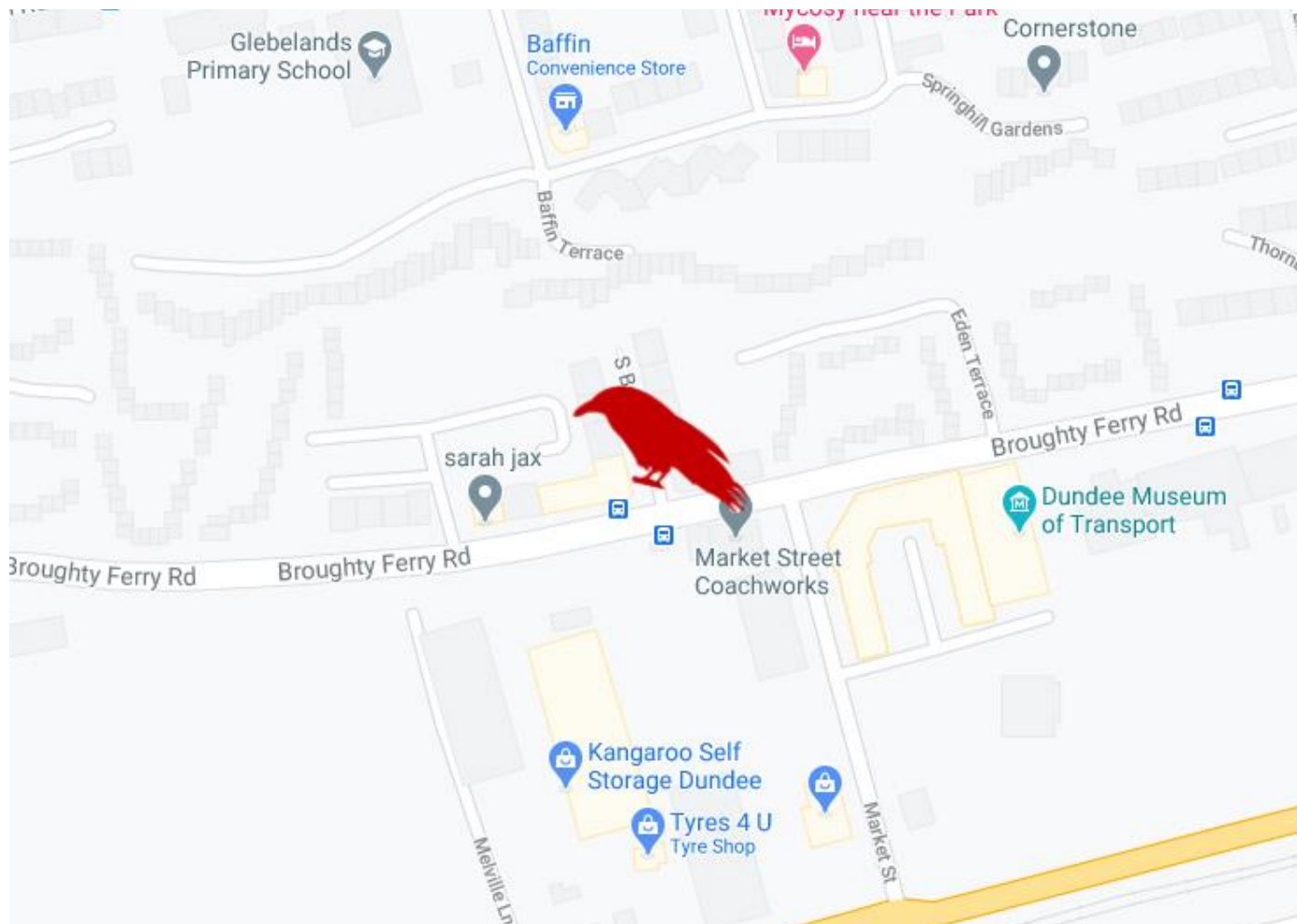


Dundee Libraries Halloween Walk



Our locations are marked above each story with these icons:



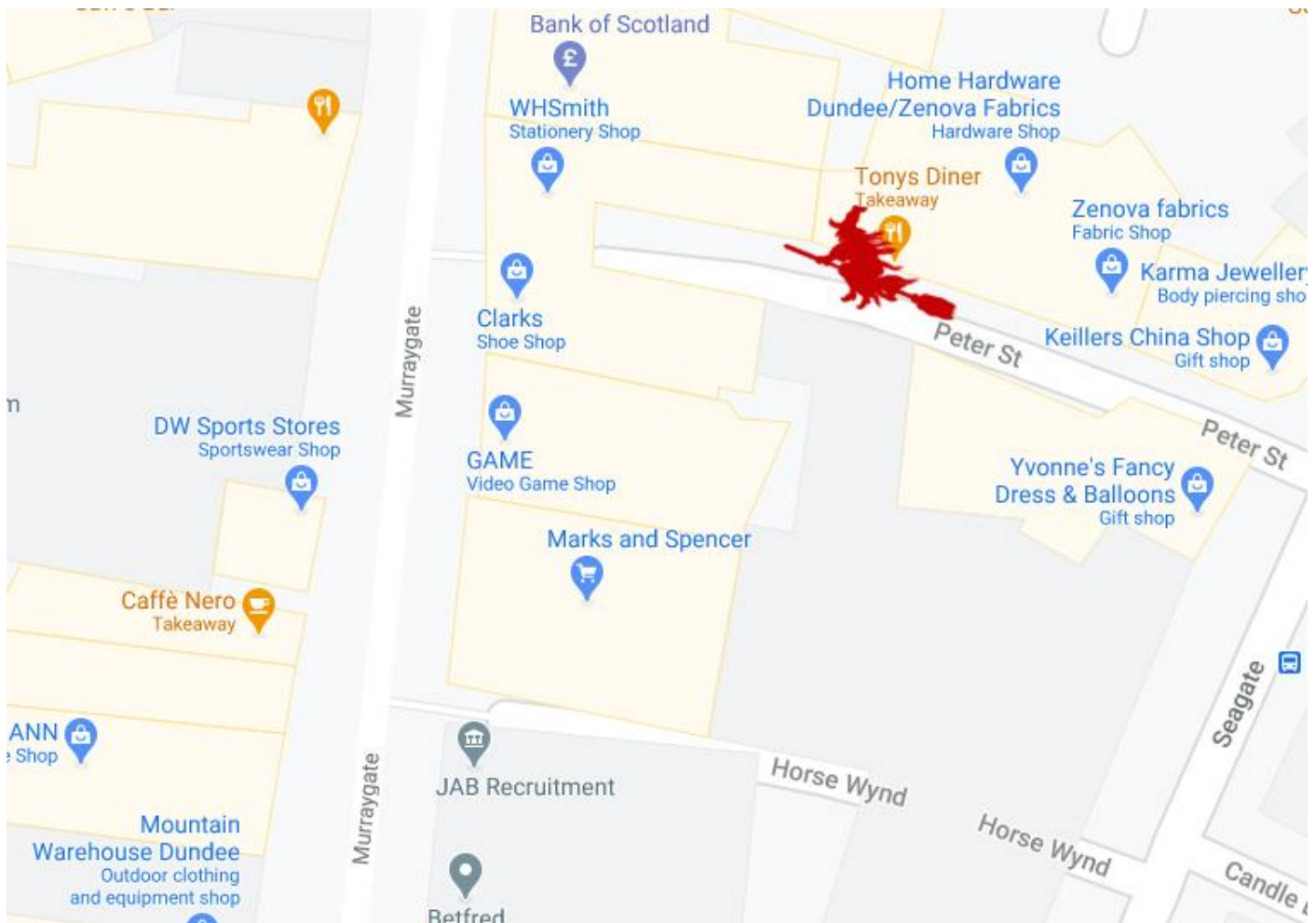
The first map marks the first location; happy All Hallows' Eve!

Frankenstein

The city of Dundee was a constant source of inspiration for the literary icon Mary Shelley, whose given name was Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. You may well recognise her as the author of Frankenstein - a classic novel which can be found on the shelves of many Dundee libraries!

The link between our fair city and the novelist began in 1812, when a young and ailing Wollstonecraft Godwin was sent from London, by her father, to seek respite in Dundee. Mary enjoyed two gleeful years here, where she stayed with family friends the Baxters in their stately home, warmly referred to as 'The Cottage'. Taking in local sights such as the jute factories, beach and hills which surround the city, Shelley's imagination was allowed to flourish. Frankenstein was published just four years after she left the city, and it is thought that Mary's time here greatly influenced her descriptions of scenery.

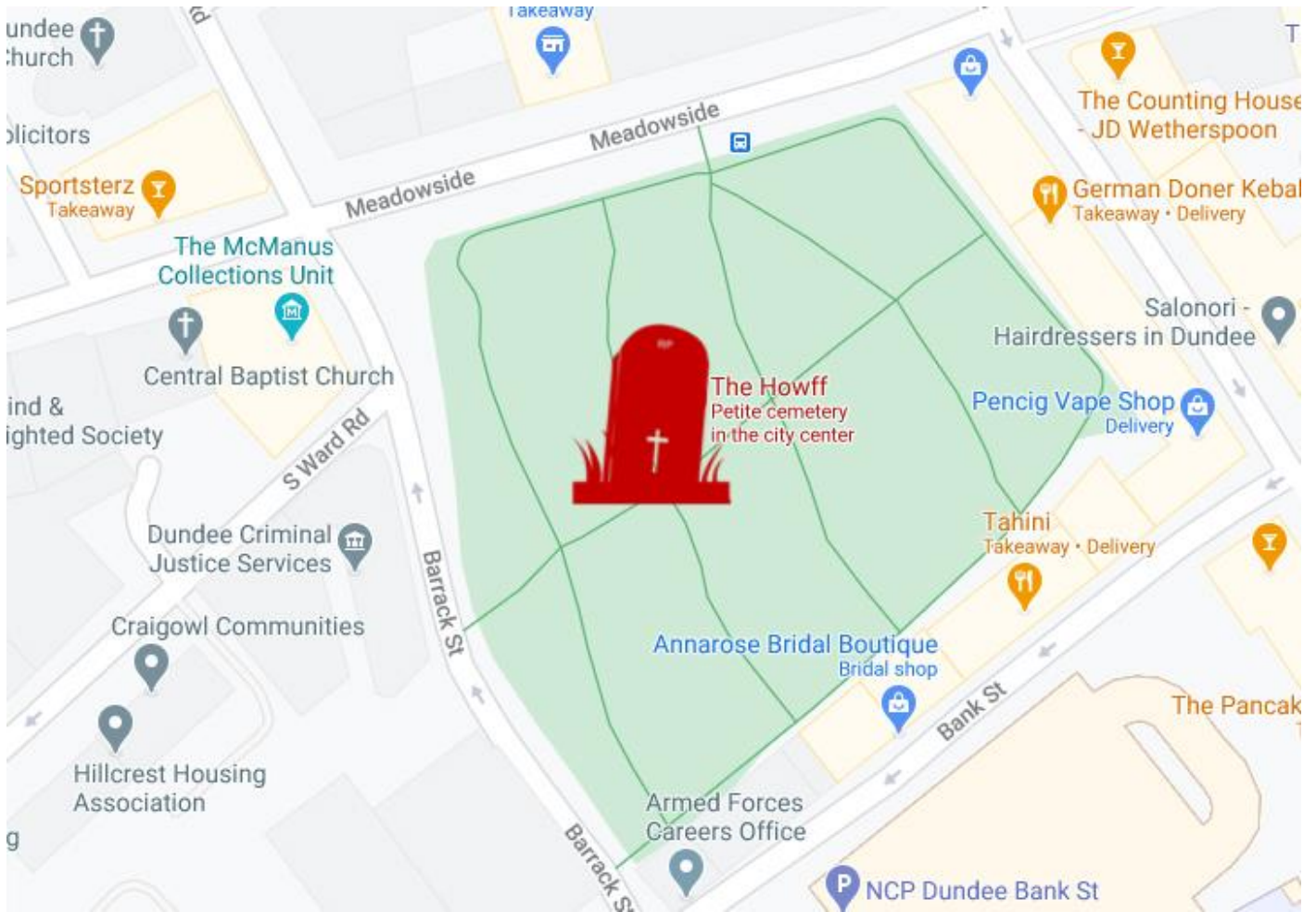
Where The Cottage once stood, South Baffin Street was erected, and a plaque was installed in commemoration of the author's years spent here.



The Last Witch of Dundee

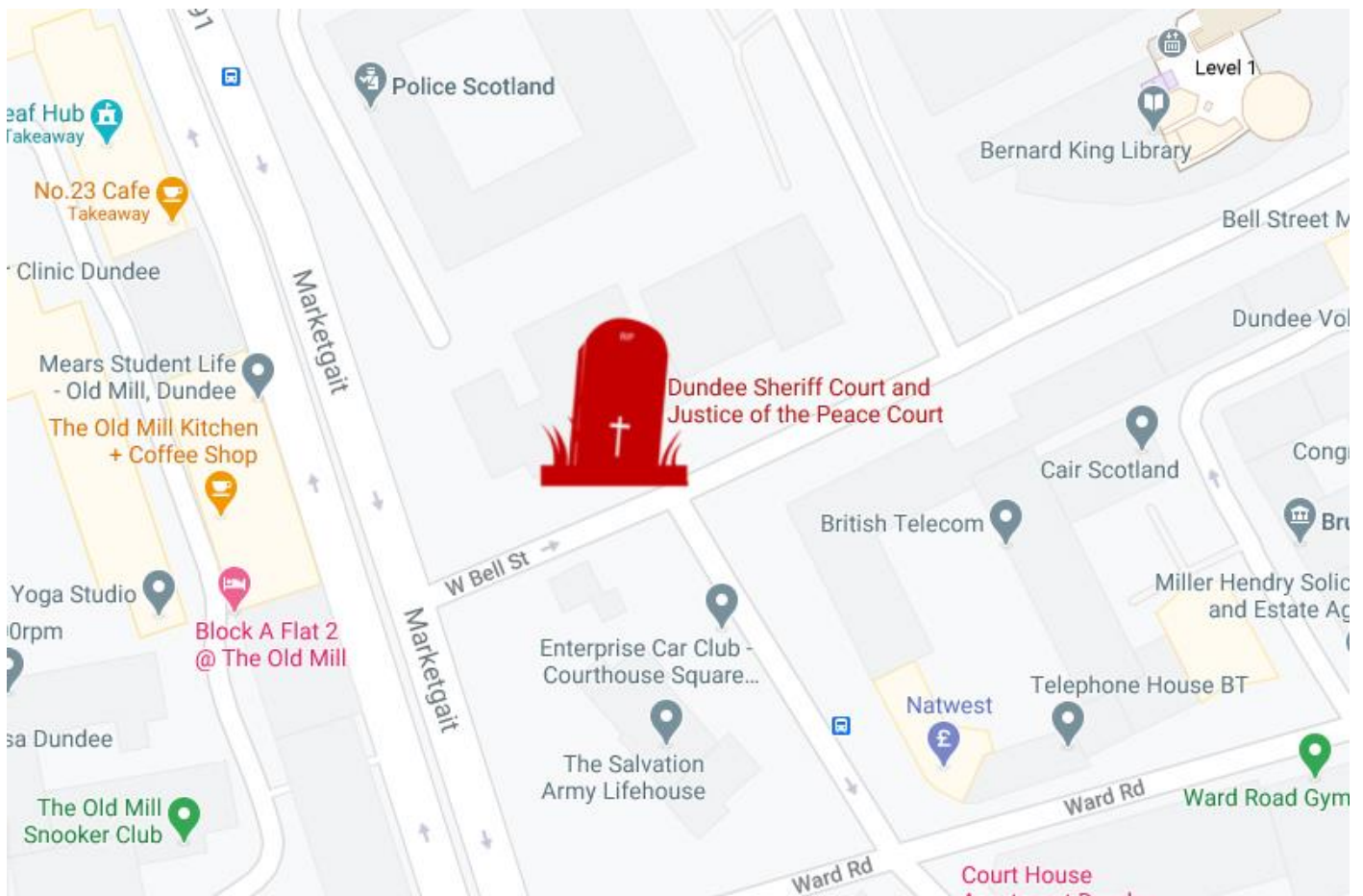
In 1669, Grissell Jaffray, a respectable member of the community and wife of a city burges, was tried by the Privy Council for practicing witchcraft and for being in league with the devil himself. She was subsequently found guilty and sentenced to death. Suspicious behaviours likely to result in a witch trial during this heavily religious period included such things as gossiping, chanting verse, mixing herbs and acting out of jealousy. The common practice for executing witches at the time was to strangle them and then have them burned at the stake, which is exactly what was done to poor Grissell. On the day she was executed near Westport, it is said that Jaffray's son docked his boat in Dundee. Upon hearing that his mother's death was the reason for the plumes of smoke covering the sky in the city, her son set sail from Dundee docks for the last time.

A commemorative mosaic was installed on Peter Street, showing her punishment. Gaze at it and be glad you were not born earlier, as it is likely you may have been subject to a witch trial!



The Howff

Originally belonging to the Franciscan Monastery this ancient burial ground stands proud, and has done since 1564 when Mary, Queen of Scots granted the locals rights to use the holy land as a burial ground. Upwards of 80,000 burials took place here before it was deemed full and closed in November 1860. Take in the area of land and count the gravestones visible to you. How many souls are whispering their life stories from deep, deep below?



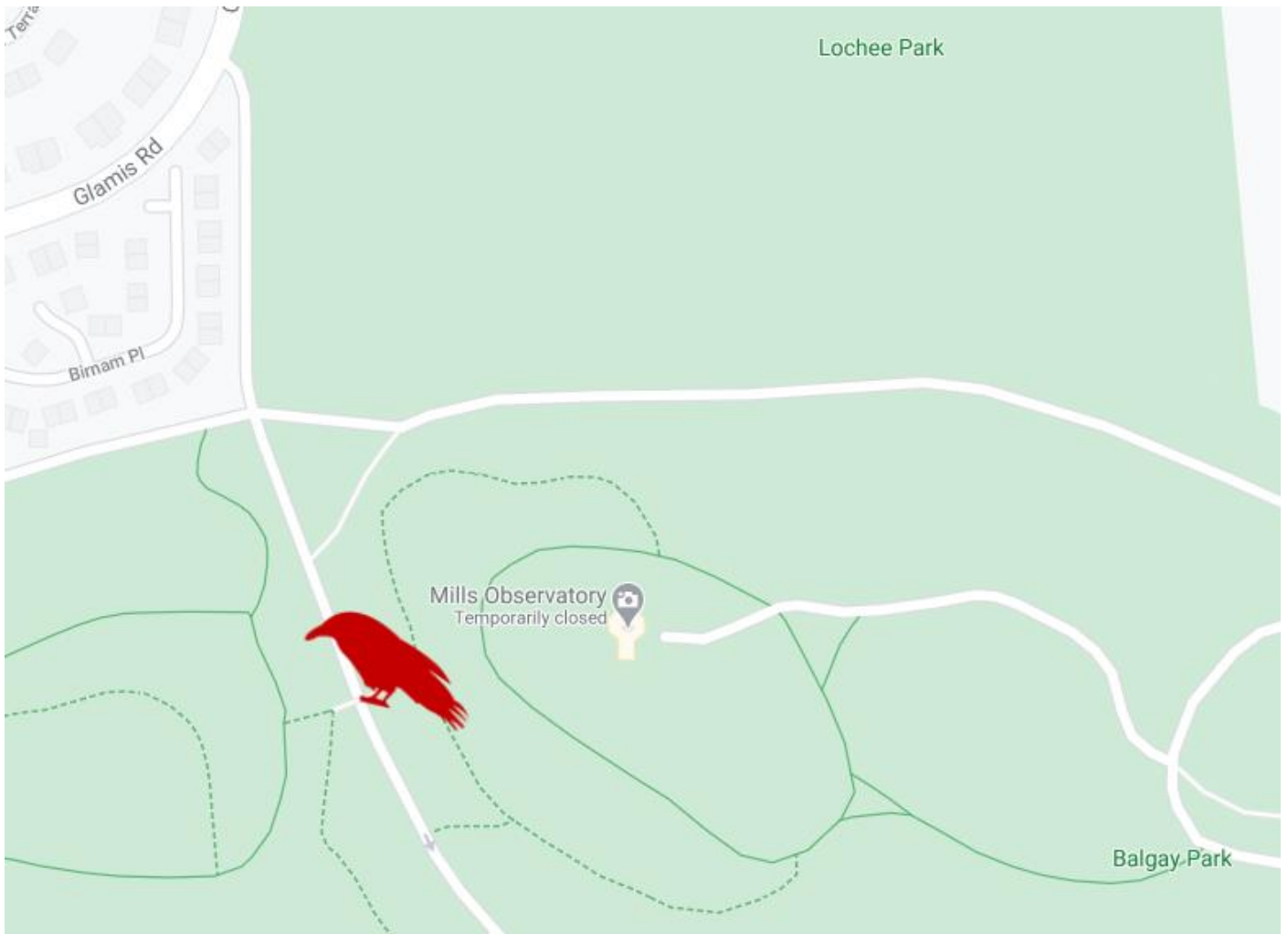
The Real Jack the Ripper?

The case of “Jack the Ripper” is one of the most famous unsolved mysteries in British crime history. The notorious killer wrought havoc in the Whitechapel area of London in 1888, murdering at least five women, all of whom made their money working the streets as ladies of the night, in the most heinous of ways – slitting their throats and mutilating them in such a manner that strongly indicated the perpetrator had an intimate knowledge of human anatomy. Despite efforts of the metropolitan police force, the cases were sadly left open and remain so to this day. There has been much speculation over the years, with one theory being that he may once have been a resident of Dundee! Here, the story of the last man to be executed in the city of Dundee, and the last time the blag flag was raised above the courthouse, comes into play.

William Henry Bury, born in 1859, was publicly executed by means of hanging on 24th April 1889 for a crime most awful. Hailing from Whitechapel, William arrived in Dundee earlier that same year with his wife, who had been a prostitute in her former life, and sought work in the sawdust industry. It would not be long until his poor wife Ellen met her untimely end, as Bury soon strangled her at their address in Princes Street. William strangled Ellen before

stabbing her and mutilating her body in much the same way as the Ripper had. Afterwards, he stored her body in the trunk they had brought from London, and set to playing cards atop the luggage with his friends who were none the wiser of its contents. The next day William handed himself in to the police station, confessing his crime and proclaiming to be Jack the Ripper.

Although he matched the description of the Ripper - as he was of stocky build, often wore a peaked cap over dark hair and had a long, black coat - his crime was determined to be an isolated incident, and the detectives took the motive to be Ellen's money. The case was officially closed; however, the hangman was convinced he had hung Jack the Ripper and a detective sent from London to investigate Ellen's murder was inclined to agree! Whether or not you find the argument for the two being one and the same compelling, it is worth noting that after Bury's execution there would be no more Ripper murders.

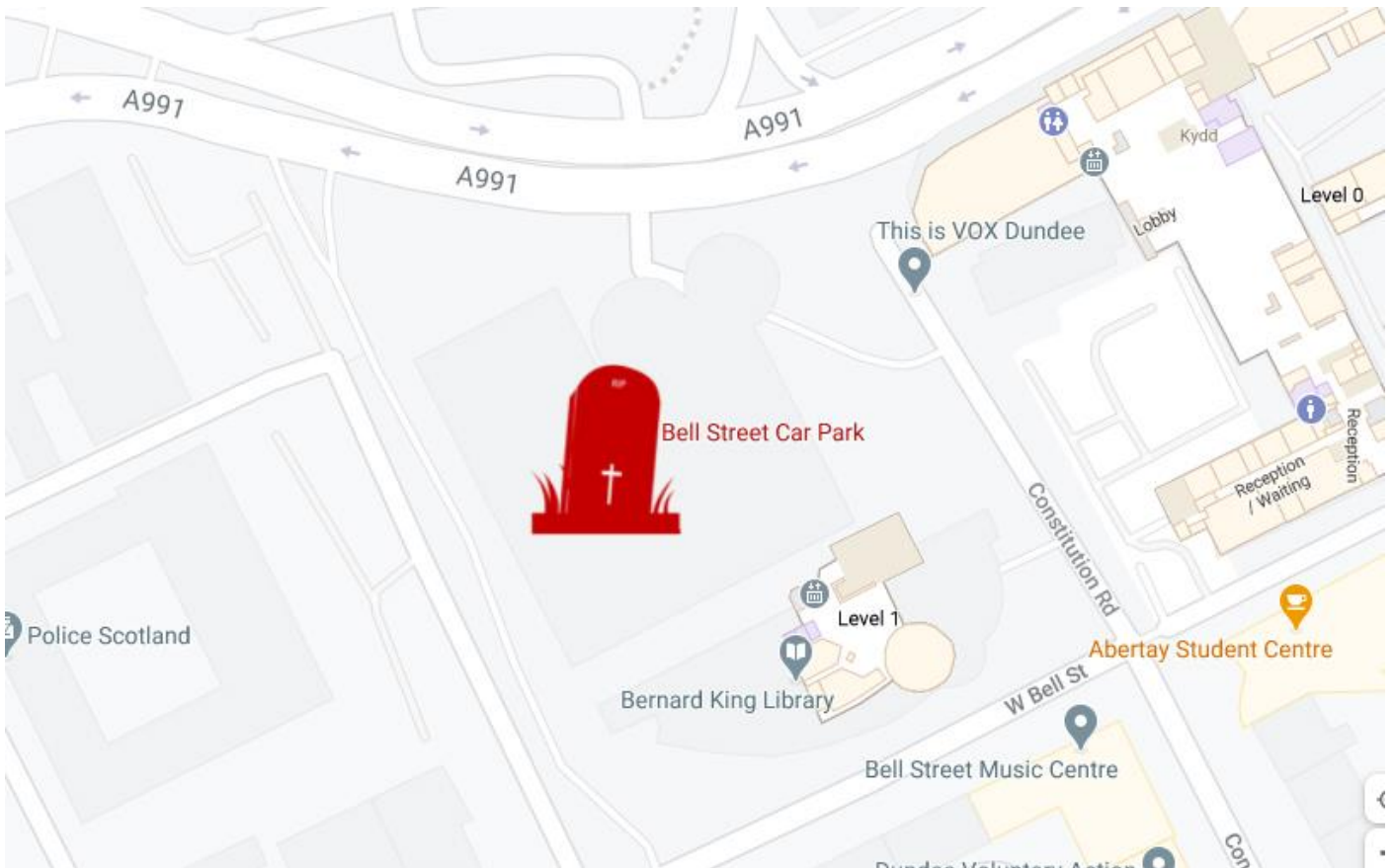


The White Lady O' Balgay Bridge

This ghost is a malevolent one. The folklore surrounding the Victorian bridge connecting Balgay's hill to its cemetery warn that crossing the bridge after nightfall can have dire consequences!

Once a beautiful young woman, the White Lady O' Balgay Bridge appears now as a phantom haunting the bridge in various forms. If you are unlucky enough to visit under cover of night, you may hear her weeping and feel a shiver down your spine as she runs from the bridge to the graveyard.

It is said that those brave enough to stay until midnight can summon her spirit by crossing the bridge a total of three times, but beware not to stand too close to the edge; you may feel a cold chill on your shoulders as she pushes you off!



Constitution Road Cemetery

Between Bell Street police station's carpark, and the newer multi-story carpark lies Constitution Road Cemetery. Built in 1836 to relieve the strain on The Howff. High infant mortality rates during this time led to local families burying their small children in secret - one poor soul was found buried in the border of the graveyard in January 1840.

Closed in 1882 and cleared in 1962, just five headstones remain. Perhaps the long dead take issue with their resting place, as ghostly cries and wailing have been heard echoing throughout the modern carpark, emanating from the Victorian burial grounds. One Scottish author recalled receiving an email from a woman who had parked her car in the carpark one day. She had been returning to her car when suddenly felt her hand being gripped by a small, invisible hand. This was followed by the spectral sounds of a child crying, which prompted the woman to hop straight into her vehicle and drive swiftly away!



The White Lady of Coffin Mill

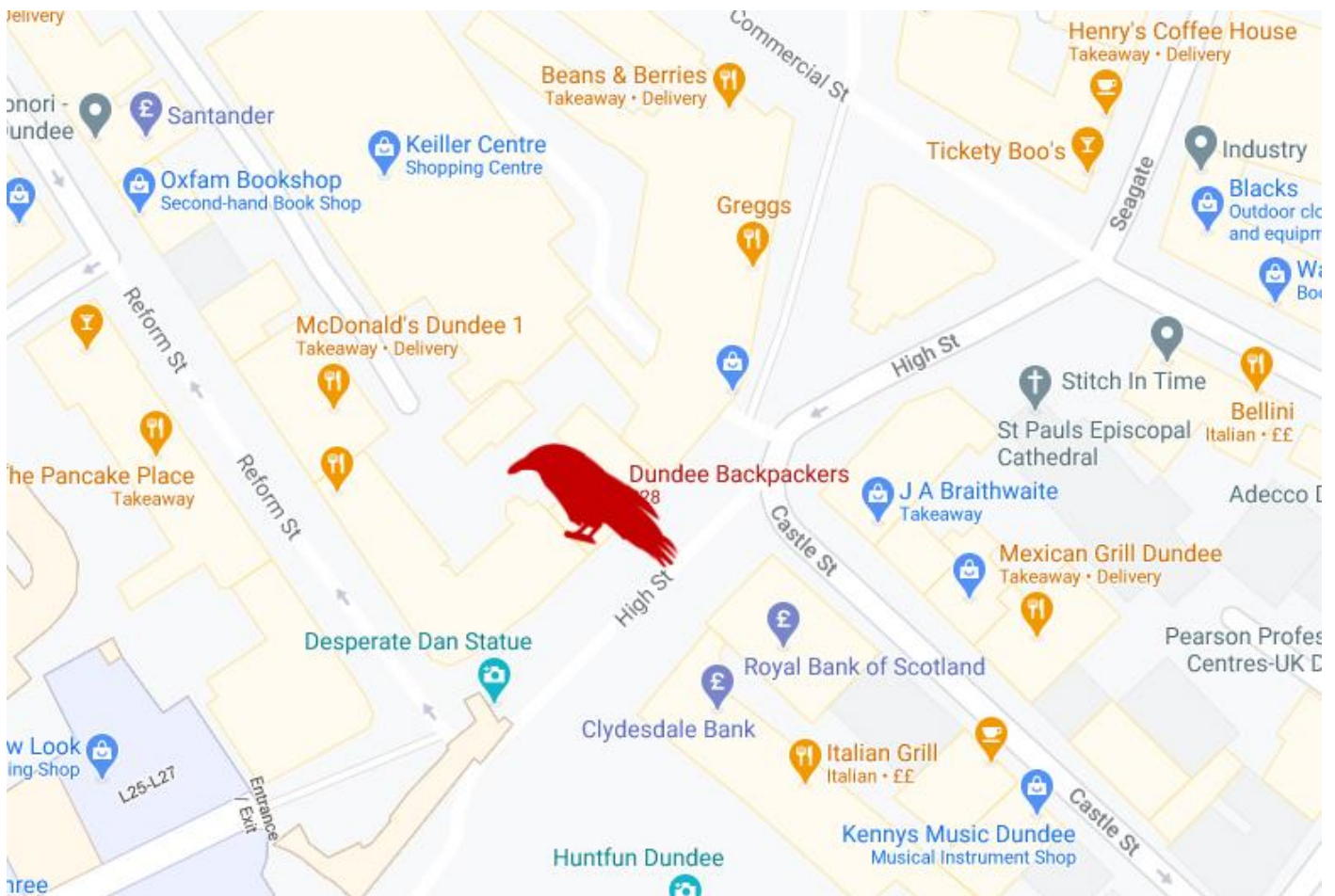
On the 4th September 1945, an eerie sight was seen at the old site of Logie Works, a jute mill built in 1828 and known to locals as the 'Coffin Mill' - so named for its peculiar shape. Now a block of flats, the building was at the time owned by a local wholesale cabinet-makers.

Newspaper records report that on this cold Autumnal evening in 1945, a large crowd began to gather in Lower Pleasance and grew to over one hundred as the night wore on, after news spread of a ghostly apparition walking the bridge back and forth, haunting the old mill. Legend has it that some seventy years beforehand, a young woman working at the mill had met with an untimely end. The means of death are disputed - some reports state her hair became trapped in the loom and she was crushed to death, others that she fell from the bridge or jumped. The most heinous of theories have her pushed from the bridge by her boss and lover, after discovering she was with child.

Over the years, neighbourhood folk had dubbed the ghost "The White Lady", and knew she was prone to walking the bridge on occasion. On this night in particular, the ghost's audience grew so large that local policemen were sent to the scene to reassure the public. On hearing

from authority figures that no ghost had taken up residence in the mill, a small section of the crowd returned to their homes. Police were again called to the scene when later that night more locals began to congregate, eagerly awaiting a glimpse of the White Lady. Lighting a streetlamp did nothing to avail the mob, and younger townsfolk began to hurl stones at the mill's windows until the street was awash with broken glass.

The crowd was finally placated when the interior of the mill was inspected by torchlight. A police officer accompanied the mill's watchman as he walked the halls, both shining their torchlights over every window as they passed.



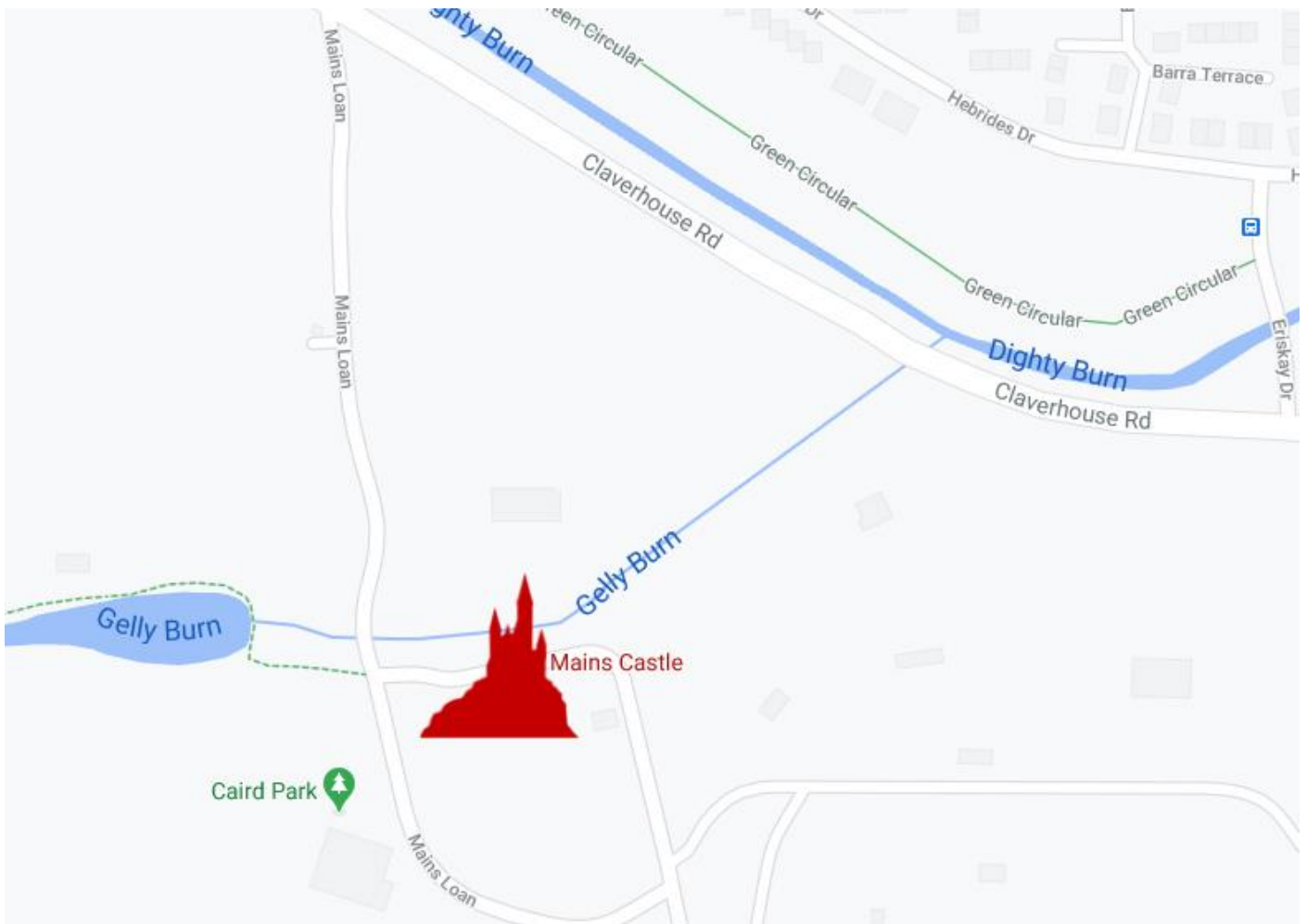
Dundee Backpackers Hostel

Although Dundee Backpackers Hostel is considered one entity, the building is in actuality a series of three interconnected structures, with the first dating back to the 1560s. Enjoying a rich history, a fair amount of the original architecture and features have been preserved, and a small exhibition is open to the public – if you dare cross the threshold. Visiting tourists have been known to check in and swiftly check out!

One such guest who visited in 2010 reported being unable to stay the night in the hostel, as it “gave her the creeps”. A brave Glaswegian fellow visiting his brother for the holidays resolved to spend that same Christmas period in the hostel, as he had visited before and felt quite at home there. On this occasion, however, his stay was less than peaceful. He returned from spending Christmas Day with his brother and found himself unable to rest easy that night, haunted by sudden feelings of despair and loneliness. These ill feelings continued into Boxing Day, and the weary traveller spent the day writhing in bed, experiencing inescapable nightmares.

When he at last awoke at 3am the next day, he found himself unable to withstand intense feelings of hunger, and set out to fetch some food around 5:45am. Finding no eateries, he returned to his room which had a window facing onto the games room. It had been well light not two hours previous but was now eerily dark. Perplexed, his eyes scanned the pitch black and fell on a “soft, fuzzy glow of light”. Fixated, he watched as the light morphed itself into a grotesque, vaguely human-like face – grimacing and staring back with haunting eyes. His mind denying what he had just experience, the poor fellow took himself to the communal kitchen and brewed himself some tea. On returning to his room, he was hit with what had just transpired, and began calmly returning the room to its previous state so that he might promptly leave. Glancing back at the games room as he departed, he saw that it was again awash in the warm glow of light.

Once back in the safety of his Glasgow home, the unfortunate soul found himself easily startled by the slightest of noise and plagued by memories of the grimacing figure. So much so that a priest was nearly called for!



Den O' Mains

The Den O' Mains is a small ravine which channels the Dichty Burn in the centre of Caird Park. Quite apart from the rest of the setting, the Den has a different feel to it. One warm night around 1959, a young couple had decided to rest a while on a bench by the Den. While taking in the peaceful sounds of nature around them, one asked the other if they too could hear the peculiar sounds of wheels on gravel. Thinking that her boyfriend must be attempting to scare her, the young woman replied that she could not. As time passed, the crunch of gravel became noticeably louder and she could no longer deny that it was no cruel joke. Both casting their gaze over the scene ahead of them, expecting to see a cyclist, they were met with the sight of a rather tall man, and a woman pushing a pram approaching from the west. The figures were not an arm's length away, so the young man asked the family for the time but was met with silence. Looking away to remark how impolite they were, the couple found that when they looked back, the family had vanished, and the sound of gravel crunching had ceased. Reflecting on the odd occurrence, the couple noted how the man and woman's clothing, nor

the pram, had not fit in with the times, having seemed far older, and how they had been heading in the direction of the old graveyard.



The Roseangle Murders

2 Roseangle sits empty and abandoned, and has done since 18th May 1980. Although brave property developers have had plans for the building over the years, they never do seem to come to fruition. Its last occupants were a couple: Alexander Wood, a retired GP, and his wife Dorothy. Both in their late 80s, they enjoyed a quiet life here until that fateful day in May.

Four medical students were enjoying a leisurely game of football on the path leading from 2 Roseangle down onto Magdalene Green, when one of the players kicked the ball over the railings into the house's garden. Retrieving the ball and glancing through one of the basement windows, the poor student was met with a sight he would never forget. The elderly couple had been robbed, before being mercilessly beaten and hacked to death with a slater's hammer. The experienced detective assigned to the case delicately described the horrific scene as "not normal". The assailant was a 29-year-old local man with a long history of violence, Henry John Gallagher.

While officers searched the streets of Dundee for the murderer, Gallagher fled to Ramsgate in Kent where he met Father Edward Hull, an elderly monk, and his housekeeper Maud Lelean, after requesting help. Welcoming him into their church Maud laid a tea set out for the three,

but after hearing what had taken place in Dundee, Father Hull was horrified. Henry snapped and began brutally beating the pair with Edward's walking stick. Sadly, neither made it, with the Father succumbing to his injuries at the scene and Maud later dying in hospital.

He was finally caught seven days later when suspicions rose after he visited a vicarage in York. In December of that year, Henry was tried and found guilty - he was sent to the notorious Broadmoor Hospital and remains there to this day.

Outside of the dilapidated home, incidents of motion-activated CCTV cameras seemingly tracking individuals who are not there have been reported, and shadows beyond its dust-covered window have been glimpsed.



HMS Unicorn

HMS Unicorn is one of the six oldest ships in the world and was originally built during the 'golden age of sail' for the Royal Navy as a warship, in 1824. However, the ship was never launched for its intended purpose. Instead it first became a powder store, floating on the Thames until it settled on the docks of Dundee in 1873. Here it was utilised as a drill ship for Navy training and became a Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve administrative HQ. Over the years paranormal activity has been reported, causing the ship to become subject to four separate investigations, with one group of investigators inviting members of the public to join them on their search of the groaning decks.

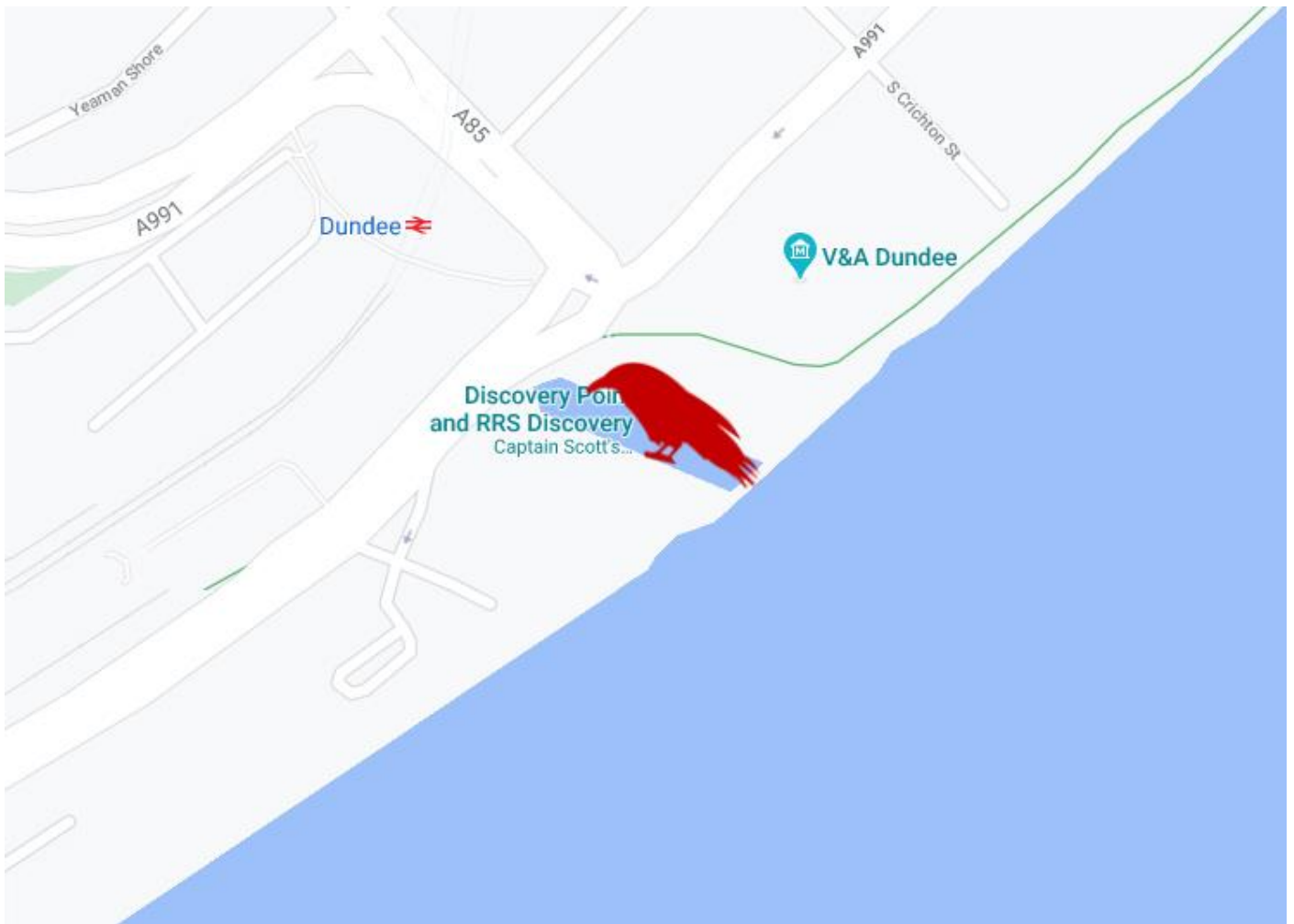
The uppermost deck of the Unicorn, known as the 'Quarterdeck', is unlike most warships in that it is completely enveloped by a wooden roof, where most would be open to the air to allow for cannon fire. One day in the mid-2000s, Bob Hovell - the ship manager - was alone by the helm, doing as he did every working day, when he saw the figure of a man flit across the deck.

Beneath the Quarterdeck lies the 'Gun Deck' where cannons were to be fired from broadsides. It contains the captain's cabin, as well as a reception and shop counter manned by

Mr Hovell. On another occasion that Bob found himself alone aboard the ship, he recalls coming across one of the bookcases mysteriously toppled over, its contents strewn across the floor. Visitors around this time had reported to Bob feeling as though they had been lightly touched by an unseen entity, and these experiences were repeated when in November 2006, an investigator searching the captain's cabin with Paranormal Discovery and Spiritfinders Scotland got the eerie feeling someone was touching (or tickling) her head!

Taking the stairs down from the Quarterdeck, you would enter the 'Mess Deck'. There are no windows on this level of the Unicorn, and here you would find the crews' quarters - a series of hammocks and tables they would have meals at. As well as empty hammocks, this deck includes the officers' cabins and a wardroom. On a still day in 2007, the Ghost Finders' investigators witnessed a lone hammock swaying from side to side. From the Gun Deck, they heard noise and counted twelve footsteps followed by the sharp sound of someone throwing a heavy object to the floor. Aside from their team, who were all accounted for on the Mess Deck, nobody else was aboard the Unicorn that day.

The paranormal incidents continued as more investigations took place, with fully charged pieces of equipment suddenly failing, inexplicable shadows and again, ghostly hands reaching out to members of the public. Human figures were also seen on this deck, fully clothed but having only the lower half of their body. A young boy once told Bob Hovell that he had seen many faces on the lower decks, but that none of them belonged to the living!

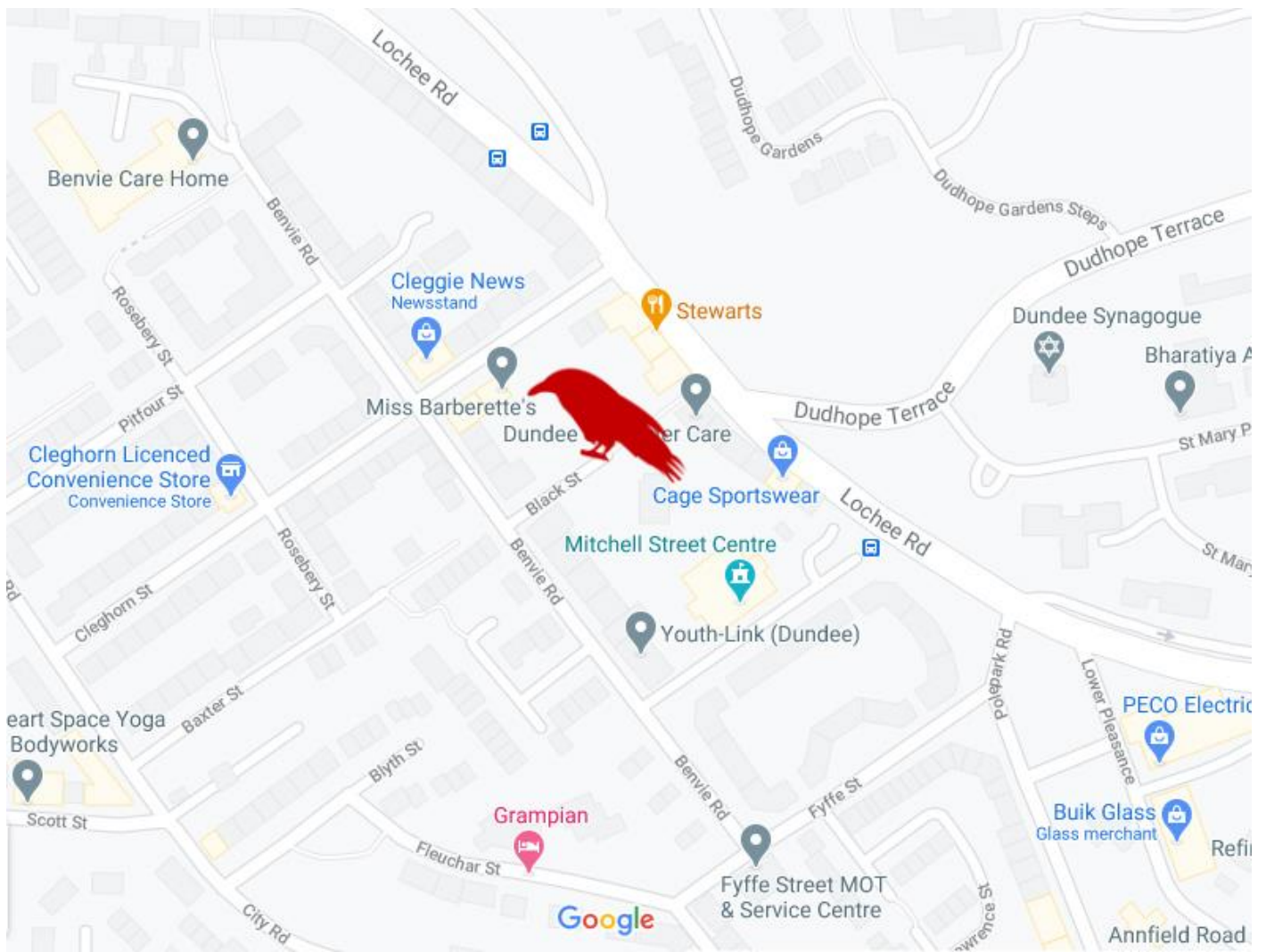


RR Discovery

RRS Discovery was a ship dedicated to carrying out scientific research and was the first of its kind. Having enjoyed a colourful past, it now sits proudly alongside its namesake, Discovery Point museum. Discovery is best known for sailing Captain Robert Falcon Scott and his crew on their famous journey to Antarctica in 1901, where it would become frozen to the ice for over two years. After the ship was rescued by the Terra Nova, the crew returned to a warm welcome in 1904. However, the expedition had not satiated Captain Scott's thirst for exploration and he set off to Antarctica once again aboard Terra Nova in 1910. Well known as an ill-fated journey, he along with many other members of the expedition did not survive beyond 1912.

Paranormal occurrences are commonly reported aboard the Discovery, with ghostly footsteps topping the list of experiences. Sudden sense of dread, and a feeling that you are not alone has also been known to plague visitors. Do not be surprised if you overhear some spectral snoring or watch as a perfectly ordinary lightbulb implodes before your eyes. The most worrying of all encounters took place in the 1990s when a tourist began chatting, at length, to a gentleman.

Benign though it may seem, neither the tour guide nor the other members of the tour group could see this individual!



Cradle House

Where Black Street now stands, this was once a huge mansion with extensive grounds.

Demolished in the early 20th century, it was built in 1772 by Alexander Read and his spouse Ann Fletcher.

Their son, whom they named Fletcher Read, inherited the mansion and its grounds. He was not as canny a man as his father, but certainly provided the residents of Lochee with a lot more gossip – sports and drinking were his priorities in life, and he was always at the centre of high society.

He also had a thirst for travel and wanted to see the Empire. In his youth, Fletcher took advantage of family connections to the East India company, and went on a tour of the world. This took him to India, where he would meet his wife. He promised that he would look after his new bride “as if she were a child in a cradle” – but once he returned to Logie, Fletcher soon grew tired of his exotic new wife. In the grounds of Logie House he built a small

summerhouse, in which she was to live – it became known as the “Cradle House”. He neglected the Princess and left her alone for weeks on end, driving her to distraction.

Eventually, desperate for any chance at escape, the Princess tried to get word out. She was not allowed to have any contact with anyone but Fletcher, but she managed to get hold of some paper and a quill. Having no ink to write with, she cut herself and scribbled a note begging for help in her own blood! She flung this from the window of the summer house and prayed that anyone, but Fletcher, would come across it. One of the groundsmen did, and immediately became suspicious – but of course, she had never learned to write in English, and there were few readers of Hindustani in eighteenth-century Lochee. There were not none, though – the groundsman took the note to a convent nearby where he knew one of the nuns had spent time in India. She was horrified at what she read, and immediately arranged for the note to be forwarded to the Princess’ father. He sent a spy whose mission was to infiltrate Logie House, rescue his daughter and bring her home. This emissary took lodgings in the Scouringburn, and spoke to the servants at Logie House, planning her escape.

But the Princess, cut off from the world and not knowing her note had reached sympathetic eyes, was growing sicker by the day, and what is worse, she felt she had nothing to live for. Before her rescue could be executed, she was dead. Her husband shed not a tear for her.

Upon learning of his daughter’s death, the Maharajah vowed he would have his revenge on Fletcher. Knowing that greed was all that motivated him, he wrote a letter to Fletcher, saying that as the bereaved husband, a huge fortune belonging to the Princess was now owed to him, but he had to come back to India in order to arrange its transfer. Fletcher was on the first boat he could find. But the Maharajah’s soldiers awaited him at the port, and he was sentenced to the fate of being torn limb from limb by four black horses.

Despite her father’s revenge, it is said that her mournful spirit can be seen walking the roads to Lochee, between the unknown site of Cradle House and Black Street.

Library References

Dundee: but not as we know it! – Susan McMullan; **Black & White Publishing**, 2015 (AVAILABLE @ Arthurstone, Blackness, Broughty Ferry, Charleston, Coldside, Connections, Douglas, Fintry, Hub, Kirkton, Leisure Reading, Lochee, Menzieshill, Whitfield)

Haunted Dundee – Geoff Holder; **The History Press**, 2012 (AVAILABLE @ Ardler, Broughty Ferry, Charleston, Coldside, Connections, Fintry, Kirkton, Hub, Lochee, Menzieshill)

Paranormal Dundee – Geoff Holder; **The History Press**, 2012 (AVAILABLE @ Ardler, Broughty Ferry, Charleston, Coldside, Connections, Fintry, Hub)

Piqued your interest in local history? There is plenty more where that came from! Visit your closest Dundee library for more, and keep your eyes peeled for our next walk!