

FROM THE MORGUE Classic Articles From Police Gazettes Gone By

The following article discusses in detail the execution of Carl Feigenbaum, a suspect in the Jack-the-Ripper case, and contains his lawyer's statement of his opinion regarding his client's guilt in the Ripper case. The article was featured last year in an online BBC story on Feigenbaum, and is from the "lost" volume 68 of the *National Police Gazette*. As such, it is only available through William A. Mays and National Police Gazette Enterprises, LLC.

May 16, 1896

PERHAPS HE WAS A RIPPER Feigenbaum, Executed at Sing Sing, Had Been in London.

HAD A MANIA TO SHED BLOOD Made a Startling Confession to His Lawyer Before He Paid the Penalty. HE WAS A CRAFTY OLD MAN.

There is every reason to believe that when Warden Sage, of Sing Sing prison, gave the signal for the execution by electricity of Carl Feigenbaum he legally killed the man who was responsible, not only for the awful series of Whitechapel murders in London, but for similar butcheries in other parts of the country as well. The men who, as legal witnesses, saw him die, knew that the miserable, shambling old hulk strapped and trussed in the big oaken chair before their eyes like a sheep, had been convicted of plunging a murderous butcher-knife into the throat of Mrs. Julia Hoffman, a New York woman who had given him a room almost as an act of charity, and that the woman's son had witnessed her death. Among the group of witnesses in that dreary death-chamber was William Sanfor Lawton, the lawyer who for eighteen months had tried to save his client from death, and who had been the recipient of a confession of a most startling character. And it is this confession—which, by the way, had nothing whatever to do with the killing of Mrs. Hoffman—which serves to show that the man died only after a long and bloody career, and that in all probability it was he who for more than a year terrorized the Whitechapel district in London, and murdered twelve wretched women of the street.

The execution of the old man was very much like the other executions which preceded it. There was a crowd of doctors, newspaper men and lay witnesses. They assembled in the cozy office of Warden Sage and exchanged reminiscences of former "affairs" to while away that awkward half hour before they were summoned to the chamber of death.

Downstairs the decrepit, consumptive-looking old man, in list slippers and a nightcap, was responding to the exhortations of the priest or clutching wildly at his straggling gray hair in the ecstasy of despair. He had neither eaten nor slept in the last twenty-four hours of his life, and he looked more like a thing of the grave than a living being.

When the hands of the clock pointed to the fatal hour the witnesses sauntered down to the death chamber.

The witnesses sat on the little stools in a semi-circle, with the grim-looking death chair as a centre. A minute passed while the current was tested with the usual row of electric lights, and Warden Sage who, on these occasions, generally suffers more acutely than the despairing prisoner, went into Feigenbaum's cell.

All the manhood in the hapless fellow was roused at the sound of the summons. His crying

and sobbing ceased. He stood up firm and erect as a dart. Something of the old fire with which he had marched twenty-six years ago up the hill at Gravelotte under the awful rain of bullets from the French entrenchments now possessed him. He strode forward without a tremor, actually ahead of the priest.

Unaided he stepped up to the chair, took off his glasses, kissed the crucifix and calmly sat down. Once or twice he mopped his clammy forehead with his handkerchief. The straps were binding him when he seized the Warden's hand and kissed it, saying:

"You have been good to this poor fellow, who had no other friend." A priest held the other hand, murmuring the prayer for the dying.

Feigenbaum looked up and around as the mask was put over his face to shut off his sight.

The crowd around the chair stepped back. The bound figure in it slid outward and upward with dreadful force, and Feigenbaum was dead. Eighteen hundred and twenty volts of electricity coursed through his body for two periods of five seconds each. But the first shock had carried out the behest of the law.

The first surprise came when the Warden announced that the dead man had left considerable property. It had always been supposed he was penniless, and that he killed Mrs. Hoffman for her money, but he not only left a house in Cincinnati, but money in the bank as well.

Then his lawyer spoke:

End of Part One

Look for Part Two in next month's *Police Gazette*, in which Feigenbaum's lawyer describes evidence that convinced him his client was indeed Jack the Ripper.

NEW WORLD RECORDS

Highest Unassisted Martial Arts Kick (Female)

Lisa Coolen of the Netherlands performed a jumping front kick (Twimyo Ap Chagi) to a height of 7 feet 8 inches in Echt, Netherlands.

Heaviest Sumo Deadlift in One Minute

Walter Urban of the USA, while performing a sumo deadlift, completed 49 repetitions in one minute with 215 lbs for a total of 10,535 lbs. The 54-year-old accomplished the feat in Niagara Falls, Canada.

Courtesy of Guinness World Records
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DR. CAPRIO'S SEX CLINIC



DR. CAPRIO

This month's question:
Can our hang-ups
about sex be at-
tributed to sexual
taboos?

Yes. Sex is still complicated by taboos in today's society. Taboos as a result of sex ignorance has taken a toll of human misery. It is because of sexual taboos that many groups have opposed sex education. The word "taboo" comes from the Polynesian word "tabu." It refers to an act or a situation or a person or a thing that is inherently dangerous and must be avoided because of the penalty that will be suffered by anyone who violates the taboo. It is associated with that which is evil and harmful. Many of our laws and religious teachings in our present day society are responsible for perpetuating our hang-ups about sex.

Sex taboos in our culture have their origin symbolically in the Garden of Eden. Warned by God not to eat the fruit of a certain tree on penalty of death, Adam, who was not told why he should not do so ate the forbidden fruit and was expelled from Paradise, along with Eve, his co-partner in crime.

According to James George Frazer, author of *The Golden Bough*, hunters and fishermen had to avoid sexual relations before setting out on their expeditions; otherwise they would catch no game or fish.

Among the Kochins, a woman who prepares yeast for making beer must abstain from sexual relations during this time; if not the beer would be bitter.

Incestuous relations must be avoided because they impair the fertility of the soil and spoil the harvest.

It would appear that the temporary denial of sexual pleasure offered as a sacrifice assured one protection from the tabooed evil. Today, of course, we realize that prohibitions of these kinds are contrary to scientific knowledge and to common sense. But we still live with a host of prejudices that are scarcely less absurd.

The origin of sex taboos runs parallel to the origin of religious rites. Thus sexuality becomes associated with that which was considered "sinful" "immoral" "shameful" and "unclean."

Would you believe that at one time the sin of masturbation was punishable by death? Fortunately today we have adopted a more realistic attitude toward masturbation due chiefly to scientific enlightenment. Today the harmlessness of self-gratification is an established fact. People no longer regard their sexual organs with disgust, shame, or guilt, which stem from the religious concept of "the original sin."

Those who are still prudish about sexual matters and have hang-ups about sex can attribute it to these ancient taboos that are contrary to reason and intelligence.

The sooner we learn to rid ourselves of old shames and old taboos, the sooner we can achieve a healthy capacity for physical and spiritual love.

Limerick of the Month

There once was a man named Perkin
Who was always jerkin' his gherkin.

His mother said, "Perkin,

Don't jerk on your gherkin.

Your gherkin's for ferkin' not jerkin'!"

Like to submit a limerick? Write letters@
policegazette.us. Maybe we'll use it!