

House Where She Was Born
 Still Shelters Newarker, 92



Although 92 years old, Miss Ellen C. King still reads her Bible every day.

ON THE third floor of a plain frame house at 70 Warren street, where that thoroughfare dips to the level of downtown Newark, a 92-year-old colored woman reads her Bible, and quietly observes a busy world. Miss Ellen Cornelia King was born in that house nearly a century ago, and with the exception of nine months at the close of the Civil War, when she went to Wilmington, N. C., to help establish a school and chapel for the children of former

housework, including some washing and ironing, herself. Her hearing has been affected, her sight is not as keen as in other days and she admits that "the rheumatism" that "I've had since I was 18 years old haven't disappeared."

"I have always tried to live according to the Bible's teachings," she told newspaper visitor. "When I was younger I always tried to help others, and now, in my old age, I receive my reward in the kindness bestowed on me."

"I have left this house only a few times in the last ten years, but friends have not forgotten me. I have seen a town grow into a great city. All the old friends have passed on."

"The city, so unlike the town in which I grew up, sometimes scares me by its noise, but there are always new friends to talk and read to me and make these last days happy."

Ellen Cornelia King, one would surmise, seems reconciled to death, but she doesn't be surprised if she celebrates her hundredth birthday in that old Warren street house. Such a spirit can keep her frail body alive for years.

Proud of Free Birth.

Her father, Jacob Dublin King, acquired a lot at the Warren street address 102 years ago and three years later built the house, which now stands in a surrounding of factories and warehouses. Mr. King was the father of thirteen children and his father was a prince of his free birth. His father was a native British settler and for thirty years a valet with the Wallace family on High street, where Central High School now stands.

He also worked at Trinity Church in King's Park, and one Sunday morning the town's church goes, "advertising the bell," were "driving" as the saying is, suddenly, Dublin King's name was in hands was stamped in a book. He had suffered a stroke and never recovered.

Miss King's father was an energetic worker, but when trade in money to shelve did not bring enough money to maintain a family that included seven girls and a boy, as soon as they were old enough to work the children were "sent out" to Newark families, and Miss King notes with pride that she has been employed by the Brintnalls, Frelinghuysens, James, Wrights, Kinneys and other families whose names were actively associated with growing Newark.

Education? Yes, there was some of it at the Plane street church, where Negroes taught the three R's to their own.

"The white folk in those days didn't give any thought to educating us," Miss King recalls, "although" she adds, "they didn't mind taking us to school."

Mention of the Civil War brings a picture to this interesting Newark woman of a hysterically enthusiastic man of a crowd of boys in blue marching to railroad freight yards of wounded Yankee soldiers, of children on street corners chanting, "We'll hang old Davis to a soap apple tree."

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Her Funeral to Be in Birthplace



Miss Ellen C. King DEC 13

Funeral services for Miss Ellen Cornelia King, one of the oldest residents of this city, who celebrated her 97th birthday November 18 at her home, 70 Warren street, will be held this afternoon at 2 p. m. at the 15th Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Her death Wednesday took place in the house in which she was born and lived all her life, excepting a few months, when she accepted an offer to establish a school and chapel for children of former slaves at Wilmington, N. C., just after the Civil War.

Miss King was born a free woman, the daughter of the late Jacob D. and Mary King and was employed by the Brintnalls, Frelinghuysens, Plumes, Wright and Kinney families here.

Her reminiscences of President Lincoln when he visited Newark on February 23, 1861, and shook her hand, when she heard Mayor Bigelow's address and the President's response were the most thrilling experiences of her life.

The home of her parents, now more than 103 years old, has undergone but little improvement. Miss King was sentimental and often pointed with pride that under the sidewalk of her home still remain some relics of the underground methods used then to aid escaping slaves from the South.

Despite her many years, her mind was clear and she was an ardent reader of the Bible, books, magazines and especially her "bookshelf," as she called them, and the Newark Sunday Call. She saw their inception, progress and influence in the building up of their native city.

She took an active interest in her church, in which she was a life member for more than 45 years. She was superintendent and a teacher there until her eyes in later years began to fail.

Miss King is survived by a niece, Mrs. Jennie Quarles; a nephew, Walter Thorp, with whom she lived, and a cousin, Mrs. Virginia E. M. Scott of New York city. Interment will be tomorrow in Woodlawn Cemetery.

Recalls Lincoln's Visit.

The most thrilling picture Miss King has of Civil War days is the memory of Abraham Lincoln's sojourn through the city on February 23, 1861, for his inauguration, arrived at the Morris and Essex Railroad Company station at Broad and Division streets.

Miss King was one of the crowd who waved at the President-elect and heard Mayor Bigelow's address of welcome and Mr. Lincoln's words of reply. Thorp and Miss King proceeded down Broad as Mr. Lincoln's carriage drawn by four white horses, Miss King joined the throng which kept pace with the president, waving flags and cheering the Great Emancipator.

Miss King sold the Warren street dwelling six years ago, but she purchased assured her quarters in her birthplace for the rest of her life.

Asked why she never married, Miss King smiled sadly. There was "one man many years ago, it seems, but he married another girl."

She lives with her nephew, Walter Thorp, but manages to do much of the

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slaves, she has lived in the same dwelling all her life.

From her front window she watches Warren street's steady flow of traffic. A window in the rear of her tidy flat affords a good view of the new City and Railway, approaching completion. A notably an airplane soars overhead. A prominent place in Miss King's living room is occupied by a radio set. In such a modern setting this nonagenarian is content to close a long book of life in happy reflection.

She admits that the wonders of an ever-changing world sometimes frighten her, and in those moments she turns to her Bible for solace. There, Miss King tells one, she finds trite comfort and as she follows each line through a reading glass she stilled and once again she is a young girl tripping along the lane that once was Warren street, on her way to the Plane Street Colored Presbyterian Church, where she taught a Sunday School class.

Proud of Free Birth.

Her father, Jacob Dublin King, acquired a lot at the Warren street address 102 years ago and three years later built the house which now stands in a surrounding of factories and warehouses. Mr. King was the face of nineteen children and he was always proud of his free birth. His father was Dublin King, reputed to have been a prince of his native British Isles and for many years a slave with the Wallace family on High street, where Central High School now stands.

He also was sexton of Trinity Church in Military Park, and one Sunday mowing the lawn's church-goers, answering the bell, were startled at the cheerful note, unadorned, Dublin King's voice in their hands was stumped in a flash. He had suffered a stroke and never recovered.

Miss King's father was an energetic worker but the trade of shoe-makers did not bring enough money to maintain a family that included seven girls and a boy. As soon as they were old enough to work, the children were "aired out" to Newark families, and Miss King notes with pride that she has been employed by the Brainsalls, Freshausens, "Sumas, Wrights, Kings and other families whose names were actively associated with growing Newark.

Educational, too, she was some of a sort at the Plane street church, where Negroes taught the three R's to their own.

"The white folk in those days didn't give any thought to educating us," Miss King recalls, "although," she adds,

"they didn't mind taking us to school." Mention of the Civil War brings a picture to this interesting Newark woman of a hysterically enthusiastic crowd of boys in blue marching to depots, of hazy military hospitals receiving hundreds of wounded Yankee soldiers, of children on street corners chanting "Well, hang old Joe Davis to a soy, apple tree."

housework, including some washing and ironing, herself. Her hearing has been affected, her sight is not as keen as in other days and she admits that "the rheumatism" that she has had since she was 18 years old haven't disappeared.

Bible is Her Guide. "I have always tried to live according to the Bible's teachings," she told a newspaper visitor. "When I was younger I always tried to help others, and now, in my old age, I receive my reward in the kindnesses bestowed on me."

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E. S. H.

Recalls Lincoln's Visit.

The most thrilling picture, Miss King retains of Civil War days, is the memory of Abraham Lincoln's journey through the city on February 27, 1861. Mr. Lincoln, on his way to Washington for his inauguration, arrived at the Morris and Essex Railroad Company station at Broad and Division streets.

Miss King was one of the crowd who waved at the President-elect and heard Mayor Bissell's words of welcome and Mr. Lincoln's words of reply. Thus, as Mr. Lincoln proceeded down Broad street in a carriage drawn by four white horses, Miss King joined the throng which kept pace with the procession, waving flags and cheering the Great Emancipator.

Miss King sold the Warren street dwelling 84 years ago, but she still cherishes her quarters in her birthplace for the rest of her life. Asked why she never married, Miss King smiled sadly. There was "one man thirty years ago, it seems, but he married another girl."

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