

## KILLING OF THE TOLLIVERS.

At the town of Morehead in Rowan county, on last Wednesday morning, the notorious outlaw, Craig Tolliver, two of his cousins, Bud and Jay Tolliver, and Hiram Cooper were killed by a Sheriff's posse, while resisting arrest. The Tolliver and Martin feud had existed for years, and cost the State many thousands of dollars, but matters had grown worse of late. The Logan brothers, two of them, were murdered only a few days ago, by the Tollivers, and since that time ex-Sheriff Ramey and son were shot from ambush and dangerously wounded. The Tollivers has nearly extinguished the Martins, and were having their own way. The law seemed powerless. Men were driven from home and property taken possession of by the Tollivers. Finally one of the Logans went to Frankfort, laid the condition of Rowan county before Governor Knott, and asked for troops. The Governor replied that he had sent soldiers to that county, but no good was accomplished; that the State was at an enormous expense, and he could not repeat the performance. He suggested that Mr. Logan apply to the Sheriff, have a large posse summoned from Rowan and adjoining counties, and take the Tollivers, "dead or alive." Logan then asked for arms, but the Governor could furnish him none. But Mr. Logan was a man of nerve, and had made up his mind to crush the Tolliver gang. He reflected that from first to last more than two dozen men had been killed, and believed that the Tollivers would die rather than be arrested. But he went to Cincinnati and secured, it is said, several dozen Winchester rifles—16-shot repeating guns,—and had them shipped to a convenient place. Sheriff Hogg employed a number of deputies, and in the most quiet way summoned a posse of about two hundred men. They assembled on Tuesday evening of last week, and were armed, except those who had arms of their own. Early on Wednesday morning they surrounded the town. But the Tollivers had heard something of the movement, and were not caught napping. The Sheriff had warrants of arrest for a number of the Tolliver gang, and meant to ask the men to surrender without offering resistance. But a collision between one of the Tollivers and one of the posse brought on a general shooting before the demand for surrender could be made. Several hundred shots were fired, and the posse had closed in on the hotel in which the Tollivers were stationed, before an opportunity was offered the Sheriff to demand a surrender. The demand was made through one of the Tolliver women, and the answer returned was that the gang would die rather than surrender. The posse then concentrated its fire on the little wooden hotel, and the hissing conical bullets went through it as if it was a paper house. The Tollivers could not remain longer, and tried to escape to the woods, but were shot down as if they had been rats running from a burning straw rick. Several of the Tollivers were wounded, and also one of the Sheriff's men. It is thought that two hours elapsed during the firing. The trains were flagged, and made to wait outside of town, so that no injury could befall innocent parties. After firing ceased the dead outlaws were placed in charge of their friends, and the posse proceeded to rest and eat dinner. All the whisky about town was destroyed early in the morning, so that order and discipline prevailed. After dinner a public meeting was held, and several speeches were made, the substance of which was that the law must be respected in Rowan county, and that the men engaged in the killing of the Tollivers should not be molested.

The above are sad facts in the latest act of a deplorable tragedy—a tragedy extending over several years. We hope it is the last act, and think it is. Several of the gang remain, but the hero and the principal supporters are dead. The treatment was heroic, but necessary. Nothing milder would have sufficed.

There is but one remedy for the outlaw evil, and that is death. Peace to the ashes of the slain, and best wishes for the prosperity of unfortunate Rowan.