

## ABOUT WHITECHAPEL.

Gossip Concerning the Fiend's Latest Atrocity.

LONDON, November 18—In England there is not much interest in anything just now but the Whitechapel murders and the details surrounding it, Warren's resignation, etc. As I wrote you last week, either Warren or Home Secretary Matthews had to go in obedience to public clamor, and Matthews was sufficiently clever to maneuver Warren's neck under the ax of popular disfavor. People are not satisfied yet, however. The Tories declare that Matthews should go instead of Warren; the Liberals declare that both should have been turned out, and it is very likely that the Whitechapel killer will have the honor of overturning a Cabinet Minister as well as the Chief Commissioner of Police.

About the mysterious murders nothing more is known and fresh ones are expected. Some clever individual having invented a detailed description of the man seen walking about with Mary Kelly just before she was murdered, has been hired at five times his usual salary to walk about with the police and try to see the man again. It has been pointed out that the murders have all been committed at changes of the moon, which is taken as strengthening the lunatic theory. Four men in one day, having got drunk, conceived the notion of personating the great murderer. Each howled out in the street that he had just cut up another woman. Each was pelted for his pains by a mob and each is now doing two weeks.

One young German has got an exalted notion of English Puritanism and respectability. He landed in this country on Tuesday or Wednesday. He stared, perhaps, a little impolitely at a woman on the Whitechapel road. A quarter of an hour later some policeman rescued him, much injured, from a furious mob and took him to the lockup. He was let go on his statement that he was going to America. The woman had cried out that he was "Jack, the Ripper, the Whitechapel murderer," but the German, who did not understand a word of English, thought all the demonstration was brought about by her English feelings of propriety being shocked by his radi-croet staring.

Last week I saw the man, Joe Barrett, who had lived with the woman Kelly up to a short time before she was butchered. He then begged for money to bury his poor dear, and wanted it understood that he had a 'art as well as men with black coats on. He was furiously drunk at the inquest and is living with a certain notorious Whitechapel character who testified at the inquest and became enamored of the drunken brute because, as she said, of the romantic interest attaching to him, which illustrates life in London's slums. Kelly's remains will be buried on Monday