

AFTERMATH

"THE 'THING' THAT BUTCHERED THE BORDENS STILL AT LARGE"

"Never," Emma Borden had said as she sat waiting for the verdict, "never had girls such faithful friends as we have had during our troubles."

Now that the troubles were over, the damage the ten-month ordeal had silently inflicted on those relationships began making itself felt. On Sunday, July 23, Lizzie returned to the Central Congregational Church for the first time since the murders. Accompanied by Dr. Bowen and Mr. Holmes, Lizzie made her way up the side aisle to her usual pew, number 22.

Without a word, parishioners in the surrounding rows left their seats, silently detaching themselves from Lizzie Borden. These were not simply their accustomed pews—they were reserved and paid for, sometimes occupied by generations of the same families. The snub could hardly have been more deliberate, or more cutting.

Lizzie was prepared for such treatment. "[I]f any of my old friends sees fit to ignore me," she'd told columnist Joe Howard, "I shall, I suppose, be compelled to drop them." But the situation was beyond her control. Lizzie Borden had become a spectacle. Anything or anyone connected with her was fair game, as far as the newspapers were concerned, and few people were willing to abide that kind of attention, even secondhand. Those who bravely insisted on associating with Lizzie found themselves shunned within their own circles. Even the faithful Mrs. Brigham could not withstand the pressure, and gradually stopped visiting.

Beneath these superficial snubs, an entirely different kind of unease gnawed at the citizens of Fall River. The jury had declared Lizzie Borden not guilty of the crime, yet to many who

found themselves living alongside her, the distinction between *not guilty* and *innocent* must have become uncomfortable to contemplate—especially when the police abandoned further investigation of the crime. “THE ‘THING’ That Butchered the Bordens Still at Large,” the *Fall River Globe* put it. If not Lizzie, then who?

With no other suspect to blame, rumors ran rampant, intensifying in blatant disregard of Lizzie’s acquittal. One of them was said to have originated from a woman having her nails done in Boston. She’d overheard a manicurist named Titia telling a story she’d heard from a friend, who in turn had heard it from a friend of Lizzie Borden. This unnamed lady had been frightened by a cat jumping into her lap, and Lizzie had taken it away. A few minutes later Lizzie returned, announcing, “That cat won’t ever bother you again!” When asked why, Lizzie replied, “I’ve chopped its head off!”

The stories of her pilfering from the dead resurfaced, too, spread by a prominent Massachusetts clergyman. Over the years, those rumors would further morph into the ghoulish notion that the Scrooge-like Andrew Borden chopped the feet off his clients to fit them into smaller, cheaper coffins.

The more discerning minds of Fall River could doubtless dismiss such outlandish gossip for what it was. But one thing remained that no one could dismiss: Lizzie’s inquest testimony.

Lizzie had wept for joy when the judges excluded it from the jury. Unwilling to see the information withheld from the public at large, District Attorney Knowlton furnished the press with a full transcript that very same day. “Lizzie’s Story,” printed verbatim in the *New Bedford Evening Standard*, hit newsstands on Monday, June 12. Reading it was enough to challenge anyone—even her friends—to maintain a belief in Lizzie Borden’s innocence.

Whatever people thought of them, there was business to attend to, personal business that, like everything else, the Borden sisters were helpless to keep from the papers. In one such instance, the publicity was both accurate and favorable. The *New York Times* gossip column was exactly right in noting that Emma and Lizzie had “voluntarily” transferred their dead stepmother’s property to her next of kin.

Because Mrs. Borden had died first, and without a will, all her property had become her husband’s—for an hour or so, anyway. Likewise, the moment Andrew Borden died, everything he owned reverted to his surviving heirs: Emma and Lizzie. As far as anyone knows, he’d made no will specifying otherwise. (Contrary to persistent assumptions, Lizzie and Emma would *not* have been left penniless if the situation had been reversed. By law, only one-third of Mr. Borden’s fortune would have gone to Abby Borden and her heirs if she had even momentarily survived her husband.) But all the medical experts had agreed: Mrs. Borden died first. Legally speaking, Emma and Lizzie did not have to part with one penny of their stepmother’s \$4,000 estate.

And yet they did—nearly every cent of it. Abby Borden’s two sisters, Bertie and Priscilla, each received \$788 in cash from Mrs. Borden’s bank accounts. The deed to Bertie Whitehead’s house on Fourth Street, which had caused so much irritation in the Borden family, they transferred to Bertie and Priscilla for a single dollar.

One very sensitive issue, at least, Lizzie and Emma did manage to resolve with utmost secrecy. On July 14, 1893, Medical Examiner Dolan received a letter from District Attorney Knowlton:

Dear Sir,

Mr. Jennings insists that the skulls of Andrew and Abbie Borden be returned to his clients. As there is no pending case and they were held for evidence only, I see no reason why they should not be returned.

So far as we know, Dolan complied, and the skulls were returned. They've never turned up elsewhere, that's certain. How or when they were laid to rest remains mostly a mystery. Although no record of their burial exists, radar scans of the Borden plot conducted in 1992 by James Starrs, a forensic professor from George Washington University, revealed small irregularities in the soil over Mr. and Mrs. Borden's coffins. Professor Starrs believes these disturbances, about thirty-six inches above Andrew and Abby Borden's feet, mark the place where the Borden sisters privately reunited their parents' skulls with the bodies.

Try as she might to bury it, Lizzie Borden's past was no longer entirely her own. Her trial was a matter of public record, making it inevitable that someone would try to cash in on the Borden fascination. The only surprise was how quickly. *The Fall River Tragedy: A History of the Borden Murders* arrived in readers' hands less than two months after the verdict. Its author was twenty-nine-year-old Edwin Porter, the very same *Fall River Globe* reporter who was behind the story of the Borden sisters' jailhouse quarrel.

Lizzie, everyone knew, immediately tried to suppress the publication. That can't be denied, but as is so often the case where the Borden murders are concerned, the circumstances are more complicated than they appear.

Word about Porter's intent to publish a book on the crime had

broken while Lizzie Borden was still in jail. Fearful that it would ruin his client's chances for a fair trial, Lawyer Jennings contacted Edwin Porter in late January of 1893:

"You are therefore hereby notified that you will be held directly accountable for all statements published in such book or pamphlet, and for any false statements or colorful descriptions you will be promptly prosecuted," he warned. The notice went on to forbid Porter from printing any likeness—or pretended likeness—of Andrew, Emma, or Lizzie Borden, John Morse, or Jennings himself. (It seems no one minded if Porter printed photos of Abby Borden.)

Within a week, Jennings learned from Porter that the book would not go to press until after the trial. The two men also reached an apparent compromise about photographs: no living members of the Borden family were pictured in *The Fall River Tragedy*—only Mr. and Mrs. Borden. Jennings pursued the matter no further.

In reality, Lizzie had little to fear from Edwin Porter. *The Fall River Tragedy* was in essence a thinly veiled compilation of his *Globe* articles. If the people of Fall River were hoping for shocking new revelations, or perhaps even a solution to the mystery, Porter was a complete disappointment.

THE FALL RIVER TRAGEDY

Victoria Lincoln, who was born in Fall River in 1904 and grew up just down the block from Lizzie Borden, offered a different explanation for the scarcity of Porter's book, and it is hers that has taken root in the popular imagination. "[L]ike most of Fall River, I had always wanted to read Edwin H. Porter's *The Fall River*

Tragedy," she wrote in her 1967 biography of Lizzie Borden. "However, Lizzie bought off the printer, a local, and the books were destroyed before they hit the shop."

Over the years the "fact" that Lizzie Borden burned all but four copies of *The Fall River Tragedy* sprouted out of Lincoln's story, despite the absence of any evidence supporting her claim. On the contrary, a 1933 *New Yorker* article reported that Porter's book failed to sell well, leaving a portion of the original print run to gather dust in the loft of an old barn.

It may be true, however, that the majority of copies never found their way onto bookshop shelves, for *The Fall River Tragedy* was sold at least in part by subscription rather than in stores. After browsing the forty-eight-page sample, subscribers could reserve a copy for \$1.50 and have it delivered directly to their door. Subscribers included Mrs. Brigham, Lawyer Jennings, and Lizzie's cousin, Anna.

Yet the irresistible image of a frantic Lizzie Borden snatching up all those incriminating books with her dead father's money endures. That myth, combined with the book's meager print run—some say only five hundred copies were printed; others estimate a thousand—was enough to make the world believe there was something between the covers of Porter's unpopular green hardback that Lizzie Borden was desperate to hide.

“CAN’T ANYBODY FRIGHTEN HER OUT OF DOING WHAT SHE WANTS TO”

Though she refused to indulge gawkers or journalists with photographs or comments, Lizzie Borden also would not permit Fall River’s blend of ostracism and intrusiveness to impose upon the life she intended to lead. “[C]an’t anybody frighten her out of doing what she wants to,” as one astute observer had predicted the day before Lizzie’s acquittal.

So if neighbors thought the sight of moving vans pulling up to the curb of 92 Second Street on September 6, 1893, signaled Lizzie and Emma’s departure from Fall River, they were sorely mistaken.

“A good many persons have talked to me as if they thought I would go and live somewhere else when my trial was over,” Lizzie told a columnist at the close of the trial. “I don’t know what possesses them. I am going home and I am going to stay there. I never thought of doing anything else.”

For three days, wagonloads of the Borden sisters’ possessions passed by the clusters of onlookers and made their way up to the Hill. The vans stopped at Number 7 French Street, an elegant Queen Anne–style residence, only four years old, perched on an expanse of green lawn and fitted up with the latest conveniences: electricity, a powder room downstairs, and a full bath upstairs. The lower half was painted a dull bronze green, the upper story buff. A spindled front porch wound lazily around one corner of the house. Above it, a sideways-facing dormer window with a funny little peak like a witch’s hat jutted toward the sky.

A parlor, dining room, breakfast room, and kitchen comprised the first floor. Upstairs were two bedrooms (eventually, Lizzie added a third summer bedroom for herself), and a sitting room with french doors leading into a well-stocked library. Lizzie

occupied the front bedroom, complete with fireplace and a window seat under the little dormer window. The third floor housed the servants: a housekeeper, two maids, and a coachman, who later became chauffeur for Lizzie's handsome black Packard Phaeton automobile.

The interior of the Borden sisters' French Street house has rarely been seen or photographed, but over the years, the details of some of its finer appointments have leaked out: carved mantelpieces, parquet floors, stained-glass windows, Tiffany wall sconces, gold-leaf woodwork, linen-covered ceilings, floral-painted bathtubs. For those who suspected that Lizzie had committed murder for her father's fortune, no further evidence was necessary.

Yet considering that Lizzie and Emma had recently come into hundreds of thousands of dollars, the French Street house was not a tremendous splurge. At around \$13,000, its cost was just over half of what the Borden sisters reportedly paid Governor Robinson to save Lizzie from the gallows. Nor was the Borden sisters' new home a great deal larger, though its wide porch, gabled peaks, and bulging bay windows make it seem so. At the time they purchased it, Number 7 French Street was a little more than five hundred square feet bigger than their old home. And besides, did anyone truly expect them to remain in what the papers had long ago dubbed "the house of horrors"?

Lizzie christened their new home Maplecroft. She seemed to revel in the place, delighting in marking it as her own. A brass letter "B" adorned the double front doors; another was etched into the frosted glass of the back door. She and Emma ate from monogrammed silverware. Lizzie had little green foil stickers printed—"B" stamped in gold above a small maple leaf, surmounted by the word "Maplecroft"—to seal her letters and fix to the flyleaves of her books. When she remodeled the front porch,

“Maplecroft” was carved into the top riser of the new granite steps, leaving no doubt about her intent to remain in Fall River.

“When the truth comes out about this murder,” Lizzie said, “I want to be living here so I can walk down town and meet those of my old friends who have been cutting me all these years.”

Fall River’s grudge against Lizzie Borden was never entirely personal. Few, if any, hoped to deliberately wound her by turning their collective back on her. More than anything, the citizens wanted to move beyond the Borden affair, to wipe the woman who lived at 7 French Street entirely from public consciousness. Lizzie seemed to share the sentiment. She did not want to be renowned as the murderer any more than Fall River wanted to be famous as the scene of the crime. When articles about the killing appeared in the papers, Lizzie withdrew, cloistering herself within the sanctuary of Maplecroft. As local fascination faded, the city and its most notorious citizen settled into an implicit truce. So long as Lizzie did not draw attention to herself, Fall River did its best to take as little notice of her as possible.

THE HIP BATH COLLECTION

Chief among those who did not wish to recall the Borden trial was Andrew Jennings. He never spoke of the case again, even within the privacy of his own home. Unbeknownst to his family, Lawyer Jennings also bundled up the many documents and pieces of physical evidence he’d collected during the ten-month trial and deposited them in an empty tin bathtub in his attic.

Decades later, Jennings’s children stumbled across

this unconventional treasure chest while clearing out his estate. The hip bath collection, as it quickly became known, contained a stunning array of Borden artifacts, including the hoodoo hatchet, the bedspread and pillow shams stained with Abby Borden's blood, and the only known transcript of the preliminary hearing testimony.

In 1968, Jennings's daughter donated the bulk of the hip bath collection to the Fall River Historical Society, keeping back only two red leather notebooks that contained her father's personal notes on the case. In 2012, Jennings's grandson bequeathed Lawyer Jennings's precious notebooks to the society, where they are currently being prepared for publication.

Nevertheless, every few years a new chapter of the Borden saga flared to life in the newspapers. Some, like Lizzie's eviction of the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union from the A. J. Borden building and her disagreements with neighbors over fence lines and unruly animals, were based in fact. Others—that the case was to be reopened, that Lizzie had confessed or was engaged to be married—were pure fantasy. At least one fell somewhere in between.

On February 16, 1897, *Providence Journal* headlines proclaimed: "LIZZIE BORDEN AGAIN, A Warrant for Her Arrest Issued from a Local Court."

It was not murder this time, but shoplifting. Two paintings were discovered missing from a Rhode Island jewelry store after a visit from Lizzie Borden, the *Journal* said. "Investigation followed and the missing goods were tracked to the present residence of Miss Borden at Fall River."

Another paper's version of the story claimed that the paintings (this time on porcelain rather than marble) were not missed at all until a woman brought one in to Tilden-Thurber to have it framed (or repaired, depending on who tells it). The clerk recognized the artwork and realized that it—and another like it—had disappeared from the shop without anyone noticing. According to the woman, both of the paintings were gifts from none other than Lizzie Borden.

When questioned, Lizzie declared that she had bought the artwork at Tilden-Thurber. But the *Journal* reported that no one at the company had any record or memory of such a sale. The police chief of Providence amplified the suspicion by refusing to make a statement. "He will not deny, however, that a warrant charging Miss Lizzie Borden with larceny from the Tilden-Thurber Company was issued." Yet Lawyer Jennings claimed he knew nothing at all of the incident, and would say nothing except that he did not believe it.

And then, before anyone could decide whether the conflicting details were due to sloppy reporting or an all-out hoax, the story vanished from the papers. Tilden-Thurber said nothing more about it for almost thirty years, until a journalist researching Lizzie Borden inquired into the incident and was informed that the store had no record of it. As far as the company representative could recall, the matter had been "adjusted." The nature of the adjustment is anyone's guess. Settled out of court, perhaps? Or had Tilden-Thurber discovered a mistake and dropped the issue altogether?

Lizzie paid the consequences either way. Henceforth, when she entered Gifford's jewelry store in Fall River, she was watched. Of course she was. The rumors and suspicions were strong enough to warrant caution. She was Lizzie Borden, after all. But nowhere in Gifford's account books is there any record of Lizzie actually

stealing. For that matter, no evidence of Lizzie Borden shoplifting from anyone has ever come to light.

KLEPTOMANIA

As with so many things connected with Lizzie, the few facts of the Tilden-Thurber incident dwindled through the decades, allowing the bones of the story to grow entirely new flesh. This episode seems to have spiraled backward, spawning a legend that when Andrew Borden was alive, he'd given instructions to the local shopkeepers to quietly bill him for anything Lizzie stole. The logic was warped—would such a stern old skinflint really fund his daughter's petty thievery? Why not buy her the little luxuries she wanted and spare his family the shame? After she'd inherited her father's savings, the notion made still less sense. And so the legend expanded to answer that, too: Lizzie became a kleptomaniac, compelled to steal no matter how much finery she could afford.

"I DID NOT GO UNTIL CONDITIONS BECAME ABSOLUTELY UNBEARABLE"

Through it all, Emma stood by her sister. Their mother's death, their father's remarriage, the murders, the trial, the stigma and isolation that followed—for forty years, Emma's support never wavered.

And then, in June of 1905, the *Boston Sunday Herald* announced, "After repeated disagreements, Lizzie A. Borden and her sister,

Emma Borden, have parted company." More astonishing still, the story was true. "Several days ago Miss Emma packed up her belongings, called a moving wagon and shook the dust of the French street home, where they have lived together ever since the acquittal in the famous murder trial, from her feet."

After so many traumas weathered side by side, it was difficult to imagine what new horror could make Emma suddenly pack up her things. The newspapers had two guesses: an actress, and a coachman.

The actress was Nance O'Neil. Audiences from San Francisco to New Zealand to South Africa were raving over the six-foot beauty at the turn of the century, sometimes applauding so zealously that they split the seams of their gloves. Among them was Lizzie Borden.

Lizzie adored the theater, traveling at least twice a month to Boston, sometimes taking in two performances in a single day. No one knows what role she first saw Nance O'Neil play during the actress's triumphant 1904 tour of New England, but whatever it was entranced her. Lizzie did not even return home before dashing off a fan letter. Her request to meet the actress arrived on hotel stationery, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers.

Nance O'Neil later claimed she had no idea she was agreeing to meet the notorious Lizzie Borden—by that time Lizzie had adopted the name "Lizbeth"—and learning Lizzie's identity did not deter her. On the contrary, Nance O'Neil had made herself famous playing tragic roles. How could she pass up an opportunity to befriend a living, breathing tragedy?

Whatever her motivation, Nance found herself captivated by Lizzie—her refinement and intellect, her kindness and loneliness all aroused Nance's sympathy. That autumn, when Nance O'Neil played *Fall River*, she and her whole company dined afterward at Maplecroft. Talk in town was of a splendid affair, with

catered food, palm trees, and an orchestra. It was also rumored that Lizzie had funded a lavish weeklong party at Nance's country home earlier that summer.

Entertaining a troupe of actors was not exactly scandal-worthy, but it did attract a certain amount of attention—attention Emma did not welcome. She may have retired to her room or left the house entirely, for Nance O'Neil stated years afterward that she'd never met Emma Borden.

No one knows just how intensely Emma disapproved of Lizzie's relationship with Nance, but whatever Emma's feelings, they were not enough to discourage her sister. Early May of 1905 again found Nance enjoying Lizzie's hospitality. A little more than a week later, Emma had left Maplecroft forever.

It could hardly have been a coincidence. But while Nance O'Neil was almost certainly the last straw, she was not the root of the problem. The fact was, Emma had been contemplating parting with Lizzie for at least a year before Nance entered the picture—otherwise, Emma could not have confided her troubles in Reverend Buck before his death in March of 1903. When he'd heard what was going on at Maplecroft, Emma said, Reverend Buck told her "it was imperative that I should make my home elsewhere."

Perhaps Reverend Buck was referring to the coachman. According to the newspapers, Lizzie's coachman, Joseph Tetrault, was "a fine looking young man and reported to be very popular among the ladies." Always generous toward those she valued, Lizzie at some point presented Tetrault with a gold watch chain decorated with an onyx horse's head. But in 1903, he'd been dismissed from Maplecroft, reportedly because of "Miss Emma's dislike of some of [his] doings and position."

That business about him being popular with the ladies is our only clue as to why. Was Tetrault consorting with women, and

if so, would he have dared bring them to his quarters at Maplecroft for trysts? Had he and Lizzie become romantically involved? Could he possibly have made unwelcome advances toward Emma? Or maybe the problem with Tetrault was something else entirely. Perhaps it was just another groundless rumor.

Given the timing, it's plausible that after consulting with Reverend Buck, Emma had delivered Lizzie an ultimatum: me or Tetrault. If that was the case, dismissing the coachman was only a temporary solution. Once the talk in town had subsided, Tetrault returned to his former position at Maplecroft, remaining there until 1907. Emma's reaction, or what she endured for the next year and a half, is a matter of speculation. All she said publicly was "I did not go until conditions became absolutely unbearable."

So far as anyone knows, Lizzie and Emma never saw or spoke to one another again.

"GUILTY?-NO! NO!"

The year 1913 marked the twentieth anniversary of the verdict. Two decades of rumors, gossip, and prying. Two decades of insinuation and slander, and neither Lizzie nor Emma Borden had ever acknowledged a single word, much less spoken out against any of it.

All that changed in April, when the *Boston Sunday Herald* ran an article entitled "Lizzie Borden Twenty Years After the Tragedy." The story presented a grim picture of a Lizzie Borden held prisoner by Fall River's suspicion, detested by all but her house pets and servants.

Every old rumor was there, and more—Lizzie's extravagant habits, the shoplifting, lawsuits with neighbors over spite fences, Porter's book, Nance O'Neil, her father's stinginess, and her

refusal to call Mrs. Borden "Mother"—everything right down to how liberally she paid her servants.

As always, Lizzie had no interest in responding. "Nothing to say," she calmly told a reporter from a rival paper who called for an interview. "Nothing, absolutely nothing to say," she shouted when he would not take no for an answer, and slammed down the receiver.

To everyone's amazement, it was Emma Borden who agreed to break the family's silence. No one knows for certain what goaded Lizzie's famously reticent sister to speak, though it's conceivable that the *Herald* had struck a nerve with its remark that "[p]robably the most remarkable and unusual event of the past 20 years in the life of Lizzie Borden is the desertion of her by her sister Emma."

The next Sunday, Emma Borden's one and only interview with the press debuted in the *Herald's* rival, the *Boston Post*.

"The tragedy seems but yesterday, and many times I catch myself wondering whether it is not some frightful dream, after all," Emma began.

"Some persons have stated that for years they considered Lizzie's actions decidedly queer," she admitted. "But what if she did act queerly? Don't we all do something peculiar at some time or other?"

"Queer? Yes, Lizzie is queer. But as for her being guilty, I say 'No,' and decidedly 'No.'"

After sitting through Lizzie's trial, testifying for her, and paying half her legal fees, Emma said, she was not going to sit by and watch her sister be cruelly slandered—not after the promise she had made at her mother's deathbed. She would not speak of what had happened between them at Maplecroft. They had agreed that Lizzie could stay there for the rest of her life, but, Emma said, "I do not expect ever to set foot on the place while she lives."

"I did my duty at the time of the trial, and I am still going

to do it in defending my sister even though circumstances have separated us," she added. "The vision of my dear mother always is bright in my mind. I want to feel that when Mother and I meet in the hereafter, she will tell me that I was faithful to her trust and that I looked after 'Baby Lizzie' to the best of my ability." After fifty years her childhood vow remained so strong, it brought her to tears.

Emma also stoutly refused to tolerate barbs directed at her father. "Some unkind persons have spread the report that my father, despite his great wealth, was niggardly and that he refused to even give us sufficient to eat," she said, possibly referring to the *Herald's* claim that the family had nothing but crackers and milk for supper the night before the murder. "That is a wicked lie. He was a plain-mannered man, but his table was always laden with the best that the market could afford.

"Every Memorial Day I carry flowers to father's grave," she said. "And Lizzie does not forget him. But she generally sends her tribute by a florist." With that, Emma ended the interview.

As she accompanied the *Post's* reporter to the door, he heard her say, as if to herself, "Yes, a jury declared Lizzie to be innocent, but an unkind world has unrelentingly persecuted her. I am still the little mother and though we must live as strangers, I will defend 'Baby Lizzie' against merciless tongues."

It was the last word the public would hear from the Borden family.

"SHE CONSTANTLY HOPED THAT BEFORE SHE DIED SHE WOULD BE PROVEN CLEAN-HANDED"

On June 1, 1927, Lizzie Borden died at Maplecroft.

No one, not even her friends, was sorry to see her go. Life,

said one of her nearest and dearest, had become a burden to her. Those who knew Lizzie Borden best "were very glad that it had come to an end, and knew she was glad, too."

Only a select few had known she was dying; only the presence of the undertaker's automobile in the drive indicated that it had happened.

To most of Fall River, the news came out of nowhere, but Lizzie's friends had noticed her health faltering for the last two years. The final decline was sharp and swift—six days and it was over. Years ago, the papers had accused her of having no heart at all, but in the end, it was her heart that gave out. The death certificate read myocarditis. She was sixty-six years old.

Her funeral, as she had specified, was "strictly private." Neither the undertaker nor the cemetery would release any information, ensuring that in death, at least, Lizzie Borden would not be hounded by the press or the public. Mrs. Vida Turner, who was summoned to Maplecroft at noon on Saturday, June 4, to sing the single hymn Lizzie had requested, recalled, "The undertaker unlocked the door, let me in, and locked the door immediately. I was ushered into a room, sang the song, and was then ushered out. The undertaker told me, 'Go straight home and don't tell anyone where you have been.'"

The papers made it sound as though Lizzie had no friends, no one but her servants to tend to her last hours and carry her casket to the grave. They did not know that at the close of the ceremony, the cards were removed from the wreaths and baskets of flowers, to keep her friends' names from being exposed to the public.

By her own request, she was buried at her father's feet.