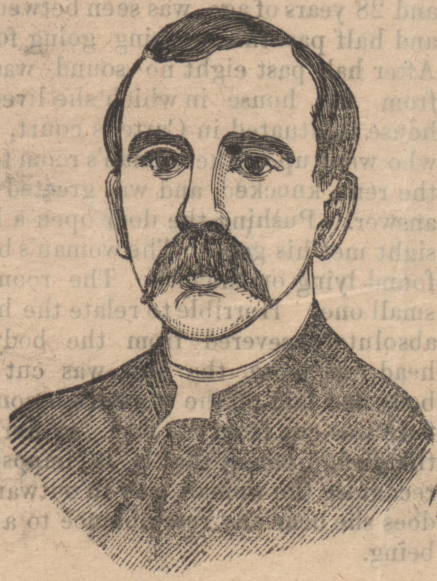


JACK THE RIPPER, AT WORK AGAIN.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE MURDER & MUTILATION IN WHITECHAPEL.

HIDEOUS MUTILATION OF BODY AND FACE. MURDERERS LAST DIABOLICAL WORK.

Another Letter from Jack the Ripper.



Supposed Murderer.



The victim.

Air—The Miser^s

The East End part of London
Is in a state of great alarm,
Thro' the murders that have been done
On those who have done no harm.
Poor unfortunate females
Who led a poor and wretched life,
How sad to tell have victims fell
To some cruel monsters knife.

Four defenceless females
Murdered day after day,
Whoever he be he must not go free,
They should kill him the very same
way.

In the neighbourhood of Whitechapel,
Some fiend in human form,
Bent on crimes so evil,
To his murderous work has gone
Destroying the life of women
In such a demon way;
We can conceive it is to believe,
It was done in the light of day.

These women have been murdered
Not for the sake of gain,
They were destitute and fallen,
Suffering poverty and pain;
Their bowels were ripped open,
What a terrible death to die,
So cruel to behold, they lay dead and
cold
'Neath the dawn of the morning sky.

From each one blood was streaming
When their bodies they were found,
Each eye in death was gleaming,
Their lips gave forth no sound.
They must have all been murdered
By the one same cowardly hand,
Such barbarous crimes in our times
Has never disgraced the land

London was in commotion
When the first crime had been done,
Thro' none could tell the motive,
It was followed by another one,
Then quickly came another,
Till the victims they were four,
Night and day on the stones they lay
Murdered the self same way,

There has been another terrible crime in the East-end a crime surrounded by all the horror associated with the recent tragedies in the same district, and intensified by a loathsomness of detail impossible almost to be conceived. In this case, a woman's body terribly mutilated has been found in Millers Court, Dorset Street, Commercial Street, and that under circumstances whose mystery is as that concealed with the previous crimes

Terrible and revolting Sight

The murder is one of the most horrible character, worse than any of the preceding the woman was found lying either in the front room or in the passage leading to it, the one arm extended and the other lying across her breast, which was ripped open and the breasts cut off. The flesh on her legs was cut down in strips, the thighs being almost bare to the bone her head had been so one informant declares severed from the body. When the police entered the room it was lying on the floor the face was almost beyond recognition and her ears were cut off To increase the horrible picture which the head presented the lips had so one story goes been cut off.

Calling for the Rent Horrible Scene.

The victim Mary Jane Kelly, between 26 and 28 years of age, was seen between eight and half past this morning going for milk, After half past eight no sound was heard from the house in which she lived. The house is situated in Carter's court, The lad who went up to the woman's room to collect the rent, knocked, and was greeted with no answer. Pushing the door open a horrible sight met his gaze. The woman's body was found lying on the bed. The room was a small one. Horrible to relate the head was absolutely severed from the body. The head was loose, the arm was cut off the body and laid on the woman's bosom. The flesh was cut from the face, so terrible is the disfigurement that it is impossible to recognise the woman, only in outward shape does she bear any resemblance to a human being.

MURDER PARDON.

Whereas on November 8th, or 9th, in Millers court Dorset Street, Spitalfields. Mary Jane 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 contrived or actually committed the murder who shall give such information and evidence as shall lead to the discovery and the conviction of the person or persons who committed the murder.

Signed CHARLES WARREN.

Air Railway Train

Now ladies all beware or you'll get caught in a snare
They seem to say the devils running loose.
With a big knife in his hand he trots throughout the
land,
And with all the ladies means to play the deuce,
He's a knockout I declare, here there and every-where,
And to catch we all know they've had a try,
He's got the laugh as yet but his day will come you bet
And he'll play his little game out bye and bye,

Chorus.

Has any one seen him, can you tell us where he is,
If you meet him you must take away his knife,
Then give him to the women, they'll spoil his pretty fiz
And I would not give him two pence for his life,

Now they've searched the underground and country all
around,

In every hole and corner so they say,
But he comes out of a night and puts us all in fright,
And he manages some how to get away,
We can't tell if we're standing on our heads or on our
heels,

While mystery these crimes still enshrouds,
We must ask professor Baldwin to go up in his baloon,
And see if he can find him in the clouds,

Now Mrs. Potts, says she I'd let the villian see,
If I had him here I'd sure to make him cough,
I'd chop off all his toes then his ears and then his nose,
And I'd make him such a proper drop of broth,
His hat and coat I'd stew and flavour it with glue,
Blackbeetles mottled soap and boil the lot,
I've got a good sized funnel I'll stick it in his guzzle,
And make the humbug eat it boiling hot.

Now at night when you undress and about to go to rest
Just see that he ain't underneath the bed,
If he is you musn't shout but politely drag him out,
And with your poker tap him on the head,
So look out Jack the Ripper we're on your blooming
track,

There's a pretty piece of rope for you in store,
We'll give you beans old bogey then good old Ripper
Jack,
He'll never go out killing any more,

A "Jack the Ripper" Letter.

In the letter pillar box at the corner of Northumberland St. and Marylebone Road was found a letter directed to the police. It's contents are as follows, Dear Boss I shall be busy to morrow night in Marylebone I have two booked for blood, Yours Jack the Ripper. Look out about ten o'clock in Marylebone Road.

Air Teddy O'Neale,

Foreigners will say what have we come to,
That these crimes in London we should allow,
Where policemen we ought to be able to run to,
Yet murders committed we cannot tell how,
Near Whitechapel Road women are slaughtered,
And served far worse than the beast of the field,
And subjected to the most horrible tortures,
No one around them their poor lives to save.

Then let us all try to find out the villian,
Our wives and our daughters are not safe to day,
The people of London I'm sure are most willing,
To find out the murderer thousands they would pay

Six poor souls to eternity are driven
In the great town of London it is almost absurd,
No clue to the murderer as yet has been given,
Not one cry for help alas has been heard,
If this had ocured in some foreign country,
Where 'tis supposed that christians dwell,
We should think that in this nineteenth century,
Such terrible crimes we could not hear tell.

The first murder committed was close to last christmas
When surrounded with blood a woman was found,
Some demon I'm sure must now be with us,
Spreading alarm and dismay all around,
It seems very strange that none can discover,
The monster who murders poor women this way,
Murders so soon one after the other,
Should not be a secret for one single day.

August the seventh the other poor victim,
Was found bathed in a yard we are told,
The injuries the murderer on her inflicting,
Is too bad to tell 'twas so sad to behold,
At the end of the month another was murdered,
And then in September another was found,
The throat of each woman in each case was severed,
And blood flowed in streams from the terrible wound

Then we hear tell of two more cruel murders,
September the thirteenth on the same night.
Such horrible work can go no further,
Sooner or later it must come to light.
A reward has been offered tho' government refused it,
Our brave volunteers to the front they did come,
And the Mayor of London did not refuse it,
But gave them his thanks for all they had done,

Tune—Jenny Jones

I'll relate if you list to the Whitechapel horrors
Of six cruel murders as ever were done,
It's causing sensation, dismay, pain & sorrow,
The way those poor creatures to their deaths
they have come,
May God in his mercy these crimes be unfo'lding
And bring quick to justice that coward very soon
If once the police could that murderer behold.
He soon here would meet with a murderer's
doom,

For these deeds the angels in Heaven now are
weeping,

Oh, look down in mercy, and pity the pain,
And God speed those who now the murderer are
seeking,
And grant that their search may not be in vain

Elizabeth Stride on that Sunday morning,
An unfortunate we know for her living did try
When about one o'clock in the first early morn-
ing,

Her life it was taken, for no known reason why.
Tho' frail and a woman entitled to pity,
To see her there dead was a terrible sight,

Air—Captain with his Whiskers.

The indignation in London had not passed away,
When another shocking murder in the middle of the day
Has frightened all the people that in Whitechapel did
dwell,

This being the eighth victim in this manner has fell,
Up to the present time the man who has done these crimes
Escapes the hand of Justice and leaves no trace behind,
They call him Jack the Ripper murders night and day,
When he gets the rope around his neck he cannot get
away,

He is at work again causing misery and pain,
Jack the Ripper now is at his cruel work again,

We thought we'd heard the last of these horrid crimes,
That this murderous monstrous monster his cruelties
would resign,

But Mary Jane Kelly in Dorset Street has died,
And spread consternation thro' London far and wide,
This murder is the worst we've heard of from the first,
Since London by this foul fiend has been cursed,
The meaning of these murders no one can explain,
For Jack the Ripper now is at his cruel work again,

Mary Jane Kelly in a most miserable room,
So poor she could not pay her rent the day she met her
doom,

Then what motive there could be no one understands,
Why should she fall into this vile murderers hands,
Just entering life's stage twenty-six years of age,
In a miserable existence alas she did engage,
Not a single word could she utter in her pain,
As Jack the Ripper started at his cruel work again.

Such crimes to be done here in London's great
city,
And no clue left to bring such foul deeds to
light.

Scarce a month has passed over since poor Annie
Chapman

In Hanbury Street Whitechapel met her fate,
And so soon since the news of that cruel murders
Of two others alas we have to relate,
A second poor woman on that Sunday morning,
In Aldgate was found in a most shocking state,
Her friends and relations now deeply are mourn-
ing,
To kill those poor women is a scandalous shame

'Tis said that a Doctor he now is suspected,
If captured his life he will have to explain,
And if innocent he by his friends are respected
Will soon for these crimes be set free again,
But if not his life he must soon be bewailing,
For as sure as he lives for these crimes he will
pay,

And no more on this earth will he go out black-
mailing,
But they'll hang such a wretch, he'll from earth
pass away.

In that cold apartment lying naked and dead,
The head nearly severed from the body it is said,
Her heart torn away and other parts besides.
Let us hope in mercy that in no pain she died,
Upon the cheerless floor surrounded by her gore,
Nearly torn to pieces was what the people saw,
But until the murderers caught on us it leaves a stain,
Now the Demon Jack the Rippers got at his work again

Assistance soon arrived but as usual twas too late,
To save this poor young woman from her untimely fate
From the wretched victim life long since had gone,
It would have been far better if she never had been
born,

No comfort in her life and then to meet a violent death
No time a prayer to utter ere she parted her last breath
But Heaven we hope is merciful to those who suffer
pain,
And sotp this Jack the Ripper now at his work again.

Where was the bloodhounds they talked so much about
And why were they not put at once upon the murder's
rout,

Per'aps they may have traced hi'n if they are within
call,

If they could not do it they are no use at all,
Most of you agree I feel certain along with me,
That its nearly time we found out this mystery,
With all we can boast of it should not be in vain,
To catch this Jack the Ripper when he's at his work
again,