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REDMOND'S STRANGE STORY. A TALK WITH THE OUTLAW IN THE

From the News and Courier:

PICKENS C. H., June 27. PICKENS C. H., June 27.

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 friezis and admirers of the United States Internal Revenue Service, and there is but ternal 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 R. 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. defied the power of the best government the world ever saw; classed its officers pellimell across a county; committed 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 eclare it, and the law has coffirmed it by setting a price on his young head, and in giving authority to his fellow-men "to

This last thing has been rather difficult, not to say impossible, of performance it seems, and has remained undone until accomplished by the New and Courier, in the person of its humble representative, by whom the redoubtable has called upon to answer to the charges pre-ferred 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 narra-

The quest was not very satisfactory, as I learned that its object had left the country, and no man knew of his where abouts, concerning which I was further informed that they were changed with every sus. At the end of the second day I was connelled to absolute and return to the village whence I had started, no whit wiser thun when I left it. Through the kindness and superior knowledge of the geutleman who accomiled nie, however, I bad been place in communication with two of the out-law's most trusted friends, and had left with them, to be forwarded to some un-known 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 T was directed simply to accompany Mr. W. G. Fields, of Pickens

By this time, and in spite of great pre ountain had become known and its true Pickens have learned to be susp 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 pains were not taken altegether 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 adia reached the rendezvous appointed for the night. After a few hours of rest here the town and more frequented ways by a detour of several miles drove rapidly

A HARD BOAD 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, buggies behind as being of no particular use,) we were joined by an other guide and resumed on foot the journey that was to conduct us to the nce of the as yet unseen chief. My first companion did not now know whither we were bound, and our guide 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 land of the sky, and at times took a direct "out"
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 jumblown guide pushed on rest while our unblown guide pushed on ahead to find Redmoud 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 moun

FOUND AT LAST. After a short rest we, who were be-hind, followed as best we might in the direction our guide had gone, and had become nearly broken down again as we illed upward, when my fainting spirits ere 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 "He always keeps his word." Looking up quickly, I saw, a hundred vards beyond and above us, two men sitAnderson

Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1878.

was issued for my arrest. THE FIRST TROUBLE I had with the revenue officers was all on 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 cu up and emptied three barrels of the 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."

"General maskey, and kept two carries for their own drinking. They kept these two barries for their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were Clem Cism was hardly worth the trouble for you to got some of it were Clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were Clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. Among those who got some of it were clem Cism of their supply gave out. den. 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 hadly 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 kepf out of the way, and they took him to the church near by. They captured several other men in the church, and the preacher stopped in the midst of his sern sat down. My father and several others gave ball—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.

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 see-ing that I had some of my friends with me, he passed on, and arrested several of the neighbors who had dug the grave and way, and as my sisters were alone and helpless, I had to dodge in and out and

This was the beginning of my troubles."

The foregoing story was told as quietly as though none of the circumstances nar-rated were matters of any special wonder in a mountainous revenue district, and my two companions seemed to listen to have no comments to make, and have re-frained from even the feeble emphasis of italics. After an interval spent in conversation on different subjects, I led Red mond back to the matter in hand by ask ing what was his next "trouble." He

THE KILLING OF DUCKWORTH.

gave the following account:
"When Deputy Marshal Lee was charged from the revenue service he had in his presession a warrant against me, which he turned over to Frank Case. This warrant Alfred Duckworth, who had been recently appointed on the reve nue 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 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 oper 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 only said, 'surely he has better sens 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 sitwent 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.

one hour and a half. DUCKWORTH SULKY. 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, 'Desarrant for you?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'Desarrant for you?' I said, 'No.' 'Yes, if you have one.' He got off his horse and drew from his pocket a bunch of warrants. I saw that he had the for 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, me. I can give you security.' He said,
'There is no use in that; you have got to
walt- before me to Brevard to-night.' I trade was a man named Van Hendricks.

it on credit, but I could not afford to let him have it, so he promised to come and bring the money. He was to meet me at 1 o'clock that night, and after dark I I knew what he was going for as soon as he started. His horse was several steps from him, and I could have killed drew off what he wanted (I had to make 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 the faucet out of a sweet potato!) and the fancet out of a sweet potato!) and carried it to an outhouse, where I waited for him. Amos Ladd, my wagon driver, was with me, and we kindled a big fire on the hearth and laid down to sleep. About half-past 12 Hendricks and Jannison came in, and I drew a pint bottle full and treated? them both. I then laid I had not come prepared to fight him, but he only replied, "That didn't make any difference!' So he went up to the 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; full and 'treated' them both. I then laid down again with my cost and boots off and we commenced talking. I had my pistols by me, one in sight and one under my pillow, and Hendricks asked me to let him see what kind I used. He pick-ed up one and examined it, and then what they were going to do. He spoke to me and drove on. He, too, knew they asked me to let him see the other. This made me suspicious, and I replied that I never allowed any man to handle all my had no warrant for me, and thought I wouldn't be taken without one. So he weapons at one time. Duckworth's pistol was aimed at me, and I said: 'Look here, Alfred, I don't want THE CAPTURE.

and the ball struck under the wagon

wheel. I suppose his finger contracted when he was hit, and fired of his weapon

so I crossed the fence and went on up the

I came over into South Carolina, and

names of those who were present and

saw the killing were Peter Lince, his son

William Lines, and Joe and Bass Glassby. They could prove all I have said. *

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

unless they force me to do so. Cantrel

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

WILLING TO SURRENDER.

"The feeling against me on account of Duckworth's killing has died out in North Carolina," said Redmond, in con-

cluding this portion of his story, "and I would be perfectly willing to go them and surrender myself any day for trial if my case could be tried in the State Courts.

am not willing to stand a trial in

United States Court, where the revenue officers would have it all their own way

and could swear what they pleased agains

me, or pay some one else to do it.'

riven to-morrow.

The remainder of this story will b

ern Robin Hood.

"The next trouble I got into," contin-

ued Redmond, "took place some time after that one in which Duckworth was

killed, and it resulted in my capture. I escaped, however," he added with a laugh of merriment over the recollec-

ion. Omitting many interesting partic-

ulars which might be considered irrele-vant, and would extend this letter to a

greater length than permissible, I com-mence in the middle of his story.

THE WHISKEY BUSINESS.

A large reward had been offered in

North Carolina for his apprehension, and

having his sisters to support and know

ing, moreover, that arrest at that time meant trial in a United States Court and

very speedy conviction, Redmond transferred the scene of his operations into

South Carolina, where he drove a thriv-

ing trade almost in the midst of the

Revenues," who tried in vain to catch

him. "I bought and sold only the best whiskey," he said, "and could always get

\$1.50 per gallon for my stock where

PICKENS C. H., June 28.

good to you as he would to me.'

Just then a crowd of men, who had 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 no 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, but worth a second time to put up his weapon, but swe came on. When I bade Duckworth a second time to put up his weapon, but swe came on. When I bade Duckworth a second time to put up his weapon, but swe came on. When I bade Duckworth a second time to put up his weapon, but swe came on. When I bade Duckworth a second time to put up his weapon, but swe came on when I bade Duckworth a second time to put up his weapon, but swe we came on when I bade Duckworth a second time to put up his weapon, but swe we hollering, "Surrender!" as fast as they could, and Amos Ladd said, "I surrender." I said nothing, and turned over to get my pistol from under my pillow, and saw that Hendricks had run around behind me and had my own pistol within a few inches of my head. Several of them jumped upon me at Several of them jumped upon me at once, and held me down and pinioned my arms, and then they turned me over on my back and Barton and Gary tied worth a second time to put up his weapon that I want no trouble with you.' my wrists close together. It was all done in a moment, but when they jumped on me, I thought to myself, if there I then dropped my hand into the way oner'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, were only two of you, how quick I could turn you under.' If I had done so, how-ever, they would have riddled me with '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 buckshot and balls, so I thought I would

When they were tying me they used a small strong rope, and they pulled mighty hard on it. I had a 'rising' on one He fell against the fence. Landford was behind the wagon and had two pistols in they broke the rising and cured it. Here is the scar now, he said, laughing, but if his hands. A man can think pretty fast they had torn my arm off I wouldn't have said a word. When I was tied, Barton asked me if I was Maj. Redmond? I said, yes! He said, 'Yes, G—d d—n in such a moment, 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 roud 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 hest you can do I will go held and it is a wanted. He ordered me to get the hest you can do I will go held and rope he had me tied with that I couldn't the best 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, get up. It is no easy thing to rise when you are on your back with your hands tied. I tried to do so, but couldn't get up quick enough to please him, and then," said the outlaw, his eyes flashing at the recollection of the indignity, "then hill. I waited for my wagon to come on, but a man met it and turned it back. he kicked at me, his boot grazing my side! If he had kicked me squarely he would have hurt me, though I don't think he could have hurt me much, that night, whatever he did, but that was enough. I felt like I was as strong as they thought it was all right with Duck-worth—the doctor had attended him and dressed his vound, (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. three men, and sprang up I don't know how. I kept quiet, however, and they held me, and Barton ran his hand into They examined him and found that he my pocket and took out my pocketbook. I had one hundred and eighty-six dolhad no warrant for me. Three men, however, jumped on their horses and lars. He asked me if it was mine? I went to Frank Case's to get the warrant, said 'yes, put it back in my pocket, you have no right to take my money. He said 'you have no right to it,' and kept 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 it. I then said, 'Look here, I want my (costs) he would give me the warrant. I thought it would do me no good, and so

A DASH FOR FREEDOM. I didn't go for it. He has it yet. The get the boots which were lying by my pallet. I was mad because he had kicked me, and felt as tall as if I were thre feet above the floor. I turned my hands in the rope and 'whopped' my arms into Gary's breast and knocked him down. I knocked Moore down in the same way on the other side; the others were a standing two-deep between me and the door. I kicked at Charley White, who gave way; the rest scattered, and I jump-ed out of the door like I had been greased. My wagon was in front of the door, fortunately; so I ran around it, gathering up as I ran the rope with which I ras tied to keep it from tripping me (I knew they would catch me if I fell. They dashed out after me. Bang! bang went their guns. The balls struck all around me and knocked up the snow. heard one of them say, 'By G-d, I know we have killed him;' but I knew they hadn't, and kept on. I was still tied so tight I couldn't get loose, though I kept tugging at the rope as I ran. I had one pistol in my pocket, and twisted my hands round and got it out, but dropped it in jumping a big chestnut log.

FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE. There was a fence in the way, but I vent over it without any trouble. think I flew over, I got over so easily. The officers turned back; they were stopped and untied the rope with my teeth, and I knew I was safe. The snow was thick on the ground, and I was with out hat or coat and in my stocking feet.
I knew they had my pistols, but as they had Amos, too, I determined to rescue him or die. I thought they wouldn't stay long about there after I was loose so I ran across the fields in my stockin feet to a neighbor's house. I won't tell his name; but when I got there the soles of my stockings were cut to pieces by the ice, and the legs were clinging around my ankles. I knocked and he let me in, and I told him those 'hell-fired devils' had captured me and my driver, and I intended to take him away from them He gave me a hat and coat and shoes gun and ammunition. I then went back to the road which I knew they would have to travel, and waited for them. I heard them getting ready to start with Amos, and all were talking and shouting together. They had capand when they hitched her to the wagor to start one of them whipped her, and she began to kick things to pieces gene-Barton was anxious to get away so Amos told me afterwards, and stood by with his gun aiming at every noise he heard in the bushes. They got started finally; the bay mare did all the pulling, as the black was mad; and I heard them are in a strong to the started finally. hem coming up the road. Amos was rying; he was nothing but a boy, then, and I can't tell you how I felt.

ATTEMPTED RESCUE OF LADD. I just seemed to swell, I felt so big; but I couldn't help from crying myself. I knew my own wagon by the black mare, which I could see against the snow bank. Their's was a one-horse concern and was in front, and just as soon as it came within reach I levelled my gun and fired! heard some one holler, 'Run! run! run!' and heard Barton say— 'What's the matter?' I thought to myself, you wait a minute and I will show

that I overshot them and didn't get any-One of them, Charley White, had caught a shot in his thigh, and as Amos who was then dodging behind the barrels told me afterwards, tried his best to get under or into Amos for protection. Amos told him 'to get out and take his share,' and he replied, 'I have got my share

already."

To do him justice, I may say here tha the "Major" did not seem to think that, under all the circumstances, there was anything particularly wrong in his single-handed attack upon the dozen Revenues. He certainly enjoyed telling how hard poor Charley White had tried to crawl into Amos, and how his faithful black mare had "fanned timber" with her indignant heels. The officers took Amos into their midst and drove off rap-

traces and recapture my horses, but thought they might hit me, so I stood stilf. They all went into the house, and I went off and whistled for Amos, who came to me and told me I had wounded Barton and Hendricks. We went back together to watch the house, and I looked through the window and saw them all sitting before the fire. I could have killed Barton or any of them, they were not ten feet from me; but I wouldn't shoot any one down in another man's

THE WAY THE REVENUES RUN. The next morning I saw them again in the road in the one horse wagon and wanted to shoot Jannison, but Amos begged me not to do it, and I wouldn't. resently the others came along and Gary was riding on my horse by the side of Dr. Earle who had been attending the wounded. It made me mad to see him on my own horse, after all that had hap-pened, but I wouldn't shoot at him for fear of wounding Earle, who was be-tween us. Gary had gotten him to ride by him. At last I saw Earle go a little ahead, and I saw my chance and fired at Gary and hit him. Earle helped him back on my horse, and then I never saw men run so in my life. I thought I would stop them so I shot my own horse; he commenced staggering, but he was game and kept going, and I followed on after them as fast as they and I could run. They crossed a creek and all stopped and Gary hollered back to me: Come over here and I will kill you.' I had only my pistol, but I started towards him. I had to cross the creek on a small log, and loaded as I went. Before I could get across they commenced running again, and I called out to them to wait and I would kill every one of them. That is the way you do,' I said, 'you steal all a man has, and then run!' I then turned and went back. Gary had dropped his hat in the road, and I found eight dollars for, and also my hat and boots and a fine dress coat. They gave the hat and boots and coat to negroes living on the roadside. I heard and gave out word that I would kill them all if they didn't bring them back. They brought them that same night, and I found them hanging on the wagon next morning. The revenue officers carried off my shawl and overcoat and kept them for their own use." (It was for attempt ing to recover this stolen property that Judge Mackey issued a bench warrant

for him for committing highway robbery. A MOONSHINER'S RAID. "The next day," continued Redmond. "I sent word to Barton that if he would return my horses and money and have my wagon mended, I would call all He refused to do it, so a few days later I raised a company of about twelve men from — Creek, and went to call on him. We rode all that night. It was very dark and we missed the way, and I rode into a cut in the railroad. It was very deep, and I had a hard fall. My horse fell on me and knocked my leg out of joint. I thought it was broken it hurt so, but I called to the boys to halt or they would ride in too. One of them was so close that as he wheeled his horse's hind legs slipped over the edge and threw dirt down on me. I heard one of them say, 'He is killed, let's go back home.' I found my horse was not hurt and told him to catch hold and pull as hard as he could. He did so, and my leg slipped back with a pop which I thought could have been heard a hunabout it. We had no light except them in trying to find our way. We got to Easley Station that night, and some

of the boys wanted to go on at once to I said not let us wait until day and go like men; I am no robber or horse thief, and what I do I propose to do by day light. They go in like dogs—don't let us do like them! We stayed at the station until daylight, and a man asked me had said when they started after me. I got some ammunition at Easley's, and we started down the road. One of the that our autobiographer has a grim sense of humor, and nothing ridiculous es-capes him under even the most serious circumstances.)

When we got nearly to Barton's house we saw a negro run in, and as we closed around the house I saw Barton steal out and crawl under it. Mrs. Barton came out wringing her hands and screaming but I told her not to be alarmed as I didn't want to hurt anybody. I asked where her husband was and she said he was in Greenville. I told her he was under the house, and asked her to call him out, She said I had come to kill him, but I

erty—my horses and wagon—and he re-plied that they were in Greenville, but that he would go there and get them, or I could send one of the boys for them. I told him I hadn't come for any foolishness, and would have them or his

REDMOND DEMANDS HIS OWN.

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He asked for a chair and started off to get one, but I ordered him to stand where he was. He then asked for a dry pair of socks, and I let him send and get them. I then told him I wanted my I said you know how much you stole from me—go and get it. (It was \$186.) He said I have a check on the bank for \$100. You can have that; it is all the money I have, and you can take my horses. I said I don't want your horses. Amos into their midst and drove off rapidly, and Redmond ceased firing for fear of killing his friend.

"I hadn't got Amos out yet," he continued, "so as they drove on I ran on down the fence by their side until they got to the next house, (Mr. Pepper's,) which was not far off, and then I heard them holler 'whoa!' and call for old man Pepper. Mr. Pepper started to bring out a light, but Barton ordered him not to bring it there. I was standing a few feet a light, but Barton ordered him not to presence of those witnesses if he desired bring it there. I was standing a few feet to pay me for what he had taken from from him in the darkness watching for a chance to rescue Amos, but could not tell him from the others. He had untied himself in the wagon, however, while we were fighting, and suddenly I heard some one holler, 'He's gone! he's gone!" last chance, so I took them. He, called and then several shots were fired, but I. some one holler, 'He's gone! he's gone!" last chance, so I took them. He called and then several shots were fired; but I a man who lived near him to witness knew that he had got off safely. I then that he gave up the horses freely, as I thought I would rush in and cut the had told him that I wouldn't take them on any other terms. I told him he had to pay Amos also six dollars he had tak-en from him the night of our capture, and he said he had no money to pay him with. Mrs. Barton said there was some loose silver in the house, and she went to get it, and counted out five dollars and gave it to Amos. He had lost his wages in my service, so I paid him the remain ing dollar afterwards out of my own pocket. Barton then brought out a jug of whiskey and offered to treat the crowd. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barton drank a little to show that it was all right, and one or two of the boys drank with them. I could not drink his whiskey after all that

had passed between us, but I had some of my own, and the rest of the boys THE VISIT TO EASLEY'S Mrs. Barton then went on to Easley' tation with us, and she and I talked to gether all the way. She is a good wo-man, and I was never so sorry for any one in my life as I was for her. She said man, and I was never so sory for any one in my life as I was for her. She said they were broken up completely, and had nothing to live on or to work with. When we got to Easley she had the check cashed and gave me one hundred dollars. I had been thinking of what she told me on the road, so I told her never mind about the eighty-six dollars; she might have that. It was not the money that I had cared for, I only didn't want to be robbed and abused. A crowd had collected at the station by this time and she was afraid to go home by herself. I sent one of my friends to keep her com-pany, and told her to keep the horses to help make bread for her and her chil-

The Raid on Gary and Hendricks-The

Pickens Jail Delivery. PICKENS C. H., June 29. Redmond's second and last raid was made against his own wishes, was concumstances under which he told his brief story concerning it deserve to be menioned for many reasons which will presently appear.

AN UNEXPECTED SENSATION. At the close of our first interview, on Tuesday afternoon, he accompanied my companion and myself to the foot of the mountain. Before we had reached tha point, however, and while we were sauntering quietly along the "trail," we were suddenly saluted with the summons "Halt and surrender! I am a revenue officer," which proceeded from the bushe on our right. At the same moment the sound of horses' feet was heard in the road in our front, and for a moment ! thought I was about to have an experience I had not bargained for. The voice was that of one friend, however, and the horse which quickly came into sight was bestrode by another, wherefore was spared any further sensation than the numerous unpleasant ones I had just felt in my mind in view of an anticipated The newcomers brought the skirmish. information that a squad of thirteen "Revenues" had just passed down the road, a mile or two distant, with a prisoner, a friend of Redmond's, in charge that they were in search of Redmond himself, and that they had divided for the purpose of "beating up" the neigh-borhood. Some of them might be expected any moment at the house nearest to us, (where I had left my buggy,) they much, so I got on him and rode down back to them. My leg was hurting very badly, so I called one of the boys to me panied us to the house and remained us to the house and the hou with us, and night had set in before he left us, and returned, by another route than that by which we had come, to the mountain. I was quite ill by this time in consequence of exposure to the hot sun, and of the unwonted and excessive matches, and burned about five boxes of exercise I had undergone in climbing but after supper I started again to find him. WHO CAN STAND THIS SORT OF LIFE?

It was so dark under the trees and in see my hand held within an inch of my face. My guides seemed to know the way by instinct, however, and one of them taking my arm they led me by a devious path which seemed endless, and only to lead into deeper and deeper darkwhere I was going. I replied, 'bird ness until we came to the appointed ren hunting!' That was what the officers dezvous. Here one struck a match and dezvous. Here one struck a match and lighted a small hand-lamp, and I learned for the first time that Redmond had joined us somewhere on the way. boys tried to prime his old flint and steel found seats on the ground or on rocks rifle as he galloped along, and he left a black trail of powder for half a mile! (The reader will doubtless have remarked while Redmond hastily ate the supper found seats on the ground or on rocks while Redmond hastily ate the suppe we had provided for him. I had brough kettle of coffee at the risk of my neck but he "never drank coffee," he said Meat there was in abundance, but he barrly tasted it. "It was very seldom that he ever touched it." He appeared ver, thoughtful, and spoke but once of twice during the repast. Once he said to me, "Who can stand this sort of life? It is enough to drive an innocent man t

THE SCENE WAS IMPRESSIVE and gloomy enough. We sat within a narrow circle of dim light, hedged in by a thick darkness that might have concealed an hundred enemies within as self, you wait a minute and I will show you what's the matter. Then some one in the foremost wagon fired at me two or three times and they all fell out of the wagon, and as they ran up the snow bank into the bushes I fired again. My gun was loaded with buckshot, and when I been raining and he was very muddy; been rai many feet from the lamp. The trees other or warnings to us, and the leaves looked strangely as they reflected the light from their under sides. The air

ban and expecting betrayal and a deathdealing volley out of the night at any moment! It could not have beer worse had we been on the frontier and surrounded by hostile Indians. Nor were these feelings confined to that little group out there in the forest. It was shared in kind by every household for miles around us. One of our party said: "There is not one man in ten in this neighborhood, be he guilty or innocent, who will sleep in his house to-night!" "And you say true," echoed every voice but mine, with-in his hearing. I, too, learned its truth

in part before many hours had passed.

THE BAID AFTER GARY. I reminded Redmond of my errand and his promise to tell me of his "raid" after Gary. "It was not my deing," he said. "I did not lead the party, and at first refused to go with them. They said they had gone with me when I needed them, and now I refused to help them when they needed me. So I went. Gary had broken up a still and behaved badly, and the man the still belonged to collec-ted the crowd and went to thrash him. I aid to them, 'He has done nothing to be killed for—this thing of killing a man won't do; but I will go with you, if you wish me, to get satisfaction for cutting up the still.' They said they did not intend to kill him, but only to 'rut the withe on him,' (i. e., whip him.) This was distinctly understood before we start. ed. We did not chase any revenue officers, but went directly to Gary's house at Liberty. We started one Monday after-noon about 1 o'clock and came back through Pickens Court House by 10 o'clock next morning. There would not have been anything said about this raid but for what was done at Hendricks' ouse. He was a brother of 'Van,' and the boys hearing that the overccat and shawl which they had stolen from me were in the house, determined to take them away. VISITING . HENDRICKS.

They found an overcoat, which several said was mine, but I did not think so, and would not take it. They tried to persuade me to do so, but I told them I would not wear another man's coat as long as I could buy one for myself. The shawl was not there, and one of the party was about to seize a saddle blanket in place of it, but I stopped him, and made him leave it where he found it. I told them that the officers had not stolen any-thing of the kind from me, and I would have nothing but what I knew was mine. I kept them from taking away several other things, and took nothing at all myself. The court met a few days after this, and a bench warrant was issued for me for stealing the two overcoats!"

JUDGE MACKEY'S PART. I have been informed by an off cer of the Court of Pickens County that when the charge was preferred in court against Redmond of having led this raid and of having taken the overcoats, the grand jury examined the witnesses and, finding no proof against him in either matter, returned to the court room and handed in a verdict of "No bill!" Judge Mackey at once sent them back with other witnesses, and again they returned with the same verdict. He sent them back the third time with the remark, "I sup-pose, gentlemen, you have not had enough witnesses," and seeing that he was determined to have it, they returned at last with an indictment. The proecedings in a grand jury room are, of course, secret, (?) but it is said in Pickens County that the evidence upon which dropped his hat in the road, and I found it and tore it all to pieces. He had my clares, is the only thing he has done for fold, to wit: First, that two overcoats drick's house; second, that Redmond was seen at Pickens Court House next day with the same party! On this alleged evidence "the Court" issued its bench varrant, ordering Redmond to be brought into its precincts dead or alive. A posse was accordingly sent after him, they dered, him to halt and surrender. Not knowing who they were or what they wanted, Redmond refused to obey, and they fired upon him and continued firing until he obtained shelter in the woods. Possibly being just men they did not try

to hit him-we may hope not, at any THE PICKENS JAIL DELIVERY had taken place on the Saturday, the 9th, preceding the ineffectual raid after dary, which took place Monday, the 11th, and of course Redmond, who did not lead the course he did no such thing. In point of fact, he was across the North Carolina when the jail was broken and knew nothing of it until he was informed of the occurrence. There are plenty of witnesses to prove that he was in North Carolina at the time, and, if this is not enough, Sheriff Mauldin is ready to testify that he was not in the party who rescued the prisoners from his keeping. But the timorous revenue offi-cers declared that "Redmond and his ang of forty or fifty men" had chased hem across the country for two days and of Easley Station; some one had evi-dently stolen their sacred overcoats from the (sometimes) inviolable sanctuary of a private dwelling; Judge Mackey and all the mighty revenue department were excited for the fate of the country, and an example must be made of somebody Who so suitable for the sacrifice as Redmond-the official revenue scapeguatthe raging ram presently to be caught in the thicket!

THE BATCH OF WARRANTS. I understand that at the same time the aforesaid bench warrant was issued for Redmond, four others were issued certain revenue officers who were also meanors. That one against Redmond, as we have seen, was very nearly put into fatal execution, and still hangs over his head; the others, I am informed, were ecalled before the court adjourned. Why were they issued, and why and when recalled? Lee not know.

ANOTHER 1 And while I am off my subject, let me inform the public of another bit of revenue history. I do not propose to defend those who broke into Pickens jail, but it may be as well to know, for the first time occasion. The rescued prisoners were Beasely, who was caught in an illicit still house; the other two were a father and years of age, and the son 16. Both were arrested at their homes, handcuffed, carried to Pickens and there lodged in jail to await trial. Their neighbors released them, and they returned to their homes and resumed their daily labor on the little farm from which they had been torn and marched off in disgrace. Re-arrested a little later by the county officer hey were carried before the commissioner and discharged, there being no evidence against them. So much for the Pickens jail delivery, of which one crime at least, gentlemen, I charge you to acquit the prisoner, Lewis R. Redmond.

JUDGE MACKEY!

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true character of the man; but the exerience was a novel one, to say the least. whose name had been long associated in my hearing with all manner of treachery 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 assured by a careful search of my person at the foot of the mountain, to which ceremony I submitted as a matter of right and reasonable precaution,) and there I 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 cheer 'Good morning" from him, and a simi lar salutation in return on my part, we were introduced in due form. Shaking my hand cordially, he invited me to a miling apology for the absence of better

"This gentleman has come three hundred miles to see you Major," said Mr. Fields. "He represents the best news-paper in the State, and has come to give

ne so far to see me." I do not remember what I said in re-sponse to this modest speech so modestly delivered. My amazed attention was

wholly taken up with the unexpected aparance of the youth whom I saw be-

NEITHER HOOFS NOE 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 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 non revirait at least of 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 be-traying him into danger. I may say, traying him into danger. I may say, however, that at my earnest request he permitted me to aketch his features before our starcing. 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

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, His frank, open manner, innocent look

Reporting to this gentleman without de-lay, an understanding was quickly had, and our plan of proceeding agreed upon to be carried into effect the same night.

Himself says he believes he can read a man's thoughts. I had not been very

After the funeral I still ke tently. Possessing in an eminent degree so far as he was concerned at least, him squarely in the eyes, and, turning my own lustrious 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

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 slid after him, and got up and scrambled and stambled and fell again and again until we reached the bottom of a gler where foot of man or beast hath never or rarely been, and where certainly depu-ties cease from troubling and even, a on the brink of a falling foaming stream whose waters, clear as air, revealed the ocky 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 draught which might have been likend to nectar flowing down from som illicit still run 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 sur-roundings the hunted outlaw told his tory while we sat and listened until the etting of the sun behind the mountain's crest and the approach of darkness ad-monished us to return to the outer world while as yet the devious path might be

THE OUTLAW'S TALE. The outlaw's tale was a long one, and as not completed in the first interview. It will not be possible to repeat it in the limits of one letter. It was taken down lmost verbatim, in short-hand, in a note pook 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." ne began, "but we removed to this State when I was quite young. My father was of warrants. I saw that he had the for old and infirm, and my mother was bed- a man named Southerly, but none for ridden. 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 sake of the rewards which have been ofsate of the rewards which have been of said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that fered for me—it is easier for them to make said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that their membry to that we than by working yard to night. I have other business.

You ought to give reacher the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that their membry to that we have the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will see Bre- I met him one day and he told me that the said 'I don't know that I will

assured from the unvarying good report about here, before the revenue laws were had received from his friends of the 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 plough-ing 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 disselling it in North Carolina. They found out that I was doing this, and a warrant

replied that it was

and concerning this well known affair he

I asked Duckworth about old times, Do you want to hear it read?' I said, me, and I thought he was joking. He was going to submit to it? I replied, 'If' you don't want me to handle the warrant, a let some of these fellows see it—that if a He says, 'I suppose you don't intend to submit to it?' I replied, 'I am willing to submit if you make me certain it is for

er traders could only command \$1. 'Red-mond Whiskey' soon became well known and was sought after by everybody, even the Revenues. I was always very liberal with my customers and have frequently set out a ten gallon keg for a 'treat,' and seen them drink every drop in a few hours. I have no doubt that I have 'treated' away fully 1,500 gallons in this way since I begun. I did not mind areating my friends, but I did hate to that a rascal, as I have often done, ugh I never said a word. The fact he added, "there is very little front in the business, and what with Posses and captures, and the risk of ar rest and imprisonment a man necessarily runs, it does not pay to follow it. I have not distilled a drop for three years, and have not sold any for over six

months.