

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Descartes Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Schopenhauer Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Schiller Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Claudius Schilling Kralik Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Raabe Gibbon Tschechow
Gerstäcker Klee Hölty Morgenstem Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstem Gleim Goedicke
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Ringelnatz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Leibniz Irving
Petalozzi Platon Pückler Michelangelo Knigge Kock Kafka
Sachs Poe Liebermann Kock Korolenko
de Sade Praetorius Mistral Zetkin



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**Hanover Or The Persecution of the
Lowly A Story of the Wilmington
Massacre.**

Jack Thorne

Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

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NEGROES FLEEING FROM WILMINGTON.

Driven out by Organized Bands of "Red Shirts." Obnoxious White Men Also Ordered to get out of Town. No Lynching Allowed. Mayor Waddell and his Police Prevent Further Killing. Rule of Whites now Prevail. Three Hundred Policemen Sworn in to Preserve Order—No Collision Between the Races Expected. No Trade at Wilmington.

[Associated Press Market Report]

Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 11. —Spirits turpentine—Nothing doing.

Rosin—Nothing doing.

Crude turpentine—Nothing doing.

Wilmington, Nov. 11. —With the killing of the Negroes yesterday the backbone of the trouble seems to have been broken. The authors of the tragedy have gone to their homes and the mob has disbanded as if in contempt of the gangs of Negroes who still hang about in the black quarters growling and threatening the whites.

Law and order are gradually being restored; and those among the Negroes who feel resentment against the whites are afraid to show their true colors.

Early this morning 300 resolute white men gathered at the Mayor's office and were sworn in as new policemen.

Late last night half a hundred white citizens got together and planned a big lynching party which was to raid the city from centre to circumference to-day.

There were six Negroes in jail who had been arrested during the excitement of the day, and who some people of the town thought should be summarily dispatched. One was a leader, Thomas Miller, who was charged with declaring that he would wash his hands in a white man's blood before night. Another was A. R. Bryant, charged with being a dangerous character; the others were less prominent, but had been under the ban of the whites for conduct calculated to incite trouble.

Mayor Waddell and his associates put a veto upon the proposed lynching. [4] They said that good government was to prevail in Wilmington from this time, and would commence immediately. The would-be lynchers were so insistent that the Mayor called out a guard and kept the jail surrounded all night. This morning the six Negroes were taken out and escorted to the north bound train by a detachment of militia, to be banished from the city. The citizens cheered as they saw them going, for they considered their departure conducive to peace in the future.

G. Z. French, one of the county leaders, attempted to escape. He ran through the streets, but was overtaken at the depot by several members of the posse.

A noose was thrown over his head and was drawn tightly around his neck. Gasping and half choked, he fell upon his knees, begging for his life.

NEGRO BEGS FOR LIFE.

"Do you solemnly promise that you will leave and never come back?" asked the leader of the posse.

"Oh, yes; yes. For God's sake, gentlemen, let me go, and I'll never come back any more!"

The frightened wretch was allowed to go and crawled aboard the train, scared half to death.

After finishing with French the "red shirts" made a raid on Justice Bunting's residence. He was away from home. The mob tore from the walls of his house the picture of his Negro wife and that of Bunting, and put them on exhibition on Market street.

They were labelled: "R. H. Bunting, white," and "Mrs. R. H. Bunting, colored." From Bunting's residence the mob proceeded to the house of a Negro lawyer named Henderson. The hard-knuckled leader knocked at the door. "Who's there?" came the query. "A white man and a friend," was the reply. Inside there was the deep silence of hesitation. "Open the door or we'll break it down," shouted the leader. Henderson, badly frightened, opened the door.

"We want you to leave the city by 9 o'clock Sunday morning," said the leader.

"All right," replied Henderson, "all I want is time enough to get my things in order."

A Negro lawyer named Scott was also banished and left the city before morning.

The Democrats hired one of Pinkerton's Negro detectives to associate with the Negroes several weeks, and his investigation, it is said, revealed that the two lawyers and the other Negroes mentioned were ringleaders, who were inciting their race to violence. [5]

WHITE MEN MUST GO TOO.

The retiring chief of police, Magistrate R. H. Bunting, Charles H. Gilbert, Charles McAlister, all white Republicans, and many assertive Negroes, who are considered dangerous to the peace of the community, are now under guard and are to be banished from the city.

The Negro Carter Peaman, who was exiled last night, got off the train several miles from the city and was shot dead.

A report is current that John C. Dancy, the Negro United States Collector of Customs for this port, has been notified to leave the city and will be waited upon if orders are not summarily obeyed.

The city is now under thorough military and police protection and there is no indication of further outbreaks.



[6]

Introductory Note.

On the Cape Fear River, about thirty miles from the East coast of North Carolina rests the beautiful city of Wilmington.

Wilmington is the metropolis; the most important city of the old North State, and in fact, is one of the chief seaports of the Atlantic coast. The city lies on the East bank of the river, extending mainly Northward and Southward. Market Street, the centre and main thoroughfare of the city, wide and beautiful, begins at the river front and gradually climbs a hill Eastward, so persistently straight, that the first rays of a Summer's morning sun kiss the profusion of oak and cedar trees that border it; and the evening sun seems to linger in the Western heavens, loath to bid adieu to that foliage-covered crest.

Wilmington is the Mecca for North Carolina's interior inhabitants who flock thither to breathe in its life-giving ocean breezes when Summer's torrid air becomes unbearable, and lazy Lawrence dances bewilderingly before the eyes. The Winter climate is temperate, but not congenial to Northern tourists, who like swallows, only alight there for a brief rest, and to look around on their journeying to and from the far South: yet Wilmington is cosmopolitan; There dwells the thrifty Yankee, the prosperous Jew, the patient and docile Negro, the enterprising, cunning and scrupulous German; and among her first families are the Scotch-Irish, descendants of the survivors of Culloden. Wilmington suckled children who rallied under Scott in Mexico, heard the thunderings at Monterey, and the immortal Alamo. When the civil strife of four years was nearing its close, when the enemies to the Union of States, sullen and vindictive, were retreating before an invading army, Wilmington, nestling behind Fort Fisher, one of the most formidable fortresses ever contrived, was shaken by some of the most terrific bombarding that ever took place on earth.

"Then thronged the citizens with terror dumb
Or Whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come! they
come!"

Wilmington, the scene of one of the last desperate stands of a demoralized army, witnessed the "memorizing of Golgotha" as her sons desperately struggled to resist a conquering foe. In Oak Dale Cemetery on the Northeastern boundary of the city sleep a few of the [7] principal actors in that tragedy. There rests noble James; there rests Colonel Hall—grand old Roman! I am glad he did not live to see the 10th of November, 1898, lest he should have been tempted to join that mob of misguided citizens whose deeds of cowardice plunged that city, noted for its equity, into an abyss of infamy. Southward from Oak Dale Cemetery awaiting the final reveille, are calmly sleeping not a few of that Grand Army who fell in the arms of victory at Fort Fisher.

During the slave period, North Carolina could not be classed with South Carolina, Georgia, and other far Southern States in cruelty and inhumanity to its slave population; and in Wilmington and vicinity, the pillage of a victorious army, and the Reconstruction period were borne with resignation. Former master and freedman vied with each other in bringing order out of chaos, building up waste places, and recovering lost fortunes. Up to but a few years ago, the best feeling among the races prevailed in Wilmington; the Negro and his white brother walked their beats together on the police force; white and black aldermen, white mayor and black chief of police, white and black school committeemen sat together in council; white and black mechanics worked together on the same buildings, and at the same bench; white and black teachers taught in the same schools. Preachers, lawyers and physicians were cordial in their greetings one toward the other, and general good-feeling prevailed. Negroes worked, saved, bought lands and built houses. Old wooden meeting houses were torn down, and handsome brick churches went up in their places. Let the prejudiced scoffer say what he will, the Negro has done his full share in making the now illfated city blossom as the rose. We who have for so many years made our abode elsewhere, have made our boast in Wilmington as being ahead of all other Southern cities in the recognition of the citizenship of all of her inhabitants; unstained by such acts of violence that had disgraced other communities. To be laid to rest 'neath North Carolina pines has been the wish of nearly every pilgrim who has left that dear old home. All this is changed now; That old city is

no longer dear. The spoiler is among the works of God. Since the massacre on the 10th of November, 1898, over one thousand of Wilmington's most respected taxpaying citizens have sold and given away their belongings, and like Lot fleeing from Sodom, have hastened away. The lawyer left his client, the physician his patients, the carpenter his work-bench, the shoemaker his tools—all have fled, fled for their lives; fled to escape murder and pillage, intimidation and insult at hands of a bloodthirsty mob of ignorant descendants of England's indentured slaves, fanned into frenzy by their more intelligent leaders [8] whose murderous schemes to obtain office worked charmingly. Legally elected officers have been driven from the city which is now ruled by a banditti whose safety in office is now threatened by the disappointed poor whites whose aid was secured in driving out wealthy Negroes on the promise that the Negroes' property should be turned over to them.

What has wrought all this havoc in the city once so peaceful? Rev. A. J. McKelway of Charlotte, Editor of the *North Carolina Presbyterian*, in an article published in the *New York Independent* of November, 1898, explains as follows:—"In 1897 was passed at Governor Russell's wish and over the protest of the Western Republicans, a bill to amend the charter of the city. If there had been any condition of bad or inefficient government, there might have been some excuse for this action; but the city was admirably governed by those who were most interested in her growth and welfare. Here is the law that is responsible for the bloodshed recently in Wilmington:"

"Be it Enacted, That there shall be elected by the qualified voters of each ward one Alderman only, and there shall be appointed by the Governor one Alderman for each ward, and the Board of Aldermen thus constituted shall elect a Mayor according to the laws declared to be in force by this act."

"It will be readily seen that, combining with those elected from the Negro wards, it was easy for the appointees of the Governor to elect the Mayor and appoint the other city officers."

"When the new Board took possession there were found to be three Aldermen, fourteen policemen, seventeen officers in the fire department, four deputy sheriffs, and forty Negro magistrates besides. It is probable that *not one of these* was qualified to fill his office.

The new government soon found itself incapable of governing. It could not control its own. The homes of the people were at the mercy of thieves, burglars and incendiaries, and the police were either absolutely incapable of preventing crime, or connived at it. White women were insulted on the streets in broad daylight by Negro men, and on more than one occasion slapped in the face by Negro women on no provocation. * * * * White people began to arm themselves for the protection of their lives and property. * * * * In the city of Wilmington it has been found upon investigation, that the Negroes own 5 per cent. of the property, and pay 5 per cent. of the taxes. * * *

"The Negro editor publicly charged to the white women of the South equal blame for the unspeakable crime, etc."

The Rev. Mr. McKelway has worded his defense well; but in giving a plausible excuse for the crime of Nov. 10th, he makes a dismal [9] failure. A mob headed by a minister of the gospel, and a hoary-headed deacon, after cutting off every avenue of escape and defense, and after the government had been surrendered to them as a peace offering, wantonly kills and butchers their brethren, is without parallel in a Christian community, and the more Mr. McKelway seeks to excuse such a deed, the blacker it appears.

The Hon. Judson Lyon, Register of the United States Treasury, in his reply to Senator McLaurin in the *New York Herald*, says truthfully: "In Wilmington, N. C., albeit the Executive as a leader of his party had backed down and surrendered everything as a peace offering, and the democracy, if that is what they call themselves, had carried the day, still the main thoroughfares of that city were choked with armed men. They destroyed personal property, they burned houses, they wantonly took more than a dozen lives, they drove thousands to the woods where nearly a dozen infants were born and died in many instances, with their mothers the victims of exposure as the result of the cruelty of people who call themselves democrats and patriots. Weyler in his maddest moments was hardly more barbarous."

In the city of Wilmington, where so much innocent blood had been spilled and so many valuable lives had been taken by that furious mob, see what are the facts:

There were ten members of the Board of Aldermen, seven of these white and three colored; there were twenty-six policemen, sixteen white and ten colored, the chief being white and a native of the State, city Attorney a white Republican, city clerk and treasurer, white, with colored clerk. Turnkeys and janitors white Republicans with colored assistants, Superintendent of Streets a white man, Superintendent of garbage carts a white man, Clerk of Front Street Market, a white man, Clerk of Fourth Street Market, a white man, Superintendent of Health, a white Democrat, two lot inspectors, colored men, Chief of Fire Department and Assistant chief, both white Democrats. There are three white fire companies and two colored. Superintendent of City Hospital is a white Democrat with white nurses for white wards, and colored nurses for colored wards. The school committees have always had two white members and one colored. Superintendent of Public Schools is a white Democrat.

Now, will somebody point out where that awful thing that is iterated and reiterated so much, to wit, NEGRO DOMINATION existed under this showing in the municipality of Wilmington.

The men who were driven from the city by the mob, with but few exceptions, had no political following, nor political aspirations.

[10] It has always been the rule with mobs to villify their victims, assail their characters in the most shameful manner in justification of their murder. But an attack upon the character and integrity of the Negroes of Wilmington, in order to justify the massacre of Nov. 10th, shall not go unchallenged. If what I write should raise a howl of protest and call another ex-Governor Northern to Boston to brand it as a lie, it is nevertheless a truthful statement of the causes that led up to the doings of the 10th of November, and although I shall fictitiously name some of the star actors in this tragedy and the shifters of the scenes, I can call them all by their names and point them out. It will be proven that the massacre of Nov. 10th, 1898, had been carefully planned by the leading wealthy citizens of Wilmington, and that over thirty thousand dollars was subscribed to buy arms and ammunition to equip every man and boy of the white race, rich and poor; that secret dispatches were sent to sympathizers in adjoining States and communities to come in and assist in making the 10th of November, 1898, a second Bartholemew's eve in the

history of the world, by the wholesale killing of black citizens after every means of defense had been cut off; that black men and women for banishment and slaughter had been carefully listed; that clubs and clans of assassins had been organized and drilled in signals and tactics; that the aid of the State militia and the Naval Reserves had been solicited to enter Wilmington on the 10th of November to assist in disarming every Negro, and aiding in his slaughter and banishment. That the intervention of Providence in the earnest and persistent entreaties of white citizens who were too nobly bred to stoop so low, and the strategy and cunning of the Negro himself, frustrated the carrying out to its fullest intent, one of the most infamous and cowardly deeds ever planned.

[11]

CHAPTER I.

The Editor.

"I will not retract! No! Not a single sentence! I have told the truth. This woman not satisfied with the South's bloody record since the war, is clamoring and whining like a she wolf for more human sacrifices, and an increased flow of human blood. She is unmercifully pounding a helpless and defenseless people. The article was issued in defense of the defenseless. It is right against wrong; truth against error, and it must stand even if the one who uttered it is annihilated; it must stand!"

"But you must remember my dear man, that the South is no place to speak plainly upon race matters. You have written the truth, but its a truth that the white people of the South cannot and will not stand. Now the leading whites are much incensed over this article of yours which they interpret as an intent to slander white women, and I am sent to say to you that they demand that you retract or leave the city."

"I will do neither! The truth has been said, a slanderer rebuked. God help me, I will not go back on that truth."

"Well, I leave you; I've done my duty. Good morning."

It is often said that there is nothing so indispensable as the newspaper. It is the moulder of public opinion; the medium of free speech; the promoter and stimulator of business; the prophet, the preacher, swaying the multitudes and carrying them like the whirlwind into the right or wrong path. To millions its the Bible, the Apostles Creed. Their opinion of God, of religion, of immortality is shaped by what the newspaper has to say upon such subjects. Glowing headlines in the newspapers have kindled the flames of Anarchy, and started men upon the path of destruction like wolves stimulated and brutalized by the scent of blood, to pause only when irreparable evil [12] hath been wrought.—"When new widows howl and new orphans cry." What a power for evil is the newspaper! The newspaper arrayed on the side of the right hurls its mighty battering-ram against gigantic walls of oppression until they fall; takes up the cause of the bondman, echoes his wails and the clank-

ing of his chains until the nation is aroused, and men are marching shoulder to shoulder on to the conflict for the right. What a power for good is the newspaper! I once heard a great editor say that "although newspaper work was hard and laborious, requiring a great store of intellectual strength it was nevertheless a fascinating work." But in the South where freedom of speech is limited to a class *grit and backbone* outweigh intellectual ability and are far more requisite. When we consider the fact that many white newspaper men have "licked the dust" in the Southland because they dared to emerge from the trend of popular thought and opinion, the Spartan who without a tremor held his hand into the flames until it had burned away was not more a subject of supreme admiration than the little Octoroon editor of the *Wilmington Record* whose brave utterances begin this chapter.

The great newspapers of today are too engrossed in weightier matters to concern themselves to any extent with things that promote directly the interests of the ten million black Americans. That is largely the cause of the existence of the Negro editors. The Negro, like the white man, likes to read something good of himself; likes to see his picture in the paper; likes to read of the social and business affairs of his people; likes to see the bright and sunnyside of his character portrayed; so he often turns from the great journals (who are if saying anything at all concerning him, worrying over the "Negro Problem" (?) to look at the bright side presented by the Negro newspaper. A few days ago while worried and disconsolate over the aspersions heaped upon a defenseless people that floated upon the feetid air from the Alabama Conference, *The New York Age* came to me, a ray of light in a dungeon of gross darkness.

Prior to the year 1892 there had been no genuine zeal among colored people to establish a colored newspaper in Wilmington. *The Record* was launched at about that time: but not until taken in hand by the famous A. L. Manly did it amount to very much as a news me [13] dium. Under the management of this enterprising little man *The Record* forged ahead, and at the time of its suspension was the only Negro daily, perhaps, in the country. It was a strong champion of the cause of Wilmington's colored citizens. Improvements in the section of the city owned by black people were asked for, and the request granted. Good roads were secured, bicycle paths made, etc.

The greatest deed achieved however, was the exposure by *The Record* of the very unsanitary condition of the colored wards in the city hospital. *The Record* made such a glowing picture of the state of affairs, that the Board of County Commissioners were compelled to investigate and take action, which resulted in the putting of the old hospital in habitable shape. This, though a good work, did not enhance the Editor's popularity with the whites who thought him too *high strung, bold and saucy*. And the colored people who appreciated his pluck felt a little shaky over his many tilts with editors of the white papers. The brave little man did not last very long however—the end came apace: Sitting in his office one evening in August reading a New York paper, his eyes fell upon a clipping from a Georgia paper from the pen of a famous Georgia white woman, whose loud cries for the lives of Negro rapists had been so very widely read and commented upon during the past year. This particular article referred to the exposure of and the protection of white girls in the isolated districts of the South from lustful brutes. "Narrow-souled fool!" exclaimed the editor, throwing the paper upon the floor; "I wonder does she ever think of the Negro girls in isolated districts of the South exposed to lustful whites! Does she think of those poor creatures shorn of all protection by the men of her race! I guess her soul is too small to be generous a little bit. — 'White girls in isolated districts exposed to lustful Negro brutes.' Colored girls in isolated districts exposed to lustful white brutes; what's the difference? Does the Negro's ruined home amount to nought? Can man sin against his neighbor without suffering its consequences? 'Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!' I'll throw a broadside at that old woman, so help me God."

The editor took up his pen and wrote the retort which shook the old State from mountain to sea, and which enhanced the chances of [14] the white supremacy advocates who were then planning for an uprising in November. "*Punish sin because it is sin,*" concluded the editor, "*and not because the one who commits it is black.*" The article was commented upon by the press throughout the State, and "the affrontery of the Negro" in assailing white women bitterly discussed. *The Record* advanced from five to twenty-five cents a copy, so anxious was every one to see what the Negro had said to call for such ado. Threatening letters began to come in to the editor's office. "Leave on

pain of death." "Stop the publishing of that of paper." "Apologize for that slander," etc. But the editor refused to apologize, "Suspend or quit." A meeting of citizens was called, and a colored man sent to advise the editor to retract, but he was obdurate. Immediately after the departure of the colored advocate, the owner of the building came in and told the editor that he was compelled to ask him to move out. He looked around the office so full of pleasant recollections. The face of "Little Shunshine," once the writer of the social column whose rollicksome disposition had robbed labor of its irksomeness in the work-room, beamed upon him from far over the seas, and rendered the quitting of the old home a much harder thing to do. But go he must. Colored friends hearing of his predicament rallied to his aid, and offered him at least a temporary asylum in one of their buildings. So the office of *The Record* was moved into Seventh Street. Excitement soon abated however, and *The Record* resumed its work. Those who are inclined to blame the editor of *The Wilmington Record* for the massacre of 1898 must remember that the article was written in August, and the massacre occurred in November; and that the editor of that paper did not leave Wilmington until a few days before the massacre, upon the urgent advice of friends. The whites of Wilmington had need to be afraid of the Negroes, and did not attempt to do violence until sufficiently reinforced from the outside, and the black citizens had been cut off from all means of defense. Editor Manley's reply to the Georgia woman was not the cause of the upheaval, but it was an excellent pretext when the election came on.

[15]

CHAPTER II.

The Colonel.

There strode out of a humble but neatly furnished dwelling in the Southern section of the city of Wilmington on a sultry morning in August, 1898, a man not over the average height, neatly dressed in a well-brushed suit of black. His full and well kept beard of mixed gray hung low upon his immaculate shirt front. His head classic and perfectly fashioned, set well poised upon shoulders as perfectly proportioned as an Apollo. His gray hair parted upon the side of his head, was carefully brushed over his forehead to hide its baldness, and from beneath abundant shaggy eyebrows, looked forth a pair of cold gray eyes. Though past sixty, he was erect, and his step was as firm as a man of thirty. This was "The Colonel," typical Southern gentleman of the old school, a descendant of the genuine aristocracy, the embodiment of arrogance.

The Southerners' definition of the term "gentleman" is a peculiar one. The gentleman is born, and there is no possible way for him to lose the title. He is a gentleman, drunk or sober, honest or dishonest, in prison or out of prison. He is a gentleman with the stains of murder unwashed from his hands. It is birth and not character with the Southerner, appearance, rather than worth.

While in New England settled the tanner, the wheelwright, the blacksmith, the hardy son of the soil who came over to escape religious persecution, and to serve God according to the dictates of his own conscience, with none to molest or make him afraid, in the South there settled England and Europe's aristocrat, lazy and self-indulgent, satisfied to live upon the unrequited toil of others.

The "Colonel," aside from having a brilliant war record, had also a lofty political career in North Carolina during and following the [16] reconstruction period. Twenty years or more ago he, in the height of his career, was the idol of Eastern North Carolina. "The silver-tongued orator of the East," his appearance in any town or hamlet was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. Holidays were proclaimed and houses were decked with flags and bunting in honor of the hero of the day and hour. The workman forgot his toil, the

merchant his business; old and young, little and big thronged the streets, women raised their little ones in their arms and cried, "See, the Colonel comes!" We listened with rapt attention to his superior eloquence, and no man was more deeply rooted in the affections of his people. We esteemed him too high to be low, too lofty in thought and aspiration to do a mean thing. Republican aspirants to Congress in those days were easily turned down by the Colonel who represented that district for three or more terms at the National Capitol. But there came a time when the Colonel's influence began to wane; whisperings were current that he was indulging too freely in the Southern gentleman's besetting sin—poker and mint juleps, and that the business of the people whose interests he had been sent to look after was being neglected. Still Wilmingtonians' confidence in the Colonel did not slacken, and when the time for Congressional nominations came, we went to Fayetteville with bands playing and banners flying, and we cheered ourselves hoarse in order to quicken slumbering interest in the Colonel, but failed. Cumberland, Bladen, Mecklinburg and other counties came down unanimously in favor of one Shackelford, of the upper section, a name almost unknown to us, and New Hanover, which stood alone for the Colonel, was defeated. After the expiration of his term in Congress the Colonel went to his home in Wilmington, and resumed the practice of law. The last time that I visited the old city, the Colonel was solicitor in the Criminal Court. He had also moved out of his palatial dwelling on Third street, and sought cheaper quarters. Twenty years ago he would have scorned the thought of doing this deed which he was now contemplating as he strode down the street on this sultry August morning.

"I will carry this election or choke the river with their carcasses," he said slowly to himself. But why this ghastly sentence from the [17] mouth of a representative Wilmingtonian? What had plunged the Colonel into such a desperate state of mind? Poverty! lost honor, unsatisfied ambition. The Negro and the "low white" are prospering, holding positions in the city government that rightfully belong to first families who are better qualified to hold said positions and more entitled to the remunerations; but the changing of this order of things cannot be brought about by honest methods, so like the hungry wolf, the Colonel is preparing to make a desperate charge to