

A black and white photograph showing several hands holding lit candles. The hands are positioned in the upper half of the frame, with fingers gently gripping the candle holders. The candles are lit, and their flames are visible, creating a warm, glowing effect against the dark background. The overall mood is solemn and contemplative.

***JACK
THORNE***

***HANOVER;
OR THE PERSECUTION
OF THE LOWLY***

Jack Thorne

Hanover; Or The Persecution of the Lowly

A Story of the Wilmington Massacre

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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. 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.

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"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.

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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.



Introductory Note.

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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 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 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 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.

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.

CHAPTER I.

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The Editor.

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"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 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 clanking 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 medium. 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