Excerpts from *The Resurrectionist- A Mystery of Old Philadelphia* by Mark Graham

I was in no hurry to get back to get back to City Hall. Things were very tense at the Central Office. Fox was on the way out. Anyone could see that. Ever since the negroes got the right to vote the Democrats had the shakes. Colored men knew which side to vote for: the party of the man who freed the slaves. With their help it looked like Fox and his boys might get the boot. That meant a lot of coppers would lose their politically appointed jobs. And all the fat scale they squeezed out of grafters on their beat.

I wasn't worried, being a Republican.

On the way back from court I took the old green Chestnut and Walnut Street car. The horse team waited for a long time after I got on. They'd been working hard all day like everybody else. In no time the car was packed. There was usually room for about twenty people to sit down. All those seats were taken now as we neared Fifth and Chestnut. I jostled my way to the window behind the driver, facing the back platform where the ticket taker stood.

As the team started sliding the car along the rails, a gait of autumn wind knocked off my new soft hat. When I stooped for it, I caught sight of someone at the back of the car. . That was the first time I really saw her.

... The car stopped and I watched new passengers packed themselves in. As we got started again I noticed three of them crowding around the colored young lady. Two wore cheap ready-made suits with vests fit to burst from their bellies. The other looked like a wiry sport with plaid trousers and a silk neck tie. They were crossmen from the look of them. That is, criminals.

... All three took turns spitting long gobs in the cuspidor right by the colored girl. I averted my eyes a fourth or fifth time. Then I heard the men talking.

..."Looks like we don't have no room to sit down, Uriah."

..."Imagine. We folks gotta stand up and a n\_\_\_\_ gets a seat. Now that don't make no sense to me."

..."They got a nerve, that's no joke. I think they should get their ass on the front platform when a man wants a seat."

..."You gonna move like a good little gal? Or are we gonna have to kick you out?"

"Listen, you men," said an old fellow next to me. "You know the rail company lets n\_\_\_ ride inside same as everybody else. Been that way for three years."

The old fellow was correct. A battle had been fought for that right for years after the war. Before it was won, the negroes had to stand on the crowded front platform, exposed to the elements every day and night of the year, no matter what the weather.

.At this point the ticket taker walked up to the men and said, "What's this all about?"

The clean-shaven fat man said, "Our pal wants the n\_\_\_\_ seat."

The ticket taker rubbed his chin and shook his head. The he turned to the colored girl and said, "Why don't you just stand up and stop causin' all this trouble?