The North Carolina Booklet.

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   Mrs. T. J. Jarvis.
2. A Reprint from Lawson.
3. Indian Massacre and Tuscarora War.
   Judge Walter Clark.
4. Old Charleston on the Cape Fear.
5. Our Pirates.
   Capt. S. A. Ashe.
6. The Revolutionary Congress of North Carolina.
7. Whigs and Tories.
8. The Battle of Guilford Court House.
   Prof. D. B. Hill.
10. Raleigh and the old town of Bloomsberry.
   Dr. E. P. Battle, Sr.
    Rev. Dr. J. E. Clewell.
12. The Story of the Albenarle.
    Major Graham Davies.

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NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.


The Conditions that Led to the Ku-Klux Klans.

By

MRS. T. J. JARVIS.

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THE CONDITIONS THAT LED TO THE KU-KLUX KLANS.

The fourth and fifth decades of the last century were scarcely less momentous, in their historical import, than was the first lustrum of the sixth.

Titanic battles were fought on the hustings, and on the floor of the United States Senate, between Federalists and State Rights giants, Abolitionists, and Free Soilers, with the profound legal acumen of Justinian, and the eloquence of Cicero. Yet, when the wild plaudits of partisans and adherents had died on the air, no man could truthfully say on which banner victory had perched.

But the mighty triumvirate, whose names are to live even when the English language, like that of Cicero, is known only through the classics, were but human after all; and matter yielded in rapid succession, to the triumphs of mind.

John Caldwell Calhoun, the champion of the South, the author of the doctrine of Nullification—the defender of slavery, as permitted by the laws of God and the provisions of the Constitution;—for years a member of the lower House of Congress,—twice Vice-President of the United States,—member of the Senate,—the Preserver of Peace, when war with Great Britain was eminently threatening, pending the Oregon Claim; the great Patriot,—the illustrious Statesman—the man whose ability, integrity and worth were spoken of in the highest terms, even by his political opponents, had dropped his mantle and “Fallen on Sleep” at Washington, on March 31st, 1850.
Henry Clay, the matchless advocate, whose power with a jury has never been surpassed,—Statesman in the highest sense of the word,—four times Speaker of the House of Representatives,—member of the Senate,—three times a candidate for the Presidency,—member of the Cabinet,—Peace Commissioner abroad,—Courtier in the Salons of Madame DeStael,—Author of the Senate bill in 1850, which well might have averted the great battle on the slavery question—was the second to answer the imperative roll call of the ages, on the 26th day of July 1852. Death had no terrors for him, for he had “preferred to be right, rather than to be President.” And the day of his funeral was observed in New York, as in the States of his nativity and adoption.

Just three months later, in October 1852, Daniel Webster, orator, statesman, jurist, patriot, the profoundest intellect ever emanating from a New England State,—Cabinet officer, Senator,—twice within easy reach of the Presidency,—yet twice defrauded in the language of Edmund Burke “by the Calumnies of Malice, and the Judgments of Ignorance,” had been followed to his six feet of earth at Marshfield, almost amid the hootings of the blood-thirsty rabble, whom the gods had made mad, because, as he had stated, “He could not subscribe to the code of the fanatical and factions Abolitionists of the North.”

Had these three men in the fifties, with their phenomenal giant intelligences, been only as old as the century—who will deny but that justice and judgment might have clasped hands; and a remedy been discovered; by which, in the language of De Toqueville, “Emancipation might have been accomplished, as in Brazil; and voluntarily adopted, without having wrung a tear, or a drop of blood from mankind!”

But the unfortunate zeal of millions of fanatics sowing dragons’ teeth upon the grave of Webster, which were to lay his son Fletcher a victim by his side, was destined to bring forth a harvest of blood-thirstiness which could find its parallel only in France, in the early nineties of the previous century.

Wendell Phillips, William Loyd Garrison and the hosts of Abolitionists, who followed in the wake of these men, were dead alike to reason and to mercy. “The Brother in Black” was to be set free at the cost of rivers of blood and the sacrifice of millions of lives of the “Brother in White.” It mattered not that the Constitution had guaranteed the right of owners to their slaves, and that Webster had consequently declared, with unclouded legal vision, that “the principle of the restitution of the fugitive slave was not objectionable, unless the Constitution is objectionable.” And Cheves, another illustrious statesman, had also maintained in vigorous language, that “the highest violation of the Constitution is to employ the use of its forms to violate its spirit.”

In vain was it urged, as a matter of law, that, at the time of the Declaration of Independence slavery was an acknowledged right of all the colonies; and at the time of the adoption of the Constitution it was a leading feature of domestic institution in nearly all the States. Yet, it is astonishing to reflect, in the sober methods of ratification of to-day, what trivial causes were lending an all potent influence, in plunging a nation into a war which might have
been avoided; yet which was to be fought with a loss of nearly a million lives. Uncle Tom's Cabin—an intensely dramatical romance; "but" in the language of the ablest editor and critic of any English journal of to-day—"A ridiculous Old Melodrama" when viewed in the light of history, had now appeared. This story furnished about as correct a portrayal of Southern life-conceding that its incidents were all true, as Brockway, of Syracuse notoriety, rendered infamous by the atrocious barbarities practiced on his helpless victims, if taken as an exponent of New York society generally, or as Mr. Squeers, of Dickens' fiction, if regarded as a universal type of London character. Yet this story fired the imagination of thousands of idle, unreasoning, weak-nerved fanatics who had never wandered more than a score of miles from their own hearth-stones, and who had consequently never seen a slave or freedman of the colored race, in all the period of their narrow existence.

Viewed from such a distance, slavery was the sin of sins, besides which slaughter, wholesale murder—call it what you will, paled into insignificance. The Dred Scott Decision was to their minds the crowning act of infamy. The Chief Justice of the United States, the illustrious Taney, who delivered the opinion of the Court, six of the nine judges concurring with him, was villified and lampooned and even burnt in effigy as a judicial monster of the Jeffries type. In short, no language was strong enough, no epithets sufficiently defaming to give utterance to the public condemnation of as pure and upright and able a judge as ever sat upon the woolsack or wore the ermine.

Since the war a prominent Northern jurist has said of Taney, "His opinions were distinguished by their clearness, learning, directness and firm grasp of the points discussed; and, when dealing with Constitutional subjects, for sound and weighty reasoning, thorough acquaintance with the political history of the country, and the close bearing of all contained in it upon the great question under examination." One of the Associate Justices who sat upon the bench with him, declared that the Chief Justice possessed a power of subtle analysis which exceeded that of any man he had ever known; and again, we read, from another illustrious critic, that to question his integrity would beggar the resources of falsehood. Yet his decision, in stern conformity to the requirements of the Constitution, raised a howl of denunciation at the North, that hissed at reason, and could only be appeased when satiated with blood. As in later days the demented nihilist Guiteau took the life of President Garfield; and later still, the conscienceless anarchist Czolgosz murdered the unsuspecting President of the United States;—so, from the national dementia of 1860 there were rapidly rolling up "Elemental forces which imported a tremendous outbreak somewhere in American History." Ever and anon the high points of tragedy in the drama of a nation's life "thrust into the focal blaze of the world's attention some human insignificance and forbid us to smile at him because of his tragic situation." Thus out of the same caldron of evil influences—from the same fiery furnace of monstrous ingredients out of which was forced James Guiteau and Lewis Czolgosz, there had emerged, a score of years in advance of either. (We quote from The Independent of recent date.) "At the
psychological moment, an obscure tanner, who by one act provoked the nation into the settling of the rights and wrongs of a great question, though a continent was drenched in blood in the finishing of the argument.” This crude development, “was a huge, hairy brute in whose breast burned the single spark of a celestial idea. He dreamed of liberating the slaves of the South and leaped to the accomplishment of his purpose like a gorilla.” Guiteau and Czolgosc murdered each, one innocent and unsuspecting individual, albeit the beloved head of a great nation. John Brown sprang like a gorilla at the throats of sleeping men, women and children; and naught but the iron hand of law in the Old Dominion, swiftly falling, saved at that hour thousands of her citizens from indiscriminate massacre.

If a “celestial idea” could be found in the mental and moral make up of John Brown, might not the same sort of analysis find a gleam of the same fire in the dark souls of Guiteau and Czolgosc? Nay, do not these three deserve the same deep grave of infamy—John Brown the deeper, in that his victims would have been many thousands for one? A brilliant young Southern writer in an editorial which lies before me, truly says: “It is impossible to understand the problems of the present, without tracing their conditions back into the past,” hence the necessity for stating the reasonings and deductions thus advanced.

The war was on. The crisis had now reached its climax. A war that made the world stand aghast at its colossal proportions—a war that has defied description for nearly half a century. Yet, for such an unequal struggle, the South was as armorless as David against Goliath. The feeling, however, that nations like individuals, when wronged or insulted, must sometimes battle for principles, even with a foreknowledge that material might will often prevail in the settlement of human affairs, could not be set aside; there could have been no other appeal. In the language of a gifted Southern historian, “The South had made, could have made, no preparation for the war. Without the organized machinery of an established, national government, without a navy or the nucleus of an army, without even a seaman or soldier; with limited mechanical and manufacturing facilities, with no accumulation of arms or ordnance, and with no existing means for making them; without revenue, without external commerce, without foreign credit, without a recognized place in the family of nations, and confronted with the hostile prejudices of the world—it is not easy to conceive of a nation with fewer belligerent capabilities.”

Four years was a continent drenched in blood, and there was no more to be shed. The last armed opposition to be encountered overwhelming armed resistance, and the end had come, Lee had surrendered at Appomatox Court House. The arbitration was final. Men wept in stacking their rusty, almost powerless muskets. But “C’est le Destin” they said, as did Napoleon in returning from Waterloo; and from that hour to this the Union of the States has been recognized as indissoluble—whatever of disunion New England may have threatened in the early days, and whatever may have been the verbiage of California’s plea for conditional admission into the Union;—victorious coercion set-
tled that vexed question, as did Romulus when his brother
Remus sprang over the Roman wall.
Yet these heroes of a hundred battles, those above the
sod in faded or tattered garments, without a dollar and
without hope for the cause they loved better than life was
dead—returned with sorrow unspeakable to their desolate
Southland. They felt with far juster reason than did Mary
Tudor, concerning Calais, that after death “Appomatox
Court House would be stamped upon the fleshly tablets
of their hearts.” They kissed the pale furrowed brow of
the wife they had left behind, as they murmured with a
sob, “all is lost save honor, dear, and we must be one
country again.” The surrender then of “all save honor”
was accepted. These men, pallid, starved; most of them
broken in bone or muscle, by rifle ball or shell, had re-
turned to build up their desolate homes, burned or laid
waste by a ruthless foe; and to struggle in person for the
sustenance of wife and children. The homespun dress, the
faded grey coat, with army buttons covered with cloth by
order of some freedman’s bureau minion, were silent bad-
ges of honor. These things were some of the penalties of
defeat and must be borne in silence.
But were they to have peace? The discharge of cannon
or the continuous rattle of musketry might no longer be
heard in the land, where foe should meet foe in open armed
combat. But what of the midnight dagger or single shot
guì, fired into the family circle, from the darkness with-
out, as the gunless, defenseless soldier, returned from the
war with a promise of peace, sat by his fireside? True,
General Grant had been a generous foe—all brave soldiers
are; but the power of the great conqueror had ended for
the time with the sheathing of Lee’s sword and the stack-
ing of the guns of his army. Yet there are forms of war,
as they were fast learning, far more terrible than the tent-
ed field or—“the red belching of the cannon’s mouth.”
A swarm, nay an army, if such scum of earth could be
collected on one field and falsely called an army, without
insult to the man who wore the blue, had crawled down
like vermine into Egypt, and were fattening upon man and
beast in the South. There was no tribunal as of old, to
which men could appeal. Vance, the great war governor,
and ardent lover of his State, which he was no longer per-
mitted to serve, was occupying a prisoner’s cell in Wash-
ington City, and W. W. Holden had been appointed Pro-
visional Governor of the State. In the dreary summer of
1865, President Johnson, to whom justice is rarely done in
the South, and never in the North, had ordered an election
to be held in North Carolina, for delegates to a State Con-
vention, to frame a Constitution, and organize a State Gov-
ernment in harmony with the new order of things, as well
as to provide for the representation of the State in the Na-
tional Congress.
This Convention met in October of that year; and was
composed, for the most part of men who had already been
prominent in public life in North Carolina, and of others
who were destined to become so. The Convention provided
for an election to be held for Governor and members of the
legislature. To fill the former position Jonathan Worth
was duly elected; and a legislature composed of the best el-
ment of the State was chosen. This legislature met in
December, when Worth was inaugurated, and all the machinery of a full State government at once put in operation. An able judiciary was also chosen, and Wm. A. Graham, the most illustrious of her many distinguished sons, was sent at the head of the North Carolina delegation to Washington to take the State back to her place in the Union, but alas! the wild fanaticism of the North, which had driven her from the Federal government was not sufficiently appeased, nor had the State and her people been sufficiently humiliated. Till that was done, there was no place for her around the old hearthstone. Her people must yet go through the “hell” of Congressional reconstruction, and drink deep of its fiery broth, before her Senators and Representatives could be admitted to their seats. This legislature recognized the changed status of the negro, and enacted laws appropriate to his new condition, giving him such civil rights and duties as that condition justified. County, town and city governments were reorganized, courts were regularly held and presided over by able and just men; the law was once more asserting itself and its invigorating influences were seen in the more hopeful demeanor of all classes of people. Had this state of affairs been allowed to continue, the dark pages of the reconstruction regime had never been written, and the name of the Ku-Klux Klans would never have appeared in the pages of National or State history. But this was not to be. A prominent Northern politician had declared that the States which had been guilty of the crime of rebellion should be kept within the grasp of war for thirty years. The dark valley and shadow of death lay once more before the people of North Carolina. The State was again to be put under military rule, and the conquerors were not only to plant their heels upon the necks of the men who had been overcome in war, but were urged to press with all the vigor of their conquering power. President Johnson had asserted that the States never having been separated from the Union, had lost their Constitutional rights only while engaged in rebellion, and that on the laying down of arms and the renewal of allegiance to the United States Government, they had resumed their ante-bellum attitude and condition and should at once be recognized as a part of the Union. This policy aroused a frenzy at the North, scarcely less savage than the abolition craze, and it found fierce utterance in the Congress assembled at Washington. A controversy of intense partizan bitterness was at once inaugurated between the President and the legislative branches of the National Government. The former fought single handed with patriotism worthy of the cause. Legislative vindictiveness, however, prevailed over the veto of the President, and Congress immediately voted to impose restrictions and conditions on executive powers in relation to amnesty, the command of the army and the right of removal from office. Congress still further vented its fury in the enactment of articles of impeachment against President Johnson. Fortunately the older, wiser heads in the Senate were not all of the hated type. The impeachment failed and Johnson remained President. The vindictive House of Representatives affirmed, with redoubled emphasis, that, by the act of secession, the States recently engaged in war, had forfeited all their rights under the Constitution;—and not having acknowledged their
rebellion until they were forced to do so at the point of the bayonet, they should be relegated to the condition of territorial possessions, to be governed by Congress till the latter should deem them sufficiently humbled; and until new Constitutions should be framed and adopted by a vote of all the people, including the recently freed negro. Most of the seceding States were formed into military districts, subject to the will of a Major General, and to be ruled by tyros and neophytes in government;—the standard of loyalty being the color of the skin, or an acknowledged membership in the Union League. A sense of justice had caused General Garfield to protest in the strongest language against this measure in the United States Congress of which he was then a member. He declared that such a measure “laid its hands on the rebel governments taking the very breath of life out of them and putting the bayonet at the breast of every rebel in the South, leaving in the hands of Congress utterly and absolutely, the work of reconstruction.”

Such being the language of an uncompromising, honest Republican, was Peace even yet to be expected for the South? Soulless demagogues might cry, “Peace, peace, but there was no peace.”

Disturbing elements were growing more and more prominent in the land; yet, lovers of their state, having a governor and officers of their own choosing, began, with the shadows of night still about them, to fancy for a brief space, that they could see indications of a coming dawn. True, their hearts were still bleeding for they had loved the cause for which they had sacrificed so much, yet they had seen it vanish like a dream, and had fully recognized that

it was not to be. They were asking now—these tempest tossed toilers on a ship wrecked strand, for calm, any calm, even “a calm despair.”

Were their hopes to be realized? Were they to be left in peace, to toil upward again toward the autonomy, which the President had declared should be theirs, now that hostilities had ceased? Was the sovereignty of reason to assert itself in the sphere of morals, guiding the action of a ruling Congress? Later on we shall see. In the meantime, the Ex-confederate soldier set a seal upon his lips, hoping against hope. Novices in mechanics or trades of all description, these battle scared veterans, fresh from the Universities of North Carolina, Virginia, of Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Edinboro or Heidelberg, at the beginning of the war, were now setting an example to the world of patient endurance and toil perhaps without a parallel in the history of nations. They had rebuilt their houses out of rough hewn timber; for carpenter’s tools like implements of husbandry were few and costly. The ever present “carpetbagger,” to whom before the war the most insignificant sum of money would perhaps have seemed quite a fortune, had already thrown up shops at every cross roads, and were retailing calico at fifty cents a yard, and every other article of necessity at proportionally ruinous prices. “But needs must when the devil drives,” and if purchases were to be made at all they were to be made here. White children went in tattered clothing shivering with cold. The Freedman’s Bureau dispensed food and clothing to the “brother in black” with a lavish hand. The United States Government was defrauded of millions; but revenge
was sweet; and robbery and plunder were the prevailing idea of the post-bellum invader; nor was the “Fool” on his “errand” scarcely more to be tolerated. The latter might not be as numerous as the general beggar on horseback, but they were here in large numbers, and here as they believed to stay. Among them, a briefless barister without purse, without prospects so far, saw his opportunity and seized it. He stood not upon the order of his coming but came at once. This man, who was destined to sit upon the bench and pervert the law to the use of his party followers, was thereby to achieve fortune and fame not limited to a continent. The “carpetbaggers” generally were not so fortunate, yet did they—like the crusaders of old—have untold perils by land and sea to endure. There were no continents to march across on weary feet, with powerfully armed hostile nations on every side, and, consequently no crusade of the medieval age was ever undertaken with half the enthusiasm now manifested by the threadbare colored shirt, hungry band who came down upon us. No Peter the Hermit was needed to promise exemption from sins in the world to come. The good things of this life were the material glories of which they were in quest. True, the South was a waste almost as the “Black Forest” of William the Conqueror. It might be to the natives as impoverished as Canaan, to Jacob and his sons after years of famine; but to these lean Harpies of the Virgilian type it was to be a veritable Egypt with the storehouses of Joseph and Pharoah from which to draw. The freed negro was the ultima thule of their desires, the great bonanza from which they were to acquire untold wealth; and the more ignorant they found these, the better were they pleased. The colored brother was the nation’s ward, to be fed and clothed and kept in idleness, that devil’s workshop, with these Cyclops at the forge. Their agents could obtain and retail provisions from exhaustless government stores, the negroes gladly spending such sums as were given them, or as they could earn from their new employees, by services joyfully rendered. The ignorant and impertinent colored woman was encouraged to flaunt her fine things in the face of the young mistress in rough homespun, while she hissed at, or otherwise decried the “poor white rebel trash.” And still the mutterings of a people goaded to madness, were all unheeded. The cry of the horse leech was still going by post and courier to Washington—“More! more!” The negroes, as we have said, had at first bluntly and simplicity followed the directions of their new masters. But they were henceforth not to be altogether tools, they were to be allies as well, in a carnival of crime and vengeance. The “carpetbagger” and scallawag population still churned up their witches cauldrons. The prejudices of the negro were inflamed and fostered. He suddenly found himself, like the Irish culprit, who, when acquitted solely by the powerful pleading of his attorney, sobbingly declared as he left the court room, that, “he had never known how grievously he had been injured until his lawyer had informed the Judge and Jury.” Their crude self conceit was flattered until they were made to believe that only their former owners stood between them and social equality, the free gift of land, property, and high official distinction. Their arro-
gance and presumption became a species of howling frenzy. Women were insulted, men were threatened and shot down, houses were burned, propositions of marriage, or worse, were of frequent occurrence. A notable instance came from a master's former coachman to that master's daughter; and when resented with a club, the father was brained with an axe. Yet false representations, unquestioningly believed, were carried up to Washington, by political adversaries, who were eager to make market of their opportunity. Some northern school mistresses and masters, and an occasional preacher of the gospel, who were receiving funds from their section of the country, for the ostensible purpose of educating and elevating the negroes, occupied their time, instead, in encouraging these ex-slaves to deeds of insolence and robbery. And when reprisals were made, although through the courts, such attempts at self protection were reported as unwarranted oppression of the colored race.

In 1868 a Convention assembled to frame another Constitution for North Carolina, in accordance with the new requirements of Congress. In this convention sat the stranger from New York and Ohio; and by his side the newly enfranchised negro, who knew no more of the true definition of the word "constitution" than the "carpet-bagger" did about military tactics. This convention overthrew the existing system of state, county, and municipal government, and provided for an entirely new arrangement of things in North Carolina. Every office from Governor to Constable was to be immediately vacated and a new incumbent introduced. An election was ordered to be held in April, for governor and other state officers, including judges and members of the legislature. At this election many thousands of our best citizens were denied the right of voting, while every negro, who by any stretch of the imagination could declare himself twenty-one years of age, was permitted to multiply himself as often as he had the time and inclination to do so. All election returns were to be sent for approval to General Canby, Military Governor of the District, whose official residence was at Charleston, S. C. The election continued for three days, during the month of April, the ex-confederate going to the poles in many places, through lines of hostile bayonets, with challenges innumerable, while the negro marched exultingly to deposit his ballot. One of these unscrupulous poll holders stated, years afterward, that he and others, to whom the ballot box was assigned for safe keeping, amused themselves at night by changing the ballots to suit their views as to how the election should go. After three days of so-called election, these ballot boxes were sent to Charleston to Gen. Canby; whose prerogative it was to count the votes and declare the result. Soon W. W. Holden was announced to be the successful candidate for Governor, and Chief Justice Pearson was at once telegraphed to administer the oath of office. Nothing of the old state government established, officered and supported by the white men of North Carolina was to remain. We publish as a part of the history of those times the following letter addressed to the incoming Governor.
STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Executive Department, Raleigh.

June 29th 1868.

GOV. W. W. HOLDEN,
Raleigh, N. C.

Sir:

Yesterday morning I was verbally notified by C. J. Pearson, that in obedience to a telegram from Gen. Canby, he would, today at 10 a. m, administer to you the oath of office required, preliminary to your entering upon the discharge of the duties of civil governor of the state; and that therefore you would demand possession of my office. I intimated to the Justice my opinion that such proceeding was premature, even under the Reconstruction Legislation of Congress, and that I should probably decline to surrender the office to you.

At sundown yesterday evening, I received from Col. Williams, Commandant of the Military Post an extract from general orders No 120 of Gen. Canby, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS
SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
June 30, 1868.

General Orders No. 120 (Extract:)

"To facilitate the organization of the new State government the following appointments are made: to be Gov. of North Carolina, W. W. Holden, Governor elect, Vice J. Worth removed. To be Lieutenant Governor of North Carolina, (to fill an original vacancy to take effect July 1st, 1868 on the meeting of General Assembly of North Carolina,) Todd R. Caldwell, Lt. Governor elect."

I do not recognize the validity of the late election under which you and those co-operating with you claim to be invested with the civil government of the State. You have no evidence of your election save the certificate of a Major General of the United States Army. I regard all of you as in effect appointees of the military power of the United States, and not as deriving your powers from the consent of those you claim to govern.

Knowing, however, that you are backed by military force here, which I could not resist if I would, I do not deem it necessary to offer a futile opposition; but vacate the office without the ceremony of actual eviction, offering no further opposition than this my protest.

I would submit to actual expulsion in order to bring before the Supreme Court of the United States, the question of the constitutionality of the legislation under which you claim to be the rightful governor of this State, if the past action of that tribunal furnished any hope of a speedy trial.

I surrender the office to you under what I deem military duress; without stopping, as the occasion would well justify, to comment upon the singular coincidence that the present State government is surrendered as without legality, to him whose own official sanction but three years ago declared it valid.

I have the honor to be, etc.

JONATHAN M. WORTH.

The inaugural of Governor Holden duly followed amid the plaudits of the "truly loyal," while the men who had been hoping for better things saw those hopes vanish into the darkest despair. Never was a more ill timed or injudicious address delivered to a people who were still writhing under a sense of cruel injustice. The ex-soldiers of a lost cause sat by with grim, stern faces. They had submit-
tained by the whole power of the State in the discharge of their duty, should resistance be offered. The Constitution provides that every male citizen shall be a voter, and that every voter with few exceptions shall be eligible to office. Suffrage has thus been bestowed upon all, the colored man has the same right with the white, to vote and hold office." Four millions of human beings who have once tasted the blessings of freedom will never surrender those blessings without a struggle.

They would find powerful friends here and elsewhere in the country, when greater calamities and suffering than those endured by our people in the late rebellion, would come upon us, and the result though long delayed would not be doubtful. Liberty for all would again triumph, and those who had promoted such a "war of races" would disappear from the earth and their possessions would pass from their children to the conquerors. The friends of reconstruction will prevail hereafter, as heretofore, not only in the State but in the Nation. The Constitution must be administered by its friends and supporters; the interests it guards are too precious to be committed to unfriendly hands.

"Every office and every appointment under the State from the most inferior to the most exalted, must be filled by the friends of reconstruction and of the new state constitution. So far as the Executive is concerned this purpose will be inflexibly maintained. These principles are dear to the friends of liberty, and of the government of the United States; and no opportunity shall be afforded to those who are opposed to them to occupy official positions or to have employments in which they might be tempted,
as they certainly are disposed, to divert distort or misapply
them. *The friends of the government must conduct the
government in all its departments.* There will be no so-
cial proscription, no effort will be made to blacken the
names of even unrepentant rebels, as was the case with the
Tories of the Revolution, but it will be left to history to as-
sign to their proper places all the actors in the late trage-
dy of rebellion."

If the definition of "history" in the lexicons be correct,
then these ex-Confederate soldiers would have asked no
other tribunal. But who was now to shape that history
for them? The mercenary and vicious interloper, the ne-
gro or the yet more vicious deserter from his own ranks? A
conquering foe may sometimes grow wickedly exultant and
ride rough shod over his helpless victim, but when a con-
quered people turn upon each other to betray by slander,
for selfish ends, what terms can properly stigmatize the in-
famy?

Here was the Governor of the State, who had in years
past been a powerful leader of thought among those peo-
ple, who had sought their esteem, enjoyed their confidence
and owed much to their favor; who had agitated for disu-
ion, and had, himself signed with eclat the ordinance of
secession, now in the possession of great power to direct
their futures, to compose their troubles, to allay their in-
quietude, and lead them through the difficult paths of re-
construction to peace, quiet and repose.

We shall see how signal he failed to rise to the height
of the occasion and how, instead of a calm, a fierce social
storm rendered his administration memorable in the annals
of the people.
The North Carolina Booklet.

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1.—May—Ku-Klux Klans.
   Mrs. T. J. Jarvis.
2.—June—Our Pirates.
   Capt. S. A. Ashe.
3.—July—Indian Massacre and Tuscarora War.
   Judge Walter Clark.
4.—August—Moravian Settlement in North Carolina.
   Rev. Dr. J. C. Clewell.
5.—Sept.—Whigs and Tories.
   Prof. W. C. Allen.
6.—Oct.—The Revolutionary Congress of North Carolina.
   Mr. T. M. Pittman.
7.—Nov.—The Battle of Guilford Court House.
   Prof. D. H. Hill.
8.—Dec.—Historic Homes in N. C.—The Groves, and others.
   Col. Burgwyn, Col. Wade, Mr. Thomas M. Blunt, and others.
9.—Jan.—Old Charleston on the Cape Fear.
   Prof. James S. Bassett.
10.—Feb.—Raleigh and the old town of Bloomsbury.
   Dr. K. P. Battle, Sr. Conditional.
11.—March—Confederate Secret Service
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12.—April—The Story of the Albemarle.
   Major Graham Daves.

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NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

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The Ku-Klux Klans.

By

MRS. T. J. JARVIS.

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THE KU-KLUX KLANS.

When Gov. Holden was installed as Governor in '68, the State was declared to be a State in the Union, and it ceased to be a satrrophy under the orders of the Maj.-General. There was a legislature; but as it was elected by the negroes and their allies, it was not at all responsive to the needs of the State. Its leaders were vultures, who considered the State as their prey. The scallawags, carpet-baggers and negroes who composed the large majority were wholly irresponsible, and launched upon a course of wild extravagance in order to feather their nests at the public expense. The work of this mongrel body could not be checked by the few brave spirits, who fought day and night with desperate persistence, to stem the tide of reckless extravagance and corruption. In utter defiance of public opinion, debts of many millions of dollars were foisted upon the state, offices were created in defiance of law, with exorbitant salaries attached, bar-rooms were openly run in the galleries of the capital itself, until the statue of justice might well have blushed under her bronze bandage, and dropped the scales from her hands. The reign of terror began with renewed horror in city, hamlet and country. The Union League, a secret organization formed at the North during the war, and now embracing carpetbaggers, deserters and negroes in the south, was zealously doing its barbarious work. This secret society whatever may have been the purposes of its creation had now fallen into the hands of bad men who were making it a terrible regime for evil. These
high-handed and lawless bandits, feeling that the State was their own, and that they themselves were the law unto themselves, knew no such word as “enough.” The bonds of society were loosened. Law ceased to be enforced. Lawlessness stalked abroad unrestrained. Dwellings of families were burned in the night; and in many instances families already murdered were cremated in them; on the same night in Alamance county, three distinct fires, lurid against the darkened sky, were seen burning at one time, consuming the provisions of an entire year. The incendiary torch was common. The negroes, who at first had been satisfied to till the crops on shares, were now taught to plunder and rob, such were the teachings of the political gatherings. Incendiary appeals were made to the negroes and publications given out by those high in authority from which the inference could be clearly drawn that any owner of lands, failing to employ colored labor, the said colored applicant for work might be justified in forcelably taking possession of the means of living; although in many instances the owners of small tracts of land were too poor to employ outside labor and had tilled, planted and stored their own crops with their own hands, or those of their children. But, how shall we speak of the unspeakable crimes before which the holocaust would have been an enviable fate—the shame, the anguish

_The only sister of our race,_
_A thing too horrible to tell._

When families sacrificing their land for a song would steal away to some distant state, to spend the remainder of their days in obscurity, with the dark story locked in their own breasts?

White women were not safe even in their homes: they could not venture abroad unprotected.

The rumbling of an earthquake was at last heard over the land. Patience had ceased to be a virtue. Longer endured it would have degenerated into pusillanimity and cowardice.

The dry bones in the valley of Gehosephat were at last gathered quickly together, clothed, vitalized and armed, and _The Ku-Klux Klans became a mighty factor in history._

The young reader, especially at the north, being absolutely innocent of information upon the subject, or else guided by the equally ignorant prejudice of persons who could see only the discolored shadow of facts, will at once conjure up a motley body of rough, unwashed, vicious men; banded together for the sole purpose of maltreating, or, even in time, for the extermination of the colored race, whom they could no longer own at so much marketable value. On the contrary, however, this wide spread movement, yclept the Ku-Klux Klans, embraced in large proportion, the proudest, the most sensitive and cultured portions of the English race. They had been slow to move, but when once they were made to realize the necessity to go forward they moved like an avalanche. Perhaps it may not be amiss to quote from that very luminous writer, William Garrott Brown, the following account of the Origin of the Order, we give it in his own words:

_“When the civil war ended, the little town of Pulaski, Tenn., welcomed home a band of young men, who_
though they were veterans of hard fought battles, were for 
the most part no older than the mass of college students. 
In the general poverty, the exhaustion, the lack of heart, 
naturally prevalent throughout the beaten south, young 
men had more leisure than was good for them; a southern 
country town even in the halcyon days, before the war, 
was not a particularly lively place, and Pulaski in 1866 
was doubtless rather tame to fellows who had seen Pickett 
charge at Gettysburg, or galloped over the country with 
Morgan and Wheeler. A group of these men assembled 
in a law office one evening in May 1866, to discuss ways 
and means of having a livelier time; some one suggested 
a club or society. An organization with no very definite 
aims was effected; and at a second meeting a week later, 
names were proposed and discussed. Some one pronounced 
the Greek word “Kuklos” meaning a circle. From “Ku-
klos” to “Ku-Klux” was an easy transition,—and “Klan” 
followed “Ku-Klux” as naturally as “dumpy” follows 
“humpty.” That the name meant nothing whatever was 
a recommendation; and one can fancy what sort of badi-
nage would have greeted a suggestion that, in six years a 
committee of Congress would devote thirteen volumes to 
the history of the movement that began in a Pulaski law 
office, and migrated later, to a deserted and half ruined 
house on the outskirts of the village. The initial move-
ment of the organization—if such it can be called—par-
took only of the nature of a college society, or any other 
congregation of men leagued together by fraternal obliga-
tions. There was scarcely more of seriousness than attends 
the initiation of members into the order of “buffaloes” at 
the present day. Its members as Mr. Brown says, “were 
not ‘lew’d fellows of the baser sort’ but young men of stand-
ing in the community, who a few years earlier would have 
been men of wealth.” The only serious clause in the oath 
of membership was a pledge of profound and absolute 
secrecy.

Disguises were adopted even at this early day. They 
consisted of a mask for the face, usually white surmounted 
by a cardboard hat,—many of them with folds or springs, 
which could be shot up in an instance from two to four 
feet in height. A loose robe enveloped the entire person; 
and when the Klans rode abroad the bodies of their horses 
were likewise covered, and their feet enveloped in mufflers, 
to deaden the sound of their coming. The officers were 
named as follows:

A Grand Cyclops, or President.
A Grand Magi, or Vice-President.
A Grand Exchequer, or Treasurer.
Two Lictors.

At this time only men of culture, esprit, and good morals 
were permitted to join. Their objects were mutual amuse-
ment and the mystifying of their neighbors. In this their 
success was far beyond their most sanguine expectations. 
The knowledge of the Order spread like wild-fire through 
country, village and town. The following of the Odd 
Fellows, some years before, was as nothing compared to 
this. At this time the horrors of reconstruction were al-
ready in full blast in Tennessee; outrages of the most bru-
tal order were of daily occurrence, and the perpetrators
went unwhipped of justice; indeed the word *justice* seemed to have been blotted from our vocabulary. A great English writer has said that, war,—and especially an internecine war, retrogrades mankind to the border land of paganism. The Union League, now following in the footsteps of "Parson Brownlow," flaunted the flag of the Union in the faces of ex-confederates, and made the national emblem the pretext for as foul and disgraceful crimes as ever blackened the escutcheon of a great state. Southern society had been completely inverted. The "canaille" were on top; and the southern gentlemen down, the former were avenging their long cherished grudge against the latter, and the freed negroes were often as conscienceless as the most savage Indian tribes. The deeply wronged Anglo-Saxon, groping about for some means of righting himself grasped the Pulaski idea. Says Mr. Brown: "It seems astounding nowadays that the Congressional leaders in reconstruction did not foresee that men of their own stock, so circumstances, would resist; and would find some means to make their resistance effective. When they did make up their minds to resist,—not collectively or through any representative body, but singly and by neighborhoods,—they found an instrument ready to their hands." To General Nathan Bedford Forrest, the "bravest of the brave" is accredited the solving of the knotty problem. He directed the use of the Ku-Klux Klans to frighten the superstitious African into less open defiance of law.

Through what instrumentalities the order came into North Carolina it will not be permitted in the scope of this chronicle to relate. The secret brotherhood, however, speedily clasped hands from the Tennessee line to the ocean. The outrages in Tennessee were being repeated with emphasis in North Carolina. The Ku-Klux Klans had a righteous work to perform, and when once their minds were made up they were no longer slow to act. The fanciful, mythological or oriental names of the pleasure seeking order were dropped.

The Chiefs of the Klans in North Carolina were simply denominated "commanders," each Klan having its own ruler thus named. Those who were a menace to society whether a carpetbagger or scallawag, were to receive the blunt of their displeasure. The order was not harmful to the inoffensive portion of the colored population. They were by no means to be hung and quartered, they were simply to be frightened into a non-committal of crimes. In many instances the order was enabled to do this. The Klans began by simply parading at night. And the terrified negroes, for a time, hid their diminished heads believing that the ghosts of the Confederate dead, were stalking abroad in the land. Nor did the sight fail to awaken wonder and amazement among the un-initiated whites. No more thorough or perfectly organized body of men had ever worked together, for a common cause. The "White Brotherhood," "The Constitutional Union Guards," "The Knights of the White Camellia," "The Pale Faces" were some of the names of the Invisible Empire, generally denominated Ku-Klux by outsiders. The members of each separate order no longer called themselves Ku-Klux; but were known or rather knew themselves, only, by the name of the special order to which they belonged; and thus a
member of the "Pale Faces" could under oath, testify that he knew nothing of the existence of the "White Brotherhood" except by general hearsay. And indeed this was strictly true. Names were never handed down. No one knew the number of members in his Klan, except, perhaps, the Commander.

Horses were often whitewashed to prevent recognition. Horns as large as those of an ordinary cow, were stuffed and sewed into the brow of the masks, while red proboscises or snouts almost as long as those of an Elephant were attached to the chin. The pasteboard caps, running several feet into the air, with the long white robes, caused these men to appear to be of monstrously inhuman proportions. Terrible noises, sometimes resembling thunder, at others unlike any sound that ever fell upon human ears, emanated from these strange figures. Riding thus, a party of negroes were visited at one of their union league gatherings. Many of the latter plunged headlong through the windows. They were ordered to halt and salute. Icy hands, forged from iron, or severed from the elbows of some skeleton, and consequently denuded of all flesh, were extended, in greeting, from beneath these ghostly robes. It is needless to say that another meeting was not immediately held in that place.

We have stated that the various branches of the Ku-Klux, by whatever names they might prefer to be called—were as thoroughly organized a body of men as ever united for any purpose. The brain and energy of the State were in a great measure behind it. If there were men of culture, men of chivalrous honor in North Carolina, much of the best blood of this class fed the sinew and muscle of the Ku-Klux Klans. The stern necessity for action faced them, and they "rode" prosperously because of oppression. Often a "Null pro" was entered in the sham courts, where a member of the Union League had been indicted, alike for the worst of capital offenses, as for petty larceny. Men felt that they must again imperil their lives for a cause more sacred than liberty, viz.: to save from starvation and foul dishonor the wives, daughters or sisters of their families.

A gentleman of profound culture, of high social standing, of exalted christian character, conversing some weeks ago with the author of this article, said: "I belonged to the order and have never regretted it. I was so located that they needed my services, though I was only eighteen years of age. I had intimated a desire to join, but I did not know that I had been balloted on, or accepted, when an intimate friend of our family, some ten years older than myself, called to me from the veranda one afternoon, and asked me if I would take a drive with him. We were speeding down a public highway in light hearted conversation, when suddenly he turned into the woods. He would not explain the cause of this unexpected movement. When far away from the road we were suddenly surrounded by a weird and mysterious sight of ghostly beings. They would run and leap, but there was no sound. Some could extend themselves into wonderful proportions and as suddenly change to insignificant pygmies. I never knew just how it happened, but soon I found myself kneeling by a stump, around me were strangely wrought, but terribly stern faces, masking I knew not what. In uncom-
fortable proximity to my head I discovered a perfect shower of glittering daggers and grinning pistols. At the same time a human skull was held out to me, I was ordered to place my hand upon it, and begin. A strong authoritative voice dictated, and it did not occur to me to hesitate in repeating after him. The fearfully binding obligation burned itself into my young mind, through the lapse of years the words have not faded away; and the impression of every circumstance is still there. I was bound to secrecy. For the sake of myself, as well as for others, I was not to make known to any one the secret plans of the Council; and was to be ready to meet when called for.

"My allegiance was to the Caucasian race, and our mothers and sisters were the patron Saints. Swift punishment was to be inflicted upon those who would seek to destroy the honor of the women dependent upon us for protection. I was to obey the "Chief" and the Council in all their proper and legitimate requirements. At the call of the Chief I was to go to those in distress; or in need of assistance and protection.

"Uncompromising determination that we would not rest from our efforts until we had established good government for the protection of our homes and property was absolutely demanded.

"We were to assist in a kind of secret policing of the entire community, for the general good; and the mutual protection of each other in cases of necessity. We were to assist in providing for those who might suffer in the performance of duty. We were to help provide for the needy. These were some of the stronger impressions which were made on me, and remain vividly with me. There was a system of grips, sigus, and pass words, but most of them are partially forgotten. The meetings were frequent and stated, but never long in the same place. They were held mostly at night, in some deserted spot or room. I was present when several ladies were taken into the order, for the purpose, as then expressed of preparing disguises and assisting in caring for those who might be injured; so as to save any publicity to them, and thus protect them from their enemies. Gross insults to women were of almost daily occurrence. Old men were abused. Our sisters were safe nowhere. Harrowing anxiety and sleepless fear hung over our community like a threatening tornado. The unbridled propensities of a newly liberated race, the grudge of people who were the offscourings of civilization, among the whites, made life one unceasing dread of impending misery. Scenes that were of frequent occurrence in those days would be discredited by those who are supposed to be skeptical, a third of a century later.

"The execution of the civil authority was the merest sham. Those who held the offices were the creation of the mongrel combination of a political influence, whose life-blood was from the foulest bilge water in the cess pools of the vicious and depraved. Frequent demonstrations and parades of their Leagues were made in the road in front of my father's house. Some white men were mingled among the negroes in these lines, and I well remember what a repulsive sight it was; and the administration of affairs was in their hands.
“Why then appeal to Cæsar when Cæsar was both Caligula and Nero combined. In one instance a negro was caught stealing; he was tried by a magistrate, who was a member of the league, and instantly acquitted. The next night he was visted promptly, but succeeding in shooting one of our neighbors in the knee, before receiving his merited thrashing.

“So far as I know, no act of unmerited violence was ever committed by the Ku-Klux in the community in which I lived. The Union Leaguers did go, one night, with a crowd of about thirty, to a man named Rayford and beating him nearly to death, set fire to his mill. They told him that they were Ku-Klux, but he knew better. A quarrel in the league soon divulged the whole matter. John Tyndall was in the habit of beating his wife unmercifully, and failed to furnish support for his family. One night a ghostly crowd surrounded his house and informed him that at the end of a certain period they would return for business unless he got to work and treated his family more decently. From that time on there was not a more industrious man in all that region. He was a white man.

“My father was a minister of the Gospel. One day a burly negro came to the front of the house and abused him in language most revolting. Some one passing by heard him. During the next night he concluded it was best for him to leave the country.

“A number of similar instances could be recited, but these will serve as samples of what took place. The Ku-Klux Klans were the salvation of our country. They awed the negroes to such an extent that they did not return to the extreme of insolence and daring any more. Some white men who dishonored their race were also helped by its presence. It was only when men got into its ranks that the germs of decay began to ripen and caused disaster to the order. It served its purpose well and brought relief to the people. Governor Holden, to a great extent, broke up the organization in the State, but he could not stop its influence for good; our people will never know to what extent they are indebted to these daring men for the relief which came at a most important period.”

Another gentleman of prominence, and of unquestioned integrity and veracity, who belonged to the order, furnished us the following:

“In the year 1868 I was just fourteen years of age, an active and inquisitive chap, as most of boys are. One day, as I entered abruptly into my older brother’s room, I saw him hurriedly concealing a strange looking “dunce cap” as I called it; and yet a stranger looking robe in a closet, which he carefully locked, while he ordered me from the room, bidding me to have the decency to knock the next time I came in. I had of course heard of the Ku-Klux and felt sure that he belonged to the order; but when questioned by me or my grown sister, he would smile amusedly, make some evasive answer and change the subject.

On a certain afternoon I had gone into one of the great old parlors at home, and thrown myself upon a large old fashioned mohair sofa of huge dimensions; and pulling a buggy robe, which had been left there, over me, had fal-
len asleep. I was suddenly aroused by the voices in the room, and before stirring I heard my brother say:

"I have closed the door, we can talk freely here." They then spoke in terms of horror of an assault and murder, which had been committed the night previous; and discussed the course which the Ku-Klux must pursue.

I lay perfectly still and when they had all left the room I crept out. I did not wish my brother to see me, but I foolishly told my sister of what I had heard, and when John returned in the evening she began to banter him about the Ku-Klux and their plans, and even used some of his own expressions which I had repeated to her. He looked, in angry surprise, first at her and then at me, I suppose I looked guilty. "You have been eavesdropping," he said with a haughty sneer. "Tell me what you have heard?" and to this day I have never forgotten his expression. My father was dead and I stood in much awe of this big brother; but my pride was stung to the quick.

"No!" I cried, and I told him how I had overheard.

"Your offense is still unpardonable" he replied with chilling sternness. "A true sense of honor should have constrained you, at the first word, to announce your presence and withdraw." I and my sister, especially myself, were solemnly warning, that we would be the means of bringing untold disaster upon his head, if we ever divulged, to human being, a hint of what we had heard. I gave a solemn promise which I am sure would be sacredly kept; but that was not enough. The next morning my brother had two saddled horses at the gate; and calling to me, said he wished me to ride with him. When fairly in,

to a belt of woods he suddenly turned out to an old church, where services were only held once in every few months, I was asked to go around and see if the door was opened. It was, and as I ascended the steps I glanced back and my brother was nowhere to be seen. A company of masked figures, already described, drew me in. My hand was placed upon a grinning skull, and when I emerged I was a member of the order. That evening some of the party were in our parlors. John went for my sister, at first she demurred, but he soon silenced her objections and led her in. She took the oath. She was to make mufflers for the horses feet, hats and robes for the men; and care for any that might be brought to the house, wounded or in distress. I was too young to be taken on many of the raids, but I often carried robes, horses and letters, written in cypher of which the following is a sample:


Signs of meeting
At day: 4/3 4x3—12th at 9 o'clock.

9

3

At night: 4 ) 9 4x3—13th at 9 o'clock.

Through this sign manual the Ku-Klux did all their correspondence, which was readily understood; and such a determined front did they present on incredibly short warning, wherever crime was committed, that the Governor himself, grew alarmed, detailed a special guard for the Executive Mansion; and tried the menacing effect of several proclamations without result. As crime went on, the punishment of crime continued.
The following winter, with the legislature largely under his control, the Governor procured the passage of a law, making it a felony to go masked in a company, and to bear arms. This bill gave him full power to declare the State, or any part of it, in insurrection, to proclaim martial law, and to call for troops to enforce these iniquitous measures. The act was denounced the “Shoffner Bill” an act that is spoken of with abhorrence to this day, an act whose author, Shoffner, was obliged, a little latter, to seek safety outside of the State which he had dishonored; for there was no shadow of insurrection in any portion of it, certainly not more, than, when in his message of Oct. 12th, the Governor had said: “Every good citizen is gratified that North Carolina is at present as peaceable and quiet as any state in the Union.” In this message he had declared “the right of the people to have arms in their houses, and to “bear” them under the authority of law is not questioned: “On the contrary it is claimed as a constitutional right, sacred to freemen.” This declaration correct as it might be, had permitted the League to fill their houses with arms; and fortunately for the “sacred rights of freedmen” it had been the means of putting the necessary weapons of defense in the homes of her respected citizens. In the meantime the vandals who sold the State, and lent themselves to robbery, arson, murder, and some nameless crimes, were reveling in ill-gotten gains. The military were called out to help carry the elections. None but the “faithful” were to have office. The negroes were now carefully informed that the Ku-Klux were not “goblins damned,” or avenging shades of confederate soldiers, slain in battle; but the living ex-soldier, who was still trying to deprive him of his rights; and they were advised to use their torch, or the shot gun if necessary. A town police of four negroes and one white scallawag were called out to parade and patrol the streets of the old and respectable town of Graham. The next evening a company of seventy-five mounted Ku-Klux rode quietly through the town at midnight, and chased them from their beats. The town preferred no police, to one of that description.

The city of Wilmington had no special Commander for Klans. The Chief of the neighboring county was sent to the city, to ask, if a member should get into trouble, in the protection of his property or his life, or the honor of his family, whether he might find a refuge there, or be sent out of the reach of lawless retaliation. He was assured that Wilmington’s good citizens would do all that just laws should have done. In twenty-four hours “A” had spoken to “B,” and “B” to “C” etc.; each man knowing only his immediate informer, until an invisible chain, so to speak, had encircled the city. Acts of violence or robbery were of frequent occurrence, within her own border; and a touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin. The bleeding city was to be made the altar of her refuge for her sister towns, and adjacent country. Great boxes marked “merchandise” were brought into the city and taken to private store houses. They contained fire arms and rifles. The faces of men were calm, but cold and set: They were a reproduction in base relief of the old time fading from vision “Regulators.” And still outrages were committed; and the courts of law were silent. Governor Holden, who
was more sinned against than sinning, in that he was surrounded by a corrupt gang, who were filling his mind with foul slanders upon the people of the State, while they profited by the very conditions they had helped to create, was issuing proclamation after proclamation, maddening to the men who had the good of the State, most at heart. His agents were employing a secret detective force, and using underhand sneak, to skulk around in suspected localities, and report the acts or language of irresponsible persons, who, in a supposedly friendly conversation, might give utterance to sentiments thoughtlessly expressed or grossly exaggerated—a very "vos et praeteria nihil," perhaps forgotten, by the speaker, in the hour of utterance.

General Abbott, a federal general, who had taken up his residence at Wilmington, and had been sent, as a Senator, to represent the State at Washington, in lieu of the illustrious Graham, had been prominent in inflaming the negroes who had attacked a procession of white citizens one afternoon. He was waited on, by a party of gentlemen, who told him that in case of a race conflict, they would seek him first and hang him to a lamp post.

"Do you mean to threaten me," cried Abbott, flushed with anger.

"No" was the deliberate rejoinder, "we don’t mean to threaten you at all. We are simply warning you." The next day General Abbott went to Raleigh and held conference with Gov. Holden. The inflammatory speeches were less vigorous after that. Yet, over the State crimes still sat in high places, as well as low; and the Ku-Klux Klans rode by night, with the grim determination of Grac-

heme of Claverhouse: And their swift marches and fantastic disguises, often struck terror to the guilty.

There was, now, no doubt of their determination to be heard from wherever crime was committed. They had bound themselves by an obligation, so solemn, that men who duly understand the sacredness of an oath, will to this day refuse to give utterance to it; just as an Odd Fellow or a Mason, though no longer an active member, feels in honor bound, not to divulge the nature of their obligation. And hence, it is only through the treachery or cowardice of men, who wished to make capital out of the betrayal of their friends, that the secret workings of the Order have ever been made known. The Yankee school master or mistress were not all occupied with the thought of elevating the benighted African whom they delighted to teach. Certainly their methods were often injudicious. In a town, in the central portion of the State, a Northern school mistress, in instructing the colored idea how to shoot, caused it indeed to explode with shot gun force. The pupils of this maiden lady, on their way home from school, one evening, expressed a wish for some flowers in the yard of a stately old southern homestead. This missionary to the "benighted race," at once opened the gate; and ordered her pupils to go in, and pluck all the flowers they wanted, as their parents had toiled to make the flower beds all that they were. When the lady of the house appeared on the veranda, and commanded them to desist, shells and pebbles were hurled at her, amid hootings of derisive laughter: And when aprons full of flowers had been pulled, the beds of geraniums and other flowers, were danced upon and
trodden under foot. That night a solemn body of men visited the houses of the older pupils of the school, and entering used a horse whip with some emphasis. The next day the teacher was notified that such an act of trespass must not be again encouraged.

In another locality, a white girl, coming from school, with her little brother, was set upon by a dozen or more colored children, emerging from their own alma mater, beaten mercilessly, and disfigured for life, by having an eye thrust out by a fork. The following morning a body of men visited the school, administering a thrashing wherever suspicion rested, and this time the male teacher came in for his share, as it was alleged he had walked quietly by, and had not attempted to stop the fracas. A few nights later, a member of the visiting Committee of the "White Brotherhood" was shot through his widow. Disguises were now found to be an absolute necessity, instead of a simple source of amusement or mystery. And work must be done at night.

It was about this time that the organization, in some localities fell into the hands, and under the control, of men who did not have its high purposes at heart; and who, consequently, did not hesitate to use it, not for the protection for society but, to avenge some personal grievance, or to accomplish some other selfish and dishonest end. In this way many outrages were committed, of the most wanton nature, and for which, there could be no excuse. These were not only charged up to the Ku-Klux; but they were made the pretext for Gov. Holden to declare Alamance and Caswell counties in a state of insurrection; and to call from Tennessee one Colonel Kirk and his army of cut throats, to aid in this pernicious warfare. Hundreds of the most prominent men in these counties were arrested and thrown into prison; some into loathsome dungeons with hardened criminals: While others were hung up by the neck to extort confession from them. Many of these were aged men of high repute, against whom no word of reproach had ever been uttered; and who, as a matter of fact, had never been members of the Ku-Klux; and who knew nothing of its operations.

When these men appealed to the courts, of their State, for protection, from these marauders, they were informed by the Chief Justice that as Kirk claimed to be acting under the orders of the Governor, and set the judicial power at defiance, that the courts were powerless to interfere. But an upright courageous Judge was found in the person of George W. Brooks, of the Federal Bench, who commanded these imprisoned citizens to be brought before him: and when, after inquiry, he found nothing against them, he ordered their release.

The President was appealed to, by telegram, with the statement that Judge Brooks was usurping powers which did not belong to him. But, be it said to the honor of President Grant, he declined to interfere; and the orders of Judge Brooks were obeyed. Public indignation was at fever heat. A general election was then in progress. The people spoke at the ballot for better government: and in condemnation of the Governor’s course. Kirk and his minions fled to Tennessee; and the conditions which had called the Ku-Klux Klans into existence began to pass away.
This action of Judge Brooks, for which his name should ever be honored, alone prevented a bloody conflict between Kirk and his cut-throats, and the men of the State. In the meantime, men were being ordered to Washington city, to testify before an investigating committee of Congress, which likewise demanded confessions regarding the alleged outrages perpetrated by the Ku-Klux Klans. Some of these brave men, from day to day, notwithstanding threats of imprisonment for contempt of congress, shook their heads in silence, and were ordered from the witness stand—to be recalled again on the morrow—until months had passed, and thirteen volumes of evidence had been accumulated. “From these volumes”—in the language of Mr. Brown, from whom we have before quoted. “He who lives long enough to read it all, may learn much that is true, but not particularly important; much that is important, if true; and somewhat that is both true and important.”

As the forced outcome of these investigations, prosecutions were instituted against several of the Ku-Klux who had already been testified against—some of them falsely. And who in consequence suffered a cruelly unjust imprisonment for a term of years. Yet, to quote again “this spontaneous, popular movement was too all-pervading to be attributed to any one man, or any conspiracy of a few men. It was neither an accident nor a scheme: it was no man’s contrivance; but an historical development.”

On the cessation of these prosecutions, and a partial restoration of good government in the State, the orders known as the Ku-Klux Klans, feeling that their mission had been accomplished, were disbanded: and later still an unjustly delayed amnesty-act was passed.

The author of this sketch has given this subject a good deal of thought and study, during the past year. We have read books, legal and simple narrative, receiving the latter with such allowance as was necessary, where affidavits had not particularized statements; we have visited in various localities of the State, where the order, or orders referred existed in greatest force. We have talked with ministers of the gospel, and men of high official positions in church and state; and we have, all imperfectly, but conscientiously, given our honest views, as deduced therefrom. And, if the question had to be “studied against its proper background of a disordered society and a bewildered people,” we have tried, likewise to do that.

Mr. Brown was writing for a northern magazine. Sir Walter Scott, in his original preface to his life of the First Napoleon, makes this significant statement, “I am writing a history for the English people.” And, in it he consequently failed to discover many of the justly distinguishing, and equally justly extenuating, circumstances of Napoleon’s wonderful personality. We are glad that we are writing; regardless of the special prejudice of any particular class of readers. Mr. Brown, concludes his argument thus, “If one asks of the movement, was it necessary?” this much at least may be answered; that no other plan of resistance would have served so well. If one asks, “was it successful?” the answer is plain. No open revolt ever succeeded more completely. If one asks, “was it justifiable?” the “yes” or “no” is harder to say.
We have to reply, in conclusion, that, if no other plan of resistance would have served so well; when, as we have shown, "resistance was a necessity." and it succeeded; then, without question, it was justifiable, since "the end attained was mainly good."

Many of the actors in this tragedy have passed away. If somewhat that seemed unjustifiable was done; at least, remember this, that—

"There are deeds, you may not know,  
Lashing the pulses into strife;  
Dark memories of deathless woe,  
Pointing the bayonet and knife."

The invisible chain that linked the great brotherhood of the Ku-Klux Klan together which was first broken by the dismemberment of the order, nearly thirty years ago, has been yet more widely disintergrated by the fell hand of the great destroyer, Death.

If the clasp was indeed of steel; and this modern order of Knighthood wore a breast-plate of brass, and an un-gloved, mailed hand, when it became imperative that a blow must be struck; then let the reader calmly review the provocations; even as they are so feebly and imperfectly given here; and say, if he can, that he could have imitated the Divine meekness, and turned the other cheek.

"And there were also many other things—the which if they should be written, every one," would fill far more than the thirteen volumes of Congressional investigation, which sought, in vain, to criminate them.

THE END.