The Hatchet:

Journal of Lizzie Borden Studies

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Emma Lost and Found

Harvesting the *Other* Crop

Luther's Corner and Lizzie's Chairs

Fall River: When Cotton Was King

The Hatchet:
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Features

Lagniappe

On the Covers: *Front Cover:* Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts; photo by Stefani Koorey. *Back Cover*: Cook-Borden ice house ruins on Interlachen in Fall River, Massachusetts; photo by Michael Brimbau.

Departments

Wheaton College. Photography by Stefani Koorey.

forum

This month's Lizzie Borden Society Forum thread

SEARCHING FOR EMMA'S SEMINARY

There was some speculation that Emma may have attended Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. I work at Mount Holyoke (now) College, and I decided to do some research. I contacted the wonderful folks in the college archives, and here is their reply: "In response to your request, I checked the 100 year biographical directory (a listing of all Mount Holyoke students from 1837-1937) for Emma L. Borden. There is no entry for her, so she was not a student here. It is possible that she attended Ipswich female seminary, which we have a collection on and which I believe was still operating at that time. You can view the finding aid for that collection at: http://asteria.fivecolleges.edu/findaids/mountholyoke/mshm197_main.html. As for other possibilities, I think that Byfield Seminary (later located in Saugus) and Buckland female school were both closed by the time Emma would have been a student. There was also a Northfield Seminary, but I don't have any information on it. You may also want to check with Smith, which was founded in 1871."

So, Emma probably did not attend Mount Holyoke.

I also inquired at Smith College, and it seems that Emma did not attend there either. Smith was never a seminary, by the way. So, I will keep researching to see if I can solve this puzzle.
KFACTOR

A long time ago, someone suggested that I check out Indiana's McCormick Female Seminary which was founded by Cyrus McCormick from Chicago. The woman thought that this institution might be the reason the Bordens visited Chicago. There have been various reports that "Lizzie" Borden was a teacher in the midwest. Is it possible that it was "Emma"? I've never had the time to work on this so I'm just passing this story along. Personally, I've thought that Wheaton in Norton was a more convenient choice for someone from Fall River. **NBCATLOVER**

You were ahead of the game in your thinking, nbcatlover! The archivist at Mt. Holyoke sent me a second e-mail suggesting I ask about Emma there. So, I have sent an inquiry to Wheaton too.
KFACTOR

We have an answer to the question of where Emma attended school!!! Here is the reply I received from the Wheaton College archives: "I checked our Alumnae Register, January 1927, and discovered Emma Borden's name on the "Unlocated List" meaning there was no current address for her except "Fall River." She was listed as attending during the years 1866 to 1868. In the Alumnae Register for 1932, Emma was listed as a non-degree alum "x." She was also listed with an asterisk beside her name signifying that she was deceased. Hope this helps. Alumnae Register, January 1927 Borden, Emma L. 1866-68, Fall River Alumnae Register, June 1932 *Borden, Emma x68" There it is!! **KFACTOR**

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.

"What stories can these forgotten relics of a bygone era tell? What history have these abandoned homesteads seen through the passage of the seasons and the years? Who once lived among the dilapidated ruins? Perhaps the likes of **Lizzie Borden** or maybe Boo Radley? Or a family driven away by poverty and despair? Who or what might still live among the deserted rooms or lurk upon the broken stairs? Is that a face hovering in the window?"
—EA Monroe, *Shadows of Time*
http://eamonroe.blogspot.com/2007/07/oklahomas-lost-and-forgotten.html

"Almost any performer up against a duplicate Davis would automatically shrink like the proverbial violet. But Chris Seibert, after playing theater history's most convulsive Emily in CPT's recent Our Town, ups the ante by creating a passive-aggressive takeoff on **Lizzie Borden**, leaving us biting our nails wondering if and when she's going to pull out that ax and give Holly those 40 whacks. Moreover, these clawing cats are perfectly controlled by Vovos' masterly lion-taming."
—Keith A. Joseph, *Free Times*
http://www.freetimes.com/stories/15/6/latterday-divas

"For instance, Kunni Biener, 52, a lawyer from Damascus, was describing some of her more creative works of cross-stitching: 'I did a voluptuous mermaid holding a hook. It said, "Why Men Fish." I gave it to a friend of mine who fishes.' She also cross-stitched a tongue-in-cheek tribute to **Lizzie Borden**, the legendary -- though acquitted -- parricidal ax murderer, which included the famous poem about Borden, illustrated with stick-figure bodies and a bloody ax.'I gave it to a lesbian couple as a wedding present,' she said. (They were going to Borden's home town on their honeymoon.)"
—Peter Carlson, *WashingtonPost.com*
http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2007/05/15/AR2007051502208.html?hpid=sec-artsliving

"Put Jeffrey Dahmer's grocery list up for auction and the bids would pour in. The same would be true if **Lizzie Borden's ax** or Unibomber Ted Kaczynski's postage scale were on the block. Whether it's a morbid fascination with the macabre, a sick sense of humor, a desire to shock one's friends or proof of a troubled mind, many people are fascinated by murderers. Enough of them exist that, as Monitor reporter Annmarie Timmins reported, there are entire auction sites devoted to the sale of the class of collectibles known as 'murderabilia.' "
—Monitor Staff, *Concord Monitor Online*
http://www.concordmonitor.com/apps/pbcs.dll/article?AID=/20070514/REPOSITORY/705140308

"A six-week research project demonstrates the potential applications of personal response systems, including helping to settle a debate on the Lizzie Borden trial. MARLENE OSBORN HAD never used a personal response system before her life science class took part in a study last fall at Kent State University's Research Center for Educational Technology."
—Charlene O'Hanlon, *TheJournal.com*
http://www.thejournal.com/articles/20621

NEWS

This section of *The Hatchet* presents the latest news and information from the world of Lizzie Borden and Fall River, Massachusetts. Sometimes this may include play openings or Fall River Historical Society events that the editors feel might be of interest to the readers. If you have any news please send it our way at news@hatchetonline.com.

The Paul and Ray Show

Paul Fletcher, 78, and Raymond Lavertue, 71, team-teach "The Criminal in Literature and the Arts" at Bristol Community College in Fall River, and were recently the subject of an extensive article on ProJo.com, the website for the Providence *Journal*.

Both professors are now retired but return to the classroom every Spring semester to "teach a course that is part English symposium and part law school. Students study classic novels, poetry and movies about crime while also learning about the American legal system."

Both men relate how they enjoy the process of working together and bringing alive the legal system to students.

One of their areas of expertise is the Lizzie Borden case and Fletcher can go "on for hours about Lizzie Borden, the infamous Fall River native who is the professor's favorite subject."

Fletcher and Laverue began teaching this class in 1975. Laverue, a former police detective, was the head of the criminal justice program at BCC and Fletcher was the chair of the division of arts and had received a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to expose his literature students to real-world issues.

New Blog on Lizzie Borden and Fall River

A great new blog (a portmanteau of web log) has appeared Online that you should read.

Penned by Lizzie Borden historian Shelley Dziedzic, *Lizzie Borden: Warps and Wefts, A Tapestry of Threads About the Borden Case and Fall River*, is Online at http://sanctaflora.wordpress.com.

Some of her more recent entries include topics such as: Maplecroft, Mansion of Mystery; Got Taphophilia?; The Eyes of Lizzie Borden; Lizzie's leg o' mutton sleeves; Cornelia Otis Skinner--At Rest in Oak Grove; Lizzie's Boston Bulls; and The Thing on the Wall.

Sound intriguing?

By the way, in case you were wondering, "Taphophilia" is the love of old monuments and cemetery statuary, tombstones, memorials and stones.

David Machado, Edible Expert, on Fall River Hamburgers

David Machad, has penned an article for the Summer 2007 issue of *Edible Portland* titled "The Divine Hamburger." Machado details his expert opinion on just what makes a perfect hamburger.

Of interest to *Hatchet* readers is that in it Machado recalls that "1972, which was my junior year in high school" was "the same year that a much-anticipated burger chain from California, called McDonald's, opened its first location in my hometown of Fall River, Massachusetts. My first taste came years earlier courtesy of my Uncle Tom and his cast iron skillet. A transplanted Southerner and Iwo Jima veteran, Tom would cook me up a thin and gristly after-school version that he served between two slices of fluffy white Bunny bread. I loved it!

Several years later, I would step up in quality when I began to frequent Almacs Diner with Father McCarrick and a carload of altar boys fresh from a Friday night Novena. These burgers were professionally flipped and garnished with hot cheese and griddled onions by tattooed, paperhat-wearing war veterans. They were a divine revelation."

Machado is now a Portland, Oregon chef and restaurateur. He is currently working on opening his third restaurant American Chow.

To read the entire piece and other mouth watering articles on great food, visit EdiblePortland.com.

Website News

For all the latest Lizzie Borden news, don't forget to check out The Lizzie Borden Society Forum.

Dedicated historian ends ten-year run with the Swansea Record

Nancy Boardman, a Swansea resident, is retiring from two major outlets, the Swansea *Record*, for which she has overseen its assembly and publication, and the Swansea Historical Society.

Boardman has decided to do other things now that her last child will be graduating next year and some major changes are coming for her family.

The Swansea *Record* is a 19th century newspaper that Boardman "resurrected as a quarterly newspaper on the town's history in 1997."

Says an article from June 15, 2007 on EastBayRI.com, "Ms. Boardman says she has had a strong interest in history since childhood, which she credits to an extensive amount of time spent traveling around the country with her father. In these travels, she saw several of the nation's major historical sites. She feels that knowledge of history is a necessary thing for young people, giving them a sense of where humanity has been and thus where it can or should go.

"For this reason, among others, Ms. Boardman was happy to help when a group of educators and other citizens asked her for help teaching Swansea's history to students. She was then introduced to local history expert Helen Pierce, about whom she would eventually write a short book. Ms. Pierce in turn introduced her to the Swansea *Record*, a defunct local newspaper that had been printed out of Fall River in the 1800s. With the copyright on the paper's name having long since lapsed, Ms. Boardman decided to resurrect the paper as a history education tool, with a mixture of reprinted material from that period and new articles written by several history-loving volunteers, including herself. Some of these articles were works of fiction, intended to replicate the kind of coverage that was common in the original Swansea *Record*, which Ms. Boardman says could get a bit gossipy. However, she said that the period advertisements re-printed in the paper were often what caught the eyes of youngsters.

" 'The kids loved them,' she says. 'You learned so much from the ads. It told you what the businesses were (like) in town.' "

For a detailed article on the extensive work of Ms. Boardman, please visit EastBayRI.com at http://www.eastbayri.com/story/321605641650293.php.

Lizzie Bits

• Dr. Stefani Koorey, editor and publisher of *The Hatchet*, will be the invited speaker at the Fall River Public Library on Wednesday, August 15, at 6:30 pm. She will be unveiling another in her series of entertaining and media rich lectures, this one titled "Lizzie in Cyberspace." This is Koorey's fourth consecutive year lecturing in Fall River—appearing in 2004 and 2005 for the First Congregational Church and the Fall River Historical Society's summer lecture series, and is now as the return speaker for the Friends of the Library. The event is free, but seating is limited. Mark your calendars now!

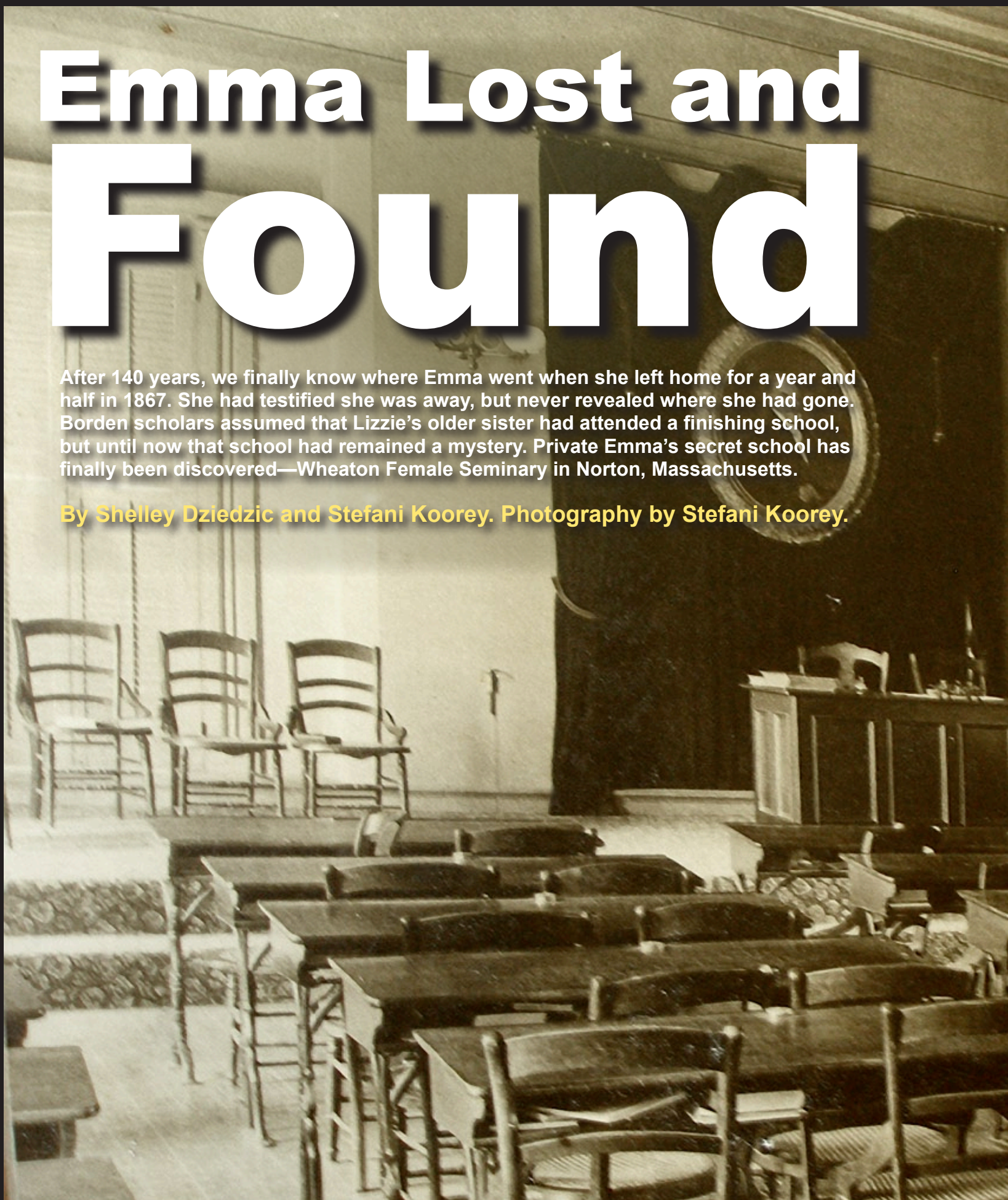
• Don't forget to check out YouTube.com for Lizzie Borden related films. There are quite a few on there that are snippits of longer documentaries as well as some full length content. When you go, you have to check out "Frizzy Lizzie" (priceless) and "Lizzie Borden: The TRUE Story & The Murder House Today" which is a rare piece from 1996. Almost eight minutes long, this is an investigation into the case by Entertainment reporter Tim Estiloz for CN8. He gets some facts incorrect, but it is GREAT to see the case explored in more than a 30 second sound bite.

You get to meet Martha McGinn, Ron Evans, and others. Vintage stuff and pretty nifty too!

Emma Lost and Found

After 140 years, we finally know where Emma went when she left home for a year and half in 1867. She had testified she was away, but never revealed where she had gone. Borden scholars assumed that Lizzie's older sister had attended a finishing school, but until now that school had remained a mystery. Private Emma's secret school has finally been discovered—Wheaton Female Seminary in Norton, Massachusetts.

By Shelley Dziedzic and Stefani Koorey. Photography by Stefani Koorey.



Classroom in Mary Lyon Hall (formerly Seminary Hall) on the campus of what is now Wheaton College. This is the room where Emma attended classes in 1867-68. This photo dates from 1878-80 soon after the room was renovated.

Making a Proper Lady by Shelley Dziedzic

The recent discovery that Emma Borden attended Wheaton Female Seminary for a year and a half is an exciting revelation.

The quiet older sister, described as "schoolmarm-y" in some newspapers, has for over a hundred years been a dark mystery to scholars of the Borden case. Now the speculation of why and when Emma attended has opened new avenues for discussion. With Andrew and Abby Borden marrying after the Civil War in 1865, was Emma's departure to the Norton seminary in 1867 a reaction to unpleasant relations between stepmother and stepdaughter or merely the next expected step for the sixteen-year old?

Wheaton may have been the choice for several reasons. It was close to home, other daughters of fine old Fall River families attended there, and Dr. Eli Thurston, pastor of the Central Congregational Church from 1849-1869, was on the board of trustees. Admission to Wheaton required only a letter of good character from one's minister.

In later years, Wheaton also offered a four-year degree program along with the shorter non-degree curriculum that embraced all the popular subjects felt essential to the molding of a proper lady of the era.

According to Mt. Holyoke's web site, "In the 19th century, the words 'seminary' and 'college' were used to describe schools at a variety of levels. A 'college' might give instruction either to university students, or to those of high school age and even younger.

A 'seminary' could be a preparatory school, or offer a college education or graduate and professional training."

In the early 19th century, the thought of women going to college was a shocking prospect when the aim of most girls was to marry well, be a credit to her husband, manage a household and produce the next generation—preferably a son to take over the family business. The concept of a school to prepare young ladies for their future roles as leading hostesses, organizers of good works, pillars of the community, and model mothers and wives was not a new one, and these institutions had been in existence for decades before Emma was packed off to pursue higher learning.

It was often said a proper lady needed to paint a little, sew a little, play the pianoforte, dress neatly, speak in gentle, modulated tones, and appear just three times in the daily newspaper: upon her birth, her marriage and her obituary. Every father "saddled" with a houseful of daughters had to think ahead for their future prospects, and hope for a good husband who could provide in the manner to which the lady had become accustomed. If the girl was not beautiful in form and face, she might at least be accomplished, polished, and an able mate to her husband. Thus, the notion of a curriculum for turning out such marketable marriage material evolved.

Religious institutions sponsored some schools, and many, such as Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut, gathered fame and reputation based upon the character and accomplishments of its Headmistress, and just as many folded upon the demise of that distinguished personage. Miss Porter's School is still in business, as are the widely popular finishing schools in Switzerland. One such school was the Institut Alpin Videmanette in Rougemont where Diana, Princess of Wales attended—a favorite haunt for the daughters of the aristocracy. Today's curriculum at a finishing school is not so terribly different from some of the lighter subjects Emma Borden pursued. French, composition, diction, needlework, deportment, music and art, are still on the menu for producing every gracious debutante—for etiquette, good manners and knowledge of protocol know no age and are a great advantage in all walks of life.

Many institutions that may have begun as finishing schools for the daughters of well-to-do families ended up adding a full roster of studies and degree programs as they expanded into full-fledged colleges. Massachusetts was at the forefront of enlightened thinking as women began the battle for equal education and career opportunity, guided by such paragons of progress as Mary Lyon of Mt. Holyoke, who also created Wheaton's first curriculum in 1835, and Wheaton's own Caroline Metcalf, president during Emma's brief tenure. This is what the Wheaton website has to say about Mrs. Metcalf:

> Among those whose ideas and influence shaped the early Wheaton was Caroline Cutler Metcalf. Strong-willed, conscientious and creative, Mrs. Metcalf served as seminary principal from 1851 to 1876. Finding and retaining outstanding teachers was high on her list of priorities. Caroline Metcalf sought educators willing to put aside tradition and custom to employ the most effective teaching methods possible.

It is fascinating to read of Emma's daily classes and marks for deportment, how tidy she is about her person and her dormitory room, and how assiduously she applies herself to her studies. The grading system allows for numbers with high marks being a 9 in these various areas. Emma begins well and earns high marks, but at the end of her time at Wheaton, the marks fall in some catagories to a 6.

There is mention of the fee to provide her with a practice piano and the mandatory chapel services every young lady attended.

In the library archive at Wheaton, on the wall beside a handsome oval portrait of the esteemed Mrs. Metcalf, is a large oil painting of three demure students, each with a smooth center part, glossy bands of hair gathered neatly into the style of the time. One perfectly-groomed maiden is hovering solicitously over a shining silver tea service in a perfectly appointed room while others, equally poised and polished, make gracious conversation. In every aspect, intelligence, social perfection, and dignity radiate from every corner of the canvas, and provide a visual roadmap for Emma and her classmates to emulate.

To those who would today make light of the finishing school program for young ladies, one has

only to look at popular domestic compendiums of advice for women of the time to see that the average bride was expected to be familiar with an astonishing amount of household wisdom. They had to be acquainted with reading a menu in French, household management, directing household staff, entertaining with view to increasing her husband's prospects, basic medical practice, moral training for children, tireless volunteering for community and church, baking a light soufflé, and embroidering exquisite linens.

No wonder Lizzie settled for taking the Grand Tour instead!

Works Cited:

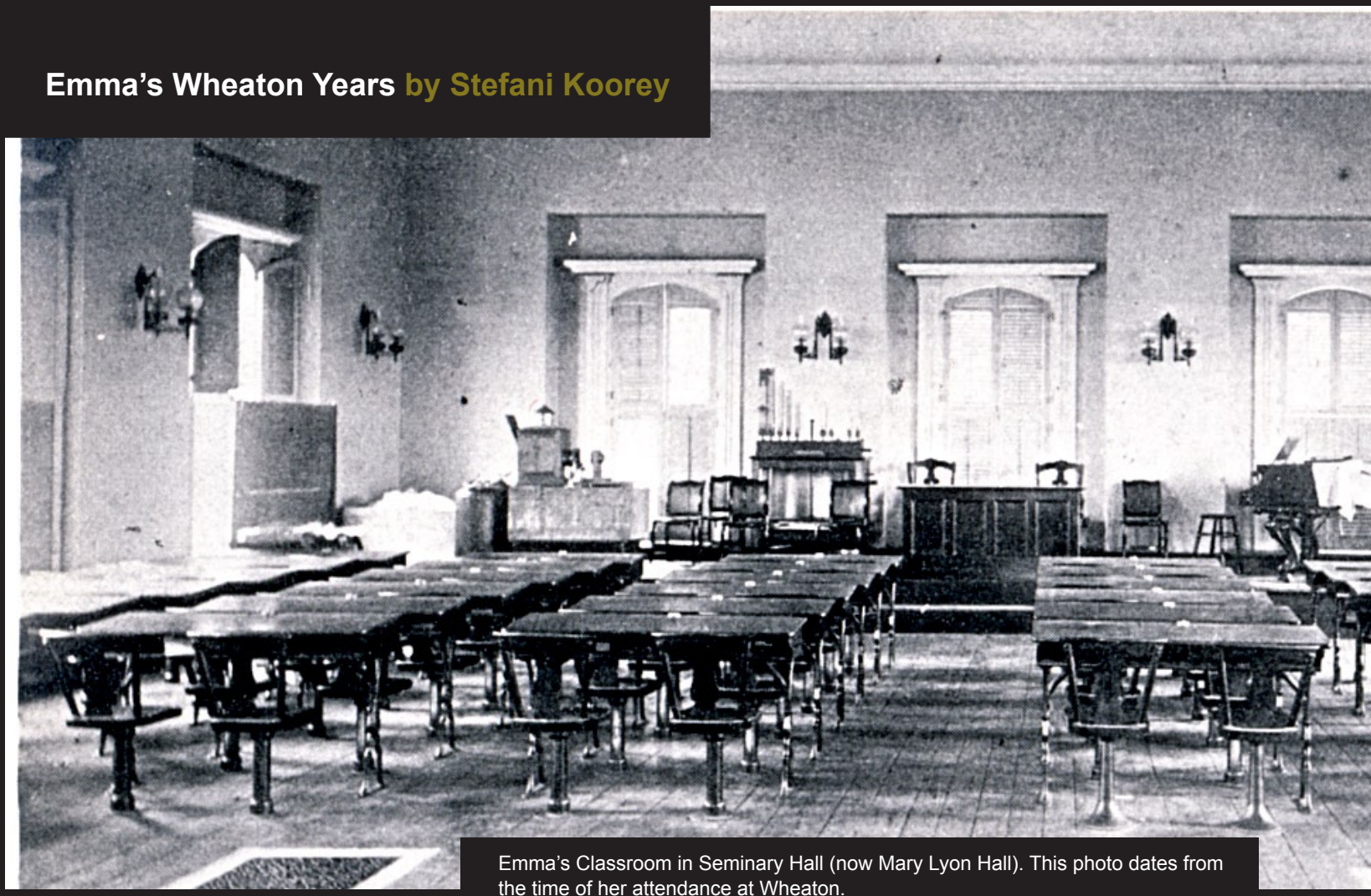
"About Wheaton: A Tradition of Innovation." Wheaton-College.edu. 3 November 2006. Wheaton College: Norton, MA. 29 July 2007 <http://www.wheaton-college.edu/about/History.html>.

"Why did Mary Lyon call Mount Holyoke a 'Seminary?'" The Founding of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. Undated. MountHolyoke.edu. 29 July 2007 <http://www.mtholyoke.edu/marylyon/noframes/founding.html>.

Painting: Cle'mence ROTH, Afternoon Tea (Une Taqsse de The'). Oil on canvas. Acquired from the artist by Eleanor Norcross, Wheaton Class of 1872, who donated it to Wheaton College in 1922.

Mary Lyon Hall, formerly Seminary Hall, at Wheaton College. Emma's classes were held on the second floor in the front of this building.

Emma's Wheaton Years by Stefani Koorey



Emma's Classroom in Seminary Hall (now Mary Lyon Hall). This photo dates from the time of her attendance at Wheaton.

Emma Lenora Borden attended Wheaton Female Seminary, in Norton, Massachusetts, from April 1867 until July 1868—four semesters in all—starting when she was but 16 years old.

Although Emma did not graduate from this four-year program of study (and few who went to Wheaton during this time did), she was exposed to the full range of the female seminary experience.

Like all students, Emma attended daily prayer meetings in the boarding house, and church every Sunday at the Trinitarian Congregational Church, which still stands today. She was not allowed to receive packages from home to make her stay there any different from any other girl. An official list specified what each student was required to bring, including clothing, a pair of sheets and pillow-cases, towels, napkins and napkin ring—all marked with the owner's full name. Students could not correspond with anyone they were not related to, unless their parents had provided those names to the Principal.

Every minute of a young girl's life was regulated at Wheaton, with 31+ bells demarcating the day—from awaking in the morning at 5:45 am, to retiring at 9:30 pm. Student Elizabeth Morville recorded these schedules of times in her 1850-51 diary. The time notations here have been modernized:

5:45 - RISE
6:30-7:00 - HALF HOUR OUT [roommate's

All Wheaton archive images courtesy of Marion B. Gebbie Archives & Special Collections, Madeleine Clark Wallace Library, Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts.

It was long assumed that Emma had spent her missing months at a female seminary. Mount Holyoke was the first best guess of Lizzie Borden scholar and author Len Rebello. But it wasn't until Kristin Pepe, Laboratory Director in the Psychology and Education Department at Mount Holyoke, launched her own investigation that she came up with the golden ticket when Wheaton College confirmed that Emma had indeed attended there. Now let's get Kristin onto finding Bridget Sullivan's inquest testimony, the real name of Todd Lunday, and the murder weapon.

private devotion or study]
7:00-7:30 - BREAKFAST
7:40-8:10 - HALF HOUR IN [private devotion or study]
8:15-8:45 - STUDY LATIN
8:45-9:00 - PREPARE FOR SCHOOL
9:00-9:30 - DEVOTIONS [including all students & teachers]
9:30-11:30 - STUDY WAYLAND. PALEY.
11:30-12:00 - READING OR MUSIC
12:00-1:00 - DINNER
1:00-2:00 - RECREATION OR STUDY
2:00-2:30 - RECITE WAYLAND.
2:30-3:00 - STUDY
3:00-3:20 - CALISTHENICS
3:20-3:30 - RECESS
3:30-4:00 - RECITE PALEY
4:00-4:30 - RECITE VIRGIL
4:30-5:00 - RECREATION
5:00-6:00 - SUPPER
6:00-6:45 - RECREATION
6:45-7:00 - PREPARE FOR STUDY
7:00-8:00 - STUDY HOUR
8:00-8:30 - HALF HOUR IN
8:30-9:00 - HALF HOUR OUT
9:00-9:30 - STUDY HOUR
9:30 - RETIRE

A student in 1875 recorded a list of sixteen "Rules and Regulations of Wheaton Seminary" that ordered a young woman's life during her seminary years:

Rule I. Pupils must not go to the Post Office without permission.
Rule II. Promptness in everything is required of the pupils.
Rule III. Rooms are to be visited only in recreation hours.
Rule IV. Teachers must not be interrupted in study hours except in the case of necessity.
Rule V. Pupils under 18 years of age are not to go to the store without permission.
Rule VI. All must keep Cash Accounts.
Rule VII. Must not go riding without Mrs. M's permission.
Rule VIII. Can't go ride without permission

from home.
Rule IX. No gentleman callers who do not bring letters of introduction are received.
Rule X. Must not answer the doorbell.
Rule XI. No one to go out of their room to sleep without Mrs. M's permission.
Rule XII. Pupils do not receive their gentleman friends in their bedrooms.
Rule XIII. Must not talk in the library.
Rule XIV. Not to talk from windows.
Rule XV. Nothing to be thrown from windows.
Rule XVI. Must not borrow money or wearing apparel.

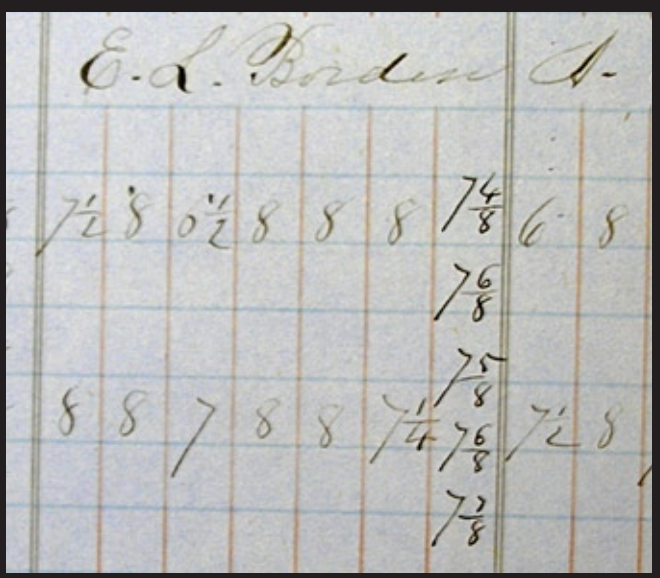
The Sabbath was strictly kept and no one, including parents, was allowed to visit the school on Sundays.

Emma lived at the school, boarding with a roommate, although we do not know who this was. Most personal records, such as letters of application, have not survived and room assignment records are only available from the mid 20th century onwards. We know that Wheaton's boarding house could accommodate housing their teachers and ninety-five pupils, the others housed with families in Norton.

Privacy was at a premium and girls were granted only two half-hours alone in her room each day, expressly for religious prayer and devotion. While sparsely furnished, each student's room averaged fifteen feet by twelve and contained two bureaus, wash stand, pitcher and basin, a bookcase and a table. The bed was a double, and it wasn't until the 1880s that female seminaries switched to single beds. The 1866 sketch by Emma Cunliff of the room she shared with Mary S. Lincoln details the living conditions there. Wheaton College Archivist Zephorene Stickney is confident that Emma visited this room, as Emma was at Wheaton while both Cunliff and Lincoln were enrolled, and when the sketch was made.

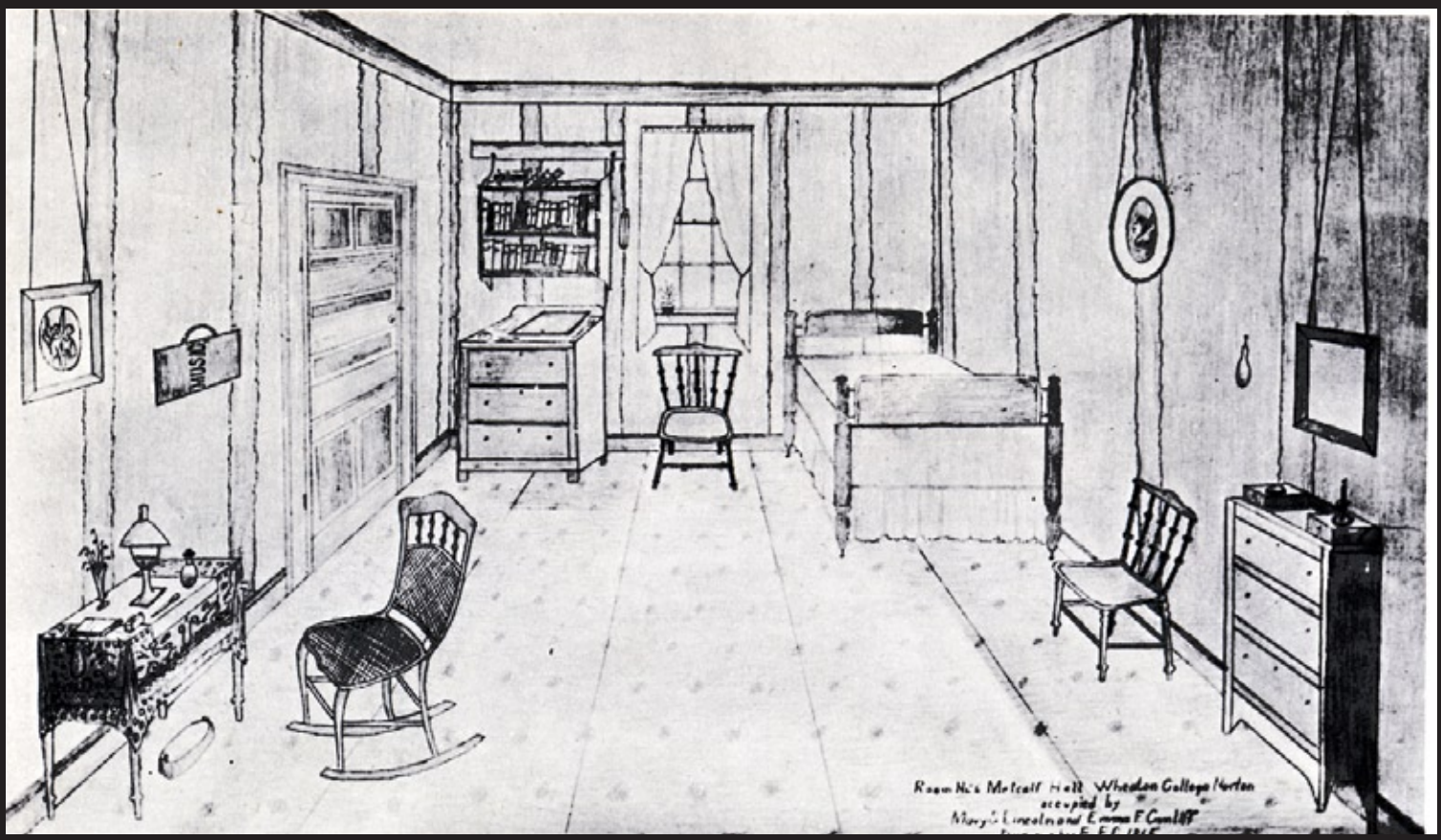
In the school year ending July 1868, there were a total of 157 pupils enrolled at Wheaton, with 122 attending the Fall semester, 101 the Winter, and 110 in the Summer. 86 pupils took French, 25 studied Latin, 25 studied Drawing, 2 took German, and 8 were enrolled in the Normal school (teacher education). Ages of the students ranged from 13 to 25, but the younger girls were mostly local Norton residents who lived at home and did not board at Wheaton.

When Emma attended, she was one of six young women from Fall River. In her Junior Middle class were Laura W. Anthony, Kate H. Remington and her sister Sarah W., and Adelaide M. Brightman. In the



Emma's scores for Winter term, 1867-68, including "Scholarship" category.

Emma's name in the book of Student Accounts.



Sketch by Emma Cunliff of the room she shared with Mary S. Lincoln. It is believed that Emma Borden would have visited this room during her 15 month attendance at Wheaton Female Seminary. *Courtesy of Marion B. Gebbie Archives & Special Collections, Madeleine Clark Wallace Library, Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts.*

Senior Middle class was Martha C. Brigham.

Unfortunately, as of yet, no photographs of Emma at Wheaton have surfaced. Since she did not finish her education, it is doubtful whether she would have appeared in any group photographs, which were usually reserved for those who completed the full course of study and graduated.

What does exist are Emma's grades and her Student Accounts, which detail how much Andrew Borden was charged for his oldest daughter's stay and study at the school. We also have a list of her teachers and their images, and a complete list of the textbooks used in the classes she attended.

These documents are telling in that they open up a window onto the world of the post Civil War era educational system, and seminary life in Massachusetts in particular.

Grades at Wheaton were recorded in a Semi-Monthly Report for each semester and a copy of each young woman's report of deportment and scholarship was sent to her parents or guardian twice a month. A year at Wheaton encompassed three semesters: Fall, which ran from early September until late November; Winter, which ran from early December until mid March; and Summer, which ran from early April until early July. It appears that there were no classes during the month of August.

Grades were awarded in number format, with no one receiving greater than an 8, although it is believed that the "perfect" score was a 9. According to Wheaton archivist Zephorene Stickney, "In the Victorian Era it would never occur to any teacher that a student could possibly earn a perfect grade. There would have been some flaw in penmanship or structure or grammar."

The rating system is somewhat of a mystery, as numbers such as 7 ⅜, 7 ⅝, and 7 ⅞ sometimes appear. On the Semi-Monthly Report, the scores

were given for “Order of Room” (which indicated that teachers inspected student rooms on a regular basis), “Order of Wardrobe,” “Care of Health” (which included physical exercise such as walking and gymnastics), “Promptness,” “Accuracy of Accounts,” “Deportment,” and “Scholarship.”

Emma’s grades show scholarship points for only the Winter term of 1867-68, her third at Wheaton. She scored between 7½ and 8 for each mark listed. For other areas of grading, Emma was only consistent in one category, “Order of Wardrobe,” scoring a perfect 8 for all 9 marks during her stay. Her weakest area was in “Care of Health”—her score descending to a meager 6 ½ on two occasions. Apparently, keeping active was a major emphasis at Wheaton, although many young women elected to forego their physical activity in lieu of more sedimentary pursuits.

Interestingly, Emma’s next weakest category was “Deportment,” only twice in nine grades during her four semesters did she score an 8.

Emma’s entered Wheaton during the Summer 1867 term, which occurred from April 9th until July 7th, as a member of the “Junior” class, equivalent to our freshman year.. She took the standard and required battery of courses in the “English branches, including Vocal Music,” that is, courses that were not taught in foreign or ancient languages. She also studied the piano.

According to Wheaton historian Paul Helmreich, the “English branches” at Wheaton were purposely comparable, and often identical, to those studied by men at universities during the same time, even to the point of using the same textbooks. The “English branches” included all subjects other than studio art, music, modern languages, and classical languages and literature. Courses falling under this category included Algebra, Ancient and Modern History, Moral Science, Plane Geometry, Logic, Moral Philosophy, Geology, Chemistry, Astronomy, English Grammar, Rhetoric, Natural History, and Natural Philosophy. A major expansion of Seminary Hall in 1878-79 provided additional space for physics, biology, and chemistry laboratories. Mathematics and Science were “resolutely pursued” throughout a student’s years at Wheaton.

Emma’s second semester (Fall term) occurred from September 5th until November 25th, 1867. Again, as in all her terms, she took the “English branches” courses, and added to her studies French and piano.

From December 10th to March 17th, Wheaton’s Winter term, Emma again chose to pursue French and the piano in addition to her “English branches” classes.

Emma’s last semester at Wheaton, the Summer term of 1868, which ran from April 3rd until July 8th, was different than that of Winter—she took her third piano class but didn’t enroll in French. She had advanced to the “Junior Middle” class, equivalent to the sophomore year.

We know the exact “English branch” classes taken during any particular term from the *Thirty-Third Annual Catalogue of Wheaton Female Seminary, for the Year Ending July 1868*. In addition to its lists of teachers and students in each class and language area, there is some back matter that offers us details regarding the typical Wheaton student’s “English branches” course of study. It states, “The regular course of study embraces four years, but the time required in each case must depend upon the age, capacity, diligence and previous attainments of the scholar. Pupils will be examined in branches already studied, and classified accordingly.”

First year, first term, students studied Arithmetic, Grammar, and Modern Geography. First year, second term, students enrolled in Arithmetic, Grammar, and History of the United States. First year, third term, students took Arithmetic, Analysis of the English Language, and Natural History.

Second year, first term students were enrolled in Algebra, Ancient History (including Ancient Geography), and Physiology. If Emma had stayed another two semesters at Wheaton to finish two years of schooling there, she would also have taken the second section of Algebra, History of the Middle Ages, and Geometry (second term), and the second section of Geometry, Modern History, and Botany.

It was common for families to enroll their daughters in the female seminary system for only a year or two, without plans to have them complete their education and earn a degree of any kind. A few

Gymnasium clothing worn by all students at Wheaton during Emma's attendance.

semesters of school was enough to give the young ladies the needed tools to make a woman an able mate.

What else do we know of Emma's Wheaton years? We know how much Andrew paid for her terms of study—and it was not an inexpensive investment in his daughter's future.

The first semester Emma was at Wheaton, Andrew paid $87. This amount included $10 for "English branches including V. music," $12 for Music, $3 for the use of the piano, $1.75 for "Incidental and Lib'ry Tax," and $60.25 for Board, Fuel, and Lights.

The second term showed a slight increase in the total cost because Emma elected to add French to her program of study, and that course cost Andrew $5. Her fees for the "English branches" went down to $9, perhaps because she took one less class, but we do not know for sure. Her board, fuel, and lights were roughly the same, at $60. Andrew's total bill for the Fall term, 1867, was $90.75.

Emma's third term, Winter 1867-68, was her most expensive, setting her father back $109.25. For this semester, Emma's board, fuel, and lights went up to $75, probably because the colder months necessitated more fuel. She once again added a $5 French class, and the luxury of renting a carpet for her room at $2.50. Carpets were often rented in the winter months because the floor's surface was bare.

For Emma's last term, Summer 1868, she again rented the carpet at $2.50, but did not enroll in her $5 French class. Instead, she studied the piano again and incurred the piano rental fee. The board, fuel, and lights were $70, making Andrew's cost just under one hundred dollars, at $99.25.

For four terms of study at Wheaton, 15 months of education, Andrew paid a total of $386.25, not counting Emma's pin money or extra purchases such as textbooks and supplies. Considering that Emma never married, perhaps Andrew later felt that his investment in her future had been a waste of money. However, it is safe to conclude, says Zephorene Stickney, that "based on the courses that Emma took, she was better able to handle the financial aspects of running a household, that she would have been a more informed conversationalist, friend and companion. Perhaps she could sing and play the piano better, and accompany herself and others, a major form of home entertainment at this period. Perhaps, also, the academic and religious education she received at Wheaton encouraged her charitable activities and church work."

In 1912, Wheaton Female Seminary became Wheaton College. Today it is a well-regarded private coeducational four-year liberal arts college.

Photograph dating from Spring 1878 of dormitory room of Mary Clark Kilton at Wheaton Female Seminary.

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Editor's Note: *Shelley Dziedzic and I would like to thank Zephorene L. Stickney, College Archivist and Special Collections Curator, Marion B. Gebbie Archives and Special Collections, Madeleine Clark Wallace Library at Wheaton College, for her considerable knowledge and assistance in helping us locate the information contained in both essays.*

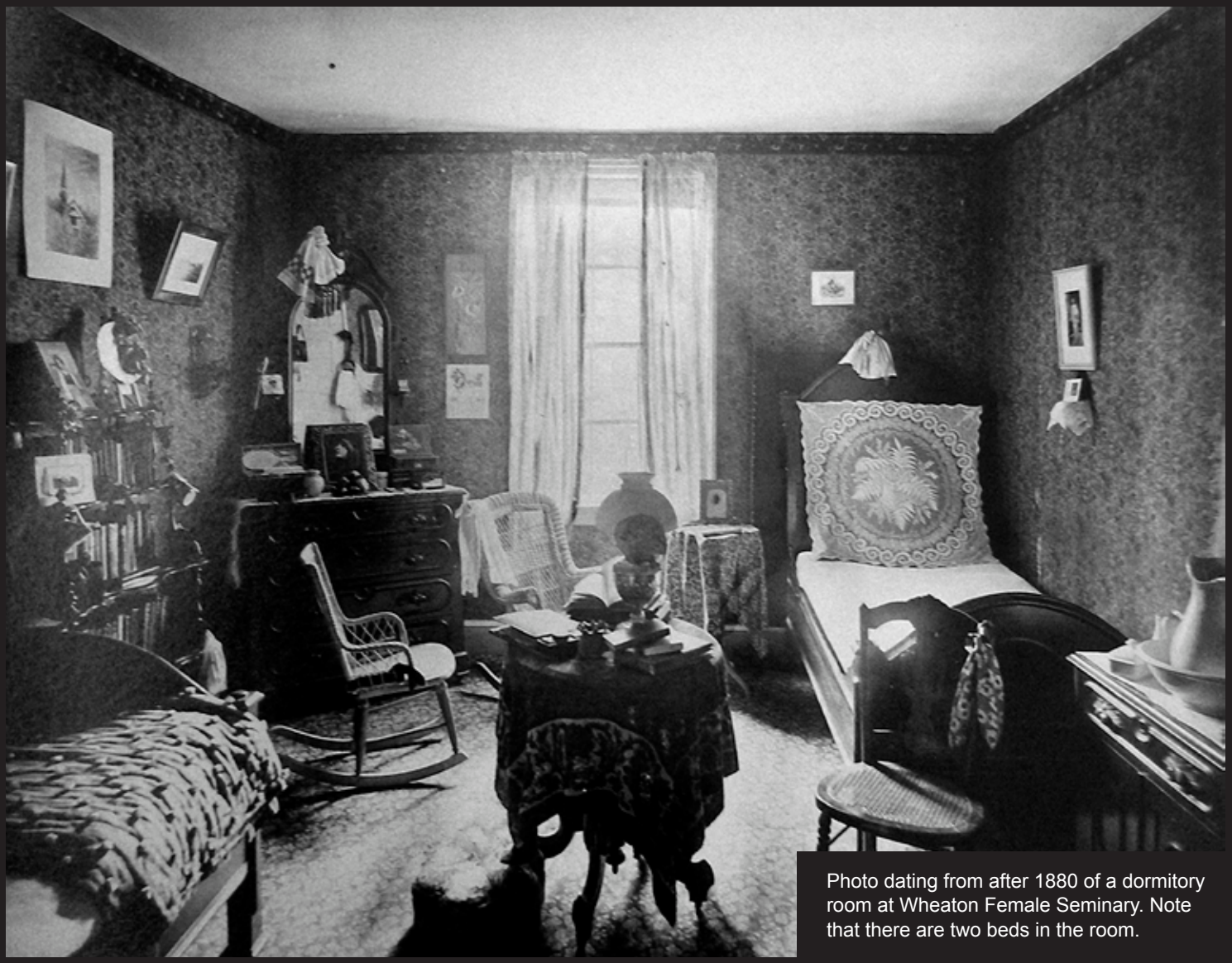


Photo dating from after 1880 of a dormitory room at Wheaton Female Seminary. Note that there are two beds in the room.

Upper Left: Shelley Dziedzic researching Emma at Wheaton; *Lower Left:* Len Rebello, Shelley Dziedzic and Stefani Koorey; *Center:* Shelley and Len in Emma's classroom.; *Upper Right:* Stefani Koorey in front of painting of Carolyn Metcalf, Emma's Principal; *Lower Right:* Shelley in the archives at Wheaton College.

Trinitarian Congregational Church in Norton, MA. This is where the ladies from Wheaton Female Seminary in Emma's time went to worship on Sundays.


West View of the Wheaton Fem

Wheaton Female Seminary in 1860.

Teachers.

CAROLINE C. METCALF, PRINCIPAL.

MARY JANE CRAGIN,
Natural Sciences, Mental Philosophy and General Literature.

ANN ELIZA CARTER,
Latin, Moral Science and Butler's Analogy.

MARY B. BRIGGS,
English Language and Literature.

JENNIE E. WOODBURY,
Geography, History and Higher Mathematics.

HARRIET E. PAYNE,
Mathematics and Natural Sciences.

MARY EMMA PEABODY,
French and German.

MARIA LOUISA MELLUS,
Penmanship, Perspective, Pencil and Crayon Drawing.

LOUISA J. SMALLEY,
Piano.

GEORGE H. HOWARD,
Instrumental Music and Harmony.

STACY BAXTER,
Vocal Culture.

MARY P. HYDE, Piano and Vocal Music *(Fall Term)*.
OLIVIA TOLMAN, Piano *(Winter Term)*.
W. W. DAVIS, Vocal Music *(Summer Term)*.
ELLEN S. EASTMAN, Gymnastics *(Winter Term)*.
SARAH E. MACOMBER, English Branches *(Summer)*.
JAMES C. SHARP, Lecturer on Chemistry *(Winter)*.
REV. JOHN L. RUSSELL, Lecturer on Botany *(Summer)*.

Caroline Metcalf, Principal

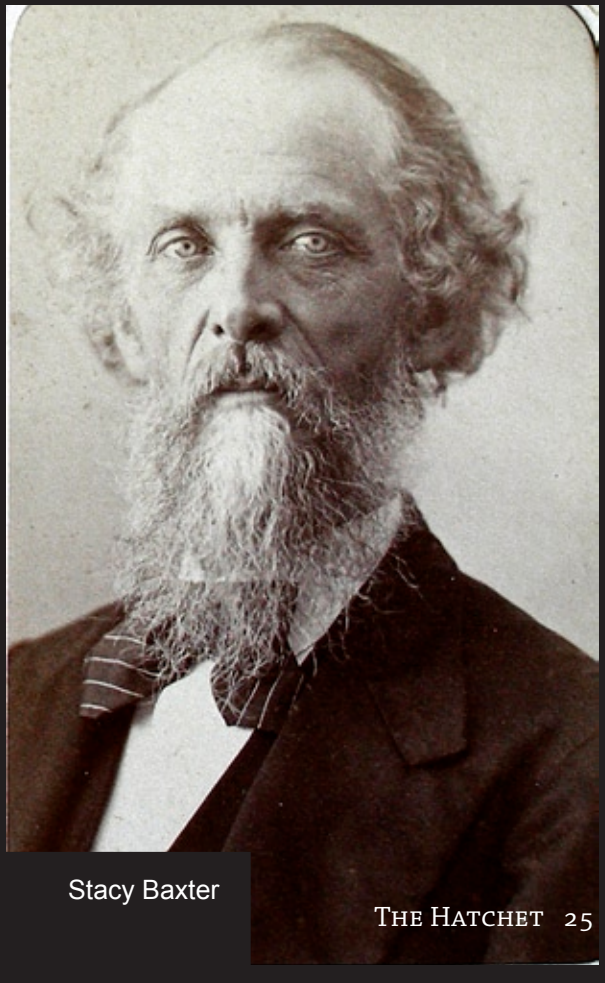
Mary Jane Cragin

Mary Emma Peabody

Maria Louisa Mellus

W. W. Davis

Ann Eliza Carter



Stacy Baxter

[*essay*]

special section

fall river history

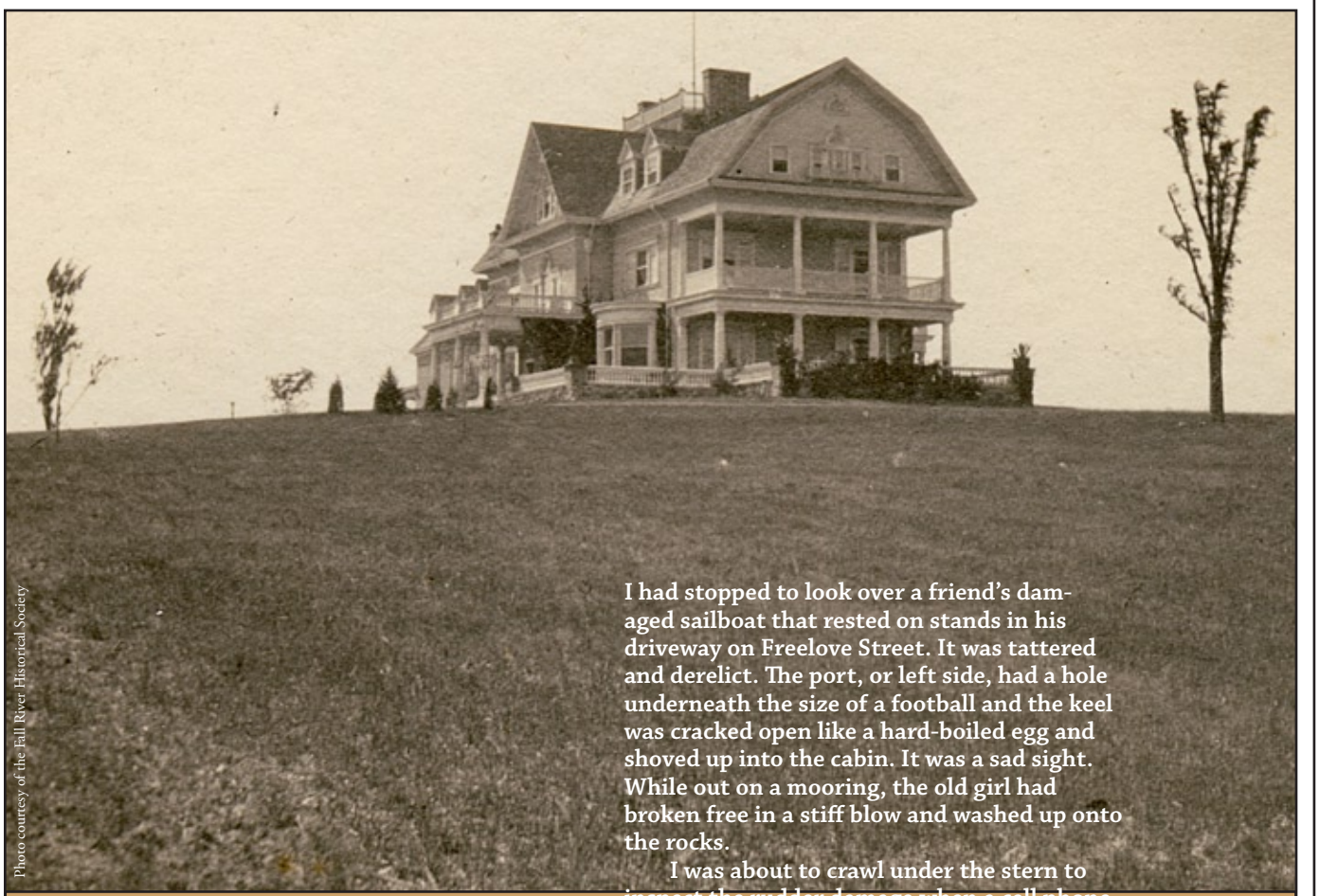


Photo courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society

INTERLACHEN: THE MAN BETWEEN THE WATERS

I had stopped to look over a friend's damaged sailboat that rested on stands in his driveway on Freelove Street. It was tattered and derelict. The port, or left side, had a hole underneath the size of a football and the keel was cracked open like a hard-boiled egg and shoved up into the cabin. It was a sad sight. While out on a mooring, the old girl had broken free in a stiff blow and washed up onto the rocks.

I was about to crawl under the stern to inspect the rudder damage when a cell phone chimed behind me. Ah! You would be wrong to assume it was mine. After 30 years of working in telecommunications, I refuse to carry such a device. Before the ringer could sound again Stefani Koorey quickly answered it. The way she flung open the phone, I decided she must be either an enthusiastic Star Trek fan or a veteran cell phone user.

A tour of history with Bill Goncalo

by Michael Brimbau

Photography by Stefani Koorey

"Hello Mr. Miranda . . . ah yes, Michael's looking at a boat—we should be there very shortly." I bit the corner of my lip and squinted as the tide of guilt slowly streamed across my face. I knew we did not have time to stop and look at the old boat, but since it was on the way, I thought . . . well.

Our destination had been to connect with my childhood friend John Miranda, a teacher at Diman Regional Vocational Technical High School. John was kind enough to arrange a meeting between Stefani and Fall River historian Bill Goncalo. Bill, an English teacher at Diman, is an authority on the island of Interlachen, Col. Spencer Borden, and the ice industry in Fall River. I was delighted to have been able to get the two Borden scholars together.

Spencer Borden: A Brief History

Interlachen was the location in Fall River, Massachusetts, of the opulent residence of industrialist Col. Spencer Borden—textile entrepreneur, pedigree horse breeder, and celebrated author. I grew up with the impression that its name was taken from an old American Indian expression. In truth, Borden had named his island home after a Swiss township in the German-speaking Alps, named Interlaken (from the Latin: inter lacus). The district of Interlaken lies over 570 meters above sea level and is nestled between lakes Brienz and Thun. This beautiful setting is one of the oldest tourist resorts in Europe. One can only guess whether Borden visited Switzerland and the Alps when attending school in Europe and walked away so impressed that he adopted the name Interlaken for his own, changing the spelling. Locally, in time, the term Interlachen took on its meaning: land between the waters.

Borden built his mansion home overlooking the North Watuppa Pond in the east end of Fall River. A peninsula jetting out into the pond, Interlachen truly became "between the waters" when the Fall River Water Commission raised the water levels of the pond, turning it essentially into an island. Around the turn of the 20th century, pond levels were manipulated to further plans for turning the north pond into Fall River's primary source of drinking water. This meant separating the North and South Watuppa and regulating the flow of the North Watuppa, along with all its tributaries. To accomplish this, a careful study needed to be done, since both ponds were the primary source of the Quequechan River that ran most of the textile mills along its banks. In a further step, Fall River hired Arthur T. Safford, an engineer with a firm out of Lowell, Massachusetts. One of the many recommendations given by Safford to the Water Commission was for the city to condemn and then purchase all public and private land surrounding the pond. By eminent domain, the city began taking what land it deemed necessary. These actions placed Interlachen directly in the path of the entire project. Borden's Shangri-la was unfortunately poised out in the middle of the pond surrounded by the very waters the city was trying to control.

Speaking about Borden at a gathering with a group called the Real Estate Owner's Protective Association, Mayor John T. Coughlin claimed in effect, "the cultured gentleman from Ward Eight cared nothing for the people of this city." While the city fought to exclude all trespass and gain complete control of the North Watuppa, Borden fought his own battle with the city and the local Board

Spencer Borden. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

of Health for limited public access. To accomplish this, Borden proposed that the city issue seasonal licenses to boaters and fishermen. Coughlin had accused Borden of wanting control of the North Watuppa all to himself. Borden did not remain silent and in his own defense struck back fiercely. In a speech given to the same group some weeks later, he attempted to set the record straight claiming, "Any man, it makes no difference who he is, that says or said that I was looking for the exclusive privilege of fishing and boating on the North Watuppa Pond, is a liar."

Further, after his preliminary study in 1909 was completed, Safford made nine recommendations to the Fall River Reservoir Commission. One of these was targeted directly at Borden and Interlachen. It stated that: "The Spencer Borden house at Interlachen, although having an arrangement for the disposal of sewage, may sometime prove to be a menace and ultimately should be controlled by the city of Fall River." With tough language such as "menace" and "should be controlled," one can see how a simple proposal can be worded to sound like a personal attack or a tinge of threat.

Thus continued an exasperating and perpetual feud between Borden and the city of Fall River. Unlike water, which flows down hill, power usually flows up, and Borden had plenty of it. His influence was earned partially by his wealth and in some measure by working for the governor, serving on his staff in the early 1890s, where he earned the title Colonel. Though the city went after other properties bordering the pond with virtually overwhelming success, no one dared challenge Alderman Borden directly, legally, or otherwise, with an ultimatum to give up his island paradise.

The Borden clan in Fall River had always been an influential bunch and Spencer was no exception. Though the Borden line goes back much further, part of the success and failures behind the family story can be traced back to two brothers, Thomas and Richard Borden. Spencer's grandfather Thomas was patriarch to what Fall River historians like to describe as the "Greater Bordens," a long lineage of wealth, privilege, and authority. Jefferson Borden, Spencer's father, was agent for the Fall River Iron Works Company and later became executive officer for the giant American Print Works. This poised Spencer firmly on the prosperous limb of the Borden family tree. Being fortunate enough to attend university in France, where he honed his trade, he graduated in 1870 and returned to Fall River. Two years later he went on to establish his own business, the Fall River Bleachery, near the shores of the South Watuppa Pond.

Success abounded on the Spencer side of the Borden family tree. Just as accomplished, and perhaps more so, Spencer's older brother, Jefferson Borden, Jr., is credited with bringing electricity to the textile mills in Fall River. Their cousin, M.C.D. Borden, who lived in New York and married into the powerful Durfee family, went on to become one of the wealthiest of the Borden clan. M.C.D. built the largest textile conglomerate in the world and tied the mill industry in Fall River with corporate

Bill Goncalo and John Miranda on the North Watuppa.

interests in New York City and the rest of the world. Though Spencer's father, Jefferson Borden, developed serious financial difficulties of his own later in life, the successes more than outweighed the failures.

While Spencer's grandfather, Thomas, pulled all the right levers, Richard Borden, Thomas's brother, died bankrupt. Unfortunately, Richard's claim to fame is being grandfather to the branch of "Lesser Bordens." Most of his offspring became laborers and farmers. This included Abraham B. Borden, Lizzie Borden's grandfather. Though Federal census records show Abraham as a laborer, he probably had many vocations. While historians tend to label Abraham a miserable failure, describing him as a fishmonger or eccentric street peddler, there is no proof that these were his primary or only occupations—though he probably sold fish at one time. Abraham was purported to be well liked by most who knew him. I believe many Borden littérateurs and armchair historians have unfairly singled him out as a disappointing failure in a shoddy attempt to bolster his son Andrew's success.

Interlachen—The Journey Begins

It was the end of the day as we drove into the school parking lot. There we met John where he introduced Stefani to Bill. After salutations, smiles, and handshakes were out of the way, we all clambered into my pickup and were soon on the road. The short drive took us to the end of New Boston Road. At one time, before the construction of RT 24, New Boston Road extended onto Interlachen. Today, we needed to find other ingress onto the island. Not far away, I tucked my vehicle off to the side of the road. A couple of feet further was an overgrown wooded area with a path or road barricaded by a rusty chain link fence. Here Bill revealed to us a back way onto the island to the west shore of the North Watuppa. The only road to this area is at the end of Bedford Street, through city property, along land belonging to the Water Department. Fall River is very guarded and somewhat obsessive about protecting its drinking water supply. Intruders are aggressively challenged and not allowed anywhere near the North Watuppa without special permission. Bill, who has given tours of the area in the past, has the city's blessing to wander the island and pond with notice. Still, as we circumvented the old chain link fence to the forbidden road which led to Interlachen, memories resurfaced of when I was a child, and the many fences I climbed, trespassing or cutting across somewhere I did not belong. This time was just as much fun.

With a red windbreaker tied around his waist, notebook in hand, and tan running shoes, to some, Bill looked more like a senior in college than a high school teacher. Tall and slim, and looking barely into his thirties, he appeared as eager to escort us on our little tour as we were to attend—well almost as eager. My impression of Bill was of an introspective naturalist, a man in love with nature, history, and open space. Not long into our walk I realized this was an individual doing what he loved—teaching local history free from the restraints of the classroom, amongst the trees, along the water, kicking up the soil. I felt fortunate to be on this private tour sharing my interest in Interlachen, and all things Borden, with others who held the same historical interest.

The weatherman had declared the threat of rain, but

John Miranda and Bill Goncalo at the old ice house.

the afternoon turned out somewhat overcast, yet dry. Approaching the causeway, a narrow land bridge between the mainland and island, we all eagerly shadowed Bill as if he was the Pied Piper. The old shrinking tar-paved road, once a continuation of New Boston Road, now lay fractured and overgrown with weeds. In the distance, a group of deer rustled through the briers, grazing, before dashing off after discovering our presence. Nature was all around. John walked ahead pointing out the diverse fauna and flora, including apple trees, raspberry bushes, even a scarce healthy elm. Stefani followed close behind, camcorder welded to one eye, keeping record of the day's events. I also trailed a bit, my Canon in hand, snapping photographs. Looming up ahead, several hundred feet away, lay the ruins of the Cook & Durfee Ice House. It skirted the shore of the North Watuppa like the crumbling remnants of a medieval castle. Bill flipped open a black notebook and the lesson began. The 19th century stone ice house, along with the scenery, took on new life through the photos that Bill displayed. The ghosts of buildings, barns, and once-open fields materialized in our minds as we compared the 100-year old images to the forested landscape around us.

At the end of the byway, our intrepid guide trudged down an unmarked path through early spring undergrowth as we followed like a string of ants. We circumnavigated the old ice building and what appeared to be 50-foot tall free standing stone and mortar walls. The wooden timbers that capped these ancient storage spaces were long gone, which left the cathedral-sized interior overgrown with trees and brush. Bill was quick to surrender all he knew about the ice industry in Fall River as we bombarded him with inquires. "My father first told me of this place when I was just a kid. He's the one that got me started, interested in the ice industry," Bill continued proudly. "I love the natural ice industry. It's lots of fun to research." He stepped back and examined the scale of the building's stone walls. "It was a very short-lived industry—it came, it flourished, and it tapered right off with the development of refrigeration."

Every step we took relinquished new discoveries, whether it was the strange elongated openings in the walls of the ice house, or the granite stone foundations and walls that littered this isolated island. With every step, Bill was the consummate historical guide and tutor.

Across the narrow road from the ice house stood the ruins of an old granite foundation now flooded by the high pond levels. The central 8 x 8 Fall River granite columns protruded from the shallow water like abandoned cemetery plot markers. "This was once an old horse barn," said Bill. "Here the ice company kept their horses." Bill examined the floor below the foundation and showed us the location of the barn on a diagram in his notes. "The pond is at its highest level since I can remember. As you can see, it has flooded out this area which is much lower than the road." Though the Cook & Durfee Ice Company owned a small portion of land at the very entrance to the island, most of the remainder of the island was Borden's roost.

There is very little evidence left of Interlachen's heyday. One must look at old photos or have a vivid imagination to envision the splendor that once graced this wooded terrain. Interlachen is now essentially forest.

The ruins of the barn across from the old ice house.

In the late 19th century, it was made up of rolling hills and barren fields, divided by well kept roads, a patchwork of finely built stone granite walls, and white ornate fences and gates.

Old Spence was an avid horseman. He began by raising Morgans and Polo ponies. Later, he went on to breed and race Arabians and became one of the leading authorities on Arabian horses in the country. He authored several books on horse breeding and care, including What Horse for the Cavalry and The Arab Horse, which is still in print to this day. Borden's homestead served as a stud farm and sanctuary for these exotic and prized thoroughbreds. Many of these royal animals were imported from overseas. His estate was a virtual English garden and gentleman's farm, which included bulls, oxen, and even turkeys. Among the exotic shrubs, flowers, and trees, Borden had constructed an island manor unlike anything ever built in this blue-collar mill town. Though Interlachen could be considered out in the country, it was still only minutes away from the downtown business district. As Bill described it, "When most of the affluent and successful corporate professionals in Fall River were building their sizable homes in the upscale and fashionable Highlands, Borden preferred the open country." He looked down to his notes and smiled. "Spencer Borden followed a different drummer. Interlachen was far from busy inner city life, yet only a short ride away from his dealings with the corporate world and the mill industry in town."

More recently, Bill Goncalo has been working on an ancestral study of the Spencer Borden family. He has traveled long distances to interview grandchildren of Bordens still living. In doing so, he has come away with captivating accounts and first hand anecdotes of family life at Interlachen in the early 1900s. If not for the spirited services of such personal studies, a rich and vital part of Fall River's past and Borden family history might be lost forever. It is through the efforts of researchers and historians such as Bill that Fall River's rich, but fading, legacy is kept alive.

As we slowly walked along the remains of New Boston Road, we passed the location where the Arabian horse stables once stood. Nothing but a tall grove of trees now exists. On the south shore of the island, just beyond the ice house, one must strain the imagination to picture what once stood here. It must have been a majestic sight of Borden's regal stallions romping along open fields flanking the gentle lapping shores of the pond.

Soon we came upon the toppled ruins of a shallow foundation. A tall thin tree sprouted out of the center of the living room. This was once the location of the Benjamin Cunningham house. It was one of the oldest structures on the island and still exists to this day. This discovery was of great pleasure to me since I knew where the Cunningham house had been moved to. A somewhat large Colonial Cape, with Greek revival variation, it now stands at 132 Bark Street in Fall River, not far from Lafayette Park. Its present owner demonstrates his pride for his building in the dignified way in which it is maintained. For the most part, the place has been kept intact both inside and out, with very little in the way of modification over the years. With its tastefully painted gray clapboard siding, ornate white trim, and commanding, but inviting front door, the old place stands

Foundation of the Benjamin Cunningham house.

Acacia Avenue on the way to the "Big House."

noble and proud as it once did in another time and place.

We continued our walk deep onto the island. Trees above now scaled the road from side to side. The fresh spring greenery shaded our heads like an olive pastel parasol. Demonstrating an elusive danger, John brushed his hand along the lush bushes by the edge of the road, coming up with a deer tick. His lesson to us was one of vigilance—to keep a close look out for ticks that infest the island. An avid hunter, John is accustomed to dealing with these minuscule pests. Gone undetected, a diseased tick can imbed itself under the skin and transfer the crippling and life debilitating Lyme disease. With escalating reports of the disease every year here in New England, these tiny pinhead sized menaces cannot be ignored. If bitten by one of these primitive, tiny crab-like creatures, it is best to get to a hospital. At the end of the day, like grooming monkeys, we picked several of these blood-sucking creatures from our socks and clothing.

The Location of the Big House

We ran into a minor roadblock as New Boston Road ended and the route took a turn to the left. The pond had covered the road ahead of us. Just to the right was the old location for the North Watuppa boat ramp, long gone. This flooding left us no choice but to scale a fieldstone wall to avoid the encroaching water. A short trek through the woods and past another stone wall and we were soon on Acacia Avenue. Not on city maps, Acacia Avenue was a private road, probably named by the Borden family. It led directly to what was lovingly referred to by the family as the "Big House."

Not far from the "Big House," Spencer Borden, Jr., Borden's oldest son, had built his own dwelling, along the southeast shore of the Watuppa. While the older sibling went on to share in his father's successes, the Borden's youngest son, Brooks Borden, a star high school football player, was not so fortunate. Brooks had taken part in a country sleigh ride with a group of fellow students from Durfee High School. As the sleigh carriage crossed the railway tracks at Brownell Street towards Main, a south bound Boston train slammed into it. Tragically, Brooks and two other boys were killed.

Acacia Avenue, now grass-covered and leaf-paved, took us ever nearer to the end of the island and the location of Spencer's "Big House." At still another divide in the road, Bill opened his notebook and began pointing out the locations of significant landmarks long transformed and concealed by dense overgrowth. At what appeared to be a split in the road, another small lane set off to the left. Covered by thick shrubbery and vines, an abandoned stone wall disappeared into the woods beside it. Bill explained what we were looking at. "If you followed this wall in Borden's day it led down in this direction to finely cultivated gardens and to an arched tower with a bell that Borden had purchased out west, from California. Borden acquired the bell from the ruins of a mission church."

Stefani and I hovered over Bill's shoulder, studying the photographs he revealed, as John walked off to explore the small lane. Displayed in Bill's notebook were images of meticulously cultivated gardens and sweeping open fields of grazing land. In the center of one of the photos was a tall church-like double arched stone structure with a bell near its peak. The bell, which was chronicled as coming from the ruins of the Mission La Purisima Concepcion on the west coast, was made to sound on the hour. Spencer, a good friend and

The steps to the front entrance of Spencer Borden's Shang-ri-la.

associate of Thomas Edison, had set up an electrical clock synchronized to sound the bronze bell. Bill pointed beyond a stretch of young trees and continued his visual tour. "This road to the left here led to a causeway built by Spencer Borden for easier access on and off the island." The road he pointed out was no more than a footpath now. "Just when the city was trying to control all the water along the shore of the North Watuppa, Borden builds this causeway to Meridian Street which angered the city." Bill points in another direction. "If you follow this little road out, it would take you to the causeway—but it has been under water for some time now."

Just as Bill announced that we were almost at the ruins of the house, the battery on Stefani's video recorder expired. That was unfortunate. To me, this portion of the walk was the highlight of the tour. As we approached the remnants of the Borden house, I expected to find nothing left. To my excitement and pleasure, the entire foundation to the old homestead was very much intact. The cellar walls were constructed of fieldstone. Fall River was known for its quarries where granite was king, but Borden was not your common industrialist homebuilder—he had used existing fieldstone from his fields, rather than granite that was used almost exclusively throughout the city, to build his foundation. Borden was very much rooted in the land, and decided to use what was easily available, intrinsic, and customary to an English country manor, if not his pocketbook.

The sight of the ruins was a poignant moment for me. Several large trees grew out of what was once the cellar floor. Three granite steps at the center of the foundation placed us on the front terrace, or what was left of the paved floor of a once majestic veranda. Where the front door once stood was now the edge to the stone foundation and a four foot drop. To the left and right of the imaginary front door, the crescent shaped foundation sat still intact. These two bites once supported grandiose turret windows.

The foundation and the turret wall for one of the large bay windows, which graced the front of the house.

Rear entrance. John Miranda is inspecting the foundation, which is now just a tree grove.

The chimney by the North Watuppa.

Looking across to the back wall we saw another group of stairs, once the rear entrance to the house, which was blessed with a magnificent view overlooking the unspoiled north end of the pond. Over to the right side of the front terrace lay an old jade green tile floor, crumbling over its cement bed. I looked down at it in metered sadness as everyone pondered whether the shattered and once glazed floor was part of the exterior side veranda, or perhaps an interior sunroom. This end of the house was partially exposed to the early eastern sunrise. A finely carved hardwood railing once enclosed the terrace overlooking this end of the house. Tightly placed white carved balusters were surrounded by stout brick pilasters, crowned by meticulously trimmed tall fir shrubbery. It was all so grand.

Bill beckoned us to follow as he walked down to the shore of the pond. Here we discovered a fieldstone chimney about sixteen feet tall. With the high pond levels, it now stood in about two feet of water, its hearth and grille protruding just off shore. High and dry up the beach was another structure, deep foundation to a once small building. Bill, always the consummate teacher, quizzed us as to what we thought it was. The resounding conclusion labeled it as some sort of bathing house. Along the shore, beneath the wavy shadows of the crystal water, lay a golden sandy bottom. I remembered the South Watuppa having a couple of native sandy beaches such as this, but one can only guess whether this was a natural setting or if Borden had the sand shipped in. This was a wonderfully remote and private area. Here the Borden family must have spent many a summer day and evening dining, swimming, and just lounging along a tranquil shore, especially since the pond was only a couple of hundred feet from the house. One can easily picture old Spence standing by the pond sporting a pot belly and straw hat tying up loose ends to a new business venture, signing a multi-million dollar contract, or making a smooth business deal with a pen in one hand and a glass of sherry in the other. What a picturesque and tranquil setting it must have been—and in many ways, still is.

Our Expedition Continues

After snapping a few more photographs, the tour concluded and we started back towards civilization. Bill occupied the remainder of our walk with stories about the Borden family. We were shown the approximate location of Spencer Borden, Jr.'s home, but thick brush prevented us from locating where it once stood.

Col. Spencer Borden died at the age of 72 in 1921 while at leisure in Vermont. His wife of fifty years, Effie, died less than five years later. Their son, Spencer Borden, Jr., died at the seasoned age of 85 in 1957, outliving his wife Sarah by 26 years. Spencer Jr.'s grave lies at the family plot at Oak Grove Cemetery just behind Spencer senior and near Spencer Borden III, whose grave reads: born September 6, 1903, died February 2, 1909.

Not long after Col. Spencer Borden's death, Interlachen, and the "Big House" was sold. Sometime later, in the late 1930s, the city was given the opportunity it always desired. Finally, it had snatched the shiny brass

Stefani Koorey (left) and John Miranda (right), listen intently to Bill Goncalo's tales of bygone Inerlachen.

ring—sole possession of Interlachen. But the prize would not shimmer for very much longer. In all their wisdom and with blind prudence, Fall River had Interlachen, the "Big House," demolished. Merchants and hawkers stripped the impressive three-story mansion of its entire oak paneling, windows, and anything else of value it could ravish. By the 1940s, the entire island became the possession of the Fall River Water Department. And finally, RT 24 was constructed, becoming a natural barrier from intruders between New Boston Road and the island. Like a lost forgotten land, Interlachen has stood undisturbed for over 65 years. Though its countless potentials are inviting, it is probably best left alone as open undeveloped space and used for rustic historical nature walks such as the ones given by Bill Goncalo.

In 2004, while teaching at Bishop Connelly High School in Fall River, Bill Goncalo involved his students in an historic journey of discovery and explorations of Interlachen called "Forbidden Places and Forgotten Spaces: Exploring Interlachen's Watershed Areas." The course taught sophomore students the important values of our common past and the merit behind civic pride and responsibility. Emphasis was placed on communication skills and the passing on of knowledge and awareness to others in the community—just as his father passed these vital virtues on to Bill when he was a child. Later in the curriculum, students had the opportunity to exercise their newly acquired skills and lead a weekend tour of over 200 residents. The young tutors even created their own Interlachen Tour Brochure, with photos and descriptions of how life once was on the island.

One student who expressed her excitement about the class concluded by adding: "I now see Interlachen as Fall River's Walden—my Walden." Stefani, John, and I walked away from the tour with similar sentiments. Not only can Interlachen be compared to Thoreau's tranquil Eden, but with the awareness Bill brings for this scenic and forgotten historical corner of Fall River, I can truly affirm that Interlachen is Bill Goncalo's Walden Pond.

[*photo essay*]

INTERLACHEN INTERIORS

The foyer or receiving room of Spencer Borden's home on Interlachen. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

These ten images are rare. For the most part, they have never before been published. They represent a portfolio of the interior of Spencer Borden's Interlachen, the "Big House" as he loved to call it. They come to us from a small collection of Spencer Borden materials housed at the Fall River Historical Society and were only recently acquired. Five of the images are of the downstairs area and the remainder are from the second floor.

They show a Victorian sense of decor, with wallpaper adorning the ceilings and lush Oriental carpets covering every floor.

Besides a few furniture pieces, these images are all that remain to remind us of this magnificent Fall River home. The house was demolished in the 1930s by the City of Fall River.

All images are courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.

Another view of the foyer or receiving room. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

The front entrance of Spencer Borden's home on Interlachen. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

Right: Formal dining room to the right of main entrance. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

Bottom: Sitting room or study on the second floor just off the stairs. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

Right: The grand living room on the first floor. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

Bottom: Another view of the sitting room or study on the second floor just off the stairs. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

Upstairs, another sitting room or study. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

Effie Borden's room. Note the family photographs adorning the mantle and the English style furniture in contrast to the modern looking wall to wall rug. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

Clockwise: The "Big House" seen from the North Watuppa, a winter scene in front of Spencer Borden's Shang-ri-la, two of Borden's many prized horses, Acacia Avenue or the road to the Borden's home, and the gate to the south field just across from the house. The gate also appears on the left side of the winter scene from the reverse direction. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

Spencer Borden was born June 10, 1849 and died October 17, 1921 while on a trip to Woodstock, Vermont. He was a renowned Arabian horse and polo pony breeder, and the author of several books on the Arabian horse that are still in print.

He and wife Effie Brooks (1847-1925) had four children: Brooks, Spencer Jr., Alfred, and Lenora. Brooks died when he was 15 years old in a horrible train accident detailed in Michael Brimbau's article on Interlachen in this issue.

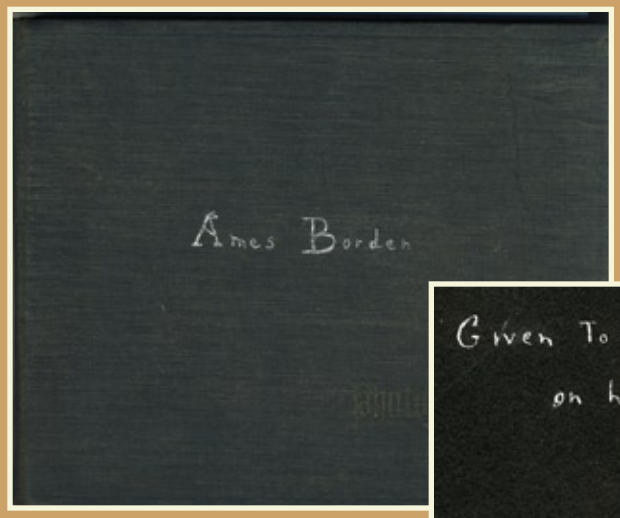
Spencer Jr. was the only male heir to the Borden name and was born September 8, 1872 and died January 31, 1957. He had five children with Sarah Ames (1874-1931): Spencer III (1903-1909), Ames (1908-1926), Richard, Joan, and Blanche.

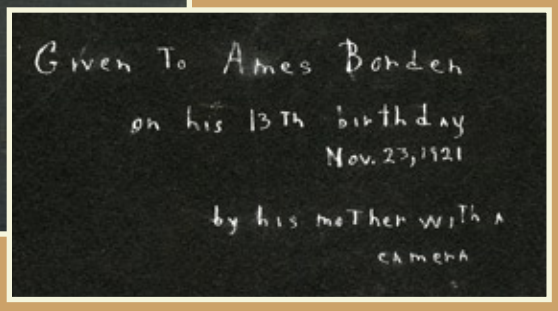
Young Spencer III died of "Empyema following pneumonia" which according to the medical encyclopedia is a collection of pus in the cavity between the lung and the membrane that surrounds it. He was only 6 years old. Ames, the subject of this small spread of photographs, died of "acute fulminating anterior poliomyelitis"—or polio.

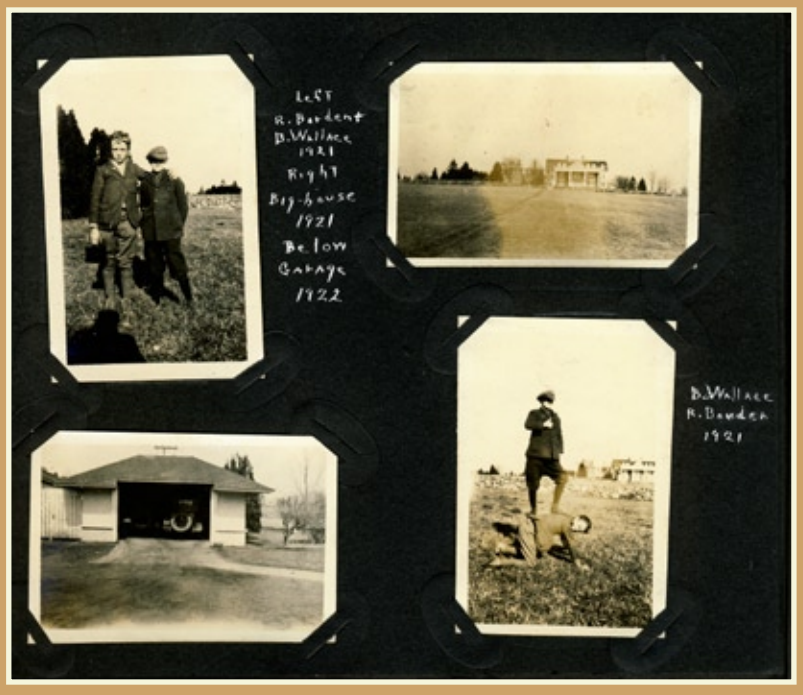
Knowing this, and also that this collection came from the estate of Blanche, the last surviving child of Spencer Jr., the final photo pasted on the back cover of the scrapbook becomes especially poignant. Was it placed there by a family member after the death of Ames? One can only wonder. And also feel somewhat uncomfortable taking a peek at this very private and painful image.

There are snapshots of boyhood chums, family members, buildings, pets, and farm animals—the kinds of ordinary images you would expect any young man to take. It gives us a unique look into Ames' daily world, and, as such, a day in the life on Interlachen.

Ames Borden. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*







Friends posing, the garage of Spencer Jr.'s house dubbed "Interlachen Jr", and an image of Spencer Sr. house. Both father Spencer and son Jr. lived on the island.

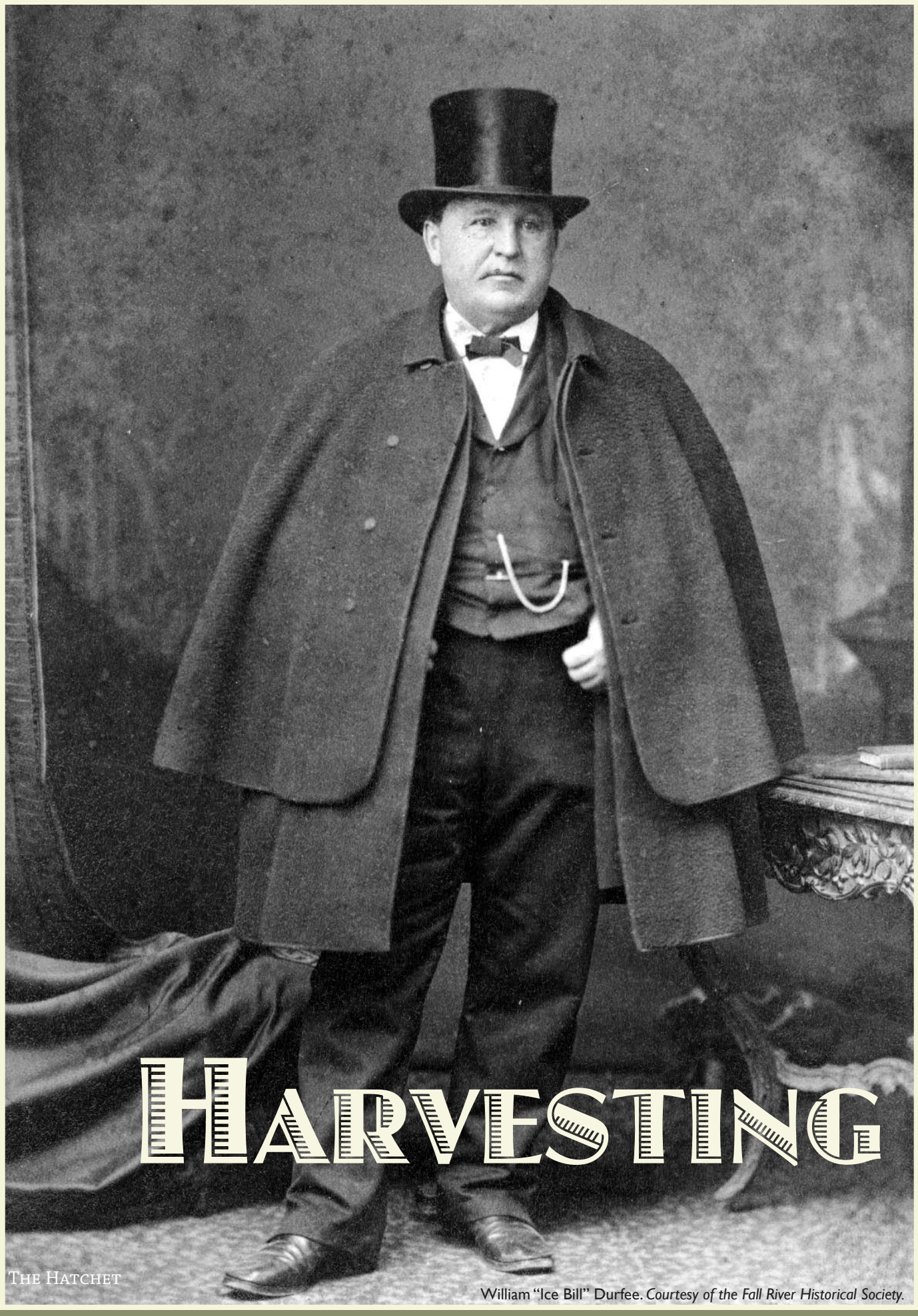
Family dog on the lawn in front of Interlachen.

The back of the scrapbook. Photo is of an empty bed, perhaps taken by one of Ames' siblings after his death.

Photo Album of Ames Borden

(1908-1926)

AMES BORDEN WAS SPENCER JR AND SARAH'S SECOND SON, AND THE GRANDSON OF SPENCER BORDEN. HE DIED TWO DAYS BEFORE HIS 18TH BIRTHDAY OF POLIO. THESE PHOTOS DATE FROM FOUR YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH, IN 1922, AND ARE FROM A SCRAPBOOK GIVEN TO HIM BY HIS MOTHER, ALONG WITH THE CAMERA THAT TOOK THE IMAGES. THEY HAVE NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED. THEY OFFER A GLIMPSE INTO THE PRIVATE WORLD OF ONE OF FALL RIVER'S MOST IMPORTANT FAMILIES. THESE IMAGES ARE COURTESY OF THE FALL RIVER HISTORICAL SOCIETY, WHO RECENTLY ACQUIRED THEM.



Harvesting

William "Ice Bill" Durfee. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

The Other Crop

The Cook-Durfee Ice House and the Natural Ice Industry

by Bill Goncalo

Those persons who have the occasion to drive through Fall River on Interstate 195 often remark on the presence of the numerous granite mills that flank the highway. However, those who cross the city on Route 24 get a spectacular view of the Watuppa Pond. While this highway is not lined with mills, many motorists do notice a single set of granite ruins on the shore of the North Watuppa, the city's cherished water supply. Many who pass speculate fancifully on just what the remains could have been. A castle? A factory? Prison?

Truthfully, few Fall River residents know the origins of the remains. Those who know something about the area will say that it is "Interlachen." Others will report that the nearly forty-foot walls were from the home of "Spencer Borden." While Spencer Borden did live nearby, the remains do not belong to the Borden mansion. In fact, the foundation of the now demolished Borden mansion is about a quarter of a mile northeast from that location. It is not Interlachen, which was the name of the Borden's nearby estate that borders the ruins. The remains are, in fact, what is left of an ice house constructed on the shore of the pond in 1864. The ruins serve as a lens to examine the nation's natural ice industry as it proliferated in Fall River during the 18th and early 19th centuries.

While not obvious at first glance, the ice house is actually on the shore of an island — Cunningham's Island to be precise — so named after Benjamin P. Cunningham, a successful local merchant who lived on the island in the middle 19th century. The island, once a peninsula, only became an island in 1832 when the town's mill owners constructed a dam on the Quequechan River. While the dam assured water for mill use during the dry summer months, it also raised the pond's level two feet, flooding many low areas around the pond's edge (Report 17-18). The rising water eventually encircled the island, which remained connected to New Boston Road only by a granite and rubble causeway. A separate causeway, constructed on the north side of the island towards the end of the century, is currently under the still high waters of the pond.

Sometime after 1853, Cunningham moved to Providence and the island came into the hands of Robert Cook, becoming a small part of the larger Cook Farm. For most New Englanders, farms conjure a predictable image: barn, livestock, silo, crops, etc. However, Cook's farm was different. Moreover, Cook harvested neither corn, potatoes, nor oats from the island. Cook's most profitable crop did not even require soil. Robert Cook harvested ice.

The domestic use of natural ice —ice taken from ponds and rivers — was not new. Ice had been primitively collected and stored for use during summer months by individual families in America and Europe for hundreds of years. Thomas Jefferson, who had an affinity for ice cream, even included two ice houses in his plans for Monticello (Cummings

Fall River Ice Wagon.

2). Ice as a cash crop, however, was a new idea. While this might seem strange to us today, the concept is hardly as quirky as it appeared in the early 1800s when the profitability of selling ice was first demonstrated by Frederic Tudor from Boston. Much to the amusement of his contemporaries, Tudor fit-out a ship to transport ice harvested from a pond in Boston for sale in Cuba. His first shipments were financial disasters because he lost much of his cargo to melting. Tudor, undaunted, persevered and learned from these first painful lessons. He perfected the technology associated with ice harvesting, storing, and distribution, until in a very short time his business operations were an unqualified success.

> In 1834, the originator of this extended trade sent a first cargo to Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil. Until about 1836, the whole business of shipping ice by sea to distant ports was carried on almost exclusively by Mr. Tudor, and his success earned for him the well-deserved title of the Ice King of the world. About 1837, his success attracted others to engage in the business (Hall 3).

Tudor's example was not lost on Robert Cook and his business partner William Durfee. According to Fenner's *History of Fall River*, Cook and Durfee began keeping commercial ice houses in Fall River as early as 1838, "in a small stone building still standing on Pleasant Street, near the Narrows" (240). The 1853 Fall River City Directory notes that the men operated ice houses at Crab Pond (a small body of water near the present day Tillotson Complex on Ferry Street) and on Hartwell street, where they harvested ice from the Quequechan River that flowed nearby. The Cook and Durfee Ice Company was very nearly the only ice supplier in town during this period, and business was good. It was so good, that in 1864 they built what can only be called an extravagant granite ice house (most ice houses were constructed of wood) at New Boston Road on the Watuppa.

The techniques used for harvesting and storing ice were fairly well known; Cook and Durfee undoubtedly used the tools and harvesting methods popular at the time. The ice harvest season began in January and was generally over by the end of February, although some companies were able to harvest a second crop as late as March when temperatures permitted. On the other hand, operations were also sometimes limited due to mild winter temperatures. Ice harvesters did not want to be at the mercy of Mother Nature to obtain quality ice, so, like other agricultural products, ice soon came to be cultivated. For instance, before the harvest, considerable time was spent clearing snow from the surface of the ice. Besides inhibiting freezing, snow tended to cloud the ice. Clear ice, free of air bubbles, was always preferred.

When temperatures were mild and ice was forming slowly, the ice would often be "tapped" to facilitate formation. Tapping involved boring holes though the ice to force fresh water onto the surface where it would freeze more quickly and add thickness to thin ice. The new ice formed was "not considered as necessarily inferior" in quality (Hall 8), and was at least of a thickness suitable for harvest. If ice were to be harvested from the Watuppa in our relatively warmer present day winters, this is precisely what would need to be done. And the weather is warmer, at least as suggested by the journal of David M. Anthony, Sr., a Fall River merchant and founding partner of the Anthony, Swift & Company (now

"Channeling Ice" South Pond Ice Company, Fall River, Massachusetts c. 1900. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

Swift Premium brand meats). Anthony depended on the natural ice harvest for his meat packing houses and kept detailed journals describing yearly ice harvests. In an entry for January 25, 1888, Anthony notes that his crews finished icing on that day and that the ice was thirteen inches thick. And, unlike Fall River winters in the 21st century, Anthony's journal describes generally frigid temperatures and cold snaps that dropped local temperatures below zero for days at a time.

When the ice was of suitable thickness—usually six inches or greater—workers would set about clearing snow from the ice one last time. The workers would then use a "snow ice plane" to plane the soft "snow ice" from its surface. The plane worked very much like a plane used on wood and involved dragging an angled blade over the surface of the ice to make it smooth. This plane, however, was much larger than a carpenter's plane, in that it accommodated an ice worker who would ride on the sled-like tool as it was pulled by a horse across the ice.

After planing the ice, a "field" would be marked off square with surveyor's precision (Hall 8). Using a bladed marker, a single three inch deep groove was cut into the ice along one side of the field. After the first groove was cut, a "sliding guide" was placed in the original groove, and it guided the bladed marker in cutting a precise and parallel line (usually 22 inches apart) for the next three inch groove. By repeating this process in both directions, a whole ice field would be marked into regular 22 inch squares (sometimes larger in areas with rail transportation), ready for cutting by horse drawn "ice plow" that would cut the ice through nearly its full thickness.

After this plowing was complete, workers used breaker bars to break off long strips of ice that were then floated to the ice house through a previously cut channel. The ice was next cut into squares using ice saws, and then floated onto a sloped conveyor belt called

Above: Ice Harvesting, Baring Off. *Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.*

Below: Durfee Ice House from New Boston Road, c. 1900. *Courtesy of the Fall River Historical Society.*

an "elevator" that would lift the ice into the ice house. Once inside, the square blocks were fit in like tiles on the floor of the ice house, insulated from the walls by paper and sawdust. The ice house had only a ground floor, and ice was stacked in layers from the floor nearly up to the roof. Doorways spanning the entire height of the house were closed up incrementally as the stacked ice rose.

When the whole house was filled, it would be sealed until ice was needed in the warmer months (May through October). Then it would be delivered throughout the city by wagon to both homes and businesses. The stored ice easily kept through the summer, and a well packed and insulated ice house could preserve ice through two summers if needed. In fact, when ice houses occasionally caught on fire and burned (remember the sawdust insulation), it wasn't uncommon to have the ice remain stacked and intact long after the house around it had burned to the ground.

Initially, Cook and Durfee had no real competition and dominated the Fall River industry until the late 19th century when several new ice houses sprang up on both the North and South Watuppa ponds. The reason for this expansion bears some explanation. Initially, a large part of the city's ice company's business involved filling ice boxes in private residences. However, the commercial demand for ice increased with the proliferation of trade and

> the transportation of fresh fish, meats, fruits, vegetables, and milk, and the manufacture and storage of beer, ale, wine, and butter; and these and other industries have led to even a greater consumption of ice than that which is called for by the gratification of luxurious tastes (Hall 2).

Fall River's industries grew exponentially during the latter half of the 19th century—textile factories primarily. While the textile industry did not depend on natural ice, it can be certain that many factory workers came to enjoy the products of the city's numerous breweries that used ice not necessarily to serve cool products, but to be able to control fermentation temperatures during warmer months. Thomas Healy, Bottler & Brewer was located at Rockland and S. Main streets; Hurst's Brewery, Brewer of Fine Ales and Porter was located on Columbia Street; and let's not forget the flagship Old Colony Breweries Co. established in 1896.

Notwithstanding the city's growing intemperance issues, the demand for ice was otherwise catalyzed by the ice needs of the Fall River and Providence Railroad and the Fall River Line steamships that sailed between Fall River and New York. To comprehend the ice needs of these floating palaces, it should suffice to consider the

> …immense nightly travel by this line alone, when it is understood that to provision the [steamship] Commonwealth for a *single trip*, requires a ton of roasts, steaks and chops, two hundred pounds of poultry, two hundred loaves of bread, three hundred pounds of butter, two hundred and forty dozen eggs, one hundred gallons of milk, three hundred pounds of fresh fish, one hundred fifty pounds of salt fish, one hundred pounds of coffee, and other varieties of food in like proportion (Fall River 56).

Cook and Durfee increased production, building a large addition on the New Boston ice house and establishing another ice house in Assonet. Other ice companies were formed including the South Pond Ice Company, the Crystal Company, the Fall River Ice Company, and the North Pond Ice Company. Perhaps tired of the growing competition, Robert Cook in 1879 sold his shares of the business to his partner William Durfee. Despite the competition, Durfee's business and wealth grew as he came to be known fondly as "Ice Bill" throughout the city.

There was money to be made. A unique profitability of ice harvesting as a business was that no one person owned the ice on the pond (Cummings 17). This effectively meant that a company only needed a small parcel of land to access the pond, but then could feasibly harvest ice from anywhere on the pond's surface. This circumstance led to intense and sometimes violent clashes between competing ice houses. The Fall River *Evening News* regularly reported on the progress of the ice harvest and documented the following state of affairs on February 4, 1899:

> Certain ice houses of the Fall River Company and those of the Crystal Company are located on the same cove at North Watuppa and there is great rivalry as to which company shall harvest the ice in the cove. For years past this ice has practically been housed by the Fall River Company. This season the Crystal Company appearing as a new factor, it was expected that there might be more or less friction between the employees of the two. The expected happened Friday night. It is claimed by the men of the Crystal Company that the men of the opposition took possession of and harvested the ice which they had already marked out. For a time considerable hard feeling was evident between the men, and it threatened to end in an open rupture, which was, however, happily averted. Last Friday night, it is said that the men from the Fall River Company came across the cove and cut the ice from and in directly in front of the Crystal houses, which was used as a landing by the latter company. This ice was hauled away and housed; and the open water there now prevents, or, at least, greatly hinders the Crystal Company from housing their cut. This has not tended to dispel the feelings of rivalry between these two companies.

Durfee managed to stay out of the fray and sold his business in 1901 to what was to become the Arctic Ice Company. At the time of the sale, Durfee's company reportedly held 60,000 tons of ice (Fenner 240). In the years leading up to his death in 1901 at the age of 90, Durfee and the other ice companies were beginning to feel the pressure of the city's newly formed Reservoir Commission that sought to protect the North Watuppa from

Above: Cook and Durfee Ice Wagon, Main Street, Fall River. *Courtesy Abraham Ehrenhaus*.

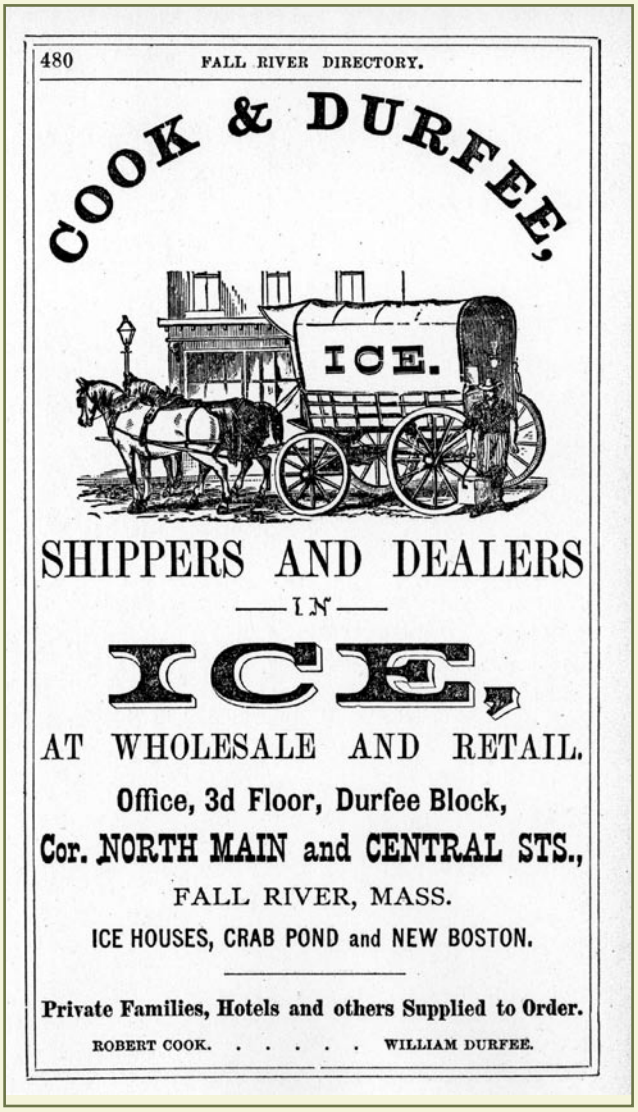
contamination inasmuch as it was now the city's primary drinking water supply. Ice harvesting was found objectionable given the live horses and the machinery used to harvest directly on the ice, and the city set up a rigorous monitoring process and used on-site inspectors to assure cleanliness in all harvesting operations:

> The inspectors shall be present at all times when work upon the ice is in progress. No person shall spit upon the ice, nor defile it in any other manner . . . Each horse employed on the ice shall be inspected by the inspector of animals of the city of Fall River, and no horse suffering from glanders or other contagious disease, shall be permitted to work upon the ice of North Watuppa Pond. It shall also be the duty of the inspectors named under this rule, to see that droppings from horses or any other causes for defilement of the ice, are promptly removed (Silvia 552-553).

For all the city's scrutiny and all the harvesting competition at the turn of the century, the natural ice industry was effectively over by the 1920s when commercial ice making and refrigeration were becoming well established. Many of the old ice houses, including the former Cook-Durfee (now Arctic Ice House) were simply used for storage. The last local natural ice deliveries were made by Nason Macomber's ice house in Westport, which supplied the yet-to-be-electrified summer homes in Westport Harbor. His business was abruptly finished when the 1938 Hurricane destroyed the last remaining houses there that were still using ice boxes (Tamburello 2).

Several of the old ice houses burned. This too was the fate of the Cook-Durfee Ice House as well. The Fall River *Herald News* for Monday, March 27, 1933, documents that at approximately 8:00PM on the previous Saturday, a fire of undetermined origin broke out and

Below: Advertisement for the Cook-Durfee Ice House from the 1857 Fall River City Directory.


480 FALL RIVER DIRECTORY.

COOK & DURFEE,

ICE.

SHIPPERS AND DEALERS

—IN—

ICE,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Office, 3d Floor, Durfee Block,

Cor. NORTH MAIN and CENTRAL STS.,

FALL RIVER, MASS.

ICE HOUSES, CRAB POND and NEW BOSTON.

Private Families, Hotels and others Supplied to Order.

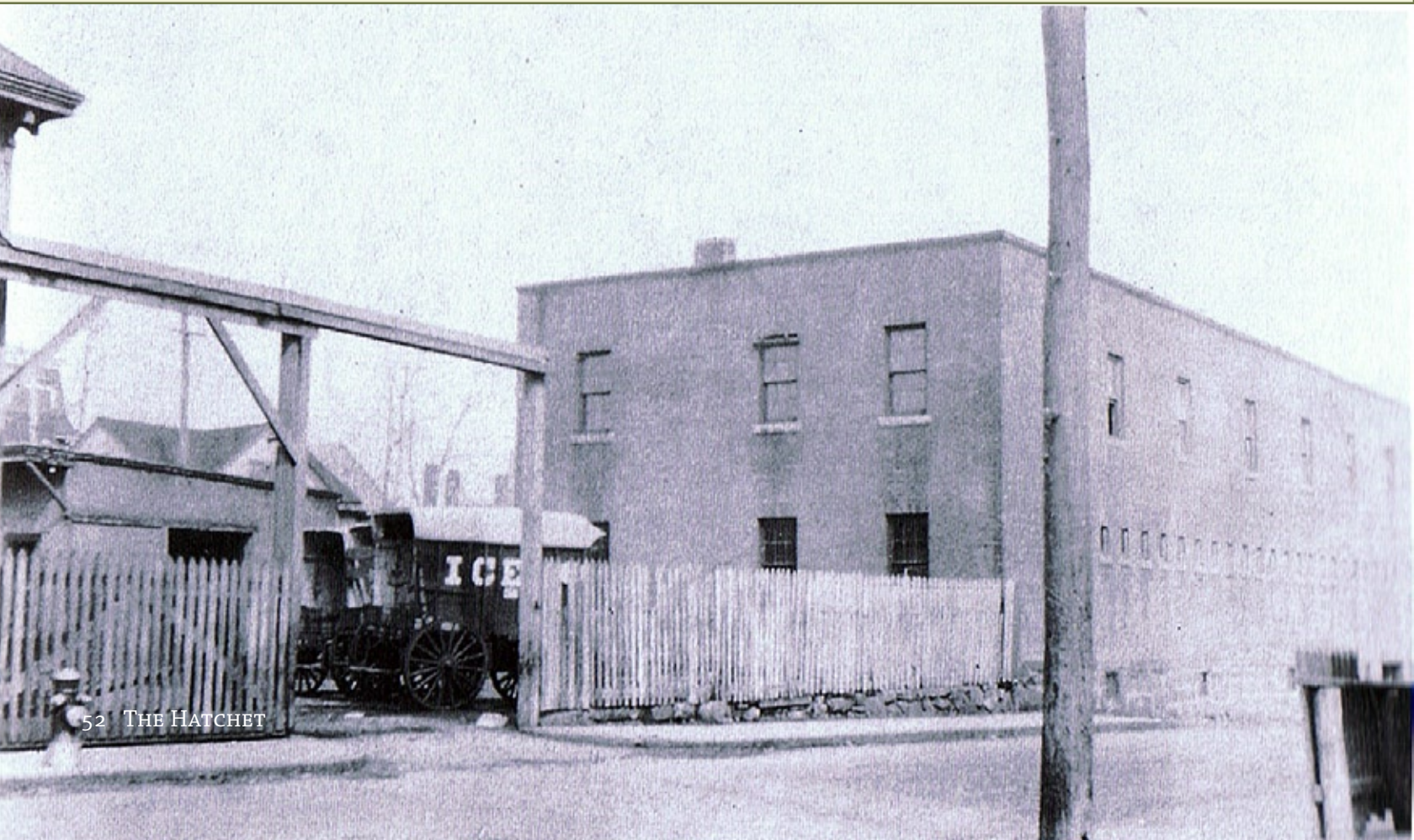
ROBERT COOK. . . . . WILLIAM DURFEE.

Right: Ice Harvesting, Sawing. *Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.*

Below: Ice Harvesting, Plowing. *Library of Congress, Prints and Photographs Division.*

Above: Cook and Durfee Ice House and Horse Barn, North Watuppa Pond, Fall River, Massachusetts.

Below: Arctic Ice House and Cold Storage Company, 178 Fourth Street, Fall River, Massachusetts. This building is in the rear of Fourth, along Fifth Street.



quickly engulfed the four buildings in the ice house complex. Area residents jammed the nearby roadways to watch as the fire department pumped water from the pond to douse the one hundred foot flames and prevent the conflagration from spreading to nearby buildings and the Interlachen estate. While many may have suspected that the buildings and stored machinery (valued at $75,000) were burned for insurance, it was soon determined that the business was only minimally insured.

All buildings were lost and only the granite walls of the early 1864 ice house remained. By the year 1940, the city, in its continuing efforts to protect the North Watuppa, condemned and took possession of all of the land on the island. While other buildings on the island were demolished or moved, the city opted to allow the ice house walls to remain. It was too costly to tear down and remove the three foot thick granite walls. To this day the granite monument remains, a roadside testament to bygone days when ice was a crop, "Ice Bill" Durfee was the local king, and ice wagons traversed the city streets delivering ice to homes and businesses throughout Fall River.

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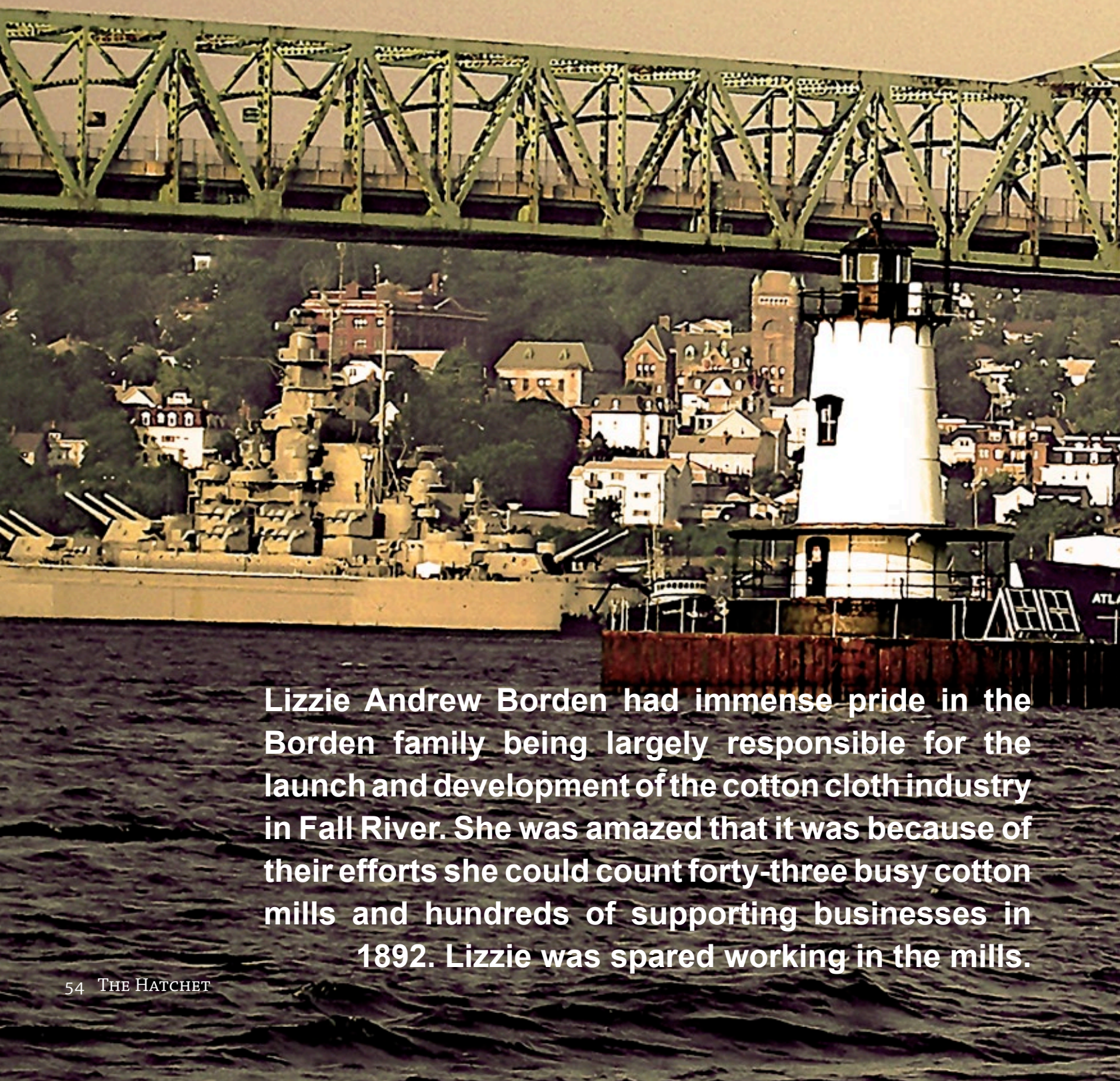
Below: Cook and Durfee Ice House and Horse Barn, North Watuppa Pond, Fall River, Massachusetts.



Lizzie Andrew Borden had immense pride in the Borden family being largely responsible for the launch and development of the cotton cloth industry in Fall River. She was amazed that it was because of their efforts she could count forty-three busy cotton mills and hundreds of supporting businesses in 1892. Lizzie was spared working in the mills.

WHEN COTTON WAS KING

Neilson Caplain

Oh no, this was not for her—she was a Borden. The clattering of the shuttles banging back and forth in the loom room made the noise almost unbearable, to say nothing of the indoor hot and humid conditions, both winter and summer, necessary for cotton cloth manufacture. Lizzie wondered about her ancestors who made possible this burgeoning of industry in her city.

Were they like her grandfather, Abraham who was a yeoman? Or did they resemble Andrew, her father, who was an undertaker and penny pincher? She decided to consult the history books. There were, she realized, four individuals with the vision and ability to create an empire of businesses—they were the brothers Richard and Jefferson Borden, and Bradford Durfee who married their sister, and his stepson Holder Borden, their nephew.

What manner of men were these, she wondered? What were they like and what did they do? So, she read further about the history of Fall River and the men who made it great when Cotton was King. She found, to her profound satisfaction, that her city's progress was paralleled by no other community in the country, culminating in its rise as the leading cotton manufacturing city in the world.

Lizzie read that the Borden family is of original French stock. They came to England with the Norman conquerors, and there acquired wealth and influence. In reaction to religious restraints, Richard Borden immigrated to America in 1635. Richard's son John had six sons, two of which were Richard and Joseph.

Lizzie and her father Andrew's second cousins, Col. Richard and Jefferson Borden, are all descended from the Richard branch of the family. Holder Borden is descended from the Joseph branch through his father George, but is also tied to the Richard branch through his mother Phoebe.

The first Bordens settled in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, but soon recognized the value of land to the south. They were a part of the second division of the land that was purchased from the Indians in 1656. The original grant was known as the Freemens' Purchase, and after incorporation in 1683, as Freetown. That portion of Freetown, extending south from a small stream called Mothers Brook to the Quequechan River, became the northern part of Fall River.

The land further south of the Quequechan to Tiverton, Rhode Island's northern bounds, comprised land taken over from the Indians as the Pocasset Purchase of 1680. This area became the southern part of Fall River.

The land at the center of the Village, together with the waterpower of the Stream, came into the hands of the Borden family and never left those hands for over a hundred years, having been passed from generation to generation until 1821. In that year, control of the waterpower was shifted to the Fall River Iron Works Company, also owned by the Bordens.

In 1703, Benjamin Church erected a sawmill, a gristmill, and a fulling mill on the south side of the Quequechan River. These are believed to be the first evidence of the launching of industry in Fall River. Church subsequently retired to Little Compton, where his remains lie buried in the Old Commons Burial Ground, near those of Elizabeth (Alden) Pabodie, the first child born of English parents in Plymouth Colony. Benjamin Church was none other than the redoubtable Indian fighter who brought about the downfall of King Philip in 1676, thus finally ending the Indian uprising now called King Philips War. Church's land holdings were passed to the ownership of the Bordens.

Of the Durfee family, the first to arrive in this country was Thomas Durfee in the year 1660, also coming to Portsmouth. Thomas acquired large tracts of land there and in what was to become Fall River. Bradford Durfee was a fifth generation descendant.

Bradford's grandfather was the Honorable Thomas Durfee who married Patience Borden. Thomas came into possession of a large estate from his father and some important holdings from his father-in-law. The latter included property on the Stream, and rights to the waterpower of the Quequechan River, essential to the expansion of industry here. Thomas owned the deer park shown on old maps, including his residence on North Main where he entertained as his guest General Lafayette.

Benjamin, Bradford's father, was elected a Selectman in this town when it was set apart from Freetown in 1803. Previously, he was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, having spent most of his service as a private.

Bradford's father and grandfather had married Bordens. It is no wonder that he did, too. Thus had begun a long tradition of marriages between these two prominent families.

Benjamin's brother was Col. Joseph Durfee, who was born April 27, 1750. During the Revolution, a marauding party of British seized Richard Borden. They took him prisoner and set fire to his mills and homestead. The British were repulsed by a band of local patriots led by Joseph Durfee, who wrote an account of the skirmish, and thus became the first Fall River historian, as well as Revolutionary War hero. In 1834, he wrote "Reminiscences of Col. Joseph Durfee, Relating to the Early History of Fall River and of Revolutionary Scenes."

From its beginning as a town in 1803, Fall River was essentially an agricultural community. Aside from the rudimentary grist and sawmills, no permanent foundation of manufacture was made until after the War of 1812. According to Peck and Earl's history of the area, *Fall River and Its Industries*, in 1811, "in Globe Village within the town of Tiverton, (now the southern wards of Fall River) Colonel

Joseph Durfee, (of Revolutionary War fame) in company with a few others, erected a small wooden building" on the grounds that are now "the northeast corner of Globe and South Main street." This was "the first cotton factory in the neighborhood . . . Its operation continued until 1829, when it was turned into a print works and so occupied til its destruction by fire in 1838." Later it was rebuilt, made profitable by Holder Borden, and bought by the Bordens' American Print Works.

In the early days of cotton cloth manufacture, "the raw cotton was given out to the farmers' families of the neighborhood and handpicked. The yarn likewise was distributed among the diligent housewives to be woven into cloth" and was returned to the factory to be further processed and prepared for sale.

The year 1813 was a momentous one. Attracted by the abundant waterpower afforded by the Quequechan River, the falling waters of which dropped one hundred and thirty-two feet before emptying into the Bay, two cotton factories were constructed on the banks of the stream.

The promoters of one, the Fall River Manufactory, were David Anthony, Dexter Wheeler, and Abraham Bowen. Of the other, the Troy Cotton and Woolen Manufactory, the promoters were Oliver Chace, Nathaniel Wheeler, and Eber Slade. They were people made prosperous by the whaling and trading industries in New Bedford, Providence, and nearby towns.

These were not the first of the mills in the area. Samuel Slater operated a spinning mill in Pawtucket for some years prior to 1808, and Dexter Wheeler ran a small yarn-mill, powered by horse power, in Rehoboth as early as 1807.

Fall River, or Troy, as it was then known, consisted in 1813 of "thirty dwelling-houses, three saw mills, four grist-mills, one fulling mill, a blacksmithy with trip hammer, and several small stores" (Peck and Earl). At the time, Holder Borden was but fourteen years of age, his stepfather, Bradford Durfee, was only four years wed to Holder's mother. Richard Borden was busy with the saw and gristmills on the stream. Jefferson Borden joined his brother in 1819, but the four would not for many years come to attain the dominant position in industry they later achieved.

In Fall River's march of progress, the second decade, the years 1820 to 1830, witnessed an unprecedented expansion of business. New Bedford interests had a major share in this development. In 1821, land just west of Main Street came into the possession of the Rodmans of New Bedford. On this site they built the area's third cotton mill, forming the Pocasset Manufacturing Company.

According to Peck and Earl, "the Pocasset Company seemed to have made it a point to encourage smaller manufacturers, and to this end erected buildings…which were leased to other parties," some for the printing of calico cloth. Among them was the Satinet factory occupied by J & J Eddy for the manufacture of woolen goods.

In 1821, the Fall River Iron Works was formed, providing the spark that ignited the industrial explosion in Fall River in the early 1800s. The company originated from a blacksmith shop operated by Major Bradford Durfee in conjunction with Col. Richard Borden. At first the product was chiefly hoop iron to bind the whale oil barrels in New Bedford. Later an iron nail factory was added. Ultimately, the company acquired "the whole section of land lying along the shore to the south and west of the Creek, as far as Annawan street on the south, and east to Canal street, and the land south to Ferry street . . . " Due to the vision of its founders, this company was destined to become the largest employer in Fall River and the most profitable in the region.

The first suggestion of this undertaking has been ascribed to Bradford Durfee and Richard Borden. There is little doubt, however, that Holder Borden cooperated effectively with them. Col. Richard Borden was made Agent and Treasurer and so presided for fifty years.

Building on its successful operations, the original works expanded to encompass major cotton mills. The Annawan Mill was organized in 1825; the American Print Works in 1834; the Metacomet Mill in 1846; the American Linen Company in 1852. By 1849, the company acquired controlling interest in the first of the Fall River cotton mills, The Troy Cotton and Woolen Manufactory, and the Fall River Manufactory.

The clear-eyed vision of the owners reached far beyond iron and cotton. In 1847, the gas works were built. The city supplied gas for lighting and heating years before its introduction in neighboring Providence and New Bedford.

"It was not surprising that firm's rapid growth [of the Fall River Iron Works] gave birth to the Providence Steamboat Co. in 1827. The farsighted Col. Richard Borden, stepping in to an area where others had met with only partial success, once again hit paydirt by establishing regular communication between this city and Providence" (Fall River Herald News, October 17, 1978). The firm's steamboats included the Hancock in 1828, the King Philip in 1832, the Bradford Durfee in 1845, and the Canonicus in 1849.

Under Borden sponsorship, the Fall River Branch

Railroad made its first trip in 1845. At first, a wood burning locomotive pulled it, and candles lighted the cars. The train was always assigned the finest equipment and the latest improvements. Commenting on the splendid new equipment, the Fall River Weekly News reported it was "surpassed by none other in the United States for elegance and convenience."

In 1847, the line was extended to provide service into Boston. In the ninety years of its existence, the line was noted for its popularity, dependability, and long service.

Col. Borden quickly realized the advantage of extending the route as far as New York via steamboat from this city. In 1847, he formed the Bay State Steamboat Company and began operating the steamers, Bay State and Massachusetts. The Borden family operated the line for seventeen years. In 1864 the line was sold to Old Colony Railroad interests, at one time controlled by the robber barons Jim Fisk and Jay Gould. Thus was born the famous Fall River Line, which became the favorite route of travel between New York and New England.

Other interests sponsored by the Bordens included the formation of the Metacomet Bank, and investments in the Watuppa Reservoir Company, the Borden Mining Company, the Fall River Machine Company, and several other business enterprises.

PART 2
Bordens and Durfees

Having mastered the information about the beginning of industry in Fall River, Lizzie now wanted to know about the men whose vision made it possible.

Bradford Durfee first saw the light of day in October 1788. He was seven years older than his friend and partner, Richard Borden, and eleven years older than his stepson, Holder, both later to become his business associates.

Bradford was the seventh of eight children born of Benjamin and Sarah (nee Borden). As a youth, Bradford learned the ship building trade in New Bedford. Upon his return to Fall River, he began a long association with Richard Borden, first in the construction of a number of small vessels at the mouth of the Creek.

Larger ships, too, up to 75 tons burden, were produced in Fall River, which was then known as Troy (1804-1834). Other ships built here were the sloops Fall River, Golden Age, Reindeer, and the schooner High Flyer. They were engaged in coasting and West Indies trade. Their sloop Irene and Betsy was among the first to ply regularly the waters of Mount Hope and Narragansett Bay

Later, in 1824, the brig William Tell was constructed in Troy. It was 207 tons and 84 feet in length. Among its owners were Samuel and Henry Brightman and Capt. Hezekiah Wilson. The latter gentleman was owner of the Green Dragon Inn, located at the Steep Brook Four Corners in the north part of town. Nearby was Capt. Wilson's wharf where connection was made with many riverboats. In those days water transportation was an important means of communication with other communities, rivaled only by the cumbersome express wagon running between Boston and Newport, and passing through Troy. Rufus B. Kingsley operated the express line.

Bradford married Holder's mother, Phoebe, and assisted in the management of the Mansion House, her boarding house on Central Street. Not long after, the place became known as "the house of Major Bradford Durfee." Holder closed the boarding house in 1828, although the family continued to live there for some time.

Bradford Durfee was a handsome young man, burly and strong. He was elected Major in the state militia, but never had to perform active service.

Historians Peck and Earl wrote about him: "Major Bradford Durfee was a man of more than ordinary executive ability and mechanical talent, and to him Fall River is mainly indebted for the promotion of many important branches of industry, begun at a time when such qualifications were specially needed to insure success. He accumulated a very large estate, which he left to his widow and child. He died in July, 1843, at the age of 54 years, 9 months" as a direct result of his intensive efforts put forth in the Great Fire of that year, in his capacity of Chief Fire Warden. It was written that Bradford Durfee was a large man with black hair and a full face that was generally flushed, the latter a family trait. He was genial and companionable with his friends, affectionate and considerate with his family.

In 1838, Bradford went to Europe to learn about the British method of manufacture and to investigate machinery newly invented there. He brought back to this country the first self-acting mule (spinning machine) and had it installed in the Annawan Mill.

Despite vast business interests, Bradford found time to serve his community. He was asked to serve on many special committees, including building of a stone bridge in the village, establishing a firehouse, the purchase of a poor farm, and the one in 1836 to set the location of a Town House.

He was one of the founders of the Fall River Institution for Savings in 1828, the first savings bank in town, whose name was later changed to the Fall River Savings Bank.

When Phoebe died, her part of the fortune amassed by her son, Holder Borden, passed to his stepfather, Maj. Bradford Durfee. Then, young Mary Brayton, Israel's pretty daughter, caught Bradford's eye. It is reported that he met her while she was teaching at a private school. Mary at first turned him down, but upon his return from a European trip, married him in 1842. She was twenty-eight and he was fifty-four. Sadly, he died the following year, leaving a one-month old child born of that marriage, Bradford Matthew Chaloner Durfee.

Upon Maj. Bradford Durfee's death, his own and the remaining Holder fortune was passed to the hands of Bradford's widow, Mary Brayton Durfee, and their son. It proved to be the means of important future contributions for the welfare of this community, including the land on which the Public Library now stands and the magnificent B.M.C. Durfee High School, dedicated to the memory of their son, Bradford Matthew Chaloner Durfee. He was born in Fall River on June 15, 1843, and attended Yale University, but left because of ill health in his sophomore year. He visited Europe in 1865, and spent two and a half years in travel. Upon his return, he resumed management of his affairs, but health compelled him to spend long periods at sea on his yacht Josephine. Durfee Hall, one of the finest of college dormitories was his gift to Yale, which honored him with the degree of M.A. in 1871. He died at the age of 29 on September 13, 1872. His mother, Mrs. Mary Brayton Durfee, some years earlier had married Jeremiah Young of Andover, Massachusetts.

Richard Borden was born April 12, 1795, in Fall River then known as Freetown. He was the ninth child of Thomas and Mary (nee Hathaway), parents of thirteen children.

In his early years Richard was a farmer. In the War of 1812, he joined the local militia as a private, rose to the rank of Colonel in the 5th Regiment of Infantry in 1828, and thereafter was known as Colonel Richard to the end of his days.

His first business venture was the operation of the saw and gristmills on the Stream, 1812-1820, and then joined with Bradford Durfee in shipbuilding. Richard also sailed, with his brother Jefferson, the sloop Irene & Betsy, named after their sister and aunt. It not only serviced the mills, but also served as a sort of a packet between here and neighboring wharves.

In 1828, Richard married Abby Durfee, a first cousin of his friend and partner, Bradford Durfee. They had seven children. Their home was on the site of the present Court House on North Main Street. In later years, Richard Borden was elected to the State Senate (1854) and the State House of Representatives (1871). He served the community as Town Assessor and Surveyor of Highways. He donated the monument and burial ground for Civil War soldiers in Oak Grove Cemetery, and the Richard Borden Post of the Grand Army of the Republic was named after him.

Richard Borden was a principal promoter of the Fall River Iron Works. He was a guiding spirit and an officer in that company as well as in the various businesses associated with it. He had major interests in many other companies that contributed to the vitality of this city as an emerging cotton manufacturing center. He was named President of the Fall River National Bank in 1865.

By the time Lizzie Borden's church, the Central Congregational, was erected in 1875, Col. Richard Borden had been one of the major donors that made possible the building of that impressive structure.

Col. Borden was stricken with paralysis in 1872, invalided to death February 25, 1874. Amid the accolades of a grateful city, he was buried in the Oak Grove Cemetery, his grave to the left of the entrance. It is marked with an imposing stele topped with a statue facing southeast toward the industrial center he did so much to create.

What manner of man was Richard Borden? He was clean-shaven, without beard or moustache, with a broad full face, bushy eyebrows, and high forehead. Hurd, in his *History of Bristol County,* described him as "broad in his views . . . steadfast in his convictions" and generous in charity. He was "looked upon as the foremost citizen of this place," accomplishing in his lifetime more for its development than any other man. He was endowed with a strong healthy body, a man of commanding presence and self-reliance. He was a loving father, genial host, and the center of the warmest affections by all who knew him.

Jefferson Borden was the twelfth of thirteen children born to Thomas and Mary. His birth date was February 28, 1801, six years after that of his brother Richard. The boys were the fifth generation after the founder of the family in this country, John Borden.

Thomas's farm was located in the east part of Fall River, later occupied by the Richard Borden, Chace, and other mills.

That is where Jefferson spent his time until his sixteenth year when he started his career in the world of business at the provisions store of William Valentine in Providence. Mr. Valentine had married into the Borden family, and upon his death Jefferson was named a Trustee of the estate.

In 1819, Jefferson returned from Providence to Fall River and became associated with his brother Richard in the operation of the gristmill and running the sloop Irene and Betsy. Thus began an enduring partnership of the two brothers.

Upon the creation of the Fall River Iron Works, Jefferson was chosen Clerk and subsequently spent fifteen years representing the company in Providence, where an extensive trade was created for Iron Works products. Upon Holder's failing health in 1837, Jefferson was called to manage the American Print Works. He was elected President and held that office for thirty-nine years. During his administration, the company bought the Bay State Print Works, housed in the mill building that Joseph Durfee started way back in 1811.

At different periods, Jefferson Borden was President of the Print Works, the Iron Works, the Fall River Bleachery, the American Linen Company, and the Troy Cotton and Woolen Manufactory. In addition, he held office in the Bay State Steamboat Company, the Fall River Railroad, the Borden Mining Company, and he served as Director in many other business establishments.

Jefferson married Susan Easton in 1828. They had nine children, five boys and four girls.

Mr. Borden's picture, in his maturity, is in Peck and Earl's *Fall River and Its Industries* (1877). He gives the impression of a calm and serene nature, a deep thinking, kind and considerate person. He seems to have been rather less stern and business-like than his brother, Richard. He had an abundance of hair but with a high forehead emphasized by heavy eyebrows and a small curly beard under his chin.

He died August 22, 1887, having lived to be the oldest person identified with the inception of the cotton industry in Fall River.

Jefferson Borden was, according to the Peck and Earl history, probably superior to Holder in his financial ability. This is heady praise indeed, but we must bear in mind that books such as this one were published to sell to the leading citizens, and, at the time of writing, Jefferson was still among the living

The first of his generation of Bordens to die was Holder. His father was Capt. George Borden and his mother Phoebe Borden. Holder was born in 1799, and was only seven years old when his father died in 1806.

Running the family farm on the eastern extremity of Fall River proved too much for the widow. She moved her family to Fall River center. There she opened an inn, called the Mansion House. It was located on Central Street west of Main, where the Richardson House was later built. Historian Arthur Phillips called it the "genteel hostel of the village." There young Holder, in pursuit of his duties, mixed with the gentry and from them learned the way of the world.

Three years after Capt. George died, Phoebe married Bradford Durfee. He was first cousin to her brother Richard's wife, Abby Durfee.

Alice Brayton, in her two volumes *Life on the Stream*, wrote that Holder was small as a youth, and that he always was puny. In Peck and Earl's book, however, they maintained that he was tall and slim. Further, they wrote, he was constantly planning, "not much of a talker, rather slow and deliberate in his speech," and had "little patience." He was of dark complexion, bearded, and dressed carefully, a great smoker of cigars, an ardent horse lover, nervously disposed. "Any inattention or inaccuracy…was sure to…call forth his displeasure." This is a word picture of an intense, nervous, exacting, and irascible individual, albeit an "independent" and "self-reliant" person.

Peck and Earl ascribe to him a "restless disposition [that] could not brook inactivity." His ideas were larger than his predecessors. He was young in years but confidant in his own powers and capabilities.

In 1827, a stone building was erected so large that no one firm could use the whole space. But in January 1831, Holder Borden stepped forward to lease the entire mill building. He filled it with machinery for the manufacture of various cloths. "Discarding the old method of distributing power by heavy gearing, he was the first in this vicinity to introduce belting by which much of the noise and racket of machinery was done away with . . . [including] the reduction of friction and gain in power." The enterprise, called the Massasoit Mill, was successful from the first and established Fall River as the premier cotton cloth manufactory place in the country. Holder made its success the lodestone that attracted men and capital to the town.

Holder's crowning achievement was the creation of the American Print Works in 1834. Over Bradford Durfee's hesitation, he induced the stockholders of the Iron Works to provide the money for a new building on the Quequechan River. The plant was immediately successful and became the

largest of its kind in the country.

Holder Borden had three living sisters. All three married Durfee men and Holder built fine homes in the Highlands district of Fall River for each of them.

Joseph Durfee, a carpenter and shipwright engaged in the construction of the Massasoit Mill, married Sylvia.

Matthew Durfee married Fidelia. Their son, George, who married a daughter of Jefferson Borden, razed his parent's home. He built a new house, now occupied by St. Helena Convent. Matthew was cashier of the Fall River Bank (1825 to 1836), relocated in 1826 to the southeast corner of Bank and North Main Street. It is said that he kept the bank's money in a trunk under his bed, and rumor has it that the trunk is still in existence in the vaults of the Durfee Bank. He was editor for a short time of the Fall River *Monitor*.

Dr. Nathan Durfee married Delane Borden. His homestead, built by Holder for his sister, occupied several square blocks at the head of Rock Street. His drug store, on Central Street, was the first building in town made of brick. His acid mill, providing chemicals used in the cotton industry, was located just west of Bell Rock Road, and stonewall ruins are still visible there. This business was sold to Hale Remington and became the foundation of today's Borden & Remington Company. Dr. Durfee abandoned his profession to achieve success as one of Fall River's foremost industrialists. His interests embraced cotton mills, whaling, railroads, steamboats and real estate. He built the Mount Hope House in 1845, held municipal offices, and was a State Representative.

Holder never married, perhaps because of a failed and tragic love affair. He died with a diagnosis of consumption on September 12, 1837.

Lizzie's heritage extended beyond the Borden men heretofore mentioned. Considered her near contemporary was Nathaniel B. Borden (1801-1865), who died when Lizzie was four years of age. Nathaniel was the first from this city to be elected to the national Congress. He served, as well, in the State Legislature and in municipal office. In 1856 he was chosen Mayor of the city.

Simeon Borden died in 1896, in time to have witnessed the news coverage of the murders and the trial of Lizzie Borden. He was the son of Nathaniel B. Borden. Although a lawyer by profession, like his father he, too, served in City and State offices. For thirty-two years he was Clerk of the Courts.

Cook Borden started a large and thriving lumber business. He was President of the Union National Bank and Director in three cotton Mills. He was the father of Jerome Borden, who testified as part of Lizzie's defense at the trial in 1893.

The Fall River City Directory of 1892 lists no less than 130 entries of Borden names. Occupations ranged from menial pursuits and small businesses to treasurers of corporations. Lizzie's father, Andrew, is noted as President of the Union Savings Bank. Other Bordens held offices as presidents, treasurers, and directors in the banks and cotton mills.

Similarly, the Directory lists 59 Durfee names. Holder B. Durfee was Treasurer of the Fall River Manufactory. Horatio N. Durfee was Treasurer of the Mechanics Mill Company. Walter C. Durfee was President of the Metacomet Bank, and President of the Fall River Five Cent Savings Bank, with a home at #1 Highland Avenue.

The Bordens and the Durfees continued to uphold their famous namesakes' stellar reputations for hard work and valuable industry in this city of Lizzie's birth, the great Fall River, and it made her proud.

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Joseph G. Luther Store, Luther's Corner, Swansea Massachusetts, July 1935. Photography by Arthur C. Haskell, Library of Congress.

Luther's Four Corners

[*essay*]

Luther's Four Corners Museum, Swansea, Massachusetts, December 2006. Photography by Michael Brimbau.

and Lizzie's Chairs

by Kat Koorey

For our recent trip

to Fall River, Massachusetts, Harry Widdows and I had made arrangements in advance to finally visit the Luther's Four Corners Museum in Swansea, maintained by the Swansea Historical Society. A while ago, I had read in the Fall River *Herald News* of 1982 that the museum had shown a "special exhibit" of Lizzie Borden's chairs that had come from the Borden's Swansea farmhouse.

We wondered what kind of place it was and so contacted Carl Becker, the local historian, who immediately consented to show us the museum on our first day in town. Within an hour of deplaning, we were hurtling backwards in time to a bygone era of the 18th century. As we stood on the threshold of the museum, we breathed a sigh of contentment when the door was opened and we got just a glimpse of the interior. It was soothing to us, after all the hassle of modern contraptions that had delivered us there.

Our guide, the museum curator Mr. Becker, was knowledgeable, interested and very flexible, allowing us to bombard him with questions, which he genially answered. He first stood at the open front door and we turned to face the street, as Carl explained the Four Corners:

Across the street, to the northeast, is the Luther's Tavern- we have most of its sign in the museum. By the 18th and early 19th century, drovers of livestock and other travelers could share a bed and get a meal there.

The Luther homestead, the oldest building on the "Corners," documented to 1740, is across the intersection, to the northwest. However, its wide-set rafters and roof purlins may indicate and even earlier date.

As the Luther family farmhouse, it stood alone, except for a barn or shed. Two or three generations passed before the tavern and the store were built on two of the other corners.

A Luther also occupied the fourth corner, to the west. We know the shoemaker lived there. A later 19th century building, which became "Eddy's Store," and was also a post office for a time, has now become a private home.

In the 19th century, this area was the "center" of Swansea. There was a cooper's shop and a blacksmith shop, and other stores located there until the middle of the 20th century.

Captain John Luther was the progenitor of the family who finally settled Swansea in the 1660s. He was first situated at Taunton on 90 acres, but within a decade, the sea called. He made an unfortunate choice, for he lost his life to Indians who boarded his ship, supposedly to trade, in the first foray he made into Delaware Bay. His young son survived by escaping the ship, arriving safely in Boston in early 1646.

Captain John's two sons, Samuel and Hezekiah, are credited with being the forefathers of all the Luthers in the area. Samuel tried settling in Rehoboth, and later in Attleboro, but decided to make Swansea his home. Even with little formal education - a common situation in those early days – Samuel made a large impact within the burgeoning community. Ultimately he was ordained as Elder of the Swansea Baptist Church, an expression of the village's confidence in his leadership abilities.

Samuel's brother, Hezekiah Luther, also established his home there, and his carpenter's expertise was much in demand to a community trying to establish itself out of wilderness.

The Luther Store owners are descended from this brother: specifically Hezekiah's grandson, John Brown Luther, who commissioned his own young cousin, Mace Luther, to build the store in 1815. John married another cousin, Lydia Luther, who was the daughter of the tavern keeper. At the age of 29, his promising career as a successful merchant tragically ended with his premature death.

John's older brother, Joseph Gardner Luther, took over ownership and that is why there are two different signs adorning the exterior above each door: on the west face of the building the sign reads "J. B. Luther & Co." On the northern front, above the door, is the sign of the succeeding proprietor, "J. G. Luther."

J. G. had also married a cousin, Tamer Luther. He had served as a Captain in the Massachusetts Militia. Nineteen other brave Luthers also served their country. During the Revolutionary War, Theophilus Luther had been imprisoned on the ship Jersey where he suffered many hardships, before dying as a patriot.

John Gardner Luther's business thrived on the "Luther Corner." His other occupations were as town clerk and treasurer and collector of the taxes. He eventually had four children. His youngest, Joseph Gardner Luther, Jr. was the last proprietor of the store until it closed in 1903.

Inside Luther's Four Corners Museum, May, 2007. Photography by Kat Koorey.

During his tenure, he also was town clerk, as his father had been before him, and served the community as Justice of the Peace for over 50 years. He chose not to marry, and so, upon his death, that Luther line ended.

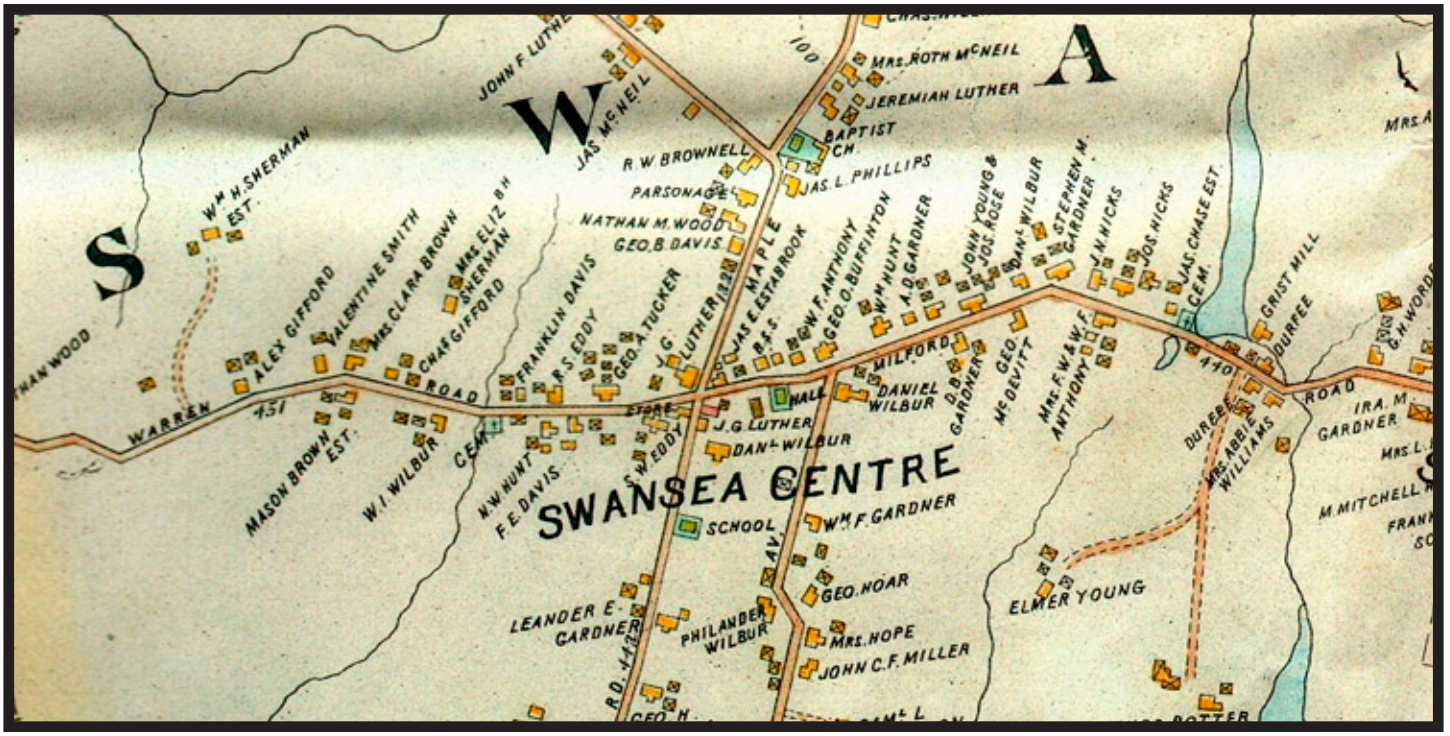
As Carl filled our imaginations with anecdotes about the treasures contained within the store, it was as if time stood still. It was almost impossible to tell that outside these ancient thick walls it was full spring, 2007, with new mown grass and bright, gentle sunshine. The interior was exactly as it was over one hundred years ago. The only missing element was the sense of hustle and bustle of busy traders and customers popping in for the latest news and gossip.

One can imagine John Vinnicum Morse coming over in his rented team on Wednesday August 3rd, 1892, the day before the murders, stopping in to get the news and then later visiting Andrew's farm, where he traded pears for eggs with Mr. Eddy. On August 11, 1892, in the *Witness Statements*, State Police officer Seaver "went to Luther's Corners, Swansea, with Marshal Hilliard to the farm owned by the late Andrew J. Borden and had an interview with Frederick Eddy and Alfred E. Johnson, who had been employed on that place." They were probably also following the lead from the Fall River *News* of August 6, which claimed Morses's story was that he "hired a carriage at Kirby's stable and drove to Luther's Corner on business."

According to a list of Borden land transactions in *Lizzie Borden Past and Present*, on November 22, 1890, "Andrew J. Borden sold to Frederick Eddy of Swansea, Massachusetts…approximately one acre of land at Luther's corner." Andrew had two farms, one of which was in the area of Luther's Four Corners by Pearse Road. John V. Morse had Vinnicum kin in the Swansea area that he also visited that Wednesday. Luther's Corner was the place to go to buy or trade goods and meet up with neighbors and have a good jaw. Morse would have fit right in.

When we entered, before us was a 19th century general store, with original counters, bins, drawers, shelves, scales and Mr. Luther's desk where he kept his accounts. There are still intact original items sold at the store, and also a fine collection of period pieces that have been donated to the society. There are posters, handbills, advertisements, signage, photographs and pictures on the walls, and in one area where the scales had been popular, customers have written their names and weight on the walls in faded lettering.

On the second floor are displayed tools of the old trades of cobbler and hat maker, and an array of coffins of several sizes that had been offered for sale. One unusual coffin had a storage area built in for ice to keep the body



Map of Swansea, Massachusetts. 1895 Bristol County Atlas.

cool longer in warm weather. It has a viewing window with a cover one can open or close. There is a long, large cradle displayed in the museum, which was designed to rock the elderly infirm adults, and is similar to one at General Artemus Ward's place in Shrewsbury, and one other in the infirmary of the Hancock Shaker village, according to our guide, Carl. There were so many miscellaneous items of furniture, pictures, accounts and artifacts that we could not take it all in and cannot wait to return for another visit.

I had stepped outside to retrieve a file from the car while Harry and Carl stayed upstairs in the 19th century. As I was locking the door I heard Harry calling to me: "The chairs! The chairs!" I had forgotten about the chairs! I did not know all 5 of them had become part of the permanent collection. Rachel Gardner, who was related to the family who bought back the farmhouse from the Bordens, donated the chairs to the society. It is said they were porch furniture, which would explain their rundown condition. Their legs are thin and petite however, which makes one wonder if they had once been fine furniture, relegated to the porch after much use inside. There is a funny little table there too, which society legend says came with the chairs. Lizzie Borden's chairs! Harry and Carl seemed so pleased to introduce them to me: A part of Lizzie, a part of the old farmhouse, and a part of lovely Swansea. Thank you Carl.

The businesses that sprang up at this popular intersection of the Old Warren and Pearse Roads, and Maple Avenue are gone now. The school and other stores were turned into private homes. The Luther Store was picked up and moved back thirty feet on the property in 1937 to make it safer for those "new" cars coming around the corner- but the stability of good foundations and pleasant New England architecture from three hundred years ago still remains.

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Lizzie Borden Chairs, Luther's Corners, May, 2007. Photography by Harry Widdows

[*essay*]

THE STRANGE CASE OF TYPHOID MARY

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS GOOD BEHAVIOR."
MILTON ROSENAU, PREVENTATIVE MEDICINE AND HYGIENE, 1935

While there has always been debate as to whether Lizzie Borden murdered her parents, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Mary Mallon, popularly known as Typhoid Mary, for ten years, between 1900 and 1915, transmitted the deadly disease known as Typhoid to forty- seven distinct individuals, causing the death of three.

Borden and Mallon came from radically different socioeconomic backgrounds—Lizzie was the pampered daughter of a prominent businessman while Mary was an Irish immigrant who labored as a cook—but both were accused of killing people and both spent the rest of their lives languishing in solitary prisons. True, Lizzie's prison was a large Victorian home in Fall River's wealthier neighborhood surrounded by a cordon of servants, and Mary Mallon's was a one room shack on a medical quarantine island with only a nurse who sampled her stool for contagion to keep her company, but both outcasts suffered from social stigmas that kept them isolated and painfully alone.

One can only suspect that if the two could have met and traded notes, they would have understood each other as no one else of their time could. Lizzie the Hatchet Killer and Mary the Human Pandemic, forced by the cruel stereotyping of history into their perceived roles as killers, remained unrepentant to their dying days.

Off the north shore of Queens, NY, just beyond Bowery Bay, sits the landmass of Riker's Island where the Department of Corrections maintains a notorious prison facility for those who have committed crimes against society. But off the northwestern tip of this island is a smaller landmass facing the Bronx known as North Brother Island where the abandoned ruins of a large hospital and other health facilities tell the story of a very different kind of prison. Between the years 1907 and 1938, a solitary

by Richard Behrens

woman was there incarcerated, almost one third of her life span. She committed no crime and had been condemned by no court of law, but here Mary Mallon a.k.a. Typhoid Mary was kept in medical quarantine against her will for almost three decades.

The name Typhoid Mary has become a part of our culture. To say that someone is a Typhoid Mary is to describe them as spreading disease, causing those about them to die as they themselves move about unharmed. For this reason it shocks many people to hear that Mary Mallon was only responsible for three deaths and those were certainly unintentional. Mary had the misfortune to be the first healthy carrier of the disease verified by the New York City Department of Health. Her sequestration one hundred years ago and her subsequent vilification by the press is a controversial case study of how far we would go to protect ourselves from disease, even at the price of civil liberties.

Mary Mallon was born in 1869 in County Tyrone, Ireland and immigrated to America as a young woman, alone and determined to survive, like so many other Irish girls of her day, as a domestic cook. By all accounts, her cooking career was a success: she worked for many wealthy families on Long Island and in Manhattan. Between the summer of 1900 and March 1907, she worked in Mamaroneck, Sands Point, Tuxedo Park, Oyster Bay, and on Park Avenue. However, at all these locations, members of the family and/or the domestic staff came down with typhoid, twenty two cases altogether. One person died of the contagion.

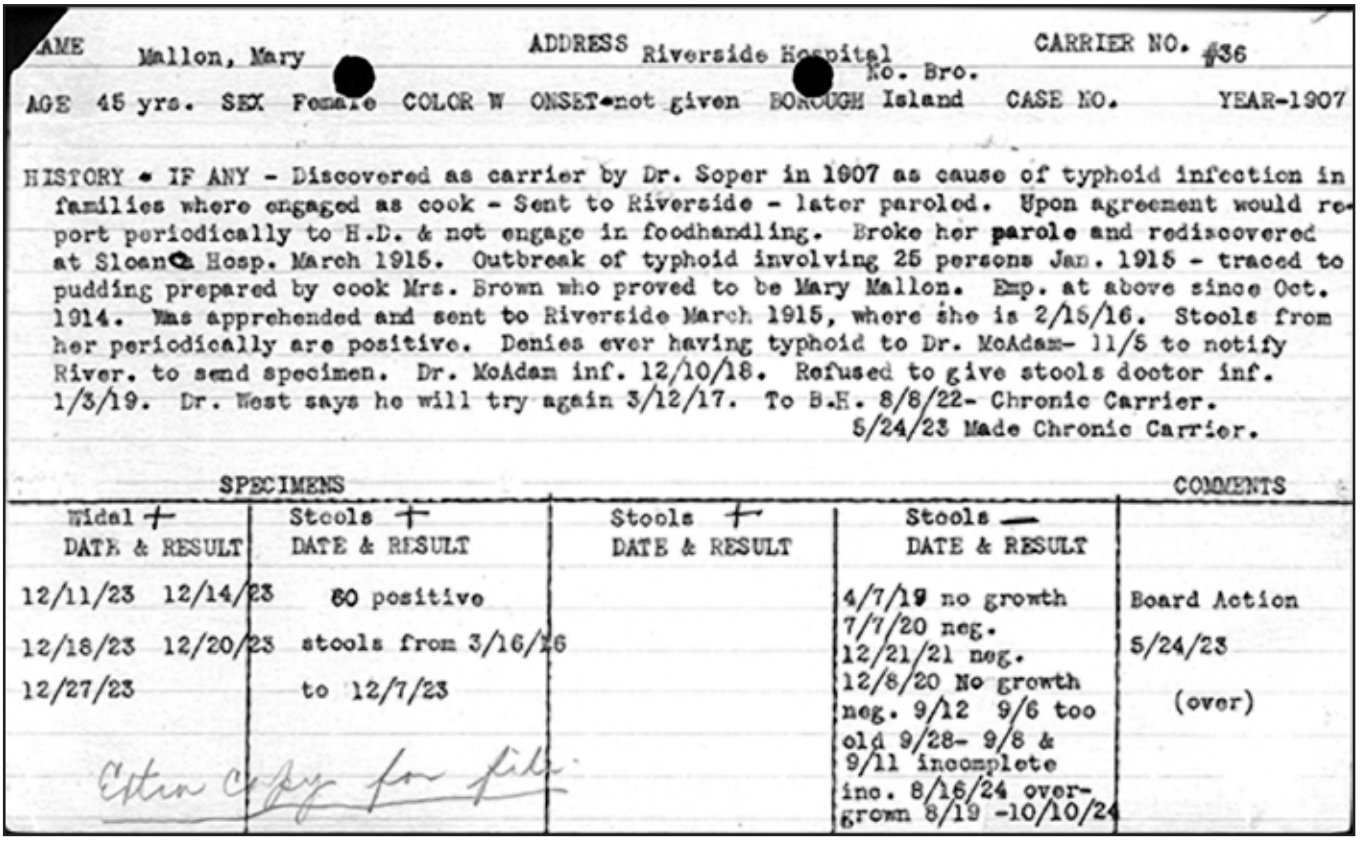
It is easy to believe that Mary had no awareness that she was spreading the disease. In 19th Century America, typhoid was a tragically common occurrence and it is hard for a modern reader to appreciate just how widespread the disease was. Statistically, there was little reason to think that her presence in so many infected households was unusual. Of the several thousand people who contracted typhoid in New York State in 1906, there were more than 600 fatalities and only one of them happened in a household where Mary worked. To her, she could not possibly be the carrier because she herself exhibited no symptoms of the disease. She had even stuck around to nurse the sick and quit soon after in fear she would catch typhoid.

At the beginning of the last century, it had become a primary directive of many health departments in the United States to fight the disease, largely through the improvement of living conditions, cleaner water supplies, better sanitation and the reduction of physical filth. Moreover, the emerging science of bacteriology focused on attacking the bacilli themselves, but of course, to attack them, these invisible enemies first had to be found. The thought that they could be lurking in a healthy individual who worked in impeccably clean conditions was pushing the boundaries of what we knew about disease propagation at the time. In 1907, science had not yet proven that such a thing as a healthy carrier actually existed and there were no laws on the books to determine how to handle such an individual should they be discovered.

George Soper, who had made his reputation as a sanitary engineer specializing in epidemics, was hired by Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson to investigate the outbreak of the disease at their Oyster Bay mansion where their summer tenants, the Warren family, resided. Soper was determined to make a name for himself by capturing America's first scientifically recognized healthy carrier. After learning that Mary Mallon had worked as a cook in Warren's household in the summer of 1906 and left shortly after the outbreak, Soper traced her employment history and found the large number of typhoid cases in her wake. This led him to pay a visit to Mary as she worked in the kitchen of the Bowen family on Park Avenue.

Soper approached Mallon with a passionate argument that she may be causing the infections in her clients through her cooking and her failure to clean her hands properly after bowel movements. He requested that she supply stool and urine samples to determine if she was indeed a carrier. Mary responded by pulling out a roasting fork and chasing him from the premises. Determined to put his name into the annals of bacteriological history, Soper buddied up to Mary's working class boyfriend, confronting her for a second time in her own apartment on Third Avenue and Thirty Third Street. She responded with an equally violent reaction and Soper beat a hasty retreat.

Feeling that this was indeed a job that required a woman's touch, the Department of Health sent in S. Josephine Baker, a city medical inspector, with an ambulance and five police officers. When they confronted Mary at her place of employment, she fled and hid in a staircase closet for over three hours as Baker and the policemen searched several houses. When discovered, she put up such a fight that in the wagon, while she howled obscenities and hostile



NAME Mallon, Mary ADDRESS Riverside Hospital CARRIER NO. #36
No. Bro.
AGE 45 yrs. SEX Female COLOR W ONSET-not given BOROUGH Island CASE NO. YEAR-1907

HISTORY - IF ANY - Discovered as carrier by Dr. Soper in 1907 as cause of typhoid infection in families where engaged as cook - Sent to Riverside - later paroled. Upon agreement would report periodically to H.D. & not engage in foodhandling. Broke her parole and rediscovered at Sloan's Hosp. March 1915. Outbreak of typhoid involving 25 persons Jan. 1915 - traced to pudding prepared by cook Mrs. Brown who proved to be Mary Mallon. Emp. at above since Oct. 1914. Was apprehended and sent to Riverside March 1915, where she is 2/15/16. Stools from her periodically are positive. Denies ever having typhoid to Dr. McAdam- 11/5 to notify River. to send specimen. Dr. McAdam inf. 12/10/18. Refused to give stools doctor inf. 1/3/19. Dr. West says he will try again 3/12/17. To B.H. 8/8/22- Chronic Carrier.
5/24/23 Made Chronic Carrier.

SPECIMENS				COMMENTS
Widal + DATE & RESULT	Stools + DATE & RESULT	Stools + DATE & RESULT	Stools — DATE & RESULT	
12/11/23 12/14/23	60 positive		4/7/19 no growth	Board Action
12/18/23 12/20/23	stools from 3/16/16		7/7/20 neg.	5/24/23
12/27/23	to 12/7/23		12/21/21 neg.	
			12/8/20 No growth	(over)
			neg. 9/12 9/6 too old 9/28- 9/8 & 9/11 incomplete	
			inc. 8/16/24 overgrown 8/19 -10/10/24	

Citizen copy for file

An old file card detailing results from tests on stool specimens from Mary Mallon gives a capsule history of her capture and quarantine. From PBS.org.

imprecations at her captors, Baker had to physically sit on her to keep her from escaping. Mallon was removed to an isolation cabin on North Brother Island where she was to remain, with the exception of a few brief years of freedom (1910 to 1915), for the rest of her life.

Almost from the moment of Mary Mallon's capture, serious legal and ethical issues had been raised about her arrest and captivity. While Soper and Baker gained some notoriety for identifying and isolating the typhoid carrier, Mallon herself was deprived of her freedom. The charter for the New York City health department did mandate that it should protect the public health of the city by removing "or cause to be removed to [a] proper place to be by [the Board] designated, any person sick with any contagious, pestilential or infectious disease…" [New York City Department of Health Charter Section 1170]. The problem with this directive is that it was written before the discovery of healthy carriers. It is one thing to deprive someone of his or her liberty because they are burning up with a 105-degree fever from an infectious disease. It is quite another matter to incarcerate a perfectly healthy individual.

However, there was no small lack of evidence. The health department did take several stool samples a week from Mary in the beginning. Of the 163 samples taken during the period from 1907 to 1909, 120 tested positive for the typhoid bacteria, and 43 tested negative. When her case did get reviewed by a court of law in 1909, Mary produced test results that she had done with an independent lab, all of which tested negative. However, it was believed that the longer amount of time between the excretion of the samples and the delivery of them to the lab gave the typhoid time to degrade. Another possibility is that Mary went through periods where the bacilli were not active as can be seen in the 43 negative tests done by the health department.

There was no doubt in anyone's mind, excepting perhaps Mary's own and her lawyer's, that she was a perfectly healthy woman who carried the typhoid bacilli about in her gall bladder and had spread the disease to others through a

Not at all happy with her situation, Mary Mallon lies in a hospital bed after being apprehended by the authorities in 1907 for being a carrier of typhoid fever. From PBS.org.

combination of food preparation and poor sanitary habits. Although a judge ruled against her release in 1909 in a hearing where bacteriology itself seemed to be on trial, the Hearst newspapers unexpectedly drummed up public sympathy.

In a lengthy article in the June 20, 1909 edition of the New York American, Hearst seized upon the name "Typhoid Mary," which had been used in a medical journal to mask Mallon's identity (in a modern scientific paper she would be called Mary M.), and published a drawing of a domestic cook tossing small human skulls into a frying pan as if they were eggs of death. It declared her "most harmless and yet the most dangerous woman in America" and did drum up public outrage against her incarceration on North Brother Island. Other newspapers such as the New York Herald and the Times followed suit in casting her in a sympathetic light, although they all milked the strongly evocative term "Typhoid Mary."

What happened to turn the tide of popular opinion against her was what she did when she was finally released from the island in 1910 due to the sympathies of a new health commissioner. She unashamedly violated the conditions of her release, which was to remain in touch with the Board of Health and to refrain from making her living as a cook. In 1915, after being off the radar for several years, she reemerged at New York's Sloane Maternity Hospital where twenty-five individuals came down with typhoid fever, two of them eventually dying from their illness. Sure enough, Mary was found working under an assumed name and she was unceremoniously dragged by the Board of Health back to North Brother Island, this time for good.

Because of her deliberate disregard for public health precautions and her continual refusal to admit the danger she posed to those around her, public sympathy for her al-

most completely vanished. This time she had clearly spread the disease with full awareness of what she was doing, although she still claimed that she was perfectly healthy.

While Mary did grow accustomed to life on North Brother Island and became over the years less enraged over her predicament, she did continue to deny that she was a threat to anyone. She obtained a position working in the island's hospital and there is evidence that she even took day trips into Long Island and Manhattan. The public soon forgot her, she grew old and sick, and then in 1938, after several years bed ridden from a debilitating stroke, she passed away. The last known photograph of her on the island shows a big beefy woman with a partially paralyzed face. She never gained back her full liberty and she never accepted the scientific evidence of her being a healthy carrier of typhoid.

The questions remain about how Mary Mallon, who was not the only healthy typhoid bacilli carrier in New York in 1907, became so notorious and well known, why her incarceration and treatment at the hands of the Department of Health was more severe than any of the other known healthy carriers, why she became an American icon for pathogenic hysteria. Some of the other carriers identified by the New York City Department of Health were responsible for more infections and more deaths than Mary Mallon; however, the other carriers played nice, agreeing to the restrictions of the officials, reporting to their case handlers on a regular basis, giving stool samples to track their condition over time, and agreeing to refrain from certain professions like food preparation. Mary disregarded all these directives, attacked officials with a weapon, and violently denied she was the cause of the suffering about her. By setting a stern example with Mary Mallon, the Department of Health had their Typhoid poster girl as a warning to other healthy carriers who may consider rebelling against them.

At the time, the growing concern over public health had reached a frenzied peak and was fueled by scientific discoveries over the bacteriological origin of diseases. For many decades, the understanding was that filthy living conditions bred disease, but the new thinking, sparked by the isolation of microorganisms in the bodies of the sick, actually stirred a debate over whether the approach to eliminating diseases was to enforce better sanitation and living conditions or to simply go after the microorganisms. While we now understand that disease is a collaboration between the two—filth helps to propagate the bacteria—in the early 1900s, many medical men and social reformers fanatically favored one approach to disease eradication over the other.

In 1907, science seemed to be winning the bacteriological battle on both fronts. With health organizations well funded in every state, sanitation programs and municipal strategies for cleanliness of water and living conditions were taming the deadly epidemics that were plaguing the country. The possibility of healthy carriers, people who were in fine bodily health but who carried the bacteria in their bodies and could spread it to those about them if they were not being mindful of their sanitary habits, was helping to sustain a paranoid fear much akin to the AIDS scare of the 1980s. Clearly for science to complete its victory, it would have to come up with a way of handling this fearsome source of contagion. Mary Mallon was one of the first widely publicized cases of a healthy carrier that scientific investigation had isolated. She stood as a symbol of science's ability to seek and destroy disease wherever it was hiding, whether in spoiled food supplies, unhealthy drinking water, or Mary Mallon's gall bladder. By isolating her, apprehending her, and forcing her into quarantine for the rest of her life, public health science was asserting its authority and its ability to defeat a deadly epidemic.

The severity by which her liberty and rights as a human being were denied was part of this triumph. Mary's defiant stance against the Department of Health made her even better press and put her in alignment with the disease itself. Other healthy carriers played by the rules, taking care of themselves and adhering to strict guidelines in order to protect others from their own disease. They would use exclusive toilets and limit their employment opportunities that often put them under financial hardship. Mary refused to do any of this, and caused many infections as a result. She had to be restrained, against her own will, for the public good. No other healthy carrier made such a stink, and by refusing to cooperate with the Board of Health, she was deemed, in the view of many, to be no better ethically than the disease. To isolate and contain Typhoid Mary became synonymous with isolating and containing typhoid itself.

Like Lizzie Borden, there have been many novels, plays, and even an interpretative dance that were either based on or inspired by Mary Mallon's tragic life. While in her day she was viewed through the lens of society's desire to eliminate pandemics through the power of modern

Mary Mallon (wearing glasses) photographed with bacteriologist Emma Sherman on North Brother Island in 1931 or 1932, over 15 years after she had been quarantined there permanently. From PBS.org.

The cottage on North Brother Island in New York's East River where Mary Mallon, better known as Typhoid Mary, was quarantined from 1907 to 1910, and again from 1915 until her death in 1938. From PBS.org.

science, the creative arts generated from her story in the last few decades have largely focused on feminist issues, comparisons to the Reagan administration's policies towards victims of AIDS, and larger existential issues. Barry Drogin and Peg Hill's 1988 dance production Typhoid Mary has the Irish cook preparing a meal on stage that is subsequently fed to the audience, forcing them to confront their fear of being infected by the outsider.

Few people today know or remember the actual facts of Mary Mallon's case, but everyone knows her nickname, even if they are surprised to hear that Typhoid Mary was a real person. She is buried in the Bronx, far from her Irish homeland but only a short distance from North Brother Island where she lived in isolation for three decades.

Satellite photography on the Internet gives a sad testament to the legacy of Typhoid Mary. At Wikimapia, you can examine the landmass of North Brother Island as it stands today, abandoned and overgrown with forest. At a higher magnification, you can see the roof of Riverside Hospital. The location of Mary's isolation shack is completely covered with trees. Nothing remains but the name Typhoid Mary, one that she personally despised but which has been embraced by our collective cultural imagination.

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LIZZIE BORDEN BY NIGHT

What is it you see, when your head rests on the pillow,
And your mind drifts free, to past sins that bloom and billow?

Whose voices do you hear when you dim down the bedroom light?
Neighbors look and leer—you venture out only at night.

What sad faces hide behind your eyes, that are of the past?
Many secrets, so many lies, yet your fame will last.

Sleep tonight comes late; you relive that hot August morn—
How fierce you can hate—so then a new Lizzie was born.

Not guilty, they said, you toss and whisper in your sleep,
Photos of the dead are shown causing many to weep.

Men talk and newspapers sell quick, headlines big and fat,
Too much mutton makes you feel sick—ate your last of that.

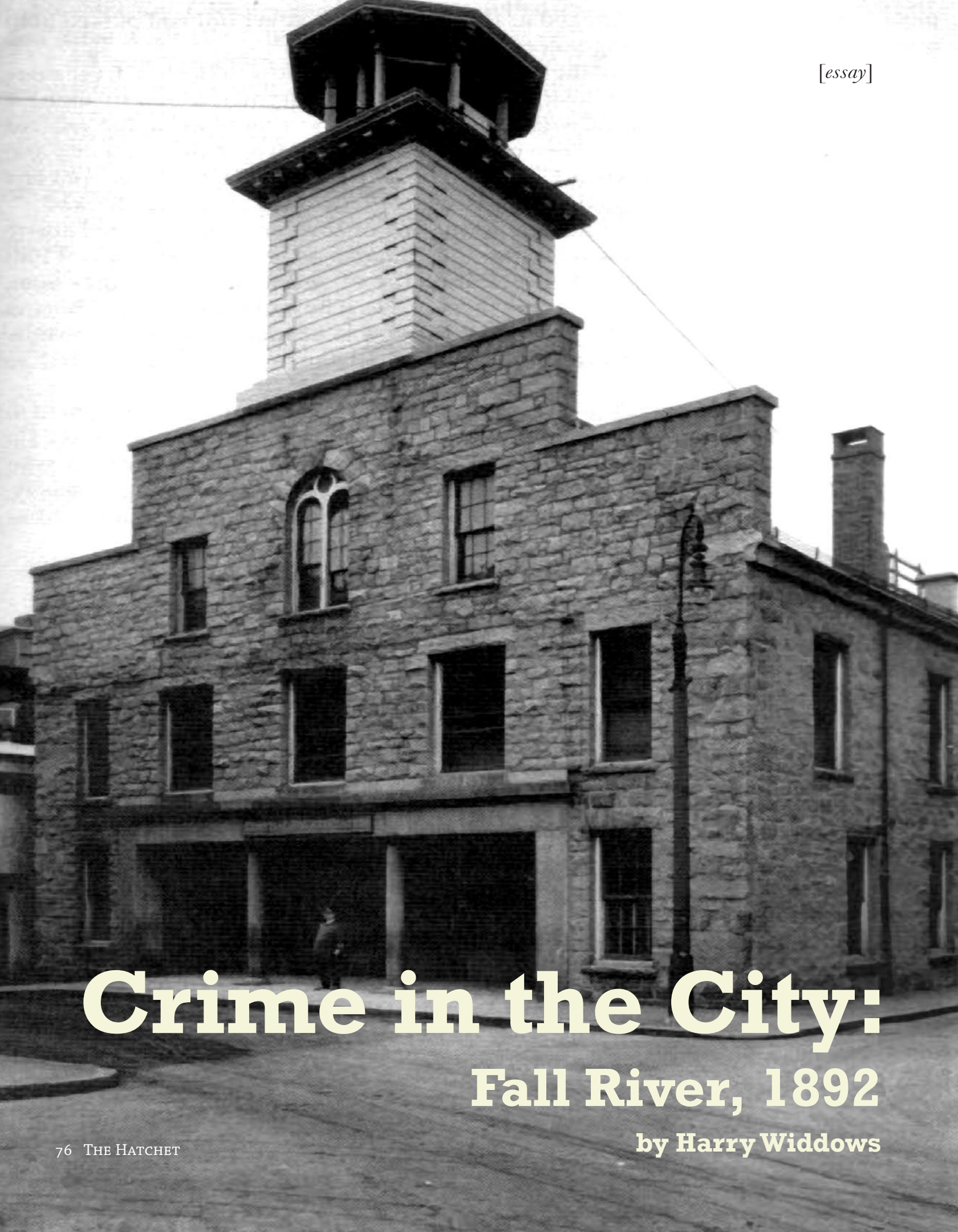
Walk in Maplecroft, and you dwell amid finer things,
Night nears still and soft, who once said the caged bird sings?

Emma left long back—from behind you feel the dark stares,
The gossips attack; did you really eat all those pears?

Cold and damp nights make you shiver, the blood made you ill,
Tourists flock down to Fall River, enjoying their thrill.

Mutton for breakfast, death before noon,
Your crime will not bore us anytime soon.

Brian Leno



Crime in the City:
Fall River, 1892

by Harry Widdows

The reference room at the Fall River Public Library contains a series of books, by year, titled "Fall River City Documents." The various city departments each year sent a formal report to the Mayor's office of expenditures and happenings in their department. For the year 1892, City Marshal Rufus B. Hilliard submitted the following report for persons arrested in the city during the year.

Arrested for:	Males	Females	Total
Admitting Minors to Pool Room	2	0	2
Assault and Battery	338	52	390
Assault on Officer	16	0	16
Assault With a Weapon	13	0	13
Attempt to Commit Suicide	0	1	1
Bastardy Complaints	8	0	8
Breaking and Entering	8	0	8
Breaking, Entering and Larceny	39	0	39
Common Drunkard	6	5	11
Common Night Walker	0	5	5
Common Nuisance, Keeping, etc.	170	19	189
Compounding and selling medicines without being a registered Pharmacist	2	0	2
Contempt of Court	17	1	18
Conveying Liquor to Prisoner	0	2	2
Cruelty to Animals	7	0	7
Defrauding Boarding House Keeper	8	0	8
Desertion from U.S. Army	1	0	1
Disturbing the Peace	320	109	429
Drunkenness	955	254	1209
Embezzlement	10	0	10
Enticing from home, for Marriage, a girl under sixteen years of age	1	0	1
Escaping from Imprisonment	1	0	1
Evading Fare	1	0	1
Felonious Assault	2	0	2
Forgery	2	0	2
Fornication	1	1	2
Fraud, including false pretence	3	0	3
Fraudulently Destroying Mortgaged Property	1	0	1
Incest	2	0	2
Indecent Assault	3	0	3
Indecent Exposure of the Person	3	0	3
Keeping House of Ill Fame	1	1	2
Keeping Liquor with intent to sell illegally	23	2	25

Arrested for:	Males	Females	Total
Larceny	83	5	88
Larceny from the Person	14	1	15
Larceny in a Building	31	2	33
Larceny in a Vessel	7	0	7
Lewd and Lascivious Behavior	14	16	30
Malicious Mischief	16	7	23
Murder	2	1	3
Neglect to Support Family	109	0	109
Obstructing an Officer	2	0	2
Oleomargarine, illegally Keeping or Selling	1	0	1
Peddling without a License	1	0	1
Polygamy	3	0	3
Rape	3	0	3
Rape attempted	2	0	2
Receiving Stolen Property	1	0	1
Robbery	1	0	1
Runaway from Home	0	1	1
Safe Keeping	13	9	22
Stealing a Ride	3	0	3
Stubbornness	19	14	33
Suspicious Persons	2	0	2
Trespass	1	0	1
Unlawfully Keeping a Dog	1	0	1
Vagrancy	36	9	45
Violation of Butter Law	4	0	4
Violation of City Ordinance	12	1	13
Violation of Food Law	3	0	3
Violation of Health Law	2	0	2
Violation of Lord's Day	81	1	82
Violation of Milk Law	13	0	13
Violation of Poison Law	3	1	4
Violation of Screen Law	1	0	1
Warrants from Superior Court	3	0	3
Totals	2451	520	2971

Of particular interest to Borden case followers is the entry made for "Murders." There were two men and one woman arrested for Murder in 1892. Lizzie Borden would have been that one woman as she was arrested on August 11th, after the third and final day of the Inquest. There was also one woman arrested for violation of the poison law, not Lizzie Borden, however.

Drunkenness was by far the largest reason for arrests, accounting for some 40% of the total. Disturbing the peace at 14% followed that.

Other than Assault and Battery there were surprisingly few violent crimes.

Several entries appear comical. One such entry is for "Oleomargarine, illegally Keeping

or Selling." In 1886 the U.S. Congress enacted a law placing restrictions on oleomargarine. One web site describes the "battle" between butter and oleomargarine: "The first prolonged and impassioned controversy in the Congress involving a pure food issue took place in 1886, pitting the reigning champion, butter, against a challenger, oleomargarine. Butter won, and oleomargarine was taxed and placed under other restraints that persisted on the Federal level until 1950." Many of the earlier violations of this law involved the collection of the proper tax rate and the tampering with the color of the margarine so that it resembled, and was sold as, butter.

Violation of the "Screen Law" is another one that appears strange sounding. This explanation of the law appeared in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of May 22, 1886, describing the city of Boston's attempt to control liquor sales: " 'The enforcement of the Sunday Liquor Law has been a gain; license fees have been paid, making the city of Boston richer by $422,865, during the last two years.' . . . Most of the prosecutions at present are for violations of the 'screen' law, which forbids the presence of anything in a saloon obstructing a view from the outside . . ." (i.e.: the saloon must not "screen" out the view of their activities from the police from the sidewalk).

To place the arrest numbers in some context, the population of Fall River in 1892 was approximately 83,000. The 1892 Fall River City Directory lists a police force of approximately 90 men, counting officers. In addition to the police there were a larger number of Constables. There were only two women in the police department—the two matrons at the city jail, Hannah Reagan and Mary Russell.

All in all a fascinating view of the crimes the Fall River police faced on a daily basis.

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

by Douglas A. Walters

And I Behold a Pale Horse

Reflections Upon a Fine Supper
and
Infamy Come Home to Fall River

And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

The Gospel of St. Matthew 10:28

It's come to mind, fair Reader, that in all my years of random scribbling—occasional jottings meant to record events of the day or my own personal reflections upon them –somewhere along the line I have neglected to record my own answer to the now-so-often-asked-question: *Where were you when the Bordens were slaughtered—and how did you hear?*

To the best of my recollection, (with which others might agree) the 4th of August 1892 was, in the forenoon and afterwards, hotter than six fathoms of Hell at high noon, but all the same not quite so hot as it had been only a few days before. "Purgatorial" might well serve as an apt description of the day's weather, particularly owing to the fact that news of the 5th carried a wire service story of a disturbance the previous day. Exact details escape me at the moment—it was only a tiny little slip of a story not more than four paragraphs—but I do recall that the aforementioned disturbance took place at a nunnery up 'round Charlestown.

The incident did not match the terrors of 1834 to be sure—the exact details of that disturbance, otherwise known as the Ursuline Convent riots are easily found in a search of 'most any newspaper of repute in the region—but the Ursulines came to mind at least momentarily.

The nunnery disturbance of the fourth of August was thankfully far less serious: several of the good sisters residing therein were taken to hospital, apparently victims of delirium and dehydration owing to the hot weather. The unfortunates were rounded up and trundled away for treatment. Receiving such, they were subsequently released and returned to the sanctuary.

At first blush, appearances suggested that the fourth day of August in Fall River would be nothing more than ordinary. A good number of the police in the city were actually off duty not because of the heat or ill health, but for a picnic or some such thing over to Rocky Point.

But if the annals of history teach us anything, it would be that even the most infamous of days spring from the same ordinary seed, as it were. Take the example, for instance, of the Ides of March. We know it today for its association with the brutal murder of a certain emperor nearly twenty centuries ago. Before the ancient Senate ran red with the blood of that old Roman, however, the fifteenth day of March was just another day, largely untouched by the blushing crimson tide of infamy. Where ever after it has borne the red badge of infamy—and not unjustly so—there was a time when the fifteenth of March was just another day in the minds of average men. Even Caesar shed his last lifeblood upon a day that for him very likely had a most ordinary beginning.

If the translation as I've always heard it given is correct—*Et tu, Brute*'? ("You too, my boy?") might also fairly describe the not-so-daring-and-really-rather-ordinary exploits of ye humble Compositor.

The fourth day of August 1892 would be immortalized in local legal annals as the date upon which two inhabitants of a Second Street domicile were first one, then the other, after some interval, brutally and bloodily dispatched by unlawful human agency. By end of day, the cry of murder most foul would be upon 'most every lip, the air fairly throbbing with pulses of speculation.

It did not, however, *begin* in such fashion. While I am not typical, I will use my own routine to illustrate. I rose at whatever hour it was—I rarely paid any mind to the clocks indoors on account of the fact that I had no place to be at any set hour but could commence or cease my work as needed—set a small pot of coffee on to boil and attended to breakfast. I will confess in this regard to being rather pleased with my *morning ingenuities* such as they were. I had recently discovered by fortunate accident that a few tablespoonfuls of milk mixed with a bit of fine-ground sugar made a dandy icing, and that said icing, smeared in small *blobs*—or if the mood struck, large blobs—upon common day-old baker's rolls, did indeed make a dandy breakfast.

I had nothing apart from the usual work and routines to look forward to upon that fourth day of August. I did remember one thing, however, which gave me some thrill of anticipation.

I'd had the good fortune some six months earlier to make the acquaintance of a gentleman on leave from across the water. At fifty-seven years of age, he was betaken by fancy of a trip over from the homeland of Victoria Regina, which was his own as well.

"I wanted to see for myself the damned cradle of miscreancy!" That was, I think, the third thing he said to me after we stepped down off the train from New Bedford.

Now I will confess to being rather confounded by that remark, mainly owing to the difficulty it presented. If I responded agreeably, such agreement might cast undue doubt upon myself somehow. If I replied in a disagreeable fashion, there was certain risk of a sound thump on the head courtesy a rather stout-looking walking stick the gentleman carried.

"Well," I said after a second's deliberation, "if it's the *cradle* you're interested in, that's somewhat northerly of here, up to Boston and just a ways west. This area here is—well, if you wished you might call it a '*play pen of miscreancy*' I suppose. She was *born* up there a ways, but in good time—much as a child grows—took root, matured, amused herself as youngsters will and thence made her way down here."

The gentleman gave me a rather sour look, suggesting that my reward for that remark might be a sound thump. The stick, though, did not move. I did keep a somewhat wary eye on it, just in case.

"Boston, did you say, young man? Hmmmphhhhhh! 'By the *rude bridge* that arched the flood, their flag to April's breeze unfurled, here once the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world!'"

"Well, we have no rude bridges here, good sir. Matter of fact if you stay about here long enough you will find the bridges in this area to be exceptionally well-constructed—and well-mannered to boot. It surprises me

though that you should know that verse."

"I'll thank you to hold your tongue, young man. I know that verse quite well. I once used a portion of it in defense of a client."

My newfound acquaintance then cut loose with another blast from old Emerson's cannon. The voice was now beaten by storms of years, and yet still rang with a certain air of music and confidence:

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

I thought him at first an actor, or at least *descended* of an acting family, for the old gentleman had a *presence* about him that made me think of things I'd heard people say about Mr. Edwin Booth upon the stage. I had the misfortune to compliment him along those lines.

"An *actor*?" He nearly spit the word out as he said it, shuddering as though he had just taken a large bite from a lemon. "Good God, my young fellow!"

"But . . ."Now as you might suppose, I had put my foot in it so to speak and was more than aware of that fact. "I meant no offense whatever sir; please be assured of that. It's only that . . ." I stopped, wishing to say more but unsure as to *how*.

"What would you say, young fellow, were I to ask if you knew what an *instructing solicitor* is?" Here I will admit the vaguest fear that in event of a wrong answer my reward would be a sound *thwap* on the head.

He looked down his nose and over his glasses at me, as if to say "Ha! Victory!"

"Well, sir I have this thought: We seem to have gotten off ill-footed here the last few moments. Accordingly, I'd like to make amends, for I surely meant no harm. If you're of a mind to accept, I should enjoy taking supper with you at the Mellen House. It will be my treat. It's one of the finest establishments in the whole of Fall River."

"The Mellen House Hotel did you say? I believe I may be staying there this and tomorrow evening. Will you kindly direct me?"

"I'll do better than that. Let me put one of these fine folks to work." I took a small wooden whistle from my pocket—I can't whistle worth soldier beans when it comes to summoning cabs or the like—and used it to catch the attention of a hack-man nearby.

Seeing that the gentleman's baggage was attended to, we hopped aboard and made our way to the Mellen House.

We had agreed that our supper hour would be 'round six o'clock. A few moments before the appointed hour, I arrived at the Mellen House and made due inquiry after the gentleman newly-arrived from England just that afternoon.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood, their flag to April's breeze unfurled!" I turned, that rich commanding voice as a beacon on seas stirred by storm. The gentleman from across the water stood a few paces behind me. "I do hope you're looking for me, young man. It's nearly my suppertime."

"Well, that's why I've come sir." I stepped toward him, offered my hand. He gave it a shake that was much warmer than I expected, as if to say that he hadn't minded the nonsensical chattering earlier in the day as much as it appeared.

"Well, then: Lay on, MacDuff; and damned be he that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

"Don't look at me feller. I'm ready to eat, too!" I said, falling into step just behind him as we headed off toward the restaurant.

"Let me begin young man, by giving you sincere thanks for this fine supper. Have you any recommendations?" We were seated, looking over the evening menu.

"Well, if you've no objection to shell fish," I said, "I'm inclined toward beginning with…where did I see—here we are: 'Poached jumbo prawns.' They'll come cold, arranged over the sides of a silver dish, with horseradish sauce to dip. The normal serving is half a dozen, the prawns most often nearly the size of half a regulation golf ball. I am not a sauce person ordinarily—although the horseradish sauce they make here is rather tasty. It's a tomato and vinegar sort of mix."

The gentleman nodded, his eyes twinkling with a spark indicating a true food lover.

"If you've no tongue for the bite of the radish, there's an option for melted butter spiced with a hint of garlic."

"Young man, you've talked me into the latter. Horseradish goes far better with beef, if my teeth are doing the work!"

"Speaking of beef, would you object to a recommendation of the prime rib of beef—done rare, but not *too* rare—paired with mashed potatoes and gravy,

plus asparagus?"

"Lead on, MacDuff!" The gentleman snapped his fingers gleefully.

"Have you a preference of sour or sweet desserts?"

"Well, now you intrigue me. It could be either, depending on the selections."

I pondered that possibility a few seconds, finally deciding upon a sour apple and rhubarb cobbler. "You're familiar with rhubarb?"

"I am indeed, young man. I've heard that when Dickens wrote *A Christmas Carol*, he always kept rhubarb on his mind when writing of Scrooge."

I nodded in a knowing way, but did, I must confess, file that tidbit away under "Filthy rumor, possibly hogwash."

We made our orders, deciding upon the libative powers of coffee for our evening. The prawns came first off, and were as large as I had expected

"Now then, young fellow—that question you put off this afternoon with a most thoughtful invitation to this supper. Have you prepared yourself to answer it?" He grabbed a prawn and held it in the air, with some apparent intent to point to something.

"I have not—and you *are* asking if I know the term 'instructing solicitor?' "

"Indeed I am. What say ye?"

I answered rather poorly, but as best I could. The gentleman *harrummpphed* at me, though not without good nature, nibbling the prawn he held like a piece of school chalk 'twixt thumb and forefinger.

"No, my young fellow, an 'instructing solicitor' is most assuredly not one whose duty it is to impart the fundamental principles of successfully hawking brushes door to door." This pearl was uttered as my companion finished off the last of his second prawn.

"It's difficult to know how to put it together for you actually. American points of law and so forth are things that I do know, but I'm not much on the 'crickets and 'hoppers'—the 'nuts and bolts' I suppose you say here—of qualifications. But in England, a 'solicitor' is one who is schooled and licensed in the law, but has a limited right of access. He can only perform certain functions in the courts, that is. Follow my train so far?"

"I think so." We developed a pattern: Whilst one spoke, the other ate. It seemed to work quite well, really.

"Now then… an 'instructing solicitor' *instructs* a barrister to appear in court for them. The instructions provide the barrister with necessary information and documents, and outlines the tasks that the solicitor wishes the barrister to perform. Following tradition, the instructions and related papers, referred to as a 'brief,' is delivered to the barrister. After review of the instructions, such conference as needed with the instructing solicitor and his or her client, and any required legal research, the barrister argues the matter at issue in court."

"The instructing solicitor, if I understand you correctly, *assists* the barrister in trying the case before the bar, but has nothing to do with the actual presentation before the court—the 'mechanics' of the argument?"

"I believe you have the concept right. Before the English bar, the barrister does all the barking. The solicitor never makes a whimper usually, but stands and serves in *support* of the barrister making the case."

Taking a bite of prawn, I pondered that. Then something else came to mind.

"So what has brought you to America? I'm not objecting a bit—just curious."

"Well, young man—if ever you've lost a loved one, you will appreciate what I tell you.

"My wife passed into the Great Beyond some sixteen months ago. We had been one together for 25 years, 4 months, two days. She was my rock, my guide, the small bird whose music did set my very heart aquiver. We'd been so attuned, that in the first months after she'd gone, I did lay awake many a night missing *the sounds of her breathing*. It's amazing young man—the things you miss when they are gone. They've been a part of you for so long. You don't take them at all for granted, but they melt somehow and become a part of your being."

The gentleman paused, refreshed himself with a swallow of coffee. "To be quite frank about things—I went a bit 'round the bend awhile . . . mad as a bloody-damned hatter. Successful life of a barrister dashed near instantly in a Stygian whirlpool. I had no guide or ferryman to assist me. The tiller that had been my earthly guide for a quarter century now rests in the churchyard . . ."

"You need say no more, good sir." It was all I could think to say.

"Bless you for that young man, but I *do* need say more. It does me good. I haven't spoken much of it in awhile. For what it's worth, I've carried her near to my heart ever since. Some distance is necessary to heal you understand, and yet she is never more than a second

away from my thoughts."

I nodded, and together we polished off the last of the prawns.

"My trip here? Well, I might plead a case of Tocquevillean wanderlust. I needed to get away awhile, and I've always had at least some interest in America. I'm rather impressed I must admit. However, that good impression will not, I think, be sufficient inspiration to follow de Tocqueville's example and chronicle my adventures in book form. Bah!

"Have you a strong constitution, young man?"

"Well, strong enough I suppose. I can handle most anything, I think." As proof thereof I related an instance that had happened in February of '89. A young lady friend had fallen and cut her foot rather badly. The slash was deep enough that I could see the bone. I got it tied off well enough to diminish but not cease the crimson flow, and headed off with her in a hack in search of a doctor. We located one fairly quick, but he had nothing to administer for pain.

"Soak this cloth in cold water, young man, and ball it up." He then instructed the young lady to put the cloth in her mouth and at signal, to bite down on it as hard she could. The doctor then untied the crimson-stained cloth, inspecting the wound. "Twenty-seven," he muttered. "Young man," he said, looking down his nose in my direction, "when I tell you, you take hold of that foot and *do not let go* until I tell you. Is that clear?"

I nodded, and we assisted the young lady up onto the doctor's examination table.

"You may bite down on the cloth, Miss—and you, young man, will take position and hold that foot against the table. *Do not* let her move until I tell you."

The doctor began his sewing; the young lady squirmed and struggled, biting hard upon the cloth. High-pitched screams (of course muted by the cloth) flowed forth in constant streams over the next several moments.

Five minutes later, it was all done. We thanked the physician, settled the bill, and took our leave.

"Eminently qualified" was the gentleman's appraisal as I concluded my tale. He had similar kind words for the next courses of food, which had just been delivered to us there in the Mellen House restaurant. The rib impressed him especially, being done just to his liking.

"Tell me, young fellow: are you at all familiar with the matter of *The Crown against Frederick Baker*?"

I had to confess that I was not. "I know a bit of Crown law," I said. "But most of my knowledge comes of occasional perusal of *The Newgate Calendar*."

"You read the *Newgate*?" The gentleman glanced up at me whilst he continued working at the rib with his knife.

"I do, sir. I read many things the average person might not. Now I mean to put nothing against other folks in that, but . . ."

"I know perfectly what you mean, young fellow. Don't bother about that. Even that which your neighbor may find strange still makes fine company of a rainy Sunday afternoon."

I nodded. I could do no more decently, as the teeth were occupied with a bite of rib and mashed potatoes.

"Well, if you know the Newgate then you might also know of the infamy of Sawney Beane the Scot—and of course the infamous slasher in Whitechapel a few years back."

I nodded again, still chewing.

"If one were to place both matters upon a large apothecary scale, the infamy of Beane might exceed that of 'Saucy Jack.' If you know Beane, you understand exactly what I mean.

"At the same time"—and here the gentleman paused, swallowing a drop of coffee—"*Crown against Baker* surpassed the both of these in its own way. Butchery and cannibalism are among the vilest of acts known to humankind. 'Man cannot live by bread alone' carried far, too far beyond. . . . The same might be said for the slaughter of unfortunate females, set to work in the oldest, but yet the *only*, 'profession' readily at hand.

"Beane and those of his hermetical household did kill and consume. The unfortunates in Whitechapel met similar but somewhat lesser ends, for they at least (apart from a single claim regarding an organ purportedly belonging to Catherine Eddowes) were not consumed.

"The affair of Frederick Baker though does in its own way surpass even those two extremes. Fred Baker's infamy rises to the top of the crème can, young man, because his was a crime of foul and senseless butchery of a small child."

"Agreed, sir." Here again, it was all I could think to say.

"I don't think I've mentioned it, young man, but I make my home in Hampshire, at Alton."

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"You do? Well, I'm pleased to make the acquaintance of an ancestral neighbor. My mother's family on the paternal side was domiciled in Kent some three hundred fifty years ago."

"Really? I had an uncle lived in Kent at that time I believe—a poulterer by trade. According to the family lore, he made about a thousand pounds sterling over three years, supplying turkeys and the like to the King. I've never looked into it though, so cannot vouch for the truth of the claim.

"My own suspicion, however," the gentleman said, as he broke open and liberally buttered a baker's roll, "is that somewhere along the way a family member set aside the poulterer's trade just long enough to engage in a bit of historical hog washing."

"But how does that Baker feller figure in?"

"Oh yes . . . I was about to explain something, a minor point. Are you familiar at all, young man, with the term 'assizes?' "

"Only to the extent that it's a term that has *something* to do with English courts."

"Well, that's good enough for a start. The assizes are county courts periodically convened for certain purposes. They are very like what you in America know as 'superior courts' and may serve to try either civil or criminal cases. They are also convened for purposes of inquest."

"Our superior court here in Bristol County is usually convened at New Bedford, where you and I caught the train this afternoon."

"Now then, young man, I must go back to the place in my story where I was before we got off on sidetrack courtesy one Fred Baker.

"As I said, I'm a Hampshireman of Alton. I came rather late to professional life—and by that I mean a profession that would stand well in terms of security, and sufficient in terms of salary. Conferring with my beloved not long after announcement of our intent to join lives, she expressed a desire that said profession meet those needs, but should also be something that we might do together somehow. This expression I must say confounded me. I knew her desire, and will confess to sharing it. But there was still some deliberation to be done, you understand. It was together that we concluded upon a life in the law.

Our decision was rooted in the fact that while crime paid not a farthing, there could be a fair bit of money had in the work of the law. 'I could *help* you in the work, besides,' was the only thing more my intended did say.

"Now you understand, young man, that at that moment in time—well, *help* was yet an open question, the ultimate answer undecided. I made no fuss though, as I couldn't bear the thought of dampening the fire that lighted her cheeks as she said it, or dim the stars that twinkled in those eyes."

I must say it made me sad hearing this, for the obvious depth of the loss he had recently suffered came forth clear as a bell.

"Having agreed thus, I then made due enquiry and subsequently made a binding agreement with an understanding local barrister. If I would agree to work for him, he would pay me reasonably for services rendered, and assist me in gaining a legal education. I believe, young man, the term for such informal schooling is called 'reading the law.' "

I nodded, and voiced a long-held wish that I had gone through such schooling.

"Well, now young man—you might still do that you know. Proper education in the law is a wonderful thing, serving as it does two purposes: knowing the law will help you stay *out* of trouble, or . . . if you find yourself *in*

trouble, you'll at least have sense enough to know who to go to in order to get *out* of trouble!"

"Excuse me, sir. You were saying that you had begun rather late . . ."

"That I did young man. I must tell you that you would have, in all likelihood, adored the gentleman who tutored me. You mentioned something this afternoon—that I reminded you of an actor. *If* I do, you may credit my legal tutor, Mr. Wilfred Robards. I picked up that trait from him. He said I wouldn't have much use for it at first—'you're only the barrister's choirboy for the present. It will come in handy though *after* you're qualified to be a barrister.'

"Mr. Wilfred Robards was also helpful in resolving the dilemma I mentioned a moment ago. 'The young lady might indeed be great help to you—not only in your studies. A willing companion is a grand thing, particularly when one leads a life in the law. She may not be able to *help* in every instance, but if ever there be times when you find yourself beset by troubles, she will always know how you feel, and the reasons why. That in itself is one of the greatest things a gentleman of the law can have, aside from the love of a fine woman.'

"Mr. Wilfred Robards did though caution me to be wary of one thing: 'If your young lady be truly bright as she *looks*, she might just prove better at the law business than you are!'

"So, young man, the stage was set, as they say. I took the young lady's hand in marriage upon the ninth day of May 1866. Four days hence, I called at Mr. Wilfred Robards' legal establishment to collect the necessary books and whatnot, which would aid me in my learning. The prize among these was a set of Sir William Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England* arranged in four rather hefty volumes. My wife, examining the books, noted that Robards had actually scribbled notes at various places. Her personal favorite, she said, was found in Sir William's introduction. Robards had underlined this passage:

> He cannot but reflect that, if either his plan of inftruction be crude and injudicious, or the execution of it lame and fuperficial, it will caft a damp upon the farther progrefs of this moft ufeful and moft rational branch of learning; and may defeat for a time the public-fpirited defign of our wife and munificent benefactor.

and scribbled 'This would be your Missus!' in the margin, and beneath that, 'Defeat? Hogwash!!'

"Much to my chagrin (and yet also secret pride) Robards was correct in his earlier admonition. My dear wife did actually develop an excellent head for the law. At a small gathering to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of my commencement of legal studies, I kept her right there by my side through all the cheers and toasts. It was not so much my 'victory' but ours."

Here the gentleman breathed a sigh, bittersweet, and yet contented. "But for her, young man, I'd not have gone nearly so far in life as I did—and that is absolute truth."

"You're indeed a lucky man, sir."

"Amen to that, my good fellow. It was largely her gentle encouragement, along with the excellent instruction of Mr. Wilfred Robards, of course, that allowed me to complete my studies and pass a compulsory omnibus examination in June 1867. With Robards' recommendation, I was able to secure a position with the solicitor's office in Alton High Street."

I nodded, in process of cleaning away the last bites of rib, roll, asparagus, and potatoes.

"I mentioned a name some while ago. Do you recall it?"

"Fred . . . Baker, was it? Frederick Baker?"

"Gold star, young man. Fred Baker was a colleague of mine in Alton High Street—that is, until he was arrested, tried, and subsequently hanged for the murder of little Fanny Adams."

The gentleman paused as our desserts arrived. They were hot and steaming, served in fair-sized bowls. Alongside was a dish of sweetened whipping crème. My companion first sampled his cobbler without, apparently testing the waters for tartness, as it were. As the tartness took hold, he was beset by a sudden wave of shudders, such that I could hear his teeth knocking together I thought.

"Young man, this is excellent!" he cried when he was able to speak again. "I think though, a spoonful of this crème will help, else I'll not be able to finish the tale." He plopped a spoonful of the crème over the cobbler and spread it out a bit.

"It's rather sad that this excellent dessert should so neatly match and rival the tale I'm about to relate. Another bite to fortify myself I think." He took another bite, and I noted that this time his eyes watered.

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I sampled my own dish at that point, and finding the crème an excellent idea, added some to my own dessert.

"Picture if you will, young man, a child of eight years: dark of hair and eyes with a cherubic sort of face, and somewhat thin of frame. That was sweet Fanny Adams in her prime, and also, sadly, the twilight of her life. I never actually met the child by way of introduction, but had seen her about . . . once, perhaps twice, after securing the position with the solicitor's office. I did though have an acquaintance with her parents, who visited the office upon occasional matters.

"The closest I came to a formal meeting of Miss Fanny, I was walking in the vicinity of the solicitor's office and caught sight of the little one out with her sister, who was younger. They were scampering about at some little girls' sort of game. I called to them to come nearby, and reached into my pocket to withdraw two wrapped confections. "Can you catch this sweet thing, pretty girl?" I called out. The younger child stepped perhaps a foot nearer, and I tossed the candy lightly in an up-then-over sort of way. Miss Lizzie Adams caught it quite easily. "Very good, Miss!"

"Miss Fanny, would you like to try?" The child answered by grinning and racing to the spot where her sister had stood, cupping her hands. I calculated a bit, and judged that she was—the *distance* was easy enough, but her hands were so tiny. "Come a bit nearer," I called out. She did… I figured again, beckoning her yet nearer still. The second toss, though closer, was more difficult. I said a little prayer, and then tossed the candy. Lo and behold, Miss Fanny Adams let out a squeal of delight. By grace of God, I had managed to toss the confection into those cupped baby doll hands. 'Very good, Miss Fanny!' The sisters then curtsied and scampered off in the direction of their home in Tan House Lane."

The gentleman thereupon paused and took another bite. His eyes watering from the tartness, he continued. "I never saw Miss Fanny in life again. Her mother, however, I did see upon the day after. She stopped into the office long enough to thank me for being kind to the children.

"In consideration of this fine supper we've had, I will not tell you of the next time I saw little Fanny Adams, for it is too much a risk, as the result would surely be your complete loss of a fine meal."

"Thank you." At that moment, although I had only a vague feeling about what he *wouldn't* say there, I truly was thankful that he had not gone into detail. The darkness that came into his eyes when he spoke of these things was sufficient

"Now I'll tell you something young fellow: the *modus operandi* in this case, defendant stated that he oft gave little children money to buy sweets. I mention

that fact by way of explaining the difference 'twixt him and me. I myself used to regularly keep pocketfuls of wrapped candies. As you may have noticed, I do have a bit of a sweet tooth. I have been known to give sweets to youngsters—usually in the manner described, *if* they are able to catch, you understand. There's also most often at least one adult witness nearby. I have never, young man—ever—touched a child in a public place without *express consent* of the adult parents if they are on hand.

"It may be due to having seen that harmless little child done such grievous indignities—you understand what I mean, young man?"

"I do, I do actually. I myself am very careful about that sort of thing, for much the same reason."

"Now young man, in consideration of the hour and the fact that I must set out again tomorrow 'round middle afternoon for Charlestown and Boston, I hope you will forgive me providing but a scant summary of further circumstances surrounding the matter of the *Crown against Frederick Baker*.

"Miss Fanny Adams went missing upon the 24th day of August, 1867. All that remained of that cherubic-faced child, she of fine and small bones, dark hair, eyes and hands little bigger than a toy doll's, was subsequently discovered by a search party. She lay—what was left of her—in a hopfield not terribly far from where she was last seen in the company of Frederick Baker, the solicitor's clerk more than twenty years her senior. She was in pieces! Her head was completely off, a leg and a thigh were discovered nearby and internal organs yet a bit further beyond. Those eyes, they that could be all at once dark and bright"—and here, for the first time, the gentleman crumbled under the weight of his tale, stifling a sob—"they were gone, young man! The fiend had removed them, cast them away amongst the ripples in the river. They were later discovered there.

"The police surgeon said at the inquest that the likely instrument of death had been a rock, for such rock was turned up with a bit of flesh and hair yet attached.

"Fred Baker? Well, he was hauled in from the solicitor's office. 'I know nothing about it' is what he remarked to the police superintendent. He knew nothing about it—nor, I suppose the blood on the wristbands of his shirt. Nor could he explain the dampness to his trousers, nor his socks, nor his boots. He passed them off as insignificant—insufficient evidence. He was pretty certain these things wouldn't hang him.

"Well, the weeks went on and Baker's tales began to change almost with the seasons. His first utterance was 'I know nothing about it' and this later became something along lines of 'Well, I'm innocent, of course—but *if* I did it, I was crazy at the time.'

"That much I had to give the fellow. If I recall correctly though none of this came about 'til after his office diary was found. Guess what was in it, young man? I'll give you a guess outright."

"The Baker feller confessed, in writing?"

"Very near that. An entry was found in Baker's hand which read '24th August, Saturday—killed a young girl. It was fine and hot.' The superintendent made this discovery if I recall upon the Monday after the murder.

"Fred Baker was tried of course, well and true by the laws of the Crown, hanged upon the eve of Christmas at Winchester. His last statement, curiously, admitted to the foul deed, but set it down to a rage that consumed him as Fanny Adams cried. She was likely pleading for release and her life at the time. He did not (so he assured her desolate and aggrieved parents) violate the child at all in any *intimate* way. He bashed her head in, cut her small frame to ribbons, cast her very eyeballs into the river torrents—and yet took no *intimate* liberties. Where, I ask you, is the consolation in that?"

"There is none sir, none worth even a tenth of a tinker's damn." The weight of the tale set suddenly upon myself, bringing from me a sigh of melancholy.

The gentleman then did something unexpected: he put a hand upon my shoulder. "I must bid you goodnight and farewell, young man. I do so with thanks of your fine company, a good supper, and tolerant ear. It will take time, you understand, on account of business considerations and the like—but in time I intend to gather and ship over to you a set of the case records in the matter of *The Crown against Frederick Baker*, if of course you'd care to have them."

"I would and thank you, sir. I too have enjoyed this afternoon and evening. I wonder though if you might do me a small kindness. I will provide you funds of course, but I should appreciate it if you would place a flower of your choosing on the little one's grave for me."

"I can do that young man. I know just the spot she rests."

"I thank you most kindly, sir. If you're off up to Boston, you might visit the courthouse there. They have yet preserved the very courtroom in which Mr. John

Adams did stoutly defend a number of British regulars put to trial for acts committed in Boston on or about the 5th day of March 1770. Even years later, Mr. Adams said that upon reflection, that 1770 defense was 'one of the most gallant, generous, manly, and disinterested actions of my whole life, and one of the best pieces of service I ever rendered my country.' Of the eight soldiers charged, six were acquitted, while the remaining two were found guilty of manslaughter and had their thumbs branded."

"I thank you again, young man. If time permits I will make that visit. If you should ever find yourself 'cross the water to visit the ancestral home, you must come if you've time and look up 'Charles Simmons, Esq.' at Alton: him who has gratefully shared your company this day."

I nodded, and with warm shake of hand did take my leave of Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq. there outside the restaurant of the Mellen House. He notified me by telegraph whence he arrived safely at home. I had another telegram from him in March of 1892 saying that he had resumed the law business full tilt, and though very busy, had not forgotten his promise of the case files. He had located most of them he said, but thought there was yet one more box to find.

He also mentioned a trip to the Boston courts. He had been able to see the room where the Regulars were tried and defended by Mr. John Adams of Braintree, and judged it most impressive.

Old Simmons, bless his heart, said also that he had complied with my request and set two flowers upon Miss Fanny's grave in the Alton Cemetery. They were, he said, a purplish hue which the child would have appreciated. Simmons had ignored my offer to provide funds. The flowers were but four-pence each anyway he said, and it would have cost me far more to safely send the funds.

I had subsequent communication from him in mid-July, saying that he had rounded up the wayward box, gathered everything together, and sent it over. I should expect the case files in the matter of *The Crown vs. Frederick Baker* to arrive on either the 4th or the 5th day of August 1892.

That then, was the source of my anticipation whilst I sat with my breakfast of iced day-old baker's roll and coffee upon Thursday, August 4th, 1892. Using Simmons' descriptions as a sort of guide, I had cleared sufficient space to house the collection off to itself, in a special place.

I found myself rather oddly preoccupied with that Baker feller, I must admit. Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq., my Mellen House supper companion, had, on account of time, given no detail of the means by which the fiend Baker had been conveyed to his end there in Winchester, the reputed ancient home of Arthur, the King. I could not say for sure, but a certain passage kept creeping through my mind: "I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him."

Cruel and strange though it may sound, I found myself fancying that Baker the fiend had been rid to the gallows upon such pale beast, and that he did enter the hottest regions of Hell to suffer for his crime.

I resolved at that point to rouse myself from that reverie, for enough was enough of anything—and the coming of such thoughts as that to my mind was a signal that for the present, at least, I'd had more than enough pondering concerning the demise of that fiend of Hampshire.

The resonant *bong* of the city clock did aid me somewhat in rousing myself. At its sounding, I at least found myself sensible enough to finish the last bites of the iced baker's roll which I washed down with a last swallow of coffee now gone cold as an ice berg.

I hunted up the clock, discovering the hour was 42 minutes past. On suspicion more or less, I dialed the post office to inquire about the day's mail. "Oh, yes sir. It's just being delivered here now."

"Seamus—is that you, Feeney? I know that brogue anywhere! Now don't you dare deny it, feller. Say . . . how's that sister of yours?" Seamus Feeney was a raw-boned, redheaded Irishman of about 24. He had come over from Galway with an elder sister, Alice. Seamus was the more industrious of the two, having found regular work as a postal clerk within three weeks of setting foot again upon dry land. Alice Feeney was less fortunate, having found part-time day work as a maid and sewing woman. Unfortunately, Alice didn't do well in managing her leisure time. The average month saw her in the lockup three times at least on what Alice herself referred to as "the usual complaint." The police force knew all too well what "the usual complaint" really meant: at least three days a month—overnights, usually—they'd haul Alice in for what she called "bethottedneth." As you might guess, Alice Feeney could say that word letter perfect any other time. When she *couldn't* say it (or much else that made any sense, now that you mention it),

she forgot about talking altogether, and spent her time singing beautiful old Irish ballads in a loud but rather pretty voice. All the daughters of music were hers in these moments, flung higher than a child's kite in strong wind.

"Oh Seamus, that's too bad. But at least she thought to sing for him." Alice had been in again on the usual complaint. It seems that one of the officers made the mistake to wish another feller a "Happy birthday" within earshot of Alice Feeney, and . . .

"Hey, Seamus—you seen any mail for me yet today, have you?"

"Let me look . . . Good grief, man! What is this *behemoth* that has your name on it??!!"

"Well, I don't know Seamus. Where's it from? I see… Well, yes, I was expecting—it's *how* big?" Apparently the package dispatched from Alton, Hampshire by Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq. had arrived in the *playpen of miscreancy*. It also was much larger than I had expected!

"Huh? No, Seamus I don't want you to do that, feller, but I thank you all the same. No, I won't hear of it. If you get laid up, who'd bail out Alice when the need arose? See what I mean?

"No, Seamus—I'll be around to get it after bit. What? You better believe I'll hire a ride back! I don't have Alice on my hands, but I *do* have things that must be done. What?! No, Seamus, but thanks. I *like* your sister and all that, but I have a fine girl already. One's enough for…you bet, *especially* if it's Alice! Now be a good feller and hush, so I can get outta here. Right . . . I'll be around in awhile."

I made a quick mental calculation of my plans for the morning, or what remained of it. First to the Union Bank, then the post office, then back home. Owing to the size or sheer bulk of the things dispatched across the water by Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq., of Alton, Hampshire, I could not return by the horse car, but would need the services of a hack-man or carriage driver. I checked my pockets to be sure I had the whistle, and then set off.

I walked about half a block, then caught the horse car for a brief time and then left it, making my way on up in the direction of the bank. Some variation of such travel was my usual custom, as it allowed me to get a bit of exercise if I desired it. I allowed that would be most prudent today, if I was to well and truly face the behemothic monster that Seamus Feeney had described earlier.

As I made my way from the bank and prepared to set off toward the post office, I caught sight of a gentleman whom I believed to be Mr. Andrew J. Borden. I hailed him, and after a moment's conversation (during which he joshingly inquired into the state of my pockets), wished him well. He seemed himself, but a bit tired, as he made his way in the general direction of Clegg's store.

"Don't yell at me Seamus. I told you earlier that while I was *expecting* a package from across the water I had no idea what would be in it beyond what the gentleman himself told me now several months back."

I had barely stepped a foot into the post office when Seamus Feeney, God bless him, stepped up to the plate and started pitching. I had to give him one thing: he was entirely right about that box. Either Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq., of Alton, Hamphire in the United Kingdom of Great Britain had underestimated the bulk of the package purposely, or he had no head for estimating at all. The "box" which purportedly contained case records relating to the matter of *The Crown vs. Frederick Baker* stood thirty-eight inches high and measured thirty-six inches on the shorter side, and forty-eight inches on the longer.

"Don't you dare tell me that the office scale is broken on account of this here box, Seamus Feeney—I know better! Why, this scale could handle your *sister's* weight—and when she's fully dressed, drunk as a skunk and singing her heart out in the blessed clink!"

(Alice Feeney, according to arrest records weighed in at 87 and ¾ pounds without shoes and "in full gust" as they say.)

"Ask your boss over there, and he'll tell you that the secret to these infernal things is *calibration*."

Feeney, bless his heart, just stood there, his face pale as a ghost in spots, red as a wild Irish rose in others. The postmaster, I noticed, was off to the side there, listening from behind a magazine. He made very little noise, but the magazine pages were shaking like leaves on a tree stirred by an autumn breeze.

"Oh . . . Seamus?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Would you mind stepping to the doorway there, looking to see if there's any carts out there please?"

Seamus Feeney rushed to comply. Whilst he was occupied, I had a brief word with the postmaster. "You understand I'm not at all upset with the young feller,

right?"

"Don't worry about that. You very nearly had me on the floor laughing. The boy is a fine worker, conscientious and considerate. If he'll stay, I'd like to keep him another twenty years. Just for the record—you were right on both counts: the limit on that scale is one hundred fifty pounds. It just came last week, and I really hadn't got around to explaining to Seamus yet that it does periodically need to be re-calibrated."

Seamus Feeney reappeared. "Sir, there's a hack-man outside for you. May I heft this out?"

"You need ask the postmaster here that, young feller. You work for him."

The postmaster nodded.

"Hold it a minute Seamus—there's a catch: you can take that out to the hack for me if you'll allow me to buy you a—you like ginger beer?"

"Yes, sir; but not the way Alice does."

"Young feller, from what I've seen there's nobody on the face of the earth likes ginger beer the way your sister Alice does."

"That's true, sir."

"Seamus," the postmaster spoke up. "It's nearly dinnertime. Why don't you see this gentleman out with his package, and get your dinner?"

"Yes sir. I'll do that."

"Lift with your legs, young feller. Remember, Alice needs bail money."

At this, Seamus Feeney snickered. I suspected he'd finally caught on. He hefted the box up—it did weigh every bit of fifty ponds if not a bit more—and out the door to where the hack-man waited.

"Thank you, my good feller. That offer is redeemable at any time by the way, just let me know."

I gave the hack-man the address, and off we did go, quick as a flash.

The city clock struck the quarter-hour past eleven as we came within fifty yards of my humble domicile. My mind was somewhat occupied with thoughts of how I would get the aforementioned behemoth into said humble domicile.

Looking about, I noticed that my neighbor up the way was just coming off duty for his dinner break—the neighbor of whom I speak in this instance being Officer Philip Harrington of the police. I whistled at him, waved, and called out: "Neighbor Harrington! Could you help me a moment here please?"

Philip Harrington turned and walked over. "Good afternoon. How can I help?"

"Well, I need to unlock the place and get this here box indoors. Would you mind?"

"Oh…sure."

"Watch it though feller, that bugger is heavy!"

Neighbor Harrington nodded, appropriately bracing himself, lifting the large box whilst I paid off the hack-man, who snapped his whip and took off like a shot.

"What *is* this beast anyway?" Neighbor Harrington inquired.

"Well, it's *supposed* to be case files, sent to me by a gentleman from Hampshire, England."

"What case is it?"

"*Crown against Baker*. Child murderer hanged at Winchester, England in 1867," I said, opening the door. "Right in here if you would—any empty spot. I'll worry about breaking it open later."

Neighbor Harrington nodded and set the crate down with heave of a great sigh.

"You didn't go to the festivities at Rocky Point?"

"No—I missed Cleopatra's barge on that one." My policeman neighbor grinned an easy grin.

"Well, somebody has to mind the place whilst the revelers do whatever it is that revelers do, huh?"

"Indeed." Neighbor Harrington nodded.

"Well, my friend I'll bid you a pleasant day and leave you to your dinner. If you're working the weekend I suspect you might need all the strength you can get, just in case Miss Alice Feeney shows up again. Do you know Alice?"

"I think I do. Irish girl, short, slightly pretty—less than 90 pounds, likes to get drunk and sing loud Irish songs?"

"Well neighbor, it sounds like you *are* at least slightly familiar with the trial which may follow after all!"

"I've *heard* about Alice Feeney, but we've never met professionally . . . yet." Officer Harrington laughed.

"Well, you just keep her in mind young feller. Good day to you." My neighbor turned to leave and I closed the door.

I looked at the box come across the water from the town of Alton, Hampshire courtesy Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq., and wondered what secrets it held. That thought resounded still in my mind as the city hall clock announced that the hour was now thirty minutes past eleven upon the morning of August 4th, 1892.

I set about the task of preparing myself a light dinner. I was in the midst of eating that dinner of a buttered sausage and cheese sandwich when the three-quarter hour sounded.

At last, having ceased my mid-day nourishment, I could stand the suspense no longer. I hunted up a claw hammer and began to pry the lid away. It took three tries, mind you, but finally the last pieces of bracing gave way with a tooth-grinding squeak. Tossing it away, I lifted the lid and thereupon discovered the reason for the weight of this box come across the water from the town of Alton, Hampshire courtesy Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq.

The files and such that friend Simmons had promised were there right enough. To my surprise and amazement, the gentleman barrister of Alton, Hampshire had preserved them in beautiful leather bindings. Each volume was numbered and appropriately labeled with the title *The Crown v. Frederick Baker, Upon Indictment For Murder*. Each volume carried a subtitle indicating the nature of the materials therein preserved, for instance *Memoranda* and *Coroner's Inquest: Duke's Head Inn*. There were some 40 books worth of files and memoranda, which included the stenographer's minutes of the trial—an unbelievable cache, to say the least.

Most touching however, was a set of Sir William Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England* that was identical to that previously mentioned by Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq. of Alton, Hampshire. Embracing a sudden random memory, I turned impulsively to Sir William's Introduction to the first volume, much relieved to discover that this was *not*, in fact, the prized copy inscribed by Simmons' old tutor Mr. Wilfred Robards.

I knew that Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq. of Alton, Hampshire loved his own copy far too much to part with it—and knew the reason why. I would not have allowed him to part with it.

I did find, however, that my friend Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq. did inscribe a note to me on the flyleaf, which read:

"Take these, young man, in the spirit which they are given. The struggle for an independent America had its rough moments. Life has its moments. If you are at all intent on study of law, even for yourself as a non-practitioner, let your studies begin here, with these Commentaries. You have the capacity to know them, to understand them even if you never do anything the more with them. Godspeed, young fellow."

The noon chime did strike. I stepped out the front door to catch a bit of air, although to be entirely truthful, there wasn't much air stirring to catch. For a split second all went quiet and still. And it seemed as though I heard (off somewhere in the vague distance) the strains of a fiddle as it played a mournful country air.

Within a moment, however, even as I stood there catching what little air I could, the vaguest rustling sounds grew suddenly the louder. I turned in their direction, and my eyes were met by the sight of a young feller in hot-footed quickstep racing toward my neighbor Harrington's door. He knocked a time or two, and then was briefly admitted. Not long after that, neighbor Harrington emerged in official dress and left his premises. I looked around for the young feller who'd knocked at neighbor Harrington's door, but he'd gone as quickly as he came, so far as I could tell.

It was not curiosity but an empty stomach that led me to do what next I did. (I really should know by now when a light dinner is too light!) Free of the hulking behemoth of a wondrous gift that my friend Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq. had so thoughtfully sent, I thought an expedition in order, as if there's one thing I hate more than anything in this world, it's an empty or insufficiently-appeased stomach.

I locked the place up again, and after a short walk hopped upon the horse car. I did not know it at that time you understand, but I did later discover that the path I took toward town was the very same which my neighbor Harrington had taken after the young man made his visit. The difference there was that I did not leave the car, but took it all the way into town.

The first inkling I had that anything was amiss came while I was in town, but the news was rather fragmented, leaning far more along the lines of *what* rather than *to whom*. "Murder" is not the most common of words, of course, but at the same time it's not altogether uncommon either. I heard someone speak of "murder in Second Street" exactly one time, while on my way back from town. (I must here tell you quite frankly that in retrospect I'm most glad of things turning out as they did. Had I known *before* what I discovered *later*, it would have meant an empty stomach all over again.)

As I was going more or less in that general direction anyway, I paid close attention, and made a special effort to return via Second Street. Things did not seem especially peculiar at first sight, although I did notice

that here and there folks were standing in knots or the like—groups of two, three, or four persons—looking up the street or down the street depending upon their situation, speaking in low, hushed voices.

I did not accost anyone, but continued until finally I caught sight of Charlie Sawyer, a painter of ornaments—ornamental painter, that is—I never fail to mix those two. He was standing, as I recall, outside one of the doors to the Borden household—the outside doors, you understand. As he did not seem to be occupied with much of anything, I stepped up and spoke to him.

"Well, if it isn't Charlie Sawyer. Your business got so slow that you gave it up for sentry duty?"

Sawyer shook his head.

"Charlie? What's the matter feller? You don't look good."

"You didn't hear? Mr. and Mrs. Borden are both in there—dead, dead, and dead."

"What?! Charlie tell me you're joking! I saw Mr. Andrew Borden just a few hours ago. He looked a bit green and tired, like he wasn't feeling real good, but… dead?"

"Well, he might have been a little sick. But that's not what did the job on him."

"I'm not sure from the way you said that, feller, that I really want to know—but what the devil are you telling me—or trying *not* to? *Murder*?!"

"Uh huh. Mr. Borden is in there, sitting room. His… his face is half gone it looks like."

I started to go toward the house. Charlie put his hand on my shoulder. "If you've never trusted me before, trust me on this one: you do *not* want to go in there. I know you want to try to do what you can for them—but Mr. and Mrs. Borden, there's nothing anyone can do for them now."

I bowed my head and reflected on the one and only time I had ever been in the Borden household—the day Mr. Borden had covered a bill for me at D. R. Smith's. I had gone to repay him

"Miss Lizzie is inside. They are talking to her and looking after her needs presently. You might give her a day or two. Miss Emma has been notified of the tragedy and is returning by train sometime today. Doctor Bowen was to send the telegram."

"Thanks, Charlie. You're a good feller."

I turned and made my way back towards my humble domicile.

That, fair reader, is the story on not just one but *two* ordinary days. The first has value in a deeply personal sense. We do not often meet folks the likes of Mr. Charles Simmons, Esq., nor for that matter, people like Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Borden, late of No. 92 Second Street. But if we do, and are lucky, we will be graced with sufficient sense to know how blessed we are.

Four lives changed forever by the end of two days which at their core had very ordinary beginnings.

Later that day, I dispatched the following telegram to friend Simmons at Alton:

MR. CHARLES SIMMONS, ESQ.
ALTON, HAMPSHIRE.

FRIEND SIMMONS,

COLONIAL 'MISCREANT' SENDS FOND GREETINGS. HOPING THIS MAY FIND YOU WELL. YOUR MOST THOUGHTFUL GIFTS ARRIVED 4TH AUG. PLEASED BEYOND MEASURE, BUT MOST GLAD BLACKSTONE NOT YOUR OWN. INTEND TO READ AND SAVOR EVERY WORD AS TIME PERMITS. PRESENTLY HOWEVER, HAVE NEAR FRONT ROW SEATS IN LOCAL HORRORS. TWO MURDERED, AGED 64 AND 70 YEARS. APPARENT WEAPON: CUTTING INSTRUMENT. RUMORS ABOUND. MAY BE REPORTED THERE SOON. ELSE, DETAILS TO FOLLOW. KEEP SAFE.

'MISCREANT'

August 4th, 1932

This is the first time I've officially told the story of what I saw and heard so long ago on that hot summer day. I have kept it to myself because I did not wish to be hounded by newspapermen, aspiring authors, or any of the others who are so avidly curious as to what actually happened that day. I wanted to be left alone. This is also the reason I wish to finally share my story, yet still remain anonymous. Public scrutiny, even when it is well meaning, to my mind remains an invasion of privacy. Still I am not getting any younger and the time to share my story is growing short. Just recently my doctors informed me I might be showing signs of the "old timers" disease. Nothing serious. Simply a matter of some forgetfulness now and again. But if I am going to tell all that I know, truthfully without adding any more myth to the legend, I should share my memories while they are still planted firmly in my mind. I will remain anonymous because I don't want to be sought out after I've lost my wits about me. No reason on Earth is worth going down in history as the old lady babbling nonsense over a spoonful of pudding. There is no price tag for one's dignity. All I can do is tell what happened as I stood outside the Borden house at 92 Second Street on August 4, 1892 to the best of my recollection. This stands as clearly in my memory as if it had happened just yesterday.

I had gone downstreet early to do some shopping for the noon meal. It was very warm that day. Among other things I have heard since, witnesses who were interviewed described the temperature using phrases such as "very warm" and "hot and close." These are accurate descriptions. The humidity was dreadful. Do not forget to take into account the fashions of the time. Even a summer dress, not counting the generally worn underwear, was a heavy garment that was intended to keep a lady properly covered. Because I had been feeling somewhat ill I decided to start out a bit early to go about my errands. There was no desire in me to be out and about as the sun rose higher and the day grew warmer. Once the needed items had been purchased I thankfully began the return trek home.

My route inevitably leads me past the Borden house, a nondescript Greek revival that had once been divided into a two family house. Nothing would have set the house apart from any of the others along that street before the murders. Except perhaps the rumors which were surreptitiously passed along, for the most part in whispers, by those who considered themselves "in the know" about the goings on inside. Miss Lizzie Borden was whispered to be a very queer one indeed. She was painted to be an outspoken, bad tempered, spoiled girl who threw temper tantrums when she didn't get her way. It was said that she ignored her stepmother out of spite and refused to sit at the same dining table to take meals with either one of her parents. Those were the tamest rumors. The spicier gossip running through the grapevine included such shocking revelations as Lizzie having improper relations with her uncle John, or, depending on who was doing the talking, maybe Dr. Bowen, that she stole things from local shops without any heed to

the consequences, and may even have orchestrated a staged robbery within her own home. Many of the items supposedly taken belonged to Abby Borden. These are only the well-known tales that I dare to mention. I considered most of this information to be nothing more than idle gossip. Actually, I had never given much thought to the Bordens or any of the sordid affairs attributed to their household before that fateful day. Yet afterward, as with many others within our close-knit community, I would become consumed by them.

The two and a half story frame house that is now so famous loomed just ahead of me when I saw a woman hurrying from the side yard across the street in the direction of Dr. Bowen's house. Since I knew the Borden women by sight, I assumed it to be their work girl Bridget Sullivan. In just a few short minutes Bridget quickly scurried back. I had drawn close enough by this time to speak a greeting as she rushed past. The screen door made a creaking noise; Bridget disappeared from my sight. I paused a moment outside the fence as a thought occurred to me. Something about her demeanor had bothered me. I believe it was the expression she wore on her face. It was the earnest, determined look of a person dealing with a crisis. So determined that she never even realized I was there.

Before I had sufficiently gathered these thoughts she reappeared to quickly make her way back out of the gate. This time she began a brisk steady pace up Second Street. Something was definitely wrong at the Borden house. I found myself lingering on the sidewalk, torn between wanting to find out how serious the trouble was, and needing to get my groceries safely home. My sense of propriety finally won out by persuading me the proper thing to do would be to get back to the duties at hand. I set out to do just that. That is, until I was given quite a start by the sound of Addie Churchill's voice suddenly calling out. From what I assumed to be her kitchen window, she called to the figure of a woman leaning against the doorframe on the other side of the Borden screen door. She made an inquiry concerning the cause of the woman's apparent state of agitation. The voice that issued forth in answer could not have belonged to anyone other than Miss Lizzie Borden. Her deep distinctive voice was unmistakable. Her answer, "Oh, Mrs. Churchill, please come over, father has been killed" halted me almost mid step. I was sure I had misheard the response.

Mrs. Churchill was out the door in a flash, a woman on a mission. She greeted me most absently in passing. Turning to bestow the gesture in kind, the hello died quietly on my lips as I watched her enter the very same gate Bridget had so recently exited. A look of distress was evident on her face. The next thing I remember is the sound of some sort of rig making its way toward me. Dr. Bowen was returning home from his rounds. My curiosity was truly piqued. This could explain why Bridget had spent such a short time at the good Doctor's doorstep. He had not been at home to receive her distress call. Mrs. Bowen immediately met her husband with

words that sent him to join Addie at the Borden side door. Through the screen I barely heard an exclamation of alarm. My groceries, however, had not been entirely forgotten. With all possible speed, I returned to my residence to make a halfhearted attempt at putting them away, all the while trying to make sense of what had transpired. Andrew J. Borden was killed? Surely I had misunderstood the content of the exchange.

By the time I made it back a small crowd had gathered outside. Among the familiar faces present were reporters, neighbors, a few policemen I knew, and everyone was in varying degrees of shock. There was a man standing at the screen door watching the crowd. His name has become lost to me with time, though I am sure it's in the official record, because he was called upon to give sworn testimony. He was there to keep people from getting inside, so I was told. Then one of the men standing near me said the Mr. and Mrs. had been murdered. Hacked to pieces is what he said. I could hardly believe my ears. In a month of Sundays this idea would never have crossed my mind. Two people had been slaughtered in their own home in broad daylight. On this busy street no less! If it could happen to this old couple, it could happen to any of us, anywhere.

It was most unsettling to think I had passed by the place on my way to the market. Could I have seen the killer without realizing it? This idea still leaves me with cold chills. I saw a great many things that will always be with me that day. When a truly shocking event happens I don't think it ever leaves you. To their credit, the police tried to break up the great throng of people that converged on the scene from all over the city to literally block the street. I'll have the good grace to admit to being one who stuck around for the whole of the afternoon. To tell the God's honest truth the place unsettled me even with all those people milling around. It wasn't simply the fact that two old people lay murdered inside those walls. What totally unnerved me was the feeling that the person who had done the deed was close by, possibly staring right at me from time to time.

John Morse spent the biggest part of the day outside in the yard with the officers. Really I cannot say I can blame him. With the gruesome situation that lay within, maybe staying outside was the best thing the man could do until he got his bearings. No doubt dealing with such an unexpected tragedy would have broken down even the heartiest of men. Onlookers continued crowding the street in hopes of glimpsing any evidence of such a grisly deed. What transpired behind those closed doors I cannot say. Many people came and went.

As I looked on, Dr. Bowen made a hurried trip to his own house and back again. I'd stationed myself particularly on that side of the street to distance myself from the crowd. What I swore would never be uttered to a living soul up until now is, of all the things which aroused feelings of alarm that afternoon, none gave me greater pause than what I glimpsed as

Dr. Seabury Bowen hustled past. Purely by chance my eyes happened upon his bag. The clasp was not done up so it stood slightly opened. Now of course it would never be my intention to cast any shadow on the good doctor's name, but for a hint of a second, I could almost swear I caught sight of a smooth wooden handle—a handle that left the distinct impression of being recently cleaned. I reassured myself that it was a perfectly harmless physician's instrument. Never once have I felt compelled to believe otherwise. We're talking about a very respected member of our community. Dr. Bowen's wife Pheobe spent time at the scene, as did Miss Alice Russell.

Alice was a very nice woman. Everyone who knew her spoke very highly of her. She was quite shaken by the experience for some time afterward. Miss Lizzie Borden was not to be seen. Some who had the fortune to be permitted inside were nothing more than thrill seekers, in my opinion. They had no business being in there at a time like that. Viewing the mutilated body of one's neighbor to satisfy a morbid sense of curiosity is exhibiting your own lack of morals. Even the corpse of Andrew J. Borden deserved some respect. My heart went out to poor Abby. What she must have gone through in her last minutes on Earth was unthinkable. I drew the line at attempting to gain entry. My personal reason for being there was a simple need to understand how such a thing could have happened in my neighborhood, within minutes of my home. Miss Emma Borden showed up later in the evening and to all outward appearances was quite upset. I finally left soon after she arrived.

This, unfortunately, is all there is to my story. It's been my experience that firsthand accounts tend to capture the imagination even if they hold only the most mundane details. There are no illusions that what has been related here will be accepted at face value. The reader can pick and choose what they will believe, I suppose. That's out of my hands. For the first and probably the last time, I have recounted what I know for the record. Most everyone officially connected to the case has long since passed over. There is some comfort in the fact that I did not speak ill of the dead. Not even with my admission concerning Dr. Bowen. I am glad to have shared my little piece of history. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to do so.

Taken from the clipping of an interview that was published in an unknown newspaper in August of 1932.

"A New View into an Old Case" By Melissa Allen

The Cutting Room: Critical Notes on the Borden Legacy

A Word on the True Nature of Theories

A Study in Conjecture, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

by Eugene Hosey

Mrs. Lowndes begins with a preface that explains the rationale of her approach to the mystery. Her word is "conjecture"—inference based on incomplete evidence, or guesswork. The theory is that when literal evidence fails to solve the mystery, the key to the solution is an intelligent use of imagination that satisfies the conditions and circumstances surrounding the mystery. The author creates a plot, a cast of characters, and other relevant factors designed to make the incredible plausible. The plausibility of the author's scenario is then submitted to the reader's judgment.

The author's most valuable contribution is the concept itself—the application of what she terms, conjecture. She starts with the premise of Lizzie's guilt; and then without straying too far from traditional views of the known characters—she freely admits to the use of story-telling for filling in the blanks and finding escape routes from the dead-ends. Unlike so many authors who are bent on convincing the reader that they have discovered the truth when in reality they have formed subjective opinion, Mrs. Lowndes suggests the value of creative thinking in trying to solve such a frustrating murder mystery. In her preface, she makes some insightful observations, and explains exactly what she is doing:

> It will be solved by surmise, by conjecture based on the evidence. This evidence is . . . so fully on record that if fact alone were enough, the mystery would have been long since penetrated. . . .
>
> Yet the more we know what happened, the deeper becomes the mystery . . . why Lizzie Borden killed her father and stepmother.
>
> Into the dark secrets of motive, only surmise can penetrate. It cannot solve them, but it can offer a possible, even a probable solution.

This study in conjecture tries to relieve, by offering a credible solution, the strain that arises when the incredible has happened, and no reason can be found for it.

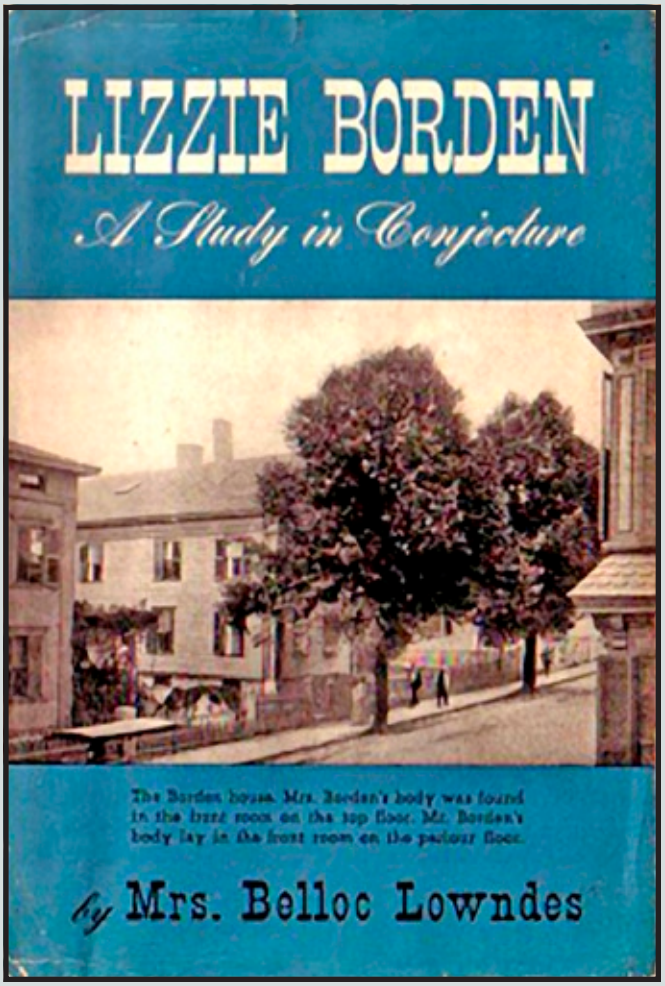
It is arguable, of course, but most case scholars

agree that the mystery remains unsolved—unsolved whether Lizzie did it or someone else did it. Either way, it is baffling. And it is interesting that the method Lowndes describes is, in truth, the method used by later authors who wanted to be taken seriously as having discovered the truth. Victoria Lincoln and Arnold Brown (two such authors) each invented things in an effort to make a plausible story—a tricky dress change, an epileptic condition, an illegitimate son—things that may have been or may not have been, but impossible to prove. In other words, what "fact" yet introduced in order to render a solution has not been conjecture? It is interesting to read this book from 1939, compare it to one of the late 60s and then another from the early 90s—and realize that we have come no closer to the actual truth of August 4, 1892—or, if we have, we cannot be certain of it.

Mrs. Lowndes' story is conservative, conventional, and true to the legend of Lizzie Borden as an axe murderess. The style of the writing has a dated quality that may be off-putting to some readers—that which may be fairly described as indirect and labored and formal. This is not in itself a negative, for the same observation can be made about Edgar Allan Poe and Henry James. But this is something that a reader of all the Lizzie Borden books (most of them written more recently) will notice. This literary quality is also evident in the author's storytelling method. Rather than revealing characters through their actions, the writer "explains" them through extensive biographical exposition. This is where a static quality threatening boredom creeps into the reading experience.

Mrs. Lowndes creates four fictional characters—a pair of sisters from the past of Lizzie's mother, Sarah Morse; and two male friends who meet Lizzie and her traveling companion in Paris. Interestingly, this idea of characters coming in pairs is thematic. Obviously, the elder spinster ladies in Boston parallel the Lizzie/Emma dynamic. And the friendship between the two men is the means through which Lizzie meets her beau. Mrs. Lowndes' characters are incapable of successful independent thought and action. Neediness and limited ability and means prevail throughout the story—perhaps beyond the story itself as a commentary on Victorian repression.

In Paris on her 1890 trip abroad, Lizzie is



conversant and friendly with a man her own age for the first time. In fact, Lizzie and Hiram Barrison are mutually naïve about relationships and romance, and there is a spark of interest between them. Hiram resides in Boston, and through the spinster ladies who knew Lizzie's mother, Lizzie and Hiram are able to reconnect later back in America—Lizzie eventually seeing Hiram as her knight in shining armor who will take her out of the dreadful Borden house. The two meet Wednesday night of the 3rd in the barn and are seen by Abby, who threatens next morning to tell Andrew. Lizzie knows what this will mean, for she can never forget how years ago Father denied Emma's marital choice due to the man's poverty and brood of children that would have to be raised. After bitter words with Abby,

Lizzie remembers the handleless hatchet she saw the previous night on the upper barn floor. And the rest is predictable.

The image of Lizzie pulverizing Abby's skull with this little hatchet with a nub of a handle is ludicrous. The author introduces an explanation for how Lizzie keeps the blood off herself; this relates to a pet project of the eccentric John Morse. Dr. Bowen then plays an accomplice role in getting rid of this particular evidence. Mrs. Lowndes either makes an oversight explaining Lizzie's murder attire for the second murder or deliberately leaves it ambiguous. There is also a curious ambiguity about the pastors who visit Lizzie in the wake of the murders. The author identifies the pastor as Reverend Jubb as he is seen from Lizzie's point of view; and later, from Hiram Harrington's point of view, the pastor is identified as Reverend Buck. Either both pastors are somehow present or the author fails to decide which one is there to deliver a message between Lizzie and her secret boyfriend, who is with the crowd outside the house Thursday morning.

Serious students of the Borden case who have thoroughly familiarized themselves with the documented facts and deeply contemplated the mystery are struck by an overwhelming characteristic that would seem to justify the author's premise. What makes the conundrum so fascinating is that the evidence exists in parts or fragments that stubbornly resist cohesion. The student encounters a pattern—that credible answers to crucial questions are negated by other factors. A reasonable, logical conclusion is that a major piece of evidence is utterly *missing*—evidence so vital as to be necessary for understanding both motive and circumstances. Clearly, Mrs. Lowndes' book does not rise to this challenge. Her story does not meet the standard she sets for herself in her preface—with the possible exception of supplying Lizzie Borden the axe murderess with motive. On this point, the author creates fairly complex circumstances involving all four of the principals. But the author's rendition of the murders themselves is seriously flawed, weak, and insufficient.

This book is unusual and valuable in its argument for a method—an approach, a thought process—for solving, or at least approximating a solution, to a profoundly perplexing mystery. The creation of believable fictional characters that impact the Bordens is laudable. And it is refreshing to see the character of Abby somewhat developed instead of disparaged as fat and dumb. But the story itself is something of a letdown after reading the preface. It is worth a read, but ultimately *A Study in Conjecture* is a morbid Victorian romance novel ending in a heinous and ironically implausible axe murder.

Source:

Lizzie Borden, A Study in Conjecture, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes; Longmans, Green and Co.; New York, Toronto, 1939.

Void in the Earth

A naked foundation of fieldstone and granite
once eyes of a soul long plucked away
over stone horseshoe eyebrows
    along a honed cresent wall
        vista to meadow and pond
of panoramas beyond
now woefully dismissed, abandoned—gone.

just an abyss for the green
growing haughty and high
from an open wound grave
dug by those who lay in chasms dug by those
themselves all lost from memory
like the master once here
    with all left just a mere, empty void—in earth.

standing along, these deprived cellar walls
    I envision exotic fine wood
        supple silk, lace
            wavy stained glass panes
                sturdy, dignified partitions
on this natty stacked stone, with all that is left
broken twigs and dry leaves, snap under new feet
    in sad Victorian defeat
        is all that is left
to the Big House beneath.

Michael Brimbau

Background: the veranda tile flooring from the ruins of Interlachen. Photography by Michael Brimbau.

Bridget's Kitchen

Mornin' to ya, and it's already startin' to be a hot one.

By Sherry Chapman

I wish they'd hurry up with their breakfast in the dinin' room so I can get their dishes done. I wanna get my work done erly today so I can go some place nice and cool on my afternoon off. Today I think I'll go and see Ernie at the ice house. I'll hang out there some afternoons when it's hot enough. He lets me stay as long as I want to but I gotta pay his price for it. I don't mind too much, but it costs me a good amount of Hail Marys come Confession.

Oh, Sweet Jesus. They're laughin' it up and talkin' in there with no end to it in sight. Mr. Morse asked Mr. Borrden why didn't he buy Jay Gould's yacht. Oh, and that's sure to happen. The man doesn't even give his own family a proper toilet, and he's gonna buy a yacht. No wonder they're all laughin'.

Last night visitin' my cousins we had a hearty laugh over Dennis Sullivan and one of his stories. With his stories, ya can't tell if they be true or not. But if last night's was, you can bet he got it on the noggin' with the fryin pan after everyone went home.

He says he goes to confession last week an' of course he says, "Bless me Father for I have sinned. I have been with loose women." The priest says, "Is that you, Dennis Sullivan?" Dennis admitted it was. "And who was the woman you were with?" the priest asked him. "I can't be tellin' you, Father. I don't want to ruin her reputation." "Well, Dennis. I'm sure to find out sooner or later, so you may as well tell me now. Was it Maggie O'Brien?" "I cannot say." "Was it Patsy Monahan?" "I'll never tell." "Was it Rusty O'Connor?" "I'm sorry, Father, but I'll not tell her name." "Was it Erin Murphy?" "You may as well stop askin'." "Ah! I seen the way you've looked at Kathleen ----" "No, it wasn't Kathleen. Just give me what's due me." The priest sighed in frustration. "You're a steadfast lad, Dennis Sullivan, and I admire that. But you've sinned, and you must atone." He gave Dennis penance and dismissed him. Dennis walks back to his pew. His friend Kevin slides over and whispers, "What'd you get?" Dennis said, "Five good leads."

Oh, now Mrs. Borrden is askin' Mr Morse where he gets his suit at. That Mr. Morse is such a character. He didn't even notice it when Mrs. Borrden referred to it singular. He only wears one a year, and I could swear he wore this one last year. It had checkerboard squares on it last year. I 'spect they've rubbed off by now.

Well, seein' as they'll be a good while let's stay in the kitchen here and I'll show you how to make a good Irish soup called

DUBLIN CODDLE

Yer gonna need:
A pound of sliced bacon
2 pounds of pork sausage links
2 onions, peeled and sliced
2 cloves of whole garlic
4 big potatoes, sliced thick
2 carrots, sliced thick
1 Bouquet Garni – ready made in yer better stores or you can make it yourself when you come to the 8th instruction
Black pepper
4 cups or so of apple cider
And some chopped parsley to fancy it up a little

Only 11 steps to yer soup:
1. Fry bacon till crisp
2. Drain the grease outta the pan and wipe the pan out with a towel
3. Brown the link sausages
4. Put both yer bacon and yer sausages in a larger pot.
5. Drain the fryin pan again, wipe it out, then put in yer onions and garlic cloves. Cook 'em over a low heat till you soften the onions.
6. Add the onions and garlic to the bacon and sausage.
7. Add the sliced potato and carrot.
8. Now here's where your Bouquet Garni comes in: Get yourself about a 3" square of cheesecloth, place 1 bay leaf, ½ small spoon tarragon, 2 whole cloves, and 2 whole peppercorns. Tie it with twine and put in pot.
9. Pour apple cider over everything (or apple juice).
10. Cover and simmer for an hour and a half over medium-low heat. The soup should not boil.
11. Serve, sprinkling a tad of parsley and black pepper on top.

This'll make about 8 to 10 servins.

Ah, at last there goes Mrs. Borrden's bell. I'll leave you with this:
A mouse in her room woke Miss Doud,
Who was frightened and screamed very loud.
Then a happy thought hit her
To scare off the critter
She sat up in bed and meowed.

God's blessin's on ya all.

Denise Noe's Lizzie Whittlings

Did Lizzie Have a Love Life?

"Lizzie Borden Had a Secret, Mr. Borden Discovered It Then A Quarrel" was the October 10, 1892 headline of the Fall River *Globe*. The supposed "secret" was one that would have been most damning in that era: the unmarried 32-year-old was pregnant.

By October 12th, the story had miscarried and the *Boston Globe* published an apology. An unscrupulous detective named Edwin G. McHenry had tricked a reporter with the unfortunate name Henry G. Trickey into believing that Lizzie was "in trouble." McHenry had fabricated the entire tale.

There was indeed no pregnancy. However, the false accusation leads to an obvious question: Did Lizzie have a love life? While women of that time were expected to be chaste – that is, sexually inexperienced until marriage – they were not necessarily expected to be without romances. It would have been perfectly acceptable for a single woman to have gentlemen callers, albeit closely chaperoned. Despite the stigma attached to non-married sexual relationships in the Victorian era, there were women who had actual sexual liaisons. However, neither Lizzie nor Emma Borden is known with certainty to have ever had a suitor.

There are few women so repulsive that they cannot attract men. An article in the Boston *Daily Globe* on August 6, 1892 stated, "While not handsome, Miss Lizzie is decidedly attractive in appearance. She would impress one as belonging to a well-bred and well-reared family." That same article continues that Emma's "appearance is not so attractive. She is similar in stature, of slight figure and her features are less regular." Discussing the personalities of the two middle-aged and unwed sisters, the piece elaborates: "Miss Emma looks precisely what she is by reputation, quiet and even timid in manner, wholly inoffensive, with manifest good nature, but no end of diffidence. She materially differs from Lizzie who is self-possessed, deliberate and confident in all her actions."

It seems unlikely that an "attractive" and "confident" woman would never have garnered romantic attention. However, articles published in the aftermath of the murders suggest that neither Lizzie, nor her less attractive sister, were receptive to such attentions. The New York *Herald* of August 7,1892 wrote of Lizzie, "she has avoided the company of young men."

Nevertheless, there have been suggestions that Lizzie *did* have a love life. In the mid-1980s, Ruby Frances Cameron publicly announced that she believed a man named David Anthony committed the Borden murders, and further claimed

that he did so because he wanted to marry Lizzie.

David Anthony was not a phantom. According to Leonard Rebello in *Lizzie Borden Past & Present*, Anthony lived in Fall River. Rebello writes that Anthony was born in 1870 but puts a question mark after the year to indicate uncertainty about it. If that was when he was born, it would have made him 22 in 1892 to Lizzie's 32. That gap would hardly preclude a romantic attraction or relationship. Anthony resided in Fall River throughout his life until he was in a motorcycle accident close to the Durfee Farm in South Somerset on November 25, 1924. He suffered a broken skull and died December 4, 1924.

Cameron's claim that David Anthony murdered Abby and Andrew Borden because Anthony wanted to marry Lizzie is certainly intriguing. It indicates that Andrew (and perhaps Abby as well) was opposed to the union and that Anthony thought he would be able to marry the woman of his dreams if he eliminated the father and stepmother. However, this leaves open the question of why, once the obstacles to wedded bliss were out of the way, and once Lizzie was acquitted, the two of them did not in fact marry. Perhaps David Anthony at that point realized that he would draw suspicion to himself if he wed Lizzie. It would also be possible that Andrew and Abby were not the real obstacles to the marriage. Maybe Anthony thought Lizzie would not marry him because of parental opposition when the real reason was that she simply did not want to marry him.

Lizzie's story of a trip to the barn to look for sinkers for an upcoming fishing trip has struck many observers as implausible. However, it was supported by the testimony of ice cream vendor Hyman Lubinsky who said he saw a woman he could not definitively identify, but whom he knew was not Bridget walking to the back of the Borden home at about that time period. "The Conspiracy with Hyman Lubinsky," an article I wrote that was published in the February 2006 issue of *The Hatchet*, discussed the theory of one David Dickerson that Lubinsky and Lizzie had a romantic or sexual relationship of some sort. Dickerson also postulated that Lubinsky and Lizzie conspired in the crime. Lubinsky would have been either 16 or 18 (accounts differ as to his age) to Lizzie's 32. While the age difference would work against the probability of an amorous relationship, it might also mean that if one existed it would be extra powerful for both parties. The feelings of the young man might be especially strong because of an Oedipal complex (even though the time period was a bit before Freud would popularize the term). The feelings of the older woman would be exaggerated because amorous sensations might mingle with a thwarted maternalism.

Several years after Lizzie's acquittal, on December 11, 1896, the *Boston Globe* ran an article entitled "To Marry A

School Teacher." It was sub-headlined, "Reported Engagement of Miss Lizzie Borden and Orin [sic] T. Gardner of Swansea, a Fall River Suburb." The article went on to describe Mr. Gardner as thirty years old and the member of a family that had long lived in New England but was not economically advantaged.

The *Boston Globe* piece claimed that Lizzie had spent several weeks visiting the Gardner family and that a romance with Orrin, who had been a childhood friend of hers, apparently blossomed during that lengthy visit. The article goes on to say that Miss Lizzie was having an expensive trousseau prepared, that the couple would marry around Christmas, and that they planned a honeymoon in Europe.

The second paragraph of the article relates, "It is said that preparations for the wedding were made so quietly that only the most intimate acquaintances of Miss Borden were cognizant of the facts, while the public was until yesterday in ignorance of the approaching event."

No wedding ever took place and it appears that the "facts" of the romance and planned nuptials may well have been as fictional as Lizzie's pre-murders pregnancy.

However, it is likely Lizzie and Orrin knew each other since they were cousins. According to *The Knowlton Papers*, "[Orrin] was summoned as a witness but was not called upon to testify."

Edwin Radin revealed an epistle written by Lizzie and dated December 12, 1896, the day after the above story was published in the *Boston Globe*. Radin speaks for this writer of Whittlings and many other authors when he notes, "Lizzie Borden had, from a researcher's viewpoint, an irritating habit of starting all her letters with the salutation, 'My dear Friend,' thus making it impossible to identify the person to whom it was written."

That letter follows:

My Dear Friend,

I am more sorry than I can tell you that you have had any trouble over the false and silly story that has been about the last week or so. How or when it started I have not the least idea. But never for a moment did I think you or your girls started it. Of course I am feeling very badly about it but I must just bear as I have in the past. I do hope you will not be annoyed again. Take care of yourself, so you can get well.

Yours sincerely,
L.A. Borden

Although it is impossible to know with certainty, it seems reasonable to believe that the "false and silly" story referred to is that of her supposed engagement. Who is the Dear Friend? *The Hatchet* published my Whittling taking Frank Spiering to task for playing fast and loose with the facts and focused on his book *Lizzie*. However, in this one instance, it appears he was probably right in believing this letter was penned to a dressmaker.

Other evidence would surface indicating that Lizzie may have enjoyed a romance with a man who worked for both her and her sister. In *Lizzie Borden Past & Present*, Leonard Rebello reports that one reason Emma eventually left Maplecroft was that she "objected to the coachman, Joseph Tetrault, a former barber, known to have been a fine looking man and very popular among the ladies. He was dismissed as coachman and returned to his former trade. Lizzie later rehired him."

These facts have several intriguing implications. They suggest that Lizzie may have been enamored of Tetrault. Why would he have been dismissed? Perhaps Lizzie bowed to Emma's wishes in ridding the premises of someone Emma saw as a bad influence. Then again, it is tempting to speculate that an enamored Lizzie may have become jealous of Tetrault for some reason and fired him but hired him back because she missed him.

Ann Jones in *Women Who Kill* claims that "in suggestive Freudian scripts" Lizzie is said to have "a taboo yen for Andrew himself." Jones continues, "In one such tale she nerves herself for murder by imagining herself in the 'hungry arms' of her forbidden suitor, 'his full lips seeking and finding her quivering mouth.'" Here Jones appears to be imagining things herself. Her quotes about "hungry arms" and Lizzie's fantasizing about "his full lips seeking and finding her quivering mouth" are from *Lizzie Borden: A Study in Conjecture* by Marie Belloc Lowndes. This book is not a "study" but a novel in which characters and incidents are freely invented. However, it never suggests that Lizzie was filled with an Oedipal yearning for Andrew. In the novel, Lizzie has a suitor and it is of him, not her father, that she daydreams while steeling herself for the crime.

It has also been suggested that Lizzie had intimate relations with other women. Evan Hunter's novel, *Lizzie,* spins a scenario in which Abby Borden catches Lizzie and maid Bridget Sullivan naked in bed together. Abby recoils with horror from the sight, calling Lizzie an "unnatural thing." Then Lizzie bludgeons Abby to death with a candlestick holder. Andrew is killed to cover up the first homicide.

Hunter states that Lizzie's possible foray into lesbianism should be taken as part of the fiction although it is not lacking in historical basis. As David Gates wrote in a *Newsweek* article, "There were rumors during Lizzie's own lifetime that she was a lesbian: she was once named as correspondent by a man suing his wife for divorce."

The latter information probably comes from Agnes deMille's book, *Lizzie Borden, A Dance of Death*. However, that source claims that the judge in the case "dismissed the charge as frivolous." Rebello states in a note that, "No information could be found to support the claim made in Miss deMille's book," and nothing could substantiate the claim that a husband had named Lizzie Borden as correspondent, or even that a jurist found the claim lacking in merit.

Writing in *The Girl in the House of Hate* (1953)—the title reflects an era in which a 32-year-old female could still be considered a "girl"—Charles and Louise Samuels assert that Lizzie was indeed a lesbian, at least in inclinations, if not in actions. Here again, the basis for the claim is weak. They write that "she had few friends, and all of these were either women or preachers." Unfortunately, they fail to note that a respectable woman of her class could not easily make "friends" with men unless they were men of the cloth and therefore unlikely to damage her reputation with a close association. They go on to state, "People who knew Lizzie said she was so domineering that she couldn't endure most men and liked women better because she could 'boss them around.'" The Samuels appear to conclude that any woman of dominant disposition must be lesbian even if repressed. A further sentence reads, "The truth is that Lizzie A. Borden was definitely a Lesbian type, though it is to be doubted that she ever actually had love relations with another woman." The Samuels' "truth" should have been more honestly labeled the speculation that it was.

Frank Spiering in *Lizzie* claimed that a letter Lizzie wrote dated "August twenty second 1897" was penned "to a young woman." However, the salutation "My dear Friend" could be to someone of either sex. Still, this letter is significant as it contains a statement that could easily be interpreted as indicating amorous interest (although whether heterosexual or homosexual cannot be determined). The letter says, "I dreamed of you the other night but I do not dare to put my dreams on paper." The phrase "do not dare" about a dream that Lizzie cannot write about strongly implies a romantic or sexual dream. A sentence that follows states, "Every time we pass your corner the pony wants to turn down." The last statement implies intense affection.

The most persistent speculation about a romantic and/or sexual relationship between Lizzie and another woman revolves around her friendship with actress Nance O'Neil.

Nance O'Neil had been born Gertrude Lamsom in Oakland, California on October 8, 1874. Photographs of Nance O'Neil show a tall, slender but shapely woman with delicate features on a lovely face.

According to an article by Minna Littmann, quoted in an article by Robert A. Flynn for the *Lizzie Borden Quarterly*, the accomplished tragedienne was in Boston playing *Magda Leah the Forsaken* in 1904, when she captured the admiration of the woman who then called herself Lizbeth Borden. The latter sought and was granted an audience with O'Neil in her Tremont Theatre dressing room. The pair took a liking to each other and began visiting in each other's homes.

In that interview with Littmann, O'Neil claimed she was initially unaware of her new friend's history. Littmann quotes O'Neil as adding, "I want to make that clear, it did not alter our relations in the least. Of course, the tragedy itself was never mentioned between us; never was there even so much as an allusion to it."

That friendship may have proven disastrous to the relationship between Lizzie and her sister Emma. Lizzie threw a party at Maplecroft for Nance and her theatre company.

Emma left Maplecroft shortly after this party. Several years later, in 1913, she gave an interview to a *Boston Post* reporter about her leave-taking.

"The happenings at the French Street house that caused me to leave, I must refuse to talk about," Emma Borden stated. "I did not go until conditions became absolutely unbearable. Then, before taking action, I consulted the Rev. Buck, who had for years been the family spiritual advisor. After carefully listening to my story he said it was imperative that I should make my home elsewhere. I do not expect ever to set foot in the place while she lives."

Emma's statement is filled with tantalizing ambiguity. Why was it impossible for this refined New England lady to discuss the goings-on that led her to exit Maplecroft? Could Emma have seen these two friends in a very close embrace, have caught sight of a kiss that lingered and went deep? If she did, that would easily explain why Rev. Buck so strongly urged her to vacate the premises.

One thing that would explain Emma's quick exit would be the serving of alcohol at Lizzie's party for Nance. At the same time, it would shore up the possibility of telltale smooching between Lizzie and Nance as it would lower inhibitions.

Frank Spiering in Lizzie writes of "alcoholic improprieties" when discussing a later party but he is a notably unreliable source. He may have based his surmise on a statement by Victoria Lincoln in *A Private Disgrace* about the later Tyngsboro party that "it was not a notably quiet and sober time." This could indicate drinking but does not have to. Borden expert Harry Widdows believes the views Lizzie held when she was a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union were "sincere" and that it is unlikely Lizzie ever imbibed strong drink.

So did Lizzie Borden ever have a romance or at least a crush? There is no solid evidence that she did. Like a not inconsiderable portion of the human population, she may have been asexual. Or she may have been a product of the sexual repression of the era and had sexual feelings she rigorously pushed back from her consciousness. She may have been among those who simply dislike romance because they find it silly or think its emotional upheavals destructive and so preferred the more placid but sometimes more productive pleasures offered by platonic friendships.

However, the possibility of a romantic relationship cannot be ruled out. There are valid reasons to believe she may have had such an attachment and that she may have been so attached to either men or women or both.

Whether or not Lizzie experienced the amorous yearnings most people do is a question that may never be definitively answered. It adds yet another layer of mystery to the many mysteries clustering around the fascinating and elusive figure of Lizzie Borden.

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Letter to the Editor

May 12, 2007

Dear Hatchet:

At long last I have discovered why Lizzie Borden killed her father and stepmother. It was not lust for Pop's money and it was not hate for the hag he chose for his second wife. Nay, neither of those two. She was driven to it by, of all things, tight corsets.

Remember this was in high Victorian times. In the late eighteenth century tightly laced corsets were needed to attain the stylish hour glass figure. This made breathing a problem. The liver, lungs and stomach were brought to a diseased state. It was almost impossible to bend over and touch the floor. Many years before a New York newspaper wrote, "a crusade for the abolition of such torture would be a blessed work."

Lizzie conformed to the fashions of the time. An article in the Fall River Herald News reported that Lizzie came to a store dressed in "Paris fashion, a trifle anomalous in her well corseted figure. In the novel "Burning Your Boats" Angela Carter wrote that under her frock Lizzie wore starched petticoats, long drawers, a chemise and a whalebone corset that squeezed her belly as in a vise. In "Lizzie Borden," Elizabeth Engstrom said of one day that it was blazing hot and Lizzie was forced to loosen her corset.

On the morning of August fourth Lizzie dressed in the usual fashion.

Lizzie felt sick. The rooms were wretchedly hot, close and airless. Lizzie was distraught. Her corsets painfully squeezed her body so that she could scarcely breathe. She could stand it no longer. She exploded in frenzy, grabbed the axe, stumbled her way up the stairs, and struck poor Abby not once but yet again and again.

She dispatched Andrew in similar fashion. The police came and Lizzie sought relief. She was escorted by friends to her room where her corset was unlaced to relieve her distress and her return to normalcy.

Sincerely,

Neilson Caplain

BAAAD NEWS

Editorial Opinion

Quaker Fabrics—The End of an Era

It cannot be stressed enough the seriousness with which the recent closure of Quaker Fabrics should be noted. It is truly the end of an era. The last mill in Fall River has closed its doors forever. No more weavers. No more fabric manufacturing. The industry that built Fall River has now seen its final day.

"We knew it was coming," said Pat Stafford, who was employed at Quaker Fabrics for 30 years. "But when it happened, when the phone call came, two days before the 4th of July and during the company's yearly hiatus, it was like hitting a brick wall. It was devastating."

Governor Patrick of Massachusetts, Senators Kerry and Kennedy, and Congressman Frank have all vowed to take action to make sure that the worker's rights were properly protected and that retraining programs are put in place as soon as possible so that the ***900+ employees*** who suddenly found themselves out of a job have the ability to not just get another job, but secure one that pays as much if not more than what they were making at Quaker.

With the last working mill officially closed, the industry that put Fall River on the map is no more.

Meet *Hatchet* Author —Neilson Caplain

How were you introduced to the case?
I have ever been a history buff and early became interested in the history of Fall River. How could I not be attracted to the story of Lizzie Borden! Many years ago I bought a collection of books from a local dealer. Among them was Porter's *Fall River Tragedy.* That sparked my interest in the enigma of the Borden murders. Serious attention, however, began with my meeting Bob Flynn and David Kent when they came to Fall River looking for information at the Historical Society in preparation for David's book *Forty Whacks.*

What was your first Borden book read?
To the best of my recollection the first book I read was Pearson's *Murder at Smutty Nose*, which was among the books mentioned above.

What do you read for fun or what are you reading now?
I read mystery, court room, police and suspense books. At the moment I'm into *Hannibal Rising* by Richard North Patterson.

Where were you born and where did you grow up?
I was born in Brooklyn, New York, where I spent my formative years. After my teens I came to Fall River to help my brother in his men's hat manufacturing business and I have remained here ever since.

If you could own one of the houses, which would you rather live in and why? 92 Second Street or Maplecroft?
One of my hobbies concerns interesting Fall River houses. The most appealing of the two is the one on French Street.

What would you like to see more of in The Hatchet?
I cannot think of any way I would change in the *Hatchet*. I think it is an outstanding magazine.

Who killed the Bordens?
Lizzie!

The Hatchet

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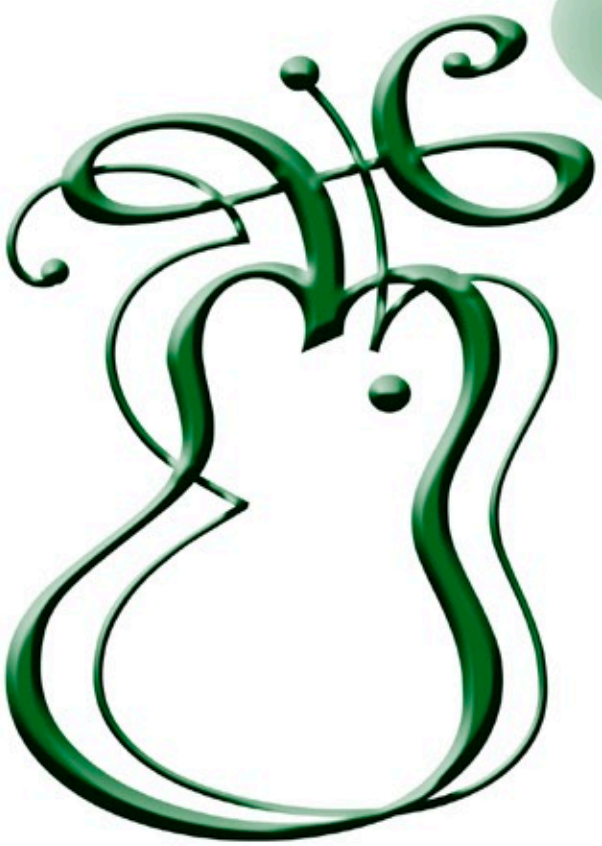

Dear Abby

by Sherry Chapman

Dear Abby,
I was on a horsecar the other day and, well, I have thought about it a good deal before writing and decided that you should know. I accidentally overheard two ladies talking. I am not one to eavesdrop, but I could not help hearing your name mentioned. I listened intently, even getting up and moving to be near them, cleverly blaming my seat change on the sun. One said that your youngest, Lizzie, is talking pretty rough about you around town. The other asked what did she mean. And the woman said that Lizzie said that you are the kind that never dies. I just thought you should know, is all. **—A Concerned Citizen**

Dear Concerned,
My dear, my dear. I assure you that the conversation was not spoken in the sinister tones you relate. A friend had told me this very same story earlier, and I confronted Lizzie with it. She explained it so simply. "Why, no, I did not mean it like that at all," she said. "What I did mean was you are in good health and it's good that you will probably live for a very long time. It must be—the mutton." Do not rush to judgement. There is always another side to the story.

Dear Mrs. Borrden,
It seems as if I cannot talk to you about anything when you are working on your newspaper collum. So I am slipping this note under the door to you. A most peculiar thing has just now happened. When John left this morning, 'twasnt ten minutes before someone came to the door. Surprized I was to see it was Mr. Winward. I was about to go see what he wanted, when Miss Lizzie called from an upstairs window to him. "You're too early!" she says. "Try noon." To which Mr. Winward tipped his hat and walked to his carriage. Why would Miss Lizzie have told Mr. Winward to come over today? Feels like somebody just walked across my grave. **—Bridget Sullivan—your servant girl? The one who is washing windows now?**

Dear Bridget,
Thank you for not disturbing me. I am told by my editor that I must answer each and every letter that I get, so I will not risk my job and answer you here. I won't make you wait until this is in the paper before you get an answer from me. I will show this to you as soon as I am done here in the guestroom. As to your question, it beats the slop bucket contents out of me.

Dear Abby,
If you were to be suddenly killed, would you or would you not want to see it coming? **—A. Brown Sr.**

Dear A,
What an interesting question! Of course I would want to see it coming, so I could tell the police who did it.

Dear Abby,
I want you to know that I despise you. I have hated you for many years. Although I am not one of the Borden girls, I have heard how you got Father—their father I mean—to buy you that half house for your sister, Bertie. You are an interloper. You are not our—their—mother, but merely a replacement for a mother that your husband thought the household needed. For years you have been pulling at Baby Lizzie, trying to get her to love you and trying to take care of her. That was Emma's job.

They didn't need you. It is good to know that Baby Lizzie finally saw the light and now dislikes you. It was not easy to turn her around. I had to go to a playwright to give me some good lines to feed her until she bit. "Entertain! Who would you entertain?" "We know how Miss Lizzie twists arms. And how she took over Emma's room, so she could have the big airy one all to herself!" "It didn't stop you from going on the Grand Tour, and using half of Emma's money to boot!" I laughed when Baby Lizzie said she would take your arm and pull it out of its socket—when I heard from someone that she said that. I had to get this off of my chest, because I don't think I will have the chance to later on. **—E.L.B. currently in Fairhaven**

Dear ELB,
What an evil, just plain nasty letter. I'm certainly glad you don't live in my house. I'm not going to take this lying down. I shall see Marshall Hilliard this afternoon.

Dear Abby,
My teachah figured it out it was me that asked you for the answer to a homework question. Sos she punished me by making me write anudder question to you that has nuttin to do wit Math. Uh, how much is that Doggy in the Window? **—Tommy Barlowe**

Dear Tommy,
I am glad to know you have seen the error of your ways. However, I cannot answer your question. The answer would involve numbers which technically are math, I think, of some sort.

Dear Abby,
Could a person who is downstairs hear it if you fell upstairs? **—Hosea Knowlton, New Bedford**

Dear Mr. Knowlton,
As usual, you ask the silliest question. No, Mr. Knowlton. A person could not hear it if I fell upstairs. I'll have you know that my Andrew tells me all the time that I am as light as a ton of feathers.

This edition of 'Dear Abby' was sponsored by:

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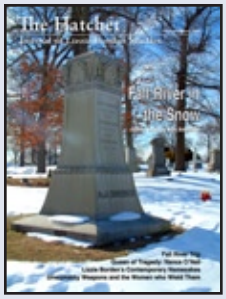

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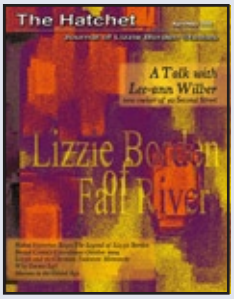

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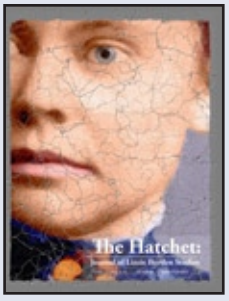

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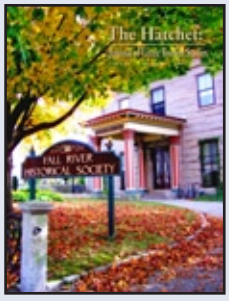

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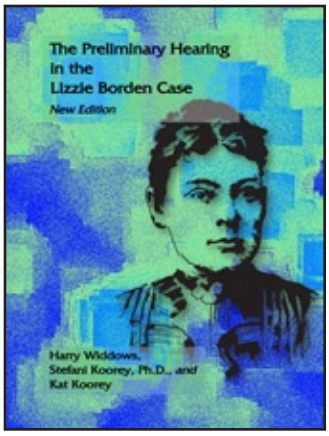

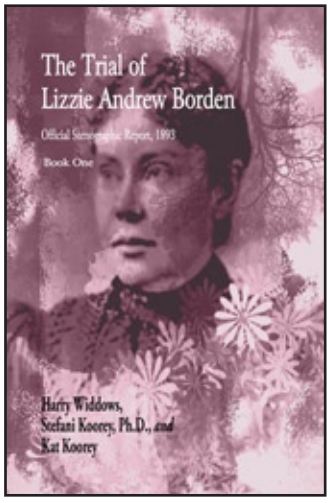

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Contributors

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A life-long Fall River resident, Bill is a local educator keenly interested in his city's history and culture. Bill holds a B.A. in English and is working towards a Masters Degree in Writing at the University of Massachusetts.

Neilson Caplain:
"My first interest in Lizzie lore began with a visit with Bob Flynn 15-20 years ago. He appeared one day at the Fall River Historical Society, of which I was President, and introduced me to David Kent. We three formed a firm friendship and I am proud to say that I had important input in the books they wrote, and in Kent's play, "Slaughter on Second Street." I also worked with Leonard Rebello in the production of his notable book, "Lizzie Borden Past and Present." One of my most pleasurable pursuit was writing the Liz Bits column in the now defunct Lizzie Borden Quarterly."

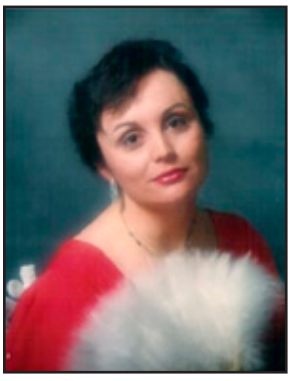
Denise Noe:
Denise Noe lives in Atlanta and writes regularly for The Caribbean Star of which she is Community Editor. Her work has been published in The Humanist, Georgia Journal, Lizzie Borden Quarterly, Exquisite Corpse, The Gulf War Anthology, Light, and Gauntlet.

Stefani Koorey:
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.

Eugene Hosey:
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.

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.



Kat Koorey:
Kat is Assistant Editor, Consulting Editor, and Borden Case fact-checker for The Hatchet. She also is a contributing writer and researcher. Her other interests are participating in The Lizzie Borden Society Forum, reading, photography, long telephone calls, and reclining in the Florida sunshine.

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.

Harry Widdows:
Harry Widdows, Borden scholar, lives in South Carolina with his cat Blackie. He has long had an interest in the Borden case as well as the Lincoln assassination and 19th century world exploration. He is also the famed originator of the Lizzie Borden Trial Transcript in Word format, as well as other documents and source materials related to the case.

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.

TK Rouse:
T.K. Rouse is a Canadian freelance writer working on her second novel. Her first novel, The Paradox of Paradise, was published in 2002 by Xlibris, and received rave reviews. She recently moved back to her hometown where she is still a starving artist, but is now doing so in a circa 1878 Victorian mansion. She also has two short fiction pieces on lizzieandrewborden.com and is an active member on the Lizzie Borden Society Forum.

Melissa Allen:
Melissa is a 33-year old Criminal Justice major blessed with two wonderful children. She was born and raised in the Northern Panhandle of WV. She loves creating stories, poetry, and has also been trying her hand at writing a book. Her interest in Lizzie Borden was first sparked by reading a novel on the case while in her early teens.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