

SEEKS PRIVACY.

Borden Much Worried by the Inquisitive Public.

Her Days of Happiness Have Been Left Behind.

An Interesting Talk With Her Strong Champion, Mrs. Livermore.

Boston, July 5.—The tide of sympathy and friendliness toward Miss Lizzie Borden is now at its height. The heroine of the terrible ordeal of the New Bedford trial has now returned to quiet life and the round of household duties in her Fall River home and desires nothing so strongly than that she may be forgotten by the newspapers and left in peace by the curious.

The proposed visit to Mrs. Livermore at Malrose some time during the summer has caused the descent of a horde of interviewers upon Mrs. Livermore's doorstep to discover the details of the visit, a Post reporter among them.

"I don't suppose," said Mrs. Livermore, meditatively, "that I could smuggle Lizzie Borden in here at midnight, without the reporters finding it out before the front door was finally shut on her. Sunday my husband and I went out riding with a third person. People in carriages drove by us rapidly and then slowed their horses

as we came by, as if they expected to see Lizzie Borden in the back seat. You see how impossible it would be to have her here at present, or to make any date for her visit while this curiosity is so aggressive.

The poor girl feels herself under surveillance even now. She cannot look out of the window or step out of doors but that she is stared at, and about the Borden house people peer over the fences and from every vantage ground to catch a glimpse of her, all this curiosity becomes maddening, or would to me. Why, I think in the place of Emma and Lizzie I should be tempted to buy a shot gun and take snap shots at any peeping Toms that intruded on the premises.

Under these circumstances, Miss Borden's friends feel that the less said about her in the newspapers and the less of her plans made public, the better for all concerned. She is, however, grateful for all the sympathy expressed.

For some reasons I am sorry that I have become so identified with the case, for now that it is over it seems but the beginning of

Unending Calls on My Sympathy.
I have been receiving letter after letter from men in the Charlestown and Concord prisons asserting their innocence and praying for me to interest myself in their behalf. I am a very busy woman, and I cannot take time to inquire into them all, and yet I cannot entirely disregard them. There is much injustice in our courts of justice and some innocent men in our prisons. I believe I have done a great deal of prison preaching; indeed, I can say that I have considerable popularity among those audiences, and I have come across many sad cases.

Then I am still receiving letters about the Borden case, some blaming me for my interest in Miss Borden, some from people evidently morbid from dwelling on the horrors and mystery of the crime, those who have dreamed dreams and have theories, and many of the people who have believed all along in her innocence and rejoice in her acquittal.

"Oh! yes, Lizzie Borden is not without friends. She writes me that they have been so assiduous in their attentions, so kind and careful of her in every way that she has had hardly time to herself for the routine of daily work, and is just now beginning to take up the little household duties. Her health is better and she is beginning to sleep naturally at night, but as she told me with a great deal of pathos, 'I realize that I can never be light-hearted again.'"

The arrangements for the purchase of a new house in Fall River are not yet completed. The Borden homestead has naturally many painful associations for both sisters, and they are anxious to be gone from it and from the hostile neighbors and peeping sightseers who find a morbid interest in visiting the scene of the world-famous tragedy.

(For the News.)
A Denial from Abraham G. Hart.

MR. EDITOR:—The report has repeatedly reached me that the late Andrew J. Borden stated to me that he was about making his will and had made an inventory of his property for that purpose, while the fact is, that in his almost daily conversations, sometimes for a half hour, in which he spoke freely on financial and business matters, with local history and the values of real estate thirty to forty years ago, and at the present time, he was completely reserved and kept his own counsel on all family matters, and never at any time spoke of making a will or inventory of his estate.

Respectfully,
ABRAHAM G. HART.

← note LIZZIE LETTERS

The Old Crime, and A New Crim

Miss Borden has been acquitted. The case remains as great a mystery as ever. But as Justice Dewey pertinently said in his charge to the jury, she cannot be required to clear up the mystery. After ample time for preparation and a thorough trial conducted by the ablest lawyers and jurists, she has been declared innocent by a jury of twelve men. These men, officially charged with a solemn duty, have had more ample opportunities to weigh all the evidence in the case than any outside parties, and if any have had doubts as to the innocence of the accused it is their plain duty to put those doubts forever aside. It would be worse than uncharitable and un-Christian now to cast a suspicion on Miss Borden. It has seemed to us that the Fall River police, without adequate reason, brought on this bereaved daughter repulsive notoriety, unjust suspicion, untold agony of suspense, the pain and shame of imprisonment. It has seemed to us that the speedy trial guaranteed to her by law might have shortened the ten months of suffering. But all that is now past. It remains for the church at Fall River to welcome its suffering sister again to its presence and fellowship, as no doubt it will for society to atone as far as may be for what she has endured in its behalf, by speaking of her only with respect and leaving her to the quiet ways which she no doubt desires, and for us all to join with Justice Dewey in the hope that, in some high sense, this trial may be adopted into the order of providence and may express in its results somewhat of that justice with which God governs the world. — [The Congregationalist.]