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THE MASKED LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE;

OR

The Ku-Klux-Klan.

A MOST STARTLING EXPOSURE

OF

THE DOINGS OF THIS EXTENSIVE SECRET BAND; WHOSE MYSTERIOUS
LODGES EXIST IN EVERY CITY AND COUNTY IN THE LAND;

AND INCLUDE

MANY HUNDREDS of THE WIVES

OF

PROMINENT PUBLIC MEN.

3 ITS DESIGNS, PASSWORDS, SIGNS, &c., &c.

The Rising To Occur In October Next.

Full and Terrible Details,
AND HOW THE EXPOSE WAS OBTAINED.

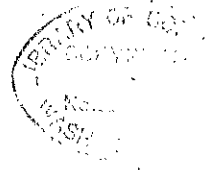
PHILADELPHIA.

C. W. ALEXANDER, PUBLISHER.

224 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

[1868].

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FRIGHTFUL PUNISHMENT OF TRAITORS TO THE KU-KLUX-KLAN BY THE GRAND CENTRAL LODGE

Furchtbare Bestrafung der Verräther an dem Ku-Klux-Klan durch die Grand Central Lodge.

A short time since, as the publisher of this book was sitting alone in his office attending to some little business which had detained him after every one about the building had gone home, he heard behind him the rustling as of a silk dress. He was under the impression that the front door of the place had been shut and the dead latch caught, and he was therefore decidedly startled at the unexpected sound.

Turning quickly round in his chair, he saw a tall lady of commanding mein standing just outside the office railing. She was heavily veiled so that it was impossible to distinguish her features at all. Her attitude and appearance suggested the idea of a robber in female disguise; and he therefore rose rather hastily, and, confronting the stranger, prepared for whatever might occur.

"Pray, pardon me, Mr. Alexander," said the lady, in tones, and with a gesture of such refined politeness that the former was instantly at ease, and begged his visitor to be seated.

She complied, and resumed (though instead of raising her veil as she spoke, she drew it tighter about her face):

"You must pardon my intrusion at such an unseemly hour for visiting,

Mr. Alexander, and you must also pardon me for the equally unseemly act of concealing my face."

"Most certainly, Madam," replied Mr. Alexander, "both are at your own pleasure; and to be candid with you, my curiosity is considerably excited as to the object of both."

"I have not the slightest doubt upon that point, Sir," replied the strange lady, with an arch kind of laugh. But she quickly checked the laugh, and continued:

"Well, Mr. Alexander, I have called on you in regard to a somewhat important matter. We—that is—I have heard that you publish and circulate large numbers of cheap books on every popular or exciting subject and that your agents are scattered all over the United States and Canada. Have I correct information?"

"Yes, Madam, you have."

"Of course you are a politician."

"No, Madam, most emphatically, I am not; for politicians of all parties have wrought so much of evil to the nation, and are so rapidly destroying law and justice, that I think it would disgrace the name of the humblest but honest street sweeper to be associated with them."

"I did not mean, Sir, to ask, if you were a *professional* politician. What I ment was that, as a plain citizen, you took an interest in all political matters of importance to the nation."

"Yes, Madam, there you are correct."

"Well, do you ever publish political books, Mr. Alexander?"

"No, Madam, books of that stamp are too apt to be partizan in their character."

"Suppose, though, you were satisfied they were true, and would serve to promote the welfare of the nation, and that they would, in fact contribute to destroy that very partizanism which you so justly denounce. Would you publish such a book?"

"Yes, I think I would."

"Have you, Mr. Alexander, heard of the secret political organization called THE KU-KLUX-KLAN?"

"Oh, yes, Madam, a great deal."

"What do you think of it?"

"Well, I think, just as all right minded men should think of secret political societies, that they should be discountenanced and put down."

"Do you think it is a Southern Society?"

"I hardly think so. It looks too much like an exaggerated hoax. That is, there is too much studied exposure of it, and too much exaggeration thrown around it."

"Well, Mr. Alexander, you are right; so far as to the fact that the Ku-Klux-Klan is not a Southern Society. The Ku-Klux-Klan is a Northern Society of the most formidable proportions, and detestable objects. I

have with me now a full exposure of the whole Conspiracy, from beginning to end; details of its doings, its objects, its signs, its passwords, and everything connected with it. In it you will doubtless be surprised to find what an important part female politicians take in National Affairs, and in what way these women aid in bad designs at Washington, and throughout the whole country. If you will publish it, it is at your service."

"Well, I should like to read it through before deciding to do so. Do you assure me that it is true; and that it is not merely partizan?"

"I do, Sir, most solemnly; and you will see so for yourself, when you read it. All I wish is to have it published for the good of the whole country, and to avert so direful a calamity as the success of the Ku-Klux-Klan will bring upon the nation."

"Why, Madam, you speak very earnestly."

"Oh, Sir, I *am* in earnest! I am in earnest! Had you seen what I have seen, and did you know what I know, you would not then wonder at my earnestness. But I cannot, dare not, explain. I must remain unknown to you, not that I myself should fear to meet the fate that would certainly befall me. But beside myself, others, near and dear to me, would also be doomed. For their sake, therefore, I must not be recognized. But tell me you will publish this matter and spread it throughout the land far and near. You are known to be firm, just and fearless, and to have a character without blemish. You have for that reason been selected—if you will—to publish this."

The publisher consented after some further conversation with his mysterious visitor and the matter, written in narrative style, was given by the lady who thereupon bade him good evening and left. The title was the same as appears in the previous page to this. The heading of the matter itself was

THE MASKED LADY'S VISIT.

One cloudy evening in the Fall of 1865 a close carriage driven at a rapid speed drew up suddenly in front of the White House at Washington. The wheels had scarcely ceased to revolve before the coachman sprang from his seat and opened the door for the occupant of the vehicle to descend. There was no one about, for the weather had the effect of keeping persons within the house. Still, the lady, as she sprang lightly from the carriage to the side walk, cast about her a furtive glance as though fearful of being observed. She started, and did not appear to like the fact that just as she took a step forward a policeman came across the avenue, and passing by her, gazed at her and also the coachman with some curiosity.

Yet she did not avoid his scrutiny and looked him directly in the face. After he had passed away into the murky gloom she turned to her coachman and said:

"Frank, do not forget to return by nine o'clock."

"No Ma'am I shall be prompt."

"Bring the other carriage and the bays instead of the sorrels."

"Very well, ma'am."

Thereupon, while the strange lady walked toward the mansion of the President, Frank, the coachman leaping upon his seat, drove rapidly away.

The fair stranger seemed to be thoroughly conversant with the mode of gaining access to the President; for but a very short time elapsed between the moment she sent in her card by the usher, and the return of that important official with the announcement to step into "His Excellency's presence chamber."

"Excuse me, Sir," said she to the usher, "but is there any one having an audience with the President just now?"

"No, Madam, His Excellency is entirely alone."

"Ah, that is well."

As she spoke, the lady walked from the ante room into the cabinet of the President.

That gentleman, seeing the lady enter, rose, and while holding her card in one hand, stepped forward, and taking her hand within his, affably guided her to a luxurious chair of reception near to his own. As he seated himself he glanced at the card and then at the face of his visitor, while at the same time an expression of surprise and curiosity came over his own features.

"You seem somewhat astonished, Mr. Johnson," said the lady, with perfect self-possession.

"Well, yes, I am indeed," replied the President, "Your features, Mrs. S——, have become singularly like those of Mrs. B—— of Massachusetts."

"Which is a great compliment to the artist who made my mask," rejoined the lady, removing from her face a mask and thereby exposing the natural and lovely face of Mrs. S—— the reigning belle of Washington Society, and daughter of one of the most celebrated men of the gay Capital.

The President is not a man easily startled or surprised; but for once he was taken completely aback by the occurrence just described. Recovering himself as quickly as possible he exclaimed:

"Why Mrs. S—— this is most certainly an unexpected masquerade."

"But a very serious one I assure you Mr. Johnson, at least it is done with a serious object."

"May I ask what that object is, Mrs. S——."

"It is to benefit yourself."

"Benefit me! Indeed you but make my astonishment greater by those words than before."

"I will explain at once. You are perhaps aware that you have some bitter enemies at the other end of the avenue."

"Peradventure, I may have, Mrs. S—— for I cannot lend my countenance to any of the arbitrary and illegal projects that I think some of those men are setting afoot quietly for their own personal benefit, and in utter disregard of the peace and welfare of the country."

"That is a noble sentiment, Mr. Johnson, and beyond a doubt all good men and true in the land will stand by you no matter of what party they may be. But it will never do to rest satisfied with the mere doing of what is right and just, in face of such combinations as are now in secret formation against you. Both Papa and Mr. S—— think you are right; but their colleagues—that is the most radical of them—are determined to crush you and your policy; because, as they openly avow to each other, if you are allowed to go on, quiet and peace will be restored to the country before they have time to accomplish certain designs they have in view."

"I am grieved," was the President's reply, "that those gentlemen should have so far forgotten their solemn pledges before the people as to contemplate any extraordinary and illegal measures in regard to public affairs. They should, if they are patriots, desire and pray earnestly that peace and prosperity may come quickly to the land. Surely we have had enough bloodshed and bitterness of feeling."

"Well, Mr. Johnson such is beyond doubt the fact. There is to be a secret caucus on Wednesday two weeks of six men here in Washington—there are their names.—She handed him a slip of paper on glancing at which he exclaimed:

"Surely! surely can it be?"

"Yes, Sir, and in less than three weeks you will have evidence of it. With money raised for the party operations a club house has been purchased up in D street. Papa sent me to you with this information. He has been invited to join the association, but positively declined. He thought it also his duty to warn you concerning the plot."

"Now, Sir, as you are aware Mr. S—— is a republican, and though I am his wife, still I have deemed it my duty to go a step further than Papa. Besides I love adventure. This hum drum life of fashion in the Capital is without charm to me. Could you suppose what I have determined to do?"

"Indeed, I could not," replied Mr. Johnson with a smile at the resolution but naïveté of his fair visitor's manner.

"I am going to attend this caucus and hear all the sayings, and see all the doings and then I will let you know all about it."

The President laughed heartily.

"I fear you will not laugh so freely, Mr. Johnson, when these men's plot fully develops itself. For you know they are not men who are vacillating but men of terrible determination."

"I do not dread them," said the former, "I have too much confidence in the people to dread these plotters."

"Suppose though, that by ingenious methods they deceive the people, poison their minds, and then mislead their judgement?"

There was a noble grandeur and dignity in the answer:

"Then, Mrs. S.—I must fall! I shall do what is right. I shall perform the duties with which the people have entrusted me as best I know how. I know that in times of great political excitement the minds of the masses are sometimes too easily led wrong by deep, designing demagogues. But should the American nation allow itself to be thus led astray, I must submit, in hopes that some day in the future, when I am dead—perhaps—they may do my poor memory justice. What is legal I will do, but what is not I will never do; no, not if I were to be stripped of my office and disgraced! The people, thank God! would sometime make all right."

"Well," remarked Mrs. S.—with a little impatient pleasantness, like that of a spoiled child, "you will have no objection to having my report at any rate, will you?"

She was assured in the negative and then went on:

"What do you think of my disguise, or rather my mask?"

"It is perfect," said the President, taking the mask in his hand. "What is it made of?"

"Indian rubber composition. An Italian refugee is the inventor. You see it can be so manipulated as to imitate the likeness of any one; and is so perfect in formation, that it will fit the mouth exactly, and when on the face cannot be detected, except with the utmost difficulty."

"Is its inventor the same person who invented the artificial necks and shoulders worn by some of our fashionable ladies?"

"The same man exactly."

"He is a wonderful and practical genius."

The conversation was here turned upon general topics, and continued until nine o'clock when The Masked Lady,—for she had resumed her disguise—took her leave entered her carriage, and was driven rapidly

THE SECRET CAUCAS.

Two weeks had more than elapsed ere The Masked Lady paid a second visit to the White House, and the occupant of the latter began to think that the lady had found out that the whole subject concerning which she had been so much exercised in mind was nothing more than some grim joke. However, this delusion was dispelled when the card of Mrs. S.—being sent in one night the usher was ordered to pass the lady in. The interview which ensued more than confirmed all that Mrs. S.—had asserted.

As the long continued conversations and audiences in relation to the subject in these pages, however, would take up too much room, we shall use the license to "cut out" and come to the pith of the matter at once. We therefore will follow the Masked Lady through her experience subsequent to her first interview.

Three days before the secret caucas of the six well known men referred to in a previous page took place, a close carriage was driven up to the door of the mysterious dwelling on D street. A lady got out of the carriage, and as she was unveiled, any of the knowing inhabitants of Washington would have certainly recognized her as Mrs. B.—of Massachusetts, though there was one man in the City who would have smiled to himself to hear any one say so.

This lady knocking for admittance was let in to the house by a stout old negress on whispering something in the latter's ear. The negress led her visitor to a kind of dimly lighted reception room on the second floor.

"Now Aunt Julie," said the visitor to the negress, "you must call me, Miss Lily when you talk with me—at least until I get a new name—do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Lily, I've got a mem'ry like a lobster's claw when he's mad."

"Well, Aunt Julie, was Mr. B.—here yesterday or to day?"

"Yes, Miss Lily, he wuz heah las' night with a tall thin man."

"Did they say anything?"

"No, Miss Lily, nebber a word."

"And you really do not know what these men are going to meet here for?"

"Oh, yes; dey's gwine to be Sacred Masons; dey is; dat' wot dey is a gwine to meet fur."

"And that is all that they told you?"

"Yes, Miss Lily, dat's all 'cept dey said I musn't nebber let nobody in 'cept folks as had de word or dey'd hang me. An' ef I wuz faithful as I used to be to old Marse Davis, dey'd gin me all dis house fur my own se'f one ob dese days an' gin me plenty money too."

"Well, Aunt Julie, these men are fooling with you; they will do nothing of the sort. Have they given you any money yet?"

"No, Miss Lily, not yit."

"Well, I will give you all this money, and more too, and I will be your real friend if you will let me conceal myself here when these men meet here I want to catch Mr. B—— here."

The lady put several pieces of money in the hand of the old negress, whose eyes rolled and glistened with delight.

"I'se spec Marse B——'s a playin' coon an' possum wid your young 'fecshuns, Miss Lily," said Aunt Julie, in a tone and manner that indicated a desire to serve her visitor and yet justify her doing so, and thus breaking a solemn promise that she had made to her real employers.

The latter quickly saw the intention of Aunt Julie and adroitly humored her by acknowledging that she had enough against Mr. B——.

"But yer mus' promise me one ting, Miss Lily, 'ef I let yer do dis, dat yer won't go to woolin' him 'fore all de gen'lem; nor won't let on when yer get him home how yer found out."

"Oh, I will promise you that, Aunt Julie. Indeed I must not do so for my own safety."

"All right, den, Miss Lily, you ken come, an' I'll do de bestest fur yer."

Two nights after this conversation had occurred the Masked Lady—for such in fact was Aunt Julie's Visitor, was admitted to the house on D street by the negress. She hastened to conceal herself in a large closet which had between that time and her previous visit been prepared by Aunt Julie. In this retreat she had been perhaps an hour when one after another the conspirators arrived. All of the original six whose names the Masked Lady already had obtained and four others whom she also recognised, being assembled, a motion was made by one of them to get at once to business.

"First," said one of the conspirators, "look after Aunt Julie. It is best to make all things safe."

Another of the ten at the suggestion went from the room. After an absence of about five minutes he returned and remarked:

"Aunt Julie's all right. I've locked the old darkey in another room where she will not be likely to hear much."

At once a third of the party rose and said:

"Gentlemen. In times as disjointed as the present, when a party may be destroyed and broken up before its great and good objects are accomplished, it has been argued, and justly I think, that some extraordinary

measures should be adopted, to render the final success of that party complete.

"It is needless in this company to go over dry details of history; details which are patent to you all. It is equally needless for me to go into any extended argument, to prove to you that our party is gradually and with daily increasing rapidity, losing ground.

"You would not be here to night, but that you believe some prompt and strong measures and means are necessary to accomplish that desirable end. Am I mistaken or am I correct?"

All the rest of the party replied:

"You are right."

"I am sure of it!" continued the speaker; "and it only remains for us to lay out some plan, some definite course of action to be steadily pursued until the grand objects for which our party was brought into existence are reached."

At this juncture one of the other members of the junta remarked:

"Yes, gentlemen; we must act! act promptly and act thoroughly. For if we do not we are gone up just as sure as we live."

"That's so!" said another, a well known Pennsylvanian, the most terrific and uncompromising partizan that could be imagined, "The opposing party, which is certainly gaining strength, most especially with the way Johnson is going on, must be nipped at once."

"There's only one difficulty," put in a fourth conspirator, "and that is that the people will object if any arbitrary measures are adopted. They will begin to suspect something; and once start them into the belief that any thing is being done without warrant of law, and they'll bring down our whole fabric about our ears."

"Damnation!" exclaimed the fierce old man, "throw dust in their eyes! Make laws for them! make laws for them! ha! ha! We must lay our foundations in the Chambers of Congress. The people must be trained to it steadily."

"Good! good!" exclaimed all, and the conspirator continued:

"The American people I have always found to be full of noble and good impulses and if you only get them on that string—make them believe any measure is good and well intentioned, and instead of being an obstacle in your road they will help you forward with might and soul!"

"Well," questioned another, "where is the good work to begin? I am only impatient to get at my share of it."

Again the fiery old man jumped to his feet, and shaking his wasted finger above his head, he exclaimed:

"Where begin? it is asked. I will tell you: begin with the White House itself. Strike at the root of the tree. Bring Johnson into disrepute! Then sweep him from his office, put in a man whom we can trust; and then let all who oppose us be crushed if necessary beneath the heel of the army!"

"But recollect," suggested another, "that Johnson has many friends and supporters in Congress. How will they be disposed of?"

"Easily enough," quickly retorted the old man. "They must also be trained at the same time as the people. They must be made to commit themselves by certain test votes carefully prepared, and then when the climax is ready to be capped, woe be to him who goes back on his own record."

"You are right! you are right!" said all the conspirators. "Let us kick out Andy Johnson."

A few minutes passed during which the conspirators engaged in mutual conversation which was too low and confused for the Masked Lady to make out any connected parts. Then, however, the leader or chairman rapped on the table and called them to order; when one of the party rose and said:

"Well, gentlemen it will be best for every one here to think deeply over the whole subject and submit to the meeting to-morrow evening some plan. We shall then discuss the merits of each and adopt such a combination of all as shall be deemed most likely to accomplish our object. What say you?"

"The idea is a good one," said a conspirator, "and I make a motion to that effect."

The motion was instantly seconded and carried.

"Before we part, gentlemen," remarked the chairman, "it has been considered but proper that we should bind ourselves to each other by a solemn oath neither in word nor deed to disclose any of our proceedings, nor to desert each other."

After some further remarks by several of the conspirators a Bible was produced, and the ten, each placing a hand upon the sacred volume, took the required oath. After this the conspirators parted and each left the house singly to avoid notice. He who had locked Aunt Julie up was the last to go, and previous to taking his departure, he liberated the old negro, telling her that she would have to submit to that on every occasion that the Masonic Lodge held its meetings.

She said she did not mind that. The conspirator, then bidding her to lock the door, left.

As soon as it was safe to do so, the Masked Lady issued from her place of concealment. Aunt Julie overwhelmed her with questions about Mr. B—— and his companions; what they did; &c., &c., and between each question she implored Miss Lily not to go "woolin." Mr. B—— when she got him home, and thus expose her. The Masked Lady answered her questions and quieted her fears of exposure. She then inquired of Aunt Julie whether she could not get the services of a carpenter for her.

"La's a massy, Miss Lily! wot yer want a ca'pentah fer?"

"Never mind, Aunt Julie, I want one, and will pay him well."

"Golly! my boy Ben's a good ca'pentah an' aint got no job neither."

"Then let him come here early in the morning before any one is stirring. I will be here and direct him what to do."

The next morning Ben, Aunt Julie's strapping son, was on hand to do what was wanted. Under the guidance of the Masked Lady he took up the flooring of the room in the second story in a spot almost directly over the place in the room below where the conspirators sat while holding their meeting. The boards were so removed as to leave the space between two joists open for a length of six feet. Along the inner and under edge of each joist was cut a ledge which in turn supported a series of short boards that Ben fitted in so as to form a flooring that would hold any weight without coming on the lath and plaster. The boards which were taken from the floor were then cleeted together and furnished with hooks and eyes on the under side, thus enabling the concealed person to secure the trap perfectly. The floor was bare, and Aunt Julie's bedstead was to be drawn directly over the door. Next, small holes were bored through the ceiling in such a way that everything which occurred in the room below could be distinctly seen.

When all was complete the Masked Lady gave Ben such a good fee that the unsophisticated fellow was almost, besides himself for joy, and most solemnly promised never to divulge what he had done for her.

FOUNDING THE KU-KLUX-KLAN.

With a little assistance from Aunt Julie, the Masked Lady was safely esconced in her hiding place by the time the conspirators were to meet. To night, as on the previous occasion, the conspirators came to the house singly. As soon as all were assembled business was commenced by Mr. B——, who, in his usual bull dog style, remarked to his fellows he hoped they would be successful in forming some definite plan before they parted.

Each member then submitted to the meeting a written copy of such plan, or to speak correctly, such plot as he thought would accomplish the wicked object they all had in view.

Mr. B——, being made secretary, took paper and ink, and all ten of the conspirators, after reading the plans, made various suggestions and alterations, which he took down for the purpose of forming a final plan. This done the final plan itself was carefully criticised, amended, pruned and completed. It was then read over carefully by Mr. B—— after being adopted, and each member made a copy for himself. It was then

voted that after each had committed the plan to memory he should destroy the copy to prevent its falling into strange hands. The original written plan itself was to be concealed in an opening in the wall ingeniously made and concealed.

This business necessarily consumed several hours, and by the time the meeting broke up, and the Masked Lady was relieved from her narrow place of concealment she could scarcely move a limb so numb and stiff was she.

But her curiosity made her forgetful of all, and she went down stairs and getting the document that the conspirators had so carefully concealed, she made a verbatim copy as follows :

THE PLAN OF THE KU-KLUX-KLAN.

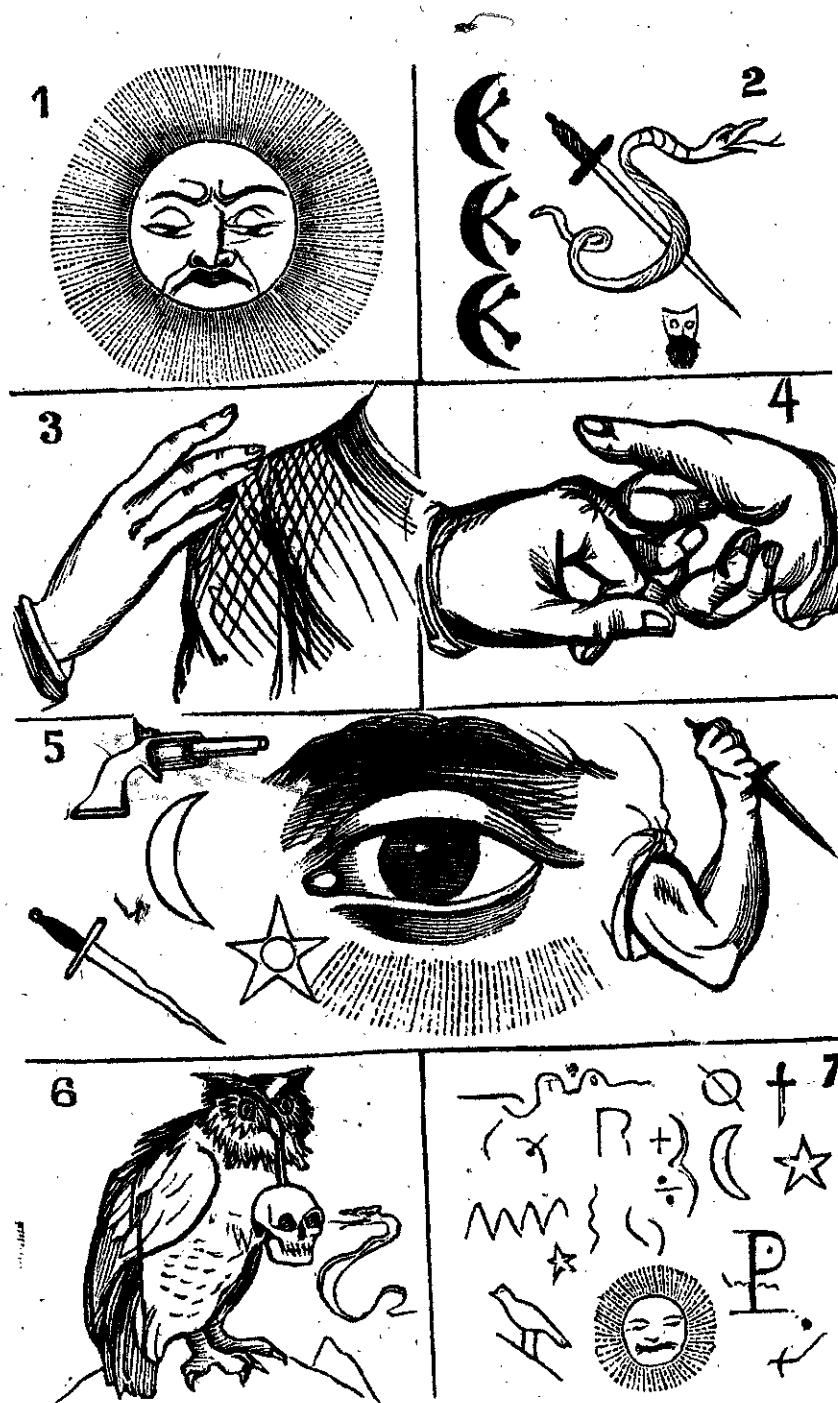
WE DECREE : In order to excite in the minds of the Northern people a proper feeling, and cause them to approve to the justly harsh measures that should operate against the rebels there must be formed a secret association. The name of it shall be THE KU-KLUX-KLAN. The Chief or Grand Lodge shall centre in Washington and be composed only of the ten members here assembled and shall never be increased in number, except in case of death when the others shall vote for a successor. No member of the Chief Lodge shall be subject to the lots hereinafter mentioned. Each member of the Chief Lodge shall have as his field of labor and as his reward, one of the Southern States in which, subject to the suggestions of the whole Lodge, he shall enjoy the rights privileges and authority of a dictator. This, of course, must depend on the earnestness with which each and all work for the final consummation.

Subordinate to the Central Lodge there shall a State Lodge, in each Southern State under the direction and control of the Chief Lodge member, who shall report at each meeting of the Central Lodge and be guided in the general direction of effort by the advice of his fellows.

There shall be still further subordinate lodges, one in each town or county.

THE PURPOSE OF THE KU-KLUX.

The purpose of the Ku-Klux shall be to incite the committal of outrages in the Southern States upon Union men and Northern immigrants, to rob and maltreat them, and, where necessary, to take their lives. By all of which means the proper feelings of indignation and anger will be roused in the North and thus prevent the accession to power of any combination of the Southern Traitors and their friends in the North



Signs, Signals, and Grip of the Ku-Klux-Klan.
And CYPHER by means of which the Grand Lodge and State Lodges
communicate with each other.

Every lodge shall have its appropriate oaths, ceremonies, and initiation mysteries. Also its symbols or emblems. All of these shall be of the most weird, bloody and terrific character so as to make the fullest impression on every member of the order.

After the order is thoroughly and firmly established in the rebel States it shall be extended as rapidly as possible to every Northern State in order to obtain certain control of the elections and also all government patronage especially that of the Treasury Department, as with that in our control, whatever amount of money that may be needed can be printed and put into circulation.

Next, Congress must be controlled, and the doctrine thoroughly inculcated not only into the people but also into the mere voting members of both Houses that Congress is Supreme; above not only the Executive but also the Supreme Court itself. All bills necessary for the accomplishment thereof must be put through both houses by all means in our power. Johnson at the earliest practicable moment must be impeached and removed.

No member of the Central Lodge shall appoint, or have appointed, any person to any position of trust in the Ku-Klux-Klan who he is not sure can be implicitly confided in to aid in the consummation of the objects of our order.

WE DECREE also that as female influence is most potent, the wives and trusty lady acquaintances of members of the Ku-Klux shall be admitted to membership in the order on taking the appropriate oath.

With the Army and Treasury in our power and subject to our will and with the Supreme Court and Executive or President under proper control, there is nothing that we may not accomplish with reasonable prudence and daring.

This was the document. On the back was written in pencil as a memorandum.

"At next meeting consider form of oath, initiation, mysteries, signs, passwords, lots, punishments and rewards."

When the Masked Lady had finished copying the document she folded it exactly as it had been folded before, and replaced it in the place of concealment the same as she had found it.

THE OATH, MYSTERIES &c.

The following day the Masked Lady suffered severe indisposition from having so confined herself on the previous evening; but had she been dying she would have dragged herself to the house on D street in order to hear and see what next was to be done by the conspirators. Her

perservance, was however amply repaid in the information that she obtained. She was secreted in good time in her little "opera box" as she jokingly called it, before the meeting of the conspirators commenced.

As usual Mr. B—— opened the proceedings.

"Gentlemen," said he, "since we parted last evening I have been thinking with exceeding care over the subjects of the oath, mysteries, signs, punishments and so forth of the order we are about to establish. All of you are undoubtedly aware, that there has hardly ever been an association, or society, or other secret order that has not been exposed in its details or workings. As I have been a member of many societies and take a deep interest in the progress and working of each, I have never ceased to observe closely the probable causes of these exposures. Following up this investigation, I think I have succeeded in coming at the true reason. As a detailed explanation, however, would only weary you and hinder the despatch we all seek; I will not tax your patience or your time. Building upon my theory, I have to day prepared a paper relative to the oath, mysteries and workings of our proposed association, which I think, when you have read it, you will adopt as safest and most suitable for our purpose."

The paper was read and commented upon by all the ten members. Some alterations of one or two minor points were offered, and accepted by Mr. B—— and the whole plan was then adopted without dissent.

Mr. B—— next proposed that each member make a copy of the paper which had just been adopted, the same as had been done with the former paper, reminding his companions of the still more imperative necessity of destroying the copy of this, than the other one after it had been thoroughly committed to memory.

This suggestion was also agreed to after which several of the conspirators made addresses in regard to future operations of the Ku-Klux-Klan. It was finally decided to have an initiation of members for a State Lodge of Virginia. The initiation was to take place in the house on D street on the following Monday night at eight o'clock, and a committee was appointed to have the paraphernalia and various symbols, or, as a theatrical man would say, the "properties" all prepared for the occasion.

THE FIRST INITIATION.

Several times between this date and that on which the initiation referred to came off, the Masked Lady visited the house on D street. But twice she narrowly escaped meeting one or two of the conspirators there, and being aware that if she were once discovered, there would be an ab-

rupt end of all her plans, she deferred going there again until the night of the next meeting.

On that night, however, she was there in good season, as she had judged—and rightly too—that the Central Lodge would meet if anything somewhat earlier than usual in order to have their preparations completed.

Looking through the ceiling from her little box, the Masked Lady beheld the entire ceremony of which the following is a correct detail.

The room had been heavily draped with black hangings and curtains and festoons on which were painted in red and white a variety of cabalistic signs and characters; such for instance as skulls and cross bones, ravens heads, crescents, maltese crosses, coffins, serpents, stars, daggers, poison cups, &c.

At one extremity of the apartment was a raised platform or dais on which was a throne-like chair occupied by the Grand High Master who was clad in an ample black robe on which were embroidered crescents and stars. His features were entirely concealed by a heavy mask of peculiar construction having at the top two horn-like projections. There were at either side of the throne, and close to the person of the Grand High Master a pillar shaped and trimmed exactly like a coffin. At the opposite extremity of the room there hung a heavy black curtain which was entirely plain and destitute of ornament. At the sides of the apartment were moveable scenes on which were painted various legendary subjects all of a more or less terrible and deathly character.

This was all that the interested watcher was enabled to perceive of the details about the room until the initiation was begun. With breathless anxiety she watched each step in the progress of this scene, and the whole affair was photographed, as it were, indelibly upon her memory.

Aunt Julie had been carefully locked up in the room directly over that in which the mysteries were going on; and the conspirators consequently had all the lower floor to themselves. They little dreamed that they were so closely watched, in spite of their carefully arranged precautions.

All the ten members of the Central Lodge being robed and masked, and the Grand High Master on his throne, that officer exclaimed in a solemn voice:

"Let the novices be brought before us for initiation."

At this a heavy gong was struck with a beater covered with thick leather, producing thereby the most deeply solemn sounds that could be imagined. Ten strokes were given in slow succession. Then strains of sweet, delicate music were heard floating through the chamber, the atmosphere of which was suddenly scented by the sprinkling of the dust of the perfumed wood of Persia about the floor.

"Most Faithful Guides," said the Grand High Master, "we await the Novices."

Instantly four of the members rose, and stepping outside of the door immediately re-appeared, each having on his arm a novice, whose eyes were bandaged tightly.

When both guides and novices were entirely within the room, which was as silent as the grave, the door by which they had entered was closed and the ceremonies were instantly resumed.

Three strokes upon the gong were followed by the sweeter music; so gentle, so beautiful, as to enrapture the senses. Meanwhile the guides conducted their blind-folded charges about the room, causing them to kneel at every third step, and uttering in their ears in a whisper:

"Thus must you submit to the mandates of the Central Lodge of the Effulgent Sun of Liberty."

Suddenly, at a signal from the Grand High Master, the music changed to a new measure, and the members of the Lodge sang in rather subdued manner, the verse:

"Our hands unite, our hearts unite,
To bring from darkness unto light,
To strike the shackle off the limb,
Abroad the flag of truth to fling;
We come, we come, the KU-KLUX-KLAN,
To avenge the wrongs of our fellow man."

By the time the singing was finished the guides had so managed their movements as to arrive directly opposite the throne of the Grand High Master.

"Let us kneel before the Grand High Master, and listen to his words of wisdom!" exclaimed the guides; and, as a stroke was given on the gong all kneeled down when the most profound silence ensued.

This was unbroken for at least half a minute, and then, in a most solemn tone the Grand High Master inquired:

"Most Faithful Guides, who have you brought hither asking to be thus admitted to the fellowship of our holy and sublime order? Answer truly for them and you."

"Most Grand High Master," replied one of the guides, "these novices desire to leave the wicked courses of the world, and devote themselves to the good work of spreading the doctrines and principles of our sacred order."

"Have you investigated their characters in the community of men and ascertained whether they are men who will not break their plighted word of honor; nor forswear themselves?"

"We have, High Master. Their souls are with us already; and their hands will also be when we shall have duly received them to our fellowship."

"Armorer approach!" exclaimed the Grand High Master.

At this command a member, throwing off his gown, by which act he

displayed a full suit of mail, came forward having shackles in his hands. The shackles were placed upon the novices, and then the Grand High Master said:

"Novices, you are now in the symbols of submission to our Holy order. You have voluntarily taken them upon you as figuratively acknowledging the authority of the Ku-Klux-Klan. From your well known characters, we doubt not that our confidence not only in your integrity of purpose but also in your ability will not be misplaced.

"The grand object of our association you have had generally explained to you. You have pledged your sacred words of honor to aid us by every means in your power to accomplish that object. Do you believe in the doctrine that the end justifies the means?"

Each of the novices replied:

"I do."

"Are you then prepared to take the oath of the order of the Ku-Klux-Klan, and in pursuance of that oath to do your whole and undivided duty to bring the efforts of our order to a successful termination?"

Again each novice replied:

"I am."

"Faithful High Priest," said the Grand High Master, "these novices are ready to assume the final vows of the Ku-Klux-Klan. Faithful Guides conduct your charges to our High Priest."

Ten strokes upon the gong were now given, following which came the same sweet music as before. As the music commenced, one of the novices was raised and led to the end of the room across which stretched the black curtain. Here he was made to kneel again, and a dagger was placed in his right hand, while the guide extended his arm for him into a position as if he were about to stab himself. Then the curtain was suddenly pulled aside, displaying the hideous sight of a large human skeleton standing in the attitude of one about to strike down the novice with a dart that he held uplifted.

Before the terrible apparition was placed a coffin on which appeared the letters K K K. This the guide drew close to the novice whose right hand he then placed in the grasp of the fleshless fingers of the skeleton.

The lights were at this juncture lowered to the merest glimmer, so that the room was in almost total darkness. The High Priest then standing behind the kneeling novice, and throwing as much solemnity as possible into his voice said:

"Open the eyes of the novice, that he may see the master, he is about to swear obedience to; the master and conqueror of all mankind."

A heavy blow on the gong was given, and at the same instant the guide jerked the bandage off the eyes of the novice.

The latter shuddered terribly, in spite of his utmost efforts to keep calm; and well he might; for, by a piece of devilish ingenuity, that was

most likely the invention of Mr. B——each bone of the skeliton had been rubbed over with phosphorus, and a lump of phosphorus had been placed in each sightless bony eye socket. The effect of this was that when the room became dark, the skeliton seemed as though it were made of flame, flitting, sickly and intermittent; while the vapors that rose continually from the phosphorus, gave the skeliton a transparent body of the same sickly flame. In fact the only figure of speech that would most nearly describe it to the imagination would be, fire in a state of putrefaction; if such an impossible idea could be got to the comprehension. The lumps of phosphorus in the eye sockets completed the horror; for they emitted momentary jets of light down upon the novice. Even the dart had been rubbed plentifully with the phosphorus. On either side of the novice stood two members with broad short swords drawn, and in an attitude of rushing upon him to destroy him.

The High Priest, standing behind him, said after a pause:

"Novice, you will now take the oath required by our order. Repeat after me."

"I——solemnly swear in the presence of High Heaven, in the presence of Death my Master, and in the presence of the members, and the Grand High Master of the Ku-Klux-Klan, that I believe in the doctrine that the end justifies the means. So believing, I here most solemnly swear that as the Ku-Klux-Klan is established for a holy object, I will bear true allegiance to its rules and orders; and that whenever any established law of the land conflicts with its rules or doctrines, I will disobey such law and hinder its operation by any and every means in my power.

"I also swear to aid my brethren of the order of the Ku-Klux-Klan out of any peril of law or life in which his or my acts may place him. And I also swear to avenge any injury that may be inflicted on the Ku-Klux-Klan or any member thereof, even, if necessary, by taking life; or ordering it to be taken."

The gong was sounded, and then the Grand High Master exclaimed: "Clothe the novice, and bring him hither to our throne."

The guide immediately released the novice from his kneeling position, placed on his face a mask like that worn by all the members, and robed him in a gown like theirs. He was then led to the foot of the Grand High Master's throne, where he received the signs, grip and password from that officer, as follows:

"I now greet you as a Brother of the Ku-Klux-Klan, and impart to you the signs, grip and password of the order. First the sign. Should you wish to ascertain whether any one is a member of the order, you will advance casually, and placing the two first fingers of the left hand upon his or her right shoulder, you will make some casual inquiry. While doing so keep the fingers on the shoulder, and raise the forefinger three times quickly, thus. The person thus addressed, if a member, will immediately

say Ku. You will reply Klux, and both will then say Klan. Then shake hands by passing the middle finger of the right hand round the middle finger of the person's left hand thus forming a hook or loop and bring the end of your thumb down upon the first or largest knuckle of the hand you thus hold in your own. The password, which now is *Loyalty*, will be changed once every sixty days. This word spoken will complete the ceremony of recognition.

"You will now join your brethren and assist in the further ceremonies."

The Novice, now a member in full fellowship, was greeted by the members of the Lodge, and the initiation of the rest of the novices was then resumed.

Each of them was made to go through the same forms and ceremonies as the first one had been subjected to.

After all was completed the new members surrounded by the old ones were ranged before the throne of the Grand High Master to receive the last charge, which was in regard to punishments in case of treachery to the order, or disobedience of any of its commands or rules. It was as follows:

"Brethren, you, who have been to night initiated into the mysteries, and have taken the oath of the order of the KU-KLUX-KLAN, there remains to me one more duty to perform. It is to charge you concerning the pains and penalties which will attend any treachery or disobedience on the part of any member or members of our order."

"You have been solemnly sworn to avenge on any direlict members—even to taking life—treachery or disobedience of orders. The same oath has been as solemnly taken by your brethren, and should you at any time or under any circumstances, directly or indirectly, divulge to any person any information concerning the operations of the Ku-Klux-Klan, you will be seized and brought to the nearest Lodge room of the order. By the brethren there assembled—after hearing your accusers and yourselves—you will be judged; and if guilty—turn and behold what your doom will be."

As the Grand High Master ceased speaking, there came from the side of the room a glaring jet of blood red light. The newly made members turned quickly and beheld on a large screen a scene painted which might appal the stoutest heart.

Before the screen and somewhat to the side of it, sat crouching on the floor a hideously costumed man as is seen in the frontispiece. Resting his forearm upon a low, small platform, on which was drawn a skull and cross bones, he held in his hand a chalice or goblet. Engraved on the side of this goblet were engraved the ominous words

FOR TRAITORS.

"Behold," continued the Grand High Master "for him or her who

betrays aught concerning our holy order brought to the Lodge room in chains shall drink of yonder cup, whose poison is so powerful that the lips which taste its smallest drops, would be lifeless ere they could send up twenty words of prayer.

"If, however, it is found impossible to bring the recreant to the Lodge room, he or she would be pursued as closely as the night follows the day, and, as you see upon yonder canvass, the hidden hand would strike the avenging dagger to the false heart. And the hidden torch would consume the habitation of the traitor."

During a pause, and amidst a stillness that was awful, the new members gazed upon the canvass on which were painted in strong glaring colors, two scenes. The first was a man falling, dying from the effects of a stab by a bowie knife, that was held in a human hand; the arm and body of the assassin being hidden behind a dense cloud. The second scene was that of a house, at three corners of which naked human arms were seen holding to the building torches. The light from these torches made visible a figure of Death, who, in the position of a magician, stood and held extended toward the house his dart of destruction. Beneath were the words:

NONE SHALL ESCAPE!

After this pause the Grand High Master resumed:

"Newly Chosen Brethren, you are now full members of the order of the Ku-Klux-Klan. As you labor for the good and welfare of the order, so you will be rewarded with wealth and position in the State of Virginia, wherein your future labors will be most particularly confined. In forming and conducting the various subordinate lodges under your control you will invariably, whenever your own judgement conflicts with that of the Central Lodge, give way to the latter. And you will always be careful not to appear in any Lodge room without wearing your masks. The Grand Secretary will now impart to you the cypher of the order, whereby you can hold communication by mail with him at any time. It is so arranged that it requires no key; and yet it cannot be discovered, nor made out, by any one who has not received the necessary instruction either from the Grand Secretary, or one of yourselves.

You will, therefore, be exceedingly careful to communicate the secret of the cypher to none but some trusty officer of the Lodge, and not then until you write to the Grand Secretary and receive instruction so to do. Before this will be granted you must forward to him incontestable proofs of the sincerity and ability of the officer so designated.

"After you have been furnished with the Cypher and directions how and to whom to address your letters, you will then be at liberty to depart."

"Faithful Grand Secretary, you will now impart to our new Brethren, the cypher of the Ku-Klux-Klan, and such other instructions as you may deem necessary for the work which lies before them."

The four new members were now escorted to the Grand Secretary, who was none other than Mr. B——. The cypher of the order being imparted to each of the Virginia members, Mr. B—— gave them the instructions to direct all their letters to Jabison Emroid, Washington, D.C.

The ceremony and reception into full membership of the novices having thus been completed, the four new comers were once more blindfolded, led from the house, placed in a carriage, and driven a long and circuitous distance away into the city, where, when the carriage stopped and they alighted, the bandages were removed from their eyes and they were wished good bye and good luck by the driver, who was one of the original ten members.

The Central Lodge, after it had thus completed its first initiation of members, adjourned until the following Saturday night, when it was expected that three fresh candidates—one each from Louisiana, Alabama and Tennessee—would be present, and become oath-bound members of the Ku-Klux-Klan.

Mr. B—— also remarked before the final parting, that he might perhaps bring forward on the next meeting night one or two ladies well known in Washington circles, and who, on account of their winning ways and manners, could accomplish a vast amount in law making.

At last the Masked Lady's watch was over; and she could scarcely move for stiffness and pain—the natural results of her being so cramped for room in her safe but straightened retreat. But what she had already seen and learned of the terrible and wicked conspiracy, which was about to spread mysteriously like a deadly vapor over the face of the land, nerveed her to the resolution of undergoing any amount of suffering or privation to safely accomplish her object.

WOMEN INITIATED.

On the next meeting night of the Central Lodge, the Masked Lady was in her place by times, and witnessed, as she had done before, the initiation of the three men, which was conducted exactly the same as on the first occasion.

The women, both of whom she recognised as moving in the highest circles of Society in Washington, were initiated somewhat differently from the men, at least in the following particulars. Instead of their hands being placed in the grip of the skeliton, both hands were clasped on the dagger handle. In the scene after being charged as to disobedience or treachery, instead of the clouded hands, torches and poignards, were a house burning down, the dead bodies of two children, while stretched

upon them dying was their mother, and a buzzard flitted above them in the lurid glare. Beneath this were the words:

BEHOLD THE DOOM OF TRAITORS!

The cypher was not imparted to the women as it had been to the men. They were given the password and grip, however. They wore also the same robe and mask as the men, so that without their hair might be accidentally exposed, it would be impossible in a Lodge room to distinguish male from female.

The evening after this initiation had taken place, the Masked Lady once more visited the White House, where she had an interview with her distinguished friend.

"Well Mrs. S—— said he, after a pleasant general conversation had taken place, I am still alive and well; and easy in mind, notwithstanding those terrible fellows you prophesied about to me the other evening."

"That may doubtless be true enough," was the reply; "but there are people who are equally tranquil while resting on the top of a volcano. The peasants of Vesuvius live upon the sides of that terrible mountain in perfect peace. Continual companionship from their births with the hidden terrors of the volcano divests them of all fear. They drive their sheep and goats to pasture every day with the ground sometimes shaking beneath their feet, and their ears assailed by the rumblings of the confined forces that Nature has concealed in the fiery subterranean chambers. Some day, when least expected, the mountain belches forth the torrents of its molten lava, stones and ashes, and the peasant is destroyed, without the chance of escape."

"In which glowing metaphor," laughed the President, "I, of course, am to take the enviable position of the peasant. Well, well, as the Japanese says, when he commits hari-kari, 'it is fate!'"

Mrs. S—— was of an impetuous disposition; and there was a considerable outcropping of impatience in her reply:

"Sir, I think that you are entirely too supine in this matter. Here you see men of indomitable perseverance, unparalleled audacity, unquenchable hate, and immense ability, compassing you round with their toils; reaching not only into the halls of the National Legislature, but, ramifying throughout the whole country. Just now, and for sometime to come in the future, it will perhaps be harmless to you; but when the system is completed; each mesh of the net finished; the word will be given, and then you will as surely become their victim as that twice two make four."

"I have had considerable experience, Mrs. S—— in the world of politics. I have seen all sorts and kinds of political and other Secret Societies of the most formidable description come into existence. But they never accomplished much, else beside their own destruction."

"But this one is far different in its material."

"They may be who they will, Mrs. S—— I fear them not. They may, it is quite likely, triumph for awhile, as the Jacobins did in France; but in the end they must as did those blood-stained revolutionists, go down beneath the heel of the patriotic people."

"But before they were put down, thus, Sir, they managed to bring the guillotine down upon many noble and innocent necks."

"You forget," suggested the President "that the American people are far different from the French. The French nation were buried as it were in the grossest ignorance, while the Americans are enlightened, and can reason for themselves. They are certainly too noble in mind, and retentive in memory, to forget the record I have already made in behalf of the cause I espoused from an imperative sense of duty in 1860."

"Besides, the bitterest of these radicals, Brownlow for instance and Wilson and others, have in their public speeches fully and emphatically endorsed every thing I have done in regard to the South."

"Well, Sir, I may be no prophet; but you will see a change to exactly the reverse of that before three weeks more have passed."

"That is decidedly a startling prediction Mrs. S——, and if it prove true, these men will at the outset so stultify and contradict themselves as to make themselves public laughing stocks."

"Perhaps so, Sir; but public opinion is so easily moulded by daring, unscrupulous men, that what it exalts to day it may condemn to-morrow."

The conversation went on in a like strain for a short time, and then the Masked Lady took her departure with a still braver resolution determined on than ever before. Her resolution was, to have a mask constructed with the utmost perfection. When it was completed she would wear it, have herself introduced to one of the Ten members of the Central Lodge, and induce him to propose to her to become a member of the Ku-Klux-Klan. Once in the order she could accomplish all she desired and watch every movement of the Klan.

THE MASKED LADY INITIATED.

A week elapsed ere the mask was completed and until it was, the brave woman could do nothing. The Italian made the mask so perfectly that when it was placed upon his fair patroness' face, she herself could detect no mistake, whatever; though she subjected it to the most critical scrutiny before the mirror. Of course the artist was well paid for his work.

It was not long before the Masked Lady obtained the introduction she desired, and she soon managed the rest. In due time she was initiated in the house on D street; and she could hardly repress a smile when

she was presented to the skeleton king, to think how little aware her masked friends were of the thorough acquaintance she already had with the apartment. She also wondered within herself what they would say if they really should know whose daughter she was.

She pretended such intense interest in the progression of the good work inaugurated by the Ku-Klux-Klan that she quite captivated the original Ten members of the Central Lodge. Meantime there had been initiated a sufficient number of members to start a State Lodge in each of the Southern States, and also in one or two of the Northern States. When she ascertained this fact, and obtained the directions of each Lodge with the names of its officers, she resolved to make a tour through the country and pay a visit to each Lodge.

This was an undertaking not only of herculean proportions and labor but of equal peril too. Yet these attributes had an extraordinary attraction to any one of such a daring disposition as the Masked Lady. And within a few days after the idea had entered her mind her preparations were completed and she commenced her journey.

The first place to which she went was Alexandria, Virginia; next to Richmond, where she found that the Grand State Master had organized a most formidable Lodge consisting for the most part of negroes, adventurers from the North and some excessively ardent Southrons, but the last were by no means exponents of Southern ideas. They were in almost every instance those who had done no fighting during the war.

While in Richmond she had the pleasure of witnessing an initiation on occasion of the admission to membership of two negroes, who before the ordeal was through, were nearly beside themselves with terror and nervous excitement. The ceremonies, as a general thing, were much like those which had been performed in the Central Lodge room at Washington, on the occasion of the initiation of the State Grand Master, himself. But that ingenious worthy had enhanced their terrors to a point actually supernatural, or rather hellish.

The arm of the skeleton which held the dart was made to draw back and shake the blazing weapon it held aloft; while a concealed member, in a sepulchral voice, uttered some incoherent gibberish, at the moment the bandage was removed from the negroes' eyes. The poor fellows actually cringed close down to the floor, while their teeth chattered, their eyes rolled, and the perspiration poured down their ebon faces like rain, so intense was their emotion of dread.

The remainder of the ceremony was equally, and as horribly impressive, and without doubt would by its remembrance alone, prevent the novices from ever divulging any of the meagre secrets which were imparted to them. These latter were exceedingly few, and were imparted rather to mystify than with any other object.

It must not be supposed, however, that the objects stated to the mem-

bers of the Lodges in the Southern States were the same as those which had been stated to the State Grand Masters when the latter were initiated by the Central Lodge at Washington. So far from that, they were exactly the reverse. The oath bound them to inflict all the injuries they could upon all Northern people who should come South; and most particularly upon persons already living in the South who had adhered to the Union cause during the late war. Besides the State Grand Master, there were a few of his assistants in the diabolical work, who understood thoroughly the whole scheme. But the masses of the members did not. These were bound by their oaths to do any deed, no matter how atrocious, no matter how bloody, to further and advance the cause of the Ku-Klux-Klan. Yet not a single member knew who the State Grand High Master or his chief confidential associates were, for these grand motors of villainy had obeyed to a letter the injunction of Mr. B—— the Secretary of the Central Lodge always to wear their masks in the Lodge-rooms. The ten originators of the Ku-Klux-Klan had themselves set this safe rule by example, for not a single person whom they at any time received and instructed, ever knew who they really wear, excepting of course the Masked Lady. Of this dangerous fact, however, they were in total ignorance; on their dreams of the villainy they were enacting would not have been pleasing.

From Richmond, the Masked Lady went to North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and so on till she had completed the tour she had resolved to make through the Southern States and found herself back in Washington.

By this time the first movements in opposition to President Johnson had commenced. Wendell Phillips, Dr. Cheever and other radicals had denounced his course bitterly on the stump and in the sacred pulpit itself. Still, notwithstanding all this, and notwithstanding all the information in regard to the combination and plottings, in the Southern States against him, the President went forward in the way he believed to be right; firmly and fondly hoping that the good common sense of the masses of the people would bring all things right.

"I have always," said he, "trusted the people. They may crush me in their anger; but when in their cooler moments they see that I have done right, they will do me justice as sure as there is a God in Heaven."

THE HOUSE ON D STREET.

December of 1865 and January of 1866 had passed away ere the Masked Lady paid another visit to the White House. Meanwhile Congress had assembled, and begun its session under the subtle guidance of the

Ultra Radicals. The training process which the Masked Lady had heard spoken of in the Ku-Klux-Klan in the House on D Street, had got under headway; and Wilson, Sumner, Stevens, Kelly and their Brethren in the secret worked unceasingly together for the accomplishment of the designs they had in view. How adroitly they managed the opposition votes and those of the moderate members of their own party is already well known to everybody. How true was the warning that the Masked Lady gave to the President, that desperate, bold and unscrupulous men could mould and guide public opinion by first blinding the people.

Aunt Julie, the old negress in charge of the house on D Street, was overjoyed at seeing her friend, the Masked Lady, on the occasion of the latter's first visit after her return.

"Why," said she, "I thought you wuz done gone dead. Whar's you bin dis long spell, Miss Lilly, eyah?"

"Oh, Aunt Julie, I have travelling for my health as well as on particular business. By-the-by does Mr. B——come here now as much as before?"

"Lor bress you, honey, yaas! an' a good deal mucher dan befo'. I jes tell you Marse B——better bring his trunk an' bundle heah, an' he'll save a sight o' shoe leather, or boss shoe, one or tudder."

"And the Sacred Masons, Aunt Julie, do they have as many meetings as usual?"

"Yaas, Miss Lilly, an' a good deal manier and usualler. Dey skeers me out ob mi ole wits, dey does! Dey locks me up ebery meetin' night. I hears de noise, an' I smells de brimstone but I don't see nuffin. An' I don't want to see nuffin. Why, honey, I wouldn't no more go into dat dar room no morn'n a cat 'ud dive into watah fur a rock fish. Bress dere souls! dey needn't a lock me up; fur ef dey 'd say: See heah, ole nig-gah, dar's a heap o' gold dollars in de middle ob dat room, you ken hev 'em ef you 'll go tote 'em out; I wouldn't go. Why, Miss Lilly, dey has de debbil in dar sure sartin, ebery time; an' dey couldn't pull dis chile in dar wid an army mule team; dey couldn't!"

"Well, Aunt Julie," said the Masked Lady, laughing merrily, "I suppose that you have told neither Mr. B——nor any others of these sacred Masons, about my hiding place, have you?"

"Lor bress you, honey, I'se too old a coon fur dat! Why dey 'd make a Sacred Mason out ob me ef I'd do dat dar."

"Well, Aunt Julie, I know I can trust you, but I only wish to warn you, you see, to be careful for if I am discovered these Sacred Masons will surely revenge themselves on you. I will be here to night as they will most likely have a meeting."

After fresh assurances on the part of Aunt Julie that she would be careful not to discover the Masked Lady, the latter left, after giving the old negress some money.



The Real Ku-Klux-Klan Initiation Scene.
The phosphorus in the eye sockets of the skeleton emitted rays of light; and the novice, trembling with horror, repeated the frightful oath after the Grand High Priest.

That night the Ten Conspirators composing the Central Lodge of the Ku-Klux-Klan assembled in the house on D Street for Consultation. They sat all round the table which stood directly beneath the place of the Masked Lady's concealment. The interested watcher was surprised to hear the Conspirators in the course of their interview address one another by the following names. Ste, Kel, Bu, Wil, Kon, Rad, Sun, Trup, Can, Wel.

"Gentlemen," said he, who was called Bu, "the work goes bravely on; as you will see from the following report."

This report he then read. It was a description of the doings of the various State and County Ku-Klux-Klans, in as many different regions of the Southern States.

All the members expressed the greatest gratification at the report, and after the reading was concluded, the Conspirators proceeded to the immediate business of the evening, which was the consideration of the future operations of the Ku-Klux-Klan.

"There was one bad thing that happened in the beginning of the month," said Kel, "and that was the New Hampshire Republican Convention endorsing Johnson's course."

"Yes, that's so! a devilish bad thing!" added Bu. "We'll have to stop that all around."

"How is it to be accomplished?" asked Rad.

"Oh," was the reply, "the Congressmen for any State, where such a thing looks likely again, must be taken in hand and moulded."

"Do you know gentlemen," remarked he, who was called Sun, "that it strikes me, Johnson is making moves to check every thing we do, every step we take, exactly as though he were continually posted in our objects."

"I am glad you have mentioned that point, Sun," added Wil, "I have noticed something of the same sort. I do not, cannot think that we have a traitor in our midst: at least I am certain, if there be one anywhere, he is not among the ten here assembled."

"I am as equally certain of that fact as Wil," said Bu; "but in addition I am just as certain that too much care has been exercised in the admission of State Members, to entertain the belief for one instant that any of them would betray our cause."

"How about the women who have been initiated?" questioned the member called Trup.

"I'll answer for those that I recommended," promptly replied Bu.

The other members like Bu, endorsed the women whom they had introduced.

"Well," continued Trup, "I would like to hear the names of all the women who have been initiated. I will merely mention that as I came

in this evening I picked up a Lady's kid glove in the vestibule. It is marked with the initials K. C. or E. C. or C. C. I cannot make out which for the reason that they have been nearly all obliterated by something that has stained and abraded them."

An exclamation of general surprise greeted this announcement, and the Secretary turning at once to his list, read over his names of the female members.

"I have no such name as would call for those initials," said he.

"What were the initials you mentioned?" asked Kon.

"They were K. C. or E. C. or C. C. was the reply."

"If they were G. C., said he who had the Masked Lady initiated, they will fit the lady that I had the pleasure and honor to introduce. And with simple justice I will add no member of our order has displayed more zeal or performed more labor in its behalf than she has."

Trup examined the glove with careful scrutiny but shook his head saying that all he could make of the initials were what he had previously stated. The glove was passed from hand to hand each member examining the half erased letters. Some thought they could trace G. C. but the opinion generally was that K. C. would more likely be right than any others. It was finally decided that Trup should interrogate Aunt Julie about it, in such a way as to obtain any information he could without her suspecting his object.

The feelings of the Concealed Masked Lady, it would be utterly impossible even faintly to describe. She recognised the Kid glove the instant it was produced by Trup, and recollected it was one of a pair which had been marked with the initials of her name. The cold perspiration came out upon her as though icy water had been dashed over her, and she could scarcely refrain from screaming in the agony of her dread. And this agony was increased to the most horrible torture of suspense, as lying there in her prison within a few feet of the conspirators, she heard their remarks and saw their scrutiny of the gloves. She fervently thanked Heaven that the initials had become so far obliterated as to leave them in uncertainty. But this glimmer of consolation was smothered entirely out when she heard the proposition made to interrogate Aunt Julie. The poor ignorant negress would be no match for the shrewd conspirators; and if she were boldly accused of hiding a woman in the house, she would most likely confess the whole facts of the case, the conspirators would raise the trap by force, drag out the Masked Lady, and perhaps kill her on the spot to prevent their secret and clandestine proceedings becoming known. She would rather, however, meet all this, than have them discover whose daughter she was.

Her resolution was quickly taken—if the worst came she would boldly tell the conspirators that she had watched them from the beginning, denounce them each by name, tell them that she had imparted their pro-

ceedings and also their names to the authorities, and then demand her liberty. Dread for themselves would prevent them injuring her, and would most likely lead them even to attempt to bribe her into silence at least.

After the resolution was passed to interrogate Aunt Julie, the conspirators resumed their regular business.

"Well, gentlemen," said Kel, "let us go on. I must say that I agree with the opinion expressed by Wil, that there seems to be more method in Johnson's opposition to the various moves of Congress than would be used by a man in ignorance of our arrangements."

"I feel almost certain of it," said Wil, "it needs but a glance to satisfy a man of ordinary sense. Did you not all notice immediately after the result of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens caucus was perceptible in Congress and that Joint Committee of Reconstruction was appointed Johnson came out with Governor Parson's telegram that Alabama had adopted the Amendment abolishing Slavery. This he quickly followed up with having Seward issue the Proclamation announcing that a sufficient number of States had adopted the Amendment to make it legally a party of the United States' Constitution. Next, when Mr. Stevens made his glorious and trenchant speech in the House in regard to Johnson's Message, resulting in a resolution to make Johnson report the Condition of the Southern States; instead of making a plain simple report such as he should have made, he goes to work and fits in Grant's and Shurz's reports. And, to make the story short, Johnson has so far the best of the game."

"Well, now," said Wel, "that is true beyond doubt. But still I think Andy is not so formidable after all. He is a great fellow for appealing to the people. Well, couldn't Congress do the same and with more show for success than he can, or I'm mistaken in the men."

The conversation from this point became very rapid and animated; and finally the Conspirators—whether in fantastic sport or not—resolved themselves into a Congress for the purpose of—as one said—seeing how their objects could be accomplished providing they were Congress.

Then followed a more rapid and still more animated exchange of opinions than before. The Masked Lady could not remember the whole detail of this consultation but the gist was that if the Conspirators were only in the position of Congress they would agree to do as follows. Keep Johnson worried continually with resolutions and inquiries, pass acts in such a form and way, that if he vetoed them he would become unpopular. Then the press would be subsidized, his policy would be violently attacked and he would be held up to the odium of the people. Towards the close of his term he would be impeached and removed. The whole public patronage would thus be thrown in their hands, and they would carry the next Presidential election amidst the excitement.

A noticeable part of the programme was that the conservative Republicans were to be gradually caused to commit themselves, on various measures and bills, and placed in such a position that if they voted any main point favor of Johnson they would seem to the people to be favoring him and the South. Yet at the same time, now and then there was to be a kind of "let up" on the President so as to let the people see *how just and even generous Congress was in the matter.*

Let the reader follow the Course of Congress from the beginning of 1866 to the present time, and it will be found wonderfully to agree with the plot laid by the Ku-Klux-Klan.

We have not space to give to the detailed events of the past two years and a half, and, therefore after recording how the Masked Lady escaped discovery at the time her glove was found in the vestibule of the house on D Street, we shall pass on the more perfected of the villainous plots of the Ku-Klux-Klan.

When the meeting of the Conspirators was adjourned and the members of the junta were putting on their gloves and overcoats, preparatory to going home, the Masked Lady, noticing that they made considerable noise, thought it was a golden opportunity to save herself by cautioning Aunt Julie.

She therefore quickly unhooked and raised the trap door, and called the negress in a whisper. Aunt Julie crept under the bedstead quickly, and was told in short, hurried sentences what had occurred, and was also warned to deny everything.

"All right honey! ef dey ken ketch dis ole possum all right!"

Hardly had the trap been let down, and rehooked, as Aunt Julie drew back and stood up on her feet, before the key turned in the lock of the chamber door.

A moment more, and Trup, who always locked the negress up, entered the room.

"Julie," said he in a careless way, "who was that lady who came to see you to day?"

"Lor bress you, Sah, dar wusn't no lady kum to see me; nebber, nudder to day; nudder no udder day."

"Why, she was seen to come in!"

"Wot! kum in heah, Sah? into dis yere house? No, Sah, no woman kum in heah! No one but de Masons wot kum heah wid you an' tudder gen'lem. Dat's all, Sah!"

"Aunt Julie," resumed Trup, fixing his eyes upon the old negress, as though he would look through her, and speaking in a half menacing tone; "that lady dropped something in the vestibule as you were letting her out."

"You don't say so, Sah! But den how could she do dat, Sah wen she wuzn't heah, Sah?"

"How could that glove have found its way into the vestibule without the lady dropped it there when she came into the house? You see Aunt Julie, You are caught."

"Kotch'd! me kotch'd? No Sah! Sure as shootin', its de truf I'se tole you, Sah! Dar wusn't no woman in dis yere house but me, Sah, Why, Sah!" exclaimed the cunning old negress, after a short pause, "please luf me look at dat dar mitten, I tink dat's mine. An' I guess I drapped it me own se'f."

This piece of acting was so perfectly done, that Trup, shrewd and suspicious as he was, was completely thrown off his guard, and he handed the Kid glove to Aunt Julie; who after examining it with an intense gravity and earnestness that was almost ludicrous, said:

"Wy', de Lor' bress you, Sah! dat dar's me' own mitten; dat dar is! I found it a layin' on de sidewalk dis yere fore noon. I t'ought one ob de gen'lem might a drapped it dar, and so I kep it to see ef any body 'ud ax fur it. It looked kinder leetle fur a man's hand, an' I 'cluded some ob de gen'lems had bin a makin' love to some likely wench, an' she 'd guv him de mitten. Wuz it you Sah? ef it wuz, I'm berry glad dat I found it, so as I could gib it back to you, Sah."

Never did human face express so much innocence as Aunt Julie's as she said this, and offered the kid glove back to Trup, who, after eying the negress for a moment, changed his whole manner; and laughed heartily as he replied:

"Ha! ha! ha! you old darkey! I was only playing off a joke on you. There, there, keep the glove."

"Mebby some ob de udder gen'lem drapped it, Sah; an' 'ud like to hab it," resumed Aunt Julie again, offering Trup the glove, which he had pushed back from him.

"No! no, Auntie! I see now; it's all fun; and even if it were one of the gentlemens', he would not take it. You keep it. It's all right."

"Oh, tank you, Sah! Much obleeged to you Sah," answered Aunt Julie, with a low courtsey.

By this time the rest of the Conspirators left the house; and, bidding Aunt Julie good night, Trup likewise left to the great delight of Aunt Julie, and the still greater delight of the Masked Lady. So grateful was the Masked Lady for her providential escape from discovery that she embraced Aunt Julie, the moment she was freed from her narrow prison. By the advice of the negress, also, she did not leave the house that night for fear Mr. B——— who was Aunt Julie's great bug-bear—or some of the other Conspirators might be on the watch outside, notwithstanding Trup's assurances to Aunt Julie.

The following morning early, however, she left the house on D street, with the resolution that in future she would go armed, in order that if she should get into any dilemmas like that of the previous night, she should be prepared for the emergency.

THE DARK WORK GOES ON.

Month after month of the two years succeeding the period at which our narrative commences had passed away, and each day had seen the wicked organization of the Ku-Klux-Klan growing stronger, and, like a mighty boa constrictor, winding its strengthening folds round, not only each Southern State, but also every Northern State, until now, when it is ready to crush its victim—the whole people—it is almost too late to destroy the monster. Still, by timely and earnest effort our dear land, North, South, East and West may yet be rescued from the fate of Laocoon. But the struggle must be prompt; it must be desperate.

Our object, however, is not to moralize and advise the people; but to expose the hideous Conspiracy, which like an ill omened demon flits in the air between the sections tearing them farther and farther apart, and which will, if it can, destroy forever that Union for which hundreds of thousands of men lie mouldering in their graves, for which millions of widows and orphans now suffer in every county from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

During these two years the Masked Lady made several tours of the Country, visiting the Lodges of the Ku-Klux-Klan, and communicating to her distinguished friend at Washington the various moves and acts of the vile association. Through this information the latter was enabled to circumvent many important manœuvres by which his enemies sought to undermine him. Of course they were terribly nonplussed by this and could not tell what steps scarcely to take. There was nothing they did, no matter how surely they thought it encompassed their end in regard to him, that he did not promptly check with some counter movement made in such a way that his foes could not checkmate him.

They tried by every imaginable way and means to goad him into some overt act on which to seize. But he was always wary and prepared and invariably gained his own point.

Had Congress been the Ku-Klux-Klan, or had the Ku-Klux-Klan been Congress, neither could have done more to aid the intentions of the other than each did do. While Congress assaulted Mr. Johnson in season and out of season in the most malignant and partizan manner, the Ku-Klux-Klan undermined him and blackened him in the eyes of the people.

At last Congress, finding their intended victim invulnerable to their strategy, resolved to "make a dead set" at him, as one of them termed it, and put him out right or wrong. The radical leaders of this plot had by that time succeeded in so committing the moderate men of their own party and the opposition members to certain measures and test votes that they felt sure there could be no failure for their scheme, no backing down

by these members on former records. The machinery was accordingly put into operation and the impeachment began. As, however, every one is now familiar with the details of the trial &c., it is useless to insert them here. One singular fact, however, is called to the attention of the reader, which is that from the moment it was decided to impeach the President the frightful deeds of the Ku-Klux-Klan were heralded throughout the Northern States to show the frightful condition of things in the South and induce public opinion in the North to condemn the South; in fact to inculcate the utmost hatred into the peoples' minds. A cause must be in a wretched condition that requires such wicked means as these to support it.

THE MIDNIGHT CONCLAVE.

On a most stormy night in the latter part of January 1868 the ten Conspirators forming the Grand Central Lodge of the Ku-Klux-Klan had a meeting at the house on D Street, which was witnessed as usual by the Masked Lady. From the reports submitted and conversation that ensued she recollected the following:

"Well, gentlemen," said Bu the Setretary, in reply to Kel's request, "I will recapitulate the main points of our glorious work. Our path and that of Congress lie in the same direction. They must all go along with us now. There's no backing on the track for them, we've got them. We have now in operation Fifteen hundred and seventeen Lodges, scattered all over the country and numbering fully one hundred and eighty thousand members. Through our orders, issued to the State High Grand Masters the negroes have been formed into subordinate Lodges taking various names; and the whites whom we could operate in the South are likewise formed into Lodges, one to operate against Northern and Southern Unionists and the others to retaliate. They have already made their marks throughout the land, and by about April or May we'll have the people so by the ears that they'll cut each other's throats at a word on either side.

"The lots that we have cast for the killing of prominent Republicans in the Southern States have been executed well. All these events we have had thoroughly published also throughout the North. And with one or two exceptions we have succeeded in suppressing in the North, all the retaliatory acts of the Red Strings and Loyal Leagues in the South.

"In regard to the Treasury all goes well. The last seven ladies we have been enabled to place in position there are if any thing better even than the previous ones. With them and a few more we'll be able to lobby through any measure we need, and not only that, but we shall be able to bring the present arrangement into such bad odor before the people

that after we get possession of it, we can do most anything; if necessary issue hundreds of millions of extra bonds, and have the blame thrown on our predecessors. Aye! and if need be, try and convict them for it! Ha ha! ha!"

"Give me the women to work with here in Washington!" exclaimed Kel, "and I'll do what I please. Turn the Republic into a monarchy in four years."

"Well, how about future operations?" said Can.

"I think," said Ste, "that for making favorable public opinion, the lots are the best. They give you ground, solid ground to work on. The assassination of Lincoln was a Godsend to our party. These killings down South are doing us good, and when the final crisis comes, I feel assured that if we were to cast a lot on some national man like Grant, or Chase, or Sherman, or some well known Congressman, we could carry the whole North by storm, and gain a lease of power for years to come. This done we could accomplish more than we have yet dreamed of."

"There's another matter of importance" remarked Wel, "who was the most cautious of the junta," I think it would be advisable to change our quarters, not that I suppose any one would betray us; but now that our Klan is beginning to attract public attention, possibly some of these detectives, in hope of large reward, or being paid amply by some of our natural political foes, may get upon the scent. And if once the foxes get hold of old Aunt Julie, they will speedily get a firm hold not only of our secrets, but also of ourselves."

"Where could there be found a better place?" asked Bu.

"I'll tell you where," replied Wel, "in some vault or other of the public buildings. Say, for instance under the War office itself. No one would ever dream of searching there. And for that matter we could in one way or other get control of it, and make the matter safe."

"That's plausible indeed," said Bu, "and there's another fact: there'll be a fight between Andy and Ed pretty soon, and Ed will hold on to the place like a leech. If impeachment succeeds—as it is bound to do—it will be all right. I believe myself it would be safest though, to evacuate this stronghold as soon as possible. And if the other can be managed it will flourish as well as the most sanguine could expect."

After some further conversation, Wel remarked:

"Gentlemen, what do you think about Grant. He seems to me to be like an Sphinx. It's very hard to calculate that man. One day he seems to incline one way the next day another."

"That's so," said Can. "He reminds me of a chimney. To day a wiff of wind comes from the North, and the smoke of his segars is wafted to the South. To-morrow he puffs his smoke to the opposite direction."

"I'll tell you what to do with him," exclaimed Ste, breaking into the conversation. "Get Congress to make him a Grand Marshall, give him

the Commission with a flourish of trumpets and a bundle of segars. I would wind him round my finger with a new Commission."

"For all that, we might mistake our man," said Wel.

"If we did," was the quick retort, "we could do something else; that's all! He'd be but a small impediment in the way of really earnest men! Audacity! that must be our motto now!"

"Well, Friend Ste," said Bu, "you speak like a man of action. I will make a suggestion, which, if properly carried out, would bring to our plan a certain success. Three or four cans of Nitro Glycerine, properly handled, underneath the halls of Congress, during the absence of certain radical members, dear friends of ours, would destroy moderate Republicans and Democrats together. Plenty of men could be hired to put the cans in position, and after they were thus placed these men could be fixed, so as to take the secret to Heaven with them. Such an event, such an explosion would settle the opposition forever; at least during the terms of our natural lives."

"But," said Wel, "that Nitro Glycerine is hard to obtain. It is sold only to responsible parties, and the purchaser must state what is wanted with it; et cetera."

"I know a firm in Canada," replied Bu, who takes large quantities of it. An order could be forged in their name on the manufacturer in New York. And once the stuff is in our possession, let who can find it.

In this strain the exchange of opinion went on till the adjournment of the Cabal, resulting in a unanimous vote to change the place of meeting immediately.

The next two days the Masked Lady was so ill as to be confined to her chamber; and on the third day, when she went to the mysterious house on D Street, she found it closely shut up, and Aunt Julie gone. Here of course her plan was completely broken up. Not despairing; she sought for the member by whom she had been admitted to the order and adroitly ascertained that the Grand Lodge had really changed its place of meeting; but to where, he would not tell. Neither would he tell her what had become of Aunt Julie. And from his manner and look she more than suspected that the poor old creature had been killed and the secret thus made sure (as the Conspirators thought) of eternal secrecy. The member also, however, told her that a rule had been adopted by the Grand Lodge excluding from its future meetings all members, male or female, of any other but the Grand Lodge. This was merely a matter of precaution to which all true and trusty members of the order would cheerfully submit, he said.

This was the worst blow the Masked Lady had yet received. It crushed for a moment all the ardent anticipations she had indulged of being able to thwart the final operations of the Ku-Klux-Klan.

Yet, after giving the matter more thoughtful consideration, the daring women did not despair after all. The difficulty was not to ascertain *where* the Conspirators held their future meetings; but to gain admission to the place without their knowing of her presence.

But when she began putting her plans into execution she found that something had so terrified the Conspirators of being discovered that they had hedged themselves in with insurmountable barriers of precautions. She ascertained with more ease than she supposed she could, the exact place where they had removed to but to gain admittance she could not; until one evening meeting the member by whom she had been introduced to the order, she told him boldly that he must take her to the next meeting of the Grand Lodge. Of course he demurred; but she soon compelled him to acquiesce to her request.

"Well," said he, "I will do so, but you must go into the place in the day and stay there till after the meeting is over at night. I will conceal you where you can witness the punishment scene. But you must be careful; for if you are discovered both your life and mine will pay the forfeit."

This of course was agreed to. It suited the purpose of the Masked Lady exactly. And the second day after the promise was given, she was safely esconced in a place—in a place in the subterranean hall of the Grand Lodge, where, protected behind a pile of old furniture and other lumber, and fortified with a lunch or two, beside a trusty revolver, she could see and hear everything.

THE LAST KU-KLUX MEETING.

The length of time she had to wait was exceedingly trying to the nerves and patience of the Masked Lady and she was therefore delighted when she heard one or two members enter the dark and rather damp apartment.

"We'll have a rich treat to night!" said one of them.

"Yes," was the reply, "I hope we'll be able to squeeze something definite out of the girl or the nigger."

"Well, whether we do or don't, we'll have to quiet them anyhow. We can easily dispose of the bodies you know."

"That's the idea exactly. Oh it's all fixed."

These remarks had got no further when several more members of the Grand Lodge came into the room. When all had assembled—the same original ten villains robed and masked the same as ever—the ceremonies began.

"Bring in the prisoner, Faithful Guides!" ordered the Grand High Master.

During the day, while she lay in her concealment, the Masked Lady had heard groans now and then, as though some one were in trouble or distress. Now she recognized whence these groans had come; for, at the order of the Grand Master, the Guides led from some neighboring apartment a lady; refined in appearance, and about thirty years of age. Following her came a stalwart negro man. Both were in heavy chains like French galley slaves. The Captives were led in silence to the throne of the Grand High Master who then bade the Grand Worthy Advocate to begin.

A member rose, who personated the Advocate, and recited that the Captives had been guilty of conduct prejudicial to the good of the order and were in fact traitors. He then stated that evidence sufficient had been taken by the special Secret committee to satisfy them that the prisoners were guilty. The Grand High Master then demanded if there were any member present who had aught to say in favor of the captives. Silence followed and the Grand High Master said to the prisoners.

"You have been found guilty, and there remains but one duty to me to perform. You recollect the vow and oath you each took upon your initiation into this order. You have incurred the punishment due to the violation of both. You have also refused to divulge the names of any of those whom it is suspected you have let into some of the secrets of the order. You must therefore prepare yourselves for vengeance."

"Armorer, do your duty! Brethren attend!"

A gong was struck at this juncture with a muffled beater, thus producing a most dolorous sound, and at the same instant a dazzling red light from a powerful lens, was directed fully upon the Grand High Master and on him alone; giving him the most diabolical and hellish appearance imaginable. Directly in front also of the throne was placed an antique brazier in which burned some sulphur and saffron with spirits of wine; the effect of which was to impart a sallow, unearthly, ghostly appearance to all the figures of the members, and prisoners. A little to the right of the Grand High Master crouched the Armorer clad in his coat of scaled Mail, and resting one arm upon a sort of low altar.

As the command of the Grand High Master was uttered, the armorer drew from beneath this low altar a black goblet on one side of which in white letters were the words FOR TRAITORS. On the other side was a grinning skull and cross bones. Next he brought forth a Decanter, containing what was apparently water. He poured this liquid into the goblet, and then rising, walked to where stood the two captives.

"Drink!" said he in a solemn measured tone, presenting the goblet to the lips of the lady, who, as though struck dumb by despair, did so. The goblet was next presented to the negro, who, seeing the lady drink so heroically, made a mighty effort at self command and drank. But immediately after he had done so, his nerves gave way, and, sinking on his

knees, he implored the Grand High Master not to kill him. But it was already too late, for ere the Grand High Master had finished his command:

"Most Faithful Guides away with the Traitors!" both the miserable Captives, feeling the effects of the powerful poison, began to stagger. And they had nearly fallen by the time the Guides got them behind the curtain.

Horror stricken, the Masked Lady was ready one moment to sink to the earth with terror, and the next to spring forth with rage, from her concealment, and shoot down as many as she could of the vile conspirators. But an instant's reflection showed her the futility of any act like the latter, and she remained a silent yet attentive spectator to the rest of the evening's proceedings.

When the poor miserable victims were gone, the jet of red light was put out, as was also the saffron and spirits of wine fire; the low altar, containing the poison was removed; and the Grand Lodge resumed its business character as though nothing had occurred.

"Well," said Bu, opening as usual, "I wish we had higher game bagged as safely as we have those two snakes."

"Amen to that prayer, with all my heart," responded Can. "But how comes on our game? How goes Impeachment?"

"Very well, but somehow or other, Andy fights more shrewdly than one would think him capable of doing. He must have the Devil to back him."

"Gentlemen," said Wel, rising. "It's not the Devil, but a woman!"

"A woman!" exclaimed all; "That's a good joke!"

"No! it's no joke at all. I've heard some strange stories lately from the White House Spies that we have employed. It appears that either Andy talks in his sleep; or else he confides a good deal to the women folks. But there's a Masked Lady that goes there. Her mask is made to imitate any person's face perfectly by some Italian artist. Now suppose we have that woman, who ever she is, initiated in our order? And I've no doubt we have got her in somewhere. For my part I was invariably from the start, opposed to the admission of women. No matter how true ninety nine may be, the hundredth one will destroy all. The great trouble is to find out who this Masked Lady is. I'd give Ten Thousand dollars to know."

"So would I!" "And I too!" were the exclamations that fell from every lip.

"Is there no plan, by which we may find out? Do you suspect any one?" said Bu to Wel.

"I have a very dim suspicion of a certain party, and I intend to follow the trail closely. In the meantime, at least until the impeachment is over, I advise not only that we hold no more meetings, but that we take away

to several different places all these paraphernalia we have here; for there may be a search some day, when least expected. We can meet at each others rooms and discuss our projects just as easily as here.

"I would also advise every member who introduced women to go and visit each one of them, and ascertain every particle of information possible. I was never fully satisfied about that Kid Glove affair. I think if we had thoroughly searched that house on D Street that very night we should have found this identical Masked Lady concealed somewhere about it. If I was only sure about those initials, I would now solve the doubt in twenty four hours."

The Masked Lady saw her friend cast furtive glances at the place of her concealment, and with terrible emotions of dread and determination she placed her hand on the butt of her revolver, ready to sell her life as dearly as possible."

"Well," said Bu, after a pause, "we had best then treat this matter as though we were positive that we had this concealed enemy in our Camp. One thing is certain; the impeachment project will succeed. Two Thirds of the Senate are sure to vote for it."

"Not so sure!" said Wel, "Fessenden of Maine is doubtful."

"I'll wager my life he'll vote for impeachment!" exclaimed Bu.

"We shall see," was the reply, "But at the same time let us act as you say, as though there were a spy in our camp among these women. If it prove true that my vague suspicion is correct, then farewell to impeachment. It's gone up already."

"Well, if that fails" said Ste, "we have the last resource. In October just after the Gubernatorial elections we must have the Klans all raise and kick up the devil. Then comes martial law in all the Northern States and we can carry everything in our favor like a whirlwind. For that matter let Grant be dictator—*for awhile*; ha! ha! ha! *for awhile*.—It will be our own fault if we lose it. You see already we have caused the Southern District commanders to issue orders to have that frightful body, the Ku Klux-Klan suppressed within the limits of their commands. That's excellent! bully! But in October, when we give the cue to the Klans, there'll be the right kind of suppression."

There was a further consultation and it was finally decided that the Klans should be ordered to rise in October next, in order to have Martial Law proclaimed, and thereby give the radicals all the opportunities desired for their wicked plans.

Soon after the conspirators adjourned until it would be safe to meet again. The Masked Lady waited nearly an hour after the close of the meeting for the return of her friend—all the time a prey to the most harrowing fears that he might keep her there and have her quietly served in the same way as the two captives had been. But her fear, were groundless, and when she came back he told her how vexed he had been about

the continued suspicion of Wel, about the circumstance of a kid glove being found in the house on D Street bearing initials something like hers, but which doubtless some member had brought in his pocket after visiting some lady friend.

The Masked Lady was too shocked by what she had seen and heard to say much in reply to her friend, and when she bade him good night she resolved to advise with those in whose judgment she as a child and friend could rely, whether the best course would be to expose the Conspiracy at once in all its hideous details; or to await a more favorable opportunity, to crush the monster.

The result was that those friends advised her to keep everything silent after imparting all the information, she had thus far obtained, to certain parties, who could thereby keep the Conspirators under surveillance,

A short time after this the impeachment began; and Congress as though it were a body directed in every movement by the Conspirators clamored for the removal of President Johnson. Rumors were spread broadcast over the whole Country of the frightful revolutionary and bloody things he *intended* to do. But day after day went by and the President did nothing but appeal to law. Orders were issued to have so many army wagons ready for the march at a moment's warning, and many companies of cavalry and infantry held in readiness, while sentinels were posted all night and day at the Long Bridge. All this under the plea that Col. Moseby intended to capture Washington—the meanest insult that could be offered to the whole nation.

As it was well known that the very dearest object of the Ku-Klux-Klan as a radical institution, was to cause violence and outbreaks, those distinguished gentlemen of the Republican party, who really have standing and weight in society, acting on the valuable information furnished them by the Masked Lady, concluded to combat the villainous organization by strategy rather than force. Thus far they have succeeded admirably. But they have in their enemies men of intense hate, much ability, and frightful adacity; and to insure ultimate success, the masses of the people, all law abiding, good citizens must strengthen them with their most earnest support. Some day, when peace is restored to our distracted country, when there is no longer any peril from the lawless adherents of Secret Bands of wicked men, to those who would serve their fellow men by exposing the vile designs of such bands, then the whole nation will accord to the heroic MASKED LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE in her own name the praise due to her.

THE END.



The Masked Lady. Who was She?

\$10,000 Reward said to have been offered to any one Finding out Who She was.



The Real Ka-Klux-Klan Initiation Scene.

The phosphorus in the eye sockets of the skeleton emitted rays of light ; and the novice, trembling with horror, repeated the frightful oath after the Grand High Priest.