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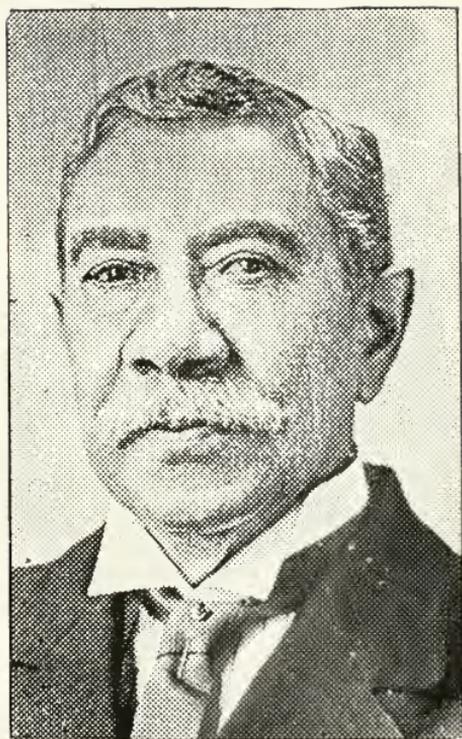
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*JOHN P GREEN.*

AT SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

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SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF A BUSY LIFE

WITH REMINISCENCES

OF

MANY GREAT AND GOOD MEN AND WOMEN

BY JOHN P. GREEN ✓

1920

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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
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TO

THE GRAND, WEALTHY AND BEAUTIFUL CITY  
OF CLEVELAND, OHIO,

—QUEEN OF THE GREAT LAKES—

MY CHILDHOOD'S REFUGE AND ASYLUM FROM  
THE "WHIPS AND SCORNS" (?) OF SOUTHERN  
SLAVERY CASTE, PREJUDICE AND PROSCRIP-  
TION; MY OWN DEAR ALMA MATER, WHERE I  
HAVE LIVED AND LOVED, AND BEEN AL-  
LOWED FREE AND FULL SCOPE TO ESTABLISH  
MY RIGHT TO A PLACE IN THE SUNLIGHT,  
AMONGST MEN; A HAVEN OF REST TO THE  
PERSECUTED AND FORLORN; THE GLARE OF  
WHOSE FURNACES ILLUMINES THE WORLD;  
THE REVERBERATIONS OF WHOSE TRIP-HAM-  
MERS AND THE HUM OF WHOSE SPINDLES  
RESOUND THROUGHOUT THE HABITABLE  
GLOBE; I, IN LOVE AND HUMILITY, DEDICATE  
THIS LITTLE BOOK.

JOHN P. GREEN.

Dec. 3d, 1919.



## FOREWORD

If gauged by the hosts of friends who recognize me, and the high esteem and kindly consideration manifested for me by my fellow citizens, of all classes and stations in life, then I feel that, I have not "strutted and fretted" my hour of life in vain.

From this point of view, I have written the following story of my life, for two principal reasons: First, because I, alone, can certify to the truthfulness of all the statements—to the minutest details; and secondly, for the reason that, I have been well nigh importuned, by many of my personal acquaintances to write it; and because I am hoping and praying that, by the reading of it, a stimulus and inspiration may be imparted to ambitious—struggling youths of both races—especially the colored race, to put forth renewed efforts for success.

I, myself, by the reading of the auto-biographies of such colored men as Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington, have derived great encouragement, which has, persistently, sustained me in my life efforts along that "road so narrow where one but goes abreast."

I desire, herein, to place before the colored youth, of my class, another concrete proof of the fact that, even in the United States, where the handicap of color and former restrictions are so much in evidence, ambition, united with initiative and reasonable endeavor, will surely win success, along some worthy, honorable line.

In the preparation of the type-written copy of this narrative, I have been placed under lasting obligations to Miss Harriet J. Willis—competent and popular court stenographer, and attorney and counsellor at law; who has, gratuitously and beautifully, prepared the same.

JOHN P. GREEN.



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## CHAPTER I.

### ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY GREEN—"THE SHORT AND SIMPLE ANNALS OF THE POOR."

John P. Green, the subject of this sketch, was born in the old town of Newberne, North Carolina, on the second day of April, 1845. His parents were John R. Green and Temperance Green, both of whom were free colored people of mixed blood, and highly respected by the people of both races in that community.

John R. Green, the father, was the reputed son of John Stanley (spelled by him, Stanly) of North Carolina, who was the son of John Wright Stanley, of the same place, and who, during our Revolutionary War, for a long period of time, maintained a fleet of fourteen privateers, in the vicinity of the West India Islands, which preyed upon British Commerce, quite successfully, until, being attacked in its West Indian harbor of refuge, by a portion of the British Navy, it was thoroughly destroyed, and Stanley betook himself to commerce and merchandise, in the old North Carolina town, at that time, the capital of the state.

This is the same John Wright Stanley upon whose head, with that of William Gaston,—a great Revolutionary patriot of the same state and community,—was placed a premium, by the British military authorities,

during that war, and who, in the darkest days of the War of Independence, loaned General Nathaniel Greene the sum of forty thousand pounds, which I may say, was never repaid to him, and when we consider the scarcity of money at that time, and that forty thousand pounds was as valuable then, as two hundred thousand pounds is now, we can form a correct estimate of the patriotism of that "Son of the Revolution."

It may interest the reader, in passing, to know that, Gaston was murdered, by British spies, for the bounty which was offered for his head; but Stanley lived to see the end of the war and enjoy the blessings of Liberty, for many years, under our glorious Stars and Stripes.

John Stanley, my reputed grand-father, was widely noted for his legal lore and successful practice at the Bar of North Carolina. It was said of him that, he "never lost a case," but, as to the truthfulness of this statement, I am somewhat incredulous; unless it be a fact that, he had very few cases, or that, he was so uniformly successful in practice that, it became a proverb, that, he lost no cases.

That he was a great orator, politician and statesman, was well known,—he was, for seven consecutive sessions of the North Carolina House of Representatives, Speaker of the House, was in Congress once, and followed and sustained that great party of which Henry Clay was the famous leader, known as the Whig party, and stood for "America for Americans," and the protection of American industries.

This John Stanley, in the early part of the last century became involved in a quarrel with Governor Richard Dobbs Speight, of North Carolina, one of the original signers of our National Constitution, and, accepting a challenge sent to him by Governor Speight, they fought a duel, in which the Governor was killed. This was a social and political calamity in the "Old North State," for a

long time deplored, and did much to bring into hatred, scorn and contempt, a system of so-called "honor," which was finally outlawed, under a heavy penalty.

Herein, peculiarly enough, lies the explanation of this writer's name being John Green, rather than John Stanley.

My father's mother, Sarah Rice, a woman of African descent, had, for years, been a "good and faithful maid servant" in the home of the unfortunate Governor Speight, and had exercised over the little girls and maidens of that august southern family almost maternal care. A condition of affairs which, I suspect, few persons, in the North, East and West, can adequately conceive of, unless they lived in the South, during the slavery era, and became familiar with it, so close was the association between the Negro and mulatto nurses and their little wards, that, even down to the present day, we often hear the scions of old southern families and some of the elderly ladies, from the same section, refer to their "Old Black Mammies," with accents of love and affection. Such was the love and affection for Sarah Rice, on the part of the Speight family, that, they "set her free," manumitted—emancipated her,—giving her, at the same time, the sum of two hundred dollars, as required by the law of the State, at that time.

Previous to this important event in the life of this favored nurse, she had been delivered of a wee boy baby, whom she had named for herself only,—Johnnie Rice, not daring to disclose his true paternity; but, subsequently, having attained her freedom, she called him Johnnie Green, for a little boy whom she had nursed; for, Johnnie, having been born when his mother was still in the bonds of slavery, followed his mother's slave condition; and, not having been manumitted with her, he was still the slave of the Speight estate; and to let it be known that he was the "natural" son of John Stanley, the fatal ball from

whose pistol had killed the Governor, would, in all probability, have sealed his fate, adversely.

So, Johnnie Green became, in later days, John R. (Rice) Green; and this writer, his son, has flaunted the green flag, as John P. (Patterson) Green, ever since. Sometimes, really, "fact is stranger than fiction."

Having stated it as matter of fact that, my father, John R. Green, was the reputed son of John Stanley, a "son of the Revolution," the skeptical may demand the proof of this fact; if so, I submit the following data:

- a—Sarah Rice, John R. Green's mother, declared that Stanley was his father;
- b—John Stanley, on his "dying" bed, sent for my father and to him in person, acknowledged his paternity, giving him at the same time, a steel engraved likeness of himself,—which we still have, in our family;
- c—My father, it was generally conceded, bore a more striking resemblance to Stanley, than any other of his sons,—except that, he was a shade darker.
- d—It was common rumor, in that community, that, Stanley was his father.

To the best of my knowledge, the most illustrious son of my grandfather John Stanley, was the Honorable Edward Stanley, M. C., who was leader of the Whig party, in Congress, in the "Forties."

This gentleman and scholar was, later on, the first nominee of the Republican party for governor of California; and afterwards, during the reconstruction period, subsequent to our Civil War, was appointed by President Andrew Johnson "provisional governor" of North Carolina.

I have gone into this matter somewhat minutely, because I am proud of the fact that I can trace my descent from a family so distinguished, in both "camp and state;" and, also, because it furnishes to the student of society and social standards, in these United States, a concrete

example of how "fearfully and wonderfully" a large percentage of the colored people here are made.

I shall end any further consideration of the Stanley family, by submitting the following epitaph, from the pen of the late William Gaston, of North Carolina, who was the son of that William Gaston, the friend and associate of John Wright Stanley, who died a martyr in the cause of American liberty. This William Gaston, who wrote the epitaph, was noted in his day,—and down to the present, as having been one of nature's noblemen and the greatset Chief Justice and jurist his state ever produced. He was, from the first, John Stanley's close personal friend (both at the Bar and in the political arena), and well knew whereof he spoke.

The following is the epitaph: "John Stanley, eldest son of John Wright-Stanley and Ann, his wife, born 1774, died August 2d, 1833. Few persons in any community have occupied a more prominent station; few have exercised a more powerful influence than this distinguished individual for many years held and exercised in our town and throughout our state. Long in the affectionate and grateful remembrance, of all, will live his genius, his learning, his courtesy, his eloquence, his virtues, his personal characteristics and his public services."

GASTON.

My mother, Mrs. Temperance Durden Green, was a quadroon, by blood, and was a direct descendent, on both her father's and her mother's side, from those Scottish and Yorkshire Englishmen who followed the flag and fortunes of the last "Pretender,"—descendant of the unfortunate James II, of England, in 1745; and after having met disastrous defeat, at Derby, almost at the gates of London, were expatriated and in large numbers, found asylum in North Carolina,—notably, in the counties of Cumberland and Sampson, where, by thrift and

economy, they left a numerous and wealthy progeny, as may be seen by tourists and others today.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, 1792, to be specific, there resided near the town of Clinton, in Sampson county, North Carolina,—about thirty miles from the city (then town) of Fayetteville, in the same state, a family, containing two beautiful daughters, of which a man, Chesnut (or Chestnutt) by name, was the head. This pater familias was a well-to-do farmer; and, with his wife and daughters, was known and respected, far and wide, by persons of his class; moreover, since his daughters were young and comely, they were, frequently favored by the calls of young gentlemen, in the vicinage, who, socially and financially, deemed themselves their superiors.

In the course of time, the young ladies became greatly enamored of two of these young men; but, since they did not hasten to make to them proposals of marriage, they had recourse to the advice and services of a "likely" young colored man (the slave of their father), who advised them, in the premises, with the result that, ere long, each became the mother of a little colored girl; one of these baby girls was named Obedience, which was transformed to "Bede;" this one was my grand-mother, born in the same year as my father, 1793; the child of the other girl, sister of this first mother, was name Alice, but, invariably, as long as she lived, called "A-lice."

A glance will suggest that these two babies, being the offspring of one father by two sisters, were, at once, sisters and cousins!! This condition during the womanhood of these two colored girls was doubly complicated, when each girl presented to two white brothers, severally, a child, one of whom was my mother.

If the foregoing is proof of a low moral status amongst both white and colored persons in that portion

of these United States, at that time, place the odium where it belongs, not at door of the poor slaves; nor should we forget that, as far back as the time of Homer, when bondsmen were of every nationality and race, it became a maxim that,

“Jove made it certain that, whatever day  
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.”

Moreover, it seems to be a natural inclination governing dominant and oppressing men, to take unjust advantages of unprotected females and others; as,—witness the Romans, under Romulus, taking, by force, the Sabine virgins and carrying them into captivity; and a more recent proof of my contention may be found in the conduct of the German warriors and the “Reds” of Russia, who have disregarded every sacred right of conjugal, maternal and virginal purity; under such conditions those damnable doctrines,—“Might makes right,” and, “To the victor belongs the spoils,” are an unspeakable curse.

It may interest the reader to know that, both those colored girls lived to a “ripe old age.” Bede, my grandmother, lived to be nearly ninety-seven years of age, and, had she not yielded to dread pneumonia, she would, probably, have rounded out a century; Alice was almost ninety years of age, when she died. Both left behind them a numerous progeny, thus proving the fallacy of that “scientific” dogma—that Mulattoes cannot reproduce their species; for both were mulattoes,—having white mothers and a Negro father.

“Granny Bede,” was, in her youth and young womanhood, a very strong and active woman, as the two anecdotes which follow, concerning her, will abundantly prove.

When she was between eighteen and twenty years of age, she had, to some extent, the care of the cows and other cattle belonging to the farm on which she was reared. On one occasion, it became necessary to put a

rope around the horns of a powerful steer, which was confined in the pen; but, this being at a time remotely anterior to the herding of cattle on our western prairies, and skillful lassoing of the same by our doughty "cow-boys," the men failed of success, and, after repeated efforts and failures, appealed to "Bede," their keeper. "Here's Bede," they said; "they know her; let her try."

No sooner said than done; for, in a "jiffy," she vaulted over the fence of the pen, and, noose in hand, dauntlessly, approached—confronted, the steer. Lowering his head, the beast rushed at her! In this supreme moment, "Granny" did not scream and faint, but, grasping his horns, she held his nose to the ground until relieved; when, she triumphantly climbed back over the fence, the cynosure of all eyes, the heroine of the moment, and even down to the present day, in the estimation of this writer, and others.

The other incident follows: In 1872, when she was in the seventy-ninth year of her age, I visited her on a farm in the suburbs of Bennettsville, Marlborough County, South Carolina. The little cabin in which she then resided, was on the roadside, at the edge of a fifty-acre cottonfield, and, it becoming necessary to call one of the "hands" to his dinner, she did not ring a bell or sound a horn, but with a stentorian voice, called "Lewis! O, Lewis!" I can hear her to this day. "Come to dinner!" Needless to say, Lewis heard the gladsome summons, and, dropping his hoe in his tracks, ran, as the "crow flies" to that refreshment which his manly labor entitled him to, and which made a mere dish of "corned beef-and," more palatable to him, than any nectar brewed by a fabled god.

My dear mother was a born Spartan, with not the slightest suspicion of African blood traceable in features or complexion, with brown eyes, auburn hair, high cheek bones, high forehead, straight nose and thin-compressed

lips, she was a study for everyone who was introduced to her, as a colored woman; and yet, she married a colored man, not disowning her descent, and, to her death, in her eighty-first year of age, she commingled with her colored friends.

Some conception of my mother's energy and determined spirit may be gained from the fact that, when she was about twenty years of age, she walked from Clinton, Sampson County, N. C., to Fayetteville, N. C., in less than one day, arriving in Fayetteville in a foundered condition, carrying her shoes in her hand.

When she arrived in Cleveland, she had occasion to transact some business with Mr. Blair, who owned the extensive real estate on the south side of Prospect street, just east of Thirtieth street. Mr. Blair said to her: "Of what nationality are you?" Mother answered, "I am a colored woman." "Well," replied Mr. Blair, "I wouldn't tell it!"

Mother could wash and iron, cook, make any article of wearing apparel, for either man or woman,—from a shirt to a "Prince Albert" coat; in addition to all this, she had been taught and thoroughly understood how to "card" wool or cotton, spin with the wheel and weave at the loom. She could gather the cotton from the stalk in the field, and with her own hands, without assistance, card, spin, weave and manufacture it into a suit of clothes. She could even knit the stockings of the family. The first kite ever flown by me was attached to a ball of twine which my mother had manufactured for me out of the "raw" cotton.

When, she, a comely lass of twenty-four summers, married my father in 1837, he took her to a beautiful home, which was still standing in 1897, when I last visited "Old Newbern Town," and was in use as a parsonage for the Presbyterian pastor and his family.

The interior decorations of this house, by the carpen-

ter, in the "thirties" cost in cash eighteen hundred dollars, an amount which would purchase then what five thousand dollars would to-day.

Having given a survey of the Stanley family and others of his ancestors, I will now proceed to give an outline of my father's brief but useful and remarkable life; and here and now, I dare assert, that, taking into consideration the time and place of his birth, his enslaved condition, his absolute handicap in the way of obtaining even the rudiments of an education, his was one of the most remarkable careers that stand attested, by any other colored man, of his age and generation.

It is a peculiar and interesting fact, which I may mention, in passing, that my father and I, together, have lived in portions of three centuries—the eighteenth, the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries: Father was born, as I have said, in the year 1793; he lived until November, 1850; while this writer having been born in 1845, in the 19th century, is still living, in the 20th century. In addition to the foregoing, it may be noted, that, we each, have lived in two centuries; my father in the 18th and 19th century, and this writer in the 19th and 20th centuries.

My father, having been born of a slave mother—before she was maumitted, his estate followed that of his unfortunate mother,—he was a slave! Ye gods! fancy the son of a Stanley in slavery! yet, stranger conditions than this have existed in the southern states of this country—the "natural" colored sons and daughters of many slave masters have been openly sold, on the auction block, and the proceeds of those sales have gone to line the pockets of their un-natural parents!!!

Little "Johnnie Green" was of such small and delicate frame, even up to the time when he entered his "teens," that, it was somewhat of a problem, what disposition should be made of him,—a laborious occupation for

him was "out of the question;" and as for a professional career, that was not to be thought of.

Finally, it was determined to apprentice him to a tailor; and the resolution was no sooner adopted than executed. At the age of thirteen, in 1806, when, by reason of diminutive size, he was dubbed "Jack, the weazel," he first crossed his legs, on the "board" and commenced a career, which continued for forty-three years, when death ended it.

Father related many instances of shameful treatment of him by some of the apprentice boys during his apprenticeship, who frequently "picked" on him; but to his last day he spoke in terms of superlative gratitude of the protection often extended to him by a Frenchman, Durand by name, whose memory I laud and magnify, to this day—who can tell the limitation of

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love?"

He also, often spoke of his meager supply of food, when old Aunt Hannah, his care-taker, would, at times, prepare and serve him "Cush," a dish which I suspect few of the present generation know anything about. Having been served with the same dish in my childhood, I hereby submit the recipe for making that inexpensive and palatable dish: Take crusts and crumbs of cold cornbread; moisten them moderately, put them into a "spider," (frying-pan) containing a modicum of hot grease.—and let them fry, until all are nicely browned; then, Voila! a dish for a hungry boy. We think we are experiencing "hard times" in our day; and we are, in many instances; but, what will you say when I avow to you that, the mistress of his salve cousin, Maria, often, before sending her out into the street to perform an errand, would grease her lips in token of the fact (?) that, she had been eating meat!

Father, considering his direct lineal descent, was in reason,—necessarily, an apt pupil; and, in the course of a year or two, he began to earn money, by doing extra work, during his spare hours, and by occupying some of the hours allotted to him for sleep, in this way.

At the age of twenty-one, when his apprenticeship was ended, he was the proud possessor of one thousand dollars, which he ultimately used in buying his freedom; for, he related that, after he had married a free wife, he could no longer endure the yoke of slavery.

When he attained his liberty, he had already learned to read and write. In fact, he had, to some extent, mastered the three R's.

No school door swung open, or even ajar for him; he learned the alphabet in some mysterious way, for it was a crime to teach a slave to read and write; in this respect, he was in a sadder plight than the great Frederick Douglass, for he, before he escaped from slavery, had some "side" instruction; but father, had no instructor, save a copy of the then, Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, which was his inseparable companion; by night and by day; and, with the assistance of a blind man, whom, at times, he led through the street, he was gradually inducted into the mystery of reading.

The method in practice between my "Daddy" and the blind man, was as follows: Dad would call the letters of a word, and the blind man would tell him how to pronounce it; and "Jack-the-weazel," like his forebears, being naturally clever, ere long was reading, in the same little book, the monosyllabic sentences, beginning,—"No man may put off the law of God."

It may surprise the reader to learn, that, in after years, without any additional schooling, my father kept the "single and double entry" books of accounts, used in his business; that, at the time of his death, he owned a large collection of books, amongst which I can, at this

late day, recall, *The Life and Speeches of Henry Clay*, *The Church Register*, which contained thorough accounts of nation-wide transactions in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States; *A History of the World*, by Sir Walter Raleigh; *Rollin's Ancient History*, and many others; in fact, so choice, and, in some instances, rare, was his collection of books, that, when, by order of my mother, they were sold at public auction, the bidding was spirited and the competition noteworthy, to obtain possession of some of them, even amongst the wealthy slaveholders who were in attendance.

Unquestionably, my father possessed a great desire for literary attainments, and did his utmost to reach to some excellence, along that line. This talent on his part was recognized during all his life. Men of learning and discrimination sought him in his store and engaged him in conversation, to such an extent, that much of his valuable time was lost, in this way, and even the Bishops of the Episcopal Church (of which he was a member)—Bishops Ives and Atkinson, respectively, always visited and conversed with him, when they made their episcopal visits to old Christ Church, in that town. In this connection, it may not be amiss to state that, although born and reared a slave, and residing in a slave-holding community, my daddy, so deported himself as to merit and receive kind and courteous treatment, from all. He owned and occupied with his family, a pew in Christ Episcopal Church, which was the most wealthy and aristocratic congregation in that part of the state; while the other members, with two exceptions, sat in the galleries; and as proving how tenacious he was of what he conceived to be his rights, it may be stated, that, when the Reverend Doctor Buxton, (white) a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, married him and my mother in Fayetteville, North Carolina, in 1837, and did not wear his clerical robe, he would not give him a bill which he carried in his vest pocket for him.

I may add, in passing, that, my father who never aspired to be called a poet, in any sense, yet, undoubtedly, was possessed of the afflatus, to some extent, for, he read the higher poets with avidity and had committed many excerpts to memory, which, in animated conversation, he often repeated. As an illustration, I will here record one, which I have carried in my memory for sixty-five years, and during that time, I have never seen it in print:

“Where are those names which set the world on fire?  
Where does the pride of Rome and Greece retire?  
Caesar’s dread name now marks the butcher’s dog;  
While Cato sows wood and Scipio drives the hog.  
Seek ye for Pompey?—Search the tanner’s yard,  
While Nero, you’ll find your kitchen’s faithful guard.”

As tending to show that father was possessed of a keen sense of humor, and could on occasion extemporize a little rhyme, I will give the following illustration:

One Sunday afternoon, when he and some of his boon companions were promenading, one of the principal streets of the town he noticed that one of them, “Boston” by name, was wearing a coat which had been made in his tailor shop, and that it had been dyed black. Like a flash he slapped “Boston” on his shoulder, and exclaimed,

“This coat I know, it once was brown,  
And shone all o’er this Newbern town;  
But now, alas, this coat is black,  
And shines upon poor Boston’s back!”

It is needless to remark that, this thrust drew forth much merriment, at the expense of “poor Boston;” but, since it was confined to the friendly group, it was taken for a joke, as was intended.

The following epitaph written (composed) by my father, was engraved on the marble headstone placed by

him at the head of his first wife's grave, in grateful and loving remembrance of her. She died beloved and even revered by the whole community, in which she was born and passed her useful and devout life.

"Sacred to the memory of Sally Green, who departed this life March 29th, 1837, aged 45 years, 6 months.

A constant friend, a tender, loving wife;  
Prudent in all the needful cares of life;  
And when arrested by the hand of Death,  
In faith and hope resigned her mortal breath.  
Her soul, we trust, doth dwell with God, above,  
And there drinks in the copious streams of love."

In the course of father's long experience as a tailor and merchant tailor, he had many apprentices, some of whom became quite noteworthy, by reason of their attainments and mercantile successes.

The most conspicuous of these was, the late Reverend William J. Alston, a native of Raleigh, N. C.; who, for eight years, was under my father's eye, and finished his apprenticeship—"cum magna laude".

"William", as he was called, was, for years, bubbling over with animal spirits; he was rude, boisterous and untidy; and, more than once, had to be disciplined. It was the general opinion of William that, he was a "ne'er do well," and, that, he would come to no good end.

On one occasion, he tied up his small wardrobe in a bandana handkerchief and shipped to "sail before the mast;" however, he was intercepted, by my father, before the departure of the schooner, taken, with his luggage, back to his home, soundly "flogged", and given some wholesome advice, for his government, in the future.

Shortly thereafter, he was invited to participate in the exercises of a singing society, which held Sunday afternoon sessions. He accepted the invitation, became

a regular and most interested member, and, ultimately, announced his intention to study theology, for the Episcopal ministry. This resolution having been received with marked favor, by his father, the late Oscar Alston, of Raleigh, N. C., he was, in a way, matriculated in an institution at Chapel Hill, N. C., where he was prepared for college. After that, he was graduated from Oberlin College in the later fifties; and, finally, at Gambier, Ohio, became a full fledged priest in the Episcopal Church.

In many years, this true and tried servant of God, as Rector of both Saint Phillip's Church, New York City, and Saint Thomas' Church, Philadelphia, preached "Jesus Christ and him crucified;" and his sweet exemplary life was as a beacon light, to many who, perhaps, otherwise, would have been stranded and lost.

The following anecdote, related by Rev. Alston, to my dear mother, in my presence, goes far to prove the almost intolerable conditions which prevailed, even in religious educational institutions, in the United States, prior to the Civil War.

Being the only colored student in Kenyon College, prior to the abolition of slavery, Alston was the cynosure of all eyes; and, at times, not a little at a loss for companionship, and even association. To such an extent was this true, that, on one occasion, while taking a stroll, in the suburbs of the old college town, he was confronted by a cow, who honoring him with a friendly stare, turned out of his way,—gave him "gangway" (as the vulgar expression of our day would have it); delighted at the unusual recognition and courtesy shown him, by the humble brute, Alston saluted her and exclaimed,—"Good morning, Mrs. Cow!"

It goes without saying, that, we had a hearty laugh over the incident.

Another story, related by him, at the same time, is recalled by the former. During a summer vacation, while

exerting himself to add to the contents of his meager purse, he shipped as a waiter on a steamer plying between Cleveland and Lake Superior ports. On arriving at Duluth, Escanaba or some one of the other "seaport towns," he left the steamer and went in search of some other remunerative employment. The older readers of this narrative will recall, that, during the later part of the "fifties," the whole country was in the grip of a most trying panic, which made it almost impossible to procure remunerative labor, at any price. "William," in that remote section, soon made this discovery; and, since the boat had gone, and funds were extremely low, he was "open" to any job that presented itself. He soon found it, in the shape of a small mountain of earth which had been formed by the excavation of a large hole, to be used as a cellar.

The owner of this mountain offered to pay him the sum of thirty-five dollars, and furnish him with a shovel and wheel-barrow, if he would remove it. In a jiffy, he accepted the proposition, and without delay, having "peeled" of his coat, disregarding his flaccid muscles and tender hands, he bent to his task. At the end of two weeks, he had finished the undertaking and received his compensation, which he had in his pocket, when the boat returned to convey him back to Cleveland.

Another of father's apprentices, who was graduated with honor, from his workshop, was the late Jerry Harvey, of Boston, Mass. Mr. Harvey, near the close of his apprenticeship, had the sad misfortune, while playfully, pointing a gun at a comrade, on Christmas day, to kill him, by its accidental discharge.

In North Carolina, in the "thirties," such an occurrence was an exceedingly grave affair; for the old criminal "Comon Law" of England, with only slight modifications, was still in vogue, which made the condition of the

offender vastly different than now, under our enlightened and merciful regime.

However, my father went to the front for him; and, as usual, he received a respectful hearing, in behalf of the unfortunate young man; and the matter was compromised, by allowing the defendant to leave the state, not to return again. Without any delay, Mr. Harvey betook himself to Boston, where he followed the trade which had been taught him; and, being very successful, along this line, his name became well known, especially amongst colored people, in all sections of New England. At that period in the history of the South, Mr. Harvey might with propriety have paraphrased our well known school declamation, beginning,

“Banished from Rome (Newbern)! What’s banished—(but set free,  
From daily contact with the things I loathe!”

My father was a man of generous impulses; he really, at times, when pressed to bestow a favor, could not say “No,” and since the homestead exemptions to heads of families, in that state, at that time, were extremely scant, the usual result followed—he was compelled to meet the defaults of others by exhausting his earnings and sacrificing his properties. Added to this was the fact that, on two several occasions his establishments were destroyed by fire. On both occasions, he was the victim of neighboring conflagrations. It is, scarcely necessary to say, that, the amount of insurance recovered by him at that time, was of slight value; hence, his was an almost total loss.

Twice, he bought some of his relatives, when being sold at public auction, being entreated by them to save them from the speculator.

NOTE—The “speculator was a person who traveled from one location to another, buying slaves for resale and speculation, in the cotton, cane and rice producing sections of the Gulf States.

The amounts thus advanced by him, it is needless to say, were never returned to him.

Being importuned by two frail mulatto youths, apprentices of his, for whom he entertained regard and sympathy, he bought them, on their promise to repay him the money advanced, in installments: Sad to relate, both these young men died, of tuberculosis, before they had paid to him a tenth of the money advanced—one thousand dollars, for each of them; here, again, was an additional loss of two thousand dollars, which, we must not forget, was, then, worth at least, three times as much as at the present time.

Ultimately, of course, he was stripped of all his earthly possessions, save his honor; and, broken in body, bereft of his redundant humor, good cheer and genial, whole-souled, winsome conversation, he betook himself to his bed, from which he was never to rise again.

The sheriff came, levied on everything, save the sad and downcast widow and three forlorn children, ranging in age from eleven years to nine months. This writer being second in order, was five years of age, small and weak for the age.

“Lift me up and let me die!” he said to our dear mother, after a lingering illness; and so died John R. Green of Newbern, North Carolina, of whom it may be said, “He loved not wisely, but too well.”

The more I reflect on the current of my father’s eventful life,—of his early struggles for existence,—his social limitations—his vaulting ambitions, his consuming zeal, and his unspeakable disappointments, the more I wonder at the phenomenal successes which attended his efforts.

He was broad and cosmopolitan in his views and altho he was a colored American, in a slave state, carrying on his shoulders all that incubus of caste proscription which characterized the time and place in which he lived

yet, he counted amongst his friends and quasi-associates, many of the wealthy as well as the poor whites, in the place of his residence.

It was no uncommon occurrence to meet in his place of business illiterate persons of the white race, who took advantage of his literary attainments, to procure "begging-petitions" and other documents, for public use; and, after his death, I was accosted frequently, by persons of both races, who would ask me,—“Whose boy are you?” I would answer, “I am the son of John R. Green.” Then, invariably, the reply would be, “Well, son, you must be a good boy, for your father was a good man!”

Father was very fond of aquatic sports. If a “vessel” was to be launched or any race rowed on the river, he was sure to be one of the spectators, and as for swimming, boating and fishing, they were the acme of his out-of-door pleasures.

The town of Newbern, North Carolina, is located in the triangle formed by the juncture of the Neuse and Trent rivers, where they unite to form Pamlico Sound. These rivers, as well as the Sound, are well stocked with many species of most delicious seafood, not omitting oysters, clams and hard and soft-shell crabs. So fond was he of sea-food, that, when the hegira of colored people from the South to the North was at flood-tide, during the decade prior to the Civil war, and especially during the debates in Congress, about the year 1850, and he was asked, whether or not he intended to join in the procession, he answered, that he would never leave North Carolina, until he could carry the Neuse and Trent rivers with him. And, it is a notable fact, that, as long as we remained in that state, he was the only person who, knowingly, had ever walked over the frozen surface of the Trent river, at Newbern, where it is from a half to a mile wide. This feat he daringly accomplished during the winter of 1833-4, as my mother informed me.

As a workman, my father, was without a superior, in that section of the state. He designed and executed all styles of clothing and uniforms which the trade demanded, even going back to old continental styles and theatrical costumes.

In closing this brief sketch of the life of my dear father, I shall, use the lines of Lord Byron, as dedicated to a poetic enthusiast of his time, White, by name, only paraphrasing a word or two to make them applicable.

“Unhappy soul, when life was in its spring,  
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,  
The spoiler swept thy soaring lyre away,  
Which else, had sounded an immortal lay.  
O, what a noble life was there undone,  
When science’s self destroyed her favorite son!  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
She sowed the seed, but Death has reaped the fruit.  
’Twas thine own genius struck the fatal blow,  
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.  
Like the struck Eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.  
Keen were his pangs, yet keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,  
While the same plumage which had warmed his nest  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast!”

Here begins, in an humble way, an epic, to end when and how God, in his great wisdom, power and mercy, wills it to end. We follow the little sombre hearse by twos, in the direction of Christ-Church Cemetery (now popularly known, there, as Rock Cemetery). Mother, supported on the arm of a true and tried old friend, leading the cortege, this writer clinging to the arm of his elder sister, next; a few friends following.

The beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church having been read, and the final, “earth to earth,—dust

to dust," having been pronounced, forlorn and needy, we turn away, to confront and fight,—to "strut and fret," our more or less gloomy way,—widowed, and fatherless, for many years to come.

Mother, glum, demure and determined as ever Spartan mother showed herself, turns from her palatial residence of yore, mahogany furniture, cut-glass, silver service, the ministration of maid servants and hosts of friends, and repairs, with her little brood, to a rude cottage, in an obscure section of the old town; confronted, on the opposite side of the narrow street, by the ancient "grave yard," gloomy with its "weeping" willows, funereal cypresses and moss-covered cedars; and flanked, on either side, by dwellings, tenanted by persons, the like of whom she had never known as associates; and who, on occasions, would publicly proclaim, in clarion tones, "It makes no difference how high the Eagle flies in the air, he's got ter come down ter git 'is support!!"

As the Immortal Bard puts it:

O, what a falling off, my countrymen, was there!"

## CHAPTER II.

### CHILDHOOD DAYS.

“Is the road dreary?—Patience yet;  
Rest will be sweeter if thou are aweary;  
Then bide a wee and dinna fret.”

In commencing the first chapter, I stated, humorously, that I was “born with a silver spoon in my mouth,” and rocked in the cradle of luxury (a mahogany cradle, to be explicit). But now, all is changed, save that mother still retains a few pieces of the furniture, and broken sets of silver-ware, rescued from the flames,—grim reminders of the fact that, the besom of destruction had passed by, and the merciless hand of fate was weighing heavily upon us.

In that sad predicament, some of her friends wondered that she, being still in comparative youth, and pleasing to look upon did not accept several offers of marriage made to her, especially, since her only means of existence, for herself and three fatherless children, was the use of the needle, which, at that time and place, was a source of very small remuneration. Her curt answer was that, she would not place her children under any step-father, to be treated in accordance with his whim or mood.

My domestic environment was, apparently, all that could have been wished, for a poor boy. Far better than that of Abraham Lincoln, Frederick Douglass or Booker T. Washington, at five years of age, for, my food, tho scant at times, was sufficient to sustain life, at least. I had a feather bed, still, to sleep upon, in cold weather, and mother, by extraordinary efforts, managed to preserve for me a "Sunday suit of clothes."

In addition to the support which we derived from the industrious use of the needle by our mother, we had, in our garden, which was intelligently cultivated, a source of much assistance. In addition to a few plum trees and a large fig tree, all of which yielded abundantly, in season, we raised fair crops of sweet corn, collards, and the medical roots and herbs which, a century ago, could be found in every well regulated truck garden.

Southern people and those native to the soil, will recognize in the term "collard," a plant greatly resembling the cabbage, down to the time when the cabbage "heads". The collard is of a greener tint than the cabbage, and never heads, save to the size of a small orange, in the center. When the frosts come, the leaves of the collards are streaked white and, when boiled, in a big iron "pot", hung on trammels, placed in the big fire-place, with a piece of bacon, pork or corned-beef, together with the well known "corn-dodgers," they furnished the dish de resistance, placed before a half-famished boy.

I can't see, at this writing, what on earth would have become of us, had we not been in possession of that little garden, and a few chickens, which furnished us with an occasional egg to vary the monotony of our diet.

In order to procure a piece of "fresh beef," or a pound of liver, it was necessary to arise with the lark and hie us to the market house, which, with the Court

House, stood at the junction of the two principal streets, and formed an imposing group.

Let it not be imagined, however, that our dear mother was, in any sense, remiss or lax in providing for the future, for denying herself fine clothing and all the adornments of the body, so much coveted by many women, she dedicated her whole life to the support and partial education of her children. During the summer season, she would save, as best she could, a dollar now and then, for the purpose of buying a pig, for the remainder of the year, and then, when the weather was sufficiently cold, she would purchase, on the market, one of the weight of a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds, and impose on this writer the task of wheeling it home.

I have a very pleasant remembrance, in this connection of a friendly-generous act, performed, in my behalf, by a noble white lady, during the winter of 1855-6, which goes far to prove that, neither true gentlehood nor true womanhood is always to be found in the palace; nor must we search for them beneath "robes and furred gowns." Now listen! Miss Arete Ellis, a maiden lady of culture and refinement, was the matron of the Griffin Academy, an institution founded for the nurture and education of poor white girls, in that section of North Carolina. She was an Episcopalian by religious faith, and attended Christ Episcopal Church, at the head of her group, every Sunday morning.

She had known my father all her life, and she had seen me and my elder sister, in our pew, invariably, every Sunday morning.

On the occasion I am now referring to, I was wheeling, in a wheelbarrow, a dressed pig, weighing about a hundred and fifty pounds. I was ten years of age, and weighed exactly fifty pounds. Placing a fifty pound weight on one side of the old market scales, I would then stand upon the other side, and they would equally

balance—as the slang phrase of the present day would have it—it was “fifty-fifty.”

The day to which I have referred, was one of the coldest I had ever seen or felt, and I was minus an overcoat. I had stopped at about half the distance to my destination, to rest my muscles (?) and recover my breath, when along came Miss Arete Ellis, nicely and warmly clad, carrying in her hands a few parcels which she had just purchased from one of the dry goods stores where she had been shopping.

Slackening her gait, she beamed upon me a countenance full of sympathy and compassion. “Poor little fellow!” she exclaimed, “Are’nt you very cold?” “Yes ma’am!” I answered. “Well, take my parcels, and let me help you,” was her rejoinder. Suiting the action to the word, she handed me the things, seized the handles of the wheelbarrow, and trundled it along the public street, almost to my mother’s door!

Here was, in very fact, an angel in disguise. Her name was Arete, a Greek word, which, in the original Greek signifies talent, skill, fitness, courage, etc., and surely, on this occasion, she proved that she was worthy of the name. Miss Ellis has, long since, been gathered into the bosom of her Lord and Master whom she loved and served. It has been sixty-five years since this unselfish deed was done, “Unto one of the least of these.” But, her face and form and kindly act, lives and blooms perennially, in my mind and heart, never to be forgotten; and, whether there be erected monument or tablet in commemoration of her useful, virtuous and noble life, I know not; but, here and now, I pour out to her all the gratitude and esteem of an appreciative heart hoping that a knowledge of her goodness may stimulate others to “go and do likewise.”

Returning to mother and her struggles: Sometimes the “bacon” would be exhausted before the next pig

would be purchased; at other times, work would be scarce and the purse would be almost depleted. On such occasions, the strictest economy would be required. Once in a while we would put some cornmeal into a bowl, sprinkle some salt in and upon it, pour in some hot water and stir it thoroughly. After that, we would place it on a "griddle," with live coals under it. When it browned on one side, we would turn it over and brown it on the other side. Then we would divide it into four equal parts, of which each one was given a portion, to eat or let alone, as the humor moved us.

Judge John R. Donald, the widower of the late daughter of the former Governor Richard Dobbs Speight, of whom I have spoken, had a mansion about half a mile distant from the humble abode of my mother. Here were servants galore, and food in abundance. Several of the servants were related, by blood, to my deceased Father, and they sympathized with us, in our forlorn condition. One of the poor slave women, for whom father had done a kindness, could not endure the thought of my elder sister doing the family washing, and be it said to her everlasting honor, that she came to mother by night, and begged permission to do the washing, rather than that my sister should do it.

Mother, in her stern, positive way, said, "No, Sarah has got to work for her living, and she may as well be learning now as later on." That ended the matter, and for years after that, while mother sewed, sister in her teens, assisted and did the washing.

Amongst Judge Donald's maid servants, were two, one whom we denominated, "Little Auntie," and another known as Aunt Hannah. Each was domiciled on the premises, in adjoining rooms of an out-house. "Little Auntie" was a cousin of my father, and, quite reasonably, regretted the great misfortune which had befallen us, and in her poor way she told mother to send me around

there in the night time, and she would give me some milk to carry home, and such other, little articles of food as remained over from the table of the great-house. Of course, we eagerly grasped at this opportunity of satisfying the cravings of hunger, and it became my duty to go to Judge Donald's, every night and fetch home, the bounty dispensed to us.

This was, at times, a source of much assistance to us and we made the most of it. Indeed, so jubilant was I over the trend of affairs, that, I was wont to exclaim, in superlative glee,—“That woman that you call Little A-u-n-t-i-e, has a p-l-e-n-t-i-e!” “That woman you call Aunt Hannah has a p-l-e-n-t-i-e!” And so, these poor slave women, grateful for kindnesses which our big-hearted daddy had bestowed on them, in the day of his abundance, found now their opportunity of re-paying, almost in kind, what their true hearts had always been grateful for.

In those days, I was little more than seven years of age, and, frequently, the streets through which I wended my way to Judge Donald's were as dark as Egypt. However, I quailed not, and when I could not see the route, I tried to feel it, as best I could.

Sometimes, Aunt Hannah would sigh, and say, “Ah (air) Johnnie, I haven't got nothin' fer yer ter night!” On such occasions, returning home empty-handed, mother would say: “Well, go to bed and go to sleep, and you will forget your hunger!” This I did, on more than one occasion. We had our bright days though, for on Christmas, mother always secured a little turkey, and during the summer season, we more than once enjoyed a luscious water-melon.

As soon as I was strong enough to use a wood-saw, I was given charge of sawing and splitting the firewood. A cord of hickory, oak or ash wood would be thrown over our fence. After that, the trouble began. However,

as I look back to those days, and the benefit which I derived from my contact with those wood piles, in the way of developing muscles and general physique, I am persuaded that, the criminal branches of our courts would have less to do, had every boy a wood pile and "buck-saw" in his back yard, over which he could preside with honor and profit.

This recalls the fact (which I am very proud of), that, in the winter of 1858, when I was thirteen years of age and weighed just sixty pounds, I raised the money to buy me a pair of skates, by sawing and splitting and piling up three cords of wood. Two cords I sawed into three pieces, and one cord, I sawed into two pieces. It required much walking around the streets of Cleveland, in order to find the wood, and I regret to relate it, after buying the skates, I used them only a few times, before I was seized with pneumonia, and sold them for about one-half their purchase price. What limited skating I tried to do was without pleasure, for, I wore shoes, while the other boys wore boots. My shoes were too low for the proper strapping of the skates on, and my ankles would ever and anon turn over, and cause me to fall.

Another task which I had imposed upon me, while I was yet a little boy, in Newbern, was that of turning the grind-stone, for Uncle Balaam Jones, a cooper, who would recompense me by supplying some portion of our firewood.

Every Saturday afternoon, I would go to Flanner's cooper shop, about half a mile distant from our home, to perform this function. I was too light and weak for the work, but mother permitted us to eat no "idle bread."

At times, when Uncle Balaam would bear down with considerable weight, the grindstone would cease revolving. Then he would "let up" for a few moments and allow me to rest a little, before proceeding again, and, when, finally, the adz, the broad-axe, the drawing

knives, the chisels, etc., etc., were properly sharpened, I was well nigh exhausted, for, be it remembered, that I was conditioned like "hungry Jake," in the Minstrel show. The interlocutor said to him, "Brace up!" Jake answered: "How kin I brace up, when I aint got nuthin to brace up on!" Many times I went to perform the task before I had dined, (?) for mother was loth to lay her work down before she had accomplished a given task.

The grinding being completed, then came my recompense. Uncle Balaam would select some defective ash "heading," split them to convenient sizes and fill my deep tray which I had carried there for the purpose. After this, he would assist me in placing the burden on my head. I had no little four-wheeled wagon to draw it home in. Then I would start for home, half a mile distant.

In the course of four or five minutes, the pressure upon the top of my ten-eleven year old cranium, would cause my eyes to feel that they were beginning to bulge out; and my neck would pain me severely. In such an emergency, I would "sidle" up to the nearest fence and ease one end of my tray onto the top of it; having rested a while, I would proceed on my course, repeating the act from time to time, until I reached my home.

On the route leading from the cooper shop to my home, resided a family by the name of Bragg,—father, mother and some seven sons and daughters. The father was a tailor by trade—carrying work to his home and performing it there, with the assistance of his good wife and other members of his family.

Two of the boys, Cicero and Edwin, both of whom resembled white boys, seemed to "have it in" for me; and since there was no other route I could take, in returning to my home, from the cooper-shop, I was compelled to pass the residence of the Braggs where these two boys, switches in hand, invariably waited me. Both were my superiors in age and size; and there was no alternative

for me, but to "grin" and bear the whipping, which they administered to me, as I quickened my pace, with bulging eyes and aching neck! The complaints of my mother had little effect in stopping their brutal sport, for it would ever and anon recur.

The irony and cruelty of this torture which they imposed on me was all the more conspicuous from the fact that, my dear deceased father had, to a greater degree than anyone else in the world, been instrumental in securing Mrs. Bragg's freedom from slavery;—even advancing some portion of the purchase price, which had not been returned to him, at the time of his death.

Here is one sequel to what I have just recited. About twenty years after the occurrences between the two Bragg boys and me, Edwin and I were both residing in the City of Cleveland, Ohio, my present home. I was a lawyer and Justice of the Peace of the Township of Cleveland, while Edwin was a barber. Edwin committed a larceny, and was indicted for a felony. He was without means, and I defended him, gratis. I put forth every effort at my command, to save him from the penitentiary, but all to no purpose.

He was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to serve a term in the State Prison. In sentencing him to the penitentiary the aged and learned Judge Foote complimented me on the energy and interest which I had evinced in defending the young man. I told the judge that, he was the son of one of my deceased father's friends, and the playmate of my childhood. Whereupon, the judge expressed great surprise; and animadverted on the fact that, he had fallen so low, while I had followed another course. Later on in life, his form crossed my vision; after that he was swallowed up in the human whirl, and was lost to me, entirely.

On one occasion, while I was turning the grind-stone,

for Uncle Balaam, an incident occurred which, to my "dying day," will haunt my memory.

Mr. Hancock, the "town sergeant," came into the cooper-shop and exclaimed, "I want one of your men to make me a paddle!" The men, one and all, knowing the purpose of torture that the paddle would be put to, stoutly refused to make it. This they could do with safety, at that time, for they were slaves, and knew that their masters would uphold and protect them in the refusal. It is not so in the south now.

"Well," said the official, "give me a drawing knife and a brace and bit, and I will make it myself."

He was "as good as his word"; for in a jiffy, he had the instrument made and bored full of holes. He then took his departure, carrying the paddle with him. I followed him,—at a distance; for I was curious to learn the sequel.

From my coign of vantage, I saw him go to a remote spot, up the shore of the Neuse river, which coursed near the location of the cooper shot, and stop under a cypress tree which reared its head in the midst of the pure white sand.

There, stood a group of white men, with a young negro, in their midst, awaiting him. As the sergeant busied himself in removing a portion of the unfortunate Negro's clothing, tying his hands behind him and partially swinging him to one of the lower limbs of the tree, by a rope attached to his wrists, behind, I improved the opportunity in securing a position from which I could see every movement of the posse and hear the exclamations and groans of the tortured victim. "Tortured?" yes, tortured, for, if it be not obvious to the most casual observer, that, a human being, suspended by a rope attached to his wrists bound behind him, must suffer excruciating pain, then let him try it for one minute, as an experiment.

By reason of the peculiar posture of the victim's body,

the blows, with the perforated paddle, were administered with the utmost facility,—and with much force; which first blistered and then wounded the body, as I afterwards ascertained, by going to the spot and viewing the sand, which, at first, white, was now crimson with the blood of the poor slave,—helpless, in the hands of his tormentors.

O, how earnestly I did plead with my dear mother, on my return home, to follow in the tracks of the Martins, the Hancocks and the Stanleys, all of whom had, recently left their native “heath?” and gone in quest of a modicum of liberty, into the great, free North, East and West! However, the time was not yet ripe for this important undertaking, and we must needs bide our time.

The reason assigned for torturing this slave man was, that, he and another had conspired to “blow up” the dwelling house of a prominent citizen of the town. The victim of the torture had “confessed” to placing (like another Guy Fawkes), a keg of gunpowder under the residence and laying a train for its explosion, to it; but no threats or tortures could force him to incriminate anyone else. When the resounding blows of the instrument would cause more blood to flow from the wound, he would exclaim, “O, Lord!!” Nobody but me an’ Jeff!!”; but who “Jeff” was, if, in very truth, “Jeff” existed, no one could find out.

Here, perhaps, is the place to give some account of the administration of justice (?) in “The Old North State,” at, that time, in the history of our country.

In the old Court House, which was located in the heart of the business section of the town, was construed and, to some extent, applied, a modified form of the English Common Law, as it existed before the days of Peel and his co-adjutors, who pulled many of the fangs out of it.

The Court House had been there “from that time

whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary;" and (with all modesty), it resembled quite closely the old Court House which we found standing in the southwest section of our Public Square, on our arrival, in 1857.

Within this North Carolina court house, all the business of Craven county was transacted, even to the casting of ballots for all officials, from president, down to the least elective office. To this temple of justice(?) trudged (or stalked) the "grave and potent" member of the bar and the honorable Judges,—sometimes, carrying a green bag containing a volume of "legal lore,"—at other times, followed by a dark-hued slave, carrying the same.

The court being duly opened, in a formal way, by the sheriff of the county, who, generally bearing (not the fasces, but) a rod or pole of authority, would proceed to execute the preliminary orders of the court. Sometimes, the Court would say, "Sheriff, call Milly White!" Then that august official would raise a window, (or if in the summer time, stick his head out of a window) and, in stentorian tones, call,—Milly White! Milly White! Milly White!" "O, yes! O, Yes! O, Yes! Come into Court! Come into Court!" etc. Another name which comes down to me, through the seventy years, since I heard it, is that of "Irish Jimmy! Irish Jimmy! Irish Jimmy! O, Yes! O, Yes! O, Yes! Come into Court! etc." The O, Yes, O, yes," is a corruption of the old Norman French, "Oyez, Oyez—hear ye, hear ye, which, for centuries, prevailed in English courts of Common Law, after the Conquest.

It was my fortune or misfortune, to be in the Court room, one morning, when condign punishment was meted out to a person (white) who had been convicted of manslaughter. The sentence was, that, the prisoner should be branded in his right hand with a hot iron, bearing the letters, M. S. (signifying manslaughter); the iron not to be removed until the prisoner should exclaim, three times, "God save the State! God Save the State! God Save

the State!" I watched, almost breathlessly, the Sheriff bind the right hand of the convict, securely to a small column which was one of the supports of the ceiling of the court room; then he drew from the stove which furnished warmth to the room, a "branding iron," which was quite hot. Without delay or more ado, the official pressed the hot iron against the thick portion of the prisoner's hand;—there was a sizzling sound,—smoke curled up into the air, and there was a smell of burning flesh, while the convict exclaimed in rapid succession, three times,—“God save the State! God save the State! God Save the State!” Immediately the iron was withdrawn; and I departed, in haste, to disclose to my mother and sisters the scene which I had witnessed.

It was not an uncommon sight to witness, in passing the jail yard, a man standing in the stocks, with his wrists and head fastened in the holes of the same. It was fortunate for the men who were punished in the stocks, that, they were within the jail yard, which had a fence around it; for, the historians of England tell us, that, in times not so very remote, convicts, in the stocks, in the City of London, were entirely at the mercy of heartless mobs, who would often stone them, and sometimes pelt them with rotten vegetables, “over-ripe” eggs and decaying cats: to such an extent was this persecution carried, that, frequently, the victim lost his life.

All persons convicted of capital offenses were executed upon gallows, which was erected, when needed, in an old neglected field, not so very remote from our residence. I saw a white man, John Tillman, by name, haled through the street in which our residence was located, in a tumbril or cart, which was preceded and followed by an armed guard and hosts of curious people.

Afterwards, standing at a respectful distance from the gallows, I witnessed the “black cap” drawn down over his face, and his body “swung into eternity.” The reader

will readily infer, from what I have already written, that, there was not much "going on," in that old town, on land or on water, in those days, which I did not see. If there was to be a sale or hiring of slaves on the auction block, I was near at hand, to note every word, cry or movement; if any one was to be lashed, at the whipping-post, there was this writer, to behold it. At home, frequently, I would meet a warm reception on my return, after having neglected some domestic duty, in order to keep tab on the varied county and municipal affairs.

Mother was, at times, quite severe in her treatment of me, and I have always entertained the opinion, that, from her lack of proper educational facilities, she was not keen to discover temperamental differences, and to differentiate in the treatment of persons. Now, mother was as cold and sangfroid of temperament as any Scotchman of the Highlands; and, as a matter of fact, she could not or did not discover that, I was a mere little bony bundle of nerves—that like my dear deceased father, I had to "do or die." To have kept either of us still, would have entailed upon us, saint-vitus dance or epileptic fits. All the boys of the town knew me—white and black. The white boys scorned me, because I was not white; and the black boys despised me, because I was not entirely black. They would "pick" quarrels with me, and I would, with either my fists or weapons, defend myself. I had no "big brother" or other person to "take my part," and it devolved upon me to "hoe my own roe," which I may add, in all truth, I proceeded to do,—to the best of my ability. On one occasion, a crowd of white boys chased me, like a pack of hounds, baying a stag (?); they did not give up until they had seen me enter my mother's door, in safety. On another occasioin, that same "Milly White," a colored woman of the town, (whose name was called by the Court crier), assaulted me, in the Academy Green, on my way homeward, carrying a tray of sweet potatoes

on my head; it was not the first time; and happening to have a small knife open in one of my hands, I defended myself, by letting her "have it," in one of her hips. It was her last assault on me. That was the nearest I ever came to being arrested; for, she made complaint against me to the authorities, who sent the same Town Sergeant (he was our police force) to investigate; he, on hearing the statements of my mother and myself, said, the woman had received no more than she deserved, and dropped the matter. The colored women, of the lower class, seemed to be piqued at my mother, because she had never associated with them; and, even in her changed and humble condition she carried her head high, and, scorned the association of all white or black, who were not congenial or fit.

One of these Colored Amazons, who wished to make me the "scapegoat," once upon a time, when I was about nine years of age, got me cornered in such a way that, no choice was left to me except to fight or be soundly beaten. In that emergency, I picked up a stone, closed my eyes, and, like another Macduff, "laid on." When my antagonist called a halt and ceased her struggle, I opened my eyes, to find her pretty thoroughly covered with blood.

This struggle against great odds, on my part, was viewed by an old friend of my deceased father, who declared that, I was the "worst boy in town!" a declaration which made a lasting impression on my mind; and is still ringing in my ears. I have often debated the question,— "Did Mr. Green state a fact, or was he ignorant of conditions and biased, for some unknown reason, against me."

What are the characteristics of a bad boy? I assert after an experience of fifty years, as an attorney-at-law, much of the time spent in defending persons indicted for, and charged with felonies and misdemeanors,— persons ranging in age from ten years of age to old age, that, to

be a bad boy or a bad man, one must have an evil-malicious heart; and his deeds must be the offsprings of such a heart; but if, on the contrary, a person's heart is free from "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness," he is not, in any sense, "bad."

I have known boys to lie, cheat and steal; to delight in causing pain and suffering to both man and beast. I knew a boy, once, who derived pleasure from seeing a chicken suffer, after he had cut off its feet. I saw a young southern "blood," on one occasion raise his gun and shoot to death a beautiful spaniel dog, his good friend, because he failed to obey his command, and come to him directly; and I personally knew a young fellow, who dared his companion to place his wrist on a block, in a meat market, and when the youth placed it there, with one forceful stroke of the cleaver, he severed his hand from it.

The foregoing acts, I regard as being malicious,—bad; but, what must be said of a boy who could not look at a wound without shuddering;—and whose every fibre was shocked at the recital of acts of cruelty and tales of woe. True, this writer was a "live wire," in the slang of the day, and gloried in being conspicuous,—in leading a boisterous play, and in performing deeds which called for more or less courage; but, it is not on record, nor does the man live who can cite one instance of barbarity or destructiveness on his part: he confesses to the indictment of visiting, with another boy, his senior in age, Mr. Smallwood's vineyard, one one occasion, and then and there, without permission, indulging, quite generously, in the luscious scuppernong grapes which cumbered the vines; but, this was an extraordinary proceeding, on his part; it was an act which was not repeated; for, while the writer made a safe and speedy exit, his companion, who was less fleet of foot and expert in vaulting fences paid the penalty of being detained by a vicious dog, until a goodly portion of his trousers had been sacrificed. Hence,

I deny the arraignment of my father's old friend,—long since gone to join him, in the great beyond.

Of one fact, every one will bear witness,—I was patriotic to a fault, as the following anecdote will prove: On a certain Fourth of July, I arose betimes and hurried down to the "New County Wharf," to participate, by sight and by hearing, in the firing of the Day-break National Salute, only to learn that, there would be none fired; and that, the celebration of the Glorious Fourth of July would be duly consummated at Trenton, in an adjoining County,—twenty miles distant.

Later on in the day, the monotony becoming unbearable, and having no horse and saddle-bags, like another "John Gilpin," with which to ride to Trenton, I concluded that I would walk there. Now, here is an exemplification of one of the reasons which actuated the old gentleman to dub me "the worst boy in town;" for, truly, I was the only boy, of all that town, who dared to walk to Trenton, after eight o'clock in the morning, to assist in celebrating our Nation's natal day.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon of that day, I made my obeisance to sundry musicians, cooks and waiters, who were functioning a great, patriotic ball, being given in honor of "the day." I was tired, dusty and both hungry and thirsty. Of course, every one heard with astonishment of my adventure and the successful termination of it; but, as the procession had, long since "broken ranks" and the participants had betaken themselves to the banqueting hall and ball-room floor, my efforts to view the parade were in vain,—abortive; and I found myself in a condition closely allied to that of the King of the French, who, with "thirty thousand men, marched up the hill and then marched down again." However, the kind and sympathetic colored waiters would not allow the patriotic "hero" of the hour, to languish and to starve; for, they plied him with bits of roast-pig and other delicacies.

cies, not to mention a dish of ice cream, which was, at that time, somewhat of a luxury, and seldom in evidence. To express my unbounded happiness, would require a pen more facile than mine, after I had thoroughly gorged myself, and lent my ear to the dulcet strains of the orchestra, proceeding from the ball-room. Ere long, however, the "shades of night" began to fall, the merry-makers, "by twos, by fours and by sixes," began to depart for their homes; then the little speck of a cloud in the distance, which at an early hour had slightly dimmed my vision, began to draw near and hang over me in threatening form; and ever and anon, in my mind, I could see the forked flash and hear the reverberations of thunder, betokening a coming storm, on my arrival home; moreover, how was I to get home; for, the road was long, dark and dreary.

Just here, the kindly fates came to my rescue; the orchestra, which hailed from Newbern, knew me,—knew my mother, and had known my father; and, again, with that generous, kindheartedness for which all colored people are noted, they came to my assistance, and invited me to return to my home with them,—in the "band wagon."

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" I was saved! Through the sands and the intervening forests, the languid horses progressed, until far after the break of day; but, finally, they drew up in front of my mother's home;—she, standing in the door, anxious and doubtful, poor soul! not knowing whether the coming of that wagon was, for her, an omen of good or evil tidings; for, more than twenty-four hours had elapsed since she had seen or heard from me; and who could say that, I was not drowned in the Neuse or Trent river, or even had been kidnapped by vultures, for the slave market?

"We have brought your boy home!" exclaimed the leader;" and we charge you a dollar!" "A dollar!!!" Ye gods! a dollar from my poor needy mother, in 1855!

How could she spare a dollar, as one of the results of a silly escapade on the part of a wayward boy! "I have no dollar for you!" Mother exclaimed, in her positive way, that carried conviction to their minds and hearts. Nothing more was said. I dismounted, and the team, with a steady trot departed; but, with me, as I entered the gloomy portal of that home, the thought uppermost in my mind, was that one which has vexed the ages,— "To be or not to be!" Am I to be threshed, within an inch of my life," or am I to be the subject of maternal love, affection and forgiveness?

The latter prevailed—the weight of fear, doubt, perplexity and grief having been removed from mother's shoulders and heart, she welcomed her erring boy, returning like another prodigal, with outstretched arms, and, gave him no blows. There was no fatted calf killed or suckling pig put upon the spit. The remains of all these were left behind at Trenton.

It may be of interest to my readers, to know, that, in returning from Trenton, after midnight, for ten miles, we had the association of a stalwart slave man, who walked by the side of our wagon and engaged in the conversation; he had walked to Trenton, ten miles from the plantation where he was employed, to visit his slave wife; now, he was returning, walking another ten miles, so as to be able to answer the morning bell, horn, reveille, or what not. Such is fate!

Educational opportunities for colored people, in any portion of the South were very poor, as may well be imagined, when we reflect on the fact that, it was made, by law, a felony to teach a slave how to read and write; but, North Carolina was, perhaps, the least proscriptive of all the southern states, in that behalf; for, many free colored people, especially, in the eastern cities of the state, enjoyed fair educational advantages, under the circumstances. There was a school at Newbern, of which,

the late John Stuart Stanley was master; it was famous, all over the state, for the reason that Mr. Stanley was thoroughly equipped for his office.

He was a son of John C. Stanley, (a barber), who, in turn, was the natural son of that John Wright Stanley, Son of the Revolution, mention of whom is made in the first chapter of this narrative, and half brother of that John Stanley from whom my father descended.

John C. Stanley (colored) was "well to do," and gave to all his sons and daughters all the education that could be obtained for them, at that place,—“for love or money”; and John Stuart, his son, was, in all English studies, the peer and, the superior of a majority of the white men of that section. Whether or not he had any acquaintance with the “dead” languages or modern tongues, besides his vernacular, I cannot say, as I have never heard that phase of his education discussed.

As a reader, speller and penman, he was not surpassed; and in all the studies, pertaining to a thorough English education, he was the equal of the best.

I recall that, in 1856, when I was eleven years of age, the books of Mr. Alexander Mitchell, the leading wholesale grocer of the town got out of balance, Mr. Stanley was employed to audit them; a task which, in a reasonable time, he consummated, to the entire satisfaction of his employer; after which, he took charge of the accounts, until he left the state to take up his residence in the City of Cleveland, where he died, many years ago, leaving behind him here, a large, intelligent and prosperous family. Mr. Stanley was a grand-good man.

Colored students came to Mr. Stanley's school from all parts of the state; and were well instructed for a very reasonable compensation.

This writer, in his sixth and seventh years, was gradually inducted into the mysteries of Webster's Elemen-

tary Spelling Book, which was, at that time, in use all over the eastern part of this country, and elsewhere.

To the best of my memory, Mr. Stanley carried me through my A, B, C's, and my ab's, even to the lesson beginning with B-a- (ba) k-e-r (ker) Baker; after that, his good wife, Mrs. Fanny Stanley, one of the most faithful and industrious of wives, and loving and affectionate of mothers that ever lived, took me in hand. She had visited Ohio, with one of her daughter (Mrs. Sarah Stanley Woodward), to place her in Oberlin Preparatory School, and on returning to her home, brought with her a set of the McGuffey school books, than which, it is difficult to imagine better; notwithstanding the numerous changes which have taken place, since their publication.

Seated on a stool at her knees, by the side of her beautiful little daughter (Fannie), she laid the foundation of such education as I now possess, and for which, in deep gratitude, I shall always revere her name and memory.

This branch of John C. Stanley's descendants was always conspicuous,—noteworthy; their reasoning and education, even in that old slave state, in the midst of a slave holding community, was on a par with that of the "best families" of the state; and, in many respects, the treatment accorded to them did not differentiate from that accorded to the elite of white people; saving, only, that, they were not accorded domestic, social contact; which, I may say, the Stanleys never sought after; since our colored social circle in Newberne was satisfying and uplifting.

There was not amongst us any of that, squeamishness with respect to the varying shades of color; all that was required of a person knocking at the door of our social circle for admittance, was—fitness; my dear father who was one of the leaders of the colored society, in the old town, always stoutly maintained that, persons seek-

ing association with others should be congenial and meritorious; and this theory was acted on, until the emigration of the families composing the circle annihilated it.

One of the well to do and most highly respected of the families which affiliated with that social circle was, Mr. Richard G. Hazle, a man of pure Negro blood, and his family. Mr. Hazle was a blacksmith by trade, and also owned a small bakery, which was managed by his worthy wife and daughters. One of his daughters was a student, and graduated from Oberlin College, during the latter years of the "fifties." Color did not make the status of that social group;—fitness,—merit, only; this, it would seem, should be the criterion, the world over.

During the Buchanan-Fremont campaign for the presidency, in 1856, the slaveholders became greatly excited and quite fearful that, if the Republican party elected its first presidential nominee, their favorite, degrading, institution of slavery would be jeopardized; and properly so; for, despite the fact that their smart men in Congress, had wrung from the great North, East and West many concessions,—such as the Missouri Compromise,—The Fugitive Slave Law and the "Dred-Scott Decision," it was easily apparent that, the "Twin relic of barbarism" was doomed; and that with the enlisting of men, drilling of soldiers, searching of colored residences for firearms, and cruelly whipping the owner, when an old fowling-piece" was found, a reign of terror seemed imminent.

Thereupon, a majority of self-respecting colored families, in all parts of the South began to "sell out, pack up and get out," while, as one expressed it, "the getting was good." This was especially true as regarded the colored families, long resident in old Newbern; they "stayed not on their going," but, sold their possessions and went—some to New York, some to Philadelphia, a few to Boston and New Haven; but the majority to Cleveland and

Oberlin, Ohio; whence, they began, without delay, to write persuasive letters, to the dear ones left behind, exhorting them to follow their example.

My dear mother was persuaded, by the late John Patterson of Oberlin, Ohio, to sell her little home and come, with her children, to a "land of freedom."

The fact that mother feared that I would, later on, in life, leave her there, as her elder brother, William Chestnut, had left his mother and settled in Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1835, whither he had ridden "on a little clay colored mare," had much to do with influencing her to follow Mr. Patterson's advice; but, especially, the petty persecutions and insults she was constantly subjected to by her crude neighbors, fully determined her to take the step.

As an indication of the extent to which she was subjected to these petty annoyances, I will here record the true story of the treatment of our game old rooster,— "Old Dick," which I have often related in my talks to children, as an example of "nil desperandum."—never give up—never despair.

My mother, in addition to her helpful garden, had a few chickens, amongst them was a game rooster of the genus now denominated Rhode Island Red. We called him, "Old Dick," for, we found him on the premises when we moved in, five years prior to the incident I am about to relate. Others of our neighbors also, owned roosters, of which they were proud, and in behalf of which they were ready to contend.

Aunt Betsy York was one of these; and, since her "bird," as ours, each, metaphorically, carried a "chip on his shoulder," and frequently contended for the mastery, but with varying success, Aunt Betsy looked with much disfavor on Old Dick, and vowed vengeance on his head or body.

One morning, mother, in the usual trend of her ma-

ternal duties went to the door with some corn and other feed for the chickens, and began to call them up. "Chickee! Chickee!! Chickee!!! she called. All answered by putting in appearance, except Old Dick; again and again, she reiterated the call; but no Old Dick answered it, in any manner.

"John," said mother, go look for our rooster; I am afraid something has happened to him!" "As swift as the wing of the swallow," I was out, in quest of our treasured bird, scanning his usual haunts, peeping underneath the neighboring cottages (all of which were supported by blocks—(underpinning), and making frequent inquiries of persons in the vicinity, gave no clue as to his whereabouts; finally, I looked into a tar-barrel, on the premises of Aunt Betsy, which was partially filled with pine tar, and there, to my amazement and sorrow, I found the game and courageous old rooster,—submerged as to his whole body, excepting his head and neck, and gasping for breath.

In less time than it takes me to write this, I had extricated him and was speeding to my mother's home, a few doors distant. There, we laid him on the ground, and carefully examined him,—diagnosed his case,—which disclosed the fact that, his bill was cut off, to the quick, likewise his wing feathers and his spurs. His feathers, of course, were thoroughly saturated with the sticky tar, all of which left him in such a deplorable condition that, we despaired of his life.

However, that Scotch, English, African blood which animated my undaunted mother's being, was equal to the emergency, "nil desperandum, never give up,—despair as to nothing—was her motto, and she immediately set to work to save the life of her truly game bird.

His bill being severed, almost to his head, it was impossible for him to pick up corn or any other kind of chicken food; so, she made a ball of dough out of corn-

meal, and placed it before him; he ate of it (bit it up) voraciously, until he was satiated; then, he helped himself to water, as best he could, from a pan, set before him; thus, day by day, his needs were met and supplied.

The next question was, how to divest him of his thick coat of tar; this was done by giving him daily baths in warm "pot-liquor"—the liquor left in the pot, after boiling fat pork and collards in it—it was covered with grease, and was warm.

"Dick" enjoyed these baths, very much; and, ere long, the bill grew out again (just as a finger nail will grow out, again), the spurs were as long, sharp and menacing as of yore, and instead of close cropped wings, old chanticleer disported himself in a new suit of feathers, all over his body, and crowed as lustily as ever. He was "on the job" for all comers, and when, a year later on, we sold him to another, he was treasured as a "fighting bird," ready to meet all.

Another source of great annoyance to my mother, at this time, were the raids of the patrols, who were constantly visiting residence sections of the colored people, in quest of fire-arms, and "war munitions," mentioned by me in the first chapter; they were respecters of no persons of color; and had no regard for time or conditions.

In the course of their rounds, they visited our home; late one night I answered the summons on our front door. They unceremoniously entered—

"Not the least obeisance made they,  
Not a moment stopped or stayed they;"

But, unceremoniously, they began to rummage the drawers of the side-board and bureau. Their first exclamation, in beholding this writer, who wore a suit of homemade pajamas, was: "Hello! what a pretty boy! Who lives here?" I told them it was the home of Mrs. Green—the widow of the late John R. Green! "Well, come on boys!"

one of them exclaimed; "she's all right!" and they took their departure.

Our rest was frequently broken by the bleating of goats which wandered into the old "grave-yard," on the opposite side of the street; they would thrust their heads through the interstices of iron fences surrounding some of the burial lots, and nibble the grass which grew green on and between the graves enclosed.

Both before and after midnight, they would make the welkin resound with their pitiful b-a-a-a!—b-a-a-a! as their "fluked" horns would prevent them from withdrawing their heads; they were thus caught and held as firmly as if they had been behind prison bars. "John!" Mother would exclaim; "I can't sleep, for that noise; get up and go into the grave-yard, and release that goat!"

Without any hesitation, I would slip on my trousers, —run across the street, vault the board-fence and follow the sound, amongst the graves and tombs in the almost pitch darkness, until I found the animal; when, having extricated him, I would wend my way back again, safe and sound. There were slave men and women in that town, who declared, in my presence, that, not for their liberty would they perform that feat; so thoroughly, at that time and place, were they saturated with a superstitious fear of "ghosts." We should rejoice to know that, the light of reason, and educational facilities, now within the grasp of many of the children of those poor deluded people, is rapidly banishing this and kindred superstitions from their life and mind.

The foregoing and many other annoyances to which mother was constantly subjected, finally induced her to listen to the persuasive appeals of Mr. Patterson and others of her former friends who had gone from comparative darkness into the light of liberty and justice.

Some of her friends, of both races, endeavored to dissuade her from the act; but, once having given her ear

to the siren voice, she was determined to depart with her little ones, in search of a new home,—the land of opportunity,—not only for herself, but for her whole family. In this frame of mind, she requested “Little Auntie” to ask Judge Donald, the son-in-law, of that deceased Governor Richard Dobbs Speight, to whom my deceased father had paid the one thousand dollars, mentioned in the first chapter, for the bare privilege of “calling his life his own,”—if he would contribute a small sum, towards the expenses of our journey; he promptly answered, “No,” and sent this message to my mother: “you had better remain here, amongst your friends.”

Mr. “Jim” Green and “Ben” came around and crated the household effects, which had not been “auctioned” off; the premises were sold to the trustees of the cemetery, to be included, at a later day, in the “grave-yard” when the time was ripe for its extension; and then, we were ready, without carrying the Neuse and Trent rivers with us (as my father had suggested), to exclaim in poetic phrase,

“My native land, good night!”

In leaving this shelter which for seven long years had been a “snug harbor” from the sun’s scorching rays and winter’s stormy blasts, my dear mother was leaning on faith, and trusting in God. Her constant motto and solace was:

“Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily be fed;” nor did she, during her long life, confide in it, in vain.

The manner in which mother came into the possession of this rude shelter is worthy of note, and goes far towards proving, that, there are still in our midst men and women who are true and worthy of all confidence and trust.

When father saw the inevitable,—that the last vestige of his property would be taken from him, to satisfy the demands of his inexorable creditors, before it was too late, he deeded this little cottage to a colored friend of his, Shade Green, by name. After the deluge, while he was reposing in his grave, Shade Green, this honest, generous friend, deeded the property to my mother, and the facts in the transaction were never questioned, in court at least. Had the property been of more value an investigation, perhaps, would have taken place, and a court of equity might have annulled the two transactions (for the want of any consideration) for the benefit of creditors. However, as the sale of the premises only brought to her the sum of two hundred and twenty-five (225) dollars, including some substantial improvements which had been added to the house, it can be seen that, to the average business man, the place was well nigh negligible.

This Shade Green was a man of means, and well reputed in the community where he lived; he possessed on his premises a well of crystal water with a pump extending into it. This water which was used, gratis, by every one, within half a mile, who thirsted for it, was, to make use of a homely expression, indulged in by one who knew, —“as cool as the polar bear.” He left a numerous progeny, one of whom, Mrs. Hattie Price, has from childhood, been a resident of this city (Cleveland, Ohio), and a most excellent teacher, in our mixed schools, for many years.

The adieus and farewells were all said, the crates and personal luggage were all safely transferred to the hold and state-room of the good ship Laura Johnson, and now, nothing, remained for us to do, save to take ship ourselves; this, in the afternoon of the twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1857, we did.

The ship lay at anchor in the offing, partially loaded, for it was at “low tide;” her “yaw!” boat came along-side

of the dock and received us; and, in a few minutes, we were snugly ensconced on the single deck of the staunch schooner, casting long lingering glances back upon our former home,—by none except this writer ever perhaps, to be seen again.

## CHAPTER III.

### BITTER-SWEET.

"Twilight and evening star, and after that, the dark,  
And let there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark;  
For tho' from out our bourne of time and place, the tide may bear  
—me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face, when I have crossed the bar."

At the time referred to, in the last chapter, 1857, no ships or other "vessels," as we called all sea-going craft, drawing more than about twelve feet, which visited Newbern, could enter our port; and, as there was a "bar" in the sound, which every ship was obliged to cross, either coming or going, it was necessary that our good schooner *Laura Johnson*, should be "lightered over the "bar;" that is to say, a small vessel, denominated a "lighter," carrying her deck load, should accompany her over the bar, and transfer the same (her load) to her deck. This occupied, at least, a day, at that time, and afforded such of the passengers as inclined, an opportunity of visiting some of the small rocky islands which line the coast, in that vicinity, on which very many aquatic fowls were accustomed to lay their eggs and hatch out their young.

On this occasion, two of the vessel's crew and several of the passengers, including my elder sister, took advantage of the invitation, and went "ashore," returning, after an absence of several hours, with a goodly quantity of eggs, which the cook prepared and served for us. I am

not certain that, at this writing, I should care to indulge in the eating of those eggs, for, I was in profound ignorance as to the kind or species of birds that laid them, or the length of time they had lain amongst the rocks, before they were gathered and served to us. Of one thing I am sure, the flavor which remained in my mouth after partaking of them, was not reassuring.

Without wearying the reader with the details of this sea-voyage, which "skirted the coast of North Carolina and Maryland," until we sailed, serenely, up New York Bay and lay at anchor snugly in the Harbor, on the Brooklyn side, I will remark, that, at times, especially when, we were doubling Cape Hatteras, the so-called "dread of seamen," we had excitement enough for the most exacting. The monster waves (billows) piled up like Ossa on Pelion; in poetic phrase:

"Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Ossa stood;  
On Ossa, Pelion nods with all his wood."

Since then, I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean eight times; but, nothing within my own personal experiences, has equaled what I then endured:—tumbled out of my berth, upon my head, with part of our luggage upon me!

"Cabin'd and cribb'd, for days, within our "state room," not very stately, at that; terrified, when the billows, mountain high, threatened to engulf us; and when our little two-masted schooner, like a cockle-shell, hung trembling on the crest of a mighty wave, I, for one, imagined that my end had come; and could not, with the unhappy Moor, say:

"If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!  
And let the labobring babrk climb hills of seas,  
Olympus high; and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven!"

One thing interested me very much even amid the

thundering of the billows and the strident sounds of the winds, playing amongst the rigging; that, was the captain, when, in stentorian tones, he gave his commands to the helmsman, at the wheel, which enabled our sturdy bark to dodge the dangers and weather the gale, none the worse, apparently, for her perilous voyage.

When an extra heavy wave came thundering toward us, our captain would shout, "Right about!" and then, after the imminence of the danger had passed, his voice would ring out,—“A hard lay!” and so, time and again, he would exert his authority and skill, until, after hours, which seemed days, we were sailing,—gliding over comparatively smooth seas, toward our sure haven of rest.

Who, now living, can vividly recall before their minds the appearance of "Little Old New York," in 1857,—sixty-three years ago? when, by the latest census, she contained within her walls, about four hundred and fifty thousand souls! A few less than half the number now credited to the great City of Cleveland! Who can picture the appearance of her forest of masts, and complexity of the spars and riggings, like the "tangles of Neaera's hair," as one surveyed her spacious harbor, in those early days? Vastly changed. I think, from their appearance in 1837, when my dear father visited that city, for the purpose of buying a stock of goods; yet, O, how different than she is today!

It was in the early morning of July third when our ship was moored to her Brooklyn dock, near Washington street, only a few rods distant from the Brooklyn end of the first great suspension bridge. Within the present decade, I have looked down from the great bridge and seen the identical little house in which we spent our first night in that great city.

Nor can I ever forget the following day, the first Fourth of July I had ever spent in a northern city. What we saw and what we heard, both by day and by night,

almost startles me, even now. Imagine then, if you can, what an impression was made on my mind, when I was only twelve years of age—the first Fourth of July celebration I had enjoyed outside of my little native town, excepting only the time when I ran away from my home and walked twenty miles to the village of Trenton, to “hear the Eagle scream;” and then, neither saw nor heard him; saw and ate fat pig, instead, and heard the dulcet notes of the violin and the cornet.

Before leaving my southern home, my dear mother gave me a half dollar!!! “John,” she said, “you are a big eater; now, when we get to New York, if we are invited out to dinner, by any of our old friends, don’t try to eat everything on the table; eat a reasonable amount, and if you are not satisfied, go out and buy a little something, to piece it out; but make this half dollar go as far as you can.”

I fear my dear, good mother lost sight of the fact that, I was, after all, only a patriotic little boy, as the sequel proved: for, before the glare of the rockets and Roman candles became evident, at the setting of the sun, I had invested every cent of that half dollar in a little brass pistol and suitable ammunition for it! Could I have made better use of it? Could I ever, have bought more happiness, in one day, with it? I think not; and although the error of my conduct was called, forcibly, to my attention, at times, during many succeeding years, yet, I am free to say I have never regretted my conduct, in that behalf; for, it stimulated my love for my country and her glorious flag, which is the only one which shelters and protects us, at home or abroad, by virtue of our constitution and laws.

The next day was Sunday, if I mistake not; and my baby sister seven years of age, and I attended a Sunday school, in the neighborhood. It was the first time in the life of either of us, that we had ever been seated with

white children! O, how happy we were! and how lustily we did sing, for the first time, those dear little nursery hymns:

“Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,” etc.

and that other one:

“I want to be an angel and with the angels stand;  
A crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand.”

This was the beginning, only, of what was to follow, in our little far away Ohio home.

“Eye had not seen, ear had not heard,” neither had it entered into our infantile hearts, the joys that were laid up for us, in the not distant future.

The pleasure derived from our brief sojourn in New York, was greatly intensified by the association of some of our old Newbern friends, one of whom had been a fellow-member with my father, of Christ Episcopal Church, down there. He guided us through the labyrinthine streets, pointed out to us objects of interest and explained them to us; and when our crated goods were released from the hold of the good ship Laura Johnson, he kindly saw that they were shipped on one of the canal boats of the Erie Canal, en route to Cleveland. His name was Mr. Richard W. Hancock, a skilled carpenter and builder, who had planned and constructed some of the most ornate buildings in our home town, before he deserted it.

Mr. Hancock was the only tyler, of a white Masonic lodge, in a slave state, that I have ever heard of or seen, marching, with drawn sword, at the head of a white Masonic procession. Where he was made or how he won recognition in that town, twenty years before the Civil War, is more than I can explain; and what makes his treatment

the more remarkable, lies in the fact that, though not a pure blooded Negro, yet his color was pronounced—unmistakable.

On the afternoon of the 6th of July, 1857, accompanied and assisted by our worthy friend, Mr. Hancock, we boarded a "day car," of the Erie Railway Company, and, our adieus having been said, we were on our way to Dunkirk, the western terminus of that railroad, at that time. I say, we boarded a "day car:" yes; for, to the best of my memory and information, there were no sleeping cars in existence, at that time. That there were no Wagner, Pullman or Doubleday cars on that or any other line, I am quite certain; and persons wishing to dine accommodated themselves from the hampers which they carried with them; and as for sleeping, they were restricted to "doubling up" on a seat, or disposing their bodies in the next most convenient manner.

We must not lose sight of the fact that, not only the Erie, but most of the other railroads in this country were, at that time, of recent or comparatively recent construction; and as a direct result of that fact, the roadbeds were very poorly ballasted, or not at all.

On the Erie road, the riding was rough. There were sections of that thoroughfare, so rough that, one would, almost imagine himself riding in a stage coach; the rails were light, the springs were poor, and the couplings between the cars were so very loose and insecure, that, smooth, easy riding was out of the question.

Estimated the distance between New York and Cleveland, by that route, to have been six hundred miles, we maintained an average speed of about twenty-five miles an hour; for, we were just twenty-four hours in reaching our destination.

However, the whole trip was crammed full of pleasure, for this writer, whatever may be said as to the other members of our party: and when, at about five o'clock p.

m. on the 7th day of July, 1857, our train drew into the first "Union depot," years before our present "Old Union Depot," was considered or planned, our joy exceeded expression. At last, thank God, we were on Ohio soil! Finally, we were in the beautiful "Forest City" of Cleveland, with its population of 36,000 souls,—its grand Public Square and its long, broad ornate streets, cool and refreshing to look upon.

The "bluff" was high and steep, at the northern extremity of what is now West Ninth Street (then called Water Street); and, years afterwards, it took a deal of grading to reduce it to its present form. As we reached the summit of the "bluff," there were two objects quite conspicuous, which are no longer in existence. On the right, a few rods distant, stood the Government Light House, commanding a view of Lake Erie, for many miles out, while on the left hand side Bethel Church raised its spire gloriously, in the air.

It was warm and very dusty. The lake breeze, then, as now, to some extent, was, continually in motion, and raised the dust from the unpaved streets, to the great discomfort of all pedestrians; but, even then, the young people were in numerous instances, out on the curbs sprinkling the streets, since the water works had, for a year or more been established, and was coming, gradually, into use.

Superior Street, from the Public Square to West Ninth Street was covered with boards and on the South side of that chief business thoroughfare, from the "square" to Bank Street (W. 6th St.), the buildings were, principally, of wood. The Public Square was enclosed with a sort of fence, on all four sides, while the interior was carpeted with green lawns, and shaded by beautiful elm and maple trees.

The south-western section of the Public Square, contained a little antiquated Court House, which reminded

me, strongly, of the old Court House which we had left behind, in Newberne. I could go on and mention many of the structures existing in Cleveland at that time, but a mere enumeration of them would tire the reader, I fear.

Mr. Freeman H. Morris, one of the most intelligent, conservative and genteel colored men then residing in Cleveland or elsewhere, in the United States, was the proprietor of a tailoring establishment, under the Bennet House, a hotel, subsequently enlarged and christened, the Forest City House. On the opposite corner, where now is located Marshall's Drug Store, was located Rouse Block, built and owned by "Deacon" Rouse, one of the most prominent of the pioneers of this city. Rouse Block was, for its day, large and ornamental, and was greatly admired by its owner and community, in general.

There was one theatre in the city,—The Academy of Music, of which the late John A. Ellsler was the proprietor. He maintained a "Stock Company," of which he was the leading "star." Mrs. Effie Ellsler, his wife, and mother of the younger Effie Ellsler (who was then a baby), was the leading lady; there was a "Tragedian," of much merit, by the name of McCullough; James Lewis, inimitable comedian, and Miss Anna Dickinson (?) soubrette. It was, with other characters, a good company; and played, regularly, for the entertainment and instruction of this community.

Occasionally, during the "season," great "stars," would visit the city and entertain the habitues and others of that theatre. I remember well, The Marble Heart, in the production of which the late J. Wilkes Booth (assassin of President Lincoln) was the star attraction; also Edwin Booth, Couldock, Sothern (father of E. H. Sothern), now prominent as our interpreter of some of Shakespeare's plays,—and many others.

The old building, transposed, still occupies its original site, in W. 6th street, contiguous, to the old Kennard

House—then called the Angier House. The auditorium of the theatre, was on momentous occasions, boarded over and used for balls, given in honor of distinguished personages; it was the largest public auditorium then at the command of the citizens of Cleveland.

Melodeon Hall, was another hall, provided with a stage and scenery; it was located on the present site of Mr. Jacob B. Perkins' big building, the Wiltshire, on the north side of Superior Street, near West Third Street. It is the building, used for a post-office while the present post-office was in course of construction. There was also another hall,—a small one, in a building located on the present site of the Williamson Building, called, at one time, Garret's Hall, and another, on the top floor of a building which stood where the American Trust Building is now located, Chase Hall.

There were no places of business on either Superior Street or Euclid Avenue, east of the Public Square; and on the north side of the Public Square, the entire space was filled with ornate residences. Prospect Street, ranked second in importance, as a residence street, and Woodland Avenue, third. There were also beautiful residences on Lake and St. Clair Avenue, up to Erie St. (now E. 9th and also on Ontario St., from the Public Square to the lake.)

There was a pontoon-bridge spanning the river at the foot of W. 3d Street (Seneca Street), and a ferry established, to transport persons across the river, at the foot of Superior Street hill.

The Old Stone Church stood, like a grim sentinel, where it stands today; the tall spire had, recently, been destroyed by fire; it has never been replaced. On the corner of East Fourth (Sheriff) Street and Euclid Avenue, stood Saint Paul's Episcopal Church, and in Superior Street, between the Public Square and East 6th Street (Bond Street) were located both Trinity Cathedral and

the Second Presbyterian Church. The Second Baptist Church, now denominated, "Rockefeller's Church," was then located on the northeast corner of East Ninth Street (Erie Street) and Central Avenue (Ohio Street). To the north of Ohio Street, and on the southside of the cemetery, was a broad space of land whereon the County Fair, was held, that year. Miss Lucy Wightman, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the late David L. Wightman, one time Sheriff of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, carried away the prize as the most skilful equestrienne of all those who contended for it.

The Central High School building was located where the Citizen's Loan and Trust Company's building now stands, in Euclid Avenue, near E. 9th Street; while the First Baptist Church (which had formerly occupied a building at the corner of Champlain Avenue and W. 3rd Street), was then located on the present site of the Hickox Building, N. W. corner of Euclid Avenue and E. 9th Street.

There was a pretty little park, located on the bluff overlooking the lake, at the foot of what is now E. 17th Street, called, "Clinton Park," there is now, little or no reminder of the fact that it ever existed. This was at a time, anterior to the establishment of Lake View Park, when the side of the hill between Lakeside Avenue and the railroad tracks, was covered with little "Irish shanties." It is a curious commentary on our ephemeral existence, that, both the shanties and the park, have, already yielded to the march of events.

Much could be said of the fire department, of which we (I say we advisedly) drew to the occasional fires, with our hands, the engines and trucks, and pumped with the same power; it was a slow, laborious process, and, often, quite uncertain; but, it was better than none; as well as a source of much recreation.

It was mid-summer, and time was winging his flight;

it is a true saying—eternally true, that, time and tide wait for no man,” and this writer, was not using it wisely; on the contrary, he was “scouring” the city and its environs, with no useful employment (not even the wood-pile) to occupy his time, at the imminent risk of getting into trouble; and, it was easily evident that, my mother must place me under the guardian care and protection of someone who would curb and restrain me, temporarily, at least.

After mature reflection and much anxiety, she finally, determined to take me to Oberlon, Ohio, and give me to that Mr. John Patterson, for whom my father named me; and, on the following day, we found a hearty welcome in the home of that man to whom, of all other persons, were indebted for our presence in Oberlin at that time.

After refreshment, mother “opened up” the subject foremost in her mind, and disclosed to Mr. Patterson the object of her visit to Oberlin,— to place in his custody her only son, as an apprentice, to be taught his trade,—that of a brick-layer and plasterer.

Now, Mr. Patterson already had, “on his hands,” several husky boys, for whom he could hardly find employment; and, he frankly stated his inability to employ another boy, for any purpose. Moreover, he said, his calling required a boy in his “teens,”—strong and heavy; while I was thin and weak, for a lad of twelve years of age; for whom, he could find no employment.

Under the circumstances, he advised my mother to go to the husband of one of her relatives, Mr. John H. Scott,—harnessmaker, saddler and trunkmaker,—who, he thought, could teach me one or more of his trades, which did not call for great size or robust strength.

This proposition seemed quite promising to Mother, who, indeed, was grasping at any temporary straw, in that behalf; and she “stayed not on her going,” but went, without delay.

"Cousin Celia Scott," the kindly, lovable spouse of John H. Scott, received me joyously; and, encouraged, promoted the plan of taking me into her household, enthusiastically; and, "to make a long story short," an oral agreement was made between Mr. Scott and my mother by the terms of which, I was to enter his employment, as an apprentice, and remain with him until I attained to my twenty-first year. Mr. Scott agreed to treat me as his own child,—to feed me at his own table, clothe me and give me a little education. I am not sure as to this last condition of the contract; but, since both my mother and Mr. Scott had been denied an education, I infer the intention was that I should have some opportunities, at least, along that line.

In pursuance of this very reasonable agreement, I entered Mr. Scott's employ, and became a part of his household, all of whom, excepting Mr. Scott, were related to me, by ties of blood; and, without delay, he set me to work, making straps with buckles sewed on one end of them, and other small, preliminary work, not forgetting to teach me how to milk a cow which gave several gallons of milk, and fetch water in a bucket from a neighboring pump, for washing purposes,—and for cooling-off a great poker, which weighed between four and five hundred pounds, and suffered much, by reason of July heat.

Another duty, which was quite pleasing to me, was to carry a basket of fruit to the rail-way station (at least once each day), and offer it for sale to passengers, en route, on the train.

I tried to milk that cow; but, "honor bright," it was, for me, the most onerous task I had ever undertaken, not excepting that done on the "wood pile." I did not have sufficient strength in my wrists! and, try as I would, I invariably "botched" the job,—as I can now see.

On one occasion, after I had milked several quarts into the pail, "bossie" put one of her feet into it; and on

withdrawing it, she left in the pail a small lump of clay; which had been sticking to it. I clutched the clay and threw it out of the pail; but, not before it had been dissolved, more or less, and left a thick sediment on the bottom.

Reason and the dictates of honesty told me to empty out of the pail that polluted milk, and finish milking; but, I was too timid and fearful of Mr. Scott, whose commanding figure and black, eagle-eyes, at that period of his life, almost made me tremble. I should have stated, at the outset, that, mother, in taking leave of me, after she had given me to Mr. Scott, said, "Mr. Scott, John is a bad boy; and, you must whip him!" A remark which to this day, sixty-three years since it was uttered, still rings in my ears!

So, I carried the milk into the house—mud and all—. It was noticed that, I did not drink any of it; but, this did not call forth any special comment, until the bottom of the crock was reached; when, lo, and behold! a sediment of clay, unmistakable. "Ah ha!" exclaimed Mr. Scott. "Now, I know why you have not drunk any milk, today. I thought it was funny you were not drinking any milk to-day! Now, I know the reason why! Hereafter, Sir, you have got to drink some of every milking!" I may add, he was "as good as his word," and during the remainder of my sojourn with him, I was required to, at least, "sample" the result of my milkings.

And so, the time wore on. My mother's cousin, Mrs. Scott, was kind and affectionate towards me; and, at times, when her husband seemed rather severe in his dealings with me, she expostulated with him. She also, had me scrub the kitchen floor for her, occasionally; for which she, invariably, gave me a dime or fifteen cents; which, I religiously saved, in order that I might accumulate a fund sufficient to pay my fare to Cleveland and return, when I made a promised visit to my mother, on

the 15th of September, my elder sister's 19th birthday.

In the latter part of August, there came to Oberlin a train-load of boys and girls, on a picnic excursion. They were Sunday-school pupils from that same Bethel church, of which I have spoken, heretofore. Mr. Scott permitted me to go into the grove and commingle with the children; but, of course, he expected me to return home in time to milk the cow. However, my nostalgia—homesickness, was so great that, I could not withstand the temptation to visit my people; and when the train returned to Cleveland, I was one of the youthful excursionists.

On reaching Cleveland, I went, as the "crow flies," to my mother's home, two miles distant, at the corner of Pine and Hudson (now E 30th streets. There were no street-cars in those days, or any other means of reaching there, save walking.

Mother and sisters were surprised and overjoyed to see me, and covered me with caresses; but mother was, quite naturally, apprehensive, that I would have trouble with Mr. Scott, on my return. As to this, she was quite right," for tho I stowed away in an oil closet, on a freight-train, and returned to Oberlin by midnight of the same day, he declared, he would have "tanned my hide," if I had not carried a letter to him from my mother requesting him to pardon this offense. At the same time, he warned me not to repeat the act; a warning which, had I been wise, I would have heeded.

However, young lads, at the age of twelve years, are not, as a rule, "wise and prudent;" especially if, as in my case, they have spent their whole life roaming amidst the "pines and sands" of North Carolina, without the friendly advice and guidance of a loving father; and, with none, or very poor examples, set before him, in his daily walk of life.

In the course of a week or two, Henry O. Patterson, a foster son of that John Patterson for whom I was

named,—a boy older and more experienced than I, persuaded me to “jump” a freight car with him and make a “flying” trip, to Cleveland and return; and I, having been so successful in escaping punishment in the first instance, fell an easy victim to his wiles.

The trip outward was easily and successfully negotiated, without mishap of any sort; and we passed a very pleasant afternoon, in perambulating the marts of trade and the beautifully shaded boulevards of the Forest City. Also, we experienced no difficulty in snugly ensconcing ourselves in an oil closet of a freight car, en route to Oberlin, at midnight of the same day; but, alas! and alack! when we reached Elyria, some eight miles from our destination,—to our unspeakable surprise, we were discovered and rudely accosted, by a gruff and heartless brakeman, who flashed his light in our faces, and, in very plain English, told us to get off our perch, and leave the car.

“What was done, what to do, a glance told us both,” and we easily recognized that we were “up against a condition,”—no theory; so, without parleying, we jumped off,—into the “outer darkness;” for, it seemed to be the darkest night we had ever seen.

Henry O., thoroughly frightened and less daring than this writer, stayed off,—walked the remainder of the distance, and put in his appearance, at home, early in the following morning: but the writer hereof, venturesome as ever, vaulted onto a platform car, piled high with lumber, reached home, and was sound asleep, in the arms of morpheus, at about one o’clock A. M.

To my surprise and horror, at about five o’clock, in the same morning, Mr. Scott—master, entered my bedroom, carrying in his strong right hand a leather strap, resembling very closely those which I had been engaged in manufacturing;—threw back the bed-clothing, with which I was covered, and proceeded to give me one of

those "tannings," with which he had threatened me before; for, in this instance, I did not return to him, armed with a supplicating letter, from my mother.

Suffice it to state, that, upon the conclusion of his "tanning" process, and for several days thereafter, my tawny, hide presented an appearance more resembling that of a zebra than of a human being; and, smarting from the unmerciful estigation I had resolved to quit Mr. Scott, forever; even tho, in attempting escape, I should imperil or even, lose my life.

"Jacta est alia!" the die was cast; the handwriting was on the wall; and from that moment, it was absolutely beyond the power of my cruel mster to retain me in his employ; unless, indeed, he schackled, hobbled or imprisoned me; which, of course, in Oberlin, at that time, was "out of the question."

The reader must not lose sight of the fact that, at that time, I weighed exactly fifty pounds! I am, constrained to confess, that, in my opinion, I deserved some punishment for my misconduct, in the premises; but, without brutality and heartlessness.

During the ensuing week, never did the fates weave a web, with more precision and certainty than did I, in my determination to make my escape from Mr. Scott. The opportunity came, as I supposed, in the afternoon of the following Sunday; when, I erroneously, judged that he and his guest, (a "Mr. Smith"—fugitive slave), were conversing together in the parlor. Tying up in a handkerchief my little belongings, I made a rush, out of the back door for the garden. "John!" a voice rang in my ears, "where are you going to?" If a clap of thunder," out of a cloudless sky", had saluted me, I would not have been more surprised or shocked, than when I heard that voice. Turning and looking upwards, I beheld my bete noir, with his fugitive guest, sitting at the rear window, upstairs. Then, indeed, I "stayed not on the order of my

going," I flew; bundle discarded, I ran with might and main, in the direction of the little cemetery, then in the heart of the town, pursued by Mr. Scott and the other person.

Backwards and forwards and crosswise, the chase held its course, with the quarry gradually widening the space between himself and his pursuers; until, the writer, seeing the futility of running in a circle, at length, made for the track of the Lake Shore Railroad, and pitched his trend in the direction of Cleveland,—thirty-three miles away, with Elyria intervening,—eight miles distant.

It was a hot September day, never to be forgotten, by me; my thirst was great, but my fear and excitement was greater. Mile after mile we sped, my pursuers gradually narrowing the space between us; my tongue almost, literally, hung out of my mouth, and my heart beat like that of a doe pursued and bayed by the hunter and his hounds.

At a distance of about five miles from Oberlin, I suddenly, darted from the "direct forthright", and quickly concealed my poor dying form, amidst the underbrush. They searched for me, in vain. They could not find me. Reluctantly, they gave up the chase,—faced homeward, on the railroad track, and began their retreat. Unfortunately, inexperienced and excited as I was, I resumed my progress, on the track too, thinking that, he had abandoned the pursuit;—the space between us, now, being so great. Not so: for, turning and getting a glimpse of my form, they renewed the pursuit; and, gaining on me (for I was now afflicted with serious rectal trouble, so great had been the strain), I again concealed myself in the undergrowth of a neighboring wood.

Again, they were thwarted in their efforts to find me; but, at the moment when they had decided to abandon the quest, the little dog which accompanied them, a pet of mine, scented me and began to bark and

play with me. "The jig was up!" I was seized, undressed tied, as to my hands, and cruelly whipped with switches, cut in the woods, until my little, thin body was well covered with purple welts. My pockets were searched, and all the earnings which I had received from my dear cousin Celia, for scrubbing the kitchen, taken from me; so, that, as Mr. Scott declared, I could not pay my fare to my home and friends.

Then, I was compelled to promise, that, never again would I attempt to leave his home and employ; the white fugitive slave looking on the while, but uttering no word of protest.

Slowly,—painfully, I wended my way back to Oberlin—a forlorn,—woe-begone little boy. I wondered, could my Father look down from heaven upon his poor child, whose birth was hailed with acclaims of joy and satisfaction, as being the only son! Was this then, all the result of his strenuous life, in behalf of his family and humanity! Such is life!"

The next day, I was lowered into a rain-water cistern, to assist in cleaning it out. The water was cold and I was sick, hardly able to stand without support; but, that same kind Providence which—

"Tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,"

was by my side, supporting and encouraging me. Was my spirit broken? Had the Stanley-Chestnutt blood quailed before that of another? Never! Young as I was, it was another case of—

"Lay on Macduff!

And damned be he who first cries,  
Hold, enough!"

NOTE—Such of my relations of African descent as I had met or heard of, were persons of mild, gentle dispositions, on the female side; the men, I did not know.

For a full week after this torture, I was not allowed to peddle fruit at the railway station. I was "cabin'd and cribbed," watched,—spied on, lest I should break my word and take "French leave," again. However, on one fine September afternoon, Mr. Scott said, "John: if I give you a basket of apples, do you think you can go to the station and sell 'em and come back all right?" I said, "Yes". "Well, go on," he replied, an' see to it that you behave yourself an' get back on time!"

With the basket, filled with golden fruit, I sallied forth, to the station. Ere long, the fast express train flew in, "Thunder Bolt," they called it, and all was bustle and excitement; but, to the quiet observer there appeared the vision of a little clay-colored boy, quietly tucking himself away, beneath one of those passenger cars,—on the brake-beam, to be exact, hugging some portion of the truck, while he inclined his head forward, to escape the floor of the car, above him.

The bell rang! the whistle gave a toot! and slowly, that great modern miracle—that locomotive puffed its way forward, drawing after it the serpentine train, filled with living, breathing human-ebeings, and,—a boy,—underneath! Remember, O reader, this was in September, 1857, sixty-three years ago, when that railroad was in swaddling clothes; when the track was new and well-nigh without ballast, and the springs were crudely made and insufficient for the strain placed upon them. Was I the first to make the venture?

At first I was in glee, over the thought that, I had finally, eluded Mr. Scott; that no speed on his part, could now overtake me; and that, in an hour, I would be, once more, under the same roof with my mother and sisters! However, a rapid change came over my mind, and terror seized upon me, as darkness almost Egyptian enveloped me!

Dust! Dust! Dust! in my eyes, in my nostrils and

even my mouth, when I opened it to prevent suffocation! Upon my head, I wore a soft green felt (?) hat, which, from long use, had become peaked. I snatched it off, and, while I clung to a rod with one hand, with the other, I fanned, for dear life in the vicinity of my nose. My first thought was to try to jump from under the car; but, my judgment told me that I would be cut in two, should I attempt to do so.

In the course of ten or fifteen minutes, the speed of the "Cannon Ball" was so swift, that, the dust was drawn through by the current of air, and no longer menaced me; but, now, another danger, as serious, perhaps, as the first, succeeded to it;—the speed of the train was, such, that the car under which I was located began to bound and rebound, threatening every instant, to fracture my skull, or at least, to stun me, which would have meant speedy and certain death. In this emergency, I bent myself almost double, in order to clear my head from the bottom of the car, in which I was successful, until the train reached Elyria; when, I crawled out and climbed into the car. The conductor who was on the platform, at the time, did not notice me until the train was in motion again; but, meanwhile, I was the cynosure of all the eyes in that car. I had the appearance of an animated statue carved out of clay.

"Where did you come from!" exclaimed the conductor." "From under the c-a-r!" I squeaked, in return.

"From under the car!" he repeated. "Well, I am late, or I would stop and put you off!" This time, again, the fates were with me; and I remained, huddled in a corner, until the joyful sound, "Cleveland!!" inspired me with new life and activity.

"Send him back", Mr. Scott wrote to my mother, "and I will make a man of him!"—a feat of which he boasted in after years; but, after mature reflection, it was de-

cided that I should remain at home and go to school; a fact which filled me with joy, beyond description.

I will say here and now, that, for many years, I have entertained no hatred or malice against Mr. Scott by reason of his treatment of me. His was a hard school, and he acted according to his best lights. During the six weeks I was in his care, custody and control, he fed me well,—gave me a pair of shoes, allowed me to attend the picnic, and seated me at the table to dine with himself and family; very considerate, indeed; but he was too harsh, severe and cruel, to manage a mere child. I will add, that, in after years, Mr. Scott, was frequently, my guest, and I his; and, further, that, I wrote his obituary, after his death; which was in accordance with the Latin maxim—"De mortuo dice nil nisi bonum"—say nothing of the dead except good.

If what I have written in the foregoing seems to imply bitterness and hatred, or a stern regret for having been apprenticed to Mr. Scott, at that time and place, let it be known that, I consider the experiences which, even at that tender age, I passed through in dear old Oberlin, out-weight, in pleasure and profit, all the disappointments, and trial which fell to my lot, and which were due, in part, to my intractable disposition.

Had I never spent those six weeks in Oberlin in 1857 when the town was just twenty-four years of age, I would not be able to carry to my grave with me the remembrance of the great Rev. Charles Finney, as he appeared in the pulpit of the "First Church." The music of his sweet sounding, earnest voice would not now be ringing in my ears as I heard it, when, in those days, he paced that pulpit and contended for, human liberty,—women's rights, temperate Christian lives, and all that make for civilization and ultimate salvation. I would never have seen, perchance Father Keep, Professors Monroe, Shurtliff, Fairchild, Peck, Morgan, and others,

who did so much to place Oberlin on the proud pedestal, where she stands today. I would not have met the late John Patterson, for whom I was named,—who wrote to my dear mother those persuasive letters which eventuated in bringing her with her little brood to the city of Cleveland; nor could I now, at this late day, refer back to those early days, when old Tappan hall stood, still majestic, when old Chapel was still in its glory, and the music of the board-walks added zest to the movements of the early students.

These and many other characteristics of Oberlin, sixty-three years ago pass in panoramic review before my mind—a rich legacy of those early times, which I would not exchange for gold or silver or precious stones.

## CHAPTER IV.

### MAYFLOWER COMMON AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND TROY HILL.

“Well,” said my mother, one morning, after I had been at home long enough to regain my composure, “if you will not work, you must go to school. I am not a going to allow you to run the streets!” She could not have pleased me more than she did, by that declaration; for, I had, already, become aware of the fact that, all the boys with whom I had made acquaintance, were school boys; and I long’d to be one of their number.

So, early on one “September Morn,” with face wreathed in smiles, and hopes beating high, I sallied forth, with the “gang,” and, in the course of fifteen minutes, I stood in the august presence of Miss Sarah A. Nelson, teacher in the “Intermediate Department, for boys, of the Mayflower School, situated in Orange Street, nearly opposite the south end of Hudson Street, now E. 30th street.

The principal of Mayflower School, at that time, was Mr. Edwin R. Perkins, a young gentleman, recently graduated from Dartmouth College, —to the best of my memory, for whom the fates were, even then, spinning the thread of a long and useful life, which he so richly merited. As a teacher, he was learned, enthusiastic, and ambitious; he was one of those whose very presence inspired and energised for the accomplishment of worthy

deeds, and his long and glorious achievements along financial, commercial and social lines, attest all that I have said, in the foregoing.

A good spanking, which he administered to me, when I was in the second year of attendance, at that now famous school, did somewhat, I believe, to open my eyes to the verities of this life, and to start me in the right way to meet them.

Amongst the others of the teachers there, at that time, may be mentioned the widow of the late E. R. Perkins, who was his efficient assistant; also, Miss Laura C. Spellman, subsequently, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller; Miss Leonard, afterward, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Eliza Brinsmade, a sister of the late Colonel Allen T. Brinsmade; Miss White, Miss Johnson, and last, but not least, Miss Sarah A. Nelson, subsequently, Mrs. Rude, of Calispal (?) Minn.

I had no books, for the intermediate grade, or any other grade, for that matter. Mother told me to tell Miss Nelson that, she had no money to buy me books with; which I did, and Miss Nelson, from some source unknown to me, procured a set of used books, and gave them to me.

That grade was, then, the next grade below the "Grammar" grade, over which the principal presided; and I was ambitious, as ever, to get passed into the grammar grade. As a result, I was a hard student and an apt pupil. Miss Nelson said to mother, "John is one of my smartest pupils, and—the worst."

In very truth, I was the incarnation of mischief; but, as I view the condition, from this distance, it was my all consuming desire to be spectacular, which lay at the bottom of my misbehavior—for, in playing "twenty", which carried us over hill and dale and, frequently far away from the school building,—distributing bits of paper in our course, and in running, jumping and other athletic sports, it was ever my desire to be foremost;

and, whether I accomplished it or not, I laid aside every weight, and strove, right manfully, for success. I was always anxious to perform some feat which no other boy would dare to do, so as to be talked about. In fact, it was true, as was said of me, by a distinguished gentleman later on in life, when he characterized me as, "a born actor," and I could only yield to the natural impulse to act, "show off", as my mother denominated it.

Along this line, let this one incident be recorded: I had been misbehaving myself in some silly way,—making grimaces, passing notes, whispering, or doing some other act contrary to the rules of the school. And it was as the laws of the Medes and the Persians that, at the recess, I would come in contact with the black ebony or ligum vitae instrument of torture which our teacher was accustomed to wield in the "torture chamber." So, I watched my chance to defer the punishment, as long as possible.

The opportunity came when Miss Nelson stepped out of the room, for some purpose; then, regardless of life or limb, and in defiance of all rules and reason, I climbed out of a second-story window, grasped the convenient lightning-rod, and slid down to the ground!

The sequel can be imagined, when next I made my appearance in that school; for I received not only the deferred punishment; but, with compound interest: However, in one respect, I was successful; for a short period, I was the cynosure of all eyes,—the hero (?) of the hour.

With all that the foregoing implies, it is a peculiar fact, that, when we were taking our leave for the long summer vacation, I was, apparently, the only one of all who regretted it. It was sad to take my leave from the first truly congenial company of boys that I had ever known; and many times during the space before the September term, I sighed and longed for the return of school days.

My speech, at that time, was a sort of patoir, of the

English language,—a southern dialect. For “carry,” I said “tote;” nor could I pronounce our English (American) R: I pronounced, pretty much after the manner of “Happy Hooligan.” For dirt, I said, “doit,” and for “Squirt,” I said, “Squoit:”

The boys laughed at me inordinately, and constantly, joked me. However, I proved to be an apt pupil; and, ere long, I could roll the R, almost equal to a Continental.

Time flew; and when the next vacation came around, I got my passport to the grammar grade; where, under the watchful eye of Mr. Perkins, the one spanking referred to, above, was quite sufficient to “hold” me; until I was transferred to the Hudson street school, which was in our immediate neighborhood.

During my tutelage at the Mayflower school, I was sent, on one occasion to report to Mr. Andrew Freeze, the grand and wonderfully efficient Superintendent of the Cleveland Schools, for the reason that I had “played truant,” in order that I might attend the circus, which visited Cleveland: Mr. Freeze had his headquarters in the old Central High School building,—at that time located on the lot of land where now stands The Citizens Savings and Trust Company,—in Euclid Avenue, near East Ninth street (formerly Erie Street).

Mr. Freeze was the incarnation of the educational idea. He loved his schools, was fond of the society of boys and running over with good nature. I approached this august functionary with fear and trembling: “Well, Sir!” he exclaimed, “what brings you here?” I answered, in a whining manner, that I had been sent to him to report an infraction of the rules of the Mayflower School, in absenting myself for a day, to attend the circus.

“Well”, he replied, in a spirited manner, “Did you go to the Circus?” I answered, in the affirmative. “All right, then!” he said. “If you went in and didn’t hang

around on the outside, I'll excuse you." "You may go back to school; but, don't do it again."

Here was a man full of "the milk of human kindness." He had been a boy himself; and, although well advanced in years, he had not forgotten the thrill of feeding nic-nacs to the elephant, watching the antics of the monkeys, listening to the jokes of the clown, and witnessing mademoiselle gracefully jump through the "balloons," while riding the "fiery and untamed steed."

Dear, good Mr. Freeze! was there ever another like him! long will he live in the memory and the hearts of the boys and girls of the schools of Cleveland, who were, by his learning, energy and wisdom encouraged and stimulated to soar to heights which might not have been attained by them, in his absence.

During the first winter of my attendance at the Mayflower school, the writer was perilously near the grave, for, having no overcoat, and insufficient warm underwear to protect him from the cold of this northern climate pneumonia got him in its grasp; and he was saved by the skillful treatment of a homeopathic physician, and the good nursing of his dear mother, from a premature death.

So the years glided by, until the spring of 1859 was at hand; when, the times being "hard", and mother being now, greatly in need of my assistance, I left the Hudson Street Grammar School, and went in search of some "remunerative employment" and, as I was now increased in weight to about one hundred pounds, and evinced a redundancy of energy along other lines, it seemed but reasonable that I should, in the sweat of my face, earn my "daily bread."

As an evidence of my masterful energy, at that time, the following true anecdote is related.

A consuming desire to own a pair of skates seized upon me. All the other boys were upon the ice, having the

time of their life, while I would only stand and look on. Every evening witnessed a veritable carnival, and joy reigned supreme. Of course it was useless to ask mother for money to buy skates with; for I had not even "boots" on my feet, which, in those days, nearly everyboy wore. I was glad to be possessed of warm shoes, under the circumstances.

So, taking our "buck" or wood-saw, and a light "buck," I sallied forth, in quest of fire-wood, to saw and split; and, after much walking, I finally found a cord of hickory wood, made a bargain with its owner, and sawed, split and piled it up, before I returned to my home—seventy-five cents "to the good," as the boys say.

On the following days, I found and sawed, split and piled two additional piles,—one of hickory and the other of oak. One of these two cords, I sawed twice, into three pieces. For this work, I received the sum of one dollar and seventy-five cents, making, in all, a total of two dollars and fifty cents. With this money, I bought my skates, and mingled with the gay crowds on the pond. After a while, having neither time nor inclination to use them longer, I sold them for one dollar, which I was glad to receive for them.

In the summer of 1859, I was taught the process or trade of caning chairs. I was fourteen years of age, and anxious to be earning, something. The labor, incidental to the repairing of the chairs, was a mere bagatelle, in comparison with that of finding the chairs, returning them, and walking to the Chair Factory and return, then located in the town of Newburg, and said to be eight miles from Cleveland, where I purchased a bundle of cane, for the price of fifty cents.

The only other means of reaching Newburg, was by the rail-road or by stage coach, the starting point of which was in the yard of the old wooden "Commercial Hotel," located on a lot on the South-west corner of Long

Avenue and West Third Street, and the fare, one way, by this conveyance was twenty cents.

About a hundred and fifty feet west of this old hotel, in the location of the present Central Police Station, was the dwelling and lot of a colored man named Davis; he was of mixed blood, and so large that, he could neither mount or dismount from his "buggy," without assistance. Mr. Davis was, for years, the city sprinkler, and moistened our dusty streets, under contract with the city.

About the year 1858, through the courtesy of the late Miss Mary Alston, (sister of the Reverend William Alston, of whom I gave an account, in the first chapter) and her married sister, Mrs. William Sampson, who were departing for Raleigh, N. C., on an extended visit. We were invited to take charge of their comfortable residence in Cedar Avenue, gratis, until their return. This residence was cozy and homelike, and we spent a year there very pleasantly.

I am mentioning this Cedar Avenue home especially, because it first brought me in touch with one of the leading families of the whole world; and because this family contained, as a member of it, the richest man in the world (not connected with royalty in any respect, and who, in his own life time and through the fertility of his own brain, has accumulated his fortune), now living, or who has ever lived, in so far as history, ancient or modern has disclosed to us; and I may add, that, in the size and number of his gifts, while living, he has no peer. Of course, reference is made to the great and good John D. Rockefeller, whom I rejoice to call not only an acquaintance of mine, but, also a friend.

Mr. Rockefeller was then a mere youth (in 1858) and I frequently saw him leave his home in Cedar Avenue, for his place of employment, in the morning, and also, return, in the evening. The residence of the Rockefeller

family, at that time was on the north side of Cedar Avenue, and, the last of three similar brick houses, from Cleve (now E. 25th) Street, going west. The building is still standing, and maintains its appearance, very well.

Mr. Frank Rockefeller, late deceased, was, at that time, a member of old Mayflower School, and generally, led the boys in their vigorous sports; but, I have no remembrance of having ever seen his august brother otherwise engaged than in going to and returning from his daily duties.

Amongst other boys who were of our party, in athletic sports, at that time, may be mentioned, the late W. H. King, who, at one time, served a term as commissioner of this county; also James and Andrew Dall, who subsequently figured, conspicuously, as builders of large structures in Cleveland, and Andrew Dall, with Colonel McAlister, built and owned the Mohawk Building,—now known as the American Trust Building, near the “Old Court House,” and the Public Square.

Mr. George B. Christian, for a long time secretary and treasurer of the Cleveland Provision Company, was also a modest, lovable member of our “gang,” and the late Frank Chandler, for many years, a wholesale dealer in provisions in the “down town” section; William Whitworth and Hugh and Henry Lowrie were also very much in evidence, as boys.

About this time, this writer was seized with a desire to become a member of the “Shakers,” so called, who were followers of “Mother Ann Lee,” whose headquarters were in the state of New York. These religiously, believed in celibacy,—they were neither married nor given in marriage; and, in their communal settlements, occupied separate apartments, in the same buildings, and sat, at their meals, at separate tables.

At the time referred to, they owned a large tract of land, in the eastern suburbs of Cleveland, and were di-

vided into three, several communities—the East house was in that portion of the tract which contains the present “Shaker Lake,” on Shaker Heights; where their grist mill was located, which ground the grain produced by the Shakers, the “Center was presided over by Elder James, who was the “ranking” elder of the whole sect, in that vicinity, and the other group was still further removed.

The religious exercises consisted in silent prayer and meditation, for the most part, and communal dancing. The tables and other furniture being drawn back, the dance would begin,—the men on one side of the hall and the women on the other side, facing each other; and, at times, it was quite animated and exhilarating. There was no violin or other musical instrument to furnish music for the participants; singing alone, giving zest to their movements, which, at times, rivaled anything in that line, that I had ever seen.

So interested and enthused was the writer that he, during his brief sojourn there, became quite expert in their terpsichorean movements; and, to this day, remembers, two of their refrains, which he will here record, for the benefit of such as may be interested. The first was, as follows:

“Dancing is a sweet employ;  
Fills the soul with heavenly joy;  
Makes the love of union flow,  
Round and round and round we go,  
Lolalo! lola, lola, lola lo!  
Lola lo! lola, lola, lola, lola lo.”

The second, as far as I can remember it, after the lapse of sixty-two years, was as follows:

“We have love, we have love, we hav love to give you;  
Heavenly love, heavenly love, 'tis from your blessed Mother,  
And now we wave it unto you, as free as we received it;  
And we are not going to stop, until we make you feel it!”

At the end of the last line, the words, "feel it," were pronounced with much zest, and with an accompanying clap of the hands, as if suiting the action to the word.

While the dancers were whirling and marching around, the palms of the hands, extended forward, were waved upwards, as if to send greeting—each side to the other. Finally, becoming wearied or satisfied, the dancing would cease, and the participants would retire, each sex to its respective quarters.

Before being received into full fellowship, an oral examination of the candidate was made by the presiding "elder" and such other of the committee as were appointed for that function; during which, the applicant was required to make a "full and free" confession of his previous sins. This writer having complied with all the requirements, along this line, was received in full fellowship; and, thenceforward, was treated, in all respects, as an equal—not even the fact that he was a colored boy, causing any differentiation between him and the others.

After worshipping with them, and working in the big garden,—weeding long rows of onions, and riding a plow-horse, the time came when his mother discovered his whereabouts, and her demand of his person was promptly acceded to. A fact which I deeply regretted; for, I was being furnished sumptuous repasts,—and I enjoyed the dancing very much.

The Shakers found a ready sale for all the products of their farms, and the manufactures of their workshops, in our market, for they were strictly honest, in all their representations.

My next escapade was to start on a tour of the world, with only a few dimes in my purse. I had read of Captain John Smith, of Pocohontas fame, who, it was said, traveled afoot over Europe, when a boy of fifteen years of age, and I longed to rival his achievement; and, with a

companion of my own age and size, we started on our serious undertaking.

After walking to Berea, we boarded a freight car, crawled into a threshing machine, and went to sleep; when we awoke, next morning, we found ourselves in the outskirts of Toledo; but, on attempting to penetrate into the young city, we were turned back and told to "beat it," which, we did without protest or delay, working our way homeward, until we finally reached our destination.

On another occasion, I walked, in ten hours, from Cleveland to Painesville; there boarded a freight train, and, ere long, found myself in Buffalo. Taking another car, I rode to Niagara Falls, and after walking across the great Suspension Bridge, I barely placed my feet on Canadian soil, when I was turned back.

Lockport, N. Y., was as far as I reached; where, half famished and foot-sore, I, like another Prodigal (tramp), repented, rode on the "bumper" between two cars, back to Buffalo,—stowed away between some sacks of coffee, on the deck of the great steamer City of Buffalo, and next morning, found myself back again in Cleveland. This was the last attempt to rival Captain John Smith; and thenceforward, I settled down to honest labor.

Knowing that the tenure of the Alston-Sampson residence, by us was limited to the period of their absence, and that, it was necessary for her to provide a suitable home for herself and family, by the time of their return, our mother did not allow the opportunity to slip by unimproved; and, being a member of the First Baptist Church, which contained on the list of its membership the names of persons who were, at once, both wealthy and generous, she made known to some of them her straitened condition.

Amongst those approached, was the late James Madison Hoyt, Esquire, father of the late Rev. Wayland Hoyt, (for many years, pastor of one of the leading Baptist

churches of the City of New York, whose learning and eloquence was noted throughout the United States), Colgate Hoyt, Esquire, well known financier of the same place, and former president of the Ohio Society of New York; James H. Hoyt, late deceased, who was the head of one of the leading law firms of Cleveland, and, one time, prominent candidate for Governor of Ohio; Mr. Elton Hoyt, successful real estate dealer, and the late Mrs. Lydia Holt Farmer, popular and influential society leader, long since deceased.

As to the ancestry of Mr. Hoyt, I have no knowledge; but, judging him by his personal bearing, together with the high and gentle port of his family and his unselfish generous life, I can truthfully say, that, he was one of Nature's noblemen,—a typical Christian gentleman.

Shortly prior to the time when mother interviewed him, Mr. Hoyt had opened the street, extending from Central Avenue to Woodland Avenue, and named it Laurel Street, and when she sought to contract for a lot on that street, (the present name of that street is East 29th street), he persuaded her to take one on Garden Street (now called Central Avenue), alleging as a reason that, in the not distant future, it would be much more valuable than the one on Laurel Street. Garden Street, at that time was lined, on both sides, with neat, cozy homes, shaded by attractive trees.

Yielding to Mr. Hoyt's good judgment and friendly consideration, the contract was signed; and, thereby, the outlook for our future home was brightened. The next problem, of most difficult solution, was, the placing of a residence on the lot; but, having bought an antiquated house in the neighborhood, mother had it moved thereon,—repaired so as to render it tenantable, and immediately moved into it. So, finally, she was, once more, at home, with her orphaned children.

Two years flew by; yet, not one cent had been paid on

principal or interest, and when the agent demanded either or both, mother answered, "I can't pay you anything; where do you expect me to get money from?" Thereupon, "one fine day," came the mild, genial James M. Hoyt, when the following colloquy ensued: Mr. Hoyt: Now, Mrs. Green, don't be discouraged; only have faith and industriously work, and you can accomplish much!" Mother: "But, Mr. Hoyt, the interest accrues faster than I could pay it, even if I should try to buy the lot." Mr. Hoyt: "Never mind the interest, Mrs. Green; I will cancel all the interest due, down to date, if you will only try. You have a son (?) who will be able, in a year or two, to earn something and assist you. Now do try and see what you can accomplish, Mrs. Green."

Next morning, mother, addressing this writer, said, in her earnest tone of voice, substantially, as follows: "John, you seem to be tired of going to school; so, you must go to work. Now go out and see if you can't find something to do." Never did the mother or father eagle "stir up the nest," more effectually. The "fiat" had gone forth, and I well understood what that meant.

Day after day, I trod the streets of this city in quest of employment; but, in vain. One would say, "I want a boy, but he must be a white boy." Another would say, "No; I haven't enough work for myself;" (A far-reaching, most disastrous "panic" had seized the vitals of our industries and finances, and even a first-class mechanic was "in luck" to have a job, at one dollar for a day of twelve hours); a third said, I need a boy, but you are too small; you would not answer my purpose; and so, we reached the middle of July, without accomplishing anything.

Then Mother, again, Spartan like, as ever, said: "John, go to the postoffice door, every evening, when gentlemen call for their mail (we had no carriers in those days), and ask everyone when he goes in or comes out, for work." I obeyed her, implicitly, and on the second

day, a gentleman of 'the cloth' looked down upon me benignantly; heard my plea for employment, and set me to work hoeing rows of vegetables and weeding the grass from others. My employer was the Rev. Dr. Bittinger, pastor of the "Third Presbyterian Church"—the big church, which was located on the southeast corner of Euclid Avenue and Brownell Street (now East 14th Street) where the great Hanna Building now stands. His residence was hard by, east of the Church.

Dr. Bittinger paid me well for my half day's work, and I carried the money to my mother rejoicing. I might add, in passing, that, during the previous winter, I had sold the Cleveland Leader on the streets, mornings, getting up before day and walking a mile to the office, to get them; also in the afternoons, I sold the Evening Herald, through all the lower part of the city, even down in Merwin Street, frequently going into the store where Mr. Rockefeller, in his youth, was employed.

However, "All things come to him who only stands and waits," and, finally, a "job" came to me, or I went to it. My employer was Mr. William A. Neff, who resided in Doan Street (now East 105th Street), between Euclid and Cedar Avenues, on the east side of the street. For the consideration of four (4) dollars per month, I sawed and split all the firewood, drove the cow up on Cedar Heights to pasture and return, cared for one horse, performed all errands to and from a stone quarry upon the Heights, and to the City (Cleveland) and return, kept a very large garden free from weeds, hoed an acre of corn and potatoes, and gathered up in the streets all the "fertilizer" I could find to enrich the soil of the garden. Occasionally, I stood on the Central Market offering some of the products of the garden for sale. Of the forty (40) dollars which I received for ten months' labor, here, we paid twenty-seven and 50-100th dollars of it to Mr. Hoyt, towards the purchase price of that little home.

When mid-winter came, a brother of my employer was given the bed upon which I had been sleeping, and I was relegated to the floor of the same room, and given a bundle of straw upon which to sleep; the bag containing the straw being too short for me, my feet were partly exposed to the cold, with the result that I was seized with a recurrence of the pneumonia, which had afflicted me two years before; and I came within sight of the "Valley of the Shadow," at my home.

However, notwithstanding the foregoing hardships and discouragements, "Ike" (as the brother was named) and I, being temperamentally much alike, indulged in a few pastimes, which were mutually congenial to us; one of which is, to this day, fresh in my memory, and tends to disclose the redundancy of spirits which animate the average youth, and flow on, with an abandon which not even Niagara Falls can surpass.

It is, "as the crow flies," just five miles from Doan (E. 105th) Street, where we resided, to the Wilshire Building, where the old Melodeon Hall used to stand. Ike and I, both were burning with a desire to attend a performance of one of the famous minstrel companies, which was advertised to appear in that hall, on a cold winter's night. There were no street cars, in those days, nor any means of transportation for the average man or boy, except "shanks' mares," as was the slang for walking, then.

So, having finished our evening meal, we sallied forth, and at the expiration of about one hour and a half, we found ourselves cozily seated in the gallery of the hall.

The programme was long and interesting,—the singing, dancing and jokes richly repaid us for all our trouble and expense; and when, at midnight we reached our home, we were thoroughly satisfied.

One of the jokes caused us to laugh, inordinately; and, although it is, to my knowledge, fifty-nine years old, I will venture to record it:

Mr. Johnson: "Bones, can you tell me what a focus is?"

Bones: "Ha! Ha! Ha! Can I tell what a focus is!!! Why, of course I kin; anybody knows dat!"

Mr. Johnson: "Well, since you are so sure, what is a focus?"

Bones: "A focus is a place where dey raises pigs!"

The Whole Troupe: Shaking with laughter and scorn, "Where they raise pigs! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Bones: "Well den, sense you all know so much about it, what is a focus?"

Mr. Johnson: "Well, sir, a focus is a place where the rays meet."

Bones: "Well, aint pigs meat!!!", with startling effect upon all present.

When the spring flowers began to bloom, in 1861, and the call of the birds was enchanting, I sallied forth again; and, in a few days, found myself in the employ of the late Robert Hanna, Esq., brother of the late Doctor Hanna, who was the father of that noble group of sons, of whom the late Marcus A. Hanna, great promoter, merchant, manufacturer, banker, senator and president-maker, and L. C. Hanna, Esq., late deceased, big-hearted munificent and successful captain of industry, were the most conspicuous.

I must add here, that, it will, perhaps, never be known to what a great extent Senator M. A. Hanna,—and through him, our martyred President McKinley and the general public, were indebted to the business sagacity, energy and strenuous application of the late L. C. Hanna, in caring for the growth and success of the great M. A. Hanna Co., during Senator Hanna's political activities and protracted absence from Ohio; thereby contributing towards the grand success of the McKinley administration,—which blessed us all.

I remained with Mr. Robert Hanna until the summer

of 1862; when, getting "above my business," I left his employ and took service with Mr. A. H. Harvey, the step-father of the wife of the late Fayette Brown, Esq., and mother of Harvey Brown, Esq., who conducted a large saw-mill on a small island in the Allegheny river, between Pittsburgh and Allegheny City (now a part of the City of Pittsburgh).

Mr. Harvey had a lovely home on the summit of Troy Hill, now denominated, Mount Troy, I think. Fruit trees, strawberries and beautiful flowers, in abundance, featured the place. By working industriously through the day, I found some hours for recreation which were turned to good use. My pay was five dollars per month, deducting ten (10) dollars which I paid for a ticket to Pittsburgh and return, which left me an average of, about, four (4) dollars per month.

My Christmas present from Mrs. Harvey was a red bandanna handkerchief, while Mr. Harvey gave me a quarter of a dollar.

Contiguous to the lot of Mr. Harvey, was that occupied by the family of Mr. Dewhurst, consisting of several members, one of whom, a noble son, was at "the front," fighting for the life of this glorious Union and Liberty; he gave his life, which proved his love and patriotism, and, thereby, immortalized his name. A daughter, fair, refined and generous, Miss Anna by name, graced their household, and lent warmth and cheer to all the surroundings. She was ever on the alert to detect and relieve want and misery; and the sunshine of her smile and the music of her cheery voice, lifted up many a downcast, unhappy heart.

Miss Anna's keen eye readily noticed that, this writer was (in his "cabin'd and cribbed" condition, in that remote Troy Hill home, with no companion save the big dog), lonely and, somewhat, forlorn.

Without hesitating, she advised him to occupy his

spare moments in reading and studying, for the improvement of his mind; and, in order to show her interest in that behalf, she furnished him with sundry school books, for the purpose. During the remainder of my sojourn on Troy Hill, and the ensuing four years, I did not fail to devote all my spare time, assiduously, to the study of such school books as came within my reach, without the assistance of a teacher; a fact which I have never found cause to regret.

There was another source of inspiration which I have cause to be grateful for, and can never forget. I refer to the late Samuel H. Baird,—a young gentleman and scholar, whose home, at that time, was Dequesne Borough, at the foot of the hill on which we resided, along the shore of Allegheny River. Mr. Baird was the nephew of Reverend Walter Lowry, a faithful missionary to China, who, in the middle of the last century, was drowned in the Yellow Sea, by Chinese pirates, while, working in the course of his duties. He was tall and slender of form, with fair hair, blue eyes and finely chiseled features. It was easily seen that, he was not framed to combat the storms and buffets of this world; and, even in my inexperienced youth, I feared the worst for him. He was so gentle, sympathetic and kindly in his dealings with me, that, for once, and only once, I felt that, in him, I had a brother. It was he who first opened my eyes to the rich mine and beauties of the ancient classics; and, in showing me a copy of Xenophons Anabasis, in the original Greek, he lighted a flame in my brain and heart never to be extinguished. He and Miss Dewhurst (the latter now, and for many years, Mrs. Jehu Haworth, of Edgworth, Pa., a suburb of Pittsburgh) were both devoted teachers in the Mission Sunday-school, on The Hill, where they could be found engaged in their work of love, every Sunday. One of the most helpful little books which could be placed in the hands of an ambitious youth, was given me, as a

Christmas present, on Christmas Day, 1862, by Miss Anna; the book is entitled, *The Improvement of the Mind*, by Isaac Watts, D. D. I have it now, before me, Christmas, 1919,—fifty-seven years, subsequent to the day on which it was given to me, and still the truths and valuable precepts contained in it are as fresh and vital as on the day when I received it.

My friend, Mr. Baird, went to his reward a generation ago; but, the good lady, a vigorous octogenarian, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, bides her time, in the full assurance of a rich reward when the Master gathers in his ripened sheaves.

“He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again, with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”—PSALM CXXVI:6.

Upon mature consideration, I have concluded, that my employment on Troy Hill was the most fortunate event for me, during my boyhood days; and coming, as it did, when I was just in the dawn of youth,—a period when the mind and character are in the formative process, and when I needed the warm sympathy and cordial advice which was lavished upon me, by Miss Dewhurst and Mr. Baird, without any hope of reward, but solely, “In His Name,” it was a veritable God-send to me; and, probably, “saved my soul alive.”

## CHAPTER V.

### HOME AGAIN.

Returning to Cleveland, from Troy Hill, in the summer of 1862, I found employment with the East Cleveland Street Railway Company, in its barn, located at Euclid and Wilson avenues, now East 55th street; my specific duties were to wash, comb, rub-down and harness nine street-car horses; but, for the reason that, I feared the effect of the constant dust on my lungs, I did not remain there longer than a week or two.

To please my mother, who desired that I should follow in the footsteps of my father, and learn the tailor's trade, I went into the employ of Mr. Henry Cardozo, a merchant tailor, in Prospect Avenue, near its junction with Bolivar Road. Mr. Cardozo was affable and kind, and used his best endeavors to induct me into the mysteries of his useful trade; but alas! I soon discovered that his efforts, in that behalf, were all to no purpose; for, although I proved an apt pupil, during the three months which I spent in his employ,—learned to make ordinary "pants and vests," yet, so stiffened had my joints become, by reason of the protracted labor which I had performed, that, I could not "bend the suple hinges of my knees," and squat on the work-board, when I was sewing; and in my efforts to do so, the strain was so severe, on both knees and back, that, I sewed in continual pain.

The result is easily seen. I quit the services of Mr. Cardozo, and, quite easily, betook myself to the calling of a hotel waiter. My dear mother protested against this action on my part; but, as we both well knew that the payments must be kept up on the little home, it was no time for the drawing of nice distinctions; and so, I entered, the old "Angier House," now, the Kennard House, and donned my white jacket and apron, the pure symbols of my occupation.

I was a novice at the work; and since, in those days, that hotel took first rank amongst the other hostelries of the growing city, the menus were in French,—a language with which I was not, in the least, familiar. The head-waiter, at that time, was, Mr. Enoch Gray, who resembled a white man; he understood all the duties pertaining to his responsible position, and was a veritable Martinet, in enforcing the execution of all his rules.

I suspect, it was my scrutinizing of Mr. Gray which caused me to slip and spill the consomme, which I was serving guests, on the floor of the richly frescoed dining-room, to say nothing of my extreme chagrin at being sprawled on the same.

It was frequently necessary for a waiter, during the rush hour, to memorize the French orders of six and seven guests, at one time. I did it; but, how in the world I ever accomplished it, is beyond my ken, at this late day. The other boys did it, and I had to follow their example or—quit;—which was not to be considered, for a moment.

In due course of time, I found myself, performing the same functions, at the Weddell house;—but, for increased pay; and later on, during the troublous days of the Civil War, I strove, right manfully, in the labors of feeding the "boys in blue", on the way to the front, at the call of "Father Abraham," (whom God had raised up for this work), in the dining room of the first Union

Depot, which gave way to the remnant of the present "Union Depot," about the year 1865.

There were stirring scenes witnessed in that old depot, in those trying times. During all hours of the day, and frequently at night, long serpentine trains would find their way into that shelter house, with their thousands of hungry and thirsty "boys in blue," who had left all that the word "home" means to us, in order to help to save our glorious Union.

"Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die,"

and, like brave men, they did it. It was one of my duties to sound the big Chinese gong, upon the arrival of trains; which I did with a will. Sometimes the "racket" was so great that a soldier would order me to cease it; sometimes, I must say, while being held up, by the nape of my neck, by a stalwart soldier.

At other times, there would be taken from an incoming train over the "Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad," boxes, containing the remains of brave boys who had given their all, for the dear old flag. Such was the case when the remains of Colonels Creighton and Crane were brought back, to lie in state, in the council chamber of the old City Hall, when it was located in a building, still standing, in the southwestern corner of the Public Square. Afterwards, they were laid to rest, with full military honors.

At other times, there would alight, from these trains the "halt, the lame and the blind," victims of what General Sherman not improperly denominated "hell." Another class were the almost skeletons of Union prisoners, released from horrid prison pens of the "Southern Confederacy." Some of these victims were so nearly starved to death and emaciated, that, they could not walk alone.

In later years, while visiting North Baltimore, Ohio, for the purpose of making a "Decoration Day" speech, I conversed with one of these victims, who survived; and he told me, that, before being confined in the Andersonville Prison-pen, he weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds; but, that, when he was released therefrom, a ladies bracelet could have been passed over his right arm, from his wrist to his shoulder, with the elbow joint left out.

The dining-room was owned by Messrs. Wheeler and Russell. Mr. Wheeler was in immediate charge of it, while Mr. Russell presided over the one owned by them in Crestline, Ohio. There were, at that time, also, two "coffee houses," in one of which the late W. J. Akers, then a boy, was employed.

Among the colored men, generally known in Cleveland, for many years, and employed in and about the depot and dining room, may be mentioned the late George Vosburgh. Mr. Vosburgh, tho, a colored man, was, for many years one of the most respected men in the city. He owned valuable property in Chestnut and Oregon Streets, and was a leading member of the Wesleyan Congregation, which, in those days, worshipped in a church located in Euclid Avenue, near Sheriff (E 4th) Street.

The late Thorp Holmes, colored, was head waiter in the dining room. He had under him a force of about twenty men, all of whom admired and respected him. This writer will always honor and revere his memory, on account of kindnesses extended to him, by Mr. Holmes, which enabled him to prosecute his studies, during the intervals between the trains, without interruption. On many occasions, he would call a man who was "killing time," by playing "seven up," picking on a banjo, or "cutting the pigeon wing," (as the dance was called), and send him on an errand, rather than interrupt the writer in the pursuit of his studies.

In casting a retrospective glance over those by-gone days, it is a sad commentary on the course pursued by that large group of colored men, that, this writer was the only one of them who systematically studied text-books or even read history; and, sad to relate—the only one of them all who changed his career.

Stimulated, as I have stated in the last chapter, by kind friends to study for the improvement of my mind, I constantly perused the “three R’s,”—studied English, Latin and French grammars, as best I could, without a teacher, and, thereby rapidly gained the good will of all who knew me. My slight knowledge of the Latin language was, on a very important occasion, a source of much pleasure to me, and information to a numerous group of persons who surrounded me.

It was in this way: The remains of the late Abraham Lincoln, were lying in state, upon a catafalque, near the center of our Public Square; and over the top of the catafalque was stretched a banner bearing the following inscription, in Latin: “Extinctus amabitur idem.” All were anxious to know the meaning of those words; and, ever and anon, they would stop some important appearing man, passing by, and exclaim: “Say, Mister! tell us what that means, will you!” Thereupon the gentleman would stop, read the words and acknowledge his inability to translate the sentence. This was repeated several times; until, finally, I looked up from the grass, upon which I was reclining, and said: “That’s Latin, I can tell you what it means!”

“Who, you?” some one sarcastically growled: “Yes:” I answered:

“Well, what does it mean?” was the reply.

“It means,” I said, “Tho, dead, he will be loved the same!”

Then, for a moment, I was the object of all eyes, and I felt that, in the single act of translating that sentiment

for the group, I had been richly repaid for all the study and self-denial I had endured in order to be able to do it.

It was customary with me, during this period of my life, to write an occasional essay, on some subject,—abstract, concrete, moral, religious or what not; any subject that came within the scope of my young, untutored mind claimed my attention and occupied my time. One of the contributing reasons for this was the fact that, in those days, large and attentive audiences of my own people, were ready and willing to listen to the reading of them, and manifested an enthusiasm which both astonished and inspired me.

My revered and kind friend the Reverend John R. Warren, stood "in loco parentis," to me; and his was the only fatherly voice that counseled me, and hand that led me through those days of mingled labors, conflicts, hopes deferred and, at times, well nigh despair. My temperament was then, as now, too nervous. I was willing to work, incessantly, to "burn the midnight oil," aye, to burn the candle at both ends," if need be, in my feverish quest after knowledge. But, I can see plainly, now, that I lacked a preceptor, some one who would, like Philip of old, expound to me the meaning of many things which I blindly followed, but did not understand.

I did not know, really, what books to select to read. And for the lack of a well-informed, educated mentor, I wasted much time in "poring over" "books and languages" which I was not then qualified to properly read and mentally digest. However, my dear friend, Elder Warren, who was then, the elder in charge of this district and of Saint John's African Methodist Church, but, who, like me, had enjoyed only limited opportunities of gaining an education, by his high regard for me and admiration for my efforts along that line, greatly encouraged and aided me.

It was he, who advised me to read Rollins Ancient

History, which I had not previously heard of, and which opened to my eyes so many of the mysteries of the past; and the same fatherly regard for me, induced him to open wide for me the doors of his church, where I read my labored essays, on occasions when there were gatherings of the young therein. Had my father lived to rear me and advise me in respect of these matters, I would not, to-day be limping along the highway to knowledge, when I should be running and leaping.

As an illustration of the interest taken in me by one of the boys who waited by my side in the old dining-room, I will here relate an incident which I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance; since it was the outflowing of a heart full of fraternal love and sympathy.

Mr. Joseph H. Ricks, the youthful heir of a recently deceased father, had in possession the sum of one thousand dollars, which he had received as his portion of his father's estate; and, feeling that he had no present use for the money, he generously and unselfishly came to me, and tried to persuade me to accept the same, as a loan, and without any security, or interest, whatever, to be used by me in forwarding my neglected education. To say that I was greatly surprised at this manifestation of unadulterated friendship, only partly expresses my feeling, at that time; and I have never ceased to wonder at the whole-souled magnanimity of this big-hearted country boy. Would that there were more of his kind, to make the "whole world kin," and add to our mutual helpfulness and happiness!

At length, after nearly seven years of yearning and toil, we saw the last payment made on our humble home, the deed executed and delivered, and the mortgage burned. Now, dear mother was assured of a comfortable home, during the remainder of her life; and I was left free to "shift for myself."

During all the years, while I had been working for

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the purchase of this property, my energetic, honorable sisters, Miss Sarah Rice Green (now Skeene) and Miss Kittie Stanley Green, were industriously engaged in supporting my mother and keeping up the home; the one working at her trade of a dress-maker, both at home and in the families of the "well to do," and the other diligently occupying her time at home, in whatever her hands could find to do.

Mother, too, "ate no idle bread;" for, what with the transacting of her domestic affairs and sewing on children's clothes, for some of her patrons, satan could find no mischief for her hands to do; and so, she lived cozily and, for the most part, happily, in that unpretentious home, for twenty-seven more years, until she was in her eighty-first year of age, when she went to rest in the blessed hope of an immortal life.

"Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord!"

It is but fair that I should record it here, that, my dear sister, Mrs. Sarah Rice Green (Skeene), after the home was fully paid for, added five or six hundred dollars of her individual earnings to a hundred and thirty-five dollars which I contributed, and enhanced the convenience, space and comfort of the old house, where they all lived in love and harmony, for many years.

One of my employers, while I was working for the house, was the late Captain J. M. Richards, who, with a gentleman, long since deceased, by the name of Coleman, owned and conducted a combined restaurant, saloon, billiard-room and cigar and confectionery stand, located on the corner where now stands the American Trust Building.

This place was a resort for the best class of men in the city, and did a flourishing business. During the year 1864, I worked in the dining room and "stalls," for a while, quite to my advantage, and, on one occasion, a

humorous incident occurred in which I figured, which was not entirely to my credit,—as I now view it.

One of the guests of the restaurant section of the place, ordered a cocktail. I went into the bar-room (Captain Richards presiding behind the bar) and ordered two cocktails. The captain made them (as only he could make them), and gave them to me, and, going into the restaurant, I gave the guest one and I drank the other. When the captain scrutinized the checks, he noticed that I had turned in a check for one cocktail, only. Coming into the room, he said to me, "John! what did you do with that other cocktail?" I frankly, answered him, "I drank it!" Raising his hands in astonishment, he exclaimed,—“Well by G-d!! and walked away.

From Captain Richards' place I took employment with J. H. DeWitt & Co., who carried a dual stock of dry goods and ready-made clothing, etc., etc. My business was that of janitor; and, in that capacity, it was not only my duty to look after the heating of the store, but also to keep it clean, including several hundred square feet of window glass.

My desire, even here, to study was so great that I was accustomed to arise at three-thirty and four o'clock a. m. in order to "make time" for my books. I had added to my studies, now, osteology, hoping and expecting, some day, to be a physician. A friendly doctor had given me the skull of a little child, another had contributed the "transverse" section of an adult skull; and in addition to these trophies, I had obtained, by various means, almost an entire human skeleton.

On one occasion, when I was deeply absorbed in my studies, during the hour which I had made, by sacrificing my sleep, a message was delivered to me to the effect that, I must deliver a bundle somewhere in Prospect street. I replied that it was not in the line of my employment, and that I would not deliver it. Thereupon, I was

summoned to the office of Mr. DeWitt, the senior member of the company. "John," he said, "you will deliver that bundle, or else, go to the cashier and get what is due you!" I said, "All right, Mr. DeWitt, I will take my money and quit, then!"

As I left the store, Mr. DeWitt raised his voice and said to me, "Well! I suppose, after a while, you will want to have an office, and sit in it and read!" This was a correct prophecy; for, it was uttered in the summer of 1865 and in the fall of 1870 (September) I sat in my own office in Marlboro County, South Carolina, recognized as a member of the Bar of that State.

Following my discharge from the employment of The J. H. DeWitt Co., I entered the office of Dr. J. W. Sykes, of Pittsburgh, Pa., as a compounder of his medicines, for chronic diseases, with the privilege of studying, between the period of my employment, with the occasional assistance of the good doctor, in my Latin studies.

Dr. Sykes, too, was a "self-made" man, with a heart over-flowing with sympathy for every struggling Child of God. I say, "Child of God;" yes, for Doctor Sykes was a member of the Presbyterian Church, in good standing; and judging him by what I saw of his daily conduct, during the six months I was in his employ, he was striving to "glorify God, and enjoy him forever," which is one of the teachings of the Westminster Catechism.

Dr. Sykes, when a student at Hamilton College, Rochester, N. Y., "worked his way through; and, paradoxical as it may seem, the lower he stooped, in sawing wood, making fires, polishing shoes and performing any and all menial labor which his hands found to do, the more honored and admired he was; until, attaining his cherished goal, he was crowned "victor," by his fellow-students and all who had watched his efforts.

I soon found, in the employ of Dr. Sykes, that, my education was not such as the studying of medicine required;

and this was especially true as regarded my knowledge of Latin; and the doctor, having been many years out of college, was not, then qualified to instruct me therein; so, we shook hands, expressed for each other gratitude and mutual respect, and separated.

Returning to Cleveland, I entered, for a brief space, the employ of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad Company, as a keeper of the castings and other materials used in the manufacture and repair of its locomotives and cars. Taking occasion, once in a while, to make trips between Cleveland and Cincinnati, on a Doubleday sleeping car (this was before the advent of the Pullman car) in 1865. The distance from Cleveland and Cincinnati, in those days, was given as two hundred and fifty miles, and it required twelve hours to make the trip, one way. But, still, dissatisfied with my lot, I left this employment, in search of a better one. I turned my job over to the late L. A. Wilson, Esq., afterwards a distinguished member of the Ohio Bar, in Cleveland.

I now began to cast about for the means of prosecuting a course of studies, under competent teachers; fully determined to persevere, until I had secured a thorough education, for I had no trade or other definite means of living, although I had reached the twenty-second year of my age.

I conceived the idea of having printed, in pamphlet form, some of the essays of which I have spoken; but, as I was entirely without financial means, it was necessary to find a "friend in need," or else spend more precious time in, laboriously, earning some.

I was well acquainted with one man, who was both wealthy and benevolent, a true and tried friend of the youthful; and I decided that to him I would go, and make known my dilemma, fully persuaded that, my appeal would not be in vain.

To have lived in Cleveland, during the second half of

the last century, and not to have been personally acquainted with the late Truman P. Handy, would have been a distinctive loss to anyone, especially to a youth in search of a stimulous along moral, esthetic or even financial lines; for, Mr. Handy was, above all things, the friend and promoter of "boys" and young men.

I first met Mr. Handy in the Mayflower Sunday school located in Orange Street, in the City of Cleveland, almost contiguous to the "day school" of the same name, in the fall of 1857, when he was in the fifty-first year of his age; and from that time until his death, in the winter of 1898, I knew him to love and respect him. I can see him, to this day, and hear his cheery voice when, as superintendent of that Sunday School, he would mount the platform and exclaim, "Boys! what is heaven's first law?" "Order!" was the unanimous response, from the mouths of about two hundred and fifty boys, who were about as disorderly as they could be. The girls, of course, were always orderly. "Well then," retorted Mr. Handy, "let us have order," and, immediately thereafter, there was a delightful calm,—order, if you please.

One glance at Mr. Handy gave assurance that he was a Christian gentleman, after the "old school." That is to say, his toilet left nothing to be added to it; his dress was made to fit, and of the most approved style; his demeanor and general bearing was that of a man unselfish, altruistic. He was easily approachable by the humblest boy or girl; he wasted no words, but gave a full hearing and thorough consideration to the one addressing him; and, in proper cases, afforded ready assistance.

He was a deacon in the Second Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. James Eells was the pastor; loved God, and always walked uprightly. He was born in Paris, Oneida County, New York in March, 1807; and, during almost the whole of his life time, was a banker, acting in some important capacity; and he owned large interests in other enterprises.

At the time of Mr. Handy's death, in January, 1898, he was ninety-one years of age, and was a director of the Merchants' National Bank, which was located on the northeast corner of Superior and West 6th Streets, Cleveland, he having resigned the presidency of that bank, because of increasing age and failing health. He resided and transacted business in Cleveland from 1832 until 1898—sixty-six years. I may state, in passing, that, for ten years, Mr. Handy was a member of the Cleveland Board of Education and did much towards establishing a High School for the city; and that, along all educational lines, from Western Reserve University down to the humblest common school he was a constant, earnest supporter, financially and otherwise.

A few years before the death of Mr. Handy, Mr. John D. Rockefeller was visited at his home, Forest Hill, in East Cleveland, by a number of the foremost capitalists and men of business of Cleveland, who sought that method of manifesting to him their unbounded admiration and respect for him, as a man and promoter of great financial affairs. Mr. Rockefeller, in replying to the address tendered to him, took occasion, in his reminiscences, to mention the name and laudable-generous characteristics of Mr. Handy, saying, amongst other things, that, at a time, in his early career as an oil dealer, he found himself sorely in need of the sum of two thousand dollars; and, after seeking, in vain, to secure the loan of that amount, he finally, approached Mr. Handy, who loaned it to him. This action on the part of the aged banker was entirely characteristic of him, and was readily understood by all present

Quite naturally, my mind turned to Mr. Handy, in my quest of a person at once willing and able to assist me in my attempt to have my essays published.

Gaining access to him, in his private office, in the rear of the Bank, he recognized me at once, as "one of

his boys;" although, he had not seen me for several years. I related to him briefly, what I had been doing during the seven years previous, and received his commendation; then, I unfolded to him my scheme for raising money to "systematize," what education I had secured,—inasmuch as, I had no trade or other definite means of making a living.

He gave my plan his hearty approval, provided, the essays were worthy of publication; and advised me to carry them to the late Professor J. H. Thome, at that time, acting in the dual capacity of Professor in Oberlin College, and pastor of Pilgrim Congregational Church, in this city. Paradoxical as it may seem, Professor Thome, while, in stature, he was a small man, was, yet, a very large man; it is difficult to express an opinion as to, whether his brain or his heart were the larger; of one fact I am certain, however—he was the friend of the poor and needy of every race, for, he was truly cosmopolitan in his thought and action.

"Read one of your essays!" exclaimed the professor; then, bracing himself in his easy chair, he listened attentively, while I read, with all the elocutionary ability at my command, an essay entitled, "We Are Never Alone." "Bravo! Bravo!" he almost shouted, when I had concluded the reading. "That will do." Then he wrote and handed to me a note addressed to Mr. Handy, in which he said, amongst other things, "They are well worthy of publication." ( I immediately delivered the note to Mr. Handy, and he, in turn, wrote and handed me a statement, on a paper containing the letterhead of his bank, which ran, somewhat, as follows:

"The bearer of this, is an ex-member of the Mayflower Sunday School; I have known him from boyhood, and, have full confidence in him; he is trying to collect the means of publishing some essays which he has written,

in order that, by the sale of them, he may secure money to assist him towards obtaining an education.

T. P. Handy..... \$10

“Now,” he said, “go to Mr. Dan P. Ells, and others of the Sunday School, and, perhaps, they will also subscribe;” and, turning to his desk, he gave his attention to his business; while I, filled with delight, went out into the world to see how many others would do likewise.

I would that I could recall the names of all the kind-hearted men who signed that paper and subscribed sums, varying from five to ten dollars. I can recall that, a very elderly banker, whose hand shook like “an aspen,” and last name was Otis, (I think the full name was—W. A. Otis) subscribed ten dollars; A. S. Gardner, a crockery merchant, and E. I. Baldwin, large dry goods merchant, each subscribed ten dollars; the others, I cannot now recall. A total of some sixty or seventy dollars was, in this way raised by me; then, I went to Nevin, a “job printer,” of standing, at that time, and had the pamphlets printed. They were of thirty-eight pages, fine print, on cheap paper, with red, and yellow covers; and had the title of them printed on one side—“Essays on Miscellaneous Subjects,” By a Self-Educated Colored Youth. These essays, I offered for sale in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, New York, New Jersey and the District of Columbia,—with vary success; receiving for single copies of them, from five cents to five dollars.

I had two experiences in the City of Philadelphia, during my tour, in selling my pamphlet, which were of more than ordinary interest and a lasting benefit to me.

The first was that of meeting the Reverend Benjamin F. Tanner, a minister of the A. M. E. Church, who, at that time, was editor of the Christian Recorder, and had his residence over the A. M. E. Book-store, at 631

Pine Street. This was in the summer of 1866, when that reverend gentleman was in "the flower of his youth," and was winning golden laurels by his oratory, in the pulpit, and his facile, trenchant pen, in his "sanctum." Since then, he has reared and educated his brood of children, and grown to a ripe age, as a bishop, in that church.

Rev. Tanner was greatly interested in me and my mission; he spoke encouraging words to me, and treated me, in all respects, as a brother. One mutual bond which held us together was, that he was very much interested in the Vulgate edition of the Scriptures; while I, too, was a student of Latin, in a humble way. Rev. Tanner opened the doors of Old Allen Temple, which stood on the site of the Blacksmith Shop, in which the revered Richard Allen organized the first A. M. E. Church, and scheduled a lecture for me, on the subject, "There's Always Room Enough Upstairs."

The lecture room, which was large, overflowed; and many could not gain entrance to hear my lecture; which enabled me, at its conclusion, to sell a large number of pamphlets.

The reverend gentleman also, gave me a letter of introduction to whom it concerned, amongst the A. M. E. clergy, requesting them to aid and encourage me, in my efforts to sell my pamphlet, and to lecture; this was the "open sesame" to numerous churches, and aided me very much. Tanner, the great artist, whose canvases hang in art galleries in Europe and America, is a son of Bishop Tanner; and, I doubt not, he derived his *afflatus*, his genius, largely from his revered and honored father.

The other incident was meeting, for the first time, Reverend Doctor Hawes, of the First Congregational Church of Philadelphia, and Mr. Theodore Bliss, brother of the late George Bliss of New York City, merchant, philanthropist and one time partner of the Governor Levi P. Morton, of New York.

I called on the reverend gentleman at his home, and he granted me an interview, in which I disclosed to him my plans for the future, and the relation of my mission to them. He did what every true child of God does,—every “great big man,”—he took my hand,—gave expression to words of encouragement and bade me God speed; he did more; he mentioned me and my mission, in his sermon, on the following day, and invited me to meet him in his Sunday School, in the afternoon.

The boys and girls accepted the invitation, and nearly filled the Sunday School room, listening to my plea for assistance, in my chosen way, for the future; and I had the pleasure of selling a large number of my little books, at the conclusion of the address,—some thirty-five dollars, if I mistake not, was the aggregate amount received. At the conclusion of my address, which ended with a thrilling peoration (at least, that was the effect intended), a large gentleman, of noble mein, arose and, in clear tones, said:

“Mr. Superintendent, will you ask that young gentleman to tell us, what he thinks of Jesus!” This came with great surprise; for I had not intended to “preach,” but, simply to make an “unvarnished” statement of my plans and hope and—expectations; nevertheless, I was equal to the emergency. I arose again, and answered, briefly but forcibly, that, neither education, money nor social place could avail a person, if he were not imbued with the spirit of Jesus Christ, as manifested in his daily life. This seemed to satisfy every one, and I left the Church highly elated.

The most important result, for me, growing out of this meeting, however, was my introduction to Mr. Theodore Bliss, as I have stated above. I was invited to meet him at his office, then in a building in Fourth Street, where he carried on the business of a publisher; indeed, I hold in my hand now a little Greek Testament from the

press of Theodore Bliss & Co., which I have owned ever since 1865.

Mr. Theodore Bliss was what we commonly call a self-made man. He was sent out into the world at an early age, to shift for himself, and that rich, puritan blood which coursed in his arteries carried him through, to the end. He was large of stature, with a high, broad forehead and firmly set jaws; which proved him to be a man of high purpose, fixed resolution and great good judgment and energy. His eyes looking out from under heavy brows, were clear and penetrating; marking him as a man, at once, judicious and practical.

Mr. Bliss said to me, in substance: "Go home, settle down; find some useful, remunerative employment, to engage your intervals between the terms; and, if, by following my advice, you find yourself in need of the necessities of life, write to me and I will help you." I thanked him and took my departure.

Later on in life, while attending school, I once in a while, found my toes peeping out from my "boots," and Jack Frost, "Through each crack and crevice creeping;" upon two or three occasions like this, I notified my friend, and the returning mail invariably brought me a ten-dollar bill, the exact cost price of a pair of new boots.

There was another good friend in Philadelphia, whose acquaintance I made, through the courtesy and kindness of the Rev. William Alston, Episcopal priest, of whom I have spoken at length, in the first chapter. I refer to a large dealer in wooden and willow ware, whose warehouse was located down-town, in Market Street, by the name of Jacobus, if, I mistake not. This gentleman, who was largely interested in the Pennsylvania Railroad, at that time, extended to me an invitation to take a theological course, for the Episcopal ministry, but I declined, with thanks. I have suspected, since then, that I made a mistake, for, I fear, I spoilt a good preacher (as well as a

good doctor) in making a poor lawyer; subsequently, this same gentleman procured for me a "clergyman's" railroad ticket, from Philadelphia to my Cleveland home.

Arriving home, I gave my dear mother one hundred and thirty-five (\$135.00) dollars, of the money received in my wanderings; and then began to scan the field to discover a school into which I could matriculate, in order to do the "systematizing," of which I spoke to Mr. Handy. I had a consuming desire to enter a class in the Central High School; but, how could a waiter-boy coming directly from the dining room, where he had been for six or seven years, expect to pass examination and enter that famous school? I say "famous," yes, and advisedly, for then, the chairs were occupied by such ripe scholars as the following: Dr. Theodore Sterling, principal; Professor Sidney A. Norton; Miss Mary E. Ingersall; Miss Emma G. Barriss, subsequently, Mrs. Colonel McAlister, Miss White, Professor Carl Kruger, Professor Theodore Hopkins, and others. And amongst the students were such as Chas. F. Brush, Horace Andrews, Samuel Mather, Dr. John Lowman, W. E. Cushing, Harvey D. Goulder, Joseph Outhwaite, Clarence Stilson, Solomon Schwab, the late Mr. C. O. Bassett, afterwards, well known and appreciated by me, as the president of the great Forman Bassett Co.; of Cleveland, Ohio, who by his great business ability, sterling integrity and great good humor, put his house at the head of all similar organizations in Ohio; and a number of ambitious, successful young ladies. In those days, Mr. Mather's sterling qualities as a student were already quite noticeable; and, even then, his generous impulses, as manifested during his intercourse amongst his fellow-students, forecasted his future life of usefulness and broad humanitarianism.

I saw more of Mr. Mather in the Virgil Class than elsewhere; and it was then, easily evident to my mind, that, his superior quality of intellect and his deep touch

of nature were destined to stamp him as one of our nation's greatest and most useful men. I never see Mr. Mather, even at this late day, without recalling the manly port and dignified bearing of his distinguished father.

The late deceased William E. Cushing, was also, one of the Class of 1869, who, in after years, became conspicuous, because of his sterling manhood and professional ability. "Will" Cushing, frequently invited me to visit him at the home of his late father, Dr. H. K. Cushing, in Euclid Avenue, near the Public Square, where we strove with varying success, to unravel the mysteries of Virgil, together. I mourn his loss.

My old maxim was, "Naught venture, naught have." or, as we sometimes say, "Nothing venture, nothing win." So, straight to the school I went, and, at a convenient time, I stood in the august presence of Doctor Sterling, who questioned me, as to the nature and extent of the studies which I had prosecuted, and accepted one of my pamphlets, which I offered him; and closed the conference between us, by inviting me to visit him at his home, the evening of that day, for a further interview.

At his home, in the evening, Dr. Sterling said to me, in substance; "Green, you have done well in your studies without an instructor, as I have gleaned from a hurried perusal of your little book; but, your studies have not been systematically pursued, and I am certain you could not pass an examination to enter the high-school; but, I will give you a list of books which you will need, and you may obtain them and come to the school, tomorrow forenoon and I will see where I can place you."

I did as directed, and on the following day, in the month of October, I think, I found myself duly installed, in the sophomore class of the Cleveland Central High School, which was still located in Euclid Avenue, near East 9th Street, where the great Citizen's Savings and Trust Company is now located.

In this class, which was composed of the sons and daughters of some of the foremost citizens of Cleveland, I was the only colored pupil; but my color, evidently, was not considered, in any way. Dr. Sterling and every member of his learned corps of instructors, were "color blind" and the only watchword recognized by them was merit.

The studies which the class was engaged in, as nearly as I can recall, were Cornelius Nepos, in Latin, Algebra, Geometry, English History, English Composition, Physical Geography, Calisthenics and Rhetoricals. Later on in the course we had (I had) Chemistry, Physics and Greek, —Xenophon's Anabasis, and one thousand lines of Homer's Iliad.

It took me from October 1866 to July 1869, to devour the four year's course; and, it was said, I stood at the "finish", well near the head of the class, which contained some names which have, since become famous, but, I have never felt that I was as thoroughly grounded in my studies as the other members of the class were; for, I entered the class late; I was not properly prepared for the courses which I studied; I did not have adequate time in which to prepare my lessons; and above all, I felt then and still believe, that some of the students were my intellectual superiors.

While I attended the High School, Dr. Sterling permitted me to leave the room ten minutes before the others were dismissed, at noon, in order that I might reach the hotel and earn my dinner, in the dining room, as a waiter; and during the time I was studying Greek, I slept in a garret, sharing the bed of a man who had a terribly diseased scalp, in order to obtain a free lodging, and husband my small means. I regularly arose at three (3) o'clock a. m. and by the uncertain light of a small pear-shaped oil lamp with one round wick, I studied my Greek lessons, in order that I might be ready to serve in the dining room, for my breakfast, at the sound of the bell.

During the first year of my attendance, in the High School, I worked a second time, in the old Union Depot dining room, for my board. I waited on sixteen (16) depot officials and clerks every morning, and when I suggested that, since I received my board only for all this work, I ought to be allowed to sweeten my cup of coffee with white, granulated sugar, the head waiter (not Thorp Holmes) forbade me to use it, restricting me to some very dark-brown sugar. I appealed to Mr. Wheeler. He sustained the decision of the head waiter, and I quit him and went to the old Birch House, then located on the east side of West 9th street, near the corner of Frankfort street and presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Gillett, kind and generous people, who, I fear, have long since gone to their rich reward.

Mrs. Gillett's father, "Father Birch" was very old and feeble. I had the honor and pleasure of watching over him the whole of one night and, hourly administering to him his prescribed medicine. In his youth, Father Birch had been personally acquainted with Chancellor Kent, whose voluminous and learned commentaries were familiar to all students of law, a generation ago.

Mr. Byron Hunt, a handsome, good natured specimen of manhood, later on, when I was a husband and father, loaned me five dollars, after all other "friends" had failed me. In gratitude, I shall carry the memory of his kindness to my grave with me.

During all the time of my High School experiences, I devoted a number of my nights to waiting on parties and weddings. I shall never forget, that, when the late Senator M. A. Hanna and his beautiful bride, the daughter of the late Dan P. Rhodes, were married, I was one of those who, in the dining room, ministered to their wants; the same is true as regards the wedding of Col. Harris of the United States Army and a lovely daughter of the late Stilman Witt, a sister, I think, of Mrs. Dan P. Eells, of

this city. By the way, when I was graduated and had floral offerings literally rained down on me (37), I wore one of the late Dan P. Eells' discarded coats, given to me by Mrs. Eells. It was a dark brown broadcloth coat.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SOJOURNING IN DIXIE LAND.

On the day following my graduation, I found myself acclaimed in the daily newspapers and by my friends, generally, as being little less than a hero, for my address on the night previous, had been on the subject "The True Hero", and, by all classes of our citizens, without regard to race or color, I was congratulated and praised for such success as I had attained to. There had been a tendency on the part of persons who were friendly to the interests of the Freedmen, to encourage my efforts during my course at the High School, and, if I had not succeeded, it would not have been for the lack of sympathy and good will.

A rather humorous incident occurred on an occasion when I was the invited guest of some of the colored people of Akron, Ohio, as their speaker, in 1867 when the late General Bierce was mayor of that, now large, populous and wealthy city.

When the hall was well filled and the time was opportune, Mr. Morgan, one of Akron's foremost colored citizens, arose and said, in substance, that he was happy to have present with them, a young man who was making a manful struggle to secure an education, after having, first bought a home for his widowed mother. "A true hero!" shouted Mr. Morgan; then, extending his right

hand and waving it, in an inviting way, he exclaimed: "Hero, Come Forth!!"

Since then, I have been introduced to many audiences but none that I can now recall, carried with it the fervor and admiration of Mr. Morgan's.

In very truth, I did not feel, on the day "after graduation" that I had accomplished much; and, for the first time, the true significance of the term, "commencement" as applied to the graduating exercises of High Schools, and Colleges, dawned on me, for, it is the commencement of a course in a college, or of the studying of a profession, for the future, and the individual who, graduating from an institution of learning, imagines that he has finished, is grievously mistaken, for he has only commenced.

My old and esteemed friend, the late Andrew J. Rickoff, Esquire, for many years, superintendent of the schools of Cleveland, came to me and advised me to study law; "It will be just the thing for you," he said. Also, came the late Judge Jesse P. Bishop, successful and wealthy lawyer, and deacon in the First Baptist church, who extended to me an invitation to occupy a desk in his office, under the immediate supervision of the late Captain Seymour F. Adams; a gentleman and scholar, for the purpose of studying law. Had I known then what, I know now, that no man need expect to be a successful attorney at the bar, in the full significance of that term, who has no social intercourse with the business world, I would have declined the kind offer, with thanks, and betaken myself to the study of medicine or theology, but, being ignorant, in the premises, I "jumped at the offer," entered his office, and, thereby, I suspect, I "spoiled a good doctor or preacher, in making a poor lawyer."

I literally, devoured Blackstone, Kent, Bishop, Byles, Stephen, Parsons, and other great commentaries on the English and American law, during the ensuing four months, reading, as I truly believe, by day and by night.

well nigh as much as the average reader would cover in a year.

One fine day, I stalked a man, who from his personal appearance, proved himself to be "facile princeps"—easily first, amongst civilized men. He was tall and of commanding stature, with a frontal and cranial development which might have turned even Webster green with envy. The remainder of the hair surrounding his bald dome, was thin and fair; while above his classic features, peering forth from shaggy brows, were his deep set eyes, penetrating and knowing. Meet the Honorable (General) John Crowell, lawyer, ex-congressman—then president and factotum of the Union Law College, located in Rouse's block, top story, northwest corner of Superior Avenue and the Public Square!

"Young man!" he said, "what are you doing?" I answered, "I am reading law." "Why don't you come up to the college?" he replied. "Because, I have no money;" I rejoined. Thereupon, he quite generously extended to me an invitation to become one of his class. "And," he added, "when you get into the practice, you can pay me."

Needless to say, I took advantage of his kind offer, without delay. I joined his class, in which I found already entered a number of fine young men, amongst whom, I can now recall, Cullen Coats, late a justice of the peace and lawyer of Cleveland Township; Hon. J. T. Garver, now presiding judge of the Sandusky-Fremont district; Augustus Zehring, successful lawyer and the late R. L. Holden, who died in ministerial orders, in C. W.

Fifty-one years have elapsed since those halcyon days glided by, but, I can never forget the great pleasure and profit which I derived from the fraternal intercourse which I found in the midst of those big-hearted, kindly disposed young men. They seemed anxious and willing to aid me in every way. I love the memory of them.

I am reminded of a humorous anecdote which, in those

days, was related, once in a while, with the approval of General Crowell, which I will, here, insert; for great and learned as was "Prexy", he was not "thin skinned." It was in this wise:

"Once upon a time," when the general was a candidate for Congress, he was anxious to secure the friendly co-operation of an old acquaintance, who was not aiding him, in any respect; so, he gave a dinner, to which was invited as many of the "independents" as he could persuade to attend.

The piece de resistance, on the well-filled table, was a "suckling pig," of which the luke-warm friend ate quite ravenously. At this point, the auditors were wont to ask: "General, did he vote for you?" To which the General replied: "D—n him! He voted against me with my pig in his belly!"

Judge Garver, who was elected because of his merit, as displayed at the bar, and as prosecuting attorney of his county, has proven that the electors made no mistake in elevating him to that distinguished and useful position.

When I visited Fremont, some years ago, he met me at the station, and, in his own private conveyance, "showed me the town," so to speak. A rare treat, indeed. Afterwards, he conducted me to his own home, assigned me to his guest chamber, seated me at his dining table with the other members of his family, and made me, in other respects, quite comfortable and happy.

Just fifty years subsequent to our school days at the Union Law College, Judge Garver was assigned by a justice of our State Supreme Court, to preside over one of the branches of our Common Pleas Court in Cleveland, to assist in "cleaning up" our over-crowded docket. When becoming aware of his presence, in my home town, I extended to him, and our beloved Hon. Willis Vickery, one of the judges of our Court of Appeals, an invitation to

visit us at our home and dine with us and several others of our intimate friends.

To our very great gratification, both gentlemen accepted the invitation, and we were all, honored by their presence and society during the greater portion of one pleasant summer afternoon. To say that we were all elated—highly pleased, only partially expresses our feelings on that occasion.

Speaking for the colored members of the Cuyahoga County Bar, I think I make no mistake in saying that, at all times since Judge Vickery's promotion to a judicial position, he has manifested for us a friendliness which has won from us for him, not only profound respect, but feelings of gratitude bordering on love and affection; for he has generously thrown into our hands thousands of dollars, which were needed, and save for his action, would never have come within our grasp.

In the course of a few fleeting months, our course completed, we received our diplomas, duly signed by all the members of the faculty, and carrying the seal of the college on it; and, almost like Milton's description of the eviction of Adam and Eve, from the Garden of Eden, we took our leave of the General and his College:

"The world was all before us where to choose  
Our place of rest, and Providence our guide;  
We, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
Through Cleveland took our solitary way."

During the time I attended the law college and read in Judge Bishop's office, I supported myself by working in the restaurant and confectionery of N. Heisel & Son, underneath the judge's law offices; and also, by doing the janitor work, for the late W. C. McFarland, in his law office. A portion of the time I slept on a couch in the bank of the late George W. Wright, banker, broker, etc.

Now, I had two diplomas; but, as yet, no "visible means" of support, other than that of waiting on table.

I almost blush (?) to tell it; but truth is great, etc. I married when I was in my twenty-fifth year of age, and with only three (3) dollars at my command; and the happy bride was the fortunate possessor of the sum of three and 50-100 dollars; but, she, like me, had a place of useful employment; and we were happy and hopeful, in the love and confidence of each other.

Before long, a dear cousin of mine, residing in the "Palmetto State", South Carolina, having heard of my varied successes, but being ignorant of my marriage, wrote to me, extending an invitation to me, to come and be his guest, until I could select one of three places of employment, then vacant, and awaiting my arrival; and elated by the prospect of entering upon speedy and remunerative employment, my little wife and I began to prepare to exchange our residence, temporarily, for that of the mild and sunny south.

Some of my old school-mates and well wishers, of both races, hearing of our proposed removal, tendered us a reception, in a hall, near the Public Square; and, in return for music and oratorical pyrotechnics, contributed a snug little sum, which we used for the purchase of tickets, as far on our route as Wilmington, N. C.

I shall never forget the impression which the white sand made on my mind, when, in the gentle moon-light, our train stopped, in the suburbs of Wilmington, on one January eve, 1870. We both thought it was snow, although in the car, we were quite comfortable; but, imagine our surprise, when on alighting, we discovered it was beautiful white sand, instead. As we were being driven to the residence of our hospitable friends,—the Sampsons, long time residents of Wilmington and intelligent and wealthy, withal, we perceived that, instead of

being frigid, as we felt it, twenty-four hours before, in Cleveland, the atmosphere was delightfully balmy.

These good people, former friends and associates of my deceased father and my mother, tendered us a royal reception; which put us perfectly at our ease, and persuaded us to believe that the longer we remained their guests the better they would be pleased; thus manifesting the proverbial hospitality of the southern people of both races.

The late Mr. James Sampson, founder of the family, was a colored man who was held in high repute and respect, even by the slave-holders, before the emancipation; and they not only permitted him to walk the streets of the city after the "curfew bell," but, respected passes signed by him for other colored persons. He was a builder, by trade and profession, and himself occupied with his family, one of the most comfortable residences there, which I am informed, is still standing.

One of his sons, the late Professor Benjamin Kellogg Sampson, who was graduated from Oberlin College, in the latter "fifties," was a scholar and an orator of note; for several years in the "sixties," he was principal of Avery Institute, located in Pittsburgh, Pa. Subsequently, he took charge of the colored schools of Memphis, Tenn., where, after many years of faithful service, he died regretted and mourned by all.

John P. Sampson, another son, was a minister of the Gospel, and served faithfully, many years, with honor and success, at Orange, N. J. Then, there were Joseph, who was recorder of deeds, of Wilmington, during the reconstruction period; and James, George and Nathan, all worthy men; also, Susie, Fannie, Mary and Minerva, all well and happily married.

Upon the whole, the Sampsons were one of the most honorable, successful and conspicuous families that ex-

isted in any of our "slave states" before, during and subsequent to the Civil War.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Holmes, were very dear friends while we remained in Wilmington, and did all that big-hearted, generous people could do, to make our visit both comfortable and pleasant. There was a gentleman, long since deceased, William Kellogg, by name (the father of Mr. John Kellogg), for many years, trustee and chorister in Mount Zion Congregational church, of Cleveland, Ohio, who was elected one of the aldermen of the city of Wilmington, which we all considered an honor: for to be one of the city "fathers," is an honor conferred on any man.

Now, Mr. Kellog (a colored man) had, for years, been in the employ of O. G. Parsley & Co., merchants, in some subordinate capacity; and when, after his election, Mr. Parsley addressed him as plain "William," he took exception saying, "My name, now is Mr. Kellogg." "Well then," replied his employer, "if your name is 'Mr. Kellogg' you can get out of my place; for I don't want any 'Mister' doing the work which you are employed to do!" and Mr. Kellogg, thereupon, left the store of his old employer.

We colored friends, considered Mr. Parsley's treatment of Mr. Kellogg, unjust and uncalled for. But, I suppose, when one considers that, the knell of the "Southern Confederacy" had, so recently, been sounded, the slaves manumitted, and, in some instances, placed in official stations, the conduct of that gentleman was quite natural.

On invitation of two former associates, Messers Robert and Cicero Harris, who had gone from Cleveland to Fayetteville, N. C., where they founded the State Normal School, I sailed up the Cape Fear River, to that old and noted city. Fayetteville was doubly endeared to me by the dual facts that, my dear parents, were married there in

1837 and there were a host of good people, residing there, to whom I was related, by ties of blood.

The reception tendered me, by everyone who knew me, was more cordial than I had anticipated; which is saying much, and the memory of it will always remain green.

When I appeared on the platform, in the church where my lecture was delivered, at a signal from Mr. Robert Harris, the principal, the large audience, consisting, in great part, of the students of the school, began to sing, lustily:

“Johnnie Green has come to town!

“Johnnie Green has come to town!

Ho! Ho! for Johnnie Green!”

By this manifestation of regard and sympathy, I was greatly pleased; and considered myself highly honored and the result of the collection which was “lifted,” enabled me to pay our fare the remaining distance to our South Carolina destination. Mr. Robert Harris, the principal of that noted school married a beautiful little lady, an ex-member of the school, whose name was Mary Green. I regret to state that, he died in the flower of his manhood, while he was engaged in the performance of his truly valuable educational duties, so essential, at that time, for the welfare of the colored people of that state; his brother and assistant, Mr. Cicero Harris, subsequently, became a minister of the Gospel; and, by reason of his extraordinary intelligence and conspicuous piety, was ordained a bishop of the A. M. E. Zion church; which position he held and actively served, until his recent death.

Those who knew Bishop Harris best, who were most closely related to him in his life work, declared that, they had never heard escape from his lips a word which would have offended the ears of the most refined lady or gentleman. This was the testimony of Mr. Charles W. Ches-

nut, the famous author, who, in his boyhood and youth was under the daily instruction of the two brothers; and, who, ultimately, succeeded to the principalship of the school; and, also, of this writer, who knew and associated with them both, when they resided in Ohio.

Returning to Wilmington, after my delightful visit to Fayetteville, we speedily packed our trunk (it was not large), and bade farewell to all our friends, who had cared for us, so unselfishly and, I might say, lovingly. We left them with genuine regret; some of them never to behold again. We were fortunate, while in Wilmington, in being of the invited guests, at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Sampson. Mr. Sampson is now and for sixty-two years has been a useful and respected resident of the city of Cleveland, Ohio, where he and his wife have reared and educated two sons and a daughter. The eldest is Professor George W. Sampson, Jr., an alumnus of the Western Reserve University, located in Cleveland; and, for many years, principal of important educational institutions in Ohio and Florida. Mr. Fred Sampson, engaged in useful employment on one of our great "trunk" railroads; and Mrs. Hattie Sampson Dale, the beloved wife of Doctor Ellis A. Dale, one of the skilled and useful physicians of Cleveland.

A slow, jolting ride of one hundred miles, carried us to the station of Laurinburg, N C., the only excuse for the existence of which, is, so far as I could see, at that time, was that, it afforded a watering place for locomotives and a shipping and receiving station for the farmers in the neighboring territory.

Here we were met by two of our numerous cousins; Mr. William R. Brewington, long since deceased, presided over a horse and buggy, while his brother, James Brewington, in his employ, "curbed and restrained" the mule team attached to a wagon. William R. Brewington was.

in some respects, a unique personage; for, since I was born, although I have come in touch with many quaint and curious people, yet, have I never seen his "double," either physically or temperamentally.

William, when a mere child, had been "bound out," as the expression was, "down south," in those days, to a carpenter and builder, ostensibly, to be taught the trade of his master, but, practically to fill the position of a "factotum"—a do all.

My dear mother, who knew of his hardships and adversities, through the eight trying years of his apprenticeship, before he reached his "majority," used to tell us children of the lack of proper and sufficient clothing during the cold winter days; the cravings of hunger which every half-fed boy experiences; the undeserved floggings inflicted on him by his cruel task-master; and much else, until even before we ever saw him, we grieved for him, through sheer sympathy. And now here he stood in our very presence, the master of his trade, a respected contractor and builder, the owner of broad acres, as well as a residence, a little grocery store, a horse and a mule team; to say nothing of a pretty wife and several interesting children.

Yes, here he stood; his "arms outstretched, as he would fly, to grasp in the comer," and his countenance beaming with smiles, welcoming us to Laurinburg, the gate-way from North Carolina to South Carolina, Bennettsville, Marlboro County, South Carolina, twenty miles distant, and reached from that place, by traversing a "blazed-way," through a dense forest and thick sands.

Soon mounted, my little wife in the buggy by the side of our "dear" cousin, and I, on the crest of a pile of bags and boxes, in the wagon we rode into the town of Bennettsville, where, along the main (only) business street, the inhabitants, few in number, seemed to be on the qui

vive, to behold Mr. Brewington's "Cousin John," whose coming had been heralded, and his little wife, whose coming was a genuine surprise to all.

Finally, we halted in front of a rudely constructed frame residence, which stood on a corner of the main street and another, which gradually merged into a country road, leading to and passing by the "Village Blacksmith shop and the "swimming hole." Beyond these, was the imposing residence of the late "J. W. Weatherley," a retired "speculator" (in slaves), built by my "Cousin William," under contract. Opposite the Brewington residence, was a field, which ere long, was gorgeous in its garb of beautiful cotton blooms, and later on, glistened in its crop of snow-white cotton. On another corner, was the spacious field, in the center of which stood the cozy home of the late Charles McCall, who, in an emergency, would shoot and sell to us a nice chicken. And on a third side, was the humble residence of "old" Mr. Whaley, the watch and jewelry repairer, who, even then, tremulously, stood with one foot on the edge of the grave.

On entering it, we discovered that our future, temporary home, was neither lathed nor plastered. The frame of the building was "weatherboarded" and this protected us from the wind and rain. Later on, during a light snow storm, remarkable for that locality, the snow filtered through the cracks and crevices of the shingled roof, and lay lightly on the spread which covered us. However, we were young, and a "little thing" like that, did not discourage us. On the contrary, it was to us a source of much merriment.

"Cousin Mollie," the wife and mother, greeted us in a kindly way, and made conditions as comfortable for us as she could; while little Nellie and Lula, were a never-failing source of pleasure to us both.

On the following day, I was informed by my dear

“cousin,” that two of the three remunerative positions which he had guaranteed me, upon my arrival in Bennetsville, had already been filled; to wit. The school to teach and the post-mastership, in the little Post Office, the former by a competent young lady, a protege of Mr. Henry J. Maxwell, the state senator, representing that district, and the latter by a young freedman, at once ambitious and capable, Cato J. Stuart, by name. Under the circumstances, the only position left vacant for me, was that of clerk in “cousin’s little 12x16, grocery store where he and “Mollie” had been accustomed to barter, sparingly, domestic provisions for “seed-cotton”; that is to say, cotton from which the seeds had not been removed some of which, I am bound to say, came “in de dark ob de moon!”

Imagine this writer, then in those surroundings, in the center of a cotton producing district, removed from even a railroad station, the nearest one being at Society Hill, fourteen miles distant; “not a piccayune to spend,” in his pocket; fresh from the social and educational walks of the beautiful city of Cleveland, and the business and hustle of such cities as Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York!!!

Was I discouraged? No. I was not discouraged. I was surprised, more or less shocked! As for myself, I did not care “a fig,” by the help of God and my determined efforts, I had won my way from hunger and want down to that moment, and I was “armed,” not to suffer, but to conquer. The little fair-haired wife, by my side, leaning upon me for support and encouragement; she it was, whose very patience and resignation to endure all things, to live or die, confiding in and cheering her husband, stimulated me and nerved me to toil on and hope on, until the “silver lining” of the cloud which enveloped us became visible.

No pay was given to me for my services in the "grocery," save our keep, which consisted of a fireless attic to sleep in, and salt mackerel, salt pork, bacon, fried or boiled, once in a while, with "collards" and corn "dodgers," black coffee, sweetened, generally, with dark brown sugar or molasses.

There was, at that time no market in the town, and cotton being the principal product of the farms in that locality, it was extremely difficult to procure vegetables, poultry or eggs, even had I possessed the financial means of buying the same. Later on, in that year, 1870, a little baby boy came to our home, and when the mother plead for some chicken broth, I could not, in any way procure the coveted luxury for her. Finally, I walked down the road, past the swimming hole, a mile from the village, to the home of that same ex-slave "speculator," of whom I have spoken, Mr. Weatherley, and, being received courteously by him, I pleaded with him to sell me one small chicken for my sick wife. Without hesitation, he ordered one of his servants to catch a chicken for me. He presented the bird to me, and scorned payment for it. Whatever else he may have been, his conduct on this occasion, the only time he and I ever met, "face to face," was that of a kindly disposed gentleman, and I shall ever remember him, in gratitude.

We could not buy a morsel of "fresh beef" in that little town, save and except on rare occasions, when some country-man would drive in with the carcass of a little butchered bullock covered with green branches, to protect it from the sun's rays and the flies.

On one occasion, beef in this manner was brought into the village; but before we became aware of its presence it was all sold!!! The little baby boy had not yet arrived and my loved one craved a piece of that beef. "Cousin" William was the proud (happy) possessor of a good-sized "chunk" of it but neither he nor "Cousin" Mollie would

give or sell me a piece. (We were not their guests, then). So, disconsolate, but not cast down, I went to the home of one of the white citizens, who, I was informed, had bought a piece of the beef, and laid my condition before him. His dwelling occupied a commanding position well back in the yard, from the sidewalk, and was guarded at night, by a large, fierce dog, which was generally kept chained in the day time.

I, unsuspectingly and fearlessly, entered upon the premises, when, to my amazement and horror, that savage brute came bounding directly towards and up to me. What defence could I make, what could I do? I had no weapon, I was "empty handed." Looking the dog straight in his eyes, I snapped my fingers at him and spoke kindly words to him, when he to my great relief, wagged his tail and trotted along by my side, until I was accosted and met, by his master.

With every manifestation of true gentility, this southern man, "to the manor born," as the current phrase was at that time, cut off from his portion, a nice large piece of that beef, and presented it to me gratis. I carried it to my wife, and had the pleasure of seeing tears of gratitude standing in her beautiful eyes, by reason of that man's unselfish generosity. I am sorry I cannot recall his name; it was fifty years ago, and memory fails me.

On another occasion, we needed a little tea, black or green tea, it mattered not which. In order to procure it, I was compelled to send to Wilmington, N. C. for it; and, needing a dentist, later on, when I had come into the possession of a little money, I was compelled to travel a hundred and thirty or forty miles, and place myself under the skillful treatment of the late Doctor Rodrigue, of the old regime, in Charleston, in order to repair the damage done to me by a "native dentist," one who did the best he knew how to do, but who after seven ineffectual at-

tempts to draw a wisdom tooth, merely broke it off, and exposed the nerve.

When the fall approached and the cotton crop was "laid by," cousin William suddenly discovered that my services, in the little "grocery" store were no longer needed, that he and Mollie could attend to it, until after picking time. This condition left me and my family, substantially homeless, for we could not remain there, pensioners on their bounty (?) and I was not in a financial condition to go elsewhere.

There was a man in that county, John G. Grant, by name. He was the Probate Judge of Marlboro County, and since his term of office was nearly ended, he was seeking the Republican nomination for re-election; and, knowing that I was active within the ranks of that party he sought my friendship and assistance, in that behalf.

"Green," he said to me, "why don't you rent Brewington's corner room, and open a grocery for yourself in it?" I told him, I had no money to rent the room with, and least of all to stock it with groceries. "Well," he replied, "I have seven barrels of spirits of turpentine, which is quite valuable. I will ship it to Adrian and Vollers, large dealers in Wilmington, N. C., and you can go there and invest the proceeds of that spirits in groceries. and start your store.

A drowning man will grasp at a straw; and I hurried to avail myself of this opportunity; altho, one of the conditions was that, he should be a "silent" partner, and receive one-half of the net profits of the business.

This was on Friday, the next day being the day of the Republican Convention, by which he was duly nominated for a second term, I assisting, as best I could.

The next day, Sunday, after attending Divine services and superintending the Sunday School, I began to collect money to pay my fare to Wilmington, in order to collect for the spirits of turpentine, buy the groceries and ship

them to Laurinburgh. It was not an easy matter to borrow nine or ten dollars. I had three dollars, belonging to the Sunday School. I appropriated that, with a proviso; and I returned it out of my first earnings, later on. Senator Henry J. Maxwell loaned me three other dollars and I reckoned on borrowing three others from another cousin of mine, Mr John Brewington, on reaching the station, which as I have said, was twenty long miles distant

At half past seven, on that Sunday evening, as the "shades of night were falling fast," and while the bell of a neighboring church was sweetly inviting sinners—and others to "come," fondly embracing my well-nigh disconsolate wife, who stood in the door, holding "little Johnnie" in her arms (she weighed ninety-five pounds), I started on my "hike" to Laurinburgh.

The intervening seven miles, before reaching the forest, was through thick sand, and, since I wore a pair of boots, given me, before leaving Cleveland, by the late Frank Judd, which were "snug" on my feet, to say the least, they began to pain me to an uncomfortable degree, but I gave no heed to that; that last image of my wife and little one, standing in that door dependent and forlorn, and the expectancy of securing the means of making them comfortable and happy, stimulated me to such a degree, that, I literally devoured space; and sooner than I expected, I found myself at the beginning of the "blazed-way," on the edge of the forest.

It was now, quite dark, save as the moon and stars, ever and anon, peeped through the foliage and revealed to me the ruts made by the wagons, which traversed that route, and some familiar objects which I had seen before. The occasional hooting of an owl and the quaint noises made by other tenants of the forest, lent a wierd charm to all the surroundings. Mile after mile, ' "reeled off;" never wearying, not once complaining; altho, by this time, my heels and toes were blistered and my gate was

somewhat, halt and lame. To add to the seriousness of my plight, the sky was now overcast with heavy clouds and some big drops of rain began to fall as the rumbling of ominous thunder began to be heard in the distance. Under these conditions, I failed to discern my "landmarks," and I found myself out of the direct route, and was compelled to retrace fully a mile of the distance.

"The night is long that never finds the day," says one poet, while a profound philosopher, more prosaic, carries the same idea when he says, "It's a long lane that has no turn!" And so, I found in this instance, for at half past eleven o'clock (exactly four hours from the time of starting), I knocked at the door of Mr. John Brewington, at the end of my first "lap," and was welcomed, foot-sore and weary, with mingled feelings of joy and surprise.

After answering many questions, hurriedly asked of me, I laid myself on a rough counter, with an empty raisin-box for a pillow. In the morning, when I attempted to pull on my boots, I found that my feet were too swollen to admit of success, but, as time was precious, I put a little soft soap on the side of the heels, and so, succeeded in pulling them on, splitting the inner side of one boot leg, however, in doing so. The blisters on my heels and toes, the swollen condition of my feet, and a pronounced pain in one hip, caused me to limp along in a very ungainly way from the house to the train, en route to Wilmington.

I must not forget to state, that, "Cousin John" loaned me three dollars, and thereby, assured me the means of returning from Wilmington.

Arrived, in a few hours, in the city of Wilmington, I went "as the crow flies," to the wholesale house of Adrian & Vollers, and, immediately introduced myself to Mr. Vollers, a quiet appearing man, of very few words, who had before that day, neither seen me nor heard my voice,

and for aught that I know, to that day, had never even heard tell of me.

In a few moments, he made me aware of the fact, that, on his part, he had neither seen nor heard of the seven barrels of spirits of turpentine! Thereupon, I said to him, "Mr. Vollers, I have spent my last cent, for tickets to this city, from Bennettsville, S. C. and return. I left behind me a frail wife with a baby in her arms, and I dare not return there without this bill of goods. I am the cousin of William Brewington, with whom you are acquainted. Can't you let me have the goods on credit?"

Mr. Vollers looked me straight in the eyes. "How much do you want?" he dryly inquired. "Here is the list," I replied. In a few minutes he had made an estimate of the cost of the goods. One hundred and ten dollars, was the amount. "You may have them," he said. "But, Mr. Vollers!" I exclaimed. "I have not a dollar with which to pay the freight on them." "Well," he said, "we will pay that for you."

If an angel of light had spoken to me, I could not have been made more happy. Truly God was with me! Truly, as a reward of merit, in return for some kindnesses, on the part of my dear deceased father or some one closely related to me, God was blessing me, and I silently lifted up my heart in thanksgiving to Him, from whom all blessings flow. The goods were placed on the same train which carried me back to Laurinburg, on the next day, and a few hours later, I again found myself on that same platform, with a pile of merchandise, and Bennettsville—twenty miles away!"

"What was done, what to do,  
A glance told me both!"

So, says the poet Reed, when describing Sheridan's famous ride, to Winchester "twenty miles away." But

in the case of the writer, a glance did not suffice; for, I was in a semi-hostile country, a stranger to every one and without the means of employing friends or foe to transport my merchandise for me.

Let no youthful reader of this narrative forget that time honored maxim. "Where there is a will, there is a way." I love and confide in those old maxims, for, generally, they have come thundering down the ages" and contain great truths, for our guidance and encouragement, in many of the perplexities of life.

Inquiring of sundry persons whom I met in the one business street, I was finally directed to the home of Mr. Edward Roper—a youthful, hard-fisted, good-natured, kind-hearted Negro man, of family. A "freedman," so called, who had spent the greater part of his life in bondage, until the immortal Abraham Lincoln issued the Proclamation, which broke his bonds asunder.

Fortunately, Mr. Roper was at home; and gave me a right hearty welcome. His good wife and little ones joining him. An invitation to eat followed, which was accepted; and then, after listening to my "tale of woe," he hitched his mule team to his wagon, loaded my goods into it, invited me to sit on the seat beside him, and set me, with my goods, down at my door, in that far away Bennettsville, and all this, without exacting from me any money whatsoever; but, simply relying on my individual oral promise to pay him, when able to do so!

Whatever may be said detrimental to the Negro race by persons who, for one reason and another, do not admire it, I, a person in whose arteries flows a modicum of that self-same blood, here and now, record my "knowledge and belief," that, for love and filial affections, sympathy and generosity, patriotism and martial heroism, industry and a philosophic, hopeful, poetic temperament, it is not surpassed by any race of people on the face of this habitable globe. And "Ed" Roper was one whose

blood had never been "tainted" by an admixture with that of any other race.

During my absence, Ed Sawyer, \* a friendly carpenter, had procured some lumber, and, in a sort of Wild West way, built me a counter and a meat-stand, and placed some shelving in the corner room, referred to in the foregoing, where, on the first day of my experience as proprietor, I sold out nearly everything except my scales, knives and "fixtures;" and sent a "rush" order for supplies to Wilmington, together with a money order for the payment of my original order.

In explanation of my rapid sale of all my small stock of groceries, I will state, that, it was one of the results of a hanging which took place on that day; and which attracted a large crowd of people to that town (the county seat), to witness it. This was a legal hanging, however, in accordance with the required forms of the law.

The name of the unfortunate victim was Berry McCutyre, a young and good-looking colored man, who, in an evil moment, had decoyed his wife to a lonely place near a gloomy pond, and after killing her, had thrown the body into the pond. For some reason that could not be explained, one of the arms of the victim was missing, and although the defendant, finally, made a full confession of the crime, yet, he, to the end, denied the dismemberment of the body.

(NOTE—This Ed. Sawyer was the father of Edward J. Sawyer, Esq., of Bennettsville, S. C., who, at the time referred to, here, was a youth of some seventeen summers. Since then he has been admitted to practice law in S. C.; has reared and educated a numerous family; has become possessed of a thousand or more acres of land in Marlborough County, and in other ways attained to a very high standing in the estimation of everyone.

The gallows was erected in the "public square" of the village, without any attempt to screen it from public view; and numbers of the on-lookers, stood near the "foot" of the scene. When the "trap" was "sprung," the body plunged downward, breaking the neck of the victim, I suppose; for when an attempt was made to shorten the rope and clear his feet from the ground, it was limp and unconscious. I do not believe the man knew what killed him. After the execution, the crowd thronged the groceries, and their patronage was welcome and beneficial.

In the course of a few months, my income from the grocery was such that I bought a lot on a hillside, fronting on the south side of the little square and erected thereon a humble residence and storeroom combined. Long piles, from the bodies of pine trees supporting the rear of the house, which was raised about ten feet from the slant of the hill, while the front rested on low sills near the brow of the same. The depression between the sill of the house and the "main land," was planked over. Here, owing to my political activities and social endeavors, my business grew rapidly, and in the course of a year, I was well established.

In the month of September, 1870 (the 20th day of September, to be exact), I made application to be admitted to the bar of South Carolina. Judge J. M. Rutland (a carpetbagger) presiding over the Court of Common Pleas of that District.

There were two other applications filed on the same day, by two promising white young gentlemen, residents of that town—J. Knox Livingston and H. Hope Newton—both of whom were admitted during the course of that day. But in my case, a committee of three lawyers, consisting of Colonel J. L. Hudson, Duncan D. McColl and Charles Townsend.

By order of the committee, I visited the office of Judge Townsend, "after early tea," which proved to be

at seven-thirty P. M., and was orally examined by those gentlemen, in turn, until eleven-thirty o'clock, of the same evening. I am pleased to record the fact that, I answered satisfactorily, every question asked of me, save one; and that related to "marine" law; which, to us in Bennettsville, was not of much interest, inasmuch as the nearest body of water to the town was the stagnant swamp at the foot of the hill, in the rear of my little home; and the only running stream, which I can now recall, was the creek tributary to it, which in its course, furnished our swimming hole.

In making their report to the Court, on the following day, the committee said, in part, "we find your applicant John P. Green, not only qualified, but well qualified." I took the examination there, instead of going to the State Capital, and being admitted on motion, because I craved the respect and professional assistance of the members of the Marlboro Bar; which I cheerfully say, was accorded to me, as long as I practiced there.

During the year and a half and more, given to the practice there, I saved two lives, the third John J. McQuaig (white), indicted for murder (they had no varied degrees only murder and manslaughter), made his escape from prison, plunged into the "dismal swamp," in the rear of the jail, and, to my knowledge, was never heard of again.

One of my fortunate clients was, Irene McRae, a colored girl, not yet seventeen years of age, who, one hot July day, gave birth to a child—cut its head off, and then got into a tub of cold water. Since she had no money, and the other lawyers did not care for the case, she became my client; and, adopting the defense of puerperal mania, I secured a verdict of "not guilty." Some mention of this defense was made in one of the Harper periodicals of that day.

When we were empaneling the jury for the trial of that case, old Peter McColl, clerk of the court, who was

nearly a hundred years of age, and shook in his voice and his hands, almost like an aspen, proceeded, as follows: "John W. Crossland," he called. To the front came a "southern gentleman," owner of much land, and erstwhile owner of numerous slaves, who tilled the soil for him. "P-r-i-s-o-n-e-r," said the aged clerk, l-o-o-k o-n t-h-e j-u-r-o-r; j-u-r-o-r, l-o-o-k o-n t-h-e p-r-i-s-o-n-e-r!" Then we both looked. "W-h-a-t s-a-y y-o-u?" he asked. Now, I was in a quandary, as to whether I should say, 'swear him,' or "excused;" for, Crossland bore the reputation of having been a very cruel driver of his slaves, and it was reported that any one of his ex-slaves could be distinguished by the white patches of hair on his head, where wounds had previously been inflicted; and I feared, lest he should show prejudice against this colored girl, in the deliberations of the jury. On the other hand, I knew that in weighing professional and scientific questions, relating to the case, he was just the man, of all, needed. So, I said, "swear him!" He was made foreman of that jury; and by his elucidations of the technical questions growing out of the defense, brought us safely through.

The other case was that of a colored man, who, in a drunken brawl, severed the femoral artery of another. I was one of the three who defended Frank Cook. He was duly convicted of murder, and sentenced to be hung. After the gallows was erected, at the earnest plea of his wife, who was soon to become a mother, I went to Columbus, and by a political bargain, persuaded the late Governor Scott, (of Henry Co., Ohio, who was then Governor of S. C., and was afterwards tried in Henry Co., Ohio, for murder and acquitted) to commute his sentence to life imprisonment. He was subsequently, pardoned, after I left the state; and, for aught that I know, is still living with that wife and his children.

In the year 1903, after having finished a term of nine years' service in the employ of the United States, at

Washington (of which, more, later on), I applied for admission to the bar of the District of Columbia, and, in order to evade the requirement of a formal examination, I wrote to the late Duncan D. McColl, Esq., of Bennettsville, requesting him to send me a copy of the Journal entry of my admission to the bar of South Carolina in 1870. His letter breathes such a spirit of friendliness that, I shall record it; not more as one of the incidents of my career in South Carolina, in my youth, than as a testimonial of my high esteem and grateful remembrance of a southern gentleman, scholar and man of affairs, who, recognized merit in all men, regardless of color or previous condition, and he lived a long and useful life.

The letter follows:

BANK OF MARLBORO

Bennettsville, S. C., May 2d, 1903.

Hon. J. P. Green,

Washington, D. C.

My Dear Sir:—

Your favor of the 29th ult. read. Am certainly glad to hear from you. Went to Clerk's office and found the date of your admission, to practice law, entered on the minutes of the court. Had no trouble, owing to your good recollection of date, etc. I enclose your certificate, from the clerk of the court, under seal, showing you to be an attorney at law, in this state, in good standing, etc., and copied in the certificate, the order of the court, admitting you. I hope it will answer your purpose and be all you desire.

I paid him 50 c for the Certificate, but do not pay back to me, as I hope, some time or other to get even, in some other way.

If you will notice, you were admitted to practice, on my motion; and I am proud to say, that, while you practiced at this bar, you did great credit to yourself and the profession.

I recall, distinctly, although it has been thirty years (32 years, is exact—J. P. G.), your defence of Alford (Frank Cook—J. P. G.), charged with murder.

This was a case of infanticide (the writer now refers to the Irene McRae case, mentioned above—J. P. G.), and your great

skill and knowledge in successfully establishing the defence of puerperal mania.

Hope you are well and doing well,

Yours truly,  
D. D. McCALL.

State Senator Henry J. Maxwell, now deceased, treated me, at first, with almost contempt. He was about fifteen years my senior, in age, a brick layer, by trade, and a politician by profession. He was a South Carolinian, by birth, and was evidently proud of the fact.

The colored people of the county, who were all active members of the Republican party, almost blindly followed his leadership, and he dictated the policies pursued in the county, which were implicitly obeyed by them. In the Senate, at Columbia, he was, facetiously, denominated, "the Duke of Marlborough;" and he commanded attention and exerted influence.

I paid little attention to him, at first; but, when the fall campaign came on, and he was a candidate for re-election, we became well nigh "chummy", and not only visited each other, but, sat on the same platforms, and addressed the same political gatherings. Here is yet, another of those wise old "saws," of which I spoke, in a former chapter, and which, as a rule, are eternally true:

"Politics make strange bed-fellows."

This was literally verified, eventually, when he and I, in Columbia, S. C., actually, slept in the same bed, together.

During my brief political experience in and near Bennettsville, I faced three separate contingencies in which, I suspect, my life was endangered, the first was, when on one pretty July afternoon, in a grove near the village, I was delivering a political harangue, in which I censured some of the methods resorted to by the Democratic party, a large man John W. Harrington, by name,

who was made fierce looking by bushy whiskers, rushed at me with an ugly looking knife, and attempted to cut me with it. He was intercepted, however, by several of my auditors and disarmed. They, too, had big, sharp knives.

My second jeopardy was, on the Fourth day of July, 1871, when I, as "orator of the day," was literally, making the eagle scream, on a platform erected on our little Public Square, in Bennettsville, when Harris Covington, Esq., Democratic nominee for Congress, rushed forward, grasped me by one of my legs, and attempted to pull me down from the rostrum. Mr. Covington narrowly escaped being run through the body by a sword, in the hands of a colored by-stander; and a riot was prevented by the counsels of judicious persons, present.

The third jeopardy was self-made; and from this point of view, I can see that, my conduct was ill-advised and silly. The "Greely Democrats," of the County had just adjourned a large meeting which they had held on the public square, and, with several of their Negro employes, were preparing to return to their homes. I, thereupon, in the absence of Senator Maxwell, constituted myself Republican leader, and declared that, I would mount the vacant platform, and answer the statements which had been made to the colored men, in attendance, by the speakers.

Sheriff Joel Easterling, the long-whiskered-patriarchal Republican official, said to me: "Green, don't you do it! They will kill you! If you persist, I, as sheriff of this county, will not guarantee you protection!" Yet, I mounted that platform; and for forty minutes, preached a pure, unadulterated, Abraham Lincoln republicanism.

They did not touch me; but, in the next issue of the local paper, there was a statement, that, after the adjournment of the Democratic meeting, "a fellow by the name of Green, who came from nobody knows where, and

lives on nobody knows what, got up on the stand and harangued the Negroes."

Occasionally, we would awake to find "Ku-Klux-Klan" literature strewn near our front doors or tacked on the trunks of the large pine trees in the public square. I have never known whether the dodgers, which carried at the top the death-head and cross-bones, of the Ku-Klux-Klan, were a mere hoax or a dire threat and menace. Of one fact I am certain; they caused us all to be quite apprehensive; and, on many nights, Maxwell, William Brewington, John Brewington, this writer and others, "armed to the teeth," took turns in patrolling the streets, in the vicinity of our homes, in order to prevent a surprised assault; and my own doors were locked, barred and propped, as a source of protection.

On one "first Monday" (the day of the month when the sheriff sold lands and effects, by order of court), a half drunken fellow, McQuaig by name, started in pursuit of me—to "kill me," as he said; I heard of it; and, arming myself with a long, sharp knife, pursued him. He dodged me, and that ended the fiasco.

Early in 1872, I was elected delegate to the Republican State Convention, which held its sessions at Columbia, the capital of the state. There were present, in the elegant hall of the House of Representatives, which had been furnished at a cost of sixty thousand dollars (and contained cuspidors at a cost of fifteen dollars each), not only delegates from all parts of South Carolina, but, many members of Congress, judges, public officials and the Governor of the state.

During the deliberations of the committee on credentials—on motion of Captain Robert Smalls (of the steam-boat "Planter" fame), I was, unanimously invited to address the convention. It came to me like the proverbial "clap of thunder". However, I did not shrink, but,

on the contrary, "grasped" the opportunity, Thomas Carlyle says.

"Occasion, God-like, rushes storming on swift—perilous,  
Like a whirlwind—like a swift, lightning steed;  
Manfully, thou shalt grasp him by the mane,  
And vault into thy seat on him;  
And ride and guide there thou!"

I took his advice. For nearly an hour, I addressed that august assemblage, paying no more attention to the personnel of the assemblage or the coign of advantage, from which I spoke, than if I had been speaking to a jury in the Court House.

The portion of my address which attracted most attention and which was widely criticised by politicians, was that, wherein I declared that, the people should select as public servants, men known to be intelligent and honest; that, unless this policy were speedily adopted they would be reading the "handwriting on the wall;" that, the reconstruction (carpet-bag) governments of the southern states could exist no longer than they were sustained by the public opinion of the North; and that, failing in respect of that support, they would fall, to rise no more.

Coming down from the rostrum (the speakers' stand), Senator Allen, of Greenville, grasped my hand, and said: "Mr. Green, you have made just the speech which I have desired to make, all this session; but, from policy sake, have not dared to do."

I soon found that Senator Allen was correct; for, on returning to Bennettsville, I ascertained that a garbled report of my address had out-run me. It was reported and current, that I had said, that, none, save "college-bred men," should be elected to office, and since there were no men of that class amongst the Republican voters

of that county, I readily deciphered the handwriting on the wall, for me. My political name was henceforth 'Dennis!'

This convention, elected me an alternate to the Philadelphia National Convention, which re-nominated President Grant, for President, I represented the First Congressional District of South Carolina, and it was my first appearance, in National politics.

The swamp, in the rear of my little home, at the foot of the hill, breathing forth poisonous miasmata, during the summer season, having impaired my health, and threatened the life of both my wife and our baby-boy, I suddenly concluded that I would, "pull up my stakes," and return to Cleveland; there, "for better or for worse," to try the fates as a member of the Ohio bar.

In less time than it takes to record these facts, I had run over to the office of Colonel C. W. Dudley, the Nestor of the town, surrendered to him my deed and all claim on the hill-side lot of land; giving to cousin William Brewington, the horse which I was buying, and for the full payment of which he was surety; sold to him, in bulk, the contents of the little grocery; distributed gratis some and crated others of our meagre household effects, and were enroute towards Fayetteville, N. C.

No tongue can ever express the joy of my wife, when she clearly understood that she, "really and trully" was leaving Bennettsville, to return no more. Her gratitude to God and her husband, knew no bounds, and she referred to the event during the remainder of her life.

We had some true and tried friends there, of both races, who regretted to see us leave; even Colonel Dudley, who generally represented the sentiment of the white people of the county, said to me, "If you had permitted the white people to take you up and fight Maxwell, you could have succeeded politically and otherwise." However, that policy was out of the question. I was colored, and I

was a black—Abraham Lincoln, John Brown, Frederick Douglass Republican, and everybody knew it. How then, could I, with Democrats of that day, join hands and fight Maxwell and his hosts; many of whom walked from Red Bank, twenty miles distant, to vote for Ulysses S. Grant, as against Horace Greeley!

## CHAPTER VII.

### BACK TO CLEVELAND.

In the city of Fayetteville, we found ourselves in the midst of many relatives and warm hearted friends, two of whom, most highly prized by us, were Mr. A. J. Chesnutt, father of Charles W. Chesnutt, Esquire, author and scholar, whose name I have mentioned heretofore; and the other was, the late Mrs. Sophia Carter, a sister of Mr. A. J. Chesnutt, who temporarily, in a motherly way, received my dear wife, and made her comfortable and happy, as long as we remained there. We left, with Mrs. Carter, a cook stove (*rara vis*, in that part of the country), conditioned that, when convenient, she should remit to us the sum of fifteen dollars, the purchase price of the same. Of this transaction more anon.

Arriving in Cleveland, after spending a month as the guest of my dear mother and sisters, we rented a suite of two rooms, on the second floor of a frame dwelling house (still standing) in Brownell street, (now E. 14th), furnished it at an expense of twenty-seven dollars, and moved into it. It was now near winter, and the remainder of cash, which I had brought with me from Bennettsville had dwindled down to a negligible amount; and, as I was not known in Cleveland, as a lawyer, I began to have visions of the "gaunt finger of want."

Under these conditions, the late R. L. Holden and I

planned and executed a tour of some of the prominent cities of the east, including some of those which I had visited in my school days, when I sold my little book, and lectured. During this tour, we acted in a dual capacity; I lecturing first, and Holden following, with some "side-splitting" stories. We were well treated, and received enough money to defray all expenses; but, little more, and on my return to my wife and two babies, now, I found myself in the most dire strait, financially, I had ever been in before, even more so than when I took that midnight trip to Laurinburg, for, then, I had no rent to pay, on the spot; and I had only one baby to care for; moreover, I could see flitting around and past me youths and men of my acquaintance, who had never orated in public, and whose names had never been blazed forth as an orator, hero, lawyer, and what not; yet, sleek and well clad, still acting in the role of waiters and menials, while I was, almost, "hungry and naked."

I was out of coal, with the mercury at almost zero; my rent was in arrears, with no prospect of payment; and the larder was well nigh empty. In this plight, Mr. Cicero M. Richardson, one of the foremost and well to do citizens of color, kindly sent me a few bushels of coal; and none too soon; another dear good friend, Mr. James Thompson, a Roman Catholic, small of stature and very dark, visited me, and gave me of his advice and assistance; a favor which, later on I repaid, in kind, of which he never knew.

I went out into the city amongst several of my erst-while colored friends and tried to persuade them to loan me the sum of five dollars; but, in vain. I regret to say, they proved to be in a worse financial condition than I myself was; provided, they told me the truth. I then went to Mr. Byron Hunt, a white man, clerk at the old Birch House, where I worked, for my meals, during a part of

my school days; he loaned it to me, without hesitation; and, I afterwards returned it to him.

I went to a grocery store, around the corner of East 14th street (Brownell) and Prospect street, and filled my basket with groceries, one morning; but, not having money sufficient to pay the bill in full, I handed him back the butter. Arriving at home, we ate our bread without butter, which I had often done before.

Frequently, I attended the police court, hoping against fate, that, somebody, of all would retain me to defend him; but in vain. What knowledge had they of my legal ability or the contrary? None at all. Some of them perchance had heard of me as being an apt and successful school boy, and that, I had been graduated from the Law College, but, the report of my signal success, at the South Carolina Bar had not reached them, and, when the life, liberty or property of a man is at stake, he wants the best and most influential lawyer he can obtain. But—

“Let Hercules do as he may;

The cat will mew, and the dog will have his day!”

and my day finally came, when, a young colored man, J. A. Hawkins, by name (long since deceased), who was unjustly accused of an offense, seeing me in the court room, came to me and gave me a retainer of twenty-five dollars, to defend him! To say I was pleased, only mildly expresses the sensation which nearly overwhelmed me; not more by reason of the retainer, than because it would give me an opportunity of being seen and heard in that legal arena, where I was destined, for so many long years, to “strut and fret,” and contend, as an advocate of justice between man and man, and “The State of Ohio and the defendant, at the Bar.”

Mr. Hawkins was speedily acquitted; and went from the presence of the court, “without delay,” to blazon

forth my merits as a lawyer; and thereby, assist me in securing my "daily bread",—butter or no butter.

It was a peculiar coincidence that, just before Mr. Hawkins retained me, when I was, once more "dead broke," I received a letter from that dear Mrs. Sophia Carter enclosing three five dollar bills, in payment of the little cookstove, which we had placed in her possession on leaving Fayetteville. Truly, for us, I could say with Romeo,

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day  
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops."

We had now, forty dollars, in cash, at our disposal; and I was determined to make the most of it, and from that time down to the present day, we have been above sheer want; and, at times, able to cast a little bread on the waters.

The advent of the municipal election, drew near, a mayor was to be elected, and various and sundry municipal officials, including a number of justices of the peace, to serve the township and city of Cleveland, during the ensuing three years. In that contingency, to my great surprise and gratification, up rose Pard B. Smith, sheriff of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, William T. Clark, Esq., attorney at law (in whose office I had my desk) and "Johnnie" Francisco, highly esteemed veteran of the Civil war; and, in the convention they wrought so manfully and successfully that, I received the nomination, for justice of the peace, at the hands of the Republican party. At the same time, John Huntington, Esq., was nominated for mayor.

When the votes were counted on the night of the first Monday in April, 1873, the results proved that Mr. Huntington was defeated by more than twelve hundred; while this writer was elected, by more than three thousand majority.

This was the first instance within my memory, of the election of a colored man to any office, in the state of Ohio; and, to the best of my knowledge, the first time a colored man was elected to a judicial office, in the great, North, East and West. In the former slave states, where the colored voters, assisted by a few white men, were in the majority, and members of the race, who could neither read nor write, were, in some instances, elected even to the law making branch, it was different. When I attended a state convention in Columbia, South Carolina, I met and associated with Justice Wright, a pure Negro, who was an associate justice of the Supreme Court of that august state; the home of the Rhetts, the Barnwells, and of John C. Calhoun, of senatorial fame.

I rented the office and succeeded to the judicial functions of the late "General" David L. Wood; and, thereafter, for nine consecutive years, by re-elections, I remained one of the justices of the peace of this populous wealthy and intelligent city of Cleveland, Ohio.

In order that the significance of my promotion may be fully appreciated, it may be recorded, that the bond required of a justice, was five thousand dollars (which would be equal to ten thousand dollars now). My bond was signed on the several occasions by the late W. C. McFarland, the same attorney whose office I cared for, when I was in the Law College, in 1869. An able, kind and generous man was Mr. McFarland and in his death, the Cleveland Bar sustained a real loss.

Justices of the peace, at that time had, in civil cases, jurisdiction to the amount of three hundred dollars. Exclusive jurisdiction in Forcible Entry and Forcible Entry and Detainer cases; and examining powers in all felonies and misdemeanors, from murder down. Which made the court of justice of the peace of more importance than that of Municipal Judge in Washington, D. C., or elsewhere at that time. Moreover, it was an elective office

by a majority of the votes of the people; which I have always considered, the most honorable way of obtaining office, no matter of what importance.

Amongst the conspicuous lawyers who appeared in my court and transacted legal business, may be mentioned, ex-senator Theodore E. Burton, who informed me, when he was a notable candidate for the Presidency, that, he tried his first case in my court. Mr. Andrew Squire, who, at that time was a youthful practitioner, also tried cases before me, as did the late Virgil P. Kline, R. E. Mix, C. W. Noble, and Mr. John G. White, now famous as a jurist.

Thomas J. Carran, John J. Carran and Mr. William Heisley, all able attorneys, gave me business and appeared in my justice's court. A long list would be required to contain all the names of those attorneys, living and dead, who honored me with their business and presence. The Honorable Myron T. Herrick, ex-governor of Ohio, and ex-U. S. Ambassador to France, says to me, in a postscript to a nice letter, "I recall that you were one of my first friends when, as a young man, I was admitted to the Bar."

Johnnie McGraw, C. R. Heller and James Sweeney, (the first and third of Irish descent), were two of my constables; while Parker Hare, L. W. Turner and J. H. Washington, all colored men, were, at times, in my office. Parker Hare, for five consecutive years.

While I was serving my second term, as justice of the peace, in 1877, I was nominated, by the Republican party of Cuyahoga County, for the lower branch of the General Assembly of Ohio. The canvass was long and, at times, exciting. I "stumped" the whole county, and tried to meet the objections of a colored man, now deceased, Madison Telley, by name, residing in the Hay market district, who was favoring the Democratic ticket, and boasted that he would defeat me. There was another

man (white), Wilson Treat, by name, who resided in the "old Eleventh" ward, on the West side of the river, who quite effectively, opposed me; because, when he was in his "cups", he squeezed one of my hands until small beads of blood oozed from the roots of two of my finger nails; and I then and there, "insulted" him by telling him what I thought of him; which was not flattering, by any means.

The next morning after the election, I was declared elected, by sixty-two majority over the late John C. Covert, at that time, one of the editors of the Cleveland Leader. The late Edwin Cowles, who, with the late Joseph Medill of the Chicago Tribune founded the Leader, and for many years, made it a great power for the abolition of slavery,—the preservation of our glorious Union and a true wholesome Americanism, was Emeritus, then, while young men were at the helm. My election was blazoned forth with big head lines in all the daily papers.

Great was the consternation of the friends and supporters of Mr. Covert; they had "run" him as a champion of the demand that all church property should be taxed thereby, to inflict a telling if not mortal blow, on the Roman Catholic Church, in Ohio.

Another night passed, when an alleged recount of the ballots cast for me was had, in "old ward No. Four", which had its headquarters in the engine house, still standing, in East 18th street, (then Huntington Street), near Central avenue; the result of the recount, as announced, on the following morning, was that, they had thrown out eighty-four votes, previously counted for me,—because they could not determine whether they were intended for me or for F. W. Green, one of the nominees on the Democratic ticket!

Thus, they declared me defeated; and John C. Covert was declared elected, by a small majority; and he was subsequently, re-elected, and served four years as a law maker of the great State of Ohio; but, as far as I can see

the taxation of church property, belonging to the protestant or Catholic congregations, remains as it was at and before the time of Mr. Covert's "election."

Ex-Mayor R. R. Herrick and Colonel Louis Smithnight, were the "bosses" of that ward, at that time. I am not sure that they were cognizant of the recount which was made, in the absence of myself and my political friends.

I was advised, by many voters, of all races, to go to Columbus and contest the election (?) of Mr. Covert; but, I had neither time nor money to do so; and I let it drop, awaiting another opportunity to win promotion.

During the nine years of my service, as justice of the peace, I also, practiced law, principally in the criminal branch of the Court of Common Pleas; and, in that sphere of action, it was my good fortune to be confronted by some courteous and able attorneys, who prosecuted for the State of Ohio. Amongst these were the late Homer B. DeWolf, William Robinson, S. M. Eddy, Peter H. Kaiser, Alex Hadden, Edward P. Slade; and last, but not least, our present Judge W. B. Neff, who, for so many years, has presided with learning and dignity, in our Court of Common Pleas.

The first "murder case," in which I defended, in Cleveland, was that of the State of Ohio vs. Stephen Hood, charged with murder in the first degree, in the premeditated killing of his foster son, "Green." It was charged that, early one spring morning, Hood took his two boys Fred and "Green" to the camping grounds, from which a circus had just departed, ostensibly, to search for lost money and other things of value; and that, after searching for a short time, he went into a neighboring wood, accompanied by "Green," and pounded his head almost into jelly, and left the corpse there, to be discovered, later on, by searchers for him.

Hood professed innocence; and that, he had no recollection of committing the deed; and the fact, which was

not disputed, that Hood had adopted the boy, had always been kind to him, and even protected him when his wife would chastize him, left us all in doubt, as to whether or not, if he did commit the act, he did it when in a rational condition.

I adopted the defense of insanity, and proved, as I thought, that Hood was subject to hallucinations, when, his mind was unbalanced; and argued that, if he did kill the boy, it was done when he was under the influence of one of these spells. William T. Clark, Esq., then a young attorney, by my request, came into the case to assist me; and very ably aided me in the entire defense. The late Judge R. F. Paine presided and conducted the case with his well known judicial ability, fairness and honor; while Mr. Homer B. De Wolf, young, energetic learned and able. prosecuted, for the State.

The trial lasted a number of days, and the court room was filled to the doors. Finally, the court having charged the jury, it retired in the afternoon and remained out, all night. On the following morning, the foreman handed in a sealed verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. No sooner had the verdict been read and the jury polled, than, it became known that, the jury, in its deliberations, during the previous night, had made use of some law books, which had been negligently, left in the jury room; and that, one of the jurors had assumed the role of Judge, mounted the platform, and, from the Judge's Bench, had expounded the law. I should have said, before, that the jury was locked up in the Court room, to deliberate.

We obtained the affidavits of several of the jurors, establishing these facts; but, owing to a decision rendered by our Supreme Court, to the effect, that, the oath of a juror will not be received to impeach the verdict of his fellow jurors, the verdict was not set aside by Judge Paine. We took the case, on error, to the Supreme Court;

but, met with the same refusal, and that is the law of Ohio, to this day.

Failing to get any relief from any legal source, I went to Chilicothe, Ohio, where resided Governor Allen, sometimes called "Fog Horn" Bill Allen, in token of his stentorian voice, which waked the echoes amongst the hills of southern Ohio, when he spoke at political gatherings, many-many years ago. The governor had retired from active political life; but the exigencies of the Democratic party had called him forth from his beautiful and peaceful country home, "Fruit Hill," which was nestled in the suburbs of Ohio's former capital, to do valiant service and once more reinstate his party and himself in power.

The Governor, a gentleman of the type and character of the days of Calhoun and Clay and Stanley, received me with all the indications of good breeding and gentility; and, after thoroughly discussing the merits of the case, launched out into a sea of reminiscences of his congressional career, and did me the honor to state, that he served in Congress and was well acquainted with the late Edward Stanley (mentioned in the first chapter) one of my reputed uncles. Upon the whole, my hour and a half was spent with pleasure and profit, in the home of this distinguished statesman; and I left him, the wiser for my visit to him, but, without profit to my client.

Hood had to die. I advised him and tried to nerve him for that horrid ordeal; and, had the satisfaction of seeing him firm in step and every movement, as he mounted and stood upon the "Trap" of the gallows, before he was launched into eternity. After the fall, a few shrugs and tremors of the swaying body, were the only indications that it had any life in it, and, in a few minutes, the doctors pronounced him dead.

I could never get from him a confession of the deed, And I still believe, that, when he killed that unfortunate boy, he was non composmentis, not of sound mind.

Many other men and women, indicted for murder in the first, and second degree, I defended, while I served as justice of the peace, but, to even mention the cases briefly, would tire the reader of this narrative, so, I will desist; later on, it may be necessary to make reference to one or more of my experiences, in order to bring to the front some of the public actors in the dramas; but, until then, let the foregoing suffice.

While engaged as justice of the peace, it was my pleasure and, indirectly, my profit, to make the acquaintance of a number of young gentlemen connected with the daily Press of Cleveland, who, afterwards become noted and, in two instances, at least, famous as journalists. The first of these was the renowned Frank G. Carpenter, who has, since, under the patronage, more or less, of Presidents and other high officials of the United States, and of Royalty, in Europe and Asia, traveled over the whole civilized world; and, as a correspondent of syndicated newspapers and other publications, contributed much towards the enlightenment of mankind.

I recall Mr. Carpenter, as a frecklefaced, diminnutive young gentleman, with an abundance of ruddy hair. He was, then, connected with the news department of the Cleveland Daily Leader, and in his quest of news items for his paper, was the soul of energy and persistence. I, for a long time, looked forward to his daily calls, and did my "bit" in securing and furnishing to him whatever of interest I thought would be of value to him; and, on more than one occasion, he reciprocated the favor by making notice of me and my office in the Leader in a way that was of substantial benefit to me.

Another young gentleman with whom I became much more familiarly acquainted, was Mr. R. F. Paine, Jr., son of Judge R. F. Paine, the learned jurist who presided on the bench, during the trial of Stephen Hood, of whose unfortunate ending, I have just spoken. Mr. Paine repre-

sented one of the departments of the "Penny Press," as the Cleveland Press was then denominated, and it was largely through his indefatigable energy and skill, that the Press changed its name and became one of the great and influential papers of Northern Ohio.

He too, in the commencement of his journalistic career came regularly to my office, in search of news items; and we all, justice, clerk and constables, were pleased to accommodate him, when practicable. In return for these, alleged favors, Mr. Paine did us many favors in the way of advertising the office, which of course, meant, financial profit to us.

I can never forget the large heartedness of this gentleman when, years afterwards, as the managing editor of the Press, he ran a conspicuous portrait of this writer, on the front page of the Press, gratis; which contributed, substantially, towards the election of the writer to a much higher and more honorable office than the one then held by him; and again, after my return from a trip in Ireland, he published a lengthy letter, written by me, descriptive of my tour, in the Press, and paid me, handsomely, for it.

I may be excused for recording an interesting event, connected with the Penny Press, at the inception of its publication in Cleveland; which, I think, was the indirect cause of Mr. Paine's connection with that paper.

There was a young man, since deceased, by the name of Maurice Perkins, who was connected with the news department of that paper, from its inception here. Mr. Perkins was energy personified; and he could write a story which every one would stop to read. In one of the early editions, appeared an article, quite readable, which greatly displeased a member of a great business firm of the city. A day or so, later on, in pursuance of an invitation extended to him, Mr. Perkins visited the place of business of the aforesaid young gentleman; and, while

in there alone, he received such treatment, (in which tar played a conspicuous part,) that he subsequently was confined to his bed, and his health was seriously impaired. I think it was about this time that Judge Paine was retained by the paper, and his talented son became one of its reportorial staff.

Mention has already been made, in the foregoing, of a number of prominent attorneys at law, who practiced, occasionally, in my office; but they were, for the most part, persons who were young in the profession, at that time; attention will now be called to several of riper years, who were conspicuous for their learning and success; and, as that Nestor of our Bar, W. S. Kerruish, Esq., was in the same hall, where my office was located, and only about fifteen feet removed from it, I will first mention him. Mr. Kerruish, then a man of middle age, and residing with his large and interesting family, in Woodland Avenue, which was then a beautiful residence street, was a very active practitioner. He spoke the German language, fairly well, and by reason of this fact, brought into his office a clientel, largely German.

In the same hall, occupying an office contiguous to mine, was George A. Kolbe, Esq., a justice of the peace, of many years' experience, who, with a noble band of associates had, literally escaped from Germany after the collapse of their attempted revolution, finding asylum and protection here in the United States. At the same time, came Carl Schurz, Franz Siegel, Jacob Mueller, August Thieme, J. W. Schmidt, Esquire Boehne, Edward Bohm and many others. I think they are all deceased now; but, in their day, they were all politically influential and did much to stimulate the study of the German language in our schools, and to foster the love of their fatherland, which during the world war, made so much inconvenience and trouble for some of their successors.

Squire Kolbe was very fond of Mr. Kerruish, for the

reason that he spoke German; and exerted himself to add to the number of his clients in every practical way. I suspect, also, that, there was a reciprocal feeling for the squire on the part of the able lawyer.

Mr. Kerruish was cosmopolitan in his feelings and conduct; he was generous and liberal, and conceded to every man the right to the same enjoyment of all the constitutional rights which he and his enjoyed, without regard to race or color.

I recall, an anecdote which he has related to me on several occasions, during the past forty-seven years of our acquaintance, which proved plainly, the characteristics of the youth, as developed in the man. He with some of his classmates, who were students at Western Reserve College, when it was located at Hudson, Ohio, in the early Fifties extended an invitation to Frederick Douglass, who was then famous, throughout the land, for his eloquence and the strenuous fight he was making for the abolition of slavery, in the United States, to address them in the big tent, in the Campus in Hudson, on the annual occasion. The President and Faculty demurred; and endeavored to persuade them to cancel the invitation; but they were abduurate, would not yield; as a consequence, at the appointed time, Mr. Douglass, made his appearance; and, in his own telling way, addressed an immense throng, which completely filled the big tent. In answering an argument (?) which was frequently put forth, by the slave holders and their Northern friends, that one of the proofs of the Negro's inferiority was that, he had a "weak voice", Mr. Kerruish says, that, when he uttered that phrase "weak voice", he used the power of Gargantua, or roared like one of the bulls of Bashan. Mr. Kerruish derives great pleasure, from the telling of this anecdote of his school days.

During my official career, as justice of the peace, an incident occurred which very forcibly displayed this

characteristic of love of fair play, as developed in Mr. Kerruish, which I will here, record.

Not feeling in the best of health, I went to the restaurant of the late Captain J. M. Richards, on the site of the present American Trust Building (of which I have already spoken), and was refused service of a meal, because the enclosed "stalls" were occupied. I suggested to the usher, that, I was willing to eat at the outer table, where I saw numbers of young lawyers, and others, eating. The usher ("Harm," I think they called him), said, O, I can't seat a colored man at that table; the Captain would raise the d——l if I should do that!"

So, with my heart "bowed down" and my stomach empty, I left the place and betook me to the office of that grand old patriarch, Probate Judge, Dannel R. Tilden, who, for more than thirty years, was not only Probate Judge of Cuyahoga County, but, was also a father to the fatherless, and a very kind friend in need to those who called on him.

I found sitting with him, that John Marshall of our Ohio Constitution, of 1851, the late Judge Rufus P. Ranney, who, as a member of the Supreme Court of Ohio, had made his name famous, for all time, for his legal learning, as seen in the constructions placed by him on that important document.

I related to them my experience in the restaurant of Captain Richards; which greatly surprised and chagrined them both. "Why, did J-o-e do that?" said Judge Ranney. "Is that a fact?" asked Judge Tilden. "Why Dan," said Judge Ranney, "Green and my Charlie used to go to school together!" From these good men. I went to Kerruish. "Green," he said, tomorrow, we will go to that place; and if they refuse to seat and serve you, we will kick the table over, get arrested, and let the whole thing go before the people, that a justice of the peace of Cleveland cannot buy a meal in an ordinary restaurant!"

On the following day, at noon, Kerruish and I went, side by side, to the same restaurant; fully determined to overturn the table, if the "justice" were not served. When we entered, "Harm" (?) the usher looked at us, drew a chair for each of us, and we both were politely and satisfactorily served, according to our orders. My pleasure and relief were inexpressible; for, as an officer of the "peace", I was loth to be arrested and fined, for breaking the peace. Long live W. S. Kerruish! May his posterity practice his virtues and emulate his example.

Judge Stevenson Burke, was another of the fearless frank practitioners at the Cleveland Bar. The judge was well along in years and his professional career, when he came to Cleveland. In the Lorain district, he had been elected Judge, on his merits, as an honorable man and good lawyer. He was serving on the Bench, during the exciting times, precipitated by the Wellington Rescue, when a large number of persons, citizens of Oberlin, including ministers of the Gospel, professors in the college, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, and ordinary laborers, rushed to Wellington, eight miles distant, forcibly took a fugitive slave from the custody of a United States Marshal, and set him at liberty.

They were arrested, brought to Cleveland. incarcerated, temporarily, indicted, and ultimately, brought to trial and convicted; several of them being ably defended by the late A. G. Riddle, Esq., good lawyer, M. C. and author.

Then it was that, the Grand Jury of Lorain County, under the charge of Judge Burke, indicted the owner of the fugitive for kidnapping; when, becoming aware of the fact, the owner returned to his Kentucky home, and the prosecutions, on both sides, were abandoned. Such was Judge Burke, and much more; for, during the remainder of his long life, after he came to Cleveland, he proved himself to be a great lawyer, in the important

affairs of "big-business;" his name became associated with those of the great Captains of Industry and commerce, of his day. He lived in princely style, on our leading avenue; and, dying, left a generous competency to his sorrowing family.

The late Edwin P. Slade, Esquire, one time, prosecutor of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, is recalled with "mingled feeling of joy and regret. Mr. Slade (brother of the late Albert T. Slade, who was noted for his legal and literary attainments), was naturally, a noteworthy man; but, by reason of the fascination the "cup" had over him, he was his own worst enemy. The name of his friends was legion, not more for the reason that, at times he would make a valorous fight to withstand the temptation, than because of his high social and professional standing.

As a final and last resort to help him to overcome his one seductive fault, he was elected prosecuting attorney of this populous and wealthy county. And, paradoxical as it may seem, he prosecuted its criminal cases and conducted its business affairs in a sober, intelligent, praiseworthy manner; but, once again, out of office, he rapidly degenerated to his former condition.

"Staggering into my office, occasionally, he would exclaim, "O, Brother Green; Brother Green!" Then, lapsing into silence for a few seconds, he would mumble out, those well known words of Cassius; "Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!" Then, as if to add emphasis to the last four words, he would wag his head, up and down, sorrowfully, pitifully. Ere long his flickering light went out; we all sighed over his bier; but, submissively, bowed to the decree of Providence.

Judge W. A. Babcock not so long deceased, was a conspicuous example of what a man, naturally endowed

with an active capacious brain, and educationally trained for activities in the higher walk of life can do and be, if he wills to conquer.

I met the judge when he was plain, W. A. Babcock; an alumnus, "fresh" from Hiram College, the very name of which linked with that of the lamented J. A. Garfield, should be an inspiration to any man. The "bright lights" and seductive influences of the big city, seemed, at first, to seal the fate of the young man; who, really, deserved a warmer reception and more wholesome environment than fell to his lot. If only some kindly, hand had been stretched out for "Will" Babcock, which would have led him up on to the mount of vision, where he could have beheld the honors which the future held in store for him, how different the first years of his career, on this stage of action, might have been!

However, some of the greatest names that grace the pages of human endeavor have been, like him, "tried as by fire;" and, like him, have come through victorious. Judge Babcock, upon the whole, made an able and efficient judge. He was a voracious reader and a careful student of law and his decisions carried weight with them, wherever they were reviewed. The judge was also in almost, constant demand for speeches and addresses, which were not only instructive, but entertaining, as well.

I met the Judge near the middle of the Public Square on one occasion. He halted me, and said, abruptly, "Green what is that quotation which you used in an argument, the other day. I want to use it in an address, tonight; something about making a 'scare-crow of the Law' ". "O yes, Judge," I answered; "I runs like this:

"We must not make a scare-crow of the Law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, t'ill custom make it  
Their perch, and not their terror."

—Measure for Measure, Act II, Scene I.

“Ah yes!” he exclaimed: “Where is that found?” I told him; and he thanked me. Judge Babcock was an open minded, “free hearted” man. He had his failings, some of them quite glaring, but, what human being is perfect?

Once, after I had finished defending a man, indicted for murder in the first degree, as soon as the jury retired, Judge Babcock leaned forward and said to me, in open court and the presence of many persons: “Green, the argument you made in this case, today, is the ablest I have listened to during the eight years I have been on the Bench!” Surely, this was praise, and the stimulous it imparted to me, still impels me onward and—upward, I trust.

In the foregoing, special mention has been made of the constabulary force, connected with my office, but, this sketch would be noticeably deficient were not the clerical force gratefully acknowledged.

On succeeding and taking possession of the office furniture, dockets and notorial seal of (General) David L. Wood, I found in possession, awaiting my advent, a very efficient clerk, in the person of Mr. George Menger who, for years, had faithfully served my predecessor, in that capacity. I was pleased to learn, from him, that he was ready and willing to retain the same position and discharge the same functions as under D. L. Wood. For it must not be forgotten that, when elected, in 1873, I had little or no experience in practicing civil law, before justices of the peace or in any other courts, and, since Mr. Menger was expert in the technicalities of the business, it was in the nature of a God-send that he came to me.

Mr. Menger was a German by birth, about twenty-five years of age, and quite “festive” in his proclivities, by which term, I suppose, I am fairly well understood. In the office of Esquire George A. Kolbe, there were two young men, of German birth, also, August Kiel and Ed-

ward Beltz, by name, respectively; and they, with Mr. Menger, formed a trio, which in social festivities, was hard to beat.

Mr. Kiel was rather proud of his record of having drunk, in one day, thirty-five glasses of beer; while the two others were endeavoring to emulate his example. Tho, I must state, that, of the three, Mr. Beltz was, at all times, comparatively, conservative.

One fine evening, this writer joined them in a jolly meeting, at the home of Mr. Menger's uncle, in Marion Street; and, after the feast and flow, we repaired to the street; and, in our meanderings, ultimately found ourselves at the intersection of Erie (now East 9th) and Ohio (now Central Ave) streets. It was past midnight and we were quite hilarious, tho not intoxicated, and we were at a loss as to how we could pass the remainder of the time agreeably; as there was an old horse strayed in the street, we took turns in mounting and riding him, "bare back", for a block or two and back again.

At length, in the "wee sma" hours, we repaired to our several homes; where we, for a few short hours, became oblivious of the past and careless as to the future. Mr. Edward Beltz was a gentleman of culture and industry. Under the instruction of Esquire Kolbe, he entered upon the copying of records, in the County-Recorder's office, pertaining to real-estate, and continued in one phase and another of that business until he had laid the foundation of a great abstract company, which I consider the most fitting monument to his industry and skill, during his long life.

The other men died in comparative youth, and, today, I am the only one of that nocturnal quartet left to tell the tale.

Mr. Linden C. White, a genial, efficient young man, succeeded to the duties of Mr. Menger. Mr. White's health was poor, which necessitated frequent absences

from his desk. On such occasions Mr. Louis W. Turner a gentleman of color, very ably filled the interim. Mr. Turner was subsequently elected one of the constables of Cleveland Township, which position he ably filled, in my office and that of others. Mr. White died in his youth sincerely mourned by many friends.

The last clerk whom it was my good fortune to employ was Mr. George P. Phibbs, a native of Ireland, who had been "discovered" by my colored constable, Mr. Parker Hare. Mr. Phibbs gave up the business of bar-keeper, for a man by the name of Connor or Connors, whose establishment was located on the northeast corner of Michigan avenue and West Third street. His writing was like "copper plate", and his spelling and diction gave evidence of the fact that, he had enjoyed reasonable education facilities.

After acting as an assistant to Mr. Hare, for some few months, he consented to enter my employ, as clerk, and from that time on for about ten years, we were almost inseperable. He was, truly my Fidus Achates; and by his industry, and influence amongst the Irish people, especially, along business and political lines, he added very materially to my official and political successes. On one occasion (when I apprehended defeat at the polls), by his untiring energy and influence, he caused me to run ahead of the ticket, in two democratic wards, the "bloody Fifth," and the "Rock bound" Eighth; although, I was denominated a "Black Republican."

After I ceased to perform the functions of Justice of the Peace, Mr. Phibbs and I became partners in the practising of law. He having (on my certificate) been admitted to the Bar.

Mr. Phibbs and I inducted "Squire" Wm. R. Ryan (subsequently sheriff of Cuyahoga County, Ohio) into the mysteries of his office when he was elected justice of the peace of Cleveland Township, and a little later on in life,

he stood as God-father to ex-sheriff W. G. Smith of the same county, when an infant, he was christened.

On one occasion, while still in the employ of my office he visited his old home, Ireland; on returning, he brought and presented to me a beautiful black-thorn cane, and, in return for the favor, later on, in one of my European trips, I made a detour, and visited the "ould sod", and even kissed the Blarney stone, through the courtesy of some tourists, who held me head downwards, from the parapet, until I performed the osculatory feat.

From Cleveland, Mr. Phibbs went to Pomona, California; removing from there to Los Angeles, where for a time, he was assistant county or city prosecutor. Later on, he became interested in the manufacture of a cereal breakfast food, and became wealthy. He died a decade ago; and, I have left only the delightful memory of a man whom I considered my best friend, next to my dear mother, sisters and my family.

Speaking of my Irish friend, brings to my mind the fact that Mr. Michael Gallagher, a giant in stature, and one time marshall of the city or town of Cleveland, used often to honor us with presence; and, occasionally, served writs for us. "Mike" Gallagher was a genial whole-souled fellow full of reminiscences of the early days of the city, and withal, companionable and helpful. He too, has crossed the "great divide."

Looking backwards over my career as a Justice of the Peace, I think the most humorous episode that occurred in my office was the following:

Mr. DeScott Evans, who for many years, was noted as being perhaps, the most skillful portrait painter in this section of the United States, and who, with his beautiful and talented daughter, were lost in mid ocean, when a great French liner foundered, on their return trip from Paris, where he had spent some time in perfecting him-

self in the art of delineating laces and draperies. He was also something of a wag, as well.

On one occasion, seeing a picturesque little colored "newsie", on the avenue, whose appearance attracted his notice, he offered to compensate him, if he would come into his studio and, not "pose," but, submit to some decoration. The boy consented, and once in the studio, Mr. Evans painted his nose a bright vermilion hue, streaked his forehead and cheeks more or less, with the same, and sent him into an adjoining room, tenanted by a lady, lover of art, to deliver to her a note which, appropos, the artist had written and given to him.

The note ran, somewhat, as follows: "Dear Miss:—knowing you to be fond of natural subjects, I send you, herewith, one on foot. He has a pedigree", etc, etc, etc. The boy, instead of delivering the note, as he was paid to do, carried it home, to his mother, who, being strongly saturated with Indian blood, went "on the war-path," so to speak, which led to the office of the late J. B. McLaughlin, Esq., an attorney at law, who, immediately came to my office and sued the artist for three hundred dollars damages, sustained by the boy, by reason of the "malicious" decorations which he had inflicted on him.

Mr. Evans, being duly summoned, appeared in court with his lawyer, John J. Carran, Esq., and demanded a trial by jury; which being granted, the case was, in due course, formally tried.

Strange to relate, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, in the sum of one hundred dollars. The defendant, of course, was both surprised and shocked at the result; and gave notice of appeal; but, before the lapse of the ten days' limit, for appeal, the parties settled the case, by defendant paying to plaintiff the sum of twenty-five dollars and the costs of suit; all amounting to about forty dollars. In the absence of more important news to print, many papers, in the United States carried a story

of this case—even beyond the Mississippi river; one of them finishing its account as follows: “Lawyer McLaughlin, in arguing the case, created a profound sensation in court, by the startling definition he gave to the term “pedigree!” ’

Another case, which I have never forgotten, was one of embezzlement, brought by the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, in which, the complainant, “Muck Bunnell,” by name, was declared to have appropriated to his own use the sum of five hundred dollars, belonging to his employer.

This case lasted two days. Henry C. White, Esq., subsequently probate judge of the county, represented the defendant. Fourteen witnesses, for the state, testified to the identity of the defendant; and he was bound over, to await the action of the grand jury; but, it was subsequently ascertained, that, the defendant was not “Muck Bunnell!” and the company settled with him, for his wrongful arrest, imprisonment and prosecution, by paying him five hundred dollars in cash.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MAKING LAW AND PRACTICING LAW.

In the fall of 1881, I was again nominated for the lower branch of the General Assembly of Ohio. This time my majority was so large that, I succeeded in getting my certificate; and in the early part of the month of January, following, I was sworn in and took my seat. My desk was immediately in the rear of a group composed of some very conspicuous and able members; amongst who were, Dr. Scott, ex-consul to Honolulu, from Warren county; Mr. Hathaway, learned lawyer and very high "Masonic," from Chardon, Geauga county; Mr. Jones, able attorney and ex-member of Congress, from Delaware county, and Mr. Freeman Thorpe, a courteous and dignified gentleman, a portrait painter, from Ashtabula county; all of whom treated me without discrimination, and with marked consideration. I may say, here, that, without exception, during the entire sessions of the General Assembly, I had nothing to complain of, in this direction.

This fact would seem somewhat remarkable, from the fact that, some years theretofore, when a member of the "House" invited the late John Mercer Langston, famous for his learning, eloquence and general utility, to sit by his side, on the floor of that body, serious objection was raised, on the ground that Mr. Langston was a colored man; although his father was a wealthy white Vir-

ginian, who had given him a college education, and a financial competency, in addition thereto; and I may add, Mr. Langston, a few years later could add, after his name, the significant letters, M. C.

The Speaker of the House was the Hon. Orlando J. Hodge, a noted parliamentarian, who had seen much service in legislative bodies, municipal and state, and had been a member of the Senate of Connecticut, his native state. In making his assignments for committees, he put me on corporations other than municipal, library and insane asylums; of the latter, he made me chairman; and on various occasions he honored me by calling me to the chair, and allowing me to preside over that august body.

I was now acting in a dual capacity, being justice of the peace of the township of Cleveland, and a member of the General Assembly, from Cuyahoga county, which included the city of Cleveland and also a number of towns and villages in the suburbs of Cleveland. Of course, I could attend to my magisterial duties only when at home; and since I received no salary in that office, no valid complaint could be made—by reason of my frequent absence from my office. This dual condition ceased to exist, however, after the lapse of one year, when my term as justice expired, after a tenure of nine consecutive years.

During the existence of this assembly, I performed a mass of work, in committee and on the floor of the house; but I shall notice here only two matters, which the press took notice of, as being of special interest.

The first, was my strenuous opposition to the enactment of the so-called, "Scott Liquor Taxation Law," fathered by Dr. Scott, of whom I have spoken, and opposed by many people throughout the state, on the ground that it was, essentially, a license law; while the constitution of the state provided substantially, that no law to license the sale of intoxicating liquors should ever be enacted.

I, with many others, contended that, permitting the sale of such liquors, on the payment of a "tax," was, substantially, a license; and, therefore, such a law would be unconstitutional and void. The contentions pro and con were strenuous and, at times bitter; but, the "pros" were in the majority, and ultimately, won—the bill becoming a law.

The validity of the "law" was speedily tested; and the Supreme Court of the state declared it unconstitutional and void. Thereupon, commenced some strategic political work—"log-rolling," during the interim, between that sixty-fifth and the following sixty-sixth General Assembly, the like of which I did not suspect could be consummated—for, I was young and inexperienced in legislative procedure; and, was quite surprised.

By the time that the constitutionality of the next liquor-taxation-law came before our Supreme Court to be tested, the personnel of that august tribunal had undergone a radical change; and a new governor was in the chair. As a matter of course, the law was upheld; and from that time down to the beginning of our present era of prohibition, saloons were maintained and liquor was sold, without any hindrance, upon the payment of the "tax" license.

During the first session of that General Assembly (the 65th), Speaker Hodge received a letter from Hon. Oliver G. Cope, of Cadiz, Ohio, who was collecting data as to the Commercial status of the city of Cleveland, and the reasons underlying its rapid growth. I was both surprised and pleased, when he handed the letter to me, and requested me to answer it. In a humble way, I attempted to comply with his request; but, since I was limited in the number of words my answer was to contain, I will here present a copy of my answer for the inspection and criticism of such as may care to read it.

Columbus, Ohio, February 21, 1882.

Honorable Oliver G. Cope,  
Cadiz, Ohio.

My dear sir:—

Through the courtesy of Hon. Orlando J. Hodge, speaker of the House of Representatives, the pleasing task of submitting to you my "opinion" as to the leading interests or occupations "which have caused the great influx of population into the City of Cleveland," is delegated to me. Permit me, then, to state, in brief, the following:

First—As to our iron industries, including smelting and the manufacture of bar, rail and other irons, as well as steel.

The superior qualities pertaining to Lake Superior Iron Ore, have long been known; and, during the last decade and a half, the iron masters of the country, acting upon that knowledge, have located extensive works in Cleveland, for the manufacture of the same; and, obeying a well-known law of political economy, the workers in furnaces and rolling mills, have flocked here, followed by their army of dependents.

The close proximity of Cleveland to the Massillon-Brier Hill and other coal and coke districts and vast limestone deposits, has added materially, to the desirableness of Cleveland as a suitable place for the manufacture of iron and steel on an extended scale.

Second—Closely allied to our iron and steel industries, and largely dependent upon them, are the manufactories of stoves, hollow-ware and machinery, of various kinds; to mention one or more of them, where there are so many, would be invidious. Suffice it to say, their name is legion, and they are rapidly increasing in number.

Third—May be mentioned the oil-refining industries and those collateral industries dependent on them, such as the manufacture of acids and other chemicals, parafine, etc.; all of which are handled on an immense and increasing scale, as the mere statement of the fact, that, the Standard Oil Company alone possesses facilities for turning out 10,000 barrels of refined oil, daily, will prove.

Fourth—Cleveland is the grand distributing port of the north-western lumber trade, for this section of the United States; our marine and railroad facilities being such as to make the transportation of lumber and its products, not only practical, but, phenomenally, cheap.

Collaterally, with this industry, have sprung into existence all those industries which depend upon the lumber trade, such as

the manufacture of barrels and kegs, on a gigantic scale; and also, woodenware manufacturing, on a large scale.

**Fifth**—Pork-packing should not escape our notice. Years ago, Cincinnati claimed, and justly was acknowledged, to be the "Porkopolis" of America; but, it is the proud boast of Cleveland, today, that she is not only in the line of competition, but, at our present rate of progress, is destined in the near future, to outstrip her fair sister in the race. See, Statistics, for 1881.

**Sixth**—Ship-building must not be ignored, in taking a cursory glance at our leading industrial enterprises. This interest, as managed in Cleveland, has acquired deserved fame throughout the lake regions; and the skill of our shipbuilders is proverbial. We have recently launched an elegant and commodious steel ship, the product of one of our great ship-building companies, which is attracting the attention of our nautical men, everywhere; and is prophetic of increased activity in this line, in the near future. This ship is of 3,000 tons burthen, and floats like a swan, upon the waters.

To attempt a statement of all our principal industries would be useless, as they are numerous and complicated. I may state, in addition, however, that, thousands are also engaged in the manufacturing of beer, cigars, tobacco and clothing; to say nothing of the myriads of mechanics and artisans who are engaged in the construction of the commodious and elegant blocks and private residences in this city. Nor can we deny that the location of our beautiful city with her miles of shaded streets and avenues; her abundance of pure water; and her unexcelled church and school facilities, have contributed largely towards "this great influx of population." And, last, but not least, an able and intelligent press has exerted a wonderful influence, in this direction, by acquainting the people with our peculiar adaptation for commercial and manufacturing enterprises."

During the session, there was a junket to Washington, by the members of the house. I do not know who managed it; but, of one fact, I am certain; I received no invitation to join the company. So, I did not have the opportunity of seeing or interviewing Giteau, the assassin of the great James A. Garfield, before he was executed.

Perhaps, it was just as well. For, had I accompanied them, we would have been compelled to part company, in

Washington, by reason of the caste, which, then and now, excludes persons of color from hotels and dining rooms—except as menials.

An incident occurred, in the House, during that session, which enabled me to aid the late Tom L. Johnson in obtaining a sure and firm foothold, as a resident and citizen of Cleveland; and since this fact has played so important a part in the recent history of Cleveland, and, indirectly, given to the nation our great and efficient secretary of war, the Hon. Newton D. Baker. I shall record it in this place.

When Mr. Johnson first came to Cleveland, directly from Indianapolis, where he had some experiences in the line of street railway affairs, he found all the main avenues, extending from the public square to the eastern suburbs of the city, "preempted," occupied by "existing companies"—Broadway, Woodland avenue, Central avenue, Cedar avenue, Prospect street, Euclid avenue, Superior street and St. Clair avenue, were established and beyond his reach.

He offered to pave Scovill Avenue, which was, at times little more than a quagmire, if the denizens of that thoroughfare would concede to him a franchise to build and operate a street railroad through it. The offer was quickly accepted; but shortly, Mr. Johnson became aware of the fact that, as conditions then existed, he would be unable to run his cars beyond Scovill avenue to the "square," unless he could, in some way, secure an easement over at least, one of the old lines, which permission was refused him, by the officials of each line. At that time, each car line had a separate president and board of trustees.

Then, there was introduced in the General Assembly, a bill known as the Weitzel Bill; by Mr. Weitzel of Cincinnati, which provided, amongst other things, that, no new company should operate its cars over the tracks of

an existing company a greater distance than one-eighth of a mile.

Immediately, the City Council of Cleveland, unanimously adopted a resolution, requesting the senators and representatives from this county to oppose that bill; for the reason that, if enacted, it would prevent any competition in the street-railway business, and create a monopoly in Cleveland, in favor of the old companies.

When this bill was put on its passage, in the House, I alone, of the whole delegation, opposed it. I read the resolution of our City Council, and made the fact as clear as possible that, the bill was inimical to the best interests of the car-riders of Cleveland; that, the present management of the street-railroads was not for the convenience of their patrons, but, for the profit of stockholders, of the same.

The result, to the surprise of the friends of the bill, was, that, it failed of passage! Mr. Bruner of Wyandotte county, who had some interest conserved by other provisions of the bill, moved that, it be referred to a "select committee" of one, which was himself—this course was adopted; and, in the course of the session, he reported it back to the House; when it was passed, with the objectionable clause eliminated.

Thereupon, Mr. Tom L. Johnson, through the Council, or by agreement with one of the old companies, obtained permission to run his cars over other lines, down to the square; and also, to and over the viaduct, to the West Side; and from that time forward, he became an honored and useful citizen of Cleveland; serving her in Congress and as Mayor. Likewise, he was here to welcome Mr. Newton D. Baker, who, for years, collaborated with him and others, and succeeded him as Mayor of Cleveland; also, Mr. Baker, by virtue of his connection with Mr. Johnson, as well as by his extraordinary ability, displayed in every position to which he was called, ulti-

mately, headed the delegation to the Baltimore National Democratic convention, which nominated Woodrow Wilson, in the first instance, for President; where, he showed great ability and "masterly activity," in contributing towards Wilson's nomination, which fact paved the way for his appointment to his present august position. To what extent was this writer contributory thereto? After the defeat of the bill, L. A. Russell, Esq., who was the able and efficient attorney of Mr. Tom L. Johnson, came to me and thanked me, for the successful fight I had made, for the people of Cleveland, as well as Mr. Johnson."

Some criticism of my failure to introduce and secure the passage of a bill to repeal the so-called "black laws," which were still standing on the statute books of Ohio, has been made. They were, like the clause of our State Constitution, which restricts the electoral to "white male citizens," relicts of the old slave regime, a menace to and abridgement of our rights as citizens of the state of Ohio, and diametrically opposed to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments of the Constitution of the United States.

There were several reasons why I did not prepare and introduce such a bill during that term of the assembly, which I shall now explain.

In the first place, there was considerable opposition to the passage of such a law, which was manifested, when I mentioned the subject, in a general way to some of the members, who were quite influential, and were of that "lily white" faction of the Republican party, who were led by the late Congressman C. H. Grosvenor, of the Athens district, whose influence was still felt in the counsels of the state. During the Sixty-fourth General Assembly when the general statutes of the state were revised, and an effort was made to eliminate the "Black Laws," from the code, General Grosvenor, personally objected; saying, that the colored people of Ohio had not petitioned for their repeal; and that, they did not desire it. This argu-

ment was, of course, specious; but, it answered the purpose of defeating action, and they were included in the revised edition.

Now, this condition of affairs prevailed, when I was in the assembly; and to prevent the same objection being raised again, I endeavored to secure the assistance of my colored constituents, at home, in having petitions signed by colored voters, asking for the repeal of those unjust-prejudicial laws; but, without success.

Time and again, I called attention to this necessary action; but, without avail; and when the Assembly adjourned, not one petition had been formulated and signed; and the matter was postponed, until a later day.

Another reason, why I did not then act, was, that the late Senator George S. Ely, who was elected from the Cleveland district, notified me that, he had a bill, in his pocket, for the repeal of those laws, which had been given to him by some of the voters of Cleveland; and that, he too, as myself, was waiting for a petition, numerously signed by colored people, to file, before introducing the bill. The petition never was delivered to him; and the Assembly adjourning he postponed action to its next meeting, which I am sorry to say, never came; for, the next Assembly was Democratic, on account of the anti-saloon legislation of the Sixty-fifth Assembly, and George Hoadly, a "Greely Democrat," was elected Governor. I was inclined to defer to the wishes of Senator Ely, because he was a grand good man, high in financial and political circles, and I, quite naturally, believed that the bill would be more liberally and successfully supported under his leadership, than under mine, without any home support.

The late Bishop B. W. Arnett (colored), a member from Greene County, fell heir to the Ely bill, and carried it in his pocket until a clamor for its introduction was heard all over the State, amongst the colored voters and others.

It was said by some, that, as a condition to his election, he had pledged himself to the voters of Greene county, not to introduce a bill of that purport; and that, he could not break his word. Whether that was true or not, I have never ascertained; but, it is a matter of history, that, during the latter part of the session the bill was introduced, and the repeal effected, by a Democratic Assembly aided and abetted by George Hoadly, an old free soil abolitionist, who went wrong under the leadership of Horace Greeley.

Subsequent to the defeat of the "Weitzel" bill, and before the adjournment of the General Assembly, a group of four gentlemen, each of whom was the president of one of the street railroad systems of Cleveland, came into my office, in Superior Street, and tried to persuade me to agree to support that bill, when reported back to the House, by the "select committee" of one, in whose hands it still rested. After much talk (arguments) and mutual explanations, I wearied of it; and, to cut off further discussion, I exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I would not vote for that bill if you would give me ten thousand dollars!" One of them answered: "Well, you are very positive, to say the least!" Another remarked: "Well, there is one paper in Cleveland, that will support you, if you will support that bill!"

Failing to swerve me from my determination to stand by the car-riders of Cleveland, they finally left, in a disappointed mood. In justice to those gentlemen, all of whom it is necessary to say, were the soul of honesty, I will here state, that, during the whole controversy, from beginning to the end, no one of them, nor all combined, offered me any money or anything of value, to secure my support of that or any other measure.

That my entire course, in the Sixty-fifth General Assembly was endorsed by the Republican party, goes without saying; and if any proof of this statement be lack-

ing, I will here state, that, I was renominated for a second term, by acclamation, no one dissenting; but, in the next general election, we not only lost the Governor and Assembly, to the Democratic party, but, we also failed to elect a United States senator—the Honorable Henry B. Payne, of Cleveland—an “old line” Democrat, being elected to that high office.

In those days, the liquor interests were tried and faithful allies of the Democratic party, and to suggest or support any legislation which could be construed as hostile to their interests, brought down, speedily, condign punishment; Query. In the light of the Nation-wide abolition of the liquor manufacture and traffic, by Mr. Wilson’s Democratic administration, what do they think now? And what course will they pursue to enforce their maledictions against those who have destroyed their business and in some instances, confiscated their property and imprisoned them?

Being a candidate, again, for the same position, I was met, in the Republican convention, by those four, street-railroad presidents; and, to my great surprise and dismay, they worked intelligently, persistently and ably, to compass my defeat. Success crowned their efforts. They defeated me, by securing the nomination of another colored man, a carpenter and joiner and mail carrier, the late Mr. Jere A. Brown. He served through the 67th and 68th Assemblies. After that, he filled several clerical positions, in Columbus, Washington and Cleveland, during the remainder of his life.

During the six years which elapsed between the 65th and the 69th Assemblies, I was engaged in the practice of my profession, which enabled me to buy a home and get my family comfortably settled, and I, probably would have eschewed politics for all time, had not the Convention plan of nominating candidates been discontinued, and the “Australian” or “popular vote” plan been sub-

stituted for it. By this token, I knew that, the influence of the "bosses," so called, would not be so potent as on the convention floor; and I determined to "pick my flint" and try again.

The dry details of professional practice, whether it be along the lines of theology, medicine or law, are of little interest to the average reader; but, perhaps, some reference to a few of a humorous nature, will not be amiss.

During the years between 1885 and 1897, the prosecuting attorneys of Cuyahoga County were, far above the average, in both learning and effort, although, Messrs. Homer B. DeWolf, "Sam" Eddy, Alexander Hadden, Peter H. Kaiser and William Robinson, who antedated them, were all gentlemen of liberal education and high professional standing.

Between the dates mentioned, there were a large number of murder cases tried, and it so happened that, this writer was defending, in a number of them. In those days attorneys were not restricted in time; on both sides, they were allowed to discuss all the evidence, ad libitum, especially, in felony cases, and, frequently, the argument, in homicide cases, occupied a day or more, on both sides.

I recall a case of murder in the first degree, which carried with a conviction a life penalty, in which my argument for the defendant had run over into the second day; and, it being then near noon, William B. Neff, Esq. (Now Judge Neff), was nervously pacing the floor. What the condition of the jurors was, "deponent saith not."

Some one said, "Neff, when are you going to make your argument?" to which, Mr. Neff answered: "God only, knows; if Green does not finish soon, my administrator will have to make it!" However, before the recess, I resumed my seat, and Prosecutor Neff began his reply.

In his gentle-suave manner, he began: "Now, gentle-

men of the jury, don't you be swerved from the path of rectitude by Mr. Green's tears. Gentlemen, Mr. Green is a born actor, and his proper sphere of duty is on the stage—not at the bar. Why, gentlemen, recently, after one of those copious flows of tears, I went to the trouble and expense of having one of them analyzed by a competent chemist; and, when that chemist reached the last analysis of that tear, what do you think he found?—Simply a dollar mark—for revenue only!!”

The jurors and onlookers who had been absorbed for the instant, gave loose rein to their feelings—and laughed audibly. Such was one of the tactics of that eloquent and able gentleman.

There was another case tried during that decade, which caused considerable comment, and added to my reputation, as a “criminal attorney;” although, if the amount involved is not considered, my civil practice far exceeded my practice in the criminal branch. The case, now referred to, was that of Ohio vs. Clark, one of two men indicted for the murder of a poor youth who was on his way to catch a train, for his school, at Hudson, Ohio.

There was another “first degree” indictment, in that case; it was that of a man by the name of Dempsey; who was ably defended by the late Harrison J. Ewing, Esq., who was assisted therein, by this writer. Mr. Ewing also assisted me in the trial of the Clark case. We were engaged, from first to last, about thirty days, in the trial of these two cases; and the outcome was, that, both defendants were found guilty of murder in the second degree; and received a life sentence in the penitentiary. Mr. Clark, who was tuberculous, died, after a few years incarceration; but, Mr. Dempsey, after the lapse of seven or eight years, was pardoned; and, being married, he is now living the life of an industrious, respected citizen.

In defending Clark, this writer and others (including the late Judge Carlos M. Stone, who presided), shed a few

more of those tears, to which reference has been made, during the delivery of my argument for the defense; whereupon, Prosecutor Theodore L. Strimple (now Judge Strimple) exclaimed: "Well, you have shed tears, now, you had better offer up a prayer!" Taking him at his word, this writer immediately knelt and "offered up" a prayer, for wisdom, strength and success in his undertaking.

This was a decided innovation in the method of trying a law-suit; and it attracted universal attention, on the part of both the bar and the public. The newspapers contained accounts of the incident; and one of them sent a representative to interview lawyers and others, as to the propriety, first, of a lawyer crying, in the course of his argument; and, second, with reference to the prayer that was offered.

The attorneys gave various answers, as to the first; but, fortunately, for me, the Supreme Court of Tennessee had, just at that time, handed down a decision which involved this identical question—of tears; in that decision, the court said, in substance, that, a lawyer may weep, in the midst of his argument, if he is moved, by the merits of his case, to do so; and, doubt is expressed as to whether or not the attorney has performed his whole duty, if he feels like crying and refrains from doing so. This was all in my favor; but, as to the question relating to the prayer; they shook their heads and remained silent.

So, the time flew by, for weeks and months; until, on one fair day, I met W. S. Kerruish, Esq., hereinbefore mentioned—lawyer, scholar, antiquarian, who stopped me, in the street.

"Green!" he exclaimed: "I have a precedent for your praying in court!" "Indeed," I answered. "Please give it to me." "When Lord Brougham defended Queen Caroline," he said, measuredly, "he got down on his marrow-bones and prayed, in open court!"

Here, then, was a real precedent; and coming from that illustrious source, I was vindicated, beyond all question; and, thenceforward, the matter was allowed to sleep.

There was another case, of a civil nature, which attracted considerable attention during that period of time, the interregnum, as I have occasionally termed it. It was the well known case of Florine A. Combes vs. Dr. J. B. Fox; and was predicated on a claim of seven hundred and fifty dollars, which plaintiff alleged was due her from the defendant for board and lodging and services rendered for him, at his request.

This case was tried before the late Judge Henry McKinney and a jury, I appearing for plaintiff, and W. S. Kerruish, Esq., the late Judge Henry C. White and Jeff M. Stewart, Esq., all representing the defendant, Dr. Fox; who, metaphorically, exclaimed, "millions for defence; not one cent for tribute!"

This case was desperately contested by the numerous and able attorneys for the defendant; but, all to no purpose; the jury found for my client—Mrs. Combes, for the full amount, with interest.

Defendant's attorneys carried the case to the Circuit Court (now Court of Appeals), where the defendant was represented by the late L. C. Ford, Esq., who, by the way, had taught me Greek, when I was a student, under him in the old High School; and, being defeated there, it was taken to the Supreme Court, at Columbus, where, I regret to state, it slumbered during several years; and was finally decided in favor of the plaintiff. The attorney for Dr. Fox, in the Supreme Court, was Solomon A. Schwab, Esq., who was one of my classmates in the same old Central High School, 1863-69.

I had the pleasure of turning over to Mrs. Combes, after a litigation of seven (7) years, the entire amount of her claim, together with interest.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SECOND TERM IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY— “DADDY OF LABOR DAY.”

At the primaries, in the fall of 1889, I was, again, nominated for the General Assembly; and my majority exceeded, by six hundred and forty-two (642) votes, that of all others, on the Republican ticket; being, to that number, in excess of the vote cast for Hon. Orlando J. Hodge, ex-speaker of the lower branch of the 65th General Assembly; and, since there were eleven candidates on that ticket, my signal success was taken as a substantial vindication of my previous record.

At the general election, I was, duly elected, by a majority of about three thousand votes; and in due time, took my seat in the Sixty-ninth General Assembly.

I shall mention only a few of the measures which received my special attention, during the sessions of this Assembly, lest I weary the patience of the reader.

The first was, a bill to modify the school law of Ohio, introduced by Mr. McDermott of Muskingum County; which provided, in substance, that, whenever twenty-five parents of colored pupils in the schools of any district petitioned for a separate school, for their children, it should be granted to them.

I fought this measure, desperately, every time it came before the House, for the reason that, such an amendment of the law would have been only an “entering

wedge," for the system of separate schools; which, in my opinion, would be calamitous to the colored children of Ohio. The bill was, finally, defeated; and our schools are still intact.

The second was the attempt on the part of the Ohio State University, under the leadership of the late ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, to "hog" the agricultural scrip, which was given to Ohio (and other states), to promote higher education.

This movement was ably and persistently opposed by the late Prof. Mitchell, President of Wilberforce University, for which institution he desired to secure a minor portion of that fund. Conferences were held on the floors of both houses; and, on one occasion, one of the chambers was given up for a general discussion of the matter, in the presence of many members of both branches of the General Assembly.

The entire amount was, ultimately, given to the Ohio State University, although, in urging the claims and necessities of Wilberforce University, President Mitchell demonstrated his wisdom, courage and industry to a marked degree; and, evoked, even from his opponents, many encomiums. Had a less able and influential man than ex-President Hayes been opposed to Pres. Mitchell, he probably would have won his point.

On the day following the discomfiture of Pres. Mitchell, I spoke, before the House, in open session, for an increase in the tentative appropriation for the State Normal and Industrial department of Wilberforce; and my interest and energy was such that, my argument covered a space of five hours; and the proposed appropriation, which was six thousand dollars, then printed in the Appropriation Bill, was changed to sixteen (16) thousand dollars; and the bill, as passed, carried that amount.

This was the first large appropriation which was given to the Normal and Industrial; and the school was

so stimulated and enthused, by reason of it, that a steady growth set in, which has culminated in the large, handsome and useful plant which is at Wilberforce today. As a token of regard for the interest displayed by me, for the school, as well as for the speech which I delivered on the floor of the House, in behalf of the increased appropriation, the Faculty of the University bestowed on me the degree of LL. D., the diploma being signed by every member.

The third bill was drawn and introduced by myself entitled (as I now recall it) "A Bill to Create Labor Day, in the State of Ohio. The law was enacted April 28th, 1890, and, from that date, the first Monday in September, has been a legal holiday, in Ohio.

There were marchings and counter-marchings, in various states, before the enactment of that law; but, closely following the legalizing of the day in Ohio, Congress took up the matter, and made it national in its scope, as it remains, to this day. If there was any legislation concerning Labor's Holiday, before I drew and secured the passage of that bill, I have yet to be informed of the fact; but, as to Ohio, I am positive, there was not.

On the first Monday in September, following the creation of the day, I was the guest of the Amalgamated Trades of Cincinnati, Ohio. I was received at the depot by a committee of the Trades Union, and escorted to headquarters, and when the great procession moved, I was in a carriage, at the head of the procession, with some of the leading officials of the organization.

In the evening of same day, a banquet was given upon one of the high hills which look down on a portion of the city; and I was feted, as I had never been before; nor have I been since. Champagne and other wines, and beer, flowed freely, as I was hailed by those honest work-men, "The daddy of the day!" The Cincinnati Enquirer, and other papers gave full reports of the proceedings; nor

did I hear or read then, that, the day had been legalized before my bill was enacted.

On the following Labor Day, 1891, I was again the invited guest of the same organization; and, arriving in the early morning, I was escorted to the Gibson House, a hostelry which, in those days, was regarded as amongst the first of that city.

At the breakfast table, I was received and served as a gentleman; but, when I presented my hat to the usher, at the dining-room door, at the dinner hour, he informed me that, he had orders not to receive it; for the reason that, I was a colored man. At the office I was insulted by an offer made to me, that they would serve me in the "ordinary,"—a place reserved for the use of servants and children. This offer I promptly refused; and immediately accepted the offer of a reporter of one of the daily papers, to escort me to another hotel.

Arriving at the Burnet House, a larger and better appointed place than the Gibson House, I was received as a gentleman, assigned to a front room, with a bath-room attachment; and served in the dining room, in all respects, as any other American citizen.

During the course of the day, I was honored by ex-Governor Joseph B. Foraker, who paid me a formal call; and also by ex-Congressman McKinley (afterwards Governor of Ohio, and President of the United States), who refused to be a guest of the Gibson House, after he was informed of my treatment there by the management.

On a third occasion, we went to a suburban resort and celebrated the day pic-nic-ing. Governor Campbell, then Governor of Ohio, headed the list of speakers; but, he sent his secretary, Claude Meeker, in his stead.

McKinley did not wish to precede Meeker; thereupon, I offered to see the managers of the day and have the order changed; which I did. McKinley following Meeker, as he desired. This writer was also one of the speak-

ers; of which fact he was very proud—under the circumstances. Since that date, I have not been the guest of any labor organization; but, their friendship for, and fidelity to me, have been manifested, in business as well as in politics.

At a later day, when Governor James Campbell of Ohio, addressed a vast throng of working men, at Goodale Park, Columbus, I was honored by being on the programme, as one of the speakers. The Governor, who was not only eloquent but, also, humorous, on this occasion, said, in the midst of his speech, referring to laboring men, that, there was one position which he had always coveted, but had never attained to; then, glancing at me—sitting near him, he exclaimed, “that position is porter on a Pullman car!” Loud laughter greeted this essay of wit and humor.

However, my opportunity finally came; when glancing at the Governor, I said: “Gentlemen, I am more than than surprised to hear the Governor of the great state of Ohio, declare that, he does now or ever has aspired to the position of porter on a Pullman car. Why, gentlemen, nearly thirty years ago, I was a porter on a sleeping car, which ran from Cleveland to Cincinnati; and I labored and studied to attain to a higher position; and here I am, today, sitting and speaking by the side of the Governor of Ohio—the guest of a great Labor organization of the State of Ohio!”

The effect of this retort can be better imagined than described; but, from the noise the crowd made, I imagined I had given him my “Rowland for his Oliver.”

Another bill which I drew, when in the 69th General Assembly was one to exempt from garnishee process, the wages due to a person who is the “sole support of a widowed mother.” It remains to this day in the statute books of Ohio, and is frequently invoked to protect poor widows from want.

I ought to say, perhaps, that, during the sessions of this 69th General Assembly, I drew, introduced and secured the passage of a bill, which added one thousand dollars to the salaries of our under-paid common pleas judges. In addition to this, I led the fight for the addition of a fraction of a mill to our tax assessments, to create a fund which paid for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, on our Public Square. This I did in compliance with the wishes of the late Levi T. Schofield, Esq., a grand, good, talented man, who was the architect and soul of the whole movement. And I also made special effort for legislation fathered by Councilman Curtiss of Cleveland, for the construction of our Central viaduct. The foregoing, with a mass of routine legislation, too numerous to mention, called for much energy and effort, until the close of that session.

Having now served four eventful sessions of the General Assembly, to the neglect of my professional business, I began to tire of it; for, in very truth, my only reason for neglecting my law office, and spending my winters and springs in Columbus, came from a desire, on my part, to blaze the way for others of my class; who, I believed, would follow me; and now, that the road was open and clear, I was ready to retire to my private duties.

Thereupon, numerous of my friends, of both races, began to advise me to stand for the senatorial "toga," which, I must confess, found in me a ready and willing listener; not more because the term "senator," was music in my ears, than for the reason that, the fact of representing such a populous, wealthy and intelligent constituency as inhabited the great city of Cleveland and her environs—the first city of the great State of Ohio, would be an additional honor which few men would decline.

So, I yielded; and, thereforward, was recognized as a candidate for senatorial honors. The convention, in due time was called to order; and the contests for the place

were "hotly" waged. At one time, I considered that I had been defeated; and I went "way back" and sat down. The fact that the Honorable William H. Clifford, a colored man, was on the floor of the convention, distributing his tickets and soliciting support for the lower house, did not aid my cause in the least; for, I was certain that, with only about one colored vote in a hundred, at that time, the colored people would not be given a member in each branch of the Assembly; and then too, those who were contesting my candidacy for the Senate, pointed to the fact, that, the colored voters were not united—one faction demanding representation in the House, and another seeking a footing in the Senate.

Finally the late Charles W. Snider, Esq., who, for five consecutive years, had a desk in my office, and on my certificate, took his examination for the Ohio bar, came to me and said, that, if I would promise to support John Sherman's re-election to the United States Senate, he could secure for me the votes of two wards. I readily accepted the proposition, because John Sherman, was my choice, in any event; and, another ballot being taken, I was nominated by a safe plurality, amidst loud acclamation on the part of my friends. One of my most earnest and energetic supporters, amongst the colored people, was The Honorable Harry C. Smith, then and now editor of the Gazette, the militant and unswerving advocate of the rights of the colored Americans.

At the general election I was duly elected by a plurality of several thousand votes; and, for the first and only time, thus far, Ohio had elected a colored man Senator; a fact which I could scarcely realize. I had declared before being elected to the Senate, that, if elected, I would never be a candidate for any other representative office. I have, thus far, kept my word, and expect to in the future.

## CHAPTER X.

### IN THE SENATE; SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

When the Senate of the 70th General Assembly was organized I was duly sworn in, and took my allotted seat, which was near the center aisle, in the outer rim of the semi-circle. My nearest neighbors being the senators from Hamilton county.

Of course, I was, easily, the cynosure of all eyes; but, that fact was not to be wondered at; for, it was an historical event, which marked, in an unmistakable way, the steady, onward trend of a great people, whose ancestors, for the most part, had scarcely emerged from a barbaric despotism.

True it is, that prior to this time, two different colored men had been elected to the Senate of the United States; and had been sworn in, as members of the same; and served their term; but, these men were not elected by popular vote. They were elected by members of legislatures, in two of the "Gulf States," during the "Reconstruction" period; at a time when their respective states were dominated by the votes of the Freedmen, and some of the legislators could neither read nor write.

The relative strength of the respective classes, white and colored, in Cleveland and Cuyahoga County, at the time of my election, was, about, as one or, perhaps two, to a hundred; and all the functions, social, political and

educational, were in the hands and under the control of "white male citizens," which constituted a marked contrast, between elections of colored men in Ohio and those in the lower tier of southern states. As an indication of the view taken of my election, by white in Ohio, the following anecdote will be enlightening:

I was sitting at my desk, on the floor of the Senate, when a white gentleman, visitor, approached me, and the following colloquy ensued: Gentleman: "I beg pardon; but, are you a member of this Senate?"

The writer: "Yes, sir, I am a member of this body."

Gentleman, with apparent surprise: "Where are you from?"

The Writer: "I am from the 25th—the Cleveland district."

Gentleman, still more surprised: "How, on earth, did you ever get here?"

I answered him by saying, that the people were not only just, but, generous; and that they had sent me to the Senate, partly, out of compliment to the colored residents of the district; and, partly, as a reward of merit for my long years of fidelity and labor in behalf of the Republican party, and, at the local bar. Then followed a long conversation between him and me, in which he showed his great surprise at the extraordinary progress made by the colored people, since emancipation, under discouraging handicaps.

The presiding officers of this senate were the late Andrew L. Harris, President of the Senate, and Elbert L. Lampson, president pro tem; both learned and able men. Mr. Harris, subsequently, became Governor of Ohio, and Mr. Lampson, was, for years, the honored and efficient reading clerk of the House of Representatives, at Washington.

On an auspicious occasion, President Lampson called me to preside over the Senate of Ohio; and, I gladly and

eagerly availed myself of the opportunity; for, although my active experience as a parliamentarian was exceedingly limited, yet, here was Opportunity knocking at my door, and I dared not let it pass me by.

During the half hour or more which elapsed, while I occupied the chair, the Hon. James E. Campbell, ex-Governor of Ohio, entered the Senate Chamber, and I had the superlative pleasure of introducing him to the Senators, who stood, to receive him.

It is, also, worthy of note, I think, that, during the same period of time, I was the defacto Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Ohio.

Later on, I will include a list of all the bills which I actively supported, while a member of the Senate; but, at present, I shall confine myself to mentioning a few, to which I gave especial and energetic effort.

First, the Street-car Vestibule Bill, which made it obligatory on the part of the owners and operators of street-cars, to annex to them enclosed "vestibules," for the protection of motormen and conductors from the rigors of winter and inclement weather.

Prior to that time, both of those employes, were compelled to protect themselves from the weather, as best they could, without any other than that of their wearing apparel, and, since their motor power was horses, the opportunities of warming themselves were few, and quite inadequate.

The bill came over to the Senate from the House; but, the lobby in opposition to it, in the upper house, was so strong and influential, that it found, at first, little or no favor. Here, I found an opportunity of repaying, to some extent, the many favors which the laboring men had conferred on me; and I lost no time in going to "the front," in support of this bill. I builded more wisely than I anticipated; and ere long had the satisfaction of seeing the bill enacted into a law—still existing, which resulted

in the placing of vestibules on the front and rear of every railway passenger car.

It was argued that the glass windows in the front of the proposed vestibules, would become frosted and covered with snow, so as to obscure the vision of the motor-man, thereby increasing fatalities and other accidents; but, down to this date, the prophecy has not been fulfilled, nor does it seem likely to be in the future.

Another bill which I took under my wing—metaphorically speaking, was the one which provided that the coal miners of the state should be paid “by the run of the mine,” instead of “by the screen,” which was then in vogue. Now there were annually, many thousands of tons of fine coal which passed through the screen and sold at a good price, in the market, for the mining of which, the miners received no pay; and it seemed only reasonable and fair, that, they should be recompensed for all that went into the market.

This bill was bitterly—stubbornly opposed by the mine owners, throughout the State; and the arguments and other efforts to secure its defeat, were numerous, and, at times, interesting. I, as in the case of the Vestibule Bill, espoused the cause of the laborers; but, as my memory now serves me, the bill could muster the support of only six (6) votes, amongst the entire membership of the Senate—and failed of passage. However, it is still a source of great satisfaction to me, to know that, I strenuously supported our idea, which ultimately, prevailed, and that, for many years, the hard workers—“down in the coal mines, underneath the ground,” have been receiving their just reward, in this respect; whatever else may be said, apropos of other contentions.

A humorous sequel arising out of this contention over the “Anti-Screen Bill,” will bear repeating, here, I think; and, I will add, I did not become fully informed, in the

premises, until after the lapse of a decade or more of years; so well had my informant kept the secret.

At a time when the contest was at its topmost height, a senator came to me and said: "Senator, the \_\_\_\_\_ Coal-Co. has a "book" of abstracts of coal lands, which they desire to have examined by an expert; and I have referred them to you. They will pay you well for your work; and, I hope you can accept the offer." I thanked him, and lost no time in coming in touch with the company, and receiving from them a "book" of about thirty abstracts of title, to coal lands, in the heart of the coal producing section.

I carried the "book" to my lodgings and, from five o'clock a. m., until the breakfast bell rang, for several days, I scrutinized those abstracts, until the work was finished; when I returned it to the office in Cleveland, duly certified, in accordance with my instructions. The gentleman who received it, asked me my charge; when I promptly replied, "twenty-five dollars," I shall never forget the blank stare which he directed at me; but, he said nothing. Going to his desk, he drew a check and handed it to me. I accepted it, gratefully, and took my departure.

As the years passed by, the transaction passed out of my mind; until, one fine day, a personal friend of mine, said, "Senator, I have a joke on you, which I have kept for ten years; but, I guess, I can tell it to you now." I, of course, became curious to know the purport of it; and said to him, in substance:

"Let me see what in thereat is,  
And this mystery explore."

Then he made known to me the fact that, the employing of me to examine the abstracts, was one way of winning my vote against the "run of the mine" bill; by giving me an opportunity of collecting from the corporation

the sum of five hundred dollars—more or less. I collected less; hence the “blank stare,” when I presented my bill for twenty-five dollars.

The establishment of a system of Parks and Boulevards was a subject which at this time was claiming much attention in Cleveland. The munificent gift of Mr. J. H. Wade, Mr. J. W. Gordon and Mr. Jacob B. Perkins had made this possible; but, all three of the gifts being predicated, to some extent on the future development and upkeep of the system, it became necessary to finance the undertaking, in order to preserve them, and initiate the much-needed improvements.

To that end, a bill was drawn, having as its object the bestowal upon the City of Cleveland, through the designated authorities, power to issue and sell bonds, in the sum of one million dollars, for the purpose of carrying out the conditions of the several grants, and to render them, to some extent, adaptable to the needs of the people.

This bill was placed in the hands of Senator Wilbur Parker; but, after it came from the committee, on his motion, it was referred to a “select committee of one” (himself), and for some reason which I have never known, he carried it in his “pocket,” for several weeks; and notwithstanding the importunities of the Cleveland friends of the bill, he failed to report it back to the Senate.

Finally, one day, when he appeared on the floor of the Senate, after a long absence, I moved that, “the select committee of one, to whom was referred Senate Bill No.—, be discharged from further consideration of the same;” and, the motion carrying, the bill came, once more, before the Senate, for consideration. Thereupon, at the instigation of Senator Parker, a motion was made for the reconsideration of the motion just adopted; and a “battle royal” ensued between the friends and foes of the bill, led by this writer, which threatened, at times to eventuate in the loss of the bill; for the adjournment of the Sen-

ate was near at hand, and the present opportunity was "golden."

The motion to re-consider was lost, and the law was enacted, which placed on a firm foundation our present elaborate, extensive and beautiful system of parks and boulevards; which is a source of so much pleasure and healthfulness to all classes of our people.

About this time, a bill which had passed the House of which the late Senator William T. Clark was the author, came over to the Senate and was put on its passage. It was a bill which provided that the firemen of Cleveland should be allowed a few hours off duty every week (since at that time they had no time off at all, for any purpose whatever.) In consonance with the policy which, during my entire legislative career had characterized my conduct, I supported the bill—in fact, took charge of it; and had the satisfaction of seeing it become a law.

When the passage of this bill became known in Cleveland, there was an immediate outburst of anger, on the part of some interested persons; an indignation meeting was called and held; and Mr. Clark and I were soundly berated; for, it was said, the granting of a few hours of recreation to each fireman, would require an addition to the number of firemen, and, thereby entail an extra expense, which the tax-payers would have to pay.

I came from Columbus and confronted that boiling-bubbling meeting, and demanded to be heard. After much pounding of the stand with his gavel, the chairman secured a hearing for me, and before I took my seat, my utterances were loudly applauded; but the general trend seemed to be averse to allowing the firemen any time off; and, within a few days, the Hon. Joseph C. Bloch (now ex-Judge Bloch) introduced a bill to repeal the abnoxious legislation; and it was eliminated from the statutes of that General Assembly. The sequel to all this "tempest in a tea-pot," is, that within a year or two, there was a law

enacted granting to the firemen more "time off" than the Clark Bill" provided for; and, today, they have still more time allowed them." "Truth (justice) crushed to earth, will rise again!" I recall my connection with that ill-fated bill as one of the proudest transactions of my life; and, I enjoy telling about it.

It is generally known that, we have on the pages of our statute books a law known as the Civil Rights Law, which was fathered by The Honorable Harry C. Smith, who, for three terms, represented the County of Cuyahoga (Cleveland) in the House of the General Assembly. This law is far-reaching in its scope, and includes, amongst other public services, barber shops; tho it is, as regards them, a dead letter; since there are few men who have the nerve to compel by law, an unwilling hostile barber to shave them.

During the 70th General Assembly the Honorable George H. Jackson, of Cincinnati, who was the colored member of the House from Hamilton County, introduced a bill to repeal that portion of the law relating to barber shops; and supported it on the floor of the House with much eloquence and force; so that it passed without a dissenting vote, as I now recall the transaction.

The question now was, how to pass it in the Senate, Mr. Green's opposition to it, non obstante; for it was well known that I was fundamentally opposed to turning Revolutions backwards; on the contrary, it was easily apparent to all the friends of the colored race in the state, that, what the law stood most in need of was, not the elimination of any of its provisions, but more thorough enforcement.

It was thought that, if Mr. Jackson could make his great speech before the Senate, the bill would pass that body, no matter whether this writer opposed it or not. So, a little strategy was adopted in order to enable Mr. Jackson to address the Senate; and since, by the rules

of the Senate, he could not be permitted to address that body, as such, it was resolved into a committee of the whole Senate; and the author of the bill was permitted to make his argument for it, before that body sitting as a committee.

This trick seemed to be a success, until after the committee rose and went back into its legitimate form of a Senate; when, this writer arose, at his desk, and characterized the whole procedure in anything but a complimentary way; and, with clenched fist, which hammered the desk before him, dared the Senators to eliminate any portion of that law; and he threatened, if the bill passed the Senate, to go to the colored voters of the State and denounce their action.

On the roll call, the bill failed to receive the required number of votes to pass it; and from that day until the present, no other effort by white or colored, has been made to repeal or emasculate the law.

About the year 1892, The Cleveland Railway Company, which was composed of all the street railway companies in the city of Cleveland, save and except the interest represented by Mr. Tom L. Johnson, began to consider, seriously the necessity of disposing of its horses and adopting electricity as a motor power; and this made necessary an entire change in the way of trackage, rolling stock, power plants, and employes; to say nothing of the vast outlay necessitated in the erecting of poles, stringing of costly wires, and the acquiring in some instances, of additional rights of way and sites for the location, of enlarged and costly buildings.

The late Senator M. A. Hanna, upon whose broad shoulders rested, principally, the responsibility and burden of financing these very costly projects, decided that, it would be necessary to sell the "paper" of the company in New York, in order to compass success, in this behalf; and, that they might get a fair consideration for the

same, it was equally essential to make a showing of a franchise adequate for the proffered security.

For the foregoing reasons and as a first move towards the accomplishment of these designs, a bill was prepared, commonly known as the "ninety-nine-year franchise bill," and given to the late Senator Frank O. Spencer, who introduced it in the Senate; and it was, thereafter known of record, as "Senate Bill No. 50."

The bill provided, in substance, that the trustees (Councilmen) of any city or township should be empowered to grant to any railway corporation within its limits, a franchise, not to exceed ninety-nine years in duration; provided the trustees or directors of the company should agree to pay to the city or township a percentage of the gross earnings of the road, to be fixed by and between the respective parties at the time of the granting of the franchise. At that time, the only financial benefit Cleveland was receiving from the said companies was a tax of ten dollars on each car in use; while a percentage of their earnings by the provisions of the "Spencer Bill," would, even then, have amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars; and, at the present day, the city's income from that source would be, perhaps, a million or more annually, provided, however, that the trustees of the city were honest and business-like, and withheld the franchise until an adequate percentage of the earnings was secured by the terms of the contract.

This bill was favored by some of the leading financiers and politicians of Ohio; and it had behind it, in the lobby, the influence and professional services of one of the greatest law firms in this state. Moreover, the governor of the state, in the person of the late President McKinley, favored it and permitted the use of his office, in which to caucus, with reference to it.

"Dan" Ryan, Secretary of State, favored it; and lent his great influence to secure its passage. The Toledo

Blade, Ohio State Journal and Cleveland World, all influential newspapers, spoke of it in commending terms; and the entire sentiment in and about the State House, in so far as I could discover, favored its passage.

This narrator, too, was of opinion that a contract, between the city of Cleveland and the street railway lines, could be framed, by the terms of which the city would derive a substantial income; whereas, under the then existing conditions (and down to the present time)—little or nothing was going into our treasury.

Under the circumstances, I determined to obtain the opinion of the great daily papers of Cleveland; and, with that object in view, I mailed to The Cleveland Plain Dealer, The Cleveland Leader, The Cleveland Press and The Cleveland World, respectively, a copy of the bill, and enclosed with it a written request, signed by me, that they publish the same and comment on its merits or demerits, editorially. The World was the only one of the quartette which complied with my request, in any manner; and its editorial comment was favorable.

However, the fact remains, that, prior to its passage, in the Senate, it had never been published in any paper that had come under my notice; and the people of Cleveland, to this day, have never read the bill.

The parties interested in the passage of the bill, in the Senate, insisted that I should explain and champion it, on the floor of the Senate; for the reason, they said, that I was "more practiced as an attorney, and fluent and eloquent" than was its author.

I objected strenuously; for the reason that the Cleveland newspapers, with one exception, had remained non-committal; but, day after day, time and again, I was compelled to listen to arguments by its friends, and have cited to me the fact of its support by the eminent and influential men and papers, outside of Cleveland, mentioned above. Finally, word came to me, "ex cathedra," if I may

use the expression in a political sense, that I had better stand by my friends; and knowing who those "friends" were and forecasting the wonderful part some of them were to play in the great world drama of the near future—

"Swearing I would ne'er consent—consented."

I explained the bill, spoke in favor of it, and, almost unaided, in so far as it was apparent to the casual observer, secured its passage through that body.

Then, the Cleveland newspapers "spoke out," and with no uncertain sound. To read the papers alone, see the names of Senator Spencer and myself at the head of the editorial column of the Cleveland Leader, in mourning, and have no other information, in the premises, one would have thought that some great outrage had been perpetrated on the state; yet, those same papers, only a week before, with a copy of that identical bill in their hands, had remained mute.

Later on, however, after an indignation meeting, at which I was present and explained the merits of the bill, and drew from the large audience, in the Council Chamber, encores of applause, popular sentiment was molified and modified; and another Assembly actually enacted a fifty-year franchise law, without evoking an indignation meeting or the anathemas of the press.

The men who originated and procured the passage of the first bill, through the Senate, were subsequently highly honored by the State and Country; and properly so, for, they were of nature's noblemen, and dedicated their whole life to the public welfare, whether negotiating along private or public lines; all of which the community, when adequately informed and free from blind passion, readily saw and appreciated.

The following certificate, mailed to me by Hon. Alex.

C. Caine, after I had ceased to be a member of the Senate gives a detailed statement of work done by me, in the Senate, in addition to what I have already mentioned in the foregoing:

I hereby certify that Hon. John P. Green supported all the following named bills in behalf of labor while a member of the Senate of the 70th General Assembly.

A. C. CAINE, Clerk of the Senate.

1. Compelling railroad companies to equip cars with air-brakes and automatic couplers.
2. Protecting lives of mechanics employed in the building trades.
3. Protection of street car employes.
4. Regulating competition of convict with free labor.
5. Arbitration of labor troubles.
6. Providing employes with attorney in action for wages.
7. Preventing discrimination against organized labor.
8. Increasing opportunity of education for working people.
9. Relief of over-worked railroad employes.
10. Increase in force of mine inspectors.
11. Additional factory inspectors.
12. Enlarging the power of shop inspectors.
13. Imposing heavier penalties for imitation of union labels.
14. Restricting manufacture of knit and woolen goods in public institutions.
15. Employes not to be intimidated in voting.
16. Providing for the more distinct labeling of convict-made goods.
17. Counter floors for safety of employes in construction of buildings.
18. Providing for pure oils for illuminating purposes in mines.
19. Preventing fraud and imposition of minor employes.
20. Against seven days' work for six days' pay.

Mr. Greene is also author of the Labor Day Law.

One of the most agreeable episodes of my life occurred about this time, in connection with a grand banquet tendered to Governor McKinley, by the Protective Tariff League of Canton, Ohio. Quite unexpectedly, to me, I received an invitation to this notable function, together with an invitation to respond to the following toast: "America—the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave."

At the appointed time, I appeared in Canton; and was received in a kindly, gracious way, by the disting.

uished committee, which was made up of some of the leading gentlemen of the city. I was escorted to the first hotel; where I registered and was, for a day, one of its guests.

At the banquet, I was seated at the head of the table, on the left of Governor McKinley; while at his right, sat James R. Garfield, a son of ex-President James A. Garfield.

My response to the toast assigned to me, met with a very enthusiastic reception; and, at the close of the exercises, I was heartily commended, by many of those present. It has often occurred to me that the climax of my political honors was reached on that occasion; when I, an ex-waiter, boot-black, janitor and fac-totum, in general, now a member of the Senate of Ohio, from the most famous district in the state, an invited guest at that very notable function, sat beside the Governor of the State, then destined, soon, to be President of the United States, and responded to that significant toast!

O, ye humble, struggling, ambitious, American youth, both white and black! Reflect on these facts—ponder over them; take courage; and persistently, press onward and upward.

About this time, also, when the session of the Senate was nearing its close, I had an experience, the relating of which may prove of interest to the readers of this biographical story.

During the banquet, Governor McKinley became aware of the fact, that I had an increasing desire to visit parts of Europe, including Great Britain, France, Italy, Spain and Vienna, in Austria. Coming to me, he said, "Senator; I think I can be of some service to you, in forwarding your desire to make a tour of Europe!" I said, "Indeed, Governor! I am more pleased than I can express to you, to hear you say so!" "Yes," he replied: "I am going to New York, in the near future, and while

there I shall meet Colonel Elliott F. Shepherd, a friend of mine; and I shall tell him of you and your plan. He is the owner of the Mail and Express, which employs correspondents in parts of Europe, and perhaps, he will give you employment along that line, which will enable you to pay your expenses, while you make your tour." I thanked him, profusely, my heart swelling with joy and gratitude; for I had learned to know that, whatever McKinley espoused, was well nigh certain of success.

After the lapse of about two weeks, the Governor's messenger came to my desk and said, "Senator, the Governor wishes your presence, at your leisure." I thanked him; and "stayed not on the order of my going;" but—went.

The Governor informed me that, he had just returned from New York; where he met Colonel Shepherd; to whom, he made known my cherished desire. "And," he said, "the Colonel will wire you to meet him there, in a few days!" True to the expectation, in a day or two, I received a telegram from Colonel Shepherd, inviting me to meet him at his home, located on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third (?) Street, in the great metropolis—New York.

When I arrived in front of the palatial residence of the son-in-law of the late W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., it was all aglow with light, and liveried coachmen and footmen were in attendance upon the numerous equipages which bordered the curb in the vicinage; nevertheless, not one whit embarrassed by the fact, I pressed the button of the "Big Front Door," and, my card having been delivered to the distinguished host, I was immediately ushered into the elaborate library, where, ere long, I met a high born instinctive gentleman, Colonel Eliot F. Shepherd.

"Senator Green," he said, grasping my hand, "Governor McKinley has been telling me about you and your plan to visit Europe." I have considered the matter; and

I have concluded to offer you the sum of fifty dollars a letter; and you may mail the Mail and Express one letter every week." I answered, that such an arrangement would be entirely satisfactory to me; and thanked him for it. Then I said to him, "Colonel, when shall I begin to write the letters?" "At once," he answered, "if you wish."

Seeing that his residence was gradually filling with the elite of social New York, he noticed my apparent surprise, and remarked, "Senator, this is the anniversary of my silver wedding, and the invited guests are arriving. I am sorry that I cannot be with you longer."

Just then, two gentlemen entered the library: "Senator," he said, "Meet my brother;" and, turning to the younger one, he said, "Senator Green, this my only son. My son, meet Senator Green of Ohio." Then I took my departure, highly elated by my success; for, now, I considered that my tourning venture was predicated on a sound financial basis; and that I could cast all worry on that score behind me.

As an addition to the good words which Governor McKinley had spoken of and for me, I placed in Colonel Shepherd's hand a laudatory editorial which I had clipped from the Cleveland Leader, referring to the fact that I had risen from a very humble sphere in life. The Colonel did not approve of the reference to my former humble station in life. This surprised me greatly.

The following week, I mailed to the Mail and Express an article, one column in length, on the growth of Cleveland, as affected by the Protective Tariff. It was received and published; and, in a few days, I received a check for fifty dollars. The following week, in return for a second letter, which had been published I received another check, for the same amount. Then, a day or two later, I read in a newspaper, that Colonel Shepherd had died on an operating table, under the influence of an anes-

thetic, while undergoing an examination, for a minor trouble!

I cannot say, whether my surprise exceeded my grief. I could not truthfully say:

“Oh, ever thus, from childhood’s hour,  
I’ve seen my fondest hopes decay;”

For, in very truth, my grief was not so much because of my individual loss, as for the fact that, a noble, kind-hearted, generous man had been, so suddenly, cut off in the “flower” of his manhood, without any notice or opportunity to take his leave of all whom he held most dear on this earth.

“Be good, my friend, and let who will be clever;  
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;  
And so, make life, death, and that vast forever,  
One grand sweet song.”  
—Charles Kingsley in “A Farewell.”

The sequel to this narrative will come, in the next chapter. Suffice it to state here, other steps had to be taken—other plans formulated and consummated, before the contemplated journey could be taken; but, in the language of one of Milton’s creations:

“What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; th’ unconquerable will,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And courage never to submit or yield.”

## CHAPTER XI.

### JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

I am writing this short sketch, embracing some of my personal reminiscences of Mr. Rockefeller and members of his family, for several reasons; but, principally, because I have always admired his sterling manhood, his exemplary life, his democratic affiliations amongst the people, of his acquaintance, and his unexampled, unselfish generosity. With all his wealth and social and financial influence, Mr. Rockefeller has come very near to leading the plain "simple" life; and tho I have met him frequently, in this, his home city, during the past sixty-three years, yet, I have never discovered in him or his family, anything of the supercilious—"highbrow" characteristic which is so often in evidence, on the part of persons who are "rich in this world's goods."

He has always, worn his heart upon his sleeve, to be read of all men, whether in the church—the Sunday School, in the varied avenues of commercial life or elsewhere. Even the poor, despised Negro, both in the north and the southland, has basked in the light of his countenance, and found in him a true, open-handed friend; hence, I not only admire him and wonder at his unheard of financial conquests, but, I hold him up, to the whole world, as an example of true manhood and unadulterated Americanism.

Many years ago, I noticed and was "struck" with the fact, that, whenever, as a "captain" of industry, Mr.

Rockefeller absorbed collateral branches of his own gigantic business, it was to the advantage of the other party; it always took on new life, which led to overwhelming success; so that, in no sense, even along the lines of competitive commercial transactions, can he be stigmatized as a "business vampire."

I have, already, mentioned the fact of seeing Mr. Rockefeller, as a young man, in 1858, when the family lived in Cedar Avenue, in Cleveland, at which time I paid no special attention to him; for the reason, principally, that, I was his junior, associating with a class of boys younger than he, of whom his late brother, Frank Rockefeller, was one; and for the additional reason that I could not then, foresee what the fates held in store for him, in the not distant future.

Subsequently, in 1859, when I was a student in the Hudson Street School (now Sterling School), over which Mr. Eaton, afterwards, during the Civil War, General Eaton, was principal, I met a mild mannered, quiet little lady, who taught the class of which I was a member, English Grammar. This young lady was none other than Miss Laura C. Spellman, the late lamented wife of the subject of this sketch; and the daughter of the Honorable H. B. Spellman, ex-member of the Ohio General Assembly, if I mistake not; a gentleman who, for his social and business attainments, stood high in the esteem of all Cleveland.

The fact that Miss Spellman and Mr. Rockefeller later on became husband and wife, more than any other cause, kept him in the eye of some of us school boys; for, we regretted the loss of that estimable lady, from the faculty so keenly, that, we followed her, in the future, with undiminished interest.

Aside from this casual acquaintance with Mr. Rockefeller, I had no knowledge of him or his growing business, other than as I heard members of his Sunday School

Class, speak of him, or read of his successful transactions in the daily newspapers.

The years glided (or flew) onward; and my subject "waxed fat"—became immensely rich, in the eyes of the world; and through competition, and, in some instances, jealousy, was frequently unjustly criticized; until, one day, during a session of the 69th General Assembly, if I mistake not, a member, without any apparent reason for it, digressed from the line of his argument to brutally and falsely make a verbal assault upon Mr. Rockefeller, in the matter of his business transactions.

When he resumed his seat, I waited, for a short space, to see whether any member would challenge his statements; and the silence not being broken, I arose and gave expression to my views of Mr. Rockefeller, predicated on my knowledge of him from my boyhood days, in no uncertain manner; and, least of all, complimentary, to the member.

Colonel Louis Smithnight was present during the whole transaction; and when the applause, following my short speech, had subsided, he came up and congratulated me on my effort; and commended the spirit which movēd me. All knew that Mr. Rockefeller did not need any apologist or champion; yet, under any circumstances, it is difficult to remain silent, when uncalled for and unmerited abuse is heaped upon one's friend, especially in a legislative hall.

A year or two after the incident which I have just recorded, while passing through lower Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, I was confronted by a gentleman whose personal appearance and mein stamped him as being "facile princeps,"—first amongst men. I knew at a glance, that he was a Rockefeller; but so much time had elapsed since I had last seen him, that, I could not positively identify him; to my great surprise, he stopped and addressed me, calling me by name. I reciprocated the courtesy, and

said, "Mr. Rockefeller—I believe!" "Yes;" he answered. "Which one?" I queried? "John," he replied. "How is Mrs. Rockefeller?" I ventured to ask. "She is quite well," he rejoined. Then, he added: "Mrs. Rockefeller and I have noted your political successes with much pleasure; and she often speaks of some of her former pupils." To which I expressed much pleasure; whereupon, he said: "By the way! We have a cozy home, in the East End. We would be pleased to have you and Mrs. Green come out and visit us, sometime." I inquired as to a convenient time for them; and he suggested that we notify them, and they would send the family carriage to the terminus of the street railway line (at Lake View Cemetery), to transport us the remainder of the distance—to Forest Hill—the "cozy home."

We then separated, each going his respective way—he conscious, I dare say, of having stooped—socially, at least, to lift up and encourage a fellowman; and I, radiant with pleasure and expectation, by reason of the unexpected invitation.

In due time, a notice of our coming was mailed to Forest Hill; and, at the designated hour on the appointed day, we—Mrs. Green, our daughter Clara and our niece, Miss Kittie Skeene, together with this writer, alighted at the terminus of the street railway, and mounted into the carriage of John D. Rockefeller; and, in a few minutes, having passed the porter's lodge, we found ourselves upon the broad veranda of the Rockefeller mansion, the subjects of a genial and cordial welcome, on the part of Mrs. Rockefeller, her aged mother, her honorable sister and two winsome daughters.

Mr. Rockefeller, we were informed, was in conference with gentlemen, who had come all the way from New York, for that purpose.

During the half hour, while the ladies were engaged in conversation, I was, comparatively, mute; for, under

existing circumstances, I felt that, like the "Moor of Venice," I could truthfully say:

"Rude am I in my speech,  
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;"

and, accordingly, I maintained that "golden silence," which, at times, is most becoming.

Ere long, the touring carriage was driven up to the porte cochere; and, at the suggestion of Mrs. Rockefeller, we all entered it, for a drive through the spacious and beautiful park, surrounding the residence; and, at the end of one hour and a quarter, without repeating any of the route, we declared it to have been the most enjoyable of our existence.

At one point, on our route, our hostess invited us to dismount; and while the driver waited for us on the opposite side of a shaded grove, we meandered through it, engaged in reminiscent conversation and in gathering vari-colored mosses and sweet wild flowers.

Then it was that Mrs. Rockefeller (whose friendship and generosity for me as one of her former pupils, became apparent), addressed herself to me, and called up the past; as if it were a real pleasure to live over again her girlhood days; forgetful that she was now, the wife of one whose name, alone, attracts attention, wherever it is mentioned throughout the civilized world.

She spoke of her late father, affectionately, and remarked that, her husband had named Spellman Institute at Atlanta, Georgia, for him. She further informed me, that Mr. Rockefeller was, metaphorically, carrying it, "under his arm"; and that during that same year, he had given it Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Further, she said, that her father was a man of kindly impulses; and, invariably, favored the "under-dog". As for herself, she said, when teaching in the

schools of Cleveland, she had no "pets"; but, that, her sympathies, invariably, went out to the one who needed help.

It was during this conversation that I made known to her my increasing desire to make a tour of the principal states of Europe; when, she with her characteristic generosity, suggested that, I notify her when the time was ripe for my departure; and, to anticipate, by a few months, I will here record the fact, that, upon that notification, her great husband sent me his check for half enough money to defray all the expenses of my trip. It was a gratuity, pure and simple; for, I had never had the opportunity of serving either of them in any practical way, during my life time.

As we neared the edge of the grove, where the carriage was in waiting for us, Mrs. Rockefeller, with her own hands, pinned on the bosom of my wife the tuft of pretty moss and the sweet wild flowers which she had gathered in the wood. A very gracious act, I must say, considering the relative social standing of the hostess and her guest. How thoroughly the act was appreciated may be known from the fact, that, until her "dying day" my dear deceased wife recalled the act; and spoke in terms of admiration and gratitude of it.

Returning to the residence, we were joined by Mr. Rockefeller, who, being released from the conference, now commanded his time. A light luncheon was, there-upon served on the veranda, of which all partook.

My feelings, on that occasion can be more easily imagined than described, for, who was I, a poor colored man, dependent upon my daily toil for a very livelihood, and with no social recognition that I could boast of, aside from persons of my own caste (a strange word for America), that I should be sitting at luncheon with the financial leader of the whole world, and his family!

I recall that, I had said to Mrs. Rockefeller, during

our stroll through the wood, somewhat as follows: "Mrs. Rockefeller, one of my most intelligent associates, maintains, that, social recognition of the colored man, in the United States, will begin at the top of society and progress downward, paradoxical as it may seem!" "Why so?" she ask'd. "Because," I replied, "persons of unlimited means and fixed social status, can, with impunity, afford to associate with persons of good moral character, without losing their social standing, while others, of small or no financial standing, and who, themselves are struggling for social recognition, dare not take the risk."

"Well," she said: "I had not thought of it in that light before; it seems reasonable, and may be a fact."

The time of our departure was at hand, the carriage with the waiting coachman was standing in the porte cochere; the adieus were pronounced; when Mr. Rockefeller, and addressing himself to this writer, said, "Mr. Green, I spend most of my time in New York, and I am seldom here to make use of these grounds. If, at any time, you wish to drive in them, with your family or friends, you are welcome to do so." I heard him with amazement, thanked him, and we were whirled away by the well groomed steeds. I have never, to this day, availed myself of his magnanimous offer, to make use of his ample and beautiful grounds; tho his kindly offer is graven up on the "tablets of my heart", never to be erased.

Some notice of our reception at the Rockefeller mansion found its way into the columns of the news papers; after which, I was approached by sundry needy persons, who tried to persuade me to use my "influence" with Mr. Rockefeller, in their behalf; which, of course I could not do.

On another occasion, one of our best singers, who was arranging for a public concert, procured me to inquire of Mrs. Rockefeller whether her name might be used as a "patroness" Mrs. Rockefeller answered, by inviting Mrs.

Green and me to call, a second time, and bring the singer with us, which we did. Again, we were driven through some portion of the grounds; this time, a slight shower of rain having previously fallen, and Mr. Rockefeller desiring to keep his drives in good condition, he mounted his bicycle, and "piloted" the carriage some portion of the way. When we reached a knoll which overlooks the lake and the neighboring country, the driver, in attempting to make a short turn, nearly overturned the carriage; and I suspect, that, this writer prevented our hostess from falling out.

On returning to the mansion, the sweet singer sang very beautifully for Mr. Rockefeller and his family, being accompanied, on the piano, by Miss Edith,—now Mrs. McCormick of Chicago, who translated the difficult music at sight, to the astonishment of the singer and all others. I recall that Mr. Rockefeller remarked that, in his youth, he took lessons on the violin, and, for a while, practiced six hours a day. Was not this prophetic of future success in any vocation in which he might embark; for, whoever has the nerve and persistency to apply himself to a violin or any other musical instrument six hours a day, will, in the end, say, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

It was on this occasion, that we saw and were introduced to Mr. Rockefeller, Sr. He was a large well built man of ruddy complexion; and the resemblance of the two sons, whom I had met, was so striking as to cause remark. When we were in the act of leaving, Mrs. Rockefeller invited us to attend a church social of the Second Baptist Church, which was scheduled to meet at their home, the following week. And Mr. Rockefeller drew, from one of his vest pockets, a little "bunch" of bank notes, with which he consoled the singer, for Mrs. Rockefeller's refusal to lend her name as a "patroness."

We attended the church social, of course; and had seated at the table with us several members of the family,

in addition to a very wealthy and prominent lady friend of theirs. On every occasion, we were transported to and from the mansion in the carriage of our host and hostess; and altho, since then, we have been entertained, both at home and abroad, by some very distinguished people, yet, I have concluded that, in the courtesies and kindnesses, showered upon us by Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller, as I have related in the foregoing, we reached the zenith of our social preferment; just as at the Canton banquet, I attained to the top-most height of my political aspirations.

I have searched in vain to ascertain the underlying reason for the unusual and liberal courtesies bestowed upon me and mine, by these august personages; whether it was to gratify the desire of his great and good wife, who was always fond of her old pupils, or whether Mr. Rockefeller had heard of my conduct in the House when a member attempted to assail his business integrity; or was it the simple out-flowing of two great, big hearts, bent on scattering sunshine in the path-way of two humble beings, yearning for recognition and encouragement, I shall never know perhaps; but, of one fact we are certain; it was a substantial uplift; not only for us, but for others of our class; the good effects of which, like the ripples on the ocean or the waves in the air, go onward and onward, until they reach the bosom of Almighty God.

During the first McKinley campaign for the Presidency, I had "stump'd" for the Republican party in Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, and Missouri. In addition to the foregoing, I had written a manifest for the use of southern colored voters, which Mr. Hanna and "Major" Dick denominated my "special literature." And, subject to their orders, I, with the assistance of two of my sons, had mailed fourteen thousand copies to places, in that section, designated by them.

After the President had been inaugurated, I circu-

lated, in Cleveland a petition amongst the leading politicians and business men, requesting the President to appoint me to an office in Washington, at once "honorable and lucrative." This petition was signed by great industrial heads, bankers and railroad presidents.

Having obtained the signatures of a goodly number of such men, who, collectively, were said to represent more than Two hundred millions of capital, I mailed the list to Mr. Rockefeller, with a request that he also sign it. I may add, that, I had drawn a line through the center of the page from top to bottom; and all, who had theretofore received it had signed the name to the left of the line, and the occupation to the right, but, when Mr. Rockefeller signed it, he wrote clear across the "legal cap" page, in bold characters—John D. Rockefeller.

I am regretting to this day, that I released that document to be filed in the Interior Department, in Washington; for, in fact, I valued it more than I did the little office which I secured; and tho I made frequent inquiry and earnest effort to regain possession of it, no one had been able to locate it for me. Later on in life, I received another communication from him, which contains his autograph; but, I mourn the loss of the first, for, it carried with it, in the very freedom and form of the writing of it, an intimation of the good will which inspired it.

When I was in the employ of the United States Government, in Washington, I had occasion to write to Mrs. Rockefeller, in behalf of a poor, forlorn person, who was struggling against fate; and I asked for "an alms" for her. She sent the money, small in amount, together with a beautiful letter, still in my possession, of which, the following is a copy:

My Dear Mr. Green:

Enclosed, please find check for the amount desired in your letter of the 4th, to aid in lifting the debt from the distressed family, who find in you a friend.

The case is unique and sadly pathetic—and how many such there are! The wrongs of crushed humanity cry aloud from the ground.

I recall, with no small pleasure, my teaching days, and many of the pupils still stand before me with distinctness, and not a few with distinction. Among these are yourself, who has conquered untold obstacles; and standing for God and for truth, is helping the upward progress of race and the world.

Mr. Rockefeller joins in kind regards for you and your family.

Very sincerely yours,

MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

Golf House, Lakewood, N. J.

March 7, 1904.

On another occasion, I enclosed, to Mrs. Rockefeller a clipping from a newspaper, which complimented me, in no uncertain terms. The following is a copy of the letter which she sent to me, acknowledging the receipt of the same. I still retain the original.

Golf House, Lakewood, N. J.

My Dear Mr. Green:—

I am pleased that you decided to send me the clipping that your letter of the 3rd enclosed. And I am glad to be kept in touch with one of my pupils in the public school, forty or more years ago. (Note: It had been just fifty-two years.—J. P. G.) The time does not seem so long to me since you sat behind the desk, with Abner Griffin not far removed, and the Alstons and Richardsons in the same school.

I am as proud and grateful as you and your family can be, of the record you have made. It is a quiet but decisive victory against fearful odds, which still beset the path of your race.

I remember the pleasant call of Mrs. Green and yourself, several years ago, at Forest Hill.

Mr. Rockefeller joins me in kindest regards to you both.

Very sincerely,

LAURA S. ROCKEFELLER.

April 11, 1911.

Following the death of my beloved wife, I received the following telegram:

Tarrtown, N. Y. 2-6-12.

Mr. John P. Green:—

Letter, Feby. 3rd rec'd; the first we knew of the death of Mrs. Green. Be assured of our sympathy for you and yours, in your great bereavement.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

There are other communications and transactions which I might record herein; but, what I have written is sufficient, I trow, to prove that, in my gradual rise from penury and want, I had gained the countenance and association of some of the greatest and most powerful of God's children; and were it possible for me to close my biographical story right here, it would spell a career at once, unique, if not romantic, and, at least bordering on the successful.

That Mr. Rockefeller may live to see the full fruition of his wonderful benefactions, is my humble prayer.

## CHAPTER XII.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

My senatorial term being ended, I declined to stand as a candidate for another election, on the ground that it entailed too great a financial loss on me; and also, that my professional business was slowly but, surely diminishing; for, I had already found out that, when a business man has a legal affair to be looked after, he is apt to select a lawyer and not a politician to attend to it; and besides the loss of time from my practice, and the outlay of cash, incidental to political campaigns, my keep at Columbus, and incidentals, such as the demands of charity and being a "good fellow", amounted to more than I could continue to sacrifice. The following table will prove my contention, in this behalf.

5 Legislative campaigns, at \$300 each.....	\$1,500
24 months at Columbus, lost to my business at \$200 per month .....	4,800
24 months Board at Columbus at \$25 per month.....	600
Charity and Good-fellowship money \$100 per year.....	100
Loss to business, indirect by neglect (?) .....	1,200
	<hr/>
Total .....	\$8,700
Rechts. from salary 6 yrs. at \$600 per year.....	3,600
	<hr/>
Total loss .....	\$5,100

The foregoing is an under rather than over estimate of my loss, during the twenty-four months, I served in the general Assembly; for, the sessions were held in the

winter and early spring, when all the courts were in session; and my professional loss was almost total; moreover, during that time, I lost many good—valuable clients whose patronage I never recovered; and over and above all, some of my clients became offended, by reason of the active part I took in opposition to their party and friends, and dropped me. But, enough of this, statistics are dry. Complaints are unpleasant.

My "grip" was duly packed, for my European tour, the au revours were all said; the steam was up and the sails inflated, and I was on my way not for Mandalay, but, for sights and scenes which, from my childhood, had been, for me, pleasant dreams; now to be realized.

Does the reader wish to know whence I derived the means of defraying the expenses incidental to this protracted trip, after the collapse of my arrangement with Colonel Shepherd, due to his death? Well, I will let him into the secret.

When I was fighting for the bill to finance the improvement of our system of Parks and Boulevards, the argument most persistently pressed against the passage of it was, that parks and boulevards were for the rich not for the poor. That it would be the unjust appropriation of the people's money to foster the pride and pleasure of the rich.

To which, I answered, in substance; that, the rich, like Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Wade and others had parks of their own; and many wealthy people spent their summers at sea-side and mountain resorts, and their winters at Palm Beach and in California, and, therefore, could get along without these, so called, luxuries, at home, if necessary. While the poor were constrained to remain at home, the year around; and of all the inhabitants of Cleveland, most needed the few "luxuries."

Well, the law having been enacted, and the system

now assured, some of our leading citizens said: "Now, Mr. Green, your fight secured the passage of our Park Bill; and, since your contract with Colonel Shepherd must be abandoned, we will pay a part of your expenses, if you will visit the parks in different parts of Europe, and write a series of letters to the news papers, here, regarding the classes of people who most use and seem to derive the greatest pleasure from frequenting them.

I readily agreed to this suggestion; thereupon, they contributed each a generous amount; which, with the check sent to me by Mrs. Rockefeller, through her great husband, easily made me comfortable during the whole trip.

The stanch and swift Cunard ship Umbria, made the run to Liverpool in seven days; and, after landing, I went "as the crow flies", to the Adelphi Hotel, the leading hotel in Liverpool, at that time. I registered and was installed in a cozy room where, temporarily, I was at home. In the dining room, I was treated far differently than at the Gibson House, in Cincinnati, as the guest of the Amalgamated Trades. Not only was my (silk) hat taken, at the door, but, the waiter in his "dress" suit, served me in a genteel way; and when I went into the barber shop I was shaved without objection. In short, I immediately forgot that, I was a colored American citizen, and when the United States consul called on me—presto, I had changed to a full fledged citizen—abroad, still under the Aegis of my dear native land.

I have made four visits to Europe; and, on each occasion, saw and experienced many things which I am sure, will be of interest to the reader; I shall not attempt a detailed narrative of them, but, will review the principal features in a general way, beginning with Great Britain and following the trend of my travels into other lands.

The late Dr. Adnette, who had been the traveling companion of the late John Huntington, when he made a

tour of Europe, very kindly had provided me with letters of introduction to sundry persons of distinction, in London and its suburbs, amongst whom were Werner, of the Tower of London, a distinguished man, by the way, who, at the close of the Franco Prussian war, in 1870, had been the bearer of dispatches for the Prime Minister of Great Britain, which were closely connected with the final settlement of the peace proceedings. This letter gave us the entre into the Tower, and the opportunity of seeing much and of hearing some of the traditionary lore which, otherwise, we could not have enjoyed.

My late friend, Mr. Fred J. Loudin, had also given us letters of introduction to some of his former friends and acquaintances, which opened doors for us, which, otherwise, we, probably, would never have entered.

In addition to Werner, we met many other persons of social place and distinction; of whom may be mentioned, The Lord Bishop of London, Cannon Farrar of West Minister Abbey, Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, Rev. John Clifford, D. D., L. L. D.; L. Mentendorff, of Idol Lane, large exporter. S. J. Celestin Edwards, scholar, organizer and lecturer on the universal Brotherhood of Man, Mr and Mrs. L. G. Sharpe, high in musical circles, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel, Coleride Taylor great musicians, Mrs. Eliza Leech, of No. 4 Kensington Palace Garden, and many others.

Amongst the objects of especial interest to us, may be mentioned, Westminster Abbey, The British Museum Saint Paul's Cathedral, The Tower of London, London Bridge, Crystal Palace, the Houses of Parliament, the Horse Guards, Westminster Hall and numerous parks; great amongst which, Hyde Park and Kensington Park were conspicuous. Then, there were Trafalgar Square, The National Museum of Art, The Nelson Monument, with its heroic lions conchant; to say nothing of the Law Courts, The Bank of England, the ancient and famous

sites of past and present theatres, with Piccadilly Circus, Leicester Square, the Marble Arch and "Old Curiosity Shop" made famous by Charles Dickens.

Indeed, London is such a little cosmopolitan world within itself, that the mere mention of a few of its most important personages and objects of interest would fill the pages of a little book.

As an illustration of the manner in which even old residents are, at times, surprised by new discoveries of old institutions, I will relate the following: One day, Mrs. Green and I, strolling down Oxford Street, made a detour, when we were near High Holborn, just following our noses, when to our surprise, we found ourselves in Lincoln's Inn Fields, of historic fame; where, if I mistake not, at one time, numerous executions took place; and some other affairs, of more worthy note, were transacted. Quite unexpectedly, we found ourselves in front of the residence of the late Sir John Soane wherein is now kept, on exhibition, a museum of paintings, statuary and Egyptian and Oriental relics which cannot be duplicated. To mention only two, will tend to enlighten the reader. There is an alabaster sarcophagus, 9 feet 4 inches in length, 3 feet, 8 inches in width, 2 feet 8 inches in depth, and 2 1-2 inches in thickness; the alabaster is of such purity, that a lighted lamp being placed on the inside shines through the sides of the casket.

Another curio is the original paintings by Hogarth, of the "Rake's Progress," showing the slow but sure decline of a handsome, promising youth, through dissipation, from good health to disease and death! We spent the remainder of our day in that one little museum, of which a few hours before, we had no knowledge, whatsoever.

Another incident, quite surprising to me, was that of the discovery of an old Arcade, near the heart of West London, by my friend Mr. L. G. Sharpe, who, just prior to the World War, was the World agent of Paderewski,

the unapproachable pianist. We were going down into the City, from Wandsworth Common, when we ran upon this mart of trade all unknown to or forgotten by this world traveled man.

I have four men in mind now, of whom I am sure my readers will be pleased to hear something. And I will speak briefly of them: The first is the Lord Bishop of London; of whose unselfish and persistent labors for the uplifting of the poor and needy in the slums of London, the whole civilized world has heard; even in Wall street, in the city of New York, during his visit to this country, some years ago his voice was heard in support of the Golden Rule.

I had never met the Lord Bishop before; and, my good fortune in meeting him on this occasion, was due entirely to the kindly interposition of my good and helpful friend—The Rt. Rev. W. A. Leonard, Bishop of Ohio, who mailed to me, while I was in London, a letter of which the following is a true copy:

Rt. Hon. A. F. Winnington, Ingram,  
Lord Bishop of London.  
My dear Lord Bishop:—

It gives me great pleasure to hand this letter of personal introduction to you of the Honorable J. P. Green, formerly Senator from this city, in our legislature, and for a number of years identified with public interests. He is one of our most highly esteemed citizens and represents his race with dignity and satisfaction. He is a communicant of the church and one of the vestry of St. Andrew's Parish in this city, which is our only congregation amongst the colored people of Cleveland.

He will greatly esteem the honor of meeting your Lordship, and I will be glad to have him get the inspiration from you which we all do.

With cordial good wishes for this New Year upon which we have entered, I am, with respect,

Faithfully yours,  
WILLIAM A. LEONARD.

3054 Euclid Avenue,  
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

As soon as I had received the Bishop's letter, I mailed it to London House, S. James's Square S. W. London and in due course of the mails, I received the following answer:

John P. Green, Esq.,  
42 Walterton Road,  
Paddington, W.

Dear Sir: The Bishop of London will be pleased to see you here at 11:30 on Saturday, the 20th.

Yours faithfully,

K. G. EVERETT,

Private Secretary.

On time, on the appointed day, I was duly received by the great and worthy bishop, and unceremoniously, ushered into his cozy "workshop", as he was pleased to term his office.

There was no sign of affectation in the demeanor of this great man. No patronizing air or lifting of the brows by this well bred English Lord; but, grasping my hand, he bade me be seated, and the conversation began, as tho two old friends had cordially met.

"Well now" he said, "tell me about your people, in the United States. When I attended the Council, in Richmond Virginia, I heard one phaze of the subject, but, I would like to hear your side of it." I thanked him, and did my "possible" as the French would say, to enlighten him, as regarded the "Negro question", from the standpoint of a colored—American. And was highly rewarded to discover that, his views, largely coincided with mine; and that, he too, like many another great man let his sympathies go out, in favor of the "underdog."

I intimated my fear that I was taking up too much of his time, to which he replied that, he had no other engagement, for the forenoon, until his Eminence Bishop Mathews, the Catholic Bishop of London, should call; and requested me to be quite at ease, until that time.

“By the way!” he exclaimed, in the course of our conversation, “what shall I do with this beautiful letter?” holding in his hand the letter of introduction from Bishop Leonard. “I may lose it, in the confusion of my office, and since it is of such personal concern to you, would you not like to have it?”

I assured him that, I would be most pleased to receive it, and he gave it to me. This accounts for the fact that, I am able to give to my readers a true copy of it, as recorded, in the foregoing.

I discovered that the Lord Bishop has a vein of humor pervading his system; for, he took occasion to refer to a humorous incident, which owed its origin to the word Ohio, during the sessions of the Ecumenical Council in Richmond, Virginia, in the first decade of the present century.

It was in this wise; quite a large percentage of the clergy, attending the Council, used the “continental i—pronounced e— thus, pronounced Ohio—Oheo—and drew a smile from our dear Bishop Leonard, when they referred to him as “The Bishop of Ohio!”

When the presence of the Catholic Bishop was announced, he was seated in an adjoining room, while he wrote for me and my wife two passes to Saint Paul’s Cathedral to be used on Easter Sunday, 1909, saying, “here Senator Green, if you will present these to one of the Vergers, in St. Paul’s Cathedral, on Easter morning, he will show you and Mrs. Green to reserved seats, near the Chancel; and you will see that in England, we make no such discriminations as you have experienced in your South land.” He also, gave me a pass which entitled me to a seat in the visitors’ gallery, in the House of Commons, which, as the others, was duly used. Grasping my hand and thanking me for the call, we separated. I, full of pleasure and enthusiasm; he, beyond doubt, conscious that

in having done his bit to "one of the least of these," he had advanced his cause on earth.

The second personage to whom I shall call attention was, the late Rev. Frederick William Farrar, Cannon of Westminster Abbey and Rector of St. Margaret's Church, which stands near, adjacent to the old abbey.

I was enabled to meet Cannon Farrar, through the courtesy of the late ex-president Fairchild, of Oberlin College, who, quite painstakingly, wrote me a beautiful letter of introduction on his little office typewriter, and after receiving it, I was loth to surrender it to the distinguished prelate; for, I am unable to state, to this day, whether I was prouder to meet Cannon Farrar than to receive this mark of respect and esteem from so distinguished a personage as President Fairchild.

There was nothing in the fact of being received by Cannon Farrar, except that I was highly honored by being permitted to call on a distinguished churchman, scholar and author, in the ancient "Deans Yard," contiguous to the sacred land on which for centuries has stood Westminster Abbey. After mutual greetings and a pleasant conversation, relative to the conditions in "America", we separated, to meet again in the near future, at Westbourne Baptist Church, where he delivered a learned and eloquent lecture on John Milton. To me, it was a significant fact, that, the Cannon of Westminster Abbey, was in the pulpit of a Baptist Church, presided over by Dr. John Clifford, who was the incarnation of opposition to the Established Church of England, and was waging persistent war fare against it, in all parts of Great Britain; but, since John Milton himself, belong'd to the dissenters, perhaps the transaction was not remarkable.

The third great man with whom I came in touch was the Reverend Dr. Joseph Parker, and I am inclined to the belief that I "scraped" this acquaintance, by virtue of the colored American "push" and persistency with

which, twenty-five years ago, I was endowed. Dr. Parker, for some thirty years, had been accustomed to preach a Thursday noon sermon, which, with the beautiful singing and other attractions, drew large congregations of the literary elite of the whole civilized world to hear him; for there is not a day, but that multitudes of wayfarers from all the points of the compass, find their way within the walls of the Greatest City, looking for attractions of one kind and another. Dr. Parker, received me in his "sacristy," after preaching one of his famous sermons, and having in my possession the letter which the Lord Bishop had returned to me, I showed it to him. He read it with evident pleasure, and invited me to call at his home, on the following day, and dine with him and his good wife.

It is needless to say, I accepted the invitation with undisguised pleasure; and spent an hour with the distinguished couple which I shall remember to the end of my life. The conversation turned on Great Americans, and also, on the subject of public lectures. Dr. Parker expressed the opinion that, not even the Rev. Thomas DeWitt Talmage, with all his eloquence, could draw a large audience in London, at that time, to hear him lecture; so coldly were lecturers then received. I asked him what he thought Henry Ward Beecher's chances would be, were he alive and active. He was of the same mind, in both cases. Then changing the subject somewhat abruptly, he exclaimed, "I regard that countryman, of yours, a great philosopher!—Frederick Douglass, I refer to."

I readily assented to that view (with a degree of pride), and said, that, Gambetta the great French statesman, had recently, expressed the same opinion.

"I heard an anecdote concerning him (Douglass) related recently", he added. "On one occasion, as the story runs, subsequent to the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the rendition of the Dred Scott' Decision, the

outlook for the cause of Emancipation was dark and well nigh hopeless. There was a meeting of the friends of liberty in progress. Douglass was demure and of a down cast demeanor. Old Sojourner Truth noticed these signs of discouragement; and at a proper time, she exclaimed in her piping voice—"Frederick, is God dead?" That exclamation, so full of truth and hope in the power of Almighty God, coming, as it did, from that infirm old woman, rekindled the fire within them, and so inspired them, that, from that moment onward, all was vigor and determination to win.

The personel of Dr. Parker in the pulpit was reassuring, so to speak. One saw at a glance, a real man in his size, form and general bearing, one of "Nature's noblemen." He carried between his shoulders, a large head, a high expansive forehead, eyes deep set beneath the "umbrageous" brows, and a shock of "shaggy" hair, which caused him, when animated, to present that Leonine appearance, which was, altogether unmistakable; and his deep, sonorous voice was quite suited to the man. He was such a plebeian and approachable man, that, after his ponderous and entertaining sermons were delivered, he took pleasure in answering questions, and in conversing with any one who visited him, in his sacristy. This writer had the good fortune, on more than one occasion, to meet him there; and he condescended to spend some minutes in pleasant, instructive conversation with him.

On one occasion, he said, "Well, you heard me preach the same sermon twice. I preached it last Thursday, and I repeated it, today!" I answered, that, it was well worth repeating, for, it was replete with instruction and edification.

On the occasion referred to, when Doctor Parker, in my presence, spoke in such admiring terms of Frederick Douglass, he expressed an ardent desire to possess a copy of the autobiography of Frederick Douglass; and

on my return to our flat, I mailed one to him, which I happened to carry in my "luggage." The second day, thereafter, I received a letter from him inclosing a cheque for the sum of 1 £ sterling, an equivalent, at that time of about \$4.83, of our money. After thanking me for my "thoughtfulness and kindness," in sending him the book, the letter proceeded to read: "I enclose a One pound cheque, for that son and heir of yours. I want him to see what a British sovereign looks like!" It is scarcely necessary to add, that, the "son and heir" (now Captain William R. Green) lost no time in making the acquaintance of that, identical sovereign, but in the language of King Richard III, on an inauspicious occasion, he could have truthfully said: "I'll have it! but, I'll not keep it long!"

The last, but, by no means the least, of the distinguished Londoners, of whom I shall now speak, is Reverend John Clifford, D. D. L. L. D. pastor emeritus, of the Westbourne Baptist Church; whose name is more familiarly known than that of any other in Great Britain, save that of Lloyd George, perhaps. Dr. Clifford has spoken much and written extensively, in the furtherance of every good cause which has come before the British public, during the last fifty years; and prior to the great World War, it was generally believed of him, that his influence for good in Great Britain was greater than that of any other man except the Prime Minister.

When Dr. Parker was expressing to me his doubt as to whether Mr. Talmage or even Mr. Beecher could attract a large audience to listen to a lecture, in London, in 1893, he added, "If any one in London can get out an audience to listen to a lecture, Dr. John Clifford is the man to do it!" and he gave me a letter of introduction to him, which was the foundation of a friendly acquaintance between us, and has resulted in the mutual exchange of some interesting and valuable instruction for me, to say the least.

Doctor Clifford is the bete noir of the "State Church" of England; he has spoken against it, organized for warfare against it, and written volumes, in opposition to it. It remains to be seen, during these turbulent times, following in the wake of the World War, what will be the fate of that relationship between the State and the Church, which has subsisted for so many centuries. That the Doctor is not narrow and intolerant, I feel sure; for, he is constantly working for a union of all the orthodox churches; and I have shown that, by his invitation, Canon Farrar, of the "State Church", lectured from his pulpit, on the subject, John Milton, to an audience composed largely of Baptists.

We had not resided in London long before we became associated with a goodly number of congenial persons, whose every effort was in behalf of our comfort and pleasure, amongst whose names those of Mr. Harry A. Williams and his wife, Mrs. Lissette Williams; Mr. Clarence Cameron White, and his wife, Mrs. Beda White; Mrs. Eliza Leech and her companion, Miss Martineau, a niece of the late distinguished authoress, Harriet Martineau, Mr. L. G. Sharpe and his wife, Mrs. Adelle Sharpe; Mr. S. Coleridge Taylor and his wife; Mr. L. Mentzendorff and his wife, and daughter of Balham; Mr. Henry J. Thrift and wife, Mrs. Mattie Lawrence Thrift, of Fairfield Lodge, Croydon and many others; all of whom we still hold in sacred remembrance even should we never again meet them on this earth.

## SCOTLAND

Through the kindly offices of Mr. S. J. Celestin Edwards, a colored man, residing at that time, in London, and publishing a small periodical, entitled, 'Fraternity; an arrangement was made by which I was invited to visit Scotland, as the guest of The Society for the Promotion of the Universal Brotherhood of Man. I had

visited Scotland before, but, only for a brief sojourn; now however was the opportunity of becoming acquainted not only with its "rocks and rills, its woods and templed hills," but with her lads and lassies and her home life; with which, through the reading of her literature, I, already felt, almost familiar. I doubt whether it comes within the realm of possibility for a person of pure African or "white" blood to appreciate—understand the feelings of one who has a modicum of both; a man who shares equally, the blood of both races; or who as in some instances has a preponderance of the blood of the English or Scotchman leaping and bounding in his arteries and yet, is ignored, to some extent, by both.

There is a trite old saying, that "blood is thicker than water"; and I believe it is eternally true; for, he cannot "hold" to the one and despise the other," as in serving "God and mammon"; for, the Negro blood is very strong and will manifest itself, in some instances, unto the third and fourth generation; while of the Scotch English blood it is equally true. It does not quail in the presence of man or beast.

Is it any wonder then, that, constituted, by blood, as this writer is, he should feel, in Scotland, as did that famous warrior when he exclaimed:

"Ye crags and cliffs,  
I'm with you once again!"

Or as that other one, John Home who makes one of his characters to say:

"My name is Norval on the Grampian hills,  
My father feeds his flocks."

I loved to gaze upon the "rock-ribbed" lands, as the rapid train whirled us through the grand old country.

In my mind, I had always associated Scotland and her heroes, to some extent, with Switzerland and her freedom loving sons; the Highlands and beautiful lakes of Scotland, reminded me of the mountain declivities of the little republic, with her splashing, dashing water falls, rippling streams and enchanting blue lakes. And, who can read of Wallace and Bruce; of the former, of their romantic daring, astounding acts of heroism, for liberty, and not think of William Tell and Arnold Von Winkelried of the latter, who defied tyrants and even death itself, in behalf of the same.

Let not my readers, however, imagine, for a moment, that all my race pride is, swallowed up in my admiration of and love for England and Scotland; for, unfashionable as it may be, in some parts of the world, at present, it is, nevertheless, historically and metaphysically true; the Negro, is descended from an antiquity, ante-dating even that of some of our most powerful and favored nations of the present day and the continent of Africa can lay claim to a climate, in some of its parts, and relics of past wealth and grandeur which fill travelers with astonishment and awe.

The great Bishop Heber, when he wrote

“Where Afric’s sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sands,”

realized a part of this at least, and who can doubt, that when John Milton wrote these ravishing words, following, that, he too, had Africa in mind:

“Now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils.”

—“Paradise Lost”; Book 4, Page 118.

The Africans were always brave in war; for we read in the records of the Crusades, that, under one of those brave captains, fighting for the holy cross, valorous deeds were done, by his Negro troops; and centuries before that in Homer's time, Virgil speaks of them as having been in the great review, before the walls of Troy.

In Book 1, line 489, Virgil says:

*"Eoas acies et nigri Memmonis arma."*

Those eastern ranks and the black arms of Memnon: and the learned commentator tells us that, Memnon, the son of Tithonus and Aurora, and nephew of Priam, came with both Oriental and Ethiopian forces, to the succor of Troy, and was slain by Achilles: and I can never forget the eloquent tribute paid by the late Senator Roscoe Conkling of New York, when, speaking in the Garfield campaign, he said, "Their fathers fought and subdued lions and tigers, in the forests of Africa, when our ancestors were yet in ignorance."

Of the Egyptian antiquities, the oldest monuments show the Negro and negroid features. The Sphinx, the age of which is so far back that, it has not as yet been ascertained, has the features of the Negro. One of the modern commentators in speaking of its nebulous age, says, the priests of Nera supposed it to represent Horus, to hold up its head and catch the first light of his father, Ra—the rising sun.

In my own native land, the United States of America, the success of the Negro is even now puzzling the biologists; for, he not only increased numerically, while, for two hundred and fifty years, he was driven, under the yoke of slavery, but, since his manumission, without "jewels of silver or jewels of gold," he has increased in numbers at an alarming rate, (to some people), reduced his illiteracy to a minimum, where he has had a fair op-

portunity, voted for the welfare of the republic, and heroically fought and died for "Democracy!" Save the mark. Unlike the Indian, the white man's civilization cannot kill him. On the contrary, he thrives in the midst of it. He has followed the white man everywhere, even to the top of the earth, and it looks as if, in the wisdom and mercy of Almighty God, the two races are destined, side by side, to work out their destiny, upon this American stage of action.

But, let us return again, to Scotland, the home of brave men, bonnie lassies, of poets, historians, philosophers, theologians and humanitarians. Here was the home of Hume-Maccaulay, Carlyle, Livingstone, Allan Ramsay, John Knox, Bobbie Burns, James Boswell, Sir Walter Scott and many others.

I was met at the station by several members of the society in Edinburgh, and escorted to No. 5 Malta Terrace, where resided Mrs. Frances M. Saleeby, the widow of a gentleman who, when teaching in Syria, fell—literally, from the "house top," and lost his life.

Mrs. Saleeby is the mother of two noble sons—Frank, late deceased, and Caleb W. Saleeby, M. D. F. R. S. (Edin), who is the author of several voluminous works, on medico-philosophic and biological subjects, which are read around the civilized world.

In the home of Mrs. Salesby, I did not lack for any comfort; the two sons, then boys, surrendered to my use during my stay, their own bed room; and little Frank acted as my guide; to make sure that nothing worthy of notice escaped my attention, in the famous city; while the mother, assisted by some of her many friends, arranged a series of entertainments, for my pleasure and profit.

My coming had been heralded, to some extent, and a meeting to be held in the Carrubbers Close, in the High Street, almost contiguous to the old John Knox residence,

had been amply advertised. On the occasion of the meeting, I had the honor of addressing a large audience of Scotch men and women, for the first time, on their "native heath."

Invitations to social functions were numerous, and kept me busy. Amongst those who extended these courtesies to me were Mr. and Mrs. Sangster and family, who had recently, returned to Great Britain, after an absence of thirty-five years in government service, in India; it was an intelligent and very interesting family. Another was Mr. Marshall and daughter, of 4 East Castle Street, who gave me a "Drawing Room." That is to say, the parlors were furnished with chairs, to accommodate a numerous audience and a personage of known prominence in the community presided.

When the invited guests are all seated, the chairman, in a few "well chosen words," introduces the guest of the occasion; who, in an address of some thirty minutes, makes known his mission and the causes sustaining it. At the conclusion of the speech, he answers such questions as may be propounded to him. Then, any brief comments are indulged in by individuals in the audience, which may seem apropos; after that, light refreshments are partaken of, and the Drawing Room is ended.

Mrs. J. Miller of York Place, a near relative of the late John Bright, next received me. It was on the occasion of a drawing room given in honor of Rev. Dr. Laws, who, at that time, had been a missionary on the west coast of Lake Nyanza, for nineteen years. I spoke, by invitation, for ten minutes, on the subject—"The Colored American."

Mrs. Miller is( or was, I know not whether she be still living) the daughter of the late Duncan McLaren, who represented Edinburgh for fifteen years in the House of Parliament. His widow was a sister of the late John Bright; one of Mrs. Miller's brothers as was a Lord Jus-

tice of Scotland; and another, Walter Stowe Bright; McLaren, was in Parliament.

Mrs. Elizabeth Pease Nichol, of Huntley Lodge, Napier Road, Merchiston, Edin; signally honored me, by inviting me to call on her. Mrs. Pease was, at that time eighty-six years of age. She was a beautiful elderly lady, with a fair complexion and silvery-white hair; and, was totally blind; but, with mental faculties quite unclouded.

Her late husband, Professor John Pringle Nichol, was associated with The University of Glasgow, for many years; and was famous, as an astronomer; some of the treatises written on that science being three books, entitled Views of the Architecture of the Heavens, The Stellar Universe, and The Planetary System.

Mrs. Nichol, in her active life, had been the intimate acquaintance and friend of the late William Lloyd Garrison, who was her guest, for two weeks, on the occasion of his visit to Scotland. She had two portraits of Mr. Garrison, hanging on her walls; and, also a marble bust of him; and, even then, being "stone" blind and almost ninety years of age, she was in regular correspondence with his sons; and kept fully advised as to public affairs.

Mrs. Nichol was proud of the fact that, both she and her husband had met the great Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, on several occasions; and had travelled in the same railway coach with him, on one occasion. She stated that O'Connell was very gallant in her company; and occupied much of the time in conversing with her. She spoke of his "sweet Irish accent." I suggested, "brogue," but, she replied, "No, it was not a brogue—it was "a sweet Irish accent!"

One statement made by O'Connell, during their conversation, she said, had made a lasting impression on her mind—referring to capital punishment; O'Connell said he had always favored it; until, on one occasion, three

brothers were condemned and duly executed; although, protesting their innocence.

At the scaffold, their mother fainted away, in a dead fit; and after the execution, it was discovered that they were innocent. Frederick Douglass and all the great American abolitionists were well known to her; and, admired by her.

She had two house servants and a "maid;" one of the servants had been in her employ forty-one years, and was treated as one of the family; the other had been with her twenty-nine years, and was held in very high esteem.

This grand old lady was bitterly opposed to vivisection of dumb animals and all other needless cruelties to them; and she still held in pleasant remembrance, a faithful dog, which, for seventeen years, was the constant companion of herself and husband; his grave was in her yard; and a head-stone bore an inscription, as to his friendliness and fidelity.

She has long since gone to her rest; where, all eyes are opened, and she now sees her Lord and Master, "face to face."

This story would be singularly imperfect, did it fail to make particular mention of Miss Eliza Wigham, of No. 4 S. Gray Street, Edin.; where she had been (in that identical house), from her birth, at the time when I first met her—she was then seventy-five; and, well preserved in health.

Miss Wigham informed me, that, in twenty-five years, she had not suffered a day's sickness. She was a member of the Society of Friends, Quakers; and, in conversation, she used their accustomed "thee" and "thou."

Her sympathies for the poor, the afflicted and the oppressed, were as wide and as deep as is suffering and need universal; the roll of membership list of every eleemosynary society and institution in Edinburgh bore her well known name.

She had, through her individual efforts, established a "Penny Banking and Depositing Institution," of which she was the sole corporate existence; and the poor of that city, both adults and children, were accustomed to entrust to her keeping, without any security whatever, their small earnings, consisting of a few pennies each; and, in some instances, even a single penny. By so doing, in time, each one had a small account with her, which was surrendered, on demand.

In a single year, Miss Wigham had ten thousand transactions, along this line; of which she kept a simple account, without any assistance; often sitting up until three and four o'clock in the morning.

During the anti-slavery agitations, in both England and The United States, she was a great power in behalf of the oppressed; and her acquaintance with all the anti-slavery workers was very extended. Her library, which was large and well selected, contained in it, a number of books by colored authors, and much information concerning Africa and its inhabitants.

One of the books, written by a colored man, which I scanned, was that of John Box Brown. I asked her why the author bore such a unique name. She answered, that he was so dubbed, because he had escaped from slavery, nailed up in a box; so, they named him for the box!

One of her dearest associates and friends was Mrs. Patterson, wife of Doctor Maurice Patterson of 7 Hatton Place, Grange, Edin. One son of these distinguished people, Mr. R. H. Patterson was, at that time, a student at law, in the University of Edinburgh; and he was also the local secretary of The Society for the Recognition of the Universal Brotherhood of Man. When I spoke of the

"Whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,"

her eyes filled with tears, while the others cried, "O, for shame! for shame!"

I must not protract these individual sketches, tho the temptation to do so is great.

One of the dwellings I loved to gaze upon, at times, was that of Sir William Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, which all the victims of the operating table will rise up and call, "blessed."

In taking a rapid stroll through the streets and suburbs of Edinburgh, the objects of historic interest are so numerous and interesting as to fill one with astonishment. There, in the High Street, is the former residence of the late John Knox, the inflexible Presbyterian preacher of eternal damnation; whose denunciations of sin caused the unfortunate Queen Mary of Scotland, to tremble; next door, is The Carrubbers Close, of which I have spoken, the Peoples Temple, built, in the first instance, through the efforts of the late Dwight L. Moodie; and, afterwards enlarged, if I mistake not, through the generosity of the late Andrew Carnegie.

Not far removed from here, is the grand, old church of St. Giles, in which John Knox, more than three hundred years ago, preached. It has undergone changes on the interior; but, it still maintained its original form and dignity, on the outside. I heard an able and eloquent sermon preached in this church, while in Edinburgh.

In the neighborhood, not far removed, stands Edinburgh Castle, now, unfit for martial purposes; but, of absorbing interest, in the light of ancestral days. What most interested me was, not the tower, the keep or the antiquated, big gun; but, the cunning little dog cemetery, where lie the remains of a number of dogs, duly marked with slabs, bearing inscriptions on them.

Down at the other end of the old High Street, is Holy Rood Palace, once the home of royalty; but, now, only

a curious relic of the past. In going to the palace, one passes through the "Canon Gate"—so called, we are told, because, King David I, in the twelfth century, founded the Abbey of Holy Rood, and gave the canons of the abbey the right to build a suburb between their church and the rock upon which stands the Castle; and it is from this grant to the canons, that the name of Canon Gate is derived. Down, under the high, steep rock on which stands the old castle, is the "Grass Market." Here, for a long, long time criminals were executed; and, I suspect, some who were not criminals. Many, for conscience sake, were tortured and killed, by those who "verily believed that they did God service." It has been the way of the world; it is still the way of the world.

The ruins, on Calton Hill, are a sight to behold. They remind one of the relics of some former Greek or Roman temple. It seems that, an effort was made, by a past generation of the good people of Edinburgh to build, on the summit of this high hill, a monument, at once great and ornamental; but, for some cause which I did not ascertain, the undertaking fell through; and there, the good beginnings still lie, in evidence.

Arthurs Seat, another high rocky hill, in the very shadow of which Holy Rood Castle stands, is an object of curiosity; and many young tourists climb to the summit of it; whence they can view, not "all the kingdoms of the earth," but, all of Edinburgh and much of the surrounding country. This writer "mounted" it; and was well repaid for the effort, by the beautiful and grand scenery which confronted him.

Returning to the home of Mrs. Saleeby, my hostess, we were abundantly refreshed and entertained by gentle social functions; and the hours sped rapidly and pleasantly.

One of the objects attracting my attention and greatly

interesting me was a "Fish wife" which I will here speak of briefly.

The fish wife is not attractive to the eye of the average male, tho, I suppose, in her settlement, she has those who admire, woo, and marry her. She is "short and stout" in appearance; an effect which is not lessened by the fact that, she wears, from eight to ten heavy woolen skirts, as we are informed by the knowing ones.

She carries fish in a basket or "creel," which, rests on her hips, behind;—the bundle of clothes, which she wears breaks the weight on her back and protects her kidneys. The weight of her load, at times, amounts to 100 and 150 pounds. A strap attached to the sides of the creel, passes over her forehead; and, bending forward, she thus, sustains and carries the heavy load.

These hard working women live together in hamlets; and are very exclusive. They intermarry; which gives rise to physical defects and malformations, to their disadvantage. We are told that, the weight of the loads carried by them, flattens the pelvis, and they are delivered with difficulty.

The retina of the eye is, to some extent, disorganized; which is laid at the door of their marriages, often between blood relatives. The fishermen, in these settlements, seem to regard their duty as being fully performed, when they have landed the fish, and they will stand and lean against a post, while the women lug the heavy loads to the top of the bluff. After that, the women are obliged to peddle the fish about the town.

Before taking leave of Edinburgh, it was suggested that I visit the great Forth Bridge; and, also, run up to the thrifty town of Kirkliston, the home of Rev. R. A. Lendrum and his talented and agreeable wife; and, in accordance with the suggestion, I accomplished both facts. The Forth Bridge is one of the engineering wonders of the world; and is well worth the small time and trouble

required to visit and behold it. It is related, that, during the time of its construction, a town was built and inhabited in the vicinage, where thousands of workmen, with their families, in some instances, resided, until the great work was completed.

In order that my readers may have some conception of the size and nature of this great structure, the following figures are given:

"It is a cantilever arch and truss bridge, containing two spans, each span is 1710 feet, in the clear, or 100 feet more than the clear span of the famous bridge, between New York and Brooklyn. The total length of the bridge is 8,091 feet, and the center is supported by Inch Garvie, a little island. The abutments, on Garvie, consist of four steel pillars, 60 feet in diameter, and sunk down to the solid rock. The floor of the bridge is 150 feet above the water, and there is a depth of 200 feet of water under the center of the great spans". This wonderful bridge connects North Queensferry with South Queensferry, and is about nine miles from Edinburgh.

At Kirkliston, I was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Lendrum, and was entertained at the Manse, which is the parish house of the Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Lendrum was the pastor.

Rev. Lendrum had served a church some where, in the United States, prior to my visit to Scotland; and was quite familiar with conditions relating to us, colored people, in our native land. However, this fact did not prevent either him or his good wife from treating me, in every respect, like a gentleman.

Mrs. Lendrum, in the course of our conversations, often referred to John Knox Bokwe; she played and sang one or more of his musical compositions, and gave reminiscences of his conversation, when, on an occasion, he too, was a guest at the Manse. Finally I asked her,

“of what nationality is Mr. Bokwe?” She informed me that he was a Kafir Negro! Secretary to the mission at Lovedale, Cape Colony, South Africa. Imagine my surprise! From the laudations and frequent mention made of him, I had concluded that, he was some white man of intellectual and social standing. So much for having spent my whole life in a different social sphere of action.

The meeting at Kirkliston was a grand success. The audience was large and the display of interest was reassuring. The pastor and his wife maintained two servants, and kept a beautiful cozy home.

Rev. and Mrs. Lendrum, to my surprise, expressed a wish that I were black. He remarked, that, many of the Scotch and English young men and women were preparing for the Mission fields of Africa, and that, they were led into the service by the love of Christ, having no further interest in the Negro. As to the numbers of candidates, I had much information, for, when I visited different departments of the great University of Edinburgh I conversed with a goodly number of the students, of both sexes; and, to my agreeable surprise, I found that a large percentage of them were preparing for the African mission field.

My duties being performed now, in Edinburgh and vicinity, I reluctantly, took my leave of the many dear friends, within her walls, who had done so much for my pleasure and instruction; especially, my very dear friend Mrs. Saleeby—and her two bright sons. Little did I surmise then, that later on—15 years later on, she would be domiciled at Chaseside Villa, Winchmore Hill, near London, while this writer and his dear wife, now deceased, would be, temporarily, in London; and that, the social relations between us would be renewed and continued, down to the present date—27 years from our first acquaintance.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### DUNDEE—ABERDEEN—HUNTLY—GLASGOW.

It was with a feeling akin to awe, that I entered the ancient city of Dundee, Scotland; for I had often heard a dear old hymn, called, "Old Dundee," sung in my childhood; and, besides, a few years previous to my visit, I had read, in far away America, of the total collapse of a long railway bridge, which spanned the Firth of Tay, when a train, which was crossing it, disappeared from sight; and not one of its human freight was left to tell the sad, sad story.

James Thomson, Esq., LL. B., Solicitor and Notary Public—a real Scotsman,— a "right good fellow," in the fullest acceptation of the term, and as humanitarian and patriotic as any man who walks God's green earth, met me at the station, and escorted me to his handsome residence, carrying my satchel in his hand, a part of the time.

I was quite fortunate; and deemed myself highly honored, in meeting Mrs. Thomson, the talented and versatile wife of Mr. Thomson, and the Mother of two beautiful children, James and a sister.

The day following my arrival, Mrs. Thomson suggested, that we take a stroll through the business portion of the city (in the center of which, I afterwards learned, by the way, her husband owned extensive holdings), so that she could point out to me the principal objects of interest, including the Museum and Art Gallery. I suspect, my enthusiasm was not in evidence, to the extent that she an-

anticipated, whereupon, she exclaimed, "Senator Green, I am afraid you do not appreciate my invitation!" Of course, I assured her, in most positive terms, that the contrary was true; and we sallied forth on, what proved to be one of the most enjoyable urban rambles of my whole life. Here is an "aside," for my American readers. The social manners of Europe, and especially Scotland, were so at variance with what I had been accustomed to in my native land, that, frequently, I hesitated for a moment, until I could make sure that I was not obtruding myself, in any respect, for, social intercourse is so absolutely predicated upon congeniality, that, to push or shove one's self into a circle where he is not wanted, is to my mind not only in bad taste, but, reprehensible.

I found Dundee to be a large, populous and wealthy city, with substantial, ornamental buildings, for business purposes, as well as for residential uses. The home of my guests, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, was no exception to the rule; and, while being entertained therein, I felt that all my efforts, during my life time, to rise above the sad condition in which the failure and death of our dear deceased father had plunged us, had been crowned with success; and that, the kindly attentions of my wealthy and refined entertainers, was the culmination of a full fruition, in that behalf.

In referring to my memorandum book, which I carried with me at that time—twenty-seven years ago—I find this memorandum: "James Thomson, Esq., LL. B., Solicitor, etc. and his good wife of No. 1 Hyndford Terrace, are of the elite of Dundee, and are elegantly domiciled, in an imposing stone mansion, which contains all the modern improvements and many of the luxuries which wealth can afford. Mrs. Thomson is an earnest, conscientious, Christian lady, the mother of two children, a boy and a girl. The former, named for his father, is about three years of age, while the latter is nine months

only. James is quite "fleshy," and handsome, but at present, is "cabin'd and cribbed," compelled to keep off his feet, until his bones harden, a little more. Everything that broad minds, big hearts, great souls and good breeding can suggest, is being done for me, by these kind people. I can never repay them.

I may mention here, that, my meeting in the evening was a marked success; since, it was presided over by the "provost" of the city, and had the matchless services of Mrs. Margaret M. A. Steeie, of Shanghai, Victoria Place, West Ferry, Dundee, in its behalf, who went so far as to distribute dodgers, advertising the meeting in the streets of the city. Further comment would seem unnecessary.

James Thompson, Junior, grew up to man's estate and was generously educated, having a diploma from one of the leading Universities of Scotland. His specialty was Journalism, in which sphere of action he was making commendable progress, as well as in that of public speaking, and, he bid fair to honor not only his profession but his family and country, also.

Then came that howling tempest, the so-called, "World War."

"Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds;  
At which the universal host up sent  
A shout that tore hell's concave; and, beyond,  
Frightened the reign of Chaos and old Night."  
—Paradise Lost, Line 540.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,  
Without all hope of day!"  
Sampson Agonistes, Line 80.

This brave, talented son of Britain, "went to war,"—for true Democracy. He gave all he had, after being commissioned for bravery—his life. He did his bit.

"Greater love than this, hath no man."

At this late day, it can be said of my dear, good friend, Mr. Thomson, and his family:

Mrs. Thomson and the family, are all attending University classes, the eldest boy (second son), at Glasgow, is studying for the ministry; the other two children are studying at the University College, at Dundee. All busily engaged in making life worth living. Long life and abundant prosperity to them, all, is my prayer.

Perhaps, I should mention the fact, that, a few rods from the location of the piers on which rested the long bridge, which formerly spanned the Firth of Tay, is another more modern and stronger. Down to this writing, it has withstood all the storms and hurricanes which have assailed it; nor have they been able to prevail against it.

The *au revoirs* having been said, again I am enroute; this time for the "granite city,"—Aberdeen, well up towards the North of Scotland. It was a delightful ride, that, through that picturesque highland country, with its furze covered slopes and beloved thistles, for which the land is so noted; and there were in evidence, as we flew along, the uncanny, but comfortable "crofters" lodges with the "ben" in one end and the "butt," in the other), the inmates of which can live anywhere else in the world as well as in Scotland, for, with the payment of five dollars per annum for an acre of land, which must be "stoned," just as peaches or cherries are "stoned," before a crop of turnips or oats can be produced on it, if they can procure the necessities of life, to say nothing of the comforts and luxuries, they can live and thrive anywhere.

The turnip crop insures abundance of food for the fine sheep to nibble at, which foretells a good crop of wool for the world reputed Scotch tweeds and other valuable cloths, guaranteed to be "all wool and a yard wide". Then, too, I am informed that, occasionally, the turnip is not to be despised as an article of food for the table, when properly cooked; and the marmalade factories

which give remunerative employment to hosts of pretty lassies, in Aberdeen and elsewhere, claim a goodly portion of them.

As for the oats, who, that knows Scotland, can be at a loss as to the use made of them! I know of but one other staple food in the world, that is served, as food, in as many different ways as oats are, in this happy, contented land. I refer to the maccaroni of the Italians, for, I have eaten and seen this delicious dish, not only served as stews and fries and what not, on the table, but also, wrapped in gilded and decorated paper, and exposed for sale as a delicacy, on the shelves and counters of the confectioner.

Ere long the train, which had lost no time, drew into the depot, and the pleasing call of "Aberdeen!" saluted our ears. In waiting, and expectant, was Dr. George Ferdinands, an oculist by profession, and friend and adviser to the late Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo; who, during her lifetime, under the nom de plume of "Edward Garrett," gave to the reading world a series of about thirty-five volumes of stories.

At the home of Mrs. Mayo, whose guest I was, a hearty welcome was extended to me, and great good cheer was my portion. While my hostess did, in every consistent way, what she could to make my Aberdonian visit a success, it is to Doctor Ferdinands my gratitude is principally due, for many hours of his precious time, consecrated to my happiness and benefit.

Introductions to the late John Leith, Esq., a heavy manufacturer of Scotch tweeds and other clothes, and who, by the way, out of his abundance, financed my trip to Aberdeen and promoted the successful meetings which I addressed, while in that beautifully quaint city, I say quaint; yes, for not only were the warehouses and dwellings built of granite—closely resembling our "quincy" granite, but even the out-houses, for the use of the cattle

and poultry, were constructed of the same, which gave to the city not only the appearance of solidity, but, of thrift both of which were in accordance with fact.

Then there were Rev. Mr. Mackay, prominent in church and every helpful endeavor, and Rev. Mr. Duncan, an elderly, yet very eloquent speaker. Rev. Mr. Mackay in the course of his remarks, at the rDawing Room, which was given in my honor at the home of Mr. John Leith, where there were many invited guests, said—that, he had been informed, that, in the East, when a white woman marries a native or black man, she is socially tabooed and pricked with bodkins, by her white sisters; sent into “coventry,” so to speak. This occasioned apparently considerable surprise; considering that, the Orientals are so thoroughly mixed with the African blood, and so many representatives of the race are still to be found in the harems of the sultans and others, in both Turkey and Arabia. But not one word reflecting on the colored race was uttered.

Mrs. Mayo, proved herself to be quite a story-teller; which, by the way, I noticed to be one of the pleasing characteristics of the Scotch people, wherever I went. Here is one which I regard as being full of humor as well as suggestive of the rugged life of the remote Highlander. A guest, traveling in the Highlands, was, suddenly taken seriously ill, and requested the services of a physician. Whereupon, she was informed that, the nearest doctor resided at a distance of seventeen miles. “Why, how inconvenient and dangerous that is,” she answered. “What do you do in an emergency, when one’s life is imperilled?”

“Well,” the maid replied, “we jest have ter dee a nacheral deeth!”

Another of Mrs. Mayo’s stories, which I subsequently found in Dean Ramsey’s book of Scotch stories, is, in substance as follows: A Scottish lad experienced so much embarrassment in “popping the question,” that, he took

his sweetheart to the family lot in the ancient cemetery; and, while standing with her by the graves of his ancestors, he significantly, said: "Jennie, how wad ye like ter hae the richt ter lie there?"

Also, the following story seems quaint and full of quiet humor. A young man went with his "intended," to the minister, for the purpose of getting married, but, once there, he refused to permit the "knot" to be tied, "because, he said, he had taken a "scunner" to his "intended." Subsequently, they went again to the parson, for the same purpose; but no nuptials were celebrated, for the reason that, she had taken a "scunner" to the man. A third time they appeared before the man-of-God; but the marriage failed, because, he himself, had taken a "scunner to both of them!"

Before leaving Aberdeen, Mr. John Leith invited me to speak, on Sunday, at the P. S. A.—Pleasant Sunday Afternoon, of which he was the Superintendent, and to a great extent the soul. This was one of the most pleasing functions of my entire visit to Aberdeen; for, not only large numbers of children and sweet-faced youths were in attendance, filling the big auditorium to repletion, but, also there was sweet music rendered, both vocal and instrumental, which carried one's mind Heavenward. I heard for the first time, the musical rendition of Tennyson's beautiful verses, beginning, "Twilight and Evening Star," by a quartette, of which Mr. Leith's talented and useful daughter was one. Her deep, rich and resonant contralto was the chief feature of the rendition and I can never forget it.

I am loth to conclude this brief notice of Mr. Leith and his family, without recording a beautiful legend of the Christ, which he related with telling effect; this legend is said to have been found amongst some ancient documents, in the year 1903.

"It happened that the Lord went forth and walked

with his disciples over the mountains. They came to a mountain, and the road which led to it was steep. There they found a man with a sumpter-mule. (That is a mule which carries necessaries for a journey). But the animal had fallen, for the burden was too heavy, and he beat it so that it bled. And Jesus came to him and said, "Man, why dost thou beat thy animal? Seest thou not that it is too weak for its burden, and knowest thou not that it suffers pain?" "What is that to you? I can beat it as much as I please, seeing that I own it; and, I bought it for a good sum of money." \* \* \* "Do you not notice how it bleeds, and hear you not how it laments and cries?" replied Jesus. "Nay, Lord," was the answer, "we hear not how it laments and cries." And the Lord was sad; and, exclaimed, "Woe to you, that ye hear not how it complains to the Creator in Heaven, and cries for mercy; but three times woe to him of whom it complains and cries in distress!" And he came forth and touched the animal, and it rose; and its wounds were healed, and Jesus said to the man, "Now, go on, and beat it no more, that you, also, may find mercy".

However, my appointment for Huntly, far north, in Scotland, demanded my departure; and, ere long, with my dear, new-made friend Dr. George Ferdinands, by my side, we were enroute to that ancient home of the Gordons, noted in history, story and song, for deeds commendable and the reverse. To attempt to recall any of the deeds of the earls and lords of Gordon, would be tiresome to the reader; and reference must be made by the reader, to—Hume, Micaulay, Froude, Lingard, Green or Dickens' histories of England, for full information. Enough to say that old Gordon Castle, imposing and strong, is still standing in the suburbs of Huntly; which probably, had its origin from the presence of the Castle and its titled inmates, dating from the year, 1603.

In Huntley, we were the guests of Rev. and Mrs.

Templeton, who were both of the social elite, educated and respected. My lecture was delivered in the Kirk, over which Mr. Templeton presided, with dignity and satisfaction. The attendance was large and the spirit of liberty manifested, was in keeping with the well-known Scotch character.

Amongst those present, of especial note, were Mr. William Simpson and his good wife. Mr. Simpson was the proprietor of the book store of the town; which seem'd to be well stocked with modern and rare books. A typical Scotsman, really it is worth the price of the trip to the Highlands, if only to meet with representatives of this brave picturesque people. I can never forget, my first night spent in Edinburgh; when, I saw and heard, in the Market Place, almost under the shadow of the Scott Monument, a numerous band (?) or should I say "clan" of bag-pipers! This certainly was an experience which ought to have made the "canonized bones" of Sir Walter Scott," hearsed in death, \* \* burst their cerements," for joy; for, the like of it I never expect to hear again.

On the day following my lecture, in Huntley, Doctor Ferdinands, chaperoned by Miss Annie Bennett, a pretty and lovable Scottish lassie, conducted me to the ruins (?) of Gordon Castle; which, as regards the exterior, cannot be called "ruins". As to the interior, the walls were cold and bare, "No light no fire."

"Cold on the hearth the last faint spark had expired."

Dean Ramsay tells a humorous and suggestive story, which carries us back to the last Duke of Gordon, and proves that conditions in the old castle were never comfortable in accordance with our modern, civilized idea. David Tullach, tenant in Drumbenan, under the second and third Dukes of Gordon, had been "out" in the 45 or the 15th, or both, and was a great favorite of his respective landlords. One day, David, having attended the young lady, Susan Gordon (afterwards Duchess of Manchester)

to the "Chapel" at Huntly, David, perceiving that her ladyship had neither hassock or carpet to protect her garments from the earthen floor, respectfully spread his plaid, for the young lady to kneel upon, and the service proceeded; but when the prayer for the King and Royal Family was commenced, David, unceremoniously, drew, or rather "twitched" the plaid from under the knees of the astonished lady, exclaiming, "The diel a one shall pray for them on my plaid!"

Down, by the foundation of the Castle, dashes and splashes a clear rippling brook, spanned by a stone arch, over which we passed, to the other side. Suddenly, I missed the Doctor's lively companion; but, only for a moment; for, quicker than I can write this story, she appeared again, bearing in her hands a bunch of pretty wild flowers, which were growing almost on the edge of the crystal stream. With all the grace of another Hebe of classic fame, she presented them to this writer, as a token of the good wishes of herself and the friends, for the cause which, I, in some sense, represented. For many years, I kept them; and, it may be, that, to this day, they are tucked in one of my packages, souvenirs of that eventful trip.

But, "time and tide wait for no man!" we had to leave. I felt sure that the doctor was counting the minutes,—aye—the hours.

On the day following our return to Aberdeen, I bade a fond and loving adieu to the good friends, who had added so much of pleasure to my life, and turned my face in the direction that great hive of industry—Glasgow, where the wonderful "steel leviathans" are built, which plow the seas, in all sections and climes of the habitable globe.

Enroute, a repetition of mountain and vale and lake and rippling stream, and nibbling flocks and herds were in evidence; and old "Benachie," a veritable "storm-

king," reared his snow-capped head to kiss the clouds. And much more of this. Finally, after hours of diversion the tallest spires, then the highest buildings, and after that, the dwelling houses of the great city could be discerned, and, behold, we were in the midst of the great city on the River Clyde.

At the station, in waiting to receive me, was Mr. William G. Smeal, of Monteith Row. A gentleman of culture and large means, who had as his business the wholesale importation of teas. Mr. Smeal and his interesting family were elegantly domiciled, and, in other respects, gave evidence of being one of the foremost social factors of Glasgow.

Mrs. Smeal was somewhat deaf, and expressed some fear that, I would be unable to speak loud enough for her to hear me, at the meeting which was scheduled for the following evening. I am pleased to record here, that, after the meeting, she exclaimed with every appearance of pleasure, "Mr. Green, I heard every word you said!" My pleasure was reciprocal, for, they both exerted themselves to make my stay in the city pleasant and instructive.

Mr. Smeal was thoroughly imbued with the anti-slavery spirit, and from his conversations, he was a man who had drunk deep at the same fountain where our immortal Jefferson had quenched his thirst, for the principles of liberty and manhood rights. Later on, after my return to the United States, he mailed to me a little book, ancient in appearance, which contained the Report of the House of Commons on the African Slave Trade. It is the only one I have ever seen; and since it was published in the latter part of the 18th Century, I suspect it is rarely met with.

During the following day, Mr. Smeal, dedicated most of his valuable time to showing me the vast plants for the building of ocean ships and their furnishings, which I viewed with a degree of astonishment akin to

awe, and afterwards, he escorted me to the ancient Cathedral, and conducting me to the basement or crypt, he pointed out the identical pillar behind which, tradition informs us, Rob Roy, Sir Walter Scott's interesting border highwayman, concealed himself when he found that, "discretion was the better part of valor."

In passing through the humble parts of Glasgow, the inordinate use of spiritous liquors was easily apparent; even the women, who, in some sections thronged the back streets, showed unmistakable signs of intoxication. These women, in many instances, carried babies on their back, secured by the close-drawn folds of their shawls. It was a sorry spectacle which made a lasting impression on my mind, which the lapse of twenty-seven years has not obliterated. Some of the little ones who "toddled" by the side of their neglectful mothers, presented a spectacle which was, by no means, re-assuring, for, in numerous instances, they were malformed by the "rickets," or some other sign of physical degeneracy.

After a pleasant visit of some forty-eight hours, I turned my face, once more in the direction of Liverpool, where I duly, arrived, and, without the loss of much time, returned to the great metropolis—London, the capital of the great British Empire. the greatest empire of which we have heard or read. Upon the whole of which, the sun never sets. Great in territory, great in population, wonderful in resources and wealth; which rules on sea as well as on land; and whose fall, if it is ever ordained to be, will overwhelm many more than those now under the Aegis of her government.

## CHAPTER XIV

### WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Elsewhere in this narrative, I have spoken of our great and good martyr—President William McKinley; and my manner of speaking of him is such as to suggest that I considered him a personal friend. Now, I would not have anyone infer from any or all of my statements, that, the relations between either Governor McKinley or President McKinley and me were other than what might reasonably be expected between two men closely allied in the political arena. As for instance, when McKinley was Governor of Ohio, I was a senator, consenting to and confirming all of his appointments; and when he was President, I was at the head of a bureau, under his administration, by his appointment; so that, great, big man as he was, he never dodged me or turned his back to me; but, on the contrary, seemed to admire my efforts to rise and lent me (as many another) his countenance and support.

To know McKinley was to admire and love him. He was so courteous and kind, gentle, unassuming, sincere, earnest and able, withal, that, he won his way into the hearts of even those whom he, politically opposed. And it was said, during his life time, he could send a man, whom he had refused away from his presence, without malice towards him and cheerful.

Here is a characteristic incident in his political career which tends to sustain my foregoing view of him.

Walking around the north side of the Capitol building one morning, during my term in the Senate, I met Governor McKinley, "face to face." I raised my hat and exclaimed: "Good morning! How is my Governor this morning?"

With all the urbanity of George Washington, who saluted a poor Negro who bowed to him, (because, as he said, he would not allow a Negro slave to exceed him in politeness), the Governor answered: "Quite well; how is my Senator, this morning?"

On another occasion, when he was reviewing a great torchlight procession, from the upper balcony of the old Tod House of Youngstown, which was a demonstration solely in his honor, he invited me to stand by his side, while the procession was passing; and afterwards, sat on the stage in the old rink, in the same city, and listened to me speak in behalf of a protective tariff! What greater condescension could there be than that? William McKinley, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and author of the great McKinley Protective tariff law, listening to an alleged argument, on the same subject, proceeding from the lips of a colored man—in the United States!

On another occasion, while I was employed in Washington, the President was the invited guest of the late President J. E. Rankin of Howard University, of the same city, and the Faculty of the same, on the occasion of the graduating exercises of the class of the Law Department.

It happened that, this writer was also invited to address the graduating class, on the same memorable occasion; and, being upon the platform, was seated on one side of Doctor Rankin, while the President was seated on the other side of him. The President was very gracious and kindly in his entire demeanor, on this occasion; and, aft-

er I finished my address to the graduating class, he reached his right arm around the back of Pres. Rankin, grasped my hand and congratulated me—in no uncertain manner.

I am sure that the President was a true disciple of that political school of philosophy, the underlying principle of which is, "Always stand by your friends!"

During the contest for the presidency, the colored speakers were invited and sent out into the country at large, by a committee of colored men at Chicago. I was well known to the chairman of that committee, between whom and me existed, as I supposed, friendly relations; hence, I was greatly surprised as the contest waxed warm, to find that he had completely ignored me, while he had used his station to "pick and choose," many persons, scarcely known, and had sent them out to "spell-bind" the voters.

These facts coming to the attention of Mr. McKinley, he immediately wired to Mr. William Hahn, at headquarters, commanding him to, "Send out Mr. Green; see that he is well cared for!" I had no trouble after that; the eyes of the colored committee were opened; and, under the wing of Colonel Kerens, at St. Louis, I not only stumped Missouri, from St. Charles and Moberly, on the East, to Kansas City, on the West, but, I also addressed one of the noon-day business men's meetings of St. Louis, and Chicago. A few stories, relative to my experiences in "stumping, may be of interest to some of the younger portion of my readers.

The first, relates to my experiences in a town of Missouri, during the first McKinley campaign.

The National Committee assigned me to speak in a large town or small city, located in Central Missouri. When I reached the place, I was informed that no notice of the meeting had been given to the local Republican Committee; but, that, the only large hall available had

been engaged for a night meeting, to be addressed by a very distinguished gentleman, who was also stumping for the G. O. P.

In this contingency, I inquired of the local committee, whether I might have the use of the hall during the afternoon of that day, provided I could secure the attendance of an audience; and receiving an affirmative answer, I immediately began to insure an audience.

My first move was to have 500 "Dodgers" rushed, proclaiming the presence in the city of a "colored senator, from Ohio, who would speak at 3 p. m." I paid two boys to leave one of these dodgers in the hands of every person except one; which, I may say, was done, in good faith. The next move was to have a man display a placard, to the same effect, through all the downtown streets, ringing a bell, in the meantime.

Needless to say, at my afternoon meeting I had an attentive audience, largely white, which tested the capacity of the hall. And, by general request, at the night meeting, I divided the time with the distinguished gentleman, much to his satisfaction.

Another experience, which I deem worthy of notice was incidental to my West Virginia stumping tour during the same campaign.

I was enroute to the pretty town of Moorefield, West Virginia, the county seat of Hardy county, nestled amongst the foot-hills of the Allegheny Mountains, twenty miles distant from Romney, which was a town of some importance.

Green Springs, eight or ten miles distant from Romney, was the nearest station on the B. & O. Railway, between which and Romney ran occasionally a railway car for the accommodation of all. Sad to relate, I was compelled to wait five and a half (5 1-2) hours, at the station for the "train" for Romney! As I, at that time, wore a

silk hat and Prince Albert coat, I was, at that place, easily the cynosure of the few eyes which beheld me.

A hardy mountaineer approached me, when the following colloquy ensued:

Native: "Aint you the man who'se goin' ter Mo-fiel (meaning Moorefield) ter talk ter our N'g—s?"

The writer: "I am on my way to Moorefield to deliver a political address, to all who wish to listen to it."

Native: "Well, ain't you afeerd to go thar and talk ter our N'g—s? We ain't in the habit of havin' our N'g—s interfeered with, by strangers!"

The writer: "No, I am not afraid. And I am going to speak there. If I am ill-treated the whole country will know about it; for I am a senator of the State of Ohio!"

Native: "All right—stranger; go er hed. You know yer biznis—perhaps, better'n I do!"

So saying, we separated. He to go his way. I, for Romney and Moorefield, twenty miles distant, beyond a deep mountain gap. When we, with our "horse and buggy," which, with the driver, I had hired in Romney, drove into Moorefield, my silk "tile" was as yellow as the dust of the mountain road; and, as for the remainder of my apparel, it was difficult to tell what it was made of.

Mr. John N. Judy, Postmaster and sole white republican in the corporate limits, received me; and, after a short conversation, he turned me over to Mr. George W. Strauther, late deceased, the colored teacher of the colored school of the town, who escorted me to his cozy home; where he and his beautiful and intelligent wife, gave me a royal welcome, until I left the town, on the following morning.

I was informed by my host and hostess, that, the native white politicians of the town had threatened to give me trouble if I attempted to speak in Moorefield; "but," said Mrs. Strauther, "Don't fear, Mr. Green. I will go to the Court house (where the meeting was held) with

you; and, if they harm you they will have to harm me, too."

We sallied forth, at the appointed time. The Court room was filled, packed, galleries and all. The whites and the colored occupying opposite sides of the large room.

My address was largely on economic subjects and counselled friendly relations between the two races, which all seemed to approve. But once in a while, notwithstanding, as if to punctuate the applause, which was frequent and hearty, "buckshot" were showered on the heads of my colored auditors, who sat on the first floor. It was sad and disgraceful to see my dear "hearers" rubbing their heads. Yet, despite my efforts (for a wonder) I did not cry; but smiled, almost audibly.

In the month of May, 1893, when making a brief sojourn in the City of Venice, Italy, I visited the famous Piazza St. Marco, and, in addition, the great Cathedral of Saint Marc, The Doge's Palace and the original Campanile Tower, now replaced by another since its collapse.

I became so greatly interested in the wonderful bric-a-brac establishment of the Testolini Bros., that I sought a meeting with, and was introduced to one of the firm. He was quite entertaining and gave me much information pertaining to their wonderful wares.

Abruptly, somewhat, in the course of our conversation (for he spoke English, fluently), he said to me "That countryman of yours, McKinley, what means he by 'America for Americans!' " Then I explained to him the difference between economic conditions in Europe and America, and endeavored to get him to subscribe to our Republican policy of giving to our wage-earners the "Full Dinner Pail," for which McKinley pleaded, and a chance in the sunlight. He regretted that his house had no display at the Columbian Exposition for the reason, he said that Italy had made no adequate appropriation to enable her great artisans to have a display.

Again, during the month of August, 1895, when, for the third time, I was sojourning in London, I read an article in the Daily News, intimating that, McKinley, by reason of his protective tariff views, was becoming unpopular, with the Republican party. I immediately challenged the statement, in a letter to the News, a brief summary of which was cabled to the United States, and published by the newspapers, generally, including the Cleveland Leader, and the Cleveland Plain Dealer, of August 16th, 1895. Under the caption—HE TELLS ALL ENGLAND—was the following in the Plain Dealer.

“London, August 16: State Senator Green of Cleveland, writes to the Daily News, respecting the article it published yesterday, an abstract of which was cabled to the Associated Press, in which it said, that ‘the feeling against increasing the Tariff will probably induce the Republicans to drop McKinley.’

“Senator Green says, in reply, that the Republican party has not modified, in the slightest degree the cardinal principles of the last convention, when it endorsed the McKinley bill. He is able to assert, he says, that four-fifths of the party still stand upon that platform.

“The prosperity of the country, he claims, is not due to the mutilation of the McKinley law; but to the fact that, the House of Representatives which performed the mutilation, has been retired, amid the anathemas of millions of injured business men.”

Certainly, the foregoing evidences of my friendship for the candidacy of McKinley, coming to the notice of both himself and his great coadjutor, the late Senator M. A. Hanna, did not lower me in their estimation, but had a contrary effect, which, together with my home efforts, along the same line, perhaps, accounts for much of the courtesy and kindness which the great men displayed for me.

When President McKinley directed Postmaster General Gary, to place me at the head of the bureau of United States Postage Stamp Agent, that august functionary hesitated; for the reason, expressed by him to the President, that, nearly every employe in the office was a

white lady! The President answered, "I know Mr. Green; he is a friend of mine; I will be responsible for his behavior."

General John A. Merritt, third assistant Postmaster General, and subsequently postmaster of Washington, D. C., is my authority for this statement.

Subsequently, when I had the honor to call on the President, smilingly, he said to me: "None of them left, did they!" I answered in the negative, and he smiled again.

Before being appointed to the position referred to, I was promised by Mr. Hanna the place known as Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia; but Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, demanded that office for one of his political supporters, of color, in that state. Mr. John C. Dancey had been given the post of Wilmington; Hon. George H. White, had been elected to Congress, and Mr. Cheatam, the third, had to be cared for, "for the good of the Republican party of North Carolina." Cheatam got the place; and the President requested Senator Hanna to say to me: "As well as I like him, I think more of the Republican party." It is interesting to know, that, since then, 23 years, no one in North Carolina, has been elected to the electoral college, on the Republican ticket!

There was a convention of colored men held in a Baptist church, in 12th Street, Washington, D. C., during President McKinley's first term, of which I was a member—present. During the proceedings of the convention, a resolution of censure was suggested by some one, because the President, in his last annual message, had remained silent as to the lynchings of colored persons, without any trial, in the Southern States. I suggested, that, such action would be not only improper, but, unjust to the President, inasmuch as he adopted that course, after conferring with some of the leading colored men of the nation.

Immediately, there was a great "hubub"—pandemonium had broken loose; and Mr. Timothy Thomas Fortune, the founder, and, at that time, editor of the New York Age, exclaimed, "Show us the Judases! Show us the Judases!!" I refused to give the names of the "Judases," and a committee was appointed to escort me to an ante-room, to persuade me to divulge the names required. As a matter of fact, I did not know the names of the men who had been in conference with the President; but, in making my statement to the convention, I relied on the word of Honorable Elmer Dover, secretary of the Republican National Committee, from whom I had gotten the information. Subsequently, I learned the name of the most influential of the coterie, from the Hon. George A. Myers, of Cleveland, Ohio, a very able and influential colored American, high in the esteem of both the President and Senator Hanna, who seemed to be well informed in the premises.

At an early hour, on the following day, before the White House was opened to the general public, I was received, in audience, by the President of the United States, in his private chamber. I stated all the facts to him, as in the foregoing; and was asked by him my opinion, as to the better course to pursue, in the premises. I suggested that, to ignore the whole matter seemed proper to me; and that course was taken. I know that President McKinley's heart was bleeding by reason of the barbarities then (and now) perpetrated on the poor friendless freedmen of the South; but, as he said to me, so many remonstrances had been made in vain, that, they had become to be "an old song," and he intended, with the assistance of others, to formulate a new plan for the elimination of that evil, in the future; and I am sure that, if both he and his great adviser, Senator M. A. Hanna, had not both died, some valid repressive legislation would have been attempted, if not consummated.

I am about to relate now an incident in my official life at Washington, relating to President McKinley, which I consider not only interesting, but unique. It has reference to the assassination of the postmaster of Lake City, South Carolina, and one or more of his family, during the President's first term.

The whole North, East and West was shocked at the horrible deed; and speedy and condign punishment of the murderers was, generally demanded.

Being admitted into the executive offices of the White House, I said, "Mr. President, what are you going to do with reference to the murder of the postmaster at Lake City, South Carolina. Don't you think that the office should be closed?" He answered: "I have already issued that order." I then asked him, "What, if anything, will be done towards punishing the assassins?" Like a flash, he answered: "Mr. Green, I am going to do just what would be done if some fellow should come in here and kill me!—he would be arrested, tried and, if convicted—executed! "That whole section," he added, "is now bristling with secret service men; and when they have made arrests of the guilty ones, they will be indicted and tried, in a court of competent jurisdiction; and, if they are convicted and sentenced, they will be duly executed."

I can bear witness to the fact, that, the President kept his word; nay, more—he sent an able lawyer to Charleston, S. C., at the expense of the government, to assist the District Attorney there, in the prosecution; but, as in all other lynching cases, the jury failed to agree, and the accused went unwhipt of justice. The President said to me: "I was surprised to see that five of the jurors insisted on a verdict of guilty!"

During my nine years of service as United States Postage Stamp Agent, and Acting Superintendent of Finance of the Post Office Department, I heard, occasion-

ally caustic criticisms of President McKinley's policy, with reference to the colored people, by colored men. But, on such occasions, I always challenged those hostile statements, and endeavored to prove, to the face of the critic, the falsity of his assertions; and I seldom failed in my efforts in that behalf. The following excerpt from the Washington Post, which appeared at the time of McKinley's tour of the Gulf States, goes far, in my opinion, to strengthen the good will of all colored Americans towards one of their best friends who ever filled the Presidential chair.

"Mr. McKinley, when introduced, said: 'My fellow citizens: I thank you for your hearty welcome. I have visited a number of institutions of learning provided for your race, notably, that great institution at Tuskegee, in Alabama; another in Savannah, Ga., and, recently, one in the city of New Orleans; and it has given me great satisfaction to observe the advancement of your race, since the immortal proclamation of liberty was made.

"The opportunity for learning is a great privilege. The possession of learning is an inestimable prize; and I have been glad to note that you are endeavoring, wherever you live, to enlighten your minds and prepare yourselves for the responsibility of citizenship, under this free government of yours. What we want, more than anything else, whether we be white or whether we be black—what we want is to know how to do something well. If you will just learn to do one thing that is useful better than anybody else can do that one thing, you will never be out of a job; and all employment is honorable employment. The race is moving on and has a promising future. It has been faithful to the Government of the United States. It has been true and loyal and patriotic and law-abiding.

"My fellow citizens, always observe the law."

“In our recent war with Spain, your race displayed distinguished qualities of gallantry, on more than one field.

“You were in the fight at ElCaney and San Juan Hill, the brave black boys helping to emancipate the oppressed people of Cuba; and your race is in the Philippines carrying the flag, and they have carried it, stainless in its honor and in its glory.

“It is a very great pleasure to me to meet you, all; and the last word I would leave with you is—to be true to right, to home, to family, to yourselves, to your country, and, true to God.”

After the President's second election, in the course of a few weeks, I sought a brief interview with him. The congestion in the executive offices, in the White House was such that I almost despaired of even greeting him; but, seeing me, patiently awaiting my opportunity, he drew near to me and said, in a quick way: “Do you want to see me?” I answered in the affirmative, extending my congratulations to him, on his re-election, and added, “Mr. President, what are my chances, under your second administration?” In the twinkling of an eye, he replied: “Well, you shant be shocked!” These were the last words I ever heard him utter; before I could see him again, the assassin had done his work, which truly shocked me.

My sojourn of nine and a half years in Washington was very pleasant, except that, my office, being, for the most part, a sinecure, I was compelled, during the last two years of my official life there, to go to Congress and lobby the appropriation for my bureau through; when, finally, it was merged into the Third Assistant Postmaster's Bureau, I quit, for lack of funds to carry it on longer.

The following letter speaks for itself:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Office of the Chief Clerk,  
WASHINGTON.

Mr. John P. Green,  
Postage Stamp Agent,  
Washington, D. C.

June 27, 1906.

Sir:—

Inasmuch as the Act of Congress making appropriation for the maintenance of the postal service transfers the clerical force of the Postage Stamp Agency to the office of the Third Assistant Postmaster General and makes no provision for the salary of the Postage Stamp Agent, it becomes necessary to terminate your connection with the Department on June 30, 1906.

By direction of the Postmaster General.

Respectfully,

M. O. CHANCE,  
Chief Clerk, G. G. T.

The following copy of a letter handed to me by Colonel (now General) Clarence R. Edwards, at a time when he was detailed to act as head of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, at Washington, is one which I prize most highly; especially, since he won for himself, in France, during the unspeakable "World War" such a warm place of love and affection in the hearts of the soldiers and all true Americans:

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
Bureau of Insular Affairs,  
WASHINGTON.

February 2d, 1906.

My dear Mr. Postmaster General:

I wonder if you would pardon me if I ventured a little bit out of my sphere as government clerk and took the liberty of commending to your personal consideration Mr. John P. Green, United States Postage Stamp Agent, and Acting Superintendent of Postal Finance.

You are probably much more familiar with Mr. Green's qualifications, and any equitable claim he has upon your party than am I. Therefore, I will make no comment of them, but state that he has recalled my acquaintance with him, which dates back to my childhood when he was a strong supporter of Mr. Amos Townsend, my father's business partner, when Mr. Townsend represented my home district of Cleveland. I also know him to have been a loyal supporter of Senator John Sherman, and Mr. Hanna's right-handed man in Cleveland.

I haven't seen him since I was a boy, but I know he has three hard-working boys in Cleveland, all the family have been earnest in the Republican cause and he, the only one of the family who is

now holding office. He states that you are justly going to do away with the Postal Stamp Agency, which he admits is more or less unnecessary, but he is quite anxious to be continued in his present acting capacity, and believes that his work in the needs of the service would justify a compensating salary in that position.

On account of my former knowledge of him, and from the fact that I know nothing but good of him, I would consider it a personal favor if he could gain your consideration. I am quite sure that I am only seconding Representative Burton's estimate and desire for this man's welfare.

In haste,

Sincerely yours,  
(Signed) C. R. EDWARDS.

Hon. George B. Cortelyou,  
Postmaster General.

Perhaps, I should add, before closing this chapter, that, after the advent of Theodore Roosevelt, as President, subsequent to McKinley's assassination, being somewhat in doubt as to the tenure of my office, I called on him, at the White House; and while patiently waiting for an opportunity to be introduced to him, by the Honorable George B. Cortelyou, private secretary to both, McKinley and Roosevelt, I saw my chance and introduced myself; for the President was very busy, and my time was almost exhausted.

As, unoccupied, he came near me, I arose and said:

"Mr. President, I am John P. Green, your Postage Stamp Agent; and my duties are to supervise the manufacture and distribution of all the postage stamps; when McKinley was Governor of Ohio, I was Senator, from the Cleveland district."

Like a flash, he exclaimed, "Bully, for you! Bully, for you!"—shook my hand, and passed to the next. This was the only time I ever met President Roosevelt.

Four incidents of a very pleasing nature, and of more than ordinary interest to me, transpired, while I was a resident of Washington:

The first was that of heading a delegation of most prominent colored men, and introducing them to the late

Archbishop Ireland—a pronounced friend of the colored American, when, on one occasion, he was visiting, in Washington. The learned, pious and beloved prelate received us with that courtesy which is characteristic of all truly great men; and we left him with assurances of his continued friendship and influence in behalf of our oppressed people; which, I am proud to say, did not abate, one jot or one tittle, until his Master called him to his reward.

The next incident was that of presiding at a select dinner tendered to the late Doctor Booker T. Washington, by Honorable R. R. Homer, ex-member of the Virginia Legislature and a member of the District of Columbia Bar.

On this occasion, I was required to deliver a brief address, relative to the life and work of the distinguished guest, which he visibly appreciated. I had met Mr. Washington several times before; and subsequent to this event, our group, attending a select, social dance, at Willough Beach Park in a suburb of Cleveland, was honored and pleased to count him as one of our number. Mr. Washington appeared at his best, on this occasion; he chatted familiarly, with numbers of the guests, laughed heartily at the sallies of wit and mirth, and danced like a boy. "Look at Mr. Washington, dancing!" exclaimed one of his attendants, as if thoroughly astounded. It was the last time we were in his presence.

-The third incident I will call attention to, was when the late Samuel Coleridge Taylor was, for twenty days, our guest, on the occasion of his first visit to the United States, for the purpose of conducting a noted rendition of his great cantata, "Hiawatha," by the S. Coleridge Taylor Society, of Washington, D. C.

We became so well acquainted with Mr. Coleridge Taylor, on that occasion, that, in after years, when en-route to Chicago, on professional business, he deigned to

stop off at Cleveland, for a day or two, and be again our honored guest; and, years after that, when my late wife and I were visiting London, the home of this great composer and his talented family was a sort of Mecca towards which we turned our faces when in need of recreation and first class musical entertainment. This young student of music, who was the favorite pupil of one of London's most efficient teachers, was thoroughly imbued with the divine afflatus, so to speak; music was in his head, heart and very soul; even his fingers seemed to tingle with it. At his suburban home—Hill Crest, Norbury, S. W., England; and afterwards, at Aldwych, St. Leonard's Road, Croydon, England (both suburbs of London), he had an orchestra organized for the rendition of approved classical music, every member of which would be regarded, by the general public, as a "star." To the public concerts of this orchestra, we received, from him, frequent invitations; and we were generally accompanied to and from the town by Mr. Clarence Cameron White, a colored relative of ours, who was then being instructed in his studies on the violin, by some of the foremost artists of London.

At times, when we were visiting at the home of Mr. Taylor, both he and his amiable and talented wife would preside at the piano, and interpret for our entertainment and pleasure some of his own compositions, which had set wild with enthusiasm vast audiences of the populace, who overflowed the great Albert Hall, the pride of the world's capital.

When that dread disease, pneumonia, brought low the head of Samuel Coleridge Taylor, in the morning of his life, before he had reached his thirtieth year, it deprived society of the most brilliant and promising star, in the musical firmament, of his day. Peace be to his ashes! His memory is consecrated by his works and will live.

The fourth and last event which I shall mention, has reference to this writer, and would, perhaps, be omitted, were it not meet and just to mention the name of the talented and friendly gentleman to whom I am still indebted for the significant courtesy tendered to me, in this behalf.

I refer to Doctor George H. Richardson, of Washington, D. C., doctor, lawyer, scholar, philosopher and all around good fellow, who originated and carried to successful consummation a banquet, tendered by residents of the North, East and West, in honor of this narrator.

It was a notable event, by reason of the large number of prominent colored men of the section north of the Mason and Dixon line, who were in attendance; and the additional fact, that, the united sentiment was laudatory of the great and good McKinley. If this writer shone at all, it was as the moon shines—in a light borrowed from the sun; to be quite definite—McKinley was the sun.

There were numerous “brainy”—able, meritorious colored men in Washington, at that time, a mere mention of whose names is all that space will afford, at present. These were: Ex-Senator Blanch K. Bruce, Register of the Treasury; Judson W. Lyons, subsequently, Register of the Treasury; John C. Dancey, Recorder of Deeds; Milton M. Holland, Chief of Division (decorated by Congress for signal bravery in the “crater” at Petersburg, Va.); George H. White, M. C., from North Carolina; Captain W. Bruce Evans, Principal of the Armstrong Industrial School; Daniel Murray, Librarian of a branch of the Congressional Library, noted by all congressmen for his wide and deep learning in his official sphere of action; the two sons, Lewis and Charles, of the late Frederick Douglass; Paul Lawrence Dunbar, author; James A. Cobb, lawyer; W. Calvin Chase, lawyer and editor of the “Bee”; Professor Kelley Miller, scholar and author; Rev. Owen Meredith Waller, Rector of St. Luke’s P. E.

Church; W. A. Joiner, now superintendent of the Agriculture and Mechanical Department of Wilberforce University; Judge R. H. Terrell, of the Municipal Court; Dr. Daniel Hale Williams, Surgeon in Chief of the Freedman's Hospital; Dr. Purvis; Dr. Firmin Shadd; J. Finley Wilson, the able and successful editor of "The Eagle," founded by him; and a host of others of great merit and high standing, whose names are not at my "tongue's end," at this writing.

I held my official station during nine consecutive years, about five years longer than I should have held it; for, on my return to Cleveland, after an absence extending over an entire decade, lacking a few months, I was unknown, professionally, to litigants, generally; and, although I joined my two sons, William R. Green, Esq., and Theodore B. Green, Esq., without delay, in the practice of the law, yet, it was many months, before my old clients and friends could be persuaded, that I was not in jest, when I made known to them the fact, that, I was back again, and in the "legal harness;" and although, at sixty-one, I had not yet begun to realize that, I was an "old man," (nor did I bend my knee or slacken my pace, in the presence of "Old Father Time," who with his whetted scythe now grimly awaits his opportunity to gather me in.

It might be of interest to some of my readers, who are religiously inclined, to know that, in the beginning of the year 1900, my late wife, my daughter and myself were confirmed, by Bishop Henry Y. Satterlee, in Saint Luke's Episcopal Church of Washington, D. C. I had been, through baptism, a member of the Episcopal church from the age of one month; and during my whole boyhood, had been a constant attendant on divine services, in Christ Episcopal Church of Newberne, N. C. and Trinity Church, of Cleveland, Ohio; in fact, in the latter fifties, I assisted the aged colored sexton of the latter

church, Mr. Rigdon Green, in the performance of his functions there; but, later on, the lure of youthful association, and the demands of practical politics, estranged me from it; and I found myself, with my family, oscillating, or gyrating around and amongst all the varied orthodox churches, until I reached the fifty-fifth year of my life; then, as I have stated, we three cast in our lot, definitely and for all time, with our ancestral-apostolic church.

During the remainder of my term in Washington, I served as one of the vestrymen, and when we were ready to return to our Cleveland home, with many regrets, on our part, as well as on the part of the very efficient Rector, Rev. T. J. Brown (who is still in charge) and our brethren of the church, generally, I handed in my resignation.

On our return to Cleveland, we immediately took our place in Saint Andrew's Church, where, for many years, now, I have been serving as one of the wardens of the church, and, ex-officio vestry-man; on many occasions, I have acted as lay-reader, especially, during our inter-regnum, when the church has been without a rector. The present Rector, Rev. B. W. Suthern, who by his extraordinary efficiency and spiritual graces, has very greatly endeared himself to us, is a young man, and gives promise of being with us for many years to come.

## CHAPTER XV.

### HOME AGAIN AND EUROPEAN TRIP.

It was with great pleasure that I once again found myself a "bona fide" resident of my own dear city of Cleveland. True it is that, during our residence in Washington, I lost no opportunity of visiting our home, and of remaining as long as I consistently could; but that fell far short of a regular, permanent abode.

Our old friends and associates flocked around us and gave us just the hearty welcome which we expected and needed; and it did not take me longer than a few days on my return to Cleveland, to settle down at my desk and take up the study of that "jealous mistress," the Law, where I had laid it down, ten years before. In fact, I had kept in touch with her, even while we resided in Washington, by aiding, to some extent, my son, Theodore B. Green, in his studies, while he was a student in the Howard Law School, which made my return to the practice comparatively easy.

That my recitals may not become monotonous or wearisome, I shall make reference in this chapter to only two cases, out of hundreds, which engaged my attention during the early years, after my return.

The first was that of Ohio vs. Wade Leigh, a man who was indicted for murder in the first degree; it was a difficult case, in which I was ably assisted by Horace

Neff, Esq., a son of Judge William B. Neff, whose name appears in a previous chapter of this story.

Wade Leigh and the deceased, had engaged in a wordy-war, at an early hour, the day before Christmas, and separated breathing out mutual threats. Later in the day, "Wade," after having made some Christmas purchases, entered a saloon, laid his parcels down on the bar, and bought and began to drink a glass of beer. While he was so engaged, in drinking the beer, the deceased entered the bar room, presumably, for the purpose of buying a drink; but, seeing "Wade," standing at the bar, he turned and left the room, through the swinging doors which were within the outer door. He was, immediately followed by "Wade," who shot and killed him almost on the threshold of the door, as he stepped out upon the sidewalk. "Wade," thereupon, returned to the bar room, picked up his packages which he had left lying on the bar, and left the place through the back door, his glass, not yet being emptied.

By the side of the body of the deceased, which was still lying on the sidewalk, was found a dangerous looking knife, opened, by a close friend of "Wade." The ready inference was, of course, that the knife was the property of the deceased man; and that, he had assaulted "Wade" with it, between the doors (outer and inner) before "Wade" shot him, in "self defense!"

The foregoing was the backbone of the defense, at any rate; and it succeeded—the defendant, "Wade," being found guilty of assault and battery only. So anxious was the State's attorney that the jury should not recommend mercy, in finding defendant guilty of murder in the first degree, and thus, fix his punishment at life imprisonment—and so strenuously and earnestly did he argue in that behalf, that, he evidently forgot that the defendant, left his packages, and returned for them, after he had committed the murder; that, he had not

finished drinking his beer, when he followed deceased out of the bar room; and that, he left, finally, through a back door.

I pointed out to the honorable judge, after the trial was ended and the jury had been excoriated and summarily dismissed, and the defendant fined and sentenced to the house of correction, that the defence, that "Wade" was assaulted by the deceased, with the big knife, as he ("Wade") was leaving the premises; and that, he shot him to protect his life and limbs, would have "fallen to the ground," and the defendant would have been convicted of murder in the first degree, instead of assault and battery, if the prosecuting attorney had not, inadvertently, forgotten, failed to call the attention of the jury to those facts which would have left no doubt in the minds of the jury-men that "Wade" left that room for the sole purpose of killing his victim.

With a look of blank amazement, and disappointment, they both turned away from me; and the farce (?) of that prosecution was ended.

The daily papers carried glowing accounts of our success in that case, and it added much to our professional popularity.

The other case, which I shall refer to, was of more than local interest; inasmuch as many newspapers, in remote sections of the country, noticed it; and the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, subsequently, cured what seemed to be a legal defect, by appropriate legislation.

Doctor John L. Hoyer, an aged and venerable looking white man, who had been tried, convicted, fined and committed to the House of Correction of the City of Cleveland, sent for me, while incarcerated, to visit him in the prison, and give him such legal advice, in the premises, as was needful for his welfare; and, especially, for the fact that, a piece of jewelry of his personal be-

longings, taken from him "for safe-keeping" on his entering the prison, was lost or stolen; and he could obtain no satisfactory explanation as to its whereabouts.

Having been personally acquainted with the patriarchal-bewhiskered old gentleman, for many years, I hastened to his side, for the purpose above mentioned; he was brought out, into the audience room, accompanied by one of the prison guards, who steadfastly refused to leave his side for a moment, in order that I might confer with his prisoner, professionally. I appealed to the superintendent; with the result that he told me, point-blank, that, the rule under which the guard was acting was one of long standing, and he would continue to enforce it.

This left me no alternative, except to have recourse to the Director of Charities and Corrections—the Honorable Harris R. Cooley, a big-hearted, kindly disposed, Christian gentleman; who, I may here, digress to say, is a true and valuable friend of all colored people.

Mr. Cooley, after conferring with the superintendent, and getting the same answer, in effect, that he had given to me, gave me the information which I had already received. So, finding, according to the slang phraseology, of the time, that I was "up against it," with no prospect of having a private conference with my client, I determined to carry my complaint to the Mayor of Cleveland, the Honorable Newton D. Baker, now, and for a long time, Secretary of War, at Washington.

After a reasonable delay, I was ushered into the presence of that august, but kindly, functionary; and, at once, made known to him my case, as I have stated it in the foregoing.

Mr. Baker, lawyer and statesman, as he was and is, seemed surprised to learn the status of this affair, and, immediately, called up one of the attorneys for the city, and placed it in his hands, for a brief and opinion, in the

premises. After that, we had a short conversation, which seemed mutually agreeable to us; and I took my departure.

After the lapse of several days, I received, by mail, from the distinguished gentleman, a document, of which the following is a true copy:

Oct. 8, 1914.

Hon. Newton D. Baker,  
Mayor of Cleveland.  
My dear Mr. Baker:

I beg leave to reply as follows to your inquiry of yesterday with reference to the right of the superintendent of the workhouse to refuse the request of a person sentenced for a misdemeanor for an opportunity to have a private conversation with his attorney.

I have examined the matter carefully and find that the law applicable to this case lays down in substance this fundamental proposition: A jailer charged with the duty of protecting and preserving the jail and of keeping the prisoners safely until he is relieved by legal authority of their custody has a large discretion in determining at what time, under what circumstances and what persons he will permit to enter the jail or to have access to the prisoners, a discretion which he must exercise according to his own conscience and judgment uncontrolled by the conscience and judgment of others.

Thus it has been held that a sheriff, for instance, may require whoever may seek admission into the jail, to submit their persons to a proper, orderly examination or search. If they do not consent, admission to the jail or access to the prisoners may be refused. If they persist in remaining they may be treated as trespassers and ejected. (104 Ala. 35.)

Likewise in England it was held that where a material witness for a person accused was confined in prison the jailer should allow the attorney for the accused to see the witness in his presence, but properly refused to allow the attorney to see the witness apart. (7 C. & P. 176).

The Constitution and Statutes of Ohio are silent upon this subject. As to the workhouses the statutes simply vest the management in the proper city official and clothe the superintendent of the workhouse with police powers. We are therefore relegated to common law and the decision in this and other states, which read as follows:

“It is a power inherent in a workhouse superintendent to prescribe reasonable rules for the government of the prison and to enforce obedience to them by the infliction of proper punishment \* \* \* \*”

The court's opinion, so far as applicable, was as follows:

“The superintendent of a workhouse is a public officer—an executive officer perhaps—charged with the gov-

ernment in a great measure and the maintenance of good order in the city prison; and in the discharge of these duties he is given and must be given a wide discretion \* \* . It is necessary that good order be preserved in these institutions. Reasonable rules and regulations must be made for the government of the inmates. The statutes provide for reasonable rules and regulations in the government of and the punishment administered in county jails which are to be submitted to the common pleas judges; and the necessity for such rules and regulations applies with still greater force to workhouses such as this, where a large number of prisoners are confined, many of them for long periods of time where they are compelled to work under the superintendence of officers of the workhouse as a punishment for criminal offenses. With such a large body of men gathered together in such a prison reasonable rules and regulations are necessary, and it is necessary that these rules and regulations should be enforced and that the superintendent of such an institution should have the power to punish within limitations and restrictions."

It must be remembered that this is the case of a man convicted of a crime who has lost thereby his rights as a citizen.

The superintendent is absolutely responsible for the custody of the accused. If it were not inherent in the official to make all reasonable rules for the government of the prisoners it is quite obvious that he might be frequently held liable for dire consequences which his best efforts and judgment could not control. He must therefore be permitted to exercise his discretion to determine in each particular case what the extent of the restriction upon the prisoner should be. That an attorney is concerned in this case I conceive can give no greater rights.

It is therefore my judgment that the superintendent of the workhouse was perfectly within his rights in refusing the request in this case.

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) ARTHUR F. YOUNG,  
Assistant City Solicitor.

AFY-J

My disappointment and dissatisfaction was rapidly increasing; my faith in my original contention was increasing, rather than diminishing; and I determined to see what redress, if any, I could obtain at law. A mandamus was applied for; the writ issued; all parties were in court, and the defendant's demand was adjudged to be reasonable and lawful, by the Honorable Charles J. Estep, one of the judges of our Court of Common Pleas; thereupon, I took my client aside; talked with him, and advised him as to his legal rights, in the premises; and,

afterwards, wrote a check for the amount of my fee, which he readily signed; and the famous case was ended.

I desire to record here, an incident of my life which has brought to me much satisfaction, and, I trust, benefit to the cause of all the colored Americans. I refer to the time when I was "elected to Congress" (as I denominate the transaction), by the colored people of Cleveland, in mass meeting assembled. It came about in this way:

Senate Bill, 6060, of the 63d Congress, 3d Session, had passed the Senate and was in the hands of the Immigration Committee of the House of which Judge Burnett and Alabama, was chairman.

On page 8 of said bill, beginning with line 8, were the following words: "That after four months from the approval of this act, in addition to the aliens who are hereby excluded from admission into the United States, the following persons shall also be excluded from admission thereto, to wit: All members of the African or black race."

Some very able lawyers were of opinion, that, the phraseology of that provision would even exclude colored citizens of the United States, out of the country, from re-entering the same.

Quite reasonably, the colored people of Cleveland, who were informed, became alarmed; especially for the reason that, it had gone through the Senate without opposition. A mass-meeting of colored citizens was immediately called to meet in Saint John's A. M. E. Church, at a time specified; they crowded—packed all parts of the large structure, the number being estimated at 2,500. Speeches were made; a committee on resolutions appointed, of which this writer was made chairman; a preamble and set of resolutions, which this writer had in his pocket, was unanimously adopted, without the changing of a syllable; and I was unanimously elected to go

to Congress, at Washington, and use my best endeavors, with our own and other delegates, to have that obnoxious proviso eliminated from the bill; also, a collection was then and there taken, to defray all expenses, and compensate me for services to be rendered.

It goes without saying, that, (to paraphrase the language of Julius Caesar, on a momentous occasion), "I went, I saw, I conquered!" and returning home, my report was received with acclamations of unalloyed enthusiasm and approval.

Judge Burnett of Alabama, chairman of the Immigration Committee, although a Southerner, received me courteously, heard my argument against the proviso, and promised me that he would oppose the measure, when the bill came before the House for consideration. He kept his word, "in spirit and in truth;" for, when the speaking commenced, he divided his time amongst several of the members, known to be opposed to that feature of it, and thereby, greatly augmented the sentiment against it. Needless to say, the whole bill was defeated; nor have the enemies of the colored American, to this day, been able to resurrect it.

Judge Burnett, since then, has gone to "that bourne from which no traveler returns," but, let it be here recorded, that, while his obsequies were being conducted in far-away Alabama, there was, at least, one colored man, in the bleak north, on the shore washed by blue Lake Erie, who deeply, sighed and mourned his untimely end, because of that humane-patriotic deed, in behalf of those of "the African or black race."

Time sped rapidly by; so fast, indeed, that it was scarcely appreciated; and ere long, we found ourselves at the beginning of the year 1909. Speaking of the flight of Time, I am tempted to insert here a few lines quoted from "The Improvement of the Mind," by Isaac Watts, mentioned in another part of this story. I reproduce

these lines because they are well calculated to inspire and energize the minds of the young, one of the principal reasons I have in view, in writing this book. The lines follow:

“Nor let soft slumber close your eyes,  
Before you’ve recollected thrice  
The train of actions thro the day.  
Where have my feet chose out the way?  
What have I learnt, where’er I’ve been,  
From all I’ve heard, from all I’ve seen?  
What know I more, that’s worth the knowing?  
What have I done, that’s worth the doing?  
What have I sought, that I should shun?  
What duty have I left undone?  
Or into what new follies, run?  
These self-inquiries are the road,  
That leads to virtue and to God.”

My professional labours, during the four preceding years, having been extra exacting, Mrs. Green and I decided to spend a short vacation in England and on the “Continent;” so, “grip” in hand, and frugal luggage in the hold of the good ship Carmania, we bade adieu to our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel R. Scottron, and family, of Brooklyn, New York, and set sail for “far distant shores.”

After a pleasant voyage of about three days, we “hove to” and attempted to make a landing on one of the Azore Islands; but the condition of the sea was such as to make it extra hazardous; so, we tarried in the offing for only a brief space, while one or two of the most daring boatmen, rowed out to us and exchanged greetings—to say nothing of a few bananas and oranges.

Our next step was at Funchal, the capital city of the Madeira Islands—a province of Portugal. We were informed, that, we were then distant about six hundred miles from the west coast of Africa; a fact which we could easily believe; for, the mercury, even then, in the month of January, was at about 100 degrees Fahrenheit,

in the sun; and luscious strawberries were being hawked around, for sale—fresh from the vines.. After writing and mailing pictorial postal cards to our friends, at home, riding in the “bob-sleds,” over the damp-smooth cobblestones, drinking of the rich Madeira wine, to the health of Portugal and her colony, inspecting the ancient Castle, well up on the top of a high hill, overlooking the ocean, and scanning the old cathedral and the pretty, little, green cemetery with its sacred dead, we were ready to embark again; and, ere long, we had weighed anchor and were en-route to Gibraltar; but not before a swarm of amphibious boys had earned numerous dimes and quarters, by diving for them, from the very high upper deck of the big ship *Carmania*, and recovering them under the surface of the water.

At day-break, the next morning we were entering the bay or harbor of Gibraltar. I, of all the passengers, was on the deck—alone. I beheld, with awe, for the first time, the towering—majestic mass of the Rock of Gibraltar!” and, enthused as I was, there came trooping into my mind, some lines of Virgil, relating to the storm-beaten companions of Aeneas, as they entered a bay, where, “an island forms a harbour by its jutting sides, whereby each wave coming from the main, is broken and divides as it enters the deep creeks. On either side are huge rocks and twin cliffs, which tower, frowning, towards the sky; beneath whose peaks the water’s surface, far and wide, lies safe and still.”

I also saw in the offing (happy thought), the huge gray hulks of our touring fleet which, on its world encircling voyage, during the administration of President Roosevelt, had just anchored in that bay. I saluted “Old Glory,” at the mast heads, as the “envious streaks (of the rising sun) did lace the severing clouds in the east,” and, almost forgetting the famous Rock, gazed with filial pride upon them.

We spent Sunday there; and attended divine services, in the Episcopal Cathedral. The sermon by the learned divine was apropos to the occasion; the destructive earthquake, which demolished a goodly portion of Sicily and Calabria, having scarcely ceased its ravages. The majesty of the great British Empire, was easily evident, in the erect forms and stern demeanor of the local troops—that look and bearing which is equally observable, in the appearance of the Horse Guards, in Whitehall, the Lions Couchant, on the pedestal of the Nelson Monument or the “Queen’s Own,” in the shadow of Arthur’s Seat. At night, we were once more riding the “Bounding Billows;” and, for the first time, since our departure from the port of New York, Old Neptune asserted himself, and the ladies, of our “set,” seriously complained of sea-sickness. It occurred just after midnight, when, awaking from a sound sleep, we became conscious of the fact that, our huge ship was rolling in troublulous seas. Our captain called it a “fresh gale,” which was no stranger to the Gulf of Lyons, off the south coast of France, through which we were then passing. Quite a bit of patience and some care, on the part of the ship’s “surgeon,” were necessary before we were all, again, in normal condition; but, in the course of a day or so, landing in the safe port of Genoa, where Christopher Columbus, many a year before, had feasted his eyes, our nausea was quickly dissipated, and, like most of our transient ills, forgotten.

The great Cathedral, the Campo Santo, with its unapproachable sculptures, sacred to the dead, the birthplace of Christopher Columbus and the many quaint and interesting objects which met our eager gaze, made our short stay there, long to be remembered.

Our destination, however, “earthquake or no earthquake, was Naples (Nar-po-lie, as the natives euphoniously called it), and when, on the following day, our ship

anchored at a dock, and we stood upon the pier, to my unutterable astonishment, a voice rang out, in very good English: "Hello, Senator Green!" I exclaimed, "For God's sake, who are you!" "Why, don't you know me!" he replied; "I am 'Nick,' who used to peddle fish, in Cleveland!" Sure enough. It was not sufficient to be saluted, by name in Vienna, Paris, and on Ludgate Hill, even here, on the shores of the Bay of Naples, I could not escape them. Fortunate for us all, however, that "Nick" discovered us; for, his knowledge of all things pertaining to Naples, added two-fold to our amusement and instruction, while we remained there.

If I were writing a "book of travels," I could finish it by plunging into the details of this visit; but, such is not the case, and I must hasten on. However, I must state that, the museum of curios, from the exhumed city of Pompei, the Aquarium, with wonders of the sea which we had never dreamed of, the great cathedral, the ruins of Pompei and the volcano of Vesuvius, are a few of the sights which every one must search out and see. I will transcribe here an account of my ascent of Mount Vesuvius, which I wrote immediately after, while the facts were fresh in my mind and the inspiration still actuated me. The description follows:

Especially interesting, at the present time, are my brief notes on my visit to and ascension of Mount Vesuvius. In view of the delightful, but, I must confess, somewhat arduous ascent of this wonderful volcano, which I made, in company with a linguistic German *vade me cum*, who was to me a source not more of convenience than of diversion and amusement.

I regret, now, that I did not note the name of the town or village, at which we hired our carriage, for the first part of our trip. I note, however, that we paid, each, 11 s for room in the carriage and a saddle horse and

guides; then we began to "Mount Vesuve" as our experiment was euphoniously called.

A drive of from three to five miles, brought us to our first station, or halting place; here we discarded our carriage, laid aside all unnecessary clothing and appendages, and stimulated ourselves with a potation of some mild but invigorating wine—wine which our guides denominated, "Nica Vesuve wine!"—wine which, in very fact, was pressed from grapes which had grown, in the language of Macaulay, "on the soil which had been fertilized by the fiery deluge of a volcano."

The foregoing preliminaries having been arranged, we, each, mounted his saddle horse, and, with bated breath, proceeded "onward and upward."

To properly appreciate the romantic novelty of our position, one must not forget that neither of us had ridden horse-back for many years; at least, this writer can aver that, it was the first time in some twenty-five years that he had bestridden a horse, or any other quadruped; and his awkwardness on this occasion is more easily imagined than described.

To add to the embarrassment and discomfort of our condition, the guides who clung, each to the tail of the horse ridden by his respective traveler, had a way of cudgeling the horse into a brisk trot, followed by a wild gallop, at intervals of every half mile, when we would be borne, as by the wind, through space, at the imminent risk of being thrown over the horse's head and injured.

As it was, we each rode, during those spurts, more on the neck than on the back of our horse, clinging, with might and main, (like another John Gilpin) to the neck and mane of the horse, for safety! We shall never forget those spurts!

Strange to relate, when the horses "slowed up," and we summoned courage to look (sheepishly) behind, expecting to discover the guides in the "dim distance,"

there they were, at the very heels of our "fiery steeds," still clinging to the tails, cudgel in hand; but no longer shouting their "auch! auch! auch!" which had served to spur the horses to that velocity, well nigh fatal to us.

Upon the whole, I am not sure that I would not as willingly take my chances with the present eruption as with the hardy mountaineers and their horses, under similar conditions.

From time to time during our ascent, through ashes ankle deep and fine cinders, we would come to little isolated circular enclosures, constructed of the slag which was omni-present, and tenanted by a lonely "Dago," who offered us still more and more of the "nica Vesuve wine."

The mein of the wine merchants, met under these circumstances, was such, and their bearing was at once so imperious and persuasive, that, we never refused to patronize them, with the result that, our spirits never once flagged, and we felt that, we were, all "jolly good fellows" as we climbed higher and higher.

There came a time, however, when our horses refused to go another inch; they would not budge! What was done, what to do, a glance told us both. There confronted us as if genii of the lava beds, four other stalwart guides, two carrying a leather strap looped at both ends, which, being thrown over one of their shoulders, they clung to it in front, while we, tenaciously hung on, behind. The two other guides, each grasped his traveler near his hips, and "boosted" him upwards, while we all climbed.

Although we were climbing mountain heights, yet, it seemed to me as though I were in a veritable hell, where all the fires had gone out. O, it was dismal! Seried rows of excoriae, piled like Ossa on Pelion—little mountains on the mountain side. If all the cinders raked out of all the blast furnaces in the whole world, from that time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the con-

trary, had been dumped on the sides of that mountain, they would have been as nothing compared to the vast accumulation of "slag," which that terrible volcano had vomited forth in even our own Christian era.

But, now we come to the region of the clouds! Yes, we are actually enveloped in a cloud! and we are in danger of being drenched. Strange to say, we encounter another group, which contains, in the midst—a lady! "Nica Italian lady," says my guide. Yes, and a very brave lady too, if she is not literally carried.

We leave them behind. "Good bye!" I shall always recall with romantic interest, the lady I met within the cloud.

Now we are nearing the summit; already, somewhat of grumbling and sputtering are audible to us. Up here on the shoulder or summit of this volcano are to be seen, here and there, small fissures, out of which issues, slowly small quantities of lava!

My guide demands a copper coin of me, which I hand to him; he fuses it into some of the lava, making for me a cup or nest-like souvenir of this arduous if not perilous trip. I have a feeling that, where fissures abound, the crust upon which we tread must be thin if not friable. "Tread lightly, Pat!" Nevertheless, I approach the edge of the great smoky-steamy crater. I lie upon my stomach! and peer, cautiously into the bowels of this mysterious mountain—

"Into the jaws of death  
Into the mouth of hell!"

Nothing to be seen, save blackness, steam, condensed gloom—an Inferno, sure enough! "Be careful, sir," shouts my intelligent, thoughtful guide. "An English gentleman, did that, a year or two ago; the crust at the edge crumbled, and he went head-first down into the crater! "Ye Gods! I pray thee let me go hence!"

This writer wriggled backwards (afraid even to stand up), and speedily, put space between him and that entrance to the worse than Stygian darkness and gloom.

Now comes the descent! Farewell crater, farewell white humid, fleecy clouds—farewell Vesuvius—“And, oh, you mortal engine whose rude throat th’ immortal Jove’s dread clamours counterfeit farewell!”

Down, down, on another side, we go—by leaps and bounds, through fine pea-like cinders, striking, in our descent, at times, almost up to our hips, in this harmless debris. Down, down, until, finally, we reach vegetation—reach our horses, which have been brought to this point for us; and soon, again, we are mounted in our carriage; and, ere long, we reach our first station, where we don our discarded apparel and finish our descent, followed by as hungry-looking, clamorous a rabble as ever one could wish to escape, who pleaded for, aye—in some instances, even demanded such small coins as we could give them.

One little fellow, not to be out-done, followed our carriage, on a run, for at least a mile; nor would he desist, until he received some small token of our admiration of his courage and persistency. The village next; then the train; after that, the lovely Bay of Naples and “Nar-po-li” (Naples) then in mourning, herself.

The remains of Pompeii, which the ashes of Vesuvius completely buried and hermetically sealed up, stand a “stone’s throw” from the volcano; and, of course, we visited them, and rambled through them, accompanied by our guide. Mrs. Green, Mrs. Graham and this writer stood amidst the ruins of an ancient temple of Isis, while Doctor Graham took a “snap-shot” of us. It still exists—somewhere, I know not in whose possession.

The strange and wierd scenes which confront one, while strolling amidst these ruins—which carry us back or bring down to us the dwellings, the commercial transactions, the frescoes and even the petrified bodies of some

of the inhabitants of this old town, as they existed in the year 79 A. D. are well worthy of our consideration; and at times the writer feels like exclaiming, with the Psalmist, "What is man, that thou are mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visitest him!"

No brief description, en passant, can do justice to this subject one must either visit the place or read accounts of it in books of travel and cyclopaedias.

The following morning, we were enroute for the Eternal City—Rome; and as we were whirled through the beautiful scenery and inhaled the odoriferous atmosphere—redolent of the sweet fragrance of orange blossoms and flowers of varied hues, we felt that we were, indeed, fortunate, under the circumstances, and enjoyed it beyond description.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### ROME—FLORENCE—VENICE—VIENNA.

Ere long, however, the cross and dome of far-famed Saint Peter's Church loomed before us, and, the next moment, the musical "Roma," greeted our ears, from the "guard." I knew it was Rome, before the announcement was made; for, chiseled on the end of the great depot, on either side of the main entrance, in bold relief, were two groups, one representing the fabled she wolf, discovering the abandoned babies—Romulus and Remus, who, afterwards, founded the city; and the other, showing how the wolf gave nurse to them; and, thus, saved their lives.

From my infancy, I had had a penchant to visit and view ancient ruins; to gaze upon an old relic, whether it were a deserted mansion, an old book or my "Grandfather's Hat;" it was all the same, provided, they were old; and now being in ancient Rome, with its treasures antique and historical, no time was to be lost before beholding them.

Imagine with what mingled feelings, of pleasure and awe, I traversed the "Corso" and other streets, more or less known to the historian; until, at length, there loomed up before me, in all its magnificent proportions, that famous ruin—the Coliseum! O, noble edifice! wonderful structure! This then, is what remains of the huge pile, in the construction of which, Titus, that victorious Ro-

man, on his return from the conquest and destruction of Jerusalem, sacrificed so many of the seventy thousand young Jews whom he brought captive to Rome!

No wonder they sank beneath their burdens, and were beaten by cruel task-masters, until their backs were livid with horrid stripes, and they gave up the ghost! Within those tripple massive walls is where the gladiators, unfortunate in war, made rude sport of human life, to please the whims of a populace gone mad with a morbid thirst for blood; but for whom the "handwriting on the wall" was, even then, visible! And you, O, Coliseum! could you but speak, what sighs, and groans and shrieks, wrung from that "noble army of martyrs," would you not tell of! They who were laying deep the foundation of our Christian religion, while the maddened throng, not yet content, were howling—"Christianos ad leones!"—the Christians to the lions!

I enter into the inner circles—there, in the center of the great arena stood the well-trained, powerful gladiator, sword in hand, awaiting the on-rush of the savage beasts from the cells surrounding him. Here are the passages leading to the vaults beneath, whence issued the wild-beasts and the human victims; and over there, the passages through which the dead bodies were borne, to be entombed, perchance, in the Catacombes near by. Would you have a description of this most wonderful ruin, turn to some cyclopedia or guide book. It is not mine to give any adequate account of it. The learned and famous French lady, Madame DeStael, whom even Napoleon feared and detested, in her great work of fiction *Corinne*, has given such vivid and instructive word-pictures of Rome and Venice, that, it would richly repay the interested to read the story, if, indeed, there be at hand, any English translation of it.

We clamber up into the galleries, where, once, the beauty and fashion of Rome could be seen, and from

which the pitiless mockeries and gibes and raileries answered back the sobs of anguish and the cries of agony. The heart sickens; let us go and look upon some object less suggestive of human misfortune.

Now, we tread the Appian-way, along which victorious generals trod, returned from scenes of conquest in foreign lands—glutted with blood, rich with booty and captives. Yes, there stands, to this day, in a state of almost, perfect preservation, the Arch of Constantine, erected by the emperor to commemorate his victory over Maxentius, A. D. 312, spanning this historic road. Near by, and in front of the Coliseum, are the ruins of the Meta Sudans, where, it is said, the gladiators were accustomed to bathe, after the bloody contests of the arena.

But what is the name of this narrow way along which we now tread, hedged on either side by the crumbled ruins of once majestic structures. Why, this is the Via Sacra, the principal street of ancient Rome, which ran from the valley between the Caelian and Esquiline hills, through the arch of Titus and past the Roman Forum, to the Capitol. Here, on the right, were the palaces of the Caesars; nought now remains but a mass of indistinguishable ruins. These, in the rear, were the Royal Stables, presenting, somewhat, of their former appearance.

Think of this; here is the identical arch which Titus erected during the first century of our Christian era, to commemorate the victories of his father and himself, at Jerusalem; on the inner face, may still plainly be seen, representations of the "golden candlesticks" and other sacred articles; taken from the Temple. However, let me quote: "Where the Via Sacra crosses the Forum, close to the temple of Antonius, a mound of earth may be seen, evidently, the remains of the Temple Tomb of Julius Caesar, built by Augustus, in 29 B. C. Here, also,

stood the arches of Fabius and Augustus; and between this part of the Forum and the Temple of Castor and Pollux was the quagmire into which Metius Curtius is said to have been plunged."

The Temple of Pan, or Pantheon, further along, is almost perfect; although it was built A. D. 27, by Agrippa, son-in-law of Caesar Augustus. The portico of this temple is 110 feet in length, and forty-four in width; and contains sixteen granite columns. The height from the pavement to the summit is 143 feet.

The Pantheon, tho, not at first, intended for religious rites, yet, it was used for such purposes, down to A. D. 392, when the last sacrifice was offered on its altar. Under the Cupola, in a bronze sarcophagus, the mortal remains of Victor Emmanuel lie in state, for whom a grand commemoration is celebrated in the church, with military pomp, once a year, during the month of January."

I might add that, the Government has constructed, near by, a monument to the honor and memory of Victor Emmanuel, which is, perhaps the most costly and august of any in that city of costly monuments.

I visited and inspected, also, the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus; within which, we were told, fourteen popes and 170,000 Christians, were, at one time, entombed; the remains of Saint Theresa, it is said, were discovered in these catacombs. In 609 when Pope Boniface IV consecrated the Pantheon to Christian worship, he hauled away twenty-eight wagon-loads of bones, and deposited them under the high altar in that building; and in 817, Pascal I removed two thousand three hundred bodies, and placed the relics in the church of Saint Prasoede.

This practice of carrying away bones, continued until all the bones, except a few fragmentary pieces, were gone. These catacombs are supposed to be connected with the great system of catacombs to be seen under

Rome and in its vicinity, in which the early Christians sought refuge, and worshipped.

It is estimated, by those who have made the subject a study, that, the length of the united passages of all these catacombs, would equal five hundred and fifty English miles.

I searched out the old Ghetto, of unhallowed repute, the district of Rome within which the persecuted Jews were restricted, before our present humane era; but the progress of civilization has swept the Ghetto out of existence; it has gone, like gladiatorial contests and burning at the stake (except in some of our old slave-holding states), and human slavery.

Saint Peter's Church, with its miraculous Dome and the great Cross which surmounts it, was, to me, easily, the object of foremost importance in Rome. I "mounted" the Dome and climbed up into the transept of the Cross, whence I look'd out upon the entire enclosure of the Eternal City. It was a proud day for us; one which we can never forget.

The dimensions, the High Altar, the wonderful Mosaics, the separate, lateral chapels, and the grandeur of the sacred music which, at almost any hour of the day, can be heard floating in the air, like sweet incense, from some direction, furnish our environment the like of which cannot be duplicated elsewhere on this earth. I loved it, I rejoiced to behold it and drink deep the inspiration which flowed from it. Albeit, I was not a Roman Catholic—being a Protestant-Episcopalian, which we contend, is, historically, also Catholic; but, for the love and honor of God and his son Jesus Christ, everything I saw, seemed "meet and proper."

The Church of Saint John Lateran, not for distant from St. Peter's, while it is very much inferior in size to the former, is yet, much older; in fact, it is regarded as the first church in Rome, for two reasons—because it

stands on the site of the original church, in which St. Peter celebrated Mass (the little table used by him still being shown), and again, because it is the parochial-Cathedral Church of the Pope—not Saint Peter's, as many suppose. If the decorations of Saint Peter's Church can possibly be surpassed, then, they are surpassed by those of St. John Lateran; but, in this matter, "seeing is believing."

On Mount Pincio, in the suburbs of Rome, I found the fashionable park of Rome. Here were throngs of the people, and a grand procession of beautiful—rich equipages. As I was employing "shank's mares," after resting from my climb and silently observing the novel sight, I retraced my steps; and, in my hotel room, wrote a letter to the Cleveland Leader, which was duly, published.

#### MEETING THE POPE.

Going to the office of the American Express Company on the day of our anticipated departure for Florence, indeed, after our trunks had been checked, I was handed a letter; and, upon opening it, I discovered that it was a letter of introduction from Rev. Father William McMahon, editor of the Catholic Universe, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Rev. John P. Farrelly, who was then at the head of the American College, in Rome, requesting him to use his influence to secure for me and my wife, a meeting with the "Pope of Rome,"—His Holiness Pius X, now deceased. The courtesy of this letter of introduction was secured for me through the kindly offices of my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Agnes Geraldine Green, the beloved wife of Captain William Roscoe Green, my eldest living son, who was then (and still is) a devoted communicant of the Catholic Church.

Immediately going to the great palace of the Vatican, I easily came in touch with the private secretary of Rev-

erend Farrelly, now Rt. Rev. John P. Farrelly, Bishop of the Diocese of Ohio. After delivering my letter to the distinguished prelate and taking his instructions, in the premises, the secretary delivered to me a note addressed to Monseignor Bisleti, Maggiodomo of the Pontifical household (Major Domo, we call it, in English).

On presenting the note to this august official, he looked straight at me, smiled, blandly, and extended his hand, in a friendly way. I, in our raw western way, seized the hand, pressed it, slightly, and gave it a hearty shake. "Ah," exclaimed his highness—the Major Domo, "you are from America!" "Yes, your highness," I replied, "I am from the United States of America." "And you are not a Catholic?" he added; "and you wish to meet His Holiness—The Pope?" I said, it was true, that, I was not a Catholic; but, that, my son, mentioned, and his wife were faithful Catholics. How long do you remain in Rome?" he queried. "Our trunks are checked for Florence," I suggested; "but, in order to meet The Pope, we will await your good pleasure."

After this colloquy, he presented me to his own secretary, who gave me a card of instructions—partly in the Italian language, for our guidance, in dressing ourselves; and bade me to be present in the Cortile St. Damasco, a large hall, at the head of the "Scala Pia"—a grand stair-way, at 12 o'clock, on the following day. Needless to say, we obeyed our instructions, literally; and were there at the appointed time.

The instructions called for a black costume with a short black veil, for Mrs. Green; while this writer was required to don an "evening costume,"—the conventional "dress suit" with the immaculate white shirt front and tie.

Since all save our traveling attire were packed in our absent trunks, we had recourse to a costumer, near by, who, for a reasonable consideration, furnished us nicely.

However—I say it with regret—I forgot, when disrobing (after the reception), to transfer back again, to my own vest pocket, a beautiful fountain pen, a Christmas present, from my wife and children—which, out of an abundance of precaution, I had put into the pocket of my hired vest. Whether or not that polite costumer is still holding that regretted pen for me—after eleven years—who can tell!

Promptly, as the hour of twelve o'clock rang out, we reached the landing of the Scala Pia, were courteously received and shown to seats; there were several others who were there on a similar mission; and, together, we expectantly, awaited the summons.

In the meantime, however, we were not, in the least, afflicted with ennui; for there was much going on which, being novel and interesting, enchained our attention. Here and there flitted the richly attired house messengers, in their beautiful brocaded, crimson costumes and faithful, at their posts, were the far-famed Swiss guards, wearing their parti-colored uniforms, and in pike-men's armour, and much besides.

Soon the signal came to us; and, following the usher (?), we slowly passed through a series of richly furnished rooms—some of them "throne-rooms," hung with rare and costly Gobelin tapestries, the like of which we had never before beheld. I think we passed through ten different rooms, counting the large reception room, in which we were, at first detained; finally, we entered a room which adjoined the one in which Pius X. Pontifex Maximus—The Pope of Rome, was awaiting our arrival. In this ante-chamber of honor, stood several officers-in-waiting, wearing with becoming dignity, as part of their uniform, "gold crested helmets, and gold cross-belts, which focused the sun's rays." Their gold epauletts gave them a grand military appearance.

After the lapse of a minute or two a noble cardinal,

clad in his violet colored vestments and wearing his scarlet cap, appeared, followed by Pius X. We kneel on a low, velvet covered bench, as we behold the benign, paternal form and features of this Man of God. Every feature, every lineament of his kindly face bespeaks a benediction.

Noiselessly, he approaches us, extending to each one of us his hand, bearing the ring with the papal seal of authority. Each one of us kissed the ring, and he passed on; however, last, but not least, he approached a darkly bronzed little man, who, from his apparel and demeanor, convinced me that he was a humble Priest of the Church, one who, perchance, had just returned from some far distant sphere of service, where, in sunshine and in shadow, he had been, for long years, toiling for God and his Church.

One kiss of the ring did not satisfy this faithful child of the Church—he would see more of the “Holy Father,”—and he imprinted kiss after kiss, not only on the ring, but on the hand that wore it. The Pope said kindly words to him; and then—we all separated—for aye.

My late deceased wife, Mrs. Annie L. Green, during this ceremony, held in one of her hands three rosaries which she had bought, for loved ones at home; and when, after the reception, His Holiness, standing under the canopy which is above the throne, pronounced a benediction, in the Latin tongue, we felt that they would be doubly precious to our Catholic children and “Mother” Bolden, on our return to Cleveland. In due time, she presented them; and, quite naturally, they were gratefully accepted. My present wife and I, were solemnly impressed, when, a few years later, we heard Rev. Fr. Malloy, in pronouncing a funeral discourse over the remains of “Mother” Bolden, characterize her as “a saint;” and we rejoiced to know that, at least, we had contributed our mite towards her happiness, as stated above.

From that reception room, we wended our way back again, through the richly decorated, gilded, tapestried rooms—back again into the great Royal Court of the Vatican—the Vatican, grandest and richest in treasures of all palaces in the world. Down the grand stairway we descend again; and now, once more, we are under the dome of heaven—the blue Italian skies look down upon us, and golden vernal sun shines upon us, while we inhale the balmy atmosphere, which bewitches the birds to assert themselves in rhapsodies of song.

We have met the Pope! His great big fatherly heart could not endure the horrors of that damnable "World War." He could not endure to see the throats of his faithful priests and children cut, while, precious treasures of sacred worth, cathedrals and altars, were beaten down and desecrated; and so, he gave up the ghost; and was gathered with those worthies who had gone before him, into the Heavenly Fold.

Early the next morning, having been provided with a list of "pensions"—the accepted designation of the large, semi-hotels, which accommodate many thousands of tourists, in Italy and other Mediterranean states, we followed our baggage to Florence—the beautiful, famous city, at the foot of the Appennines—on both sides of the river Arno, named for her profusion of lovely flowers.

On our way, in the taxi—still accompanied by Doctor and Mrs. Graham—our enthusiastic "jehu" cracked his resounding whip and urged forward his steeds with well nigh electrical rapidity; suddenly a halt! So forceful and pronounced, that, it almost piled us in a heap, warned us of our danger. Investigation proved to us that, we were right up against the forward wheels of a tram-car; and our lives had been saved as by a miracle. Verily, "in the midst of life, we are in death!" We crossed the famous Arno river, over one of several long bridges, and in a few minutes, we were, snugly ensconced in a com-

fortable suite of a pension. May I remark here, that, never, in any instance, since we parted from our great ship, had we experienced any trouble or even inconvenience, by reason of the fact that, we were colored people; and even our friends, the Grahams, who were "well-to-do" white people, expressed deep regret when, at Florence, we had reached the "dividing of the road,"—and they were from Missouri, too.

After remaining, for a few days, in this ancient city, wandering around, — scanning hurriedly many great "master-pieces" in miles of picture galleries, in the Uffizi and Pitti Palaces; strolling through great cathedrals, and climbing to the top of the great Campanile tower; we began to weary of the excitement, and long for a change; so, we gave our traveling companions our blessing—bowed our heads to receive theirs, and turned our faces in another direction—they for Cologne; we, for Paris, and back to London. Right here, it must be stated, that, the following references made to Venice and Vienna, relate to a prior trip made by me, in 1893, when I toured all alone. In Paris, I was given the address of Bamfido, by the associate of young James Gordon Bennett, who had succeeded his illustrious father, in the ownership of the New York Herald, and the enjoyment of the paternal legacies bequeathed to him.

Mr. Bennett was, just then, spending a good deal of his time at Monte Carlo, on his yacht and in the boulevards and places of Parisian amusements; so, I frequently saw his alter ego, and made the most of him.

We arrived in Venice by moonlight; and it was, to me, a wierd, spectral scene—that of being "sculled" through the labarynthine canals, in the night season, housed up in the plush lined little cabin of the gondola. When the boaman would get to the turning of the canal, he would signal, by saying Auch! which sound was echoed and re-echoed. I had, before leaving home, just

finished reading Dickens' Little Dorritt, and the experiences in Venice, of Mrs. General and the General family, were still in my mind. I could almost hear and see them, in their pleasures and perplexities; and that same Corinne, the heroine of Mme. DeStael's story, of which mention has been made, was, ever and anon—in my mind. The Cathedral of St. Marc, very ancient; the Doges Palace, equally so; the Bridge of Sighs; the Execution Chamber, down in the deep dungeon, with the grooves leading to the three small holes, through which the blood of the executed victim escaped, after decapitation; the Grand Canal, lined, on both sides with the palaces of ancient days; the palace in which Othello wooed, won and murdered Desdemona; the palace in which Lord Byron lived and drank down inspiration for his Don Juan and other love poems; the palace of Caesar Borgia and others of the notorious, famous Borgia family; the Rialto, which was old when Shakespeare wrote of it. These and many other wonderful and suggestive objects, to say nothing of some of the greatest canvases, by many of the most illustrious painters who have ever lived, kept me busy several days, and parts of nights to my "heart's content."

It was jolly and picturesque on the Piazza (pronounced Pe-at-za) St. Marco; at night. A large well-trained "brass-band," discoursed sweet and classical music, and the beautiful Venetian ladies with their stylish escorts promenaded—not "to the lascivious pleasing of a lute," as Shakespeare puts it, but rather, to the dulcet cadences of the band, bathed in the silvery sheen of that Itlaian Moon-light. It was a queer, poetic experience, which I enjoyed, when I had to board a gondola and sail to the bank!

Here, again, I must warn the dear reader, that, for a more lucid and comprehensive description of Venice as well as others of which I briefly speak, he must turn to

well known and easily accessible books of travel; I am only a viator, illustrating, in a humble way, the depths from which a colored-American has climbed and the heights to which he has attained, in a short life.

Lo, we will sail back to the rail-way station, in the morning; and, hence, we will betake us to Vienna, the "most beautiful city in Europe," according to Mr. Chas. F. Brush.

#### VIENNA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

When I arrived in beautiful Vienna, on the seventh day of May, 1893, a fleecy snow about six inches deep, was covering the ground; to say, I was surprised, puts it mildly, so far advanced was the spring season; but, before night, it had all disappeared, before the mid-day sun.

After registering, at a reputable hotel, I sallied forth and found "Cook's office," for "Cook," as all travelers on the Continent know, is of very great advantage to the tourist, in many respects. Going into the main reception room, where were collected numerous persons, I exclaimed, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard all over the room: "Is there any gentleman here who speaks English?" A voice, almost familiar, answered, "Yes, Senator Green; I speak English!" Drawing mutually, near to each other, I inquired of him as to his identity. "Why," said he, "I represent The William Edwards Company of Cleveland; and, I rode in the same car with you from Columbus to Cleveland, a few weeks ago."

Of course, we had an interesting conversation, together, after that; and I look back to that incident as being one of the most enjoyable of my trip.

In concluding the last chapter, I remarked the admiration of Mr. Chas. F. Brush, for Vienna, and, indeed, my visit to that capital city was due almost entirely to his wise suggestion. I have never regretted it.

Here, I felt myself more "at home," than in any other city visited by me, London, only, excepted. This feeling

I attribute, in great part, to three circumstances, which are familiar to my home life:

First, the German population of Cleveland is so numerous, that, the people of the same race, in the streets of Vienna reminded me forcibly of them;

Secondly, the German language, spoken by every one, there, reminded me of the same tongue which is heard in the streets and marts of trade, so frequently, in my home town; and,

Thirdly, the weather, on May 7th, and 8th, was just such cold, wet and disagreeable weather as one frequently experiences near Lake Erie in the months of March and April.

I shall spend a little more of time and space in referring to my sojourn in this city, than I have with reference to some other great cities, in my route; especially because, she is now the forlorn victim of her own folly—the folly of her old Emperor, deceased—and some of his unfortunate advisers, who “still live and breathe.” That once noble, rich and influential city, today, cut off from her former associates, cast down from her high pedestal, her currency depreciated, her resources almost exhausted; the women and children, in many instances, starving in her streets; she sits, metaphorically, like another “Rachel, weeping for her children; refusing to be comforted, for, her children are not”—doing a bitter penance, for the sins of others.

Now, here is a brief description of my Vienna, as I found her, twenty-seven years ago:—“set on a hill”—plateau; built not more for stability and business, than for beauty; bountifully watered by a tributary stream of “the beautiful blue Danube;” ornamented by shade trees and shrubbery, statuary, squares, parks and Gothic cathedrals; and peopled by as rosy-cheeked and healthful a population as ever one could wish to behold.

The streets which were all smoothly and substantially paved, with cubes of granite, asphaltum and "Nicholson" blocks, upon a concrete foundation, a foot thick, were not allowed to become filthy; but, a small army of men and boys, with brooms and pans, were ever alert, to prevent accumulations. The equipages with their "out-riders" and "foot-men", were both numerous and brilliant, being drawn by some of the best looking and most spirited horses in the world.

In scanning the names of the streets, I found some most suggestive of historical events, some of them, sad events. There, for instance, was the street, Grand Duke Maximilian. This name recalled the fact that, I was in the home of that sadly unfortunate young nobleman, who, at the behest of his superior lords and Napoleon III, invaded Mexico, at a time when the fate of our glorious Union and the freedom of four millions of human beings hung in the balance; and attempted, in defiance of our Monroe Doctrine, to obtain a lodgment on these western shores for European despotism.

As I traveled through some of those countries and noted their streets, restaurants, parks and boulevards, were sprayed with Military; when I considered the great wealth and aggregate resources of these monarchies, I felt like congratulating my own fellow citizens on the fact that, early in our national existence, we drew the line; and that, to this day, we have enforced our doctrine—"America for Americans,"—hands off!

The K. K| Hofburg theatre is grand in its proportions, massive in its structure and elaborate in its interior decorations. Looking at it from a distance, one is forcibly reminded of the Grand Opera House in Paris; tho, of course, the Paris structure is *sui generis*—unique—incomparable.

The Parliament House is an imposing pile, semicircular, concave, in front, and has wings on either side of

the central body. Groups of large Corinthian pillars give this building a truly classical appearance. At each corner, on top of the structure, looking towards each of the cardinal points, are colossal groups of bronze statuary representing Peace and Victory, drawn in chariots by three great horses, rampant. Peace is extending the olive branch, and Victory, the laurel wreath.

Then, there is that grand monument of pure Gothic architecture. St. Stephen's cathedral, very old and quite unique. Its central spire almost kisses the clouds, in a sense; while clustered around it is a group of small ones; and these combined, produce the effect intended by the originators of Gothic architecture, that of their forest home.

The Goths (from whom this style of architecture takes its name)—and the Vandals, came trooping down from their mountain fastnesses and bleak houses, into the fertile plains and flower gardens of Italy and France. They took possession of what they found; but, never could efface from their memories the scenes of their former environment.

So, when they began to worship our God and build huge temples, within which to perform their devotional duties, they endeavored by means of this Gothic style to imitate nature, as seen in the forest. Hence, the trunks of trees, imitated in the formation of the columns; and the limbs, twigs and buds, spreading out and sustaining the roof; the pointed arches, combining to make the nave and transept resemble an arbor; to say nothing of the niches, here and there, like clefts in rocks, holding statuary; the horrid gargoyles, imitating fierce animals of the forest, peering over the eaves, discharging the waste water from the roof; the stained glass windows giving that twilight-cathedral effect within, imitating the beauties of the illumined heavens; and the spires, ornamented with swelling-bursting buds, pointing like

tall pines, straight heavenward. Such is Gothic Architecture, as seen in some parts of Europe.

Two government buildings, located, respectively, on opposite sides of a lovely garden or platz—one containing the Museum of Fine Arts, and the other, the Museum of Natural History. In the Platz are to be seen groups of stauary, and a heroic monument, with a statue of Maria Therese, late Empress of Austria.

I spent the greater part of one day, rambling through the long galleries of the Museum of Fine Arts; and, if you would like to know something of a very few of its famous masterpieces, I will tell you.

There were two, by Michael Coxie, who flourished between 1499 and 1592, representing the Garden of Eden, before and after the Fall. The difference between innocence and guilt, as pictured in the countenances of Adam and Eve, before and after they had sinned, stamps the picture as one worthy of great note. Some of Franz Snyder's paintings come next, representing, almost to perfection, all the various fishes, amphibiae and curiosities of the sea.

One hangs around them a long time and reflects on the marvelous skill and patience of this great painter.

In another corner, I came upon a neat painting by De Crayes, 1584-1669, representing the removal of the Saviour from the cross.

It is the most realistic picture I have ever seen. There, you see the pierced side, with blood and water issuing from it, just as if one stood in the very presence; the gaping wounds in the hands, feet and side, move to pity and beget in one, feelings of awe. Around the wounds, in the hands and feet, the flesh is discolored and swollen, telling the story of his agony and death, O!—so vividly. The pose, the features, the tints and all the characteristics of this wonderful painting are such as to suggest a better life, to the one who beholds and reflects.

Another picture which enchains one to the spot, is entitled, "Saint Ignats Casting Out Devils." In this painting Saint Ignats stands upon an elevation, in front of a great Cathedral or other consecrated pile; around him crowd a multitude of people who have come or been brought to him, to have devils cast out of them. The skill of the great painter seems to have been mainly exercised in depicting the miseries of those possessed of devils.

With features and limbs distorted in every possible shape, they present a horrible sight. One, in particular, is a woman who occupies a position in the foreground. She is prostrated; her countenance is livid; her eyeballs, with a stony glare, protrude from their sockets; her tongue lolls out; her hair is disheveled; altogether, she presents an appearance which, once seen, can never be forgotten.

At a distance from St. Ignats, making their escape, is a group of horned-spike tailed devils, glaring backwards, as they flee.

In another gallery of this museum, Tintoretto gives, as a nude study, Beauty in the Bath. There are those who take exception to this style of picture, as being too suggestive, for the young, if not, indeed, downright, vulgar; but, as interpreted by this great master, the pose is so graceful, the execution so artistic and free from any impure suggestion, that, I failed to note any improper effect produced. Only feelings of admiration for the noblest, best and most beautiful of God's creatures—the "human form divine."

One piece of statuary, and I will have finished. It is a group of three personages, chiseled out of one solid block of marble. A Roman soldier, clutched in his left hand, holds aloft an "innocent," aged about 18 months; his right hand rests on the hilt of his sword; while the babe, conscious of its danger, extends its little hands,

with supplicating cries, towards his frantic mother, who, struggling, half prostrate at the soldier's feet, strives, in vain, to stay the blow.

This group alone, is sufficient to immortalize any artist; it is by Incenzo Francaroli.

I have many times since that visit to Vienna, longed to visit her once again, and make a stay more or less protracted; but, age coming on apace, and the unspeakable ravages of the "World War," have put it beyond my power; however, possessing that God-given faculty—memory, I can still live over those happy days, and learn to be content with them.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE AUSTRIAN TYROL—PARIS—IRELAND.

The enormous expense of constructing railroads in southern and central Europe, dawns upon one as he passes through those regions the mountain ranges of the Alps and Appennines, give a succession of heights and valleys to be negotiated, which, at times, almost startle one. The deep cuts through rocky regions; the spanning of yawning chasms and tunneling for miles and miles, through the bowels of the earth, pile up the expense to fabulous proportions; and did not governments, at times, come to the fore and assist in the consummation of these works, so necessary and convenient for all the people, it is questionable, whether they would be accomplished.

As being apropos to the subject under consideration, I recall some reflections made by a learned commentator on that passage of the Holy Scriptures, wherein the Apostle Paul says, to the Corinthians, \* \* “and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains;” the writer referred to, maintains that faith has removed mountains in the only sense practicable; for, that, when faith, which begets and stimulates works, bores a passage-way through the mountain, and gives both ingress and egress—the mountain being no longer an obstacle, is practically removed.

One noticeable peculiarity in the construction of locomotives used on the railroads, lies in the fact that, they

have no "cow-catchers" attached to them; not for the reason, however, that Artemas Ward gave when he was traveling in the west, long ago; "Conductor!" Ward exclaimed, "I can't see of what use these cow-catchers are to anyone. The trains move so slowly that, there is no possibility of running over a cow; but, if they were taken off the front of the engine and fastened to the rear of the train, they might prevent some ill-mannered cow from intruding on the passengers."

Speaking of tunnels; the Mount Cenis tunnel, between France and Italy, has them all beaten, so to speak; it took the train twenty-seven minutes to pass through it, going at what seemed a high rate of speed.

So much has been written by tourists concerning the grandeur and beauties of Alpine scenery, that, it seems well nigh presumptuous for me to attempt to enlarge upon the same subject; but, with becoming modesty, I trust, I will venture a few suggestions. The Appennine Mountains covered in the month of May with the first offerings of spring, and bathed in an atmosphere laden with the odors of the sweet acacia blossoms, seem to be clothed in Nature's "most beautiful garment;" but, when in the midst of the snow-covered Alps, in that portion of Switzerland, watered by the beautiful river Inn and the sources of the Rhine, I found that the half had not been told.

Remembering the old saying—"poeta nascitur, non fit," a poet is born, not made, I hesitate to attempt even rhyme, not to mention poetry; but, who that possesses a soul, can be whirled through that section of Switzerland, between Insbruck and Zurich, in the spring-time, and restrain his muse, if he has one; such an one must be dull, indeed.

Imagine yourself passing over a bridge which leaps across a chasm, "full fifty fathoms deep!" In the foreground, you see, in the form of an ellipse, a peaceful val-

ley, watered by a pretty rippling stream, as pure as nectar and as blue as the cerulean sky above it, ever and anon, dashing over its rocky bed, which imparts to it that unspeakable beauty which no canvas has yet portrayed; while, nestling within the shadow of some towering height, a little village bides its time, until the return of those who till the fruitful fields or guard the fleecy flocks.

Over all, some distance removed, like sentinels, grim and gray, Olympus heads, crowned with perennial snow, look down upon the clouds.

Small wonder then, that the writer, influenced by such surroundings, should mount and give loose rein to his impetuous Pegasus, and for once, at least, sing of—

Those dreamy heights,  
Where Nature's cradle ever rocks;  
And verdant vales, where shepherds watch their feeding flocks;  
Where waters blue with murmuring cadence never still,  
    Prolong the sound  
Of humming spindles, in the mill;  
And flowers so sweet,  
Where busy bees, with ceaseless move,  
    Inspire our faith  
And whisper in our soul, that,  
    God is love!

It is no wonder that these Swiss people are brave and honorable, for, reared, amongst these crags and cliffs and indurated to hardships and perils, from infancy, it is natural for them to be as rugged, brave and free, as their mountain homes and the pure atmosphere which they breathe; and, in the march of time, they have not only achieved their own religious and political liberties, but have rendered valuable assistance to others, along the same lines.

Here, we learn of William Tell and Winkelried. The one defied the tyrant Gesler, while the other, at the supreme moment of his country's peril, converged the

bristling spears of the enemy towards his own breast, and thus, "made way for liberty."

The shores of the beautiful lake on which the city of Zurich is built present a scene which will some day in the future, be rivaled by the south shore of our Lake Erie, in places. Along the whole distance pretty towns and villas have sprung into existence, with flower-gardens, green lawns, trellised vines and the like, which give one the impression as the train passed from one to another, that he is, indeed, in fairy land, at last.

There are numerous little docks, for the convenience of canoes and yachtsmen; and as our train sped by, we could see the numerous white-winged craft gliding over the bosom of the blue lake, for the pleasure and health of their occupants. Snug bath-houses too, were dotting the shores, at convenient distances, which proved that, the people in that vicinity, at least, were taking advantage of this precious and oft-neglected privilege. I would like to become ecstatic over the golden sun sinking behind the snow-capped mountains, etc., etc., but space forbids. Vale, Zurich! Au revoir.

#### PARIS AND IRELAND.

Since making my first visit to Paris, in 1893, so many changes have taken place, in the appearance of the big—gay city, and so numerous have been the persons, from the United States, who have visited this mecca of the gay and fashionable, that, what I shall say in the following, may be read more as contrasting the metropolis of the present with that of the past, than as a correct description of the city as it now appears; nevertheless, even the contrast, may appeal to those who are prone to seeking—"something different."

When I was leaving my home for an outing, on the other side of the "big pond," the story entitled, *Trilby*—by Dumourier, predicated on conditions and transactions,

amongst the art students who have their habitat in the famous Latin Quarter of Paris, was "the rage;" everyone who cared for the novel and spicy recitals, pertaining to the grisette and even the demimonde of the joyful city was, devouring it with avidity; hence, many of my genial friends said to me, by way of jest, I suppose, "Be sure and write us a letter from Trilby-land!" In giving my promise to do so, I little dreamed that I had undertaken a contract most difficult to perform. The difficulty arose not so much from a scarcity of materials out of which to write such a letter, as out of a superabundance of data from which I dared select.

What most astonishes the average wayfarer, in Paris, with reference to social vices, is not so much that they abound as the fact that they are patent to the casual observer, and flaunt themselves almost in the faces of passers-by, on the public thoroughfares.

I have no doubt that these conditions exist, to the last degree of baseness, in other great centers of population; but, the police restrictions and repressions are such that, the veil is drawn—the screen is placed, and doors are bolted; while in Paris (at that time, bear in mind), a man could run and see the carryings on, in some parts of the great city.

However, I well knew that, I could write no Trilby letter, unless I visited the Quartier Latin, or Latin Quartier as we call it. I, in my ignorance of the French pronunciation went along inquiring for the Quartier Latin just as tho I were in the streets of London; but I received a blank stare and a negative nod of the head, instead of the desired information. Finally, when my patience had been worn thread-bare, I wrote the name on my memorandum book, and presented it to a passer-by; he scanned it, and exclaimed "Ah, ze Cash-er Lat-an!" and gave me all needed information for finding it. The Latin Quarter is not remote from the heart of the city; it is just across

the river Seine, a mere "stone's throw" from the ancient cathedral; Notre Dame, a few minutes walk from the Palace of Justice and in easy communication with the public buildings of the nation and city.

In this Quarter, there are many stately buildings, having in the center of them, or at one end, large, tall entrances, arched at the top; and one invariably, reads on a placard near by, the inscription, "a louer, appartements or ateliers;" that is to say, rooms for rent—in brief. It was in one of these buildings, Du Maurier informs us in his readable book, the Taffy, Little Billee, Trilby, Sven-gali and others of the coterie held their social gatherings; and beyond doubt, it was in some of the numerous brasseries, in the immediate vicinity, where they were accustomed to resort, for the purpose of securing their refreshments—both liquid and solid.

These brasseries are a species of cafe and saloon blended, having large awnings in front of them, covering the side-walk, and sheltering guests from the sun and inclement weather. Upon the side-walk, in front of the brasserie, were numerous small tables, with chairs, for the accommodation of the convivial guests—a motly group of art students from the four corners of the earth; and their cheerful-frivolous grisettes, young girls, who, after the end of their day's work, spend the remainder of the evening in the manner which DuMaurier has so vividly depicted.

The time to behold them in their glory was between the hours of 8 and 12, at night; when the students, relaxed from their studies, and the Trilbies go out for a promenade and refreshments. I would not have the reader infer that these grisettes are all or even principally, persons of unchaste character; for, on the contrary, many of them are girls, poor but honest; who, sometimes, adopt this method of securing recreation, evenings, after the day's work is ended.

Not far from the Quarter, were the Barracks, where many soldiers were quartered; and one could frequently see, mingled with the gay and lively throng, which is always to be found there, many zouzous and Dodos in their bright, catchy uniforms, as in the days of Little Billee and Trilby.

There too, were students, conspicuous in long flowing gowns, parti-coloured cloaks and mantles, and peculiar shaped head-gear, "a smokin' of their pipes."

In one of these large buildings, I found many conveniences, pertaining to a club room, such as small tables, chairs, desks and writing materials; also, cards, chess and checker boards, and reading miscellany; while, in the hall overhead, the wierd and seductive sounds of stringed instruments, the shuffling of feet and the boisterous peals of laughter, were easily, suggestive of the same old "can-can" which we read about, in the famous novel:

Well might Durien sing of the

*"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'n moment;  
Chagrin d'amour dure tout le vie."*

That is to say; the pleasures of passion (love) endure only for the flitting moment; the vexations of love last all our life.

Hard by, as I have said, the towers of old Notre Dame, black and gray with age, loom up towards heaven, hundreds of feet; chiseled deep in the broad buttresses of this cathedral, on the facade of the same, one reads the words "Liberte,' Egalite,' Fraternite,'" as if those heroes of the French Revolution, who struggled for recognition, in the long ago, distrusted even heaven, itself, and were determined to cut the sentiment so deep in the stone, that it could not be effaced. Yet, I have seen words carved equally deep in the stone obliterated; as, witness the effacement of the name of the original architect of the "Old Court House," on our Public Square, which was

done after he expressed joy at the assassination of the immortal Lincoln, on the day, on which he died. Therefore, I infer, from the fact that the French inscription, still remains intact, that the French people still endorse that grand sentiment, and proclaim, to all the world—*Liberte', Egalite', Fraternite'*.

Also, closely allied with the Latin Quarter is the Hotel Dieu, which stands diagonally opposite to the old cathedral. This hospital is a large, solid structure, the capacity of which must be often tried, if one would judge by the large crowds which stand in waiting, at its doors, every morning; men, women and children, of all ages, a motly crowd of the blind, halt and afflicted; such a crowd as crowded around our Savior, when he ministered to the needs of all who, in Faith, came to him.

Perhaps it was this Hotel Dieu, in the vicinity of the Quartier Latin, which suggested to Du Maurier those lines which he put into the mouth of "Trilby," when, under the hypnotic influence of Svengali, she sang, at the Parisian Cirque, so mournfully,

*"Ma chandelle est morte.  
Je n'ai plus feu!  
Ouvre moi ta porte  
Pour l'amour de Dieu!"*

"My candle is out, I have no fire (light); Open to me your door, for the love of God."

Almost directly in the rear of the old cathedral, is the Morgue, on the bank of the Seine, which cuts so conspicuous a figure in the story of poor Trilby. O, what a sombre, suggestive place it is (or was)! Listen to that arch-fiend Svengali's description of it. "There is a little ugly gray building there; and, inside, are eight slanting slabs of brass, all in a row, like beds in a school dormitory; and, one fine day, you shall lie asleep on one of those slabs—you Trilby, who would not listen to Svengali, and therefore, lost him! and over the middle of

you will be a leather apron, and over your head a little brass tap; and all day long and all night, the cold water shall trickle, trickle, trickle—all the way down your beautiful white body to your beautiful white feet, til they turn green; and your poor, damp, muddy draggled rags will hang above you, from the ceiling, for your friends to know you by; drip, drip, drip! But you will have no friends; and people, of all sorts—strangers, will come and stare at you, through the big plate-glass windows—Englanders, chiffoniers, painters and sculptors—workmen, plon-plons, old hags of women; and they will say: “Ah! what a beautiful woman was that!”

Ugh! It makes one shudder to read it in the book; and here I stood, all alone, silently gazing upon the sad remains of just such a creature, fished out of the Seine, the night before—perhaps!

On the occasion of my visit to that same Morgue, I found three bodies reclining on those brass slabs—“all of a row”—one was that of a woman of middle age; there could still be traced, in the even, comely features, super-abundance of lustrous brown hair which lay in rich profusion around the bare shoulders, long eye lashes, heavy eye-brows, even, white teeth—which were apparent through the slightly parted lips, some of that beauty which, in former days, perchance, made her the belle of some social circle. The two others were men—one, far advanced in life, the other, past its meridian—both gray, one bald. The features of one were placid, calm, as if in sleep; while those of the other were distorted, the whole countenance reminding one of Sir Walter Scott’s lines:

“Nor can old age a wrinkle trace  
More deeply than despair.”

There was a large bruise on the forehead, indicating that, he had met death, perchance, through violence.

Those were the bodies of unknown dead, exposed there to the public gaze for identification.

It cannot now, be truthfully said, in the language of Svengali, that the water, "all day long and all night, shall trickle, trickle, trickle, etc.; for, on the contrary, there is now, no leather apron put on the middle of the corpse, nor any "little brass tap," over the head; but the bodies, though somewhat exposed about the neck and shoulders, are quite covered, as to the remainder of the form; and their "damp clothing" is cleansed and laid on top of them. The glass case, within which the bodies recline, on the "slanting slabs," is now kept cold by a refrigerating process, such as is used in commercial affairs.

On the front wall of the Morgue, hung photographs of those who had been buried before identification; so that, a final means remains of identification, long after hope has been resigned, of tracing them.

As I turned to leave this sad place, the bells in the ancient belfry of Notre Dame, chimed out the morning hour, in sad, sweet cadences; while in a small, green park, hard by—just within the shadow of the church, numerous "boozy" men and women courted that rest which the past night had denied them.

"O, it was pitiful!  
In that great city full,  
Home they had none."

The fact that those three public institutions were, so to speak, in one group, is quite significant—

- The Cathedral—a shelter for the soul,
- The Hotel Dieu, to heal the body; and
- The Morgue, for the Last Remains!

The book stalls on the banks of the Seine were objects of much interest to many, with literary inclinations: The palace of the Luxembourg where, annually, the masterpieces of the students of the Latin Quarter,

and others, are placed on exhibition; the great, durable bridges which span the river; the Eifel Tower, kissing the clouds, almost; the Trocadero, remnant of a great World's Fair; the Invalides, sacred to the memory of France's great dead; the Louvre, mecca of those who love art, where can be seen canvases and statuary that cannot be duplicated; the Place de la Concorde, with its Egyptian Obelisk, statuary and memories of the guillotine, of the Revolution; the Arc de Triumph, sacred to the memory of the great Napoleon; the Bois de Boulogne; the Place de la Bastille, and last, but not least—for the ladies, the Bon Marche', where they buy the beautiful and the useful, at a reasonable price.

The great Opera House, would, alone, make any city possessing it, note-worthy; and deserves too extensive a notice to attempt it here; so I will refer the reader to some book of travels, for information in this behalf.

From Paris, we pass over, once more, into the great city of London; and while sojourning there, during the following three months, I embrace the opportunity to study that great town, more thoroughly, before returning again to my native land. However, a description of a hurried trip which I took, previous to this time, to Ireland—

#### THE BEAUTIFUL EMERALD ISLE

may be of interest to my readers. "Old Ireland, the mother of an unfortunate race of men and women, whose deeds are embalmed in story and song—the cradle in which have rocked poets, statesmen, soldiers and martyrs.

Of poets, one may mention Moore, who wrote Lalla Rookh; of statesmen and orators, Henry Grattan, Daniel O'Connell, Sheridan, Burke, Curran and Parnell; of soldiers, the "Iron Duke," Wellington, McMahan, "Joe" Shields, Thomas Francis Meagher, Mulligan, and Corcoran, of the "Bloody 69th," which went into the Battle of Bull Run, stripped to the waist, and "fought like brave

men, long and well," for our glorious Union; and last, but not least, of gallant "Phil" Sheridan, who saved the day at "Winchester, twenty miles away!"

As for scientists, we can mention Sir Humphrey Davey, who invented the little safety lamp, which miners wear to protect them from explosions, when they are at work—

"Down in the coal mines  
Underneath the ground;"

thereby, saving the lives of many miners, every year; and as for martyrs to the cause of Irish liberty, the list may be headed by the name of that immortal Robert Emmett, who died, in his youth and fair promise for the freedom of his native land.

I left the great ship *Campania* at Queenstown, steamed up the beautiful bay to Cork, a large and populous city; the principal business street of which—Patrick street, containing a monument and statue of Father Mathew, in the center of it, reminded me that at last, I was treading the "Auld Sod."

On our way up the bay, we saw a fleet of five German men of war—no submarines, at that time. They had been anchored off the port of Cork for several days, replenishing their larders, and exchanging friendly greetings with the English soldiers, stationed at the various barracks in and near that city; from there, they went to Cowes, on the Isle of Wight, to be present and aid in honoring the festivities incident to the visit of the German Emperor, to his grandma, Queen Victoria. In view of conditions which have prevailed between England and Germany, since the year of which I write, it seems strange to note the bonds of consanguinity which exist between the ex-emperor and the royal family of Great Britain.

After visiting various places of interest in Cork, including the cathedral in which Father Mathew preached and the church, the belfry of which contains the "Sweet Bells of Shannon," which sound so bewitching on the river Lee, I hired an Irish-jaunting car, and started, post-haste for the village of Blarney, and "Blarney Castle," my object being, of course, to kiss the Blarney Stone.

"There is a stone that whoe'er kisses,  
Sure he ne'er misses  
To become illoquent."

The route to Blarney, covering some seven miles, carried me through some of the most lovely landscape scenery which I had ever seen. I was prepared for it; for, it was "one day in May," and my expectation had been quickened, years and years before that time. Going out by an ancient road, known as Sunday's-well-road, named for an ancient well which was noted for the healing qualities of its waters, we passed several chateaus or country residences, which might well be compared to Eden. Over our heads, at times, the interlacing boughs and foliage formed a veritable arbour; and when we emerged from it, near the end of our route, we experienced the sensation of coming from a leafy, flowery tunnel; and the River Lee, winding its tortuous way through the beautiful green valley, at the foot of the hill, gave to the whole scene a freshness and delight, which, once experienced, can never be forgotten.

But, here we are, at Blarney, a little village, a very old town, nestled amongst the hills, and hard by, is the renowned, old and gray—Blarney Castle, telling of party strife and conflicts, numerous and severe, in the "long ago"—an anachronism on the face of the fruitful earth.

As I was entering the grounds upon which the Castle stands, I met Sir George Colthurst, the present

(then) owner of the Castle, a youthful, good-looking man; and I wondered whether he had won his "Spurs," or had the title by inheritance or favor; for, we all know, that, in Ireland, conditions are "not always what they seem." However, we enter the ancient castle, and begin climbing up, up—up, a space of at least 100 feet, to the parapet, suspended under which and held in position by two strong iron braces, is the famous stone.

Just here, in passing, it may not be amiss to mention three other famous, little old stones which I had encountered in my peregrinations, in Great Britain. There is, in West Minster Abbey, a very old stone, known as the stone brought from Scone, in Scotland, on which the Scottish kings, from time immemorial, had been crowned; then, in the British Museum, is to be seen a little—old stone, known as the Rosetta Stone; which was discovered near Cairo, in Egypt, during Napoleon's expedition in that land; and is called "Rosetta Stone," for the town of Rosetta, near which it was found; it is polished on one side, and contains an inscription in three different languages—Egyptian hieroglyphics, Greek and Latin. It furnished the key for deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics; and, in that way, has been of priceless value in the difficult work of unraveling Egyptian history.

I found another on the top of Ross Castle, on the banks of the Lakes of Killarney, which, for the want of a better name, I will term, the Kissing Stone. It is said, that, whoever kisses this stone, can, thereafter, kiss any girl he wishes to kiss; as I did not kiss that stone, I have no means of verifying the old tradition.

Going back to the Blarney Stone; it is no small task to kiss the Blarney stone; for, in order to perform the osculatory feat, one must be held head downward over the parapet, with a yawning chasm of not less than one hundred feet beneath him, at the imminent risk of his life. This writer, however, who was suspended by his

ankles, by two accommodating tourists, performed the feat out of consideration for a group of true and tried Irish friends, in far away America; and if, in the future, he should indulge in more or less "blarney," the reason therefor can be easily explained.

Here is the traditionary origin of the Blarney Stone, as given to me "on the spot," by an Irishman. Once upon a time, "The McCarthy," who founded the castle, on returning from the chase, with a friend, heard cries of distress from the direction of the River Lee, near by. On investigation, they found two sisters in the extremity of drowning; and, thereupon, they, right manfully, rescued them. In return for this act, one of the sisters told "The McCarthy," to go and look under the parapet, on the front side of his castle, and he would discover a stone, about three feet in length and two in width, which, if he had the courage to lean over and kiss, would make him thenceforward, invincible against all enemies, in battle. "The McCarthy" did as he was directed; and from that time forward, no one of his neighboring foes could prevail against him. Hence the "Blarney stone."

From Blarney, I went, next, to Killarney, a pretty village, sustained, largely by the generosity of tourists, who flock here, during the summer season, to enjoy the wonderfully beautiful scenery of the Lakes of Killarney.

"O, did you e'er hear of Kate Kearney;  
She lived on the banks of Killarney;  
Believe it from me, no heart could be free  
If it heard the sweet sound of her blarney."

I have paraphrased the foregoing lines, somewhat, as I do not remember the exact words of the winsome song. I was informed by my guide (who, by the way, had resided for years, in our State of New Hampshire), that Kate Kearney had such beautiful, long hair, that, once, when following the big game, she pursued a roe to the

top of the Toro Mountain, her hair flowed down to its base!

But, these refreshing lakes and their surrounding scenery! O, the beauty of Nature, as God made her! She, verily, has no rival. While the lakes are pure and limpid, with an atmosphere full of vitality, yet the scenery on their banks surpasses all.

Here you find, mingled in rich luxuriance, the oak, the elm and the beech tree fully matured; then we see, in all their perfected beauty the holly, the arbutus, the yew, the rhododendron, the bay, the Mountain ash, silver fir, and great beds of roses of Sharon and ferns, such as this writer had never seen before. There, too, is ancient "Ross Castle" with some of the identical old bronze guns, still mounted, which fired upon Ludlow and his followers, whom Oliver Cromwell had sent to reduce the castle, in 1640.

On the top of the ancient stronghold, which was founded in the 14th century, is the "kissing stone," referred to, in the foregoing.

I found, over in Ireland, that "foine ould Irish gentleman," of whom I had read so much. He is a verity; bubbling over with wit and humor, and abounding in that "sweet Irish brogue," of which the late General Scott spoke, from the balcony of our American House, 'way back in the fifties, when he was a Presidential candidate, and was courting the Irish vote.

My guide, already referred to, was full of wit and humor. Pointing to a high mountain, near the lakes, with an indentation on the top of it, he said: "Do you see that gap in the ridge of the mountain?" I nodded, affirmatively. "Well, thin," he said, "that little gap is called 'the divil's bite!' Whin the O'Donoghue held Ross Castle, over there, which was the last in Ireland to surrender to the forces of Cromwell, the divil, one day, did give him some of his impertinence; and O'Donoghue give

'im sich er whack on his divilish back, wid his blackthorn sthick, that, the divil run roaring to yon mountain an' bit a piece out of the hump av it, an sphit it out in the lake, jesht where ye see that little island; an' (lowering his voice) its the only speck o' land that the divil owns around these lakes; Glory be tc God!"

Pointing to another high mountain, not far removed, he said: "There's a lake upon the top o' that mountain, an' its the deepest in the wurrold. "One day, there was a Yankee hero, an' he sed, they had deeper lakes in Amerika than that one; he said, they had 'em three miles deep, in the Rocky Mountains. I told 'im shure, that was nothin'; fer, one day, an Amerikin gentleman thried to schwim across it, but, whin he got in the middle of the lake, the cramps took him, an' he begun ter sink; an' he didn't shtop intil he reached Austraily, whin his feet hit the head uv a young lady who was passing by an' hurted her. She sued 'im fer damages; but he wus a pore man in the kentry, havin' left even his close behind 'im! So, they settled by marryin' av each other; fer good lookin' men was 'mazingly sceerce in Austraily, thin."

On my route from Killarney to Dublin, we passed through sections where a great many "shanties," in a tumbled down-foresaken condition could be seen. I inquired the cause of this forlorn condition, and was informed that the former tenants of them, had left Ireland—had emigrated to the United States, owing to the severities of the "land-lord" system in Ireland. Some, they said had also gone to Australia and Canada; but, by far, the larger number to the great Republic. At one station in Tipperary, I bought of an elderly Irish woman a blackthorn cane—a shillelah; as I received it from her, she remarked, with a twinkle in her eye, "We calls 'em Tipperary rifles, over here!"

When the train stopped at another station, a scene occurred which filled my eyes with some of those tears

for the shedding of which, more or less of merriment was called forth, at home: Two pretty Irish girls, bound for the United States, were in the act of taking leave of the "Auld Sod." The older and stronger one was using all her influence and authority to prevent a "scene," but was unequal to the task; for, as the train slowly pulled away from the platform, the younger one began to scream and hysterically sob out, "O, Mother! Mother! Let me go to my poor old mother!" "Arrah, hush, now!" exclaimed the other. "None o' that! Didn't I tell ye that oid hev none o' that," and she caught her by the arm, and pulled her, by main force, from the window. "Mother! O, Mother!" persisted the younger one, "Let me go! Let me go to my dear mother! Let me wave a handkerchief at her once more!" She sobbed; and tearing herself from her sister's grasp, she thrust her head through the window, and, frantically, waved a last adieu, which, one could plainly see, carried her whole heart with it, to the dearest and best friend that she had on earth. Then, resuming her seat, she wept as tho her heart was breaking, until the train was far removed from the sad scene!

Since that sad parting, in Ireland, I have never met a group of Irish emigrants, on land or sea, without recurring to it; and say what we may of the Irish in Ireland, I shall ever believe that the ties of kinship are veritably, true and binding.

Ere long, with a companion of the trip, we were walking the streets of Dublin and viewing the beauties of Phoenix Park and other lovely spots; it was then that the foundation was laid in my mind which has enabled me to follow, with increased interest, the frightful scenes which have since transpired there, incidental to the "Sin Fein" and other uprisings. Long live the beautiful green Isle! and may God hasten the day when peace and prosperity and good will shall prevail, throughout her domains!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“HOME \* \* \* \* AGAIN.”

I have a confession to make: It is that, for fear of being discriminated against, on account of being a colored man, I had shipped, both when alone and when with my family, on a Cunarder, where I felt sure, no proscription would be made; and, I am free to state, that, my anticipations, in this behalf, were fully realized.

However, there came a time, when being a little anxious to return to our home without unnecessary delay, we shipped on the good United States ship, New York—with more or less of “fear and trembling,” I must admit; yet, boldly, and with the “face and front” of an American citizen.

During the entire trip, from Southampton (?) to New York, our treatment, by every one, was kindly and considerate; and when it became generally known, that, the good people of our dear Cleveland had so often and so lavishly honored me in public ways, the committee appointed to arrange the details of the customary entertainment, on the homeward voyage, invited me to preside as chairman of the function; which I did, with pleasure and apparent satisfaction.

Returning from Liverpool, on the *Campania*, in 1895, I was one of a thousand who listened with much interest, to the animated—eloquent presentation of the socialist cause by J. Kier Hardie, M. P., who was enroute to the

United States, for the purpose of laying the cause of British workmen before the American public.

The meeting was held amidship where all classes of passengers from the steerage to the first cabin could collect and listen. The learned gentleman (the sea being calm) spoke for nearly an hour; and was attentively listened to, without interruption.

Following the speech of Kier Hardie, a disposition became manifest to have him answered; and, during the same day, a delegation of the passengers requested me to undertake that delicate and difficult task, at the same place, on the following day: "I'll say," I was not at all averse to attempting the task; tho I fully realized that, in Kier Hardie, I had found a foeman more than "worthy of my steel."

On the occasion of my reply, the weather and sea were again auspicious and the audience larger, perhaps, than on the day before; that I did "my possible," as the French sometimes express it, goes without saying; and many compliments came to me, from that portion of the audience, who believed in the perpetuity of the established order of things, social, in England and the United States.

That honored and regretted, late citizen, Judge Stevenson Burke, when in conversation with the writer, on one occasion, exclaimed, in substance as follows: "My father went into the woods and cut down the trees, and pulled up the stumps, and grubbed up the roots, and ploughed up the soil! Now, if any man wants to get the land from me, let him pay its full value, or keep silent."

In my address on the Campaina, I considered my most telling point (if I may so characterize it), that one where I differentiate between the status of the middle classes in a monarchy, and those in our great Republic; where every man is in theory and law, at least, the equal of every other man; and may, if he will, aspire to any posi-

tion within the gift of the people. I strove to maintain by my arguments, that, socialism, anarchism and all other doctrines of a kindred nature, are exotics which should be shunned as being hostile to our well being. I still am actuated by those and kindred feelings; and have put forth every reasonable effort to instil those ideas into the minds and hearts of my colored fellow-citizens.

Since our last sojourn in foreign lands, I have been plodding along in the humble sphere of a private citizen; busy in the practice of the Law of the land, and cultivating, as best I could, the friendly relations of all good people; but, there is one episode of my life, extending over a period of at least, twenty years, of which I must make mention. I might say, in truth, forty-four years, for, the mutual acquaintance of Mr. Theodore Bliss, of Philadelphia, and myself, came down from 1866, to the year of his death, 1910; but, during the first period mentioned—20 years—we were mutual correspondents; a relationship which only death terminated. When I say “mutual” correspondents, I would be understood to mean that I wrote to him, perhaps, fifty letters, where he favored me with one; and then, only a few lines which were painfully executed, by spelling the words, one letter at a time, and conjoining them. His talented daughter, Miss Anna Catherine Bliss, occasionally, acted as an amanuensis for him, and wrote to me for him.

Mr. Theodore Bliss was of old New England stock; was born in 1822, and died in 1910, when he was in his 89th year of age.

In the forepart of this narrative, I have made mention of this same gentleman; but, this story is added, as a special token of my love of his memory, and my gratitude for tokens of friendly consideration shown me, by him.

For fifty-one years Mr. Bliss was afflicted with a disease which I have learned, physicians can not cure; they

name it, "rheumatoidarthritis," a disease which he first noticed in his right shoulder, in 1859; but, which continued to develop until his death—51 years afterwards. Some idea of his sad plight may be formed by his brief description of it; hear him: "One joint after another has been distorted and the limbs bound, until I could no longer move about on cane or crutches; and was forced to the continuous use of a wheel chair."

Again, he says, in a little biographical sketch of himself, "I can honestly say, that, I would not wish my worst enemy to suffer as I have; to have had the fate of being bound hand and foot and imprisoned within an invalid's chamber while the mind remained clear and active and still alert to the affairs of every day life." \* \* \* \*

"Yet," he says, a little farther down, "in my extreme old age, I can say, with perfect sincerity, that I would live this life of mine all over again, gladly—even including this long period of illness; for, in this eighty-eighth year of my age, life seems to me a very little and short experience. Hours for sleep, for rest and for refreshment, shorten these years greatly, when measured by activity, by the accomplishment of results."

The late, George Bliss, of New York, was a brother of this Theodore Bliss; and, as every one of mature years will bear witness, was a great financial power in that great city; and, for many years prior to the year 1868, when he united with Levi P. Morton, George Bliss was the head of the renowned importing dry goods house of George Bliss and Company, which is of "historic note," amongst the dry goods houses of America.

During the time which elapsed between the death of Mr. Theodore Bliss' elder daughter, who was in the habit of writing a letter to him every week (as he informed me), and his death—more than 20 years—I did not fail in a single instance, to write and mail to Mr. Bliss, on the same day of the week, a letter containing 1,000 words,

more or less, but, generally more; and even when I was on the high seas or doing political "stumping," I took time to write and mail that letter—on the ship or in a postoffice.

Every Christmas, he mailed me his check for fifty dollars, coupling with it a request that, I give \$5.00 of it to my late beloved and regretted son, Theodore Bliss Green, named for him; and when he died, by the terms of his will, I received the sum of \$500.00.

Nearly all of my most readable books are testimonials of his bounty; and in that sense, he was largely instrumental in enriching my mind with English classic lore; for, it is quite doubtful, whether I had the talent to select my necessary reading matter as he skilfully did.

When I visited Philadelphia, his residence, in the fashionable part of the city, was my home; and, although he could not even put on his eye-glasses or feed himself, yet, when I visited him, for a few hours, I was constrained to dine with him and his good family; when he would be brought down from his room, and placed at the table; a circumstance, I was informed, which very seldom took place.

When he died, I was duly notified of the fact, by his daughter, by telegram; and, at the funeral, I rode in one of the carriages, with members of his and George Bliss' family; at the home, I was treated, in all respects, as a gentleman and social equal.

To my mind, the foregoing is a most remarkable instance, going to prove that, even in the face of race prejudice and caste, which, in some instances, is so dense that it can almost be felt, a colored person in the United States, can make a place for himself, in the hearts and homes of the foremost white citizens, by modest, respectful and honorable conduct, in his daily walk in life. The

foregoing is not written boastfully, but, encouragingly, for the benefit of such of my class as have the ambition and persistency to make the test.

I have, at my home, the copy of the Holy Bible, which Mr. Bliss kept near him, for his personal use, as long as he could turn the leaves of it. It was sent to me, by his children, after his death; and, I treasure it more than I can tell. He was a good, benevolent man, with a mind clear and vigorous, even in his eighty-eighth year of age—when he was utterly helpless as to all his limbs, even down to his fingers; by the assistance of others, he could read all the current literature; and reflection was always with him. He died hating shams and dishonesty.

I consider that I am honoring my class of colored Americans, in referring to The Rt. Reverend W. A. Leonard as our friend in need and indeed.

We almost "crossed" each other, en route—he to Cleveland, to undertake his new and strenuous duties—I to Washington, where for years he had labored in the Vineyard and made his name, from the White House and Capitol down to the humblest Negro, a "household word." In my offices, where, as United States Postage Stamp Agent, I was in official touch with a number of most estimable ladies, his good works were frequently mentioned, and his name was revered; so that, it is not to be wondered at, that, on my return to Cleveland, after an absence of nearly a decade, I lost no time in finding him and placing myself, as well as my family, under his spiritual guidance.

Our good Bishop, who is known and esteemed all over the civilized portion of the globe, is regarded by those near him, as a man of great executive ability, a born leader of men, a true American, yet, cosmopolitan to the "backbone." He is possessed of a heart so large and a

spirit so expanded, that, his sympathies for the needy are redundant, and his generosity, in behalf of the poor, is unbounded; and, these views are not restricted to the members and friends of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church (colored), of Cleveland, and St. Mary's Mission (colored), of Washington, D. C.; but, by all colored people, who know him, without regard to their religious affiliations.

I repeat the language of the late Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, when speaking of her husband's relations to Spellman Institute, of Atlanta, Ga.; Bishop Leonard, for many years, literally, carried both of those colored churches "under his arm;" and even today, since St. Andrew's has become, under the masterful guidance of Rev. B. Wellington Paxton and Rev. Fr. B. W. Suthern, her Rector, a self-sustaining church, our good Bishop relaxes not one whit of his paternal, loving, affectionate watchfulness.

When it comes to a consideration of individuals, our Bishop is no respecter of persons; and has never been known, as I am informed, to call any man whom "God hath cleansed," common or unclean; and in stating this fact, I speak entirely within my own personal observation and experience.

The readers of this narrative will bear in mind the letter of introduction given to me by our Bishop for presentation to the Lord Bishop of London, an august and potential personage, in the personnel of the great British Empire, how respectfully it referred to me, and what beautiful language it was couched in, so much so, indeed, that, the great prelate returned it to me, after reading and admiring it, to be kept as a souvenir of the memorable conference which it procured for me with him. If any further proof were needed of the disinterested and loving personality of our dear Bishop, the following, I am sure, would satisfy everyone.

THE BISHOP OF OHIO

3054 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland.

Hon. J. P. Green,  
London, England.

Dear Sir:—

Many thanks for your kind note of March 9th, just received.

I trust that, by this time, you have met the Lord Bishop of London; you will find him certainly, a very agreeable and interesting personality.

You will be sorry to know that, dear Mrs. Mather has departed this life; and that, we buried her, six weeks ago. She was a saint, and universally beloved in the town which her presence has graced and her benedictions have enriched.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM A. LEONARD.

Can the writer conceive of any sentiments purer and more abounding in that divine love and friendship which flows only from the inspired service of our blessed Father in Heaven?

Now here is the last one, which I select from several communications with which our Bishop has kindly favored me; and I include this only that I may follow it with the beautiful lines to which he refers:

THE BISHOP OF OHIO,

3054 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Hon. John P. Green,  
Cleveland, O.

My Dear Friend:—

It is very kind of you to send me this beautiful poem, which I herewith return; because, I know you will want to keep it.

Surely, the gift of music is in the soul of the writer. What a privilege to have such friends and associates in life.

As you are aware, the Rev. Mr. Suthern has agreed to come by the 15th of May, which I think is absolutely essential as far as our work is concerned.

With all good wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM A. LEONARD.

The poem referred to follows:

TONIGHT: AN EVENING PRAYER.

For all who watch tonight,  
Whate'er the dread may be,  
We ask for them the perfect peace  
Of hearts that rest in Thee.

For all who weep tonight—  
The hearts that cannot rest—  
Reveal thy love—that wondrous love  
Which gave for us Thy Best.

For all who wake tonight,  
Love's tender watch to keep,  
Watcher Divine, Thyself draw nigh,  
Thou who dost never sleep.

For all who fear tonight,  
Whate'er the dread may be,  
We ask for them thy perfect peace  
Of hearts that rest in Thee.

Our own belov'd tonight—  
O Father, keep, and where  
Our love and succor cannot reach,  
Now bless them through our prayer.

And all who pray tonight—  
Thy wrestling hosts, O Lord,  
Make weakness strong, let them prevail,  
According to Thy Word.

It may not be amiss to state, in this connection, that, inspired, by the guardian care and the spiritual example of Bishop Leonard and the faithful pastors whom he has placed over us, I have added to the six years of unflinching attendance at St. Luke's Church, in Washington, D. C., fourteen other years, since our return to Cleveland; making twenty years, in all, since I have missed a morning service, when in Cleveland; and that during the same period of time, I have not been one minute late. By the courtesy of our Rectors, I officiate as Lay Reader, during their absence or sickness; and during one "interregnum," or spring and summer, I discharged the duties of a Lay Reader, until a Rector was obtained. It is unnecessary, perhaps to say, "I Love Thy Church O Lord!"

During my long residence, of sixty-three years, in the city of Cleveland, excepting several periods of time, when absent on business or pleasure bent, it has been my good fortune to become acquainted, to a greater or less degree, with a large number of very prominent gentlemen and ladies, of both races, some of whom I have already referred to in a casual way; and since some of these have, in many ways, contributed largely, towards such success as I have attained to, it would seem that, in this, my life's story, I should, at least, mention a few of them by name; nor am I quite certain that, were I to acquaint them with this intention on my part, they would yield their consent; since, in only a few instances, have I been received by them in their homes or as personal domestic associates.

However, since I have only good to speak of them, I will "draw my bow at a venture." In every instance where, in the following, I shall submit the copy of a letter, I shall retain, in my possession, the original, for the inspection of anyone who may desire to read it. The first one, is from the late President James A. Garfield, to whose residence in Mentor, I conducted a delegation of three hundred colored voters, at a time in his presidential campaign, when it was easily apparent that, he needed votes. The book to which he refers in the letter is one which I hurriedly wrote, to be used, to some extent, in that same campaign; and, while I secured a "copy-right," in the Congressional Library, yet, it was anonymously issued. The title of the book is, "Recollections of the Carolinas."

Mr. J. P. Green,  
My dear Sir:—

Mentor, Ohio, Aug. 22, 1880.

Mr. Sherwin kindly loaned me a copy of your book, a few days ago, and though I did not have the time to read it in full, I looked it over carefully and was much pleased to see a subject of such importance so well handled.

Congratulating you upon your success, I am,

Very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

The next letter which I shall submit is from the late Senator, Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of State, John Sherman. The last time this great statesman was elected to the United States Senate, I, as a member of the Ohio Senate, had the honor of voting for him. I have hanging near me now, a portrait of him, presented by him to me, with his autograph subscribed.

SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dec. 18, 1898.

To whom it may concern:

I take pleasure in commending Hon. John P. Green, now a member of the Senate of Ohio, from the City of Cleveland, to the kindly favor of Americans abroad, with whom he may come in contact. He is a man of literary attainments—a good speaker, of excellent character and standing, and influential among the colored people of Ohio.

Very respectfully,  
JOHN SHERMAN.

The third letter is one recently received from ex-Governor Myron T. Herrick, more recently, Ambassador to France, whose signal and very valuable services not more to France and the Allies than to the United States, have gained for him not only universal approbation, but also, the respect and love of many.

MYRON T. HERRICK

July 22d, 1919.

Dear Mr. Green:—

I was deeply touched by your most kind letter of reminiscences.

I well remember you when you came to Col's nasty old law offices, long, long ago. You were a young, earnest man; and you have fulfilled the promise of those years of your adolescence, to be a valuable man, for your city and your country.

I congratulate you upon your anniversary; for, you have been an honor to the city of your choice for sixty-two years, as you will be until the end of your days. "Long and late may be the day. Thank you for your letter, I appreciated it deeply.

Yours,  
MYRON T. HERRICK.

The following letter is from the pen of the late Booker T. Washington, who needs no introduction, anywhere in the civilized world.

THE TUSKEGEE  
NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

June 15, 1914.

To whom it may concern:

This is to state that, I have known, for a number of years, The Hon. John P. Green of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Green has held several important public positions, both in the State and National government. Besides, in his profession as a lawyer, he stands eminently high, and, as a public speaker, he is a man who commands the highest respect and who makes an address which is instructive, inspiring and interesting.

He knows the condition of the Negro race, in this country, and can be depended upon to give interesting information concerning the progress of our race.

I commend him to all into whose hands this letter may fall.  
BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

The next letter is from Mr. Daniel Murray (colored), Assistant Librarian of the Congressional Library, who is stationed in the Capitol, during the sessions of Congress, where his position is absolutely unique; for the reason that, he can furnish precedents and other information to senators and representatives when in the act of speaking, on any reasonable subject of past legislation:

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sept. 20th, 1915.

My dear Friend Green:

I am very glad to receive your communication and will avail myself of the data, in perfecting my sketch of you. I had already gathered much concerning your wonderful career, but, am no less grateful to receive this supplementary data.

I hope our friend Geo. A. (referring to Mr. George A. Myers, of Cleveland, Ohio), is all right. I note what you say of the Labor Day matter. I have already given you credit for introducing and having passed the Ohio legislation, making the day a legal holiday. \* \* \* \* The "Eagle," a local, published here, has an editorial on a visit made to you, in Cleveland.

It is well written and fully deserved.

Wishing you every blessing and long life to enjoy the same, I beg to remain,

Very sincerely yours,  
DANIEL MURRAY.

To Hon. John Patterson Green, Cleveland, O.

The following letter is from Rev. Charles F. Thwing, D. D., President of Western Reserve University, Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio, and speaks for itself:

May 6, 1916.

My dear Mr. Green:

It is kind in you to write me as you do, and to let me share with you in the pleasure of these letters, of Mr. Bliss and Mr. Richards.

At the present moment, there is no opportunity. In fact also the larger share of our special lectures, for the next college year, have been arranged. But, at some time, I am sure a fitting opportunity will open for you to come to us. When this opportunity does open, I shall give myself the pleasure of inviting you.

I wish that we might meet oftener. We have so many great subjects, in common, to talk about.

Believe me,

Ever yours,

CHARLES F. THWING.

John P. Green, Esquire.

Here is another:

CITY OF CLEVELAND, O.  
MAYOR'S OFFICE.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 19th, 1893.

This is to certify that Hon. John P. Green, member of the Ohio Senate, has been, for many years, a resident of Cleveland, of good standing in the community.

He is a lawyer, by profession, a contributor to journals and magazines, and enjoys an excellent reputation, as a public speaker.

He is also, deservedly entitled to praise for his intelligent industry, and credit for his ability I cheerfully commend Mr. Green to the courtesies of those whom he may meet.

ROBERT BLEE, Mayor.

I have the honor to submit the following, from one of the judges of our Court of Common Pleas:

COUNTY OF CUYAHOGA.

Thomas M. Kennedy, Judge.

Cleveland, Ohio, June 22, 1914.

To Whom It May Concern:

I have known Mr. John P. Green, for thirty years, and can certify that he has borne an excellent character as a lawyer and a citizen, both in private and public life, during all of that time.

He has been signally honored by his state and nation, and has rendered distinguished services to the public, for many years.

He is an eloquent and graceful speaker, at the bar and on the public platform, and a man of high character and unquestioned integrity.

Very respectfully,

THOMAS M. KENNEDY, Judge.

In addition to the foregoing, I have letters, highly complimentary, from judges, governors, United States senators and very prominent business men; but, I feel sure, my readers will have been quite surfeited with what I have already given. I shall include two others, however, as they are from men of universal note, and, I think, will be appreciated.

The first is from the late Frederick Douglas, a man born and raised (I cannot say reared, of a person who by the law of the land and by his treatment was a mere chattel), in slavery; who carried on his back the scars of the "driver's" whip; who had one of his eyes blinded; who never attended school a day, in his whole life; and, yet, was the associate of eminent scholars and officials, and was noted, the world over, as an orator, statesman and philosopher. The letter follows:

CEDAR HILL

Anacostia, D. C., March 6, 1893.

My dear Mr. Green:

I am pleased to know that you are about to treat yourself to a tour abroad.

There was a time when I could have assisted you in the manner you suggest, but that was nearly fifty years ago. I went to England in 1845; then I knew John Bright, Richard Cobden, George Thompson, Joseph Sturge, George W. Alexander and many other influential men; but, now, all are gone; and I alone am left to tell this.

You will take with you my high regards and best wishes for your safety and happiness while on sea and land, and a warm welcome home, when you shall return.

Though I know but few in England now, there are many who know of me; and you may, perhaps, use my name to some with whom you may meet.

Your friend,  
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The following letter, from Dr. John Clifford, D. D., LL. D., is in answer to an invitation mailed to him by me, in the summer of 1911, when he made his last visit to this country, asking him to spend a few days, at least, in our great City of Cleveland:

## HOTEL WALTON.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 24, 1911.

Many thanks, my dear friend, for your letter.

It is refreshing to hear from you in your own land. I wish I could come and see you. It would be a great joy to me to come to Cleveland; but, I have not a spare day; nor can I make one.

It was a real pleasure to meet Mr. Rockefeller; and the short chat I had with him was most pleasant. Please remember us to Mrs. Green, and accept the assurance of my keen regret that I cannot see you. We are having a grand time here, thanks to the over-flowing generosity of our American friends.

I am truly yours,

JOHN CLIFFORD.

In closing the foregoing letter, may I not add, that, prior to the World War, Dr. Clifford was reputed to be the most influential man in Great Britain—the Prime Minister, alone, being excepted.

In view of the fact that the writer of the following letter has, recently, been nominated by the great Republican party as its standard bearer, for the high office of President of the United States, and the omens for his election all seem auspicious, I am of opinion it will be read with a very great degree of interest.

The circumstances which caused Senator Harding to write me this letter as far back as the latter part of December, 1918, a year and a half before his nomination, are as follows:

I wrote a letter to Mr. Dan R. Hanna, protesting against the apparent efforts of himself and other great men of the country looking towards the nomination of the late, lamented ex-President Theodore Roosevelt for the presidency, in 1920. A copy of which I mailed to Senator Harding, at Washington, enclosing with the same a letter to the Senator, in which I suggested that he, and not the distinguished ex-President, was the logical and probable nominee for president, in 1920.

To this communication, I received the following letter, from Senator Harding:

UNITED STATES SENATE

Committee on Commerce.

December 27th, 1918.

Mr. John P. Green,  
510 Blackstone Bldg.,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

My dear Mr. Green:

Thank you very much for your note and the copy of the letter which you wrote to Mr. Hanna, under recent date.

This is all very interesting to me. I know Mr. Hanna is a very great and enthusiastic supporter of Colonel Roosevelt; and I happen to know that Roosevelt's candidacy for the Republican nomination in 1920 is being very vigorously pushed along. I do not pretend to say who will be the best standard bearer for 1920. Many things may happen before that time arrives. It will not surprise me if we choose our standard bearer with some very serious consideration of the conditions which obtain at that time.

I think I ought to say to you that, I have no ambition of my own to serve in this matter. I do hope the Republican party will be wise enough to pursue the only course which will insure to us the recovery of federal control.

I thank you for your interest and your friendly attitude.

Wishing you a very happy New Year, I am

Very truly yours,

W. G. HARDING.

An incident of a political nature, in which the late Tom L. Johnson was the central figure, may be of interest to some of the readers of this narrative.

Considerable interest centered around the congressional contest between this distinguished Clevelander and Theodore E. Burton, Esq., (now ex-Senator Burton), when they were opposed to each other for election, some thirty years ago. The late H. T. Eubanks, then head waiter at the Weddell House, and subsequently, a member of the lower house of the General Assembly, found much favor in the sight of Mr. Johnson, and even volunteered his services in assisting him in gaining the good will of the colored voters of Cleveland; and, as a means to that end, prevailed upon Mr. Johnson to invite this writer and The Honorable Harry C. Smith, the author of the Ohio Civil Rights Law, to debate with him all matters of interest to the colored voters, involved in the pending congressional election. As a matter of course,

we accepted the invitation; and, on the appointed evening, in Mr. Johnson's big tent, pitched within our Public Square, we "locked horns" (I say "locked horns" advisedly), for, it was some contest, and we fought it out to a finish. Where the victory and honor lay, is not for me to say; but, this much I will affirm; Mr. Johnson was defeated, at the polls; and the late W. J. Akers, for many years, proprietor of the Forest City House, (one of the leading hotels of Cleveland), was accustomed to say, that, prior to that debate, Mr. Johnson's prospects for election were good; but, that, from that night, those of Mr. Burton were in the ascendant.

Mr. Akers contended that, in that meeting, Mr. Johnson became the butt and jeer of the crowd in attendance; that, the humor spread throughout the district, to the discomfiture of the noted gentleman.

However, Tom L. Johnson was too big a man to complain; he accepted his defeat philosophically and sought, like another Alexander, some new world (rail-way) to conquer.

In the year 1897, before answering the call of President McKinley, to take office at Washington, I, for the first time since 1857, visited my childhood's home. Few of those whom we had left there, were still living; but, the Neuse and Trent rivers were there, some of the more substantial buildings were there and quite a number of the humbler homes. The old court house, market house and Christ Episcopal Church, had been destroyed by fire; but, upon the whole, the general appearance of the town denoted progress.

In Rock Cemetery, I found our lot intact, and the inscriptions on the family "tombstones" and others, were still legible.

I had the great pleasure of delivering an address, in one of the A. M. E. churches there, to a large audience

of colored people; and many reminiscences of the past interested and instructed me.

In referring to my visit to my old Newberne home, in 1897, I am moved to make reference to a "grand old man"—"to the manor born," as the saying goes, who received me into his home, for an interesting and (to me) instructive conversation, full of reminiscences of my childhood days; and who gave me the greater part of the data concerning the Stanley family, which I have related in the beginning of the first chapter. I refer to the late Colonel John D. Whitford, who during a long, long life of usefulness had contributed towards the growth and prosperity of his native town and state.

Col. Whitford, if I mistake not, was the first president of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, which extended from Goldsboro to Elizabeth City, and did much towards putting Newberne "on the map."

Speaking of social politeness and courtesy, Colonel Whitford said to me: "A young man called on me, recently; and, in conversation with me, in answer to one, of my questions, he said 'uh huh!' I said there's my door: I'll have no one in my house who 'uh huh's me!' Such was the "old time gentleman." His kindhearted brother, the late William Whitford, during mother's heroic struggle for a livelihood, used to credit her for a cord of fire-wood, and then give her sewing to pay for it.

I have written this narrative of my life, down to the present date in the Blackstone Building, during the months of December, 1919, and January and February, 1920, inclusive, during such vacant spaces of time as I have been able to snatch from the hours of my professional employment. The building in which my son, Captain William R. Green and I have our offices, is the first modern building in which we have been enabled to rent a suite of offices, without the intervention of a white man, since we have been in the profession; which fact in-

spires me with a desire to, here and now, express deep gratitude to Mr. Jacob B. Perkins, the owner of the group of great buildings, of which this is one, and also his noble son, Captain Ralph Perkins, his father's alter ego, for their liberal, manly-American treatment of us.

During my long and eventful life in Cleveland, it has been my pleasure—and profit, more or less, to meet, in a business and political way, five members of the illustrious family—Perkins; who, leaving their New England homes, in the infancy of our great Republic, came to this Connecticut Western Reserve, and have done their "bit" towards making it one of the most liberal, intelligent, patriotic and wealthy sections in the United States.

I first came in contact with the late Edwin R. Perkins, when, in the year 1858, he was principal of the historic Mayflower School. I am sure that the juxtaposition of his ferrule and my body, had as much to do with my future development as any and all the instruction which I received from him in the class room. This Mr. Perkins, who is distantly related to the gentleman whose name I have mentioned, was, subsequently, President of our Board of Education for a decade; and, ultimately developed into the president of one of our great banks and a railway.

My next acquaintance was that of the late Joseph Perkins; a gentleman of refinement, large means and extended business connections; he was one of the foremost minds of the City of Cleveland, during his life-time; and died regretted by the whole business community.

Third, in order, of my acquaintance, was the late Senator Henry B. Perkins, whom I met in the Senate of the State of Ohio, when he was an honored and very efficient member of that body; this was at a time when I was a member of the lower branch of the General Assembly of Ohio. The senator was held in high esteem by everyone in the State House, from the Governor down to

the pages; and was greatly missed when his business affairs would no longer admit of his attendance there. The large and substantial business block, on the southeastern corner of Frankfort Ave. and West 3d Street, built and owned by him, and now occupied by the Forman Bassett Company, attests how near and valuable he was to the business interests of Cleveland.

Last, but by no means least, I mention my present benefactor—Mr. Jacob B. Perkins; not forgetting that “chip off the old block,” his worthy son, Captain Ralph Perkins.

I have only that mutual acquaintance with Mr. Perkins which exists between a landlord and a tenant, if I except the frequent complimentary mention of him, which I have read in the newspapers, from time to time.

When, under the administration of President McKinley, I went to take office, in Washington, D. C., my exterior wearing apparel consisted of a “broadcloth” “Prince Albert” coat, with trousers and vest to match—a shirt front of immaculate white, containing a conspicuous diamond stud, and a silk hat. I had not been there long before I noticed that I was dressed finer and was far more conspicuous than most of the senators and cabinet officers. It took little time for me to change my costume, for one more in keeping with the prevailing style.

I mention this fact because of the surprise which I experienced when Mr. Jacob B. Perkins was first pointed out to me; from the works which he had done and the great liberality he had shown, in providing the City of Cleveland its first modern office and other buildings, with elevators, and its great and beautiful Edgewater Park, located on the “West Side,” but, really and practically, used and enjoyed by the whole city, I had expected to see a gentleman conspicuous for his elegant and attractive attire, but what was my surprise when I beheld just

a plain gentleman, reproducing in his personal appearance what I had beheld in the capital of our nation and amongst the business men of some of the commercial centers which I had visited—plain, practical, easily approached, and, apparently, oblivious of the fact that, he is one of the great builders of this mart of commerce and trade, known as the City of Cleveland—rightly, the fifth in this great nation.

Mr. Perkins, whether actuated by modesty, I cannot say, will not admit that he donated Edgewater Park to the City of Cleveland; but, this I know (for it all was accomplished while I was politically in the public eye), if Mr. Jacob B. Perkins did not actually present to the City of Cleveland the land and beautiful lake front which constitutes the Edgewater Park—he did present a portion of it, and made it possible for our city to obtain the remainder on terms which necessitated a great financial sacrifice on his part. And it ought, in my own estimation, to be named for him, just as Wade Park, Gordon Park and Rockefeller Park are, respectively named for their donors.

However, Mr. Perkins harks back to that old Simon Perkins, who, when everything here and hereabouts was young and “raw,” came like Moses Cleveland as a surveyor, and by buying spacious tracts of land, laid the foundation for the future welfare and fame of his posterity. May the name Perkins continue illustrious, and their shadows, never grow less!

Seventy years have elapsed since my dear father died, in 1850, leaving Sarah, 11 years of age; John, 5, and Kittie, nine months of age. Today we are all living and able to help ourselves; nor have we, during the seventy years, last past, been afflicted with any serious complaint—a record, I think for which we should be praising God, “all the day long.”

My first dear wife, Annie Walker Green, the mother of all my children, with whom I lived happily and successfully, for forty-three years, and whose memory will ever be sacredly cherished in my heart and memory, died on the 15th day of January, 1911, deeply mourned by a large circle of friends, of both races. She will be remembered by many for her unselfish generosity and her cheerful disposition.

When she died, my whole family was dissolved; and I was left entirely alone and—lonesome; in this exigency, remembering the declaration of the Almighty Father of all, that, "It is not good that man should be left alone," I wooed and won a most estimable and talented lady of Oberlin, Ohio, in the person of Mrs. Lottie Mitchell Richardson, with whom I am passing the evening of my life, in a most happy and satisfactory manner; she was the relict of the late Albert Richardson, an educated and highly respected gentleman, who, cut off in the noon day of his usefulness, left under the care, education and control of his widow, three infant children, aged 11 and 6 years and 4 months. Two of these children are still living; the boy, Fred, a bright and promising lad, when in his 17th year of age, and a member of the Glenville High School, was run down by an automobile, in charge of a careless, reckless driver, and killed, when in the act of alighting from a street-car. The elder of the girls, after being graduated from the Cleveland High, and normal school systems, taught school in Cleveland for three years and is now engaged in Social Welfare work in New York City; while the youngest child, Helen, is at this writing, well advanced in the Junior High School system; and, by her punctuality and love of letters, gives promise of a bright and useful future.

Helen has adopted the family name, Green, and the love between her and me, is mutual.

Of my children by my first wife, three are still living. The oldest, Captain William R. Green, is still engaged in the practice of law, being recognized as an upright, successful practitioner, earnest and faithful, while he and his beloved wife, Mrs. Agnes Geraldine Green, of whom I have spoken, in the XVI Chapter of this narrative, are greatly beloved by a large circle of friends of both races, in the City of Cleveland. They are both, devout Catholics.

Mrs. Clara Annie Johnson, the wife of Dr. C. C. Johnson, a pharmacist, who is most loving and devoted to his wife and children, is my only daughter. Three little children bless this union—Phillis, aged 11 years; Wendell C., aged 6 years, and Theodore Green Johnson, aged, at this writing, 14 days. Little Phillis is fond of her school and studies, and gives great promise of a literary career; while the little boy, also loves his school and is a thorough boy; as for the latest little arrival, let us say with Wadsworth—

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy;  
At length, the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day.”

Clara, my daughter, is endued with all those womanly graces, which go to enhance the usefulness and value of true womanhood.

Jesse Bishop Green is a chef—and a good one, whose culinary art has brought pleasure to some of the most exacting of the land. He is fond of his profession—or art—and may the future crown him with success.

Of those who died in infancy, little Johnnie was loving and hopeful; but death claimed him when he was 8 years and seven months of age.

In this connection, perhaps, the following reminiscence, concerning one of our local artists will be of interest to a large circle of his friends and admirers: I refer to A. M. Willard, Esq., the painter of “Pluck Num-

ber One," and "Pluck Number Two." Two famous sketches, which, a generation ago, furnished much amusement to the people of this country; and also the inspiration and painter of the great canvas, known the world over, entitled, "Yankee Doodle," first exhibited at the Centennial, which was held in Philadelphia, in 1876, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the Independence of the United States.

When our son Johnnie died, we had no likeness of him, later than the second year of his age, and we were at a loss to know how to obtain one, as he was then, eight years and seven months of age; in that contingency, it occurred to me that, if I could persuade Mr. Willard to enter the vault and sketch his features as he lay in the casket, it would supply the deficit.

The great artist yielded to my suggestion, and got a good likeness of the little deceased boy.

Then, we were in a quandary, as to how to reproduce his eyes, for they were closed and could not be seen by the artist. In that extremity, I had recourse to a photo of the child, taken when he was two years of age; and with this before him, Mr. Willard, added the eyes to the sketch; and, to this day, we have in our possession a true likeness of Johnnie, at the time of his death.

Truman Handy Green, a dear sweet little boy, lived only about seven months.

Last, but, not least, I name my son, the late Theodore Bliss Green, Esq., an attorney at law of the Ohio Bar, a married man, a loving husband and affectionate son and brother. "Dode," as his very large circle of friends and admirers termed him, was jovial, good natured, faithful and industrious, to a fault; he loved his chosen profession; and courted it as Lord Coke's "jealous mistress." A year or two before his death he came within about one hundred votes of being elected to a six-year term as a judge of our municipal court.



THEODORE BLISS GREEN

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATION

“Dode” was so extremely militant in behalf of the rights and wrongs of the colored people, that some regarded him as being super-sensitive, and did not like him; but that did not worry him; when he believed that his cause was just, he fought for it—manfully and persistently, to the end.

Theodore died at the age of 40 years, young in years, but old in labours and experience. He left behind him only friends, no enemies. His disconsolate widow, Mrs. Edna Jenkins Green, still a young woman, a teacher in our public schools, continues to mourn his loss; while his father, brothers and sister, pray for the repose of his soul.

In closing this narrative, I will state that, the reports, which, from time to time have been current as to my acquaintance with the classical languages and literature have been much exaggerated; the fact is, that, I cannot even boast of Shakespeare’s “little Latin and less Greek;” the best I can say for myself is, that, I have a mere “smattering” of the two languages. I tried to study Latin without a teacher, and thereby omitted some of the fundamental instruction, at the beginning, which has handicapped me all the way through. As for Greek, I did not give enough time to the study of it to get it thoroughly within my grasp. I have tried to make up for my loss by studying during my later years; but, without much success. As for French, I have found the reading of that beautiful language comparatively easy; but, I am now reading one of Emile Zola’s works, entitled *La Terre*, quite bucolic in its nature, which requires much use of the lexicon.

So I would advise all my young friends who may honor me by reading this story of my life, to be quite thorough in the early stages of any study; if they expect to be proficient therein.

The changes which have transformed a few comparatively ignorant colored people of the day of my arrival here, into a multitude of cultured and refined persons of the present day, have been truly marvelous. Certainly, there were in Cleveland at that time a cultured and refined society of well-to-do colored people, who owned their own homes—possessed trades and definite occupations and were fairly well educated; but they had not even thought of holding public offices, and depended upon a decision of our state Supreme Court for the right to vote—since the Constitution of the State of Ohio, then—as now—restricted the electoral to “all white male citizens;” but, since then, we have many times duplicated our numbers—have grown along intellectual, esthetic and financial lines, have added to our numbers many members in all the professional, artistic and mercantile pursuits, and have been elected to serve in some of the most honorable public offices within the gift of a generous people.

In the General Assembly of the State, we can name, in the regular order of their election, the following:

- 1—The writer of this narrative,
- 2—Honorable Jere A. Brown,
- 3—Honorable Harry C. Smith,
- 4—Honorable William H. Clifford,
- 5—Honorable Henry T. Eubanks.

In 1873 and continuously, until 1882, this writer was elected, tri-ennially, and for nine consecutive years, discharged the functions of Justice of the Peace of Cleveland Township; and during a portion of that time, Messrs. Parker Hare, Louis W. Turner and J. H. Washington—all colored men, were elected and discharged the duties of constable, in the same township.

Thomas W. Fleming, Esq., a colored gentleman of great popularity and much executive ability, has, on three

occasions, been elected a member of the Council of the City of Cleveland; once, at Large.

Mr. Fleming is, at this writing, chairman of the Council Committee on Police, etc.

Numerous men of our race-class have been appointed, and most of them are now serving on our splendid police force; and what seems to this narrator one of the greatest achievements of our class, in Cleveland, is the fact that many of our educated, cultured and refined daughters, after strict examinations, have been appointed teachers, in our public schools.

Along the line of journalism, for many years, the colored people of Cleveland, have been represented by men of more or less ability, all of whom have rung true to the interests of our race. Taking them in order of time, I can now recall: H. C. Smith, R. A. Jones, L. W. Pulies, Welcome T. Blue, Nahum D. Brasher, Ormond A. Forte and "Professor" S. William, A. B.

Could some of our old colored pioneers, who have gone to rest, come amongst us today, and note the wonderful progress which we have made, since their day—notably—old Father John Malvin, who gave of his time, money and almost, his life, in the anti-slavery cause, and Allen Medlin, J. R. Warren, Elisha Freeman, Benjamin S. Green, David Crosby, J. H. Weaver, Cicero M. Richardson, George Vosburgh, Elders J. R. Warren and J. P. Underwood; Buckner and John Simmons, E. L. Sweet, and dear old centennarian, Mrs. Polly Simmons, not to mention many others, who did right valiantly in the cause of liberty, good government and worthy citizenship, how surprised and happy they would be!

Truly, "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.

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