

THE TRUE LIFE
OF
MAJ. REDMOND,

THE NOTORIOUS



Outlaw and Moonshiner.

By R. A. COBB,
Of Morganton, N. C.

RALEIGH, N. C.
EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO., Steam Printers and Binders,
1882

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1891
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THE TRUE LIFE

OF

Maj. Lewis Richard Redmond,

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THE NOTORIOUS

OUTLAW

AND FAMOUS

MOONSHINER,

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA,

WHO WAS

Born in Swain County, N. C., in the Year 1855, and Arrested
April 7th, 1881.

Written By

R. A. COBB, Deputy Collector of the Sixth District of
North Carolina, Morganton, N. C.

RALEIGH :

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & Co., Steam Printers and Binders.
1881.



HOME OF REDMOND—See pages 9 and 17.

PREFACE.

Feeling that it is but just to the subject of this sketch to place him aright before the public, I have undertaken the task of compiling the account of his varied and adventurous career, which follows.

Redmond has been greatly slandered by printers' ink. He has committed murder, he has violated the Internal Revenue laws systematically and with defiance; but he never did either the good things or the bad things which the lives heretofore published of him make him do.

One of those so-called lives, published in Philadelphia under the attractive title of "The Entwined Lives of Miss Gabrielle Austin and of Redmond the Outlaw, written by Bishop Crittenden, of North Carolina," is a hoax, and a fraudulent hoax, throughout. It is sufficient to say in regard to it that there is no Bishop Crittenden in North Carolina and that Redmond has no female acquaintance by the name of Gabrielle Austin. So that the "entwining" aforesaid is a pure matter of moonshine, originating in the back streets of the Quaker City by some poor penman hungry for bread.

There are many sorts of lies, as we all know. Great writers have classified and illustrated the different species; but the lie of the dime novel, the lie written to feed a hungry belly by some starving hack, who harrasses a diseased imagination for the substitute of facts—that type of the lie carries with it such a cry for charity that even good men smile, pity, and pass it by.

In this blood-and-thunder pamphlet Redmond kills a United States Commissioner, Irwin C. McDowell, in the post-office at Asheville, N. C., kills the Hon. Arthur Spates, a Judge of the Circuit Court, in the court-house at Franklin, Macon county, and has a Charleston company of infantry and the "Charlotte Grays" detailed by Governors Vance and Hampton to capture him.

Now there is a post-office at Asheville and there is a court-house at Franklin and the names of the Governors are right, the rest is a bad sort of a lie badly told. In fact, there is a murder to the page of this little pamphlet, and when horrors have actually palled upon the composer, he quits with this amusing entry :

“ RECAPITULATION.

Number of men killed from September 15, 1867, to October 4, 1878, by the band of which I am a leader, 227.

Number of men killed in whose death I am directly concerned—54.

Number of United States Marshals killed—12.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—This list, up to the date given, is a correct one; but in the past few months Redmond has shot, and either killed or seriously wounded many more. Up to the hour of publication he had not been captured. To give anything like a detailed account of Redmond's many adventures, narrated with great fidelity in the manuscript placed in Miss Austin's hands, would be impossible in a volume of this size; we have therefore selected some of the most prominent, and give them in a condensed form.]”

I have not time to speak more of this print, which grossly libels the people of my native mountains. It is the life of an outlaw, but not the kind of outlaw Major Redmond is, whose work I have for it that, while he may deserve the Albany penitentiary, he ought not to be paraded in print as a second Murrell.

He has never baby farmed or advertised himself in the *Herald* as having studied abortion in Paris, followed by an appeal for patients. He never knew Mary Stinard, as her pastor and guide, and would really have given poor Jennie Cramer a helping hand on that dark night by the sea-beach.

His killing has been confined to men, and to men in open daylight with guns in their hands. He would beg his Philadelphia publishers to make him a remittance and to confine their enterprise for the future to that part of our broad domain which is more fruitful of matter for the uses of “*Illustrated Covers*,” than the plain but proud Old North State can ever hope to be.

In conclusion, whatever is herein set down hath at least this merit: It is the tale as told me by Redmond himself. I give it as I got it.

THE AUTHOR.

THE TRUE LIFE

OF

Maj. LEWIS R. REDMOND.

Major Lewis R. Redmond's Parentage—His Early Life, Disposition, Habits and Marriage—Aspiration to be Called a Bully by his Comrades.

While the lives of hundreds of men have been written and eagerly sought after by those who spend sleepless nights poring over the pages with as much zeal as the miser does in delving after hidden treasures, and after those books have been read and reread, we are at a loss to know whether there ever lived such a man as the hero, and whether the mighty deeds so vividly portrayed by word and illustration, are true or false. In presenting this work to my readers, I propose to give the truth, and not fiction.

Maj. Lewis Richard Redmond was born in the county of Macon, now Swain county, North Carolina. His father's name was Richard Redmond, his mother's name was Rusk. Major Redmond was born in the year 1855, making him at the time of his last capture twenty-six years old. His education is quite limited. In fact, a near relative of his informs me that he has known him from infancy; that he never went to school a day in his life; that he never manifested any fondness for books from childhood to the present, but that his mind always seemed to run in a different direction. His disposition has always been wild and roving. He has never been satisfied long at any one place.

Richard Redmond, the Major's father, lived in Swain

county until Major Redmond was seven years old. He then moved to Transylvania county, where he lived until the year 1870. About this time the Major's father and mother both died. He then courted a Miss Ladd, whom he afterwards married. His wife was born and reared in Transylvania county, North Carolina. Before they were married some suspicions arose in the neighborhood that Redmond and Miss Ladd were too intimate for people who were not married. Redmond, having some apprehension that the law might be enforced, went to South Carolina, where he and Miss Ladd were afterwards married. They have lived together ever since. Two children were born to them before marriage; they lived together from the time they were married in South Carolina until the year 1877, when they moved from South Carolina to Swain county, North Carolina.

Major Redmond is six feet high, weighed when arrested 190 pounds, is of rather dark complexion, with black hair and moustache, blue eyes, with a pleasant countenance and a commanding appearance. He is one of those men who once seen is never forgotten. Redmond also possesses the tact of exerting a powerful influence over men, and especially young men, whose character is not formed, and whose habits are not fixed. He is fully aware of the famous reputation that has gone abroad about him, and seems to take pride in the name of "Redmond, the outlaw."

On all occasions he seems to exert himself to sustain his reputation as a bully among his followers. It is his custom when any person manifests a desire to form his acquaintance, to introduce himself thus: "Sir, you say you want to form the acquaintance of Maj. Redmond, the outlaw. This is the man! I am Maj. Redmond, the famous outlaw of whom you have heard so much talk; the man who has killed so many men! Sir, take a good look at me, so you will know me the next time you see me." Men who are familiar with his life, say that when he introduces himself

to a stranger or any person whom he would be likely to come in contact with at any time, he endeavors to expand his muscles and cause his personal appearance to present as formidable an aspect as possible.

Redmond has not only gained a well earned State reputation as the king of "moonshiners," but has a national reputation. Soon after the last capture and arrest of Maj. Redmond in Swain county, North Carolina, the following appeared in the *Police News*, a newspaper published in the city of New York, which I herewith quote to give the reader some idea of the reputation of the subject of this volume. When Redmond was arrested, comments were made and long articles appeared in nearly all the leading newspapers throughout the United States:

(Comments from the *Police News* of the 7th May, 1881.)

"Major Lewis R. Redmond, the Outlaw, Captured—The Famous Moonshiner, the American Robin Hood, at last in Jail, with six Bullet Wounds."

"Maj. Lewis R. Redmond, the notorious moonshiner and outlaw, who has so long and so successfully evaded arrest, has at last been captured. He was placed in Asheville jail on Monday the 25th April, being taken to that place from the mountains by a guard of six men. He fought like a tiger for his freedom, and carried in his body six bullet wounds, the result of his obstinate resistance. Redmond is really the king moonshiner of the United States. He is a Georgian by birth, and is only 27 years old. He and his father both have been engaged in Transylvania county, North Carolina, in the distillation of illicit whiskey. The old man attended to the distillery while Redmond Jr. travelled about and sold the proceeds of the old man's labor. The Major's first notorious crime was the murder near Brevard in Transylvania county, North Carolina, in the spring of 1875, of United States Deputy Marshal Duckworth. Redmond agreed to surrender to Duckworth, and when the

latter lowered his pistol, Redmond drew his pistol and shot him through the throat, producing death in a few hours. A price of 600 dollars was soon after put upon his head. His headquarters have been in South Carolina, in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, near the junction of the White Waters and Toxaway rivers, where his log cabin could be approached only by two narrow mountain paths. Shortly after this change of base, over 500 able bodied mountaineers were organized in this wild country under the lead of Redmond's dare-devil spirit, who heralded every approach of the revenue officers by beacon fires at night, using signal horns by day. Spies have been mercilessly shot or hung. In the winter of 1876 Deputy Marshals Bastin, Moore and Gray, with two citizens, captured Redmond by an ambush, but he escaped from them, borrowed a gun, and shot Bastin and another man. Bastin was badly wounded, and before he recovered, Redmond visited his residence and proposed to hang him. He confiscated Bastin's horse and one hundred dollars in money, and was satisfied to depart after Bastin promised never to molest him again. Capt. E. G. Hoffman had good success in bringing in some members of Redmond's gang, but the outlaw chief continued at large, although rewards aggregating fifteen hundred dollars were offered for him. Three years ago the State militia was called out to pursue him, but accomplished nothing. The full details of his escapes from revenue officers would fill a volume.

"In September, 1878, Redmond married Miss Bell Ladd, one of his numerous mistresses. At the time of her marriage she was the mother of two children, of whom Redmond claims to be the father. Of the extent of Redmond's power and influence some opinion may be formed from the fact that 378 of his followers plead guilty to illicit distilling at one term of the Federal Court, and as many more were released on bond.

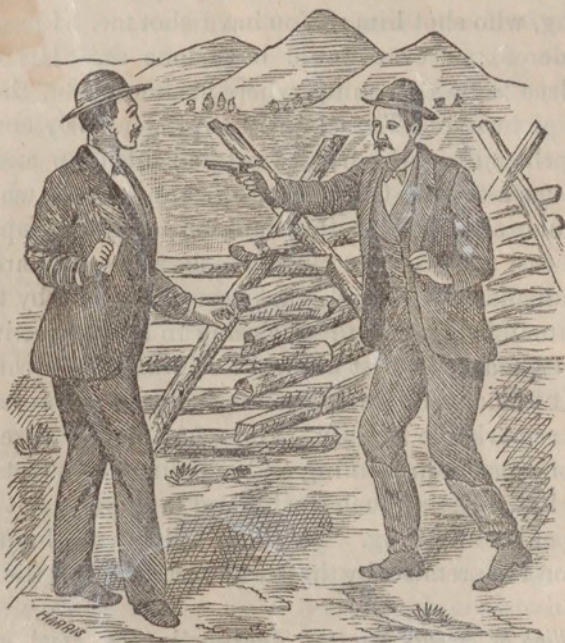
"The circumstances of Redmond's capture were as follows:

He was at his house, when some revenue officers went to arrest him, they having concealed themselves in the bushes near by, but being soon detected by Redmond's dogs, Redmond took his gun and went to investigate the matter, when he was hailed by the party to halt. He immediately raised his gun to shoot, but was fired upon by the officers, some of whose balls took effect, and will in all probability result in his death. He said to Deputy Marshal Ray and his gang, who shot him: 'You have shot me. I have never surrendered, nor ever would have done so.' His capture took place in Swain county, where his house is on the banks of the picturesque Tennessee River, ingeniously ensconced among the cliffs. His front yard had this deep and rapid stream for a fence. On the south is a mountain, whose perpendicular side next to the house is entirely impassable. On the east and west are cliffs, which, while they are not so perpendicular nor so high, had never been trod by the foot of a human being, and these, closing in and projecting over the river, make the best natural fortification one can imagine. It this natural enclosure are about six acres of alluvial soil of remarkable fertility. Here, for the last three years Redmond has been farming and enjoying the sweets of domestic happiness, if such a wild and tameless spirit can be said to enjoy anything. No illicit stills were found anywhere on the premises by those who accomplished the arrest."

The Killing of Deputy Marshal Duckworth—The First Important Event of Redmond's Wonderful Life.

The first time we saw the name of Maj. Lewis R. Redmond heralded from fireside to cross-roads, from town to city, then over the telegraph wires throughout our great nation, was in consequence of his killing Deputy Marshal Duckworth, near Brevard, in Transylvania county. In the year 1876, Redmond, as has been said, was engaged in illicit distilling. He had frequently sent word to the officers that distilling

whiskey was a privilege that he had a perfect right to, and that he intended to make whiskey at all hazards, and defied the officers to molest him under pain of death. Redmond, being guilty of illicit distilling and retailing whiskey, which was contrary both to the State and United States laws, a warrant was issued for his arrest and placed in the hands of Deputy Marshal Duckworth, who felt it to be his duty as an



THE KILLING OF DUCKWORTH.

officer of the Government to execute the warrant and bring Redmond before a United States Commissioner to answer the charges against him. Consequently Duckworth proceeded to arrest Redmond, and in doing so he told Redmond he had a warrant for him charging illicit distilling, whereupon Redmond replied that it was all right—that he would go with him and give him no trouble, but that he (Duck-

worth) must not take his pistol away from him. The two men started off quietly together, and Redmond making such fair promises, Duckworth had confidence in his word, and was in the act of putting the warrant in his pocket and his pistol in its sheath, when Redmond drew his pistol in an instant and shot Duckworth through the neck, the ball striking Duckworth's collar button, and killing him instantly. There being no one near at this moment, Redmond made his escape to the mountains.

From the Killing of Duckworth Redmond Gains Great Notoriety as a King Moonshiner and Notorious Outlaw.

After the killing of Duckworth Major Redmond gained great reputation as a desperate character. All men, after they form a character for bravery, and have success in their undertakings, whether good or bad, invariably have followers. This was the case with Major Redmond. The killing of Duckworth gave him a reputation for bravery among his brother mountainers, who consequently regarded him as their leader, as in fact he was regarded by all the moonshiners of Western North Carolina and South Carolina. From that time on he enlisted under his banner a host of ruffians of like passions with himself, and these, organized into a band, made a formidable resistance to all officers of the law. When any attempt was made to interfere with the illicit distillation of whiskey in Western North Carolina, or the northern part of South Carolina, Redmond had only to sound the signal and his warriors were ready to march at a moment's notice. For five or six years any attempt on the part of the officers to arrest Redmond or any of his gang was considered a forlorn hope and a hazardous undertaking.

Redmond in South Carolina Baffles all Efforts to Arrest him by State Authorities.

Redmond, after the killing of Duckworth, extended his erritory to a much larger field. Instead of appearing in

Transylvania county and a few adjoining counties, he operated in South Carolina and in Georgia. He became known in South Carolina as a desperate character and outlaw, and baffling all ordinary attempts to arrest him, and his illicit whiskey dealing became a nuisance to the good citizens of the State. The authorities being anxious to rid its citizens of this outlaw and his traffic in whiskey, the State authorities offered the sum of six hundred dollars for the apprehension and arrest of Redmond, but this failed to secure his arrest. A portion of the State militia was afterwards called out to secure the arrest of Redmond, which force had a number of encounters with him, but his sagacious mind, keen perception and alluring manners baffled all their skill and generalship, and at last left the Major lord of all he surveyed, king of the woods and cock of the walk. Thus, after the skill of the State militia was exhausted, the State authority was at an end. In 1878, however, a squad of revenue officers from South Carolina pursued and captured Redmond with his wagon and team, loaded with illicit whiskey, and feeling so confident that their long-sought prey was secure, Redmond, with his characteristic shrewdness, took advantage of an unguarded moment and again made his escape to the mountains, leaving his wagon, team and whiskey to be dealt with as the law might direct. In pursuit of him by the revenue officers they mistook Redmond's brother-in-law for Redmond himself, and endeavoring to arrest him, as he belonged to the outlaw band, he offered that same stern resistance which Redmond was accustomed to do himself. He was shot and killed on the ground in attempting to make his escape. This occurrence, which resulted in the death of one of his gang, and also one that he mainly relied upon when he had a big undertaking to perform, Redmond felt deeply, and was greatly enraged thereat.

Our outlaw had by this time become convinced that he would be executed if ever taken, and the terror which his

name caused among the peaceable people of the neighborhood where he might happen to reside, was, perhaps, the one gratification of his life at this time. It was in the highest degree satisfying to his rude vanity when he witnessed the travail of poor abject souls who heard his name pronounced by himself, on some secluded mountain road, on which he might be met at almost any time, going to or returning from some visit to the many illicit distilleries of which he was the *Cerberus*.

Redmond in the State of Georgia.

Raven county, Ga., is one of the most noted counties in that State for illicit distilling and resistance to officers. Major Redmond's fame had ere this time reached this section. He therefore thought this locality would afford a fine field for him to operate in, and to pursue his much cherished occupation of illicit distilling, and changed his base of operations, for the time being, to this new field. All went on very well for a while, but, unfortunately for Redmond, Raven county was supplied with field officers, and Redmond, not being a native of the State, these men told him he would have to be content with a Lieutenant's place; but this did not suit the outlaw's ambitious disposition. If he could not be the biggest man in the woods, he was not content with being second in command. Hence, after thoroughly surveying the ground, he decided that his native State, and the hills of Western North Carolina and upper South Carolina, afforded a finer field for him to operate in. Further still, these Georgia moonshiners, being familiar with his fame, had become jealous of him, and thinking, too, that his presence in their midst might operate against their illicit distilling, they failed to give him that encouragement which he expected to receive at their hands. After making two or three unsuccessful attempts to establish what he considered to be his rights, and that honor which he thought his just

merit, and after making several narrow escapes from capture by the revenue officials, Redmond made his way back to South Carolina. I have no reliable information which induces me to believe that during his residence in Georgia he was guilty of any greater offence against law or morals than the making of blockade whiskey. The following sensational account of a supposed incident in his Georgia career is wholly without foundation, as I have the best of reasons for knowing. It is taken from one of several sensational lives of Lewis Redmond, to which reference has been made in the first part of this little volume. As a lie out of the whole cloth it deservedly ranks high, and in that connection alone it is offered :

[From Bishop Crittenden's Life of Redmond, pages 76 and 77.]

"Redmond has a Desperate and Bloody Encounter with Deputy United States Marshal Edward Findley, at Shallow Ford, Ga., on the Banks of the Chattahoochie River—He is wounded Several times, but finally Kills Findley.

Redmond had sworn to kill Deputy Marshal Edward Findley, for the unprovoked and cowardly murder of one of his lieutenants in the jail at Asheville. Findley belonged in Hall county, Georgia, and had the reputation of being a brave and desperate man. After his discharge by Commissioner McDowell he returned to his home, and thither Redmond followed him, but did not succeed in meeting him. Five years passed away, and Findley had probably forgotten the whole matter. Redmond, however, still harbored revengeful feelings toward the deputy marshal, and swore that if he ever met him, he would have his life, or give up his own.

It so happened that the fourth day of July, 1874, was to be celebrated by the residents of Gainesville, the seat of Hall county, Ga., in an unusually patriotic manner. Redmond was in the neighborhood and determined to join in the festivities. With this object in view he mounted his

horse early in the morning, and rode toward the town. He crossed the Chattahoochie river at Shallow Foard, and was ascending the bank on the Gainesville side, when he espied Findley riding toward him. Drawing his pistol, Redmond awaited the approach of his enemy.

When he was in range he fired, and put spurs to his horse to dash forward. Findley returned the fire and also pushed forward his horse. Thus they approached each other, still firing. Redmond was wounded once in the left shoulder, but still kept firing. In this way they emptied the contents of their pistols and neither had been killed. By this time they were as close to each other as it was possible to force their panting and frightened horses.

"I've sworn to have your life!" cried Redmond, springing to the ground and drawing a huge bowie-knife.

"Take it then!" was Findley's defiant reply, also jumping to the ground.

Both were determined, and with flashing eyes and distended nostrils they confronted each other, knife in hand, and watched for an advantage.

"I am Redmond!" cried the outlaw.

"That don't frighten me!" sneeringly replied Findley, who was bleeding from a bullet wound in his cheek. "Come on!"

Redmond sprang forward and the two men closed in a terrible conflict. Their bright knives flashed in the sunlight, and anon dripped with blood. It was a frightful combat. At first neither man seemed to have the advantage. Finally an adroit thrust from Redmond broke Findley's guard, and the keen knife entered to the hilt in the deputy marshal's breast. It was a mortal wound, and with a gasp of despair Findley fell to the ground. Redmond sprang toward him and completed the act by drawing the keen edge of his knife across the wounded man's throat. He was wounded himself in many places, but managed to reach one of the branch distilleries, where he remained until his wounds healed.

Redmond Again in South Carolina—His Friends Advise him to Seek Other Locality for his Field of Operations.

In the year 1878 Redmond was again in South Carolina, and upon arriving in that State, he of course assumed command of his old veterans, consisting of desperadoes and moonshiners, and having such resources at his command he felt all confidence in his ability to accomplish anything that he saw proper to undertake. After holding a council of war with his colleagues, it was decided to establish a regular line of communication between the moonshiners of Western North Carolina and the whiskey dealers of upper South Carolina. Redmond set about to find men in whom he could place all confidence—men who lived along the line between where the whiskey was made and where it was to be sold. He soon succeeded in effecting this arrangement and a regular line for the transportation of illicit whiskey was established from East Tennessee down the Tennessee River through Swain, Jackson, Macon and Transylvania counties, N. C., into South Carolina. This arrangement continued for about two years in successful operation before any suspicion arose that such a traffic was going on, or if any suspicion did prevail, the name of Redmond at the head of it was enough for those people to know, that caused them to keep it a profound secret. But as all unlawful transactions and evasions of the law must come to naught sooner or later, this wholesale traffic in illicit whiskey was finally detected by the revenue officers. The first encounter the officers had with Redmond on this line was in the year 1879. They overtook him about the North and South Carolina line with a wagon heavily loaded with blockade whiskey and seized his wagon and team; but Redmond, with that determination to evade the law and to escape from justice at all hazards, made his escape, barely saving his life, as the officers fired a number of carbines at him while running. His lines now being broken, he was at a loss to know

what course to follow, but his strong determination was not to be baffled by small difficulties. He soon recovered from this loss and began operations on the same line on a more extensive scale with probably a few changes in his places of deposit of whiskey. About this time or soon after, some of his kinsfolk, being a little more considerate than himself and foreseeing the difficulty that Redmond was likely to bring upon himself and his friends, persuaded him to change his base and occupy a different field, as his movements were becoming known to all classes in that section. His friends and kinsfolk proposed to him if he would leave the country and emigrate where he was not known, they would give him a wagon, team and outfit for travel. He agreed to do so, and was soon on his way going, as his friends thought, to parts unknown. Three days' travel, however, brought him to Swain county, on the Tennessee River, one of the most mountainous and rugged portions of Western North Carolina. This was near the spot where he was born and where he spent most of his boyhood days. After careful consideration Redmond decided that the place was especially adapted to the business that he wished to pursue—namely, illicit distilling and evading the revenue officers, he set about to secure and make all necessary arrangements. The land then belonged to Mr. T. N. Freeman, to whom he represented his wish to lease the same for the purpose of engaging in stock raising, promising at the same time to put some improvements on the land. He leased the land for three years, built a small cabin and cleared a small patch for a garden. Being thus cut off from the world, he was permitted to enjoy the even tenor of his way for a length of time, but, like a young lion, could not be content in so small a cage as the one he now occupied.

Redmond again in North Carolina, his Native State, where he Continued to Live Until his last Arrest.

When leaving South Carolina at the solicitation of friends and kinsfolk, Redmond was careful to make the impression on all that he was going to parts unknown; but when they next heard from him, he was near his old home in Swain county, on the bank of the Tennessee river. As I stated in the preceding chapter, Redmond represented to Freeman that his object in coming to this place was for the purpose of farming and raising stock. He went to work, built him a cabin out of logs twenty feet square, a small barn for his stock, which was the extent of his improvements, and with the exception of a small patch he cleared as a blind to leave the impression he was farming for a living. After selecting this secluded spot, which cut him off from the world and the balance of mankind, his name he thought would soon be forgotten, and his deeds would be remembered against him no more; but when we would do well, evil is always before us. Redmond, in his quiet little log cabin, began to reason within himself thus: To raise corn on these rugged hills at 25 cents per bushel is nonsense, to raise stock would necessitate my coming in contact with the outside world to sell these stock, but to make illicit whiskey I can be cut off from the world, and only have intercourse with men of like disposition with myself. And so the next we hear of Maj. Redmond, he has a large illicit distillery in full operation on the bank of the Tennessee River, within a mile of his house. His fame as a desperado and outlaw soon followed him. His friends and sympathizers flocked to him, and he was at once proclaimed their leader. His gang was again organized, while blockade distilling commenced all over the county at once. When any attempt was made on the part of the officers to detect and suppress illicit distilling, these moonshiners all took shelter under Redmond's wing for

protection, and Swain county from 1879 up to the time Redmond was arrested, April 7th, 1881, was considered one of the worst blockading counties in Western North Carolina. It was considered more dangerous by the officers to execute



HOME OF REDMOND.

the law there than in any section of the State, and this arose principally from the character Maj. Redmond had acquired. We would not, however, have our readers to believe that

Redmond was guilty of all that was charged to have been done by him. It is similar to a General in the army, whatever desperate deeds are done by the soldiers under his command, whether done within his knowledge or not, the whole is charged to the General, and he is held personally responsible for them all. The same applies to Maj. Redmond. He was the acknowledged chief of the moonshiners, and any violation of the law, such as distilling, selling and resisting officers in that section went to the account of Redmond, the outlaw; and we think justly so, as his fame as a desperate character was heralded all over the country, and an officer was considered in great danger who incurred his displeasure. This gave boldness and energy to all the moonshiners. Consequently in the section of country where Redmond operated it was almost impossible to execute the laws, and while many good citizens would have been glad to have had the illicit traffic in whiskey put down, yet they could not afford to incur the displeasure of Redmond or any of his followers, upon pain of death or great private injury. Those moonshiners had so much faith in Redmond's ability to protect them that they would make threats against any man who dared to report them, and would carry the same out at the risk of their lives. In this way it was impossible for the officers to get any clue leading to the detection and suppression of illicit distilling in the Redmond territory.

Redmond at a Baptist Association in Swain County.

The following incident I have from a reliable party, who was present and witnessed the whole scene:

It is common in the western part of North Carolina for members of Baptist churches to have annually what they call an Association—something similar to a Methodist Conference or a Presbyterian Synod. There the delegates of all the churches meet together and transact the business pertaining to the welfare of their churches. These

meetings invariably bring together a large concourse of people, and on one such occasion, in the summer of 1880, in Swain county, North Carolina, Redmond presented himself, and after the hour for service was over, very cordially invited all persons who wished to buy some good blockade whiskey to come out to the woods with him and he would sell them as much as they wanted. A United States Commissioner, who came to hear preaching, was present. Redmond at once discovered him, and with his gang offered every insult imaginable in order to bring on a row; but the Commissioner saw that the odds were all against him, that Redmond was armed and prepared for a fight, and to avoid any difficulty, was forced, with a friend, to make a premature ride from the church to Charleston the same evening, and several hours sooner than they would have done. Thus you see that a man with Redmond's reputation, and following the life that he did, loses all fear of God, respect for religion, and regard for his fellow-man.

Capt. A. C. Bryan and his Squad of Special Force in Pursuit of Redmond in the Winter of 1879.

Letters being frequently sent to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington, D. C., for relief by the good citizens of Western North Carolina, stating that the illicit traffic in whiskey was assuming large proportions, and that it was becoming a source of great annoyance to the better class of citizens, from the fact that those moonshiners had become so bold in their illicit traffic they had bid defiance to the civil authorities, and rendered the law powerless. These letters were referred to Dr. J. J. Mott, Collector of the Sixth District of North Carolina. Dr. Mott resolved at once to render such aid as he had at his command, to relieve the citizens of this alleged annoyance, and, if possible, to stop illicit distilling in that section. He therefore dispatched Capt. A. C. Bryan, who was in charge of a strong special

force, with instructions to make a thorough canvass in all the Western counties, to destroy all the illicit distilleries he could find, to aid the marshals in bringing all the moonshiners to a speedy trial before the proper tribunals, and if possible to capture Redmond, the outlaw, and all of his followers. Bryan reached the vicinity of where Redmond lived and was operating early in the spring of 1879, and went to a distillery said to belong to Maj. Redmond. It was afterwards ascertained that he was a partner in this distillery, but by the aid of his spies and by signals given, when the officers were approaching the outlaw made his escape into the woods about twenty minutes before Bryan reached the distillery, which he found in full operation. Bryan and his squad captured in the distillery at work a man by the name of Walls, who was long obstinate and positively refused to surrender, and had to be taken by force. He swore that he was attending to his own business and that no man had any right to interfere with him.

The feeling which dominates in the breasts of all such men is admirably voiced in the following interview had with Redmond. Speaking for his class he said, or is supposed to have said :

“The custom of distilling liquor from grain and fruit is one immemorial in the western portion of my native State. The people are a hardy, resolute body, and are continually warring with nature for subsistence. A lack of communicative facilities with the outside world necessitates the conversion of our staple products into the smallest possible bulk. As is well known, our principal products are fruit and corn. These are taken to market in the shape of distilled liquor. Before the war there was no tax upon liquors, and when the Federal Congress imposed a duty as a means of affording revenue to pay the interest on the enormous war debt, the burden fell heavily on these hardy mountaineers. For reasons which I shall not here attempt to explain, it is impossible for the small farmers to pay the tax

on distilled liquors with profit to themselves. But they must live, and they can only live as their fathers lived before them, by growing corn and fruit, distilling it into liquor, and selling it to the outside world, free of tax. I believe the law taxing liquor an unjust and tyrannical imposition. We have a right to protest against laws which injure us. If our protest is not heeded, the document which declared us a free and independent nation instructs us to exercise our right and duty, and 'throw off such government,' and the men who are associated with me believe that the law which forbids us to manufacture the products of our own land without first paying the government a tax thereon unjust. We believe that we are right in resisting this law, and to resist it we have mutually pledged to each other 'our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.'"

*R. A. Cobb and Squad of Special Force in Pursuit of Redmond in
February, 1881.*

Redmond remained at ease at his favorite occupation from 1879 to 1881, when Capt. Cobb, in charge of the special force, in February, 1881, made a raid into Swain county, where it was reported Redmond was entrenched and operating an illicit distillery.

On the night of the 28th of February, 1881, Cobb and his force left Charleston, Swain county, at 11 o'clock, for Redmond's house, which they reached about 3 o'clock in the morning. Near the house they dismounted and left their horses in the woods—the mountains where Redmond lived being so rugged it was impossible to ride. The men had to crawl on their knees most of the way, and the ground being frozen very hard, it was impossible to avoid making some noise. When within fifty yards of the house Redmond's dogs, being trained to the business, discovered the men and gave the alarm. In an instant the moonshiner sprang from his bed and made his escape through a small

door or hole in the rear of his house. He did not have time to even get his pants, boots or coat, but left all behind. The men called to his wife to make a light, which she did very reluctantly. As soon as the light was made the men rushed into the house, but Redmond had made good his retreat in a laurel thicket, from which he called to the men saying: "I will let you off this time without hurting you, but the next time you come back I will be better prepared for you." The men started in the direction of where they thought Redmond was, when he fired two shots at them, which they returned, but no damage was done, and the night being very dark, and Redmond having all advantage of the location, further attempt to pursue him that night was deemed unwise.

The force then came back to Charleston, where Cobb organized for a second attack, having by this time become more familiar with the country, and having secured the services of some additional help. Pending this arrangement Capt. Cobb received a dispatch that the special force was discontinued, and all the job was then turned over to the deputy marshal of Swain county, who carried out the plans as agreed upon by Capt. Cobb, which resulted in the arrest of Major Lewis R. Redmond, the outlaw.

The Arrest of Maj. Lewis R. Redmond, April 7th, 1881, by United States Deputy Marshal K. S. Ray and his Guard.

From the information obtained through the raid just made by Captain Cobb and his squad of special force, Mr. Ray, a Deputy Marshal, who was also in the company with Cobb when the first attempt was made to arrest Redmond, took up the same arrangement, and employing the same guides that were engaged to assist Cobb, left Charleston on the 6th day of April, 1881, on foot, with three days' rations. The party reached the vicinity of where Redmond lived about sunset, and concealed themselves in the woods in

sight of his house, and remained there until daylight next morning, when Redmond's dogs discovered them and began to bark, whereupon Redmond took his gun and went to inquire into the cause. Redmond came within thirty yards of where the men were concealed, when one of the men



THE CAPTURE OF REDMOND.

commanded him to halt. At this Redmond threw his gun in a position to fire, when a shot was fired on the opposite

side of him. At this time Redmond realized the situation and started to run, when two shots struck his gun and caused one barrel to explode. He did not run far before he fell, but he sufficiently recovered to make a distance of half a mile, having six balls shot into him. He became so exhausted by the loss of blood that he was compelled to surrender. When the party came up with him he was standing supported by a tree, but soon became very sick from the effect of the wounds, and had to be carried to his house in a sheet. His wife seemed to have as much nerve as her husband and bore the shock with great calmness and composure. Redmond was taken to his house and received every attention from the men who arrested him that the surrounding circumstances would admit of. A physician was at once called in—Dr. Lyle, of Macon county, who rendered all the assistance possible, but with all the doctor thought he could not recover. Yet his strong constitution and a determined will survived the shock, and after he remained six days at his house he sufficiently recovered to be removed to Charleston and from Charleston he was taken to Asheville in an ambulance, where he was committed to jail in due form of law. He received every attention from the kind jailor, Col. W. R. Young, that could possibly have been expected.

Some apprehensions prevailed that he would be released by his numerous sympathizers and friends, from which a guard of four men was placed at the jail, to prevent any successful attempt to release him. He seemed to bear his confinement with as much composure as it is possible for a man to do that has passed the wild and roving life of Redmond. He seemed to appreciate any little act of kindness that was done or tendered to him. During the Federal Court many conjectures were rife among the masses as to what disposition would be made of Redmond's case. His trial was continued from day to day by the Court, thinking that he would sufficiently recover from his wounds to be able to

be brought into Court and arraigned before the bar of justice, to be tried by the laws of his country, for the many deeds alleged to have been done by him. At the Spring term of Court, 1881, bail was fixed in the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars for his appearance at the Fall term of said Court, where it is to be expected an impartial trial will be had before an intelligent court and jury, and if twelve of his countrymen shall decide, after hearing the evidence, that Redmond, the outlaw, is guilty of violating the laws of his country, judgment will be prayed, if not a verdict of not guilty will be pronounced.

Redmond While in Jail Manifests Great Care and Affection for His Wife and Little Children.

I visited Maj. Redmond while in jail frequently and he never failed to speak in the kindest terms of his wife and children at home, and his greatest punishment while in jail was his absence from his home, and his greatest care seemed to be for his little babe. He regretted so much he could not get to see it, but from the character he has established it would seem contrary to his nature to manifest any affection for even his wife and children; but it is said of the great warrior Napoleon after he had conquered nations and caused gallons of blood to be spilt on hundreds of battle fields and had the homage of kings, and potentates, but when he came home and found his little babe lying cold in death, and with his own impress on its tender cheeks, the great warrior and general clasped his hands to his face and bathed his eyes in tears and exclaimed: Oh, my son, my son! So parental care and affection is the same in every condition in life, whether among civilized nations, heathens, savages or outlaws, it is a natural instinct and wisely so for the parents to care for their offspring, either in human or animal kingdom.

Redmond's Financial Condition.

Judging from the reputation that Maj. Redmond has as an incessant blockader, and that he has continued in the business for the last ten or fifteen years, one would think that he had accumulated a nice little fortune during this time. But the experience of all violators of the law in the traffic of illicit whiskey is, the longer a man continues to engage in it the poorer he becomes. Redmond now lives on a small rugged tract of land, a part of it so steep that no human foot has ever trod its surface, and even this tract is owned by another man. His dwelling house is a small log cabin fifteen by twenty feet. The cracks are stopped by mud and straw and yet are open enough for the winter winds to pass through. Two scanty beds for himself and three children supply the furniture. Many an African so surrounded would think he was poorly fixed. A small crib with a rail pen for his stock to shelter under represents his barn. One mule and two oxen make up the stock in trade owned by Maj. Redmond after being engaged incessantly in the traffic of illicit whiskey without suspension since the war. The poor accommodations about his premises may be taken as a criterion of what fortune has in store for all men who pursue a like occupation with Redmond.

A Word of Advice to all Moonshiners, Outlaws, and Persons who Engage in any way in the Illicit Traffic of Whiskey.

In conclusion, permit me to add a word of advice to all persons who are inclined to violate the law in order to evade paying the tax which is levied upon whiskey by the government. The Jews, when our Saviour was on earth, endeavored to entrap him, thinking they would prove his disloyalty to their government by asking him if it was lawful to pay tribute unto Cæsar or not. He called for a piece of

money ; he asked them whose superscription it had on it ; they told him, " Cæsar's." He said unto them, " Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto to God the things that are God's." Therefore all good citizens should do likewise, living in the glorious land of freedom that we do, and enjoying the religious and political liberty, having the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and after enjoying all the inestimable privileges and blessings heaped upon us as American people, we certainly should not hesitate to render unto the government the things that belong to the government, and unto God the things that are his. From the early history of the world to the present time, all governments have taxed their subjects to defray the expenses incident to run its machinery. So the Internal Revenue law is no new thing, but has existed from time immemorial. Our Saviour also teaches that we must be obedient to the law, both human and divine. He says, " He that disobeys the human law shall be beaten with many stripes, and he that disobeys the divine law shall be punished with the wrath of God." So it has been with Redmond ; so it will be with all those who violate the laws of their country. Compare the life of Redmond with that of the most humble citizen who honors and obeys the laws of his country and of his God ; see the man who abides by and supports the laws of his country, whether rich or poor, old or young, he moves on in the even tenor of his way. If he has but little, he makes the best of his lot, and is thankful and happy, and when he lies down on his humble cot at night he feels a consciousness within that he is at peace with his fellow-man, his country, and, the best of all, with his God. This makes his slumbers sweet and his dreams delightful. But see the man that is at enmity with his fellow-man, his country and his God. He " fleeth when no man pursueth," and his slumbers are as the raging waters casting up mud and clay. So it has been with Maj. Redmond. He is only 26 years old, and his trials and troubles have al-

ready been sufficient to make the account for a man of 80 years. Outside of the remorse of conscience, resulting from the conviction that he had taken his fellow-man's life, he has, for the past ten years, been hunted by both officers and citizens, as the hunter would scour the forests for the roaring lion or the fleet deer. His life has been one continual strain from one difficulty to another—first avoiding arrest, next resisting officers, next breaking the peace, then violating the laws of his country, and finally, through a combination of the special force, Deputy Marshals, and good citizens of the section in which he lived, he was arrested on the 7th day of April, 1881, on the Tennessee River, in Swain county, N. C., was transported from there to the Asheville jail, to await his final trial. Thus you see the result of the life of Maj. Lewis R. Redmond, the famous moonshiner and outlaw, and a similar result will happen to all men who lead the life that Maj. Redmond led. Take warning in time!

Thus closes my account of the outlaw who is said, in the book to which I have referred, to have gotten that name in this way; but the whole story is false:

“Early in the following spring a large force of marshals established themselves at Asheville, and assisted by a company of United States troops, began to raid through this section of country quite extensively. They watched the roads closely for blockaders, and it required considerable skill and ingenuity to get through their lines. I made the trip several times, however, and at last excited their suspicions. I now drove four mules, and concealed the liquor under a pile of miscellaneous truck, shucks, chickens, eggs, butter, etc. I always went well armed, and was prepared to make desperate resistance. I would drive slowly, and four members of the band always accompanied me, they making the journey on foot, and keeping concealed on each side of the road, in close proximity to my wagon. I made several trips in this manner without adventure; but one

evening when but a few miles from Asheville, a squad of soldiers and two deputy marshals, one of whom was the man Crowder, before alluded to, sprang up from their place of concealment among the bushes, and made a rush for my wagon. I knew that prompt action was necessary, and drawing from my pockets a brace of revolvers I dropped the reins and taking cool and deliberate aim at the two marshals discharged shot after shot until the chambers of both pistols were empty. The smoke cleared away, and revealed both men prostrate in the road. My allies had not been idle, but had attacked the soldiers from both sides of the road. Not knowing our strength, and demoralized by the downfall of their leaders, and this raking cross-fire, they broke and fled. Without waiting to count the number of the slain, I turned my wagon toward the mountain and drove rapidly back, arriving there in safety. That was the last of my blockading. It appeared afterwards that both of the marshals had been killed, five of the soldiers, and several badly wounded. Asheville and all the adjoining country was placarded with printed bills offering a reward of \$1,000 for the murderers, 'one Redmond' and his accomplices, and the startling adventures which followed this catastrophe gave me the name, 'REDMOND, THE OUTLAW,' which I have borne ever since."

Since the foregoing was sent to press Redmond has been taken by Deputy Marshal Kennedy, of South Carolina, under a warrant of Judge George S. Bryan, of that State, from the Asheville jail to Greenville, South Carolina. There he was put upon his trial and sentenced to ten years' at hard labor in the Albany penitentiary.

He was convicted under eight distinct indictments, not including his murder of Duckworth, which, as yet, goes unpunished.

It seems strange that this man, with six bullets in his

body, with no other medical attendance than that of a country physician, and enduring the fatigue of a wagon journey of one hundred miles over high mountains and rough roads from Swain county to Asheville, followed by close confinement in a crowded jail, should yet live to undergo a long trial at the bar, and receive unnerved a sentence of ten years to Albany.

James A. Garfield, ^{EX}President of the United States, died of a little pistol shot, though he had Bliss for a doctor and koumiss for nourishment, and rode to Long Branch on a rubber bed, and had the White House instead of the penitentiary to cheer him to recovery. Inscrutable Providence that spares the outlaw and dooms the chief magistrate!





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See page 25
Seymour. Aug. 1862

When this 20th Service