

THE *Hatchet*

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On the Trail of the Bloody
Handkerchief

Welcome

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Tis the Season . . .

. . . and I don't mean Christmas. August always seems to bring with it some new big Lizzie Borden thing. This year is no exception. 2008 promises to be a landmark

year in Borden studies as not only are there three new Lizzie Books on the market, and another two or three on the way, but we find a plethora of Lizzie related events and TV/Radio shows to choose from. In addition, there have been several articles on the case published in national magazines and newspapers—especially after the young Lizzie image was discovered.

Salem, Massachusetts is the home for the new True Story of Lizzie Borden museum. The visitor will be able to tour the case and view artifacts and new creative expositions. Curator Leonard Pickel graciously granted **The Hatchet** an interview and it appears within these pages. I am sure that The True Story of Lizzie Borden will become a must see Lizzie location!

By now you have probably heard that the Fall River Historical Society's long awaited social history of Fall River and Lizzie Borden is due out by Christmas. They tell me this book will be full of new material. If so, it will be sure to be an immediate collectible. The working title for the book is **Parallel Lives: A Social History of Lizzie Borden and Fall River**.

When you sit back and think about it, it is really quite amazing that after all these years Lizzie Borden and these unsolved murders command so much of the media's attention. There are several new plays, a screenplay on the case has recently been optioned, the B&B is famous now for paranormal activity, and artists continue to be inspired by Lizzie, as evidenced by the recent spate of original folk art pieces that have been for sale on eBay.

What a strange trip this has been!

Stefani Koorey
Editor and Publisher



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On the Covers: *Front Cover:* Photograph of Abby's hair switch and the bloody handkerchief, taken September 26, 1968, on receipt of the Jennings hip bath collection at the Fall River Historical Society. Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society. *Back Cover:* Central Congregational Church (Abbey Grill), Fall River; photo by Michael Brimbau.

QUESTIONS, COMMENTS, TIPS

Larudolph wrote:

Bravo Stefani! Thank you for soothing one of my pet peeves - Lizzie Borden errata. But you missed one: "...after police had searched for evidence of an intruder and covered Andrew's still warm body ..." The police did not cover Andrew's body - Dr. Bowen had that particular pleasure. Thank you again!

Phaniejm wrote:

I'm doing my PhD on Lizzie Borden at the University of York in England as we speak!

Shadowgirl wrote:

Just recently found your blog, it's very well done. Organized and chock full of links! I agree with you about Lizzie not being in the same category as the others.

Stuart wrote:

That alligator purse may be haunted, but it ain't by Lizzie! It wasn't even manufactured until ten or fifteen years after her death. (It most likely was a souvenir of Cuba or Florida.) The sellers of the other bag at least had the sense to try and peddle a purse that would have been used during Lizzie's lifetime.

David J. wrote:

Mr. Borden's mutton soup
Threw Miss Lizzie for a loop,
So she axed for money
Till Dad's face was runny
Then moved on to a fancier coop.

clewtime wrote:

Thought this would interest you, since you like all things LIZZIE. The license plates you posted reminded me of one I saw in relation to another axe murder known as the 1912 Villisca, Iowa axe murders. The crime's researcher, Epperly is his name (I think), posed in front of his license plate labelled "AXEMAN" holding the murder weapon. Apparently it was given to him, after it was found in the closet of a state official long after the case had ended. I learned about this case after seeing the movie "Villisca: Living with a Mystery", which is an excellent doc on the topic. I noted in the "outtakes" the filmmakers had shot in Fall River on the Lizzie Borden case—their commentary said that they went there because there were similarities in how the two communities responded to the murders. The big surprise was finding out that Lizzie's Uncle John Morse lived and died not too far from Villisca. He is buried near there.

Yoooper wrote:

Would Lizzie have had one prolonged seizure or two separate seizures?

dasdeeboot wrote:

hehe, i check this site every day! dont disappear :-)

David J. wrote:

Where have all the doggerelists gone?

Lizzie's acid-trip for the cape
Nearly noosed her about her nape
But, with twenty-five grand
In the ex-gov'nor's hand
She beat an easy escape.

Lizzie Borden phoned The Prez,
"My parents live on oil," she says.
So he bombed a few
At Number 92
Then continued for years, not just days.

forum

This month's Lizzie Borden Society Forum thread

IF YOU KNEW ANDREW

Anybody have any questions they want to ask Andrew Borden if they could? What would you want to know? **AFFIE4U**

Were you thinking of writing a will? **TINA-KATE**

What is your daughter Lizzie like? Is she seeing anyone? **FARGO**

Why didn't you put in a bathroom, especially with three women living in the house? **NADZIEJA**

1. Do you own any hatchets? Where are they?
2. Have you written a will? Where is it? Who gets what?
3. Is Lizzie any good with a hatchet? Does she own any? Where are they?
4. Has anyone made a threat against your life? Who was it?
5. Why are you so tight with your money?
5. Does Lizzie have any "mental problems" or bad "mood swings?"
6. Has Lizzie or Emma ever made violent threats against anyone, especially against anyone in the family?
7. Was Lizzie ever good at hiding things?
8. Does Lizzie have a boyfriend? Is he good with a hatchet?
9. Do you have an illegitimate son? Is his name William? Is he good with a hatchet?
10. Are you afraid of Lizzie?
11. Have you thought of buying Lizzie some fishing sinkers and getting her screen fixed?
12. Does Lizzie like pears?
13. Has Abby ever threatened Lizzie or Emma with physical violence?
14. Do you own a gun? Does Lizzie know where it is? Can she get her hands on it?
15. Have you ever known Lizzie to stay in the barn for 20 minutes or so on a hot summer day? **1BIGSTEVE**

I would ask him if he minds all the hoopla and our walking all over his grave. Does he find it disrespectful. Really. [The only place I ever sensed Andrew was at his grave, once--one time. But the ghostbuster type people say spirits don't haunt the graveyard--they haunt the place of violence or fear because that's where the energy is they need to communicate.] **KAT**

Why didn't you tell Lizzie to go get a job if she was complaining about not having enough money, or wanting more of yours? Why didn't you move up into the better part of town? **SNOKKUMS**

I'd ask Andrew why Lizzie gave him her high school ring. Was it out of affection and a symbol of the emotional bond between them? OR Was it because you had paid for the ring and she didn't graduate so you felt she had no right to it? **NBCATLOVER**

Have your say on our forum at
<http://lizzieandrewborden.com/LBForum/index.php>

Outspoken

Here's what they're saying about Lizzie when our backs are turned.

"Ever wonder 'what if?' What if the moon hit your eye like a big pizza pie and it wasn't amore, just a detached retina? What if Dinah wouldn't blow her horn? What if Leroy Brown wasn't the baddest man in the whole damn town? . . . What if Bartman was getting a hot dog when that ball was hit to left field? What if **Lizzie Borden** had taken anger management classes?"

—**David Sinker, Naperville Sun**

http://www.suburbanchicagonews.com/napervillesun/news/sinker/1055871,6_4_NA15_PAGE2COL_S1.article

"Her book [Camille Paglia], *Sexual Personae*, is one of my favorite 20th century overviews of art and cultural history. A virtual guide to aesthetics, its style frequently culminates in conclusions such as 'because there is no female Jack the Ripper.' Hmmm, not that **Lizzie Borden** has not come a close second to the infamous, male serial killer, however, one 'gets her point' unforgettably. Ms. Paglia frequently makes her point with such startlingly incisive metaphors. Judging from her generally academic approach to this year's lecture at Harvard, she has obviously 'mellowed' or 'matured,' depending upon how patronizing you'd like to be toward this memorable 'firebrand' of Carnegie Mellon University."

—**Michael Moriarty, EnterStageRight.com**

<http://www.enterstageright.com/archive/articles/0708/0708paglia.htm>

"Like the **Lizzie Borden** case before it, the Bywaters-Thompson case has lived on, not because of the crime committed, but because of its unsatisfactory verdict. Of Fred's guilt, there is no doubt, but it has long been contended it was never proven Edith had anything to do with her husband's murder. Certainly the fact she openly admitted to adultery was, at the time, frowned upon and prejudiced the court and the public. It is one of those murder cases that leaves lingering doubts as to whether an innocent woman was hanged for a crime she didn't commit."

—**Max Haines, The Truro Daily News [Canada]**

<http://trurodaily.com/index.cfm?sid=152179&sc=73>

"It was Rush Limbaugh's turn this weekend and though he came off somewhat better, only because Rush is not wont to spew Matthews-esque nonsense as Chris himself is prone to diarrheacally do, his self-congratulatory, self-aggrandized, narcissistic egocentric self-paeon and inadvertent caricature was nothing short of pathetic. How sad. Et tu, Rushbo? But don't blame him entirely, the allegedly objective author of this billet doux, drawn in by the Brobdingnagian world and image of the king himself, and though contracted by the dreaded New York Times, in no way comes anywhere near the hatchet job one would suspect this infamous liberal rag would inflict on a conservative darling of this stature. **Lizzie Borden** wasn't channeled. Even down to the "flattering" portraits of El Rey Rush (and I'm no dermatologist, but start wearing a hat pronto when you hit the links, babe, those ephelides scare me) and the needless photo of Number One Limbaugh clone, Sean 'Watch Your Back, Rush' Hannity, and Rush's new squeeze, it was puff and fluff, an ode to a man more amazed and awed by his bank account then, well, we are."

—**Lionel, HuffingtonPost.com**

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/lionel/rush-limbaughland-where-t_b_111275.html

>>>**ARLINGTON, MA** ■ June 4—Lizzie Borden was acquitted once again by a jury of modern peers at the Robbins Library in Arlington. The Delvena Theatre Company, which takes the Fran Baron play **Lizzie Borden and the Forty Whacks** to various schools, libraries, and historical societies in the region, offered the audience a chance to decide Lizzie's fate. According to the Margaret Smith of the **Arlington Advocate**: "The play allows those in attendance to hear from Lizzie Borden—portrayed by actress Lynne Moulton—and the trial's prosecutor, Knowlton, a judge, and the defense attorney, George Dexter Robinson, roles all performed by Joseph Zamparelli Jr. The other characters—portrayed by Moulton—include the Borden's maid, full of grim gossip; a wise-cracking newspaper boy who is both grossed out and enthralled by the lurid details of the crime, and a little girl skipping rope and singing the taunt, 'Lizzie Borden took an axe...' Before stepping out of the room so audience members could vote, Borden looked pleased at the mostly-female gathering—to which she at first reacted with surprise, given that, at the time of the actual trial, no woman would have sat on a jury or voted. And, as a member of the fair sex, Borden observed wryly, 'A woman could never do anything like run for president, or harm her parents.'" By the way, these folks also voted to acquit Lizzie. ■

>>>**THE INTERNETS** ■ **TopSynergy.net** has posted a complete astrological reading on both Emma and Lizzie Borden, including interpretation. Oddly, the creators of the natal charts list Emma's birth time as 23:55 and Lizzie's birth time as 9:46. Neither is true, however, as the birth records in Fall River for the sisters do not contain time of birth. In Fall River, that information did not make it onto the birth certificates it holds until the 1940s, according to the City Clerk. So the "accuracy"

of these charts must be viewed in light of the random nature of the birth times. That is, if you believe in such things. ■

>>>**THE INTERNETS** ■ **CLEWS: Your Home for Historic True Crime** conducted a reader poll to determine Lizzie Borden's guilt or innocence. Of the 172 votes, "The hangman found a friend in 82% of respondents, while 18% thought Fall River's maiden innocent." ■

>>>**THE INTERNETS** ■ This Lizzie Borden reference was found in the "Author's Bio" section in the press release for the book **Silent Brand**: "Borden Davis was born in Attleboro, Massachusetts. He graduated from Bridgeton Academy in Maine and the Bishop Lee Theatre School in Boston. He moved to California and graduated from the Pasadena Playhouse. After acting for several years, he went into the insurance industry and successfully marketed insurance to agents throughout the United States. He was appointed as an insurance advisor for life and health to the California Senate. At the end of the eighteen hundreds, Lizzie Borden was accused of murdering her mother and father with an axe. There was doubt, but she was acquitted. She actually babysat the author's father before the event. She gave his father the middle name of Borden. The author's name is Clinton Borden Davis Jr." Lizzie Borden as a babysitter? Emails to the author regarding this story have, so far, gone unanswered. ■

>>>**FALL RIVER, MA** ■ The Fall River History Club was recently formed. Meetings are held on the third Wednesday of each month in the Fall River Public Library at 6:30 PM. All interested persons are invited to attend. ■

>>>**NEWS** ■ The Summer 2008 issue of **American Road** magazine features a two-page spread on Lizzie Borden and the public's continued fascination with her.

If you can't find a copy at your newstand, the website for the magazine has graciously posted a PDF copy of the entire article for you to download and enjoy! ■

>>>**THE INTERNETS** ■ From Squackle.com: The Funniest Site on the Net—Joke # 11070: Q: Why does Leatherface in the **Texas Chainsaw Massacre** kill his victims with a chainsaw? A: Because Lizzie Borden borrowed his axe for a family picnic. ■

>>>**NEWS** ■ As reported last issue, **Shocking Psychic Solution: The Lizzie Borden Case**, a new 185-page paperback book by psychics Richard and Debbie Senate, is on sale through Amazon.com and on eBay. The Phantom Bookstore is also selling a copy, but this one is \$230! Says Phantom Mask, "This is a hand annotated copy from the hand of Richard Senate, folks . . . a true pioneer in the field of paranormal research. The guy who had the first website on the internet. It can be had and even . . . personalized to you for a mere \$230, plus sales tax if you live in California, less than a tank of low octane gasoline for a motorized motor home. Call me at 805-641-3844. Or write me a letter—phantom@phantoms.com. All credit cards and even cash can be ex-cised from you." UPDATE: the book is now on eBay for a Buy It Now price of \$500. ■

>>>**AT A BOOKSTORE NEAR YOU** ■ There are a few new Lizzie Borden related books on the shelves for your summer reading pleasure. They include Senate's book (mentioned above) and **Lizzie Borden Took an Axe, Or Did She?** by Annette Holba, Ph.D. Also check out the new hardback book **Weird Massachusetts** as they have a nice Lizzie Borden section. ■

>>>**NEWS** ■ **The Literary Hatchet** is accepting submissions for its October issue. Original poetry, short stories, humor pieces, and other literary forms are being

accepted. Subject matter need not be about Lizzie Borden, but the issue's emphasis is on murder, mystery, horror, and Victorian life. Please submit your work by September 1st to submissions@lizzieandrewborden.com. ■

>>>AT A VIDEO STORE NEAR YOU ■ You Must Be This Tall:

The Story of Rocky Point Park has been release DVD. Says filmmaker David Bettencourt, "Apparently, when Lizzie Borden was allegedly killing her parents, like 92 percent of the Fall River Police Department was at an outing at Rocky Point." He added that the theory is believed to be true by a majority of Lizzie Borden scholars and historians. "And you'd be surprised at how many people in this area consider themselves Lizzie Borden historians." ■

>>>FALL RIVER, MA ■ The city of Fall River has recently revised its website. It has been updated to include information for tourists, including brochures for the major attractions. Click on Links/ Documents, select "Attractions," and you will be able to download a PDF copy of the city's Lizzie Borden brochure—which contains a map of Lizzie locations, details of Lizzie places to visit, and a brief history of the crimes. The image of Lizzie taken after the trial in Newport is striking. Her hair is wild and definitely woolly! Like she just stuck her finger in a light socket. And maybe she did—having never seen one before! ■

>>>THE INTERNETS ■ A recent examination of the Lizzie Borden entry at Wikipedia shows some improvement. Gone are the crazy references to odd untruths and contrived "facts" that were so prevalent. What you might find is a sober retelling of the case, sans sensationalism—with footnotes! It is about time. ■

>>>CHICAGO, IL ■ The Tympanic Theatre Company recently premiered an original work called **The House of Weird**

Death: A Collection of 4 Chilling Tales. The production dates were May 22 - June 21, 2008. One of the four stories is synopsized this way on the theatre company's website: "'The Lizzies' by Rob Matsushita—The American sitcom is turned on its head when a studio audience is forced to watch a violent and disturbing television show about Lizzie Borden and her roommate . . . Lizzie Borden." ■

>>>SALINA, KANSAS ■ Lizzie Borden apparently helped a Salina Central High School forensic team member do something that "only two others in Salina's school history have achieved." Allison Stuewe won a national first-place in expository speaking at the National Forensics League National Tournament in Las Vegas in July. She defeated 230 other students, "and she has being a redhead to thank for her winning topic." Stuewe gave a five-minute informational speech on the genetic origin of red hair and prominent historical figures who, like her, have hair that color. She cited Lizzie Borden, Napoleon, General George Custer, Vivaldi, and Mozart as all being famous redheads. Congratulations Allison! However, Lizzie wasn't a red head. Her passport application lists her hair color as "light brown." ■

>>>FALL RIVER, MA ■ The Hatchet is commencing a new section tentatively titled WORD4WORD. Tina-Kate Rouse has been hired as the editor of this section. We are accepting book reviews of 200-300 words. For a list of the books, please email the editor at bookreviews@lizzieandrewborden.com. If you have a review you would like us to publish, please submit them to the same address. Use only the following formats for attachments: PDF, Word, RTF, and TXT. ■

>>>THE INTERNETS ■ Lizzie Borden was born on July 19, 1860. She shares her birthdate with the following famous people: Anthony Edwards (1962); Kathleen

Turner (1954); Vikki Carr (1941); George McGovern (1922); and Edgar Degas (1834). Lizzie died on June 1, 1927. Other notables who died on that date are: James Buchanan (1868); Adolf Eichmann (1962); Helen Keller (1968); Hank Ketcham (2001); and William Manchester (2004). ■

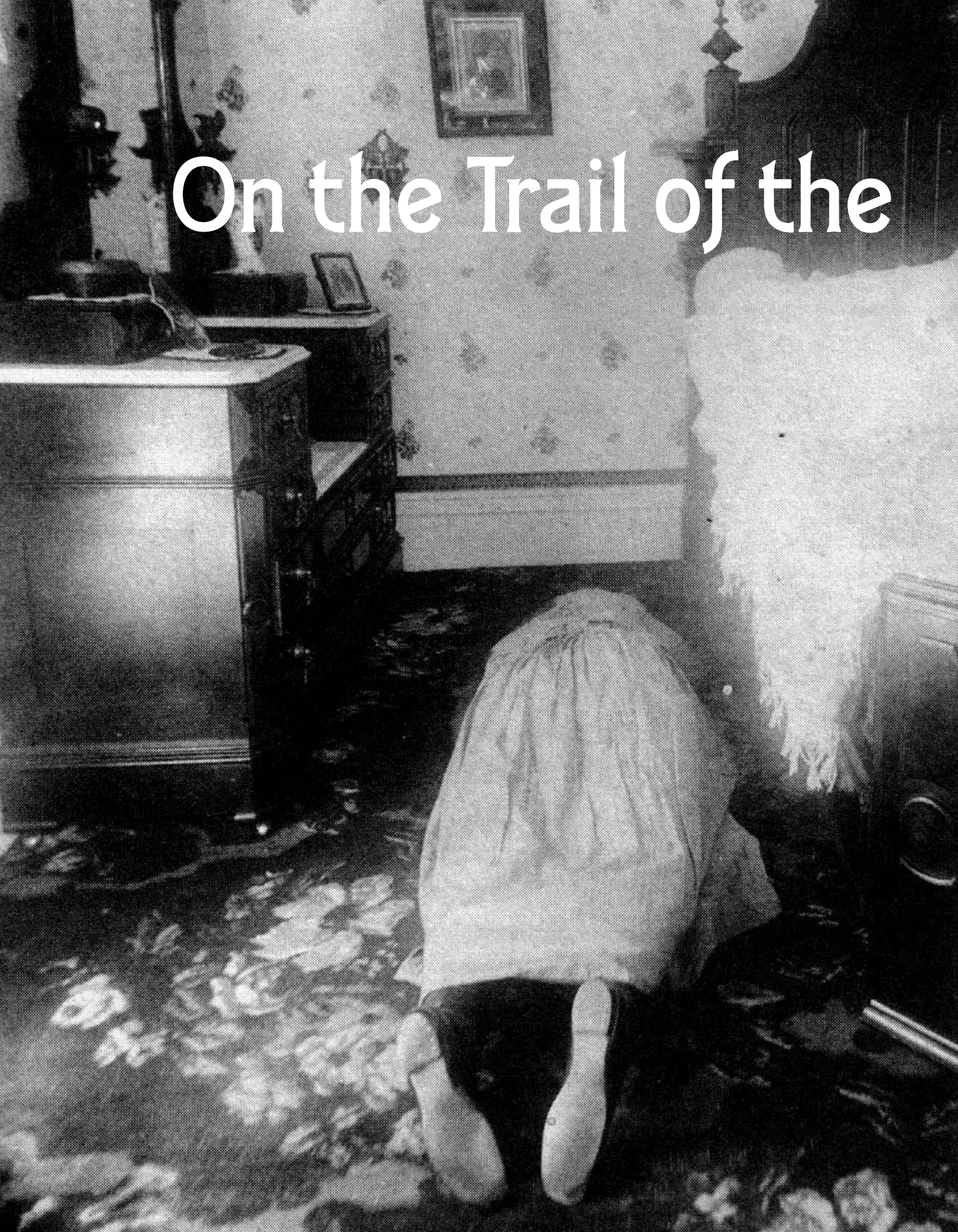
>>>THE INTERNETS ■ A must visit site is **HuLu.com**. The newest place for free TV episodes and movies. Just enter "Lizzie Borden" in the search box and look at all the wonderful things you can watch on your computer! Everything from **Alfred Hitchcock's** "The Older Sister" to **The Practice** episode called "Axe Murderer." Adult Swim offers an odd cartoon titel—**The Venture Brothers**: "Anne Frank vs. Lizzie Borden." ■

>>>THE INTERNETS ■ If you want to see the entire **Legend of Lizzie Borden**, starring Elizabeth Montgomery, you only have to Google Lizzie at Google videos. Here you will also find loads of haunted ghosty Lizzie Borden films, including the "famous" Lizzie Borden Ghost video being sold on eBay from NapervilleGhosts.com. Shot with infrared, in October of 2001, this 2 minute and 10 second clip is shown without sound so those who purchased the DVD of the short clip will not feel cheated. ■

>>>BRYSON CITY, NC ■ A new production of Tim Kelly's play **Lizzie Borden of Fall River**, was recently produced at the Smoky Mountain Community Theatre. Reports the **Smoky Mountain News**: "Even after doing some research and learning more about Lizzie and her family, [Rebecca] Corckett [who plays Lizzie] is still not convinced that Lizzie is the one to blame for the murders—lost of maybe's but no concrete evidence that establishes Lizzie at the scene of the crime. 'It's really just as puzzling to me as it was before,' Crockett said." I wonder if Lizzie has a southern accent in this production? ■

BUTZ

On the Trail of the



Bloody Handkerchief

By Kat Koorey

Andrew Borden lay dead, oozing blood and brains onto the sitting room sofa, which pooled on the carpet beneath. No one seemed to know where his second wife, Abby Borden, was, but it was thought she had gone out earlier. Officer Allen was the first policeman at the scene to check on the affray. After making sure that the front door was locked, he left civilian Charles Sawyer to act as guard at the side door. Allen rushed back to the station house, prematurely it seems, to report the horrible details of one death only.

Meanwhile, Dr. Bowen, a family friend from across the street, declared Andrew Borden murdered and rushed out to telegraph the victim's eldest daughter, Emma, who was away on a visit in Fairhaven. It seemed important that he notify her, perhaps in the hope that she could return on an early train and take over the duty of comforting the remaining daughter, Lizzie Borden, who had been about the premises at the time of the attack.

The neighbor, Mrs. Churchill, along with the Borden maid, Bridget Sullivan, crept slowly up the steep front stairs on the lookout for a criminal whilst checking the possible whereabouts of Abby Borden. Mrs. Churchill was astute, espying the motionless form on the floor on the far side of the bed in the guest room from her view on the staircase. She turned and immediately descended to break the news of another body—and not just any body, but that of her near neighbor, a harmless God-fearing, law-abiding gentlewoman like herself. Bridget continued up the staircase, somehow drawn into that room. She stood at the foot of the bed and stared frozen in disbelief at the bloody body of her

Left: Crime scene photograph of Abby Borden, taken late afternoon on August 4, 1892. Next page: Abby crime scene photograph taken after the bed had been moved away. This image shows a handkerchief lying beside Abby's body.

mistress. Becoming aware, she shrugged off her ennui and exited the room, perhaps realizing she was alone there with a victim of who-knew-what horror. She could not guess what the cause of death was in that moment. It took Dr. Bowen's return, and the almost simultaneous onslaught of outsiders who overran the place, before the severity of the situation sunk in. Bridget probably blessed herself and called on all the Saints to keep her safe when she realized the narrow escape she had had, alone earlier in the house with a murderer. She and Lizzie Borden had been spared from the slaughter.

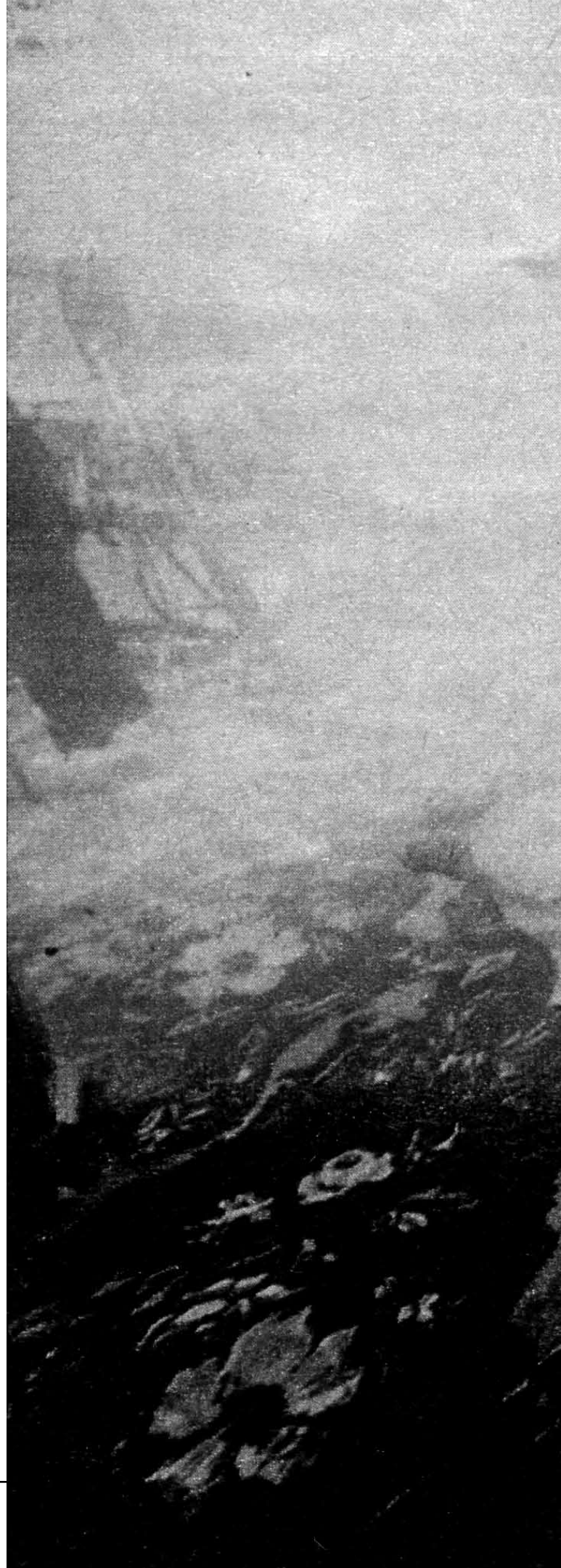
By 11:45 that morning—after officer Doherty had been to view the bodies, moved the bed away from Mrs. Borden to check her wounds, gone to telephone the station, and returned—there were almost a dozen men in the house of horror, and three ladies with Lizzie, administering to her. When Doherty next entered the chamber of that gruesome murder of the elderly defenseless woman, there were now two doctors, Bowen and M.E. Dolan, and Mr. Borden's brother-in-law, Mr. Morse. While officer Allen looked on, officer Mullaly assisted Doherty in turning Abby so her face was exposed, and they saw that her features looked all mashed in from bruises and livor mortis. As Allen left to inform the Marshal, he noticed a handkerchief "covered with blood . . . lying from Mrs. Borden's feet toward the window," which he recounted at the trial. He was asked if he could identify it and replied, "Yes, sir, the border is cut. (A ragged handkerchief was shown the witness.) Yes, that is the handkerchief." Mr. Moody then told the court, "We offer this, if your Honors please."¹ Allen further described it as "wet in blood and lying in a—just as you have it now."²

Dr. Dolan had been passing near the area of Second Street, and, as a medical examiner for Bristol County, inserted himself into the scene, taking charge. He was in the room examining the body when Allen was there. At the preliminary hearing, as the first witness called on the first day, within the first ten minutes, Dr. Dolan was asked: "Anything on her [Mrs. Borden's] head?" Upon his memory, Dr. Dolan described a silk handkerchief "near the head," more suitable for wearing upon the head when dusting, than as a dusting cloth. It was "not knotted...[nor] cut...torn very freely...[with] some blood on it from the surrounding blood."³

After absorbing the atmosphere of this despicable crime against these two poor old folks, very important questions arise: Why is this handkerchief at the scene of Abby's murder? Whose is it? It was near her feet – it was near her head; it was not knotted as if worn, but not the right material for dusting. What does it mean? It seems to be the one thing out of place, inexplicable, and the authorities seemed to wonder the same thing. The next year was spent hunting clues in the case and this object was continuously brought up and asked about, its description was repeated in an attempt to place it into some context, with no definitive answers forthcoming. Regardless, this is an important artifact, found with the body of Abby Borden and "wet" in her blood. It has become an item of mystery, now lodged at the Fall River Historical Society and rarely displayed due to the fragile state of the decomposing silk.

Other handkerchiefs in the case

There are other handkerchiefs in the Borden case that appear and promptly disappear, like a magician's prop. However, the tattered one has outlasted them all, surviving to this day. Abby Borden had traversed Second Street to pay a worried visit to Dr. Bowen just after breakfast on the day before the murders.







MRS. BORDEN, THE MURDERED WOMAN.

Artist's sketch of Abby Borden. Boston Globe, 8 August 1892.

She wanted a diagnosis of her and Andrew's vomiting of the night before. She seemed well enough to have imbibed pork steak before her early morning consultation, but Dr. Bowen did notice her gagging and fully expected her to erupt into her own handkerchief.⁴ His opinion was a cursory one of a common summer illness, which was reinforced later that morning upon his visit to Andrew to check on him. Dr. Bowen found little to be concerned about owing to Mr. Borden's attitude. Certainly, Dr. Bowen cannot be faulted for lacking pre-sentience.

The morning of the murders, Lizzie's own personal handkerchiefs, and her ministrations over them, were the subjects of much discussion relating to her movements on the day. Lizzie could not seem to accomplish the chore of ironing all of them before that fateful chime of 11 a.m. The question put to Bridget at the preliminary hearing, and her answer, states that Lizzie only ironed her own handkerchiefs.⁵ It had been implied that this handkerchief found by the body was not Lizzie's because it was man-sized, nor placed out with her ironing because she only did her own. Lizzie, as any lady of good taste at the time, would have had pretty, dainty ones, possibly embroidered or edged with lace.

Another handkerchief reference appears in the case as the useful cloth that was used to hold and secure Andrew's keys removed from his corpse's pockets. This handkerchief was brought to Dr. Dolan in court at the preliminary examination, and once the keys were discussed, this purveyor promptly lost its importance. It is not readily apparent to whom this handkerchief belonged.⁶ A Victorian man's pocket silk square could be at least 13 inches by 13 inches and worn decoratively, or easily tied off at the edges to carry objects. It could also be worn on the head to protect from the sun, or, in the case of a housewife, to keep her hair clean whilst dusting something above her own height.

But did she wear it?

John V. Morse, the Borden girls' uncle who stayed overnight August 3 to 4 in the soon-to-be death chamber, was one of three to testify as to when he last saw Abby Borden that Thursday morning. Morse was the first family member to be called at the trial on June 7, 1893. He claimed Mrs. Borden was using a feather duster and entered the front hall, and he thought she must have gone upstairs. He testified twice that she had nothing on her head. Prosecutor Moody asked: "Do you know whether she [Abby] had anything on her head as she was dusting?" Morse answered, "I think not." And, once more: "To put my question again, did you notice whether she did or not have anything on her head?" Morse's final reply on this topic in a court of law was "I think she did not."⁷ The extra emphasis on this particular question by Moody seems to imply that he expected a different answer, even though Morse answered the same the year before at the preliminary hearing.⁸

Bridget Sullivan was asked at the same preliminary examination, on Friday, August 26, 1892, when she last saw Abby Borden alive. Bridget answered, "She had the feather duster in her hand dusting the dining room," after Morse had left the house that Thursday morning.⁹

Lizzie Borden was questioned at the inquest, August 9, 1892, about her stepmother's habits while dusting. After describing Abby as using a feather duster in the dining room on the morning of the murder, she was asked, "When she [Abby] dusted did she wear something over her head?" Lizzie replied, "Sometimes when she swept, but not when dusting."¹⁰ The important context here

was that it was accepted that Abby had done the housekeeping work in the guest room before Lizzie came down that morning (by around 9 a.m.) —Abby had already "dusted the room and left it all in order...she had done that when I came down."¹¹

According to John Morse, and implied by Bridget and Lizzie, when last seen, Abby had not had anything on her head, and no reason to have anything on her head. No one was asked if any handkerchief found with Abby belonged to them. No one was asked if this handkerchief was Abby's, Andrew's, an unknown killer's, or left behind by a zealous spectator at the scene—until the last week of the trial, almost a year later. Doherty claims not to have seen it, but it is not clear when he did not see it—before or after the room got crowded.¹² Since the carpet was dark, as was the blood and handkerchief, it is possible it escaped his attention, especially since the bed and three chairs were moved.¹³ By the end of the first week of the trial, the following year, newspapers tried to connect that handkerchief to Lizzie Borden.

Sometime that Thursday noonday, Charles Sawyer left his post at the side door and went to the guest room to view the body. On August 11, he was asked at the inquest, "Did you see any more bloody cloths around there?" His reply, "No, except what was around Mrs. Borden," implies other bloody cloths, but it is not certain when he made his view.¹⁴ In the illustrative drawing published on August 6, 1892 in the **Fall River Globe**, there is captured within the detail of the patterned carpet a white-looking wadded cloth near Abby Borden's waist. This is obviously not the dark-colored suspicious handkerchief, and it has never been identified.

The photographs

Newspapers of the time did not yet have the capability to reproduce a photograph and so employed their best artists to render illustrations from life, from memory, or from photographs in order to capture the public's imagination. In the Borden case, this was done routinely and yet the crime scene photographs are still in existence, a treasure beyond price, surviving over 100 years.

James Walsh was sworn in at the trial on Wednesday, June 7, 1893, and introduced two sets of five photos. Exhibits numbered #10-14, inclusive, were of the Borden premises and photographed on the previous Saturday, June 3. The other five were taken the day the crime occurred, August 4, 1892. A photo of Mrs. Borden in the bedroom (exhibit #15) was taken at about 3:30 p.m. at the request of the M.E., and the body, the bed, and the bureau were in the position Walsh found them in at that time. The "Other view" of Mrs. Borden in the bedroom, labeled "exhibit #16," was probably taken within minutes of the other. This photo without the bed shows a wadded whitish cloth near the body. Exhibit #17 shows Andrew Borden on the couch. Exhibits #18 and #19, variously the head of Mrs. Borden and the head of Mr. Borden, were taken the same date, but at 4:30 p.m.¹⁵ By then the heavy, stiffening body of Abby had been removed to the downstairs dining room where her partial autopsy occurred. Dead seven hours, she would have been unwieldy to move and maneuver down that steep and winding staircase, causing more indignity to be suffered upon her.

Burial and resurrection

The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Borden were stripped, and the bloody clothes, pieces of carpet and cotton cloth, and all sorts of detritus of the crime were delivered to the cellar to be stored

in the laundry room. On Friday, August 5, newspaper reports blamed a nervous John Morse for agitating to have these rotting items buried, and put out of the sight and smell of the surviving family. Albert Chase enumerates most of these items in the Witness Statements, but he claims the burial was under orders of the M.E., which it was not, and he does not add the bloody handkerchief to the list.¹⁶ In fact, his list is in no way complete. The newspapers filled in the controversial details from this point on Friday, August 5, until the end of the inquest.

On Saturday, August 6, the **Providence Journal**, the **Boston Globe**, the **Fall River Herald**, and the **New Bedford Evening Standard** all promoted variations on the story of the burying of the blood-stained clothes on Friday. Related elements had John Morse engage a man named David P. Keefe, a letter carrier, to do the job for \$5. Keefe seems to have subcontracted the labor to a restaurant worker named William Niles.¹⁷ When it came time to pay, Morse argued about the price. Then, still in a fit of pique, he "locked the barn when a couple of Boston newspaper men were inside, and found considerable fault with the liberties people took with the premises. He was reminded that a reward of \$5000 had been offered, and that everybody was intensely interested."¹⁸

The **Fall River Herald**, on Monday, August 8, hinted that the outcome of a visit to the receiving vault at Oak Grove cemetery on Sunday, by Drs. Dolan and Leary with Assistant Marshal Fleet to reassess the bodies that had not yet been buried, would result in an order to dig up the bloody clothes. Even the man Niles was named as advised by Fleet "to be present at the house at 2:30 p.m. [on Monday]."¹⁹ And so it was done. The **Boston Globe**, August 9, under the headline "No Footprint," told the story of a quiet and secretive resurrection of the artifacts from the Borden yard, where Dr. Dolan warned the duty officers that no one passing by should be able to observe or stop and gawk or gaze, nor should anyone be allowed to enter the yard, which included Morse, when he tried.

After the disinterment, Keefe and Niles watched as:

Dr. Dolan took each particle of clothing and stained effects of the deceased persons out and carefully scrutinized them.

Besides the clothing, there were certain stained clothes, which had been used to cover the bodies upon their discovery Thursday forenoon, and also the pieces of carpeting soaked with the life blood of the victims.

The doctor went over them all until he had selected such as he thought would serve his purpose.

Then he cut off a large piece of the coat and shirt worn by Mr. Borden when he was found upon the sofa, and with his scissors clipped off a piece of the waist of the dress worn by Mrs. Borden when killed, all specimens matted with the blood of the victims.

The doctor proceeded in a like manner to take part of a large piece of carpeting cut from the spare bedroom, fairly saturated with the crimson fluid.

These were eminently satisfactory to the examiner, and he ordered Keefe to procure a box for their reception.

All the rest of the clothing was again buried in the former condition.

Dolan put his items in a box and rode off in his carriage. The paper opines that this was done in order to compare any blood on the ax held by the experts with the blood on the objects exhumed, after first assessing if it were human. The **Fall River Globe** of the same date reported that "two lots of hair found clinging to Mrs. Borden's clothes" were taken by Dolan and the

remaining items were "placed in a shoe box and buried four feet below the surface of the ground." Seemingly, a different edition of the same paper included the macabre anecdote that "a reporter asked to receive permission to select a part of the clothing as a memento of a mystery which he regards as the most puzzling of his long career. He smilingly told the examiner that he had choice bits to remind him" of other interesting cases. Since this project was carried out in secrecy, but blazoned in the **Boston Globe**, the **Fall River Evening News** and the **Fall River Daily Globe**, how secure was the secret, after all?

By August 11, the last day of the inquest and the occasion of Lizzie Borden's arrest for murder, the remaining items that would later be introduced as evidence against her in the case were wholly and finally exhumed and retained by the prosecution. These actions coincided with the more complete autopsy of the Borden bodies that Dr. Dolan performed that Thursday. The headless corpses were eventually taken from the holding tomb and interred in the family plot in Oak Grove cemetery on Wednesday, August 17, 1892, at 8 a.m., thirteen days after their murder.²⁰

In evaluating Dr. Dolan's trial testimony, it seems that it was a serendipitous recovery of the "old silk handkerchief. . . shredded from wear" that had been "buried with the rest of the clothing." Knowlton had the witness confirm it was "dark colored" and had blood on it. Upon being shown the relic, Dr. Dolan concurred that it was the handkerchief, and that, in its "entirety," it was still in the same condition. It had not been deemed worthy of keeping out of the re-burial, but survived in the lot of other items—those "finally taken and carried up to the Marshal's office," whereupon Dolan then received it from him, and was in his "custody" that date, Monday, June 12, 1893.²¹

The handkerchief in the papers

The newspapers routinely took the testimonies from the hearing and trial and paraphrased them to give them an interesting flow, almost like conversation. For some reason our bloodstained handkerchief was given some prominence as it was described to the reading public. At the beginning of the preliminary hearing, four separate news items, dated August 25, 1892, "quoted" Dr. Dolan's description of Mrs. Borden's crime scene, with emphasis on this mysterious cloth:

There was a silk pocket handkerchief on the floor near her head; it was an old one and I could not tell whether it was cut; but it was torn. -**Fall River Herald**.

Her body was lying on the floor, face down. She was dressed in a calico dress; a silk handkerchief was lying on the floor nearby, such a handkerchief as is used when a person is dusting. I cannot say if the handkerchief was cut. There was blood on the handkerchief. -**Evening Standard**.

He saw the body of Mrs. Borden very soon after he saw that of her husband. A handkerchief was over her head, but he could not say whether or not it was torn, it was so old. -**New York Times**.

I saw Mrs. Borden's body a few moments later. It lay on its face on the floor of the room in the northwest corner of the house, second floor, between a bed and dressing case about 4 or 5 feet. Mrs. Borden was dressed, as you would expect to find a housewife at that time of day. Had an old handkerchief around her neck almost touching her head. It was bloody. It appeared like the handkerchief that women sometimes wear



“There was a silk pocket handkerchief on the floor **near her head**; it was an old one and I could not tell whether it was cut; but it was torn.”



The hip-bath collection handkerchief.

on their heads when dusting the room. Don't believe it was tied in a knot. Don't remember whether it was cut or not, know it was an old handkerchief. —**Fall River Daily Globe**.

A concerned citizen, obviously affected by the news coverage, wrote a lengthy letter to District Attorney Knowlton in the latter part of 1892 with his theory of the case and a possible use for the handkerchief: "I have an idea this poison was given in a handkerchief to the nose as chloriform [sic] & then the hatchet was used—because her mother would have struggled & yelled—calling the attention of the servant girl."²²

By the end of the first week of the trial, June 9, 1893, several papers had promoted the theory that "The government will endeavor to connect this handkerchief with Miss Borden if they can."²³ While the Rochester, New York, paper called it "saturated" and the **Providence Journal** of that date called it "blood-stained," both claimed that Lizzie Borden reacted in court to the display. The latter news agent described it as having a "gory and horrid appearance" and says, outright, that "its presentation was dramatic" and had "driven its vivid way into the minds of all." It continued on, though, to represent the item as having "no importance" to the prosecution—that although it might have been inferred it "was the property of the prisoner," Mr. Moody will disappoint the public by emphasizing "that the handkerchief is one of a number of articles picked up about the remains of the murdered couple, and is just as important as any of these and no more."

This is a good example of the ambivalence surrounding this piece of evidence so far in the case. Is it something, or is it nothing? Lizzie had reacted to it apparently, but the prosecution did not capitalize upon that.

The following week, in the papers of June 13, 1893, Dr. Dolan's appearance at the trial was reviewed, again with reference to the handkerchief. "The blood-soaked rag was [again] exposed to the view of all" along with "all the gory relics of the murders," describing the introduction in the court of "a large square of carpet, its original color gone in the discoloration it had received. It was the carpet upon which there had rested the dead body of Mrs. Borden and all the while these ghastly articles were in the view of all, the Prisoner's Features Were Hidden Behind the Friendly Fan."²⁴

The **Boston Globe** of June 13, after Dr. Dolan's testimony, summed up thusly: "this handkerchief, which was produced, had been buried with the other clothes, and had subsequently been dug up for exhibition at this trial. When Dr. Dolan shook out the handkerchief, all covered with blood, Miss Lizzie, hot and flushed and puffy, shrank into herself, covered her face with her handkerchief and nervously moved backward and forward."

On June 14, 1893, the **Fall River Weekly News**, under the sub-headline "A Blood Stained Handkerchief" intimated this item belonged to Lizzie, but allowed the caveat that since she was a family member, and in her own home, there could be a simple reason for its presence in the guest room. This even-handed effect was spoiled by the last comment "that the State may attempt to show that this was one of the very handkerchiefs Lizzie ironed that morning." Statements like this prove that the prosecution had not yet come to terms with the item, and the newspapers noticed.

The trial and aftermath

A crucial, though understated, moment in the trial came when

Mr. Moody for the prosecution recalled Bridget to the witness stand on June 14, 1893. He had two main questions for her, one being her impression of this object, making the claim that "it was not here, or under our control at the time the witness was on the stand," although it was State evidence since Allen had appeared on June 8. Bridget had also been questioned on June 8, but she had preceded Allen. The handkerchief had been part of the crime scene and given attention in the press since 1892, yet this recall came very near the end of the prosecution's case. As an expert on the Borden's laundry and cleaning habits, Bridget was asked, "Have you seen such a handkerchief as that before? (Showing dark, old handkerchief)." Bridget, not identifying it specifically, replied, "Yes, sir." Moody followed with, "What was it commonly used for and by whom?" Bridget answered, "Mrs. Borden used to use handkerchiefs the same as dusters is." "Did she [Mrs. Borden] use it as a pocket handkerchief?" Bridget answered obscurely, "Mr. Borden used them as pocket handkerchiefs and Mrs. Borden when they got worn out, took them as dust rags."²⁵

Silk would not be a fabric of choice for dusting, and a tattered silk would not afford much protection to the hair. Bridget did not identify that specific handkerchief as belonging to the household, but it seemed important to the prosecution, very tardily, to give it that status. The strategy is strangely obscure. However, a somewhat spurious claim now seemed to have been made, and from then on it is linked to Mrs. Borden herself, and as such has gone into lore.

On Thursday, June 15, Mr. Knowlton was about to rest the prosecution's case. He prefaced that announcement with his offer:

We offer formally now, if we have not done so before, all the plans ---I think they are already in the photographs, ---I think they are already in, and the various exhibits that have been produced and identified by the witnesses, a list of which we can give if desired. That includes all the hatchets, including that without a handle, the two skulls, the dresses or the dress, skirt, the various pieces of the house, marble slab, piece of plastering and the bed clothing and the pieces of carpet, and also the things that were produced by Prof. Wood, ---the piece of pear skin. I should have to examine the trunk to know if there is anything more. If my friends desire me to examine it, I will do so. I also offer the basket and box which came from the barn, and the handkerchief. I think that is all I remember now.

If the handkerchief was Abby's, why not prove it sooner? If it was proven to be Andrew's, why not say so the first week of the murder? If they could have linked it to Lizzie, then they would have. It had become a liability. It is likely that, lacking any proof of ownership, and in order to discount that any outsider brought it in, they finally determined to reduce its importance, through Bridget's recall testimony.

On June 20, the jury was given some selected items to ponder during their deliberations. Some of these were "plans and photographs marked as exhibits in the case. Skulls of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Borden. Bedspread and pillow shams. Handkerchief found by Mrs. Borden's body."²⁶

In that courtroom, that is exactly what the artifact was, and nothing more: a "Handkerchief found by Mrs. Borden's body."

The sad but fascinating saga of the migration of this mysterious piece of silk, from lonely companion to Abby Borden's body at the place of her gruesome murder, to this stately courthouse jury room in New Bedford almost a year later, nears its end. The jury barely considered the testimonies, hardly took the



Photograph of Abby's hair switch and the bloody handkerchief, taken September 26, 1968, on receipt of the Jennings hip bath collection at the Fall River Historical Society. Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.

time to review the artifacts, probably did not even touch upon this shredded relic that seemed for so long to have an ambiguous place in the context of the case. It was not really clear what it was, who it belonged to, or how or why it was found in the guest room on the murder morning. After the "not guilty" verdict, Knowlton received a letter on June 24, from an interested attorney named John Goldsmith of New York, still asking hard questions that were evidently in the collective minds of the populace now that there was no longer a viable suspect in the case. The author wanted Knowlton's opinion: "Do you believe that Lizzie Borden used the handleless hatchet to kill, and then broke off the handle? . . . Do you believe she wore that handkerchief around her head, which was found saturated with blood near Mrs. Borden?"²⁷

The end of the trail

In 1893, Edwin Porter, a *Fall River Globe* reporter who was actually present in the house the afternoon of the murders, wrote

a book that was the first complete study of the mystery: **The Fall River Tragedy**. He included a few references to the handkerchief in his review of the testimonies. In 1961, Edward Radin published **Lizzie Borden, The Untold Story**, which used paraphrased testimony to introduce the handkerchief. His treatment, however, gave the bold statement that "Bridget Sullivan made a third, but brief appearance on the stand. A large colored handkerchief had been found near Mrs. Borden's body. Police thought she had been wearing it as a dusting cap but it showed no cut marks from the murder weapon. Bridget explained that it was one of Mr. Borden's old handkerchiefs and Mrs. Borden liked to use it as a dusting cloth."²⁸ Radin had access to similar material used here in this history of the handkerchief. It is obvious that he made his own determination as to what the object was, based on his interpretation of Bridget's reply at the trial, upon her recall to the witness stand.

In 1956, Agnes de Mille visited the Waring family in Fall River

with Joseph Welch to conduct research for an upcoming television broadcast on the crime and trial. The daughter of Andrew Jennings, Lizzie's defense attorney, gave them access to what became known as "The Hip-bath collection"—relics of the famous murder trial that Jennings had brought home and preserved in an old hip-bath tub. Amongst the items stored there de Mille found "the switch of Mrs. Borden's hair, a dirty brown color (few gray hairs) with the straight, old-fashioned hair pins still in place—'what my mother would have called a rat,' said Mr. Welch. This was matted and soiled with dried blood. It had been loosened from her head by the blows and lay on the floor beside her. There was the kerchief, **stiff with blood**, that she had been wearing over her hair."²⁹ This description of the blood may have been an assumption (if she did not handle it), Jennings' family lore passed on to her, or the result of her own examination of the object. In addition, once the few items mentioned were stored together—handkerchief, pins, and hair switch, they ever after became integral with each other and considered closely associated.

A 1968 photograph at the Fall River Historical Society from their Borden case archive shows these items together, the handkerchief in a crumpled state, not fully exposed. Miss de Mille published a book on her project in 1968, and that same year saw the "Collection" donated to the Historical Society. Barbara Ashton looked the collection over, made notes, and published her review in **Proceedings**, as part of the presentations made at the 1992 Centennial Conference on the Borden case. Her notation #4 has this description: "Hair switch and Bloody Handkerchief: worn by Mrs. Borden at the time of the murders,"³⁰ which promulgates de Mille's assessment, and Radin's conclusion.

In this century, in 2004, the artifact has more recently come under scrutiny while under the spotlight of a camera crew and the inspection of two seasoned forensic officers. Morningstar Entertainment was filming the television presentation **Lizzie Borden Had An Axe**. The crime scene experts carefully unfolded the handkerchief wearing white cotton archive gloves, laid it out in display, and scrutinized it. They were allowed to inspect the handleless hatchet head that is also housed at the Historical Society. One fit the blade to a tear in the silk material and seemed very pleased with the result. It was a spontaneous and casual examination. It was good television, but they knew no serious deduction could be reached at this late date, taking into consideration the tattered state the fabric was in. Amazingly, the item appeared somewhat clean and unstained by blood as it was laid open to the lights.

By studying the history of the artifact, the result is that there still are questions here—ones that might never have an answer this late in the object's life. But it certainly does have value: even if it was innocent of intent, it had been covered with the victim's blood. It could have been used as a head scarf by Abby, and dislodged during the attack. The killer could have worn it to protect their face from recognition or to cover their hair to keep out the spattering of blood. The person who used it could have been another family member, a stranger, or Lizzie herself. It could have normally resided in Abby Borden's pocket as she did her daily housework and taken by the assailant to wipe the bloody hatchet, then dropped on the floor as refuse. It might have been used by one of the doctors on site to wipe their bloody hands after putting their fingers in the wounds, and therefore moved. It might have carried the blood of the attacker, as well as that of Abby Borden.

But, where are the other items from the crime: the carpet piece, the roll of cotton batting, the napkin, apron, drawers, chemise, or Andrew's necktie and truss? Because very few pieces survived the century betwixt the crime and now, we are lucky to have this handkerchief—it stands as a mute witness to the butchery of Abby Borden.

What follows is a short interview with Assistant Curator of the Fall River Historical Society, Dennis Binette. He graciously offered myself, Harry Widdows, and Stefani Koorey, our first view of the controversial artifact in the archive room on site in August 2007. Stefani and I had appeared in the video **Lizzie Borden Had An Axe** that premiered the handkerchief to the television viewing public, and after that, I always had questions about it. Mr. Binette was kind enough to answer these. Many thanks go to the curators, Mr. Martins and Mr. Binette, for the attention they give to the preservation of priceless artifacts such as those of the Borden case.

Do you have any more background on the handkerchief?

We have no additional information on the handkerchief.

Who received it into the collection?

The item was received into the collection by Mrs. Mary B. Gifford, who was curator of the Historical Society at the time.

Did it come with the hair switch and hairpins, all wrapped together?

Not having been at the Historical Society at the time, I have no idea as to how the items were packaged when received.

If the handkerchief had been "stiff with blood," do you know who cleaned it, if it is, indeed, clean?

The piece has never been cleaned while in the possession of the Historical Society. It is in the condition it was in when it came into the collection.

Did it come into your collection as part of the Waring Hip-bath donation?

The handkerchief was one of the items that comprised the "Hip-bath Collection."

When did you and Michael Martins first see it?

Both Michael and I saw the piece for the first time when we came to work at the Historical Society. It was on display as part of the Borden exhibit at the time.

Did it always look like it does now (clean, with shreds), since it came to you?

It has always been in the condition that it is now. It is the nature of the fabric to break down over time, especially considering the acid content in the dyes that were used. Splitting in general, especially along creases or folds, is often found in period fabrics of this type.

What do you call the thing, and why?

We don't call it anything in particular. The late Mrs. Florence Cook Brigham, when curator of the Historical Society, always said that it was a dusting scarf, worn by Mrs. Borden while she did the housework. The piece would be worn on the head and knotted. It appears that this is how Mrs. Gifford referred to it.

Did the handkerchief come to you with hairpins attached to it, as if it had been worn with pins? Or did loose pins from the hair switch migrate into the cloth, in your estimation?

Since neither Michael nor I were associated with the Historical Society when the switch and handkerchief were received into the collection, there is no way of knowing how the items came in. As the hairpins remain in situ on the switch, it is likely that there were none present on the handkerchief, as there would be no reason for them to be removed if they were, in fact, attached to the artifact.

Has that handkerchief ever been on display?

The handkerchief was on display for years, but removed because of its fragile nature.

Where do you keep it?

The handkerchief is kept in storage.

Does it seem like a man's old handkerchief to you?

The piece resembles a decorative handkerchief or scarf. Generally, one thinks of a functional handkerchief as made of cotton, a much more durable fabric than silk.

About the hair switch:

Is there anything you can elucidate about the switch? Is it made from Abby's own hair, or a false hair? If a false hair, is it human hair?

The switch has the appearance of human hair. It is not coarse like horse or animal hair. Whether it was constructed of Mrs. Borden's own hair is not known. Although it was common for women to save stray hairs from their hairbrush in a receiver so as to have extensions made, it was also just as common to purchase ready-made pieces. The Fall River city directories actually had a category for vendors in "Hair (Human)" in its listings.

Is the hair switch still bloody or was it cleaned, and by whom, do you know?

The hair switch has not been cleaned. According to its donor, Mrs. Waring, the switch was taken by her father, Attorney Jennings, and brought home. As one of a collection of physical evidence, it was stored in the family home, but nothing was done with it until it was donated to the Historical Society. It is currently in the condition it was in when added to our collection.

Do you have any other "lore" or info, or anecdotes, on the handkerchief?

No. No lore, no anecdotes. Just the facts.

Endnotes:

¹ Burt, Frank H. *The Trial of Lizzie A. Borden. Upon an indictment charging her with the murders of Abby Durfee Borden and Andrew Jackson Borden. Before the Superior Court for the County of Bristol. Presiding, C.J. Mason, J.J. Blodgett, and J.J. Dewey.* Official stenographic report by Frank H. Burt (New Bedford, MA., 1893, 2 volumes), PearTree Press, Harry Widdows, Stefani Koorey, 2004, 439.

² *Trial*, 440.

³ *Preliminary Hearing in the Borden case before Judge Blaisdell*, August 25

through September 1, 1892. Fall River, MA: PearTree Press, 2005, 90.

⁴ *Preliminary Hearing*, 407.

⁵ *Preliminary Hearing*, 29.

⁶ *Preliminary Hearing*, 184.

⁷ *Trial*, 135.

⁸ *Preliminary Hearing*, 241.

⁹ *Preliminary Hearing*, 11.

¹⁰ *Inquest Upon the Deaths of Andrew J. and Abby D. Borden, August 9 - 11, 1892, Volume I and II.* Fall River, MA: PearTree Press, 2004, 58.

¹¹ *Inquest*, 63.

¹² *Trial*, 593.

¹³ *Preliminary Hearing*, 197-8.

¹⁴ *Inquest*, 139-40.

¹⁵ *Trial*, 121-23.

¹⁶ "Enveloped in Mystery," *Providence Journal*, 6 August 1892.

¹⁷ "Visited the Tomb," *Fall River Herald*, 8 August 1892.

¹⁸ "Enveloped in Mystery," *Providence Journal*, 6 August 1892.

¹⁹ "Visited the Tomb," *Fall River Herald*, 8 August 1892.

²⁰ "The City. A Burial," *Fall River Evening News*, 17 August 1892.

²¹ *Trial*, 857-9.

²² *Commonwealth of Massachusetts VS. Lizzie A. Borden; The Knowlton Papers, 1892-1893.* Eds. Michael Martins and Dennis A. Binette. Fall River, MA: Fall River Historical Society, 1994, 143.

²³ Crowell Collection, possibly *New York Press*, 9 June 1893, also *Providence Journal* same date, also *Fall River Weekly News* 14 June 1893.

²⁴ "Dramatic Picture," *Providence Journal*, 13 June 1893.

²⁵ *Trial*, 1237-8.

²⁶ *Trial*, 1927.

²⁷ *Knowlton Papers*, 325.

²⁸ Radin, Edward. *Lizzie Borden: The Untold Story.* NY: Simon & Schuster, 1961, 151.

²⁹ de Mille, Agnes. *Lizzie Borden: A Dance of Death.* Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1968, 110.

³⁰ Ryckebusch, Jules R., ed. *Proceedings: Lizzie Borden Conference.* Portland, ME: King Philip Publishing Co., 1993, 214.



THE BEHIND THE SCENES STORY OF THE MONSTERQUEST INVESTIGATION OF THE LIZZIE BORDEN HOUSE

by Al Rauber

When Producer Haewon Yom from KPI/Lightworks TV contacted my partner Garrett Husveth and me about filming a show on the paranormal for the History Channel series *MonsterQuest*, I knew I wanted to participate. *MonsterQuest* had become one of my favorite shows because I saw a parallel to a TV program that I was a huge part of in the 1990s called *Sightings*. The formats were quite similar and I loved the scientific approach that both shows took with the subject matter. As the head consultant on haunting cases for *Sightings*, I always insisted that all investigations be conducted scientifically—especially the ones that I agreed to film! Unfortunately, Garrett could not participate in this project due to other TV filming obligations, so the only remaining question was, “Where do we film?” What I have found in my experience in working with producers is that normally, when they approach you, they

have no idea where they want to shoot. They just want to make a film.

My first thought was to set up the investigation in the Conference House on Staten Island, N.Y. However, I had already filmed a segment there for The History Channel’s series *Haunted Cities* in the mid-90s, so that location was scratched. Then I thought about a current investigation that I was doing in the Pittsburgh area at a place called Veronica’s Veil Auditorium. We had amassed an incredible amount of spirit voices on tape from that location, but I would have to get permission from the theatre board and that might take months—so scratch location #2.

Let’s see—what location is haunted and has an historical significance other than the White House or the over-investigated Eastern State Penitentiary in Philadelphia? Then it came to me—I had filmed a segment



from the Lizzie Borden House, 92 Second Street, in Fall River, Massachusetts three years ago for a short-lived TV series called *Ghost Stories*. During our weekend-long visit, not only did we come out with a vast quantity of taped voices, we also collected some very significant messages. I was sure we would be successful again if we filmed in Lizzie's place. I had also become good friends with co-owner Lee-ann Wilber and would get periodic emails from her asking me when I was coming back to continue my work at this fascinating home.

Haewon loved the idea. She pitched it, and *MonsterQuest* jumped on it. The first round was complete. Now I had to decide whether I would do this alone or with another person. I suggested to the production company that we have a video expert on hand. When I was at the Borden home with *Ghost Stories*, we had captured physical phenomena on film. If we were lucky to do so again, I wanted someone there who could verify that the filming was clean and accurate. My good friend Dave Manganelli was the only choice. Dave has been in the film production business for half of his life. He is a fellow member of the elite Paranormal Research Organization, and is noted for his award winning *Shadows of Moundsville* documentary regarding the haunting at the Moundsville Penitentiary in West Virginia. Dave was cool with it and Haewon was set. Now all we needed was a date to do this. February 23, 2008, was agreed upon by all participants.

As I hinted at earlier, I have been using electronic voice phenomena for the past twenty years when working on haunting cases. Electronic Voice Phenomena is the collecting of voices on a blank recording tape or electronic media. These voices, which are not heard during the recording, are believed to be spiritual in nature. We consider these the voices of those who have left our earthly plane of existence.

Over the years, I have been very successful in capturing what I sincerely believe to be the actual haunting entities on tape. Since my time on location would be limited, I planned to do three to four separate recording sessions while in the house. The first would be during a walk-through of the house. When I do a walk-through, I normally measure electro-magnetic fields in the rooms while inviting any of our "unseen friends" to honor us with a message on the open tape recorder. Although not as controlled as a typical EVP session, I have found many times that entities love to jump on the tape at this point just to let us know they are there.

The second session would be from Lizzie's bedroom with my friend and fellow American Association of Electronic Voice Phenomena member Debbie Caruso on the phone. She would be recording from her home on Staten Island in an experiment to see if she could get any response at her end to questions being asked. I have never seen or heard of such an experiment being filmed, or even done, before. We would conduct the final session or two in whatever rooms Lee-ann reported were currently the most active. The one chosen turned out to be the third floor Chimney Room.

Although not brought out in the *MonsterQuest* show, each session was successful in capturing voices. During

the walk-through, we captured two different voices in the basement of the house. Both came from the same recording segment. The first voice, which seems to be female, says, "**I hid it**," and is followed three seconds later with another voice remarking, "**They all see it**."

When I had been to the house three years ago, we had recorded a number of cryptic messages that seemed to be referring to some aspect of the infamous murder case—phrases like, "**Church has 'em**," when asking about information on Lizzie's guilt, and "**Planted by a jury**," obviously referring to the trial. When we left after that weekend, we had some answers, but more questions than we came in with! EVP has a way of doing that to you. What is paramount in a spirit's mind may not mean anything to the investigator.

Three years ago, we also seemed to tie into communications between two or more unseen entities. When we directed questions to Andrew in the first floor sitting room where his body was found, another entity came on the tape imploring him, "**Andrew, come through**."

What significance could "**I hid it**" and "**They all see it**" hold? Considering the voices were caught in the basement, could they be referring to the hatchet found in the box of ashes offered as evidence in the trial? Is the murderer still at the Borden House? Time seems irrelevant after death and a past event can be so paramount in the present state of a spirit that they keep reliving it or repeating it. Could these spirit statements be in reference to the hiding and finding of the broken-handled hatchet?

After over forty years of working in the field of Parapsychology, I know that although there may be different reasons why these entities are still around, the most important reason is that there is an emotional tie to this earthly plane of existence. What I have found is that guilt is one of the tightest bonds between the planes. Someone may have done something that they cannot justify in their mind, and they take that feeling to the grave. I have worked on many murder cases. In fact, when I lecture, I always tell my audiences that in these types of cases it is seldom, if ever, the victim who remains. The murderer is the one who is still there, unable to release the guilt of the horrendous act he has committed against his fellow man.

And another reference to hiding appeared a short time later in the upstairs Morse Room where the body of Lizzie's stepmother Abby was found. This time, a woman's voice clearly says, "**I'm hiding here**."

Continuing with the walk-through, the first of three voices was caught in the Chimney Room; named because the house's chimney comes through the room. Once just attic storage space, for the past ten years the area has been a bedroom, at a time housing the caretaker named Michael, and later, was a room to rent to the public. Lee-ann told us that this was an active room and that physical phenomena were common. Apparently, Michael had passed away a couple of years earlier and he was suspected of haunting the room. The team then learned that Michael had a habit of smoking in bed when he lived

and worked at the house. In addressing Michael, I asked if he would be kind enough to give some information about himself. A quick clear response of “**sure**” was found on listening to the recording. Although brief, the word was very clear. *MonsterQuest* thought this voice would be a good EVP to share, and used it on the show.

It was a short time later that the second recording session was attempted. This was an experimental session in which, for control purposes, everyone who was in the house at the time was gathered into Lizzie’s bedroom. Two video cameras were running, and my digital recorder, a Sony P520, was placed in the middle of the bed. A second Radio Shack analogue recorder was also used. I had recorded many voices on this device during my visit three years earlier. A phone call was placed to Debbie Caruso in Staten Island, and a dual recording session was attempted. Debbie would ask a question at her end and I would repeat the question while in the aforementioned bedroom. This room was the scene of physical phenomena during my last visit. At that time, during a recording session, the antique mirror that rests in a locked hutch in the corner of the room actually moved, seemingly of its own accord. We captured this on two video cameras, and try as they might, the film crew and the investigative team could not duplicate the phenomena.

When we listened to the playback of the digital recording just completed, we picked up at least four possibly paranormal voices. Nothing was found on the analogue recorder. This is not uncommon with EVP. Five recorders can be set up, yet only one may collect the voice.

Debbie also received some voices at her end, but these were never presented in the show. In response to the question from Debbie, “Lizzie, who made the mirror move?” I clearly got the response “**Asa**.” Then, at the end of the session, there were three very clear and distinct voices on the recorder. First, a male entity came on as I said goodbye to Debbie. The voice seems to be from a very polite gentleman saying, “**Goodbye Sir**.” Yes, the messages that we receive are not always earth-shattering, and sometimes are as mundane as this one. Of course, the voice is not the important thing here—the impressive thing is that this entity is saying the appropriate thing at the appropriate time.

It was at this point that a second male entity (or possibly the same one) who is very, very close to the recording device came through, saying and dragging out the word, “**Sooooo**.” This could be just a one-word statement or, again, as I found out during my last visit, it could be a mimic. Having just said to Debbie, “So go ahead and hang up and we will call you back,” the same word is used as an EVP. *MonsterQuest* loved this voice and used it as the second voice presented during the show. They even had a voice expert analyze the recording and confirmed that it was a definite voice. Of course, he could not commit that it was a “spirit” voice, but did agree that the source of the voice was right up against the microphone. A review of the videotapes shows no one within five feet of the microphone. Four seconds after “**Sooooo**,” a very clear female voice, in a loud whisper, shouts out “**Are you mad!**” To me, this was *the* significant voice from this session. Yet, for whatever reason, *MonsterQuest* did not present it.

A third EVP session was held in the Chimney Room—the room that is supposed to host a spiritual Michael. We had to find out why. I immediately asked the entity, “Michael, why are you still here?” Four seconds later, the deep, guttural response came through, “**I’m burning**.” Our next and immediate question was to Lizzie B&B homeowner Lee-ann Wilber. “Lee-ann, how did Michael die?” Lee-ann’s response sent chills through the film crew. “It’s my understanding that Michael was smoking in bed at his parent’s home and fell asleep. He burned to death in the fire.”

Wow! Talk about evidence coming from an investigation! Did we just speak with Michael? I knew that it did not get any better or any more evidential than this. Apparently, the *MonsterQuest* group thought otherwise, as they never presented or referred to the voice in the show.

Dedicated paranormal researchers are always searching for verification of information. Whether it comes through a psychic, medium, through EVP, or even a Ouija Board, the data is nothing without the backup research. Here we have a definite hit, as far as a confirmed EVP, that those outside of the investigation will never know about. And it got better. Shortly after this voice, another entity is on the recording. This particular entity says, “**I am him . . . I am Asa**.”

There was that name “Asa” again. Certainly not common today, but during the 1700s and 1800s, a good strong American male name. But who was this “Asa” and how is he associated with the Borden House? To find out, I contacted Stefani Koorey, one of the country’s leading experts on Lizzie-Lore. Her website: **Lizzieandrewborden.com** is the most influential site on the Internet dealing with Lizzie Borden. My obvious question to Stefani was, “Stef, can you give me a listing of the inhabitants of 92 Second Street, Fall River, Massachusetts?” Stefani came back within five minutes with her response:

*Dear Al,
Yes, that info is in Leonard Rebello’s Lizzie Borden Past and Present on pages 34 and 35. I include it here below in answer to your question.*

*Cheers,
Stefani Koorey*

Residents of 92 Second Street

1845 to 1849 House built for Charles Trafton by Southard H. Miller

1850 to 1871 Charles Trafton, overseer of carding

1872 to 1894 Andrew J. Borden, businessman, Emma and Lizzie

1895 to 1897 Asa Gifford, janitor, Music Hall

1899 to 1920 Marcus A. Townsend, carpenter

1921 to 1948 Mendel Mark, manufacturing / stationary

1948 to 1995 John R. and Josephine McGinn

1996 -- Lizzie Borden Bed and Breakfast / Museum

1998 -- William Pavao, Jr., Archivist

So here it was in black and white, and confirmed by arguably one of the leading Lizzie Borden authorities in

the country. The fourth name on the list—**Asa Gifford**. Further investigation found that Asa had rented the house from Lizzie and her sister Emma for a period of two years. Asa Gifford was also found in various censuses of Fall River. He was married to Susan A. Gifford and had three children: Clarence, the oldest; William, the middle child; and Elenor, the baby of the family.

As I mentioned earlier, one voice was of particular interest to me—the woman’s voice caught during the joint taping session in Lizzie’s bedroom shouting “**Are you mad!**” Many of today’s EVP researchers believe that some of the messages that they record are not coming from the spiritual realm. Instead, they think that they are coming through as a residual effect. An emotionally charged statement said in the past is imprinted into the atmosphere and replays itself. The tape recorder is sensitive enough to pick up this replay. This is much like a *residual* haunting, where an action is imprinted into the atmosphere and plays back from time to time. In this case, a number of Lizzie Borden case experts believe that Lizzie had an accomplice in the plan to murder her parents. Some say it was Bridget Sullivan, the maid, and others say it was Lizzie’s older sister, Emma, or her uncle, John Morse. Many even think that Emma was either the murderer or the mastermind behind the murder, as she was conveniently away visiting friends when the murders occurred. Could this question “**Are you mad!**” be an emotional response by either Lizzie or Bridget to the explanation of the plan to murder? Could the voice be Emma’s if the plan was Lizzie’s? So many questions remain unanswered in this famous case of murder.

Dave Manganelli was in charge of collecting, or trying to collect, video evidence of the haunting. He pretty much drew a blank. Using the most expensive state-of-the-art video equipment (no, we don’t own this stuff, kids), Dave had set out to see what he could come up with. Except for some insulation voids in the rooms, and some cool pictures of the cat with the infrared camera, nothing of value was achieved. What *MonsterQuest* hinted at being evidential, when they showed the chest in the Chimney Room glowing at the bottom, made no sense at all. First off, I had some very sophisticated temperature measuring equipment with me. Why didn’t they inform me of what they were seeing so I could measure the temperatures accurately? Secondly, ghosts and hauntings have always been associated with a loss or decrease of temperature. The camera was picking up a significant *increase* in temperature. Do you think the metal strip on the bottom of the chest could have had anything to do with it?

Many people question the value of EVP in haunting investigations. For me, there is no substitute. In fact, it seems ridiculous to use a psychic or medium in haunting cases when investigators can get the quality of evidence as we got for the History Channel during this investigation using EVP.

When we left the house, there again seemed to be just as many unanswered questions as there were going

into the case. This is only normal. The more info you come out with, the more questions arise from the data. Why were there all those references to hiding and searching? What about poor Michael in the Chimney Room? Why is Asa Gifford still there? Did he have any other association with the house, or maybe even with this infamous case of a brutal double homicide that occurred on that warm morning in August of 1892? If anything, this is certainly grounds for a third visit to 92 Second Street. Perhaps, through the use of EVP, more of the secrets so long protected by this beautiful home will be unraveled.

[The above-mentioned show was first aired on June 11, 2008, at 9:00 PM as part of the History Channel’s *MonsterQuest* Series]

Left: Al Rauber points to the mirror in the locked book cabinet in Lizzie’s room that physically moved during his visit three years ago.





**Al Rauber and
David Manganelli
at the Lizzie
Borden B&B,
working on the
History Channel's
Monsterquest
episode on ghosts.**

Al Rauber has graciously made his EVPs from both Borden house visits to readers of *The Hatchet*. If you would like to listen to his recordings, including all the voices mentioned in this article, please visit LizzieAndrewBorden.com.





“My name is Leonard Pickel. I
Attraction magazine, owner of
curator of the new museum on
and museum that is going to be
opening very soon, I hope.”

Q = Why

am editor of Haunted
Hauntcom Convention, and
Lizzie Borden—a gift shop
in Salem, Massachusetts—

Salem?

[interview]

PICKEL: My background is actually designing and building October seasonal haunted houses for people around the country. We had done a haunted house in Salem and realized that it was great and did very well in October, but the rest of the year, people are there looking for history, they're looking at architecture, looking at tall ships and of course they're looking for witch stories that took place during that time period.

Back in 1992, I was living in Dallas, Texas, and there was an article in the paper by Bernie Sullivan about the one hundred year anniversary of the murders that had just taken place. At that time, the murder house was attached to a print shop and Maplecroft was in private hands, so there really wasn't anything for the people to see other than the gravesite. I thought this would be a great opportunity to do something in Fall River with some kind of museum about Lizzie Borden, or maybe even a haunted house. So that's been kind of blowing around in the back of my head since that time. A museum in Salem would be the perfect choice- people come there by the thousands looking for a kind of darker side of history. It's also very female-based because people are looking at witches as a kind of female genre, so a Lizzie Borden museum was just a no-brainer, we thought. It was really kind of funny because for years we've been calling this "Project X" because we've been afraid that someone would steal the idea. We were shocked that no one had come up with the idea before us.

My pat answer is that 'Well you guys just put a statue of Elizabeth Montgomery down the road, a witch statue down the road, and she played Lizzie in the first TV movie, so that's our reason for being here.'

My favorite question was from a guy who came by just the other day and came in and asked, 'What does Lizzie have to do with Salem? Shouldn't it be in New Bedford?' Why would it be in New Bedford? He said, 'That's where the murders took place.' Which proved my point exactly. The reason it needs to be in Salem is so that this guy can learn that it didn't happen in New Bedford, it happened in Fall River. So he answered his own question.

Q. Do you think it's going to increase information...people interested in the case and perhaps bring people down to Fall River?

PICKEL: Oh, absolutely. We're going to make sure that everyone who come to the museum knows exactly where the murders happened; not in Salem, but an hour and a half south of there, and the murder house is now a Bed and Breakfast. That gives people the opportunity to tour the house, as well as perhaps spend the night. Also, the Fall River Historical Society has a nice display of artifacts. I think we are going to be able to pull a lot of people, that didn't even realize that the Lizzie Borden murders happened in Massachusetts, and send them down to Fall River for more information and find what really happened. We're a museum that could be almost a traveling exhibit that could go anywhere, and the reason we chose Salem was because of the massive tourism that's already there. For many years we've been looking for the perfect location, which is very important in Salem, and the funding. The two together kind of fell together really very quickly at the end of last year, and we were able to get started.

Q. Are you finding that people are stopping by and asking questions and wondering what's going on with your business there in Salem?

PICKEL: We get two reactions. We get reactions from the other merchants in the area that they're excited about another museum that's not witch-related, because there's so many things there that just regurgitate the same old facts over and over again. It would give visitors something new and different and fresh, and give people a break from the witchcraft thing. It is Massachusetts' history so it does fit nicely within the state.

Q. What are your plans for the inside- I mean do you have ideas about how it is going to be laid out and what you are going to include?

PICKEL: We do. The first section is going to be Fall River in 1892, to give people a feel for what life was like back then. There was child labor working in the mills and when Lizzie discovered her father she could not just jump on her cell phone and call the police. She had to tell somebody to go and run and find somebody. We are letting people know what it was like to live during that time period in the Victorian age. It is going to kind of set the stage for what happened.

The next section is kind of like the actors in the play, and we're going to go through each one of the key people that were living in the house at the time of the murder- or staying anyway, in the case of the uncle. We'll tell everybody their background and their stories and who they were.

One of the key players in the play, in my opinion, is the house- because the house is kind of strange. It was originally built as a two-story, two-family house and Andrew Borden converted it to make it a one-family residence. There were doors that were locked and even nailed shut in some cases; there were oddities about the house. That kind of thing helps in what couldn't have happened, what could have happened, and where some murderer could have hidden and couldn't have hidden, during the day of the murder.

Q Are you going to solve the crime?

PICKEL: I don't think anybody could solve the crime. I mean, I don't think anybody really had the motive and the opportunity other than Lizzie, but she was acquitted so we really can't say that she did. No one will ever know who really did it, but we are going to do a section that takes modern forensics and looks at the crime and tries to see what we can divulge from the evidence that was available—to utilize modern science and see if we can get closer.

Q. The location of your museum is directly down away from the new Elizabeth Montgomery Bewitched statue, right?

PICKEL: It is. As I said, we had a haunted house there several years ago and that part of town, the place where the museum is at, is known to the locals as the heart of Salem. It is on the walking mall on Essex, and everybody that comes to Salem, Massachusetts, walks down that street, so it has the most exposure. It's going to give us the opportunity to tell the story, to tell Lizzie's story, to the most amount of people than you can anywhere else in the country, and that's why we're there.

Q. Your magazine that you publish, it's called ...?

PICKEL: My magazine is called *Haunted Attraction* magazine. It's a kind of trade publication for the haunted house and for the Halloween industries. It goes to people who own haunted houses, as well as people that decorate their yards and build their own props.

Q You mean own real haunted houses or "attraction" haunted houses?

PICKEL: October seasonal haunted houses, things like that.

Q. But not the real ones?

PICKEL: No! We make our own ghosts.

Q. What other attractions are you involved in...any ad hoc mansions or haunted houses?

PICKEL: We've done stuff for Universal Studios. Many years ago we did Madison Square Garden, the first year that they did a Halloween event. So we've done some famous stuff. But the magazine and the convention, and now the museum, is really taking the majority of my time- trying to get this thing open so we can be ready for at least part of the summer season and for Halloween.

Q. How about wax figures? Are you planning any wax figures in your Lizzie museum?

PICKEL: No, this is pure museum. It's pictures and text and some artifacts. It's really not going to resemble a haunted house in any shape or form.

Q. So it's not going to be like the witch museum where they have all the...

PICKEL: No, it's going to be more like the Peabody—it's going to be something that is truly a museum. We're there to be educational and to let everybody know what happened- and what we know and what we don't know. We won't make any conjecture or make any insistent supposition, or put forth even any rumors, or ways that it might have happened.

Q. About lecture series, are you planning anything for the future or are you just going for the opening to see how it takes off and where it goes from there?

PICKEL: We would love to have an area where we can do book signings for new books that come out, and actually bring in authors and people to do a lecture series. We're a little bit tight on room and we want to see whether that's actually going to work for us. That's in our original business plan- to be able to bring locals, as well as people from Fall River, up for a nice evening with wine and cheese and to do a nice lecture from those Lizzie experts that are out there. Again, just to further the education and to let everybody know that there's a big world out there, and there's a lot of people that love Lizzie. There should be an opportunity for all of us to get together and share stories and, you know, feel like we're part of a family, 'cause we really are.

Q. What's the address of the building, the physical building?

PICKEL: The building is, we're calling it: 203 Essex, Salem, Massachusetts. The zip code is 01970.

Q. And the web address and telephone number? Do you want to pass that on?

PICKEL: The web address is LizzieBordenMuseum.com and the phone number is 866-LIZZIE-B.



the case of the exhausted amanuensis



A LIZZIE BORDEN GIRL DETECTIVE MYSTERY

By Richard Behrens

Illustration by Marc Reed

I. A Competitive Nature

October 1877. On the very morning that Lizzie Borden of Fall River first heard of the puzzling Professor Welles and embarked on one of her most baffling adventures as a Girl Detective, she was lounging about in her sister Emma's airy and sunlit bedroom. Reclining on the fainting sofa, she basked in the heat and light of the southern exposure despite the late autumn season. Holding a pearl handled mirror up to her face, she solemnly examined her pouty cheeks, her wide eyes, and short eyebrows, feeling with her fingertips the youthful texture of her skin.

"One day, Lizzie Andrew Borden," she spoke softly to her own image, "you shall be known all throughout this Commonwealth. Children shall be singing your praises in rhyme."

The bedroom door disrupted her reverie as it rattled hard against the chair that Lizzie had propped underneath the doorknob. This was followed by a low grumbling, and the sound of footsteps drifting away in the direction of the adjoining guestroom. Lizzie put down the mirror and braced herself, knowing that the second door into the room, the one from the guest chamber, would soon open. When it did, it pushed aside a small dresser that groaned forward into the room, in its turn disheveling the carpet. In the dresser's wake stood Emma Borden, her older sister, who, as was apparent from the street dust in her dress hem dragging behind her, had obviously been running errands. Emma stood fish-mouthed, her eyes lighting up as she soaked in the invasion of her private space.

"I suppose you are wondering," Lizzie said, getting to her feet and hand-ironing her skirt, "why I am not locked up in my own room." Her eyes darted toward the small closet-like space that sat just off Emma's bedroom, in which a large bed dominated the area below a dim window. "Perhaps your seminary education did not include the art of measuring walls," Lizzie scoffed, folding her hands

before her. "But if you examined that little crawl space that has been designated as my own, you will find that its dimensions fall quite short of those of your own spacious quarters."

Emma's eyes ran rampant over her sister's face, as if she were looking desperately for some hint that sanity dwelt within. She then pointed a finger toward Lizzie's bedroom. The finger stood in the air like a flagpole, quite firm in its meaning.

Wisely choosing to remain silent, Lizzie nodded, lifted her skirt, and moved toward the room. She then slammed the door behind her. Just as she had seated herself on the bed, wondering how long her punishment of solitude would last, the door banged open and Emma came in, her words flowing just as freely as they had previously been frozen.

"You think you can pretend that you have the disadvantage!" Emma shouted, her voice passionately reaching an upper register. "You think it's easy for me, to know that at any time you feel like it, you can come charging across my room, disrupting my peace? There is no privacy in this house! I can't sit still for a moment, not a moment. And for what? So you can shirk all your errands and run around this city playing like you are some sort of crime detective? I can't even imagine why you would do anything of the sort."

"Perhaps it's because I'm clever," Lizzie said. "I may have the tiniest room in the house, but I certainly have the largest mind."

"And what is that supposed to mean? I want to remind you that I am thoroughly educated, and I have intellectual passions of my own. Did it ever occur to you that I might be offended by your posturing and all the attention that your superior intellect has won you? I can do your job just as well."

A broad smile graced Lizzie's face. "Why Emma, that would be delightful. Fall River will be all the richer for that. There is, sadly, enough, plenty enough, unsolved crimes to go around."

Emma thrust out her chin. "I have no doubt in my mind that I can do what you can do. There is no trick to it. It's all common sense."

"Common sense? Well, then let me demonstrate, dear Emma, why I am a Girl Detective and you have been making runs to the family farm to gather the eggs for Father. I have a puzzle for you, and I want you to solve it. It is a simple one, but very revealing."

Emma's eyes turned upwards as they narrowed. "Proceed," she challenged.

Lizzie cleared her throat. "I begin. You enter into a cabin in the woods that is dark except for the moonlight coming through the single window. You find on a table a single match, a candle, a kerosene lamp, and a log of wood for the fire. Now keep in mind there is only one of each item, including only one match. Which would you light first?"

Emma closed her eyes as if trying to crank the gear shafts of her mind. "That is obvious," she finally announced, staring proudly at her sister. "I suppose I should hang out my shingle as Emma Borden, Girl Detective, for I have solved your little mystery using simple reasoning. The candle will be the one to light first."

"Why so?" asked Lizzie.

"It is simplicity itself. The candle is the easiest to ignite, it takes but an instant. And besides: you never said the kerosene lamp has any oil, and the log of wood would need a fireplace, which you have not described. Thereby, confronted by a single match, a candle, a lamp, and a log of wood, I would first light the candle. Then if the lamp has any oil, I can transfer the flame to it from the candle, and if the cabin does indeed have a fireplace, I can set ablaze the log with the generous fire from the lamp. That, dear Lizzie, is how a seminary girl thinks!"

Lizzie smiled and began walking past Emma on her way to the hallway. "And this is how a Girl Detective thinks," she said as she rustled across the floor. "You would have to light the match first."

Emma stopped breathing as her hands curled into fists and Lizzie descended the steps, softly humming to herself. Somewhere in the distance, the town hall bell was tolling the noon hour.

II. The Puzzled Professor

Later that afternoon, a small woman in a blue bengaline dress paced back and forth outside the Borden residence. Her hands wringing together, the woman's anxious eyes were glued to the sidewalk as if she were about to make a monumental decision. As the horse traffic, street vendors, and pedestrians flowed around her, she gathered up her nerve as well as her skirts and ascended the steps to the Borden door. With newly-found determination, she knocked.

"I must speak to the Girl Detective," she announced when a middle-aged woman wiping her hands on an apron answered the door. "Please announce me to Elizabeth, the clever one," the visitor said boisterously, as if she had rehearsed the line.

"Lizzie is her name," Abby Borden, Lizzie's step-mother, corrected her. "And if you must insist on indulging her in her sad fantasy, then so shall it be. Come in, please."

The woman, upon being ushered into the parlor, took a sweeping look at the small modest furniture and marveled. "I like your wallpaper," she said, pointing at the violet curls of flowers that snaked along the walls. "You have developed a tasteful interior."

"Thank you," Abby said. "I'm glad someone appreciates it. I'll go fetch the . . . uh . . . clever one."

A few moments later, Lizzie Borden entered the room, standing tall and stiff, a group of books in the crook of one arm. "I beg your gracious pardon," she said, smiling. "I didn't mean to keep you waiting, but I was in the middle of my mid-afternoon tour through these fascinating books on the medical sciences. I am taking a particular interest in the life story of Dr. Benjamin Rush, a man who, despite his erudition, experience, and wisdom, was a passionate advocate of bloodletting. It is a barbaric element of our medical climate, thankfully one that is in the process of disappearing. Why only the other day our family doctor told me . . ."

"Dear girl!" the woman said, stepping forward, encouraging Lizzie to step back toward the piano. "I come to you on most

serious business; this is not about bloodletting, but my poor, insane husband.”

Lizzie set the books down on the piano top and motioned the woman to join her on the lounge. “I apologize; it often takes moments to return from my studious trances. Please be seated, and I am all yours.”

The woman nodded and began in a careful voice: “I am Julia Welles, the long-suffering wife of the great Professor John Wellington Welles, late of Brown University, now living in semi-retirement on Rock Street. We have been in Fall River for a full year now, and my serious wishes were for my husband to let his brilliant career fade behind him, and for him to enjoy his twilight years in domestic simplicity. For so long now has he been immersed in the study of mathematics. He has an almost unnatural obsession with the theories of infinity and imaginary numbers, although I fall short of understanding exactly what they are. All these years, I have taken pride in his excellence, his authority, and his natural ability to discipline his mind to solve any number of complex equations. In his prime years, he was a foremost expert on the paradoxes associated with these sciences, and learned men from all over the world would seek out his judgment and advice.”

“Happily, I have heard of Professor Welles since he has moved to town,” Lizzie nodded. “Sadly, my path has never crossed with his, except for a paper he wrote on the speed of light through the ether that I may have read at the library. I am afraid that my knowledge of mathematics is not as strong as I would wish. However, I hold Dr. Welles in very high esteem. I am a little confused, however; do you come here with a problem relating to the Professor? I sincerely hope nothing is wrong.”

“Nothing is wrong,” Mrs. Welles announced. “But I am afraid that something may be wrong in the future.”

“I don’t follow.”

“I can barely follow myself. My husband has put too much of himself into his work, laboring long and hard. In the privacy of his solitude, he has long occupied his mind with mathematical paradoxes. One time he attempted to explain the theory of accelerating infinities. I followed him at first, but soon got lost in the logic, or lack of logic, and I pitied him that he often has to spend long periods inside his own mind with such thought-twisting equations. Always I feared that he would lose himself and become severely muddled. Indeed, I’m afraid that time has come.”

Lizzie rocked in her seat. “What has happened?”

“Recently, he has come to the conclusion that . . .” She glanced about, making sure that Lizzie would be the only person to hear her. “I know this sounds crazy, but you must understand that my husband has been under enormous strain. He is of the opinion, based on his own research, that time as we know it—the time that we follow like a straight arrow throughout the day, from the moment we sit up in bed to the late hour upon which we fall back asleep—is not as straight as one would think. He actually believes that time is moving in both directions, that some of us are moving

in one direction in time, and that others, like himself, are moving in another direction.”

“What exactly do you mean?”

“He explains it thus: what is tomorrow for me is yesterday for him, and what is yesterday for myself is tomorrow for him. He claims that he is moving in epicycles, as he calls them; and states that although he experiences each individual day in the same time flow that the rest of us are moving in, the progression of days for him is backwards. He also claims that in this manner, he can predict my future, because to him, it is his past.”

Lizzie felt a surge of disappointment. Instead of a mystery, she was hearing a simple case of an overworked mathematician who needed a vacation. “He is obviously too strained from his work,” Lizzie announced. “I believe this is beyond my talents. Perhaps he should see a doctor about his nerves.”

“Well, it is not his mania about the flow of time that I have come to see you about, nor is it the mystery that I expect you to solve. You see, tangential to this theory about time is his insistence that he has committed a horrible crime. And to make things worse, my husband contends that crime is still in our future, although for him, he remembers it as if it were yesterday. Indeed, it may very well have been yesterday for him.”

“A crime? Has he indicated the nature of this crime?”

“I know this sounds incredible, but he claims that there will be a day and an hour in which he will cross from one time flow to another, and on that particular day, he will actually meet with himself. He claims that in a fit of hysteria, he will kill himself, or has killed himself.”

Lizzie nodded and flattened out her skirts. “Yes, I see. Well, Mrs. Welles, I don’t know how I can help you. I have heard of lunatics in our Taunton Asylum who have received some very excellent treatment at the hands of trained professionals. But I am not of that profession.”

“I know, dear girl. I am sorry to hit you with such a strange tale this early in the morning, and I know it must be severely confusing. But I do believe that my poor husband is suffering such delusional mania that he actually believes that he will be killed by himself. I know that this sounds fantastical, but I would like to hire your services to solve a crime that has not yet been committed.”

“How can I do that?” Lizzie sighed. “Clues usually appear after a crime, and not before. Further, when the culprit of the crime has already confessed to it, it will actually happen in the future, and he himself will be both the victim and the murderer, where do I even begin? The identity of the murderer is already solved, and the victim will only be dead for a single moment since the murder will happen backwards, hence there will be no more victim after it is committed. And the only victim before it is committed is the murderer. So where is the need for a detective?”

“Nonetheless, I implore you to take the case. I want you to spy on my husband and piece together the twisted labyrinth of his failing mind.”

"How can I spy on him? From what you tell me he is a recluse on Rock Street, and I cannot be occupied by creeping around the windows and peering in. I'll be picked up by the police."

"I can arrange to have you brought in as his personal amanuensis. He has already expressed the need to finish his current thesis called "Zeno's Paradox and the Arrival at the Zero Point Through Eudoxus' Method of Exhaustion" for the *Providence Journal of Mathematical Studies*. He is desperate to finish the paper and have it published before he corrects his direction in time and survives his own murder of himself."

"Am I qualified for being an amanuensis for a celebrated professor? I clearly do not know the math."

"All will be taken care of. Previous assistants hardly did any work at all. He merely wants someone to follow him around and jot down notes that he spouts at random intervals. Oh, Miss Lizzie Borden, Girl Detective, will you help me in this matter? From the stress of it all, I am going mad myself."

Lizzie stared into space, trying to imagine herself taking notes for a Brown University Professor. There was an attractive allure to it, a quality of accomplishment. Since she had never attended a university, this would be such a great opportunity for her to experience the mind of a brilliant, if not slightly insane, man.

"I do suppose I can spare the time," she said quietly.

Mrs. Welles beamed with hope, her eyes widening, and her hands reaching out for Lizzie's shoulders. "Oh dear, I know there may be not much more to this than my husband's drift into madness, which, in and of itself, is a tragic thing, but to think that I may be able to prevent, with your help, his own murder of his future self, that gives me great comfort."

Lizzie rubbed her chin. "If this will accomplish nothing more than to give you a slightly more balanced peace of mind about your husband's condition then I shall be glad to oblige," she said. "As you may have discovered from various sources, I do not charge any fee for my services, except the satisfaction that I am providing good deeds for my own community, by helping those who truly need help. That has been my reward."

"Yes, I have heard of your generosity. But I do insist on paying you a wage for your pretended work as amanuensis. It is only fair, since you will actually be providing my husband with the assistance that he needs. At least accept that small pittance, one dollar a day. Starting tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Agreed." Lizzie was about to stand and walk Mrs. Welles to the door when she froze in place, a strange smile on her lips. "I do have one request," she said.

"Anything you wish, dear girl."

"I have an assistant of my own. Like me, she has a strong mind and is currently an apprentice to my detecting profession. I wish to bring her along, perhaps disguised as a cook or a maid. Do you have a position on your domestic staff that would suit a woman of about twenty-six?"

"Why, yes; indeed I do. The Maid-Of-All-Work has recently

fled the premises, disturbed over my husband's condition. We have put a notice in the afternoon paper, but have not yet received any responses. Do you think your assistant can handle a domestic job?"

"Without question. You have my word that she will provide impeccable service, both as the new maid and as a complement to my own investigation."

"It sounds splendid. What is her name?"

Lizzie closed her eyes, feeling for the answer with her mind rather than thinking it out. "Maggie," she finally announced.

"It is done," Mrs. Welles said happily, rising to her feet. "I shall see both of you tomorrow morning at nine. I will tell my husband that you shall be arriving in the morning."

Once Mrs. Welles was safely out of the house, Lizzie turned to ascend the staircase toward her bedroom, and saw Emma standing like a sentinel at the top of the steps.

"Maggie!?" Emma said, her eyes rolling.

Lizzie lifted up her hands. "Now, Emma! I only had your edification in mind. I assumed you would want to take part in an investigation to improve your detective abilities."

"Maggie!" Emma repeated, her voice ascending.

III. The Imaginary Man

Early the next morning, Lizzie and Emma walked up Rock Street, their hands on their hats to counter the high winds passing all the elegant homes of the more affluent families of Fall River. Lizzie was dressed in a tightly-fitting dark blue Basque with a handsome row of buttons running down from a bow brooch under her chin. She was fretting over a pocket watch, which was nestled in her left hand, minding the time, pacing herself so they would arrive at their destination upon the punctual hour. She seemed ever the intellectual young lady, straight out of school.

By contrast, Emma trailed her sister in a shapeless gingham dress with a stained apron that she had fetched from the cellar dustbin. A white cap bridled her head and a set of pockets flapped about her side flanks.

"I feel as if the entire city was laughing at me," she whispered to Lizzie.

"Nonsense," Lizzie said, not looking at her sister. "We are just a secretarial assistant and a Maggie out for a stroll."

They passed the elegant homes along Rock Street, distinctive dwellings with their gilded capitals and elegant balustrades, their Mansard roofs, and their sandstone walls and granite pillars. These magnificent homes, in which dwelt the mighty owners of the mills and influential bankers of Fall River, were quite a contrast to the relatively shabby Greek Revivals to which Lizzie and Emma were accustomed, and seemed like Temples of Apollo by comparison. The two sisters paused before an imposing home that was graced with what seemed to be a mill tower proudly erect off the center.

"Here lives Jefferson Borden," Lizzie sighed. "Now, there is a Borden indeed."



“Did you not ever feel, Lizzie,” Emma asked solemnly, “that Father could have secured us our place up here on the Hill? Perhaps if he had been far more ambitious, he too would have prospered as regally as Mr. Jefferson, and we would then be enjoying such a castle for our own.”

“Father has done very well for himself,” Lizzie said, pulling at her arm. “We cannot fault him if he has not risen as high as Mr. Jefferson, so there is no need to mourn our possible futures now.”

They finally arrived at the residence of Dr. John Wellington Welles, an elegant and feminine pink house rising from the street. A narrow set of stairs led up to a small porch. They rang the bell and the lady of the house arrived, looking at Lizzie with a strange dislocation. “Ah, the new amanuensis. Professor Welles is quite anxious to get started.”

“The pleasure is all mine,” Lizzie said with a tiny curtsy, then ascended into the house. Emma, after a slight pause in which she detected she may be left behind on the porch, followed quickly before the door shut. Mrs. Welles looked at her with a discerning eye.

“And this must be Maggie.”

“Yes,” Emma said, pausing awkwardly then dipping her knees faintly. “I am . . . uh . . . Maggie.”

“Fine,” Mrs. Welles said coldly. “Before you do one moment of work, let it be understood that you are in service to our needs. There is one hard and fast rule here at the Professor’s house, and that is the servants need to be ready at all times of the day and night to perform their duties. There is no such thing as having time on your hands here. If you have time to lean, you have time to clean. That is my motto. Having said that, you will now follow in the direction in which I am pointing. The kitchen is that way. Mr. Humphrey is waiting. He’ll explain your duties.”

Emma swallowed hard, took a desperate look at Lizzie (who seemed to be ignoring her), and started toward the kitchen, her gait awkward. When she was gone, Mrs. Welles broke out into a huge smile and poked Lizzie in the arm. “If that is truly not a maid, then she must surely be applauded for her theatrical skills!” she exclaimed. “I could not tell the difference. Come, Lizzie, I’ll introduce you to the Professor.”

They walked down the corridor by the side of the main staircase and came to a dark oak door that opened into a musty study with northern exposure and dominated by many bookcases. The volumes were laid out in long rows, so numerous that they obscured most of the walls, darkening the room. Centered upon the wide fireplace mantel was a marble clock, flanked by two golden lions. The clock’s pendulum swung back and forth to an audible, persistent metronomic pulse.

Before the windows facing the street, stood a dark mahogany desk upon which lay mountains of paper, behind which rested a small man with an egg-shaped head bearing a fringe of white hair around the side. His face was obscured by an enormous shock-white mustache growing over his lips like a strange mammal that had deposited itself on his mouth for hibernation. The man’s face turned upwards. Only the uplifting of the mustache gave Lizzie the suggestion that the man had smiled.

“This must be my new assistant!” he shouted in a thin and shrill voice, quite in character with his stature. To Lizzie’s surprise, the man glided out from behind his desk without gaining in any height. Apparently, he had been standing; his legs were comically short.

“Come, my child!” he said, a few stout fingers motioning her across the room. He stood in a frayed dressing gown with a tasseled cord, as if he had just risen from bed. “Come this way, and prove my hypothesis as you do so.”

“I don’t understand, sir. How can I prove anything by walking across the room?”

“All in good time,” he chuckled. “Hmmm,” he paused, one eye closing and the other one darting toward the side, suggesting that his mind was awl with fresh thought. “In good time. Yes, well, in one timeline you are already across the room and are moving back toward where you stand now. But that is not your concern. Come, come!”

Lizzie walked toward him, slowing down as she approached a foot from his position, but his fingers still beckoned her forward. “There,” he said, as she came to a halt, not three inches before him. “You have empirically proven it, just as everyone else who has walked across a room toward me has proven.”

“Proven what?” Lizzie asked. “That I can walk across a room? I do have feet, you know.”

“No, you have proven that Zeno’s Paradox is but a mad delusion. The Paradox is the ancient riddle that points out a rather peculiar impossibility in physics. Between any two points there are an infinite number of points; therefore it should be impossible for anyone to actually arrive at any destination.”

“I have heard of this paradox,” Lizzie said, “in my high school class work. If you half the distance between the two points, you arrive at halfway, then if you half the distance again, you arrive at three quarters of the way. If you half *that* distance, you are now getting closer to your goal, but since there is an infinite number of points to cross, you will continuously be halving the remaining distance for an infinite number of times which will take forever. It is truly a paradox.”

The Professor’s face brightened, his cheeks flushing. “My, you have made a very old man very happy. I have never had an assistant who took any sort of interest in my theories, far less knew about them before I even explained them. I think this will be a very fruitful relationship. Please sit down, and we will discuss your duties.”

As Lizzie sat, she glanced around the room and began to notice

its details. Over by the door was a small standing Grecian column, upon which perched a bust of Isaac Newton; his long romantic locks cascading alongside sad eyes that were, despite all the years since his death, as yet, trying to discover the secret equations that defined the universe. About the base of the column were strewn crumpled pages from notebooks alongside several scientific journals and newspapers, as if they were leaves blown across a lawn. Upon the Professor's desk, scattered amongst the countless pages of a holograph manuscript, were various objects that seemed fitting for a man of science: a broken astrolabe, a kaleidoscope, a magnifying glass, and a large leather-bound edition of Jules Verne's *Journey To The Centre of the Earth*. The Professor noticed her specific focus on the book.

"Verne is an idealist, like me," he explained. "He believes in actually arriving at your destination." He clapped his hands. "Now, we will begin."

For the rest of the afternoon Lizzie sat enraptured by the Professor's eager sharing of his theories, elucidated with a clarity that surprised her. Although much of his discussion consisted of high mathematical principles, he spoke of them metaphorically, succeeding in painting visual pictures for her that drew out the internal logic of the equations in such a way that Lizzie, in reaching an understanding of his theses, would simply imagine arrows being shot from golden bows, stars glowing in infinite darkness, or beams of light crossing the vastness of the starry sky. As he explained more and more, Lizzie took renewed interest in his charming eyes, his generous hair, and his gnome-like body. She began to admire him.

At the end of the day, as the sun slowly sank behind the river down the Hill, and the houses on Rock Street began to glow with the warm burning of oil lamps in their windows, he professed the need for a very early retirement, a little too early in Lizzie's estimation. He rang for Mr. Humphrey, and the stone-faced man servant appeared as if he had vaporized from under the door. His well-structured and harsh mutton-chopped face bespoke many decades of dedicated service to his betters.

"Help me upstairs," the Professor told his man. "We are done for the day."

Mr. Humphrey escorted his master to the door of the study, then turned and twisted his head in Lizzie's direction, clearly indicating that she should wait for him. After several minutes, Mr. Humphrey re-appeared, a strange glint in his eye that resembled a twinkle.

"I need to discuss a delicate matter with you in private," he said. "As you wish," Lizzie nodded.

"I am slightly embarrassed about this, but I do wish you would allow me a glance at the papers that you and the Professor are working on. I am a bit of an amateur mathematician and I can surely expand my education from seeing the progress he is making with his equations."

"I can oblige," Lizzie laughed, a bit relieved that he did not reprimand her for ill behavior toward the Professor. "I shall leave the papers on the study desk each night. Please allow yourself much

freedom with them."

"I thank you," the proud man said, the glint disappearing from his eye. "And I urge you to keep the Professor in the dark about my request. He does not see me as a suitable recipient of his work, being that I am of the domestic class. If you know what I mean . . ."

"I certainly do," Lizzie sighed. How charming it was that a man servant was serious about advancing his education. She bowed politely and Mr. Humphrey turned to vacate the study. A moment later, Emma appeared in the doorway, her face drifting underneath a head rag, her hand holding a pail that sloshed with soapy water.

"Ready to go home?" Lizzie asked, raising a winking finger.

Emma scowled and threw the pail down to the ground, where the water splashed onto her boot. "Confound you, Lizzie Andrew!" she said, painfully. "You think I can just walk out the door like I have finished a school lesson and it is time for recess? Are you mad? They have put me up in the attic and I'm to send for the rest of my clothes in the morning."

Lizzie scratched her chin and pondered. "I did not think that Mrs. Welles would insist you play the role to the hilt."

"You make me the maid, I become the maid. You spend the entire sunlit course of the day with your midget scientist and engage in varied intellectual nonsense, while I scrub the privy and run the laundry down cellar. Tomorrow morning, I am to empty the slops!"

"Hmm, I will put in some inquiries to my employer."

"The employer from whom you have asked no pay but the wages of an amanuensis? How do you think that ranks against the pay of a Maggie?"

"I don't suppose they come close. Well, there is much to think upon."

A low voice, startling in its immediacy, rang out from the hallway. "The only thing to think upon, Maggie," it said, causing the two women's hearts to thump, "is that there is more ironing to be done." In the low shadows stood Mrs. Welles, an eerie displeasure across her furrowed brow. Emma withdrew with a frightened yelp into the corridor, racing toward the kitchen, dragging the pail with her.

"I am sorry to disturb Maggie's duties," Lizzie said, tipping her hat slightly forward.

"We must play our roles to the hilt," Mrs. Welles winked, then headed toward the front door, indicating for Lizzie to follow her. "Servants are a strange lot and it is best not to become too familiar with them. They crave attention and are often distracted from their duties."

"I will no longer pay her any mind," Lizzie said assuredly. Within moments, she was heading down Rock Street toward home, pondering Emma's dilemma, but wondering even more upon the delightful paradoxes of time and space that the dear old Professor had put into her mind.

IV. The Dark Conclusion

Lizzie's session with the Professor on the second day commenced on a curious note. Upon her arrival, Mrs. Welles, whose face was flush red with frustration, met her at the front door. "He claims he's been waiting for you for an hour," she announced.

"I am very punctual," Lizzie said, pointing to the silver pocket watch, which she had held in her palm during her entire walk to work. Mrs. Welles' face remained stiff and Lizzie went immediately to the study to find the little man was already dressed and well into shuffling his notes.

"Where have you been?" he asked, twirling the left half of his mustache. "The day is nearly half over."

"I'm sorry, Professor," Lizzie announced, "but by my reckoning it has just begun. It is barely past nine o'clock."

"Poor girl," the Professor said, clicking his tongue. "I shall make a mathematician out of you yet. Remember, the arrow of time is not constant. And it shall be sundown before we know it. Let's begin!"

Lizzie sat at the desk and spread out the papers on which she was taking dictation. She took up a stylographic fountain pen of the improved variety that Mr. Cross of Providence, Rhode Island, had personally presented to Professor Welles as a tribute to his genius, or so the Professor claimed. She unscrewed a nearby inkwell, and with the help of an eyedropper, topped off the pen's interior chamber.

"Yesterday, you were quite adamant about the method of Exhaustion," she reminded him, "to eliminate the trivial infinities that bedevil any man who tries to accurately calculate the area of a solid object or the distance between two points."

"Not quite the precise definition," the Professor said, his crinkled eyes indicating a smile had grown under his mustache. "But I shall elucidate. It was the Greek Pythagorean Hippasus and his Theory of Incommensurable Magnitudes that started the whole thing. He shook up his community by announcing that not every value in the world could be reduced to a common unit of measure. He proved it by using geometry. It was said that he made this discovery while at sea, and that his cabin mates, who were also Pythagoreans, were so disturbed by his discovery that they tossed him overboard to his doom. Admittedly, I can't help but feel a sense of empathy with Hippasus, since I was also expelled from Brown University by my community of mathematicians. Yes, that was a sad day, but it turned out to be the start of a new life for me." For a moment, the Professor stroked his mustache and stared out the window as if remembering something from a long time ago.

He turned back toward Lizzie. "The idea," he continued, "that not everything in the world can be reduced to whole numbers led to Zeno's assumption that any quantity can be halved an infinite number of times and always be in the process of approaching zero, but never quite reaching zero. This led to the split between the concept of magnitude and the concept of number, freeing numbers from their paradoxes of infinity. The reason why I am so fascinated by this proposition is that it will defeat Zeno's Paradox

and show that indeed one can transfer an infinite number of points by continually halving the distance, and eventually arriving at a destination."

Lizzie tried to scribble as much as she could, then eventually gave up. "Professor, I think it would be a lot clearer to me if you demonstrate how this relates to the concept of zero. You mentioned yesterday that zero is the point to which all phenomena tends toward, but at which they never arrive."

"Yes," he said, rubbing his cheek. "Always tending toward zero, but never arriving there. It is a maddening proposition, and one that I have devoted my entire life toward conquering." His eyes went dim, then he looked at her with renewed interest. "Perhaps, my dear amanuensis, it is time for me to lay bare for you my master plan as put forth in my new paper 'Zeno's Paradox and the Arrival at the Zero Point Through Eudoxus' Method of Exhaustion' for the *Providence Journal of Mathematical Studies*."

Lizzie smiled at such a thought: his master plan. "Oh, do you mean that you have formulated a solution to Zeno's Paradox by defeating the Theory of Incommensurable Magnitudes?"

"Even better," he said, his eyebrows flaring. "By the Method of Exhaustion, one can reduce the increasingly infinite values, the ones that never quite reach zero, and exhaust them to a state of being trivial infinitesimals. Do you understand, my girl?"

"Well, it's not quite something I do on a daily basis," Lizzie confessed, putting down her pen. "Perhaps if you explain a little more . . ." From the corner of her eye, through the study windows, she saw Emma walking in the yard, holding in one hand a long pole on which was a limp mop and a small wooden three-legged stool. Her other hand still held the watery pail from the day before as if it had never left her fingers. She came toward the study window, glancing upwards at its tall height with a sense of exhaustion possessing her face.

The Professor glanced upwards to see what it was that had caught Lizzie's gaze. "What is that girl doing? It is nearly supper time."

"Professor," Lizzie said, authoritatively. "I have only had my breakfast a scant one hour ago. I can taste it now: coffee, oat meal, and bananas."

"Nonetheless, I must get on with my tale. At Brown University, to the frustration of the students and faculty alike, I pursued this avenue of the Theory of Exhaustion to defeat the Incommensurable Magnitudes and Zeno's Paradox. In a nutshell, they thought me to be insane. I was asked to leave."

"Clearly, they could not appreciate your advanced mind."

"Precisely. But in the last few months, I have been working arduously at this theory, and I must announce that the time—and indeed when I say 'time', I mean 'time' in the full sense of the word—is coming soon. The answer to the riddle, as obvious as it may seem, is in my future. And the future is moving toward me at an accelerated rate."

"But Professor, the future is in the future, and we are moving

toward *it*, not the other way around.”

“Ah, you have revealed to me your precious intellect once more. Charming, for you are quite right. How can we tell if the future is moving toward us, or we are moving toward the future? And if we are both moving, then are we not accelerating the inevitable moment of collision?”

“That may be all correct, Professor. But how is this proof of your theory?”

“My dear amanuensis, when the future arrives, it will be proof that it is moving toward us. And that the moment of collision is the Zero Point in the Arrow of Time. That is when the Incommensurable Magnitudes shall be exhausted and all the past, the present, and the future will actually arrive at its destination!”

The room fell silent, broken only by the clomping noises of Emma’s mop against the glass panes. Lizzie felt a lump in her throat. What the Professor just said made no sense to her, but it seemed not only plausible but also inevitable. She couldn’t even visualize what it meant, or how it would physically manifest in the world—the Arrow of Time moving in both directions at once, colliding at a single point in the present and coming to a conclusion, arriving at a destination. It all gave her the same feeling of awe and fear that she often felt when she meditated upon some of the Holy Scripture’s spiritual propositions, like the ones where, as in the Book of Revelations, the world shall come to an end and we shall all be called to a vast reckoning. How silly it all sounded when proposed by her Reverend; now Lizzie felt an urgency that made it feel so terribly imminent.

“Do you mean to say,” Lizzie asked, “that all of the future and all of the past will collide in one moment?”

He nodded, almost religiously, as if the realization were too sacred to stain with words. “A singular moment,” he said. “One that shall have no past or future. Imagine that. Our frail science and incomplete mathematics can only hint at the magnitude of such a moment.”

“How much longer before this happens?” she asked daringly.

“Ah,” the Professor said, tilting his eyes downwards. “That is what we are here to discover through completing my work. We must answer the question: when exactly will we reach the dark conclusion?”

Lizzie glanced once more in Emma’s direction and saw her older sister struggling on the wobbly stool to keep her balance while extending her arms with the long handled mop. Emma’s face was seized with a colorless desperation that bespoke only of the task at hand. What innocence Emma seemed to possess now, engaged as she was in the mundane tasks of everyday life, focused on the silly chores that we are burdened with, not realizing that a mere few feet away, men of science like Professor Welles were probing the very shape of time and space itself, coming to some startling and disturbing conclusions, dark indeed. How much Lizzie envied Emma now, that she did not have the burden of hearing so terrible a pronouncement. Who at the moment had less responsibility, the

Amanuensis or the Maggie?

The Professor walked to the statue of Isaac Newton on its pedestal and placed a calm hand on his small shoulder. “This is a man who defined an absolute space and time. He believed that it all made sense, that one can reduce it all to formula. He didn’t believe that all of history was moving toward a single moment, a singular event in which a single moment is so infinitely small no human mind would ever comprehend or even experience it. Some have announced it happened at some point in the past. Others say it will occur in the future. I say that both the past and the future are hurtling in their own respective directions toward this moment. A moment that so great a mind as Isaac Newton would find strangely impossible.”

“The Dark Conclusion,” Lizzie said in a whisper, her fingers trembling. “Professor,” she announced. “I believe we would take our supper now.”

“Excellent idea!” he said, clapping his hands and gazing at the clock on the mantle. “And just in time, I may say!”

It was only half past nine in the morning.

V. Maggie’s Observation

As the weeks proceeded, Professor Welles’ schedule became more erratic and unpredictable. All evidence indicated that he was losing all sense of time, that he perceived the sun going down as the sun coming up, and that he took his meals at increasingly shorter intervals. After a weekend break, in which Emma was surprisingly exempt (Mrs. Welles had planned a thorough cleaning of the cellar and kept the maid on through the Sabbath to execute that labor), Lizzie came back, bright and early Monday morning, to find the Professor stretching and yawning. It seemed as if he had trimmed his mustache even further, and took an inch off his scraggly white hair.

“Good evening,” he said cheerfully. “I don’t suppose you realize that you have missed an entire day of work. I may ask you to copy some of my notes while I get a good night’s sleep.”

Lizzie was about to remind the Professor that it was just a short time since the sun had risen, but she figured that he had clearly lost his reason and that he would not listen to any common sense even if she tried. So she helped the Professor up the stairs, and then descended back down to the study where she found his wife, silhouetted against a window, staring at her.

“Mrs. Welles,” Lizzie said. “I don’t suppose you failed to notice that your husband’s dementia has gone far beyond a belief in time travel. He now seems to believe that the days are getting shorter.”

“An obvious ploy,” Mrs. Welles said angrily. “And one I shall not suffer gladly.”

“Ploy?”

“Is it not obvious that he is faking? I would have hoped that you would have seen that by now.”

“Mrs. Welles, it was I who told you from the beginning that it was physically impossible for your husband to be moving backwards

in time. I was the one declaring to you that he was faking. Why, you merely have to notice that he recognizes me every morning, that he remembers our conversations from the day before, that I do not have to introduce myself anew with each sunrise, as would be the case if my yesterdays were his tomorrows."

"But now," the Professor's wife said smugly. "I have better proof than that. Last night I found him cutting his own hair."

Lizzie frowned. "Cutting his hair?"

"Surely you have not failed to notice that his mustache and hair are growing shorter by the day. He was in the kitchen last night with a standing mirror shearing himself with a pair of scissors. Most certainly, he is trying to give the impression that his hair is growing shorter by the day, thereby keeping up the illusion that he is aging backwards. I've never seen a man so desperate."

"Desperate for what?"

"My husband has always been furious that he was expelled from the University, so convinced that his theories are correct, that he would now do anything to prove them and redeem himself in the academic community. That is why he so badly wants to show that time and space are controllable, and that one can conquer the barriers posed by infinitesimal infinities." She paused for a moment to consider her own words. "Whatever those are . . ."

Lizzie giggled and lifted her shoulders. "Coming from a world where the most pressing issue of the day is a dress sale down street, I would say that makes your husband most admirable."

"Yes," Mrs. Welles said sadly. "I wish I were married to a fruit peddler. He'd live by the clock: be on Bedford Street by seven, hawk his wares, count his daily wages, and then go home. For this entire year since he was kicked out of Brown, he has taken refuge in his arcane equations, and he has lost my affections." She stared despondently at the sunlight that brightened the windows. "Ah, if only he had taken an interest in the arts like his brother. I can see him as a painter, sitting in the wilds of nature with his palette and his smock. Yes, that would have been quite romantic indeed."

"He has a brother, then?"

"Sydney, two years younger, and two inches shorter. The two always argued that one wasn't younger or older than the other was. The wretched fools actually believed that they were both one year away from an ideal age that hovered somewhere in time between them. Likewise with their height: one inch off from some invisible center."

"Is Sydney also a man of science?"

Mrs. Welles laughed. "Hardly. He studied as an artist in Paris. Never have there been two brothers so unlike each other in temperament. Why, there is one of his paintings on the wall. Jonathan keeps it there as a memento, but cares not a jot for it. He took it as a birthday present, but I've never heard him say a kind word about it."

Lizzie stared at the wall where a framed painting portrayed a fog-bound seaman in cloth cap and a heavy straight-bodied jacket standing at the railing of some ship, presumably a whaler, his face

pointing toward the sea, clearly contemplating the infinite, as most sailors, artists and visionaries in any art or science will do from time to time.

"Perhaps they were not too dissimilar," came a soft voice. Both Lizzie and Mrs. Welles jumped a bit as Emma, fully garbed in her maid raiment, stood with a bucket of soapy water in the doorway. "He paints the captain with such fondness for his inner longing," she said. "You can see it in his face."

"Then my husband has never noticed," Mrs. Welles snapped. "Maggie, I was showing the painting to Miss Lizzie. You have some wood to fire on the cast iron for supper. And you must remember my peg lamp is broken and must be mended. Hop to it, girl!" She clapped her palms together, and Emma shuffled from the room, her eyes cast downward, slightly mumbling as she moved along.

"You are unnaturally harsh on her," Lizzie said, sternly.

"Remember, she is only a pretend maid."

"I am paying her wages, she will do as I say," Mrs. Welles said stiffly, and walked past Lizzie toward the hallway. "I believe he is ready for bed," she concluded, and disappeared.

Lizzie stared at the painting, trying to imagine a mind so unfettered by the cares of everyday drudgery, or having to make a living, or to run errands for the household. The artist-brother must be a winged soul taken alight into a realm higher than the one pursued by the Professor, a realm all the richer for its plentitude of heart and feeling. And yet the captain in the painting was staring to sea as if he were separated from some destination where he desperately needed to be, some place that, once he arrived there, would make him feel whole again.

She turned and saw the piles of paper that she had been working on with the Professor. How vain and unnecessary it all was, for the vanity of fame in the scientific community, or the God-like desire to conquer the System of the World. All men who strove for such heights were in essence divorced from their own hearts, caring little for their fellow humans and everything for abstract principles, be they university professors or simple furniture salesmen aspiring to be bank managers. They were all poor in spirit, lacking in some quality that made painters, poets, or even the lead violinist from an Academy of Music concert, more masculine, more courageous, and nobler than all the men of money and textile that populated Fall River. How petty and insignificant seemed the contributions of a Jefferson Borden now, when Lizzie stood confronted by the lonely stare of that salty whaling captain: a seafarer about to embark on his journey to bring back the precious fuel of light from the ghostly void.

There was a flutter, and a shadow appeared in the doorway. It was Emma, again, her face partly in the shadows of the room. "You have heard it from her own mouth! The man is faking. So, we are suffering here for nothing! For the petty wages she hurls at me to endure her insults and clean her show-kettles?"

"Emma, I know this is troublesome, but we are almost at a conclusion."

"The man is insane. To me, that concludes it right there." She began to remove her apron. "I am going home."

"No, stay! Emma, I need you to trust me. There is something here; something is happening that we don't understand yet. I was hired to prevent the man from killing himself, and the attempt has not yet happened."

"According to him, it has. That's good enough for me. I want to get out of here before she orders me to bang out the horse blankets."

Lizzie went to the desk and plied through the papers with unsettled hands. "No, that does not satisfy me. To him, the past is the future. At least it is the future for us. Oh, it is all so confusing. If only the man would walk and talk backwards, something irrefutable to show that he is truly time traveling. But this whole business about epicycles perplexes me."

"Epi . . ." Emma tried to repeat. "What? Aren't those having to do with the planets?"

"Yes, from our position upon the earth, the planets seem to move in retrograde motion, against their natural direction." Lizzie paused and saw the confused look on Emma's face as if she were trying to remember some astronomy lesson from several years before. "Perhaps it is easier to understand like this: in the old times, we would see the planets make strange patterns in the sky. They would slow down, reverse direction, and then speed up, before reversing direction again. This was all the stranger because we believed that the earth was at the center of the universe, and all the planets and the sun itself moved about us. But putting the sun at the center changed everything, and explained the motion of the planets perfectly. Now we know that epicycles are not the planets moving backwards, but merely an optical illusion as they turn within their own elliptical orbits, unlike the perfectly circular orbits that dominated in the Ptolemaic system."

Emma's eyebrows came together at the center of her forehead. "I have no idea what you just said," she sighed.

"Oh, Emma. The lesson is very simple. When we thought we were at the center of the universe, we thought the planets were moving backwards. But when we placed the sun at the center, we suddenly realized. . . ." She came to a sudden stop and glared down savagely at the papers clutched in her hands. They were covered with numbers, formulas, equations, all sorts of non-sensible abstractions that only a man trapped in his own head would believe, a man who thought that he was at the center of the universe.

"I think I know what's happening, Emma. Perhaps in a strange way, the universe just flipped around."

"Perhaps, but I only have a few moments before Mrs. Welles screams at me for not cleaning the grease pit."

Lizzie sat down at the Professor's desk and frantically looked for blank paper. She grabbed a sheet and then steadied an ink-well before her. "Emma, how many days have we been here? Five days on duty and two days off . . ."

"Seven days," Emma said in a huff, "with no days off."

"Yes, but the Professor was here the first day at nine o'clock,

refreshed from a good night's sleep and ready for work. Then, as the days went on his schedule

began to slip and he started to have delusions that he was several hours ahead of us, which would make sense if his own future were contracting backwards."

"I did notice such strange behavior. Why, only on Thursday did he believe that it was nine at night at only three in the afternoon."

Lizzie scribbled some notes, and then thought again. Emma stood paralyzed, knowing that there was something momentous going on in her sister's head, something that couldn't be interrupted, not even for Mrs. Welles' horse blankets.

After more calculations upon the paper, Lizzie drew an X-axis and a Y-axis and began to plot some points. They seemed to follow an exponential curve up the side of the graph. She hurriedly connected them, her drawing increasing in momentum as more of the shape of the line made itself evident. Finally, she thumped the paper and hurled the quill onto the table top, sprinkling the wood with ink.

"Emma!" she shouted. "On the morning that we had arrived, the Professor had completed an epicycle and was beginning to slow down to move back into retrograde motion."

"Which he is now doing?"

"Yes, he slowed down, then began his motion backwards again. But it is accelerating. He will kill himself in three day's time."

"Yet he is faker. He cut his own hair to give the illusion of time travel. You heard Mrs. Welles."

"Emma, it is not important that he is only moving backwards in his mind. We merely have to follow the strange inner logic that he believes to be true in order to determine what he is actually doing."

"He is moving backwards to the point where he is going to kill himself."

"Not kill himself," Lizzie said smiling. "Not suicide. He is going to confront himself and murder his double. That would not be suicide; that would be merely a metaphysical conundrum."

Emma shook her head, trying to dispel the thought. "All I know is I would like to leave this house and never come back. When we find Professor Welles lying on the floor with a knife sticking from his chest, I would see that as a little more than a metaphysical



conundrum.”

Lizzie picked up the pen again and strained to puzzle out some numbers. “If only we can determine the point where he will accelerate toward that Zero Point that he talks so much about. He truly believes that he is destined to arrive at the end of time and he indicates that it is three days in his past. But three days in his past is three days in his future.” She glanced up at her sister as if registering a forgotten thought. “Oh, dear Emma. Forgive me, you can go about your Maggie duties, I must work at this problem.”

Emma snarled and reached for her skirts and turned to go. “It is all pig squat, Lizzie! I’m going to go home right now. And I’m going to move so fast, that it would seem as if our little house on Second Street were running toward me!”

Lizzie bolted to her feet. She darted across the room and whirled Emma about, letting her see the excitement in her eyes. “Emma! You have given me the final piece of the puzzle! The Professor is accelerating backwards in time, so a day in the future is not a single day by our reckoning, but a shorter period of time. It is indeed as if the future were hurtling toward him. Oh, Emma, thank you!”

“What have I done? I don’t understand.”

“You’ve helped to solve the riddle of when Time will end!”

And with a dramatic flourish of her arms, Lizzie disappeared from the room, leaving Emma to ponder the profundity of her own accomplishment.

“Well,” said the weary house maid, pulling at her gingham. “I have solved the riddle of when Time will end. Wait till the girls back at the seminary hear about this one!”

VI. The Reckoning

As the clock struck eleven, Emma felt more uncomfortable than usual in her small attic room. A child’s rocking-chair sat against the far corner, casting an eerie shadow on the wallpaper. Emma kept glancing at it as if to make sure that it would not move. For several hours, she tossed and fretted, thinking of how abused she felt, of all the unfair labor she was forced to endure at the hands of Mrs. Welles and Mr. Humphrey. The indignities were of a kind that not even a Maid-Of-All-Work should be experiencing, and when this ordeal was all over, it would be Lizzie who would have to answer for it. Why did her sister remain so silent? How could she let this happen when it was within her power, as Mrs. Welles’ confidant, to petition to have it stopped?

After much tossing, Emma was alarmed to see the glow of a lamp underneath her door. It grew brighter, there was a small tap, and the door began to open inwards. With a startled yelp, Emma sat up in bed and drew her knees up to her chin, only to relax when she saw Lizzie, still dressed in her day uniform, standing in the doorway with a gloved finger pressing to her lips in the gesture of silence.

“Emma,” she whispered, and came to the bed, sitting gently on the side. “I have finally finished my calculations.”

“I thought you went home hours ago,” Emma complained.

“No, I hid in the horse barn and came back in through the unlatched side door just before sundown. I have just spent the entire evening calculating the exact hour when Professor Welles will confront himself as he passes in two directions of time at once.” She paused, and then added, “Taking into account his rate of acceleration, of course.”

“I’m assuming,” Emma said dryly, “that the hour is near.”

“The hour is in twenty-three minutes,” Lizzie announced.

“Right now the Professor is in bed, ready to wake. He has completed almost two cycles since we arrived that first day, Monday last, but because of his acceleration, time is moving faster for him. To him, it is one hour in the future for us, but that hour will only take him twenty-three minutes to experience. Therefore, we should be on guard at that time.”

“Lizzie, you do know how absurd this all is. The Professor is insane and that’s all there is to it.”

She was about to speak again, but Lizzie’s hand fell like a clamp over her mouth. Someone was moving up the hallway, no doubt drawn by the light radiating from Lizzie’s lamp. Within a few seconds, the two sisters were startled to see Mrs. Welles in her night gown standing in the doorway, her eyes dark and sullen. “Has he killed himself yet?” she asked, with a strange lilt in her voice. She sounded slurred, almost drugged. Her body swayed and she steadied herself against the door frame. “I cannot wait,” she added. “I want my husband back.”

“Mrs. Welles,” Lizzie said, getting to her feet. “Are you all right? You seem intoxicated.”

“Something in my drink,” she said. “I can’t . . .” And then she fell suddenly and heavily to the rug, hitting the floor with a violent thud. Emma leapt out of bed, and the two women struggled to get their employer onto the mattress. When she was flat on her back, she gazed upwards, trying to keep her eyes open. “He’s faking, you know,” she managed to say. “He’s faking everything except the mathematics. Unless . . . unless . . .”

“Unless, what?” Lizzie asked, shaking her shoulders. “Mrs. Welles, you must tell me.”

The woman fluttered her eyes one last time, breathed out, “Two equals Zero,” and then fell soundly unconscious.

Lizzie thumped Emma’s arm and announced, “We must take our positions immediately.”

“Where, Lizzie? Oh, this is too horrible.”

“It is almost over. Come with me to the Professor’s study. We have so little time before it all comes to an end.” With a sudden dramatic gesture, she extinguished the kerosene lamp, leaving the two to fumble their way through the darkness toward the staircase.

They slowed near the bottom, and then noiselessly glided into the study. The room was very dark; the soft moonlight coming in through the windows was not sufficient to light their path. Lizzie knew her way by habit, groping across the floor, until she arrived at the desk, her fingertips lightly touching the familiar inkwell.

She picked it up and felt its comforting contours. It was heavy and seemed a good weapon to have in her hand in case of attack.

They stood there for what seemed like an eternity. For all the crazy talk about time speeding up, for Emma Borden it certainly seemed to be slowing down. The remaining fifteen minutes they waited felt like hours and offered so much fear that Emma's legs were buckling from the strain of waiting. It took all her strength to keep herself standing.

"Emma," Lizzie whispered, her voice almost invisible. "The light, do you see it?"

A thin flicker appeared at the top of the stairs and began to work its way down. The two girls stood frozen as it grew in size, and they could just make out the quiet shuffle of slippers against the steps' carpeting.

"Here he comes," said Emma.

Almost immediately, from behind them, came a high pitched cackle, an almost insane laugh that struck the girls, as would a hammer being slammed at them from behind. Emma instinctively let out with a loud scream that ripped through the room, betraying the darkness with its volume.

"Watch out!" Lizzie cried, and there was a rushing noise, like something being swung violently through the air, cutting the space like a scythe, followed by a shattering crack on the other side of the room as glass was being hit with a violent force. There was a crazy series of screeches as the gears in the mantle clock, fractured by the projectile, came to a sudden halt.

The light that had been moving in the outer corridor suddenly burst into the room, filling it to the far corners with a yellowish glow. Just as soon as it entered, it fell rapidly downwards, clattering against the floorboards. Whoever had been holding the light had quickly placed it down to free up both his hands that now emerged out of the hallway shadows clutching what looked to be a huge bow and arrow.

"So," Lizzie said, "he is here." She pointed at Professor Welles, dressed in his frayed dressing gown, his hair sticking out at crazy angles from his skull, his eyes wild with delight; framed by the doorway, holding aloft a composite Ibex horn bow. An arrow trimmed with blue feathers about the shaft was drawn within it. His fingers shook as they contained the tensile strength of the weapon.

"I am also here," came the voice behind them.

They whirled about to see an incredible sight, a second Professor Welles in an identical gown, down to the golden tasseled cord, holding an exact replica of the composite bow, except that his arrow had red feathers fluttering from its shaft.

Lizzie momentarily pondered the peculiar situation, but then her face was awash with amazement, as if something dark and ponderous had just been lifted from her. Her body straightened and relaxed, her eyes sparkled. She stepped forward toward the study door and said boldly, out loud, "Professor, I believe we have arrived at the Zero Point."

The man moved slightly toward her and Emma, his eyes lining

up the shot. "Fear not," he said. "I am not going to harm you. The arrow can never reach anything I fire it upon! Zeno was correct when he created his paradox. I shall show you!" The bow and arrow angled directly at Lizzie as she stood proudly holding her inkwell.

Emma was paralyzed with fear. Deep within her, she felt a dread that surpassed anything that she had ever felt before. The care for her own safety fled and was replaced with the most intense desire to protect her little sister. Years before she had promised her dying mother that little Lizzie, then almost three years old, would be in her protective charge for the rest of eternity. Nothing would ever hurt little Lizzie; Emma would see to that.

"The arrow can most certainly reach her!" said the Professor Welles behind them. "I have conquered the infinitesimal quantities. I have exhausted the area under the curve of time! Watch and you shall see!"

Emma's mind was in danger of flickering out like the flame of a candle being blown by a strong wind. She wanted to disappear, to close her eyes and discover that nothing was happening at all, that she was back at home, safe within her room, feeling silly that her biggest problem in life was that her younger sister had to walk through her room to get downstairs. How trivial and base seemed all the problems of the world compared to this.

But here she was in the Professor's house, and not home, and the Professor had split into two men, insane men at that, bent upon killing each other, or killing Lizzie, or killing herself. What a paradox, and how unbelievable. The Professor moving backwards into his own future will meet himself as a traveler from the future moving backwards into the past. And it is the Zero Point at which they would meet, two infinities coming together at the exact center that was Lizzie.

But they cannot be the same, she said angrily to herself. Something must be different. Think, Emma! Lizzie needs you.

Something in her remembered a strange puzzle. A match, a candle, a lamp, and a log. Which do you light first? Lizzie had posed such a question not to teach her what to do when literally confronted by such a situation, but to teach her how to think, how to factor out the mystery to arrive at an obvious truth by choosing the most obvious way out. It was like one of those imaginary number lines that the Professor had talked about, not traversing the X-axis or the Y-axis, but moving at a right angle to both of them, moving like an arrow outside the cycles of time.

"Yes," she thought. "Yes."

"Lizzie," she shouted, and as her sister glanced in her direction, she moved her face toward the framed portrait of the whaler on the far wall. Then she glanced down at Lizzie's hands. The Girl Detective understood immediately, and with a savage heave, hurled the inkwell into the air in the direction of the canvas. Both Professors seemed frozen in their tracks, suddenly distracted from their deadly experiment, and followed the arch of the inkwell. It hovered for a fraction of a second right before the murky canvas as if it were trying to make up its mind about crossing the remaining

space toward it mark, and then, with a surprisingly light crackling noise, the glass broke and black liquid splattered across the face of the captain.

"No!!" cried out the Professor with the blue-tipped arrow. "What have you done?" His bow dropped from his hand, the arrow tumbling forward after the loss of its tensile strength, and clattered onto the floorboards. "You have destroyed my masterpiece!" The ink was spreading across the canvas, dripping downward as if the captain's face was melting black wax. He raced toward it and spread his hands across the painting as if trying to halt the progress of the defacement. With a single deft and athletic movement, quite unlike anything Lizzie or Emma had witnessed before, the second Professor from the other side of the room darted like a swift deer across the space between them, and clobbered his double across the back of the head with his composite bow. There was a strange sound, as if a mill throstle had become unwound and all the cotton threads were being spun crazily into the empty air. Then the assaulted man staggered with a groan only to fall flat on his back, his bushy mustache blowing upwards toward the ceiling as the air escaped from his lungs. He rolled on his side and fell into darkness.

"I never liked that piece of plug-ugly junk anyhow," the other Professor quipped, looking up at the defaced painting. His bow went to his side and he stepped forward to put a kindly hand on Lizzie's trembling elbow. "Now, my dear, don't be afraid. Sydney won't hurt you. If I were you, I would call for Humphrey to come and detain this man until the police can arrive."

Lizzie glared at him with startled eyes and said, "Professor John Wellington Welles?"

"At your service," he said, with a slight dip of his bald head. "Miss Lizzie Borden, I don't believe we have ever met. But I have heard about you during my long absence."

Emma marveled at the scene. "This wasn't the Professor?" she asked, pointing at the body on the floor.

"No," Lizzie said, not taking her eyes off the small man with the funny mustache and the even funnier grin. "I don't think the real Professor has been here ever since he left Brown University."

"Oh," the sly Professor winked, "I spent a few days at home here and there. Of course, I did send this damned painting on at his request. What a silly vanity, and how unlike me. Well, it's a miracle that my wife ever agreed to consult with a detective, but I believe that was part of his plan, to murder me and win her over, as if she would never guess the switch. And of course, he coveted my life as a world-renowned expert on the mathematics of trivial infinitesimals. When there was talk of revoking my expulsion from the University, I suspected he figured out a way to kill me and take my place."

"This was all his doing?" Lizzie asked, still trying to comprehend the bizarre events of the evening.

"Why, of course. At first, it seemed like a way to cure his lunacy, his belief that he was moving in epicycles, that he was actually becoming me on his retrograde motion through time. I thought at first that this would be . . . uh . . . good for his mental

health. Of course, we changed places just about a year ago, and I fed him the mathematics by post. Sometimes I would come into the house disguised as a handyman, and leave papers on his desk. He memorized my lectures and formulas and grew obsessed with the idea of refuting my Zero Point theory. He wanted to believe so desperately that infinity could never be crossed, and man would never, ever arrive at his destination, either on the physical plane or in the realm of the heart and the spirit. He was forever an infinitesimal distance away from his desire. Perhaps that's the painful truth of all artists."

"But how could he believe such a thing," Lizzie said with horror. "He was preaching exactly the opposite to me over the last week. He believed in the Zero Point theory."

The Professor clicked his tongue and shook his head. "You really think he wanted to finish the theory?" he asked, quite humored at the thought. "He was delaying the answer, ready to sabotage the entire enterprise. He knew that he had till midnight of tonight to finish since that was the point at which I would return. He didn't foresee the possibility that the detective hired to solve his murder before it happened would actually be the very person who would also solve the mathematics, and who would actually complete the work."

"Me?" Lizzie said. "I solved the refutation of Zeno's Paradox?"

"Of course I have to recheck all the calculations," he said, poking through some papers on the desk. "But if you were able to calculate the precise moment of my return through my brother's somewhat psychic ability to sense the future, then you have indeed puzzled out one of the most perplexing aspects of my life's work. Perhaps one day, my dear Lizzie Borden, I shall explain it to you."

"Professor, where have you been this past year?" Emma asked, feeling a bit uncomfortable and trying to change the subject.

"Ah," he said, coughing into his fist. "Yes, well, that's my little secret. But let's just say I got a lot of fresh air and I created a good deal of very bad paintings."

"Remarkable," Lizzie announced. "But before I wrap up this case, I wish to inquire about the safety of your good wife."

"She shall be fit as a fiddle, I have taken care to give her just the right amount of a tincture of laudanum to put her out for one hour."

"Your wife didn't know about any of this?" Emma asked, the magnitude of the situation gradually dawning on her. "How could she not know that another man was impersonating her husband?"

"She suspected, of course," the Professor said, cheerfully. "But Mr. Humphrey knew my secret and kept an eye on her to make sure she would not suspect. Of course, surrendering the amorous pleasures of life was a necessary step. I suppose if Sydney had tried to take advantage of poor Julia in the bedroom, then she may have realized."

"How so?" Lizzie asked. "By the touch of his hands upon her, the quality of his affections, the tender movements that only a wife can detect in a loving husband?" For a brief moment, she imagined

the touch of a man's fingertips on her cheek and shuddered.

"I suppose," the Professor chuckled. "But you do know that in many ways, Sydney and I were always two inches away from each other."

"Oh!" said Emma, raising her hand to her ovaled mouth, then fell silent as Lizzie stared down at her feet.

The silence was broken by the arrival of Mr. Humphrey who seemed to slide into the room between his mutton-chops, dragging his permanent frown with him. "So," he said, blankly staring at the prostate Sydney. Then he raised his stiff chin at the Professor. "It is accomplished," he added, his voice trailing into a low pitch.

"Yes, my good man," the Professor laughed. "You have played your role well. And many thanks for the telegram telling me the exact moment and location indicated in Miss Lizzie's notes. The bow and arrow turned out to be a valuable bit of advice."

"I strive to render impeccable service," Mr. Humphrey explained, then gave a low stare at Emma who shrank a bit from his presence.

"Time to leave Miss Emma alone," the Professor said, waving an assured hand at her. "We will find a new maid. In the meantime, Humphrey, be so kind as to ring round the police station and fetch an officer. Sydney here may not be long in waking."

By the time the arresting officer arrived, they had tied Sydney Welles to the chair behind the desk. Officer Bence, who knew Lizzie quite well, and so wasn't surprised to find her in so strange a circumstance, gave a perplexed look at the crazy old man holding the large hunting bow, and at the other man who looked exactly like him bound in rope and slumped in a chair.

"Lizzie Borden," Bence said quizzically. "What trouble have you gotten into this time? And at so late an hour?"

"I have solved a murder that never took place," she said proudly, and went on to summarize the events as she understood them for the benefit of the policeman.

"Yes," the Officer said, shaking his head a bit as if trying to dislodge a thought that was stuck on one side of his mind. "If I can follow any of that, I suppose it is the Professor tied to the chair that I must arrest for attempted manslaughter. Let's get him up and see what he has to say."

Bence slapped the bound man a few times on the cheeks, arousing him from his unconscious state. At first, Sydney was confused, barely able to focus his eyes, and then he saw the police helmet atop the clean-shaven face glaring at him. "I suppose you are here because of the murder," he said groggily.

"Which murder?" Bence asked.

"The one I am going to commit in twenty-three minutes time. I have been planning it for a year now, methodically and to the last detail. I cannot convince you otherwise, I suppose. It is a brilliant plan, one that my brother will never suspect. I have even arranged for a girl detective to investigate afterwards, but she will find nothing. She will come into this house posing as my assistant, but she will not find a single clue, because the poor girl will be moving

backwards in time. There is no way she could solve the murder because she will be here before it happens. And it *will* happen you know, all in twenty-four minutes time."

"He's now moving away from the Zero Point," the Professor said, pointing toward his brother's sullen face that was collapsing back into sleep. "I suspected as such. He is no longer any danger to any of us."

"Professor," Lizzie said, holding out her hand, "I must congratulate you on a clever scheme well-executed. But I must ask you a very important question."

"What's that, my child?" he asked, his hands taking hers.

"You could have stopped this at any time. Why did you take such a risk and let yourself come very close to being murdered by him?"

"Yes," said Emma, enthusiastically. "And Lizzie and I were in grave danger as well. How could you, with all clear conscience, put us at so much risk?"

"Risk?" the Professor said, genuinely puzzled. "My brother believed that the arrow could never conquer Zeno's Paradox. His arrow never would have reached any of you, or me for that matter."

Lizzie fell back a pace, suddenly feeling a bit uncomfortable. She looked at Emma who was starting to open her mouth, but who also fell silent. Finally, Lizzie nodded and mused, "I suppose it no longer makes a difference; it is all twenty-seven minutes in the past by my reckoning. As we move forward, it will be more and more a thing of the past, swiftly to be forgotten."

The Professor raised his eyebrows. "Time does fly, doesn't it?" he quipped.

VII. AFTER THE END

The next morning, the two sisters walked back down Rock Street, down the Hill toward their own familiar neighborhood, where the smaller houses nestled against each other were separated by small lawns and modest picket fences. Emma had taken off her maid hat and side pockets, and had deposited them in a midden heap behind the police station. Lizzie kept her proper gait and straight-backed appearance, clearly proud of herself. After a few blocks, she stopped and looked pleasantly at Emma.

"I don't believe I could have done this without you," she said, tenderly.

"Do what? Solve the mysteries of time and space? Refute Zeno's Paradox? Tell me, Lizzie. How many show-kettles did you buff this week? How many chamber pots did you empty into the privy?"

"I know you feel you have gotten the proverbial short stick, but I do assure you that in the end, dear sister, I believe you did something that is so precious and so dear on this earth, that I cannot imagine it having been done by any other person."

"What's that? Measure out the ox gall to brighten the bed sheets?"

"No, Emma," Lizzie said, reaching forward and touching her

sister's cheek. "You saved my life. No greater love . . ." She stopped herself short, noticing that a slight tear had appeared in the corner of Emma's eye.

"I did," she said. "And I do ask one thing in return."

"Anything, Emma. I owe you all the world."

Emma closed her eyes and took a few breaths, then opened them to face her sister. "Only that in the future, you ask me . . ." She stopped and closed her eyes again. "That you ask my permission before you use my room as an office for your consulting detective business."

By the time Emma had opened her eyes again, Lizzie was laughing. "Of course," she said. "And I shall knock on your door before leaving my room so as not to disturb or startle you."

"Fine," Emma said, shaking Lizzie's hand. "Perhaps this is a start. Let's get home and catch up on our errands. I'm sure they are quite numerous by now, and the day is still quite young."

Lizzie produced her pocket watch, lifting it high, startled to see that the hands were not moving; it was frozen at midnight of the night before.

"Odd," she thought. "But curiously fitting."

Arriving at the front of 92 Second Street, Lizzie and Emma found Mrs. Borden, their step-mother, by the side of the house, holding some pails. She was surprised to see them, and couldn't stop staring at Emma's shapeless dress.

"I was the maid," was all Emma could say by way of explanation.

"Well, you can stay the maid for ten more minutes," Abby said sternly, handing her the pails. The water inside was brackish and smelled terribly. "Empty these and get me some fresh water."

"Ten more minutes won't hurt you," Lizzie said. "They will go by in an eye blink."

"And you," Abby said, poking a finger into Lizzie's shoulder. "Go fetch some more wood, we are going to make a fire. Your Father has a terrible cold and must stay warm."

Lizzie nodded and raced for the wood bin, dancing across the lawn, happy to feel her own family soil under her feet. By the edge of the stack was a hatchet, its gilt already faded, the handle threatening to splinter her hand. She stared at it for a moment; then lifted it up toward her inquiring eyes.

"Two equals zero," she thought. Like an axe moving backwards from two pieces of wood, and causing the two halves to fly into each other, merging into one. It all seemed so absurd. How could time move backwards? And how could anyone or anything travel across an infinite number of points?

She raised the hatchet over her head, feeling its heavy weight pulling backwards, the density of the metal, the earthiness of the wood. She always felt, when raising a hatchet for domestic chores, to be seized by some deep instinct that commanded her to wield the weapon with a savage justice, to look upon the target of her attack as a deadly menace that she must destroy or else all was lost for her, her family, her city. Perhaps as Fall River's pre-eminent Girl

Detective, this menace was the bad men who plotted evil, who tried to control others against their will, or simply could not mind their own business without ruining the safety of their fellow citizens. Either way, Lizzie wished that in some small way, she could wield the hatchet in an act of justice against the dark and dangerous criminals who thought nothing of taking a life, or seizing another man's property. Would she ever reach that goal? Or was it ever an infinite number of steps ahead of her? She could do nothing but try her very best.

She fixed her gaze intently on one single log of wood that protruded from the stack a solid half foot beyond the rest. It seemed so vulnerable, so open to attack by any weapon that would come flying through space, bringing a final judgment with its treacherous momentum.

But yet, she thought: Would the hatchet ever strike its goal? How will it conquer the paradoxes of infinite space? To test her burning curiosity, she swung the hatchet through the air, over her head, down toward the wooden log.

It seemed to take an eternity.



Mrs. Chruchill, please do come

by Michael Brimbau

**Mrs. Chruchill, please do come
afraid Father's met his doom-----**

**He quivers like a bow
in the morgue sitting room,
life's leaving him real slow
upon a horsehair tomb.**

**Dr. Bowen, please do come
though I fear there is no need-----**

**Afraid he may be dead
what a dastardly deed,
blows to the head
leaving Father to bleed.**

**Maggie, please do come
were the windows all a chore?-----**

**Killers are all about
lock the back screen door,
not a moan or a shout
what's that thump upon the floor?**

**Miss Russell, please do come
some coffee, or tea instead?-----**

**Just burning this old dress
that's been soiled painted red,
from a chop I should confess
that rendered them both dead.**

**Emma, please do come
our whims we will fulfill-----**

**Do return without delay
since they both are laying still,
all our aches have bled away
now we both will have our will.**



92 Seconds

[essay]

Bit Players in the Borden Case: Edward Stickney Wood

By Mary Elizabeth Naugle

Professor Wood, whose part in the Borden case was limited to assuring the court that cause of death was all in the Borden heads and not in their stomachs, began his career much more dramatically as central medical witness in the most notorious poisoning case in New Hampshire history. The case was that of Elwin Major of Wilton Centre, tried and ultimately hanged for the strychnine poisoning of his wife, Ida, who died on December 20, 1874.

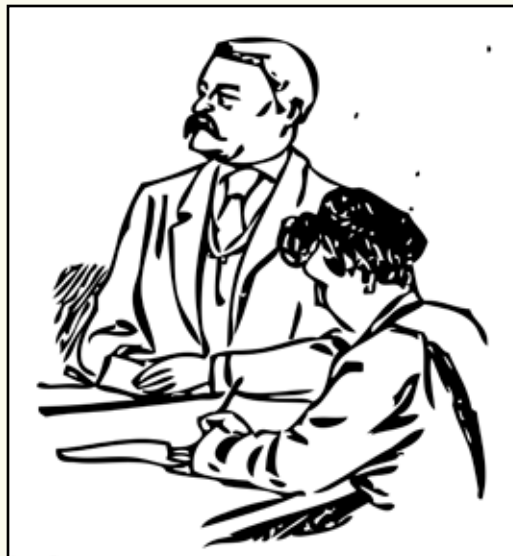
While young Professor Wood was opening the stomach from her exhumed body a few days later, a whole can of worms was being opened in the hamlet of Wilton Centre. The central worm was Elwin Major, a cross between Bluebeard and Ernest T. Bass. Major was already suspected of a variety of crimes representing a downwards course from murder to arson, breaking windows in the Baptist church, stealing from the collection plate, and defacing a Bible. Six years before, Major had impregnated a minor, whom he hastened to marry. That minor had been the late Ida Major. Although law did not forbid his marriage to the thirteen-year-old Ida, it did preclude his making an honest woman of her likewise pregnant nineteen-year-old sister, Ella. Ella was mysteriously ushered from this world shortly thereafter—a departure that Ida probably came to envy.

For Ida spent most of her remaining years in confinement, producing four children before her death at age eighteen, one month (*Amherst Cabinet*, 30 Dec. 1874). A fifth 9 to 10 pound baby was taken from her womb at autopsy (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 28 Dec. 1875). Confinement did not mean idleness for Ida, however; Elwin was not one to indulge a slackening of duties. She continued to care unaided for their two living children (two having suspiciously left this realm already) and to split wood, do washing, and carry water from the well. She continued these activities up until a week before her death, when her friend Laura Stiles observed her carrying water from a neighbor's well, the Majors' own well having gone dry. Miss Stiles remarked, "If I had a man he should bring the water." Ida's dry response was that "she never could find her man to get him to bring water" (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 29 Dec. 1875).

It is no wonder she could not find him. Elwin was busy spreading the rumor that Ida had taken up the dangerous habit of eating camphor, a habit he was sure would bring about her swift demise. He was also busy calling on and chopping wood for young Sarah Howard, whose father had died the month before, leaving her considerable property. Sarah, like most girls who crossed Major's path, was in an interesting condition, for which Elwin appears to have been seeking remedy. Although Elwin solemnly told Helen Blanchard that "the best physicians in Nashua told him that all the medicine ever manufactured wouldn't save" Ida, the Nashua doctors later testified that he had actually consulted them in order to procure an abortion for a young lady whose lover was in no position to marry. That service was one all the doctors declined to provide (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 29 Dec. 1875).

Most damning of all was the report of Sarah Howard, who by the time of the second trial (the first trial having reached an impasse over the new-fangled tests for strychnine) had given birth to her child and, not surprisingly, named some other obliging young man as the father. She remained unmarried. The court was prepared to despise her as a loose woman and possible accomplice. Her manner must have been remarkable, however, for her testimony won over the assemblage, including an enthusiastic press:

the candid, clear, emphatic and sharp manner in which she gave her evidence, made a favorable impression on all. . . . She was the most wonderful witness of her sex, that perhaps ever took the stand in this State, or any other. As a lady remarked, 'The manner in which she gave her evidence was a credit to the sex' (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 30 Dec. 1875, 2).





John Stickney Wood. From
Men of Massachusetts,
Boston: Rockwell &
Churchill Press, 1903, p. 300.
Courtesy of the Fall River
Historical Society.



Professor Wood—"No sir; there is no blood on the hatchet."
New Bedford Evening Standard, 31 August, 1893

According to Sarah Howard, Major had asked her to stay and look after the children the night after Ida's death. She obliged, remaining until called home by a mother who was alarmed by rumors already in circulation. Sarah carried the news back to Major. When Howard first told him she had been sent for because of some trouble, he asked if Mother Howard was worried over the bank robbers currently at large. Sarah bluntly told him, "no, the trouble is about you; they have taken up the body of your wife; he said, 'My God is it so? What shall I do? Have they taken up and cut up my darling wife?' and said what if they should find strychnia in her? What if she had taken strychnia by mistake?" (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 30 Dec. 1875, 1).

This is a curious statement from a man convinced his wife had died in the throes of camphor poisoning. She might have gotten to some strychnia he had lying about—no use looking for it, though, for the bottle was unmarked and he would not recognize it if he saw it. (How very careless of him.) By this time, the cracks in Elwin were beginning to show. He suddenly bethought himself of an old flame, the Kidder girl, who "married an old man and did not live happy," and whom he intimated was now dead (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 30 Dec. 1875, 1). Probably what most impressed the jury was the fact that rather than run screaming from the house, Sarah remained to grill the man with the steely nerve of Bluebeard's wife:

I told him the body was in the Town Hall and that Drs. Dearborn, Jones and McQuesten had made an examination of the body and took the stomach to Boston to analyze it; . . . I asked him what he would do if they took up Ella's body and he said 'my God, they haven't taken up her body have they?' I then said what if they should take up the bodies of his two children, and he said, 'my God, they haven't done that have?' [sic] then I said what if they should take up the remains of the Kidder girl, and he replied 'my God, have they done that?' he then looked in the almanac to see when he would be tried if arrested; he said when I first told him of the post mortem examination, 'my God, if they find strychnia in the stomach; there was some in the house and if she took any by mistake what shall I do?' Monday I found that his story of her eating camphor was not true as I found the bottle with the camphor in it in the closet; Major said he was mistaken and she had not eaten as much as he thought she had (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 30 Dec. 1875, 2).

Such were the surrounding circumstances in the case. So far, what the town had were strong suspicions, not hard evidence. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that the man was a cad and a liar; there was no doubt that he behaved like a guilty man. But unless strychnine could be found in Ida's system, the law could not touch him.

Enter Dr. Wood.

The local doctors had noted a curious stiffness in Ida's body, particularly in the extremities. That stiffness coupled with the violent convulsions seizing the girl before death was cause enough to seek an expert opinion. Dr. Wood was that expert. A first trial ended in a hung jury, because jurists were suspicious of the new science that enabled doctors to isolate strychnine from other chemicals in the organs. Their wariness was comparable to early distrust of DNA evidence. In the second trial, conducted a year after Ida's death, Wood returned more self-assured than ever, and with a battery of medical supporters. His reception was warm:

The witness attracted the close attention of both jury and audience. . . and made a favorable impression by the thorough knowledge he showed of his profession and the cool and collected tenor of his evidence. The cross examination was very searching but failed to disconnect the witness [in] the least. The Doctor was on the stand two hours and thirty-five minutes and as he left the stand the impression of those who followed his testimony was that he ranks as one of the ablest medical experts that ever took the witness stand in our state (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 29 Dec. 1875, 2).

Wood's job would be three-fold. He must first dismiss the suggestion that death was a result of a camphor munching habit. Next, he must dismiss the possible natural cause of puerperal convulsions. Finally, he must prove strychnine poisoning. Professor Wood was not yet thirty, not yet a full professor of chemistry at Harvard Medical College; still, he was well versed in the new processes and had gathered considerable experience in his work at the college and as chemist at Massachusetts General Hospital.

The first hurdle was simple enough. When Wood opened Ida's stomach, he detected no odor of camphor. The tell-tale odor of camphor is unmistakable. As for the possibility

of death by puerperal convulsions, the anecdotal evidence argued against it. Ida was conscious to the end. While Wood granted that puerperal convulsions might resemble the throes of strychnine poisoning, there was one important difference: a strychnine patient "is sensible until the last few spasms or convulsions, while in puerperal convulsions the patient is unconscious." The third, and most difficult proof was obtained by means of a test called Dragendorff's Process, which separates the alkaloid poison through analysis of liver samples treated by various acids and chemicals. The "brilliant play of colors" produced by a final introduction of bi-chromate of potash was clear evidence of strychnia, which Wood insisted could not be introduced into the body after death (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 28 Dec. 1875, 2). Taking no chances this time, the prosecution brought forward six additional doctors to second Wood's findings. Two among them, Hayes and Wormley, seasoned experts in the field of toxicology, were being called to give credence to the Dragendorff Process.

The strength of their case was borne out by the desperate summation by the defence, and the best they could come up with was a reminder that the case was circumstantial. The worst was a character assassination of Professor Wood:

Dr. Wood is a young man, he has devoted himself to this particular profession; by it he hopes to acquire fortune and fame. He believes if this case is proven his name will be flaunted through the papers and magazines of this country and Europe. His ambition is strong. I know what the ambition of a young man is; I was young once and had ambition. Ah! I see the folly of it now; but he is ambitious, and I would ask you if this citizen's life, given by God alone, . . . is to be sacrificed to satisfy the ambition of this young man, I admit in the popular acceptance [sic] of the term a smart man for his years, but his evidence should not be sufficient to take this man's life.

Dr. Hayes says he found strychnia in what Dr. Woods [sic] gave him, but, gentlemen, how did he or how do you know how Dr. Woods [sic] may have manipulated that stomach or contents before he received them from him (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 1 Jan. 1876).

As if the insinuation of evidence tampering were not enough, the defence stooped to an all time low by reminding the jury that "a former professor who occupied the chair Dr. Wood does at Harvard Medical College was hung" (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 1 Jan. 1876). This reference to the notorious Dr. Parkman was inexcusable.

When Attorney General Clark addressed the jury, he spent nearly as much time proclaiming Professor Wood's innocence as he did proclaiming the defendant's guilt:

. . . I would reply to the very unkind remarks of my brother to Dr. Wood this morning; remarks which I must say were as unkind as they were uncalled for, and I as a friend of Dr. Wood, and I presume he is a friend of mine, feel compelled to say a few words for him in this connection. . . . He says he is ambitious, yes and my brother has a spark of it in him when he gets warmed up. . . I admit he is ambitious—ambitious for what? for fame my brother says—but my brother well knows that the fame he refers to is not that fame which is sounded round the world in trumpet tones. The man of science seeks and obtains no fame like this, the ambition, which excites and cheers him on in his labors is the laudable desire to benefit by

his researches his fellow men. Dr. Wood has already achieved fame in his profession more than generally falls to the lot of so young a man. The desire for fortune as my brother says, is too thin as the saying is, to have any effect with you gentlemen, for the paltry sum he receives for his services here, is scarcely enough to pay him for coming here, and no fortune, the universe itself gentlemen is not fortune enough to bribe Dr. Wood to commit so base a crime as insinuated by my learned brother against him. (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 3 Jan. 1876, 2).

Attorney General Clark continued with a discussion of the additional tests run by Dr. Hayes and corroborated by Professor Wormley. He then presented an extremely

persuasive argument for the airtight nature of the circumstantial evidence in the case, but his final words were in praise of Professor Wood: "The whole case hinged upon Dr. Wood's testimony and he stands vindicated as one of the most reliable and trustworthy medical experts in the country" (*Nashua Daily Gazette*, 3 Jan. 1876, 2).

One year later Elwin Major went to the gallows. The much maligned Professor Wood, on the other hand, was by then a full professor at Harvard.



Cordiality

by Larry Allen

It depends on one's idea
of cordiality.

Good morning, Mrs. Borden!
Delicious mutton broth!
Lovely dress, Mrs. Borden!
Are you going out?
Have a nice day, Mrs. Borden!

Be courteous,
Always say good morning.
Curtsey often.

Chop, dice, repeat.
Chop, dice, repeat.

[humor]

Bridget's Kitchen

By Sherry Chapman

It's sure been hot as it's been under Miss Lizzie's collar these last few weeks. The heat ain't bad enuff, but Miss Lizzie has been in the most ugliest mood I've yet to see her, and I've been workin' hear more than two years. Things haven't been good hear the past five years, I'm told. But as time goes by it's gettin' worse and not no better. At least Miss Emma's gone travelin' to Fairhaven. That helps. Miss Emma to be sure is a quiet one, and I remember my Da' sayin' tis always the quiet ones you gotta watch for. I dunno. I just feel somethin' in the air. And I smell somethin' in the air, too. Oh. That was John Morse walkin' past the kitchen. When he lived here for a year, me and him both in the high upstairs, the household would tease us because they would hear me runnin' up there, assumin' he was chasin' me. I was just tryin' to find a window I could open.

I ain't felt like this since in the old country, when I started to make a dress for a relative on my mother's side, Maggie Kelly. You never start to make a dress on a Saturday, and I shoulda known better. But I promised her I'd make her a new dress and I didna have no chores for the afternoon. Well, sure enough, she died within a year. I get creepy feelin' every thyme I think back to her, layin' there in the weddin' dress she wore 88 years before.

This mornin' when I went to put the milk can out, a rabbit ran right across in front of me. That's sure to bring with it the dark. And on top of that, Miss Lizzie was the first person I saw yesterday mornin'. Seein' a red-headed woman first thing like that can only mean somethin' is brewin'.

Well, I won't know what it is till it happens. And if I don't get a move-on here, the bad thing to be comin' will be me gettin' a Congress boot out the doorr.

About four days ago, I was told to cook a shank of mutton. "Mutton, again, Mr. Borrdon?" I said. "We just finished with a shank last week. Please, I'm feelin' poorly." He frowned at me and said, "Cook the mutton, Servant Girl." And there ain't no replyin' to one of Mr. Borrdon's scowls.

If he just were to get lamb, twould be a different world in this household. But the mutton is cheap, and that's the end of that for his reasonin'. It takes so long for us to eat it up, because me and the Misses' Bordens don't have no part in it.

But there is one way none of us mind mutton. And that's when I make a Irish stew that's been made in the old country since the good Lord gave breath to my grand-da' and his grand-da', and grand-da's before him.

IRISH MUTTON STEW

Yer gonna need:

Two pounds of mutton
6 potatoes, peeled and cubed
6 carrots, peeled and cut in strips
6 small whole onions
A yellow turnip, cut up like the potatoes
A few parsley sprigs

2 small spoons of salt
2 small spoons of sugar
Just a pinch of pepper
A few little spoons of dark brown coloring
Flour, for when ya thicken it

Get a big pot. Put yer meat in it and cover it with water. Be mindful of how much water you used to cover the meat. Put in everything but the flour. Get it boilin', then turn yer heat down to low, cover the pot and let it simmer for 2 hours. This is when I usually go and visit Mary Doolan over the fence, comin' back every half hour or so to stir the pot. Don't worry, nobody'll come in the kitchen and ask what's for dinner. They'll know.

In a bowl, put in one big spoon of flour and one big spoon of water for every cup of water you took to cover the meat. You can stirr it until you get rid of the lumps. Or sometimes you can leave the lumps and when the family yer feedin' asks about 'em, you can say they are little dumplins and ask if they did not like them. They'll be surprised you went to the trouble to make little dumplins and claim to like 'em, and they'll think yer pretty special – a harder worker than they'd been thinkin'. Ennyway, you add the flour and water into the stew and stirr it in until it comes to a boil. Cook slowly for about ten minutes, then serve.

Well, I served breakfast this mornin', without takin' off any of my clothin'. Now I gotta clean the dishes. And wait. And see what the rabbit means.

I'll leave you with this: **Beware of a childless woman who looks fixedly at your child.**



THE SECOND STREET

The year was 1993. By all accounts, the Lizzie Borden Centennial of August 1992 had been a roaring success—but it was over. Still a private residence, the murder house on Second Street was locked and barred to inquiring minds. Nevertheless, a hard core group of Borden case followers wanted more Lizzie. The only thing left to do was to form an impromptu cadre of comrades to continue the cause—solving the Borden case!

Irregulars:



By Shelley Dziedzic

Ed Thibault, the official “Mr. Lizzie” of Fall River, offered up his home as clubhouse about once a month to the likes of Len Rebello, Ken Souza, Debbie Valentine, Barbara MacDonald, and me. Since all of us were admirers of the Sherlockian Baker Street Irregulars society, we dubbed our little band of Bordenites the Second Street Irregulars. At first we simply gathered in Ed’s living room to discuss the case and various theories, but soon we were on the road to visit Lizzie’s dogs in Dedham, lounge longingly in front of #92 making timing experiments, and assisting with the Lizzie expos in the city every August. We sewed 1892 fashions for ourselves, read all there was in print on the murders, and volunteered to lecture on the case in classrooms and public places around the state. Ed had replicas of the Borden skulls made out of Bondo that always received appreciative attention from students,

and Len, well, . . . he decided to write a little book about it all!

A flood of projects and day trips followed, until time and circumstances took a toll on the good intentions of the little band of Bordenites. By 1998, we had scattered for one reason or another. By 1996, the house on Second Street had opened to the public as a museum and bed and breakfast, where Ed, Len, and I crossed paths as we worked there, but the gang had drifted apart. By 2007, the time was ripe for the renaissance of the Second Street Irregulars. Lizzie was in the news, the house was in the hands of new owners, and many new publications and documentaries had been made. There had not been a conference since 1992, the proposed conference for 2008 had folded, and there were people wanting to “talk Lizzie” everywhere.

The Lizzie Borden Society Forum seemed the place to begin



e Game's Afoot- Again!

Photography by Stefani Koorey

to hunt for recruits for the Irregulars because these folks talk Lizzie around the clock on the Internet and know their stuff! These people do not care so much about the ghosties and bumps in the night and the other paranormal business that is the hot topic at the crime scene these days. These hearty souls plumb the depths of the source documents, scour the 1892 newspapers, and ponder the genealogies of the main players in the case. Hardcore Bordenites—my kind of people!

I came up with the Fall River Mutton Eaters as a scion name for the Chapter of the Irregulars. Kristin Pepe, fresh from her discovery of the Emma Borden/Wheaton College connection designed our shield featuring a sheep and Lizzie's immortal quote "I can't do anything in a minute."

Naturally, #92 Second Street would be headquarters, and the

Abbey Grille, located in Lizzie's Rock Street Congregational Church, would be the scene for our annual banquet. With all this in place, the very first meeting of the Mutton Eaters was on November 9-10, 2007.

The Flock convened in front of the A.J. Borden building dressed in deerstalkers and capes, Sherlock Holmes tee shirts, and other sleuthing paraphernalia. First stop was the New Bedford courthouse with a memorable tour and leisurely photo shoot of the scene of Lizzie's ordeal. We were all mesmerized at being in the very spot, sitting in Lizzie's seat, and marveling how little the courtroom had changed since 1893. Then it was off to White's restaurant for lunch followed by a tour of Lizzie sites in Fall River and a retracing of Andrew's last morning in town, led by Len Rebello. After hot cider we all got to collapse, briefly, before it was time to don our



leg o' muttons and go off to the Abbey Grille in Lizzie's old church for our Mutton Eater's banquet. Donald Woods and Lee-ann Wilber joined us there along with Len, Barbara MacDonald, Debbie Valentine (both original Second Street Irregulars)—we were twenty-one at dinner.

Dave Quigley received The Golden Spoon Award for eleven years of tireless jonnycake flipping at #92. We figured he must have flipped about 100,000 of these Yankee tidbits. Kristin Pepe received the first ever Lens of Sherlock Award for Excellence in Detection, for finding Emma's school last summer (this was a golden magnifying Sherlock-type lens on a chain). Donald and Lee-ann received The Order of the Golden Fleece medallion recognizing their work in restoring the Borden barn and grounds and continuing preservation work on the house. Len Rebello received his Golden Fleece in the Literary Field for his Lizzie opus, *Lizzie Borden: Past and Present*, but also for encouraging excellence in research and documentation of facts, and for sharing all the fruits of his labors with us for so many years. These may have been sort of funny tokens, but the sentiments expressed were genuine. We were also honored to include Director Jack McCullough and the beautiful actress Jill Dalton of the recent summer production of *Lizzie Borden Live*. Bob Shaw from New York, a long-standing Lizzie aficionado, and visitor to the Borden house—more times than anyone over the past eleven years—also joined us.

After dinner, we went on a special tour of the church, including the kitchens, Great Hall, former parlors, and had the spot pointed out where the Borden pew once stood. It was fun to see it at leisure and we stayed quite some time for photos. Back at #92, the evening continued until midnight with a roundtable forum in front of the fireplace, with Len holding forth as we all discussed theories and enjoyed a wine and dessert party. Saturday came too early as we caravanned to Alice Russell's grave in Westport to leave a bouquet, then we went on to Fairhaven for a city tour of Victorian buildings, given by Chris Richards, Fairhaven Director of Tourism, and member of the Lizzie Borden Society Forum. The Green Street house of the Brownells, where Emma was visiting on August 4, 1892, was a highlight of the tour as well as a visit to the grave of Eli Bence in Riverside Cemetery.

Good food, good friends, great conversation and discussion—that was the weekend. We knew we would have to do it again. May 23-25, 2008, was set as the next gathering for the intrepid Mutton Eaters. Once a thing is repeated, then it must surely become a tradition. And so the Flock assembled at the Borden house on Second Street in May for a whole weekend filled with adventures, beginning with a trip to Swansea Public Library to see the new photo of little Lizzie, followed by a trip to Luther's Corners to view the portraits of Sarah and Andrew Borden. Luther's Corners was a revelation for us all, not only for the portraits but also for the contents of the museum, which spanned more than a century of local history.

Eating and good food has become part of the Mutton Eater tradition, so lunches and banquets are a high priority for the weekend gatherings. Friday evening was the Annual Mutton Eaters Banquet at the Abbey Grille, where this time we had reserved one of the upper rooms for our event and awards presentation. This year the Lens of Sherlock (symbol

of the astute and discerning eye for detection) was presented by last year's recipient, Kristin Pepe to *Hatchet* editor, Stefani Koorey, in recognition for the discovery and publication of the Swansea portraits, as was the ultimate Second Street Irregulars' accolade, the Golden Fleece, given for significant contributions to the body of knowledge in the Borden case. This year, the first award of recognition was given for Merit in the Performing Arts to actress Jill Dalton, playwright and performer of the one-woman *tour de force*, *Lizzie Borden Live!* The "Lambie" was received with all the solemn appreciation as if it were an Oscar by its recipient. More lively discussion and desserts followed back at #92, as well as a sampling, in the parlor, of Jill Dalton's play. Kristen Pepe gave a presentation on Officer Medley after dessert, and the old house echoed with chatter and laughter until the wee hours.

Saturday's agenda was packed with a trip to visit the Astors' Beechwood where an 1891 script was being acted out by costumed staff in the roles of maids and ladies of society of the era. An unscheduled stop at the Vanderbilts' Breakers gave us a window on the Gilded Age as well as an excuse to shop at the gift store. The weary band was very happy to collapse at LaForge Casino at the Tennis Hall of Fame for a lunch on the porch followed by a trip to view the spot where the old Perry House Hotel (where Bridget Sullivan had worked) was once situated. The unexpected treat of the day was a chance to go inside the Covell house on Farewell Street to see the very spot where Lizzie sojourned in the summer of 1893, after her acquittal. Some of the Mutton Eaters are persuasive when it comes to wrangling an entrée, and the caretaker was enchanted with the group and Lizzie! Although the house has undergone renovations to the first floor, there were many original touches to be found in the architecture and fittings. The tired but triumphant flock filtered back to Fall River for a pizza party and open house, with an evening of discussions and experiments. Just how long was Bridget out of the house running her missions as directed by Lizzie on the morning of August 4? Can someone stealthily sneak into the house without being seen? Can footfalls be heard from the sitting room if the dining room windows are closed? The Mutton Eaters answered all of these pressing questions that day.

Sunday morning saw the departure of most of the troupe, but the diehards soldiered on to Fairhaven for a cemetery tour of Riverside, a stop at the Green Street house, and of course lunch to sample Fairhaven's best clam chowder and clam cakes and the required call to candy lover's paradise, Dorothy Cox Candy Store.

So, what is an "Irregular"? For reader's of Conan Doyle and followers of Sherlock, you will know—they are the rag-tag motley crew of cabbies, street urchins, and everyman who can blend into the crowd, gathering clues and important information vital to solving the case.

The game will be afoot once more in April 2009!



Left: Joanne Giovina tests whether she can see "Andrew" return home while she cleans the window. Right: Kristin Pepe presents her findings on Officer Medley to "The Flock."





Muttoneaters
Meet-up,
May 23-25, 2008.



Upper right: Yummy cheesecake topped
with Borden ewes. Right: Actress Jill Dalton
accepts the Lambie, for Merit in the
Performing Arts for her portrayal of Lizzie
in her play, Lizzie Borden Live.



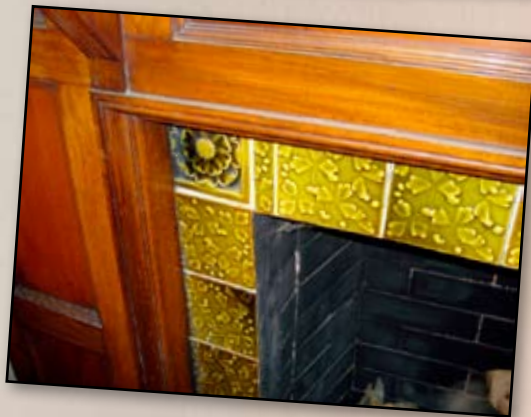
"The Flock"
at Newport.
From left to
right, back row:
Michael Shagis,
Ellen Smith,
Kristin Pepe,
Joanne Giovino,
Richard Behrens.
Front row,
from left to
right: Shelley
Dziedzic (mama
ewe), Katrina
Shagis, Barbara
Morrissey, and
Constantine
Coutroulos.

"The Flock" went to Newport and were lucky enough to get inside the Cavell House where Lizzie stayed following her acquittal. It was on this porch that the famous photo of her standing behind the chair was taken!

This porch shot and the two of the mantels inside the house were taken by Shelley.

The last photo is the banquet table at the Abbey Grill in Fall River.

A grand time was had by all!



WHAT'S IN DR. BOWEN'S BAG?

by Sherry Chapman

.....

This game used to be played in Fall River after the Borden trial. In more recent times, writers have wondered just what was in the good Doctor's bag?

Below is a list of things that might or might not have been in Dr. Bowen's medicine bag as he left the Borden house after the murders. Put a "Y" next to the item if you think it was in the bag; put an "N" if you think it was not. Answers and scoring follow.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bromo Caffeine | <input type="checkbox"/> A sewing kit |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gloves | <input type="checkbox"/> A real bad smell |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lollypops | <input type="checkbox"/> Throat gagger |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sulphate of Morphine, single dose | <input type="checkbox"/> Light that goes on your head |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sulphate of Morphine, double dose | <input type="checkbox"/> 3-D glasses |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Thermometer | <input type="checkbox"/> Pre-printed instructions for Garfield tea |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Rubbing alcohol | <input type="checkbox"/> Business cards |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Drinking alcohol | <input type="checkbox"/> Photo of Phoebe |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pliers | <input type="checkbox"/> Stag stereoscope cards |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mr. Potato Head | <input type="checkbox"/> A medical license, signed by someone who happened to have the same handwriting as Dr. Bowen's. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Scalpel | <input type="checkbox"/> "Operation" game |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Monopoly, Fall River special edition | <input type="checkbox"/> Small saw |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A sandwich | <input type="checkbox"/> Portugeuse/English – English/Portugeuse dictionary |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A lady's undergarment | <input type="checkbox"/> Warm Coca-Cola |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GHB | <input type="checkbox"/> Cloth bandages |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Book: "Medicine for Dummies" | <input type="checkbox"/> Blank invoices |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sleeping pills | <input type="checkbox"/> A Goodfellow's red poppy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> An axe | <input type="checkbox"/> Pamphlet of the 1893 Columbian Exposition |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Truss repair kit | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Scissors | |



***If you guessed “Y” for every item, you scored 38 points.
Subtract from 38 any items that you guessed “N.”***

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| 0 points: | You are extremely skeptical and do not believe anything in any of the Lizzie books you’ve read, and never will. |
| 1-10 points: | You just guessed, as the contents of Dr. Bowen’s bag have never been released before. And your guesses were not much good. |
| 11-20 points: | Not bad; not bad at all. You probably spend a lot of time on the Lizzie Borden Society Forum. |
| 21-37 points: | It’s time you start writing your own Lizzie book, or at least articles like these. |
| 38 points: | Oh my God – you were actually <i>there!</i> |

The Cutting Room: Critical Notes on the Borden Legacy

Goodbye, Mr. Sullivan—Forever, Lizzie Borden

by Eugene Hosey

Goodbye, Lizzie Borden does not present an original theory about the murders or an interesting perspective on the familiar story. It is not an entertaining or controversial book. Nevertheless, the work does reflect the professional experience of author Robert Sullivan, who was appointed a Justice of the Massachusetts Superior Court in 1958. His examination and critique of the Lizzie Borden case, which he calls an “autopsy of a murder trial,” was published in 1974.

Mr. Sullivan interviewed Abby (Whitehead) Potter, the niece of Abby Borden, in 1972. Mrs. Potter, nearly 90 years old, shared her remembrances with the author. According to Sullivan, Abby Borden’s namesake repeated a story about the time Lizzie beheaded Aunt Abby’s cat. It is as apocryphal-sounding as so many run-of-the-mill Lizzie Borden tales are. The lady remembered that Lizzie had sent to Mrs. Whitehead Abby’s personal effects, including Abby Borden’s wedding picture. Mr. Sullivan describes Abby’s image as smiling and cherubic-faced. However, this interview is a complete disappointment considering it was conducted with a close relation to the Borden family and yet revealed nothing compelling or provocative.

The author’s education in law, and particularly his experience with Massachusetts jurisprudence, provide Borden enthusiasts with some valuable information and legalistic clarification. For example, the three hearings that preceded the trial—their definitions and roles—are often unclear to the case student trying to understand the legal process that ensued after the murders. Sullivan explains at length the purpose of the inquest, the preliminary, and the grand jury hearings as they existed at the time of the Borden murders in Massachusetts.

Inquest—An investigative hearing held in cases of violent or mysterious deaths; at an earlier time the responsibility of a coroner and his jury, at this time under the jurisdiction of a judge in a lower district court. The law stipulated that the inquest could be held privately. The ultimate purpose of this hearing was to record facts gathered from witnesses and to determine how the court should proceed.

The Preliminary Hearing—A hearing in the

lower court for determining if there is probable cause for charging a defendant with a crime that is under the jurisdiction of the Superior Court. This procedure weeds out frivolous charges. The defendant has the right to be present and represented by counsel. This hearing also serves as an opportunity for the defendant to learn the evidence in possession of the prosecution.

The Grand Jury Hearing—A hearing without a presiding judge, by a jury of thirteen to twenty-three persons; the word “grand” refers to the number of jurors. A majority, but not unanimity, is required for an indictment. Secrecy is clearly required by law. Legally inadmissible evidence may be heard. The prosecution only presents evidence and examines witnesses; however, an exception was made in the Borden case, and Lizzie’s lawyer Jennings was invited to participate for the defense. The result of this hearing was what actually brought the Borden case to trial, with three indictments against Lizzie: for the murder of Andrew Borden, the murder of Abby Borden, and for the murder of them both.

Robert Sullivan writes from a clear, singular viewpoint. He is convinced of Lizzie Borden’s guilt and further believes that the evidence against her was sufficient for a conviction. He believes the judges and jury were unfairly swayed in the defendant’s favor by Lizzie’s gender, social status, and by the terrible reality of the death penalty in the event of a guilty verdict. Sullivan does acknowledge one positive meaning inherent in Lizzie Borden’s acquittal:

In the Anglo-American world the lengthy and seemingly complicated procedures surrounding the preparation and trial of a criminal case are designed to guard zealously the rights of one who is criminally accused, and this dominating principle obtained in the circumstances surrounding the Borden case.

Sullivan does not present the trial by evidentiary topic or by the day-to-day occurrences in the courtroom. Instead, he presents the Prosecution’s case and then that by the Defense. This is not surprising considering

the author's legalistic frame of reference. The benefit of reading about the trial in this form is that one can more clearly see the strategy of each side.

The author praises the opening statement for the Prosecution by District Attorney Moody as an encapsulation of the basic propositions proving Lizzie Borden's guilt—Lizzie's predisposition to kill her parents, that she killed each of them with a significant period of time between the two murders, and that by words and deeds in the aftermath of the crimes Lizzie had demonstrated guilt. The crux of the Defense was to show that mysterious persons were about the area of the Borden house and that Lizzie herself did not have sole opportunity for committing the murders. In addition, the Defense asserted that due to Lizzie's character and background it was not possible that she could do this. Sullivan strongly objects to the opening remarks by Jennings concerning the family lawyer's personal views of the Bordens.

In further criticism of the Defense, the author finds serious fault with a statement by Jennings concerning proof of sole opportunity. The following is the portion of the opening remarks at issue, as actually stated by Jennings:

It is not for you to withhold your decision until you have satisfied your mind as to how it was done and just who did it. It is, have they furnished the proof, the proof that the law requires, that Lizzie Andrew Borden did it, and that there is absolutely no opportunity for anybody else? [T 1315]

Sullivan denounces Jennings' assertion that part of proving Lizzie's guilt would be to prove that no one else could have committed the murders. The author maintains that Jennings' words amount to a misrepresentation of the law—that proving sole opportunity is absolutely not part of the criteria for finding a defendant guilty. However, Sullivan actually misquotes Jennings, possibly in an attempt to simplify the original syntax: "The proof that the law requires is that Lizzie Andrew Borden did it, and [that] there is absolutely no opportunity for anyone else to have done it." Upon reflection, the importance of Sullivan's point is less than clear and possibly vague and exaggerated. In other words, did Jennings literally misstate a legal definition—or was he defending his client by reminding the jury that sole opportunity on the part of Lizzie could not be proven?

Mr. Sullivan makes a major mistake in how he extracts testimony from the trial record. To save time and space, he eliminates the "question" part of the "Q&A" and quotes witness statements in the form of a continuous narrative. If this had been accomplished successfully, it might be a bright idea, but as it is the author has witnesses making statements they never made. This happens when context is removed by the elimination of the question. For example, in reading Bridget's testimony as Sullivan supplies it, she gives a description of Lizzie's dress on murder morning, when



in fact this statement as actually made is in reference to Lizzie's dress on a different day. This is enough inaccuracy to render Sullivan's transcription as too flawed to be trusted at all. No reader should substitute this for the original trial record.

Sullivan's most passionate complaint about the Borden judicial proceedings appears to concern Judge Dewey's charge to the jury. The author asserts that it has been successfully argued by eminent legal professionals that what was, effectively, on the part of Justice Dewey, a direction to the jury for acquittal, was wholly wrong and legally indefensible even though it may have been well-intentioned. In Sullivan's view, Dewey's speech to the jury violated all legal precedence in its expressions of personal opinions regarding the evidence. Sullivan details his objections to specific assertions made by the Justice in his charge. They include Dewey's statement that Lizzie's positive public character should be considered strong evidence in her favor, and the Justice's speculative scenarios offered to the jury about a hypothetical killer sending a note.

Sullivan describes the Borden trial as "unpropitious but irreclaimable" and states his hope that his book will help to end the public's fascination with the case. There has been no sign of this happening, but *Goodbye, Lizzie Borden* is a forgettable book—a minor entry in the literature and nonessential reading.



News & Views That Wouldn't Fit: Notes From the Composer's Bench

by Douglas A. Walters



*The Truth Shall Make You Free
Or
The Sniffler's Confession*

I do not often, Reader, have good reason to look much beyond our own humble grounds for things in the way of interesting news—indeed, as friend Porter might express it: “Ye gods, with the *Bordens* constantly afoot, what more could a feller possibly *need* in the way of *interesting* news?!” He did express it that way actually, not long ago during a card game.

Bless his heart, that feller just hasn’t been the same since the hatchet met its marks the summer of 1892.

Now usually I tend to overlook these *Porterian* segues as best I can, but it is sometimes more than a little difficult, to the point where I’m left thinking I might have better luck keeping the feet clean whilst waltzing blindfolded and barefoot through some well-used Swansea cow pasture.

“You know Porter, if you ever decide to *retire* from being a famous author, lecturer, and historian, you just might find a new career altogether. You’ve become awfully adept at hogwashing in the last few years.”

The distinguished author and historian turned up his nose at me in disapproval.

“Think of it, Porter: what Mr. Joe Howard did for the bovine community last year at New Bedford—why, you could go him one better and do even greater things for pigs!”

Friend Porter threw down a card and turned his gaze out in the direction of my front windows:

When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say’st,
“Beauty is truth, truth beauty,” - that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

The next instant, he cut loose with what can only be described as a most miserable sneeze. No, bless his heart that feller just hasn’t been the same since the hatchet met its marks the summer of 1892. His resurrection of Mr. John Keats’

scribblings of some threescore and fifteen years now past right here in my front room only served to prove things all the more, you might say.

It came out of nowhere. “Porter, have you been sniffing the cork again, feller?” I inquired, laying a card down between us on the table. “You’re not sounding just right today.”

Now lest you wonder *why* I asked that, Reader, I’d noticed that his s’s seemed to be suffering the same malady as had Alice Feeney’s during bygone occasions of “bethottedneth.” For the record, the single time in any given year I’ve ever known Ed Porter to *tip the jar* as it were is during the Christmas holiday season, when he allows himself just enough Madeira to soil the bottom of a pristine glass, and imbibes such within the confines of my own humble abode.

Friend Porter looked at me with watery eyes and shook his head as he removed a large handkerchief from his pocket. As he unfurled it, I jerked my thumb in a more-or-less westerly direction. “Over that way feller if you please. My own humors are in pretty good humor at the moment, and I’d like to keep it that way.”

Porter shook his head again but complied. Had he not been sitting right there (or had I my eyes closed) it would have been quite easy to mistake him for a kettleful of water on the stove for all his hissing, wheezing, and spluttering. That image was a fleeting one, for in the very next instant friend Porter turned aside and cut loose with a sneeze that sounded for all the world like a small herd of elephants, in full charge and at the same time choking to death on six French horns, four trombones, and a clarinet.

“You know feller, if you could somehow manage to *tune* that, Mr. J. P. Sousa just might find a spot for you in his band.”

“Ho, now aren’t we funny! Keep that up and I’ll *breed* on you!” Friend Porter punctuated that threat by once again heaving to into that mainsail-sized handkerchief.

“I hab a tode today,” he said as the last echoes of his nasal blast died away.

“Well, I’m right glad you cleared that up, feller; I’d thought maybe it was a dose of the *pox* put you in this shape.”

He’d been away up to *Wutland* on business, he said, merrily minding his very own when the malady struck.

“I see. And so it be writ that since there was no room in the inn, the good folks of Rutland did lodge the famous author in a vacant stall of the town’s foremost livery establishment, I suppose?”

“I hab you know dis was a *difft* from *admiring weedahs*.” Friend Porter tried his best to puff out his cheeks with a look of pride, but was thwarted thanks to a repeat performance by the aforementioned thundering pachydermal herd, in full gust.

An involuntary tear wound its way down his cheek, followed in close marching order by a snuffle and a snort.

“Well, I understand that part of it, Porter—but these *admirers*, are we talking about horses or humans, feller?”

Now it should be noted that in all likelihood we *were* talking about *some* species of admirer anyway, for neatly embroidered upon the soiled and somewhat sogged-out elephantine swatch were the words *Richardson & Richardson, Livery Stables, Boarding, and Sales*. This establishment is apparently located at 32-34 Center Street in Rutland, Vermont.

“What in the world did you find so attractive up to Rutland this time of year anyway, Porter? Their weather up that way is

usually the same as what we get here.”

Friend Porter again heaved a mighty sneeze into the cloth, muttered something about *business* as best I could tell and groaned as he wiped his nose. He had *business* in the town of Rutland, Vermont at least three and sometimes four times in any given year, and had for nearly as long as I’d known him. I’d thought it odd initially, but given events which have transpired occasionally since that first Thursday in August 1892, it is sufficient to say that I’ve seen *worse* things in the way of oddity from Friend Porter.

“I wondered why Mr. George Buffinton was so good-humored recently,” I said. “I’ll bet it was because you were out of his hair awhile.”

Porter *harrumphed* at me beneath eyes that resembled those of a foundling pup and then dissolved into yet another fit of sneezing.

“Give me that thing if you will feller,” I said when he’d finished—“a *dry* end of it, thank you very kindly. I’ll take care of it and get you a fresh cloth.”

Porter eyed me warily but handed the swatch over just the same.

“I’ll be back in two shakes, feller. Your memento will be perfectly safe,” I said. “In the meantime, I’ll fetch you something that might take care of that beast on your back there.”

Taking the proffered end of the cloth betwixt thumb and forefinger, I headed back toward the kitchen, dropped it into a potful of water on the stove, and pulled out a clean cloth from the linen drawer. Pocketing the clean linen, I hauled out the bottle of Madeira along with two cups and headed back in the direction of the sniffing scribbler.

“Here you are, Porter,” I said, handing over the clean linen. “See if that one’s not just a bit better. Your fancy bit of monogrammed sailcloth was getting to be something of a mess. I dropped it into a pot of boiling water on the stove; that should help *some* anyway.”

Porter eyed my kitchen entry somewhat anxiously. “Now feller, ease yourself,” I said, following his gaze. “The linen you came with is right back there in yonder pot, and will be there just the same when you’re ready to leave. You really should be more attentive to that little memento. The blasted thing fairly squealed in agony when I dropped it into the pot.”

Porter nodded with a sigh, but then caught sight of the Madeira and cups I’d set down upon the table. His eyes took on as much of a devilish twinkle as his present condition would allow. As it was he passed, although *barely*. Intermittent lachrymal flow did about as much for that devilish twinkle as a springtime downpour does for a long-stemmed match fully aflame.

“I shouldn’t give you a drop of this, feller” I said, splashing Madeira into a cup and sliding it toward Porter. “The fact that you’re spouting *Keats* at such hour as this for no reason which a man might be justly paid—well, as I said, it suggests among other things that you’ve *already* taken at least a few laps around Brother Barleycorn’s swimming pool.”

Porter glared at me—briefly. His distaste was summarily snuffed out in the next instant as the aforementioned marauding band of musically-inclined wildlife returned and took up its instruments for another serenade.

“Ye gods, feller,” I said. “Throw off the mantle of temperance and drink that down if you will. It’s off your usual schedule I know, but any help where it might be found is what I say about the

matter.”

Friend Porter nodded, then squeezed his eyes shut and emptied the cup straightaway in one swallow, quivering slightly as he did so. Noting some slight improvement in his former condition, I refilled Porter’s cup and my own, then returned the bottle of Madeira to its usual place.

I returned to find Porter in a much gentler condition. The sneezing rampages had largely ceased, although his nose was still pretty badly plugged. He sipped rather tenderly at the contents of his cup I noticed. It seemed to allay his wheezing a fair bit also.

“Well, are we feeling better, old Porter? You certainly *look* to be so, anyway. The ladies may have their business, weeping and wailing about the ‘Demon rum,’ but you this very day, Porter my good feller, are an example, I should think, of the *evils* of strict temperance. A medicinal nip or two now and then never hurts anyone. Here’s to you, feller!” I raised my cup in a gesture of salute.

Porter just snorted at me and swallowed a bit more of the Madeira in an apparent effort to head off another bout of sneezing. He sniffled and braced himself, but then relaxed again when the feeling had passed.

“Now then Porter, what’s ailing you besides the cold? You’ve never but once before mentioned the name John Keats that I recall, and that was only in response to a challenge, what was it—two years back?” Porter the card sharp had found his pockets sorely lacking one afternoon after a game. I was ready to give up the ten cent fare that would get him home, but decided to make him work for it a bit. “Finish this line, my good feller”:

Give me women, wine, and snuff
Until I cry out “hold, enough!”

Well, Porter looked at me wide-eyed, mopped his brow and called me a filthy beast for dragging *literature* into the mix and spoiling an otherwise wonderful day of card play—strange ideas that feller had, when *wonderful* day of card play meant no more than empty pockets or purse where shortly before there’d been *plenty* apocket to get him home again.

Friend Porter scarleted and muttered something unintelligible, which is just as well. If my hearing was correct, the remark amounted to an ancient Scottish expletive. He suddenly brightened and began to recite:

Give me women, wine, and snuff
Until I cry out “hold, enough!”

Here Porter did pause long enough to look at me, a wolfish twinkle of victory in his eye.

You may do so *sans* objection
Till the day of resurrection:
For, bless my beard, they aye shall be
My beloved Trinity.

“Excellent, feller!” I said, and within a few minutes he left, an unfamiliar jingling in his pockets until he hopped the horse car up the way.

Now don’t misunderstand me, Reader. Plagued by whatever faults or foibles as he is occasionally, Mr. Edwin H. Porter the noted scribbler-about-town, lecturer, and historian is neither fool nor fop when it comes to education.

Why, only last year at New Bedford when the Borden matter was just barely out of the legal starting gate at court in New Bedford, Porter proved himself an *educated* feller. The instance to which I refer occurred upon the 5th day of June, in the very court that would see Miss Lizzie Borden tried for the crimes alleged. Before jury selection opened, Mr. Justice Mason briefly outlined the process by which jurors would be selected, not long into his remarks invoking the name of the presiding judge in the cause of the *Commonwealth v. John Webster*, which came before the highest court of the Commonwealth now more than two-score years ago.

Mr. Justice Mason had barely gotten out the name of the presiding judge in *Webster* when Porter nudged me in the ribs. “Well, here we go—the circus train has got underway at last. Old Melville, may the Lord bless and keep his soul, would surely be proud to hear the name of Lem Shaw mentioned.

“I’m glad there were none present who answered to the names ‘Peleg Boomer’ or ‘Samuel Enderby’ when the role was called—I’d have laughed and walked out the door never to return.”

“Hush up, feller,” I said. “I’m trying to listen to this.”

Porter grinned at me. “What do you wager the ballot box is scrimshaw?”

“Don’t make me get the harpoon, feller. If I have to do that, you can wager it will certainly have *your name* on it. Now *hush up!*”

No, to imply that friend Porter is lacking in education by any measure would be unjust and a misrepresentation. It is, however, enough to say that Mr. John Keats is not one whose work he often quotes.

“C’mon now, feller let’s have it. You simply cannot go about dropping Keatsian tidbits in a feller’s abode like that and expect to pass unmolested. It’s a bit like trying to sneak a skunk into one of those fancy cat shows they sometimes have up to Boston, and get away with it; no matter how hard you try, no matter how careful you might be, the secret will out.”

Porter looked at me anew with those eyes of a foundling pup. “I never did thank you. I’m sorry I missed the New Year celebration but I was...unavoidably detained on my way over here that evening.”

“Well, you missed a fine soirée there feller, and that’s the truth,” I said. “We had some of the finest food you’ll ever put to your lips thanks to Alice Feeney. The Dohertys arrived late but at least were here. It turned up to be a smaller crowd than expected.

This I will tell you, Porter my good feller: until fair late of that evening, I was more than ready to leave a boot imprint on that sorry backside of yours. Luckily for said sorry backside, Pat Doherty filled me in on your situation when he arrived. It was handled *privately* feller, betwixt the Captain and me, so that no one else knew.”

Porter nodded, stifling a sniffle.

“Stand up here a minute, feller,” I said, looking him over carefully. Porter stood up without difficulty. “The bottle of Madeira is—well, you know where it is feller. If you’ll get it, I’ll pour us another nip.”

“I’m the sick one, and sent to fetch the bottle?” Porter snorted at that, but just the same headed for the spot where I keep the bottle of Madeira. I noted as he did so that his step was actually somewhat *improved* compared to what it had been when he arrived.

“Why thank you my good feller,” I said upon his return as he handed over the bottle. “You may sit.” He did so as I poured out

two more splashes of Madeira into our cups.

Porter resumed his seat and with some mental effort began recounting his activities of early evening, the final hours of the old year 1893.

"You'd said to arrive at 6:00 or thereabouts in the evening if I remember correctly. I only missed that by ten or so minutes if good intentions mean anything." Here friend Porter paused and sipped at his cup. "The revelers were out in force as you may remember."

"They were, yes indeed. Seamus Feeney and I had a *personal* encounter with one such reveler," I said, recounting our experience out in the yard when the G.A.R. band took a notion to strike up *Garryowen*. "Think what you will of Alice Feeney, Porter, but this much I will say: if that girl had been with the 7th Cavalry Regiment back in '76, the 'Boy General' just might be around today. I don't doubt for a minute that Alice would have *personally whipped* every last one of the opposing force."

"Well, you fared better than I did, and that's the truth," Porter said, laughing somewhat darkly. "I'd have made it just fine had I took a slightly different route to get here."

"You didn't use the horse car then?"

"No, I didn't. Had I started *from home* I would have, but the object of my tardiness put me near enough by here to make a comfortable walk."

I nodded, looked expectantly at Porter.

"The most I can tell you offhand is that there were a number of them—four or five. They stopped me just over there a ways," he said, gesturing out my front window. "I paused, thought I'd wish them a good holiday and luck for the new year . . ."

Porter looked into my eyes. "They had no interest at all in my good wishes. The next thing I knew, one of them cried out '*Well, if it isn't Mr. Porter of the Globe.*' From her tone, you might have thought I'd killed her favorite kitten. Then one of their number grabbed my legs . . ." Porter paused, sniffled and sipped a bit more Madeira to steady himself.

"The man who picked him up said he looked as though he had been literally scared out of his mind—had a wild look of terror in his eyes," Captain Pat Doherty told me months ago on the very night in question. That same look, an almost otherworldly terror, returned to Ed Porter's eyes as he sat in the front room of my own humble abode sipping at a cup of Madeira.

"Porter, are you trying to say that you got yourself *whipped* right there in the public street, is that it?" Friend Porter nodded, wiped his nose and heaved a heavy sigh.

"Well, feller, who was . . .?"

"If anyone would know this it'd be you," he said. "Do you recollect at the New Bedford trial, there was a gaggle of females outdoors most days at court standing steadfast in defense of Miss Lizzie Borden?"

"Well, Porter there were a great *many* folks out there most days as you may recall."

"No, I know that. I'm trying to think here, please bear with me. The folks I'm thinking of were a local bunch for the most part, but with one or two more besides. They all wore white if I recall, and carried all-weather bumbershoots to ward off rain or sun."

"All right, Porter; I'm following you now. I remember them I think—the *Sisters of Seraphim* they called themselves."

Porter nodded.

Now Reader, as you are undoubtedly aware, *seraphim* is a word that dates back to the most ancient of times and refers to the highest class of angels. The Old Testament, sixth chapter of the book of Isaiah, describes them thus:

1: In the year that king Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple.

2: Above it stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.

3: And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the LORD of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.

4: And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke.

5: Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the LORD of hosts.

6: Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar:

7: And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged.

Now the *Sisters of Seraphim*, as you might suppose, are something entirely different. *Sisters of Seraphim* is what they call themselves, but they are little more than one of the many groups today engaged in *feminine promotion*, you might say.

The only difference betwixt them and the others (Mrs. Livermore being an example which comes to mind at present) is this, so far as I can see: Mary Livermore unfailingly takes the high road. She presents herself as no more than what she is—a fine and worthy example of a woman *deserving of full recognition*.

The *Sisters of Seraphim* by contrast, take the low road at *every* opportunity. Their aim is to *appear* worthy of the full recognition, which Mrs. Livermore and others like old 'Mother' Bickerdyke *truly deserve*—by doing *absolutely nothing* at all. The *Seraphims* in their local incarnation are nothing more than a group of opportunistic, mean-spirited militants unworthy of the time of day—much less any *higher* considerations.

I'd *happily* see Alice Feeney elected Governor before I'd give the *Seraphims* a blessed thing, and that's the truth of the matter.

The *Sisters of Seraphim* is what they call themselves. Trial watchers however, had another name for them altogether: *Miss Borden's Beneficent Biddies*.

It's odd, really: publicity hounds these folks are, yet they shun or openly scorn any honest, earnest attempts to give them publicity. Mr. Joe Howard, the writer feller, even leaves them be these days. He encountered one of their number upon a trial afternoon during a recess, out front of the courthouse there at New Bedford. Mr. Howard approached one of the *Seraphims*, a female of perhaps threescore years or just shy of that, and the two chatted *briefly* beneath the shade of the lady's bumbershoot.

"Well now young man, I ask what *you* would do?" Mr. Joe Howard said to me when that day's session concluded. "I thought I might do them a *service* somehow. But the woman said 'Leave me be this instant, sir, else I will personally clean that *disused belfry clock* of yours but good.' She tapped her forehead and *winked* at

me.”

“Well, since you put it that way feller, I would have left the bunch alone too, I think.”

Mr. Joe Howard also mentioned that this local band of *Seraphims* favors such things as public beatings of journalists who are (in their opinion) *useless* and *irresponsible*. He shuddered as he said it.

I never gave it much thought, but Mr. Joe Howard’s encounter with the *Seraphims* might well explain why he took a sudden interest in distressed *heifers* during a *murder* trial!

“Porter, just a minute there feller,” I said, raising my hand. “Are you telling me that it was these *Sisters of Seraphim* put you out of commission the past New Years Eve?”

Friend Porter nodded, but then turned away as his face went scarlet. “I didn’t know myself again for two days afterward. One of that merry little band took a swing at my head with her blasted bumbershoot. Fancy thing it was, with a marble-inlaid handle.”

“Porter, you’ll excuse me, feller. It’s not that I don’t believe you, but this is a bit difficult to put together all at once.”

It was exactly that, although within a moment or two things started to make very good sense—in fact, Porter’s accounting fit in near perfectly with the intelligence I received from Captain Doherty upon the 31st day of December, 1893.

“Porter, do you remember anything at all after—?”

“No. I remember just what I told you a bit earlier. I was on my way over here and ran upon the *Seraphims*. One of them cried out ‘Well, if it isn’t *Mr. Porter* of the *Globe*.’ I may have gotten the word *Happy* out before they started in, but I can’t be sure of that at all.”

“Did anyone ever *tell* you anything afterward?”

“Not really. The only thing I know for sure is that they kept me at the Taunton hospital until the second of January.” Waking in the middle of the night to find oneself tied sturdily to the bed in an unfamiliar place does not a thing for the sense of well-being, he said.

“Well, Porter it would appear that you’ve had no better luck with Miss Lizzie Borden than you’ve had on the lecture circuit.”

Porter looked at me with a *whatever do you mean?* sort of look.

“Oh Porter, don’t even try that look. I know all about your brush with disaster at the Hartford Lyceum—the Wesson feller, the putrid flying fruit, all of it. Deny it as you please, but I read the Hartford *Courant* occasionally myself; and unfortunately for a certain author-turned-historian-turned lecturer-about-town, Wish McGillicuddy was also at the Lyceum that evening. He let the puss out of the pouch in the next day’s *Courant*.”

“I didn’t see him there,” Porter said. “I thought he’d retired, or found other business anyway.”

“Well, now let’s be sensible about things here, feller: on the night in question you were doing your level best to avoid flying fruits and vegetables, so it makes *perfect sense* that you might well have *overlooked* Wish McGillicuddy.”

I reached into a drawer and pulled out the *Courant* piece that Mr. Wish McGillicuddy had written. “It’s right here, Porter.”

Now Reader, perhaps you may recollect the gentleman of whom I speak—or at the very least his published accounting of the night in question. Mr. Aloysius Lysander McGillicuddy—known informally to friends and readers as Wish—was until just a few years ago known throughout the region as one of the finest

newspaper fellers in the business of “hard news.” What Ed Porter is to Mr. George Buffinton, Fall River and its environs, Mr. Wish McGillicuddy was to several editors in numerous venues.

It would be unfair to say that Porter is *jealous* of Mr. Wish McGillicuddy or his abilities, but it is entirely fair to say that they were in former times in direct competition occasionally—or were until Mr. Wish McGillicuddy became involved in something of a scandal a few years ago. McGillicuddy was not involved directly in it but rather indirectly—something along the lines of an *observer-turned-unwilling-participant*.

It happened along about springtime of 1891. McGillicuddy was working for a newspaper in Plymouth County. As Wish himself later said: “We’d got wind from some reliable source that a certain official of the city of Brockton had a lady-friend he’d become rather *fond of*, shall we say.

“Now, of course ordinarily such a thing might be written up on almost any of the society pages. Indeed it might well have been— except that the gentleman in question had a perfectly lovely wife, two young children and a miniaturized beagle pup who waited faithfully at home for him each night. It oughtn’t take anything more than good Yankee sense to see the problem there.”

Owing to a desire for the utmost secrecy and discretion, that certain official of the city of Brockton decided that the best course of action involved occasionally removing himself and this aforementioned lady-friend from Brockton and Plymouth County altogether. After some discussion and deliberation amongst themselves, the two selected the Mellen House at Fall River as the *venue-most-likely*, you might say.

Mr. Aloysius Lysander McGillicuddy, every bit the intrepid and resourceful bringer of news that is Ed Porter, ultimately got himself caught up in what we here locally would call a *McHenry, gone bad*. Through a friendly contact at the Mellen House, he obtained entry into the room the official of the city of Brockton would occupy with the aforementioned lady-friend-other-than-his-wife.

Surveying the room, McGillicuddy picked out the most discreet position from which he might indirectly observe, taking notice of any activities that might develop. He slid himself (notebook, pencils and all) beneath the double bed and waited. The Brockton city official and his lady entered the room about twenty minutes later.

“It really was the most god-awful and embarrassing place to be,” he later said. “The one bit of good luck I had, the two of them after a while were making enough noise that they didn’t notice me there at all. I’ve never heard such caterwauling in all my life!”

But alas, as it does to the luckiest schoolchildren everywhere, the light of *discovery* did dawn very soon that day in the Mellen House.

“The *trysting bed* apparently didn’t care much for the situation either I suppose. Because all of a sudden (clearly audible over the amorous sounds above) I heard first a small sigh, thence a cracking sound followed in close order by a deafening squeak. The foot of the bed was giving way. The Brockton city official hollered out, the lady-friend who was not his wife screamed, and the very bands of Hades did strike up all at once it seemed.

“I had both of them beat for yellin’ though after just a few seconds, because the full weight of the portside after-end of the bed (official, lady-friend and all) came down right on top of my left leg.”

Now as you might suppose Reader, the official of the city of

Brockton formed up for immediate retreat, the lady-friend-not-his-wife close behind. McGillicuddy, bless his heart divided his time betwixt alternately hollerin' for help and cussin' himself, the Brockton city official, the lady-friend-not-his-wife, the source of the story to start with, and the editor of the newspaper by whom he was employed.

Well, they hauled McGillicuddy out of the Mellon House (he was chewing on a water-soaked towel to keep himself from screaming and thus making the situation far worse than it was already), took him straight to the nearest hospital, where physicians were able to detect that his left leg and ankle were broken in at least three places.

Owing to limited equipment, however, they were unable to treat these injuries properly.

So Wish was sent up to Boston to the Massachusetts General Hospital. He left the city of Fall River with a vow never to return for any reason. It seems that one of the physicians who examined McGillicuddy at Fall River had an odd turn of humor about him, said there was really nothing much to do but get the bone saw and be done with the matter.

You'll pardon me for saying so I hope, Reader, but when Mr. Aloysius Lysander McGillicuddy heard the words *bone saw* he went into immediate action, raising all manner of unshirted hell. He grabbed that doctor feller by the collar of his fine white coat and yanked him downward so that he was bent over the bed, his own face within inches of McGillicuddy's.

In pain and sweating buckets by that time, he said, "I want to see Dr. John W. Coughlin—*now*, please. I don't care *where he is*. If you enjoy being a doctor as much as he enjoys being *mayor* of this pest hole, you'll get him over here."

Mayor Dr. John W. Coughlin was located in good and due time, and McGillicuddy's message relayed.

"I simply informed the Mayor when he arrived," as McGillicuddy later said, "that if he let one of those boneheaded butchers *come near* my leg with a saw, I would do *everything* in my power to see that he was *never again* elected to *any* public office, *anywhere*. I told him it wouldn't matter if he were the favored veterinarian to Mr. Grover Cleveland's beloved billy goat Peter—if they took off my leg, I'd personally see him *finished* with politics."

After a thorough examination of McGillicuddy's injured leg, the mayor Dr. John W. Coughlin declared amputation too *extreme* and arranged to send him up to Boston to the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Mr. Aloysius Lysander McGillicuddy was indeed able to keep that leg as things worked out, although three surgical procedures were required to assure that. He spent the next sixteen months shuttling between surgical procedures and recuperative therapies. He was two days past the second surgical procedure on the morning of August 4, 1892.

The bills for these treatments were duly forwarded to that certain official in Brockton, who promptly paid them on pain of exposure.

As you might expect, Reader, Mr. Aloysius Lysander McGillicuddy's experience at Fall River caused him to re-evaluate his vocational choice. He's still the same newspaper feller as he ever was, but has merely shifted his focus, as it were. He's made quite a name for himself writing feature stories, but with a more relevant, *newsier* angle. Mr. Joe Howard could take a lesson from

him it seems to me.

By the time he covered Mr. Edwin H. Porter's epic Lyceum appearance, McGillicuddy had finished his surgical cycle and was able to get around quite well, only occasionally using a walking stick.

"Porter, my good feller," I said, as I sipped away the last bit of Madeira in my cup, "were I in your shoes I'd not rest a minute until I saw every last one of those *Sisters of Seraphim* locked up on charges of assault and criminal mischief."

"Would you have said the same thing to McGillicuddy? Does *personal embarrassment* mean nothing at all to you?"

"Porter, these are two different instances altogether feller. What makes them different is that at the time you were stomped over by that gaggle of biddies, yours was the mantle of private citizen making his way to a place of merriment and celebration."

Friend Porter *harrumphed* at me, emptied his cup of Madeira and waited. When the expected sneeze failed to show itself, he grinned and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Oh, don't forget your fancy bit of sailcloth, Porter," I said.

Keats was right after all:

*"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," - that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.*

I'm glad Porter finally told it. I suspect he is, too.



Denise Noe's Lizzie Whittlings

The Extraordinary Career of William Moody

Borden buffs know William Henry Moody as one of the prosecutors of Lizzie Borden. Less well known are the facts that after the trial he went on to become a four-time congressional representative, a Secretary of the Navy, a U.S. Attorney General, and a Supreme Court Justice.

Indeed, it is hard to imagine a more extraordinary and accomplished career than that of William H. Moody. The man who would pursue that multi-faceted career, and earn himself a permanent place in Borden lore along the way, was born in 1853 on a farm in Newbury, Massachusetts. When growing up, he attended public schools in Salem and Danvers, Massachusetts. He graduated from Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts in 1872.

As a young man, he attended Harvard University where he proved himself a bright person and conscientious student by graduating third in his class in 1876.

Two Years Before the Mast

Moody studied law with Richard H. Dana, Jr. (1815-1882), author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. Since the world of the sea and ships would come to play a surprisingly significant part in Moody's life, it is worthwhile to examine the life and work of Moody's legal mentor. As Moody would after him, Dana attended Harvard. However, before he could graduate, he was stricken with the measles. This illness negatively affected his eyesight. Doctors suggested that a sea voyage might improve his vision.

How could a voyage improve vision? A writer on a medical newsgroup who calls himself "Zetsu" answered the question as follows: "A sea voyage would improve his vision because of the continuous wobbling and shaking about on the ship/boat. This movement causes the illusion in one's field that the surrounding objects are moving in an oppositional direction. This illusion is restful to the mind and therefore improves the sight by relieving strain which causes imperfect sight." The same writer elaborated, "I also presume that the recommendation was given because

a sea voyage would improve his general health by being in the open fresh air, and by eating fresh seafoods."

However, the Communications Administrative Manager for the American Academy of Ophthalmology, Georgia Alward, wrote, "I do not know why a doctor would suggest a sea voyage to improve vision that was affected by the measles" and "I could not find any documentation where a sea voyage would help" with vision. She believed that such advice might be the product of "an old wives tale."

At any rate, based on the advice Dana received, he became a sailor aboard a boat called the *Pilgrim*. The ship sailed to California, at the time a part of Mexico. He kept diaries during the voyage and, when it was over, worked from those entries to create *Two Years Before the Mast*. A website about Dana calls it "one of the best accounts of life at sea." The book also had positive practical effects as it led to reforms in the working conditions of sailors. Dedicated to that cause, Dana traveled throughout the United States and to Great Britain to give speeches about the importance of improving the lot of sailors.

Apparently, the voyage also had its intended effect as Dana's vision had improved by the time he returned to the landlubber's lifestyle.

Dana had a good bit of the crusader in him as he took on another controversial cause: that of the enslaved. As an attorney in Boston, he represented several escaped slaves against the federal government that sought to return them to their Southern owners. Dana took no fees for this work. He also suffered for his principles as one pro-slavery advocate assaulted Dana because of it.

Perhaps Moody was influenced by his mentor's steadfast commitment to principle as well as Dana's special interest in the lives and working conditions of sailors.

Entering the Borden case

Moody was admitted to the bar in Salem, Massachusetts in 1878. He began his practice in the Massachusetts city of

Right: William H. Moody, c. 1907

Photo courtesy the Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division





District Attorney Moody
Boston Daily, 6 June 1893

Haverhill. There the young and ambitious man was soon active in local politics as a Republican. He served on the local school board, was city solicitor, and was elected Essex County district attorney. His intelligence and legal skill caught the attention of Massachusetts Attorney General Albert E. Pillsbury, who appointed Moody to assist Hosea M. Knowlton in prosecuting Lizzie Borden.

It was Moody's first murder case. The junior prosecutor started by making what was arguably a major strategic blunder for his side. Leonard Rebello in *Lizzie Borden Past & Present* writes, "It was Moody who suggested George Dexter Robinson be retained by the defense." The very able Robinson, who had once been Governor of Massachusetts, may have been largely responsible for winning Lizzie Borden her acquittal.

The young Moody gave the opening argument for the prosecution. He began with a description of the crime that was powerful in its simplicity: "Upon the fourth day of August of the last year, an old man and woman, husband and wife, each without a known enemy in the world, in their own home, upon a frequented street in the most populous city in this County, under the light of day and in the midst of its activities, were, first one, then, after an interval of an hour, another, severally killed by unlawful human agency."

Moody immediately continued to the fact that an extraordinarily unlikely person became the suspect and then defendant, saying, "Today a woman of good social position, of hitherto unquestioned character, a member of a Christian church and active in its good works, the own daughter of one of the victims, is at the bar of this Court, accused by the Grand Jury of this County of these crimes."

He suggested the root of the motive for the murders, saying, "There was or came to be between the prisoner and her step-mother an unkindly feeling" and briefly reviewed the tension between Lizzie and Abby over Andrew's gift of a share in a building to Abby's half-sister.

The junior prosecutor gave an extremely detailed description of the Borden home, noting that his depiction was "wearisome" but indicating that it was necessary to understanding the prosecution's case. He detailed the movements of all those known to be in the Borden home at or close to the time of the murders, including Uncle John Morse, Bridget Sullivan, the victims, and the accused.

Toward the conclusion of the opening statement, Moody suggested that the jury would not be able to find "any other reasonable hypothesis except that of the guilt of this prisoner" to "account for the sad occurrences which happened upon the morning of August fourth."

Taken as whole, Moody's opening argument must be considered more than competent and genuinely eloquent in both its beginning and its ending.

Congressional representative and bachelor

Although Moody's side was defeated in the Borden case, prominent Republicans respected the skill he had displayed in it and his career continued on a steady rise.

The ambitious Moody spotted an opportunity when United States Representative William Cogswell died, leaving a vacant seat in the U.S. House of Representatives. Moody was chosen to fill that seat in 1895.

When he gained this office, Moody was 42 years old. The



William H. Moody, c. 1903. Waldon Fawcett, photographer.
Photo courtesy the Library of Congress Prints and Photographs Division

vast majority of people are married by that age. However, like Abby Durfee Gray and Emma and Lizzie Borden, William H. Moody entered middle age without a spouse. Unlike Abby, but like Emma and Lizzie, he would remain single until his death.

It can be surmised that the constituency of the district he represented in the House appreciated his service since they elected him three times. A *New York Times* article reported he was “well and favorably known as an industrious and active member of Congress” and that he served on the Appropriations and Insular Affairs Committees. The *Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships* describes Moody as “making a reputation by his knowledge of parliamentary procedure and his perseverance in debate.”

Theodore Roosevelt’s friend and associate

The politically astute Moody cultivated friends in important positions. One who would prove most significant was Theodore Roosevelt, a New York police commissioner at the time the pair

became close.

It is likely that the two men were drawn together in part because of a shared interest in seafaring matters. Moody had studied under Dana, the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. Theodore Roosevelt was the author of *The Naval War of 1812*. It was T.R.’s first book, partially written while the young Theodore Roosevelt was still in college. *The Naval War of 1812* would become a standard for naval strategy studies and was required reading at the Naval Academy in Annapolis for many years. In 1897, President William McKinley appointed T.R. Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He served little more than a year in that capacity before resigning to become Lieutenant Colonel of a regiment that would become famous as the “Rough Riders.”

Perhaps a shared love of athletics also helped bond William H. Moody and Theodore Roosevelt in friendship. Moody was a physically active and athletic sort who enjoyed walking, bicycling, riding horses, and playing golf. At one point, Moody served as President of the New England Baseball League.



District Attorney Moody Arrives at the Court House.
Boston Globe, 17 June 1893.

Pictures of Moody show a robust man with a ruggedly handsome face and slightly waved hair. *The New York Times* reported that some people actually mistook Moody for T.R. because of both their physical similarity and “a similarity in the decisive manner of both men.”

This friendship with T.R. would be crucial to Moody’s elevation to high office. In 1901, Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt became President Theodore Roosevelt after the assassination of President William McKinley.

In 1902, Secretary of the Navy John D. Long resigned his office. According to a *New York Times* article, about six people aspired to the position. After a brief time, the contest narrowed to two Congressional Representatives. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, a man much respected by the Theodore Roosevelt administration, sponsored Representative William H. Moody and the President appointed Moody Secretary of the United States Navy. At 49, Moody became the youngest member of the President’s Cabinet.

In January 1903, Secretary Moody was injured in an accident on the Naval Academy grounds at Annapolis. Accompanied by Senator Eugene Hale, who chaired the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, Moody was at Annapolis to inspect new buildings. Moody was in a carriage when a 17-gun salute was fired to honor him and the Senator. The horses pulling the carriage were startled by the noise and they suddenly swerved and dashed as the driver frantically but futilely attempted to control them. The carriage’s pole broke, further distressing the horses that ran even faster. As the horses madly pulled on the carriage, Secretary Moody opened a carriage door and leaped to the pavement. He landed on his face and was struck unconscious. The Secretary was lifted up and carried to a nearby home where he soon awakened. Luckily, he sustained only cuts and bruises from this mishap.

Moody served as Secretary of the Navy for two years.

Attorney General, Supreme Court Judge, and namesake

In 1904, the President appointed Moody United States Attorney General. Attorney General Moody helped craft the anti-trust campaign waged by the Theodore Roosevelt administration that helped dissolve the Standard Oil Corporation.

In 1906, Moody was appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court. Thus, Moody had the distinction of serving in all three branches of the American government: Legislative, Executive, and Judicial.

As a Supreme Court Justice, Moody authored several important opinions. He pioneered the doctrine that corporations could be legally restricted in what they charge, in an opinion he wrote on the cases brought concerning the Knoxville Water Company and the Consolidated Gas Company.

He served on the Supreme Court for four years before retiring in 1910 because of his failing health. He suffered from a severe and disabling form of rheumatism. After resigning from the Supreme Court, he returned to Haverhill where he lived with a sister who, like him, had never married. No longer physically able to enjoy the sports he had loved throughout most of his life, the ailing Moody spent almost all of his time in the home.

William H. Moody died on July 2, 1917, at the age of 63. He is buried in the Byfield Cemetery that is located in Georgetown, Massachusetts.

Two years after his demise, on June 28, 1919, a Naval Fighting Ship commissioned *Moody* was launched. William H. Moody's sister, Mary E. Moody, sponsored the ship.

The *Moody* would serve its country for eleven years. Among many other services, it brought torpedoes and ammunition from Rhode Island to California where it operated along the California coast. The ship was used on an inspection tour of Alaskan coal and oil fields. It was used in fleet exercises and good will visits. In 1927, the *Moody* was used in tactical maneuvers with the U.S. Fleet in the Caribbean. At one point, the *Moody* operated out of the Guantanamo port and out of Gonaives in the defense of the Panama Canal. Since negotiating the treaty that would lead to the construction of the Panama Canal was one of the major accomplishments of the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, who had done so much to further the career of William H. Moody, it was especially appropriate that the ship named after Moody was used to defend the Panama Canal.

In 1930, as a part of a disarmament agreement, the *Moody* was decommissioned. Much of the ship was sold as scrap metal. Her hulk was sunk in 1933. Like her namesake, the *Moody* is no more but like him she had had a very productive run—or sail.

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District Attorney Moody Shows Lizzie Borden's Skirt and Dress Waist to Jury.
Boston Daily, 7 June 1893.



Meet *Hatchet* Author — Douglas A. Walters

How were you introduced to the case?

Well, to the best of my recollection it was more than 30 years back. I ran upon one of those ‘Famous Trials In History’ sort of books in the school library, which contained a chapter on the Borden case. I’ve forgotten the actual title of the book at this point, but it’s more than likely listed in the bibliography on LizzieAndrewBorden.com. I also distinctly remember watching *The Legend of Lizzie Borden* when it was broadcast in 1975. (That’s actually “second exposure,” but I watched the show partly because of the book chapter I’d read.)

What was your first Borden book read?

The first book I ever read on the Borden case—not counting the chapter mentioned above—was Porter’s, which I read simultaneously with the trial transcripts.

What do you read for fun or what are you reading now?

Oh, I read just about anything really. It’s not much of a stretch to say that the only thing I don’t enjoy reading (unless it’s absolutely necessary) would be sets of instructions. As I figure it, I learn more by not reading the instructions—including the sad fact that there are times when you’ve just got to ‘suck it up’ and read the instructions!

History, literature, poetry—even at times legal texts and court opinions—if I can learn something from it or otherwise enjoy it, I read it. I’m a great fan of the infamous *Peyton Place* by Grace Metalious. When I take the notion to read a “filthy book” it’s *Peyton Place* I grab off the shelf. Fith it may be—but as filth goes, it’s not bad at all!

At the moment I’m dividing my time between two books: *Becoming Justice Blackmun* by Linda Greenhouse and *The Great Influenza* by John M. Barry. I’ve had to set aside the latter book for a few days however—I didn’t take a flu shot this season!

If you could own one of the houses, which would you rather live in and why? 92 Second Street or Maplecroft?

Actually I don't think I'd care to own, nor live in, either place. Perhaps I'm a bit odd, but if I were to live anywhere and have folks come to visit, I think they ought to do so out of a sincere wish for the pleasure of my company, and be far less concerned with ancient doings which might have occurred in my sitting room or upstairs guest bedroom.

I'll take a large old farmhouse any day, on lands dotted here and there with low walls in regular need of mending—a fence, a good neighbor or two, and a sugar house for warmth and sweetness come winter and spring.

I suppose I take Sandburg's view of life—that which he expressed in 1954 during a television appearance on *See It Now*. To be happy in life he said, three (or possibly four) things were required: "...to be out of jail...to eat regular...to get what I write printed...and a little love." As philosophy goes, that's not bad at all!

What would you like to see more of in *The Hatchet*?

Well I don't know offhand. I hadn't really given it much thought, but I suppose if pressed I would say "more of Miss Pippa Naugle's cartoons."

Who killed the Bordens?

Ahh . . . Here we come to the \$64,000 question. Based upon a careful reading of the trial documents preserved for us (including testimony that the jury was not privy to but which is a part of the records we have), I'd have to bet my money on a bob-tail spinster; the one who was—according to the most reliable filthy rumor—fond of keeping squabs for pets. No matter how much one hems, haws, or splutters in her favor, all roads seem to lead to Lizzie



Dear Abby

by Sherry Chapman



Photography by Harry Widdows.

Dear Abby,

Is there something going on between you and Uncle John?—
Glen 'Joe' Carlson, Iron Mountain, Michigan

Dear Glen,

I hope not! He does take my breath away, but not in any romantic scents.



Dear Abby,

Who is your daughter, Lizzie, dating? When I ask her, she will not answer me but only smile. If she wants it kept private, I don't want to pry.—**Lucy Cahoon, Fall River**

Dear Lucy,

Too bad. There have been many a time when Lizzie has told things about me in this column when she has volunteered to substitute for me, which will never happen again, I assure you. She has been seeing a lineman who boards on Hall Street named Bill Hacking. We may be hearing wedding bells soon. I heard her tell sister, Emma, that she would love to carry his last name and then laughed with sheer happiness.



Dear Abby,

Are there more photos of you than the wedding photo and the one taken earlier this year?—**Steffalee Kooreygan, PhD (photographer in high demand), Swansea**

Dear Steffalee,

Oh, yes. There is a whole box full here. Lizzie took them and said she was going to put each one in a gold frame. She hasn't finished yet. It must be quite a job, as she's been at it since 1887. I saw one near the privy in the basement. I think she is working on the project down there so she has more room.



Dear Abby,

How would you like to be remembered?—**L.A.B., on the Hill (soon)**

Dear LAB,

Oh, I suppose that I was a good wife and a kind step-mother. That I baked a good apple pie (but not giving away my secret ingredient of rose water). That I was a good housekeeper and that I am quite thin, considering I lost 100 pounds from illnesses throughout the year. I do abhor just initials on a gravestone. Above all else, to have my name spelled out on it is important to me. But there is no reason to hurry. I've a long time yet before I need to think of such things.



Dear Abby,

Mrs. Borden: If it is between 9:30 am and 10:30 am on Thursday, August 4, my good woman—do not walk, but RUN to the window, throw it open and SCREAM!!!—**O. Siahay Owltonkna**

Dear Owltonkna,

How nice to hear from you again – all the way from Japan! What is this? Open the window and scream? Why, this must be one of those exotic Japanese morning exercises I have heard about from Southard Miller's son, Franklin's, travels to the Orient. All right. I shall do it right n werotiuweowej

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DEAR READERS: I have entered the guestchamber where Mrs. Borden was finishing her column, and found her lying face down on the floor. Obviously, a heat stroke, as one can see by her typing above roaming off and making no sense. Knowing she needs to get this to the post office soon, I thought I would take it upon myself to do her the favor of finishing and taking it downstreet. Then I will come back and examine her, within an hour or two. I am confident that she is in no immediate danger.—**Dr. Seabury W. Bowen, City Physician**



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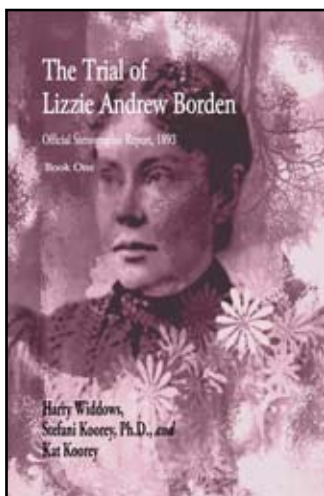
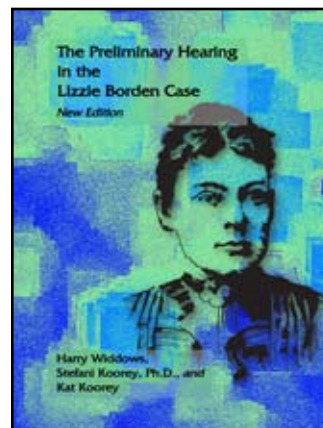
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Kat Koorey lives in Central Florida and is a writer and frequent contributor to this Journal. She enjoys researching the Borden murder case, and on-going discussion on the Lizzie Borden Society Forum. She has developed a passion and aptitude for genealogy, fostered by her Forum friends. Other daily entertainments include swimming, long phone calls, HGTV, reading true crime and British mysteries, her 2 cats, and photography.



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Denise Noe lives in Atlanta and writes regularly for THE CARIBBEAN STAR of which she is Community Editor. Her work has been published in THE HUMANIST, GEORGIA JOURNAL, LIZZIE BORDEN QUARTERLY, EXQUISITE CORPSE, THE GULF WAR ANTHOLOGY, LIGHT, AND GAUNTLET.

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Stefani Koorey is the Editor and Publisher of THE HATCHET. She holds a Ph.D. in theatre history and dramatic criticism from Penn State. Currently, she is a professor of theatre, film, and humanities at a college in Florida.



Michael Brimbau:

Michael is a life long resident of Fall River and grandson of Madeiran immigrants. Retired from Verizon, he spends his summers cruising the New England coast in his sailboat Saudade. Michael is an avid book collector and the owner of the Davenport house next door to Maplecroft.



Shelley Dziedzic:

Shelley is currently a parish administrator at the University of Rhode Island Episcopal Chaplaincy and a graduate student in conservation and costume history. She is the archivist for the Titanic International Society and has worked for eight years at 92 Second Street as a tour guide and night manager.





Sherry Chapman:

Sherry Chapman is a freelance writer from Detroit, Michigan. She is currently at work on a non-fiction book about, what else?—Lizzie Borden.



Mary Elizabeth Naugle:

Mary's avocations are writing and theatre. She has written and performed two one-person shows. Mary is the mother of two and the wife of one. They live in an old house in New Hampshire.



Marc Reed:

Marc Reed is a freelance illustrator, web developer and fine artist who works out of his studio in Lambertville, New Jersey. He is the co-producer and director of *Almost Gone*, a film based on his photographs of the ruins of the Bethlehem Steel plant. More about him and his art can be found at his web site at marcreed.com.

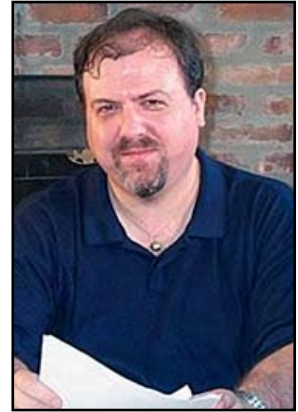


Douglas A. Walters:

Doug is a lover of history, literature, and a sometime-published poet. Doug is also an avid baseball fan ("Yea, Red Sox!") and enjoys listening to Big Band era tunes and old radio shows. He is currently domiciled somewhere in the Midwestern jungles but hopes one day to escape to New England.

Richard Behrens:

Richard Behrens is a writer, independent filmmaker and web designer/programmer. He is the founder/executive producer of Garden Bay Films (gardenbayfilms.com) and a frequent contributor to *THE MODERN WORD* (themodernword.com). Having just finished a short film on the ruins of the Bethlehem Steel plant, he is currently working on a documentary and audio project about Lizzie Borden. He lives in NJ with his very large book collection.



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Eugene Hosey is an artist, writer, and web designer. A graduate of Georgia State University, he holds an MFA in the visual arts. He is currently working on digital images and a book of poetry.



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Larry W. Allen is the current president of The Columbia Chapter of The Missouri Writer's Guild. He has had poetry published in *THE MID AMERICA POETRY REVIEW*, *THE GRIFFIN*, *FINE ARTS DISCOVERY* magazine, *NOW*, and *WELL VERSED*, the chapter publication. Larry is a probation and parole officer for the state of Missouri. He describes himself as a garden variety history nut.





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