

# The Rutherford Star.

"BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD."—DAVY CROCKETT.

VOL. II.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

NO. 39.

## A MAN AT THE DOOR.

"No tramps here," said I; and shut the door in his face. The wind blew so cold I could hardly do it, and the sleet was beating on the pane, and the bare trees were groaning and moaning as if they suffered in the storm. "No tramps there, I'm a lone woman, and I am afraid of 'em."

Then the man I hadn't seen for the dark went away from the door—champ, champ, came through the slush, and I heard the gate croak as it always does, and then champ, champ, came the man back again, and then he knocked on the door—knocked not so hard as before—and I opened it hot and angry. This time I saw his face, a pale ghost of a face, with yellow brown hair, creased nose, and staring blue eyes, and he put his hand against the door and held it open.

"How far is it to the next house, ma'am?" said he.

"Three miles or more," said I. "And that's not a tavern?"

"No, ma'am, he's got there; it's Miss Mitten's and she is as set against tramps as I am."

"I don't want drink," said the man. "But I do want food. You needn't be afraid to let me in now. I've been wounded and not able to walk far, and my clothes are thin; it's bitter cold. I've been trying to get to my parents at Greenbank, where I can rest until I am better, and all my money was stolen from me three days ago. You needn't be afraid, just let me before the fire, and only give me a crust to keep me from starving and the Lord will bless you for it."

And then he looked at me with his mild blue eyes in a way that would have me do it, if it hadn't been that I had seen so much of these impostors. The war was just over, and every beggar that came along said he was a soldier travelling home, and had been wounded and robbed. One that I had been fool enough to help, limped away out of sight, as he thought and then, for I was at the garret window, shouldered his crutches and tramped it with the strongest.

"No doubt your pocket is full of money," said I, "and you only want a chance to rob and murder me. Go away with you!"

Drucilla, that's my niece, was baking short cakes in the kitchen. Just then she came to the door and motioned with her lips to me. "Do let him stay, aunt," and if I hadn't had good sense I might, but I knew better than a child of sixteen.

"Go away with you," says I louder than before. "I won't have this any longer."

And he gave me a kind of a groan, and took his hand from the latch, and champ, champ, through the frozen snow again; and I thought him gone, when there was once more, hardly with a knock at all—a faint knock like a child's now.

And when I opened the door he came quite in, and stood leaning on his cane, pale as a ghost, his eyes bigger than life.

"Wall, of all impudence!" said I.

He looked at me and said: "Madam, I have a brother in Greenbank. I want to live to see her. I shall not if I try to go further to-night."

"They all want to see their mothers," said I, and just then it came to my mind that I hoped my son Charles, who had been a soldier—an officer he had got to be, mind—wanted to see his, and would see.

"I have been wounded you see," said he.

"Don't go a shoving me your hurts," said I; "they buy them, so they told me, to go begging with now. I read the paper, I tell ye, and I'm principled, said our clergymen, agin giving anything unless it's through some well organized society. Tramps are my abomination, and as for keeping you all night, you can't expect that of decent folks—go!"

Drucilla came to the door and said, "Let him stay, aunt," with her lips again, but I took no notice.

He went this time, and did not come back; and I sat down by the fire and listened to the wind and sleet, and felt the warm fire, and smelt the baking cakes and the apples stewing, and the tea drawing on the kitchen stove; and I ought to have been very comfortable, but I wasn't—Something seemed tugging at my heart all the time.

I gave the fire a poke, and lit another candle to cheer myself by, and I went to my work basket to get the sock I had been knitting for my Charlie; and as I went to get it I saw something lying on the floor. I picked it up. It was an old tobacco pouch, ever so much like the one I gave Charlie, with fringe around it, and written on it in ink, "B. F. to R. H." and

inside was a bit of tobacco and an old pipe, and a letter; and when I spread it out I saw at the top: "My dear son," I knew the beggar must have dropped it, and my heart gave one big thump as though it had turned into a hammer.

Perhaps the story was true and he had a mother. I shivered all over, and the fire and the candles and the nice comfortable smell might not have been at all, I had known it!

And Charley caught up his hat. "I'll find him if he's alive," said he. "Oh Bob, my dear friend!"

And then I never saw the girl in such a hurry—down went Drucilla on her knees as if she was saying her prayers, and says she, "Thank God I dared to do it!" and says she to me "O, aunt, I've been trembling with fright, not knowing what you'd say to me. I took him in the kitchen way, I could not see him so faint, hungry and wounded, and I put him in the spare chamber over the parlor, and I've been so frightened all the while."

"Lord bless you," said Charley.

"Amen!" says I. And she getting bolder, went on: "And I took him up hot short cake, and apple sauce and tea," says she, "and I took him a candle, and a hot brick for his feet, and told him to eat and to bed in the best chamber, Aunt Fairfax."

After this Charley, not being ungrateful or poor helped Bob into business. And he got over his wounds at last, and grew as handsome as a picture, and that day one was married to Drucilla.

"I'll give you anything I have," said he, "and I won't refuse Drucilla," when he asked me, telling me he loved her ever since she was so kind to him on the night I've told you of.

And Charley is to stand up with them and I'm to give Drucilla away, and Bob's sister is to be bridesmaid, and I have a guess that some day Charley will bring her home to me to Drucilla's place.

I don't drive beggars away now as I used to, and no doubt I'm imposed upon, but this is what I say, "Better to be imposed upon always than to be cruel to one who really needs help." And I've read my bible more of late and know who says: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

*I said I would take the resolutions if they would allow me to add but three words, which you will find embodied in the plan for I added this: AND WE DECLARE THAT THE RECONSTRUCTION ACTS ARE REVOLUTIONARY, UNCONSTITUTIONAL AND VOID;* when I proposed that every single member of the Committee, and the warmest men in it, were the men of the North—came forward and said they would carry it out to the end."

Wade Hampton on the 4th of July, New York Nullifiers Convention.

At last we have the official reports of the Camilla massacre, concerning which so much has been said. We ask readers to compare them with *The Tribune's* accounts. It is now established, by official reports and sworn evidence, that the Republicans were entering Camilla in peaceful procession, that country is armed; that they made no threats and expected no trouble; that they were first told they could not hold their meeting in Camilla, and then were fired upon when they entered; that they were wholly unprepared for any attack; that they were mercilessly butchered and pursued miles from the town; that no inquest was held over the corpses thus scattered through their streets and about the country, and that to this day the civil authorities of Camilla have taken no steps to punish the murderers. These were the statements made by *The Tribune* and denied by Mr. E. H. Hill at the time; these are the facts now established by the official reports.

In order to prove that these ruffians are perfectly capable of executing the atrocities which they recommend in a public journal, it is enough to show, by their own exultant confessions, that they have already executed the like. Thus, *The Monitor* says: "Five notoriously bad negroes were found swinging by the necks to limbs in the woods of Colbert County, a few days since. They had been guilty of making threats against the whites." If threats were a capital offense, here is another specimen of *The Monitor's* persuasive ways:

"Scalawag Cloud of Montgomery, and Indian-beggar Lakin of Nowhere, arrived yesterday. Cloud, the Radical Jockey, comes as trainer of Lakin, the negro-loving jockey. The one is a long, slim creature of the eel's kind; the other is a stout, puny reptile of the genus batracians. Both would make first-rate hamp-stretches. For further information they may regard the wood-cut elsewhere. Next week we will give a more elaborate description of the *ermints*. We would not take a good deal for this fresh game."

Here follows the promised description of "the varmints."

"Lakin and Cloud, poor devils! visibly shock in their shoes while here. The zig-zag manner in which their noisome names were registered at the hotel indicate great tremor of the fingers. Every fellow they met on the street appeared, to their alarmed fancies and guilty consciences, to be Ku-Klux in disguise. Now and then, as they would pass by a crowd, some one would give an unearthly yell, that made the round-bellied ignoramus Lakin fairly shake from fright, like a bowl of jelly. It was our desire to have these unworthy scoundrels give us 'food for sport.' They have de- pended hence forever."

"There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these reconstruction acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, depose the carpet-bag State government, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives."—*Blair's Letter.*

And Charley stood staring at me with clenched hands; and said he, "it was my Bob who was my dear old Bob who saved my

## The New Rebellion.

There was some years ago, in India, a tribe since put down by the strong hand of the Government. The hereditary business of this Oriental Ku-Klux Klan was homicide, and robbery was its constant recreation.—It waylaid unsuspecting travelers, and having knocked them on the head, or strangled or stabbed them, it concluded by rifling their carpet-bags. These pleasing professors of the Fine Art of Murder, although extremely enthusiastic, and even frantically devoted to their trade, did not publish a newspaper; and in this respect the Tungs of Alabama are rather in advance of their Eastern prototypes being, indeed, the first organization of basid murderers in the world which has arrived at the dignity of an organ.

*The Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Monitor* (*R. Randolph, Editor*) is a "curiosity in its way, and is just the journal which the East India Thugs would have printed, if they had printed any journal at all. We must premise of this agreeable sheet that it proudly bears the names of Blair and Seymour at the head of its homicidal and incendiary columns. It openly avows that should these persons be elected to the places for which they have been nominated by the "Democratic" Convention, the work of wholesale lynching at the South will begin. In order that there may be no mistake about the methods to be employed (as the editor is pleased to say) "on the Fourth of March, 1869." *The Monitor* gives a rude wood-engraving in which two "carpet-baggers" are represented suspended by the necks from a tree, with the legend, "Hang, curse, hang!" The genial Randolph adds: "The unprecedented reaction is moving on with the swiftness of a velocipede, with the violence of a tornado, with the crash of an avalanche, sweeping negroism from the face of the earth." This is an odd way of "sweeping negroism from off the face of the earth," which in another place, R. Randolph, Editor, threatens to do "with the swiftness of a velocipede and with the violence of a tornado." These slight inconsistencies occur in the very same issue. In one part of the paper the negro is invited to come to a Seymour barbecue, and to partake freely of roast pig and whiskey; and cheek by jowl with this hospitable overture is a threat to sweep all Blacks "from off the face of the earth." This is to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest with a vengeance.

In one column *The Monitor* says: "We contend that White men must rule America; and while willing to have negroes protected from cruelty and injustice, we at the same time are not willing to place them on a footing, political or social, with the descendants of Adam." In another column, "Every boy is invited, both Black and White," to attend a Blair and Seymour barbecue. Unfortunately, "the five negroes" who were hung in Colbert County, "for making threats against the Whites," were not able to be present at the Tuscaloosa barbecue to swell the exultant, heart-reaching shout for Blair and Seymour. The prudent artisan named in the following paragraph from *The Monitor* was no doubt present and "holered" for Blair and Seymour enthusiastically:

"JIMMY NORRIS—Makes the prettiest and best boot we ever saw. He goes for the Seymour and Blair ticket, and is every way worthy of patronage."

We do not know that it is necessary to give any further extracts from this lovely and available Seymour publication, although we might continue them at considerable length from the material before us. *The World*, on the 20th ult., was kind enough to criticize, with its usual savviness, what it is pleased to call *The Tribune's* "manufacture of Rebel outrages," and to laugh at our "dreadful stories of murder and rebellion," which it termed "contributions to popular misinformation." With the view of promoting the daily recreations of this factious journal, we have ventured upon the foregoing extracts from a Southern newspaper devoted to the cause of Mr. Seymour. We are told that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power—but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it?—As you bent your ear to the ground and listened, it was: "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

A short time ago you were listening for the first responses the people should make to the questions involved in the political campaign. The first response that came was from the State of New Hampshire. We are told that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power—but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it?—

"Well, we are to go back to our old ways, and nothing to gain by an outrage"—the Radical leaders everything to the contrary.

We do not know that it is necessary to give any further extracts from this lovely and available Seymour publication, although we might continue them at considerable length from the material before us. *The World*, on the 20th ult., was kind enough to criticize, with its usual savviness, what it is pleased to call *The Tribune's* "manufacture of Rebel outrages," and to laugh at our "dreadful stories of murder and rebellion," which it termed "contributions to popular misinformation."

With the view of promoting the daily recreations of this factious journal, we have ventured upon the foregoing extracts from a Southern newspaper devoted to the cause of Mr. Seymour. We are told that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power—but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it?—

"Well, we are to go back to our old ways, and nothing to gain by an outrage"—the Radical leaders everything to the contrary.

We do not know that it is necessary to give any further extracts from this lovely and available Seymour publication, although we might continue them at considerable length from the material before us. *The World*, on the 20th ult., was kind enough to criticize, with its usual savviness, what it is pleased to call *The Tribune's* "manufacture of Rebel outrages," and to laugh at our "dreadful stories of murder and rebellion," which it termed "contributions to popular misinformation."

With the view of promoting the daily recreations of this factious journal, we have ventured upon the foregoing extracts from a Southern newspaper devoted to the cause of Mr. Seymour. We are told that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power—but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it?—

"Well, we are to go back to our old ways, and nothing to gain by an outrage"—the Radical leaders everything to the contrary.

We do not know that it is necessary to give any further extracts from this lovely and available Seymour publication, although we might continue them at considerable length from the material before us. *The World*, on the 20th ult., was kind enough to criticize, with its usual savviness, what it is pleased to call *The Tribune's* "manufacture of Rebel outrages," and to laugh at our "dreadful stories of murder and rebellion," which it termed "contributions to popular misinformation."

With the view of promoting the daily recreations of this factious journal, we have ventured upon the foregoing extracts from a Southern newspaper devoted to the cause of Mr. Seymour. We are told that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power—but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it?—

"Well, we are to go back to our old ways, and nothing to gain by an outrage"—the Radical leaders everything to the contrary.

We do not know that it is necessary to give any further extracts from this lovely and available Seymour publication, although we might continue them at considerable length from the material before us. *The World*, on the 20th ult., was kind enough to criticize, with its usual savviness, what it is pleased to call *The Tribune's* "manufacture of Rebel outrages," and to laugh at our "dreadful stories of murder and rebellion," which it termed "contributions to popular misinformation."

With the view of promoting the daily recreations of this factious journal, we have ventured upon the foregoing extracts from a Southern newspaper devoted to the cause of Mr. Seymour. We are told that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power—but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it?—

"Well, we are to go back to our old ways, and nothing to gain by an outrage"—the Radical leaders everything to the contrary.

We do not know that it is necessary to give any further extracts from this lovely and available Seymour publication, although we might continue them at considerable length from the material before us. *The World*, on the 20th ult., was kind enough to criticize, with its usual savviness, what it is pleased to call *The Tribune's* "manufacture of Rebel outrages," and to laugh at our "dreadful stories of murder and rebellion," which it termed "contributions to popular misinformation."

With the view of promoting the daily recreations of this factious journal, we have ventured upon the foregoing extracts from a Southern newspaper devoted to the cause of Mr. Seymour. We are told that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power—but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it?—

"Well, we are to go back to our old ways, and nothing to gain by an outrage"—the Radical leaders everything to the contrary.

We do not know that it is necessary to give any further extracts from this lovely and available Seymour publication, although we might continue them at considerable length from the material before us. *The World*, on the 20th ult., was kind enough to criticize, with its usual savviness, what it is pleased to call *The Tribune's* "manufacture of Rebel outrages," and to laugh at our "dreadful stories of murder and rebellion," which it termed "contributions to popular misinformation."

With the view of promoting the daily recreations of this factious journal, we have ventured upon the foregoing extracts from a Southern newspaper devoted to the cause of Mr. Seymour. We are told that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power—but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it?—

"Well, we are to go back to our old ways, and nothing to gain by an outrage"—the Radical leaders everything to the contrary.

We do not know that it is necessary to give any further extracts from this lovely and available Seymour publication, although we might continue them at considerable length from the material before us. *The World*, on the 20th ult., was kind enough to criticize, with its usual savviness, what it is pleased to call *The Tribune's* "manufacture of Rebel outrages," and to laugh at our "dreadful stories of murder and rebellion," which it termed "contributions to popular misinformation."

With the view of promoting the daily recreations of this factious journal, we have ventured upon the foregoing extracts from a Southern newspaper devoted to the cause of Mr. Seymour. We are told that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and of justice from power—but when the response came from New Hampshire, what was it?—

"Well, we are to go back to our old ways, and nothing to gain by an outrage"—the Radical leaders everything to the contrary.

We do not know that it is necessary to give any further extracts from this lovely and available Seymour publication, although we might continue them at considerable length from the material before us. *The World*, on the 20th ult., was kind enough to criticize, with its usual savviness, what it is pleased to call *The Tribune's* "manufacture of Rebel outrages," and to laugh at our "dreadful stories of murder and rebellion," which it termed "contributions to popular misinformation."

With the view of promoting the daily recreations of this factious journal, we have ventured upon the foregoing extracts from a Southern newspaper devoted to the cause of Mr. Seymour. We are told that there was a great reaction in the public mind, which was to drive the party of liberty, of patriotism, of humanity, and