



## The Trial of Elizabeth Cree

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The year is 1880, the setting London's poor and dangerous Limehouse district, home to immigrants and criminals. A series of brutal murders has occurred, and, as Ackroyd leads us down London's dark streets, the sense of time and place becomes overwhelmingly immediate and real. We experience the sights and sounds of the English music halls, smell the smells of London slums, hear the hooves of horses on the cobblestone streets, and attend the trial of Elizabeth Cree, a woman accused of poisoning her husband but who may be the one person who knows the truth about the murders.

## **The Trial of Elizabeth Cree Details**

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Author : Peter Ackroyd

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## From Reader Review The Trial of Elizabeth Cree for online ebook

### Jeffrey Keeten says

**"Murder may have been his occupation, but poetry was his delight."**

You may call her Elizabeth, Lambeth Marsh Lizzie, or just plain Lizzie. With the death of her abusive mother, she is cut loose from a life of degrading poverty and, by a quirk of fate, finds herself thrust into the world of the stage. Dan Leno is at the top of his game, and he is the first person to see Lizzie as someone more than just a bit of fluff or a go for it girl. She is a natural entertainer, quick witted, and has the singing voice of an angel. She has finally found her place in the world.

### Olivia Cooke plays Lizzie in the 2017 movie.

This is Victorian London, and the city has seen its share of vice, exploitation, debauchery, and oh yes, even murder. Thomas de Quincey's collection of essays titled *On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts* has scandalized the town. The Ratcliffe Murders, a dastardly family homicide that happened seventy years ago, he considers to be one of the finest examples of murder as a fine art on par with artists' renditions of beauty, fine literature, and exalting music.

There is one burgeoning murderer who reads De Quincey's account with great interest, one might say with reverence. **"And what a marvelous touch by De Quincey, to suggest that Williams' bright yellow hair, 'something between an orange and lemon colour', had been dyed to create a deliberate contrast to the 'bloodless ghostly pallor' of his face. I hugged myself in delight when I first read how he had dressed for each murder as if he were going upon the stage."**

Details such of that may have been induced by De Quincey's own feverish opium influenced mind, but they do put the reader right there in the bloody room, looking the murderer in the face.

The murderer dubbed the Limehouse Golem, an understudy at this point, gains experience by killing the most easy prey. The same, least protected members of society whom Jack the Ripper made quite a mess with at a later date. Like any skill, practice makes perfect, and the goal is to elevate murder to a level at which those who see the tableau will gasp, not only at the grotesqueness of the scene before them but also for the artistry of the composition.

When the bookish, Jewish scholar Solomon Weil is murdered, the Limehouse Golem starts to see the nuances of the art of murder. **"The body is truly a mappamundi with its territories and continents, its rivers of fibre and its oceans of flesh, and in the lineaments of this scholar I could see the spiritual harmony of the body when it is touched by thought and prayer. He lived yet, and sighed as I cut him--sighed, I think, with pleasure as the spirit rose out of the open form."**

This murder brings The Reading Room in which Weil spent so much time under scrutiny and a whole host of potential suspects. It is becoming readily apparent that the Limehouse Golem is something more than just a crazed killer. Leaving bloody messages on the wall in Latin would lead one to believe that this murderer has been inspired by literature. There is the writer George Gissing in the Reading Room, hanging on as best he can to a shabby gentility. He is saddled with a whore for a wife, who will lie with anyone for a chamber pot of gin. Could he possibly be murdering whores in lue of murdering his wife? There is Karl Marx, a man of

grand passions. Could he have finally snapped and be expressing his ideas in blood? Inspector Kildare has been given the case because he is expendable. If he succeeds, wonderful, but if he fails, he will be shuffled off into disgraced retirement. The political elements of the force simply do not want to risk one of their golden boys on the rise.

Dan Leno is also a suspect due to some circumstantial evidence. Could his madness on stage have finally spilled out into nights of grand artistic expression?

The other man at The Reading Library on the proper occasions to potentially be a suspect is the journalist/failed playwright John Cree. He has married Lizzie and taken her away from the stage or, in his opinion, has saved her from a life of destitution and sin. When he dies under suspicious circumstances, Lizzie is in the frame. The only way that Kildare can save her is to find out the identity of the Limehouse Golem.

This is a wonderful, evocative, Victorian era murder mystery that has recently been made into a spectacular film titled *Limehouse Golem*(2017), starring Bill Nighy who lends gravitas to every role he decides to play. The plot is a twisty one that will lead the reader down many a dark alley, chasing a red herring. I decided that I would just hang with Peter Ackroyd and let him tell me the story. I didn't worry about the subterfuge or even trying to figure out the mystery. I wanted to enjoy the ambiance of Victorian London and found myself laughing at Dan Leno's bawdy jokes along with the rest of the motley, gin swilling crowd. There is a murderer on the loose, but isn't that just the spice that London after dark craves?

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## Cemre says

Peter Ackroyd'u ilk kez okuyorum. ?lk yar?da bir miktar hayal k?r?kl??? hissetti?imi söyleyebilirim; fakat bir yerden sonra merakla, elimden b?rakamadan okudum. Mutlaka bir kitab?n? daha okuyaca??m.

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## Paromjit says

This is a marvellously macabre nineteenth century Victorian historical crime fiction. The central and strongest character is London itself, a city sharply divided by the wretched poverty of the poor and their desperately precarious lives and the well to do. The author transports us to the atmospheric streets of London, with its stench, its fogs, its bawdy houses, the theatres and the music halls. Limehouse is a district marked by its poverty, murderers are buried (covered in lime) and born here. It is the scene for a number of strange killings over a short period of time attributed to a golem, breeding intense fear in the populace and attracting intense media attention. Golem is a medieval Jewish word for an artificial being bought into existence by a magician or a rabbi. Limehouse is the kind of area where such a mythical being would appear. Famous luminaries from the time appear, such as the author George Gissing, Karl Marx and the music hall star, Dan Leno. Part of the narrative gives us the killer's diary.

The story begins with the hanging of Elizabeth Cree, Lambeth Marsh Lizzie, in April 1881 in Camberwell Prison. She was found guilty and convicted of the murder of John Cree, her husband, by poisoning. We then

go back in time to learn of her life, the desperate poverty of her childhood, her tenacious ability to improve her life, her introduction to the theatre and music hall, where she is mentored by the great Dan Leno, and how she meets her husband. The string of Limehouse murders occur, apparently out of the blue, with seemingly no rhyme and reason, attributed locally to a golem, whilst a frenzy of fear runs rife through the community. Karl Marx looks into the Jewish legend of the golem. The police, courtesy of H Division, find themselves at a loss, whilst the media mock Chief Inspector Kildare. As it soon becomes clear, there is reason for the murders.....

Peter Ackroyd does an impressive job in recreating Victorian London and making it come gloriously alive, its culture, the baseness, the hard lives, the literary and philosophic swirl, and expertly incorporates leading figures of the time into the book. This and the rich characterisation makes this an irresistible read, which has now been turned into a major film starring the wonderful Bill Nighy. After reading this, I cannot wait to see it! Many thanks to Random House Vintage for an ARC.

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## John says

This is the first of Ackroyd's novels that I've actually gotten along with (although I did enjoy his brief biography of Isaac Newton a while back). Mind you, I've only tried two of the others: I actively disliked *First Light* and I failed to get through *The House of Dr Dee* (although I still have the latter on my shelves, ready for if I decide to give it another go). At the same time, I'd like to take issue with the rave review extract from the UK *Independent on Sunday* that appears on the flap of the (retitled) US edition:

Ackroyd has pulled off the greatest coup of all . . . The man who juggles genres with supreme assurance has bought into one, gone straight and written a four-square, copper-bottomed crime novel which should assure his election to the Detection Club . . . All in all, Ruth Rendell and P.D. James can count themselves lucky that Peter Ackroyd has made it a point of honour never to repeat himself!

To which all one can respond is: Bollocks! The reviewer should go read some Rendell and James, neither of whom wrote novels that remotely resemble Ackroyd's. (A far better comparison might have been with Wilkie Collins, come to think of it.) While this is a novel that has at its heart a series of brutal murders in the London district of Limehouse in 1880 (it's a tribute to Ackroyd's skill that, not having time right now to do more research than a quick look in Wikipedia, I'm uncertain as to the historicity of these murders), it can't really be described as a crime novel in the accepted meaning of that term. Far less can it sensibly be called a mystery novel, although it often is: there's a twist at the end (except it's multiply signaled well beforehand), but there's no real detection in sight, the cops -- in the form of the Yard's Inspector Eric Kildare -- doing little more than some pointless flailing around.

What we have instead is a really quite engrossing tale, told through a patchwork of narratives as ex-music hall performer Elizabeth Cree stands trial for the poisoning murder of her husband John: we have trial transcripts, Elizabeth's recollections of her days treading the London boards alongside the likes of fabled comedian Dan Leno, straightforward third-person relation, diary extracts, even a chunk of an essay (which may or may not be a real one; again I've no time to check) by the novelist George Gissing -- who, like Karl Marx, plays a peripheral part in the proceedings and is briefly one of Kildare's suspects. The mixture of approaches adds to the verisimilitude of the account while the diversity of styles brings a sense of frequently renewed freshness to the proceedings. I was impressed.

At the same time, the novel's far from flawless. There's a minor subplot concerning Charles Babbage, and Gissing's discovery of his work and visit to the Analytical Engine, a subplot that doesn't really go anywhere and seems to me to add nothing to the tale. Even if I were feeling tolerant about that aspect -- believe me, it's difficult for this fan of Gissing and of Babbage/Lovelace to be critical of it! -- I'm not 100% enthused about the practice of dragging historical characters into novels unless they demand to be there. About the presence of Leno I'm fine, because it's absolutely integral to the tale that Elizabeth should have been a music hall (US readers: think vaudeville) artiste and so she could well have associated with this foremost comedian of the age. I'm not so certain Gissing and Marx are really needed, though; presumably Ackroyd was just fascinated by the fact that the two were contemporaneous habitués of the Reading Room at the British Museum.

And there's another little episode, seemingly shoehorned in, that set my teeth a-grating. Leno encounters and helps a certain Harry Chaplin, whose pregnant wife, we're led to believe, might have miscarried were it not for Leno's generosity. *And guess who that unborn baby might be, oh yes!!!!* Only, Charlie Chaplin's father was likewise called Charles, not Harry, and Charlie wasn't born until 1889 -- nearly a decade after the events of this novel. Perhaps Ackroyd was impishly playing with our expectations. Whatever the case, I was irritated when taken in by the subterfuge and even more so when I discovered it for what it was.

There's also the occasional bit of whimsical cobblers (okay, don't think too hard about that image . . . and don't wonder why my term "cobblers" here is so much more socially acceptable than my cry of "bollocks" earlier):

This was the dream of Charles Babbage -- a computer built more than a hundred years before any of its modern counterparts, which now gleamed like a hallucination in the light of September 1880. The scientists and professional mechanics of the nineteenth century had instinctively turned away from it, without realizing why they had done so: this engine was not in its proper time and, as yet, could have no real existence upon the earth.

Actually, they turned away from it because they thought Babbage, despite all the sterling work he'd done promoting UK mathematics, was in some respects a bit of a loony -- that his Difference Engine and Analytical Engine were impracticable dead ends. In this they were in fact correct: there was nothing wrong with Babbage's dream, but there was no way it could be achieved through the kind of cogs-and-levers mechanisms he, as a child of his time, could conceive. The real breakthrough to come from the whole enterprise was that of his associate Ada Lovelace, who wrote what can be regarded as the first computer program.

But those criticisms are asides. In the main I was genuinely enthralled by this novel, to the point that my retry of *The House of Dr Dee* is likely to come sooner rather than later.

I read this novel in the US edition, retitled *The Trial of Elizabeth Cree*. However, this is so much less evocative a title than the original that, throughout the time I was reading the book, I thought of it as *Dan Leno and the Limehouse Golem*. It would have seemed somehow dissonant to have put my notes on the book under the "wrong" title.

The novel's 2016 screen adaptation, *The Limehouse Golem*, directed by Juan Carlos Medina and featuring Olivia Cooke and Bill Nighy, is very much on my to-watch list.

## Bill Lynas says

I quite enjoyed the 2017 film version of Peter Ackroyd's novel Dan Leno & The Limehouse Golem.

However, I felt it could have been better & so I decided to check out the original story.

Ackroyd uses a pretty eclectic style of writing throughout the story, including diary extracts, court interviews & first & third person narration. Yet with all these styles the story is very easy to follow & his knowledge of 19th Century London is excellent.

Between some gruesome murders Ackroyd creates a wonderful picture of Music Hall life & introduces us to many memorable characters. Mixing in real people (including Karl Marx) & real historical events (the Ratcliffe Highway murders) works well with the fictional proceedings.

Occasionally the book gets a little bogged down & I found the parts with (the real life) George Gissing somewhat dull.

Depending on your viewpoint there is a very (im)plausible twist, which for some people either makes or breaks the book. Having read the story I had one of those rare moments when I actually wished it had been longer. Perhaps I need to give the film a second chance.

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## Steffi says

Dass die Theater in London und die Stadt London als Bühne ineinander greifen, hat Peter Ackroyd bereits in seiner Biografie Londons beschrieben und er führt das hier in einem wunderbaren Roman aus. Neben erfundenden Figuren lässt er auf seiner Romanbühne auch historische Figuren wie Karl Marx, den Schriftsteller George Gissing und vor allem den Komiker Dan Leno auftreten. Hinzu kommt die Geschichte eines fiktiven Serienmörders, der wenige Jahre vor Jack the Ripper sein Unwesen treibt und hin und wieder an die Ratcliffe Highway Morde denken lässt.

Nachtrag 30.12.2017:

Gerade habe ich die Verfilmung gesehen, die - wie die Kritiken nahelegten - nicht wirklich sehenswert ist. Aber ein paar nette Impressionen aus dem Londoner Variété der 1880er Jahre waren schon dabei.

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## Adam says

I thought this was more a tragedy than a mystery until the ending, and then I realized that I knew nothing. Grotesque atmosphere, filled with great portrayals of historical figures, a horrifying murderer, music hall, Karl Marx, George Gissing's prophetic musings on Babbage's Difference Engine, illusions, cross dressing, and wonderful and sometimes creepy descriptions of Victorian England, this is a fascinating if sometimes cold book (and dark and difficult). The ending is haunting if not exactly 100% convincing but then again it reorders my every thought on the book so I may need to consider it for awhile. Fans of From Hell will definitely enjoy (!?) this.

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## William says

The play's the thing.

I'll admit it, I'm a sucker for Victorian London fiction, whether it be fiction written at the time by Conan

Doyle or Robert Louis Stevenson, or modern takes on it by the likes of Tim Powers, Dan Simmons, Kim Newman or, in this case, Peter Ackroyd.

As in all Ackroyd books, the city itself is a character, and in this one the cast and crew enact a drama while their lives and fortunes intertwine over a period of years. As ever Ackroyd's literary mechanics are flawless, switching between voices seamlessly, whether it be in the form of trial transcripts, diary entries, or the overarching, all seeing eye of the city itself. The plot moves along equally seamlessly, each cog in the clockwork moving as it must. At times I was greatly reminded of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jeckyll and Mr Hyde* in the way matters unfolded.

Reality and fiction are both at play, and they too are intertwined, as bloody murder is mimicked on pantomime stages, and grotesque pantomime is played out in the streets of Limehouse when the Golem walks abroad.

It's a tour-de-force throughout, and Ackroyd keeps all his balls juggling in the air like one of his music hall performers.

A fine addition to the ranks of Victoriana. I loved it.

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### **Nancy Oakes says**

I have to say that this is one of the finer Victorian mysteries I've read and it kept me on the edge of the chair until the end. Once in a while I would get this idea that something is dreadfully wrong here, but couldn't quite put my finger on it. However, the true beauty of this novel is the atmosphere -- London during the Victorian period -- the darkness tends to overwhelm you while you read it. It is quite good (I love Ackroyd's works) and one in which the true mystery aficionado will not be disappointed.

Set in 1880s London, the story begins with the hanging of a woman, Elizabeth Cree, who has been found guilty of the murder of her husband, but only a few pages are devoted to this act; the story begins in earnest with a murderer whose works are detailed within the pages of a diary. As the murderer does not confine himself to one killing, and as the killings all seem to take place in a part of London known as Limehouse, the panic spreads and the murderer gains a name from the press: "The Limehouse Golem."

But Victorian London itself, or at least its somewhat darker denizens, is as much the topic of this book as is this series of murders. Author and essayist George Gissing and Karl Marx both turn up as themselves here, analyzing the suffering of those on the streets and the society which causes this to happen. Ackroyd's description of London is so incredible that you'll start imagining the darkness of the fogs, the smells, the poor and all of their sufferings, the theaters that Karl Marx proclaims are the true opiate of the masses. Simply wonderful all around.

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### **Susan Hampson says**

An accused and convicted murderer, 31 year old Elizabeth Cree, was to face her final audience, only a small selected crowd had been hand picked for the purpose and being the performer she was she wouldn't let it pass and so she spoke her last words, before the noose tightened , "Here we are again". The date is 6th April 1881 and the place is Camberwell Prison London.

The story drops back to be pieced together from the trial of Elizabeth Cree, the diaries of her deceased

husband and her own story leading up to her death. Set in the East End of London in the 1800's the streets are paved with filth and the air is laced with smog but if some of the residents could scrape enough money together there was an escape, just for a little while. A trip across the Thames paying a penny to the ferry man delivered the theatres and a comical look at life together with a sing song for all. On one of these nights, 10th September 1880, June Quig was murdered, ok a dead body in London, a prostitute at that and on the poorer side of the Thames, not really breaking news except in the way she was displayed. As a second murder victim soon follows, grotesquely disfigured and displayed again, the killer gained a name this time, The Limehouse Golem.

This is some wicked story that throws you about as a reader and whoa what a macabre killing machine this person is. No hesitation, no regret, no idea who is doing this. A work of art to be shared. The Golem is a fictional character created from myths as an artificial being by magicians or a Jewish Rabi in the 15th century. Now mobs were heard running through the streets after seeing the Golem for it only to disappear, but the police worked from evidence and facts alone not hysteria. But the body count continued to rise.

This book has now been made into a big screen film to be released very soon and if it is anything to go by it is going to be tremendous Block Buster. Peter Ackroyd created two sides of Victorian London, one where the poor went to the theatre to laugh and forget their lives and the other where fantasy retold the horrors of the outside in the theatre to make the poor accept the tragedies easier.

The murders, although totally macabre have a sort of morbid fascination about their execution as you glimpse how this killer's mind works and how what is happening is seen through their eyes. It isn't a place you want to stay for long. The Victorian Music Halls were the sanity for the poor of London and were stars were created like Dan Leno, was one of the funniest performers of his time. This is a book built on atmosphere and was already easy to play in my mind as I read. I love to read a book before I see the film as it makes for a more intense viewing. I have been in this killers mind .....

I wish to thank the publisher for an invitation to read this novel, this review is an honest reflection of my thoughts.

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## **James Barker says**

This is my third Ackroyd and really the first one I have got along with. In fact it is one of those books you read where you get so pally with it it is sad to finish. As is customary the author looks back on the murderous history of a part of London but this time he has peopled his re-telling with absorbing characters that are very much flesh and bone. The musical hall scene of the time, the late Victorian age, is a delicious backdrop and the juxtaposition of dull-to-the-death poverty against promised progress and the vibrancy of the stage and its stars is beautifully done. The twists and turns of the story are not perhaps as surprising as they could be but who cares; Akroyd's examination of place is, as befits his obsession, as important as the story itself.

Limehouse is a district, a fringe of the city seemingly dedicated to death. It is a place where murderers are buried and the putrefaction of their corpses hurried along by the liberal sprinkling of lime. But it is also a place where murderers are made, in the living-death of the backstreets. It's a place where it's easy to believe in golems, animated from the dirt and squalor that exists there. Karl Marx's appearance hints at the bigger picture, the slow murder of the proletariat, the connection between the death of hope and the death of mankind. But all in all this is a place of costume and disguise and the many-peopled Dan Leno, another famous name from history and drawn from the same common dirt as any golem. It's a work of sublime fiction.

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## Vit Babenco says

Poisoning, murder, music hall, artistry, dramaturgy, science, journalism, progress, sociology, poverty: all this miscellany **Peter Ackroyd** alloys into a homogenous panorama of place and time – London in the nineteenth century on its last legs.

But it is the great thoroughfare, Oxford Street itself, which haunts De Quincey's imagination. In his Confessions it becomes a street of sorrowful mysteries, of 'dreamy lamplight' and the sounds of the barrel organ; he remembers the portico where he fainted away from hunger, and the corner where he and Ann would meet in order to console each other among 'the mighty labyrinths of London.' That is why the city and his suffering within it became – if we may borrow a phrase from that great modern poet Charles Baudelaire – the landscape of his imagination. It is this interior world which he places within 'On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts' – a world in which suffering, poverty and loneliness are the most striking elements. By chance it was in Oxford Street, also, that he first purchased laudanum – it could be said that the old highway led him directly to those nightmares and fantasies which turned London into some mighty vision akin to that of Piranesi, a labyrinth of stone, a wilderness of blank walls and doors.

The scenery is gloomy and bleak and the doings and everything that happens turns into the dark phantasmagoria that reminds more of mythology than of history.

*The Trial of Elizabeth Cree* isn't just a morose mystery – first of all it is a submersion into the darkness of the human subconscious...

Horror is the true sublime. The common people and even the middling classes profess to be sickened or alarmed by my great career but, secretly, they have loved and admired each stage of it. Every newspaper in the country has dwelled reverentially upon my great acts, and sometimes they have even exaggerated them in order to satisfy the public taste – in a sense they have become my understudies, who watch every move and practice every line. I once worked on the *Era*, and I know how absurdly gullible newspaper reporters can be; no doubt they now believed in the Limehouse Golem with the same fervor as everybody else, and willingly accepted that some supernatural creature was preying upon the living. Mythology of a kind has returned to London – if indeed it ever really left it. Interrogate an inhabitant of London very carefully, and you will find the remnants of some frightened medieval churl.

When our instincts begin to domineer over our consciousness we return to our primordial animal nature.

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## Thebooktrail says

Travel to Limehouse Step back in gory times

In the area of Limehouse, a character known as a Golem creating fear. He himself has been created from myths and either described as an artificial being or a Jewish Rabi in the 15th century. Bodies pile up and there are some very dark and gruesome murders which take place in and around the city's streets. You can

run after the Golem, try to catch him, but as soon as you think you might catch him, it vanishes into thin air...

Ohh it's gory and very unsettling and there's talk of those Ratcliffe Highway murders...

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### Shovelmonkey1 says

Cor Blimey, Guvn'r. Well that was a right old to do. Set in Victorian London on the banks of the good old *shake and shiver*, the narrow *field o' wheat* and the bawdy houses and music halls this *jackanory* will have you all in a lather - oh what a palaver. The great wen is all a-quiver for there is a killer on the street. It's not safe for a respectable *ocean pearl* like m'self to be out after dark, oh no. The Limehouse Golem is abroad and I'm not talking about the Costa.

Murder most horrid is being committed by a shadowy *glasgow ranger* and it has the denizens of Limehouse in a right *two and eight*. Bodies disembowled and artfully arranged on the *apples and pears* are giving people the right good scares. The first victim chosen was a *one time looker*, often the sad fate of a street walking hooker. Two more follow after that, and three is a spree but what happens when you add an entire family? Lizzie Cree is set to swing, the gallows drop is a sure thing, but are there more twists in her tale than in a hangmans noose? This *fish hook* is definitely worth a look.

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### Maureen says

\*3.5 STARS\*

Late Victorian London was famous for it's thick fogs and filthy cobbled streets where one could easily get lost in the myriad alleyways of the city. However, if you were a brutal serial killer, then the fog would be of great merit!

With echoes of Jack The Ripper, fact and fiction walk hand in hand as real historical characters appear in this tale of murder most foul.

By way of the trial of Elizabeth Cree, (charged with the murder of her husband by poisoning ), the story flows effortlessly from courtroom to music hall, and out to the streets and alleyways of Limehouse. The inhabitants of this slum district are among the poorest in London, and it has more than it's fair share of criminals.

Our serial killer is nicknamed The Limehouse Golem, and as the victim count increases, numerous suspects are brought in for questioning. This begins to look like a who's who, with many famous names in the frame - Karl Marx, Dan Leno ( THE most famous music hall player ) and George Gissing ( novelist and tutor )

Peter Ackroyd leads us by the hand through Victorian London's mean streets and alleyways, so that you can almost smell those putrid thoroughfares, can almost hear the clip clop of horses hooves on the cobbled streets, and it's not difficult to see what a scary place this was - add a serial killer into the mix and you have unquestionable terror right there. The only criticism I have is that I found some of the narrative overly long, but it has wonderful atmosphere, and a neat little twist at the end.

\*\*Soon to be released as a movie starring Bill Nighy\*\*

\*Thank you to Random House UK, Vintage Publishing for my ARC in exchange for an honest review\*

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