the gauntlet consisted of the victim running across open ground between two rows of men wielding whips, batons, clubs and fists, which strike the runner. This did not deter Saint Raymund who then continued to try converting the souls of what he saw as infidels. In reply, Saint Raymund was whipped in the corner of each street of the city, his lips were pierced with hot-irons and his mouth was shut up with a padlock. This lock was only removed when he ate. Saint Raymund was kept in a dungeon for eight months before he was ransomed. Upon being freed, Saint Raymund pleaded to remain and convert the poor, yet, since he saw hat he was not worthy to shed his blood for these souls he returned to Spain where Pope Gregory IX nominated him Cardinal. When ordered to Rome he insisted on travelling as a peasant. When he embarked on his journey, Saint Raymund came down with a violent fever and died at the age of thirty-six.

It was at around 3:45 in the morning of August 31st 1888 when Mr Charles Andrew Cross walked into Buck Row from the eastern end. He has just turned the corner from Brady Street. Although it is just the first day of autumn with the early morning being cold, Charles was dressed warm. He wore a many-layered coat, round brimmed hat and a scarf. Charles had just left home and was heading toward Broad Street in the City to the premises of Pickford & Company. This was a delivery firm where he worked as a Carman. Charles was just passing Schneider's Cap Factory when he slowed upon seeing something on the other side of the street. Charles thought he had spotted a pile of rumpled tarpaulin lying in a heap on the pavement. He began to cross the street to investigate and reached the middle before he froze in his tracks. What he thought was a tarpaulin was actually a woman. She lay on her back, with her arms to her side and her skirt raised to the waist. Two doors down was the yellow light of an oil lamp burning from a second story bedroom window. As Charles came nearer, the dim glow enabled him to make out the woman's dress and features. She wore a coat the colour of port wine. It was an ulster coat sporting large shiny buttons. She was lying before the high wooden gateway that led into Brown's stables. Charles heard someone approaching.

A second man appeared forty yards away from the west end of Buck's Row. He was dressed like Charles who guessed correctly that he was probably also a Carman and on his way to work as well. The man walked on the same pavement side on which the woman was lying. When he saw Charles, he left the pavement to walk in the centre of the street, but as he was about to walk passed Charles went to him. Touching him on the shoulder Charles said. "Come and look here. There's a woman lying on the pavement." Charles and the man approached the women and crouched down besides her. Charles took the woman's hand in his and feeling that it was cold said. "I believe she is dead." Charles touched the woman's cheek and felt that it was still somewhat warm. The other man, who was named Robert Paul and a Whitechapel resident, put his hand against the woman's chest and turned to Charles and said "I think she's breathing, but very little if she is." Both men quietly argued as to whether the woman was dead or a sleeping drunk. They also disagreed as to whether to move the woman and which of them should fetch a police officer. Robert who was due at work at Corbett's Court, Spitafields, said he had to go. Charles also did not want to be late for work at Pickford's so they decided to leave the woman and relate what they have seen to the next passing constable. They attempted to pull the woman's skirts down and then together walked westward to Hanbury Street.

At first, the metropolitan police, like Homer's Troy, was only a piece of fiction. The novelist and playwright, Henry Fielding, formed the first organised peace keeping force in 1749. Primarily to patrol Bow Street in Covent Garden that, in Fielding's time, was an area, similar to that of the East End in the 1880's. At night, would come to life with vegetable and fruit markets. So to did the pickpockets, swindlers and ruffians. Constables, those commissioned to keep the peace, had been a part of English life since the thirteenth century. Fielding's 'Bow Street runners' seemed a logical extension in providing law and order in troubled times. In 1821 Robert Peel the Home Secretary set up a regular force of law enforcers. They were known colloquy as 'Peelers'. With government approval the West India Company financed a force of constables to patrol the Thames city port District of Wapping, which housed warehouses of butter and tea. Eight years later, in 1829, London's Metropolitan Police was formed consisting of a thousand officers split into six divisions. In 1839 The City of London formed the City of London Police, which was responsible to the ' 'Corporation of the City of London'.

Unknown to either Charles or Robert, who were heading west, just entering Buck's Row from the east, was Police Constable John Neil from Bethnal Green's J Division. PC Neil, was a thirty-eight years old, tall man with a straw coloured moustache. He was acting as a relief officer for those police sent from Whitechapel's H-Division to secure the warehouse fire. Of the seventeen Divisions in London J Division, having been formed just two years prior, was the newest. A police division was split into sub-divisions and then sections which a sergeant headed.

It generally took an officer between seven and twenty-five minutes to complete a circuit of his beat with a constable walking at a slow two miles an hour in an eight-hour shift. PC Neil's beat consisted of long circuit from Baker's Row, via Buck's Row, to Brady Street, a pattern he repeated almost every half-hour. Since it was not his regular beat the PC was not familiar with the territory, what might have been out of the ordinary, or who may have been a stranger to the area. When PC Neil walked west down Buck's Row and discovered the body he was certain it had not been laying there when he had passed through half-an-hour earlier.

When the constable saw the slumped form, lying partly in the gutter, he raised his tin bull's-eye lantern and saw that it was a woman. PC Neil also saw that her brown eyes were open and glazed and her throat has been cut in a deep gash. The PC's first thought was that he had discovered a suicide but looking about the body, he could find no knife. He noticed that a new black straw bonnet was on the ground nearby. As was standard procedure PC Neil stayed with the body. The woman was lying lengthwise on the pavement before the stable gate. Her head was turned to the east and her left hand rested against the gate. The gate was almost ten feet high. On the constable's trouser leg was a specially fitted pocket that held his truncheon that he removed and used to give the gate a push. He found that the gate would not open. He then waited. The constable knew it was only a matter of time before another officer would arrive. This was because his patrol beat overlapped other constables. A sergeant would assign a number of officers, on beats, in a section covering streets, lanes and open yards. Although officers usually walked their beat alone, each beat was planned so that they extended into the beat of another constable's. Soon PC Neil sighted another officer, who like PC Neil wore a blue and white vertically striped armlet to show he was on duty. It was PC John Thain, also of J Division. PC Neil and Thain know each other well. There were 522 constables in J Division. PC Neil's badge number was ninety-seven, while PC Thain's was ninety-six. PC Thain was patrolling nearby Brady Street. As he passed by Buck's Row, he saw PC Neil signal him with his lamp. PC Thain signalled back with his own lamp and approached. PC Thain drew near to PC Neil who said to him. "Here's a woman has cut her throat. Run at once for Dr. Llewellyn." PC Thain left PC Neil to guard the body. Dr. Rees Ralph Llewellyn was a house doctor who had worked as a police surgeon for twelve years. The thirty-nine year old doctor had his home and surgery not far from the scene at number 152 Whitechapel Road.

While PC Neil waited by the body he saw two men come out to the street from the west end of Buck's Row. The constable called the men over. The constable recognised both men as they both lived in Bethnal Green where PC Neil usually patrolled. Nevertheless, PC Neil, following regulation, took the two men's names and addresses. The men were Henry Tomkins and James Mumford and they had just finished a night's work at Harrison's stables. The stables, a knacker's yard, held horses brought from the docks that had been injured in accidents or grown too old. Twenty workers slaughtered them here for cat's meat, which was then processed and sold to small shops. This knackery had until then served the local community for the past 120 years. Neil asked the slaughterers if they had seen anything suspicious. The men replied that they had not seen anything unusual. They told PC Neil that the stable doors were locked at night. The only other entrance to the stables was through the main entrance 150 yards away. It could be reached by walking around the Board school at the end of Buck's Row.

As PC Neil was questioning the two men, another man appeared from around the Board School corner. The two slaughter men explain to PC Neil that he was Charles Brittain a fellow slaughterhouse worker. PC Neil called Charles over as well and asked him if he had seen anything out of the ordinary. Charles said he had not. In the meantime, another constable waved his lamp and approached from the west.

It was a H-Division constable named Jonas Mizen. He told PC Neil that he was on patrol along Hanbury Street, when two Carmen approached him. One of the Carmen, Charles Cross said he should go to Bucks Row where a woman was lying on the ground. Cross told PC Mizen the woman looked to him to be either dead or drunk, but for his part he thought she was dead. PC Mizen had taken the two men's names and addresses before sending them on their way and heading to the scene. It was soon to be sunrise and the two men were sure to tell others what they had found. A crowd was likely to gather. PC Neil told PC Mizen to go and fetch an ambulance and send for reinforcements at Bethnal Green Station. On the opposite side of the street was the entrance to an Essex Wharf warehouse, where an iron bell was hanging from the wall. PC Neil rang the bell. The manager of the warehouse, Walter Purkiss, answered. He told the constable he had been sleeping and had heard nothing out of the ordinary.

It is shortly after 4:00 am, when PC Thain returned with Dr. Llewellyn who had been awoken from his surgery. The Doctor felt the woman for signs of life and found none. "Move the woman to the mortuary;" he told PC Neil, "she is dead, I will make a further examination of her." As the doctor was about to leave the scene Sergeant Kerby arrived. Sergeant Kerby was one of fifty-six sergeants from Whitechapel's H-Division and he was in charge of the section where the body had been found. PC Neil briefed the Sergeant on what has so far transpired.

The Sergeant questioned those living in the immediate area. He first headed eastward to the corner house of Bucks Row & Brady Street. A sign above it read 'New Cottage Terrace.' The house adjoined the gate of the stables. Sergeant Kerby spoke to an elderly woman named Mrs Emma Green who told him that she was a widow and lived in the house with her sons and daughter. Neither Mrs Green nor her children could offer any useful information. She said that she had just retired to sleep but previously had heard nothing strange. This pattern of witnesses for the most part appearing surprised a murder had taken place or of claiming to have not seen anyone suspect was one that ran through the entire murder investigation. It is hard to believe they did not see or hear anything, even harder that they had yet dared to feign ignorance. Perhaps simple fear of reprisal kept them quiet. A more plausible explanation is that may have heard or seen something, but in the appalling conditions the East End presented they had become immune to most cries of murder or sound of argument or struggle. Shadowy suspicious characters were simply part of the scenery. (See Appendix East End)

In Bucks Row, Sergeant Kerby, spoke with Mr Purkiss, the Essex Wharf Warehouse Manager. Mr Purkiss told the Sergeant that although he slept in the bedroom above, whose window faced where the woman was found, he had heard and seen nothing. The Manager's wife, child and servant, could offer no further information.

When the Sergeant returned to where the body lay, he saw that PC Neil was speaking to a man. His name was Patrick Mulshaw, a night porter who worked for the Whitechapel District Board of Works. He was watching some sewerage works about fifty yards west in Winthrop Street. Mulshaw had come to the scene after a man, whom the police could not account for, walked passed him a few minutes previously and remarked "Watchman, old man, I believe somebody is murdered down the street." Mulshaw said that before then he had no idea anything was amiss. Despite starting work at five in the afternoon, he had seen nobody suspicious and had earlier greeted Constable Neil as he had walked passed on his beat. He admitted he had dozed off sometime during the night, but that he was awake between three and four o'clock when the woman was thought to have falling on this spot. Sergeant Kerby suggested to Mulshaw that he might have slept during the time the woman died. Mulshaw admitted to be very tired and that this was possible. "I have worked ten hours and have to work another three before I get paid my three shillings." He said.

PC Mizen returned with another H-Division Constable who was pushing the requested stretcher-ambulance. Under the sergeant's direction, PC Neil and PC Thain lifted up the body. PC Thain, who held the woman from the upper torso, felt something wet on his arms. 'The underside of her clothes is quite sodden with blood.' He said as they placed the woman on the ambulance. Once the constables had moved the body they saw that underneath where she had lain was a congealed spot of blood about six-inches wide. One of Mrs Green's sons, a fellow named James, who worked dayshift at Browns Stables, had gotten dressed and had left the house to see more of the what was happening. Sergeant Kerby noticed his arrival and ordered James to wash away the blood from the pavement. The Sergeant and Constable Neil then wheeled the stretcher away westwards to the Old Montague Street Workhouse Infirmary Mortuary. Meanwhile James used a pail of water to flush the blood from the pavement.

At 4:30 am, James Green was finishing when Inspector John Spratling, of J-Division, arrived in Buck's Row. Spratling, once a clerk, at the age of forty-four was, had risen six ranks in his career from constable to Inspector. An investigation is often built on subtle evidence. Spratling was upset to see Green had washed away the blood and with it possible clues. He called for two lanterns to be brought and by their light he minutely examined the pavement. Spratling saw that there were traces of blood still in-between the pavement stones. He looked about and saw that there were some more drops to the west but he was unsure whether they fell from the cart that carried the body away in that direction or if they had been left by the murderer.

Detective Sergeant George Godley was next to arrive. Godley, of Bethnal Green's J Division, was aged thirty. He was also part of the Criminal Investigation Division. More commonly known as the C.I.D the division investigated major crimes such as armed robbery or murder. Godley had joined the police in 1877 and as a Detective Sergeant was three ranks above a constable. This dim corner of Whitechapel must have seemed a world away from the country town of East Grinstead in Sussex. That was where he had grown up and where he had worked in a mill as a sawyer. Godley's rural origins were typical of most officers. Out of the 13,624 officers in the metropolitan police, or more simply the Met, almost 11,000 were from agricultural towns with only twenty-percent being London born. This was

encouraged as it is thought that if an officer was too familiar with the territory they patrolled then they might more easily have succumbed to the corruption of bribery or become affiliated with the criminal class. It was because of corruption that the C.I.D came into being in 1878 when the Detective Branch was reorganized. This happened after an 1877 fraud trial exposed corruption in the Branch with three Detectives, who had accepted bribes, being charged with conspiracy to pervert the course of justice. These detectives were sent to prison. The C.I.D did not keep the peace in any particular area of London but were instead to be found all over the metropolis.

Spratling and Godley made a search of the Northern Railway line. This probably would have involved the two scrambling over the low brick wall on the north side of the road and making their way down an embankment that was undoubtedly dirtied by years of soot. To immediately to their south was the entrance to the train tunnel with its looming darkness. To the north, the tracks soon turned to the left as it headed for Liverpool Street Station. It also branched off to a siding northward that ended at a rail-yard owned by the Great Eastern Railway. This railway known simply as the GER was a company that had its own police force since 1862. The two officers found no clues on the line or in the yard. If they spoke with any GER police on patrol then evidently they could not have been of any help. Upon returning to Bucks Row, they questioned workers at Schneider's cap factory. This enterprise was a building on the opposite side of the street from where the body was found. 'Schneider's' is German for tailors. Here almost twenty German Jews worked for this family run business. It was an offshoot of the Tailoring Industry. Tailoring was the most common occupation for Jewish Immigrants. Whitechapel held 1,000 tailoring related workshops. Many of the workshop staff were part of an influx of tens of thousands of Jews that had chosen to settle in the district after fleeing a spate of anti-Semitic actions, known as pogroms, by the Russian government. Some workers would have just showed up for the day, others would have slept on the premises. None could offer the Inspector any help. Spratling and PC Thain then went together to the mortuary. PC had already been to the Board School on the west corner of Bucks Row and spoke with the school's Keeper who said he knew nothing about the woman being murdered.

To reach the mortuary from the murder scene would have meant walking west up Buck's Row to the intersection at Bakers Row. A few yards further north was a three-way intersection between Bakers Row, Old Montague Street and Hanbury Street. The mortuary was in Eagle Place a short cul-de-sac off Old Montague Street. It was entered through a set of high green gates. These gates were at the rear of the Old Montague Street Workhouse. PC Neil had guarded the body until the arrival of Spratling and PC Thain.

Whitechapel had no proper mortuary facilities so for cases like this the practice was to use makeshift premises such as this shed behind a Workhouse. *see Workhouse-Appendix.

Inspector Spratling and PC Thain had to wait in the small courtyard that adjoined the inmate-sleeping ward of the Old Montague Street Workhouse. The Superintended had to be woken to unlock the shed. While Spratling and the constable waited Spratling made a preliminary examination of the body. The ambulance it lay on was resting beside a brick shed that served as the Workhouse mortuary. A white sheet that covered the body was removed and Spratling took notes of what he saw. The woman was in her early forties. Her complexion was dark; the face was delicate with high cheekbones. Her mouth was partly open showing crooked stained teeth. The two in the front were missing. Her hair was brown with a hint of grey. Spratling noted down that on her forehead was also an old scar.

It was near 5:00 am, when an elderly workhouse pauper named Robert Mann entered the yard with a key to unlock the shed. If the shed were like other workhouse mortuaries, it would have been almost bare. A wooden morticians table, near a sink, would have dominated the small room. On its side would have been deep grooves for drainage leading to a hole beneath of which would have been a wooden bucket to collect waste matter. Any natural light would have come from one small window though at this early hour it would still been necessary for lantern light. Once the body was brought into the shed Spratling had his first proper look at the body. He noticed that on her chest and abdomen was much blood and a bulge made it seem as if there is something beneath the woman's ulster coat. He prised the coat apart and was shocked to discover that the woman's abdomen had been torn open and her intestines were protruding. Spratling would have quickly realised that what he had here was not the victim of a typical cutthroat robber, but a maniac.

Spratling sent for Doctor Llewellyn and it was is near 5:30 am, when the doctor arrived to make a second examination of the woman. The elderly Pauper Robert Mann and a younger pauper named James Hatfield were present. With Spratling and the doctor looking on the paupers were told to strip the body. The paupers removed the ulster, a new brown linsey frock, two flannel petticoats, dark blue ribbed woollen stockings, a pair of stays and a chemise. The woman's clothes were gathered up and placed in a bundle outside the mortuary door. Dr. Llewellyn then made his examination. He would later report at the inquest to the coroner that the woman was probably between forty and forty-five years of age. Five of the teeth were missing. There was a slight laceration on the tongue. A bruise was along the lower right part of the jaw. The left jaw had a circular bruise. On the left side of neck, about one inch below the jaw there was an incision about four inches long from immediately below the ear. Also on the left side of the neck but an inch lower was another circular incision that terminates at a point about three inches below the right jaw. This incision, of about eight inches in length, completely severed all the tissues down to the vertebrae and cut through the large vessels on both sides of the neck. The Doctor said that a long bladed knife that was moderately sharp must have caused the cuts. The abdomen was cut very extensively. Two or three inches from the left side of the abdomen a large wound ran in a jagged manner. The wound was very deep and the tissues were cut through. There were several incisions and three or four similar cuts on the right side that ran downward. The main injuries were from left to right and might have been done by a left-handed person. The summary of the doctor was that the assailant held his right hand over the woman's mouth. With his left hand he made a sweep across her neck from left to right slicing both carotid arteries, her windpipe and into her spinal column. As the woman fell the murderer laid her on her back and while keeping her skirt raised began cutting into her abdomen with downward strokes ending the mutilation with a few random jabs. The paupers were then left alone to wash the body so that witnesses could view it for identification. The pauper's actions has been much criticised as one of a series of mistakes made by investigators of the crime. Many people have remarked that the cleaning of the body was a senseless destruction of evidence. Markings on the skin that were washed away could have allowed a keen eyed detective a chance to discover a clue that might have led to the murderer's apprehension.

A problem with the entire investigation was that the methods that had been developed over many years of law enforcement and investigation were futile when applied to Jack the Ripper. Here was a new species of criminal. His behaviour is now typified by legions of his type, but in 1888, serial killings was a new phenomenon. The Ripper thought outside the square. His fears were not like that of others, his motivation was seemingly incomprehensible and his actions as meaningless, to most Victorians, as they were abhorrent. The things which we think of as trivial, how someone sets their hair, the choice of flower on a lapel, the words spoken in crowd when a bell tolls or the colour of a horse in relation to the name of its owner. Such things to the psychopath may have held potent meaning and triggered all sorts of thought and responses.

The paupers were almost finishing when at about 8:00 am, Inspector Joseph Henry Helson, one of J Division's thirty-eight inspectors, arrived at the mortuary. Here he met Inspector Spratling and told him that he was notified at 6:45 am, and had been placed in charge of the murder investigation. Helson also informed Spratling that he had just been to examine the murder scene. Comparing notes, Helson said that he thought he found marks of what might have been blood nearby where the body was found in Brady Street. Helson told Spratling that he had gathered more reports from the constables who had since questioned Walter King. Mr King lived in the house opposite the gateway to the stables where the body was found. His rooms were on the ground floor beneath the rooms of the Wharf manager. Mr King told that he was asleep and heard nothing. Two doors down from the gateway Harriet Lilly told that at 03:30 am, she was awake in bed when she heard whispering outside and then a low moan. Harriet shook her husband awake and they both listened but the low rumble of a passing freight train beneath them drowned the sounds of the street and they heard nothing more. When the paupers finished washing the body and Helson and Spratling left the shed, Helson noticed the woman's clothes lying in a bundle and proceeded to examine them. The port coloured ulster coat had seven large brass buttons showing a picture stamped onto them of a female figure riding a horse and a man standing by her side. The pockets contained a piece of mirror, a comb and a white handkerchief. The petticoats had labels with laundry marks that read 'Lambeth Workhouse'. Inspector Helson, who had no clue as to the identity of the latest victim, apart from the laundry mark arranged for the body to be viewed by the occupants of Lambeth Workhouse.

Sir Osbert Sitwell not only wrote on the Ripper but also on Francis Thompson's time at a Lambeth Workhouse. Sitwell gave time to mention in his introduction to the book Collected Poems of W.H Davies that:

> *'One cold and wet evening Davies was sitting on a broken wooden box near a large brazier in a Lambeth doss-house. In spite of the suffocating fumes it emitted he was reading by the glow of it, for there was no light. The general noise and rowdiness were insupportable, for it was a Saturday night and everyone who could, or could not afford it had got drunk. In the whole room he was the only quiet man, except for a mysterious stranger who sat opposite and talked to nobody. He, too, was trying to read and something in the look of him made Davies wonder who he was. Indeed, he would have liked to enter into conversation, but the man seemed wrapped in his book, or else in melancholy thoughts and a sort of shyness and restraint came over Davies. Many years later, however, when he consented to take part in the reading by famous modern poets, he saw again, on the platform, the stranger of the Lambeth doss-house. It was Francis Thompson.'*

Throughout the day, the female occupants of the Lambeth Workhouse were questioned. Several women were brought in to view the body but none recognized her. It was nearing evening when finally a young woman with haughty air and flushed face, named Mary Ann Monk told the Inspector that she knew the victim as a woman named Polly, or 'Pretty Polly' for her talent in singing. Mary Ann Monk said that Polly had not lately been in Lambert Workhouse but had stayed there before moving to a lodging house at number eighteen Thrawl Street. The Inspector directed the attending constables to bring in any lodging house resident from that address who knew of a woman matching the description of the deceased. Of those brought in, a woman named Ellen Holland identified the body as that of Mary Ann Nichols. Holland told that she had shared her bed with Nichols in a room with six other women. Holland also told the police that on the night of the murder she had returned from viewing the Docklands warehouse fire when she met Nichols, on the extension of Osborn Street and Brick Lane. Nichols had just eaten at the Frying-pan public house on Brick Lane. Holland observed Nichols was wearing a new bonnet bought that day. Holland last saw her at between two and half passed-two early that morning Nichols was heading east walking slightly intoxicated along Whitechapel Road. Nichols had told her that she was off to find money for her night's rent.

As the initial investigation began word of the latest murder spread throughout the capital. While Helson spent the day identifying the victim, the Home Office was fielding requests such as that of the Spitalfields trader L & P Walter & Son who wrote a letter asking that a reward be posted for the capture of the killer. Their letter told how the murders had caused such fear and tension in the neighbourhood that they needed to hire a night watchman. The question of a reward or pardon that would lead to the murderer's arrest was posed throughout the investigation and was vigorously debated. The Home Office in 1884, had made a decision to cease offering rewards. This policy was formed when the police discovered a conspiracy to cause an explosion at the German Embassy and frame an innocent person so that the conspirators could obtain the expected reward. The Secretary of State conferred with police authorities on the matter and it was decided that the practise of offering large rewards in cases of serious crimes was not only ineffectual but could actually hinder investigations. It was felt rewards caused the police to be more lax in their investigations and that the testimony of witnesses would become biased. Since then, the Home Office had stood firm on this decision despite appeals by the public in other high profile murder investigations.

Concern about the Buck's Row murder by the public sector was reflected in newspaper reports like that in 'The Star'. This was a radical evening paper founded near the beginning of the year. 1888 was the golden age of the newspapers industry; advances in printing technology and removal of irksome taxes caused a proliferation of newspapers. Londoners had a range of over 100 tabloids, broadsheets, periodicals and dailies. These ranged from respected long running papers such as the 'Times' to sensationalist papers like 'The Star'. This paper was quick to use these murders to attack the establishment and focus on police incompetence. From the outset, the paper attributed the murder of Mary Ann Nichols to a single murderer. The paper described this latest episode as a revolting murder with the woman found horribly mutilated by the ghastly crime of a maniac. The newspaper having painted a picture of ghastly horror on the streets, laid blame on the police's failure to make an arrest squarely on the shoulders of the Police Commissioner Sir Charles Warren.

As to the running of the Metropolitan Police Force or the Met, the top rung of the ladder was the Right Honourable Henry Matthews, the Home Secretary at the Home Office. Matthews had a police section in the Home Office headed by the Under-Secretary of State. The Home Secretary could invoke royal pardon and offer rewards. Beneath the Home Secretary was the Chief Commissioner. It was out of a list four hundred proposed names that Sir Charles Warren succeeded Sir Edward Henderson as Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Force in 1886. (SEE APPENDIX WARREN)

The spate of murders in Whitechapel only served to alienate Sir Warren and the press was quick to couple the failure of the police with a failure of the leadership of Sir Warren. On the day of the Murder of Mary Ann Nichols the newspaper "The Star" had no hesitation in focusing hostility on Sir Warren and his boss the Home Secretary Mr Henry Matthews:

> *'We publish a few - a very few - specimens of the feeling of the police force about Sir C. Warren. We could give our readers plenty more - by the score, by the bushel if they please. Our reporters have only got to talk to the first policeman they chance to meet on his beat in order to get his opinion of his chief, often expressed with that tropical luxuriance of phrase for which the force is famous. It is 'War on Warren' with a vengeance. The only piece of advice we venture to tender the superintendents, inspectors, sergeants and constables who are dissatisfied with the Chief Commissioner is not to talk to our reporters but to Mr Matthews.'*

The nature of these murders could find no comparison in true crime and "The Star" was forced to turn to the pages of literature to find a likeness in of fiction. The paper conjured up two writers known for their stories of the macabre. They were Thomas De Quincey and Edgar Allen Poe. The English author De Quincey is known for his morbid and fantastical 'Confessions of an Opium Eater' and his sardonic work 'Murder Considered as on of the Fine Arts'. Poe the American author is famous for his works of mystery and horror, notably his novel, 'Murders in the Rue Morgue'. The Star paper was not afraid to point out that these East End murders seemed to be the physical embodiment of horror fiction:

> *'Have we a murderous maniac loose in East London? It looks as if we have. Nothing so appalling, so devilish, so inhuman - or, rather non-human - as the three Whitechapel crimes has ever happened outside the pages of Poe or De Quincey. The unravelled mystery of 'The Whitechapel Murders' would make a page of detective romance as ghastly as 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue.' The hellish violence and malignity of the crime which we described yesterday resemble in almost every particular the two other deeds of darkness which preceded it. Rational motive there appears to be none. The murderer must be a Man Monster and when Sir Charles has done quarrelling with his detective service he will perhaps help the citizens of East London to catch him.'*

It was until the night of Sunday September 2 that the body in the mortuary was conclusively named as Mary Ann Nichols. The police had tracked down the name and address of Nichol's father, Edward Walker, a blacksmith who lived in Camberwell. Inspector Helson had a constable dispatched to bring him, a pale man with long greying beard, to the mortuary. Mr Walker positively identified Nichols as his daughter. He told that the faint scar on her forehead was from a childhood accident.

The inquest to the murder of Mary Ann Nichols began on September 3rd in the library of the Whitechapel Working Lads Institute. The coroner who presided over the inquest was Wynne Edwin Baxter. The Institute building was at no. 279, Whitechapel Road, adjacent to Whitechapel Station and opposite London Hospital. Making it just a few yards from Bucks Row, where the body was discovered. Queen Alexandra opened this four-storied building in 1885. The institute's aim was to provide children, specifically orphans, destitute boys and first offenders, with a place of exercise, learning and recreation away from the dangers of the street. "Caring for East End Lads" was the institutes motto. The building was an unlikely place to hold a murder inquest, but like the makeshift morgue, East Ender's were forced to compromise. (The owners of the building who agreed to its use for the inquest would later become concerned about the lurid aspects of the case and requested that further inquests not be held at the Institute.)

Coroners gained their appointment through elections. The one held in which Baxter, a man with a bushy moustache and a shock of dark curly hair, won was bitterly fought. It was for the post of East London and Tower of London districts Coroner. During the election their had been charges of electoral improprieties from both sides, but Baxter a flamboyant and talkative man, often critical of police procedure, had won through. After hearing the particulars of the murder and of the victim (SEE APPENDIX NICHOLS), Coroner Baxter adjourned the inquest until September 4th.

CHAPTER THREE
Annie Chapman a Remedy of Steel.

If you were to leap one thousand feet into the air in early September 1888, you would probably see yet another cold and cloudy day. Temperatures had been below normal providing chilly nights and bleary rain strewn cloudy days. Most of London itself was hidden by a low oily black vapour from coal stacks and grey chimney smoke with towers, masts, cranes and steeples breaking through. Whitechapel consisted of thousands of buildings two or three storied high in rows upon rows. Many building were tenements housing lower class menial workers, backing these tenements were hundreds of large four to six story factories or warehouses.

These buildings were in a confusing maze of thin side streets with narrow footpaths, all clustered at the juncture of Commercial Road and Whitechapel High Street. Many tenements had shop front windows beside arched alleys ways that wound around to stone courtyards. Most of the smaller streets had road six yards wide, made by bricks encased in dirt and strewn with rubbish. The footpaths rose two inches from the curb and were three yards wide. On the footpath in intervals were metal grates beside small locked wooden doors used to deposit coal. The walls flanking the streets had narrow windows and were often three to four stories. Projecting about three feet from the walls at a height of ten feet were gas lamps for lighting open doorways. Running off Commercial Street, with a reputation as one of the worst street in London, was Dorset Street. This short avenue held 1,200 people.

On Monday September 3rd, at the front steps of number thirty Dorset Street two women were chatting. The first woman was Amelia Palmer a pale-faced woman with dark hair who had lived at 30 Dorset Street for four years with her husband an ex-soldier working as a labourer down at the docks. Palmer helped support her family by working as a charwoman washing and cleaning for east end Jewish residents. Palmer noticed a bruise on the right temple of the other woman who was called 'Dark Annie'. The woman ,otherwise known as Annie Chapman was five foot tall and plump, she had wavy brown hair and eyes are blue. Chapman wore a handkerchief under a piece of black woollen scarf tied in the front in a knot. On three fingers of her right hand were three brass rings. Palmer, curious as to where her friend had gained such a bruise, asked Chapman, "How did you get that?"

Chapman lifted up her crape bonnet to allow Palmer a better look. Chapman then undid her black jacket and black shirt revealing her chest where Amelia could see more bruises. 'Yes. Look at my chest.' Chapman said. 'You know the woman Eliza Cooper.' Chapman told Amelia that she has had a row with Cooper, a hawker who she had known for fifteen-years. About a week beforehand Chapman and Ted Stanley, a bricklayer's labourer, who lived at 1 Osborn Street and claimed to be member of the 2nd brigade southern division militia, for the Essex regiment, had come into Crossingham's Lodging house. The house at 35 Dorset Street run by the Deputy Timothy Donovan was a few doors down from where the woman were standing and was where Chapman had lived, using bunk number 29, the past four months. Whilst living there Chapman had seen Cooper switch a florin of Harry the Hawker's for a penny. Chapman told Harry she had seen Cooper do this. Harry took his florin back from Cooper and as a reward gave Chapman the halfpenny. The quarrel had begun when Chapman asked Cooper for a piece of her soap for Stanley to use to wash himself. Cooper was upset that Chapman had been rewarded with a halfpenny, but gave Chapman her soap. When Cooper asked Chapman for the remainder of the soap to be returned Chapman refused and said. 'I will see you by and by.' Afterwards the two women began squabbling at the Britannia pub at 87 Commercial Street on the corner with Dorset Street. Later in the kitchen of the Crossingham's tenements, Cooper asked again for the soap. Chapman tossed a halfpenny onto the table and said 'Go and get a halfpenny of soap.' They began fighting all the way to the Britannia pub, also called Ringer's after its landlady Matilda Ringer, where Chapman slapped Cooper saying 'Think yourself lucky I did not do more.' Cooper then attacked

Chapman hitting at her eye and chest. After listening to her story, Palmer told Chapman she did not look well and she should take it easy. Chapman replied that if her sister sent her boots she would leave to go hop picking in the Kent countryside.

The following day, Tuesday September 4th, near Dorset Street, at the intersection of Church Street and Commercial Street. Palmer and Chapman met again. They stood opposite Spitafields marketplace. The Ten Bells pub was on one corner and on the other was Christchurch. Palmer asked Chapman how she was feeling. Chapman said she felt no better and was planning to go into a workhouse casual ward for a day or two. Palmer told Chapman that she looked pale and asked if she has had anything to eat. Chapman said she has not even had a cup of tea. Amelia fished out two pence from her purse and gave it to Annie. 'Here is two-pence to have a cup of tea,' Palmer said, 'but don't have rum', Amelia warned.

On the same September 4th, the inquest into the murder of Mary Ann Nichols was adjourned by Coroner Baxter to reopen on the 17th to allow the police and doctors more time to gather information and make further investigations. Mary Ann Nichols had yet to have received an official verdict on the cause of her death. Journalists reported on the day of the adjournment that the police were investigating several strong leads yet no suspect. This all changed when the "Star" newspaper, ever vigilant, had by Wednesday September 5th set it sights on a possible suspect. Newsboys along Commercial Street held broadsheets with the headline. “Leather Apron. The Only Name Linked with the Whitechapel Murders.” The story was by reporter Harry Dam, who told of a suspect named 'John Pozer' described as a 'thick-necked silent-moving Jew'. The East End has long been the first port of call for immigrants. In 1881, a Pogrom against Jews begun in Russia involving massacres of the Hebrew population caused 120,000 Jews to flee to England. Of the 60,000 Jews in the East End, 16,000 had settled in Spitafields and mainly worked in sweatshops for the clothing trade. Jews had been in the area for centuries, since the time of Cromwell, but this recent huge influx has caused a renewed wave of anti-Semitism. The paper continued:

> *'A Noiseless Midnight Terror. The Strange Character whom Prowls About Whitechapel After Midnight - Universal Fear Among the Woman- Slippered Feet and Sharp Leather-knife. From all accounts he is five feet four or five inches in height and wears a dark, close-fitting cap. He is thickset and his age being about 38 or 40. He has a small, black moustache. The distinguishing feature of his costume is leather apron, which he always wears and from which he gets his nickname. His expression is sinister and seems to be full of terror for the women who describe it. His eyes are small and glittering. His lips are usually parted in a grin which is not only not reassuring, but excessively repellent.'*

Further down the page the article told that a George Yard grocer who had known of 'Leather Apron' for six years stated that this John Pozer was unquestionably mad. The grocer said that anyone who had met 'Leather Apron' face to face would know it by the way his eyes were always shifting and he never looked directly at the person he was talking with. Pozer would hurry through the streets with his head bent and the collars of his skimpy coat turned up. The "Star" said that this man has brought fear into the hearts of Spitafields prostitutes for years. The paper told he carried a large leather-cutting knife and after dark, he waited outside pubs choosing his victim by peering through the windows. As the women would leave, he would then pounce on them kicking and punching them. He was last known to be living at a fourpenny lodging house off Brick Lane and was often seen drinking at the Princess Alice Tavern on the corner of the Commercial Street and Wentworth Street intersection.

The "Star" story originated from Metropolitan police enquires at the tavern by an H division constable who was sent by the same division's Detective-sergeant William Thick to speak with the proprietor Arthur Ferrar. The police had been investigating the 'Leather Apron' lead ever since two women came forward with information. The women were residents of Crossingham's Lodging House, which was where Annie Chapman had been staying the past four months. One of the women was Elizabeth Allen the other was Eliza Cooper. This was the same Eliza Cooper who had given Chapman the black eye. The women told the police that on Sunday September 2, in nearby Church Street they saw a man who they called 'Leather Apron' and asked him if he was the one wanted for the murderer of Mary Ann Nichols. The man apparently responded by acting in a sinister manner and hurriedly walking away. Sergeant Thick believed he knew the man they spoke of as 'Leather Apron' and had seen him from time to time for over fifteen years.

Thick was aged forty-five and sported a droopy moustache. Since joining the police force twenty years earlier first in H Division he had been transferred twice first B- Division in Chelsea and later P-Division in Camberwell, though her had spent the bulk of his career in Whitechapel. Thick had gained the nickname of Johnny Upright. Some said that it was gained by his upright bearing and his stance against corruption but criminals claimed it was because he was known to ‘fit people up’ by illegally planting false evidence or alter witness testimonies in order to frame his enemies. Thick was a man who had set himself the mission to capture the Whitechapel murderer.

The "Star" newspaper had given Thick’s suspect the surname as John Pozer, but his real name was John Pizer. He was a polish Jewish shoemaker who had been in and out of the police courts for minor violent crimes. On August 4, 1888, Pizer was charged with indecent assault before Thames Magistrates, but the case was dismissed. Before that in July 1887, Pizer, aged thirty-eight, had stabbed a rival shoemaker, James Willis, in the hand in a fight and served six months imprisonment. The proprietor of the Princess Alice Tavern told the constable that no one fitting Pizer's description had been in his premises in recent days and he did not know where Pizer was.

Mary Ann Nichols was buried on Thursday September 6th. Her funeral was an elaborate affair for a nearly destitute woman. Near midday, two horses in harness were observed dragging a closed funeral hearse east along Hanbury Street. The horse's coats were dusted with coal giving them a dull black finish. The horses' heads were adorned with long plumes ostrich feathers dyed grey and black. A crowd of onlookers had come out onto the road and moved apart to make way as the hearse was driven to the Old-Montague Workhouse mortuary. As the hearse reached the end of Hanbury Street, the crowds expect it to make a sharp right turn into Old Montague Street. People had already lined up along the street; many to pay their respects, some out of morbid curiosity. Instead the hearse carried on along Bakers Row, passing Buck's Row where less than a week earlier Nichols had been killed and came into Whitechapel Road. Doubling back and west down Whitechapel Road the hearse cut into Chapman's-court and entered the mortuary through the back gate.

Some paupers, including Robert Mann and James Hatfield, carried the coffin out from the shed. The coffin was made from elm wood that had been highly polished. It was adorned with metal trimmings of pressed tin and a brass plate fixed to it was inscribed: “Mary Ann Nichols, aged 42; died August 31, 1888”. The hearse was driven out onto Old Montague Street and turned right into Brick Lane and then right again back into Hanbury Street. The hearse briefly stopped at number 87 the house of Mrs Henry smith, the undertaker. While awaiting the arrival of the mourners, people gathered. Women clustered together to quietly gossip about the murders and what they would do to the culprit if caught in the streets. Men came forward to stand silently with hands thrust in their pockets or slowly puffing their pipes. Everyone wore expressions of pity, anger and fear. On top of the hearse the rider, wearing a top hat and draped in a black coat waited patiently After a time two approaching black morning coaches could be seen. Within were the sullen faces of Nichol's father Edward Walker, her husband William and her son Edward John. All three wore black scarves and gloves. News of the funeral, which was meant to be a private affair, had spread around the district and by the time the cortege was ready to start a large crowd had gathered. With police guarding the small procession from the crowd, the three vehicles moved off. The cortege turned into Baker's Row and entered Whitechapel road. All the houses along these roads, as a mark of respect, had their blinds drawn. The police were lined several yards apart along the edge of Whitechapel road to ensure safe passage. Many onlookers, strangers to Mary Nichols, began spontaneously weeping at the sight of the funeral procession.

By late in the afternoon, having travelled more than two miles, the funeral procession reached the tiny patch of cemetery called Little Ilford. The tolling bells of St. Mary's heralded the hearse's arrival. The shilling to have the church bell toll the death Nichol's was paid for by her father, husband and son. Only a small crowd of people has made the long walk from Whitechapel. The grieving family may have felt some comfort to know on the day of the funeral the police had put up hundreds of wanted posters looking for a man called 'Leather Apron' for the murder Nichols.

At around two in the afternoon on Friday September 7th, Annie Chapman was speaking to Timothy Donovan at number 35 Dorset Street. Donovan was the Deputy of Crossingham's lodgings. Chapman told Donavon she had yet to have gotten money for a room but asked if she could be allowed to sit by the fire in the kitchen. Donovan asked Annie where she has been all week. 'In the infirmary' Chapman answered. Donovan allowed Chapman to stay for a time and she thanked him. Chapman went to the kitchen and after warming herself by the fire, left the house but came in and out throughout the day. At

five that afternoon, outside the lodgings on Dorset Street, Chapman met up with her friend Amelia Palmer who asked Chapman 'Are you going to Stratford today?' Annie replied weakly. 'I feel too ill to do anything.' Palmer was concerned and said "You look God-awful".
"I've been taken queer." Chapman confessed. Upon Palmer asking what she was planning to do Chapman answered, 'It's no good my giving way. I must pull myself together and go out and get me money or I shall have no lodgings.' The conversation ended with Chapman telling Palmer that she was heading off to see her sister in Vauxhall in hope to lend some money from her.

It was nearing midnight, Annie returned to her lodgings at 35 Dorset Street. Her spirits were slightly raised with the 5d in three pence, half pennies and farthings her sister had given her. Chapman entered Crossingham's passing the night watchman John Evans; an elderly man who was nicknamed 'Brummy' by the tenants. Entering the kitchen Chapman sent a fellow lodger to get a pint of beer and then she left to have a drink at the Britannia pub on the corner. Chapman was drunk when she returned from the pub. She sat in the large kitchen enjoying the warmth, from a coke fire by a grate and ate a baked potato while gossiping with the other lodgers. The kitchen was lit by a flaring gas jet. Above the stove hung battered and stained tin teapots and on a wall was plastered the rules of the house with notices such as 'No Washing on Sundays'. A resident of Crossingham's named Frederick Stevens shared a pint of beer with Chapman at half-past twelve. Stevens saw that she was not well. Chapman told him that she had been in the Whitechapel Infirmary since Wednesday night until that day. William Stevens, a painter and sometime lodger at 35 Dorset Street then entered the kitchen where he saw Annie at a table handling some medicine. Annie told Stevens that she had been to the hospital. Annie had a bottle of medicine, a bottle of lotion and a box of pills with her. As she handled the box, it fell into pieces and two pills fell out. Chapman bent down and picked up a piece of torn postal envelope from the kitchen floor near the fire. Annie then wrapped the pills in the envelope before placing it in her pocket.

September 8th, in the Old Catholic Calendar of 1888, was the feast day of Saint Adrian the patron saint of soldiers & butchers. This saint was an imperial eastern Roman officer who made himself a Christian before he was baptized. Saint Adrian was imprisoned. His wife Natalia, already a Christian, fearing that he would dread to see his fellow Christians tortured begged the courts that he be killed first. He was sentenced to have his legs and arms cut off. His wife offered to do this herself. Once she had finished hacking off his limbs, his body was crushed with stones and thrown into a furnace. Guards had to restrain Natalia from flinging herself into the flames to join her husband. To remember him Natalia kept one of his hands. The cult of St Adrian was confined to local calendars in 1969.

It was after 1:30 am, on Saturday September 8, when Timothy Donovan the Deputy came into the kitchen and spoke with Annie. 'Your sitting up late aren't you going up to bed?' Donovan asked. Chapman said she would do so soon. Donovan left her but a short while later he sent the John Evans the night watchman to collect her rent. Annie went back to Donovan's office with the watchman and told the Deputy. 'I haven't sufficient money for my bed, but don't let it I shall not be long before I am in.'
Donovan was dismissive: ‘You can find money for your beer but you can't find money for your bed.’ He said caustically Chapman went back down the stairs under escort by the watchman then she called up to the Deputy. ‘Never mind Tim, I shall soon be back don't let the bed.’ Chapman waited near the entrance for about three minutes then turned to the watchman saying. ‘I won't be long, Brummy. See that Tim keeps the bed for me.’ It was about 1.50 am, when the watchman saw Chapman walk north and disappear into Little Paternoster Row which led to Brushfield Street. (SEE APPENDIX A BUSY NIGHT)

At a quarter to five in the morning on September 8th, John Richardson the son of the owner of the house in 29 Hanbury Street entered the house from the front door. At the front of was a door and above it a sign in white lettering that read: 'Mrs A. Richardson. Rough Packing Case Maker'. The window ledge had a long wooden box adorned with red flowers. Richardson helped his mother with her packing case business and was a porter at Spitafields Market. Apart from the back and front doors to the house another exit from the ground floor of the house was at the front of the passage where there was a door leading into a front shop that sold cat food. Upon entering the house, Richardson checked this door and seeing that it was locked went along the passage that led to the back yard. The passage was twenty-five-foot long and three feet wide. Its floor was bare making it difficult for anybody to pass along it without making some noise. Richardson then exited at the rear door leaving it open and stood on the top step holding a knife in one hand and a shoe in the other. The backyard was a well of darkness Richardson stayed for a few moments and used the knife to trim some leather sticking from the sole.

John looked around the yard and thought it was empty. His view of the left hand corner of the yard was marred by the fact it was still night and the door made from a plain board frame opened on the left causing it to partially screen that corner. Yet Richardson would be certain that if anyone were there he would not have failed to see him or her. When John finished trimming his shoe he looked to his right toward the three feet high wooden cellar door at the back wall of the house. The door was closed. Some months ago, the cellar, used as packing case workshop, had been broken into and the original door was replaced with a makeshift door made from wooden case boards. The replacement lock was old and badly rusted. The porter's mother Mrs Amelia Richardson had asked her son to come and check the house in the mornings, principally the cellar door. Richardson thought that he saw that the cellar door was intact and the lock unopened. He then went back into the house closing the back door behind him.

Three-quarters of an hour later Mr Albert Cadosh, a young carpenter, entered the back yard of twenty-seven Hanbury Street. Cadosh was recuperating from a stay in London Hospital and needed to use the outside privy. It was 5.25 am, just on dawn, when from the back yard next door of number twenty-nine, which was still steeped in shadow, Albert heard two people talking. He could not make out the first few words then he heard a woman's voice say "No." Albert returned inside but three minutes later came back into the yard. From the yard of number twenty-nine, he heard a bump as something fell against the fence. Albert ignored the sound, walked back inside, and left his house in the direction of Spitafields church.

The predominant buildings around here were old weaving factories once occupied by French immigrants. In the 18th century, the first two floors served as the living area while the third floor had hand worked looms for the silk trade. Now these buildings had been converted to lodging houses that were often overcrowded largely with immigrants. An example of these converted lodgings was twenty-nine Hanbury Street, which held seventeen people comprising of several households. In the front rooms of the third floor were the quarters of the Davis family. John Davis an elderly Carman, employed at Leadenhall food market in the City, was dozing in bed with his wife. The Davis family had occupied these rooms with his wife and three sons for the last two weeks. Although Davis went to bed at eight, he suffered nightmares, resulting in a restless night. This was compounded by his three sons whom had come home at different times until eleven o'clock. Also, for an early autumn night, it has been unusually cold with the temperature dropping to eight Celsius. Davis had awoken at three and pottered around in his room for two hours before trying to sleep once more. Twenty minutes later at a 5.45 am, as the bells of Spitafields church rang the quarter hour Davis sluggishly got out of bed to get himself ready for another day's work. While Davis’s wife brewed a morning tea for him, he looked out his bedroom window down to the street below. Davis saw that the front door was wide open as usual. Getting dressed, drinking his tea and bidding his wife goodbye, Davis headed down a small flight of stairs to the hall. Davis saw that the back door was closed per normal. It was a swing door than could be secured from the inside with a latch but this was not normally done.

As this common lodging house had people coming in and going out at any hour, the proprietor did not lock the building after dark. This had presented the troubling use of the yard by prostitutes. Most prostitutes in Spitafields had sex with their clients somewhere on the streets. Missionary zeal and reform campaigns had forced many local brothels to close and prostitutes now either had sex with their client somewhere just off the main streets, or the more prosperous rented a single room to cater for their clients. Other types as well had been known to use the house. Only a month earlier there was almost an altercation at night with an unknown intruder and Mrs Richardson the owner who let the rooms. The intruder was found lurking near the ground floor landing Mrs Richardson, managed to escort the trespasser back out to the street. Before Davis left for work, he went down the passage to the back door. Davis walked softly, mindful of the people sleeping a few feet away in the ground floor rooms. Swinging the door open, Davis put his foot down on the first of two stone steps and froze in his tracks. He became conscious that to his left, several inches away between the steps and the eastern fence, was the horribly mutilated body of a woman. The woman was lying on her back with her head half a yard from the house. Though her head was turned facing the fence Davis could see that the face was scratched and bruised. Davis also saw that the woman's tongue was swollen and protruded from between her lips. Davis turned and ran out the front door of the house on Hanbury Street and saw that at 23a Hanbury Street, a few doors down were two men. The men were waiting outside the front open gates of Davis and Thomas Bayley's, Packing Case Makers for workers to arrive. The first man was James Green who was of medium height with short plastered down hair. Green had come into work from his address at 36 Acton Street. James Kent was a young man with closely cropped hair and a sandy close-cut moustache. Kent had come from his address at 20, B Block, King David Lane in

Shadwell. Davis called out to them. 'Men, come here!' Davis, still with his belt in hand, led the two packing case makers to the back door of 29 Hanbury Street and swung it open. The door was in the southwest corner of a yard in a canyon of windows made from three storied buildings. Five-foot high wooden palings bound it to the east and west. The yard was small, about ten feet square in size and the fences were old and rotten. There was a woodshed at the end of the yard and a low roofed privy in the far right corner. The yard was roughly paved with stones of all sizes and shapes rammed into the ground. The woman's clothing was in disarray and her legs were spread and raised. Her arms were also raised and the woman had been cut from ear to ear. Her abdomen was exposed and she had been ripped up from groin to breastbone. Her internal organs had been removed and placed on the left side of her body.

James Kent ran in fright to the front of the street to see if there was a passing policeman, while John Davis left for Commercial Street Police Station. Kent went back inside and tried to steal his nerves with a drink of brandy. Henry John Holland, a thin, sickly-looking youth from 4 Arden-yard, Mile End-road was on his way to work as a box-maker, in Chiswell Street, at eight past six when he saw an elderly man come out of the house and say. 'Come look in the back yard.' The old man was Mr Walker, a maker of tennis boots, who occupied the first-floor backroom shared with his sixteen-year-old retarded son. Holland went down the passage, found the woman and he then ran off for the attending officer at Spitafields market. The market's attending officer said he could not leave his post and Holland would have to head to the station or find a constable on street patrol. Holland returned to the house before six-fifteen only to find that the police were already at the scene.

Inspector Joseph Luniss Chandler was present. Chandler was from the Criminal Investigation Department or the C.I.D. brought into being in 1878. Inspector Chandler, at the age of thirty-eight, was one of H division's thirty Inspectors and was on Commercial Street, when he saw several people running up from Hanbury Street. One from the group, John Davis, told Inspector Chandler that another woman had been murdered. By the time the Inspector has arrived, people were at the front door and in the passage though nobody was in the yard. The sound of running and shouts had awakened Thomas Richardson. He was aged fourteen and the grandson of the proprietor Amelia Richardson, whom he lived with in the first-floor front room. Thomas headed down the stairs thinking the house might be on fire. When he was told a woman had been killed Thomas went back upstairs and returned with his Grandmother. Also present were Mrs Hardyman and her sixteen-year-old son. They owned the cat meat shop fronting Hanbury Street and used the back room as the kitchens for cooking cat's meat. Mrs Hardyman hearing noises woke up her son who went to investigate. Mrs Sarah Cox was standing bewildered by the commotion. Mrs Cox was a little old woman kept out of charity by Mrs Richardson in the back room third floor. There was also Mr Thompson a Carman, his wife and adopted little girl all who lived in the second floor front room. The Copseys sisters were standing together. The Copseys were two unmarried woman who worked for a cigar makers and lived in the second floor back room. Another resident was Francis Tyler who worked as a hired hand for Mrs Richardson.

Inspector Chandler looked at the body. He saw a flap of the abdomen lying on her right shoulder. On her left shoulder were two flaps of skin from the lowest parts of the abdomen together with her small intestines that were still attached by an intestinal cord to the large intestine that remained in her open abdomen. The Inspector sent James Kent to get sacking to cover the body. Kent headed off to Bayley's workshop for a canvas sheet. Those who had dared to look into the yard informed the Inspector that they have made another discovery. Contrary to what John Richardson the house owner's son had thought he saw the Lock on the cellar door was broken and the door lay removed and fallen on the flagstones. Inspector Chandler requested that the divisional surgeon of H Division be brought to examine the body before it was moved. He ordered police reinforcements to keep the house clear and take statements from all the people that reside in 29 Hanbury and the neighbouring places. The Inspector also directed that a search for the murderer and the murder weapon be made as the assassin might have still been in the vicinity.

Mr George Bagster Phillips, called from his surgery at number 2 Spital-square, arrived at 29 Hanbury Street. The street was beginning to fill with traffic for the weekend market when at half-past-six the fifty-four-year-old doctor made his way through the exited crowd. Word had spread that there had been another murder and a fearful mob had assembled. Dr. Phillips looked to the entire world as though he had stepped out of a 18th century painting as his dress and appearance was very old-fashioned. Entering the yard Dr. Phillips saw hundreds of faces as occupants of the neighbouring buildings leant out of rear windows to view the ghastly site. Mr Phillips briefly examined the corpse, noting its

position and terrible mutilations. He moved the limbs and announces that the stiffness was not marked but evidently commencing. The throat was severely cut with jagged incisions that reached right through the neck. Mr Phillips pronounced life extinct and Inspector Chandler directed that Sergeant Edward Badham, badge number thirty-one, of H Division, oversaw the body while it was placed on the Police ambulance and he then escorted it to the Whitechapel Mortuary. Inspector Helson and Mr Phillips joined in searching the yard. They began where the body was found. On the back wall of the house between the steps and fence, eighteen inches from the ground, were about six patches of what appeared to be blood, varying in size from almost an inch to a small point. Fourteen inches from the ground on the wooden paling, near to where body's head was, were smears of what could have been blood. Near to where the body's feet lay was a pocket comb in a paper case and where the torso was a piece of envelope that contained two pills and a small piece of coarse muslin. In addition, near to where the body had lain was a spring. Searching the rest of the yard, they found a water-soaked leather apron folded under a tap, an empty wooden nail box and a piece of flat steel. The 'Daily Telegraph' would add that also found near to where the head had been were two brightly polished farthings, placed side by side. There were also two brass rings similarly placed side by side. The “Star” newspaper contradicted this by telling that two of rings had gone missing and that the police were actively searching for them.

It was near seven in the morning when Inspector Chandler directed that inquiries be made of the residents as to the origins of the articles in the yard. He then left the house for the Old Montague Road Workhouse mortuary. Sergeant Badham and Detective Sergeant Thick met the Inspector. Chandler would have been familiar with Thick's attempts to track down John Pizer dubbed by the press 'Leather Apron,' who Thick wanted in connection to the murder of Mary Ann Nichols. There is little doubt Detective Sergeant Thick would have been very interested in the discovery of a Leather Apron in the same yard that the latest victim had been found. In addition, Robert Mann the mortuary attendant and an assistant were here as well. They lifted the body from the police wagon. It was only two days previous that the body of Mary Ann Nichols was removed from the same shed that the latest victim was now place. It seemed that the woman was a carbon copy of the last. She too was middle aged and from the rugged street clothes likely to be a prostitute.

A few minutes after seven two nurses, from Whitechapel Union Infirmary, called in by the Parish clerk, arrived to help prepare the body. The nurses were Mary Elizabeth Simonds and Frances Wright. Both nursed live at Crossingham's, at 35 Dorset Street. They told Inspector Chandler that they believe the victim might also live at Crossingham's by the name of 'Dark Annie', as they knew her face. Inspector Chandler searched the woman's clothes. The material was not torn but was bloodstained. Chandler found a pocket under the skirt but it was torn down the front and at the side and was empty. The Inspector left the mortuary for Crossingham's Lodgings. Detective-sergeant Thick and Sergeant Barry remained with the body. Thick gave a description of the body while Sergeant Barry made notes. Thick moved the clothes as he examines the body. As neither Sergeant was familiar with all the terms giving for women's clothing, the two nurses explain the names and function of each article. The body was left in the care of Constable Barnes, 376 H Division, who guarded the shed while the two nurses undressed and washed the body.

At 11:30 am, Inspector Chandler returned with Amelia Palmer who identified the body as that of Annie Chapman. As Palmer walks out the mortuary gate into the arms reporters she was bitterly crying said between her tears. "I knowed her; I kissed her poor cold face." At 2 pm. Mr Bagster Phillips appeared at the mortuary and with Inspector Chandler looking on, began the autopsy of Annie Chapman. He told Chandler that there was a bruise over the right temple. On the upper eyelid, there was also bruise and there were two distinct bruises, each the size of the top of a man's thumb, on the forepart of the chest. There was also another bruise over the middle part of the bone of the right hand. There was an old scar on the left side of the frontal bone. There was an abrasion over the ring finger, with distinct markings of a ring or rings. Phillips detected signs of strangulation as the face was swollen and the tongue protruding. The incisions into the skin of the throat indicated it was made from left to right. Phillips believed that the person who cut the throat took hold of her chin. There were two distinct clean cuts on the left side of the spine. They were parallel from each other and separated by about half an inch. The damage to the muscular structures appeared as though an attempt had been made to separate the bones from the neck. Phillips thought that there were indications of anatomical knowledge. Portions of the abdomen were missing including part of the belly wall holding the navel, the womb, the upper part of the vagina and a greater part of the bladder. The way that these portions were removed showed to Phillips that the killer held some anatomical knowledge.

Francis Thompson in his essay 'Sanctity and Song' explained why it was best to remove body parts of the dead. He paid his respects for Osiris the Egyptian god of the dead.

> *'The purifying power of suffering was known even to the heathen. In the Egyptian obsequies, the removal of the most perishable parts of the body, the preservation of the rest by steeping and burning nitre, signified the cleansing of the human being by pain; and the symbolism was emphasized by the words spoken over the embalmed corpse: 'Thou art pure, Osiris, thou art pure.''*

There were various other mutilations of the body, but Phillips thought they occurred after death. Phillips noted that the lungs and brain were so badly diseased that the victim had not long to live. There was no evidence of a struggle. The instrument used at the throat and the abdomen was the same. He reckoned it must have been a very sharp knife, with a thin, narrow blade and must have been at least 6 inches to 8 inches in length, probably longer. Phillips suggested that the weapon was a bayonet. Such an instrument used by a medical man for post-mortem purposes may have made them, but the ordinary surgical case would not contain such an instrument. A knife used by slaughter-men well ground down might have caused them. Knives used by the leather trade would probably not have been long enough. The mode in which the knife had been used seemed to indicate great anatomical knowledge. Bagster said that he himself could not have performed the injuries under a quarter of an hour. It would have taken a surgeon an hour. Although accounts of Chapman's last hours alive told that she had been drinking the doctor could find no trace of alcohol in her stomach. The results of Dr. Phillips post-mortem and all official records of the examination have vanished. Thus only contemporary press reports that Dr. Phillips, who examined Chapman's body, believed that: 'No mere slaughterer of animals could have carried out these operations it must have been some one accustomed to the post-mortem room.'

{From Francis Thompson's, The House of Sorrows.}

> *'The life-gashed heart, the assassin's healing poinard [knife] draw...*
> *The remedy of steel has gone home to her sick heart.*
> *Her breast, dishabited,*
> *Revealed her heart above,*
> *A little blot of red.'*

It was an opinion of the police that Nichols had first been partially strangled from behind with a necktie. Nichols was last seen alive dining at the Frying Pan restaurant. A long time opinion is that it that Jack the Ripper was left handed - So too was Francis Thompson. Everard Meynell wrote, in his "Life of Francis Thompson", of his subject who was commonly referred to as the 'Necktie Poet':

> *'He would pretend to a certain acumen in the matter of dishes or of waitresses, adjusting his tie and his expression. But who can ever be deceived that there was anyone save a timorous defaulter in the matter of savoir-fair? Not certainly, an A.B.C* girl [a worker for an 1880's tea chain store the 'The Aerated Bread Company'], *or an observant tramp.'*

By midday, Inspector Chandler returned to 29 Hanbury Street to update himself on the progress of inquiries. He found that crowds of several hundred people had gathered. Inspector Chandler also discovered that for several hours some occupants of the adjoining houses had been charging an admission fee of one penny to people anxious to view the sport where the body of Chapman was found.

In this section of Hanbury Street as well as the tenement buildings, was a slaughterhouse owned by Barber's. This same firm owned the slaughterhouse situated in Buck's Row, the site of the murder of Mary Ann Nichols. The workers at the slaughterhouse were interviewed, but none offered any useful information. None of the residents apart from Albert Cadosh at number 27, who heard a scuffle in the neighbouring yard, had heard or seen anything unusual. Although many tenement windows look out to the yard and some were open, no one heard a cry of help or other noise. The rooms of number 29 were searched, including the cellar that had been broken open but no evidence was found. Those who lived at number 29 were closely questioned as to their movements but all had alibis. Mrs Hardyman who with her son ran the cat's meat shop bought their meat from the knackery on Buck's row where Mary Ann Nichols was found were shocked that another murder of the same fiendish nature had occurred in their own backyard.

Behind the house was Black Eagle Street that named after the Brewery located there. The brewery dated back to 1669 when Thomas Bucknall built his brewhouse in Lolsworth Field, at Spittlehope. In 1694, the brewery came into the hands of the Truman family and in 1888 was owned by Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co. The brewery grounds were searched and the workers were questioned but with no results. On 23 Hanbury Street was the Black Swan pub. It was next door to Bayley's packing case works and the pub and the packing case makers shared the same backyard. The police questioned the landlord Thomas David Roberts but he could offer no useful information. The Truman Hanbury & Buxton brewery also owned the Weaver's Arms on 17 Hanbury Street. It was located near to Commercial Street at the eastern corner of the junction with John Street. The police spoke to William Turner, the licensee, but he gave them no information of any worth.

Meanwhile the papers sellers were doing a roaring trade. As soon as new editions were brought to newsstands they sold out as Whitechapel's inhabitants, eager to know of the latest crime, devoured whatever news they could get. The "Star" newspaper was at the forefront with headlined articles and as well as blaming Warren's methods made a number of suggestions on how to catch the killer:

> *'Horror Upon Horror Whitechapel is Panic-Stricken at Another Fiendish Crime. A Fourth Victim of the Maniac. A Woman is Found Murdered under Circumstances Exceeding in Brutality the Three Other Whitechapel Crimes. London lies to day under the spell of a great terror. A nameless reprobate - half beast, half man - is at large, who is daily gratifying his murderous instincts on the most miserable and defenceless classes of the community. There can be no shadow of a doubt now that our original theory was correct and that the Whitechapel murderer, who has now four, if not five, victims to his knife, is one man and that man a murderous maniac…"The question is, what are the people of London to do? Whitechapel is garrisoned with police and stocked with plain-clothes men. Nothing comes of it. The police have not even a clue. They are in despair at their utter failure to get so much as a scent of the criminal. Now we have a moral to draw and a proposal to make. We have carefully investigated the causes of the miserable and calamitous breakdown of the police system. They are chiefly two: (1) the inefficiency and timidity of the detective service, owing to the manner in which Sir Charles has placed it in leading strings and forbidden it to move except under instructions; (2) the inadequate local knowledge of the police. Our reporters have discovered that the Whitechapel force knows little of the criminal haunts of the neighbourhood. Now, this is a state of things, which obtains in no other great city in the world but London and is entirely due to our centralized system. In New York the local police know almost every brick in every den in the district and every felon or would-be felon who skulks behind it. In Whitechapel many of the men are new to their work and others who have two or three years local experience have not been trained to the special work of vigilant and ceaseless inspection of criminal quarters. Now there is only one thing to be done at this moment and we can talk of larger reforms when we do away with the centralised non-efficient military system that Sir Charles Warren has brought to perfection. The people of the East end must become their own police. They must form themselves at once into Vigilance Committees. There should be a central committee, which should map out the neighbourhood into districts and appoint the smaller committees. These again should at once devote themselves to volunteer patrol work at night, as well as to general detective service. One or two of the amateur patrols should shadow the unfortunates who are the objects of the man-monster malignity. They should be cautioned to walk in couples. Whistles and a signalling system should be provided and means of summoning a rescue force should be at hand. We are not sure that every London district should not make some effort of the kind, for the murderer may choose a fresh quarter now that Whitechapel is being made too hot to hold him. We do not think that the police will put any obstacle in the way of this volunteer assistance. They will probably be very glad to have their efforts supplemented by the spontaneous action of the inhabitants. But in any case, London must rouse itself. No woman is safe while this ghoul is abroad. Up, citizens, then and do your own police work!'*

Everard Meynell's warning upon Thompson, the author of the 1888 poem Hound of Heaven, for those who choose to learn more of his vagrancy years was that: 'you are every way the gainer by not knowing it...for naked bestiality you must go to the modern bete-humaine.[French for, bestial-human]' The term 'Ripperologist' was coined by the British writer Colin Wilson. His first book "Ritual in the Dark" was based on the Ripper murders, Wilson's other books include "Jack the Ripper Summing Up and Verdict", co-authored with Robin Odell. Within his book, Wilson wrote of one seventeen-year-old sadist: 'It seemed as if he was saying. "Now I am even."'

Lines from Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven":

'So it was done...
I was heavy with the even,
I pleaded, outlaw-wise
Round the day's dead sanctities...
Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee.
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours...
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dunged with rotten death?'

During the Ripper crimes one poem sent to the police signed Jack the Ripper ran:

'I've no time to tell you how
I came to be a killer.
But you should know, as time will show,
That I'm society's pillar'

The "Star" paper reported that an assistant to Mr E Waldron the proprietor of the Ten Bells pub on the corner of Spitafields saw a woman call in at about five o'clock on the morning of the murder of Annie Chapman, close to the time that she was said to have been killed. The proprietor told that the woman was middle-aged and poorly dressed, having no bodice to her skirt. She just had something to drink, when a man called for her. He just popped his head in the door and retired immediately afterwards. He had on a little skullcap and was, as far as the assistant could see, without a coat. The assistant had no opportunity of seeing the man properly, but thought he would recognise the man and the woman if he saw them again. The "Star" said that the assistant's description of the woman corresponds to a certain extent, especially with regard to age, hair and clothing, with that of the victim.

By two in the afternoon, on September 8th, Inspector Frederick George Abberline arrived at the Hanbury Street murder scene and met with Inspector Chandler. Abberline from Scotland Yard has already been investigating the Buck's Row murder of Mary Ann Nichols. He had been requested to assist in investigating Chapman's murder by Chief Inspector John West. Aged forty-six, West was then Acting Superintendent in charge of H Division, covering Whitechapel. Normally Superintendent Thomas J. Arnold was in charge but he was on annual leave. As the Acting Superintendent West oversaw around fourteen station houses and reported to Commissioner Warren two or three days a week. Inspector Abberline was born the son of a saddler in Blandford, Dorset, in 1843. After he began working as a clock smith in 1863 Abberline joined the police. In 1867, Abberline worked as plainclothes detective investigating Fenian activity. Fenians were a terrorist organization that had infiltrated England for the cause of Irish Independence. In March 1868, Abberline married Martha Mackness but she died of tuberculosis in May that same year. Abberline was promoted Inspector and transferred to Whitechapel in 1873. In 1887 he was transferred to Whitehall's A division and then to Scotland Yard. In 1888 he had been promoted to Inspector first class.

Inspectors Abberline and Chandler questioned the residents of Mrs Richardson's lodging house. They asked if any resident had seen any unusual character on the premises. The resident's answer was that they had not but were sometimes uncomfortable with their landlady's weekly meetings. It turned out that Mrs Richardson was a practicing Millennialist. This was a Christian sect preaching the Second Coming of Christ and a nearing apocalypse with the passing of the millennium. Mrs Richardson's back room parlour served as a part time meeting hall for her Co-religionists. The residents thought that Mrs Richardson's followers expressed strange views and habits. The items in the yard thought to be valuable clues; particularly the leather apron had proved fruitless. It turned out the apron belonged to Mrs Richardson's grandson Thomas. The Thursday before the murder John Richardson had found the apron in the cellar. The apron had been there for a month and had become mildewed. John washed the apron and left it folded under the tap. The flat piece of steel and empty nail box belonged to Mrs Richardson and the spring had been lying in the yard embedded between the flagstones for a long time. Annie Chapman was known to be wearing three rings on her left hand before she was murdered. Two of these rings were found near body but the third ring was missing. Police visited numerous pawnshops in the hope that the third ring could be traced but had no success.

At near 3.pm, September 8th, Inspector Helson arrived and saw that 29 Hanbury Street was cordoned off with a large contingent of police officers. The excitement in the area had almost caused a panic. Two men were arrested for trifling offences that morning and on each occasion a maddened crowd ran after the police shouting, 'The murderer's caught!' Another man, injured in a quarrel and carried to the police station on a stretcher, received similar attention with the crowd mobbing the station and refusing to disperse. On the same afternoon in Hanbury Street, another tumult began. A young thug, known as Squibby, for whom there had been a warrant out for some time for assaulting a police officer, had been in hiding. The news of the murder had drawn him out to Hanbury Street. He was recognised by Chief Constable Walter Dew who was speaking with another officer. The moment Squibby saw that he had been recognised he dashed down the street. Bystanders saw Squibby take flight and a police officer chasing him and they immediately took him to be the murderer. In an instant, the news spread like wildfire. From every street, from every court, from the market stands and from the public houses, men and women rushed all trying to get at the unfortunate man. Squibby did not get very far for near the corner of Hanbury Street and Commercial Street he was captured. Thousands gathered and the police and a private detective had all their work to prevent Squibby from being torn to pieces. Squibby, glad to be in the protection of the police, was led away to the Commercial Street police station. Angry residents declared he was 'one of the gang,' and they meant to lynch him. The police barrack doors were closed the moment their prisoner had been brought in and a number of constables were placed on duty outside to prevent the mad onrush of a furious crowd.

Meanwhile Bethnal Street police station to the south in Leman Street was hard pressed keeping up with witnesses who had come in believing they had valuable clues to the murderer. These witnesses included people Mrs Fiddymont, Mrs Mary Chappell and Mr Joseph Taylor who waited to have their statements taken. Mrs Fiddymont said that she was the wife of Samuel Fiddymont, proprietor of the Prince Albert public-house, better known as the 'Clean House', at 21 Brushfield Street on the corner of Stewart Street, half a mile from the scene of the murder. Mrs Fiddymont told that at seven o'clock that morning she was standing in the bar talking with another woman, Mrs Chappel, in the first compartment. Suddenly there came into the middle compartment a man whose rough appearance frightened her. He wore a brown stiff hat, a dark coat and no waistcoat. He came in with his hat down over his eyes and with his face partly concealed, and asked for half a pint of ale. She drew the ale and meanwhile looked at him through the mirror at the back of the bar. As soon as he saw the woman in the other compartment watching him, he turned his back and moved so that the partition was between himself and her. The thing that struck Mrs Fiddymont particularly was the fact that there were blood spots on the back of his right hand. His appearance caused her to be uneasy. She also noticed that his shirt was torn. As soon as he had drunk the ale, which he swallowed at a gulp, he went out. Her friend Mrs Chappell went out also to watch him.

Mrs Chappell who lived at near by at 28, Stewart Street, was questioned next. Her story corroborated Mrs Fiddymont's and was more particular. When the man came in the expression of his eyes caught her attention, his look was so startling and terrifying. It frightened Mrs Fiddymont to the extent that she asked Mrs Chappell to stay. The man wore a light blue check shirt, which was torn badly, into rags in fact, on the right shoulder. There was a narrow streak of blood under his right ear, parallel with the edge of his shirt. There was also dried blood between the fingers of his hand. When he went out she slipped out the other door and watched him as he went towards Bishopsgate Street. Mrs Chappell called Mr Taylor's attention to him and Taylor followed him.

Lastly, Taylor, a builder at 22 Stewart Street, was questioned. Taylor was a reliable man, who was well known throughout the neighbourhood. He stated that as soon as his attention was attracted to the man he followed him. Taylor walked rapidly and came alongside him, but did not speak to him. The man was rather thin, about 5ft. 8in. in height and apparently between 40 and 50 years of age. He had a shabby genteel look, badly fitting pepper & salt trousers and a dark coat. When Taylor came alongside the man he glanced at him. Taylor's description of the look was that, 'His eyes were as wild as a hawk's.' The man walked, Taylor said, holding his coat together at the top. He had a nervous and frightened way about him. Taylor described him wearing a ginger-coloured moustache and having short sandy hair. Taylor ceased to follow the man, but watched him as far as 'Dirty Dick's, in Halfmoon Street, where he became lost to view. Taylor said he had seen this man coming out of a lodging-house in Thrawl Street and that he thought that he was a foreigner.

An additional witness to come forward at Lambeth Station was Mrs Elizabeth Long. Also known as Mrs Darell and Mrs Durrell, Mrs Long lived with her husband James Long, a cart minder, at 198 Church Row, Bethnal Green. She said she saw two people talking at the front of 29 Hanbury-street on the morning of the murder. It was a quarter to six when Mrs Long approached the house on the way to the Spitafields Markets. She was certain of the time as she heard the Black Eagle Brewery clock chime the half-hour before turning into the street from Brick Lane. As Mrs Long passed 29 Hanbury Street, she saw a woman talking to a man. The woman's back was turned and when Mrs Long passed them, she glanced at the man. Mrs Long described him as being middle aged and having a shabby-genteel appearance. He wore a deerstalker hat, was a little taller than the women and had a dark complexion. He seemed out of place in Whitechapel. Elizabeth heard the man ask the woman. 'Will you?' and the woman answer 'Yes.'

Thomas Ede a signalman was another witness who had come forward. The East London railway employed him. His statement was that early that morning, when Chapman was killed, he was heading home from work and walking along the Cambridge Heath-road, in Bethnal Green. Ede was just passing the Forester's Arms pub when he saw a man walking oddly on the other side of the road. It seemed as if the man had a stiff knee. As the man came up alongside him, Ede saw that his arm was hanging by his side like it was a wooden artificial arm. Three other men walking near Ede saw Ede had stopped to look at the stranger. The man, who seemed afraid, was five foot, eight inches tall and about thirty-five years of age. He had a dark brown moustache and whiskers. The man wore a two-peaked cap, brown jacket and a pair of overalls over dark trousers. Ede noticed that from the man's trouser pocket, protruding about four inches, was a knife. Ede and the other three men called out to the man and began to follow him but the man quickened his pace and was lost from sight under some railway arches.

On the same day of September 8th, a number of men were being held, at the Bethnal Green police-station, over the murders. Outside the station a Star reporter was talking to an inspector on duty trying to glean the facts. A large and angry crowd accompanied the reporter. The inspector stated that the men had been brought in 'merely for their own protection.' 'A hue and cry,' he said, had been raised in Whitechapel Road and a mob quickly gathered threatened to lynch the men. It had been necessary to bring them to the police station.
'Is there any suspicion against the men?' asked the reporter.
The Inspector answered no with a shake of the head.
'Can I see the men?'
'Oh, dear, no!' answered the inspector.
'But then,' persisted the reporter, 'if the men are merely brought here for their own protection, they are not prisoners and if they are not prisoners surely I can see them.'
'You can't see them,' was the inspector's emphatic answer.
'Well, are they prisoners?' The Star reporter queried.
'I have told you, sir, all I can tell you,' was the inspector's curt reply.

On Sunday afternoon of September 9 in Flower-and-Dean Street, a young woman named Miss Lyons was walking along the footpath when a stranger stopped her. The stranger greeted Miss Lyons but did not offer his name. He was of a stocky build, of medium height and had a black moustache. His eyes were bright and he was smiling gingerly as he spoke. They both entered into conversation and after a while, Miss Lyons agreed to meet him at six-thirty that evening in The Queen's Head pub, at 74 Commercial Street on the corner joining Fashion Street.

On the same afternoon, east of Flower-and-Dean Street a team of Police Constables and a Sergeant were guarding the gates to the Old Montague Street Workhouse mortuary yard. Inside the shed, where Annie Chapman's body lay, was an Inspector, the Night Watchman of Crossingham's lodging house and Annie Chapman's brother Mr Fountain Smith. Mr Smith worked in a printer's warehouse. He was in the mortuary shed to identify the body. When the canvas sheet that covered Annie was lifted her brother a tall man with brown hair and large bushy moustache took a breath before confirming, in a quiet voice, that the dead woman was his sister. While this was happening police were visiting all the lodgings in the area and Commercial Street police station alone had fourteen suspects detained for questioning in relation to Annie's murder. Also that day the "Telegraph", a daily paper, made an unsubstantiated report that next to Chapman's body:

> *'There were also found two farthings brightly polished and according to some, these coins had been passed off as half-sovereigns upon the deceased by her murderer.'*

At half-past six and coming on dusk on September 9th at the Queen's Head, Hotel. Miss Lyons and the man she had met on Flower and Dean Street were seated on a table. The man took a sip of his ale and remarked to Miss Lyons. "You are about the same style of woman as the one that's murdered."
Miss Lyons asked the man what he knew about the Chapman murder. With eyes glinting and a smile that was repulsive to her the man answered cryptically. "You are beginning to smell a rat. Foxes hunt geese, but they don't always catch them." Without another word the man hurriedly left the table and walked with haste out of the pub. Miss Lyons followed him up Commercial Street into the gathering darkness. As the man reached Spitafields Church, he became aware that he was being followed and rushed toward Spitafields market and was lost in the crowd evening shoppers. Miss Lyons was compelled to report what had occurred and headed to the Commercial Street police station.

In the early Monday morning of September 10th, at the Commercial Street Police Station, Inspector Abberline brought in a prisoner. His name was William Henry Pigott a fifty-three year old son of an insurance agent. The previous afternoon Mr Pigott had appeared in Gravesend in Kent. This river port town is east of London edging the Thames. Pigott asked four young men, who were standing on London Road, near Princess Street, where he could get a glass of beer. The men suggested the Pope's Head public house in West Street down near the river. Pigott then went to Mrs Beitchteller's a fish shop and left a parcel there telling Mrs Beitchteller that he was heading off across the river by ferry, to Tilbury, but instead he went to the Pope's Head. While drinking there, Pigott boasted to the patrons that he had just walked the fifteen miles from Whitechapel. His hand was bandaged with a cloth. Pigott showed them his wound and said that a woman in a courtyard off Brick Lane in Whitechapel had fallen down whilst having a fit and when he tried to help her up she had bitten him and he had knocked her to

the ground. Pigott said that soon afterwards two policemen came running his way and he fled. Pigott then began talking of his hostility against women. His behaviour aroused the landlady's suspicion and she sent for the police. Pigott was then taken to Gravesend police station where Superintendent Berry noticed the injury to his hand.

Pigott was placed in a cell and the police went to the fish shop and retrieved Pigott's parcel. A shirt inside his parcel had spots of blood on it. A police surgeon examined Pigott and believed that there was evidence his shoes were wiped clean of blood. Inspector Abberline thought that Pigott might of been the man seen by Mrs Fiddymont at the Prince Albert Tavern on the morning of the murder of Chapman and arranged an identity parade. When the parade took place Mrs Fiddymont failed to identity Pigott. Mr Taylor, who followed the man from the pub, did not recognise Pigott either. Mrs Chappell did pick Pigott out of the line-up but was not completely sure whether he was the man that she had seen earlier. Although Inspector Abberline was uncertain whether he had enough evidence to charge Pigott, he was detained. The divisional surgeon was called in. After making a cursory examination of the suspect, the surgeon pronounced him a lunatic and arranged to have him removed to an asylum.

At around mid-morning of September 10th, from the Commercial Street police station, Detective-sergeant William Thick, accompanied by two constables, went to the front of 22 Mulberry Street. Thick had grown convinced that John Pizer was the man wanted for the murder of Mary Ann Nichols since before September 5th when Elizabeth Allen and Eliza Cooper came into the station with their 'Leather Apron' story. Thick had known Pizer for some years and considered him a crude man whose chief pastime was beating prostitutes. Both Thick and Pizer lived near each other and Thick had often seen Pizer who in his eyes was a mischievous ruffian. He was sure that Pizer had also killed Annie Chapman. Thick knew that several years ago Pizer lived at 22 Mulberry Street, where his relatives still lived. The Inspector Sergeant had wanted to search the premises earlier but it was not until September 10th that he was given the warrant to do so. Thick was concerned that a large-scale attempt to arrest Pizer would draw undue attention, risking the operation.

Leaving one officer in a waiting horse-drawn cab Thick, with the remaining officer, rapped on the door of 22 Mulberry. When John Pizer himself answered it, Thick grabbed him by the arm and announced "You're just the man I want". Pizer's face turned pale and he was speechless as he was charged with the murder of Annie Chapman and placed into the care of the two officers. Pizer's married brother Gabriel came to the door asking what was going on. As Thick entered the house he met Pizer's stepmother a seventy-year-old woman who headed the household. The old woman became distraught at the sight of the Inspector Sergeant. Searching the premises thick confiscated Pizer's set of five leather working knives and several of his old hats. It turned out that there were seven people in the house and believing him to be innocent of both murders; they had all corroborated to keep Pizer in hiding when he appeared at the house on September 8th asking for protection. Later, at the Leman Street police station, Pizer was questioned. He gave his occupation as a boot finisher who specialized in ballet shoes. He said that, due to a recent illness bringing weakness in his hands, he had been out of work. Pizer was placed in police line-up. Mrs Fiddymont was requested to attend the identity parade to see if she could point out Pizer. Mrs Fiddymont had already approached the police to tell that on the morning of the murder of Annie Chapman while she was drinking at the Prince Albert public house she saw a suspicious looking man with blood on his hands. After looking at the row of men, all who are Jewish, Mrs Fiddymont failed to identify Pizer as the man seen at the Prince Albert.

Next Mr. Emmanuel Delbast Violenia was brought in to view the line up. Violenia was a shoemaker who had told the police that on the morning of Chapman's murder he saw a woman quarrelling with two men. One of the men pulled out a knife and threatened the woman with it. Violenia picked Pizer in the line-up out stating that he was the man with the knife that he saw and that Pizer was commonly called 'Leather Apron'. He was astonished when told he has been identified as 'Leather Apron'. Pizer said that he had met Violenia a few times, as they both shared a similar occupation and sometimes bought their leather from the same stores. Pizer could understand why Violenia would pick him. Pizer stated that he had not to his knowledge ever been known as 'Leather Apron'. He admitted it was true that he did have a leather apron and would sometimes wear it while walking to work but that was some years ago and before he became ill. Pizer was asked where he was on the Morning of September 8. Pizer replied that he was in a lodging house in Peter Street, Westminster, but he could not furnish an alibi for the early hours. Thick, now even more certain that Pizer was 'Leather Apron,' had little reservation in informing the press of the capture of the murderer. Within a few hours big newspaper

broadsheets were pasted on street walls declaring that 'Leather Apron' had been arrested and found with a large number of long handled knives in his possession.

With these series of murders in the East End the public, eager to find a culprit, allowed old superstitions and prejudices to come to the fore as was highlighted in a rise of anti-Semitism The East London Observer contained an article remarking on happenings:

> *'On Saturday in several quarters of East London the crowd, who assembled in the streets began a very threatening attitude towards the Hebrew population. It was repeatedly asserted that no Englishman could have perpetrated such a horrible crime and it must have been done by a Jew.'*

On Saturday and Sunday, several Jews were beaten up by gangs and visiting roughs. Some of these men, who are clearly innocent, were severely injured before the police rescued them. Mr Phillips, the police surgeon who had performed the autopsy of Annie Chapman, was called to render medical assistance. These outrages provoked a Member of Parliament for the Whitechapel District to offer a reward for the capture of the murderer. The Member was Samuel Montagu a portly bearded man with well-cut suit. At fifty-six years of age; MP Montagu worked as a Foreign Exchange Banker and was a noted Philanthropist. The MP was also an Orthodox Jew who was a popular figure in the East End having rallied the local synagogues into a federation. Much of the public's imagination was set on the murderer being Jewish and perhaps a kosher butcher. A large number of Montagu's constituency were Jewish. Montague personally met with John West the Acting Superintend of Whitechapel's H-Division. Montagu told West although he understood the police did not as a practice offer a reward, he wished personally to offer £100 for any information leading to the capture of the murderer. This amount of money was then a small fortune. In 1888, a night in a Spitafields cost four pence. One hundred pounds would pay the rent for more than a decade. Montagu asked the Acting Superintendent if his police would assist in placing wanted posters offering a reward. West was sympathetic; his officers were also under fire for as yet being unable to find the murderer. Perhaps a reward may not only have spurred on the investigation, but have also appeased the public and press. West told Montagu that although he was not authorized to give such an order to his men perhaps Sir Warren the Commissioner of police would be able to and he might be willing to assist him. Montagu then wrote and handed West a letter asking that it be delivered to Sir Warren. Montagu's letter read:

> *'Sept. 10th 1888*
> *Dear Sir*
> *Feeling keenly the slur cast upon my constabulary by the recent murders & the non discovery of the criminal or criminals I hereby authorise you to print & distribute at my expense posters offering 100 pound reward for the discovery & conviction of the murderer or murderers, which reward I will pay*
> *Samuel Montagu*
> *Member of Whitechapel.'*

By mid afternoon on September 10th, at Leman Street Police Station John Pizer, who was known to his friends more simply as Jack, was being questioned by detectives. When asked where he was on the night of August 31, when Mary Ann Nichols was murdered, Pizer stated that he was in Holloway in London's North. He said that he remembered the night because while walking along the Seven-Sister's-road he saw the crimson glow from a fire. When he reached Holloway Road, he asked an officer who was on patrol where the fire was. The officer replied that it was a fair distance somewhere on the docks. Pizer stood with the officer for a while watching how the fiery illumination was reflected on the cloudy sky before returning to Crossman's. This was a lodgings, also called the Round House, in Holloway Road. Pizer said that he returned to the East End on September 2 when two women who asked if he was 'Leather Apron' accosted him in Church Street. Pizer, worried about the insinuation, returned to Holloway. On September 4, he read an account in the "Star" paper suggesting that a man called John Pozer, whose description bore a resemblance to himself, was wanted for the murder of Nichols. Pizer became frightened that he would be caught and killed by an outraged mob and went into hiding. He stayed in his Crossman's lodging room until September 6 when having ran out of money he came to stay with his relatives in Mulberry Street.

It was late afternoon on the 10th when Samuel Montagu's letter reached the offices of the Police Commissioner in Whitehall place. Sir Warren, having read the MP's letter, asked his Assistant Commissioner Alexander Carmichael Bruce to write to the Home Office the following letter:

> *'Sir. The Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis has to acquaint you, for the information of the Secretary of State, that he has received a communication from Mr Samuel Montagu, M.P for Whitechapel, expressing his desire to offer a reward of £100 for the discovery and conviction of the murderer or murderers of a woman in Hanbury Street on the 8th inst. The Commissioner will be glad to receive the instructions of the Secretary of State in the matter at his earliest convenience, as Mr Montagu is anxious that no time should be lost.'*

On the evening of September 10th on the 2nd floor of the Crown hotel at 74 Mile-End-road a meeting was underway. It comprised of sixteen men on pressing business. The licensee of the Crown, Mr Joseph Aarons, called the meeting to attention. Aarons had agreed to chair the meeting of fellow tradesmen who had become alarmed about the recent events in Whitechapel and Spitafields. The murders had drawn much negative attention to the East End and had caused trade to fall off. It seemed that people were more interested in following the murderer's exploits than with the day-to-day purchases of produce and services. The recursive image of the Commercial and Mile End Roads being a hotbed of crime had caused many shoppers to return to their houses well before sundown. The number of hotel drinkers and restaurant patrons had also diminished. This was seen as a real threat to merchants who relied upon shoppers to make a living. The men in the meeting had gathered to deal with this problem.

The first order of business was to elect the Committee's President. This role went to George Akin Lusk the owner of a building and decorating business. Lusk, who was forty-nine years of age, had bought the business from money inherited by his wife Susannah. The business specialized in restoring music halls. Only a few months ago Susannah had died leaving Lusk to care for seven children. Lusk lived at 1 Tollit Street, Alderney Road, Mile End. Lusk had the distinctions of also being a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works and a Vestryman of the parish of Mile End Town. The elected Vice President of the Committee was John Cohen of 345 Commercial Road. Mr B Harris of 93 White Horse Lane, who was also a landlord of the Crown Hotel, was elected treasurer. The remaining members, of what was named The Whitechapel Vigilance Committee, included a cigar-maker, an actor, a picture frame maker, a tailor and a builder. After the elections were over the committee discussed what was to be done. It was decided that they should organize street patrols, hold nightly meetings at the Crown Pub and publicise an offer of a substantial reward. The committee then wrote a notice to be issued to the press and placed on posters. The president and all the members signed this notice that read:

> *'Finding that in spite of the murders being committed in our midst the police force is inadequate to discover the author or authors of the late atrocities, we. The undersigned, have formed ourselves into a committee and intend offering a substantial reward to anyone, citizen or otherwise, who shall give such information as will be the means of bringing the murderer or murderers to justice.'*

On Tuesday September 11, at Leman Street police station. John Pizer had spent a restless night in jail contemplating his fate. Inspector Sergeant Thick's case against Pizer, already slender, was weakened further when Mr Violenia, the shoemaker who identified Pizer as 'Leather Apron' refused to view the body of Annie Chapman. The police request that he did so to see if it was the same woman he saw assaulted by the two men one of who he claimed was Pizer. The police questioned Violenia again and found that his story had changed. It soon became apparent that Violenia's story was based more on a perverse attempt to gain publicity rather than on any factual basis. Pizer's story, of being in Holloway on the night of Murder of Mary Ann Nichols, was substantiated. The officer who Pizer spoke to about the dock fire recalled the encounter. The manager of Crossman's lodging house on Holloway Road confirmed that Pizer was on the premises during the time that the Nichol's was murdered. Inspector Sergeant Thick reluctantly accepted that Pizer may after all be innocent but Thick was still certain that the murderer was some kind of butcher who concealed his bloodstains and knife behind a leather apron. At 9.30 that night, with Pizer's alibi established, he was released from detention. Afterwards Pizer successfully sued the police for damages and was awarded an undisclosed sum.

On Wednesday September 12, the inquest to Chapman's murder presided over by Coroner Wynne E. Baxter's at the Whitechapel Working Lads' Institute was adjourned until he following day. Meanwhile, at Leman Street Station, Mrs Elizabeth Long of Church Row, Bethnal Green, approached the police to tell of her September 8 sighting of a woman talking to a man in the front of 29 Hanbury Street. This was on the night of the murder of Annie Chapman. Mrs Long was shown the body of Chapman and said that the body was that of the woman she saw. In addition, on this day Member of Parliament Montagu's offer to post a reward of £100 had become news. This was before Sir Warren had been given the chance to receive a response from the Home Office and write a reply to the MP. "The Telegraph" newspaper was one among many papers to use the Whitechapel murders to provide a no holds barred review of the competence of the Home office and its Secretary Mr Henry Matthews: "The Telegraph" wrote:

> *'The fact can no longer be disguised that the Home Secretary now in office is a source of miserable weakness and a discredit to the present Administration.'*

On the Wednesday Inspector Sergeant Thick, whose hopes that he had caught the murderer had faded with the release of his prime-suspect John Pizer, found reason to suspect another man for the elusive title of 'Leather Apron. It came in the form of a telegram from Inspector John Styles of Holloway's Y Division. The telegram read that at 10.pm, the night before, two men, Dr. Cowan of 10 Landseer Road and Dr. Crabb, thought that they had found 'Leather Apron'. Their informant was George Tyler the landlord of 60 Milford Road, Holloway. Tyler had told the doctors that on September 5 he met a Swiss butcher named Jacob Issenschmid in Hornsey-road. Tyler offered a room at his lodgings to Issenschmid. Tyler told from the day that Issenschmid moved into his lodgings he had been leaving the house at various times late at night and in the early mornings. On September 8, the night of Chapman's murder, the butcher was out all night. Inspector Styles with Sub Inspector Rose and Sergeant Sealey went to Tyler's lodging house and met Tyler who said that Issenschmid was not in. Tyler said that Issenschmid's behaviour had quickly showed him that the man was mentally disturbed and he would be seen walking the streets with his butcher's knives sharpening and muttering threats to any passer-by.

Inspector Styles soon discovered that Issenschmid was married and was thought to live at 97 Duncombe Road. The Inspector went to that address and spoke to Issenschmid's wife Mary. She told Inspector Styles that her husband had not been seen since two months ago when they had a quarrel and he left in a rage. Mrs Issenschmid explained that her husband was once a butcher who had a shop at 59 Elthorne-road. In 1887, the business failed and Jacob had a mental breakdown. He was sent to Colney Hatch Asylum where he spent ten weeks. Mrs Issenschmid stated that Jacob carried large butchers knives but she had no idea how he presently made a living. Mrs Issenschmid added that on September 9, while she was not at home, her daughter told that he came in and took some of his shirts and collars. Styles' telegram told that he had directed constable Cracknell to keep the Issenschmid house and Tyler's lodging house under surveillance.

Soon after Inspector Sergeant Thick had read the telegram, another reached him. The surveillance placed on 60 Milford Road, Holloway had paid off. At 6:30 that morning, Jacob Issenschmid was found and taken to Holloway Police Station. Inspector Abberline directed Thick to head to Holloway and make inquiries respecting this man. Later in the day Thick returned and informed Inspector Abberline that by the time he had reached Holloway Police Station Issenschmid was sent to Holloway Workhouse as an insane person. Thick then went to the Workhouse only to be told Issenschmid had been removed from the Workhouse to Grove Hall. This was an Infirmary Asylum on Fairfield Road, in Bow. Thick then visited Mary, Issenschmid's wife, who told the Inspector her husband could become unstable. Mrs Issenschmid told that he often threatened to 'put people's lights out'. He would taunt her with threats to murder her and their child. He had sent letters to neighbours saying he would set their houses alight and promised to blow up the Queen. The Inspector Sergeant asked if Jacob had ever visited Whitechapel. Mrs Issenschmid answered that he used to frequent a Public House in Wentworth Street, Whitechapel, kept by a German woman named Gerlinger.

On Thursday September 13 Edward McKenna, was arrest on suspicion for the murders and brought into the Commercial Street station. McKenna was an itinerant peddler. He was described as being five foot seven inches in height. He had a slight build, was shabbily dressed, had sandy hair, beard and moustache and he wore a skullcap made from cloth denoting him as a Jew. The desk sergeant ordered McKenna to empty his pockets. McKenna reached in and pulled out some rags and placed them on the

front desk. Next, he put down some handkerchiefs, two women's purses, several metal and cardboard boxes, a strip of leather and a sprig of spring onion. McKenna had been brought in after being overheard to threaten to stab people. The police noted that Miss Fiddymont of the Prince Albert told that the man, with bloodstains on his hands, seen in her husband's pub wore the same type of skullcap as Edward McKenna wore. However, her statement contradicts that of the police at Commercial Street station. The man in her pub was described by her as wearing as a brown stiff hat that he had drawn over his brow. A style of dress impossible to achieve with a skullcap. Miss Fiddymont, who had been asked to attend a line up for suspects Pigott, who had been arrested in Gravesend and Pizer, was called in yet again for an identity parade. She did not pick McKenna out from the line-up. Miss Lyon's who reported meeting a sinister man at the Queen's Head pub was also brought in for an identity parade that included McKenna but she too did not pick him out. It was soon established that on the night of Chapman's murder McKenna was staying at 15 Brick Lane. Having produced an alibi, McKenna was released.

On the Thursday the 13th 29 Hanbury Street received a visit from Scotland Yard. Assistant Commissioner Alexander Bruce. The Assistant Commissioner who had so far examined these murders from his desk at Whitehall had decided to take a field trip. Colonel Monsell and a Chief Constable accompanied Bruce. This was a surprise visit, having not informed the local officials. Immediately before hand, the men had been to Buck's Row. At Hanbury Street, they spent a quarter of an hour examining the Hanbury house and the yard where Annie Chapman was found. On this day Coroner Baxter reconvened the inquest into Chapman's death. He heard more witnesses and then called for an adjournment until September 14th.

By ten o'clock in the morning of Friday September 14 in the Manor Park Cemetery, the funeral for Annie Chapman was nearing completion and Annie's elm coffin, draped in a black sheet, was being lowered into the grave before a row of lime trees. The plaque attached to the coffin read “Annie Chapman, died Sept. 8, 1888, aged 48 years.” The undertaker Harry Hawes of 19 Hunt Street sat waiting in the single carriage used to transport Annie's body from the Whitechapel mortuary. The funeral had been kept a secret. Annie's relatives wanted the ceremony held in Forest Gate to be a private affair and rather than having accompanied the body in morning coaches they met the undertaker at the cemetery. For Chapman's family there was probably little comfort in the knowledge that on the same day the inquest into her death had reconvened.

All those concerned with the capture of the criminal were disheartened to see every clue lead to a blind alley. For example, the envelope found next to the body of Annie Chapman, that might have proved a useful, was followed up by Inspector Chandler. By Saturday September 15th, Chandler had yet to have found out that the envelope was the one picked up by Chapman from the kitchen floor of Crossingham's lodging house to wrap her medicine in after her pill box broke. Chandler made inquiries on the postmark on the envelope, which bore the seal of the Sussex military regiment. Interestingly, after his rescue from the streets, Francis Thompson, once a soldier, was asked to fill in a top ten list. When asked to write in answer to upon where he most wished to have spent his days his choice, was 'Sussex'.

Chandler’s visit to the Lynchford Road Post Office resulted in his being informed by the Post Masters Messrs. Summer and Thirkettle that they kept envelopes identical with the one found in stock and sold them in large amounts to the public.

Although Coroner Baxter had, after a day's hearing, adjourned Chapman's inquest until September 19, staff at Scotland Yard's 4 Whitehall Place were working overtime. Commissioner Warren had written orders to Superintendent John Shore of the Yard's Criminal Investigations Department. It was a matter of routine for the radical press to find anything they could to discredit the government. The unsolved murders in Whitechapel had only served to fuel the fire and the papers did not shirk from painting a picture of Sir Warren as an incompetent Commissioner. It became clear to Sir Warren that these murderers were not ordinary and were rapidly becoming a thorn in the side of the police's reputation. Therefore, Sir Warren decided to centralise the investigation into the murders under one person - Chief Inspector Donald Sutherland Swanson.

Born in Scotland in 1848 and with twenty years experience in the police force Swanson was then the Chief Constable of Scotland Yard's Criminal Investigations Department. Warren directed Superintendent Shore that Swanson was to report to himself, Shore or fellow member of Scotland Yard, Chief Constable Adolphus Frederick Williamson. The main body of Warren's letter said:

> *'I am convinced that the Whitechapel Murder case is one which can be successfully grappled with if it is systematically taken in hand. I go as far as to say that I could myself in a few days unravel the mystery provided I could spare the time & give individual attention to it. I feel therefore the utmost importance to be attached to putting the whole Central Office work in this case in the hands of one man who will have nothing else to concern himself with. Neither you or I or Mr Williamson can do this. I therefore put it into the hands of Chief Inspector Swanson who must be acquainted with every detail. I look upon him for the time being as the eyes & ears of the Commissioner in this particular case. He must have a room to himself, & every paper, every document, every report telegram must pass through his hands. He must be consulted on every subject. I would not send any directions anywhere on the subject of the murder without consulting him. I give him the whole responsibility. On the other hand he should consult Mr Williamson you, or myself on every important particular before any action unless there is some extreme urgency.'*

Emma Smith attacked by a gang of men, Martha Tabram found in the early hours of the morning with scores of stab wounds, Mary Ann Nichols disembowelled and Annie Chapman her head nearly removed from the body. The police were yet to decide if these savage murders were by the same hand. The beast called murder had always felt at home in London and these particular crimes would have gone unnoticed by the general populace if the victims had been thrown in the Thames and swept out to sea, but these crimes, particularly the latest two, had been committed in such an audacious and open manner that they startled the city. While some hoped that these murders might be unrelated and simply a grim coincidence the “St. James Budget” had come the to accept an inevitable fact of the murders:

> *"The sensation of the week in London has been another brutal murder in the East-end, the victim's body being hacked about with the same mad ferocity which has marked other recent murders in the same neighbourhood. A profound sensation was created throughout the metropolis…The shocking murder and mutilation which we report elsewhere makes the third of these atrocious crimes perpetrated in East London within the last few weeks and the fourth within the last few months. In each case the victim was a woman; in each case she was murdered in the early hours of the morning within a short distance of frequented thoroughfares in the midst of a densely populated district; in each case the crime was accompanied or followed by circumstances of such monstrous and disgusting barbarity that it is impossible to give all the details. Such is the state of affairs: and it is plain that if there is not to be a regular panic in the East-end, followed, as panics generally are, by some act of blind savagery, the murderer or murderers must be captured without delay…they have been committed by a maniac, whose madness has taken the form of a thirst for blood and the mutilation of the dead. This suggestion, fanciful as it seemed at first, has gained in plausibility until it is very largely accepted in the district. The crimes have been almost motiveless, so far as can be ascertained. There was scarcely enough to be gained by killing these poor women to tempt the most hardened desperadoes as long as they were in their senses; nor is it easy to conceive that any sane beings, however wicked, would run the risks of committing Saturday's murder while the hue and cry raised upon that of the 31st of August was so hot. But if we suppose that there is some savage creature to whom the lust of slaughter has become an insatiable instinct, the horrible series of crimes will at least have an explanation -- shocking and terrifying as it is.'*

On Sunday September 16, at Scotland Yard's Home Office Buildings, a letter arrived from the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee. Lusk's group of concerned businessmen had been meeting nightly to compare notes of suspicious activity in the area and make plans to form nightly patrols. The Committee had so far gathered £25 for the capture of the killer or killers. In the hope of gaining support for their reward the Committee wrote to the Home Office asking the government to help contribute to the amount of the reward they were offering:

> *'Sir. At a meeting of a Committee held at the above address. It was resolved to approach you on the subject of the reward we are about to Issue for the Discovery of the Author, or Authors of the late atrocities in the East End of London & to ask you Sir to Augment our Fund for the said purpose or, kindly state your reasons for Refusing.'*

In 1888, two forces policed London. First, there was metropolitan police who covered most of London under the Governess of its Commissioner Sir Charles Warren. Then there was the City Police under command of Colonel Sir James Fraser. The City Police was founded in 1839 soon after the creation of the Metropolitan police, though the City has hired constables for centuries beforehand. The City Police was responsible to the Corporation of the City of London and policed an area of almost a quarter square mile north of London Bridge that comprised of London's administrative sector. The City, since its perception, has always acted as a separate entity. In the year 1888, the Acting Police Commissioner for the City was Major Henry Smith.

Born in Scotland a son and grandson of Presbyterian ministers and cousin to the writer Robert Louis Stevenson, Smith was educated at Edinburgh Academy and University and trained as an accountant. He worked as a bookkeeper for a few years before the death of his father. Smith then joined the militia and went to live on a country estate in the north of England with his mother where he became fond of horses, billiards, shooting and dog breeding. In 1888, at the age of fifty-three the Major delighted in attending public hangings and was well known to the madams of various brothels in the area of London's Haymarket. Up until now all the murders supposedly committed by the mysterious figure of 'Leather Apron' had been outside the Jurisdiction of the City Police, but the Major, like many Londoner's, had taken an interest in the case. His personal knowledge of the goings on in Haymarket had meant that he had learnt through his informants of an ex-medical student living in Rupert Street Haymarket. Smith concurred with the "Daily Telegraph's" report that next to the body of Annie Chapman were found some brightly polished coins. Much of the business transactions between street prostitutes and their customers occurred, due to their illegality, necessarily in poorly lit courtyards and alleys. Some men who aimed to take advantage of the situation were known to try to trick these women and palm off to them cheaper valued coins. In September, after the murder of Chapman, Major Smith informed Sir-Charles Warren that he had discovered a man very likely to be the wanted man. Major Smith felt this man certainly had the qualifications requisite. He had been a medical student, he had been in a lunatic asylum; he had spent all his time with women of loose character, whom he bilked by giving them polished farthings, like those reportedly found with Chapman's body. Smith's certainty of such a charlatan might have been strengthened by a similar story reported in the Times in September 10th that told soon after the body of Anne Chapman was discovered a prostitute was accosted by a man on a street in Spitafields early that same morning. He tried to offer her two half sovereigns but she saw that they were only brass medals. The woman tried to avoid him but he knocked her about and she screamed. He then ran off. Sir Charles failed to track down the man that Smith suspected so he sent two of his men to Rupert Street to investigate. It just so happens that Panton Street in Haymarket was less than two hundred yards from Rupert Street. This was where Francis Thompson, an ex-medical student, who had previously suffered a mental breakdown, resided with his shoemaking tools, while working for shoemakers and churchwarden Mr. McMaster. There in Rupert Street, Smith’s men found their suspect, polished farthings and all, but the student gave an alibi that when checked out convinced Major Smith's men that he was “innocent without the shadow of doubt”.

On Monday September 17th, Inspector Sergeant Thick visited the Grove Hall Lunatic Asylum. Wide stone steps led to The Hall, a large then modern type building. Flowerbeds at its entrance lightened its austerity. Thick had spent the day following up the activities of his suspect for Leather Apron, Jacob Issenschmid. Thick had been visiting 60 Milford Street, Issenschmid's last address, to try and speak to George Tyler the man who first spoke to the doctors who went to the police telling of Issenschmid's nocturnal vacancy of his lodgings. To Thick's annoyance, Tyler had disappeared. The only occupant at the lodgings was a boy named Briggs who told Thick that although several other persons had been

looking for Tyler who had left the lodging house without leaving a word of where he had gone. Thick then called on Mrs Gerlinger at her public house. She was the woman who Issenschmid's wife said was consorting with her husband but Mrs Gerlinger said she did not know Issenschmid. Thick greeted the Grove Hall's medical officer Dr. Mickle asking to interview Issenschmid but Dr. Mickle refused to allow having his patient to be interviewed or placed in an identity parade. The doctor feared that his patient might suffer a relapse. Inspector Sergeant Thick thought that Dr. Mickle's description of Issenschmid was identical with the man seen by Mrs Fiddymont in the Prince Albert on Brushfield Street. Dr. Mickle told the Inspector Sergeant that his patient suffered from delusions of grandeur and he already believed that he owned the Grove Hall Asylum. Issenschmid had boasted to Dr. Mickle that the girls at Holloway had called him 'Leather Apron' which he admitted in a teasing manner was his nickname. Issenschmid had told the doctor that he gained a living by buying sheep's heads; kidneys and sheep's feet. He would take them home to his lodgings and prepare them to sell to restaurants and coffeehouses in the West End of town. Apparently, this was the reason he was away during the early mornings. Issenschmid's clothing was examined by Thick but he could find no bloodstains on them.

On Tuesday September 18th at around 3 am, in the area known as the Minories. Constable John Johnson was on his beat close to the Thames walking along Butcher Row, when he heard a cry of murder coming from down a narrow leading into Three Kings-court. Johnson ran into the lane and entered the court where he saw a man and woman who was very much alarmed. The court was unlighted and walled in. It was about forty-nine-foot square and reached through a gloomy winding passage between an empty house and a baker's shop. The man was well dressed and wore a frock coat and a tall hat. He was of slight build and about 5ft 6in; he had a dark complexion, a grizzled beard and moustache and was about forty years of age. The woman was shabbily dressed and appeared to be a prostitute.
"What's wrong?" the constable asked the woman.
"Nothing", she said.
The constable warned the man to watch himself and to leave the area. As another constable arrived, the man said in a thick German accent and broken English that he just wanted to talk to the woman and she had no right to be frightened. The German left the yard as the other constable returned to his regular patrol. Constable Johnson noticed that the German walked stiffly as if there was something the matter with one of his legs. The constable took the woman and escorted her out of the yard. He led the woman out of the range of his beat the woman told the constable that her name was Elizabeth Burns and she lived at 53 Flower and Dean Street. Just before the Constable bid Elizabeth good-bye, she told him that the German had put his arm around her neck and she then became scared when he pulled a big knife out. Constable Johnson asked why she did not tell him sooner but Elizabeth said she was much too scared. Constable Johnson asked Elizabeth what type of knife the German carried. Elizabeth described it as an open clasp knife. Johnson searched for the German but could not find him and alerted other officers.

At about a quarter to four later that morning a young man named Alexander Finlay, of 51 Leman Street was at the top of Commercial Street. Finlay who lived with his mother and worked in an ice-cream factory off Petticoat Lane was drinking at a coffee-stall when he saw Elizabeth running toward him in a state of fright. She shouted to Finlay 'He can't do that to me.' while pointing behind her. Earlier Finlay had seen Elizabeth walk off with a well-dressed man. Finlay had taken little notice of this at the time except to remark about it to the coffee stall keeper. Five minutes after Elizabeth reappeared, Finlay saw the same man walking in his direction. The man came up and asked for a cup of coffee at the stall. Finlay thought that the man was drunk. The cup cost a penny but the man only produced a halfpenny. The man noticed Finlay's presence and asked. 'What are you looking at?'
Finlay said that he was doing no harm and then the man produced a penknife and lunged for Finlay. He made a swipe at Finlay but the young man dodged him, grabbed a dish from the stall and prepared to throw it at his head. The man retreated and tried to leave but Finlay saw police constable Gallagher badge number 22 of H division and had the German arrested. As the German was being led west along Commercial Road to the Leman police station, he tried to get rid of his penknife. At the station, Constable Gallagher learned that his prisoner was named Charles Ludwig and that he had just became employed by Mr C. A. Partridge, a hairdresser, in the Minories a fortnight ago. Ludwig was charged with threatening to stab Finlay and placed on remand until October 3rd. Ludwig was searched and he was found to be carrying a razor and a long bladed pair of scissors. He told the police that he lived in a Finsbury hotel. Some officers headed off to search Ludwig's premises. They returned shortly with a number of razors found in his room. The landlady and other residents, who were questioned, stated that Ludwig had been acting in a threatening manner with the razors scaring the hotel's guests. The

Landlady also stated that on the day of Chapman's murder Ludwig came in early in the morning and washed his hands telling her he had been injured. Another resident alleged that he had seen that there was blood on Ludwig's hands.

On Wednesday September 19, a mass meeting upon the murders was held at Toynbee Hall. The Hall was besides St. Jude's Church with its square castle like tower and hidden behind high walls that fully enclosed the buildings and a L shaped quadrangle with walls covered in ivy from which windows peeped out. These two story buildings were called the Hamlets and were connected by a series of covered bridges. The Hall had sixteen resident rooms with each room costing seven shillings per week. Some of these rooms were shared meaning twenty students inhabited them. There were classrooms for three hundred students and 1000 students attended Toynbee every week with lectures ranging from astronomy and history, to medicine and zoology. The Hall was complete with a lecture theatre, library and reading room. There was also a number of leisure clubs for antiquarians, sports and chess players and literature buffs. The most popular club being for travellers who occasionally organised overseas trips. The hall was named after Arnold Toynbee, a rich philanthropist who died some months before it was purchased for £6,250. It was owned conjointly by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge and was bought in 1883. The Hall was purchased to provide education and the means of recreation and enjoyment for the people of the poorer districts of London. Reverend Samuel Barnett of the St. Jude's Parish ran it. Barnett was a forty-four year old, dour looking Church of England clergyman who was balding and had a short greying beard. Barnett's long-range goal was to uplift the poor spiritually and culturally. He and his wife Henrietta had pushed for slum clearances. Henrietta Barnett wrote of Whitechapel's poorer districts and gave an account of the conditions of destitution where in some parts the annual mortality rate was one in twenty-five and where most children died of sickness and malnutrition before the age of five:

> *'None of these courts had roads. In some the houses were three storeys high and hardly six feet apart. The sanitary accommodation being pits in the cellars; in other courts the houses were lower, wooden and dilapidated, a standpipe at the end providing the only water. Each chamber was the home of a family who sometimes owned their indescribable furniture, but in most cases the rooms were let out furnished for 8d a night. In many instances broken windows had been repaired with paper and rags, the banisters had been used for firewood and paper hung from the walls, which were the residence of countless vermin.'*

In the early 1870s, the Barnett's asked for Flower and Dean Street, a notorious centre for prostitution, to be demolished under the Artisans and Labourers Act, a parliamentary measure which had been drawn up to allow for the razing of criminal slums. In 1883, he got his wish, with many of the 13,000 made homeless or a few were re-housed in the new Charlotte de Rothschild Buildings.

The Hall's service in Whitechapel had already spanned fifteen years. It held art exhibitions in the St. Jude's schoolrooms and had purchased houses in the vicinity and outfitted them as training homes for the unemployed and had converted part of Angel Alley into a children's playground. The Barnett's were responsible for the Children's Country Holiday Fund, a charity that had been active for a decade. The fund provided fresh air for ailing London children who lived in extreme poverty. Toynbee Hall also held the dubious distinction of being near to the site of one of the so-called 'Leather Apron' killings. At the rear of the buildings in George Street was George Yard where on August 7 Martha Tabram was found murdered. It was days after Tabram's murder and well before George Lusk's Vigilance Committee first met. That seventy people, mainly consisting of shop keepers and students of the Hall, gathered in St. Jude's church to form a group of twelve mainly consisting of Oxford and Cambridge graduates doing settlement work in the East End. The meeting ended with Hubert Llewellyn Smith volunteering to head a group of twelve christened the Toynbee Hall Patrol Committee promising to patrol the streets during the hours of sundown. The honouree secretary was Thomas Hancock. The patrol group had since began meeting weekly and with each murder, the Whitechapel group became even more determined to find the culprit. Smith's patrols had been operating under the blessing of the Reverend Barnett. On the Wednesday morning of September 19t Reverend Barnett wrote to the “Times” with his ideas on how the murders in Whitechapel could be put to a halt. Barnett's letter to the editor of the saw the problem to be localized and solvable:

'Sir, Whitechapel horrors will not be vain if "at last" the public conscience awakes to consider the life which these horrors reveal. The murders were, it may be said, bound to come…Within the area of a quarter of a mile most of the evil may be found concentrated and it out not to be impossible to deal with it strongly and adequately. We would admit four practical suggestions.'

Barnett's suggestions were for the Home Office to provide efficient police supervision. He believed the current numbers were woefully inadequate. Barnett asked for the streets to be better lit and kept clean of refuse, that the many slaughter houses be removed and that the tenements be controlled by landlords who should deter vice. The Reverend asked that these tenements should be bought up in a large scale and a responsible system of management be employed.

On Wednesday September 19, of the many thousands of letters in seven postal deliveries that were made each day in London, one was from the Police Commissioner Sir Warren who had written to Samuel Montagu M.P. The Commissioner's letter concerned the reward offered by Montagu. Already Warren had replied to Montagu's request of police assistance in propagating his reward of £100. Warren wrote on September 15, that the practise of offering rewards was discontinued some years ago because experience showed that in general affect such offers produced more harm than good. The Secretary of state thought that in the present case there was the special risk that the offer of a reward might hinder rather than promote the ends of justice. Sir Warren added that the offer of a reward while any person was under arrest on suspicion was open to special objections and had not at any time before been allowed. Montagu reply was:

'The letter of the 15 September signed by the Assistant Commissioner and addressed to 12 Kensington Palace Gardens reached me only last night. The opinion of the Home Secretary that no reward should be offered for the discovery of the perpetrator of the Whitechapel murders is not in accord with the general feeling on the subject. The argument advanced by some that the expectation of a possible increase in the amount of the reward might deter a prompt disclosure could not apply in respect to my offer. Nevertheless had the decision of the Home Secretary been promptly obtained & communicated to me I should not have intervened in the matter...I regret that you did not obtain the decision of the Home Secretary at once by telegram, because on Tuesday my proposal must have transpired & was published in the daily papers on Wednesday last. Under these circumstances it is too late to withdraw my offer & in case information is received, leading to conviction of the murderer or murderers, I must pay £100 to the person entitled to receive it. It remains for you to decide whether notices of the reward shall be posted up in Whitechapel by the police at my expense, otherwise I shall not take any further action but await the result of the investigation now pending. I may add that when I made the proposal I was not aware that the government had ceased to offer rewards in cases of murder.'

Warren gave the letter his consideration and wrote in answer to Montague:

'Dear Mr Montagu your letter was received on 10th September & submitted to the Home Office same day, it was impossible for me to have replied to you on Wednesday 12th as I had not received the reply on that date. My letter to you should have been received on Saturday night 15th and if you will forward me the envelope with the post marks on it I will ascertain how it was that you did not receive it the Monday night. As however you say that your offer must have transpired on Tuesday 11th I do not see that any subsequent delay affects the matter...There is no request in your letter of 10 September for an immediate reply by telegraph and the Acting Superintendent informs me that he told you at the time that he did not think the offer of a reward should be made until result of investigation in case the man then in custody was known. I can only regret that you should impute delay to me in a matter entirely outside my control and duties. It was a matter lying entirely between you and the Secretary of State and if you required an immediate reply you could have telegraphed the Secretary of State yourself.'

In addition, on September 19, the Inquest into the murder of Annie Chapman was reconvened and later that day adjourned until the September 26. Meanwhile the Home Office found little commiseration in the papers, particularly in the "Daily Telegraph" who wrote of Henry Matthews and spared nothing in its vitriol against Scotland Yard's Criminal Investigation Department:

> *'We have had enough of Mr Home Secretary Matthews, who knows nothing, has heard nothing and does not intend to do anything…It is clear that the Detective Department at Scotland Yard is in an utterly hopeless and worthless condition; that were there were a capable Director of Criminal Investigation, the scandalous exhibition of stupidity and ineptitude revealed at the East End inquests and the immunity enjoyed by criminals, murder after murder, would not have angered and disgusted the public feeling as it has undoubtedly done.'*

CHAPTER FOUR
Elizabeth Stride & Catherine Eddowes; “My Two Ladies.”

On Wednesday 26 September Dr. Thomas Barnardo the philanthropist notable for his work in the rescue of destitute children paid a visit to No. 32 Flower and Dean Street. Dr. Barnardo was then aged forty-three years and had trained at London Hospital. In 1867, when he was twenty-two-years-old, Dr. Barnardo opened his first charity shelter for homeless boys. He was visiting No. 32 to highlight the poverty experienced in these lodgings. In the kitchen of No. 32, Dr. Barnardo was meeting some of the women residents and noticed that they were all thoroughly frightened by the murders. One of the women confessed. “We're all up to no good and no one cares what becomes of us. Perhaps some of us will be killed next!” The other women agreed shivering at the thought they may soon be lying in a rough wooden box on the mortuary slab. One of the women the doctor was speaking with was called 'Long Liz'. Her proper name was Elizabeth Stride. Her nickname of Long had been gained because her surname 'Stride' also meant a fast walking pace. Ironically, when Stride walked about the kitchen she did so with a slight limp from a deformed leg. (SEE APPENDIX STRIDE)

Meanwhile the "Star" reporting on the crimes continued unabated:

> *'The theory of madness is enormously strengthened...Crafty bloodthirst is written on every line of Sunday mornings' doings - everything points to some epileptic outbreak of homicidal mania. A slaughterer or butcher who has been a lunatic asylum, a mad medical student with a bad history behind him or a tendency to religious mania- these are obvious classes on which the detective sense which all of us posses in some measure should be kept. Finally, there is the off-chance - too horrible to contemplate - that we have a social experimentalist abroad determined to make the class see and feel how the masses live.'*

On Thursday September 27, a letter arrived at the Central News Agency in New Bridge Street, London. This agency was in 1888 managed by Charles Moore. It was founded and owned by William Saunders. M.P. Born in 1823, by 1860 Saunders had already started a number of provincial papers. He had grown frustrated by how disorganised news networks were when it came to disseminating information through the press. Created in 1863 the Central Press as it was first called was the first of its kind. Always innovative the Agency was the first firm to use typewriters. In 1879, its name was changed to the Central News Agency. A female mail sorter, who called Journalist Thomas John Bulling, had first opened the letter. The envelope bore an East London Postmark dated September 27. It had a one penny inland revenue stamp, and was addressed to 'The Boss.' A postcard within written with an educated script in with red ink, a colour that over the years has faded into a pastel pink, and now resides beneath laminate plastic in London’s Kew Archives, told:

'September 25th
Dear Boss,
I keep on hearing that the police have caught me but they wont fix me just yet. I have laughed when they look so clever and talk about being on the right track. That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits. I am down on whores and I shant quit ripping them till I do get buckled. Grand work the last job was. I gave the lady no time to squeal. How can they catch me now. I love my work and want to start again. You will soon hear of me with my funny little games. I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger bear bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope Ha ha. The next job I do I shall clip the ladys ears off and send to the police officers just for jolly wouldn't you. Keep this letter back till I do a bit more work, then give it out straight. My knife's so nice and sharp I want to get to work right away if I get the chance. Good Luck.
Yours truly
Jack the Ripper
Dont mind me giving the trade name'

At the letter's end is an afterthought written side ways on the bottom left hand corner of the card:

'PS Wasnt good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands curse it No luck yet. They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha'

Bulling was unsure what to make of this letter. Although he thought it was probably kind of sick joke, it dawned on the journalist that possibly the prostitute murderer dubbed 'Leather Apron' by the press had given himself a new name.

Ironically, as the Ripper wrote in his letter, 'That joke about Leather Apron gave me real fits,' Everard Meynell, wrote in his biography of Thompson's sleeping habits and society while homeless, providing a glimpse of the poet's sense of humour telling of Thompson's leather apron joke:

'The murderer to whom he makes several allusions...In a common lodging-house he met and had talk with the man who was supposed by the group about the fire to be a murderer uncaught. And when it was not in a common lodging-house. It was a Shelter or Refuge that he would lie in one of the oblong boxes without lids, containing a mattress and a leather apron or coverlet, that are the fashion, he says, in all Refuges.'

Continuing in a comparison the central maxim of the Dear Boss letter was 'I shant quit ripping them till I do get buckled.' While the in top ten favourites list Francis Thompson had filled out his choice of motto was 'Every scope by immoderate use turns to restraint.' Both of which of course preach unlimited actions until some kind of limitation is imposed. The Ripper wrote. 'I saved some of the proper red stuff...and I cant use it. Red ink is fit enough I hope Ha ha...Wasnt good enough to post this before I got all the red ink off my hands.' Thompson gave his fear of the sight of flowing blood as his reason for leaving medical school. One wonders if he therefore blushed or grew pale when he wrote in his essay "Paganism Old and New":

'Red has come to be a colour feared; it ought rather to be the colour loved. For it is ours. The colour is ours and what it symbolises is ours. Red in all its grades...to that imperial colour we call purple, the tinge of clotted blood,...proudly lineal; a prince of the Blood indeed.'

The Ripper complained. ‘I saved some of the proper red stuff in a ginger bear bottle over the last job to write with but it went thick like glue and I cant use it.’ He also showed some concern about forms of address when he told: ‘Dont mind me giving the trade name' Everard wrote upon Thompson's mailing habits:

'he sitting in gray lodgings, who crowded into the chilly ten minutes before 3 am, the writing of a long letter to be posted, after anxieties over address and gum of which we know nothing and a stumbling-journey down dark stairs, in a pillar-box still black with threatening dawn.'

Assistant Commissioner Dr. Robert Anderson, who was placed in charge of the murder investigation, wrote:

> *'The "Jack the Ripper" letter is the creation of an enterprising London journalist...I am almost tempted to disclose the identity of the murderer and the pressman who wrote the letter.'*

Everard Meynell wrote of Thompson. 'The streets, somehow, had nurtured a poet and trained a journalist.'

When this letter is read in context to the media's representation of the crimes it can be seen that the writer clearly had them in mind. The term 'gave me real fits' was most likely an aside at the press who naively suggested the killer was epileptic. Noticeably, we see that in the phrase 'ha ha' is repeated and underlined. Perhaps this was a deliberate and brazen clue of Thompson's. The phrase had been repeated in the Ripper's letter and also too in Thompson's poem "Nightmare of the Witch Babies", which at the time of the receiving of the Dear Boss letter was known only to the Meynell family.

Thompson's "Witch Babies"

> *A lusty knight,*
> *Ha! Ha!…*
> *A rotten mist,*
> *Ha! Ha!…*
> *No one life there,*
> *Ha! Ha!…*
> *'Swiftly he followed her*
> *Ha! Ha!…*
> *Into the fogginess*
> *Ha! Ha!…*

Possibly the underlining of the phrase in the Ripper letter was a private message designed to draw the attention of the Meynells that he was the Ripper. If it were Thompson, a failed doctor, now turned poet, who had written the letter it is easy to imagine his black amusement at reading that the skill of his ghastly ripping was almost spoken with admiration by the inquest surgeons. Bringing him to declare 'They say I'm a doctor now. ha ha'

Author Michael Harrison in his 1972 book 'Clarence' on his suspect Prince Albert Victor examined the Ripper letters and concluded:

> *'The Ripper was a poet, although as with his handwriting, he falsified his poetic skill to conceal his real identity. But then there are tricks of versification which are so natural to a poet that he is unaware of them and so reappear no matter how fundamentally he thinks that he is changing his style.'*

On Thursday September 27, Catherine Eddowes and a forty-year-old well built man named John Kelly returned early from hop picking in Hunton, which is two miles from Coxheath in Kent. Eddowes was a very jolly women always singing and usually made a living hawking things and cleaning. (SEE APPENDIX EDDOWES)

John Kelly and Eddowes were spending Thursday night September 27, in the Shoe Lane Casual Ward. John normally slept at No. 55 Flower and Dean Street a lodging house managed by Derrick William Wilkinson a deputy who lived in Brick Lane and who had known Eddowes and John for several years. The superintendent at Shoe Lane asked Eddowes why she was back sooner than expected. Eddowes told the superintendent: 'I have come back to earn the reward offered for the apprehension of the Whitechapel murderer. I think I know him'. Since the ward segregated males and females John and Eddowes slept separately.

On Friday 28 September, John earned six pence working at the markets. John wanted to spend four pence on lodging and two pence on food but Eddowes insisted they spend all the money on food. She told John that Fred the landlord would not turn them away if they had no money. Eddowes was incorrect and so that night Eddowes slept in the Mile End Row Casual ward while John slept at No. 55 Flower and Dean Street. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning Eddowes came to No. 55 to see John who asked Eddowes why she was out of the casual ward so early. She told him that there had been trouble in the ward and all the girls were released.

On the same Friday B. Harris the honouree secretary to George Lusk's Vigilance Committee wrote to Matthews the Home Secretary from the Crown Hotel on Mile End Road:

> *'Sir, The Vigilance Committee think it advisable at the receipt of your letter from the Home Secretary wherein he refuses to grant or issue a Reward for he apprehension of the author, or authors, of the Recent Murders in the East of London, to lay his letter before the public at a general meeting of the inhabitants. Will you Sir, do us the Honour to attend at a time and place convenient to yourself, & give us the Benefit of your advice and counsel.'*

The Home Office regretfully declined the invitation.

On Saturday September 29, the following letter known as the 'Liverpool Letter' was received at the Central News Agency. It was dated the 29thinst. The term '1st and 2nd inst', was an abbreviation for 'instant' meaning within the month:

> *'Liverpool 29th inst.*
> *Beware I shall be at work on the 1st and the 2nd inst. In the Minories at 12 midnight and I give the authorities a good chance but there is never a policeman near when I am at work. Yours*
> *Jack the Ripper.'*

Two days after it was first received, The Central News Agency sent the “Dear Boss” Letter to the police with the note:

> *'The editor presents his compliments to Mr Williamson & begs to inform him the enclosed was sent to the Central News two days ago, twas treated as a joke.'*

On the same Saturday, Eddowes and John Kelly, decided to pawn his pair of boots. Eddowes waited outside 'John's Pawnbrokers' in Church Street while John made the transaction. John had the ticket for the boots made for Jane Kelly for Eddowes to use to claim the boots under the pretence that she was John's wife. Eddowes already had a ticket under the name of Emily Kelly and Birell for a flannel shirt. With the two shillings six pence, Eddowes bought tea and sugar and then Eddowes and John parted company at two in the afternoon in Houndsditch. Kelly told Eddowes to watch for 'Leather Apron'. Eddowes reassured him: 'Don't fear for me, I'll take care of myself and I shan't fall into his hands.' Eddowes promised to meet John at No. 55 Flower and Dean Street in a couple of hours. Just after seven that evening John Kelly returned to his 55 Flower and Dean Street lodgings and seeing that Eddowes was absent asked around as to her whereabouts, but nobody was any the wiser.

Elizabeth Stride normally gained money for her room at No. 32 Flower and Dean Street by working as a charwoman, which was a washerwoman, for families living in Jewish tenements. Hebrew religious tenements forbid work on certain days and non Jews historically have been employed during these times. It was near half past seven in the evening of the 29th when Stride and Elizabeth Tanner returned from the Queen's Head pub where they had been drinking since six thirty. Stride had earned sixpence from Tanner for cleaning two of the lodging rooms. While in the common room Stride met Charles Preston a Barber and a fellow lodger and asked if she might lend his clothes brush but Preston said sorry she could not as he had lost it. Stride also saw Catherine Lane another lodger and gave Lane a large piece of green velvet, asking her to mind it. Stride asked Tanner to keep a bed for her and then did up the buttons of her long jacket, adjusted her black hat and bid Tanner goodbye.

It was after eight o'clock and Catherine Eddowes was in Aldgate where she was seen by Police Constable Louis Robinson; Badge no. 931, of the City Police. Eddowes was impersonating a fire engine and fell down asleep on the pavement outside the front of number twenty-nine High Street. PC Robinson saw that a crowd has begun to gather around the sleeping woman. The constable pulled Eddowes to her feet and tried to wake her but she leant hopelessly against the shutters before slipping sideways being too drunk to stand. It was 8:45 p.m. when Constable Robinson arrested Eddowes for being drunk and disorderly and while accompanied by Police Constable George Simmons he brought her to the City Police station on Bishop's Gate Street. Station Sergeant James Byfield asked for Eddowes name and address but she replied dissolutely 'Nothing'. Eddowes was then placed in a holding cell for being intoxicated. At 8:50 p.m. PC Robinson looked into Eddowes' cell and found her sleeping and smelling strongly of spirits. At 9:45 p.m. Police Constable George Hut came on duty and inspecting the cells at regular intervals also found that Eddowes was sleeping. From his Flower and Dean Street lodgings, John Kelly heard about Eddowes's arrest and instead of taking a double bed for four pence he took a single bed for two pence and went to sleep at 10 p.m.

At eleven o'clock, No. 34, on the eastern side of Settles Street where the pub the Brick Layer's Arms was situated, Elizabeth Stride and a stranger were embracing. She was seen outside the pub, owned by Walter Cook. Two labourers named J. Best and John Gardner, both residents of Chapman Street, saw Stride, as they were about to enter the pub. The man Stride was embracing looked to be an Englishman. Best and Gardner would remember him as short, with a sandy moustache, dressed as a clerk with a morning suit and bowler hat. Best and Gardner teased Stride telling her that they thought her client, was 'Leather Apron' and that she was a fool to leave with him. Stride ignored them and she and her man headed north toward Commercial Road.

It was raining out on Berner Street, an avenue met Commercial Road, and Mathew Packer, of No. 54, a fifty-eight year old fruiterer had an hour to go before closing his shop for the night. His store was near the corner of intersecting Fairclough Street. Although it was Saturday night trade had not been brisk. Continual showers and a chill breeze had kept most people indoors. It was just after eleven when Long Liz and a young man, of around twenty-eight years came to his fruit stand. Packer would later describe the stranger as dressed as a clerk wearing a long black coat over his broad shoulders. The coat was buttoned up and he wore a soft felt hawker's hat.
'I say, old man, how do you sell your grapes?' The stranger asked of Packer.
'Sixpence a pound the black 'uns, sir and four pence a pound the white 'uns.' Packer answered.
The stranger turned to his female companion. 'Which will you have, my dear, black or white? You shall have whichever you like best.'
Stride indicated the black grapes.
'Give us half a pound of the black ones, then.' said the stranger. Packer thought the stranger spoke in an educated voice that was quick and rough and Packer felt as if he had been treated in a sharp commanding manner.
After the man bought half a pound of black grapes, he and Stride walked off and stopped before the New London Board School. The original buildings still exist and the present children could not and should not know its dark history. Packer noticed that it had begun raining but saw that peculiarly the man and woman did not seek shelter. He observed to his wife, ‘What fools those people are to be standing in the rain like that!’ The couple shared the grapes standing in the rain for half an hour before heading to where music and song could be heard coming across the road.

This was the premises of the 'International Working Men's Educational Club,' a predominately Jewish socialist club that was open to all denominations. Packer saw the couple a few houses down from his stall listening to the music and paid them no more attention. The two-storied wooden socialist club, at number Forty Berner Street, had been established as an offshoot, to William Morris's 'Socialist League' and aimed to improve the lives of its paying members. Its present members were predominately atheists and often were a source of friction for orthodox Jews by ignoring Jewish law and custom. The club was situated in the parish of St. George's-in-the-East, within 50 yards of the Whitechapel boundary. Light came from the open single ground floor front window beside the main doors. Tonight's discussion was upon the necessity of socialism for the Jews. Being open night women were also welcome. The meeting, which had between ninety and one hundred people, had ended and while people began leaving through the front doors singing could be heard from the upstairs windows. The music attracted residents who stood on the street to listen. A member of the club Morris Eagle and a young lady friend left through the front door of the Socialist Club. Eagle who had been the club's speaker for tonight lived

at number four New Road, off Commercial Road. At quarter to twelve, he left to escort his friend home. At about the same time William Marshall, who lived at number Sixty-four Berner Street, was drawn onto the street by the music. Marshall saw Stride near the entrance of Dutfield Yard with a man who was kissing her. Dutfields was a yard that was behind the club and was entered through a short narrow lane on the club's right hand side. The man said to Stride in a mild voice. 'You would say anything but your prayers'. The man seemed to Marshall to be middle aged, decently dressed and educated. The man was five foot eleven inches in height and appeared to be stout. The man was dressed like a clerk with a small black coat, dark trousers and a round cap with a peak to it. The cap was something like what a sailor would wear.

The night of the double murders was the feast day of Saint Jerome. He was the patron saint of Scholars & Doctors, whose symbolic colour is Cardinal-red. Saint Jerome was a scholar who settled in the eastern city of Bethlehem and was known for his short temper. Saint Jerome was officially venerated as a Doctor of the Church. In artwork, Saint Jerome is depicted as either naked, or dressed as a cardinal with a lion at attendance, while he beats his breast with a stone. He is also depicted as a scholar, often with a pen and inkwell. Jerome was made a priest against his wishes. Of Saint Jerome's "Vulgate", the first translation of the bible into Latin, Francis Thompson would write:

> *'in the first place its influence was mystical; it revealed to me a whole scheme of existence and lit up life like a lantern.'*

At midnight of Sunday September 30th, William West a printer for the club's socialist paper left the premises. By 12:30 pm, when Packer closed his vegetable stall, the street seemed empty. At 12:35 pm, police constable William Smith, No. 452, saw Stride talking to a man opposite to the club near the board school. The man was five feet eleven inches tall and of respectable appearance. The man appeared twenty-eight years of age of dark complexion with a small dark moustache and he held a small parcel wrapped in newspaper. Just after 12:35, Fanny Mortimer hearing the music and reassured by the sound of the police's footsteps came out on the street. She stood outside her home at No. 36 for ten minutes seeing a man named Leon Goldstein pass by with his horse and cart. At 12:40, William West returned to the club. As West was returning Joseph Lave a printer and photographer from the United States who was lodging at the club stepped out into the yard and walked through the passage to the street and seeing nothing of interest returned indoors.

Mr James Brown, who lived at No. 35 Fairclough Street, left a Chandlers shop. In those days a Chandlers was a general goods store in which all manner of common goods could be purchased. Having bought his supper at the Chandlers that was at the intersection of Fairclough and Berner Streets, Mr Brown walked north towards Commercial Road, opposite the Board School. As Brown crossed the road, he saw a man and woman standing against the wall. He passed and heard the woman say. "No. Not tonight, some other night." When Brown heard her speak, he turned around and looked at the couple. The man had his arm up against the wall and the woman had her back against it facing the man. Brown noticed that the man wore an overcoat that was long reaching down to his heals, but it was too dark for Brown to make out anything further except that neither of them were wearing light clothing. Brown temporarily dismissed the couple from his thoughts and walks on to his Fairclough Street home.

Moments later West heard behind him a man leaving the Nelson hotel, a corner pub, at No. 46 Berner Street. West saw that the man was of a stout build, wore a small brown moustache and was 5ft 5in tall. The Nelson hotel was licensed to Louis Hagens and was located on the western side of Berner Street and at the northern corner of the junction with Fairclough Street. As the man left the Nelson, West saw Stride standing at the entrance to Dutfield's Yard. The man crossed the road onto West's side, walked up to Stride and started talking to her. Walking not too far from the man was Israel Schwartz of number twenty-to Helen Street. Schwartz, who was walking south from Commercial Street down Berner Street, had also seen the man since he had left the Nelson. As Schwartz was walking passed, he saw Stride spurn the man. The man began to handle Stride roughly and pulled her to the ground. Stride yelled out three times. When at 12:45 p.m. Mrs Mortimer heard what sounded to be a row near the entrance of Dutfield's Yards and then a short bump, she grew apprehensive and returned indoors. Schwartz then saw another man leave the Nelson on the opposite side of the street and watch from the pavement. The other man was about thirty-five years of age and was five foot eleven inches tall. His complexion was fair with light brown hair and moustache. He wore an old black wide brimmed felt hat, dark overcoat and was smoking a long clay pipe. As the rejected man crossed the road and walked passed the one with the pipe he yelled to him 'Lipski!' In July last year, a twenty-three year old Polish Jew named

Israel Lipski had been found guilty of the murder of Mrs Miriam Angel by pouring nitric acid down her throat and was condemned to hang. The name of 'Lipski' thereafter, had become a insult for any men, particularly those of Jewish descent, who were thought to be of suspicious character. The man with the pipe who had been called Lipski looked up at the stranger and then he spotted Schwartz who was then on the opposite side of the road walking passed. Schwartz did not think the man with the pipe was Jewish although he was not dressed as a modern Englishman. It must have occurred to Schwartz that a Gentile may have easily confused this strangely attired gentleman as a Jew, although Schwartz himself knew him to most likely not to be. Schwartz began to walk away heading when he heard footsteps behind him. The man with the pipe had crossed over to his side of the road and had begun chasing him and Schwartz ran fearing for his life. As he ran south down Berner Street Schwartz felt for a moment that the man chasing him might also be running away. Schwartz was tempted to stop and wait for his pursuer to catch up, but he continued to run passed several streets. His pursuer gave up the chase when Schwartz reached the arches of the Blackwall Railway adjacent to Cable Street.

{Thompson's unpublished}

'The screaming horror of the train,
Rushes its iron and ruthless way amain,
A pauseless black Necessity'

In 1897, Francis Thompson, who wore a wide brimmed hat and dark coat, was living with the Meynell's at their 'Palace Court' residence when he set fire to the cupboard with his clay pipe kept lit in the pocket of his overcoat. Thompson's habit of using around fourteen matches to light his pipe brought Viola, a daughter of the Meynell's, to remark. 'he misspent his powers and wasted his minutes as he wasted matches.' In "Sister Songs" Thompson wrote:

'Pierce where thou wilt the springing thought me,
And there thy pictured countenance lies enfurled,
As in the cut fern lies the imaged tree.'

In his "Ode to the Setting Sun "Thompson wrote:

'Alpha and Omega, Sadness and mirth,
The springing music and its wasting breath-
The fairest things in life are Death and Birth,
And of these two the fairer thing is Death.
Mystical twins of Time inseparable,'...
Who made the splendid rose
Saturate [wet] with purple glows?...
For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
But death hath in itself the germ of birth.
It is the falling acorn buds the tree,
The falling rain that bears the greenery,
The fern-plants moulder when the ferns arise.
For there is nothing lives but something dies,
And there is nothing dies but something lives.
Till skies be fugitives,
Till Time, the hidden root of change, updries,
Are Birth and Death inseparable on earth;
For they are twain yet one, and Death is Birth.'

By Sunday of September 30 1888, 01:00 am, in Berner Street, Whitechapel the rain lessened. The black, of Elizabeth Stride's curly hair and her black jacket set off a solitary red rose and a maidenhair fern. Both were clipped to the right breast of her jacket. Prostitution was outlawed so those in the profession were compelled to resort to subtle signs of their trade. A technique used often was the brandishing of flowers on their dress to indicate their occupation, to show that they were ripe for the plucking as it were. Stride’s skirt was also black though marred with dirt and fresh grape stains. She was munching on cashew nuts as she approached the passage of Dutfield's Yard in the company of a man. The passage was sidelong to the socialist club, wedged between numbers forty and forty-two. The brown gates were open and the passage was a nine-foot wide and led into a yard. On the gate, in white

letters, was the name of the no longer operating premises of: 'W. Hindley, Sack Manufacturer and A. Dutfield, van and cart builder.' The yard was named after Arthur Dutfield whose business was once situated in the far west side of the yard. Facing the gateway was workshop of Walter Hindley & Cosack where sacks were manufactured.

After entering the passage the man tugged at Elizabeth Stride's checked silk scarf and with a bladed hand made a swipe at her throat, cutting the windpipe in two. He laid her down on her side at an angle, with her head to the southwest and pressed her face into the muddy ground.

The sound of a horse and cart could be heard approaching. Louis Diemshutze, a Russian who was the Socialist Club Secretary and a jeweller had returned from a day hawking penny-ware at the Crystal Palace in Sydenham. Diemshutze entered the passage into Dutfield's to leave his cart, in the yard, to be cared for by his wife. Mrs Diemshutze was working in the club's kitchens and had promised to care for the cart while he returned his pony to its stable in nearby George Yard. When at 1:00 am, Diemshutze entered, his pony shied. Diemshutze prodded forwards into the darkened passage with the handle of his whip and touched something soft. He lit a match whose flickering light showed a woman lying near to the right wall. Diemshutze ran into the socialist club and in the rear back kitchens, he found his wife. Mr Diemshutze and yelled to the kitchen staff that there was a dead woman in the yard. Once he had alerted his wife Diemshutze ran back into the yard. A member of the kitchen staff named Gilleman raced out of the kitchen and up the hallway stairs into the first floor hall. The hall was of medium size and could easily hold a hundred and fifty people. Plain benches without backs stretched through it crosswise and along the walls. On the walls hung a number of portraits of famous socialists like Marx, Proudhon and Lassalle. In the front of the room was a small stage and the rear had three windows looking out into yard. Gilleman alerted Morris Eagle and fellow club member and tailor named Issacs Kozebrodsky. Philip Kranz, editor of the socialist paper "Der Arbeter Fraint", German for 'The Workers Friend', also appeared. The printers consisted of two single storied rooms attached to the rear of the club in the yard. Kranz, the editor was reading in one of the rooms used as the editorial office. The Socialists poured out of the club and raced south then up through Christian Street, toward Grove Street, crying "Murder" and "Police" hoping to find a police officer on Commercial Road. Outside the Beehive Tavern talking to a woman was a horse-keeper named Edward Spooner. The horse-keeper who lived at number Twenty-six Fairclough Street heard the men's cries. Spooner then saw three men, one of whom was Morris Eagle, running to the Corner of Christian and Fairclough Street. Eagle then made a u-turn running for Commercial Road while his two companions Kranz and Kozebrodsky continued running southwards stopping at the end of Grove Street and as they returned Spooner volunteered to assist them. Spooner returned with Diemshutze and Kozebrodsky to Dutfields Yard and by the light of a feeble candle he bent down and examined Elizabeth Stride's body. Spooner tilted Stride's head back and felt that the chin was warm. He saw blood flowing from a two-inch gash across her neck.

In Commercial Road Morris Eagle and Issacs found Police Constable Henry Lamb, Badge No. 252, of H Division. Constable Lamb had thirteen years of police force experience. They cried to PC Lamb. "Come On. There has been another murder." Constable Lamb alerted another PC with the badge 426 of H Division and they ran back with the men to the entrance of Dutfield's Yard. A crowd of almost thirty had begun to gather. PC Lamb ordered the people to keep back and saw by the light of his lamp the body of a woman. PC Lamb seeing also that her throat was cut blew his whistle and sent Constable 426 to fetch Dr. William P. Blackwell who, with his assistant Mr Johnson, arrived at the side of the Socialist Club in Berner Street soon after, at 01:16 am. Constable Lamb shut the gates to stop the crowd so that Dr. Blackwell could examine the body. Dr. Blackwell pronounced the woman dead and told she was killed no more than twenty-minutes earlier. By 1:30 am, Chief Inspector West the acting Superintendent of H Division arrived with Inspector Charles Pinhorn and Detective-inspector Edmund Reid. The Detective-Inspector had received a telegram to head for Berner Street at 1:25. Dr. George Baxter Phillips also arrived and while Pinhorn took charge of the on-site investigation, Reid and Dr. Phillips oversaw Dr. Blackwell's examination.

Near to the junction of Commercial Road and a stretch of Whitechapel High Street called Aldgate High Street was where in medieval times the east gate of the London's city wall was situated. Aldgate whose name means 'Old Gate' marked the eastern perimeter of London. West of here was Mitre Street and the entrance of Mitre Square. From Berner Street, where a horrified crowd had begun to gather, Mitre Square was a twelve-minute walk. The streets surrounding Mitre Square were Mitre Street to the west, King Street to the north, Duke Street to the east and Aldgate to the south.

The main entry to Mitre Square was through Mitre passage; a broad entrance from Mitre Street. On the right of this passage was Taylor's Picture Frame Makers that was closed and empty. There were also two stone steps to a narrow wooden side entrance door. Above the entrance was a second and third story window. The shop's large front display window extended partly to the side onto the entrance of the square. If you were to walk around the square starting from the western side of the square and circling in a clockwise direction you would have first seen on your left was a four-storied warehouse that belonged to the merchants Williams & Company. The ground floor of the business was the financial offices. On the edge of the footpath nearest the wall were small barred openings into the warehouse's cellar. The warehouse ended at the northwest corner and from sunset to 11 pm it was lit by a lamppost. Near the lamppost on the northern side of the square was number three Mitre Square. This was the house of Police Constable Richard Pearce and his family. Passed the constable's house was a dilapidated unoccupied house with broken windows and beside this was a Kearley and Tonge warehouse.

Kearley and Tonge were large wholesale groceries that traded under the name of 'International Tea Co' and had stores throughout the land. The Tonge warehouse had a large wooden door and the warehouse itself ended at the northeast corner where a dark covered passage led to St. James Place. The entire eastern side of the square had another Kearley and Tonge's warehouse. Behind the warehouse was the Great Synagogue between King and Duke Streets. This second Tonge warehouse ended at the southeast corner at Church passage. The passage that led to Duke Street was covered and above it were windows. A sometimes-working lantern fixed to the wall dimly lit the entry to the passage. This passage was so narrow and enclosed that even in broad daylight it would appear gloomy. On the square's southern side was the rear of a chemical works factory. Near the corner to Church Passage was a locked door to the factory. On the footpath here was a large square metal grate leading to the sewers. The darkest part of the square was the southwest corner where there was a fence to a yard owned by Messrs. Heydemann and Company. They were general merchants with their shop off Mitre Street. The yard was small and the Heydemann buildings were beyond it. The fence was made from six rows of bricks topped with wood palings. The fence also had a narrow locked wooden door. To walk this square you would have made a square of about 200 feet, at the western edge of the square was a three-storied unoccupied cottage with a window on each story sealed with wooden shutters. On the footpath here was a wide metal grate that led into the cottage cellar. Beside the empty cottage was the rear of the picture frame makers.

It was 1:30 am, on September 30th when Police Constable Edward Watkins approached and walked through Mitre Square. PC Watkins who had been in the force for seventeen years was on a circular beat that consisted of Duke Street, King Street, Leadenhall Street, Mitre Street and St. James Place. His beat was repeated every fifteen minutes. After checking the square and looking into the surrounding passages PC Watkins knocked on the door of Kearley and Tongue and spoke to George James Morris the caretaker. Morris was a retired police officer who had started his shift at seven that evening and had spent his time cleaning the offices and caring for the warehouse. PC Watkins handed a can of tea to the caretaker telling him to make it hot in 10 minutes' time, when he would be round again.

At numbers sixteen and seventeen Duke Street opposite the Great Synagogue was the Imperial Club. At 1:34, three friends left the Imperial and began walking south toward Whitechapel High Street. The men were Joseph Lawende, of 45 Norfolk Rd, Dalston, who was a forty-one year old Warsaw born Commercial traveller in the cigarette trade. The second fellow was Joseph Hyam Levy who was aged forty-seven and was a Butcher who lived at No. 1 Hutchinson Street, Aldgate. The third man was Harry Harris a Jewish furniture dealer of Castle Street, Whitechapel. The three friends had postponed leaving the pub due to the rain outside but had decided to brave the damp. The Imperial was fifteen feet from Church Passage that led to Mitre Square. As the men approached the entry, they saw a woman talking to a man. The man's back was turned and the woman had her hand on his chest. The Butcher named Levy indicated the couple and remarked to his two companions. 'I don't like going home by myself when I see these sorts of characters about.' Levy thought the man was about three inches taller than the woman. Harry Harris only saw the man's back but Lawende took an opportunity to glance back at the man as the three of them passed. To Lawende the man appeared to be dressed as a sailor wearing a pepper & salt coloured loose jacket and a grey cloth peaked cap. The man also wore a red necker-chief. He was of medium build and height, around five foot and seven or eight inches and aged about thirty. The man also had a fair complexion and moustache. The woman had a black jacket and black crepe bonnet and was conversing very quietly with the man. Lawende did not think that the woman was afraid and besides he was more concerned about returning home to his wife Ann and their nine children to remain watching.

Five minutes later at 1.40 am, Police Constable James Harvey, badge number 964 of the City Police, entered Church Passage from Duke Street. PC Harvey, who had been with the city police for twelve years, walked through to the end of Church Passage but did not enter Mitre Square, as this was the limit of his beat. Harvey peered into Mitre Square but saw nothing out of the ordinary then he turned around and headed back to Duke Street. Moments later Catherine Eddowes entered Mitre Square. The Square was about eight minutes walk from Bishop's Gate Police Station where, at around 12.55 am, she was released.

At 12:15, Eddowes had awoken and could be heard from her cell singing. At half past twelve, Eddowes called out. 'When will I be released?'
'When you are capable of taking care of yourself.' Police Constable George Hut replied.
'I can do that now.' Kate said. As PC Hut had let Eddowes out from her holding cell and brought her to the station's front desk Eddowes had asked him. 'Well what time is it?'
'Too late for you to get any more drink.' The constable said derisively.
'Well what time is it?' Eddowes persisted.
'Just on one.' Informed the constable.
'I shall get a dammed fine hiding when I get home.' Grumbled Eddowes.
'And serve you right you have no right to get drunk.'
At the front desk Station Sergeant James Byfield asked again for her name and address. Eddowes told him that it was Mary Ann Kelly and that she lived at No. 6 Fashion Street Spitafields. She said that she had gotten drunk celebrating her return from hop picking. Police Constable Hut then pushed open the swing door leading to the passage and said. 'This way Missus.' Eddowes passed along the passage to the outer door but as she pushed it the door stuck. 'Please pull it.' The constable told her. 'All right Good Night Old Cock.' Eddowes said in parting. She then pulled the door open within half a foot and singing to herself, she turned left towards the Duke Street intersection.

In Mitre Square Eddowes' killer brought the tip of his knife against her neck and laying her down cut her throat open then pulled open her black jacket. He cut into her abdomen, dragging out part of the intestines and placed it on her right shoulder. Cutting extensively, he removed her uterus and left kidney and nicked at other parts of her body including her face where he left matching V shaped marks beneath her eyelids. Finally, he tore off a piece of her apron and walking away, wiped his knife clean.

At 1:45 am, PC Edward Watkins entered Mitre Square from Mitre Street having walked through fifteen minutes earlier. Although it was quite dark fixed to his belt was a lamp giving light, Turning to his right the constable noticed that there was a slumped form in the south west corner of the square near to the fence backing the yard of the merchants Messrs. Heydemann and Company. It was a body of a woman lying with her feet facing the square and her clothes up above her waist. Watkins went nearer and saw that her throat had been cut and her bowels protruded from her stomach. The constable could only equate the brutality with a slaughtered ‘pig in market’. Watkins saw yhe light coming from the

door of the Tonge warehouse opposite and ran over to it to seek assistance. Inside the Warehouse, sweeping the steps to the door was Morris who had only opened the door about two minutes earlier, when he then peeked out into the square and seeing nothing to concern him, went to work sweeping out the dust. Constable Watkins swung the warehouse door swung open and saw Morris. The constable who looked like he was ill pleaded 'For God's sake mate come to my assistance.'
'Stop till I get my lamp.' Morris said then going outside into the square with the constable; he asked 'What's the matter?'
'Oh dear there's another woman cut up to pieces.' The constable stammered.
'Where is she?' Morris asked.
The constable motioned with his hand, 'In the corner.' Watkins showed Morris the body and Morris then fumbled for his whistle and blew it before running to Mitre Street while PC Watkins stayed with the body. Reaching the street Morris ran south to Aldgate Street where he found Police Constable James Harvey. The constable asked Morris what was wrong and Morris told him that another woman had been found Ripped up. Constable Harvey called Constable Holland who was also walking his beat on Aldgate Street. Both constables accompanied Morris back to Mitre Square where they found PC Watkins with the body.

As will soon become apparent it is worthwhile now to pause and consider what Francis Thompson looked like. Mr Wilfrid Whitten, of the "Academy", described Francis Thompson:

> *'when he opened his lips he spoke as a gentleman and a scholar...His great brown[Inverness] cape...nondescript garb...a basket slung over his shoulder on a strap a strange object his fish - basket, we called it...the bulky cape...His low voice had a peculiar quaver, a slight wobble in tone, that empathized its curiously measured cadence.'*

Thompson's sister Mary described her brother. Starting and ending with appearance of his eyes:

> *'A dark gray with a bluish shade in them - something like the shade one sees in mountain lakes. Full of intelligence and light. His hair was very dark brown, so dark as to appear almost black at first sight. His complexion was sallow rather than pale, drawing further attention to his eyes.'*

Outside the square in St. James Place was Sergeant Stephen White who for five nights had been watching an alleyway just behind the Whitechapel Road with two other men. White had just peaked into the shadows of the dark covered passage leading from St. James Place to Mitre Square and was turning away when he saw a man coming from the square out of the alley. He was walking quickly but noiselessly, apparently wearing rubber-soled shoes, which were rather rare. White stood aside to let the man pass and as he came under the wall lamp, he got a good look at him. The man was about 5 feet 10 inches in height and was dressed rather shabbily though it was obvious that the material of his clothes was good. His face was long and thin, nostrils rather delicate and his hair was jet black. His complexion was inclined to be sallow. The most striking thing about him, however, was the extraordinary appearance of his eyes. They looked like two luminous glow-worms coming through the darkness. The man was slightly bent at the shoulders, though he was obviously quite young - about 33 at the most - and gave one the idea of having been a student or professional man. The man's hands were snow white and the fingers long and tapering. The man stumbled a few feet away from White who made that an excuse for engaging him in conversation. He turned sharply at the sound of White's voice and scowled at him in a surly fashion, but he said 'Goodnight' and agreed with White that it was cold. His voice was a surprise to White. It was soft and musical, with just a tinge of melancholy in it and it was the voice of a man of culture. As White turned away one of the police officers came and said there was the body of a woman and it was clearly another of the terrible murders. White thought about the man he has just met and started after him as fast as he could run but the man was lost to sight in the dark labyrinth of the East End streets. Thirty-one years later and ten days after the death of Detective Sergeant Stephen White, (warrant number 59442). An article, in the "People's Journal", which appeared, on September 27 1919, by someone known only as a 'Scotland Yard man', told of a meeting between Detective Sergeant White and Dr. Robert Anderson in which White relayed to Anderson what he had seen on that night. Sir Melville Mac Macnaghten , wrote:

> *'No one ever saw the Whitechapel murderer unless possibly it was the city PC who was on a beat near Mitre Square.'*

It was near two in the morning and back at Berner Street, and Stride's body was being examined, Police Constable Lamb suspected that the murderer or some clue might be in the vicinity. There were around twenty-eight club members and passer-bys in the yard and street. PC Lamb ordered all of them to go back into the club. Starting from the front door Lamb searched every room and the hands and clothing of the members looking for any signs of blood. As more police officers arrived, they interrogated those taken into the club and their names and addresses were taken. PC Lamb found no evidence of the murderer being in the club and went out into the yard to knock on the doors of the rear cottages. The occupants, mostly in sleeping dress, answered their doors and grew suddenly frightened as they came to realise that some horrible crime has been committed a few yards from their homes. The Constable found nothing suspicious in connection to the cottage tenants and then searched the water closets in the yard. He examined the dustbin and dung-heap and checked the doors of the premises of Messrs. Hindley's and found that they were locked and fastened. During PC Lamb's search, Dr. Frederick William Blackwell was making an on scene examination of the victim. He noted the position of the body. Stride's legs were drawn up with her feet against the wall of the right side of the passage. Her head was resting almost in line of the carriage way and her feet were almost touching the wall about three yards from the gateway. The doctor checking the condition of the body felt that her face, neck, chest and legs were warm though the hands were cold. The right hand was lying open on the chest and was smeared back and front with blood. The left hand was lying on the ground partly closed and held a small packet of cashews wrapped in tissue paper. Some few cashews were scattered in the gutter. There was a check silk scarf around her neck, the bow of which was turned to the left side and pulled tightly. There was a long incision in the neck just below the scarf. The windpipe was completely cut in two from which blood had run toward the gutter and into the drain. There was no blood on the clothing and her bonnet was lying on the ground a few inches from the head.

At 1:55 am, at the same time that Stride's body was being examined back at Mitre Square Dr. Sequeria a surgeon from No. 34 Jewry Street, Aldgate, had arrived to begin examining Eddowes's corpse. Dr. Sequeria noted that the body was on its back with the head turned to the left and the arms were beside the body palms outwards with fingers lightly clenched. She still wore a bonnet on the back of the head and a neckerchief. The clothes were drawn up above the abdomen and the thighs were naked. The right leg was bent at the thigh and knee. At 2:18, Dr. Frederick Gordon Brown arrived. He found the abdomen exposed and that there was great disfigurement of the face. The throat was cut across below the neckerchief. The intestines were largely drawn out and had been placed over the right shoulder. A separate piece of intestine of about two feet had been purposely placed between the body and the left arm. The lobe of the ear was cut through diagonally. There was a quantity of clotted blood on the pavement on the left side of the neck, round the shoulder and upper part of arm. Inspector Edward Collard arrived and greeted Doctor Sequeria and several police officers. Dr. Sequeria had not touched the body until after Dr. Frederick Gordon Brown arrived shortly afterwards. Dr. Brown felt the body noting that it was quite warm. Dr. Brown was a surgeon for the City Police and had been so for two years. He was forty-five years of age and educated at Merchant Taylors College and then St Thomas Hospital in Paris. Sergeant Jones examined the area near the body and saw that on the left side on the ground were three small black buttons generally used for woman's boots, a small metal button, a metal thimble and a small mustard tin. When the Sergeant opened the tin, he found the two pawn tickets owned by Eddowes.

Thompson's poem "Memorat Memoria", which is Latin for 'Memory Recalls the Past', gives this verse telling of how silence and secrecy enwrapped his poetry due the sin of woman and hinted darkly of his retribution:

'For ever the songs I sing are sad with the songs I never sing,
Sad are sung songs, but how more sad the songs we dare not sing!...
You have made a thing of innocence as shameful as a sin
I shall never feel a girl's soft arms without horror of the skin.
My child! What was it I sowed, that so ill should reap?
You have done this thing to me.
And I, what I to you? - It lies with sleep.'

More than eighty percent of people who lived in Goulston Street, two hundred yards northeast of Mitre Square, were Jewish the same applied to neighbouring Flower & Dean Street, Hanbury Street, Old Montague and Thrawl Street. Goulston Street was a Jewish heartland for thousands of newly arrived families and notwithstanding the importance of places of worship like the Great Synagogue in Duke Street, places such as the Goulston Street Bathhouse catered to the sanitary and religious needs of the community. The baths segregated the sexes and cost one pence for a cold second-class bath of which in 1888 received 90,316 users and two pence for hot water first class bath of which there were 29,843 users. In Goulston Street, about 350 yards north-east off Mitre Square, PC Long was on patrol. Alfred Long, Badge no. 254, for the City Police. Long, once a baker by profession had turned to crime fighting and was assigned to the City Police's A Division in Westminster. Long was outside his jurisdiction acting as a relief officer for H Division police who had been called to attend the Berner Street murder of Stride. He was yet unaware of the murder of Eddowes in Mitre Square. PC Long's beat meant that every thirty minutes he passed down Goulston Street. It was 2:55 am, when PC Long's lantern illuminated a piece of bloodied white apron. Immediately above it on the entrance of Nos. 108 to 119, Wentworth Model Dwellings, written with chalk upon the black stucco near a staircase and a basement door, was the slogan:

'The Juwes are
the men that
will not
be blamed
for nothing'

Constable Long searched the staircase, and finding nothing took the piece of apron to the Commercial Street Police Station. Superintendent Thomas J. Arnold; Warrant no. 35059, of the metropolitan police and Head of H Division, had returned from annual leave and had replaced acting Superintendent West at Whitechapel Station. Arnold had previously gained some popularity for his successful investigation of the Lipski murder. The Superintendent had the apron piece sent to Dr. Phillips at the mortuary, who reported that it fitted the portion of apron worn by the victim. Arnold accompanied with PC Long and other officers returned to Goulston Street. Arnold guarded the site and had other officers perform a search of the nearby streets and buildings. Word of the discovery reached the Head of the City Police, Major Smith, who dispatched Inspector James MacWilliams, Detective Constable Daniel Halse and Detective Baxter Hunt; Warrant no. 4088, to photograph the writing on the wall. The City police officers arrived to discover that Superintendent Arnold, had ordered that the message be hidden by a cloth that has been draped across the wall. Superintendent Arnold refused to authorise the cloth's removal until 5:00 am, when Sir Charles Warren arrived. At around 5:26 am, with the first light of dawn, people had woken and were gathering around when as Warren copied down the words. Warren and Arnold feared that the message, having being written on a building within a predominately Jewish area, would cause a riot against the Jews. The seemingly alien nature of these crimes had already brought a largely superstitious and ignorant public to demonstrate Anti-Semitism and an uprising was not impossible. At 5:30 am, twenty minutes before sunrise, Warren had the message erased with a wet sponge. This was done despite protests by the City Police who urged that the writing be photographed as soon as there was sufficient light.

The mysterious writing on the wall is to many people inexplicable, but maybe not to Francis Thompson. In his poem, "From the Night of Forebeing" Thompson references Daniel a Jewish wise man from the "Old Testament's" The "Book of Daniel." One story known as "The Writing on the Wall" relates of how Daniel was asked by King Balshazzar to assist in interpreting a message. It had been scrawled by an anonymous hand with a candlestick, upon the plaster of the wall of the King's palace. The King was afraid it might be seditious and cause unrest. None of his people had so far been able to understand it. Daniel's interpretation pleased Balshazzar bringing Daniel to prominence in the royal court. Thompson's poem the Night of Forebeing has Thompson questioning if anyone in his day is capable of solving such a riddle on a wall in these lines:

'The struggling wall will scantily grow:
And through with the dread rite of sacrifice
Ordained for during edifice,
How long, how long ago!
Into that wall which will not thrive
I build myself alive,
Ah who shall tell me, will the wall uprise?
Thou wilt not tell me, who dost only know!..
The stars still write their golden purposes
On heavens high palimpsest [A surface on which writing can be erased.]
Nor any therein Daniel; I do hear.'

Dr Robert Anderson was in 1888 Junior Assistant Commissioner at Scotland Yard. In 1907 after his retirement Anderson spoke to the Daily Chronicle of evidence attained on the Ripper crimes:

'In two cases of that terrible series there were distinct clues destroyed...In one case it was a clay pipe. Before we could get to the scene of the murder the doctor had taken it up, thrown it into the fire-place and smashed it beyond recognition. In another case there was writing on the wall- a most valuable clue; handwriting that might have been at once recognised as belonging to a certain individual. But before we could get a copy, or get it protected, it had been entirely obliterated.'

As with some of the Ripper's letters the enigmatic message in Goulston Street was noticeable by the spelling errors. Many British schools of the 1860-70's, when Thompson attended, had what were called 'spelling walls'. These walls were usually in the playground and children would use them to write graffiti on as a sort of game. To play the game a child would write a phrase that had one word within it purposely misspelled. Usually the phrase was a taunt against a teacher or a school practise. The point of the game was for the writer to then retire from the spelling wall and allow the other children to view it. If another child saw the message and agreed with its content then to show that they supported the initial writer they would look for the purposely-misspelled word and correct it. The teachers usually took the sayings in good humour and saw it as yet another way that children could learn to read and write. In addition, the child who had written the original graffiti had removed some of his guilt by having someone else assist in his act. It is worth noting that the Goulston Street graffiti was written with white chalk on a black stucco wall, a similar medium to chalk and blackboard once used in schools and was described during the Eddowes Inquest as having been written in 'a good schoolboy hand'. As to the message on the wall police officers disagreed on whether the spelling was correct or not. Police Constable Alfred Long, who first found the message, gave in testimony that the graffiti was correctly spelled and that he had copied it down as 'Jews' instead of 'Juwes'. In the inquest to Catharine Eddowes PC Long was questioned over the spelling by Mr Crawford the Solicitor for the City of London:

[Long]
'I wrote down into my book and the Inspector noticed that Jews was spelt Juews.[yet another variation] There was a difference between spelling.'
[Crawford]
How do you spell 'Jews'
[Long]
J-e-w-s.
[Crawford]
Now , was it not on the wall J-u-w-e-s? Is it not possible you are wrong?
[Long]
It may be as to the spelling...
[Crawford]
...At all events there was a discrepancy between what you wrote down and what was actually written on the wall, so far as regards the spelling of the word 'Jews'.'

Perhaps the misspelled word in the Goulston Street graffiti was the Ripper's attempt to surreptitiously have the authorities correct it and therefore in his eyes seem to be agreeing with his aims and act unknowingly as co-conspirators.

In the morning hours of Sunday September 30, the 'Central News Agency' received a second postcard that read:

> *'I was not codding dear old Boss when I gave you the tip, you'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow double event this time number one squealed a bit couldn't finish straight off. had no the time to get ears for the police. thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again.*
>
> *Jack the Ripper'*

By mid morning the police had eighty thousand handbills printed urging witnesses to come forward. The handbills, distributed primarily in the East End, read:

> 'Police Notice.
> To the Occupier.
>
> On the morning of Friday
> 31st August, Saturday 8th,
> and Sunday, 30th September,
> 1888, Women were murdered
> in or near Whitechapel,
> supposed by some one
> residing in the immediate
> neighbourhood. Should you
> know of any person to whom
> suspicion is attached, you are
> earnestly requested to
> communicate at once with
> the nearest Police Station.'

At 2:30 on Sunday afternoon in the Golden Lane mortuary in Smithfield north of the City centre Dr. Frederick Gordon Brown made a post mortem on the body of Catherine Eddowes. As her clothes were being removed, a piece of her ear dropped off from the material. Dr. Gordon Brown first examined the face that had been greatly mutilated. There was a cut of a quarter of an inch through the lower and upper left eyelids. Near to the nose and the right eyelid was a cut that was an inch and a half in length. There was a deep cut across the bridge of the nose extending to the angle of the jaw. Another cut was on the right side across the cheek that penetrated the flesh into the bone. The tip of the nose was detached with a cut that also split the upper lip into the gum and right upper lateral incisor tooth. There was a cut on the right angle of the mouth extending an inch and a half. The throat had been cut almost seven inches wide, deep enough to severe bone. In the left carotid artery, a pinhole had been made with a sharp pointed knife. The cause of death was due to a haemorrhage from this pinhole and almost certainly instantaneous. Dr. Brown noted that the division of the windpipe was immediate. The front walls of the abdomen were laid open from the breastbone to the pubes with an upward incision. The point of a sharp instrument had stabbed the liver. Below this stab was another incision into the liver of about 2.5 inches in length. Below this were two more cuts into the liver. The womb had been cut through horizontally and the killer had taken a large part of it away. The kidney had also been removed. These mutilations were made after the women's death. Dr. Brown felt that the cuts were made by someone kneeling on the right side below the middle of the body using a knife at least six inches long. There was also some recent bruising on the victim's hands. Dr. Brown believed that the killer would have needed a good deal of medical knowledge as to the positions of the organs in the abdominal cavity and the way of removing them.

It was about 12:30 am, on Monday morning, October 1st and Thomas Coram, of No. 67 Plummer's Road was walking up Whitechapel Road towards Aldgate. Coram, a worker at a coconut warehouse, was returning from a night at a friend's house at No. 16 Brady Street. Bath Gardens. When Coram reached No. 253 Whitechapel Road he crossed over and as he passed a Laundry Business at No. 252 he saw that on the bottom of two steps which marked the Laundry's entrance was a fairly large knife with a dagger-shaped blade about ten inches long. Coram stooped down and saw that the handle was covered with a handkerchief that had been folded and wrapped round the handle. The handkerchief was marked with what appeared to be bloodstains. As Coram was stooping near the steps Constable Joseph Drage Badge No. 282 of H Division approached. PC Drage was on fixed duty opposite Great Gardner Street when he saw Coram. Throughout the metropolis, particular locations were marked as fixed duty points. This was where a police would stand and not be on a beat. Coram beckoned PC Drage and said 'Policeman, there is a knife down here.' The officer turned on his lamp and saw the knife lying on the footstep. He picked the knife up and examined it. The handkerchief and the blade itself was indeed covered in dried blood 'How did you come to see it?' PC Drage asked Coram.
'I was looking down, when I saw something white. When I saw the knife it made my blood run cold.'
'What are you doing out so late?' The constable enquired.
'I have been to a friend's in Bath Gardens. '
As the constable and Coram spoke several people walked passed as even at that hour Whitechapel Road was busy. The street was well lit and when PC Drage had passed the same spot fifteen minutes earlier, he had not seen the knife. PC Drage took Coram's name and address and keeping the knife he took Coram to an H Division police station.

On the same Monday, Assistant Commissioner Dr. Robert Anderson returned, from his month's holiday, in Switzerland and took up the Whitechapel Murder Investigation. Dr. Anderson was appointed Assistant Commissioner to the CID on August 31 1888, the date of the murder of Nichols. Sir Charles Warren and the Home Secretary approved his appointment. (SEE APPENDIX ANDERSON)

There was little delay in the Press's reaction to the double murders on one night. Headlines on Monday October 1 in the "Star" newspaper read:

> *'The Murder Maniac Sacrifices Another Woman To His Thirst For Blood...Two Victims This Time...Both Women Swiftly And Silently Butchered In Less Than An Hour.'*

"The Daily Telegraph" wrote:

> *'Two more murders of the same cold-blooded character as those recently perpetrated in Whitechapel were committed early yesterday.... London this morning will talk and think of nothing else except these new proofs of the continued presence in our streets of some monster or monsters in human form, whose desperate wickedness goes free and undetected by force of its own terrible audacity and by an as yet unrebuked contempt for our police and detective agencies. There is, in truth, reason enough for the public anger and even for the public panic which cannot fail to arise when the details of these latest links in the frightful catena of slaughter have become known to the community. The more hapless and abandoned the victims of such ever-repeated atrocities the more pitiable is their fate and none the less abominable the cruelty and brutality of this nocturnal slayer, whose infamies scandalise our civilisation and bring law and order into contumely and paralysis.... Is the Home Office waiting for numbers seven, eight and nine of this ghastly catalogue of slayings? Is the Home Office contented to leave to "the regular methods" the search for this woman-killer who renders the midnight streets of the Metropolis dreadful with the footfalls of Death?'*

On the 1st the "Financial News" contributed £300 towards the capture in a letter. The paper's editor wrote publicly to the Home Office Secretary Henry Matthews M.P:

> *'Sir, - In view of your refusal to offer a reward out of Government funds for the discovery of the perpetrator or perpetrators of the recent murders in the East-end of London, I am instructed on behalf of several readers of the Financial News, whose names and addresses I enclose, to forward you the accompanying cheque for £300 and to request you to offer that sum for this purpose in the name of the Government. Awaiting the favour of your reply, - I have the honour to be your obedient servant, Harry H. Marks.'*

On the same day E. Leigh Pemberton, on behalf of Mr Matthews replied to the "Financial News":

> *'My dear Sir, - I am directed by Mr Matthews to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date, containing a cheque for £300, which you say has been contributed on behalf of several readers of the Financial News and which you are desirous should be offered as a reward for the discovery of the recent murders in the East-end London. If Mr Matthews had been of opinion that the offer of a reward in these cases would have been attended by any useful result he would himself have at once made such an offer, but he is not of that opinion. Under these circumstances, I am directed to return you the cheque (which I enclose) and to thank you and the gentlemen whose names you have forwarded for the liberality of their offer which Mr Matthews much regrets he is unable to accept.'*

The subject of a reward dominated a number of other papers. In one we could read that the Lord Mayor had offered a £500 reward and readers of "The Times" were told that Sir Alfred Kirby, colonel of the Tower Hamlets Engineers, had not only offered a £100 reward but also fifty militia men to help apprehend the criminal.

Journalist Thomas J Bulling of the Central News Agency took this opportunity to release the Dear Boss letter to the press and the letter was first reproduced in the Daily News.

With the public clamouring for answers, Coroner Wynne E. Baxter began the inquest into the murder of Elizabeth Stride at the Vestry Hall on Cable Street. Coroner Baxter questioned witnesses and soon an issue arose as to the identity of the murdered woman. Although the victim's name was known her origins and actual identity has not been confirmed. To enable the police to ascertain the victims' identity the inquest is adjourned.

At three o'clock that afternoon at the St. George mortuary the post-mortem of Elizabeth Stride began. Her body had been brought here; at 4:30 am, Dr. Phillips performed the autopsy with Dr. Blackwell and Dr. Rygate assisting. Mr Johnston, an assistant to Dr. Blackwell was also present. The feeling of claustrophobia in the small makeshift mortuary would have been heightened by the presence of Detective-inspector Edmund Reid, who had arrived directly from Stride's inquest and was standing by and taking notes of the proceedings. Reid recorded that there was mud on the left side of Stride's face and matted mud on the head. The woman seemed nourished. Dr. Blackwell consented to make the dissection. The major injury measured was the incision on the neck being six inches long. The cut was clean and deviated downwards. Haemorrhage was caused through the partial severance of the left carotid artery. A great number of things were retrieved from the pocket of the underskirt. The list of these items was a testament to how Stride living at the brink of vagrancy needing to carry all that could sustain her. As well as a key, possibly for a padlock, a small piece of lead pencil, some buttons and a hook it also included the following:

> '1 piece of red gauze Silk
> 1 large White Handkerchief
> 2 Unbleached Calico Pockets, tape strings, cut through also top left hand corners, cut off one.
> I Blue Stripe Bed ticking Pocket, waistband and strings cut through, (all 3Pockets) Blood stained.
> 1 White Cotton Pocket Handkerchief, red and white birds eye border.
> 1 Pr. Brown ribbed Stockings, feet mended with white.
> 12 pieces of white Rag, some slightly bloodstained.
> 1 piece of white coarse Linen.

1 piece of Blue & White Shirting (3 cornered).
2 Small Blue Bed ticking Bags.
2 Short Clay Pipes (black).
1 Tin Box containing Tea.
1 'do do do' Sugar.
1 Piece of Flannel & 6 pieces of Soap.
1 Small Tooth Comb.
1 White Handle Table Knife & I Metal Tea Spoon.
1 Red Leather Cigarette Case, white metal fittings.
1 Tin Match Box. empty.
1 piece of Red Flannel containing Pins & Needles.
I Ball of Hemp
1 Piece of old White Apron.'

Meanwhile Sir Warren spoke Mr. E. Leigh Pemberton of the Home Office telling him that everything was being done that he could think of to find the assailant and that he was confident he would succeed.

At 3:30 pm, during Stride's post mortem, Queen Victoria, who was currently in Scotland's Abergeldie, telephoned the Home Office. The Queen expressed her dismay at these latest outrages and ordered that the Docklands were to be searched for the killer. By the evening, the first of many false letters by those claiming to be the killer began to arrive in the mailbags of numerous papers while the "Star" printed the Saucy Jacky's postcard in their evening edition. The papers also relayed that the police now believed that the killer wore silent rubber-soled-shoes, like those worn in hospitals, and worn by Sergeant Stephen White's suspect. Subsequently the police requested that these shoes be issued so as to not be heard while they made their patrols, but the request was denied. On Monday evening Stride's lover, Michael Kidney, arrived drunk and agitated at the Leman Street Police Station. He walked up to the Desk Attendant and asked to speak with a detective. He said in anger, 'I would have killed myself if I was the police officer on duty, when she was killed.'

At 5 pm Warren was sent word that the Lord Mayor had offered a £500 reward. On the subject of rewards, George Lusk had been busy with his Vigilance Committee collecting signatures from business people and residents for a petition requesting that the Home Office offer a reward for the killer's capture. The Home office had already refused Lusk's request and Lusk hoped that the thousands of signatures, this time directed to the Queen, would provide a better result. The Committee met that night and wrote a covering letter for the petition. The committee included a copy of Warren's letter denying their earlier request for a reward:

'To Her Most Gracious Majesty The Queen.
The Humble Petition of George Lusk of Nos 1,2 & 3 Alderney Road in the Parish of Mile End Old Town in the County of Middlesex, Builder and Contractor, a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works a Vestryman of the above named Parish and the President and Chairman of the Vigilance Committee formed for the purpose hereunder mentioned, your said Petitioner acting under the authority and on behalf of the inhabitants of the East End districts of Your Majesty's metropolis Sheweth

1. That Your Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department has for some years past discontinued the old practise of offering a Government reward for the apprehension and conviction of those offenders against Your Sovereign Majesty Your Crown and Dignity who have escaped detection for the crime of Murder.

2. That in the course of the present year (A.D. 1888) no less than four murders of Your Majesty's subjects have taken place within a radius of half a mile from one point in the said district.

3. That notwithstanding the contribution of the Scotland Yard Detective Office and the efforts of the trained Detectives of such office, the perpetrator or perpetrators of these outrages against Your Majesty still remain undiscovered.

4. That acting under the direction of Your Majesty's liege subjects your petitioner caused to be sent to your Majesty's Secretary of State for the home Office Department a suggestion that he should revert to the original system of a reward looking at the fact that the third and fourth were certainly the work of that one hand and that inasmuch as the ordinary means of detection had failed that the murderer would in all possibility commit other murders of a like nature such a reward at the earliest opportunity was absolutely necessary for

securing Your Majesty's subjects from death at the hands of the above one undetected assassin.

5. That in reply to such suggestion your Petitioner received from Your Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department a letter which the following is a copy viz.&;

6. That the reply above quoted was submitted by the inhabitants of the East End of London in a meeting assembled and provoked a considerable amount of hostile criticism and that such criticism was re-echoed throughout Your Majesty's Dominions not only by Your Majesty's subjects at large but, with one or two exceptions the entire press of Great Britain.

Your Petitioner therefore humbly prays Your Majesty as follows.

1. That Your Majesty will graciously accede to the prayer of Your Petitioner preferred originally through Your Majesty's Secretary of State and direct that a government reward sufficient in amount to meet the peculiar exigencies of the case may immediately be offered, Your Petitioner and those loyal subjects whom he represents being convinced that without such reward the murderer or murderers of the above four victims will not only remain undetected but will sooner or later commit other crimes of a like nature.

And Your Petitioner will ever pray etc George Lusk'

On Tuesday October 2, a famed clairvoyant named Robert James Lees visited a police station. (SEE APPENDIX LEES) Recently Lees had 'sensed' details on the Berner Street murder and felt he should tell the police what he had come to know. The clairvoyant decided to offer his assistance but the station police laughed at him and derided him as both a lunatic and a fool.

At the Vestry Hall Coroner Baxter resumed his inquiry into the murder of Elizabeth Stride and like the day before witnesses were summoned and questioned. The focus this day was in establishing the identity of the victim. One witness called was Mary Malcolm who lived in West London at No. 50 Eagle Street at Red Lion Square. Mary was married to Andrew Malcolm a tailor and had returned from seeing the body of Stride in the mortuary. She had already seen the body three times before. First on Sunday night, but after the viewing with only dim gaslight for illumination, Mrs Malcolm still had doubts. Mrs Malcolm saw the body twice again on Monday and had become certain that it was the body of her sister Elizabeth Watts. Mrs Malcolm believed her sister lived in the East End where she worked for Jewish tailors. Mrs Malcolm had last seen Elizabeth alive at 6:45, the previous Thursday at 59 Red Lion Street where Mrs Malcolm worked tailoring. Elizabeth asked for some money, so Mrs Malcolm gave her sister one shilling. Mrs Malcolm also gave her a little short jacket, but the deceased was not wearing this when she was identified. Elizabeth was thirty-seven and had once been married to Mr Watts a wine and spirit merchant, of Walton Street, Bath. Her husband left her when she was found having an affair with a porter. Elizabeth first went to live with her mother taking her two children. The boy went to a boarding school and the girl died. Since then, Elizabeth had been in front of Thames magistrate court on charges of drunkenness. She claimed to be subject to epileptic fits and was let off but her sister had never seen her have an episode. Mrs Malcolm thought she lived with a man at Poplar, but did not know his name; the man was a sailor who went to sea and died in a shipwreck on the Isle of St. Paul. That was about three years earlier. Elizabeth had been in lock up several times and it had become a habit for Elizabeth to meet her sister at 4 pm, at the corner of Chancery Lane, every Saturday for 2 shillings. This routine had been continual for the last three years. The visit by Elizabeth to Mrs Malcolm's work was unusual having fallen on a Thursday. The Saturday before Mrs Malcolm waited at the Chancery Lane corner from 3:30 to 5pm, but Elizabeth did not turn up. At about 1:20 am, on Sunday morning Mrs Malcolm was lying in her bed when she felt a kind of pressure on her chest and then felt three kisses on her cheek, she also heard the kisses and they were quite distinct. On Sunday when she read about the murder, she wondered if the strange phantom-like episode on Sunday morning was a presentiment that it was Elizabeth. Mrs Malcolm then went directly to Whitechapel and spoke with a policeman. Mrs Malcolm knew that Elizabeth has a mark on her leg caused from an adder bite some years ago; the body she saw had a similar this mark. Baxter asked Mrs Malcolm if her sister had been ever known by the name of Stride, but Mrs Malcolm said she did not think so though she had sometimes heard of her sister being referred to as 'Long Liz'. Baxter also questioned William Blackwell as to the nature of the injuries of Stride and then he adjourned the Inquest until the next day.

At Westminster, Whitehall on the construction site of New Scotland Yard a gruesome discovery brought speculation that the East End murderer had moved to a new district. It was twenty minutes past three o'clock October 2nd, when Fredrick Wildborn, A carpenter for Pimlico Builders, who were working on the newly completed foundation, found a parcel in the underground vault while looking for his tools. The parcel contained the headless and limbless torso of a woman. An autopsy revealed that the torso had been lying there for several days. It belonged to a woman of a large stature who was considerably nourished. One of the arms was found the previous week in the grounds of the Lambeth-road, Blind Asylum and the other was fished out of the Thames a few weeks before. Wounding showed that the arms were removed in a rough manner. Despite suggestions in the press, who had dubbed this incident the 'Whitehall Mystery' that that this murder was linked to those in Whitechapel, the police did think this was the case.

Behind the Berner Street, Socialist club, where Elizabeth Stride was killed, on October 2, were two Private Detectives named Grand and J H Batchelor, of 288 The Strand. Private Detective Grand, a tall, well dressed man of military appearance, at the age of thirty-five was familiar with the habits of criminals. In 1877, he was convicted for a series of thefts and served seven of an eight-year prison sentence before his release in May 1884. Last Year, in a bizarre manner, Grand wrote a letter in purple and red ink to Sir Warren to complaining of the conduct of a constable and threatening to burn public buildings. It was Grand and his colleague Batchelor who the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee hired to investigate the murders.

The detectives had questioned homes and business near where Stride was killed. They had already spoken to Mathew Packer, the Greengrocer. Taking note of his story of selling grapes to a woman immediately before the murders, they decided to test Packer's story. They took him to the mortuary to view the body of Catherine Eddowes, but they told Packer it was Elizabeth Stride. Packer stated that this was not the woman he sold grapes to. The next evidence gleaned by the detectives was that of a Mrs Rosenfield and her sister, Miss Eva Harstein, both residing at 14, Berner-street. Mrs Rosenfield said that early on Sunday morning she passed the spot on which the body had lain and observed on the ground, close by, a grape stalk stained with blood. Miss Eva Harstein corroborated Mrs Rosenfield's story and stated that, after the removal of the body of the murdered woman, she saw a few small petals of a white flower lying quite close to the spot where the body had rested. The private detectives wondered if this flower might have been the one on the dress Stride wore. This would have further supported Packer's story since he described the customer who he sold the grapes to as wearing a flower on her jacket. The site where Stride's body lay was washed clean be police soon after the body was removed, so when the detectives had returned to where Stride was killed they searched the drains where some evidence may have washed up and found a grape stalk.

Lusk, who was also a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, helped a write a resolution to the Home Office from the Board. The Metropolitan Board of Work's was a body created in 1855 to control disease and illness in London. Apart from coordinating sanitary programs to erecting sewerage systems and providing fresh drinking water, the Board ensured that the health of the populace was kept in check through actions such as slum clearances. In the East End, in particular, the Board faced its greatest challenges due to the excessive poverty and overcrowding. There was the real risk of epidemics that could threaten many thousands of lives. The recent crimes in Whitechapel were brought to the Board's attention as the well being of Whitechapel residents was now under threat by much more than fetid water and poisonous smog. Also the yard that the Board used for storage held the little brick building used as a mortuary for the body of Mary Ann Nichols. Their resolution, published in the “Times” on October 4, and directed to Sir Charles Warren read:

'Office of the Board of Works, Whitechapel District, 15, Great Alie Street, Whitechapel, Oct. 2.
"Sir, - At a meeting of the Board of Works for the Whitechapel District a resolution was passed, of which the following is a copy -
"That this Board regards with horror and alarm the several atrocious murders recently perpetrated within the district of Whitechapel and its vicinity and calls upon Sir Charles Warren so to regulate and strengthen the police force in the neighbourhood as to guard against any repetition of such atrocities.:
"And by direction of the Board the copy resolution is forwarded to you in the hope that it will receive your favourable consideration. I am, &c.,
"Alfred Turner, Clerk.
"Colonel Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G."

At 10:40 pm on October 2nd, a drunken young man walked into the Bishopsgate Police-station. He spoke to the desk Sergeant telling him he lived at No. 6 Stannard Road, Dalston and that he was a medical student at London Hospital. He said that he wished to give himself up for the murder in Mitre Square. Upon questioning the police asked the young man, named William Bull, where was his bloodstained clothing. He answered that he threw them in the Lea river and added that he threw the knife away. He refused to answer any more questions, but it soon transpired that he had never worked at London Hospital. His parents, who were called to the station, stated that their son was home on the night of the murders. Later, when he was before the Guildhall Court Magistrate, the prisoner retracted his statement confessing that he was madly drunk and that he could not have committed such an act, but is placed on remand.

On Wednesday October 3, Sir Warren, who was being visited by Mr Mathews to discuss the East End murders, penned a reply to the Board of Works:

'Sir, - In reply to a letter of the 2d inst. From the Clerk of the Board of Works for the Whitechapel District transmitting a resolution of the Board with regard to the recent atrocious murders perpetrated in and about Whitechapel, I have to point out that the carrying out of your proposals as to the regulating and strengthening of the police force in your district cannot possibly do more than guard or take precautions against any repetition of such atrocities so long as the victims actually, but unwittingly, connive at their own destruction. Statistics show that London, in comparison to its population, is the safest city in the world to live in. The prevention of murder directly cannot be effected by any strength of the police force, but it is reduced and brought to a minimum by rendering it most difficult to escape detection. In the particular class of murder now confronting us, however, the unfortunate victims appear to take the murderer to some retired spot and place themselves in such a position that they can be slaughtered without a sound being heard; the murder, therefore, takes place without any clue to the criminal being left. I have to request and call upon your Board, as popular representatives, to do all in your power to dissuade he unfortunate women about Whitechapel from going into lonely places in the dark with any persons - whether acquaintances or strangers. I have also to point out that the purlieus about Whitechapel are most imperfectly lighted and that darkness is an important assistant to crime. I can assure you, for the information of your Board, that every nerve has been strained to detect the criminal or criminals and to render more difficult further atrocities. You will agree with me that it is not desirable that I should enter into particulars as to what the police are doing in the matter. It is most important for good results that our proceedings should not be published and the very fact that you may be unaware of what the Detective Department is doing is only the stronger proof that it is doing its work with secrecy and efficiency...'

On the same day Sir John Whittaker Ellis M.P. of Buccleuch House, Richmond wrote to Mr Mathews on how to investigate an area housing 900,000 people. Recently Ellis had been observing crime investigating firsthand with the police searching his yard for murder clues. The riverside gardens at the rear of Buccleuch House were adjacent to the construction site of New Scotland where the torso had been found. Ellis's letter to the Home Secretary told:

> *'My Dear Mathews*
> *There is no doubt that the Whitechapel murderer remains in the neighbourhood. - Draw a cordon of half a mile round the centre & search every house. - This would surely unearth him. It is strong thing to do, but I should think such occasion never before arose. - I should say he is an American Slaughter man, an occupation largely followed in South America.'*

Charles Ludwig, once a main suspect, who had been on remand since September 18, appeared in court on the 3rd. The Magistrate took into consideration that Charles had been in custody the past fortnight, during the time of the double murders and released him.

Baxter's inquest into the death of Elizabeth Stride reconvened. First called to testify was Elizabeth Tanner, the Deputy of 32 Flower and Dean Street. Tanner had that same afternoon viewed the body in the mortuary and stated that it was Elizabeth Stride. Catherine Lane the fellow lodger, whom Stride gave the piece of velvet to, also identified her and Charles Preston the barber, who Stride asked to lend the hairbrush from, testified it was the same woman. Finally, her lover Michael Kidney corroborated the testimonies of the previous three witnesses satisfying the court as to the real identity of the deceased. With Mary Malcolm's claim that the deceased was her sister shown to be unfounded and Baxter adjourned the inquest until October 5.

On Commercial Road on the 3rd, John Lock a sailor of the Navy Reserve was walking, from Dorset Square to the docks at Wapping. John had been living off the Square at a friend's house in Balcombe Street since April 28, when he returned from spending some years in Australia. John was looking for a ship to work on. He had just reached Devonshire Road, where a man he knew nine years ago lived, to ask for help, when all of a sudden he met a friend.
'Hullo, old man, what is all this?' His friend said.
John turned and saw to his consternation that a small crowd was following him. John's friend told the crowd to go away. John unnerved by being followed suggested that he and his friend go have a drink and they both visited the Victory Pub up along Commercial Road. John and his friend reached the pub, but once they got inside, they heard the crowd, that had still been following then, waiting outside. The crowd could be heard calling out 'Leather Apron' and 'Jack the Ripper'. Luckily, a patron was good enough to send for a couple of policeman. When the officers arrived, they cleared the doorway of people who were gathering around trying to catch a glimpse of the rumoured 'Ripper'. One of the constables suggested that he seek shelter at the King David Place police station. John readily agreed and once they reached the station John waited in an anteroom. The Inspector on duty decided to question John but soon satisfied himself that there was no reason to consider him a suspect. By evening, a reporter arrived and questioned him about some marks on his coat. It transpired that the crowd had become suspicious as it appeared to be bloodstains. John smiled and explained that they were actually old paint marks. John was told that he was free to leave the station but that it was wise to wait until the crowd dispersed.

On the 4th, Sir Charles Warren, wrote to Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, the private secretary to the Home Secretary Henry Matthews. Warren's purpose was to express his wish to move from a position of law enforcer to lawbreaker as a means to capture the Whitechapel killer. Sir Warren informed the Private Secretary:

> *'I am quite prepared to take the responsibility of adopting the most drastic or arbitrary measures that the Secretary of State can name which would further the securing of the murderer, however illegal they may be, provided HM Government will support me. But I must observe that the Sec of State cannot authorise me to do an illegal action and that the full responsibility will always rest with me over the Police constables for anything done. All I want to ensure is that the Government will indemnify us for our actions which must necessarily be adapted to the circumstances of the case - the exact course of which cannot always be seen. I have been accustomed to work under such circumstances in what were nearly Civil wars...Three weeks ago I did not think the public would have acquiesced in any illegal action but now I think they would welcome any thing which shows activity & enterprise. Of course the danger of taking such a course, as that proposed by Sir W. Ellis is that if we did not find the murderer our action would be condemned and there is the danger that an illegal act of such a character might bond the Social democrats together to resist the Police...I think I may say without hesitation that those houses could not be searched illegally without resistance & blood shed and the certainty of one or more Police Officers being killed & the question is whether it is worth while losing the lives of several of the community & risking serious riot in order to search for one murderer whose whereabouts is not known...In this matter I have not only myself to think of but the lives & protection of 12,000 men, any one of whom might be hanged if a death occurred in entering a house illegally.'*

That same morning presiding Coroner Mr S. F. Langham, the City Coroner, opened the inquest at the mortuary in Golden-lane, upon the death of Catherine Eddowes. Present also was Dr. Sedgwick Saunders, medical officer of health for the City; Mr Crawford, the City Solicitor; Mr McWilliam, the inspector of the City Detective Department; and Mr Foster the Superintendent. When Mr S. F. Langham asked Dr. Frederick Gordon Brown, who first examined the body, if the killer, possessed great anatomical skill the doctor replied. “A good deal of knowledge as to the positions of the organs in the abdominal cavity and the way of removing them.”

On Thursday October 4, Lees offered to be on call for Scotland Yard. His offer was respectfully declined. With spiritualism as a technique to find the murderer proving unpopular science had a go. The forensic technique of fingerprinting had yet to have been established and was still in its infancy when the East End murders occurred. Yet, on October 4th, 1888, The "Times" printed a letter by Fred. W. P. Jago, a gentleman from Plymouth, on how fingerprinting might capture the killer:

> *'Sir,-Another remarkable letter has been written by some bad fellow who signs himself "Jack the Ripper." The letter in said to smeared with blood and there is on it the print it blood of the corrugated surface of a thumb. Thin may be that of man or a woman. It is Inconceivable that women has written or smeared such a letter and therefore it may be accepted fact the impression in blood is that of a man's thumb. The surface of a thumb so printed is as clearly indicated, as are the printed letters from any kind of type. Thus there is a possibility of identifying the blood print on the letter with the thumb that made it, because the surface markings on no two thumbs are alike and this a low power microscope could reveal. I would suggest - (1) That it be proved if it is human blood, though this may not be material; (2) that the thumbs of every suspected man be compared by an expert with the blood-print of a thumb on the letter; (3) that it be ascertained whether the print of a thumb is that of a man who works hard and has a rough, coarse hands, or whether that of one whose hands have not been roughened by labour; (4) whether the thumb was large or small; (5) whether the thumb print shows signs of any shakiness or tremor in the doing of it. All this the microscope could reveal. The print of a thumb would give as good evidence as that of a boot or shoe.'*

Just after four in the afternoon of the 4th, in Alderney Street, Mile End, a man in his mid-thirties was at the entrance of the private residence of George Lusk, who chaired the Vigilance Committee. The man, who had a florid completion, was about five foot, nine inches in height and had a bushy brown beard, whiskers and moustache. He asked the housekeeper if he could speak with Lusk, but was told he was not at home. The man enquired where he might be and he was told most likely at the neighbouring tavern kept by his son. Soon the man entered the tavern and saw Lusk drinking in the bar parlour. The man expressed interest in the activities of Lusk's committee wanting to know the beats taken by its members and asked if they could speak alone. Lusk considered asking his son to arrange a private room, but the man appeared forbidding and instead Lusk suggested that take a nearby table. As the conversation, started Lusk fetched his pencil from out of his coat pocket but dropped it and it rolled off the table onto the floor. Lusk reached down to pick it up when he saw the stranger make a swift though silent movement with his right hand toward his side waistcoat pocket. Lusk, startled by this unexplained movement by the man, became increasingly uneasy. The stranger seemed to sense this and asked him where the nearest coffee house was, suggesting that they meet there later. Lusk told the stranger of a coffee house on Mile-End Road. The stranger quietly got up and left. Lusk soon after headed to the coffee house but there was no sign of the stranger.

Speculation grew that the unidentified decayed woman's torso found where the concrete was set to be laid on the work site of New Scotland yard was yet another Jack the Ripper victim. In response the assailant, normally glad to claim his guilt, denied any connection when he wrote to the "Central News Agency" on October 5:

> *'Dear Friend*
> *In the name of God hear me I swear I did not Kill the female whose body was found in Whitehall. If she was an honest woman I will hunt down and destroy her murderer. If she was a whore God will bless the hand that slew her, for the woman of Moab and Median shall die and their blood shall mingle with the dust. I never harm any others or the Divine power that protects and helps me in my grand work would quit forever. Do as I do and the light of my glory shall shine upon you. I must get to work tomorrow treble event this time yes yes three must be ripped I will send you a bit of face by post I promise this dear old Boss. The police now reckon my work a practical joke ha ha ha Keep this back till three are wiped out and you can show the cold meat.*
> *Yours truly Jack the Ripper.'*

On Friday October 5 At Vestry-hall, Cable Street, St. George's-in-the-East, the inquest into the murder of Elizabeth Stride was reconvened by Coroner Baxter. He then adjourned it until the 23rd.

On the fifth in the East London Cemetery off Grange Road, Mile End, Elizabeth Stride was buried. The sparse funeral was paid for by the undertaker Mr Hawkes. This cemetery, which opened in 1872 and in 1888, became a limited company, held the distinction of being the densest woodland in London.
Pemberton the Under Home Secretary Mathews wrote to George Lusk:

> *'From Whitehall.*
> *Sir, - The Secretary of State for the Home Department has had the honour to lay before the Queen the petition signed by you praying that a reward may be offered by the Government for the discovery of the perpetrator of the recent murders in Whitechapel and he desires me to inform you that though he has given directions that no effort or expense should be spared in endeavouring to discover the person guilty of the murders, he has not been able to advise Her Majesty that in his belief the ends of justice would be promoted by any departure from the decision already announced with regard to the proposal that a reward should be offered by Government.*
> *I am, Sir, your obedient servant,*
> *E. Leigh Pemberton.'*

Sir Warren was shown a letter by Ruggles-Brise that had been written by Henry Matthews. The letter rejected the offering of a reward for the information leading to the apprehension of the Whitechapel murders. It also stated that Sir Warren concurred with this decision. Warren did not concur and wrote to Matthews correcting him:

> *'I observe that you consider that I do not recommend any reward... With regard to the Whitechapel case there is simply the general view applicable in all cases, viz:- that although there may be no reason to anticipate good results from a reward, still it is not likely to do harm and may possibly do goof...I believe if we go on long enough we can eventually work this case out; but the British public is proverbially impatient and if other murders of a similar nature take place shortly and I see no reason to suppose they will not, the omission of the offer of a reward on the part of the Government may exercise a very serious effect upon the stability of the Government itself. In conclusion I cannot help feeling that in matters of this kind the Commissioner of Police out to be fully consulted, unless the Secretary of State is quiet prepared to state in Parliament that he acted entirely on his own views without consulting the Commissioner. I write this now in order that if it comes to a question in Parliament you may be enabled to say that from a Police point of view the Commissioner had no strong opinion as to the necessity for the offer of a reward at the time you authorised the letter to be written to Mr Montague; but at the same time I wish it to be understood that as a question of policy, with which you may perhaps think I have nothing to do, I certainly think a reward should have been offered.*
> *Truly yours, Charles Warren.'*

On October 6, Roderick Macdonald, a coroner's assistant for the victims, suggested that the Whitechapel victims might have been drugged with a form of laudanum.

The subjects of rewards was written in the October 6th Saturday edition of the "Illustrated Police News":

> *'The prompt action of the Lord Mayor in offering a reward for the apprehension of the Mitre-square murderer has been received with general satisfaction. The sum offered by his lordship, together with £400 which two newspapers offer to supply, the £100 offered by Mr Montagu, M.P. and the £200 collected by the Vigilance-Committee, make an aggregate sum of £1,200. It is probable that the reward will be increased to £2,000, as the Lord Mayor has been urged to open a subscription list and some members of the Stock Exchange seem disposed to take the matter up'.*

On October 6, Mathew Packer, the grocer whose statement was taken down by Detective Stephen White in which he told of selling grapes to Stride and a stranger, was sent a letter by the Ripper:

> *'You though yourself very clever I reckon when you informed the police But you made a mistake if you though I dident see you Now I know you know me and I see your little game and I mean to finish you and send your ears to your wife if you show this to the police or help them if you do I will finish you. It is no use your trying to get out of my way Because I have you when you dont expect it and I keep my word as you can see and rip you up.*
> *Yours truly*
> *Jack the Ripper...You see I know your adress'*

Matthew Packer handed the letter to the police and was interviewed by Sir Charles Warren. Of the East End fruiterer's statement Inspector Walter Dew wrote:

> *'I am puzzled. Frankly, I cannot reconcile the buying of those grapes in the company of the woman he was about to kill and his reappearance a few days later in the same street...I used to feel at times that the fates were conspiring against us and doing everything to assist the man behind the problem which was daily deepening in mystery.'*

It certainly seems inconsistent that a murderer would treat his victim to grapes, the stuff of wine, before killing her, and we might wonder what motive they might have. One answer might be found in the verses of Francis Thompson such as that offered to one of Wilfrid Meynell's daughters, in his "The Poppy - To Monica."

> *'With burnt mouth, red like a lion's, it drank*
> *The blood of the sun as he slaughtered sank,*
> *And dipped its cup in purpurate [crimson] shine*
> *When the Eastern conduits ran with wine...*
> *I hang 'mid men my needless head*
> *And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread:*
> *The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper*
> *Time shall reap, but after the reaper*
> *The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper.'*

Of Thompson's poem, "A Corymbus for Autumn" Katherine Tynan wrote. *"After the dabbled spilt wine and blood and fire of the opening passages, they come coolly, like moonlight and starlight and the dark.":*

> *'The calm hour strikes on yon golden gong,*
> *In tones of floating and mellow light,*
> *A spreading summons to ever-song:*
> *See how there*
> *The cowled Night*
> *Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair*
> *...*
> *Her too in Autumn turned a vintager;*
> *And, laden with its lamped cluster's bright,*
> *The fiery-fruited vineyard of this night.'*

Speculation was rife that no single person could have committed these crimes and that they must have been accomplices, shielding or assisting him and that possibly there was more than one murderer. On October 6 the newspaper the "East London Advertiser" argued against this theory:

> *'It is impossible to account, on any ordinary hypothesis, for these revolting acts of blood that the mind turns as it were instinctively to some theory of occult force and the Myths of the Dark Ages arise from the imagination, Ghouls, vampires, blood suckers...for what can be more appalling than the thought that there is a being in human shape stealthily moving about a great city, burning with the first for human blood and endowed with such diabolic astuteness, as to enable him to gratify his fiendish lust with absolute impunity…The theory that the man has accomplices is, we are afraid, too remote and improbable to produce any good results. Accomplices would only hinder a man like the Whitechapel murderer in the execution of so deadly a purpose. The success of the murderer really depends on the ability with which a single mind has been concentrated on the purpose… The murderer has deliberately selected the most defenceless class of the community, and has chosen to slaughter them under circumstances which turn his own victims into his accomplices. There is so much in this of a deeply thought out plan that we have to consider whether the murderer is a maniac in the narrow sense of the word, and is not rather a man with a maniacal tendency, but with quite sufficient control of himself and of his faculties to impose upon his neighbours, and possibly to mix in respectable society unquestioned by a single soul. He is probably able to command solitude whenever he pleases, and that seems to be the only requisite for concealing his crimes.*

George Lusk was undeterred by the Government's refusal to offer a reward. He was also one of an increasing number of people who found it hard to believe that the murderer had been able to kill and kill again without some sort of assistance from a third party. On Sunday October 7, Lusk therefore wrote to Warren at the Home Office requesting that a pardon be granted for the murderer's accomplice. Lusk assumed that if a pardon could be extended to someone who may be harbouring the murderer or knew of their crimes but hesitated to divulge it to the police in case of prosecution they would be more likely to do so under the safety of a pardon. His letter said:

> *'Right Honourable Sir,*
> *The East End Murders*
> *I have to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from the Home Office dated 6th instant in which it is stated that although no effort or expense should be spared in endeavouring to discover the person guilty of these atrocious murders, you are unable to advise Her Majesty that in your belief the ends of Justice would be promoted by any departure from the direction already announced.*
>
> *In reply to such communication I beg to thank you on behalf of my Committee for your kindness in laying my petition before Her Majesty the Queen and to say that the inhabitants of Whitechapel and the East End districts of London generally, believe that the Police authorities are sparing neither trouble nor expense in attempting to secure the murderer. At the same time however it is my duty humbly to point out that the present series of murders is absolutely unique in the annals of crime, that the cunning, astuteness and determination of the murderer has hitherto been and may possibly still continue to be, more than a math for Scotland Yard and the Old Jewry combined and that all ordinary means of detection have failed. This being so I venture most respectfully to call your attention to the fact that the only means left untried for the detection of the murderer has been the offer of a Government reward.*
>
> *Rewards are offered from other quarters including the Corporation of the City of London but in neither of these instances can a pardon be extended to an accomplice and therefore the value of these offers is considerably less than that of a Government proclamation of a really substantial reward with the extension of a free pardon to any person not the actual assassin.'*

On Monday the 8th, in Smithfield, shortly after half-past one o'clock, a multitude of people were assembled near the entrance of Golden Lane mortuary waiting to convey the body of Catherine Eddowes for burial. Not only was the thoroughfare itself thronged with people, but the windows and roofs of adjoining buildings were occupied by groups of spectators waiting for the departure of the funeral cortège. Soon three horse drawn vehicles emerged. The first was the hearse that held Eddowes' coffin of polished elm and oak mouldings. The coffin bore a plate with the gold lettered inscription.
“Catherine Eddowes, died Sept. 30, 1888, aged 43 years.” Adorning the coffin was a wreath placed on it by a sister of the deceased. Behind the hearse was a mourning coach within which sat Eddowes's four sisters, Harriet Jones, Emma Eddowes, Eliza Gold and Elizabeth Fisher, her two nieces Emma and Harriet Jones and John Kelly, the man with whom she had lived.

As the funeral procession passed through Golden Lane and Old Street the thousands of persons who followed it nearly made it impossible for the procession to continue. The police, under the command of Superintendent Foster and Inspector Woollett of the City force and a further contingent under Superintendent Hunt and Inspector Burnham of the G Division ordered the crowds to make a path. The procession continued from Old Street along Great Eastern Street, Commercial Street and Whitechapel Road, A large crowd had assembled opposite the parish church of St. Mary's, Whitechapel, to see the procession pass. It continued along Mile End Road, through Stratford to the City cemetery at Ilford where several hundred mourners, most of whom made their way from the East End, gathered. They consisted of men and women of all ages, many of the latter carrying infants in their arms. The remains were interred in the Church of England portion of the cemetery; the chaplain, the Rev. Mr Dunscombe, conducted the service. Mr G. C. Hawkes, a vestryman of St. Luke's, took on the responsibility of carrying out the funeral at his own expense and the City authorities, to which the burial ground belonged, remitted the usual fees. At the graveside, a sympathetic kinswoman added a wreath of marguerites. Her grave was less than thirty-feet from that of Mary Ann Nichols.

Before 1888, there had been cases of bloodhounds being used to track down killers by means of detecting the trail of their scent and many papers had discussed the possibility of using these animals to catch the assassin in Whitechapel. Since the double murders of September 30, Commissioner Warren had been actively seeking suitable bloodhounds hoping to deploy them if another murder occurred. On the previous Saturday the "Times" newspaper printed a letter by a dog breeder from Wyndgate near Scarborough named Edwin Brough. The breeder expressed his belief as to the usefulness of his bloodhounds in capturing the murderer. Brough, who had twenty years experience in training bloodhounds, offered his animals to anyone of authority who would wish to utilise them. The same day that the letter was printed Warren telegraphed Scarborough responding to this offer and that evening Brough and two of his hounds, Burgho and Barnaby arrived by train in London. These animals were of a black and tan colour and about the height of a mastiff, with smooth glistening coats and long heads and ears. The previous morning, at 7 o'clock, some police officers and Brough tested the animals in Regent Park and although the ground was coated in frost, they showed successful results. They were tasked to track a young man who had been given fifteen minutes head start and had travelled a mile. Later that evening the dogs were again tested this time in Hyde Park and although it was dark and they were kept on leashes, they were again successful.

On the morning of Tuesday October 9 at 7 am, Warren was at Hyde Park to personally test the powers of Brough's bloodhounds. Half a dozen runs were made, with Warren in two instances acting as the hunted man. The hounds worked very slowly, but they demonstrated the possibility of tracking a stranger. The Chief Commissioner seemed pleased with the result of the trials. Brough was obliged to return to Scarborough but left the hounds in the care of a friend Mr Taunton, who also bred large dogs, while he negotiated the purchase of the hounds by the Police. When pressed on whether the police would purchase the hounds Warren said that he required more trials to be carried out before making a final decision. Warren had already arranged to have a sum not exceeding £100 be provided in the yearly budget to keep trained bloodhounds. In the meantime the dogs were to be housed in Taunton's kennels in his rear yard in Doughty Street, London. Brough told Warren that next week he needed to take Burgho to be exhibited in a dog show in Brighton, but he would leave Burnaby, the older and better-trained hound, for use by Warren.

The Home office decided to reject Lusk's request of a pardon and sent a memo briefly stating their position. Sir Charles Warren, who had only just recovered from his morning run with the hounds, received the memo but unlike Matthews, he saw merit in Lusk's request and after meeting with Anderson on the subject he wrote to the Home Office:

> *'Sir, In reply to your immediate letter just received on the subject of Mr Lusk's proposal as to a pardon to accomplices in the Whitechapel murders, I have to state, for the Information of the Secretary of State, that during the last three or four days I have been coming to the conclusion that useful results would be produced by the offer if a pardon to accomplices. Among the variety of theories there is the possibility that the murderer is someone who during the day-time is sane, but who at certain periods is overbalanced in his mind and I think it is possible in that case that his relatives or neighbours may possibly be aware of his peculiarities and may have gradually unwittingly slid into the position of being accomplices and may be hopeless of any escape without a free pardon.*
> *On the other hand if it is the work of a gang in which only one actually commits the murder, the free pardon to the accomplice may make the difference of information being obtained.*
> *As a striking commentary on this matter I have today received a letter from a person asserting himself to be an accomplice and asking for a free pardon; and I am commencing a communication with him through an advertisement in a journal. This letter is probably a hoax, for we have received scores of hoaxing letters, but on the other hand it may be a bona fide letter and if so I feel what a very great loss it would be to the discovery of the murderer by omitting to offer the pardon and I cannot see what harm could be done in this or any future case by offering a pardon.*
> *I am, Sir, Your most obedient Servant, Charles Warren.'*

Since taking on the position of assistant undersecretary in 1869, Godfrey Lushington, aged fifty-six, was the permanent undersecretary at the Home Office. He had been made permanent undersecretary three years earlier. Lushington was a Positivist meaning he followed a system of philosophical and religious doctrines championed by Auguste Comte. (1789-1857) This system denies metaphysical speculation and maintains that the experience of the senses is the only truths. Positivists deny the existence of a personal God, but believe humanity is one 'great being'. Because of his Positivist ideals Lushington was regarded by some as anti-Christian and perhaps a dangerous radical, but nobody doubted that he had given his life to the Home Office. On Wednesday October 10 he wrote to Henry Matthews:

> *'Mr, Matthews,*
> *This letter from the Commissioner and letter from Mr Lusk on which it is founded, give you an opportunity to offer a pardon if you are so inclined. Offering a pardon is not open to the same objections as offering a reward, nor has the Secretary of State done anything to commit himself to refuse to offer a pardon. The mere lapse of time occasions no difficulty, for in a crime of this atrocious character it is desirable that if possible no person, even an accessory after the fact, should receive a pardon. A pardon, therefore, is only offered when it is pretty clear that the efforts of the Police to detect the crime have been unavailing and if the Secretary of State does not now offer a pardon his action will of course be open to criticism that he has declined to take a step recommended by the Commissioner. On the other hand the Commissioner's letter does not appear to me to throw any new light on the case or to suggest the probability that the offer of a pardon will lead to discovery. His recommendation is based on a mere supposition, one of many suppositions which have occurred to everybody from the beginning.*
> *Then, as to the affect on the public mind. The offer of a pardon will not allay the excitement of the public on the contrary will wrongly infer that the view of the Home Office is that the murderer had an accomplice and this will make the outrages appear of far more grave a character. Nor will the offer of a pardon restore confidence in the Police. It will be accepted as an admission of their failure to detect the crime. it will provoke renewed attention to the action of the Home office and hostile critics are sure to say that the step if taken out to have been taken earlier.*
> *In my opinion it would be better for the Secretary of State not to offer a pardon taking his stand on the ground that he has held from the first that if it is not a case in which the offer of a pardon is appropriate. It is quite possible however that you may be of a different opinion.'*

On Thursday October 11, Mr S. F. Langham completed the inquest into the murder of Catherine Eddowes. The Foreman told that the jury's verdict was 'Wilful murder by some person unknown.'

On Friday October 12th the Home Office forwarded to the C.I.D a dispatch from Her Majesty's Consul E.W. Bonham at Boulogne, France enclosing copies of some letters written on the 11th of October, addressed to the Marquis of Salisbury. The letters pertained to a suspicious person, named John Langham, who arrived in Boulogne on the 10th saying that he had no money and wished passage to South Wales so that he could work. The man told that he left a mine near Glasgow the last Monday week. He passed through London on a Steamer, but did not get off. In France, he went to a number of towns such as Bethune looking for work as a miner but finding none chose to return to England. The Consul Bonham first asked the man if he would want to be sent to Folkstone. Bonham thought from Folkstone he would be more easily available for questioning by police, but Langham refused saying he wished to go to Cardiff instead as it was closer to the South Wales mines. Langham, who presented himself as rude and offish, said he was born in the United States where he worked at some different ironworks. Langham said that although he had been to England several times and his most recent visit had not been since the 30th of March. The Consulate refused to help him because he was not British, and so he then went to the American Consulate. It was noticed by Boulogne officials that he resembled two drawings made of the suspect that Mathew Packer the Green Grocer had described. Using laws of vagrancy, as he had no money, they detained the suspect and asked the Home Office to investigate this man on their behalf. A description of the man and his clothes was included in the dispatch. The man upon questioning said when in Wales he lodged at the home of Mrs Davis of Dufferin, a village two miles from Merthyr Glamorganshire, but lately had been lodging at John Richmond 47 Castle Street, Hamilton near Glasgow. By Tuesday October 16, the police in England verified his claims as to where he had been lodging which proved he could not have been in London during the time of the murders. Subsequently he was released.

Things between the Ripper and George Lusk took on a more personal tone when, on October 12th, the first of a series of letters signed by the Ripper arrived at Mr Lusk's house:

> *'I write you a letter with black ink. As I have no more of the right stuff. I think you are all asleep in Scotland Yard with your bloodhounds as I will show you tomorrow night. I am going to do a double event, but not in Whitechapel. Getting to warm there had to shift. No more till you hear of me again. - Jack the Ripper.'*

By October, manufactures had begun designing a game for release in toyshops by Christmas titled "How to Catch Jack". In the game the rules were simple with one player having to move his two 'Murderer' pieces through narrow alleys from one end of the board to safety at the other without being caught by two of the dozen 'Policemen' and 'Journalist' pieces. The view that the Ripper's exploits resembled a type of queer game was expressed in a postcard from the Ripper delivered to Mr Lusk a day or two after the first letter. In the letter, the Ripper chided Lusk and the police telling that outwitting them was child's play:

> *'Say Boss, you seem rare frightened. Guess, I'd like to give you fits but can't stop time enough to let you box of toys play copper games with me. But hope to see you when I don't hurry too much, Bye-Bye, Boss.'*

This metaphor of child's play was thought by Francis Thompson to represent how the great poets looked at the world. Francis Thompson illustrated this concerning the technique of Percy Bysshe Shelley the British poet in his essay "Shelley":

> *'it is the child's faculty of make-believe raised to the nth power. He is still at play, save only that his play is such as manhood stoops to watch. And his playthings are those, which the gods give their children. The universe is his box of toys.'*

On October Tuesday 16, a sixty seven year old engineer, named Simeon Oliphant, entered the King Street Police station. His complaint was the loss of a black bag. When the attending officer was asked by Mr. Oliphant if he wished to have his head removed and replaced in a manner that would not be detected yet increase his powers of speech he thought him to be mad and he was taken into custody. When he afterwards appeared in the Bow Street courthouse he told of his belief of all people possessing equal intelligence by stating that he could prove, with mathematical calculations, that every man and woman was equal to God, Justice Vaughan, presiding, sent Mr. Oliphant to an insane asylum.

A most gruesome parcel was delivered to the home of George Lusk on Tuesday the 16th. It included a cardboard box, about 9cm in height, wrapped in paper. It arrived at around 5:00 pm and bore a London postmark. When Lusk opened this carton, he found a piece of meat. It had been kept in wine and gave off a rancid odour. Accompanying the carton was a letter addressed as "From Hell" that read:

> *'From Hell- Mr Lusk. Sir - I send you half a kidne I took from one woman, prasarved it for you, tother piece I fried it and ate; it was very nice. I may send you the bloody knife that took it out if you only wate a little longer. Catch me when you can, Mr Lusk.'*

The next day Lusk and his Vigilance Committee held their late-night weekly meeting at the Crown Hotel. Lusk brought up the matter of the parcel. On Thursday morning the members including the treasurer; and secretary, went to Lusk's home and looked at the meat and letter. They argued over whether they should dismiss it as a sick prank or if they should inform the police. Finally, the committee decided it would best to get a medical opinion and took the parcel to Dr. Wiles of 56 Mile-End Road. The doctor was not present but his assistant, Mr F. S. Reed, was there and felt that the meat was indeed part of a human kidney. The committee then decided to take the kidney to London Hospital's Pathology Department. There Dr. Openshaw, with the aid of a microscope, judged that the sample was a left kidney that had been removed from an adult human. Now that the contents of the parcel had been somewhat verified, Lusk took the parcel, including the letter to Leman Street Police Station where it was given to Inspector Abberline. The Inspector recalled that one of the murder victims, Catherine Eddowes killed in mitre Square, had her left kidney taken away by the killer. Since this murder happened within the jurisdiction of the City Police, he deemed that it should be handed over to them.

On October 21 Maria Coroner was charged with hoaxing several Jack the Ripper letters claiming the murderer would chose his next victim in Bradford. Coroner was an attractive 21-year-old, who worked at a Bradford drapery shop. She was found with several boxes containing written details about a Manchester murderer named Jackson. Coroner who also had a business card from a well-known hangman named Berry, first gained attention by writing to the local paper and a chief constable warning of the Ripper's arrival. Coroner was reprimanded and was fined £20 in lieu of six months jail. In the courtroom, Coroner asked the Magistrate, in front of an amused and packed chamber, what she was being charged with. The Magistrate replied it was for a breach of the peace under the common law. It was all 'in joke' she said and then asked 'I should like to see the common law, if it is so common I have never seen it'.

By Tuesday of October 23 when the inquest into Stride's death reconvened the identity of Stride had been settled. The number of similarities of the identity between Elizabeth Stride and Mrs Malcolm's sister Elizabeth Watts was so numerous that Coroner Baxter could not help remarking upon it on the on this chain of coincidences:

> *'The first difficulty which presented itself was the identification of the deceased. That was not an unimportant matter. Their trouble was principally occasioned by Mrs Malcolm, who after some hesitation and after having two further opportunities of viewing again the body, positively swore that the deceased was her sister -Mrs Elizabeth Watts, of Bath. It had since been clearly proved that she was mistaken, notwithstanding the visions which were simultaneously vouchsafed at the hour of the death to her and her husband. If her evidence was correct, the were points of resemblance between the deceased and Elizabeth Watts which almost reminded on the Comedy of Errors. Both has been courted by policemen; they both bore the same Christian name and were of the same age; both lived with sailors; both at one time kept coffee-houses at Poplar; both were nick-named 'Long Liz;' both were said to have had children in charge of their husbands' friends; both were subject to drink; both lived in East End common lodging-houses; both had been charged at the Thames police-court; both had escaped punishment on the ground that they were subject to epileptic fits, although the friends of both were certain that this was a fraud; both had lost their front teeth and both had been leading very questionable lives.'*

The Jury, after a short deliberation, returned with a verdict of 'Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.'

Dr. Openshaw the London Hospital surgeon who examined the kidney sent to Lusk and pronounced it as being human received a letter from the Ripper On October the 29: This letter does more than show the Ripper followed the press reports over the crimes. The Ripper also makes it clear that he saw it as significant that the murder of Mary Ann Nichols was committed near to a hospital. In addition he identified himself affiliated with the medical profession.

> *'Old boss you was rite it was the left kidny i was goin to hoperate agin close to you ospitle just as i was going to drop mi nife along of er bloomin throte them cusses of coppers spoilt the game but i guess i wil be on the jobn soon and will send you another bit of innerds'*
> *Jack the Ripper*
> *O have you seen the devle with his mikerscope and scalpul a-lookin at a kidney with a slide cocked up.'*

The immediate affects of the murders were told by Inspector Walter Dew, in his Memoirs:

> *'It was only to be expected that the knowledge that in their midst stalked a human devil who could pass noiselessly among them and the murder at will, was too much for the overwrought nerves of many women and children. A large number flew from the district as from a plague and thousands of those whose circumstances compelled to remain, made it a habit for a time never to venture out alone after dark. Mothers were fearful for their daughters whose work compelled them to travel home in darkness; husbands were anxious about their wives; young men for their sweethearts. The terror was contagious. It communicated itself to the children who ran home with fear in their eyes at the slightest scare and were awakened by fearful nightmares after they had been put to bed.'*

CHAPTER FIVE
Mary Kelly and the Secret in Her Eyes.

On Tuesday October 30th, Kelly and Barnett were fighting again. Their argument was a private affair, but it may have been over money. Mary Kelly had known Joseph Barnett since Good Friday April 8 1887. At the time he worked at fish produce stalls at Billingsgate Market, in Commercial Street. The following day they met again and decided to live together. First, they lived in George Street, then Little Paternoster Row, Dorset Street and then in Brick Lane before moving into Miller's Court in March of 1888.

Barnett had lost his job as a porter by the start of August and the rent, owed to John McCarthy who owned a chandler's shop at 27 Dorset Street, was several weeks late. Barnett was also upset over Kelly's drinking habits and her lifestyle. Kelly earned extra money by prostitution though Barnett disapproved. She also allowed another prostitute named Julia to share their room and Barnett was uncomfortable with this. Their fighting went off and on that day with Kelly heading off at around 5:30 pm to the pub to drink. Barnett packed his things and then took up lodgings in Mrs Buller's boarding house at 24 to 25 New Street, Bishopsgate. (SEE APPENDIX KELLY)

Miller’s Court, also named McCarthy's Rents, in which they lived, had six houses. It was about 100 yards from Christchurch Spitafields. The court was L-shaped and at the rear of 26 Dorset Street. The ground floor walls were painted with whitewash. It was entered through a covered passage almost eight meters in length. This led to the south end of the court that was 2.4 meters wide and held a public dustbin and a water pump. A single gas lamp fixed to the west wall near the passage provided some light The yard was 15.25 meters long and narrowed to 1.7 meters at its northern end where there were three public toilets.

Kelly and Barnett's room, number 13 Miller's Court, was the first door to the right after walking through the passage from Dorset Street. The room was 3 meters by 3.7 meters. It held a single bed, against the south wall and at the eastern end of the room were a small fireplace and a cupboard. Besides the bed was a small table and the centre of the room was a larger table and a chair. Hanging on the wall was a picture of a woman kneeling on the ground and weeping her head in the lap of an elderly woman seated near a window. The picture was titled 'The Fisherman's Widow' and was a common picture that exemplified the morbid nature of some Late Victorian art. The wall that the bed was against was a partition used to make one large room in the rear of Number 26 that faced Dorset Street into two smaller rooms facing the partition were two windows that provided the only outside light. Somehow, either Barnett or Kelly lost the room key and Kelly broke two windowpanes of the window nearest the door so that by reaching into the window the latch to the door could be opened. An old coat served as a makeshift curtain. On the night of Monday November 5 another prostitute and laundress Mrs Maria Harvey was also allowed to use the room.

A Philadelphia journalist, Richard Harding Davis journeyed to Whitechapel with Inspector Henry Moore. The Inspector's description of the East End to the visiting journalist was printed on November 2 in the "Pall Mall Gazette":

> *'I might put two regiments of police in this half-mile of district and half of them would be as completely out of sight and hearing of the others as though they were in separate cells of a prison. To give an idea of it, my men formed a circle around the spot where one of the murders took place, guarding they thought every entrance and approach and within a few minutes they found fifty people inside the lines. They had come in through two passageways, which my men could not find. And then, you know these people never lock their doors and the murderer has only to lift the latch of the nearest house and walk through it and out the back way.'*

There was much heated discussion as to whether the Police Commissioner had made the right decision when he ordered that the Ghoulston Street Graffiti be removed. It was thought that the writing, could have been a clue and if photographed be shown to the public in the possibility that somebody might have come forward to testify that the handwriting matched somebody they knew. Warren was so overwhelmed by criticism that he wrote a report on November 6 1888 to the Home Secretary outlining his reasons for doing what he did:

'Sir,
In reply to your letter of the 5th instant, I enclose a report of the circumstances of the Mitre Square Murder so far as they have come under the notice of the Metropolitan Police and I now give an account regarding the erasing the writing on the wall in Goulston Street which I have already partially explained to Mr Matthews verbally.

On the 30th September on hearing of the Berner Street murder, after visiting Commercial Street Station I arrived at Leman Street Station shortly before 5 AM and ascertained from the Superintendent Arnold all that was known there relative to the two murders. The most pressing question at that moment was some writing on the wall in Goulston Street evidently written with the intention of inflaming the public mind against the Jews and which Mr Arnold with a view to prevent serious disorder proposed to obliterate and had sent down an Inspector with a sponge for that purpose, telling him to await his arrival.
I considered it desirable that I should decide the matter myself, as it was one involving so great a responsibility whether any action was taken or not.
I accordingly went down to Goulston Street at once before going to the scene of the murder: it was just getting light, the public would be in the streets in a few minutes, in a neighbourhood very much crowded on Sunday mornings by Jewish vendors and Christian purchasers from all parts of London.
There were several Police around the spot when I arrived, both Metropolitan and City.
The writing was on the jamb of the open archway or doorway visible in the street and could not be covered up without danger of the covering being torn off at once.
A discussion took place whether the writing could be left covered up or otherwise or whether any portion of it could be left for an hour until it could be photographed; but after taking into consideration the excited state of the population in London generally at the time, the strong feeling which had been excited against the Jews and the fact that in a short time there would be a large concourse of the people in the streets and having before me the Report that if it was left there the house was likely to be wrecked (in which from my own observation I entirely concurred) I considered it desirable to obliterate the writing at once, having taken a copy of which I enclose a duplicate.
After having been to the scene of the murder, I went on to the City Police Office and informed the Chief Superintendent of the reason why the writing had been obliterated.
I may mention that so great was the feeling with regard to the Jews that on the 13th the Acting Chief Rabbi wrote to me on the subject of the spelling of the word "Jewes" on account of a newspaper asserting that this was Jewish spelling in the Yiddish dialect. He added "in the present state of excitement it is dangerous to the safety of the poor Jews in the East [End] to allow such an assertion to remain uncontradicted. My community keenly appreciates your humane and vigilant action during this critical time."
It may be realised therefore if the safety of the Jews in Whitechapel could be considered to be jeopardised 13 days after the murder by the question of the spelling of the word Jews, what might have happened to the Jews in that quarter had that writing been left intact.
I do not hesitate myself to say that if that writing had been left there would have been an onslaught upon the Jews, property would have been wrecked and lives would probably have been lost; and I was much gratified with the promptitude with which Superintendent Arnold was prepared to act in the matter if I had not been there.
I have no doubt myself whatever that one of the principal objects of the Reward offered by Mr Montagu was to shew to the world that the Jews were desirous of having the Hanbury Street Murder cleared up and thus to divert from them the very strong feeling which was then growing up.'

Kelly allowed Mrs Harvey to sleep over on Tuesday night before she moved into 3 New Court, Dorset Street on Wednesday. On Wednesday night, Kelly bought a halfpenny candle from McCarthy's shop. The same night an army pensioner Thomas Bowyer, who was also known as Indian Harry due to his military service in India, saw Kelly talking with a stranger in Miller's Court. Bowyer, who lived at 37 Dorset Street and worked for McCarthy, said that the man was in his late twenties and that he had a dark moustache and 'very peculiar' eyes. The stranger had a very smart appearance and was noticeable, because of his very white cuffs and somewhat long white collar whose ends came down over his coat.
At 10:00am, Thursday morning Julia Venturney, a charwoman living with Harry Owen, of Number 1 Miller's Court, opposite Kelly's room saw her having breakfast with a woman in her room. That afternoon Mrs Harvey visited Kelly and asked her to mind to mind a couple of men's shirts, a boy's shirt, a black overcoat, a black bonnet, a pawn ticket and a girl's white petticoat.

On Thursday November 8, Sir Charles Warren tendered his second resignation to the Home Secretary, Henry Matthews. Relations between Sir Warren and the Home Secretary had become strained for some time. Primarily Warren was frustrated that the Home Secretary was no longer divulging the contents of his daily meetings and Warren felt he was being ignored. Warren had once already handed in his resignation citing differences of opinion between himself and the Home Office, but the Home Office had urged him to continue as the Commissioner for Police. This tenable working arrangement was finally severed when John Murray of a monthly periodical named "Murray's Magazine" invited Warren to write an article, published in the November edition, to defend the police force in light of their failure to capture the Whitechapel Murderer. Warren wrote the article believing that doing so was harmless and only served to highlight what was good about the force. Matthews reminded Warren of a circular of May 27, 1870, which stated written correspondence between the Police and the Press was to be first reviewed by the Home Secretary. The circular stated:

> *'The Secretary of State, having had his attention called to the question of allowing private publication, by officers attached to the department, of books on matters relating to the department, is of opinion that the practice may lead to embarrassment and should in future be discontinued. He desires, therefore, that it should be considered a rule of the Home Department that no officer should publish any work relating to the department unless the sanction of the Secretary of State has been previously obtained for the purpose.'*

Sir Warren wrote in his resignation that would be effective on December 1:

> *'Sir, - I have just received a pressing and confidential letter, stating that a Home Office circular of May 27, 1879, is intended to apply to the Metropolitan Police Force. I have to point out that, had I been told that such a circular was to be in force, I should not have accepted the post of Commissioner of Police. I have to point out that my duties and those of the Metropolitan Police are governed by statute and that the Secretary of State for the Home Department has not the power under the statute of issuing orders for the police force. This circular, if put in force, would practically enable every one anonymously to attack the police force without in any way permitting the Commissioner to correct false statements, which I have been in the habit of doing, whenever I found necessary, for nearly three years past. I desire to say that I entirely decline to accept these instructions with regard to the Commissioner of Police and I have again to place my resignation in the hands of Her Majesty's Government.'*

Matthews of the home Office answered this letter on November 10:

> *'Sir, - I beg to acknowledge your letter of the 8th inst. In that letter, after contending that the Secretary of State has not the power under statute of issuing orders for the Metropolitan Police, you decline to accept his instructions that the Commissioner and all officers of the force should comply with the Home Office minute of May 27, 1879, by which officers attached to the Home Department were enjoined not to publish any work relating to the department without the previous sanction of the Secretary of State and you place your resignation in the hands of Her Majesty's Government. In my judgment the claim thus put forward by you as Commissioner of Police, to disregard the instructions of the Secretary of State, is altogether inadmissible and accordingly, I have only to accept your resignation. At the same time, I am glad to acknowledge the services which you have rendered to Her Majesty's Government during the course of your administration of the police force.'*

At 7:00pm Thursday the 8th Barnett visited Kelly. A few minutes later, a Miller's Court Neighbour and friend of Kelly's, Lizzie Albrook visited after finishing work at a lodging-house in Dorset Street. At 7:30 Lizzie left and was told by Kelly as she was about to go out the door that she was planning to return to Ireland. 'Whatever you do' Kelly added, 'don't you do wrong and turn out as I have.' A quarter of an hour later Barnett also left, to his rooms at Mrs Buller's but this time on good terms with Kelly.

That evening Kelly went out drinking doing the rounds at a number of pubs. She was reported as being at the "Ten Bells', drinking with Elizabeth Foster, at the corner of Commercial Street and Church Street across the road from Christchurch Spitafields. A Dorset Street tailor named Maurice Lewis thought he saw Kelly at the 'Horn of Plenty" at number 5 Crispin Street drinking with Danny and Julia. At the "Britannia" on 87 Commercial Street at the corner of Dorset Street Kelly was possibly drinking as well.

At 11:45pm on Thursday the 8th, a prostitute widow named Mary Ann Cox who lived at 5 Miller's Court saw Kelly with a stranger in the court. The stranger and Mary were standing, talking outside Kelly's door. Kelly was wearing a linsey frock and a red knitted crossover shawl. The man was short and stout with a blotchy face. He seemed to be in his thirties and wore a short carroty moustache. His hat was a billycock and he had a long dark coat on. It was rather shabby looking. In his hand, he held a pale of beer. As Cox went past them to head to her room at number 5, at the far end of the court she said to Kelly, 'Good night, Mary Jane.' Kelly replied in a drunken manner, 'Good night. I'm going to have a song.' Kelly started to sing, as she and the man went into her room. The man silently closed the door behind them.

Friday November 9th was the feast day for Saint Theodore the patron saint of soldiers. He is the patron saint of soldiers. Saint Theodore was a Roman soldier who, after setting fire to a pagan temple, was imprisoned and tortured. While Saint Theodore was jailed, he saw visions. He died by martyrdom when he was thrown into a furnace. Saint Theodore is known as one of the three great 'soldier saint' of the East. Saint Theodore is said to have once battled with a dragon.

At midnight November 9 Cox left her room and saw that a light was on in Kelly's room but the shade was drawn. Cox could still hear Kelly faintly singing. Between 12:00 and 1:00am, several people who lived in the court heard Kelly singing. Catherine Pickett, who lived in the court was tempted to complain about the noise but decided not to. The song was a then popular but melancholy ballad, titled. "A Violet from My Mother's Grave." The lyrics were:

> *'Scenes of my childhood arise before my gaze,*
> *Bringing recollections of bygone happy days.*
> *When down in the meadow in childhood I would roam,*
> *No one's left to cheer me now within that good old home,*
> *Father and Mother, they have pass'd away;*
> *Sister and brother now lay beneath the clay,*
> *But while life does remain to cheer me, I'll retain*
> *This small violet I pluck'd from mother's grave.*
> *Chorus*
> *Only a violet I pluck'd when but a boy,*
> *And oft'time when I'm sad at heart this flow'r has giv'n me joy;*

So while life does remain in memoriam I'll retain,
This small violet I pluck'd from mother's grave.
Well I remember my dear old mother's smile,
As she used to greet me when I returned from toil,
Always knitting in the old arm chair,
Father used to sit and read for all us children there,
But now all is silent around the good old home;
They all have left me in sorrow here to roam,
But while life does remain, in memoriam I'll retain
This small violet I pluck'd from mother's grave.'

By 1:00am, Cox returned to the court and heard that Kelly was still singing. Five minutes later Cox left her room again while Kelly continued to sing.

A just after 1 o'clock another resident of Miller's Court, Elizabeth Prater, returned to her home at number 20. Her husband, William Prater, a machinist, had deserted her in 1883. Prater's room was directly above Kelly's and for a while after 1 am, she waited at the end of the archway next to the door of Kelly's room for a man who was sharing her room. The man did not arrive and during that time, Prater saw nothing suspicious. At 1:20am, Prater went off to McCarthy's Shop. When, five minutes later, Prater returned and went to her room upstairs, she saw that the lamplight from Kelly's room had been extinguished. By 1:30am, Prater went to bed and heard no singing from Kelly's room.

At 2:00am George Hutchinson, was walking along Commercial Street where he lived. Just as he reached Flower and Dean Street, he met Mary Kelly, whom he knew. Kelly was about to walk past him when she asked 'Will you lend me a sixpence?' Hutchinson said he could not and that he had spent all his money at Rumford Pub. Kelly then wished him good morning and said "I must go and find some money." She walked onward in the direction of Thrawl Street. Hutchinson stood for a moment watching her walk off into the darkness when he saw a man walk up to Kelly. The man tapped her on the shoulder and said something to her. They both began laughing. Kelly said all right to him and the man stated "You will be all right for what I have told you." He placed his right hand on her shoulder while he carried some kind of small parcel in his left. The parcel was wrapped in American cloth, with a kind of strap around it.

Lewis Hind, described Francis Thompson. 'on his back was slung the weather worn satchel.'

Hutchinson stood against the lamp outside of The Queen's Head pub, an establishment at 74 Commercial St, at the north corner of Commercial St & Fashion St. Hutchinson continued to watch Kelly and the man as they walked back up Commercial St. As they passed, the man put his head down with his hat over his eyes. Kelly turned around and began to walk toward Hutchinson's direction. Hutchinson stood under the lamppost outside the 'Queen's Head' pub at 74 Commercial Street and took a good look at the man. As the man approached, he turned his dark felt hat down in the middle over his eyes and lowered his head. Hutchinson saw this as an attempt by the man to hide his features. Hutchinson stooped down to look at the man's face and he saw the man sternly look back. The man appeared to be Jewish and respectably dressed with a long dark coat complete with bushy astrakhan collar and cuffs. Underneath he wore a dark jacket and trousers. He wore boots that had gaiters and white buttons. His waistcoat was light coloured and had a lined collar. From the waistcoat pocket hung a thick gold watch chain with a red-stone seal. Mounted on a black tie was a horseshoe pin. The man seemed to be in his mid-thirties and about 5 foot 6 inches. His complexion was pale but his hair was dark and so where his eyelashes. The man's moustache was slight and curled up at each end Hutchinson followed Kelly and the man as they walked into Dorset Street and to the entrance of Miller's Court. The man said something Kelly and she said to him. 'All right my dear. Come along and you'll be comfortable.' The man then placed an arm her shoulder and gave her a kiss. 'I seemed to have lost my handkerchief,' Kelly said. The man then pulled out a red one and gave it to her. Kelly and the man entered the court. Hutchinson followed them, but by the time he reached the passage into the court, he could no longer see them. He then waited to see if they would reappear.

At 2:25am a Laundress named Sarah Lewis, who lived at 24 Great Powell Street Spitafields was walking along Commercial. Mrs Lewis had just had an argument with her husband and was heading over to her friends the Keylers at their room at number two Miller's court until things settled.

On the Wednesday previous at 8 o'clock, Mrs Lewis was walking along Bethnal Green Road with another female when a gentleman passed. He turned and asked Mrs Lewis and her friend to follow him. They refused and the man walked on. Soon after, he came back and said that if they agreed to follow him he would treat them. He motioned to a passage and asked if they would accompany him there. Again, they refused. The women noticed that he carried a bag that was about a foot long. He saw their concerned expressions as they looked at it. The Gentleman then put the bag down asking of what they were frightened. Before they could manage an answer, he undid his brown long overcoat and reached underneath into the pocket of a short black. The women grew frightened and ran off. Mrs Lewis remembered him as being short and pale faced, with a black small moustache. He was about 40 years of age and was wearing a high round hat and pepper & salt trousers. On this Friday Morning as Mrs Lewis walked along Commercial Street near the Britannia pub at 87 Commercial Street she again saw the man. He was walking with a female Mrs Lewis did not recognise. He did not wear his brown overcoat but still carried the bag. Mrs Lewis again became frightened, but risked to looks at him. Once when she passed him and again just as she entered Dorset Street, but if the man recognised her he did not show it. As Mrs Lewis neared Miller's court, she saw a man standing opposite at the entrance of a lodging house in Dorset Street. The man was looking towards the court as if waiting for someone to come out. Probably this was Hutchinson who waiting for Kelly. Mrs Lewis described the man she saw opposite the court as of medium height, stout and wearing a black wideawake hat. Another young man and woman walked passed and Mrs Lewis then entered the court and went to the Keylers.

By.3:00 a.m. Hutchinson, who had been waiting to see what had become of Kelly, seeing that nobody had left the court gave up his vigil and returned home. At about this time Mrs Cox returned to her room and passing by Kelly's room saw that there was no light coming from it and that Kelly and could no longer be heard singing. Cox then went to bed though she was unable to fall sleep. Mrs Lewis, who was dozing in a chair, woke up at half past three. Around ten minutes later, Mrs Prater was woken by her cat Diddles and heard a faint voice cry, of "Oh, murder!" coming down from the court. At about 4 am Mrs Lewis heard a female voice shout once loudly 'Murder!' The sound seemed to come from the direction of Kelly's room, but Mrs Lewis took little notice of it. By 5 o'clock in the morning, Prater had woken up and Mrs Cox heard men heading off to work at Spitafields the market. By 5:30am, Prater left her room and saw that men were harnessing horses for a day's deliveries. She then went to the 'Ten Bells' for a morning drink and then went home and slept. At about 5:45 Cox heard footsteps going down the court. At 7:30am, Pickett went to Kelly's room in order to borrow something, but received no reply.

At 10:45am, the landlord McCarthy sent Thomas Bowyer to collect Kelly's rent. There was no reply at the door. Bowyer pulled back the coat that shielded the broken window and looking through saw, on the bed, a body covered in blood. He pulled back in shock and horror and disbelieving what he had first seen he looked again and then departed for McCarthy's shop. At 10:50am, he arrived at McCarthy's and told him what he had found. The landlord accompanied Boyer back to Miller's Court and looked through the small window. Seeing too the horrible sight of Kelly's mutilated body, he and Boyer headed to Commercial Street Police Station. When they arrived five minutes later, they found that Inspector Walter Beck, aged 36, was on duty and immediately he was told of Miller's Court. The Inspector sent an officer to call for Dr Phillips to meet up with him at the Court and then him and several officers returned with the Landlord and Pensioner Boyer.

Upon arriving Chief Constable Walter Dew, who defied orders from his superior, Inspector Beck of: 'For God's sake, Dew, Don't look.' looked through the window, of Mary's room and later wrote:

> *'the mental picture of that sight which remains most vividly with me is the poor woman's eyes. They were wide open and seemed to be staring straight at me with a look of terror.'*

Francis Thompson's 1895 poem the "Mistress of Vision":

'But woe's me and woe's me,
For the secrets of her eyes!
In my visions Fearfully
They are ever shown to be
As fringed pools, whereof lies
Pallid-dark beneath the skies
Of a night that is
But one blear necropolis.
...
All things by immortal power
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linked are,
That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star...
And as a necromancer
Raises from the rose-ash
The ghost so made answer
To her voice's silver plash,-
Stirred in reddening flash,
And from out its mortal ruins
The puerperal phantom Blows' *puerperal-Child Birth*

Beck had the court sealed off and ordered his men make an immediate search of the rooms, but no clues were found. At 11:15am, Dr Phillips arrived and he too peeked through the window. Phillips quickly determined the Kelly was not alive. He tried the door but found it locked. Having been informed that the Police were considering using bloodhounds to track the murderer; he thought it better to wait their possible arrival and not disturb the scene. A quarter of an hour later Inspector Abberline arrived and five minutes later Superintendent Arnold. The Superintendent told the waiting officers that the dogs could not be relied upon to show up.

At 1:30pm, Superintendent Arnold ordered McCarthy to force open the door. Not having a spare key and apparently unaware that unlatching the door from the inside with a hand through the window could open it, he broke it down with an axe. As the door flew open, it struck the small bedside table. When the officers entered, they saw that the partition had been splashed with blood. Kelly's face was slashed repeatedly; her ears, nose and breasts were sliced off. Her stomach was ripped open where her heart, kidneys, liver & uterus were severed. In November 1889, Inspector Henry Moore reprised the sight to Davis the Philadelphia reporter:

> *'He cut the skeleton so clean of flesh that when I got here I could hardly tell whether it was a man or a woman. He hung the different parts of the body on nails and over the backs of chairs.'*

Although the fireplace, in Mary's room, still contained the embers of a fire, a candle nearest the body had not been lit. Coroner Roderick was told that the heat generated in the fireplace was of such unusual intensity that the spout & handle of a nearby tin kettle melted. The police reported that the fire also contained the remains of woman's clothing that included part of a hat brim. These clothes were not known to be that of Mary Kelly's.

Photographs were taken of the victim before Dr Phillips made a preliminary examination of the body. These now old photos although grainy and monochrome convey something of the full horror of the scene and leave an impression on the viewer that can never be erased. The doctor saw that the body lay in the middle of the bed and apart from a thin chemise was naked. The shoulders lay flat, but the body leaned toward the left side of the bed. The head was turned toward the left shoulder, facing the windows. The right arm lay across the body with the right hand in the abdominal cavity. The left arm was partly removed from the body, resting on the bed and bent at the elbow and the fingers were clenched. The legs were spread apart with the left leg lying flat on the bed and due to the leaning of the

body, the right leg slightly raised,. The thighs were stripped of flesh; the abdomen was removed and the abdominal cavity was empty; the breasts were cut off; arms were mutilated. The face was removed and a crumpled bed sheet showed blood marks that suggested it had been used to smother her. The neck was severed down to the spine; left femur split from the hips downward, exposing the narrow cavity. The uterus, kidneys and one breast were placed under the head; The other breast was by the right foot; The liver was placed between the feet; Intestines lay by the right side of the body; Flesh removed from the abdomen and thighs were placed on the table; The heart was absent from the room. The bedding and the right corner of the bed were saturated with blood; about two square feet of blood was below the bed. The partition wall right of the bed had several splashing of blood. Mary Kelly's De-facto, Joseph Barnett, would tell the inquest that all that was left for him to identify, apart from her eyes, were her ears.

The November 1888 edition of the "Merry England" contained Thompson's "Bunyan in the Light of Modern Criticism". In his small essay, Thompson gave advice to his readers:

> *'He had better seek some critic who will lay his subject on the table, nick out every muscle of expression with light, cool, fastidious scalpel and then call on him to admire the "neat dissection"'*

At 3:50pm, Kelly's body was taken to Shoreditch Mortuary. In the meantime, the immediate residents, of and around Miller's Court, numbering around 300, were kept for questioning. The police suspected that the killer might have had a key to her lodging room. The Queen spoke to Sir Charles Warren, by phone, discussing the case. She was informed that Sir Warren had handed in his resignation. Meetings at number 10 Downing Street were rescheduled to decide on what was to be done.

November 9 is traditionally Lord Mayors Day whose highlight is a grand parade through London. On hearing about the double murder, medical students, already fired up in celebrating the Lords Mayors Parade, took to the streets and raced passed bewildered officers whom had their police caps knocked off. Crowds had already gathered to view the newly appointed Lord Mayor, the Right Honourable James Whitehead, a millionaire merchant from Bradford, ride pass. As news of Mary Kelly's murder rippled throughout the throng, hundreds raced towards Miller's Court. The police responded by erecting barricades upon streets leading to the crime scene. A diminished crowd gave cheer to the Mayor as he made his way to his formal investure at the Guildhall Library, which lay less than a mile from the murder scene, where guests awaited. For the 3,000, of the poorest, of London's children, who gathered in the Mile End Road's Great Assembly hall, the festivities were in the form of a free meal. The after dinner entertainment ended with a magic lantern show and a concert by the 'Crusaders' Temperance Band'.

This Guildhall library was the same that Thompson would visit whilst homeless until after complaints he was barred from entering by the police. Thompson's essay "Paganism Old and New", that he submitted by post to the "Merry England" in 1887 reads in part:

> *'Paganism as a natural religion...the theatre unroofed to the smokeless sky...contrast the condition of to-day. The cold formalities of a Lord Mayor's Show..."The fool," says Blake in a most pregnant aphorism, "The fool sees not the same tree as a wise man sees"...the most lovely and important feature in woman- the eye. This may have some connection with their apparent deadness to colour...to paint and perfume with the illusion of life a corpse...dead songs on dead themes...everything most polished...Vice carefully drained out of sight....a most shining Paganism indeed - as putrescence also shines.'*

Inspector Dew ended his surmise upon the Ripper case in part:

> *'I was on the spot, actively engaged throughout the whole series of crimes. I ought to know something about it. Yet I have to confess I am as mystified now as I was then by the man's amazing elusiveness. England had never known anything like it before; I pray she never will again.'*

On Saturday the 10th of November, a team of doctors at Shoreditch Mortuary assembled around the body of Mary Kelly and tried to reconstruct the body. The operation and post-mortem took six hours. It began at 7:30am, present were Dr Phillips, his assistant, Doctor Thomas Bond, a police surgeon from A-division, Dr Brown and Dr Dukes of Spitalfields. Dr Phillips noted that the face was cut in all directions. There were numerous cuts across all the features. The skin around the cuts showed distinct blue and black discolouration due to blood. The breasts were removed by quasi-circular incisions and; associated muscles were attached to the breasts. The thorax of the throat was visible through the cuts. The skin & tissues of the abdomen from the costal arch to the pubes were removed in three large flaps. The right thigh was denuded in front to the bone, the flap of skin, including the external organs of generation & part of the right buttock. The left thigh was stripped of skin, fascia & muscles as far as the knee. The left calf had a long incision running from the knee to 5 inches above the ankle. Both arms and forearms had extensive jagged wounds. The right thumb had a one-inch superficial cut. There were specks of the blood in the skin and several abrasions on the back of the hand. The lower part of the right lung was broken and torn away. The left lung was intact. The pericardium was open and the heart absent. In the abdominal cavity was some partially digested food of fish & potatoes & similar food was found in the remains of the stomach attached to the intestines. Although Kelly was thought to be pregnant, the foetus was not recorded as having been found. Forensic tests were made beginning with the police photographing Mary's eyes. This was done by pulling the eye from its socket, placing a lamp behind it and taking a series of photos whilst electrocuting it. Photography was still in its infancy and a popular belief at the times was that the eyes, similar in design to a camera, could possibly capture the last image a person saw before death. Dr. Phillips, who had performed Mary Kelly's post-mortem, wrote in his inquest report:

> *'I think he must be in the habit of wearing a cloak or overcoat or he could hardly have escaped notice in the streets if the blood on his hands or clothes were visible...He is possibly living among respectable persons who have some knowledge of his character and habits and who may have grounds for suspicion that he isn't quite right in his mind at times. Such persons would probably be unwilling to communicate suspicions to the Police for fear of trouble or notoriety.'*

Sarath Kumar Ghosh a one time fellow lodger gave a description of Francis Thompson in his Indian romance ‘The Prince of Destiny’:

> *'He was of medium height, but very slight of frame, which made him taller than he really was. His cheeks were so sunken as to give undue prominence to a little gray beard that was pointed at the end but otherwise untrimmed. It was his garb that was against him and in violent contrast to the traditional smartness of City men. His trousers were dark far too dark for summer, frayed at the ends, spotted with tallow [candle wax] marks. His coat was gray-and did not match his trousers-stained with tea leaves. The greatest incongongruity was that he wore an ulster though the heat was great. It had been originally brown in colour, but was of several different hues in patches.'*

On the same day as Kelly's Post-mortem James Monro, of the Detective Service was appointed to take over Sir Warren's role as Police Commissioner. Monro was born in 1838 in Edinburgh the son of George Monro. After receiving a university education in Edinburgh and Berlin in 1857, he entered the Indian Civil Service where he was Assistant Magistrate and Collector. Monro married in 1863 and in 1877 he became first a District Judge and later the Inspector-General of the Police in Bengal. In 1883, he was appointed Commissioner of the Bombay's Presidency Division. Monro then resigned his post in 1884 and returned to England to the position of Assistant Commissioner Metropolitan Police's CID. In August of 1888, he resigned after coming into conflict with Sir Warren when the Commissioner stopped the appointment of Melville Macnaghten. Monro and Macnaghten had been firm friends since 1881 when he helped Macnaghten after natives in India assaulted him. The Home Secretary Mathews instead had Monro appointed Head of the Detective Service until he replaced Warren. With many people, including Dr Phillips', strongly urging Henry Matthews offered a pardon the following was issued on November 10th:

> *'MURDER,- PARDON,- Whereas on November 8 or 9, in Miller-Court, Dorset-St, Spitalfields, Mary Janet Kelly was murdered by some person or persons unknown : The Secretary of State will advise the grant of her Majesty's gracious pardon to any accomplice not being a person*

who contrived or actually committed the murder, who shall give such information and evidence as shall lead to the discovery and conviction of the person or persons who committed the murder.'

Queen Victoria followed events in Whitechapel. After the murder of Mary Kelly, the Queen wrote to the Marquis of Salisbury:

'This new and most ghastly murder shows some very decided action. All these courts must be lit, & our detectives improved. They are not what they should be. You promised, when the 1st murders took place to consult with your colleagues about it.'

The Marquis replied on November 11:

'Sir Warren has resigned before the murder, because his attention had been drawn to a regulation of the Home Office forbidding writing to the news papers on the business of the Department while on leave. His resignation has been accepted. This horrid murder was committed in a room. No additional lighting could of prevented it.' On the 13th the Queen relayed in continuing correspondence: 'The Queen has received with sincere regret Mr Mathew's letter of the 10th in which he reports the resignation of Sir Charles Warren...Still the Queen thinks that in the small area where these horrible crimes have been perpetrated a great number of detectives might be employed that every possible suggestion might be carefully examined and if practicable followed.'

Sir Warren's resignation dwelled on the Ripper when he wrote:

'The failure of the police, so far, to detect the person guilty of the Whitechapel murders is due, not to any new organisation in the department, but to the extraordinary cunning and secrecy which characterize the commission of the crimes.'

Sir Charles Warren had failed to capture the Ripper, a maniac who with a knife in a quarter square mile went on murder spree lasting four month's and effectively undermined the government and brought fear to a city. In a strange twist, Warren would relive another tragedy in a quarter square mile. (See Appendix 2. Warren & Spion Kop)

On November the 12th, Coroner Roderick MacDonald presided over the inquest of Mary Kelly. It was held at Shoreditch Town Hall. Of the witnesses called there included, Mrs Caroline Maxwell, the wife of a Dorset Street Lodging House Deputy. Mrs Maxwell told, Coroner MacDonald, that. That she had last seen Mary Kelly at 08:00 am, on the morning of November 9. Maxwell, who lived at number 14 Miller's Court, had gone to purchase goods at a nearby chandlers shop. Mrs Maxwell said she saw Kelly standing at the corner of the court. Kelly wore a green bodice, dark skirt and a maroon crossover shawl. Kelly said that 'the horrors of drink' were upon her and that she had just thrown up. 'I pity your feelings,' said Maxwell. She thought Mary might be suffering morning sickness and suggested that she go to the pub for a drink. Mary refused and returned to her room. Mrs Maxwell claimed to have seen Kelly again, between 9 and 9:30am, outside The Britannia. Mrs Maxwell said she saw Kelly talking to a stout man who wore dark clothes and a plaid coat. It was the coroner's belief that Mary Kelly had been dead several hours before Mrs Maxwell said she had spoken to her. Inspector Walter Dew knew Mrs Maxwell as: ‘a sane sensible woman,’ and said that ‘her reputation was excellent’. Reports of Kelly being sighted long after she was believed murdered were not confined to that of Mrs Maxwell's. Maurice Lewis, the Dorset Street tailor, claimed to have seen Kelly in The Britannia at 10:00am on the morning of November 9th. McDonald's inquest of Mary Kelly began and concluded in one day's sitting. The foreman's verdict for the jury was. 'Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.'

"The Times" wrote on November 13:

> *'In this, as in other crimes of the same character, ordinary motives are out of the question. No hope of plunder could have induced the murderer to kill one who, it is clear, was reduced to such extremity of want that she thought of destroying herself. The body bore the marks of the frenzy and fury, which characterised the previous murders. An appetite for blood, a love of carnage for itself, could only explain what has been done. And there are some indications of dexterity if not anatomical skill, such as would be possessed only by one accustomed to handling a knife.'*

On Monday November the 19th, Mary Jeanette Kelly was buried at St Patrick's Roman Catholic Cemetery, Leytonstone. Although no family members were present, there were 7,000 mourners who attendant. The place had become so crowded that extra people were barred from entering. The coffin had engraved on a copper plaque: "Marie Jeanette Kelly, died 9th Nov., 1888, aged 25 years." Upon its polished lid of elm lay two crowns of artificial flowers and a cross. It was conveyed to the cemetery by an open car drawn by two horses and two coaches from the Shoreditch mortuary situated in the churchyard of St Leonard's Church. The six-mile journey had been difficult with avenues such as Hackney-road, partially blocked by road traffic and hundreds of onlookers that escorted the coaches. "God forgive her!" was the cry of was the cry of near hysterical mourners who had to be held back by police as the struggled to touch the coffin as it was born by four attendants to the burial pit. Men doffed their hats and people's faces were streaked with tears. Reverend Father Columban, two acolytes, and a cross-bearer, met the coffin at the chapel. They carried it to the northeast corner of the graveyard and after a simple ceremony in which incense was burned the coffin was lowered and floral tributes placed. In 1892, four years after the murder of Mary Kelly, the police closed the Whitechapel murder case declaring it as unsolved. It would not be until 1986 that a gentleman named John Morrison erected a headstone above the previously unmarked grave.

Chapter Six
Francis Thompson, Confessions at Midnight.

Over a year after Francis Thompson had sent his submission to the "Merry England' which had been shelved, Wilfrid Meynell, deciding to have a bonfire, took Thompson's now dusty parcel and opened it. Before consigning it to the flame's the editor, first as a joke, proceeded to read aloud Thompson's the 'Passion of Mary'. The poem had been written on Sunday September 19 1885. Thompson wrote the poem on the night of the sermon given by Fr. Richardson, the brother of his future stepmother, in St Mary's church, Ashton-under-Lyne. Part of the poem tells:

'O Lady Mary, thy bright crown
Is no mere crown of majesty;
For with the reflex of His own
Resplendent thorns Christ circled thee.
...
On the hard cross of hope deferred

Thou hung'st in loving agony,
Until the mortal-dreaded word
Which chills our mirth, spake mirth to thee.
The angel Death from this cold tomb
Of life did roll the stone away:
And he thou barest in thy womb
Caught thee at last into day,
Before the living throne of Whom
The Lights of Heaven burning pray.'

'The red rose of this Passion-tide
Doth take a deeper hue from thee,
In the five wounds of Jesus dyed,
And in thy bleeding thoughts, Mary...
O thou who dwellest in the day!
Behold, I pace amidst the gloom:
Darkness is ever round my way
With little space for sunbeam-room!'

Wilfrid Meynell sent a letter to Thompson's Charing Cross post box. His letter would be returned in September as undelivered. Meynell's April edition of the Merry England contained Thompson's 'Passion of Mary'. On April 14 1888, Francis Thompson wrote to Meynell:

'Dear Sir-...I forwarded to you for your magazine a prose article...and accompanied it by some of the verse...To be brief, from that day to this, no answer has ever come into my hands...I am now informed that one of the copies of verse...is appearing in this months issue...I have no doubt that your explanation, when I receive it, will be entirely satisfactory to me.'

Thompson gave his postal address as a chemist in Drury Lane. Wilfrid approached the chemist and was told that the poet still owed money for his previous purchases of opium. Wilfrid paid Thompson's debts and asked the chemist to direct Thompson to contact him at his 'Merry England' office. When, a month later, Thompson failed to respond, Wilfrid Meynell continued to publish Thompson's poems with 'Dream Tryst' in May and his Paganism essay in June.

The husband and wife editors of the 'Merry England' maintained that sometime in September Wilfrid, born William Francis and Alice Meynell, born Alice Thompson, rescued Francis Thompson. Wilfrid Meynell told how he first met Thompson's first meeting at his office:

> *'When he came into the room, he half opened the door and then retreated and did so twice before he got the courage to come inside. He was in rags, his feet, without stockings, showing through his boots, his coat torn, and no shirt. He seemed in the last stages of physical collapse. I asked him how, being in such a condition, he had been able to consult the books out of which he gathered the quotations for his essay. He answered: "Books I have none, but Blake and the Bible." All the quotations had been made from memory.'*

While Francis Thompson was a vagrant he formed a friendship with a prostitute. Upon hearing of the publication of his poem in the 'Merry England', Thompson returned to the streets to seek her out. Contemporaries described him, at this time as appearing: 'like a sleep-walking ghost, dazed shining eyes and scarecrow figure.' Everard Meynell detailed the final conversation, between Thompson and his secret admirer and her growing resemblance to his late mother and his sister Helen who died in infancy:

> *'After his first interview with my father he had taken her his news "They will not understand our friendship." She said and then, "I always knew you were a genius." And so she strangled the opportunity; she killed again the child, the sister; the mother had come to life within her.'*

A few days later, he returned to discuss future contributions for the merry England, and then a little later he dined at Upper Phillimore Place where he met Alice Meynell. The two men talked until ten when Thompson had to leave explaining that he was obliged to make a ten pence by calling cabs for theatre goers and selling matches at Charing cross. Wilfrid told Thompson encouragingly he could make money purely by writing but Thompson told that he was seeking his prostitute friend who had disappeared the next day from her usual location on the Strand after he told her of his publication and she had changed her Chelsea lodgings.

Opium, which Thompson had a ten year addiction, contains over twenty alkaloids with morphine making up ten to twenty percent of its mass. Morphine is highly addictive and tolerance builds up quickly. Morphine can also cause respiratory problems, nausea and vomiting. It is from opium that heroin is synthesised. A latter notebook, of Thompson's, had him record that he would take ten bottles per week, his highest dose, being three bottles, taken on Sundays. One affect of abrupt withdrawal is known as hyperaesthesia. This is when the former addict's senses become highly receptive. Noises become intensified and even the skin becomes sensitive to touch. Other symptoms attributed to abrupt withdrawal are an increased sex drive, nightmares and hallucinations of smell and disturbances of vision. Opium usage has been known to stimulate the imagination but inhibit sexual desire. In withdrawing from long-term opium use, physical symptoms can last for a week with mental symptoms lasting indefinitely. Francis Thompson summarised the emotional conflict between drugs and creativity in his 'Essay on the addicted poets' published in 1903:

> *'They had exchanged, as it were, stores of human lifeblood for strange and artistic vibrations, fashioned from those poisoned dreams, masterpieces of form, permanent manifestations of what they had purchased from art at the expense of life...Yet none could have regretted their strange barter.'*

Thompson again visited Wilfrid Meynell 'many days later'. Thompson claimed that in December 1888 he accepted that the unnamed prostitute he had searched for could not be found. Of this woman he wrote 'Not Even In Dream' in December, of 1888. Thompson's poem was published in the “Merry England”.

'This love is crueler than the other love:
We had the Dreams for Tryst, we other pair,
But here there is no we;-not anywhere
...
One shadow but usurps another's place:
And, though this shadow more enthralling is,
Alas, it hath no lips at all to miss!
I have not even that former poignant bliss,
That haunting sweetness, that forlorn sad trace,
The phantom memory of a vanished kiss.'

Wilfrid assured that he placed Thompson in a private hospital. Meynell dressed Thompson in a new suit and sent him to a physician to be examined. This was said to be due to physical exhaustion. Thompson's stay was considered to have spanned a time of between six to twelve weeks. The dates of his admittance, or release, the name of the attending doctor and the name of the hospital remain unknown. The time of Thompson's hospitalisation was stated, in 1893, in the “Merry England”, to be two or three months making it sometime, in December, that Thompson was released. Thompson's hospitalisation was not mentioned in Everard Meynell's biography. A pencilled note, by Wilfrid Meynell, in a copy, housed at Boston College, states: 'Six week's My Son!'

In January 1889, the Meynells sent Thompson to a Franciscan priory in Storrington. This is a small town in the Horsham District of West Sussex. The Priory of our Lady of England, in Storrington was a Franciscan Priory from which women were barred. The monks spoke French, a language in which Thompson was fluent. A Saint Bernard, that patrolled the yard, attacked the poet. The writer Coventry Patmore's son noted that, the author of the “Hound of Heaven,” displayed a ‘peculiar fear of dogs.’ Thompson was given a room, on the top floor, where he began to write discussions, on poetry for Wilfrid Meynell and once more take up opium. In February 1889, Thompson wrote to Wilfrid Meynell with a request:

'Dear Mr Meynell...Can you send me a razor?...Any kind of razor would do for me; I have shaved with a dissecting scalpel before now...I would solve the difficulty by not shaving at all., if it were possible for me to grow a beard, but repeated experiment has convinced me that the only result of such action is to make me look like an escaped convict.'

Thompson, in July 1889, published his poem "Non Pax-Expectatio;" or 'A pause in Battle' within the poem are these words:

'Hush! 'tis the gap between two lightning's...
Behold I hardly know if I outlast
The minute underneath whose heel I lie;
Yet I endure, have stayed the minute passed,...
Who knows, who knows?'

Francis Thompson's only published tale was written in autumn 1889. His short story, which is called "Finis Coronat Opus" or the 'End Crowning Work', is set in a once upon future kingdom during autumn. It is narrated by a poet, named Florentian who wants to crowned the city's chief poet and holds a pagan sacrifice. Part of Thompson's story tells:

> *'Up and down this apartment Florentian paced for long, his countenance expressive of inward struggle, till his gaze fell upon the. Figure of Virgil. His face grew hard; with an air of sudden decision he began to act. Taking from its place the crucifix he threw it on the ground; taking from its pedestal the head he set it on the altar; and it seemed to Florentian as if he reared therewith a demon on the altar of his heart, round which also coiled burning serpents. He sprinkled in the flame that burned before the head, some drops from a vial; he wounded his arm and moistened from the wound the idol's tongue and stepping back he set foot upon the prostrate cross .A darkness rose like a fountain from the altar and curled down-ward through the room as wine through water, until every light was obliterated....*
> *[Entity]:*
> *"Knowest thou me; what I am?"*
> *[Florentian]*
> *"My deity and my slave!"*
> *[Entity]*
> *"Scarce high enough for thy deity, too high for thy slave, I am pain exceeding great and the desolation that is the heart of all things...I am terror without beauty and force without strength and sin without delight, I beat my wings against the cope of Eternity, as thou thine against the window of Time. Thou knowest me not but I know thee, Florentian...thou must be baptised in blood not thine own!"*
> *[Florentian]*
> *"Any way but one way!"*
> *[Entity]*
> *"One way: no other way...Thou must renounce her or me...Render me her body for my temple and I render thee my spirit to inhabit it. This supreme price thou must pay for thy supreme wish. I ask not her soul. Give that to the God Whom she serves, give her body to me whom thou servest. Why hesitate? It is too late to hesitate, for the time is at hand to act. "*
> *[Florentian]*
> *"I consent!"...If confession indeed give ease, I who am deprived of all other confession, may yet find some appeasement in confessing to this paper. With the scourge of inexorable recollection I will tear open my scars. With the cuts of pitiless analysis I make the post-mortem examen of my crime...*
>
> *I sped by, the stars in rainy pools leaped up and went out, too, as if both worm and star were quenched by the shadow of my passing, until I stopped exhausted on the bridge, and looked down into the river. How dark it ran, how deep, how pauseless; how unruffled by a memory of its ancestral hills! Wisely unruffled, perchance. When it first danced down from its native source, did it, not predestine all the issues of its current, every darkness through which it should flow, every bough which it should break, every leaf which it should whirl down- in its way-? Could it, if it would, revoke its waters, and run upward to the holy hills?*

It was close on midnight and I felt her only... The lamp had fallen from my band and I dared not relume it. I even placed myself between her and the light of the altar I reared my arm; I shook; I faltered. At that moment, with a deadly voice the accomplice-hour gave forth its sinister command. I swear I struck not the first blow. Some violence seized my hand and drove the poniard down. Whereat she cried; and I, frenzied, dreading detection, dreading above all her awakening, - I struck again and again she cried; and yet again and yet gain she cried. Then her eyes opened. I saw them open, through the gloom I saw them; through the gloom they were revealed to me, that I might see them to my hour of death. An awful recognition, an unspeakable consciousness grew slowly into them. Motionless with horror they were fixed on mine; motionless with horror mine were fixed on them. How long had I seen them? I saw them still. There was a buzzing in my brain as if a bell had ceased to toll...Strange, that no one has taken me, me for such long hours shackled in a gaze! It is night again, is it not? Nay, I remember, I have swooned; what now stirs me from my stupor? Light; the guilty gloom is shuddering at the first sick rays of day. Light? Not that, not that; anything but that. Ah! the horrible traitorous light, that will denounce me to myself, that will unshroud to me my dead, that will show me all the monstrous fact. I swooned indeed.

I know you and myself. I have what I have. I work for the present.

Now, relief unspeakable! that vindictive sleuth-hound of my sin has at last lagged from the trail; I have had a year of respite, of release from all torments but those native to my breast; in four days I shall receive the solemn gift of what I already virtually hold; and now, surely, I exult in fruition. Later in the same day. A strange thing has happened to me-if I ought not rather to write a strange nothing. After laying down my pen, I rose and went to the window. I felt the need of some distraction, of escaping from myself. The day, a day in the late autumn, a day of keen winds but bright sunshine, tempted me out so, putting on cap and mantle, I sallied into the country...I chose a sheltered lane, whose hedge-rows, little visited by the gust, still retained much verdure; and I walked along, gazing with a sense of physical refreshment at the now rare green. As my eyes so wandered, while the mind for a time let slip its care, they were casually caught by the somewhat peculiar trace which a leaf-eating caterpillar had left on one of the leaves. I carelessly outstretched my hand, plucked from the hedge the leaf, and examined it as I strolled. The marking-a large marking which traversed the greater part of the surface -took the shape of a rude but distinct figure, the figure 3. Such a circumstance, thought I, might by a superstitious man be given a personal application; and I fell idly to speculating how it might be applied to myself. Curious!-I stirred uneasily; I felt my cheek pale, and a chill which was not from the weather creep through me. Three years since that; three strokes-three cries-three tolls of the bell-three lines on my brow-three white hairs in my bead! I laughed: but the laugh rang false. Then I said, 'Childishness,' threw the leaf away, walked on, hesitated, walked back, picked it up, walked on again, looked at it again. Then, finding I could not laugh myself out of the fancy, I began to reason myself out of it. Even were a supernatural warning probable, a warning refers not to the past but to the future. This referred only to the past, it told me only what I knew already. Could it refer to the future? To the bestowal of the laurel? No; that was four days hence, and on the same day was the anniversary of what I feared to name, even in thought. Suddenly I stood still, stabbed to the heart by an idea. I was wrong. The enlaurelling had been postponed to a year from the day on which my supposed affliction was discovered. Now this, although it took place on the day of terrible anniversary, was not known till the day ensuing~ Consequently, though it wanted four days to the bestowal of the laurel, it lacked but three days to the date of my crime. The chain of coincidence was complete. I dropped the leaf as if it had death in it, and strove to evade, by rapid motion and thinking of other things, the idea which appalled me. But, as a man walking in a mist circles continually to the point from which he started, so, in whatever direction I turned the footsteps of my mind, they wandered back to that unabandonable thought. I returned trembling to the house.

What crime can be interred so cunningly, but it will toss in its grave, and tumble the sleeked earth above it? Or some hidden witness may have beheld me, or the prudently-kept imprudence of this writing may have encountered some unsuspected eyes In any case the issue is the same; the hour which struck down her will also strike down me: I shall perish on the scaffold or at the stake,...I can fly no farther, I fall exhausted, the fanged hour fastens on my

throat: they will break into the room, my guilt will burst its grave and point at me; I shall be seized, I shall be condemned, I shall be executed;.. I am at watch, wide-eyed, vigilant, alert...I am all a waiting and a fear...At half-past two. Midnight is stricken, and I am unstricken. Guilt, indeed, makes babies of the wisest. Nothing happened; absolutely nothing.

Of course it is nothing; a mere coincidence that is all. Yes.; a mere coincidence, perhaps if it had been one coincidence. But when it is seven coincidences! It may be a coincidence; but it is a coincidence at my marrow sets. I will write no further till the day comes...I serve a master who is the prince of cowards and can fight only from ambush. I do not repent, it is a thing for inconsequent weaklings...To shake a tree and then not gather fruit- a fools act...What a slave of fancy was I! Excellent fool....'

Thompson also in 1889, for the "Merry England", wrote a short essay called “Literary Coincidence.” On the subject of ‘coincidence’, we find similarities in Thompson's short story and Everard Meynell's description of Thompson's state of delirium while on the London streets. When the passage in Meynell's book is compared with Thompson's we find that Meynell's metaphors match key points in Thompson's murder story. In light of what we know of the Ripper murders this similarity is chilling:

'The time came when he had no lodging; when the nights were an agony of prevented sleep, and the days 'long blanks of half-warmth and half-ease. After seven nights and days of this kind he is deep immersed in insensibility. Pain, its own narcotic, throbs to painlessness. Touch and sight and hearing are brokenly and dimly experienced, save when some unknown touch switches on the lights of full consciousness. Sensation is still painful, but disjointedly, impotently. He sees things pass as silently as the figures on a cinematograph screen; one set of nerves, out of time and on another plane, respond to things heard. The boys now running at one end of the alley, in front of him, are behind him the next, and their cries seem to come from any quarter and at random. Is it that they move too quickly for him or that he unknowingly is wheeling about in his walk, or that London herself spins round him? For hours he has stood in one place, or paced one patch of pavement...It seems dreadfully perilous to move beyond them and he sways within their territory as if they edged a precipice. And now he knows not how or why, his weakness has passed and he is drifting along the streets, not wearily but with dreadful ease, with no hope of having resolution to halt. Time matters little to him as the names of the streets and the faces of the clocks present, to his thinking, not pictures of time and motion, but stationary, dead countenances. Noting that the hands of one have moved, he wonders at it only because its view of the passage of time is so laughably at variance with his own. The street-names, too, deceived him; they were unfamiliar in most familiar places; or they showed well-known names on impossible corners. He seemed to be spinning, like a falling leaf, and tossed by unseen winds of direction’.

It must be remembered that Meynell working on his biography. His book went through five editions and was subject to minute editing with an exactness one might expect exhibited in a Swiss watch or an intricate wooden puzzle box. This care for detail by Everard Meynell on the contents of his biography took thirteen painstaking years up until his death. The passage from Meynell's book highlighted here runs at just over three hundred and twenty words. When compared to Thompson's story the connections become pronounced. For example Meynell uses the turning on of a light switch to as a metaphor for Thompson's sensory state in relation to his mental state. 'Touch and sight and hearing are brokenly and dimly experienced, save when some unknown touch switches on the lights of full consciousness.' While Thompson also writes about light as illuminating his awareness but that awareness is the realisation of his guilty deeds as he awakens from a feint. 'It is night again, is it not? Nay, I remember, I have swooned; what now stirs me from my stupor? Light; the guilty gloom is shuddering at the first sick rays of day. Light? Not that, not that; anything but that. Ah! the horrible traitorous light, that will denounce me to myself, that will unshroud to me my dead, that will show me all the monstrous fact. I swooned indeed.'

Meynell writes of Thompson's paralysis of fear and his trepidation to act, trapped as it were. 'For hours he has stood in one place, or paced one patch of pavement' Thompson's 'hero' also paces back and forth as he wrestles with his decision to commit murder. 'Up and down this apartment Florentian paced for long, his countenance expressive of inward struggle'

Meynell tells that Thompson finally resolved to act: 'his weakness has passed' Thompson describes how Florentian discards his reservation and begins his crime. 'His face grew hard; with an air of sudden decision he began to act'

When telling how Thompson is transported from where he makes his mind to act Meynell uses the metaphor of an article being carried along the streets as if carried by a current of water. 'and he is drifting along the streets,' Thompson also uses water, as an analogy for how the Florentian's past was simply premeditation to the crime. ‘I stopped exhausted on the bridge, and looked down into the river. How dark it ran, how deep, how pauseless; how unruffled by a memory of its ancestral hills! Wisely unruffled, perchance. When it first danced down from its native source, did it, not predestine all the issues of its current, every darkness through which it should flow,’

Meynell used foreboding imagery when writing of how to Thompson concept of time becomes distorted, how is own actions and that of the physical world lose their temporal connection. Meynell uses the faces of clocks to illustrate this by describing them as inanimate objects as if they were the faces of corpses. Meynell goes further by contrasting the hands of these clock faces and Thompson's own hands, and how one moves and the other does not leaving Thompson bewildered. ‘Time matters little to him.. and the faces of the clocks present, to his thinking, not pictures of time and motion, but stationary, dead countenances. Noting that the hands of one have moved, he wonders at it only because its view of the passage of time is so laughably at variance with his own.’ This conflict when one hand seems to move without consciousness of the perceiver is portrayed in Thompson's story, only in this case it is as the time nears midnight and hand that moves holds a dagger that plunges into flesh of his victim and her face flickers towards death. The result- Florentian’s perception of the meaning of time disintegrates. ‘It was close on midnight ...I reared my arm; I shook; I faltered. At that moment, with a deadly voice the accomplice-hour gave forth its sinister command. I swear I struck not the first blow. Some violence seized my hand and drove the poniard down... Then her eyes opened. I saw them; through the gloom they were revealed to me, that I might see them to my hour of death. An awful recognition, an unspeakable consciousness grew slowly into them. Motionless with horror they were fixed on mine; motionless with horror mine were fixed on them. How long had I seen them? I saw them still.’

Autumn was the season when Thompson fell into delirium so it is apt that Meynell would use the falling leaf as an apt metaphor for Thompson as he spiralled out of control and directionless. ‘He seemed to be spinning, like a falling leaf, and tossed by unseen winds of direction’. Thompson's short story is also set in Autumn and the image of a leaf is also detailed but in this case it is employed as a psychological trigger that sends the murderer in circles. 'a day of keen winds...I chose a sheltered lane, whose hedge-rows, little visited by the gust, As my eyes so wandered, while the mind for a time let slip its care, they were casually caught by the somewhat peculiar trace which a leaf-eating caterpillar had left on one of the leaves. I carelessly outstretched my hand, plucked from the hedge the leaf, and examined it...a large marking...took the shape of...the figure 3...Then I said, 'Childishness,' threw the leaf away, walked on, hesitated, walked back, picked it up, walked on again, looked at it again....I dropped the leaf as if it had death in it, and strove to evade, ...But, as a man walking in a mist circles continually to the point from which he started, so, in whatever direction I turned the footsteps of my mind, they wandered back to that unabandonable thought.'

Now it might be said that although this may all be very interesting. This comparison between two texts, one of Thompson on the streets and of his own murder story, might all be coincidence. Can it seriously be considered as a sign of any true guilt from on Thompson's part? Well, I will leave that to the reader and end with a few choice words from Thompson's novella “The End Crowning Work”: ‘The chain of coincidence was complete...Of course it is nothing; a mere coincidence, that is all. Yes; a mere coincidence, perhaps, if it had been one coincidence. But when it is seven coincidences!... It may be a coincidence, only a coincidence; but it is a coincidence at which my marrow sets?'

Katherine Tynan, the poet, was a close friend, of Alice Meynell and in 1888 living with the Meynell family, at their house in Palace Court, London. Tynan told of Francis Thompson: 'He has done more to harm the English language than the worst American papers.' Of his writings, Tynan told of: 'words that if you pricked them, would bleed'. Despite this Tynan published Thompson's essay "Shelley", in the Dublin in 1912. William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, dramatist and prose writer. W.B Yeat's was a close friend of Tynan from 1886. While Tynan lived at the Meynell's Palace Court home Yeats often spent evenings there and sent continuous correspondence addressed to Katherine Tynan as living at their address. Yeat's first met Francis Thompson at a meeting for the 'Rhymers Club', an exclusive group of fellow poets.

Elizabeth Blackburn, the Assistant Editor of the "Merry England," remarked on Thompson: 'outside the pale of humanity...with a child's fits of temper and want of foresight and control.' The Meynell's enthusiasm for Thompson's "Poems" was spurred by, a family friend, the poet Robert Browning's commendation. Browning who was visiting Asolo, Italy, wrote to the Meynells, on October 17 1889:

> *'Dear Mr Meynell,- I hardly know how to apologise to you, or explain to myself, how there has occurred such a delay in doing what I had impulse to do as soon as I read the very interesting papers written on Mr Thompson and so kindly brought under my notice by yourself. Both the Verse and Prose are indeed remarkable- even without the particulars concerning the author, for which I am indebted to your goodness...Pray offer my best thanks to Mrs Meynell for her remembrance of me-who-am, as she desires, profiting by the quiet and beauty of this place- whence however I shall soon depart for Venice, on my way homeward.'*

Browning died in Venice two months later. Francis Thompson later wrote upon Browning's help:

> *'Browning stooped and picked up a fair-coined soul that lay rusting in a pool of tears...As though one stirred a fusty rag in a London alley and met the eyes of a cobra scintillating under the yellow gas lamps.' (See Appendix 03 Browning)*

{Thompson's unpublished}

> *'Hate, Terror, Lust and Frenzy*
> *Look in on me with faces...*
> *I hear on immanent cities*
> *The league-long watches armed,*
> *Dead cities lost*
> *Ere the moon grows a ghost,*
> *Phantasmal, viewless, charmed.'*

In March of 1890 Returned to London and found lodgings in Elgin Avenue. He continued writing and assisted Wilfrid Meynell with “Merry England” and “The Weekly Register.” From August to October Thompson launched into his writing of long “Sister Songs” poem. In 1891 Dr. Charles Thompson, cut his son out of his will. Francis Thompson had returned to London to live in various lodgings off the Harrow Road district. From a house in Elgin-avenue Thompson wrote to Wilfrid Meynell:

> *'I called at Palace court on Friday, and, finding you were gone, started to follow you. Unfortunately I fell into compositions on the way, and when next I became conscious of matters sublunary [below the moon] found myself wandering somewhere in the region of Smithfield Market and the time late in the afternoon...I thought I had disciplined myself out of these aberrations.'*

Another London murder, feared to be the work of the Ripper, occurred on February 13 1891, when Constable Thompson discovered the body of Frances Coles. The police briefly arrested James Thomas Saddler who was acquitted when Thomas Fowls testified for him. On March 4 1891, Francis, in a typically dark mood, wrote to Wilfrid:

> *'If you see in tomorrow's paper anything about a body being recovered from the Thames, perhaps you will kindly call and identify it?'*

In 1895, the “Chicago Sunday Times-Herald” wrote a feature story about Clairvoyant Robert James Lees. The article told that Lees suffered a physical collapse during the Whitechapel murder investigation. His medic ordered him to take an extended holiday to the continent. Upon returning to London the clairvoyant and his wife, were on board an omnibus, at Notting Hill. The bus stopped to pick up passengers and Lees began to feel uneasy. A man got on the bus and sat down. Lees whispered to his wife: 'That is Jack the Ripper.' His wife laughed and told him he was a fool. Lee hushed her: 'I am not mistaken I feel it.' The omnibus rode along Edgware Road. As it turned right into Oxford Street Lees' suspect alighted the bus. Lees and his wife also got off and followed the man until he waved down a cab that he got in and was lost from sight. Everard Meynell is his "Life of Francis Thompson" spoke of Edgware Road and Thompson:

> *'Edgware Road was his Rambla, his Via dei Palazzi his Reu de Rivoli;...His inattention in the Edgware Road was out and out; one marvels that he ever turned the right corner and not at all that he was knocked down by a cab...inattention in the Edgware Road made the place as blank as a railway tunnel...Riding in an omnibus he would not know whether Mlle. Polair [a Moulin Rogue dancer known for her licentious] or a Sister of Charity were at his side'*

Francis Thompson, after his rescue by the Meynell's, visited Cardinal Manning. In 1892, Manning died and Thompson was obliged to write a tribute. An excerpt from his poem "To the Dead Cardinal of Westminster" reads:

> *'So ask; and if they tell*
> *The secret terrible*
> *Good friend,*
> *Tell!*
> *Lest my feet walk hell'*

Alice Meynell told that this poem was: 'rather on himself than on the dead, an all but despairing presage of his own decease, which, when sixteen years later it came, brought no despair.' In September 1892, Thompson wrote to Alice Meynell, in reply to her request that he keep way from her family. Thompson's letter reads:

> '*if you knew all as I know it, you would feel that never man had more claim on you for patience than I have...perhaps when the curse of me is removed from the house it will settle back into its ordinary condition.'*

Madeleine Meynell, another daughter of Wilfrid and Alice, spoke for her siblings when she remarked, of Thompson that 'We rather despised him.' In December, of 1892, after a continued relapse into drug addiction, the Meynells sent Thompson to a monastery in Pantasaph, in the northeast of Wales. He was first placed in Bishop's House, near to the gates. His escort there was the monastery’s guardian a friar named Father Anselm. This friar, later to become Archbishop of Simla in India and Thompson engaged in discussions on philosophy. Father Anselm, who was learned in Logic and Metaphysics, was also the editor of the "Franciscan Annals" a magazine to which Thompson contributed.

At such distance from England's Capital Thompson admonished the populace. 'that infectious web of sewer rats called London...the villainous blubber brained public.' His admiration instead was directed at Maggie Bryan the daughter of his landlady. A friendship began, from 1892 until 1895. Thompson was persuaded to feel that he may have found true love, but any 'love making' was limited to a 'word or look' any had no real existence. Although it was Maggie on her part that caused their parting she kept of photo of Thompson in her room long after, and was buried at her request near to where they would meet. In October, of 1893, still in Pantasaph monastery another watchdog attacked the author of the "Hound of Heaven". The threat of further attacks was removed when he moved to lodge at the local post-office and then a cottage behind the monastery.

Meanwhile Thompson's sister, Mary, who had become mother Austin, having shifted to the United States, severed all ties with her brother and refused to acknowledge him. While at Pantasaph In the same year, when Thompson was thirty-four years old, his "Poems" was published in both London and Boston. It sold only 349 copies in its first year. Thompson then began writing prose for the Franciscan Annals, an activity he continued until the year of his death. Upon his lack of public appeal, Thompson noted that. 'The public has an odd kind of prejudice that poems are written for its benefit.' Thompson spent much of his time in Pantasaph writing poetry and prose.

Thompson's output fluctuated in extremes. At times he would write: "I am overflowing with a sudden access of literary impulse. I think I could write a book in three months, if thoughts came down in such an endless avalanche as they are doing at present." Then suddenly dejected he would grumble of his fears that inspiration had fled him. How Thompson wished to live his days here is reflected in his plan he wrote for a daily routine:

'Brief prayer on Waking or Dressing
Walk, -or if weather & health too bad Copying Work, or Letters
Work; if too unwell Copying Work, Letters or Reading
Night Prayers; examination of Conscience
Supplementary times & modes of prayer; This elementary plan first'

Once some companions sought Thompson out to spend a winter's night in a crumbling mansion with the ominous name of Pickpocket Hall. These people were the Honourable Everard Fielding, his brother the Earl of Denbigh and a friend Dr. Henry Head, F.R.S. Fielding was a friend of Aleister Crowley and a leading member of the Society for psychic Investigation, it is rumoured he also worked for the Secret Service. The trio's purpose was to ask Thompson's assistance in discovering a ghost that was said to haunt its grounds. Thompson had told already of having met the ghost of the writer Chatterton, now it was rumoured that he had encountered the Pantasaph spectre as well. The visitors first went to Thompson's cottage at near to five in the afternoon. They were told that he was asleep and that they should come back later. At six-thirty, they returned only to be told he was still in bed. The visitors wrote a letter asking if he would be kind enough to have breakfast with them at nine-thirty consent to meet again with the ghost. At the appointed time, Thompson dually arrived. His hosts expected a someone who would speak a riot of imagery in accordance to his ornate verse but instead met with a simple man. They observed that there was no 'fascination' about him, but something deeper yet, a kind of sacred simplicity. Although Thompson at first seldom talked, he had a way of leading the conversation, but as the evening grew on his charm and interest increased. They talked throughout the night, Thompson spoke of his poetical development and of the ghost which: 'charged his body like a battery so that he felt thunderstorms in his hair.' In the morning, the ghost entirely forgotten, his hosts escorted Thompson back to his cottage so that he could have his supper.

In 1894, Francis Thompson befriended the writer, fellow mystic and admirer of Alice Meynell, Coventry Patmore. The writer was a member of the Third Order of St Francis and had come to Pantasaph to speak with Father Anselm, most likely on assisting the "Franciscan Annals" with supplementary material. The Third Order are a part of the order of Saint Francis who although devoting their lives to religious study and prayer are allowed to marry. Patmore was born in 1823, at Woodford Green. Coventry's father, also a writer, was Peter Patmore. When Coventry was aged sixteen he began schooling in France. After Peter Patmore was vilified, for killing another man in a duel, he became bankrupt. Coventry began as a journalist. His Cockney background and his father's unpopularity, caused critics to be harsh in response to Coventry's works first published in 1846. In the class above Thompson while he was a student at Ushaw College was Henry Patmore, the son of the Coventry.

Patmore's on Thompson's Poems, in the 'Fortnightly Review', July of 1894 equated Thompson to the mythical, Nordic world-tree, known as Igdrasil and the Greek figure Titan an offspring of the Earth goddess named Gaea:

> *'A singular and very interesting history will convince thousands whom the rumour of it may reach, that he is an 'extraordinary person'...his abundant and often unnecessary obscurities...Mr Thompson is a Titan among recent poets; but he should not forget that a Titan may require and obtain renovation of his strength by occasional acquaintance with the earth, without which the heavens themselves are weak and unstable. The tree Igdrasil, which has its head in heaven and its roots in hell...is the image of the true man. In proportion to the bright and divine heights to which it ascends must be the obscure depths in which the tree is rooted and from which it draws the mystic sap of its spiritual life. Since however, Mr Thompson's spirituality is a real ardour of life and not the mere negation of life, which passes, with some people, for spirituality, it seems somewhat ungracious to complain of its predominance. It is the greatest and noblest of defects and shines rather as an eminent virtue in a time when most other Igdraisals are hiding their heads in hell and affronting heaven with their indecorous roots.'*

Beginning in 1894, Thompson began a lengthy written correspondence with the writer Coventry Patmore. Both were interested in symbolism and mysticism. A selection of experts from their combined letters will leave nobody doubting Thompson's abiding interest in the compass points and its bearing to religious worship.

Coventry Patmore touched on the subject continuing on a discussion they had had earlier:

> *'I wish I could see and talk to you on the subject of the symbolism you speak of. The Bible and all the theologies are full of it, but it is too deep and significant to get itself uttered in writing. The Psalms especially are full of it. On the matter of the ' North ' note that verse: 'Promotion cometh not from the South, nor the East, nor the West.' That is, it cometh from the North. The North seems always to signify the original Godhead, the' Father '-or the Devil'...This honouring of the' North 'may very likely have been at the bottom of the seeking of the points of the compass from that quarter. "I hope, some day, to see and have speech with you on this and other matters. Meantime I will only hint that the North represents the simple Divine virility, the South the Divine womanhood, the East their synthesis in the Holy Spirit and the West the pure natural womanhood' full of grace.' I could give you no end of proofs, but it would take me months to collect them, from all I have read and forgotten.'*

Thompson found Patmore's observation of interest but he was eager to know of the importance of the points of the compass and how they might have been used explicitly in carrying out religious observance:

> *'You rather overlook the purport of my inquiry in regard to the symbolic question. I wanted to know if there had been any actual progressive development among the nations with regard to the quarters in which they worshipped-as an historic fact, apart from symbolic meaning. ...With regard to what you say about the symbolism of the North, I had substantially discerned it for myself. Indeed it formed part of a little essay already written. ... The quotation from the Psalms is new and grateful to me. But I was aware of the thing to which it points. Shakespeare speaks of 'the lordly monarch of the North' (I was confusing it with a passage in Comus) and Butler remarks- Cardan believed great states depend Upon the tip o' the Bear's tail's end.'*

The passage from Butler's Hudibras that Thompson refers to concerns the gradual shifting of the star's position. This was known as the procession of the Equinoxes, and takes about 26,000 years. Up until the 18th century, Astrology was treated as a science. The idea behind astrology is that the fate and behaviour of an individual and ultimately course of human affairs and is influenced by the position of the stars and planets. A theory advanced by Cardan, a 16th century Italian physician and mathematician, was that the gradual shifting positions of the stellar bodies meant that the accepted areas of astrological influence attributed to particular stars and planets would ultimately become invalid. The prophecies of how the constellation of the Bear for example might affect humanity would therefore become obsolete.

From Butler's 'Hudibras':

> *‘CARDAN believ'd great states depend*
> *Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end;*
> *That, as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,*
> *Strow'd mighty empires up and down;*
> *Which others say must needs be false,*
> *Because your true bears have no tails.*
> *Some say the Zodiack Constellations*
> *Have long since chang'd their antique stations*
> *Above a sign and prove the same*
> *In Taurus now once in the Ram;*
> *Affirm the trigons chop'd and chang'd,*
> *The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd:*
> *Then how can their effects still hold*
> *To be the same they were of old?*
> *This, though the art were true, would make*
> *Our modern soothsayers mistake:*
> *And in one cause they tell more lies,*
> *In figures and nativities,*
> *Than the old Chaldean conjurers*
> *In so many hundred thousand years’*

Thompson, having referred to Cardan, in his letter of reply to Patmore then continued to enquire about the compass points in relation to Set a god of Ancient Egypt. Set was the Egyptian's version of Satan. Indeed some scholars have suggested that the name Set itself, sometimes known as Sethen, is where the name Satan is derived. Set is known for his hostility against the other gods and his reign of chaos. Even Set's birth was marked by violence. He tore himself out of his mother's womb. He cut open his brother's corpse scattering the body parts throughout the land. Incidentally, the Ripper murders were distinguished by the victims having injuries to the womb and the internal organs scattered about the body. Set was believed to live in the northern sky in the constellation of the Great Bear. His star is said to be that of Alpha Draconis, simply meaning the dragon. The Egyptians called this star 'Thuban' which translates as 'The Subtle One'. Set was worshiped as the God of Storms, magic and the quest for immortality. Of this god Thompson wrote to Patmore:

> *‘...Set was given by the Egyptians the lordship of temporal powers; and of course I am aware of the esoteric meaning of this and of Cardan's saying-indeed this was what I intended by my observation that I surmised our Northern aspect in reckoning the compass to be a relic of Set-worship among our Teuton ancestors; though of course I was aware that Set, by that name, was an Egyptian deity. Also I am familiar with the principle and significance in this and mythological imagery generally. Indeed, without the knowledge of this principle both Scripture and the mythologies are full of baffling contradictions. When I began seriously to consider mythologies comparatively, I cut myself with the broken reed on which all the' scientific students fall back-this significance belongs to an earlier, that to a later, development. But having eyes which 'scientific' students have not, I soon saw that fact gave me the lie in all directions. And when I came to make a comprehensive study of the Hebrew prophets, with the Eastern mythologies in mind, I speedily discovered the systematic use of the dual significance and the difficulty vanished.’*

In the same year, Coventry Patmore began work for the Department of Printed Books of the British museum. As a mystic Coventry claimed he had gained an intuitive knowledge of the cosmos. The validity of a mystical experience is believed to be determined afterwards as the subject finds equilibrium between the natural and divine state.

Coventry Patmore wrote in the "Fortnightly Mail" of his views on Thompson as a new poetic entity:

> *'Mr Francis Thompson is a writer whom it is impossible that any qualified judge should deny to be a 'new poet'...Mr Thompson's poetry is the inexhaustible and hitherto almost unworked mine of Catholic philosophy...Mr Thompson places himself, by these poems, in the front rank of the pioneers of the movement which, if not checked before, by premature formulation and by popular and profane verses, must end in creating a "new heaven and new earth"'*

Coventry Patmore's son noted that, Thompson, the author of the 'Hound of Heaven' displayed a: 'peculiar fear of dogs.' Thompson wrote about his association with Coventry Patmore:

> *'The contact of our ideas was dynamic. He reverberated my idea with such and so many echoes that it returned to me greater than I gave forth He opened it as you open an oyster, or placed it under a microscope, & showed me what it contained.'*

Francis Joseph Thompson entered the dictionary in 1913 when the British novelist Thomas Hardy wrote: 'You may be sure I am a Thompsonian' Everard Meynell was a six year old when he was first introduced to Thompson. Within Everard's book on Thompson, he tells the poet's praise of Hardy's work:

> *'I remember him to have often spoken with particular admiration- that in which Sergeant Troy thralls a woman by sword-play and the swinging of his flashing steel round and round her person.'*

The scene noted comes from Hardy's novel "Far From a Maddening Crowd" and in part reads:

> *'the next thing of which she was conscious was that the point and the blade of the sword were darting with a gleam towards her left side, just above the hip; then of their reappearance on her right side, emerging as it were from between her ribs, having apparently passed through her body. All was as quick as electricity. "Oh!" she cried with a fright, pressing her hand to her side. "Have you run me through? -- no you have not! Whatever have you done!" "I have not touched you." said Troy, quietly. "it was mere slight of hand."..."Is the sword very sharp?" "O no-- only stand as still as a statue..."That outer loose lock of hair wants tidying, he said, before she had moved or spoken. "Wait: I'll do it for you...It appeared that a caterpillar had come from the fern and chosen the front of her bodice as his resting place. She saw the point glistening towards her bosom and seemingly enter it.'*

The year 1895 signalled the "Merry England's" abandonment and the release of Thompson's "Sister Songs". The poem was originally written in 1891. Wilfrid Meynell did not want his name in the dedication to the 1893 edition. Thompson replied:

> *'I cannot consent to the withdrawal of your name... Suffer this -the sole thing, as unfortunate necessities of exclusion would have it, which links this first, possible this only volume with your name - suffer this to stand I will feel deeply hurt if you refuse me this gratification.'*

The published poem had the following stanza omitted.

> *'This errant song O pardon its much blame!*
> *Now my gray day grows bright*
> *A little ere the night*
> *Let after livers who may love my name,*
> *And gauge the price I paid for dear-brought fame,*
>
> *Know that at end,*
> *Pain was well paid, sweet Friend,*
> *Pain was well paid which brought me to your sight.'*

Francis originally wanted this, his most lauded poem, to be called the "Amphicypellon" after the mysterious cup Thompson viewed in 1879 at the South Kensington Museum. Wilfrid urged the title be dropped for that of "Sister Songs". Thompson insisted that the title page be kept: "an offering to two sisters". (SEE APPENDIX SISTER SONGS)

Thompson's acquaintances were limited to a series of landladies in the harrow road region, a few fellow lodgers, the editors of the "Academy" and the "Athenaeum," magazines and a few of the Meynell's friends. Whatever romance he may have experienced was fleeting. Katherine Douglass King was the daughter of Mrs Hamilton king a notable who had become mostly bedridden. In 1894, Mrs Hamilton wrote to Thompson thanking him for writing well of Kate's stories. Two years later, he wrote that he wished to meet Kate. It was during his Pantasaph period that he briefly returned for a month to London to stay with the Meynell's at their house Palace Court. It was at this time that he Met Kate. Afterwards they began corresponding. Kate's mother Mrs. Hamilton did not favour the idea of them being together and wrote a letter to discourage Thompson. Mrs. Hamilton stated that Kate would never love him in a letter to him in October 31, 1896:

> *'Forest Hall, Hale End, Essex.*
> *it is not in her nature to love you; but I see no reason why some other woman should not;-yet perhaps you are most fitted to live & die solitary.'*

Mrs. Hamilton continued by saying that she had read some of his letters to Kate and said that she planned to burn them. Mrs. Hamilton suggested he do the same with the letters Kate had sent to him. In the meantime, Mrs. Hamilton had arranged for Kate to stay in a convent. For months passed before there was any further contact. Kate wrote to Thompson inviting him to visit her at a children's hospital. She told of her regret that their relationship had been cut short by the interference of her mother. In April 1900 she wrote to Thompson telling him that she had became engaged to Mr. Godfrey Burr, vicar of Rushall near Walsall in Staffordshire. Kate told Thompson that she was to be married in early June. In the following April she was dead in childbirth. While in Pantasaph Thompson stayed at Creccas Cottage with the Brien family. Of Maggie Brien he wrote:

> *'the dearest child has made friends with me in the park; & we have fallen in love with each other with an instantaneous rapidity not unusual on my side, but a good deal more unusual on the child's. I rather fancy she thinks me one of the most admirable of mortals; & I firmly believe her to be one of the most daintily supernatural of faires. And now I am in fever lest (after the usual manner of fairies) her kinsfolk should steal her from me. Result- I havn't slept for two nights, & I fear I shall not recover myself until I am resolved whether my glimpses of her are to be interdicted or not. Of course in some ways she is sure to vanish; elves always do. & my elves in particular.'*

Maggie died in the October following Thompson's death and she was buried in a nameless grave in Pantasaph churchyard.

In June 1896, Thompson wrote on tragic literature: 'pathos gains on you imperceptibly as a mist and you are unaware of it until it grips you by the throat.' Madeleine Meynell, another daughter of Wilfrid and Alice, spoke for herself and siblings by remarking of Thompson that: 'We rather despised him.' In addition, in 1896, Thompson, who was feeling a touch nostalgic, praised the writer W.E. Henley. 'He still takes us by the throat of old. He still takes us by the throat, but his grip is not compulsive. Yet now and again the old mastery thrills us and we remember. It is good to remember.' Henley wrote the following in reply: 'What a Jackass is your F. Thompson!'

I896 was also the year that a letter addressed to H Division police was received. The letter suggested that Jack the Ripper was thinking fondly of the past when he wrote, again in red ink, on October 14:

> *'Dear Boss*
> *You will be surprised to find that this comes from yours as of old Jack-the-Ripper. Ha Ha. If my old friend Mr Warren is dead you can read it. You might remember me if you try to think a little Ha Ha. The last job was a bad one and no mistake nearly buckled and meant it to be best of the lot curse it, Ha Ha Im alive yet and you'll soon find it out. I mean to go on again when I get the chance wont it be nice dear old Boss to have the good old times once again. You never caught me and you never will. Ha Ha You police are a smart lot, the lot of you couldnt catch one man Where have I been Dear Boss yo d like to know. Abroad, if you would like to know and just come back. Ready to go with my work and stop when you catch me. Well good bye Boss wish me luck. Winters coming "The Jewes are people that are blamed for nothing" Ha Ha have you heard this before*
> *Yours truly*
> *Jack the Ripper.'*

One unsigned comment on Thompson, only noted as from that of a close friend of the family, runs thus: 'The way in which you have compared the coming of Frank Thompson to the Messiah is approaching the profane.' Everard wrote of Thompson's thoughts when homeless: 'While in the streets he had his tea to drink and his murderer to think about.' Mr J. Louis Garvin, of reported that after speaking with Thompson he was overwhelmed by the poet's knowledge of the merits of the A.B.C and the Lyon's teashops. In the "Bookman" Mr J.L. Garvin praised the 'apocalyptic vision,' of Thompson's poetry. Garvin became the London Editor for the "Encyclopaedia Britannica, "supervising editions 12 to 14. Upon first reading Thompson's works, Garvin exclaimed: 'the poems began to swarm in my head like bees.'

In his later years, Thompson began to gather data on the Freemasons. His aim was to expose what he saw as ‘a history of hidden evil’ that had ‘left its ruthless fingerprints on the wrist of history’. This particular work was never published what we know of it is largely given by Elizabeth Blackburn who told:

> *‘As to the Freemasonry notes I imagine that could be collated and disentangled to prove at least more than interesting. His plan, often discussed was to begin with the Gnostics, go down through the Templars and other military orders – till. Reaching the Reformation period and the Rosicrucians, with the French revolution, modern Masonry in its mischievous Continental attitude stood clearly revealed. How much or how little he wrote I of course don’t know. At first I took slight notice, but as he went on he showed a wonderful appreciation of what lawyers call “evidence” – and it was surprising to see how he fitted in the pieces – more puzzling than any jig-saw – to make a perfect picture=’*

Francis Thompson views on prophecy, in relationship to his verse, was:

> *'For me to write or speak at all is to resign myself to the knowledge that I am, in the present, addressing very few. It would be almost impossible, because quite futile, for me to write were I not convinced the few will one day be the many.' Thompson told of prophets: 'He brings up treasures from the deep sea of his time Impenetrable by those who only look on the surface-levels; but the deep waters of his time are the surface waters of a time to come.'*

Thompson lived in a Panton Street bootmakers, where he served the literary elite, before being fired in 1887. The effects of time have obliterated this shop and even the street itself would now be unrecognisable to those of the Victorian era. Thompson was certain he possessed superior insight into the future, but can examples be given to attest to this. An investigation into the places he inhabited and of what he wrote result in some uncanny links to future events. Behind Panton Street ran Coventry Street Haymarket, during the blitz of the Second World War; on Coventry Street, was the Cafe de Paris. In 1941, The Cafe de Paris was a gathering place for the social elite. The Cafe was underground beneath a cinema and had exits onto Panton Street. On the night of March the 8th, as the Cafe de Paris ballroom thronged swaying to the music of Ken 'Snakehips' Johnson and his band, two bombs dropped from a German Luftwaffe plane flying overhead, fell through the roof and landed on the rostrum. One exploded killing 'Snakehips' and eighty people instantly. Victims were laid out in the lee of the cinema above. The mangled remains were described by Anthony Jacobs, an author who viewed the bodies, as having:

> *'a kind of unreal sheen, they looked like beautiful dolls that had been broken and the sawdust come out...Whenever I go down Coventry Street now I remember that dream and those bright, dead dolls with dust on them.'*

Thompson wrote an essay about dolls titled, "The Fourth Order Of Humanity". Part of his essay read:

> *I wrung from my sisters a concession of dolls...I dramatized them, I fell in love with them...One in particular I elected...She was beautiful. She was one of Shakespeare's heroines...I desired for her some worthy name; and asked my mother: Who was the fairest among living women? Laughingly was I answered that I was a hard questioner, but that perhaps the Empress of the French bore the bell for beauty. Hence, accordingly, my Princess of puppetdom received her style; and at this hour, though she has long since vanished to some realm, where all sawdust is wiped for ever on dolls wounds, I cannot hear that name but the Past touches me with a rigid agglomeration of small china fingers.'*

The Cafe's ballroom, billed as the safest in London, was modelled on that of the Titanic. The Ocean Liner the Titanic was billed as unsinkable. A victim of the Titanic sinking was William Thomas Stead. In 1888 W.T. Stead was editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette." He is popularly believed to be a Ripper informant. Stead wrote a series of scathing articles upon Sir Anderson the Assistant Commissioner of the CID. Stead questioned Anderson's absence from London during the Whitechapel murders. Of Sir Anderson, who was vacationing in Switzerland, Stead wrote: 'The chief official who is responsible for the detection of the murderer is as invisible to Londoners as the murderer himself.' In 1886 Stead, wrote an article called "How the mail Steamer Went Down in Mid-Atlantic, by a Survivor." Stead's story was upon a collision at sea between two ships. In the story, the surviving passengers battle over the lifeboats. The 1892 edition of Stead's "Review of Reviews", had a story called "From the Old World to the New". It was upon a fictional vessel named the Majestic. On board is a clairvoyant who gains a vision of a disaster in which a nearby ship collides with an iceberg. Stead supported Francis Thompson. On January 12 1891, Stead wrote to Thompson upon his article "Catholics in Darkest England": 'Dear Sir-I beg to forward you herewith a copy of the "Review of Reviews", in which you will find your admiral article quoted and briefly commented upon. Permit me to say that I read your article with sincere admiration and heartfelt sympathy.' On April 14 1912, The Titanic struck an iceberg and, including Stead, sunk 13,000 feet downward to the seabed of the Atlantic. Stead died whilst reading a book in the Second Class Smoking Cabin. Everard Meynell noted the Titanic disaster in relation to Francis Thompson:

> *'There perished with Mr Stead in the Titanic disaster in 1912 a Catholic priest, who had shortly before sailing recommended 'The Hound of Heaven' (the strangely significant line 'Adown Titanic glooms of chasamed fears') to a friend, as antidote to decadent poetry'*

Of his poem 'Orient Ode', Francis Thompson, in 1897 and living in lodgings at 39 Goldney Road, London, wrote:

> *'Some of the poems are as much science as mysticism! but it is the science of the Future, not the science of the scientist. The 'Orient Ode,' on its scientific side, must wait at least fifty years*

of understanding. For there was never yet a poet, beyond a certain range of insight, who could not have told the scientists what they will be teaching a hundred years hence.'

In a draft on his Odes Thompson made known how he perceived the future: 'The future is grown so near that it seems I might almost touch it by the reaching forth of my hand.' Another prophet named Isaiah, lived around 700 B.C, and wrote:

'And one of the seraphim flew to me and in his hand was a live coal, which he had taken with the tongs off the altar. And he touched my mouth: and said. "Behold this hath touched thy lips,'

Part of "Orient Ode" tells:

'Lo, in the sancturied East
Day, a dedicated priest...
His sacredotal stoles unvest-
The sun in August [mighty] exposition meekly
Within the flaming monstrance of the West.
...
And holy odours do her bosom invest.
That sweeter grows for being prest:...
Thou art the incarnated Light...
Burning Lion, Burning Lion
Comes the honey of all sweet
And out of thee, the Eater, comes forth meat...
Be it accounted unto me
A bright sciential idolatry!
God has given thee the visible thunders
To utter thine apocalypse of wonders;
And what want I of prophecy,...
Lo, my suit pleads
That thou, Isain coal of fire,
Touch from yon altar my poor mouth's desire!'

Thompson's 'Orient Ode', published in 1897, was proposed to reveal things a half century into the future. Fifty years after his poem was written, 1947, saw the invention of Carbon dating. By recording the loss of radiation from carbon artefacts could be dated. The year 1947 also heralded the discovery, by a Bedouin boy, of the Dead Sea Scrolls. It was a text, of the 'Book of Isaiah', written in the first century B.C. by the Jewish, Essenes. This sect was heavily influenced by the Zoroastrian religion, founded in 600 B.C. that worshiped Ahriman the god of darkness and Ormazd, the god of light. To Elizabeth Blackburn Thompson informed, in 1892: 'I am a Zoroastrian, a Mage, a Parsee' Fire plays a crucial role in Zoroastrian ceremonies, being the manifestation of the Deity. It was the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls that concluded the long running controversy as to the Essene authorship of the Damascus scrolls. These scrolls had previously been discovered in a storeroom of the Ezra synagogue, in Cairo, in 1897, the year of the publication of the "Orient Ode".

In 1906, Francis Thompson, aged forty-seven years, was boarding at the Capuchin monastery in Crawley, Sussex and gave his view of the world:

'Prophecies of foreign complications in the East and universal war, are drawing nearer and nearer to fulfilment. Smallpox has broken out in West Kensington, & at that time {I have no later news) was spreading rapidly. Disaster was and is, drawing downwards over the whole horizon. And I feel my private fate involved in it.'

In 1906, a pamphlet, from the United States, upon Francis Thompson, arrived at Francis Thompson's door. It was from the Catholic University of Notre Dame, in the State of Indiana. The university's student newspaper began to question the truth of Thompson's poetry and claims of innocence:

> *'No optimism of intent can overlook the fact of his having fallen...Down those terrible years he let himself go...and threw himself on the swelling wave of every passion.'*

Similarly a Professor of Romance Languages in Columbia University announced. 'Thompson is the poet of sin.'

Upon Thompson's, return to London, he lived at number 128 Brondesbury Road, London. As he reached his middle years, his traits became more pronounced. The brushing upward movement at his scanty moustache right and left, his shoulders hitching up his coat, his hand feeling his pockets for something and a somewhat girlish laugh. His odd behaviour easily noticeable, a landlady of Thompson in Harrow road recalled the poet: 'Many a time I've asked him to have his bit of lunch in with me and the other 'mental' –oh yes, she's a mental case, as I may have told you.'
Miss L. Frey, daughter of Mrs A. Frey, his landlord, made casual mention of how he would pass the time when alone:

> *'I remember when I used to pass his door, which had a glass panel with a red margin, with cut glass corners, I used to hear him saying "Oh God, Oh God."'*

In August 1907, Francis Thompson's stayed at Newbuildings, the Sussex estate of the writer and diplomat Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. The estate was a large one dotted with young oak trees, rose gardens, peacocks roaming free and Arab horses. Blunt, who dressed in exotic Bedouin robes, gave his first impressions of Thompson to be of:

> *'a little weak-eyed-red-nosed young man of the degenerate London type...a poor frail spirit, in body terrible in its emaciation, a mere shred of humanity, fading visibly into the eternal shadow.'*

He recorded in his diary on August 24:

> *'The poor poet seemed to be in the last stage of consumption, more like death than anything...He is emaciated beyond credibility, his poor figure a mere skeleton under clothes lent for him for the occasion by the Meynells.'*

Of the Manchester poet Blunt wrote:

> *'he was much annoyed by the wasps, which were particularly numerous...At last one bit him...it raised a blister which remained an interest to him...His whole interest in the last few days has been his wasp bite, which has been made worse by the ammonia.... I doubt his living over Christmas.'*

Blunt would later reveal. 'it was so arranged that nothing was known of Thompson's death till mine and a number more articles about him were ready to print.' Blunt prefaced his record of the fate of the wasp in question. 'Sir, to leave things out in a book merely because people tell you they will not be believed, is meanness,' Blunt told that immediately after being bitten by the wasp, Thompson cursed them and that consequently they vanished from the garden for three years.

Thompson was hospitalised for a week before his death at St John's and St Elizabeth's Wood infirmary. This hospital has its origins with the order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Lewis Hind, Thompson's associate wrote of the order in his 1927 article "European Inns in the Middle Ages". The Hospitaliers, known variously as Knights Hospitallers, Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or Knights of Malta, were originally established in 1050 to protect pilgrims to the Holy Land, which indicates that these pilgrimages were of frequent occurrence half a century before the First Crusade. They established Hospices with headquarters in the East and cared for those who strove to make at least one visit to Palestine. In 1522, the Turks drove the Hospitaliers out of the Isle of Rhodes, where they had established themselves in 1310, but in 1530, they became masters of the Isle of Malta. They maintained Hospices at convenient places, one of them, in London, where St. John's Gate is all that remains of their priory that fell foul of the Act of Dissolution under Henry VIII.

A daughter of the Meynells was used to lure Thompson by having feigned sickness and admitting herself to hospital. Upon entry, he was searched for drugs. Found in the sole of Thompson's shoe was a bag of opium powder. Thompson was isolated from the other patients in a corner of Ward 5 the 2nd floor.

{Thompson's unpublished}

'Lo, Behold me sick,
Fevered, unhealed
Dying!
My flesh grows old, my flesh grows old in pain,
There is no rest at all from ills,
There is no space from sorrow
There is no pause from pain!'

Wilfrid Meynell let Thompson's Brondesbury Road landlady Mrs Randle know that he was improving rapidly and would soon be returning. On November 11th Mrs Randle wrote in reply:

'I am very pleased to hear that Mr Thompson is better and that h will be spared to reflect on his past that his future may have a brighter aspect...I will take great care of all Mr Thompson's papers, books and memoranda.'

Thompson spent his time in hospital reading the works of the writer W.W Jacobs. This writer was best known for his horror the 'Monkey's Paw', which was first published in 1902. Francis Thompson's poem 'The Sere of the Leaf' first published, in the January, 1891, edition of the 'Merry England' reads:

'For sometime unaware comes a footfall up the stair,
And a soft knock under which no bolts are stout,
And lo, there pleadeth sore
The heat's voice at the door,
'I am your child, you may not shut me out!'

The final scene to the 'Monkey's Paw', involved a husband and wife who, through the use of a magical talisman, which grants three wishes, inadvertently resurrect their dead child, who was been buried in the local cemetery the climatic scene reads:

'"What's that?" cried the old woman starting up. "A rat." Said the old man in shaking tones- "A rat. It passed me on the stairs." His wife sat up in bed listening. A loud knock resounded through the house. "It's Herbert! She screamed. "It's Herbert!". She ran to the door, but her husband was before her and catching her by the arm, held her tightly. "What are you going to do?" he whispered hoarsely. "It's my boy; it's Herbert!" She cried struggling mechanically. "I forgot it was two miles away. What are you holding me for? Let me go. I must open the door." "For God's sake don't let it in." Cried the old man, trembling...He heard the chain rattle back and the bottom bolt drawn slowly...he found the monkey's paw and frantically breathed his third and last wish. The knocking ceased suddenly, although the echoes of it were still in the house.'

Suddenly Thompson's condition worsened considerably and since his time the hospital, his laudanum had been replaced by other medicines but the doctors decided he should be allowed to go back on the drug. The ward sister who attended to Thompson was named Mother Michael. Thompson died the next day. It was Tuesday November the 12th, 1907, that Francis Joseph Thompson, at the age of forty-eight years, died in the corner of the second floor of isolation ward five. Thompson weighed less than thirty-two kilograms. The term 'morphomania' was used to indicate a drug-related death. It was said that his condition was aggravated by tuberculosis. This disease, typified by the coughing up of mucus mixed with blood, was a condition not previously known to have been manifest. After the first hospital chaplain refused to give the dying poet last rights another priest was called in. Father Smith, the replacement did perform last rights though he was unsure as to the identity of the man being blessed. Caleb Saleeby, husband of Monica Meynell, Wilfrid's daughter, drew up Thompson's will.

Caleb was himself an interesting fellow. Trained as a gynaecologist Caleb did not go on to practise medicine instead he became an outspoken journalist for the "Pall Mall Gazette" writing articles that focused on health (He coined the word smog meaning a mixture of fog and smoke). Curiously Caleb wrote an article in the year following Thompson's death due to consumption for the Pall Mall on the value of deep breathing to help sufferers of consumptions. Caleb was a strong Fabian socialist and a keen Eugenicist being a founding member of the English Eugenics Society. The idea of Eugenics is that through social intervention human traits could be improved upon. Its main method is that of selective breeding, a concept that in the 1930's was extremely manifested as rhetoric behind the racial policies of Nazi Germany, which led to the extermination of millions "undesirable" humans. It was Caleb who persuaded Winston Churchill to preside as the Vice President of the First International Congress of Eugenics of 1912 in London.

A patient named Joseph Fevre, granting all rights to Wilfrid Meynell, witnessed the will. Although it was uncertain whether a post-mortem was performed, Meynell mentioned Thompson's having only one functioning lung indicating such a dissection. Caleb's letter to Wilfrid Meynell. Written on the following day tells:

> *'Dear Mr Meynell, I must go to Scotland tonight: and write now to tell you how I really sympathise with you in our loss of a true poet. Poor fellow, he suffered very little indeed. As for me, I have only the consolation that by interfering yesterday afternoon when he was moribund - at 3:30-I enabled you to obtain the power to see justice done to his unpublished work...That nurse is a beautiful being the poor poet will find nothing better where he has gone.'*

On November 16 1907, Francis Thompson was buried in St Mary's Catholic Cemetery, Kensal Green London. There were less than a dozen mourners, no relations, in attendance. On his coffin were scattered roses sent by the writer George Meredith and violets sent by Alice Meynell. The Meynell's daughter, Viola, scattered these flowers. Violets were also scattered on the graves of Nero and Napoleon. These flowers are said to symbolise both truth and immortality.

Thompson’s gravestone had carved upon two interlocking crowns one of laurel the other of thorns. The sculptor was Eric Gill. At the time Gill was in his mid twenties and had just begun his career as a sculptor after having abandoned his role as an architect. Gill went on to carve bas-reliefs for the League of Nations building in Geneva as well as a group of sculptures for the BBC’s Broadcasting house in London. It would be until the late 1980’s that it became public knowledge that as well as sexually abusing his own daughter and committing incest with his sister he had a sexual relationship with his dog.

Within three years of Thompson's death, his poem the "Hound of Heaven" had sold 50,000 copies. Much of what Thompson wrote vanished. This included a history of the church, which was destined for Rome and a series of narratives of his time on the streets, which were completed in 1901 and burnt by Wilfrid. Francis' sister Margaret burned his letters. In addition to his poetry, Thompson wrote over 500 reviews and articles. The majority of them were published anonymously and only forty contained his signature. In the "Illustrated London News" the writer, G.K Chesterton, who was himself an ardent opponent of Eugenics, chanced to write of Thompson:

> *'Great poets are obscure...because they are talking about something too large for anyone to understand and, because they are talking about something too small for anyone to see. Francis Thompson possessed both these infinities...In Francis Thompson's poetry...you can work infinitely out and out, but yet infinitely in and in…'The shortest way of describing the Victorian age is to say that Francis Thompson stood outside of it.'*

Appreciation for Thompson's poems found no bounds in the "Speaker," where one could read that. 'Mr Thompson's poetry at its very highest attains a sublimity unsurpassed by any Victorian poet.' The writer Thomas A. Kempis, in the New Chronicle and the Bookman, assured his readers that he spoke for himself and others when he declared:

> *'In all sobriety do we believe him of all poets to be the most celestial in vision, the most august in faculty...In a word a new planet has swung into the ken of the watchers of the poetic skies...It is patent on the first page that there is genius of rare inspiration...page after page reveals the rich and strange and the richer and stranger...the reviewer feels the necessity of caution...He is an argonaut of literature.'*

For Francis Thompson, a self declared mystic and prophet, whose deathbed papers contained notes on reincarnation, the "Mercury de France" provided a simple outline of the poet. 'he went mad and death happily put an end to his miseries.'

When after Thompson's death his executors went into his lodgings to go through his meagre possessions. Thompson's Land Lady pointed out the hole Francis Thompson had worn in the carpet over which he would pace until the early morning muttering chants to himself. Thompson's notebooks, found in his room contained thirty pages on notes and symbols. Within were details on the planets, and the Jewish Kabbla, Thompson had also collected pieces on the Anima Mundi, which is the ancient idea that the world and all it contains is in essence a single soul. He had also collected bird and animal imagery related to Hindu and Egyptian gods and the symbolic meaning of gases, precious stones, jewellery and the Tao Cross. This cross, shaped like the letter T is thought by many to hold mystic significance and is thought by some to be shape of cross that Jesus may have been crucified. Included in his collected writings was the subject of the transmigration of the soul, more commonly known as reincarnation. Also in his gathered notes from obscure occult journals were articles upon Paracelus an alchemist. Paracelus believed that human essences could be used to create a tiny human-like life form. In his 1572 book “De Natura Rerum” the alchemist advised feeding the creature known as a homunculus with human blood. Thompson also collected treatises on Gnostic religion, pagan rites, and the symbols of worship among the Knights Templars. Finally, Thompson’s notes contained numerous references to the Faust legend in which a man sells his soul to Satan. Mrs, Blackburn who helped him gather his notes wrote a comment upon one: “such an awful revelation of wickedness.”

It was also discovered that he had begun to keep newspaper clippings. One was a cutting from the "Daily Mail" was an article titled "Maria Blume's Will". A carpenter named Richard Brinkley murdered Maria Louisa Blume in 1907. Mrs Blume was seventy-seven years old when she and Brinkley met. Mrs Blume had a house in Fulham and Brinkley wanted it. Brinkley drew up a will leaving him Mrs Blume's house and her money. He gained her signature by saying he was seeking names for those wishing to attend a seaside holiday. Two days after Mrs Blume had signed Brinkley poisoned her by lacing her drink with cyanide. Relatives became suspicious and went to the police. Brinkley's trial at Guilford Assize was amongst the first to introduce forensic evidence. The inks used for the will's signature were compared and the handwriting was examined. It was on the handwriting evidence that Brinkley was found guilty. On August 31 1907, nineteen years since the Ripper wrote 'Red ink is fit enough I hope Ha ha.' and on the anniversary of the Ripper's first murder, Brinkley was hung in Wandsworth prison. Why Francis Thompson would consider the subject of the Brinkley case worth his while is anybody's guess. Surely, it was not to compose a poem on her murder.

On April, the 19th, 1905, the writer, Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of the greatest fictional detective, Sherlock Holmes, was in the East End investigating the Whitechapel murder case. In 1892 Conan Doyle, once a doctor in Portsmouth, had visited the Scotland Yard's Black Museum, Which displayed a photo of the mutilated Mary Kelly and the original Dear Boss letter. In 1894, Doyle told an American journalist, his views of the Ripper. as:

> *'a man accustomed to the use of a pen. Having determined that much, we can not avoid the inference that there must be somewhere letters which this man has written over his own name, or documents or accounts that could readily be traced to him. Oddly enough, the police did not, as far as I know, think of that and so they failed to accomplish anything.'*

In January 1973, William Stewart published, "Jack the Ripper - Sort of Cricketing Person?" in "The Cricketer." Thompson was a keen fan of the England vs. Australia test matches, begun in 1877 and made cricket a canvas to his thoughts with the following stanza entrusted to his future biographer Everard Meynell:

> *'The pride of the North shall droop at last;...*
> *An Austral ball shall be bowled full fast,*
> *And baffle his bat and pass it by.*
> *The Rose once wounded shall snap at last.*
> *The Rose long bleeding it shall not die.*
> *This song is secret. Mine ear it passed.'*

Lewis Hind, told of Thompson's enthusiasm for both sport and war:

> *'He wrote on anything. I discovered his interest in battles and strategy of great commanders was as keen as his concern on cricket. So his satchel was filled with military memoirs, and retired generals ensconced in the armchairs of service clubs wondered. Here was a man who manipulated words as they manipulated men.'*

The writer and academic Sir Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch, gave an estimate of Thompson. 'denying that he is a poet and an extraordinary fine one, is to lose one's head just as wildly and less pardonably.' On the posthumous publication of Thompson's essay 'Shelley', in July 1908, Quiller-Couch wrote:

> *'Let us deal with Francis Thompson. Had he no friend to burn this manuscript?...Thompson was a wretch...Francis Thompson was so much in love with his miserable self that he could not bear the thought of his own extinction;...Forget Francis Thompson, to remember his songs and here we have his putrid corpse indecently disinterred and thrust under our noses....Let the flowers grow on Thompson's grave; let none exhume the body!'*

Francis Thompson's essay argued the acceptance of the poet Shelley, into the catholic fold:

> *'to reinvigorate the stock, its veins must be replenished from hardy plebeian blood....So I dissolve and die and am lost in the ears of men: the particles of my being twine in newer melodies and from my one death arise a hundred lives.'*

Human beings possess faculties to communicate thoughts. Thoughts are fluid. Our minds are like a cup which we must keep balanced or our thoughts spill out. Between 1888 and 1907, Francis Thompson wrote a 'frenzy' of prose and poems which poured forth like the manna of literature. Hailed as the "first modern poet" Francis Thompson appeared like a new planet on the horizon. Contemporary critics of Thompson's poems compared him to Shakespeare and Milton. His poetry caused a literary shockwave that forced the likes of Yeat's, Oscar Wilde and T.S Eliot into silence or crude parody. The leading papers of his day claimed his poetry to be both "apocalypitical and the apocalypse of poetry". Neither Thompson's editors nor the world was prepared for the long and sustained wail of beauty that emanated from him, but what was it that drove Thompson to murder? Even if he did have the capability to kill, the lessoning of morals, or a belief that the value of life was relative, to commit a crime of this magnitude risked his death by execution. A compulsion to kill, weather an inborn trait, or an outcome of years of maltreatment culminates a murderous momentary lapse of reason. Peripheral to this the killer forms reasoning for his crime, an ideology that encapsulates his motivation and shields his conscious. Thompson's philosophical foundations are complex and were generated by a religious, medical schooling with a background of persecution, poverty and instability. We might be hard pressed to write simply on his motive. An explanation is that Thompson killed these five women because he believed he had been chosen by God, that he thought that he was the voice of God. Perhaps, for Thompson, by killing these five women he would be inflicting five wounds, like those upon Christ at his crucifixion. These wounds would strike at a crumbling society, an ineffectual church, corrupt government and thus smiting the English people and its worship of science. For by 1888 society had flogged him. It had forced him to the streets, it had ignored him, it had made him a beggar and it had spurned him. Francis was a mystic whose life was full of impossible loves. Thompson believed in magic and God, pain & Sacrifice and Heaven & Hell. In his wake he made these prostitutes, once thought as criminals, into innocent victims, his poetry turned pain into beauty and filled night with fear.

When Francis Thompson arrived, at the age of twenty-six, to make his fortune in the London of 1885, he saw it as more than a mass of people and street signs. London was the city that promised both his fortune and the deity he prayed nightly. Like his kindred spirit De' Quincey, 100 years earlier, Thompson was convinced that it would be here that the muse of literature would inspire him with a kiss. For Francis Thompson the 3 years leading to 1888 were years of darkness. Thompson, as a mystic, was a man of extremes in both thought and deed in love with riddle and secrets who saw in London a vessel that held all his dreams. For Thompson his paradox was that God is real but he lets me set a church on fire. He lets me take drugs. He lets me live with a prostitute. He lets me run away from home. He lets me deny the priesthood. He lets me steal. He lets me lie. Yet, he does not smite me but he hides from me, in HER.

Maybe Thompson felt he had been forsaken by his father and the Holy Father, his mother and the Holy Mother and also Love. Only his dream remained; SHE remained. It is possible that Thompson, in a drug affected state, after three years of destitution may have come to see himself as a 'messiah' type figure acting out a crucifixion on a large scale and by killing five 'sinners' projecting the wounds of Christ's crucifixion as a stigmata upon society. Perhaps it was felt by Thompson that by killing within a religious site, upon the feast days of selected martyred saints who were eastern crusaders and patron saints of Butchers, Soldiers, Doctors and Scholars he would be cleansed of guilt. Thus, as the crusading knight 'Francis Tancred', he could elect himself a key player in his perceived apocalypse and be forgiven for his sins. Thompson saw that in crucifying womankind he could bring forth a new entity encased within his poetry and within the enigma of Jack the Ripper. An entity to one day preside over a new 'heaven and a new earth'. It was what Thompson sought in madness, in drugs, in destitution and in pain & death. Prepared to open the brazen gates of hell he may have snatched his poetry through the sacrifice of five women to hold his own dark Mass. He may have ripped and may have tore and may have written a rough draft which was burned to ash until only the final proofs remained. When Thompson published what he penned, he combined twin truths (the genius of him as a Poet and as the Ripper?) but separate lies (his innocence and the myth?). In fear of the loss of his soul he tried to turn his fear into fiction whilst feeding on others fear. Thompson claimed genius in all things. In a make

believe of a love for death in which his own waking breath was his contradictory jest. By being alive and holding weakness as his defence. He lived a lie in life and rhyme whilst the rest is now meagre evidence.

For Sir Francis Meynell, son of Wilfrid Meynell, Thompson wrote his "To My God Child". It was the last line of the end stanza that was to be etched upon the headstone of Francis Joseph Thompson:

> *'And when, immortal mortal, droops you head,*
> *And you, the child of deathless song, are dead:*
> *Then, as you search with unaccustomed glance...*
> *Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampards seven:-*
> *Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven,'.*

Chapter Seven
The Haunted World.

{Thompson's “The Way of the Maid”}

> *'Feeling the infinite must be*
> *Best said by triviality,*
> *And while she feels the heavens lie bare,*
> *She only talks about her hair.'*

Ever since Jack the Ripper, the first modern serial killer, people have tried to fathom what sort of mind, would be compelled to commit crimes of this nature. With around 2,000 people killed by serial killers annually in the United States alone, this wish to understand these murders, is not simple an academic one. Through countless interviews with convicted killers, forensic psychologists have concluded that they roughly share similar characteristics. The prevailing profile upon the serial killer is that he is an apparently harmless, yet alluring, drifter. Of noted intelligence, he is in his twenties and feels intense isolation, preferring to kill relative strangers, near to their current area of habitation. The formative years are considered important to making of an adult of sound mind and so when criminal psychologists ascertain the mental state of a suspect they often look to the client's childhood. One method is the establishment of the 'Triad'. Many convicted serial killers, when questioned, have divulged three attributes; bed-wetting, torture of animals, or other mutilation themes and arson. The founding of a 'Triad', although not seen as conclusive proof of a suspect's guilt, can give strong indications of latent aggressive behaviour.

As an example there is the United States serial killer Edmund Kemper III, who killed ten people, told of how he justified his vile acts: 'it is more or less making a doll out of a human being...Taking life away from them, a living human being and then having possession of everything that used to be theirs. All that would be mine. Everything.' Kemper's IQ was once measured at a gifted 136, fitting the profile of an intelligent murderer, Edmund's conversations have been known for their wit and irony. A trait he exhibited when discussing prospective victims. Kemper was also said to respond to the question of what went through his mind when he saw what he considered a pretty girl walking down the street: 'Wow what an attractive chick, I'd like to talk to her, date her. The other side of me says, 'I wonder how her head would look on a stick.' Coincidently one of Kemper's victims, Mary Ann, shared her name with a Ripper victim. Kemper smothered her to death with a plastic bag. He tore the heads off his other victims to enjoy the popping sounds they made. When asked why he replied, 'I think it was the left-hand-of-God thing.' The theme of childhood acts of mutilation is reflected in Kemper's childhood. During one Christmas, when Edmund Kemper III was a child, his grandparents gave his sister a doll. It vanished only to be found by the sister decapitated and handless. When Francis Thompson was a child, he complained the right to own a doll. Of one doll in particular he would write:

> *'With another doll of much personal attraction, I was on the terms of intimate affection, till a murderous impulse of scientific curiosity incited me to open her head, that I might investigate what her brains were like. The shock which I then sustained has been a fruitful warning to me, I have never since looked for a beautiful girl's brains.'*

Researcher Elliott Lleyton, in his book, called "Compulsive Killers", gave a dissemination of the mind of the serial killer:

> *'The multiple murder does not appear at random through history. He appears at special points in social evolution, during periods of particular tension...Indeed, one is driven to note the number of professional, especially medical titles attached to their names, Dr. William Palmer, Dr. Thomas Cream, Dr. Marcel Petiot and many others....In any case, the multiple murder is quite a different person: most often on the margins of the upper-working or lower-middle classes, he is usually a profound conservative figure who comes to feel excluded from the class he so devoutly wishes to join. In an extended campaign of vengeance he murders people unknown to him, but who represent to him (in their behaviour, their appearance, or their location) the class that has rejected him.'*

Although many of the Ripper victims worked at different jobs, all had employed prostitution as a means to live. The adage for them was 'Fallen Women' and they were looked on, during Victorian times as either sad despairing creatures, or seductive pariahs. Francis Thompson is claimed to have formed a relationship with a prostitute while he was homeless. Yet, from reading what he wrote about the profession his position is quite clear, in strong words his contempt and hatred are barely disguised in this description of prostitutes:

> *'These girls whose Practice is a putrid ulceration of love, venting foul and purulent discharge- for their very utterance is a hideous blasphemy against the sancrosancity of lover's language!'*

Strangely, Francis Thompson's primary areas of habitation feature as the killing grounds of other infamous British murderers. In 1864 when Thompson was aged five, he became lost whilst out shopping with his mother in the market of Ashton-under-Lyne, near Manchester. It was an unforgettable moment for Thompson as the first time that he felt, 'world-wide desolation and fear.' In the 1960's, a child was kidnapped from Ashton's marketplace. He would be tortured and killed by the couple, Myra Hindley and Ian Brady, in an event to be remembered as the 'Moors Murders'. On January 31 2000, Manchester resident, dubbed by the press 'The Gentle Murderer,' Dr. Harold Shipman was convicted for killing fifteen of his elderly female patients through a lethal dose of morphine. He was formally charged at Ashton-under-Lyne's Police Station. Dr. Shipman, who is believed to have killed a further one hundred and fifty people, is considered England's most prolific murderer. It was in Manchester that Thompson, a doctor's son, studied as a surgeon and first began his chronic opium habit gained from the addictive morphine the drug contained. It was also in Manchester in 1977 that Peter Sutcliffe, the 'Yorkshire Ripper,' picked up a prostitute before killing her at the 'Southern Cross,' cemetery. Another of Sutcliffe's killings was in Preston - where Thompson was born. In 1886, while Thompson was homeless, he spent his nights sleeping on the Charing Cross embankment of the Thames River. In the 1980's, before Dr. Shipman, there was Dennis Nilsen. Known as England's second most prolific murderer - Nilsen's victims included tramps found sleeping along the Charing Cross embankment. When Thompson was fourteen in 1873, he began studies at Durham. In the same year Mary Ann Cotten, England's third most prolific murderer, was tried in Durham and hung for the lethal poisoning of fourteen males. The youngest victim was aged fourteen. In 1906, Thompson boarded at a monastery in the town of Crawley Sussex. He had been previously living in Kensington. In 1949, police captured the multiple murderer George Haigh at his Kensington hotel. Haigh confessed to killing his last victim in Crawley Sussex.

The secretary to the writer George Bernard Shaw's was Blanch Patch. In 1944 while Patch and Shaw were dining at Crawley's Oslow Court Hotel, Haigh, who would be hung for murder, snapped at a noisy child, snarling, “I'll kill that bloody child if it doesn't shut up.” Shaw then turned to Haigh telling him that he was “destined for the gallows”. In March 1944, Haigh was involved in a car accident and experienced repeating nightmares. Haigh described his most common one:

> *'I saw before me a forest of crucifixes, which gradually turned into trees. At first there appeared to be dew, or rain, dripping from the branches, but as I approached I realised it was blood. Suddenly the whole forest began to writhe and the trees, stark and erect, to ooze blood...A man went to the each tree catching the blood...When the cup was full he approached me. "Drink," he said but I was unable to move.'*

In 1891, Thompson was living in the Harrow Road district near to the site of the Tyburn tree. This 'tree' was a platform gallows, made with a frame of wood. From 1536 to 1681, during the English Reformation, 100 Roman Catholics were executed, upon the tree. Crowds of 200,000 would converge to witness the condemned be beheaded, disembowelled, cut-into-sections, or hung. The hangman was known to amuse the crowd: pushing the hanging corpse, or shaking its hand. Thompson wrote of the Tyburn tree:

> *'Rain, rain on Tyburn tree,*
> *Red rain-a-falling;*
> *Dew, Dew on Tyburn tree,...*
> *Ah, happy who*
> *That sequestered secret knew,*
> *How sweeter than bee-haunted dells*
> *The blosomy blood of martyrs smells!*
> *Who did upon the scaffold's bed,*
> *The ceremonial steel between you wed.'*

In 1888 when Shaw was music critic for the "Star", the paper's editor suppressed publication of a letter written by Shaw on September 19. Writing under the pseudonym of Jesus Christ- Shaw asked:

> *'The editor of the Star Sir. Why do you try to put the Whitechapel murders on me? Sir Charles Warren is quite right not to catch the unfortunate murderer, whose conviction and punishment would be conducted on my father's old lines of an eye for an eye, which I have always consistently repudiated. As to the eighteen centuries of what you call Christianity, I have nothing to do with it. It was invented by an aristocrat of the Roman set...When I see my name mixed up with your paper, I feel as if nails were going into me- and I know what the sensation is like better than you do.'*

Another letter written for the "Star", by Shaw, upon the deeds of the Whitechapel murderer was printed. Shaw's letter was titled "Blood Money to Whitechapel" and told of what he thought had been brought about by the East End killer:

> *'some independent genius has taken the matter in hand and by simply murdering and disembowelling four women, converted the properties class into an inept sort of communism.'*

New York resident David Berkowitz, also known as the Son of Sam murder, called the killing in the borough of Queens an obsession. Berkowitz, who believed that the neighbour's dog was a transformed three thousand year old demon, wrote of himself, in relation to the city and his victims:

> *'from the cracks in the sidewalks of New York City and from the ants that dwell in these cracks...from the gutters of New York City, which are filled with dog manure, vomit, stale wine, urine blood....The women of Queens are prettiest of all. I must be the water they drink...To the People of Queens, I love you...I'd have to kill as many as I could, as quickly as possible. That would give the demons meat for a long spell...The demons were turning me into a soldier. A soldier can't stop every time he shoots someone and weep...He simply shoots the enemy. They were people I had to kill. I can't stop and weep over them. You have to be strong and...you have to survive.'*

When the police raided, Berkowitz's house one of his few possessions was found to be a book on Jack the Ripper. David Berkowitz killed six people. The Graffiti on the walls of his flat, which were raided by the police, told: 'Kill for my Master...In this hole lives the Wicked King...I turn children into Killers' In 1989 "The Encyclopaedia of Modern Murder," written by Colin Wilson & Donald Seaman was published. Within the Encyclopaedia Colin Wilson wrote:

'insanity or paranoia no longer provide an adequate explanation for crimes of sick violence...Psychologically speaking, it would be inaccurate to describe any crime as motiveless...What we are encountering here is what Sartre called 'magical thinking', meaning completely illogical thinking that cannot possibly accomplish its object-like an ostrich burying its head in the sand. And magical thinking is a vital clue to the psychology of crime...A tramp who had never owned a home might well feel that if only he could live in a country cottage he would be perfectly happy... since the Victorian era, society has been moving in the direction of sexual frankness...The roots of the present lie in the past...the criminal is afflicted with magical thinking- a kind of self-chosen blindness and deafness.'

The established avant-garde art & culture magazine, "Rapid Eye," in their 1992-95, "Creation Books" release, explored coincidence in the realm of magical thinking:

> *'[Ted] Bundy, for instance, killed over twenty girls in the mid-70's, usually strangling or battering them to death in an uncontrollable frenzy. He carried out several of these murders in accordance with an astrological timetable. The overall sequence also contained a disproportionate number of 'double initial' victims:...Six out of twenty isn't enough to constitute a pattern [James] Austin concedes, but it is significantly higher than the distribution of double initials in the population as a whole. Bundy is now known to have had marginal occult connections, as did several of his victims. Was he too caught up, willy nilly, in some kind of Twilight Language stratagem? Some of the evidence may fall apart on close examination, but there is a definite residue of data here that cannot be dismissed as "mere" coincidence.'*

Colin Wilson noted the case of a Sunday school superintendent, named Theodore Durrant who, aged twenty-four, killed two girls in a Baptist church. He also wrote of a failed seminary student, called Royden Sharp:

> *'If, in fact, Sharp had been in his twenties in 1888 -instead of a schoolboy- he would be the ideal suspect for the Ripper murders.'*

The book's preface, given by the Editor, J.H.H Gaute, told. 'The mystery of Jack the Ripper will never be solved.' Gaute ended, his preface, with a poem that described a hanging, called "Eight O'clock" by Mr A.E Housman. It was his brother Lawrence Housman who designed the cover to Francis Thompson's 1892 book "Poems" An article written by Colin Wilson, for the English Journal "The Criminologist" titled "The Dominant Five Percent", told of the 1963 theory of John B. Calhoun's that at any one time, one member of a species has a genetic bias to lead twenty of the same species. The theory classes murderers and writers within this narrow margin. Richard Whittington-Egan gave the Forward to Wilson's and Odell's book, "Jack the Ripper Summing Up the Verdict." Whittington-Egan warned others who felt that they could suggest a Ripper candidate:

> *'Those who seek to identify the Ripper should come with clean feet!...It would be a foolish- or exceptionally fortunate- investigator who could give it a lie.'*

Whittington-Egan also gave the forward, for the writer Stephen Knight's book "Jack the Ripper. The Final Solution":

> *'A great part of the fascination of the Jack the Ripper case has always been its abiding mystery; the puzzle, the tantalizing endless permutations of possibility- and impossibility- which it throws up, spinning the mind like a white mouse in whirring wheel. It may be that, after so long, subconsciously. I don't want the answer to be found, the guessing game to end. For what is deader than a puzzle solved, a crossword completed?'*

On August 11 1890, Frances Thompson wrote a lengthy letter to Alice Meynell, in which he made brief mention of another writer, Oscar Wilde: 'shall I add, the immortal Oscar Wilde? (A witty paradoxical writer, who, nevertheless, "meo judicio", [passing judgment] will do nothing permanent because he is earnest about nothing)' In 1894 Wilde would write his play The importance of being Earnest The leading character was named Jack. Wilfrid Meynell knew Oscar Wilde and his wife Constance who wrote a letter in 1893 to Wilfrid stating. “Come and read 'Poems' to me. I want to become saturated with Francis Thompson; I am becoming so now and he takes me up into regions of mysticism where I live a new life and am happy!...Oscar was quite charmed.” Oscar Wilde exclaimed. “Why can't I write poetry like that? That is what I've wanted to do all my life.”

The English novelist, poet and essayist David Herbert Lawrence was born in 1885 in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, the son of a minor, who died of tuberculosis, D.H. Lawrence, became a schoolmaster, before taking to writing full time in 1911. In 1912 Lawrence eloped with the wife of a Nottingham University professor, Frieda von Richthofen, who was a cousin to the 'Red Baron' Mannfred von Richthofen. From 1912 to 1913 Lawrence and von Richthofen travelled through Germany, Austria and Italy. In 1914 D.H. Lawrence, who had by now gained recognition for his 'Sons and Lovers,' and Frieda, who had become recently divorced, married, before returning to live in small cottage in Cornwall. Between January and June of 1915, the writer David Herbert Lawrence moved to Sussex where he lived at the Meynell's family estate of Greatham cottage. Also known as Grettam, this was a large estate, reached through a winding path through a forest of pines. This cottage was purchased in 1911 partly from the funds made by royalties from the sales of Thompson's works. The setting was a small 17th century house surrounded by eighty acres of common and woods bought at £20 per acre. While completing his novel 'The Rainbow' Lawrence wrote from Greatham of the future of literature:

> *'We will be Sons of God who walk here on earth...We will be aristocrats and as wise as the serpent in dealing with the mob. For the mob shall not crush us or starve us nor cry us to death. We will deal cunningly with the mob, the greedy soul, we will gradually bring it to subjection. We will found an order and we will all be Princes, as the angels are.'*

Two other writers of note were influenced by Thompson. Their relationship to each other was so intertwined that they cannot be written on separately. They were Ezra Pound and T.S Eliot.
If there ever was a poet who could be said to have been mad it would have to be been Ezra Pound. A Poet, essayist, propagandist and traitor of World War II allied nations; Ezra Pound carries the distinction of being the only traitor to have escaped trial after the war in the USA due to insanity. Ezra Loomis Pound, was born in Hailey, Idaho. He was simply named Ra by his family supposedly in honour of the Egyptian sun god by the same name. Ezra Pound believed that his name originated from Ez, meaning rising and Raa, meaning 'proper, divine and honorific'. He always maintained that his actual birthplace was Second and Pine, New York City. Ezra Pound's childhood was one in which he made firm friends. In 1894 Ezra, was living in Wyncote USA where, with the help of a friend, he rescued a companion's, Ned Heacock's, dog in a flash flood. Ezra was caught in the flood and his two friends Tommy Cochran and Heacock, were almost unable to save him. In 1897 Ezra Pound aged twelve continued to gather congenial friends such as Hawley Chester. Ezra and Hawley, finding that their small band was acquiring too many fans, created a 'djin', which is a magical creature, to ward them off. In June of 1898 Ezra and his aunt Mrs. Frances Weston, affectionately called aunt Frank, visited London, Brussels, Germany, France and Italy. By September, on the mid Atlantic homewards, to the United States Ezra wrote the following lines on a knife given to him by his father:

> *'Though not among the famous bards*
> *I send to you my kind regards*
> *For knives galore*
> *And for kind wishes for more'*

From 1900, to 1901, little is known of Ezra Pound's life, leaving Ezra Pound to give the only account:

> *'I knew at fifteen pretty much what I wanted to do. I resolved at thirty I would know more about poetry then any man living.'*

In 1905, Ezra Pound tore up his sonnets and, at the end of the year, again ventured to England. In July 1906, Ezra stayed at Duchess Street off Portland Place, in London and spent a week in the British Reading Room. Ezra Pound had gained an anonymous scholarship, of 500 pounds to research his thesis on the comedian, or buffoon in the sixteenth-century Spanish drama. Ezra used the funds in visiting Spain. He was there during the wedding of King Alfonso. Ezra Pound was in the crowd during an anarchist's attempt to assassinate the King. In August of 1906 Ezra wrote a review of "Le Secret des Troubadours", upon the author, of the "Troubadours," Josephin Peladan. Ezra's review suggested that a mystical sect had secretly survived from the time of Ancient Greece. The sect supposedly believed that mental enlightenment, practised through sex magic, was to be venerated. Ezra returned to studies at Pennsylvania University in the autumn of 1906 only to walk out of his lectures. When returning to London in October 1908 Ezra began to write poems on Browning from a troubadour standpoint. Browning was the poet upon whose recommendation of Francis Thompson's poetry spurred Wilfrid Meynell to publish Thompson's works. In addition, in the same October his poem called "Histrion" was written. The subject of 'Histrion' was upon Ezra's habit of taking on the personalities of other poets. In 'Histrion' Ezra depicted himself as, at one time Dante and at another Francois Villom, the lord of ballads and a thief. A fragment of his poem "Histrion" reads:

> *'NO man hath dared to write this thing as yet,*
> *And yet I know, how that the souls of all men great*
> *At times pass through us,*
> *And we are melted into them, and are not*
> *Save reflections of their souls…*
> *So cease we from all being for the time,*
> *And these, the Masters of the Soul, live on.'*

In 1907, Ezra Pound was living at Crawfordsville, where he wrote: 'Na Audiart', a play spoken, by the troubadour, Bertran de Born. In the poem, the troubadour has fallen in love with a woman named Audiart and speaks of his plan to construct the ideal woman by using the body parts of the females he admires. Ezra explained how the troubadour, through joy, is reduced to senselessness and yearns to use Audiart's torso for his construction. In 1907 Ezra wrote a Christmas poem titled 'Villonaud for this Yule". Villonaud was Ezra's compound name for Fracois Villon, the fifteenth century poet outlaw. He began to dress as the poet. For Ezra the years 1901-1907 had coloured Ezra's life in esoteric lore bringing critics to state that his poems showed mystic illumination. Ezra began to take on pseudonyms such B.H. Dias and William Atheling. In 1909 Pound lived in Kensington near to Kensington High Street. He complained of the bells ringing at nearby St Mary Abbots to the vicar and began to reject the Church. Ezra was by now dressing in the fashion of the 1880's, with an ebony cane coloured shirts, with a pose giving him what he and colleagues felt was a 'Jesus' like appearance. By the middle of November 1909, Pound met D.H Lawrence who wrote of Ezra. "He lives in an attic, like a traditional poet...He knows W.B Yeats & all the Swells." Ezra had recently met Lawrence at a dinner party held by Violet Hunt, where he dined on flowers. Miss Hunt told:

> *'seeing the supper table dressed in red tulips in glasses he presently took one of the flowers and proceeded to munch it up. As Yeats, absorbed in his monologue, did not notice this strange behaviour...Ezra, having found the tulip to his taste, did the same with the second flower.'*

Ezra Pound worked off his worries of gaining weight with tennis matches with Bridget Patmore, who was married to the grandson of Thompson's friend Coventry Patmore. The Vienna Cafe, on the corner of New Oxford Street and Blumesbury Street, had patrons largely made up of those who used the Reading Room at the British Museum, such as Robert Laurence Binyon, the English poet and art critic, who was working in the British Museum printed books department. It was in 1910, at the Vienna Cafe, that Binyon introduced Ezra Pound to the English novelist and painter Wyndham Lewis. In 1911, Ezra Pound became acquainted with Arnold Bennet, who had just returned from ten years abroad. Since his days as assistant editor and later in 1896 chief editor, of the 'Woman,' journal Arnold Bennet had, in 1902, moved to Paris, where he lived for ten years. While in Paris Bennet wrote a number of novels, including his 1908, 'Old Wives Tale'. Upon returning to England in 1911, he met with Ezra Pound, at the Vienna Café. In 1913, Ezra Pound exclaimed the role of himself and his fellow artisans:

'Modern civilisation has bred a race with brains like those of rabbits and we who are the heirs of the witch-doctor and the voodoo, we artists who have been so long the despised are about to take over control.'

In 1914 Ezra Pound celebrated Christmas and New Years Eve, at Newbuildings, near Crabbet Village. Wilfrid Blunt, was the host. This was the same Blunt who cared for Francis Thompson during the final weeks of his life. Also present was Victor Plarr and Allen Upward. There was also the London born, poet and translator, Frank Stewart Flint and Richard Aldington. Present was the English poet critic and wood engraver, Thomas Sturge Moore. His customers, for his book engravings, included W.B Yeats who also attended the Newbuildings festivities. Wilfrid Blunt was seventy-five years of age and had known Ezra for about a year. On Sunday January 18 1914, the band went again to Newbuildings in which they dined on Roast Peacock. Hilaire Belloc, the writer, whose sister had come to fame for her Ripper based novel 'The Lodger' who lived nearby, also came for tea. Again, in March, Pound and Richard Aldington spent an evening again at New Buildings where Blunt, dressed as an Arab sheikh, with pistols mounted in his sash, compelled the two to toast to the Damnation of the British Government. Pound, in almost cryptic verse, wrote of Blunt's influence in his poem 'Cantos', number eighty-one, written later, when in prison at Pisa:

Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
Made courage, or made order, or made grace,
Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
Learn of the green world what can be thy place
In scaled invention or true artistry,
Pull down thy vanity,…

'To have, with decency, knocked
That a Blunt should open
To have gathered from the air a live tradition
or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame
This is not vanity'

In March 1914 Whyndam Lewis, with Ezra Pound prepared publication of the 'Blast' journal. Published in April, 'Blast,' was based on the concept of the 'Whirl-Swirl', which was said to be a flow of Matter and Power or Action and Reaction, noted in a recent book by Allen Upward called 'New World,'. The 'Blast' journal was subtitled 'A Review of the great English Vortex. Long Live the Vortex'. Also in 1914 Ezra, who now called himself a Vorticist, modelled for a bust of himself. It was carved by Gaudier-Brzeska. Called 'Hieratic Head of Ezra Pound' this bust was amongst the first offerings on display at the newly opened Whitechapel art gallery. Serving as the East End's first gallery of modern it was situated at the old Toynbee Hall building. This was the same building that once held meeting of protest at the Ripper murders. In November 1915, Ezra Pound, through the publishers Elkin Mathews, published a book, of assorted verse, named the 'Catholic Anthology'. When Pound's anthology appeared Catholic literary figures, specifically Francis Meynell, objected to its title. It contained poems by W.B. Yeats and the poems 'Prufrock', 'Portrait of a Lady' and 'Hysteria,' by T.S Eliot. In the same year of 1915 Pound and T.S Eliot became friends.

On Wednesday May 9 1944, the 'Chicago Sun' published an interview piece by Edd Johnson titled 'Pound, Accused of Treason, Calls Hitler Saint, Martyr'. The interviewer spoke to the imprisoned Poet:

'I talked with pound now 59 years old and with a grayish pink beard, on the sixth floor of an office building overlooking the main square of war-battered Genoa...Among the other things he said today were these: "Adolf Hitler was a Jeanne d'Arc, a saint. He was a martyr. Like many martyrs, he held extreme views"...When I had terminated the interview, Pound was just beginning to discuss the astrological era of dictatorship. But I still say the old sinner is not crazy.'

In the years leading up to World War II Pound began to align himself with the Italian Fascists. He travelled to Italy where he took a leading part of in a series of English-language programs beamed to America over Benito Mussolini's shortwave radio in Rome. These propaganda broadcasts denounced Allied countries and in particular the United States and the Jews. He was indicted on July 26, 1943. After the war, he was arrested as a traitor. On May 22nd, 1945 Field Marshal sir Harold Alexander of the British forces ordered that Ezra Pound be tried for treason without delay and that military staff:

> *"exercise utmost security measures to prevent escape or suicide. No press interviews authorised. Accord no preferential treatment."*

Pound was taken, in handcuffs, on May 24, to the Disciplinary Training Centre a camp situated on a field north of Pisa. It consisted of barbed wire fences, the compound was supported by concrete 'gibbets' and the fence was electrified. Guard towers had soldiers whose occupants held sub-machine-guns and Browning automatic rifles. Ezra was placed in the maximum-security compound an area of the camp reserved for escape artists and those awaiting execution. Ezra Pound's cage consisted of a wooden frame and steel mesh. The night before Ezra's move, military engineers had replaced the grill with heavy steel sections used to make runway mobile airstrips. Orders were given that prisoners and guards, be restricted from the area and that no one was to speak to him. Ezra was placed in an army 'fatigue' uniform. He was allowed to keep his book on Confucius and his small Chinese dictionary. He was also given the 'Bible'. His cage was in the corner near to the fence. The area was labelled 'Death Cells.' Ezra would pace the floor. Since all four sides of Ezra's cage were open to the elements, he was given blankets and he would lie wrapped in the pile on the damp concrete. The prisoner was given a can in the corner of his cage as his toilet. One guard was posted to watch him night and day. Floodlights were beamed on him continually. He was fed by a black soldier Pound thought ironic that the soldier was named Whiteside. His exercise included tennis, fencing and shadow boxing. After three weeks, Pound's complaints of claustrophobia allowed him to be moved to a tent. Of the camp's commander, a man by the name of Steel, Ezra wrote. “Steele is the sort of name somebody might dream up if he wanted a prison warden story.” Steele responded that Pound was not a pretty name itself. Three psychiatrists interviewed Ezra Pound and pronounced him sane. Ezra was detained for six months before being escorted to the U.S with a three man guard, which included two colonels. Another radio propagandist for the Germans William Joyce known on air as 'Lord Haw Haw' was hanged for war crimes on January 25th, 1946. The 'New York Tribune' wrote of Pound:

> *'The sixty-year old poet will be confined at the St Elizabeth's Federal Hospital for the insane. He may again face trial if he recovers from his present 'paranoiac state', government prosecutors said, pointing out that a treason charge has no limitations, being valid until the defendant dies.'*

In 1953 the paper 'New Republic', gave Ezra Pound the opportunity to speak:

> *'Ha, I was a dangerous criminal...They thought I was a dangerous wild man and were scared of me. I had a guard night and day and when they built a cage out of iron mats from aeroplane runways and put me in the cage for the merriment of all, they posted a guard outside. Soldiers used to come up to the cage and look at me. Some of them brought me food. Old Ez was a prize exhibit.'*

In the summer of 1967 Allen Ginsberg met Ezra Pound, who was still imprisoned. Ginsberg chanted Mantras to Ezra and played him the latest selection of 'Beatles' and Bob Dylan records.

Thomas Sterns Eliot, the poet, playwright, critic and editor, was born on September 26 1888, in St. Louis, Missouri and died on January 4 1965, in London. Coming from a well known New England family T.S. Eliot, studied at the Smith Academy, in St. Louis, Milton, in Massachusetts and Harvard in 1906. Eliot graduated, with a Bachelor of Arts, in 1909. His teachers included George Santayana and Bertrand Russell. Eliot had managed to compile a small library of books mostly garnered from gifts by colleagues. One volume was the poetry of Francis Thompson. In 1911, Eliot visited Europe and London. Noted biographer of Eliot, Peter Ackroyd, wrote in his book on Eliot:

> *'He apparently travelled to London in April 1911 - there is at least, one short poem 'Interlude in London,' bearing that date in which, with that melancholic lyric music which Eliot seems able to summon at will, a damp and apathetic life is evoked. (This may have not been his first trip; since he had a Baedeker guide, 'London and the Environs,' which has a date 14 October 1910 written on it, it is possible that he travelled to Munich where he completed 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"'*

In the autumn of 1911, T.S. Eliot returned to Harvard as a graduate student in philosophy. He became fascinated in the crucifixion and pinned a picture called 'Yellow Christ' on his wall. While at Harvard T.S Eliot delved into Indian philosophy and studied Sanskrit. He became interested in mysticism and the psychology of religion. In 1914 and for some months after he left, he wrote a number of poems they include one in which a man fantasies suicide and another called 'The Love Song of St. Sebastian,' in which the speaker describes whipping himself and then strangling a woman. In 1914, Eliot left America and after studying briefly in Germany, he settled in London and, in June of 1915, he married Vivien Haigh-Wood. Eliot's friendship to Ezra Pound was part of circle of English intellectualism, who included Conrad Aiken an American poet, whom he had known from his days at Harvard and 1914 Pulitzer prize winner. In addition, friends with Eliot included Ford Maddox Ford and Wyndham Lewis. Eliot and was introduced to the Bloomsbury circle by Bertrand Russell. In London, in 1911, Eliot became a clerk for Lloyds Bank. Ezra Pound was thrilled by T.S Eliots 'Prufrock' in the August edition of 'Poetry' he spoke of its merits: 'the best thing in poetry since-{for the sake of peace I will leave that date to the imagination}' {Ezra p313}. In the same year the second issue, of 'Blast,' was released and the journal ceased publication. T.S. Eliots's poem 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,' was published in 1917, in the 'Dial'. The poem was dedicated to Ezra Pound. Eliot's poem opens with an epigraph, originally in Latin, of a stanza from 'Dante's “Divine Comedy,” in the “Inferno”.

> *'Epigraph:*
> *'If I though my reply were to someone*
> *who could ever return to the world,*
> *this flame would shake no longer.*
> *But since no-one ever returned*
> *alive from this pit,*
> *if what I hear is true,*
> *I answer thee without fear of infamy.'*
> *Let us go then, you and I,*
> *When the evening is spread out against the sky*
> *Like a patient etherised upon a table;*
> *Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,*
>
> *The muttering retreats*
> *Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels*
> *And sawdust restaurants with oyster shells:*
> *Streets that follow like a tedious argument*
> *Of insidious intent*
> *To lead you to an overwhelming question...*
> *Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"*
> *Let us go and make our visit...'*

Whilst in the company of close friends or when alone, Eliot would Practice the wearing of makeup. The colour chosen by Eliot was green. Lending to him what was said to be a 'cadaverous' appearance. In the 1920's Ezra came to call Eliot 'Possum' and a 'fine old Marsupial' due to his: 'Ability to appear dead while its is still alive'. The Wasteland made its first appearance in the November 1922 issue of the

'Dial'. Of the Wasteland, Ezra Pound wrote: 'We mowed the grass for him, so he could set up his doll house.' In 1922 W.B Yeats and T.S. Eliot dined together. W.B Yeats, who had become an Irish senator, had bullets fired into his house. Ezra Pound, in 1922, wrote the following stanza on Eliot's poetry:

'These are the poems of Eliot
By the Uranian Muse begot;
A Man their Mother was.
A Muse their Sire.
How did the printed Infancies result
From Nuptials thus doubly difficult?
If you must needs enquire
Know diligent Reader
That on each Occasion
Ezra performed the Caesarean Operation.'

In 1922 Ezra attempted to form a fighting fund for Eliot to enable him to quit Lloyds of London. Ezra proclaimed that Eliot would head a drive to restart civilisation. Donations of five pounds were solicited. Ezra's strong wording caused Eliot to threat repudiation unless Lloyds was removed from the circulars Ezra sent. In 1923 Eliot wrote a letter to the 'Daily Mail' with his opinions on the 'Ilford Murder'. In which he urged that Edith Thompson and her young lover be executed. On January, the 1st, 1923. T.S. Eliot wrote a letter to the 'Daily Mail', within it Eliot congratulated the articles by Sir Percival Phillips on the rise of Mussolini and applauded the 'Black Shirts'. The same letter contained his urging to execute, by hanging, the lovers Edward Bywater and Edith Thompson, who had previously been convicted of murdering Edith's husband. In may of 1923 Eliot spoke to Ezra Pound, of his wife's, Vivien's contemplation of suicide. In 1925 Eliot banned all official biographies of his life. In 1927 T.S Eliot was editor for the 'Criterion' between January and June of 1927 Eliot reviewed twenty four detective and crime novels at the rate of one review per fortnight. Eliot could recall lengthy passages of 'Sherlock Holmes'. In 1933 Eliot decided that his wife, Vivian, was mentally ill and they lived apart. In 1953, Eliot's 'The Confidential Clerk' opened in London. Before the opening, he stipulated that he would give no speeches or press conferences. The play is upon a clerk who becomes confused as to the identity of his mother. After becoming a fan of the 'Dr. Crippen murder, case Eliot went to a costume ball dressed as the captured murderer. A friend of Eliot Herbert Read told Eliot. ‘I always felt that I was in the presence of a remorseful man, of one who had some secret sorrow or guilt.’ In January 1957, T.S Eliot married Valerie Fletcher, with whom he lived with until his death in 1965. Upon travelling to Rome to have audience with Pope Pius XII Eliot claimed to be a travelling 'Sherlock Holmes'. While visiting Italy Eliot went on a pilgrimage to seek out the Golden Bough; a magical tree. In June 1946, Eliot visited Ezra at who was incarcerated at St Elizabeth's. In 1947 Vivian Eliot died. In 1948 Eliot was awarded the Order of Merit by the King and the Noble Prize for Literature.

From the start of Ripper crimes right up to the present day there has been no shortage of suspects. Some have gained more media attention and credibility than others. For example, there is James Maybrick. In October 1993, Mike Barret announced his discovery of a diary written by Jack the Ripper The diary was handwritten, in a leather bound book with no dates, or print and was sixty-three pages long. It was claimed that the original owner of the diary was Tony Deverux, who had died in August 1991. Barret's diary was claimed to have been written by James Maybrick. A Liverpool cotton merchant, Maybrick died on May 11 1889. His wife Florence was put on trial for his murder by arsenic poisoning. In 1909, after her release from prison and a short holiday, Mrs. Maybrick stepped back into the social limelight at a party at the house of the Duchess of Sutherland's. Previously, in 1992; Mike Barret had shown the diary to Dr David Vaxendale, a former Home Office forensic scientist, of Document Evidence Ltd in Birmingham. Dr. Vaxendale dated the diary as having been written after World War I. Researcher Paul Begg also examined the diary, in comparison to Maybrick's handwriting and found little similarity claiming the diary a forgery. On Monday June 27 1994, Mike Barret confession to having faked the diary was published in the 'Liverpool Daily Post'. On Tuesday, the 5th of July, 1994, writer Paul Fieldman confronted Mike Barret upon the veracity of the diary and Barret's character. Fieldman demanded that Barret expose his leg to identity a scar connecting him with a violent incident, with the police, in 1974.. Mike Barret retorted to Fieldman's continued proposition that he had forged the document, with: "I can prove it...Shall we play cards?...Ha, ha, ha underline, ha, ha!" Fieldman accused Mike of 'living in a Walter Mitty world' Paul Fieldman then spoke, to Mike Barret's wife, Ann Barret. When questioned upon her role in the diary she replied that she had given it to the late Tony Deverux. Mrs. Ann Barret told that she had first found the diary in an old black trunk,

which also housed a crucifix. Ann Barret told that her father and stepmother had mentioned that the trunk had been left by her grandmother. When questioned further by Paul Fieldman, Ann became abrupt: "Not until my father is buried will I tell you what I know, but I can assure you it has nothing to do with the Barret Family. Please let them be." Ann's hesitancy was spurred on by her fears that Fieldman's study was bugged. Mike Barret cancelled a meeting because of a claimed bomb threat and was admitted, into the 'Windsor Unit of Fazakely Hospital', for alcoholism. Dr Joe Nickell, in 'Who was Jack the Ripper?' by Camille Wolff of Grey House Books in 1995 declared. “Neither James Maybrick nor any other candidate for Ripperhood could have written a diary a century after the events this amateurish fake purports to describe.”

The current state of affairs surrounding the Whitechapel murder is the production of in a Booklet, a Jack the Ripper Audiotape, a newsletter of the 'Cloak and Dagger Club' called the Ripperologist, a nightly guided tour of the murder scene, a number of alleged other suspects and victims being named, books, documentaries, films, musicals and plays. There is also a quarterly Journal called Ripperana, a waxworks, a Jack the Ripper pub, annual conferences on the subject in England and the United States, and an audiovisual exhibition. The people behind all this must be acknowledged for some fine work and this acknowledgement also extends to the people who have studied or written on the life and poetry of Francis Thompson. As with any being, there was in Francis Thompson things to admire and may he be seen as the extraordinary individual he was. However, what is more extraordinary may, perhaps be us for letting history fall victim to his crimes.

THE END.

APPENDIX

01 WORKHOUSES

These institutions no longer exist and most people now are probably unfamiliar with their purpose and how they operated. In 1888, about one in four people who lived in Whitechapel had spent time in a Workhouse. Arbitrarily almost all East Enders knew of someone who had lived in a workhouse or themselves lived under their shadow.

Workhouses were forbidding, featureless brick buildings sometimes rising four stories high. The combined number of workhouse occupants in the Whitechapel area was thirty thousand. Although many occupants of workhouses were voluntary law courts often sent people to workhouses if they were deemed unfit to be in public. Workhouses were open for admittance from at least six pm. in winter and eight pm. in summer.

In the East End, no public building, apart from prisons, held more dread than the workhouse. Like any initiative for reform, the workhouse had origins in philanthropic endeavour and stood as a symbol for a new order, a way to vitalise the state of the poor and improve their lot. They soon came to be bland closed superstructures, their inner workings a mystery. The lives of those within workhouses were often as silent and as grim as the heavy thick walls that enclosed them. The irony was that the workhouse was creation of altruistic minds bent on helping the unfortunate and poor.

The tradition of providing refuges, to the downtrodden, has carried on in England since time immemorial. It was a task usually attended to by church parishes like St Mary's in Whitechapel. Before the writer Henry Fielding published his "Proposal for making an effectual Provision for the Poor" in 1753, the concept of a systemised form of state control was a piece of fiction. Fielding's work envisaged a super-structure, which could hold 5,000 of the poor. Those placed within the workhouse were to work in return for food and other essentials for survival. The placement of the inmate, in this proposed circular building, would be based on their degree antisocial behaviour. Those people found to be more resistant to obedience were placed nearer to its core.

It was in 1758, with the Nacton House of Industry, in Suffolk that the Workhouse was formally established. Admiral Edward Vernon, a private benefactor, provided the land as well as £1,000 for the construction of the workhouse. He presumably provided this money posthumously as a grant in his will since he died the previous year. The champion of Workhouses, Fielding, had already honoured Admiral Vernon in 1741 in his epic poem 'Vernoniad' upon the Admiral's victory in a decisive naval battle against Spain at the Caribbean's Portobello in 1739. The Admiral's funds allowed twenty-eight parishes to incorporate their efforts to assist the poor and house them in one large building. Inmates worked in Nacton making sacks, twine and spinning wool.

In 1834, with the passing of the Poor Law Amendments, the 'Poor Law Commission' came into existence. This body, headed by three Commissioners, took responsibility of care of the poor away from individual parishes and to a centralised government ran body. The Poor Law Commission initiated a number of schemes. Not the least of which was the opening of Workhouses. By 1839, the Commission had established almost 350 workhouses in England. These institutions, although aimed at alleviating the plight of the poor, rapidly became places designed to be repellent. One of the three Poor Law Commissioners and one time overseer of Southwell Workhouse, Captain George Nicholls, directed: 'I wish to see the poorhouse looked with dread by our labouring classes and the reproach for being an intimate of it extend downwards from father to son.' This echoed common views on the purpose of the Workhouse such as given by The Reverend H. H. Milman who wrote in 1832 to Edwin Chadwick who would become secretary to the Poor Law Commissioners:

> *'The Workhouse should be a place of hardship, of coarse fare, of degradation and humility; it should be administered with strictness, with severity; it should be as repulsive as is consistent with humanity.'*

By 1847 Workhouses, with wings for the detention of lunatics and casual wards for day-to-day workers, were in full affect in London with St. Martins Workhouse recording 11,600 admissions. The 1867 admissions to the Whitechapel Workhouse were recorded at 20,000. In 1884 The Metropolitan Poor Act, ordered Workhouses to be open for admittance from at least 6 pm. in winter and 8 pm. in summer. Upon entry, occupants were formed into gangs based on age, sex and health. The categories they were divided into were:

1. Men infirm through age or any other cause
2. Able-bodied males over fifteen
3. Boys between seven and fifteen
4. Women infirm through age or any other cause
5. Able-bodied females over fifteen
6. Girls between seven and fifteen
7. Children under seven

Upon signing in the Workhouse, occupants were formed into gangs. They were then given a pound of bread and a rug. Usually corrupt officials promptly confiscated these before the inmates were stripped and showered. Straight jackets would hang nearby to restrain those who showed signs of disobedience. Their hair was shorn into a short crop. (It was an early consideration by the Workhouse board to cut patterns into the inmate's hair; it was to mark them in accordance of phrenology. This was the study of people's features, which considered that the position of bumps on the head determined mental characteristics. The idea was reluctantly abandoned due to male pattern baldness.)

By the 1880's, most Workhouses held from 300 to 900 people. Vagrants were accepted into the Workhouse on the condition that following a morning's work they would receive free warm meals, a place to sleep, a bath, medical attention, education and spiritual guidance. A Master ran each a Workhouse and there was an assigned chaplain and a visiting surgeon. To ensure that the occupant performed the obliged mornings work law allowed that they give one days notice before leaving or face arrest. Occupants could not leave without the consent of both a police constable and the Workhouse relieving officer. The Poor Law Board advised that Workhouse sleeping quarters should consist of large separate rooms segregating males and females. The rooms, in which well often a hundred inmates would be locked within, were large with flagstone floors. Lining two walls were wooden platforms facing each other. Short planks of wood acted as partitions between the sleepers. There was little ventilation and unsanitary conditions within Workhouses enabling diseases such as, Cholera, Typhoid and Whooping cough in infants, to spread rapidly. Reporter, for the "Pall Mall Gazette", James Greenwood, disguised himself as a tramp and gained admission in Lambeth Workhouse, London. He wrote in 1866, of his night's rest within its casual ward:

> *'My bed-fellows, lay amongst the cranks, distributed over the flagstones in a double row, on narrow bags scantily stuffed with hay...Some were stretched out at full length; some lay nose and knees together; some with an arm or a leg showing crooked through the coverlet. It was like the result of a railway accident.'*

Upon being awakened for work at 6 am, workhouse inmates bathed with a bucket shared within an open courtyard. Breakfast was a slice of bread and oatmeal with water, which was consumed more for its warmth than any great nutritional value. The occupants then began morning work. If a worker ground corn then they would be given three bushels and locked, six at the time, into a room. Inside would stand a wheel, made from stone, with handles protruding. It took near to nine thousand turns of the wheel to finish the three bags. Stonebreakers, assembled in the Workhouse yard, were given, a half-ton block of granite, a hammer and a metal sieve. They would be locked in with orders to break the stones in segments small enough to pass through the sieves, whose holes were less than 6 millimetres in diameter. Those who refused the work assigned by the Local Government Board could be summarily arrested. Oakum picking was seen as the most amicable task. Oakum was bundles of twisted old hemp fibre, which were the cast off from ropes. It was used to seal planks of wooden ships making them watertight. When steam driven ships of iron replaced sailboats, the material was made redundant, however the chore of oakum picking in Workhouses continued for another twenty years as the chief occupation of inmates.

A writer who knew how to pick oakum was Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. He would be one of few people that my suspect Francis Thompson would come to call a friend. Blunt was born in 1840, in Sussex, of a Roman Catholic family. In 1869, Blunt married Annabella King-Noel, Byron's granddaughter. Blunt, the poet and diplomat, whose friends included Edward Robert Lytton, William Morris, Oscar Wilde and Alice Meynell, wrote a memorandum on oakum picking and prison reform, especially as to the treatment of political prisoners. Blunt's comments were forwarded on February 25 1910, to the home secretary and future Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, Mr Winston Churchill, M.P:

> *'In the early months of 1888, I served a sentence under the Crimes Act in Ireland, of two months in Galloway and Kilimainham gaols...The oakum picking was so little trouble to me that I came to be glad to secrete a piece of the tarred rope on Saturday nights so as to have it to pick on Sundays. It gave an occupation to the hands and slightly to the brain of the kind that knitting gives. It was pleasant to the sense of smell and the eye.'*

Later in his life, Francis Thompson contributed as a writer for a literary periodical called the 'Academy'. Its editor the art critic and associate of the "Merry England", Lewis Hind accused Thompson of stealing funds from the cash box. Thompson considered resigning and drew on his experience as an inmate of workhouses when he wrote in reply:

> *'The only alternative is for me to pick-oakum...And I have not the talent of oakum-picking. Though I enjoyed the distinguished tuition of a burglar, who had gone through many trials-and-hours in the pursuit of this little-known art. I showed such mediocre capacity that the master did not encourage me to persevere. Besides, seeing how over-crowded the profession is, it would be a pity for me to take the oakum out of another man's fingers.'*

When the 'Academy' pressed Thompson further for the money to be returned he retaliated:

> *'You can either let me replace it or put me in gaol. I know how to pick oakum.'*

02 WARREN & SPION KOP

On January 23rd, 1998, Sir Charles Warren was residing in a wagon a few miles from a hill, known as Spion Kop, in South Africa. It was during the second Boer War fought between Great Britain and the Afrikaner republics of Transvaal and the Orange Free State. Sir Warren had been given orders to capture Spion Kop, which was considered a key strategic site. Sir Warren's troops had assembled seven miles from the hill. His plan was to capture Spion Kop under the cover of darkness. He gave orders forbidding the men to smoke in case Boers saw them. Sir Warren was in command of 22,000 Troops collectively designated as the 5th Division. Sir Warren ordered 20,000 to wait and 2,000 into battle. The enemy Boers at first numbered 600 troops. A delay of 26 hours, in which Sir Warren supervised the transport of his personal baggage across the Tugela River, allowed a further 6,000 of the enemy to gather. His men were told that each would be given a sandbag to fill and use for protection. They were told that food and water supplies would be available along the way. They were told that two guides would meet them at the base of the hill. They were also told that digging tools would be waiting. As dusk fell, his men began the long march to the base of the hill. The sandbags were not given out. The food and water did not arrive. One of the guides fled and the other became paralysed with fear. The Digging tools had vanished. After travelling across rough ground and fording watercourses for seven miles, Sir Warren's 2000 soldiers, reached the base of Spion Kop and began the 490 meter upward trek. They were placed under the command of General Woodgate, who at fifty-five, had to be carried. Exhaustion had already caused many men to simply fall down asleep. As the soldiers climbed, sometimes on their hands and knees, it began to rain. Their path consisted of old goat trails that rapidly churned to mud. The men, who moved in darkness, in concordance with Sir Warren's orders, to gain an element of surprise were dismayed to see that Sir Warren's hurricane lamp could be seen shining from his wagon at Three Tree Hill down on the plains below. There had been no previous recognizance of Spion Kop.

At 3:30am, the men, who had been ordered to unload their magazines, at the main camp and fight only with fixed bayonet, were relieved to find that steep hill gave way to a flat plateau. It held a small dugout and 200 Boer troops. The Boers fled wounding three soldiers. Believing that they had reached the summit of Spion Kop the men, under gathering fog, began to dig in and wait for daylight. As the sun rose and the fog lifted, they found that they were not actually at the top of the hill at all but a third of the way down on an exposed plain measuring a quarter square mile with knives their only weapons. The trenches they had built had walls of loose earth measuring a height of thirty-six centimetres. Combined enemy fire, which included five field guns, rained down from the Boers above them killing 1,700 of the 2,000 British. Ants attacked the remaining cowering in ditches under the now blistering heat.

As the day wore on wounded stragglers fled down the hill to be met by Winston Churchill the future WWII Prime Minister. Then a young lieutenant, Churchill had broken ranks from Warren's larger idle force of 20,000 and ascended on foot. Alice Meynell, the wife of Francis Thompson's publisher, already knew Winston Churchill, meeting him at Stafford House where the Duchess of Sutherland held Friday tea parties. Churchill, ignoring the orders of his commanding officers, began to rally the routed British forces. Sir Charles Warren, who ten years earlier had failed to capture Jack the Ripper, ordered Churchill's arrest. As the carnage continued the dead and wounded were carried away by stretcher-bearers under the command of Mohandas Gandhi, the future Indian Prime Minister who in 1888 was living in London. The Battle of Spion Kop has now become infamous for being one of the bloodiest battles in Boer History. Eventually the British took the hill and then soon abandoned it.

2.2 WARREN

In 1888, Sir Warren was forty-eight years of age and had already lived an active life that had seen him mostly soldering overseas. Educated at Cheltenham, Sandhurst and Woolwich Warren joined the Royal Engineers in 1857 and ten years later, he was Commander of the Royal Engineers of Saukin and Governor of the Red Sea Littoral. Warren served in Palestine and there carried out archaeological work. Warren spent the years between 1867 and 1869 authenticating biblical sites under government orders. Warren explored and mapped such as the site of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. This is a Jewish sanctuary believed to have once housed the Ark of the Covenant. Warren's bizarre excavation methods that included the examination of the southeast corner of the Temple area whilst standing on his head, earned him the name of Jerusalem Warren. He also explored the Plain of Philistia and did a reconnaissance of central Jordan. In 1870, Warren was posted to Africa where, between 1876 and 1897, he was the Special Commissioner for the Colonial Office. In 1882, Warren was sent to the Sinai desert to seek out Professor Archibald Palmer. The professor had vanished whilst on a clandestine mission to gain support from Bedouin tribes. Warren determined that the Professor had been killed and brought his murderers to justice. This effort earned Sir Warren his knighthood.

During the 1877 to 1878, Kaffier War Sir Warren commanded the Diamond Fields Horse and was badly wounded in battle. Returning to England in 1880 Warren was Chief Instructor for the School of Military Engineering in Chatham. In 1884, he was dispatched to Africa once more to relieve General Gordon at Khartoum. When Sir Warren became Commissioner of Police, it was felt that his experience would do a great deal to modernize the police. Beneath Sir Warren was three Assistant Commissioners who had the status of Justice of the Peace. This meant that they could issue warrants for arrest or to search premises without having to gain permission from a court magistrate. Immediately below the three Assistant Commissioners were four Chief Constables. Sir Warren created the rank of Chief Constable. Their purpose was to liaison between the Assistant Commissioners and Divisional Superintendents, thus speeding up the transfer of orders. Unfortunately, it soon seemed apparent that Sir Warren was more concerned with uniforms than police grievances. His annual reports for example were largely on dress code and ordering the right type of boots and saddles for his mounted forces. Sir Warren also brought in harsh penalties for officers found to be drunk on duty. Drill practice, long ago abolished was reintroduced. His manner with sections of the press was uncompromising and his response to complaints of police brutality was unforgiving. Resentment for his policies had quickly grown. It became evident that Warren was intent on militarising the police.

Added to all this was growing friction between Sir Warren and his police Inspectors. Warren found them to be unprofessional and made noises about removing plainclothes inspectors altogether. He saw inspectors as foreign to the militaristic model that the police should follow with each officer in

uniform. Sir Warren showed little tolerance for the public's concerns of their freedoms being suppressed and the tide of public support had almost turned completely against him. Even more so when, on November 13 1887, there occurred what became known as 'Bloody Sunday'. This was when homeless protestors refused to disperse from Trafalgar Square. Sir Warren ordered the police to fire into the crowd. Two people died and 150 others were injured. An odd trait shown by Warren was his use of poetry in his drafted orders. One example, upon law and order in Trafalgar Square reads:

'The Commissioner has observed there are signs of wear
On the Landseer Lions in Trafalgar Square.
Unauthorised persons are not to climb
On the Landseer lions at any time.'

03 BROWNING

Alice's Meynell's parents where not the only newlyweds who made Italy their home. Robert and Elizabeth Browning were also Expatriates. Both where married in 1846. The Brownings, where friends of the James Weller Thompson family, Alice's father, whom they shared landed estates in Jamaica. Robert Browning, the poet and playwright, was born in 1812, at Camberwell, South London. A follower of the poet Shelley, Browning was educated at London University. Browning first travelled to Russia in 1833; thereafter he lived primarily in London. Italy too became his home away from home. His first work “Pauline: A Fragment of a Confession” was published anonymously. In 1845 after a lengthy written correspondence, Robert Browning met with Elizabeth Ada Barret. She was born in 1806, at Coxhoe Hall, near Durham, the daughter of a West Indian rubber plantation owner and died, in Italy, in 1861. In 1833 Elizabeth published her translation of “Prometheus Bound” which was later revised in 1850. The release in 1838 of her book “The Seraphim and Other Poems” was marred when Elizabeth suffered a lung haemorrhage. Elizabeth developed chronic tuberculosis and an addiction to the morphine proscribed to her as medication. Her husband Robert Browning, sometimes referred to as the 'King of the Mystics’, owned two skulls. In one of them he kept his menagerie of pet spiders.

In 1860, in a Florence stall, amongst old odds and ends, Browning discovered a book based upon a 17th century murder trial in Rome. The books contents inspired his, the 'Ring and the Book,' which was first serialised from November 1868, to February 1869. The poem was upon a woman, called Popilia, who at the age of twelve, was married to a noble named Count Francheschini. In 1697, Popilia escaped the abuse of her cruel husband, with the aid of a priest. The Count caught up with his wife and the Priest and had them tried for adultery. Both were found guilty and Popilia was sent to a nunnery to repent. Popilia was then discovered to be pregnant. When Popilia later gave birth, at her parents home, the young mother learned she was not a noble, but born, the daughter of a prostitute. Her husband, Francheschini, slaughtered the family. As Francheschini had been a cleric he pleaded for clemency from Pope Innocent XII. His plea was rejected and he was beheaded in 1698. Browning's the 'Ring and the Book', part three, has Francheschini reasoning, for mercy, to the courts and later his pleading for mercy to the spectre of his late wife. 'I am the Granduke's - no, I am Pope's! Abate, -Cardinal,-Christ,-Maria, - God,...Popilia, will you let them murder me' Browning called the poem his 'Murder Story'. The 'Athenaeum' called it: 'the most precious and profound spiritual treasure that England has produced since the days of Shakespeare.' His 'Ring and the Book', part four, has Tertium, the court's prosecutor query Francheschini:

'Frank, this was not setting hand to throat
And robbing a man, but...
Excellency, by your leave,
How did you get that marvel of a gem.'

The success, of Browning's 20,000-line poem enabled him to win continued applause for his poem 'Red Cotton Night-Cap Country.' This poem set in Normandy, was about an actual case of the suicide of a young men, in 1870. When, in 1872, Browning tried to release, his poem, his publishers warned him of possible libel. After some minor alterations in names and dates the poem was, published within the same year. When Browning died in Venice he was visiting his son. Browning's wish was to be buried in Florence, in the Protestant cemetery, where his wife already lay. Browning was instead preserved and returned to England, where he was interned, at Poets Corner, in Westminster Abbey.

04 EAST END

The area of the East End, so much part of London's history has always seemed to exist in some kind of parallel dimension, weird and exotic to outsiders, imbrued in myth and stereotype its history seemed a bizarre precursor to the crimes. When first inhabited The East End in the time of the Roman's was a wet, marshy area unchanged since 20,000 years earlier when, through continental shift, it broke, from continental Europe at the Rhine. Through it ran several streams towards the Thames, a waterway once called the Dark River, formed 350,000 years ago. In 43 A.D, after a local garrison of soldiers were attacked and slaughtered, the Emperor Claudius established the Roman river port city of Londinium. By the 3rd century, the fortified city of Londinium held 50,000 citizens. The Romans disposed of their dead in pagan cemeteries. These cemeteries were sectioned according to the pagan cult once followed by the deceased. Various cults such as that of Mithras, which worshipped light as a god and required the initiate to bath in the blood of a sacrificed bull, flourished at this time. The Roman burial site was in The East End, outside the city walls known as the Fields of the Dead. Dotted about it were a few huts that may have stood amongst its sparse glades of beech, oak and hazels. The Eastern fields of Londinium were also an area of orchards and gardens. A stream, later known as Hackney Brook, coursed through an area banked by large areas of semi-marshland and marked with a series of raised causeways for transport. One such causeway, The Radcliff, or Red Cliff, highway, in the time of Hadrian, was often used. Travellers being afforded the protection of a row of guard towers whose commanders operated fire signals and bells. With the coming of the Saxons, the security of the fisher people, basket weavers and market traders of Wapping, Stephney and Bethnal came under the protection of a guild of knights.

It was not far from the entrance of London's eastern Bishop's Gate where the Christian church of St Mary Matefelon' Spital, was built. St. Mary's, Matefelon, was later renamed Whitechapel, for its tower painted in whitewash had been a sanctuary for six centuries. The origins of the name Matefelon are obscure. Historians such as John Stowe's survey of Westminster tell is that in 1428 during the time of Henry VI a parish widow in Whitechapel was murdered while she slept. The felon fled with her jewels and was pursued to the Church of St. George in Southwark where he claimed the right of sanctuary, but the constables ignored his right and brought him back to the city of London. As he was being brought back, the women of Whitechapel flung the filth of the street upon him. Hence, St. Mary's was given the latter name of Matefelon for soiled felon. However, an even earlier account of 1336 has the Whitechapel church as named Mary Matefelon. Some believe the term derives from either the Hebrew or Syrian and means 'She who has born a son.' Others think Matefelon means the place where cattle are killed. As felon means boils in old English it is thought Matefelon could mean a place were boils where cured. Some think Matefelon means a place were felons were scared as 'mate' is old English for scared.. In old English mater meant macerate. Matefelon is also old French for adder's tongue. Matefelon may have been derived from the Arabic word Mutawaladtun. Although the date that St Mary's church was built is uncertain it is recorded to have existed by 1286 and was probably not built until 1250. It stood until 1875. An interesting feature of the church was an underground tunnel that was said to reach the Thames. In 1362, a storm left the church in ruins. The pope of the time granted time off in a year's penance if the sinner visited the church and made an offering on the seven feast days. Money offerings helped restore the church.

The surrounding fields of Spittlepond and Lolesworth comprising of forests and farmland became the site of Spitafields Market. In 1197, Spital Houses opened for the treatment and shelter, of lepers, the sickly and the destitute. As the area grew Mile End Town, to the east was brought into its precincts. When in 1371 the slaughtering of animals was banned within city walls the East End became where many of the Slaughter Houses relocated. Roman Milestones still lined Whitechapel road when, in 1576, John Stow, whose records were stored at the Guildhall library, told of the discovery of an ancient roman cemetery, upon where Christchurch now stands. The discovery was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the 1st; Stow gave his account of the problems faced in finding suitable building materials to house the East End's growing mercantile population and the discovery ancient cemetery, from the time of Ancient Rome the necropolis had been uncovered for one-thousand-five-hundred years. Stow wrote:

> *'a large field, of old time called Lolesworth, now Spittle Field; which about the year 1576 was broken up for clay to make brick; in the digging whereof many earthen pots, called 'urnae', were found full of ashes and the burnt bones of men...Every of these pots had in them with the ashes of the dead one piece of copper coin, with the inscription of the Emperor then reigning: some of them were of Claudius, some were Vespasian, some of Nero, of Anthoninus Pius, of*

Trajanus and others. Besides those urns, many other pots were there found, made of white earth with long necks and handles, like to our stone jugs: these were empty, but seemed to be buried full of some liquid matter long since consumed and soaked through; for there were found divers phials and other fashioned glasses, some most cunningly wrought, such as I have not seen the like and some of crystal...there were also lumps of white earth and red, artificially wrought with divers antiques about them, some three or four images made of white earth, about a span long each of them: one I remember was of Pallas, the rest I have forgotten.'

By the 16th century, the bones in the graves themselves had long since disintegrated into the soil used to make bricks for the East End houses. The French Massacre of St Bartholomew in 1572 and the revoking of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, brought, into the East End and Soho districts of London an influx of French Huguenot refugees. Fleeing religious persecution fifteen thousand settled in London. The Huguenot's, comprised mainly of weavers, at first they prospered and with them, their other trades, including bell foundries and, clock workshops. By the 18th century, the weavers' prosperity had brought them three-storied weaving workshops with the third floor serving as the family home.

The 1860's were a decade of grief for the already lapsing fortunes of the East End's weaving economy. The mass production of the industrial age, which brought the underground railway whose lines crisscrossed the Thames and steam driven ships of steel, was accompanied with a renewed trade treaty with France. The treaty caused the price, for local cloth to plummet and poverty levels to increase, as thousands of families became unemployed. Whitechapel's agricultural markets closed such as Haymarket, in High Street, in 1928. So did the factories and the once well-fitted homes fell into decay.

The world of the East End during the 1880's can only be touched on in this work. Suffice to say that a massive influx of refugees, misguided social planning and crippling poverty all were combined in a comparatively small area. During the reign of the Ripper, London's East End held 900,000 people. This area was almost treated as a foreign land by the rest of the populace and went by many adages including the "Empire of Hunger" and the "sink of London" Its inhabitants were denoted by outsiders as the "marginal tribe" Impressions of the environment are almost uniform in their depiction of poverty and squalor. Mostly toilets in the houses consisted of pits in the cellar. During winter, banisters on stairs were torn off and used for firewood. In some parts of Whitechapel, the yearly death rate was one in twenty-five. Dock Union Leader Ben Tillett told of the daily procedure practised by those seeking employment at the entrance to the wharfs:

'Coats, flesh and even ears were torn off. The strong literally threw themselves over the heads of their fellows and battled through the kicking, punching, cursing crowds to the rails of the 'cage' which held them like rats - mad rats who saw food in the ticket.'

A Visitor of the Stepney Division School Board recorded their chances of escaping all this:

'They do not migrate out of the district, but they are constantly changing their lodgings. They are like the circle of the suicides in Dante's Inferno: they go round and round within a certain area.'

Magistrate Montagu Williams, Q.C. summarised the state of lodging houses in the East End:

'In my humble judgement they are about as unwholesome and unhealthy as well as dangerous to the community as can well be. There are places among them where the police dare not enter and where the criminal hides all day long.'

Reverend F.W. Newlands, an East End Missionary, warned on the consequences of the Ripper murders:

'A lurid light has recently been thrown upon the state of walks in some parts of the East End. I do not hesitate to say that in this seething residuum there is a chronic danger to the Commonwealth; we are living at the crater of a volcano which may at any moment overwhelm the community as with a torrent; it needs very little to bring abut a crisis and a catastrophe.'

05 A BUSY NIGHT

The night of September 8th, being a busy Saturday night, provided a hint of street life along Brick Lane in 1888. If we were to walk down this street at about just after dusk we would have seen that despite the flickering lamplight providing a glimpse of faces, it was oppressively dark with the gloom relieved by feebly lighted shop-fronts. These shops sold mainly Germanic-Hebrew provisions, such as sausages, and the recently introduced fast food, fish and chips. Men were lounging at the doors of the shops, smoking pipes. Women with their arms under their aprons were sauntering about in twos and threes. They would be seated gossiping on steps that led into dark passages.

If we were to go around the corner into Wentworth Street, we would be bound to meet two police constables walking in a pair. Even after dark the doorways, passages and staircases would teem with children. All around were flakes of fine grey ash that came from a building holding a mechanical dust destructor. Apart from weekends it operated continuously, disposing of wagon loads of dust and refuse plus van collections of street sweepings. Typically, in a doorway of a house, without a glimmer of light about, was a baby laid on the floor of the passage and seemingly exhausted with crying. In the next house, we might hear a scuffle going on upon the staircase then a rush down-stairs and two women with curly hair tumble into the street fighting, kicking and screaming.

If turning into Commercial Street and passed Toynbee Hall, with its wall-mosaic depicting Time, Death, and Judgement and reached Whitechapel Road we would be confronted with its shops and stalls selling wire cages holding chirping lovebirds, wooden boxes holding vegetable produce, paperback books and serials, dried fish, hair ribbons and pins, locks and door-keys. Dozens of carts were piled with fruit and cheap jewellery. Steam rose from cook-shops and smoke poured from clubs, assembly rooms, mission halls and shooting galleries. The pungent smell of decaying fish, onions, fat, and roasted coffee filled the air. All was lit with streaming naphtha lights made from the oil of coal tar. Heard would be the continuous roar and rattle, from hurrying throngs and noisy groups. There would have been little assemblies gathered to listen to some expounder of the mysteries of the universe or of the peculiar merits of a new patent pill. Here too were the newspaper contents-bill hanging on display with some of the news vendor's own additions and amplifications, telling of the latest murders or further details of the old ones. Amongst other common sights would have been a young man, with a bundle of papers under his arm chatting, with a shoeblack. Some young men would pick up half a cigar dropped on the pavement and take turns smoking it with evident enjoyment. Up in a retired corner such sights might be a little mob gathered round a still figure playing a tune from a homemade flute.

A few yards farther on and more disturbingly you might spy a curious group thronging round a four-wheel cab and an apparently lifeless man being placed on it. As the vehicle drove off towards the hospital and the mob would disperse under the general understanding that he had been knocked about. A hundred people at least would be clustered round a hawker, who cried hoarsely on the unrivalled qualities of his tin cutlery and wound up by flinging two spoons into the crowd for closer inspection. In the street was a waxwork show with some horrible plaster statues providing vivid representations of the recent murders. All the dreadful details were being shouted out into the night and women with children in their arms were pushing their way to the front with their pennies to see the ghastly objects within. Next-door was a show, in which ghosts, devils and skeletons appeared to be the chief attractions; and near at hand was a picture lit by gaslight of a strong man performing within. Then might be a gathering of some fifty or sixty people around a preacher, who is it seemed was desperately earnest.

VAGRANCY

The condition of vagrancy was considered a criminal act until 1935. Always, present as a small portion of society, vagrancy first flourished during the 14th century. Events such as the Black Death epidemic, under Edward III, which first struck, in July 1348, killing over a third of the population, created a shock wave through feudal England. Mass graves were dug for the dead and the living fled the capital. Many cities, villages and hamlets, became vacant. Surviving employees, seeing that it was a buyers market, demanded their own rate of pay. The population became largely mobile and workers, unhappy with conditions, could take their pick of towns to live and work. Such unregulated financial freedom of the populace worried the government. In response the Vagrancy laws, of 1348, were decreed by the Crown, the next year vagrancy was made an offence. Those with no fixed address were targeted and by 1351, The Vagrancy laws were extended to curb the entry and conduct of illegal immigrants, rebels, tramps and beggars, within the city walls. The population's ability to bid for their wage was quashed when, in the same year, the Crown established fixed price wages. In 1360, branding was introduced so that vagrants could be easily identified. Already murderers were being marked with the letter 'T', or a 'M'. The persecution of vagrants had become institutionalised and generational. Almost a century after laws were introduced Richard II, in 1495, ordered that vagrants be placed in stocks for three day periods. Henry VIII, in 1530, brought in whipping. With vagrants described as:

> *'all idle and disorderly persons going about, some of them using divers and subtle and crafty and unlawful games and plays and some of them feigning themselves to have knowledge of - crafty sciences-'.*

The 1535 Vagrancy Act instituted the death penalty.

NICHOLS

Mary Ann Nichols, was five feet, four inches in height and forty-five years old. Twenty-two years earlier, she had married William Nichols, who worked as a printer's machinist. They lived first at Bouverie Street then in Coburg Road off Old Kent Road, having five children. By 1880, Nichols began to drink heavily and they separated. Nichols left her husband to care for their children, the youngest being two years old. Soon after Nichols began working as a prostitute. From 1883 to 1887, Nichols lived on and off with another man named Thomas Stuart Drew. Her husband had last seen Nichols in 1886 for the funeral one of their sons who was burnt to death due to the explosion of a paraffin lamp. The last that William had heard from his wife was when she had written him a letter in Easter. Since 1883 and 1888 Nichol's had been an inmate of Edmonton, The City of London, Holborn and Lambeth Workhouses. Nichols left Lambeth Workhouse on May 12 1888, to become a maid for a family living at Rose Hill-road, in Wandsworth and on July 12 absconded with clothing worth over three pounds. A few days after this Nichols moved to her lodgings at Thrawl Street, Spitafields but sometimes also lived at 55 Flower and Dean Street.

CHAPMAN

Amelia Palmer first came to know Annie Chapman when in 1886 Chapman lived at 30 Dorset Street. At that time, Chapman was living with a metal sieve maker who called himself Jack Sievey. Neighbours knew Chapman then as either Annie Sievey or Siffey. Chapman was married to another man but they had separated since 1882. Her husband was John Chapman an army pensioner and coachman. Chapman had married John, who she said was either surgeon or vet, on May 1 1869. Together they had three children; Emily Ruth was born 1870 and died aged twelve of meningitis. Annie Georgina was born in 1873 and after leaving for Europe with a performing circus troupe; she was placed in an institution in France. The youngest John was born deformed in 1881 and placed into a cripple's home. John, who was living in Windsor, sent an allowance to her of ten shillings each week to the Commercial Road post office enabling her to afford the room she shared with Jack at 35 Dorset Street. At the end of 1886, Chapman's allowance ceased to arrive.

Annie told Amelia that she was off to find out why the payments had stopped and returned in tears with the news that John Chapman had died of disease on Christmas day 1886 in Windsor. Chapman now aged forty-five, was unable to pay her part of the rent and Jack Sievey left her and shifted to Notting Hill. Chapman had to cover all rental costs and even the money lent by relatives could not prevent her eviction. Chapman found cheaper shared lodgings nearby and paid for them with piecemeal work making matchboxes, tying artificial flowers and doing crochet work.

STRIDE

Elizabeth Stride was forty-five years of age and was born Elizabeth Gustafsdotter. She was the daughter of Mr Gustaf Ericsson and Beata Ericsson nee Carsdotter. Stride was born at Stora Tumlehed Farm, Torslanda, near Gothenburg, in Sweden. When Stride was seventeen she moved to Carl Johan parish, Gothenburg, to work as a servant to the home of labourer Lars Frederick Olofsson. Two years later Stride moved to Cathedral parish, Gothenburg, continuing as domestic servant. In 1865 at the age of twenty-two Stride registered as prostitute and had a baby girl who was stillborn. Complications had set in during labour due to Stride having caught a venereal disease and she was twice admitted to hospital for treatment. The next year, 1866, Stride moved to London where she once more worked as a domestic servant. This was for a family who had their home near Hyde Park. In 1869 when Stride was twenty-six years old, she was married by Pastor Frost to John Thomas Stride at St. Giles in the Fields church. Stride gave her maiden name as Gustifson and her address as No. 67 Gower Street. John Stride gave his address on the parish records as Munster Street, Hampstead Road and his occupation as a carpenter. John began his career as a shipwright which was the same occupation as his father. Stride and John ran a coffee shop in Chrisp Street, off Upper North Street, Poplar. In 1872, the Strides moved their coffee shop to 178 High Street, Poplar. Stride began drinking heavily and leaving home without notice at nights. The Stride's separated and by March 1877, Stride was forced to seek shelter for a brief period in the Poplar Workhouse. In 1878, a large saloon steamer named Princess Alice owned by the London Steamboat Company collided with another steamship, the Bywell Castle, on the Thames. The Princess Alice sunk and between 600 to 700 passengers drowned. Stride told that amongst the dead, that were laid out in the Woolwich Town Hall to be identified, were her husband John and two of her children. Stride said that she and her family were working as stewards on the steamboat when the tragedy occurred. Stride's story was that she barely survived herself and sustained injuries. In truth John did not drown and came to live at the Polar Workhouse where he took ill. He was then sent to the Bromley Sick Asylum where in 1884 he died of heart failure. Stride's two children also escaped the collision and were being cared for a by a friend of her husband's. In 1881, Stride registered at the Whitechapel Workhouse Infirmary to be treated for bronchitis. The following year she was living at No. 32 Dorset Street. It was here that Stride met thirty-year-old Michael Kidney a waterside labourer and member of the Army Reserve. In 1885, Stride moved across the road to Kidney's address of No. 33 Dorset Street. Kidney always believed that Stride came from a superior class and he knew that, as well as speaking English and Swedish, she was fluent in Yiddish. For the next three years Stride often deserted Michael, sometimes returning to her old address of No. 32. In 1886, Stride made two claims for monetary assistance from the Lutheran Swedish Church at No. 36 Princess Square. Sven Olsson, clerk of the church who had known Stride for seventeen years, recorded that Stride was living in Devonshire Street, off Commercial Road and working as a seamstress. Stride's last claims for financial assistance from the church were on the fifteenth and twentieth of September 1888. Strides run-ins with the police and the courts had become very frequent. In the two years before 1888, Stride had been convicted at least eight times at the Thames Magistrate court on charges of public drunkenness. Stride, who was epileptic, pleaded for clemency. She told that with her fits she should not be sent to a prison or workhouse. Strides record of court appearances may explain why on April 6 the previous year, when she laid charges against Kidney for assault to Police Constable 357 H division, she failed to appear at court. Stride must have partly settled her differences with Kidney because in June of 1888 she shared a bed with him at No. 55 Dorset Street. The reunion proved short lived, she and Kidney quarrelled bitterly. Kidney thought that Stride was out of control and tried padlocking her into his lodging room to prevent her drinking sprees. In September 1888, Stride left him and moved back across the road to again be signed in at No. 32 by its deputy Elizabeth Tanner. Stride had known Tanner since 1882 when she had first stayed at No. 32.

EDDOWES

Eddowes was born in 1842, in Wolverhampton, the daughter of George Eddowes a tinplate varnisher and Catherine Eddowes nee Evans a cook at a hostelry. Eddowes and her eleven siblings were educated at St. John's Charity School in Tooley Street, Potter's Field. In 1855, when Eddowes was thirteen years

of age, her mother died and a few months later her father also died and Eddowes was forced into the Bermondsey Workhouse and Industrial School. Afterwards Eddowes was returned to the care of her aunt in Bilston Street, Wolverhampton and continued her education at Dowgate Charity School. In 1862 Eddowes left with a pensioner named Thomas Conway who was formerly enlisted with the 18th Royal Irish Regiment under the name of Quinn. Eddowes and Thomas produced and peddled chapbooks that Thomas wrote. These chapbooks had ballads and accounts of the exploits of infamous murderers and highwaymen. Eddowes had tattooed Conway's initials on her arm. The Conways had three children, Annie in 1865, George in 1868 and a boy in 1873. In 1880 the Conway's separated, Eddowes took custody of Annie and Thomas gained custody of the boys. In 1881, Eddowes befriended an Irish porter, John Kelly, who worked at Spitafields markets for a fruit salesman named Lander. Eddowes did not know where her children lived or the location of her sons aged fifteen and twenty, as this had been kept secret from her. The last time that Eddowes saw her daughter Annie was two years prior. Eddowes knew that Annie had married Louis Phillips a lamp-black packer and a part time gun maker. They first lived in Bermondsey in King Street. Annie fed up with her mother constantly asking for money had moved from Bermondsey to No. 12 Dilston Grove off Park Road in Southwark and had not notified her mother of her new address. Eddowes was also unsure where her ex-husband was and the only relative she kept in touch with was her sister Elizabeth Fisher, sometime known as Elizabeth Gold, who lived at number five Thrawl Street, Whitechapel with a man who sold farthing books in Liverpool Street.

KELLY

Kelly was also known as Marie, Black Mary, Ginger and Fair Emma, with her middle names of Jane, Jeanette, or Ann. Kelly was the widowed mother of two children and at least three months pregnant with her third. Kelly was about 5 feet 7 inches in height. She was of fair complexion, rather stout with blue eyes and fine light coloured hair that came down to her waist. When she spoke, she revealed a slight impediment. She avoided wearing hats and was in the habit of wearing a spotless clean apron.

Mary Jane Kelly was born in 1863 in Limerick, Ireland. When Kelly was young, her family moved to Wales so that her father could gain employment in an ironworks. Kelly came from a large family of several brothers and one sister. In 1879, she married a collier named Davies, but their time together was brief with Davies dying in a mine explosion in 1882. This death meant that Mary was without financial support and could not afford her lodgings. As a result, she moved to Cardiff to live with a Cousin. Soon after she became a prostitute, but this rough lifestyle may have contributed to a long illness when she spent most of 1883 in an infirmary. When in 1884 Kelly recovered, she moved to London and found work in a West End Brothel. In the same year, Kelly went to Paris with a man but things did not go well and two weeks later Kelly returned to England and moved in with a man named Morganstone near Stephney Gas Works. For the next two years Kelly lived with a woman named Mrs Buki in St George's Street and possibly paid for her lodgings by doing odd jobs for the woman. A French lady in Knightsbridge gave Kelly some money to have her retrieve her belongings for her. Kelly then lived at Mrs Carthy's Lodging House, Breezer Hill, off the Ratcliff Highway. Near the end of 1886, Kelly met a plasterer and mason named Joseph Fleming whom she became fond. They lived together near Bethnal Green until April of 1887 when she left him and moved to lodgings at either Cooney's or in Thrawl St.

EAST END DWELLINGS

The street named Flower and Dean was one of the most notorious streets in London and considered by police to be a hotbed of crime. Criminals and wanted fugitives were concentrated in a complex maze of lanes and courts built in an unplanned haphazard manner. These streets called rookeries, came about chiefly when in 1580 Queen Elizabeth became concerned about overcrowding in her city and prohibited new building. In consequence many houses, particularly in lower working class areas, were subdivided to provide more rooms for a growing population. In Spitafields spacious weaver's mansions had partitions built and courtyards were covered with hastily constructed roofs. Cellars once used exclusively for storing coal and attics built for ventilation became extra accommodation areas. Existing sewerage systems, drainage and supplies of clean drinking water could not sustain the numbers living in family homes. Unsanitary conditions set in and disease became widespread culminating in epidemics of cholera and dysentery. To bring things under control new Acts were passed by parliament. These Acts allowed buildings designated as unsafe to health to be torn down. Prime targets for demolition were the habitations in and around Flower and Dean Streets. In 1871, Flower and Dean Street had thirty-one common lodgings with each housing an average of twenty-nine people. In 1877, an enterprise that disposed of land here was the Peabody Trust, headed in part by the Rothschild banking firm. The Peabody trust purchased seven and a quarter acres around Goulston Street and on the eastern side of Flower and Dean Street. In 1882, the trust pulled down and cleared nearby Upper and Lower Keate Streets, Keate Court, Wilson's Place, Sugar Loaf Court, Crown Court, New Court and parts of George St and George Yard. 4,200 people were evicted and many of them were made homeless. The sites were sold to the East End Dwellings Company that was partly owned by the Rothschild bank.

The Founder of the English arm of this International banking firm and the grandfather of the current head Nathaniel, although dying Sweden, was buried in the Brady Street Jewish cemetery. This cemetery was behind Bucks Row where Mary Ann Nichol's, the Ripper's first victim was killed. On the 9th of March 1884 Natty's mother Baroness Charlotte de Rothschild died. On her deathbed, Charlotte had Natty promise to continue the family's plans to rejuvenate the East End. By the end of March 1884 a meeting at the Rothschild's banking house in the city resolved to form a building company. With seven thousand pounds, the Rothschild's bought the Flower and Dean Street rookery. Early in 1885, Nathaniel's interest in the East End brought his appointment as Chairman of an East End Inquiry Commission, set up by the Council of the United Synagogue. An empty parcel of land in Flower and Dean Street that had been cleared several years prior became the site of the Rothschild buildings.

These buildings were opened on April 2 1887. They were a set of parallel buildings that emphasised the new style of architecture, simple, symmetric and compartmentalised. Arranged in four blocks each and constructed with floors of reinforced concrete with a quarter acre courtyard in their centre. The building's facades were of yellow brick with windows bordered by two rows of red brick and terracotta keystones to the arches that were decorated in floral patterns. In between were spaces for open staircases with banisters of wrought ironwork. The staircase landings allowed light and ventilation. From each landing, four flats could be accessed. Typically within were two-roomed dwellings, each with water closet and scullery. The building had 198 flats and thirty workshops in the attics. A two room flat was priced at four shillings, six pence a week. Residents were obliged to agree to a code of conduct. No trade could be conducted in the rooms and to gain a room a tenant needed a written reference from their employer. Even if street prostitutes could afford a room in one of the Rothschild Buildings, these rules effectively disallowed them from applying. Within a month of the Rothschild buildings opening most of the rooms had been let almost exclusively to foreign Jews. A number of Jewish shops had been established in Flower and Dean Street. They comprised of several grocers, a couple of chandlers shop, kosher butchers, a dairy, a Yiddish bookstall, a tobacconist, a furniture dealer and herbalist.

In Flower and Dean Street some lodging houses remained. Most lodgings were on the southern side of the street. The numbers of tenants in these lodgings had recently increased due to the lack of housing. No. 55 for example was registered for 100 people. No. 56 was registered for 46 single persons and 29 married couples No. 58 had 34 females and 8 married couples on the register. No's 55, 56, 58 and 28, were all owned by James Smith of Bancroft Road, Mile End. No.'s 56 and 58 were side-by-side and collectively known as the White House. On the opposite side of the White House was No. 6, also owned by James Smith, which stretched right into Brick Lane and was registered for 122 people.

ANDERSON

Dr. Anderson was born in 1841, Dublin, Ireland, the son of Matthew Anderson a Crown Solicitor. When in 1860 in Dublin Anderson heard an evangelical preacher speak he became convinced of the immanent arrival of Christ and that the world was ruled by Satan. He became an ardent Millenniast. For a time Anderson planned to become a full time minister of religion but relented and instead went on to study at Dublin's Trinity College where in 1862 he received his Bachelor of Arts. A year later, he was called to the bar. In 1873, he married Agnes Alexandrina Moore and in 1875 took his Doctor of Laws. Anderson came to London in 1876 to follow a career, as a criminal lawyer but soon became a member of the intelligence branch where he was active in investigating Feniasts. These Irish nationals had begun terrorist actions for the cause of Irish Independence. When the branch was disbanded, Dr. Anderson stayed in London as an adviser to political crimes and liased with Fenian spies. Whilst living in London Anderson grew to admire the work of Dr. Thomas Barnardo who had set up youth shelters in the East End and Anderson joined the Council of Dr. Barnardo Homes. Other societies, which Anderson became affiliated with, were the Freemasons, the Protestant Evangelical Mission and the Bible League. Anderson was Vice-President of the Prophecy Investigation Society. In 1886, after Dr. Anderson quarrelled with the then Home Secretary Hugh Childers he was relieved of this duty and from 1887 to 1888, he was Secretary to the Prison Commissioners.

LEES

Lees was born in 1849 in the small town of Hinckley, Leicestershire. One of eight children of a Calvinist family by the age of twelve Lees manifested signs of a medium, often falling into deep trances supposedly contacting the spirit world. His prodigal abilities was rumoured to have attracted the attention of Queen Victoria, when Lees was aged fourteen. It is said that the Queen approached Lees to confer with her late husband Albert. At the age of twenty-two Lees married and the following year became a staff member of the Manchester Guardian paper and helped produce a periodical magazine called Titbits. This magazine was distributed by carriage drawn by two horses and for a time was a familiar sight on London streets. After arriving in London Lees worked with General Booth during the founding of the Salvation Army. In 1886, Lees toured America giving lectures upon the spirit world. While in America Lees met the inventor Thomas Edison. He was one of the first people whom had his voice recorded by Edison. Upon his return to London Lees founded the People's League at Peckham and spoke to enormous crowds.

SISTER SONGS

SISTER SONGS: 'THE PROEM
Even so; it came, nor knew it came,
In the sun's eclipse...
I was aware
How the air
Was all populous with forms
Of all the hours floating down, ‘the hours’-mythic daughters of Zeus
Like Nereids through a watery town,... ‘Nereids’-sea fairy
Shot in piercing swiftness came,
With hair a-stream like pale and goblin flame,
As crystalline ice in water...
As grew my senses clearer clear,
Did I see and did I hear,
How under an elms canopy

Wheeled a flight of Dryads *‘Dryads’-tree fairy*
Murmuring measured melody.
Gyre in gyre their treading was,...
Wheeling with an adverse flight,
In twi-circle o'er the grass,
These to the left and those to the right;
All the band linked by each other's hand;...
There was the clash of their cymbals clanging...
Whereat they broke to the left and right,...
And I remembered not
The subtle sanctities which dart
From childish lips' unvalued precious brush,...
Yet still my falcon spirit makes her point
Over the covert where
Thou, sweetest quarry, hast put in from her!...
Life and life's beauty only hold their revels
In the abysmal ocean's luminous levels...

PART TWO: THE POET & THE ANCHORITE [Hermit]
Love and love's beauty only hold their revels
In life's familiar, penetrable levels:
What of the ocean-floor?
I dwell there evermore
From almost earliest youth
I raised the lids of the truth,
And forced her bend on me her shrinking sight...

THE OMEN...
Yet there is more, whereat non guesseth love!

Upon the ending of my deadly night...
At Fate's dread portal then
Even so stood I, I ken, [knowing]
Even so stood I, between a joy and fear,
And said to mine own heart, "Now if the end be here!"...
So between thy father's knees
I saw thee stand,
And through my hazes
Of pain and fear thine yes; young wonder shone.
Then, as flies scatter from a carrion,
Or rooks in spreading gyres like broken smoke
Wheel, when some sound their quietude has broke,

Fled, at thy countenance, all that doubting spawn:
The heart which I questioned spoke
A cry impetuous from its depths was drawn,-
"I take the omen of this face of dawn"...'

Within "Sister Songs," the narrator gives himself the role of a prophet and calls himself the 'omen'. Late-Victorians knew the term as the 'voice' or the 'word'. In 1905, Francis recalled his birth in a letter to Everard:

'I was born in the shadow of the winter solstice, when the nights are long. I belong by nativity to the season of "heavy Saturn" Was it also, I sometimes wonder, under Sagittarius? Were it so, it would be curious; for Sagittarius, the Archer, is the Word.'

{SISTER SONGS CONTINUED}

'And now?-
The hours I tread ooze memories of thee, Sweet,
Beneath my casual feet.
With rainfall as the lea,
The day is drenched with thee;
In little exquisite surprises

Bubbling deliciousness of thee arises...
The splendent sun no splendour can display
Till on gross things he dash his broken ray,
Force were not force, would spill itself in vain;
We know the Titan by his champed [bitten] chain.
Stay is heat's cradle, it is rocked therein...
And though he cherisheth.
The babe most strangely born from out her death,
Some tender trick of her it hath, maybe;-
It is not she!...

As an Arab journeyth
Through the sand of Ayaman, 'Ayaman'-Possibly an ancient Turkish village now in ruins
Lean Thirst, lolling its cracked tongue,
Lagging by his side along;
And a rusty-winged Death
Grating its low flight before,
Casting ribbed shadows o'er
The blank desert, blank and tan:
He lifts by hap [chance] toward where the morning's roots are
His weary stare,-
Sees although they plashless [blank] mutes are,...
Even so
Its lovely gleamings
Seemings show
Of things not seemings;...
And murmurous still of its nativity...
Eve no gentlier lays her cooling cheek

On the burning brow of the sick earth
Sick with death and sick with birth,
Aeon to aeon, in secular [not of religion] fever twirled,....
As the innocent moon, that nothing does but shine
Moves all the labouring surges of the world...
And Awe was reigned in awe,
At one small house of Nazareth; [Where Christ was Born]
And Golgotha [Where Christ was Crucified]...
THE CHILD-WOMAN

Yea and His Mercy, I do think it well,
Is flashed back from the brazen [brass] gates of Hell...
Saw breath to breathless resign its breath,
And life do homage for its crown of death,...
So is all power, as soul in thee, increased!
But, knowing this, in knowledge's despite
I fret against the law severe that stains...

TO A CHILD HEARD REPEATING HER MOTHERS VERSES
Thy spirit with eclipse;
When -as a nymph's [nature spirit] carven head sweet water drips,
For others oozing so the cool delight
Which cannot steep her stiffened mouth of stone...
A passionless statue stands.
Oh, pardon innocent one!
Pardon at thine unconscious hands!
"Murmurous with music not their own; I say?...
Where he sows he doth not reap,
He reapeth where he did not sow;

He sleeps and dreams forsake his sleep
To meet him on his waking way...
The hardest embrace has failed, the rapture fled,
Not he, not he, the wild sweet witch is dead!
Where spirits of so essential kind
Set their paces,
Surely they shall leave behind
The green traces...
Elfin-ring
Where sweet fancies foot and sing.
So it may be, so it shall be,-
Oh, take the prophecy from me!
What if the old fastidious sculpture, Time,
This crescent marvel of his hands
Carveth all too painfully,
And I who prophesy shall never see?
What if the niche of its predestined rhyme,
Its aching niche, too long expectant stands?
Yet shall he after sore delays
On some exultant day of days
The white enshrouding childhood raise
From thy fair spirit, finished for our gaze;
While we (but 'mongst that happy "we"
The prophet cannot be!)-...
Why should amazement be our satellite?
What wonder in such things?
If angels have hereditary wings,...

A FORETELLING OF THE CHILDES HUSBAND
Ah help, me Daemon that hast served me well!
Not at this last, oh, do not disgrace!
I faint, I sicken, darkens all my sight...
For at the elfin portal hangs a horn
Which non can wind [play] aright
Save the appointed night...
With mystic images, inhuman, cold,
That flameless torches hold...
With breed from Heaven's wrought vesture...
Ere death's grim tongue anticipates the tomb's
Siste viator, [raised life] in this storied urn

My living heart is laid to throb and burn,
Till end be ended and till ceasing cease...
Wantonner between the yet untreacherous claws...
Now pass your ways, fair bird and pass your ways,
If you will;
I have you through the days!
And flit or hold you still,
And perch you where you list [land]
On what wrist,-
You are mine through the times!
I have caught you fast for ever in a tangle of sweet rhymes
And in your maiden morn
You may scorn
But you must be
Bound and sociate to me;

With this thread from out of the tomb my dead hand shall
Tether thee!...
Go, Sister-songs, to that sweet-pair
For whom I have you frail limbs fashioned,
And framed featously,-...
And ye shall know us for what things we be...
Where ghosts watch ghosts of blooms in ghostly bowers:-
For we do know
The hidden player by his harmonies,
And by my thoughts I know what still hands thrill the keys.'

YEATS

Thompson's poem may have directly influenced Yeat's most well known poem Both Thompson's 1891 poem 'Sister Songs' and William Butler Yeats' 1920 poem 'Second Coming' describe the circumstances of the birth of a deity. They both feature such things as a dessert, a falcon, a religious site, a drowning, a vacant eyed lion-creature, an infant, a cradle, tidal forces, and the passage of 2000 years.. Wilfrid Meynell was a friend with both Thompson and Yeats and he tried early on to have both meet each other. The first occasion for such a meeting was stalled by Thompson who wrote to Meynell:

> *'Dear Wilfrid I could not come in to tea with Blunt and Yeats, for I had to go down to the Academy, and I was back much too late. Had I known on Thursday I would have altered my arrangements so as to accept your invitation. I am sorry to have missed this chance of meeting Yeats as I have long desired to do. You know I heartily admire his work.'*

Thompson and Yeats, both shared an interest in Mystic poetry, They first met at the 'Rhymer's Club' a poetry appreciation society who gathered in small hired rooms above the 'Ye Olde Chesire Cheese' in the Strand. The gathering each read aloud their own poetry and then discussed how each could improve their works. Francis Thompson was reticent, not volunteering to read his poems. Years later Yeats wrote to Wilfrid Meynell of Thompson:

> *'Now I regret that I never met him, except once for a few minutes. An extreme idealism of the imagination seems to be incompatible in almost all with a perfectly harmonious relation to the mechanics of life.'*

In 1886, Yeats became close friends with the fellow Irish writer Katherine Tynan. In 1888, both Thompson and Tynan were living at the Meynell residence where Yeats was often entertained. In 1892, Tynan published Thompson's poem 'A making of Viola.' In 1912 Tynan, posthumously published Thompson's essay 'Shelly', in the "Dublin" magazine.

SISTER SONGS:

‘Wheeled a flight of Dryads
Murmuring in measured melody.
Gyre in gyre their treading was;...
Wheeling with an adverse flight,
In twi-circle o'er the grass,
These to the left, and those to the right;
All the band linked by each other's hand;...
There was the clash of their cymbals clanging...
Whereat they broke to the left and to the right,...
Yet still my falcon spirit makes her point
Over the covert where
Thou, sweetest quarry, hast put in from her!...
The stranded moon lay quivering like a lustrous
Medusa newly washed up from the tide...
But where day's glance turns baffled from the deeps,
Die out those lovely swarms;
And in the immense profound no creature glides or creeps

And through my hazes
of pain and fear thine yes: young wonder shone
Then, as flies scatter from carrion,
Or rooks in spreading gyres like broken smoke
Wheel, when some sound their quietude has broke,
Fled, at thy countenance, all that doubting spawn:
The heart which I questioned spoke
A cry impetuous from its depths was drawn,-
'I take the omen of this face of dawn;...
As an Arab journeyth
Through the sand of Ayaman,
Lean Thirst, lolling its cracked tongue,
Lagging by his side along;
And a rusty-winged Death
Grating its low flight before,
Casting ribbed shadows o'er
The blank desert, blank and tan:
He lifts by hap toward where the morning's roots are
His weary stare,-
Sees although they plashless mutes are... *[plashless: dry]*
A sight like innocence when one has sinned!…
While with un*blinking glare*
The tawny-hided desert crouches watching her

Such a watered dream has tarried
Trembling on my desert arid;
Even so
Its lovely gleemings
Seemings show
Of things not seemings;...
As the innocent moon, that nothing does but shine,
Moves all the labouring surges of the world.…

And murmurous still of its nativity...
Eve no gentlier lays her cooling cheek
On the burning brow of the sick earth
Sick with death, and sick with birth,
Aeon to aeon, in secular fever twirled,...
As the innocent moon, that nothing does but shine

Moves all the labouring surges of the world...

And Awe was reigned in awe,
At one small house of Nazareth;
And Golgotha...
Force were not force, would spill itself in vain;
We know the Titan by his champed [bitten] chain,
Stay is heat's cradle, it is rocked therein...
And though he cherisheth.
The babe most strangely born from out her death,
Some tender trick of her hath maybe;-
It is not she!...
And stone faces kindle in the glow
And into the blank eyes the irids grow
Go Sister-songs, to that sweet-pair
For whom I have your frail limbs fashioned,
And framed featously,-'

SECOND COMING:

'Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely some Second Coming is at hand,
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight; somewhere in the sands of the desert
A shape with a lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitless as the sun,
Is moving is slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last.
Slouches toward's Bethlehem to be born?'

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