PASSING THE KU-KLUX BILL

WHO MANUFACTURED THE THUNDER BEHIND THE SCENES?

The Miscreants on the Bench of North Carolina—The Cunning Lie which Defeated the Amnesty Bill—How the Ku-Klux Outrage Stories are Concocted.

Correspondence of The Sun.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA, April 25.—The future historian of North Carolina will, at the year 1871, turn his page to begin a chapter entitled, "The Reign of the Scalawag and the Carpet-bagger, 1868-1870." He will investigate the causes which brought those vermin into power, and find as he ventures the ruin they worked; for this pen will glide joyously as he chronicles the rising of an injured people to shake them off. We wish to say here, however, that injustice is done to the honest Pure carpet-bagger by assimilating him too closely with the native scalawag. Your genuine carpet-bagger merely steals what he can, and then like the pensive Arab, "steals away;" whereas your scalawag, who generally is a secessionist turned Republican, steals what he can, and then devotes his leisure to persecuting and calumniating his fellow citizens. The one is an exotic rascal, like Belfield, Lafila & Co., the other is an indigenous villain, like Holden, John Pool, Logan, Lomas, and that ilk. Both are a blight and a curse upon the country; yet if choice were compulsory, the rogue would be preferable to the parvenu.

A DRUNKEN JUDICIARY.

But it is through her judiciary, after all, that the old North State has received her deepest stab; for Northern Carolinians have ever been a law loving and law abiding people, who could not relax that veneration for law they had been taught to entertain for the church without serious injury. Once they had a system of justice administered better than any other in the country; but it is splendid temple in which a Pearson and a Battle ministered as high priests is now polluted by a crew of low born demagogues, deserted by the drunken rabble, at a Pearson, a Jones, a Watts, a Henry, and their associate judicial pimps and pompers. Consider the judiciary of North Carolina! Witness the Chief Justice Pearson, reeling into the house of God, too drunk to preach! Think of him on the beach, before the most unchristianed bar in the State, growling in a drunken way over fancied disrespect to the Court. Think of a Judge (Dodge) resigning to escape impeachment, after he had actually been pre-judged guilty! Think of another Judge (Watts) in my district, who, having taken a \$5,000 bribe from a Republican Congressional candidate (Welch) to decide in his favor, and then, when he was called upon to do so, refusing, and yet retaining the money, gives a Judicial opinion in a Legislative case, covering a page and a half of foolscap! Think of another Judge (Logan), who, being drunk on the bench, was knocked down in the street, and knocked down a second time by a man of his own color, crying out, "Take the nigger off of me!" Think of this Judge, who, when a Republican Judge (Henry) was too drunk for days to hear a case, refused to appoint a magistrate in the same case for one minute, and, yet, against the order and the law, issued an injunction against the sale of securities. Think of Judge Cloud and

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Is not this enough to explain the disrepute into which the judiciary of North Carolina has fallen? But the worst has not been told. All the Judges except one are blatant politicians. They go into hotly political squabbles like pot house loungers into a free fight. Elected by the negro vote, joined to a few Union and white men who they feel that they are not the choice of the intelligent people, these tribunals do not hesitate to claim them as *their* juries. It may be imagined that fast and prostective votes have their due weight in deciding knotty questions. Only too well is it understood that the lawyer who has contributed most largely to party politics and private matters has not the ear of Judge Pool and Bright, and whistle against the wind as plead for his client where certain interests are concerned. Is it any wonder that reckless men have sometimes taken the law into their own hands, rather than carry it into a Court where they had no hope of obtaining justice?

Let leads me to speak of the recent troubles in Rutherford county, which have been magnified by research all over the country, and which were made the pretext for defeating the Amnesty bill in the United States Senate.

KU-KLUX IN THE SENATE.

On Thursday, April 13, while the gallant Hair and Blackburn were fighting Grant's Reconstruction Bill up into shape, Senator Nye, with virtuous indignation, executed on the floor the resolution, to request the President to send the following:

UNITED STATES SENATE, N. C., April 9, 1871.

DEAR SIR: It becomes my painful duty to inform you that various outrages, as I have been informed and believe, have been committed in Rutherford county, North Carolina, by persons masked and disguised, and numbered which have been of very recent date, the last night, by some 50 persons masked and disguised, who broke into the house of a citizen of that county, and shot one of our most respectable citizens, Mr. Amos Biggerstaff, who lives about one mile from his residence, and left him for dead. He is now in a very critical condition, mortally and fatally wounded, and unconscious, but not a coward, determined, and fearless of the consequences.

These are a great many other cases but the persons on whom violence has been committed refuse to disclose their testimony, lest, forsooth, those who commit these outrages should discover their name and detection. The persons who made the raid on Biggerstaff (probably threatened by him, as well as other outlaws in that county) I shall endeavor to find out, if I can, when I go to Rutherfordton, which I shall do tomorrow. I shall also go to Cleveland at present, nor until I am satisfied the people can have protection.

I have no doubt, if I can get any reasonable doubt into the civil authority causes, he manifested here. We must have help or we must flee the country, and I shall do everything in my power to have the outrages stopped. I write this to ask of you a favor, and that you communicate with the President immediately, and inform me whether more companies can be sent into that county, and when.

Mr. Gardenier, who is the bearer of this letter, can give you more in detail of the state of affairs.

Very truly, &c., &c., &c. LOGAN.

Judge Pool, Supreme Court, Ninth District.

His Excellency Tod R. Caldwell,
Governor of North Carolina.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

Rutherford is an old county, erected in 1779 out of that magnificent domain known as Tryon, which at one time embraced a large tract of Western North Carolina. Its population in 1860 was 19,575, white and colored. Its Rutherfordton, the county seat, is situated on the line of road from Charlotte to Asheville, about eighty miles from the former place. Both county and town were named in honor of that grim old Egotist, Gen. Griffith Rutherford, of Revolutionary renown, who was the man who burned the towns of brave Pat Ferguson, whose glorious defeat at King's Mountain, Oct. 7, 1780, by the "Mountain Boys," was the first glimpse of light in that dark day of our country's history. Ferguson's headquarters are still standing—a mode of preservation, we taken there by the hand of a Tory, that a drop of blood which nearly a century ago oozed from the veins of Major Dunlap, a British officer, mortally wounded by Colonel McDowell's squirrel rifle, stains.

Rutherfordton, besides its sad glories, has now the honor of being the home of a Judge—one of the Judges referred to before mentioned, who sit upon the bench, but

TRAMPLE ON THE LAWS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Born of humble parentage, George W. Logan inherited from his father a family of negroes, including a number of slaves, whom he indefinitely owns yet. His reputation for severity in treatment of servant was the worst in the country. His neighbors—now his friends and allies—frequently rescued him at quantum valeat from the hands of some of them. Nelson, who is now a shining light in the Legislature, called in twice lived during early life a fugitive, having fled from the land upon his master's (the future Judge) seizing a gun to shoot him. The usual reward of \$50 failed to recover him, "dead or alive." These instances are mentioned, however, merely to illustrate the plant in which the character of the Judge of Rutherford was formed. Think of him on the beach, before the most unchristianed bar in the State, growing in a drunken way over fancied disrespect to the Court. Think of a Judge (Dodge) resigning to escape impeachment, after he had actually been pre-judged guilty! Think of another Judge (Watts) in my district, who, having taken a \$5,000 bribe from a Republican Congressional candidate (Welch) to decide in his favor, and then, when he was called upon to do so, refusing, and yet retaining the money, gives a Judicial opinion in a Legislative case, covering a page and a half of foolscap! Think of another Judge (Logan), who, being drunk on the bench, was knocked down in the street, and knocked down a second time by a man of his own color, crying out, "Take the nigger off of me!" Think of this Judge, who, when a Republican Judge (Henry) was too drunk for days to hear a case, refused to appoint a magistrate in the same case for one minute, and, yet, against the order and the law, issued an injunction against the sale of securities. Think of Judge Cloud and

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