

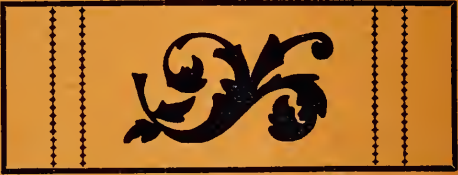
April

The North Carolina Booklet.

April 1902

Vol 1

GREAT EVENTS IN
NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY.



The Conditions that Led to the Ku-Klux Klans...

—BY—
MRS. T. J. JARVIS.



PRICE 10 CENTS.



\$1.00 THE YEAR.

The North Carolina Booklet.

The Editors of the N. C. Booklet announce that should a sufficient number of subscriptions be received to warrant the publication of the N. C. Booklet, it will be issued monthly, as heretofore, for another year, beginning May 10th, 1902. The following being the proposed list of subjects:

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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.
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8. The Battle of Guilford Court House.
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NORTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

VOL. I.

APRIL 10, 1902.

No. 12.

The Conditions that Led to the Ku-Klux Klans.

BY

MRS. T. J. JARVIS.

RALEIGH:
CAPITAL PRINTING COMPANY.
1902.

**“Carolina! Carolina! Heaven’s blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her.”**

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 partizans 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 factious 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 ratiacination 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 for 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 Czolgosc 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 Czolgosc, 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 arbitrament 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 returned 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 badges 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 gun, fired into the family circle, from the darkness without, 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 stacking of the guns of his army. Yet there are forms of war, as they were fast learning, far more terrible than the tented 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 permitted to serve, was occupying a prisoner's cell in Washington City, and W. W. Holden had been appointed Provisional 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 Convention, to frame a Constitution, and organize a State Government in harmony with the new order of things, as well as to provide for the representation of the State in the National 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 element 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 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 neohytes 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 paralell 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 Pharaoh 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 devils 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 derided the "poor white rebble trash." And still the mutterings of a people goarded 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 blindly and implicitly 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 "carpet-bagger" 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, to-day 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

our election save the certificate of a Major United States Army. I regard all of you ntees of the military power of the United s deriving your powers from the consent m to govern.

wever, that you are backed by military n I could not resist if I would, I do not ary to offer a futile opposition; but vacate ut the ceremony of actual eviction, offering sition than this my protest.

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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-

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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-

ted as we have said to the inevitable; but they were human and consequently not yet prepared to join "in thanking God that the great rebellion had been suppressed, and that the flag of *freedom* once more floated above them." The statement that the sword would never have been drawn but for the *criminal* folly of the recently insurgent States" filled their breasts with angry resentment: For they knew the people of those States had been as conscientious in the belief of the rectitude of their motives as any that had ever led a people to action. They recognized the truth of Gov. Holden's statement that "the people of North Carolina are proverbial for their law-abiding disposition," but were stung by these insults and outraged by the contradictions that were strangely intermingled in this remarkable document, from which in furtherance of the purposes of this article, we quote the following:

"It is not apprehended that disturbances will arise or that combinations will be formed to resist the laws, yet it is known that many hold the opinion that the reconstruction laws of the United States are unconstitutional, and are therefore null and void; and it may be, that this may lead, if not to open resistance, to a forcible denial in some localities of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the States, formed and adopted in pursuance of said laws. It is also known that a disposition exists among an inconsiderable portion of our population to oppress the poor whites and the colored race, on account of their political opinions."

This they knew to be untrue, but was not the following an intimation of plans already formed by the Republican party now diametrically opposed to every effort of the democracy? "The magistrates and the coroners will be sus-

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 social 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 assign to their proper places all the actors in the late tragedy 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 negro 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 conquered people turn upon each other to betray by slander, for selfish ends, what terms can properly stigmatize the infamy?

Here was the Governor of the State, who had in years past been a powerful leader of thought among those people, who had sought their esteem, enjoyed their confidence and owed much to their favor; who had agitated for disunion, 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 inquietude, and lead them through the difficult paths of reconstruction to peace, quiet and repose.

We shall see how signally 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.