

ROWAN COUNTY.

A Dark Picture of Life as It Is Lived in the Town of Morehead.

Men Afraid to Speak Save in Whispers, and the Law Seemingly Powerless.

[Special to the Courier-Journal.]

MOREHEAD, ROWAN COUNTY, Nov. 29.—

Mayhap it is the quiet that is the precursor of coming violence, but last night Morehead slept the sleep of the untroubled, and this morning the sunlight gilding the hill-tops and making glad in anticipation the valley in which the little town nestles would seem a fit harbinger of white-winged peace. To a stranger who recalls the bloody history of the place, together with the recent rumors of impending violence, what would perhaps be otherwise only the natural dullness of a mountain village at an inactive season of the year, is converted into unnatural mystery, and becomes evidence of a disquietude all the deeper because secret and repressed. And, undoubtedly, though a casual observer would fail to discover it, there is much feeling here, much plotting, many nods and becks (but no wreathed smiles), many hidden references in conversation, jocular and serious, evidently intelligible only to the initiated. Reports as to the state of affairs here have, in some degree, been exaggerated. No armed men have been parading the streets, but, in your correspondent's opinion, it is because the feeling is too deep for such demonstration. If Craig Tolliver has been in town, no one but his immediate friends knew anything about it, and they refuse to talk. It is highly probable, however, that he has been here within the past week, though secretly.

What is most noticeable here is

THE EXTREME CAUTION

of every man you meet. They seem positively afraid to express their opinion save in the most general way. Indeed, numbers of them declared that they had no desire to take their lives in their hands by talking. Those who are known to have been concerned in the feud in the past are afraid to go on the streets alone at night, while those who have not been parties to the quarrel express a fear of being shot through mistake. Factional remarks as to what this or that party would do if he were shot at, as was Logan, are current in the saloons, and, by the way, everybody goes to the saloons here. "Well," says one friend to another on leaving one of these places, "are you going my way?" So they leave together, always two, or a greater number—never alone, to go perhaps only a few yards. It is impossible to express the feeling of disquietude, amounting almost to terror, that is manifested by the citizens at this comparatively recent date from

THE SHOOTING OF LOGAN.

That event occurred on the 18th inst., at about 6:30 o'clock. At that hour Mr. Logan left the Gault House, a hotel on Main street, kept by Judge Carey, for his home, about fifty yards distant on the same street. Half way between his home and the hotel he was fired upon at short range with a shot-gun loaded with buckshot, by a man concealed behind a clump of small trees in the yard of the hotel. The first shot passed immediately in front of his face, the shock of the concussion turning him completely around, and the wadding of the gun striking him on the cheek. The contents of the second barrel were lodged in his leg, below the knee, breaking the bone. He is now in bed at his home, where your correspondent visited him this morning. More than any one else here, Mr. Logan is cautious, and manifested an extreme reluctance to talk. He said it was only one man who did the shooting, and that it was plainly the intention to kill him, and not to scare him, as was reported at the time. Logan is evidently goaded to desperation, as are his friends, and should there be another collision between the parties it may safely be predicted that bloodier acts than Rowan has ever yet witnessed will transpire. Logan's would-be assassin was in his stocking feet, and his footprints upon the wet ground were traced from the place of his concealment back through the garden of the Gault House. No arrests have been made, nor does there appear to have been

EVEN THE SLIGHTEST INVESTIGATION,

notwithstanding half the men in Morehead are morally certain who the guilty party is. The officers of the law refused even, it is said, to go to the place and measure the footprints. It seems that no steps are contemplated with a view to the discovery and legal prosecution of the criminal, though it is thought that Logan knows who he is. Amidst the mist of things this is certain, everybody here admitting it, viz., that the wounding of Logan is a direct offshoot of the Martin-Tolliver feud of two years' duration, and the parties to the present quarrel are the same as the parties to that feud. The lieutenants are gone, but the desperate rank and file refuse to give up arms. The feud is less political and more personal now than then, but the more deadly on that account, there being nothing left between the factions save the pure quintessence of absolute personal hatred.

THE SAME OLD STORY

that has been used here so often by both factions as the occasion required, now again does service, viz.: That the Tolliver faction hired this party to shoot Logan, at \$50 if shot to death, and \$25 if only wounded.

Perhaps the saddest feature of this and similar quarrels is the suffering inflicted upon the wives and mothers of the parties. When I called upon Mr. Logan his wife was lying upon the bed beside her wounded husband, utterly worn down with anxiety and watching, her face careworn and of deathly paleness, moaning in the troubled sleep that was evidently given to tired nature. It crossed your correspondent's mind that if Logan does know who shot him, the very best thing he could do, since the law will afford him and the community no redress, would be to assemble his friends, good men and true, hunt the would-be assassin down, and hang him to one of the trees that lift their branches so proudly toward the skies. One year ago Rowan county was in a deplorable condition; to-day it is no better, being sick of the same sickness, viz., a vitiated public sentiment, substituting material force, fraud and trickery for moral and legal rectitude, corrupting the servants of justice, and inuring the citizens to the recurrent spectacle of ruthless, injurious violence and the insulted law claiming no reparation. One year ago justice was powerless even with the help of the arm of the military to avenge the blood that cried aloud against the murderer and the assassin; to-day a citizen of Morehead is

SHOT DOWN BY AN UNSEEN ENEMY,

almost in daylight in the very heart of the town, and his friends guard him at his home while he recovers and justice sleeps till he shall have regained strength to arouse her with his own good arm, if she be aroused at all. To an inquiry as to why Logan didn't swear out a warrant against the party who shot him, a friend of his replied, with a look of surprise and disgust: "What would be the use, the officers are all friends and backers of the party who did the shooting, and no attention would be paid to the warrant." And this reply echoes the general public sentiment, the majesty of the law is gone, and none so poor to do her reverence.

The Martin faction avow that Cole, the Circuit Judge, is the pliant tool of the Tolliver faction, while the latter faction has for the last two years been made up of the ministerial and inferior judicial officers of Rowan county.

And so the matter stands at Morehead to-day—no law, or, if there be law, the citizen unable to respect it; no confidence between man and man and neighbor and neighbor; each party to the feud standing with grim resolution on the defensive; business almost at a stand-still; property depreciated more than one-half in value, and no possibility of improvement in any respect.