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A DARK DEED

By **ETTA W. PIERCE**

CHAPTER IX.

A Leaf From Iris Greylock's Diary.

April 1st.

"L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose," saith the proverb, and after an absence of six years, here I am back in this hateful Massachusetts capital, as full to me of wretched associations and memories—the city which I ardently hoped to never see again.

I was obliged to sell the last of my jewels to pay for the journey from New Orleans—my beloved jewels, the trophies of so many past triumphs! It made my heart bleed to part with them, but one must have money. It is now two wretched years since my miseries began, and during that period I have not paid Hannah Johnson a dollar of wages, yet she stays on my porch, not so much from love, I fear, as from a hope of future reward when I shall have conquered the unkind fate that now overwhelms me. But shall I conquer it?

We have secured a boarding place in an obscure corner of the city, where the afflictions are vile food and suspicious people. To be poor and suspicious at one and the same time is sadly inconvenient. Words cannot express the abhorrence which I have for poverty in all its forms, and since I have tasted luxury, yet she stays on my porch, not so much from love, I fear, as from a hope of future reward when I shall have conquered the unkind fate that now overwhelms me. But shall I conquer it?

Today I sent Hannah Johnson out for a carriage, and we drove to that West End house where I once lived and quarreled with poor, dear Robert. "There," I said to myself, "I shall surely hear news of the child."

As I entered the street a dagger seemed to pierce my heart. The house was gone—the march of modern improvement had swept it out of existence. Workmen were busy removing debris from the spot where it once stood. My former landlady and her servant, Martha, were there?

"Consolation seized me. I plied the workmen with vain questions. I limped about the vicinity, striving to gain some information concerning the last occupants of the house; but it was useless. Baffled, disappointed, I let Hannah Johnson lift me, at last, into the carriage, and when we were shut in together I sobbed and cried bitterly.

"I have come a long and tiresome journey. I have sold my last article of value to learn the fate of the child," I said, "and this is the result."

The landlady and her maid are gone—Heaven only knows where. The workmen say that the house was vacant for months before its destruction. You had better leave me, Hannah, for it is plain that, sooner or later, I must cast myself on public charity."

"Don't get down-hearted, ma'am," answered Hannah; "there are plenty of children in the world, and you can buy one anywhere for a couple of dollars."

Hannah is English by birth—it was in England that I first secured her services—oh, those glad, gay nights at Covent Garden! But I must not think of the past or I shall go mad. She is very shrewd and daring, but now she hints at something too dangerous to think about. I am ready to curse myself for my own short-sighted folly. Why did I ever leave the child? Why did I not take her with me when I shook the dust of this city from my feet six years ago? Why did I not consider that I might one day need her—that she would always be a power in my hands to wield against the Greyllocks? Alas! I could not then foresee my widowhood, and the misfortunes that awaited me in the future. I left the child at the last gasp—I am sure she must have died—the doctor assured me she had not a chance of life; yet, under present circumstances, I dare not make a single movement to get my former associate back. Meanwhile they roll in luxury while I starve.

Thursday.

For a whole week I have been seeking information concerning my former landlady, but finding it not. The theater where I used to dance has a new manager, and even were the old one still there he would know nothing of what I wish to discover. I must move cautiously. Not for worlds would I have any of my former associates know of my presence in the city—least of all the errand which brings me here. Even Hannah begins to feel discouraged, especially as we are obliged, at this wretched place, to pay our board in advance.

"It seems, ma'am," she said to me this morning, "as if we'd brought up against a blank wall, with no opening in it."

She grows restive. If her hope of future reward suffers an eclipse, I am sure she will leave me to my fate.

Saturday.

I set forth with Hannah for a constitutional. It will never do for me to fall ill here, and so increase my already numberless perplexities.

"You're just breaking down with the disappointment, ma'am," says Hannah, and I think she is right. I dragged myself as far as the Common, and there, on a mall which chanced to be nearly deserted, I felt, exhausted and exasperated, upon a seat.

"Hannah," I cried, "with my miserable infirmity it is impossible for me to walk through life, and who is to furnish the carriage in which I must ride?"

"The Greyllocks of Blackport, ma'am," answered Hannah.

Her words plunged me into a mournful reverie, from which I was at length aroused by the sound of footsteps approaching on a promenade, propelled by a maid, coming along the mall at the spot where I sat. Another child was trundling a hoop by the side of the servant, whose dragged appearance, even at a distance, struck me as something strangely familiar.

"We are sorry to hear that Madeleine Sylphide, the charming and piquant danseuse, met with a severe accident at the Metropolitan theatre last night. She fell through a trap door on the stage, and sustained a compound fracture of the leg and other injuries so serious that it is feared she will never again delight the public with her wonderful dancing."

This slip of paper I inclosed in a second letter, running in this wise, and addressed as the previous one had been, to Miss Greylock:

"My child recovered entirely from the illness of her infancy. She is strong and well, and the image of her lamented father. In her I find my consolation for the past, my hope for the future."

Two years ago, as you were from an inclosed newspaper paragraph a great misfortune overwhelmed me. I was supporting myself and my darling in comfort—yea, luxury, by my art, when the carelessness of a stage carpenter deprived me in a moment of fame and fortune—ended forever my career of triumph. Had it not been for my darling I should have prayed to die. As it was, I endured great bodily suffering—the money I possessed melted away. I parted with my jewels, my valuable and, at all kinds, and at the end of four-and-twenty months, I find starvation staring me in the face, and the doors of a workhouse looming up before my child. I ask you, what is to become of Robert Greylock's daughter, since he is crippled, helpless mother, have no longer the power to provide for her?"

May 10th.

Today I was made the happy recipient of a check for three hundred dollars—"to be used for Robert's education," and a cold little note from Miss Greylock, in which she hints at a just retribution overtaking the sinner in the end of her evil career, and declines further correspondence with me until she receives the permission of Godfrey Greylock, who is expected home from abroad at an early day. When he arrives she will call his attention to the needy state of his only grandchild.

Three hundred dollars will relieve me of immediate embarrassment, and also provide me with the means of decorating my widowhood. I have never worn mourning for Robert, but now, six years after his demise, I must rush into craps and a carriage, and this morning we are going shopping.

Let us expect trouble with Godfrey Greylock. He is prejudiced; he is adamant; he has no sentiment, like his spinster sister, but I shall conquer him in the end—I have sworn it, and I will keep my vow.

(To Be Continued.)

RED SHIRT REVOLUTION.

Clear, Concise, Correct Story of Exciting Events.

AS TOLD BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

There Have Been a Number of Articles Purporting to Give the True Origin of the Red Shirt Movement; But This is Close to the Facts.

The following remarkably clear and comprehensive sketch of the Red Shirt movement, has been prepared for the press, by Mr. D. S. Henderson of Aiken:

Having been invited by Col. J. G. Mobley, the commanding officer of the Red Shirt survivors, to attend a reunion in Columbia on the 27th and 28th of September, inasmuch as court engagements prevent my attending, I ask you to publish a few recollections of the events leading up to that movement, the occasion and its results. I was intimately connected with it, and can speak from memory and experience.

The Reconstruction Era.

In 1868 the national Democratic convention, which met in New York, nominated as standard bearer Horatio Seymour and Franklin P. Blair; the Republican nominated U. S. Grant and Schuyler Colfax.

A tremendous mass meeting was held in Charleston on Meeting street in front of the Charleston hotel to ratify the Democratic nominations. As a college student, at the College of Charleston, I attended that meeting. James B. Campbell, the great lawyer, presided. The chief speaker was Gen. Wade Hampton. He made a memorable enunciation, that at New York he induced the convention to put in the platform the words "The Reconstruction act is unconstitutional, revolutionary and void."

Grant was elected. These reconstruction acts, which were not declared constitutional by the supreme court of the United States until 1878, were enforced on the state of South Carolina with a mailed hand. Sickles, Canby and Ruger, with drawn bayonets and martial tread, allowed the bummers and stragglers from the invading armies to paralyze every industry and hope of white supremacy.

Notwithstanding the fact that Gov. Orr, on the platform of the constitutional convention of 1868, in Charleston, had warned the members, with prophetic glance, that if universal suffrage was given the negroes they would be relegated within less than twenty years, these deceivers who had swarmed into the state enacted the same law.

Hampton had retired to his plantation in Mississippi. The white leaders advised the people to remain from the polls, because they alleged the reconstruction act would not stand, and the state government was in the hands of the "black and tan."

In the gubernatorial race of 1870, Carpenter and Butler made a campaign against R. K. Scott, a noted carpetbagger, but the spirit of the whites was not in it; they trusted Butler but had no faith in the pyrotechnics of Judge Carpenter.

I settled at Aiken in 1872. During 1873, 1874 and 1875 I attended each year taxpayers' conventions, which convened in Columbia.

They were presided over mostly by the Democratic party of Charleston, William Denison Porter.

They were solemn, secret affairs, held in Irving's hall uptown, and Parker hall downtown, with closed doors.

Addresses were issued to the people, powerful and forceful, praying them to keep in heart; addresses to congress and to the president, protesting against the condition of public affairs in the state, brought about by Radical extravagance and misrule.

The people listened, waited, bore and forebore, and grew stronger from suffering.

In 1874, after Moses' administration of plunder, Chamberlain was nominated by the Radicals. A bolting set of party nominated Judge Greene of Sumter for governor, and a San Domingo negro, named Martin Delaney, for lieutenant governor.

The white people (though some improvements were made at the polls in November) took no interest in the election of this mongrel ticket, and Chamberlain was elected. The robber legislature of 1875 elected out so many good judges and cleared the negro brigand from Beaufort, W. J. Whipper, to the Charleston circuit, R. B. Carpenter to the Fifth circuit, and a pumbskull, named P. L. Wiggin, from Beaufort, to the Second circuit.

Chamberlain, apparently in earnest, refused to commission Whipper, but the people felt that he was sure to stop at the first hurdle, and they began to arouse themselves.

The Rise of the White Tide.

The spring of 1876 came in, in all of its pregnancy. Full of disgust at past efforts to conciliate, full of humiliation at the infamous orgies of the brigands of the Palmetto state, who had heaped disgrace on her name and ruined her credit at home and abroad; full of the belief that if something was not done the real sons of the sacred soil of the great commonwealth, which had done so much for the honor of freedom, would have to take their household gods and goods and go elsewhere; early in the spring Congressmen were held, with a view of a straight white man's fight for a white man's government.

It was a presidential year, and prominent Democrats within and without the state took the position that a determined effort would be used to disrupt the carpetbag government would lead to disorders which would be used against the growing tide in favor of Democratic success. In the Union Friends of the movement, but the swell was on, and it kept growing bigger and bigger. It was no man's movement; it was the long-suffering people's which called for leadership and relief.

General Gary.

Early in the spring Gen. Martin Witherspoon Gary of Edgefield wrote to and received a reply from Gen. (afterward senator) George of Mississippi. I saw the reply. It gave fully the Mississippi plan of action to reconquer the state, and to send con-

struction to the vamps of the government then in the state; and Gen. Gary should be given full credit for systematizing this plan and for adapting it to the environment of the occasion. He had the courage of his convictions; and obstructed all efforts at compromise and stood firmly for a straight fight.

Hamburg.

A call had been promulgated for a Democratic state convention in August. The delegates were being elected all over the state and (as is the case in all great movements) an unexpected, unplanned event happened. It intensified the occasion and gave vigor to the straight movement.

The old town of Hamburg, just opposite Augusta on the Savannah river, had become the seat of misrule and bad government. Its master was Prince R. Rivers, formerly a slave of a Beaufort family, a coal black, a member of the legislature and major general of militia. During the first week in July, the local militia company blocked the highway running from the town and two young white citizens of prominence, one of whom is now living and a highly respected citizen, I. Henry Getzen, passing the place of blockade, became entangled with the militia company. They were brought before Rivers as magistrate, to be tried for interfering with the company. They issued a cross-warrant against the members of the company for obstructing the highway.

On the trial day, the friends of both parties appeared armed; difficulties arose, and that night a battle was fought in the streets of Hamburg between the whites and blacks which set the state on fire.

Gen. M. C. Butler, then an attorney at Edgefield, being called to defend the two young men, was present at the trial and took part in the fight; and with Col. A. P. Butler, afterwards a senator from Aiken county, were the leaders of the whites in the battle.

At the instance of Gov. Chamberlain, warrants were issued for several hundred white men, among them Gen. Butler and Col. Butler, for complicity in this matter, charging murder and riot. It meant in truth the arrest of the entire community. The notorious William Stone, the attorney general, and the equally notorious David T. Corbin, the district attorney of the county, were employed by Gov. Chamberlain to enforce these arrests and resist bail.

However, the spirit of liberty was in the air.

The Radical officials were actually afraid to make any arrests and the alleged violators of the law to the number of 300 or 400, headed by their counsel, Gen. Gary, D. S. Henderson and G. W. Croft, rode into Aiken and filled the court house for the hearing.

Corbin and Stone insisted that the ball should be granted, but that noble judge, John J. Maher of Barnwell (than whom was no purer or nobler man) granted bail. This hearing stirred up the whole of western Carolina and its echoes went throughout the state. Among the prisoners held was B. R. Tillman of Rogers. He did his full share in the fighting at Hamburg and in the campaign, which followed.

Origin of the Red Shirts.

No matter what may be said to the contrary, it was at this time, when these men gathered around Aiken on the Kalmal Heights between the hills and Graniteville to confer with their counsel, that the Red Shirt idea was originated. At this time Senator Morton of Ohio, was waving the bloody shirt against the south in the United States senate at Washington. George D. Tillman and A. P. Butler consulted together and thought it would be a good idea to have the Sweet Water Sabre club, most of them then under arrest, to ride through the streets of Aiken with the bloody shirt of Morton.

The ladies of the town headed by Miss Ada Chafee, made long horse-spun shirts and assisted the men to stain them with ventral red and pokeberries, and thus clothed this company, the afternoon before the ball proceedings, rode up and down through the streets of Aiken to the honor of the negro population. It may be so, that afterwards at Anderson and Goldville and elsewhere in the state, red shirts were worn, but the idea originated right here and it is probable by men who took part, who are living now, and by the columns of the local papers.

The August Convention.

The Democratic state convention met at Columbia on the 15th day of August. Previous thereto, on the 12th day of August, at Edgefield, there was a tremendous meeting in which Butler and Gary and Sheppard attacked Chamberlain and defeated him, which in connection with the Hamburg affair, he could not be trusted, and they began to arouse themselves.

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The Rise of the White Tide.

When the boys would arise before day-break for long journeys, breakfast was ready, lunches would be added to the outfit, and when the big outpourings took place at the court house, they came in droves to add to the occasion and serve meals to the men. It was not simply the ladies of the towns and cities, but all the rural districts as well, who took part in the fight. All in all it was a revolt against tyranny, the like of which had never been seen before; a tyranny sanctioned by law to humiliate the proud people who had attempted to do what they thought to be right, a humiliation deeper dyed than the aftermath of the French revolution; the placing in power of people, not of the same race, but slaves, who were not prepared to know the proper use of a ballot; the act being done not for the sake of the slave, but for the aggrandizement of his political masters, and the proud Saxon race rose like his ancestors in the early days and threw the yoke off of the Norman master; like the colonies in 1776 threw off the shackles of the Royalist invaders who followed them into a free country to keep them downtrodden. This revolution was not because of racial antipathy to the negro as such, but a revolt against the efforts of the politicians at Washington to humiliate the white people of South Carolina by elevating the negro above them. The legal rights of the negro is recognized and enforced by the people of the south, but social equality by them will never be tolerated.

And so the popular feeling bubbled up as Hampton passed from the up-country to the low-country, from the highlands to the lowlands, down the Gramplan hills. It was like a Scottish fight in which all classes were united and taking part; the McDonalds and the McGregors alike. When the red banner was waved below Columbia, the uprising was as great in Anderson as in Newberry. Business was suspended, homes abandoned, occupations given up for the time being; lawyers closed their offices and led; preachers prayed but joined the procession; merchants sold their goods cheaper to the people and gave their money; farmers, mechanics, millwrights and artisans left their occupations and were in the saddle. All were in it and to stay to it, for it meant liberty or death. A paraphrase of the colonial lines truly expresses the Red Shirt determination:

"They left the plowshares in the mold, The flocks and herds without a fold, The sickle in the unshorn grain, The hoe and spade in the garden plain; And mustered in their red shirt dress, For wrongs, to seek a stern redress. To fight those wrongs, come weal, come woe, To perish, or o'ercome their foe."

When Hampton reached Blackville in Barnwell county he was met by a cohort of Red Shirts from all the surrounding counties, headed by that peerless citizen, Johnson Hagood, and they tramped with him across that great country almost to the sea. The spirit of that procession is spoken of unto today as the greatest event of old Barnwell county.

Gordon Combs.

From across the Savannah came that peerless southerner, John B. Gordon. He was the best stump orator ever heard at White Point Garden in Charleston. Gordon, before an immense crowd, in scathing terms, arraigned Chamberlain as a Daniel come to judgment. At Columbia, at Aiken and elsewhere he quickened and aroused the fires of patriotism as he knew well how to do; and went home to return again after the election, by wise counsel, to assist in guiding the sequel to full fruition.

The Result and How It Came About.

The day of the election in November was a fair day. Though martial law had been declared by Grant in Edgefield, Aiken and Barnwell, because of the Elenton riot, and perhaps in other counties, the determined white men came home in their Red Shirts and tramped the land. The old saying, "all coats look alike" had helped the negroes to repeat without fear of detection. Red shirts on men made them all alike, and the whites had been good students from sheer necessity. Under the Radical regime, there was no registration of voters and the managers were allowed three days before the boxes were turned over to the county canvassers for counting the votes. On this occasion, determined white men, armed to the teeth, accompanied the boxes and camped with them until the votes were counted.

It is true that a great many negroes voluntarily voted the Hampton ticket; numerous names could be given; for example, Billie Ross, the body servant of Maxey Gregg, in Columbia; Henry Toole, in Rock Hill; Tom Watson, in Ridge Spring; Tom Hayne, in Aiken; Cades Chisolm, in Colleton, and Democrat Riley, in Charleston.

Hampton was elected, but Chamberlain and his men died hard.

Aftermath.

It would take volumes to tell of the immediate sequel and its trials. The gathering of determined, anxious tired men in Columbia, bent on enforcing their victory; the supreme control and local management of Hampton under the leadership of Chamberlain and Simms and Fred G. D. Tillman, Gilmore and the desertion of the white men; the forbearance and splendid record of the Wallace house; the legal fight in the courts, conducted by Col. Youmans and Gen. Conner.

The gathering of the investigating committee from congress, seeking for evidence to sustain Chamberlain, and the unrest to furnish for our side the evidence of the right; the quartering of the United States soldiers in the state house and their efforts by show of arms to intimidate our people; the march of our people to the state house and an attempt thereby to expose the movement of the Democrats in the campaign. These and other subjects would take volumes to tell them and they are left for another time, or for other pens. Finally Hayes was inaugurated; Hampton was recognized; amnesty was granted Federal and state prisoners, and the people began to settle down to peace.

So it was. The Red Shirt, Hampton, Gary, Butler revolution was a record breaking epoch, making a turning