

FAMOUS AND  
IN-FAMOUS  
PEOPLE  
OF  
OLD NEWARK

Miss Elizabeth King

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BY  
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## FAMOUS AND IN-FAMOUS PEOPLE OF OLD NEWARK

**W**HEN MARGOT ASQUITH asked the advice of Sir John Morley about her now famous "Diary", he replied, "Be witty, Margot, and be indiscreet."

Not so long ago one of our banner club-women came to me enthusiastically. The clubs had decided that a history of Old Newark should be written and I was delegated to that delicate task.

I was flattered but thunder-struck. I had, then, become one of the latest, if not the Last Leaf, on the tree. But, when the request was revised and I was asked to give a talk on the Famous People of Newark, my heart failed me. Not that Newark has not its quota of celebrities, but that it deflected me from the thing that had so lured me, a discursive haphazard putting down of things remembered about the old days, many gleaned in the chimney corner when I was at an age to be seen and not heard.

But droll Margaret Buckingham suggested the solution. I should give a talk on Newark's famous and in-famous people. I wish I might project the old atmosphere so that all the charm and fascination of those old stories you might feel with me as I sat in my chair by the fireside listening to the tales of a very lively family and its familiars. They remembered when the Public Square was a great frogpond where bullfrogs piped o'evenings on the exact spot where our Buckeye Band holds forth, on summer nights.

Where the "Black Horse Tavern" stood on the site of the Carroll Block on the east side of the square, with its huge rusty sign of a black horse creaking in the wind.

When the "Green Tavern" stood on the high hill across the street now occupied by the Hotel Warden.

When old Granny Walker kept the jail and the humorous rascals were forever breaking the laws in order to get in and be petted by Granny, "her boys" she called them, and eat her famous waffles and maple syrup.

The days when my paternal grandfather journeyed up from his father's plantation in Virginia, (Martinsburg) to Athens, that seat of learning, to get an education. Galloped over one fine morning on horseback with his cousin, A. D. Rodgers of Columbus, chanced upon Newark as a promising place for a young attorney to locate. Mary Ann Irwin, sweet and seventeen, fresh from a Young Ladies Seminary at Germantown, Pennsylvania, visiting her sister, Mrs. Bennett Van Horn in the house now occupied by Dr. Baxter as an office, beheld the dashing young S. D. King as he galloped by. She was standing on the front balcony. They exchanged glances and she decided to become my Grandmother.

My maternal grandmother's family came to Newark on the first canal boat that ever came down the Ohio Canal from Cleveland.

They were the Quaker Kings. I can see them now. My great-grandfather King, a miller from Rahway, New Jersey. Tall, gaunt, in full Quaker garb, using the Plain Speech.

His pretty wife in her gray Quaker bonnet with a frill of soft mull around her face, her five children, of whom my fifteen-year-old grandmother, fat and shy, was one. And a prospective son-in-law who taught all the boys how to make silk and other hats, thus founding the wide-spread house of "King the Hatter" all over Ohio.

All coming West to seek their fortunes.

The boat stopped at the landing at the foot of Second Street and met by all the leading citizens, one

of whom was Mr. Israel Dille, (grandfather of Miss Anne Wotring and Mr. Fred Black.)

Mr. Dille was resplendent in tall hat, long-tailed blue coat and peg top breeches (tan) with a monstrous frilled shirt. Crooking his arm to the blushing Martha, they led the procession up Second to Third, then Fourth past "Hays'burg" which started at Miss Laura Jones' home, on up to his estate which extended from Third to Fourth Streets and on which was laid out a pretty garden, open to the public.

On the hill above, later, he built a magnificent mansion, known as "Myrtle Hall."

Mrs. Black used to stoutly insist that both the house and the gardens were a much later venture as her father must have been very young and impecunious at the time, but she was not there at the time and my grandmother's memory was very tenacious and accurate.

Shortly after my father's birth on the corner of Main and First my grandmother built the house in which I now live, but then on the site of the Auditorium. She put her little patrimony in it and always impressed us with the fact it was her house. The Northern Railroad ran directly in front of it, having gravitated from Third Street, then roamed to First, finally landing on Front, permanently, that being the logical site as my Grandfather Knight had said. It is now the B. & O.

Again Margaret Buckingham assists.

"Tell them," she said, "of Sam Bancroft's stately and voluminous letter to Aunt Libbie Morris, upon his advent in the hardware business . . . he began by offering her anything in his stock from a broad axe to a tack hammer—drifted into theological discussions going on in the Old Presbyterian Church.

Bishop Badell's confirmation class in the Episcopal Church which numbered Robbins', Buckingham's and Dickinsons' (particularly Anna Glover's stately mother).

From this on to tid-bits of social gossip. As to Jim and Betsy Hamill, just married and gone to housekeeping next door to her father's, who any day might be seen in dressing gown and slippers weeding the garden.

Henry King back from Cincinnati Law School, so full of wise laws and legal phrases one hesitated to address him fearful of having Blackstonean epithets hurled at his head. Tell them of Sam Sherwood, gay young blade, who wrote some verse (or worse) upon the occasion of hearing Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, and sent her the effusion to which she replied in a very flowery acknowledgement, "In statue quo" to this very day.

"Tell them of gay Annie Dickinson, who, having refused all the sighing swains, notably young Isaac Baker, awaited her Eastern lover in all her wedding finery. Bells, feasts and guests, 'who smote their breasts at the sound of the deep bassoon.' But the bridegroom tarried. The imperious beauty, raging and tearful, decreed that the wedding should go on, and if Isaac still wanted her he could have her. And he did.

And how, just as the great stage coach climbed Mt. Calvary Hill, they met the lover on foaming steed, his coach having been delayed by high water, and the bride of an hour fainted dead away, and Isaac Baker told the coachman to drive on, and the lover went back to the East.

As a little girl, this romance used to thrill me to the spine as I looked on the enameled face of the be-dizened old lady, when Anna Glover and I were sent on errands to the great house on the Avenue, so full of rappings and ghosts and spirit pictures. She was a replica of Miss Haversham in Great Expectations and I wondered how she could ever have been young and a beauty and a bello.

I thought she looked like a witch, and when all the beds fell down the very first night aliens pos-

sessed her home after her death, I was confirmed in my belief.

On long summer afternoons I used to go down at Stanbury's and sit under the great silver leaf tree in the side yard and Mrs. Birkey and I would "reminisce." Mrs. Birkey told me that she and my Aunt Lizzie Hamill used to play "dolls" in the "Boot" of the stage coach, when it rested its weary haunches in the stable of the Black Horse Tavern. She well remembered the doll she was promised when her father went on his annual trip to New York, and of hearing the Postillion's horn as they came over Calvary Hill, of running down Second Street, hair flying, and across the park, just as the coach came careening round the corner of First National Bank. Spying her, her father leaned way out of the coach waving a huge wax doll to her delirious joy.

Once she cajoled her father into taking her to see a grand ballet at the Murray House (now the Lansing Block) where, after watching all the beauty and chivalry dance to their heart's content, she fell asleep, curled up on a chair by the wall.

She was awakened by a very fine young gentleman, who, attracted by the sleeping child, asked her whose little girl she was. Upon being told, he swung her over his shoulder, scuttled across the lots and deposited her upon the family door step. The gallant young gentleman was a merchant, lately come from New York, destined to be one of Newark's luminaries and in years to come the husband of the little girl he had carried on his shoulder. His name was James L. Birkey.

Those were the days of the glory of the Ohio Canal. I well remember my childish curiosity over the myriad windows on the canal side of my Uncle Abner Dennis' house, (now the Hudson Hotel). I was told that the canal front was like the Cleveland Boulevard — everyone built with an eye to looking at the boats as they plied between Newark and Cleveland, the packets gay with passengers, music

and dancing. Mrs. Birkey told me how she and my Aunt Lizzie had a wonder trip to Cleveland on a packet where her father knew the Captain. It was the gala sight of old Newark. "Alas, how are the great fallen." How few remember the old canal, sight of all our skating days and summer picnics.

The old Trinity Church, now the rear of a spanking garage on First Street, held in its basement the famous select school of Caroline Carter and where all little boys and girls of the forties and fifties went to school.

Miss Caroline, herself, I never saw, although she and her sisters lived long and happily in single blessedness, dying in the seventies.

Miss Sophy with her lisp, I just remember with her bobbing side curls. She always spoke of an awesome uncle of mine of having been "such a pretty little boy."

The old Trinity Episcopal Church had the distinction of having had the first pipe organ in town with Charles Wilder of Boston as organist, whose local reputation was such no succeeding organist has ever been able to live it down. Mr. Reynolds once told me, with a twinkle in his eye, that one old boy had told him with encouraging tone that he came nearest to being in Wilder's class but even he might have learned something from Wilder's interludes which were all runs and trills.

Here came my father, fresh from Marietta College and piped in a sweet throaty tenor at divine service. This was long after the fiasco of the May Party. Louise Stambury (later, Mrs. Birkey), his senior by a year or two, was selected Queen and Billy King, sixteen, was to be crowned King. The ceremony was to be performed on the Indian Mound just this side of Wilson Rosebroughs. It was razed a few years ago by John Carroll.

At the coronation hour my father was nowhere to be found, and when unearthed, was a sight to be seen. His hair was rumped, his shirt pulled from

its moorings, his roundabout missing and his white trousers covered with bright green grass stains. Tired of waiting, he had gotten to tussling with some of the rough boys from the East Newark bad lands, and the raging and imperious Louise refused to be crowned by his side, a bone they picked to their dying day. This did not prevent a diligent and romantic correspondence during college days under the pseudonyms of Sacharissa and Ganymede. A circumstance that so fired my youthful imagination that I took as readily as a duck to water, in my "green and salad days" to a vigorous and voluminous epistolary engagement, emerging as hero to a very fervent Leander and there was much about swimming the Hellespont and about Abydos, all very illuminating and good for our classics. So that's that.

About the time of my father's return from college, there dawned, smiling and suave, upon the horizon Captain Leonidas McDougall, a student at Annapolis. Later, a captain in the Mexican War, and still later in the Civil War where he died a heroic death, cheering his men as he fell.

He was an uncle of the late Mrs. Updegraff and Mr. Willard Warner. Leonidas McDougall with his heroic naval and army record, his love affairs and his courage and savoir faire, became my patron saint. I think I saw in him, Adonis, Don Juan, Childe Harold and Sir Galahad, all in one.

A few years ago, one day Mrs. Updegraff gave a party. I was idly waiting in the dressing room for my escort, when my eyes happened to fall on a faded photograph on the bureau. It was a gallant with flowing side whiskers, great length of waving hair, great width and length of necktie and brass buttoned coat. "Who is that fierce looking old pirate?" I whispered to Nelly Warner. "Oh," she replied with her ready staccato, laughing, "That is Uncle Leon McDougall." Mrs. Updegraff kindly unearthed an appreciation of him written by my

father at the time of Captain McDougall's death. I quote in part. After a sketch of his career as a lover of the sea-promising naval cadet, he goes on to describe how he enlisted in the cavalry at the outset of the Mexican War. Became the great friend of Captain Mayne Reid, the marine novelist, served with distinction in every important engagement until the taking of Mexico City. Came home to look after his aged father, but was called to the Civil War. Upon one furlough when twitted on the lazy life they led he replied, "Boys, we shall soon see service and I shall be the first to fall. Alas, only too prophetic.

In his last years, reserved in manner, even to melancholy, remote from the gay and festive throng he once had so loved. Yet his company was always courted by those who knew him. None knew him better than the writer, none loved him more dearly. For his courage—his loyalty—his daring and his sparkle will ever be a gem in my recollection.

Characteristically my father closes in true "Mid-dy-Vic" style with some verses.

"Most constant friend — my greatest confidante,  
Thy riper years have taught me much, and now  
I wreath a garland, for thy life is spent  
For Country, and I twine it round thy brow.  
Bright were thy visions always, yet I know,  
Thou were at all times bravest of the brave,  
I curse the fatal shot that laid thee low,  
I drop this willow branch above thy grave."

My father, also, at this time belonged to a male glee club, and he carried a little folded-up melodeon and played it when they went serenading. "Doc" Bacon and Charles Hempstead sang bass and father and "Vet" Wells were the tenors. I remember one night at the Stanbury's the girls let down a fruit cake in a bandbox to the gallant serenaders, purloined from the family pantry and counted on for company next day.

It was a later band of serenaders, Mr. William Davis told me about, whom the prankish girls at a

house party at the Penney's, threw out a hoop skirt which gyrated through the air and softly settled over the head of the serenaders. Then there were the Thompson girls of Columbus, sisters of the redoubtable "Rocky Bob" Thompson, who came to Newark and sang duets about "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows" and played the mischief with the Newark beaux. Mrs. Birkey told me gleefully how "Hattie" Thompson came over to spend the day bringing only an extra black velvet waist (basque). From here she decided to go up to the Rose's on Granville Road. It chanced to be about the time of the annual "Robbins' Ball" and Mrs. Birkey cajoled "Old Cad", as they called Mr. Cadwallader, an ancient beau who, she said, "Whistled through his teeth," to go up and bring her back. She had no party gown with her, but nothing loath, back she came with the now famous velvet basque and to the Robbins' Ball she went where Hattie Thompson, velvet waist and all, proceeded to be the belle of the ball.

Lounging in the doorway watching her was a rather sober young man, just reappearing in society after the death of his young wife. He was no other than Jerome Buckingham, and from the moment that he clapped his eyes on the lively, dancing Miss Thompson, he was a doomed man. He begged an introduction and asked Miss Stanbury if he might call, and the next evening saw him in Stanbury's back parlor, leaning over the piano, while Hattie Thompson in her sweet fluty voice sang "The Day of My Destiny's Over."

Is not that delicious? What young woman of this Jazz Age could capture her prey by singing Byron's Farewell to his Sister? Later in the year, Mr. James R. Stanbury, the distinguished lawyer, took his eldest daughter, Louise, for a trip up the Hudson. Judge Buckingham chanced to be on board and begged Miss Louise to examine a gift he had just purchased at Tiffany's, for a young lady, he being

no judge of a young lady's taste. It proved to be a most complete toilet and manicure set, the articles all solid silver, all in a very fine inlaid case. Whether it was the opening wedge of the courtship or the "last straw", certain it was that I knew Hattie Thompson as Mrs. Judge Jerome Buckingham all the days of my life. And the toilet set in its lovely inlaid case is still intact and reclines on a table in the Buckingham parlor.

Those were the days when Mrs. Robbins was the arbiter of social amenities and my grandmother King and Mrs. Colonel Sherwood indulged in trips by stage to New York to buy the most exclusive mahogany, velvet carpets and thread lace curtains, for which I am very grateful. Later gay Mate Mayhew came up from New England the bride of Lucius Wing, and charade clubs flourished in Mrs. Henry Sprague's back parlor. The very back parlor where I began my long career in amateur play giving for the Monday Talks. When New Year's Day was greeted by "Open House" and all the young gallants in gala attire grew more hilarious every house they visited and until the first of the year was over. When the Uphams gave their balls in the house now owned by E. C. Wright.

There was the old Davidson home, now Trinity Rectory, so long the home of the mysterious Lewin family. Old Robert Davidson coming back from the first gold rush in California, a millionaire, married Nell Curtis, and became the progenitor of Robert the 2nd and 3rd. There was the elegant N. B. Hogg of New York with his dashing span of grays, and his bachelor balls and fine dry goods store. Mrs. Fullerton and Mrs. Henry Smith vying with each other as society leaders. Mrs. Smith known to the irreverent as "Madame Pompadour" owing to her grand manner—not her morals.

There was the beautiful Oakwood with its handsome and polished host. Where the beautiful Mary Woods was often seen and where May Warner

(Mrs. Geo. Sprague) happened to be born while her father, the charming General Willard, was off to war. Here, later, came the army and navy guests, with Captain Charles Penney, who died a few years ago, a Brigadier General, retired. Oaklands, out Cedar Hill way, was the historical residence of the Stanbury Family.

There was old Dr. Kitsmiller's residence, now the Class Mineral Bath Place. "Sis" the lovely singer and her sister Annie, well known in old music circles. Ed who married one of the rich Duffs of Pittsburgh (Duff's Molasses) and gave the ugly bronze fountain to Newark, in the Park. Old Adam Fleek as individual and prominent as his children and grandchildren, who said "Shakespeare was common readin'."

There was a certain showy brevet "Captain" of whom the stories told, remind me of the Bab Ballads sensational Captain who

"Couldn't walk into a room,  
Without ejaculating "BOOM",  
Which startled ladies, greatly."

He had invented a patent washing machine, and used to orate every night in the court house square upon its perfections. He had a stentorian voice, an enormous gift of gab, and considerable business acumen.

The boys, among whom were Will Fleek, son of old Adam, a rare, curly-headed wag; Homer Henderson, afterward the distinguished portrait and mural painter, and Ed Marble, son of old Dr. Marble, whose home was the late office of Dr. Willard Rank, and my uncle Charley King. They were always in the audience and often have I heard them recount side-splitting stories of the village character, under the old pear tree in our side yard.

When the boys went to report to the Captain, with regard to soliciting funds for the Civil War, they were hysterical over the crude oil painting—

heroic size—representing the Captain and his washing machine, the picture covering the entire wall of the little entrance hall. Upon being asked what became of the funds in case they were not needed, he replied in stentorian tones, "In that case they will be re-distributed pro-rata."

I have seen the chums all dissolve in laughter over another incident. One morning, Ed Marble's libations of the previous evening had kept him abed till a late hour — he heard the door bell ring and the well-known shuffle of old Mary Trigger, the family retained, a cross-grained cross-eyed party, going to the door. Creeping to the head of the stairs he beheld against the back-ground of the open front door the spectacular Captain, with a model of his famous invention, holding forth to old Trigger, mistaking her for the grand lady of the house.

"Nay, more, Mrs. Marble," he orated, "This washing machine is peculiar and differs from others that have their good points in that it is within the compass of a single woman, thus causing it to concentrate its energy, not like other washing machines, tending to dissipate the soap and render the suds light and frivolous."

There, too, was Marve Cully, a great character, host of the Black Horse Inn and grand uncle of Miss Mary Sprague. He, and a jovial old pirate named "Doc" Pettit, went up the "Feeder" one moonlight night and, sitting on the bank, proceeded to fortify themselves against the night air. Suddenly a hoarse old bullfrog chortled, "Murve Cully—Murve Cully." Pettit tittered, "Murve, you're sent for." Just then a tiny frog piped up, "Pettit too—Pettit too." "Legs," says Murve, "do your duty," and off those two old rascals went at a Marathon pace.

How often have I heard Grandfather King tell this story. There was General Smythe's residence on the corner of Church and Fourth Streets, built after the plan of Jefferson's "Monticello." General Smythe, the well-known attorney, with his elegant

carriage and liveried driver, true to his Southern up-bringing. Little steps let down from the sides of the carriage, from whence would emerge a very frail and refined Mr. Smythe, who apparently never walked. A grandson, Brandt Smythe Hervey, is the only member of the family still in Newark. Sattie Semour, the daughter, is in Akron.

There was the painter, Amzi Godden (I was once told he was a blacksmith) but Mrs. Updegraff told me that was not so, as he lived with his mother on South Fourth. She just remembered him—a tall blonde, and sickly and desperately poor. At the time of his death she went with her mother as usual on an errand of mercy, and was horrified at the bare little house, the cheap deal coffin, resting on two chairs, unpainted and wooden, and a steady stream of water dripping into a big tub underneath the casket, from the ice packed around him, for it was dog days. She never forgot the horror although she was only a mite of a girl.

He left a portrait or two on every wall of old Newark. The prettiest, she thought, of little Iva and Nellie Robbins. To be sure, the solemn old portraits looked very much alike. There was one of my grandfather Knight who died long before my day. It was hung on the wall of the upper hall in the little house, still standing in East Main Street. He used to get out of his frame every night when, as a little girl, I stayed all night at Grandmother's and was left in the dark when she carried away the candle and he proceeded to haunt all my sleeping hours.

And the only impression I have of the early appearance of my King ancestors are two huge portraits, in Amzi's cunning hand. But who taught its cunning, I shall never know. A New York artist of distinction surprised me one day by admiring those same old portraits. "They are in the best Dutch School," he said, "and the work of a talented and well-trained hand."

Quite by accident, I ran across Amzi Godden's grave in Cedar Hill one day, and felt I had found an old friend and sat down to talk awhile. So, Vale and Farewell, Amzi Godden. You have left a more enduring monument than one of brass or marble.

There was the drunken old tailor, Wyiarick, who lived in the basement of the court house, and to whose door knob the boys tied a squalling goose indicative of his calling. His head had some odd scraps of learning in it and he perpetrated the famous hoax of the "Holy Stone"—a brick decorated with symbols of Masonry purporting to prove the pre-historic history of Masonry. He buried it in the Old Fort and caused it to be unearthed, which was so well done that everybody in Newark was taken in. The fame spread abroad and as dignified a magazine as the old Scribner accepted it as genuine, and gave it space in its columns.

In the Oakwood drawing room of the Penney's hung a chandelier of brass with trailing vines of glass morning glories, a replica of one that hung in the summer palace of Queen Louise of Prussia. It now lies crated in my attic.

Hezekiah Sprague, dealer and connoisseur of gems and pictures, with his beautiful home on Spring Hill.

The Henry Spragues, the Brices, the Kiblers, of them volumes might be written. E. I. Mooney who left his impress on our old furniture, particularly on the mahogany side-boards.

Old Dr. Wilson and his lady wife—great entertainers. My paternal grandfather who specialized in hand-made chairs, and with prophetic vision made the only chairs which have withstood the onslaught of three generations of ample sitters.

Mrs. Luke Warner was as famous for her "Cinnamon Rolls" as my Grandmother King for her "Mountain Ice" cake.

Judge Charles Kibler was the first Superintendent of our Public Schools and Mrs. Anne Black the

first graduate. Years before, there had been a celebrated high school teacher in Mr. Mills. An erudite scholar, he had no common sense. He was an eternal butt for the wit of Will Fleek, Homer Henderson and my Uncle Charley King. All sad wags. He had no sense of humor usually, but once he turned the tables on them.

The school board was to appear and he, wishing to make a good exhibit of his classic students, drilled them on their Latin and bid them read with fire and spirit. Not drone through, as they were in the habit of doing. The day and guests arrived.

Homer Henderson, being the show pupil, was apportioned that part of the story where Hector is dragged seven times round the walls of Troy. "In Genuit"—he GROANED, moaned Homer to the delight of the boys. "DID HE?" wailed Mills, very unexpectedly, to the amusement of the Board and boys, none more convulsed than Homer, who told me the story. Mrs. Jane Snook once told me of the terrible days of the Cholera scourge in..... A baby uncle of mine was the last victim. People died so fast, they had to take the bodies to Cedar Hill in express wagons.

Dr. and Mrs. Cooper, old citizens, whose home is now the Ionized Club, were lying at the point of death, and young Jane was asked to watch at their bedside alone one hot August night. All night long she administered the medicine, going from one dying soul to another. She was very frightened and inexperienced but all friends had to be drafted into service. Relieved at day-break by another neighbor, she started gaily home in her new lavender sprigged calico dress, when a light whistle caused her to turn and there came "Vet" Wells, a great beau, driving one of the ominous spring wagons. "Jump in, Jane," said he, "I'll take you home." Nothing loath, in she jumped and he drove her down to the old Bremmagen home on South Third Street, where she fell across the step into the dining room where her

mother and sister and grandmother were cutting out summer dresses — and knew no more for weeks, deep in the clutches of the dread disease.

There was Apollo Hall, famous as the "Pump Room" of Bath, in the same hall now sacred to the Loyal Order of the Moose over Brown's Feed Store. Here, youth and beauty danced and quarreled and made love in the old war and pre-war days. When the G. A. R. Club Miss Laura Jones tells about flourished, and Helen King, Mame Warner and Mame Ochiltree and "Pet" Stanbury went Hallowe'ening wearing white sheets and dough faces and frightening natives out of their wits as they peeped into windows.

Here came young Josie Kuster from Essen, Germany, who peddled his ginger cakes from door to door in huge flat baskets. They were baked in a little back room on South Second Street, in a building, one of a row known then as "Gingerbread Row." Josie, destined to be our Boniface and founder of a long line of restaurants, only discontinued this last month or so.

The most fashionable and exclusive society event of the season was the "Fireman's Ball". The fireman's brigade, a volunteer organization, being the flower of the sons of the aristocracy. Until recently I owned one of their formal invitations, my father being "floor manager" and we had a helmet and leather bucket hanging in the cellar way at my Aunt Clara Knight's until the house was dismantled. Mr. Ned Kibler told me that up in the Mary Ann Furnace country one day, he chanced upon a group of native old men, whittling and gossiping. Talking of the old days of the Newark Bar (and there were giants in those days). He asked them which was greater in the court room, James R. Stanbury or S. D. King. The reply was that James R. Stanbury was a mighty man in plea. He was eloquent and dramatic, and would send his audience soaring — then S. D. King would come on, tell them

a capital story, hurl Latin and Greek, and the jury was his. Of course, Ned might have told it another way to a Stanbury. Filtering through my mind comes no recollection of Dr. Brice. But his son, the General, I remember well. So tall, courtly, with the real bearing of a West Pointer. His nephew, Amos, I knew well. Blind from boyhood, with an imperious temper, naturally exaggerated by indulgent treatment, he was a tyrant to his friends. Tenacious of memory, a score of music only had to be read to him once, to suffice. He was an omniverous reader, by proxy, and merciless to his victims. Nor was he to be eluded on the street or in the house. He knew your step, your height, the very essence of you.

Mrs. Dr. Speer, his half-sister, told of keeping perfectly still one day when Amos came in. He called her name impatiently three or four times, then swinging his cane in ever widening circles, he forced her in the open. He formed our first and only real choral society, a conductor of no mean repute, and a famous chess player.

There was Hon. Isaac Smucker, sage of Locust Street, and patron saint of the Pioneer Society. He made a life study of the works of Moundbuilders and was acclaimed an authority on the subject.

It was during the Civil War that news came one day that a train of sick soldiers was coming through town, and Mrs. Luke Warner, as was her wont, filled a basket with delicacies, with jellies, broth and the like and bid her pretty daughter, Ella, take it to the train. She, in a shell pink muslin and picture hat, accosted the first soldier she saw, a certain General Howard. He gallantly escorted her to the train, asked her name and wrote a charming note of thanks.

After the war was over, he returned, called upon the Episcopal Rector, to ask about paying his devoirs to her and was told she was just about to be married, and even then, was preparing for a big church wedding. Faint heart never won fair lady, for he

went away without seeing her, but who knows what trick Fate might have played if his gallant brass-buttoned person had appeared upon the horizon before the nuptial knot was tied.

I should like to remind you of James L. Parker, distinguished Jurist from New Jersey, who blew in to see my father, the year before he died. They had been "benchmates" in early boyhood in the old school behind the First Presbyterian Church. White-haired and patriarchal, impressive in manner, and with black-ribboned eye glasses, he regaled my sister and me, ad infinitum, and I am sorry to add ad nauseum about his post Civil War romance with a lovely curly-headed houri of the Southland, who, in a white dress and red sash and big silver tray piled with shining red apples, caught his heart as the first Eve did her Adam. How years had brought wealth and honors and how he lived in "The Castle" in Perth Amboy, N. J., all of which sounded very impressive against the background of our modest menage. My sister, however, not naturally credulous, reminded me that the "Castle" was probably some tumble-down antique, and this, in spite of his Lord-of-the-Manor air and gold eye glasses.

Years later, motoring down from Avon, New Jersey, I suddenly exclaimed as we turned a corner in a village, "Why this is Perth Amboy." And the scrubbiest little town it was. "And there is father's old law office. And sure enough—there stood the counterpart of the old office of our childhood, which stood in the side yard of our old house on the square, afterward the property of Dr. Speer, now, an alley grocery of sorts. We chortled with laughter, and went up the steep steps only to find it empty. Inquiring of a passer-by as to where Mr. Parker lived, he pointed up to the top of the hill, where we beheld our own very house (pillared portico, as it used to be) with the addition of a third story under the flat roof. That finished us. My sister had proved herself a prophet once more—the swan was of the barnyard

variety. Finding he had gone down the river to his summer home, I left a pencilled note. When I reached home I found a long, charming letter from the dear old man who, in spite of his eighty-seven years, had motored clear down to Avon to see "Will King's daughter" and take her home with him. Told me pathetically how he had lost his lovely wife in the interim. The next year, his son wrote me of his father's death. I chanced upon a book in the public library, entitled "Roads Out of New York," and in it a picture of the "Castle" and its history. It proved to be an historic gem, and a panegyric on the late owner. So, father's bench mate proved as good as he looked—too much for us to have believed.

But to return to the earlier days, and to gallant Leonidas McDougall. I have a sheaf of letters that have been loaned to me. Old love letters to the fascinating Leon. One simply, "Thine Tonight." Oh, Mrs. Grundy of the early fifties.

Valentines on lace paper, poetry, invitations, one to Sally Dickinson's wedding, Theo Smith's, Nell Curtis to George Davidson. Nell, who begged my Aunt Lizzie Hamill to go with her on her wedding journey as "she didn't know Mr. Davidson very well."

Mrs. Davidson is one of my choicest recollections with her droll personality, her courage and resource and high humor. It was in her parlor that Mrs. Martha Wright, Miss Sprague, Mrs. Eddy, Miss Webb, the Robbins girls, Mrs. L. B. Wing and Mrs. George Wilson met to talk of a recent trip abroad and then and there founded the "Monday Talks", alive to this minute.

It was in her little "Library" the first circulating library was formed, and her big old fashioned book cases housed the books until they outgrew their quarters and took refuge in the basement of the court house, religiously attended for thirty years by Mrs. Martha Wright. And Mrs. Wright, that star in my galaxy, to her I pay tribute this day. For her genial

presence, her clear humorous outlook on men and things in general. Her brilliant talks on Monday, her keen kindly appreciation of the efforts of less gifted members. Her encouragement of any budding talent. All are remembered in these later years, even her ever-busy knitting needles that went through all the Punic Wars and the socks and sweaters that weathered the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire. Alert, kindly and merrily good company, we shall not look on her like again.

There were letters, too, from Reuben Harris, on a battleship in the Mediterranean, inquiring about all the young ladies, with rather illuminating comments on some of them, reserving his most gallant compliments for my Aunt Lizzie King, with whom he had been hopelessly in love.

"Sallie" writes to her "dearest Leon" from Cadiz. "That no grandeur in that city can dull the recollection of the old back porch, with the moonlight streaming through the vines." How history repeats itself.

Again—"You have been misinformed as to my disposition. Such love as mine, you know, cannot be easily turned to anger, My Mary."

On the same date, Mrs. Sherwood writes to her sister, "You will see great changes in Newark. We soon are to have three new brick store buildings and gas by the end of October."

Another batch of letters takes us clear through the Civil War. "You say my vanity has often deceived me," cries the poor lover from a southern camp. "I know, and far too well," poor fellow goes on, "but I say things which are like flying arrows. I do not see the barbs but only the feather that sends them. I am stark raving mad, because I love you so—and we are torn apart."

Strange charm of these faintly pencilled notes, almost undecipherable, carrying tragedy and comedy, farce and love, on their yellowed pages.

Close-ups of the Civil War. Side lights on people you have always known, simply as men walking.

The faint perfume of rose leaves swirls up from their folded depths. How strange that an old letter can outlive the dainty hand which penned—

"Love, drew your picture in my heart of hearts,  
And Memory preserves it, beautiful."

She asserts, "she does not wish to trifle with a heart she loves." It is signed "Stranger", but, comparing it with other notes, we identify the stranger.

O, lovely girl of the forties and fifties, with your beruffled petticoats, your hoops, your tiny waist and your romance, what would you think to see my unhallowed gaze scanning the lines meant for one eye alone? And how would the inspirer of these lines sell as to the vandalism which turns his cherished treasures out of their casket, and leaves them a prey for the curious? With a sense of humor, as Colonel Yearick says, "He might chuckle in his grave."

Lovely gallants and ladies of those early days, I quote no more.

Any account of the celebrities of old Newark is not complete without a sketch of some of the old buildings and unusual old homes.

I have spoken of old inns, the Black Horse Tavern, the Green Tavern, of Oakwood, Oaklands and Rose Hill. Of Oaklands I shall risk a more detailed account. It was the property of Mr. William Stanbury, grandfather of the late Mrs. Pet Jackson and Mrs. Dr. Speer. He and his friend, J. J. Brice, bought a large tract of land near the village of Newark in 1830. Six years later, Mr. Stanbury built a house on it and called it Hazelwood. In 1840 it was sold, and he built another house upon the farm and called it Oakland Hall.

Mr. Isaac Smucker writes—

It was known far and wide for its hospitality. It was unusual in its style. There were five log cab-

ins connected by a hall whose dimensions were 70 x 35 feet. Two cabins on each side and one at the end. The cabins were twenty feet square and formed the main structure, the top story being over the hall. The chimneys were all built on the outside and were of immense size, and the fireplaces so immense that huge andirons supported entire trunks of trees as back logs. There were four sets of double doors in this hall and the house faced the west with a porch running across the front 25 feet deep, the floor of the upper story projecting and forming the roof. It was supported by four great trees with the bark on.

The wide front double doors had upper partitions on both sides glazed with small panes of glass. The hall was divided in the center by large oak doors that, when folded, were invisible and the dimensions were seen.

At the lower end of the hall, opening from either side, were sets of double doors, the counterpart of the front ones opening onto two side porches whose supports were again oak trees with bark intact. Over the whole building waved woodbine and Virginia Creeper.

The house stood on high ground which sloped gradually to the Park Gate, a quarter of a mile distant. The view in every direction was a vast expanse of rolling acres, well wooded with oak, hickory, gum, and buckeye trees, with here and there clumps of elder and hazel. The farm was watered by a small stream called the "Shawnee" which was picturesque as it wound its way past the house at the foot of the hill with many twists and turns, and whose bright surface reflected the ferns and blue bells strewn along its grassy banks and waving to the sweet music of never-ceasing ripples—a real Tennyson "Brook". Everyone who visited Oaklands will remember the appearance as he sat on the front porch in his easy chair. The first to greet his guests, ruddy and robust—a charming, genial, gentle man.

He had come up the Hudson, and his sister, Fanny, had been asked in marriage by no less a person than Washington Irving and tradition had it that her refusal caused the celibacy of that gifted man.

Mr. Stanbury had, in his early days, been a forensic orator, a member of congress and a useful man in the vicinity.

I remember Oaklands well, with its checkered family history, and its store of legends.

One, cistern filled with hard cider and pumped up by hand, was recalled by both Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Updegraff. From another source I learned that it was the work of two town scapegraces, who were so overcome by the success of their venture that they had to stretch out on the hillside all day before they could navigate homeward. When Oakland, after years of vicissitudes, burned to the ground a few years ago it meant another interesting landmark—gone.

Oakwood—the old Penney home—still intact, is much better known. The great Gothic stone house with its red roofs (sloping) and mullioned windows is a familiar sight. No longer buried in its lovely wooded acres—no oaklined avenue lures you—no snowy-haired and bearded host meets you with his royal welcome—I feel like crying "Ichabod" for the lovely days that are no more.

Rose Hill, shorn of its acres, has been allowed to retain much of its old-time charm, happy in having one of its chatelaines still in charge.

Ghosts of old Newark Society must ever lurk on its steep winding stair, in the Pink and Blue rooms and in the panelled old dining-room where famous dinners were given.

The Birkey House (now obliterated) was the last thing in modern palaces of the seventies, boasting of a real ball room and, in its last days, a real ghost. It was here Mr. James L. Birkey lived, moved, and gave Newark its greatest thrill.

In Mrs. Luther's Saloon in East Newark a year or so ago, the workmen, in tearing down seven thicknesses of wall paper, came across a large mural decoration signed by a famous French artist. Inquiry elicited the fact that it had been an old road house years ago and artists passing through had left their work (in payment, perhaps) signed with their autograph. Profane hands pulled down the walls to make way for commercial progress before protest could arise.

The old "Stonewall Jackson House" had been an old posting inn down on South Fifth Street, but in our day fallen on evil fortunes.

The quaint little house on East Main Street long in the Knight family. With its thick walls—its sloping roofs and treacherous steps up and down in the rooms—its drawbridge to the attic, all familiar to my childhood as my own name, had a history none of us ever dreamed when it, too, was a posting inn.

There is the old Jones Mill, once Montgomery, the mill my great grandfather King built. He, too, was a disciple of Isaac Walton, and my mother and brothers and cousin Oren (O. G.) spent many happy hours of childhood trailing after him at Stadden's Bridge or Jones' Basin, bringing their string of bass home for the hungry family. Mr. George Sprague had a childhood memory of the old man in full Quaker garb, broad hat and plain speech, traipsing home with his string of children and fish.

Mr. James L. Birkey, as I have said, was the most thrilling personality that Newark ever knew. A veritable Colonel Sellers, his manipulations of millions, the skillfulness and audacity, his personality was electrical. Always optimistic, his intentions were always of the best and that they ended in ultimate failure and broke up most of those who trusted him, was a real tragedy. He gave the most spectacular wedding Newark ever has known for his daughter Helen (Lil), mother of May Hollander, and the elegant Mr. Hale of Coatesville, Pa. Suave, smiling, he

disarmed even his bitterest enemies. The story is told of old John Miller of Granville Street, who went over to the Birkey house one morning, before breakfast, pistol in pocket, determined to get back the money he had loaned Mr. Birkey or shoot him. He was announced by the servant. Mr. Birkey, at his breakfast, rose, napkin in hand, and joyously ushered the irate old man into the dining room and insisted on sharing with him his excellent breakfast of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, and so charmed him with his courtesy and excellent stories that he ended in a high good humor by lending him \$5,000 more before he left the house.

Then there is Major-General "Johnny Clem", that debonnaire and witty gentleman who is no other than the "Drummer Boy of Shiloh," who ran away from home at ten years old to the Civil War, to be sent home by General Grant. He ran away the second time and Grant, laughingly, but reluctantly, bid him stay. He gave my niece a lovely half hour at our house one night, telling war stories and how he drummed his way clear through the Civil War, was imprisoned time and again but never wounded. He also gave her a picture of himself on horseback, in an old suit of General Grant's, cut down for him but still so large it swamped him. In spite of all contestants for the title, he held his own against all comers, he told her with a twinkling smile.

His birthplace is still in existence on remote South Second Street, but his better known and more recent home, where his parents were market gardeners on the corner of Granville and Eleventh, has become a bright and shining light — a filling station and the old Clem home and the market garden are no more. He lives at present in San Antonio, Texas, and was 84 years old the other day. I wrote a greeting and had a lovely response from Mrs. Clem, as he was too frail to write. Mr. Willoughby Miller, dentist extraordinary to Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm Hohen-

zollern and his family, came from Granville Road and was a school chum of Will Webb and Fred Wright. I always think of him as "Rufus the Red" with his fiery red head and long beard. He turned his farm, up near Alexandria, into a regular "Junker's" estate. Instituted games familiar to German ones and with his tenants succeeded in excelling in pole vaulting even as an old man at the risk of his ribs and limbs.

Those were halcyon days in Germany for American dentists. Dr. Ed. Galbreath was led to cast his lot there by Willoughby fifty-five years ago who introduced him to a patronage of titled persons.

Dr. Miller's exhaustive treatises on dentistry were accepted as authority, though I'm inclined to believe they would not hold water in America as Dr. Galbreath found to his sorrow when he returned to Newark in the late nineties. America does move, and thrill of "porcelain inlays" had been superceded by more things than Miller and Galbreath had ever dreamed of in their philosophy.

Commander Bob Impey, of the U. S. Navy, I knew in his later years, big, jovial with a Rabelaisian wit. He had been in naval service for his country for forty-five years and told me thrilling tales of forlorn missions in the out-of-the-way places of the earth, of typhoons and simoons in India and the China Seas. He was a brother of Mrs. Dr. Speer.

There was William Woods of the Supreme Bench of the U. S., and gallant Willard Warner, the General. In the war letters I have had given me, all these men appear in the limelight, none more so than Colonel Charles Kibler, whose frail health made his bright army record an eighth wonder.

I must not fail to mention Mr. Willard Warner, for forty years chief clerk of the U. S. Treasury Department. A famous raconteur, and polished gentleman, he has gone his quiet efficient way through many administrations, charming and humorous.

and could, if he liked, and I never cease urging him to do so, write a book of recollections of famous people he has known which would be interesting reading.

Miss Mary Sprague, too, who grew famous in a night with her clever novel, "An Earnest Trifler," written in the early eighties, showing the influence of W. D. Howells — then a great prophet. Miss Sprague, whose genius functioned so opportunely that the peak of her fame was at the psychological moment, when Houghton & Osgood, her Boston publishers, gave their famous "Holmes Breakfast" to their patrons on Oliver Wendell Holmes' eightieth birthday, to which she was invited and introduced to all that frozen circle of Boston's Literati. They were, it was wittingly said, "Not a crowd, but a creed."

She was entertained by T. B. Aldrich in his home "Ponkapog" and presented with a manuscript poem (copy) of "Identity", never published.

At the time, I was editor of the High School Journal and will never forget the interview accorded me. I even remember what she wore at the breakfast — a brown velvet dress with a seal skin picture hat with drooping seal brown plumes and the papers in the East all commented on her beauty and promise. She sat opposite Longfellow and Emerson, and near the place of honor by W. D. Howells in sight of Dr. Holmes. Him, she thought, a weasoned, snappy, spoiled little man—Longfellow very handsome and a great dandy—and Aldrich, altogether charming. Later she was invited to take a trip in the Mediterranean with James Gordon Bennett in his palatial yacht.

Coming down the years, hosts greet me of old, illustrious Newark people — The Mathiots — Ells — Beckwiths — Montgomerys — Uphams — Woodbridges — Fultons — Webbs — Eli Hull — Col. Ike Hill — Old Captain Case — and Mrs. Woolson giving hot cookies out of her kitchen window to hun-

gry tots in the school behind the old Presbyterian Church. Time forbids, the personal recollections come crowding.

"We are no other than a moving row  
Of magic shadow shapes that come and go.  
Round with his sun-illuminated lantern held,  
In midnight by the master of the show.

Impotent pieces of the game he plays  
Upon this checker board of nights and days  
Hither and thither moves and checks and slays  
And one by one back in the closet lays.

The Moving Finger writes, and having writ,  
Moves on—Nor all your piety or wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it."