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# BLACK PATTI LEFT ONLY A SMALL ESTATE

## Singer Spent Her Last Days Humming in Her Rose Garden.

### JEWELRY SOLD TO PAY DEBTS

## She Kept Gowns, Her Piano and Paintings.

By LYDIA T. BROWN  
(Exclusively to the AFRO)

PROVIDENCE, R.I.—Death sang a swan song for the world's famous singer, Black Patti, at the Rhode Island Hospital.

Living in her nine-room house at 7 Wheaton Street, amid the treasures brought in former days, when she had money and affluence, her parlors still contain four valuable large paintings, a painting of the Grand Canal, of Venice, by C. Valleta, a Corot, a Murot, seascape, and Old Mill with its brook, by C. Ruetta, all famous artists of the last decade, all worth real money today.

### Walnut Piano

Gold gilt chairs, gold clock, gold candlesticks, settees of wonderful rich red brocade with gold fleur de lis, her walnut piano and autographed pictures of other stage celebrities, among them the autographed pictures of Cole and Johnson with their famous song, "Mudder Knows," Madame Melba and Bohn Poles, dated 1904, are some of the things found in her home.

Gone are the famous 17 ponderous medals, one from King Hippolyte of Haiti, another for singing the A tiara, diamond-crusted, from the mayor of Demerara, W.I. The Parnell defense from the Irish people. Gifts she once had a plenty. governor of St. Thomas gave her a great bracelet loaded with old gold coins. Her necklace of Egyptian gold scarabaei, with a pearl locket pendant.

Poverty forced her to sell all her jewelry and some of her silver.

She still retained her two beautiful fur coats and her wonderful wardrobes of her evening gowns, loaded with sequins, her gorgeous airgrets, gloves, and other finery.

She lived with her dreams of the past, sometimes singing softly to herself, and once after begging her, she sang in her rich contralto, "Swanee River." Her singing brought her hearers the beauty of nature, and they actually saw a picture of smooth dark waters, soft swaying branches and a drowsy nook in the summer time.

### Rose Garden

Stilled and hushed is the house which once knew the vivacious Black Patti. No longer will she hum softly to herself, in her little rose garden. Our stage has lost its greatest artist whose silvery notes the world will hear no more.

Of her estate there is none. Like most of our famous artists, Black Patti died penniless. By the kindness of heart of William Freeman, realtor, and prominent N.A.A.C.P. local president, for the past two years her taxes, water bill, coal and wood, etc., have been provided.

To Mr. Freeman go the treasures still left of Matilda Joyner, the once famous Black Patti.

In Patti's clipping book I saw an article from the AFRO-AMERICAN dated 1892.