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## From the News and Courier. REDMOND'S STRANGE STORY. A TALK WITH THE OUTLAW IN THE HEART OF THE RIDGE.

PICKENS C. H., June 28.—It is not necessary that I should be at any pains to introduce the subject of this sketch to any well informed man, woman or child in South Carolina, or perhaps in any State of the Union. That kind office has been pretty well discharged for me and for him, on many occasions within the past few years, by his many friends and admirers of the United States Internal Revenue Service, and there is but little that I can now add, save in the way of truth, to what has been already said concerning "the great criminal," "the notorious desperado," "the bloated brigand of the Blue Ridge," "the infamous outlaw," "the red-handed rover"—Lewis H. Redmond! This is he that has turned two States upside down; set all law, human and Divine, at naught; defied the power of the best government the world ever saw; chased its officers pell-mell across a county; committed highway robbery; ambushed the faithful in the discharge of their duty; released criminals from jail; frightened women and children, and eke grown men, into fits, and who, finally, if the truth were known, was doubtless at the bottom of the disturbances in the Bald Mountains.—Are not these things so, beside many others like not here set down? The proof is not far to seek since his enemies declare it, and the law has confirmed it by setting a price on his young head, and in giving authority to his fellow-men "to bring his body into court—alive or dead!"

### AT THE BAR OF PUBLIC OPINION.

This last thing has been rather difficult, not to say impossible, of performance it seems, and has remained undone until accomplished by the *News and Courier*, in the person of its humble representative, by whom the redoubtable has been captured alive and who now produces the prisoner in court; that great court of public opinion where he shall be called upon to answer to the charges preferred against him! It happened in this wise: A week or ten days ago, I was commissioned by the *News and Courier* "to go and find Redmond," if possible, and to obtain from him a personal narrative of his eventful career.

The quest was not an easy one, for I learned that its object had left the country and no man knew of his whereabouts, concerning which I was further informed that they were changed with every sun. At the end of the second day I was compelled to abandon the search and return to the village whence I had started, no whit wiser than when I left it. Through the kindness and superior knowledge of the gentleman who accompanied me, however, I had been placed in communication with two of the outlaw's most trusted friends, and had left with them, to be forwarded to some unknown postoffice, a note addressed to him, in which I requested an interview at any time and place he might designate and under any restrictions he should choose to impose upon me. His verbal reply granting my request was received Monday morning, and for instructions and guidance I was directed simply to accompany Mr. W. G. Fields, of Pickens C. H., whithersoever he might lead me. Reporting to this gentleman without delay, an understanding was quickly had, and our plan of proceeding agreed upon to be carried into effect the same night.

### THE RENDEZVOUS.

By this time, and in spite of precaution, the fact of my first visit to the mountains had become known and its true object suspected. (The good people of Pickens have learned to be suspicious of strangers, and their every movement is watched with fond solicitude.) It was therefore necessary to move with caution, for Redmond's sake, as well as for that of the success of my endeavor, and I have since learned that our paces were not taken altogether in vain, as one or more interested and would-be-captors of the fugitive were on the *qui vive* to learn the way we went and other information which might lead to his capture. The 24th day of June seemed longer by several hours than the 21st, but it finally came to a close, and about dusk I walked quietly out of town alone into the adjacent woods, and by a circuitous route reached the rendezvous appointed for the night. After a few hours of rest here we started for the mountains, which could be dimly seen by the light of dawn far off to the northward, and avoiding the town and more frequented ways by a detour of several miles drove rapidly until after noon.

### A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

The country through which we passed and the incidents of the journey furnished abundant material for an interesting letter, but I am not at liberty, under promise, to indicate our route, and am therefore regretfully compelled to keep silence, to my readers' positive loss. The road was all that a road, even a mountain road, ought not to be—but I forbear again. At the end of it we stopped at a cottage in the hills, and after a kind reception and excellent dinner, (leaving our buggies behind as being of no particular practical use,) we were joined by another guide and resumed on foot the

journey that was to conduct us to the presence of the as yet unseen chief. My first companion did not now know whither we were bound, and our guide knew little more than that we were to follow a certain trail until halted by "the Major" (for so Redmond is called) at such a point as he might choose to await our coming. The trail seemed to lead directly upward to some veritable hand of the sky, and at times took a direct "cut" as it were in that direction by "leading up a tree," as such paths are said to do when they disappear in the undergrowth, or at the foot of an inaccessible cliff. My companion, Mr. Fields and myself, were soon exhausted with the unaccustomed labor of climbing, and paused to rest while our unblown guide pushed on ahead to find Redmond and inform him of our near presence. We were already nearly two hours behind the appointed time, and it was feared he might weary of waiting for us and leave the mountains.

### FOUND AT LAST.

After a short rest we, who were behind, followed as best we might in the direction our guide had gone, and had become nearly broken down again as we toiled upward, when my fainting spirits were suddenly startled into quickened life, and my rapidly beating heart sent into my throat with a mighty bound by the sudden exclamation of my comrade in advance, who whispered back to me, without turning his head, "Yonder he is." "He always keeps his word." Looking up quickly, I saw, a hundred yards beyond and above us, two men sitting at the foot of a pine, one of whom I recognized as the guide, the other of course was Redmond! He was yet at some distance from me, and I had several minutes for reflection before I reached him. What my feelings were may better be imagined than described. I had nothing to fear, of that I was well assured from the unvarying good report I had received from his friends of the true character of the man; but the experience was a novel one, to say the least. I was presently to be confronted by one whose name had been long associated in my hearing with all manner of treachery and crime, and at whose mercy I had now placed myself, with no other guarantee of safety than his good pleasure. I was of course unarmed, (which fact had been ascertained by the person at the postoffice.)

I submitted myself to his inspection, and he was at last face to face with "the dreaded outlaw."

### FACE TO FACE WITH REDMOND.

The dreaded outlaw rose up to meet me, with extended hand and a pleasant smile, as I advanced, and after a cheery "Good morning" from him, and a similar salutation in return on my part, we were introduced in due form. Shaking my hand cordially, he invited me to a seat beside him, on the rock, with a smiling apology for the absence of better accommodations.

"This gentleman has come three hundred miles to see you, Major," said Mr. Fields. "He represents the best newspaper in the State, and has come to give you an opportunity to say something in your own behalf in answer to the charges which have been made against you."

"I am very glad to see you," he replied, addressing me, "but I am afraid it was hardly worth the trouble for you to come so far to see me."

### NEITHER HOOPS NOR HORNS.

I am not at liberty again to describe him, because of a promise made to his friends, before seeing him, that I would not do so. I can only say, therefore, that he looked to be indeed little more than a boy in years; (he has seen only twenty-three winters, and seems youthful for even that age.) He is of slender "build," and one of the handsomest men I ever saw. I can scarcely refrain from supporting this statement by presenting my readers with a pen portrait at least of his face and graceful, active form; but must forbear lest I should thereby make myself the unwilling instrument of betraying him into danger. I may say, however, that at my earnest request he permitted me to sketch his features before our parting. The portrait was pronounced a faithful likeness by those who were present at our interview, and my judgment above expressed has been confirmed by the few to whom I have shown it.

### ONE OF THE BEST FELLOWS IN THE WORLD.

His frank open manner, innocent looking eyes, and more than all, his honest sun-browned face and pleasant smile, which no man could wear and yet be a villain, inspired me at once with perfect confidence, and placed me so much at ease that I hazarded a very personal remark. I said: "You don't look like a very bad man, sir." "I don't believe I am one," he replied. "I have only been badly treated, and accused of many things which I never did." ("He is one of the very best fellows in the world," said the guide.)

It is claimed for him that he can always discern between a friend and foe, at sight,

by looking into one's eyes. Himself says he believes he can read a man's thoughts. I had not been very long in his presence accordingly before I noticed that he was observing my face intently. Possessing in an eminent degree, so far as he was concerned at least, a *mens conscia recti*, I hesitated not to look him squarely in the eyes, and, turning my own lustrous orbs full upon him, he was enabled to gaze down into their liquid unfathomable depths and read "friend" at their very bottom. The search satisfied him apparently—there is no resisting guilelessness like mine—he banished suspicion and treated me thenceforth with something more than confidence so long as I remained with him.

### THE "COLD" STREAM.

After a few minutes' rest we arose and Redmond showing the way, climbed around the mountain side until we came to a particularly steep place down which we stumbled and fell and scrambled and slid again, and got up and scrambled and stumbled and fell again and again, until we reached the bottom of a glen where foot of man or beast hath never or rarely been, and where certainly deputies cease from troubling and even a moonshiner may be at rest. We halted on the brink of a falling foaming stream, whose waters, clear as air, revealed the rocky bottom at any depth, and cold almost as snow, presented us with drink sparkling as champagne and pure as heaven's own dew. Mixed with mountain dew, colored like a rose with the tonic juice of wild cherries, it constituted a draught which might have been likened to nectar flowing down from some illicit still in the private interest of the gods up there on the blue wooded Olympus above. It was a singularly wild and beautiful spot, even for a mountain glen, and any element of romance that might have been wanting was fully supplied by the presence of the outlaw in our midst, whose somewhat picturesque garb was not out of keeping with the character of the scene. Amid such surroundings the hunted outlaw told his story while we sat and listened until the setting of the sun behind the mountain's crest and the approach of darkness admonished us to return to the outer world while as yet the devious path might be safely traced.

### THE OUTLAW'S TALE.

The outlaw's tale was a long one, and it will not be possible to repeat it to the limits of one letter. It was taken down almost verbatim, in short-hand, in a note book on my knee as I sat by his side, and will be given as nearly as possible in his own words. Leaning his gun against a tree, but retaining his formidable side arms and keeping a bright eye on guard the while, he began his story:

### "I WAS BORN IN GEORGIA,"

he began, "but we removed to this State when I was quite young. My father was old and infirm, and my mother was bedridden. I have had to take care of them, and of several sisters—one of whom was a cripple, and could not move without the aid of crutches—since I was a child. I am now twenty-three years of age, and will be twenty-four on the 24th of next October—if I live." This condition was added with a smile that was sadder than a sigh, and reminded us that the speaker's life was at the mercy of any man who chooses to take it, by day or night, on the highway or at home, or in the rocky lair to which he has been driven like a hunted wolf. "The revenue officers want to capture me," he continued, "for the sake of the rewards which have been offered for me—it is easier for them to make their money in that way than by working for it." (They may find themselves mistaken in this view.) "My father owned a still all his life, as did all the farmers about here, before the revenue laws were passed, and I worked it for him. We were very poor, and he could do very little. I worked on the farm all day, and at the still at night to make a living for us. I have often worked all day ploughing, and then run the still all night until breakfast. I would be so tired next day that I have gone to sleep in the corn row between the plough-handles, and would wake up only when my horse stopped at the end of the furrow. This kind of life was too hard for me and soon broke me down, so that I got to working one night at the still and sleeping the next. I worked in the farm every day at the same time. They (the revenue officers) pressed me so close after a while that I quit distilling and went to hauling whiskey and selling it in North Carolina. They found out that I was doing this, and a warrant was issued for my arrest.

### THE FIRST TROUBLE.

I had with the revenue officers was all on my side, as they captured and destroyed for me one hundred and twenty-three gallons of whiskey. I had paid one dollar per bushel for the corn that made it, besides eighteen dollars a month to the man who ran the still. The officers cut up and emptied three barrels of the whiskey, and kept two barrels for their own drinking. They kept these two barrels hid in the woods, and would come back and get it by the jug full whenever their supply gave out.—Among those who got some of it were Clem Cism (Chisolm?) and a fellow named Hampden. Several people have told me

that they drank some of my whiskey that was captured at that time. Old man—told me, the other day, that when they came for the last of it they arrested him (I) and took him off, and all the officers stopped on the side of the road and filled their jugs with the whiskey which, they told him, was Redmond's. They carried off twenty-three gallons at this load.

### FATHER AND MOTHER KILLED.

The next morning it was Sunday, the officers rushed into my house and presented their guns at my father and captured him. He was seventy-eight years of age, and my mother, who was confined to her bed with palsy, was nearly as old. Father begged them not to alarm her—she was badly frightened—and he would surrender.—They asked for me, but I was at the spring when they came up and saw them, and so escaped. Father told them I was not far off, but I kept out of the way, and they took him down to the church near by.—They captured several other men in the church, and the preacher stopped in the midst of his sermon and sat down. My father and several others gave bail—the rest they took away with them. My mother was badly frightened by it all, and died a few days afterwards. My father had to go to Asheville. The journey and exposure made him ill, and he, too, died a few weeks later.

### AFTER THE FUNERAL.

Both of them died before I could get back to them. I was then keeping out of the way, as the revenue officers were watching for me every time I went to see either of them—I did not see my mother buried, but when my father died too, and my sisters were left alone in the house, I determined to go home and attend his funeral and see after them at any risk. On the road from the house to the grave, when we were following his body to burial, we met a revenue officer. He looked at me very hard; but he was alone, and seeing that I had some of my friends with me, he passed on, and arrested several of the neighbors who had dug the grave and were resting on the roadside.

After the funeral I still kept out of the way, and as my sisters were alone and helpless, I had to dodge in and out and try to take care of them as best I could. This was the beginning of my troubles."

The foregoing story was told as quietly as if it were a matter of no consequence, and was not in the least interrupted by the circumstances narrated were matters of any special wonder in a mountainous revenue district, and my two companions seemed to listen to it in like spirit as to a thrice told tale. I have no comments to make and have refrained from even the feeble emphasis of italics. After an interval spent in conversation on indifferent subjects, I led Redmond back to the matter in hand by asking what was his next "trouble." He replied "that it was

### THE KILLING OF DUCKWORTH,

and concerning this well known affair he gave the following account:

"When Deputy Marshal Lee was discharged from the revenue service he had in his possession a warrant against me, which he turned over to Frank Case. This warrant Alfred Duckworth, who had been recently appointed on the revenue force, tried to get from Case, who refused to let him have it. Duckworth then swore he would take me, warrant or no warrant, or would kill me in the attempt." He had taken one high flyer, he said, "and by God, he intended to take another." Duckworth had been almost raised with me from childhood, and we knew each other well. He was very bigoted, and was always bragging and doing rash things. He rode one day by his own grandfather's house, where there was a picture of Gen. Washington hanging against the wall of a room, and he shot several balls into it through the open door or window from where he sat on his horse. The holes may be seen in the picture and wall now. People told me what he had threatened against me, but I only said, "surely he has better sense than to try to take me without a warrant." I said I would meet "Alf," as I always called him, and try to laugh him out of it. He will give me the same chance he gives other people. A few days later I had to haul a wagon load of corn and went over to get it. The driver was sitting by me and on the road we saw a crowd coming. I said "There comes the revenue officers now." The driver asked, "what will they do?" I said, "Nothing they have no warrant for me." I knew that Case had it. They came up to us and stopped and we talked together about one hour and a half.

### DUCKWORTH SULKY.

I asked Duckworth about old times, but saw that he looked sulky, and that there was something wrong. At last he said, "Major, did you know that I had a warrant for you?" I said, "No." He said, "Do you want to hear it read?" I said, "Yes, if you have one." He got off his horse and drew from his pocket a bunch of warrants. I saw that he had one for a man named Southerly, but none for me, and I thought he was joking. He read the warrant and called my name in place of Southerly's. I still thought he was only joking, and asked him to let me see the warrant. He said, "No, by God, there's no use in it." He then asked if I was going to submit to it? I replied, "If you don't want me to handle the warrant, let some of these fellows see it—that is all I want. I don't want to tear it up." He says, "I suppose you don't intend to submit to it?" I replied, "I am willing to submit if you will make me certain it is for me. I can give you security." He said, "There is no use in that; you have got to walk before me to Brevard to-night." I said, "I don't know that I will see Brevard to-night. I have other business. You ought to give me the same chance you give other men." He then went to his horse to get his pistols.

### GOING FOR HIS PISTOLS.

I knew what he was going for as soon as he started. His horse was several steps from him, and I could have killed him before he got hold

of them. I did not want to kill him, however, (this was said earnestly and feelingly,) although I knew that he had threatened repeatedly to kill me or take me. I said to him that I had not come prepared to fight him, but he only replied, "That didn't make any difference!" So he went up to the side of his horse and took two pistols from the holsters, and pointed one of them in my face. I saw the five balls in the chambers. Several men were sitting around, and Jim Paxton now came up; he had been with them and had heard what they were going to do. He spoke to me and drove on. He, too, knew they had no warrant for me, and thought I wouldn't be taken without one. So he rode on, as he didn't want to see any fuss. Duckworth's pistol was aimed at me, and I said:—"Look here, Alfred, I don't want any man to draw a pistol on me." He said, "Get out of that wagon." I told him again to put up his pistol, and said: "I have given you no occasion to draw weapons on me, and I want to fuss." He then dropped his pistol from my face to my breast. I was sitting in the wagon whittling a stick. I had no weapon, but my driver had a pistol, a Derringer, belonging to me, and which I had given him to carry. I had killed a rabbit with it as we came on. When I bade Duckworth a second time to put up his weapon, I said, "Alfred, I want you to understand that I want no trouble with you."

### THE FATAL SHOT.

I then dropped my hand into the wagoner's pocket and took the pistol and cocked it, and said again, the third time, "Alfred, I want no fuss with you—I want only a gentleman's chance." He replied, "Get out of that wagon!" His pistol was cocked and aimed at me. I drew mine and fired on him. As I did so, and when the ball struck him, his pistol went off and the ball struck under the wagon-wheel. I suppose his finger contracted when he was hit, and fired off his weapon. He fell against the fence. Landford was behind the wagon and had two pistols in his hands, and I thought "the best thing I can do is to run around and take Landford's pistols from him." Then I thought that would be a risk, as he might kill me. I started up the road and had gone about thirty yards, when Landford shot at me and kept shooting until he had shot four times. He missed me every time, and I thought "if that is the way you can do I will go back and kill you with a rock!" Then I thought, as he had two pistols he might kill me, so I crossed the fence and went on up the hill. I waited for my wagon to come on, but a man met it and turned it back.

### A VISIT TO SOUTH CAROLINA.

I came over into South Carolina, and the next day the news came to me that they thought it was all right with Duckworth—the doctor had attended him and dressed his wound, (it was in the throat,) and said he would get well if they didn't move him. They moved him, the wound bled afresh, and he died that night. They examined him and found that he had no warrant for me. Three men, however, jumped on their horses and went to Frank Case's to get the warrant, and he wouldn't give it up. Case soon after sent me word that if I would come and give him two dollars and a half (costs) he would give me the warrant. I thought it would do me no good, and so I didn't go for it. He has it yet. The names of those who were present and saw the killing were Peter Lince, his son, William Lince, and Joe and Bass Glassy. They could prove all I have said. \* \* \* Duckworth's father told Jim Cantrell, the other day, that his son was high-strung and had done wrong. That when he was first killed he wanted them to get me, but since I had been so persecuted he would do anything he could to help me. He hoped, he said, that I would get out of the way. He said, at the same time, that he supposed Redmond would kill him, too, now, if he got a chance; but I would not hurt him or any other man, unless they force me to do so. Cantrell told him as much, and that I would come laughing, and if I had anything to drink he would get it. He would be just as good to you as he would to me."

### WILLING TO SURRENDER.

"The feeling against me on account of Duckworth's killing has died out in North Carolina," said Redmond, in concluding this portion of his story, "and I would be perfectly willing to go there and surrender myself any day for trial if my case could be tried in the State Courts. I am not willing to stand a trial in a United States Court, where the revenue officers would have it all their own way, and could swear what they pleased against me, or pay some one else to do it."

The remainder of this story will be given tomorrow. C. McK.

### [CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

### FURNISH THE DRUGGISTS.—

Few of our gardeners, perhaps, know how many articles of trade they can supply their home druggists with. Go into a properly supplied drug store, and you can find dried sage leaves, rosemary, hops, coriander, sweet fennel, thyme, calamus, and a host of roots, barks, gums, dried flowers, etc., all indigenous to our soil and climate; but which the druggist is obliged to purchase abroad, while we allow them to grow in or about our gardens without utility. The druggist could buy them at home, and be much more certain of their freshness and purity, while home resources and industry would be encouraged. There is no proper reason why this should not be done, if for no other purpose than to give employment to a class of the population standing in need of such patronage.—*Savannah News.*

Scene in a horse car. Seats all occupied. Enter a person dressed as a lady. Bright little boy rises and offers his seat. Lady drops into it with an air of slight disdain. Boy—oh, I beg your pardon, did you speak? Lady—No, I didn't say anything. Boy—"Oh, excuse me, I thought you said 'thank you.'" Lady, in high dudgeon—"You may have your seat." Boy (resuming it)—"Well, I'll thank you." Passengers convulsed; Lady disappears at the next street crossing.—*Boston Transcript.*

A young lady of Washington C. H., Ills.,—recently attempted suicide by taking a large dose of indigo. She had the blues.