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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXX.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

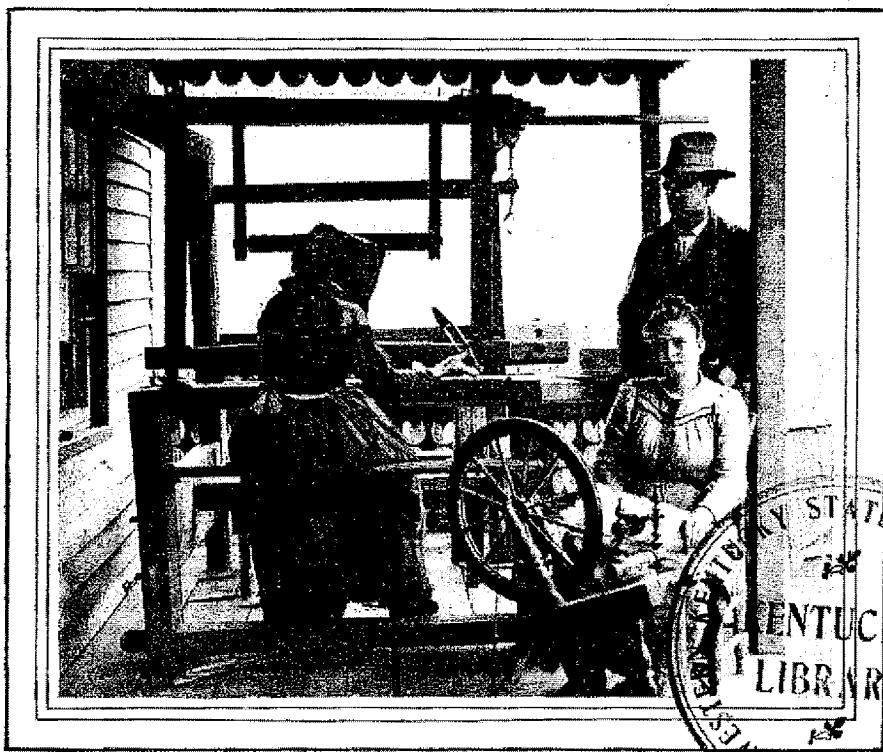
No. 2.

THE LAND OF FEUDS.

BY
HARTLEY DAVIS AND CLIFFORD SMYTH.

A REGION OF THE UNITED STATES IN WHICH BLOODSHED IS A PASTIME AND CRUEL AND COWARDLY MURDER GOES UNPUNISHED
--THE TERRIBLE STORY OF THE SEVEN GREAT KENTUCKY FEUDS.

THE Land of Feuds has gained its name through wholesale murder. Assassination is its pastime and its passion. It may be termed a relic of medievalism upon which have been grafted the atrocities of modern ward politics; and the hybrid is a horrible thing. The Land of Feuds has definite geographical limits. It lies in the heart of the Appalachian Mountains, where the boundaries of four States—Kentucky,



IN THE LAND OF FEUDS—A TYPICAL HOME SCENE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SOUTHEASTERN KENTUCKY, ONE OF THE MOST PRIMITIVE REGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

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Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia—meet or approach. But its darkest region is in Kentucky, in the nineteen southeastern counties of the State, about the head waters of four rivers, the Cumberland, the Kentucky, the Licking, and the Big Sandy. Here is a land untouched by railroad or telegraph, for the most part; a savage, primeval country, where have developed those fierce and terrible family wars, the American feuds, beside which the Italian vendetta is a childish thing, almost humane in comparison.

As one studies the history of the seven greatest of the Kentucky feuds—for, like the stars, they differ in magnitude—one finds only the sickening story of bloodshed told over and over again, the cowardly attack from behind, the shooting of unarmed men. They vary only in details of horror. Not one single deed of chivalry, not one act of generosity, not one ray of nobility or unselfishness, not even a suggestion of fair play, illumines the blackness of the tales. Among these people the lust for human blood has become a malignant disease.

The seven great Kentucky feuds have resulted in some two hundred and fifty murders, and legal justice has claimed but two lives in retribution. One was a half-witted youth, Elhson Mounts, who was legally hanged for complicity in the Hatfield raids in Pike County. The other, Dr. Baker, was hanged by the court in defiance of the constitution of the United States, for he was once legally acquitted of the killing for which he was afterwards executed.

Human life is the cheapest thing in the Land of Feuds, yet the Land of Feuds has its own code of ethics. The stranger within it is safer than in New York, if he be careful to avoid taking sides, and to show that he has no inquisitive interest in moonshine distilleries. Also his property is sacred. He will be received with a hospitality as genuine as it is enthusiastic. But let him abstain from making enemies. The mountaineer host who slept on the floor so that the visitor might have his bed, and refused any payment, will calmly waylay and kill that same visitor later

in the day for twenty dollars or less. There are hundreds of men in the Land of Feuds who can be hired for two dollars a day to lie out in the open for three months, if necessary, to kill any one pointed out to them—providing, of course, that the victim does not belong to their clan.

The Land of Feuds invokes the statutes of the commonwealth of Kentucky when it can make use of them; and they become majestic, stern, omnipotent. When these same statutes cross its will; they are pushed aside as meaningless trifles. The Land of Feuds exemplifies the theory that law is the crystallized sentiment of a community.

THE HOWARD-TURNER FEUD.

The story of the first great feud, that of the McCoy's and the Hatfields, is probably familiar to the reader. The cowardly murders, the fiendish cruelties, of those human brutes were narrated in an article published in this magazine nearly three years ago (January, 1901). Of greater importance was the warfare of the Howards and the Turners, of Harlan County, which began in April, 1882, over a game of cards between Robert E. Lee Turner and Wilse Howard, both of whom were born during the Civil War. With a pistol, Turner forced Howard to return money that he had won. Three days later Howard waylaid Turner and shot him dead. Then the Turners made an unsuccessful raid on the Howard homestead, and the feud was in full swing. It involved practically the whole county, for it were hard to find a native who was not kin to one or the other of the great families.

For eight years the opposing factions shot each other in the back and from cover, which is considered glorious in the Land of Feuds. County Judge Lewis led the Turners, who held the court-house, and had most of the officers on their side. When Wilse Howard threatened a raid, the Kentucky militia came to protect the courts. The Howards melted into the mountain wilderness, where no soldier could find them, and patiently awaited the withdrawal of the troops.

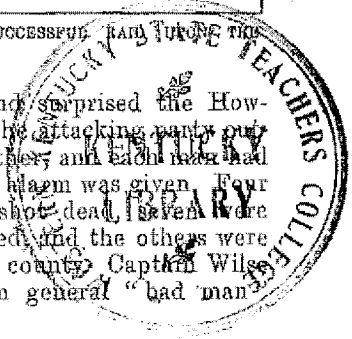
Finally Captain Wilse threatened



THE HOWARD-TURNER FEUD IN HARLAN COUNTY—THE TURNERS' UNSUCCESSFUL RAID UPON THE HOWARD HOMESTEAD.

to capture the town if Judge Lewis did not surrender—a euphemistic way of requesting the Turners to throw down their arms, so that the Howards could murder them and their sympathizers leisurely and without risk. While frightened townfolk were fleeing, the judge mustered his forces, made a rapid

night march, and surprised the Howards at dawn. The attacking party outnumbered the other, and each man had cover before the alarm was given. Four Howards were shot dead, seven were seriously wounded, and the others were chased from the county. Captain Wilcox escaped, to turn general "bad man"



and "killer" on the Pacific slope. He was ultimately hanged in Missouri for a murder which he committed on his way to the West, and ten of the Turners cheerfully journeyed to that State to see him executed.

THE WAR OF LOGANS AND TOLLIVERS.

The Logan-Tolliver feud, in Rowan County, was a ward-politics row developed into a campaign of assassination. In 1884 the Logans elected their candidate for sheriff by twelve votes, and the Tollivers showed their displeasure by killing one Logan and wounding three other members of the family after the votes were counted. There was a delay of five months, during which time Dick Martin, one of the wounded, was recovering. As soon as he had strength to do it, he found opportunity to shoot Floyd Tolliver, chief participant in the election-day fight. Martin was arrested for this murder by his own people, for safe-keeping, and sent to Winchester. The Tollivers had him brought back on a forged order, and they murdered him in cold blood, when he was bound and helpless, just outside of Morehead, the county seat.

During the next two years the Logans and the Tollivers killed one another at every opportunity, the approved method being the ambushing of a victim by half a dozen enemies. Your Kentucky feudist wholly disapproves of a fair fight. Three times troops were sent to Rowan County, and each time the mountains swallowed the men they wanted. Soldiers and indictments were equally unavailing.

Failing with arms, the Governor turned to diplomacy. He treated these lawless cutthroats as if the factions were sovereign powers, sent envoys to their camps, brought them into conference at the county court-house, and prevailed upon them to sign a truce. The leaders were to leave the county, and all indictments were to be quashed.

Peace actually lasted a whole year, but the habit of murder, too strong to be overcome by any promise, asserted itself, and the killings commenced again. All the county officers, including the judge, were involved. A party of Tollivers burned two of the Logan houses and killed four Logans, all brothers.

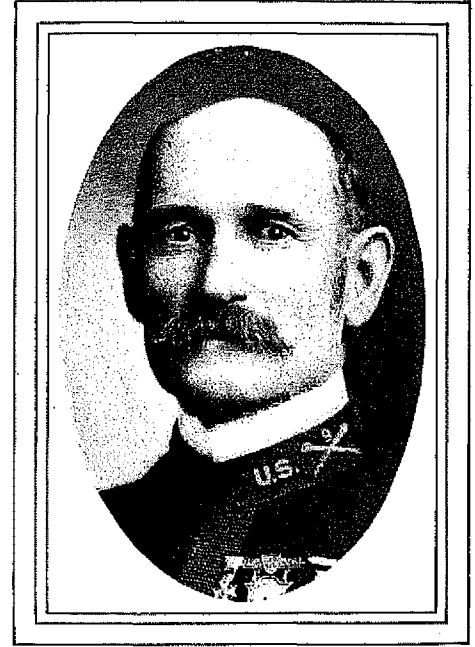
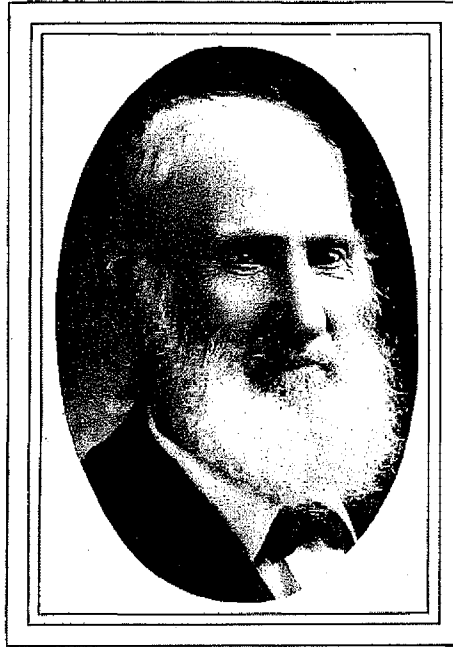
Then Daniel Boone Logan, sole surviving brother of the four murdered men, a college graduate and a lawyer of good standing, resolved to end the feud. After going through the polite

form of appealing to the Governor for troops—three times had the militia made itself the laughing-stock of the county—he decided to conduct his own campaign. He gathered fifty carefully picked men, dead shots and well disciplined. Some were of his clan; others he hired. He armed them with the best modern rifles, and with revolvers swinging from shoulder holsters, as revolvers are generally carried in the Kentucky mountains.

Daniel Boone Logan, the man of law, calmly announced that he and his band were going forth to annihilate the Tollivers, singly or in groups, and that they would never rest until the work was ended. The Logan men were as wise in the ways of the mountains as the Tolli-



DANIEL BOONE LOGAN, THE MAN WHO ENDED THE ROWAN COUNTY FEUD BY ORGANIZING A CAMPAIGN OF EXTERMINATION AGAINST THE TOLLIVERS.



GENERAL T. T. GARRARD, A CIVIL WAR VETERAN, AND HIS SON, MAJOR JOSEPH GARRARD, NINTH CAVALRY, UNITED STATES ARMY, PROMINENT MEMBERS OF ONE OF THE FAMILIES INVOLVED IN THE CLAY COUNTY FEUD.

vers, and as good shots. The Logans would fight a pitched battle or from ambush; they would slay openly or secretly, as occasion offered, but not a Tolliver should escape.

The Tollivers were honestly alarmed. Logan was violating the rules of the game. He was playing it openly and in a businesslike way. Therefore the Tollivers came together for mutual protection. They could muster thirty-one men against the enemy's fifty. Logan forced them into a pitched battle near Morehead. Four Tollivers, the last of their name, were slain, many of their followers wounded, and the rest scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Daniel Boone Logan was indicted for murder and placed on trial. He admitted the killings. He told the story of the feud, which had cost twenty-three lives—that number could be proved—and he boldly maintained that what he had done was for the good of the public. He declared that he had ended the murderous struggle. He was acquitted on that defense, and moved to Bell County, where he has prospered in the practise of law, respected and respect-

able. Not one person was legally punished for the twenty-three murders resulting from this feud, in which a petty political office was the original bone of contention.

THE FRENCH-EVERSOLE FEUD.

The relations between the Frenches and Eversoles, of Perry County, Kentucky, began in friendship and ended in more than thirty murders. It grew out of business jealousy, the commonest thing in the world, and a matter in which a normal community would take no active interest.

Joseph Eversole, the principal merchant in Hazard, county seat of Perry, was so rich, according to mountain standards, that when Fulton French came there to open a rival store, Eversole helped him both in a business way and politically. They were friends for ten years, and then Old Joe, as he was familiarly called, became jealous of the other's growing prosperity. The quarrel had political and social as well as commercial aspects. The whole county took sides, as usual. It may probably be said that the spirit of murder, the blood

lust, was abroad, and the people were ready for any excuse.

Tom Gayhart, an ardent French supporter, was killed on the river while

came the leader of the French faction. He prayed and murdered with equal enthusiasm. He exhorted his followers to kill Eversoles from ambush as earnestly



THE CLAY COUNTY FEUD—COUNTY ATTORNEY BAKER, AN UNARMED OLD MAN, WAYLAID AND MURDERED BY JIM HOWARD, THE CRACK SHOT WHO AFTERWARDS KILLED GOEBEL.

rafting logs, and his friends declared that the Eversoles had murdered him, though they had no evidence to support the charge. The feud was on. A mountain preacher, famous for zeal, his rough eloquence, and his success as an evangelist, the Rev. Bill Gambrill, be-

came the leader of the French faction. He prayed and murdered with equal enthusiasm. He exhorted his followers to kill Eversoles from ambush as earnestly as he had tried to save souls from Satan—until he was killed himself. Then one Smith, known as Bad Tom, and as despicable, depraved, and bloodthirsty a wretch as ever drew breath, took his place. Smith and his wife were finally hanged for a murder that had no con-

nection with the feud. For a few dollars they killed their family doctor, who had been one of their best friends, and who was their guest at the time. The countryside made the occasion of the hanging a holiday.

The Eversole faction was led by John Campbell, and the members of it wore white cockades in their hats. It should be explained that Fulton French left Hazard just after the death of Gayhart, and that Old Joe Eversole had taken no part in the killings. Still, after the county court-house had been burned while the outlaw Smith was trying to hold it against Campbell, and the militia had met with the usual failure, some one with a longing to shed human blood killed Old Joe from ambush. By this time it seemed that the murder lust had been sated; Rowan County folk came to the conclusion that this particular feud had become tiresome, even ridiculous, and it simply died out. In this respect it is unique among Kentucky feuds. It may be remarked that the thrifty Fulton French is now a prosperous merchant at Winchester, in the blue grass country.

THE CIVIL WAR IN BELL COUNTY.

Vastly different were the Turners, of Bell County. Like their kin in Harlan County, they had the feud bacillus in their blood. Perhaps because there was no family in Bell County strong enough to oppose them, they fought among themselves, the quarrel beginning over the exalted place of county jailer.

General Ben Butler Souders captained one side and Jeff Henderson the other. Each was the son of a Turner, and every member of the big family took sides. For two years Yellow Creek was seldom free of the stain of human blood, and Hell's Half Acre—a well named spot—saw warfare that would have made a red Indian blush for shame. The Turners received much encouragement from people thereabouts who hoped that the feudists would mutually exterminate one another; it remained for a foreign syndicate to end the war. Some English capitalists bought the valley of Yellow Creek, and started a most amazing boom town there, with newspapers, a

big hotel, a theater, banks, electric lights, and things of that sort. Civilization was too much for the murdering Turners.

Squire Souders, father of Ben Butler Souders, taking advantage of the new order of things, became justice of the peace in Middlesboro; but he still glories in the family achievements, for he has framed in his office a list of the victims of the feud, and it numbers twenty-six. "Those in the list whose last name is not Turner had a Turner for their mother," says an explanatory line.

Six more names should be added to the list, for so many survivors of the feud, being gathered in Lee Turner's Quarter House, a notorious hostelry on the Kentucky and Tennessee border line, were killed by a sheriff's posse in the spring of 1902. It was much more expeditious and effective than arrest and trial.

THE GREAT CLAY COUNTY FEUD.

Let it not be supposed that the men taking part in these blood wars are all crude, unlettered, elemental products of a savage soil. The spirit of the Land of Feuds has not only withstood the refining influences of higher civilization and education, but it has even taken advantage of them, for its own ends, as witness the Logan-Tolliver feud. The Clay County feud is another illustration. The chief families engaged in it have a distinguished lineage. The Garrards trace back their ancestry to Pierre Gerard, a French Huguenot of noble family who fled to England in 1680, and whose five grandsons emigrated to America. Of these Colonel William Gerard, or Garrard, came to Virginia; his son, James Garrard, went to Clay County, Kentucky, and was twice elected Governor of the State. General T. T. Garrard, the Governor's son, and the present head of the family, gained his title in the Federal service during the Civil War. One of the general's sons is Major Joseph Garrard, of the Ninth cavalry, United States army.

The first Kentucky ancestor of the Whites, General Hugh White, settled in Clay County in 1803, coming from Virginia. They have money, and are in-

fluent socially, politically, and commercially. John G. White, the brother of the present head of the family, was in Congress for twenty years or so, and he was also a Prohibition candidate for President of the United States. The Whites and Garrards are natural enemies because they are natural rivals.

Many years ago, before the Civil War, Dr. Abner Baker came from Tennessee to Manchester, the county seat of Clay County, settled there, and married a Miss White. His sister and her husband, whose name was Bates, lived in the same house with the doctor and his wife. There was a quarrel. Dr. Baker shot and killed Bates, charging him with undue attention to Mrs. Baker. On being tried for murder, Baker was acquitted. He went to Cuba, but returned to face a new trial which the Whites had secured, despite the fifth amendment to the constitution of the United States, and the result was that he was convicted and hanged. The Garrards were strong allies of Dr. Baker in this affair.

Here was sufficient excuse for a blood feud, but the habits of civilization and the family heritage of honor were stronger than the evil influence of environment. The Whites and the Garrards fought for years thereafter without staining their hands with one another's blood. But in the end the long struggle between soil and hirth resulted in a victory for the primeval, savage forces. The two families would not openly declare war because of their own quarrels, but they did not hesitate to take up the quarrel of their friends.

Tom Baker, who was reputed to be the best shot in the Kentucky mountains, but who was a law-abiding, orderly citizen, bought a note for twenty-five dollars given by one Howard, for whom Tom Baker, was cutting timber on shares. The note transaction made Howard furious, and he threatened the Bakers with vengeance. Not long afterward two Howards were shot from ambush and killed.

Then Jim Howard, son of the head of the family, started forth to kill. He learned that Tom Baker's father, county attorney for Clay County, and the only Democrat to be elected to that

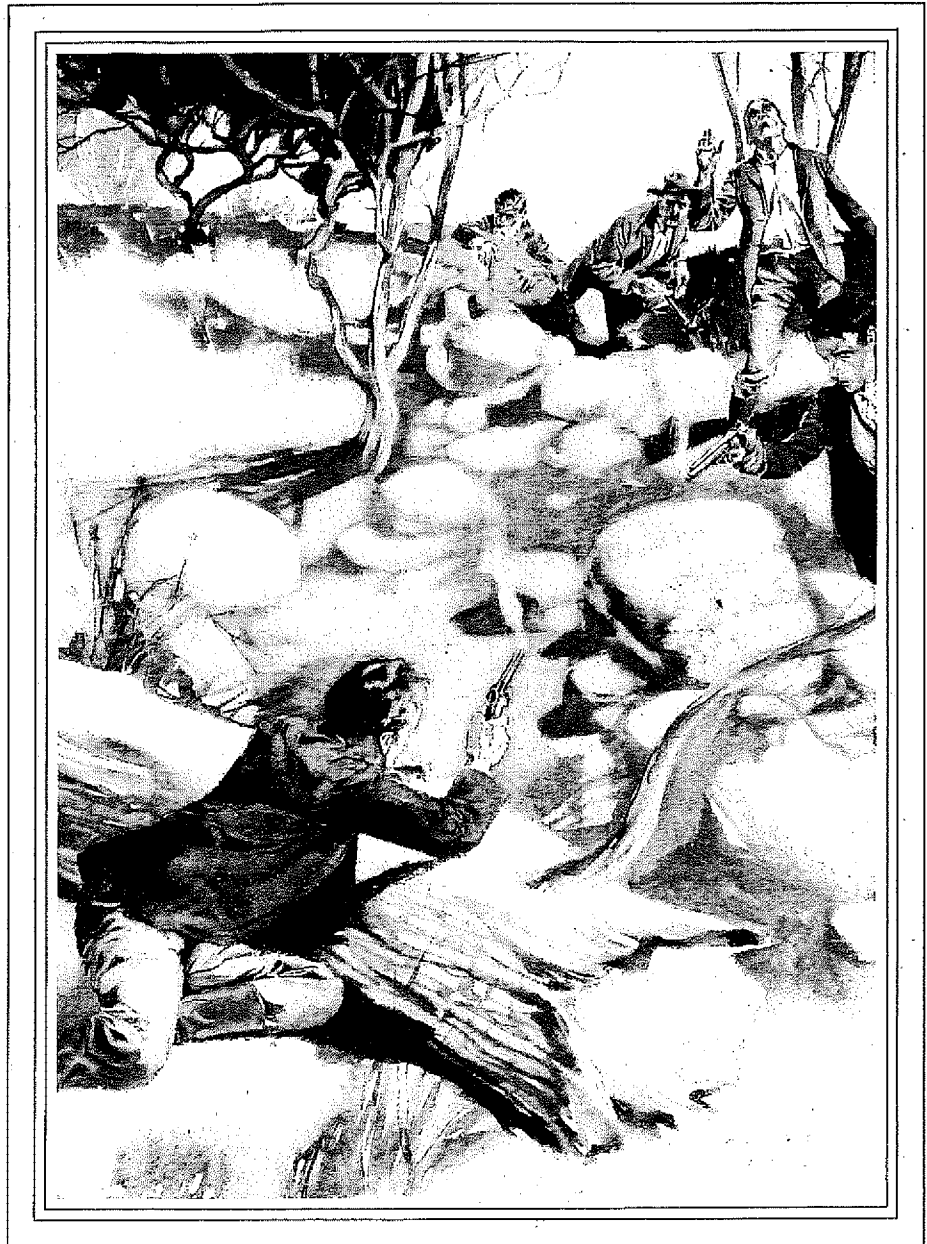
office for a quarter of a century, was away from home. The elder Baker was one of the most beloved and esteemed men in that part of the State. It was his boast that he never carried a weapon. Jim Howard knew it was safe to attack him.

They met on the road, and Howard ordered Baker to dismount. Falling upon his knees, the county attorney pleaded for his life. He begged the young man not to plunge the county into a deadly feud, and solemnly swore that none of his family had killed the two Howards.

A shot was the reply, and a bullet pierced Baker's thigh. A second disabled the other leg, making him helpless. Jim Howard, the second best shot in a community famous for its marksmen, stood before the white-haired, defenseless old man and shot him again and again, using his nice skill to avoid a fatal spot, yet never missing. Twenty-five bullets pierced Baker's body, and he bled to death, living only long enough to tell who had murdered him.

It was the atrocity of the murder, rather than the crime itself, that resulted in Howard's conviction for this deed. When a pardon was offered him if he would go to Frankfort and murder Governor Goebel, he gladly accepted, and carried out his share of the bargain. It has been charged that Howard, who was then considered the best shot in the Kentucky mountains—Tom Baker having been killed—was released on bail to assassinate Goebel. For shooting down the Governor of Kentucky, the creature guilty of these two crimes was sentenced to life imprisonment. It is said that he confidently expects to be pardoned within a few years.

As the two leading families of the county, and natural rivals, the Whites and the Garrards entered the fight on opposite sides. The Whites sided with the Howards. They had hated the Bakers ever since Dr. Abner Baker had accused his wife—a White—half a century before, and had been illegally executed through White influence. The Garrards sympathized with the Bakers, and the business of murder went on briskly, some twenty persons being slain.



THE CLAY COUNTY FEUD—JOHN PHILPOTTS' BATTLE WITH THE FOUR GRIFFINS, ALL OF WHOM HE KILLED.

One good fight there was when four Griffins, belonging to the White-Howard faction, met big John Philpotts and his cousin on the road. John Philpotts, a giant mountaineer nearly seven feet tall, has no place for fear in all his great bulk; wherefore the Griffins were dubious, the odds being only two to one in their favor. But this was offset in a

measure by the fact that they discovered their enemies first, and could ambush them.

John Philpotts was shot through the body at the first fire, and his cousin was fatally wounded. The big man dragged himself to a log for protection. Single-handed, with the blood gushing from his wound, he fought the four Griffins.



JAMES G. HARGIS, COUNTY JUDGE OF BREATHITT COUNTY, LEADER OF A FACTION IN THE HARGIS-COCKRILL FEUD.

Friends who came up to learn the outcome of the battle found John Philpotts unconscious, his cousin dying, and the four Griffins dead. The giant was the only survivor of that fight.

When Tom Baker's lawyers were seeking a change of venue—Baker had been arrested for killing some Howards and Whites—John Philpotts was practically the only man who dared go into court and say that a Baker could have no fair trial in Clay County, where the Whites controlled all the offices. But Tom Baker was killed in the midst of troops guarding him by a shot from the house of the sheriff of the county, Bev White, and common rumor said that the sheriff himself was the murderer.

Two years ago the two factions fought a pitched battle in front of the court-house in Manchester; then they came together and signed a truce with all formality, but it is not likely to endure.

Captain George Bryan, of the Second Kentucky, said to the widow of murdered Tom Baker, after they returned from the funeral:

"Mrs. Baker, why don't you leave this miserable country and escape from these terrible feuds? Move away, and teach your children to forget."

"Captain Bryan," said the widow, and she spoke evenly and quietly, "I have twelve sons. It will be the chief aim of my life to bring them up to avenge their father's death. Each day I shall show my boys the handkerchief stained with his blood, and tell them who murdered him."

THE HARGIS-COCKRILL FEUD.

The Hargis-Cardwell-Cockrill feud is another exemplification of the fact that the refinements of education and civilization do not always check these murderous wars, and sometimes only make them more deadly. During the first nine months of this feud, it caused no fewer than thirty-eight deaths, nearly all of them in or about Jackson, county seat of Breathitt County, which has a railroad, the telegraph, and the telephone.

James G. Hargis, leader of one faction, is the county judge. He is also the owner of a "mammoth department store," with branches in other places, and he has large coal and timber interests. He brother, John F. Hargis, who could scarcely read or write at twenty, became the youngest chief justice that ever sat on the Kentucky bench, and he is now celebrated as one of the most erudite men in the State.

The Hargis and Cockrill families have been enemies for thirty years, and there had been more or less fighting from time to time, but the war of extermination did not really begin until the spring of last year. The Cardwells claimed that Hargis seized the office of county judge, to which Charles Terry had been legally elected. Each side sought to establish the justice of its claim by killing as many opponents as possible. Sheriff Ed Callahan, brother-in-law of Judge Hargis, swore in members of the family as deputies, and they murdered with some show of legal authority. Tom and Jim Cockrill, close relatives of the Cardwells, were both slain, the former by Ben Hargis, who was himself fatally wounded, and the latter by some one hidden in the court house. Dr. D. B. Cox, guardian of the

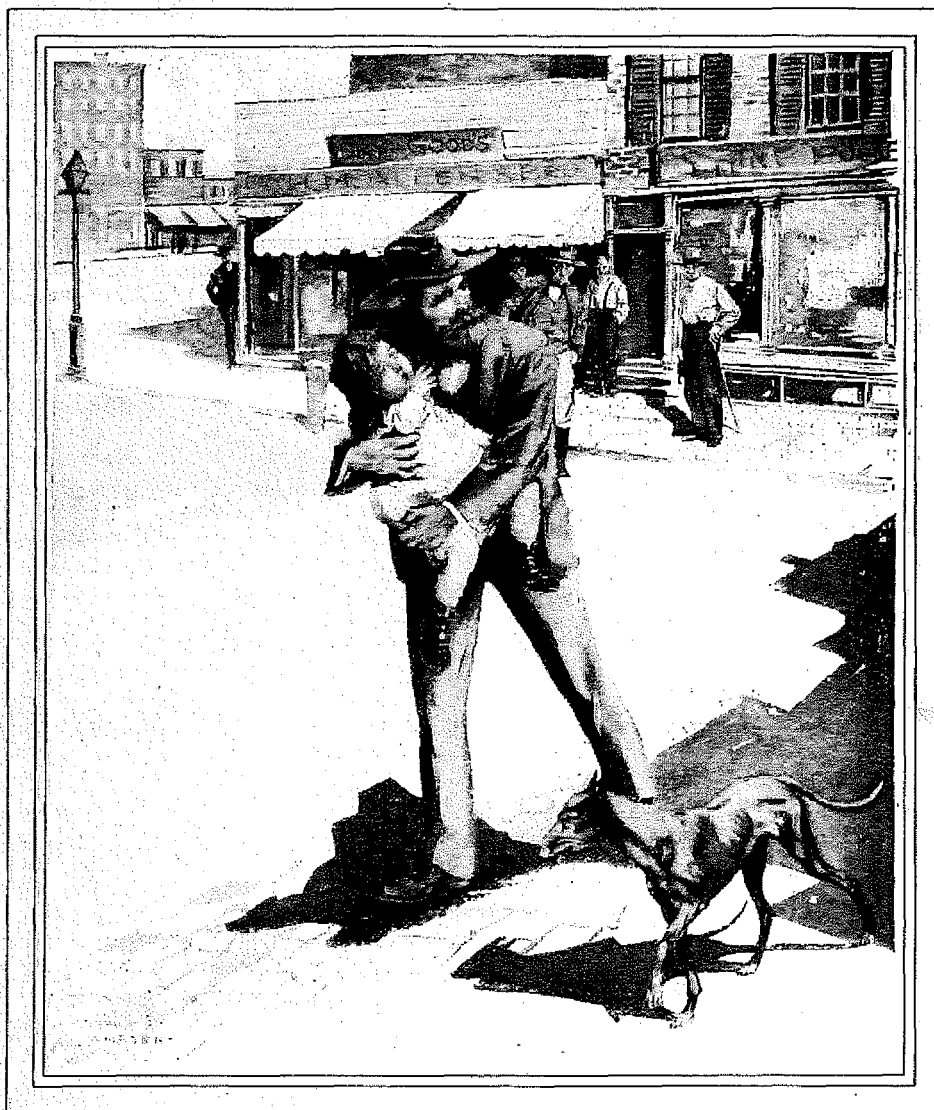
Cockrill boys, was decoyed from his home at night by an appeal to come to the aid of a man who was dying, only to be foully murdered in the dark.

For nearly a year James B. Marcum, the leading lawyer of Jackson, a candi-

sins would not dare risk killing the child.

"I am doomed," said Marcum. "Sooner or later they will kill me. But I will not run away."

Day and night for two months assas-



THE BREATHITT COUNTY FEUD—FOR NEARLY A YEAR JAMES B. MARCUM NEVER APPEARED IN PUBLIC WITHOUT CARRYING HIS BABY IN HIS ARMS, KNOWING THAT THE ASSASSINS WOULD NOT DARE RISK KILLING THE CHILD.

date for the court of appeals, and the attorney for Terry in the fight for the county judgeship, never appeared in public without carrying his baby in his arms, knowing that the assas-

sins watched Marcum's house, waiting for an opportunity to kill him. He dared not step foot out of doors save in broad daylight, and with his children about him. Finally there came a day

when his vigilance relaxed. He walked over to the court-house alone, and was shot dead on the steps of the temple of justice. This murder was committed early last May, and some three months later Curtis Jett and Tom White, deputy sheriffs, were actually sentenced to life imprisonment for the crime. The case had been transferred to another county, where it was possible to secure a jury capable of seeing that justice should be done. At the time of writing this, Jett is again on trial for the killing of Jim Cockrill.

WHEN WILL THE FEUDS END ?

The facts here presented are the merest outline of the story of the seven great Kentucky feuds. Students, seeking explanation for them, have made adroit deductions from long analyses, but the burden of it all is that the Kentucky mountaineer fights simply because it is in him to fight.

Most of these mountain folk are descendants of Anglo-Saxon pioneers from Virginia and the Carolinas to whom the savage, inaccessible wilderness appealed, and of criminals who were driven out of the older settlements because jails were few, or who sought asylum in the mountains to escape sudden justice. The taint of this lawless ancestry is over the whole of the Land of Feuds.

For a hundred years the isolation of these people has been almost complete. They have lived a wild, free life, governed only by such laws as it pleased them to observe. Consanguineous marriages, with their biological consequences, have been common, and the increase in the sparse population has been confined to the growth of a few families

which have assumed tribal proportions. During the Civil War the mountain district was rent by factions, and the robbing, murdering hushwhackers made a savage land more brutal.

Politics logically succeeded the war as a source of clan rivalries. The feuds will endure as long as the mountain folk look upon them as natural, and as long as murder is considered a necessary complement to them. All the troops in the United States army could not stamp out a single feud, when those engaged in it seek refuge in the mountains. Education has not taught the feudists a horror of murder; the respectability of wealth has not kept them from killing a helpless, unarmed man simply for the name he bears. There are little ones, tottering about on childish, uncertain legs, who will some day shoot a man in the back because their father was murdered.

Neither education, nor wealth, nor the refinements of civilization are as strong as the murder-lust in the Land of Feuds. Its regeneration will come only through the introduction of outside influences, of people who will dominate not only intellectually but numerically.

When the law shall arise in the majesty that is its attribute and administer stern, inexorable justice, taking no account of family connections or blood vengeance, but only of crimes committed; when public opinion shall make it impossible for a chief magistrate to blacken his soul by pardoning a cowardly assassin for selfish political ends, then, and only then, will the Frankenstein of the Kentucky mountains receive its death thrust, and the Land of Feuds will cease to be a blot on the map of these United States.

SWORD, GO THROUGH THE LAND

Sword, go through the land and slay
Guile and Hate, Revenge, Dismay !
Now where is such a sword, you say

Sword, go through the land, but spare
Love and Hope and Peace and Prayer
Now who, you ask, that sword shall be

Sword, go through the land, and youth,
Prime, and age shall cry : " Forsooth,
How mighty is the sword called Truth ! "



Clarence Urmy.

July 5, 1899

THE
BAKER-WHITE-
HOWARD
FEUD



HON. H. C. EVERSOLE,
CIRCUIT JUDGE

IN
CLAY
COUNTY
KENTUCKY

THE ORIGIN of the now famous Baker-Howard-White feud in Kentucky is Manchester, Clay County, in the southeastern part of the State, a typical Southern mountain village with three hundred population, twenty-four miles from London, the nearest railway station. The region is extremely wild and the scenery magnificent.

The people as a rule are poor, but without poverty, the soil being productive; and nearly all farm, raise cattle, and hogs. They are fairly well educated; many are unable to read and write, and they are as much civilized as are the people elsewhere, though the sensational newspaper reports would indicate that ignorance and murder are the characteristics of all Eastern Kentucky. True hospitality seems to have found its origin here, for, without exception, there can be no traveler or traveller who is not welcome in all cash home can afford. They are warm, honest hearted, quick to assist an honest, and equally so to appreciate a kindness.

All Kentucky—this portion in particular—deploras the fact that it has to bear the burden of the acts of a few men.

The latest feud of any magnitude was fair to equal the Gravel-Overton, in which thirty-eight were shot, and the Strong-Amy, which killed seventy-three.

The murders of Tom Baker are known to the Bakers, and this knowledge may result in the killing of several Whites and Howards before many days pass.

Many years the Bakers and Howards have been enemies. The shooting of Will White by the Baker faction, and Daniel Barrard by the White faction, have drawn into the struggle the two great powerful families in the county, and through marriage and friendship others constantly join.

The prime cause can be attributed to political jealousy, high tempers, and "moonshine." Their method of killing—for it cannot be called fighting—is not a noble one; shooting from bushes, behind trees, from hills and houses, or an unsuspecting enemy. In two instances only was death met face in face. They use

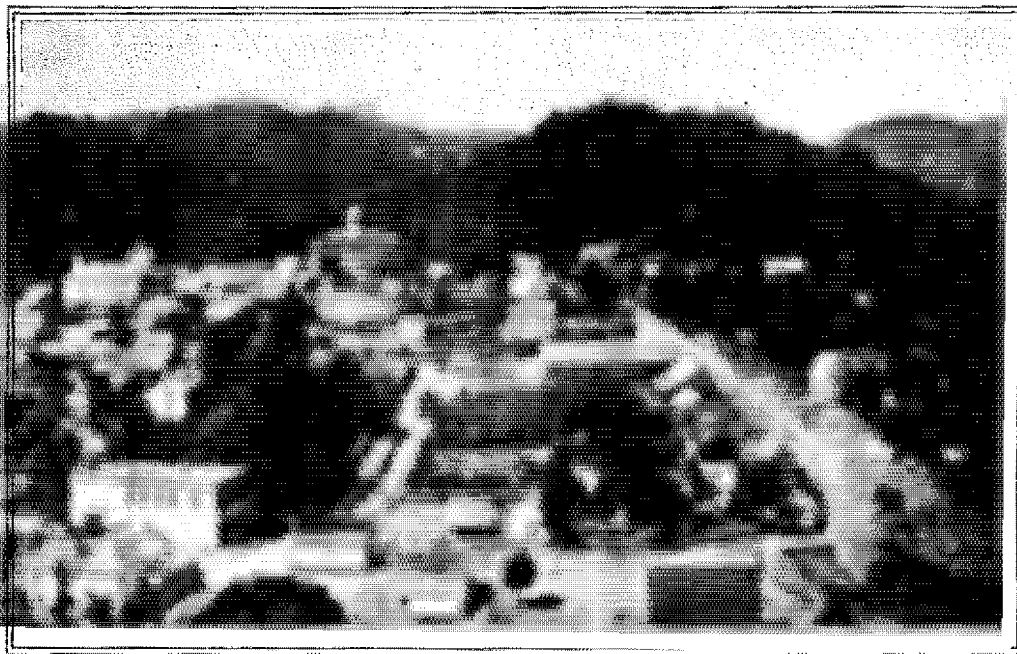
forty-five calibre Colts and Winchesters, both of which will carry over a mile.

The Whites are prosperous farmers and merchants, politically strong, holding all the county offices. The Howards are poor, and so are the Bakers, but the latter are backed by the Garrards, wealthy salt manufacturers and farmers, the head of which is General Theophilus T. Garrard. The head of the Whites is Judge Beverly White, related to various lawyers, Congressmen and Governors; and the Garrards have descended from a family equally distinguished both in this country and in England.

The first killing in late years was on June 6, 1895, when Wilson Howard and Burch Flores were killed, and A. B. Howard, father of Will, was wounded. Then, it is thought, was done by Tom Baker, as there had been a dispute between them regarding a forty-dollar note. The next day James Howard met George Baker, father of Tom, and shot him. Shortly after this Charles Wooten, son-in-law of A. B. Howard, was shot by Ed Baker. In August Tom Baker met and killed Will White, nephew of Judge White, and Sheriff Beverly White, Jr. Later, in the same month, John Baker was shot by two men from behind two trees on Goose Creek. His negro, who was with him, was

likewise killed. The 10th of this month, Tom Baker, who was to be tried in Manchester for the murder of Will White, was taken to the court-house under the protection of a hundred State troops and a Gatling gun; but while standing in a guard tent in the court-house yard a shot rang out from Sheriff White's house, directly opposite, and the noted Tom Baker, cousin of Captain William Strong of Breathitt, fell dead. Court was adjourned, and every one who could left Clay County. The troops then took Wiley and James Baker to the jail in Harboursville. To show what intense hatred exists, John D. White a few days ago cheered, as Edward Garrard passed, for Carlo Britton, who killed Edward's brother Daniel ten years ago.

Yesterday I had an interview with Governor Bradley at his home in Frankfort. He says that at present he is utterly powerless to subdue the trouble, being hindered by inadequate State laws. Martial law he cannot declare, cannot appoint a judge and grand jury from another county, and cannot have a Clay County citizen indicted elsewhere. The only way a new judge can be had is for the circuit clerk to hold an election of the bar, and in this case the clerk is Lough White, one of the feudists. He cannot take away their arms. In fact, the State laws are such that Governor Bradley is less able to prevent further disgrace to the State than any of its citizens; and yet all look to him to preserve order. In mentioning the feud he said: "Don't tell them what I have said, for I don't want the devil to know how powerless I am!" His only recourse is to call a special session of the legislature, and either change the laws or repeal the incorporation of Clay as a county, and divide it into four adjoining counties. This latter, he said, "will be a terrible warning to the rest of the State, and will probably prevent similar disturbances." But Governor Bradley does not wish to call a special session of the legislature now, in the heat of a serious political struggle—he is a Republican—for, he says, "the Democrats would make capital of it, and it would probably result in defeat to my party."



MANCHESTER, CLAY COUNTY, KENTUCKY, LOOKING EAST. THE LARGE BUILDING WITH THE CUPOLA, IN THE BACKGROUND, IS THE COURT HOUSE



BEVERLY P. WHITE, JR., SHERIFF OF CLAY COUNTY, KENTUCKY

With which does the Governor's duty rest, with his party or the State? His solution of this problem will be watched with great interest. Surely the wiles of his opponents, the Kentucky Democrats, will permit them to assist their chief executive in preventing the continuance of this disgrace to one of our country's finest States.

The crying need of the situation is admitted to be legislation that will take it out of the power of the local authorities to hawk the ends of justice. Under the present law the troops are under the county authorities, and as the administration in Clay is almost entirely in the hands of parties to the feud, the value of the militia as a preserver of order practically is nullified. Should the legislature be convened in special session, it probably would be called upon to pass a law giving the Governor power to use the State Guard as he sees fit. This would make possible the enforcement of the law even in Clay County, and with the law enforced the feud could not live.

In the absence of some such extraordinary step as this, it is difficult to see the end of the present feud, except the extermination of one or both of the contending factions. There is the bare possibility that lack of funds might bring it to an end, for strange as it may seem, money is an object of basic importance with the feudists. The average wage of these warriors is a dollar a day and "found," by which is meant the supplying of incense and bread, guns and ammunition.

The French-Brando feud, one of the longest and fiercest in Kentucky's sanguinary annals, is said to have involved the expenditures of \$160,000 by the opposing clans. It is calculated that the cost of a three months' feud campaign with fifty fighting men on a side would be about \$15,000. The Whites, it is conceded, are much better prepared financially to carry on such a campaign than their opponents. In fact, with the Bakers crippled in feuds, with Wiley and Jim Baker in Harboursville jail, old George Baker and Tom Baker dead, and Dee and Bob Baker at London, twenty-four miles away, there is little prospect of much active fighting now.

Though one of the fiercest, the Baker-Howard feud is far from being the first in Kentucky records. Possibly because of the Scottish ancestry of these mountain people, which may be supposed to have imprinted in them the clan spirit, feuds were as bloody as any Christian vendetta have drawn a sanguinary streak across many a page of the State's history. One of the earliest of these feuds was that which broke out between the families of Hill and Evans in Garrard County in 1819 and ran a bloody twenty-year course, marked by twenty-seven violent deaths.

Soon after the Civil War a feud arose in Breathitt County, led by Captain "Bill" Strong and John Amy. It raged for thirty-five years, and in its course pitched battles were fought, in one of which six men were killed. Tom Baker, whose killing brought a crisis in the inmost feud, was a direct descendant of Captain "Bill" Strong.

Next, in Harlan County, a feud prevailed for ten or twelve years between the Howards and Turners, in which some thirty men lost their lives and much property was destroyed. It only came to an end when Wilson Howard killed an outsider and was tried, convicted and hanged.

While Proctor Knott was Governor of Kentucky, the counties of Rowan and Morehead were terrorized by a war be-

tween the Martins and the Tollivers. He spent \$100,000 of the State's money trying to suppress it, and gave up the job in despair. Boone Logan, a young lawyer of Morehead, with the Governor's consent, organized a force of one hundred men, swore out warrants for Craig Tolliver, leader of the most aggressive faction, and surrounded the house where he hid his followers. In the battle that followed Craig and two other Tollivers were slain, making twenty-three who had perished in the feud.

Perry County was the scene of the famous French-Eversole feud. This was led by Fulton French on one side and George Eversole, a brother of Judge H. C. Eversole, now presiding over the Clay County circuit, on the other. Money was spent lavishly, large forces of fighting men were enlisted on both sides, and in the course of the ten years that the warfare lasted thirty-eight men were killed.

It was soon after the French-Eversole feud had died out that the Baker-White-Howard trouble began. The Bakers and Whites were not hereditary enemies. In fact, when General Baker, cousin of Tom Baker, was killed in Clay County by John Wilson ten years ago, the Whites were among the strongest friends the Bakers had. Feeling ran high, and when, after three trials, a jury acquitted Wilson, he had to leave Clay to escape the vengeance of the Bakers. Last year he went back to Clay County, and soon afterward was killed from ambush. It was thought by John Baker, son of his victim of nine years before.

It is this Indian method of fighting from cover that constitutes one of the most discouraging elements of the situation. In the assassinations and ambushes that characterize these feuds there is none of the spirit of chivalry that formed a redeeming feature of the custom of duelling. It is a common thing in a Kentucky vendetta for a squad of hired men to lurk for days behind a "blind," built by the roadside, waiting for some member of the enemy-clan to appear. These blinds consist of a screen of freshly-leaved branches constructed between two trees thirty or forty feet from the road. It is one of the anomalies of this civilization that men of intelligence, education, and indubitable personal courage should resort to the cowardly practices of the untaught savage for the wreaking of mere revenge. Small wonder that Governor Bradley is appalled at the gravity of the problem.

That the participants in this feud are not the illiterate backwoodmen some have imagined is shown by their quick utilization of the latest improvements in weapons. Both factions are reported to be supplied with modern military rifles and smokeless powder, and each is charging the other with using explosive cartridges. The widow of Tom Baker, who is living near Manchester with her eleven children, has been threatened by the Whites and Howards with the blowing up of her house by dynamite, which represents an evolution from the former practice of setting fire to the houses of the enemy.

As methods of the method of "bushwhacking" pursued by the feudists was supplied when the Lexington battalion of State Guards, that had been sent to Manchester to protect the courts and the Bakers while they were on trial, started to take Jim Baker and his nephew



DEE AND "BOB" BAKER

Wiley to the jail at Harboursville. Colonel Williams, who was in command, expected trouble and prepared for it by surrounding the prisoners completely, so that they could not be picked off by sharpshooters. A squad of some thirty or forty men of the Howard and White faction formed an ambush where the road from Manchester to Harboursville passes under a thickly wooded bluff. They hoped to be able to fire on the prisoners from this vantage-point without running the danger of killing any of the guard. The wagoner of the party was a friend of the Whites and Howards, and undertook to lead the troops into the ambush. Colonel Williams suspected treachery, however, and sent out scouts, who reported the presence of an armed force in the woods. The leading gun which the battalion carried was brought into position, but before a shot was fired the ambushing party had retreated into the hills.

The recent developments in the feud attracted an army of newspaper correspondents to Clay County. Their presence was not relished by the men who have been making trouble there, and they soon took effective measures of forcing the "news hunters" away. One night three weeks ago the throat of the horse ridden by the messenger employed in carrying newspaper despatches between Manchester and London was cut by unknown parties. A few days later the newspaper men were warned by the Howards and Whites to leave the county on penalty of death. Whether the threat would ever have been executed or not no one knows, but the correspondents did not wait to test the matter. They withdrew in good order, but without delay, and the feudists have since been peacefully free from the supervision of the outside world.

Of the personal coverings of the leaders of the feud there can be no doubt. The Bakers are said to have Indian blood in their veins, a fact which may account for the audacity with which they take in the methods of fighting peculiar to the red men. Susan Callahan, a half Cherokee, is among their associates. Captain "Bill" Strong, who is reported to have slain twenty-five men with his own hand, was her grandfather. Dr. Abner Baker, who flourished in Clay County half a century ago, killed a number of men in his time, and finally was hanged for murder.

General T. T. Garrard, who figures in the present troubles as a friend of the Bakers, performed the same service for Dr. Baker fifty years ago. He tried to get the Governor to pardon Dr. Baker on the ground that his killings were the result of homicidal mania, and in recent years he has been giving bail for others of the Baker clan who they get into the clutches of the law. The old general declares that he cannot be driven out of Clay County, where he proposes to remain the rest of his natural life with his pet cat, but his son Gilbert Garrard has had to wren away to escape assassination.

Efforts were made to have Judge Eversole, who is related to the Whites, rotate the bench and call a special term of court, to be presided over by a special judge, to try the murder cases; but it appears at this writing to have fallen through, having the extra session this only remedy. Colonel Williams has been instructed to complete the reorganization of the First Kentucky Regiment for service, and it is rumored that Governor Bradley intends to put both Clay and Harlan Counties under martial law.



GENERAL T. T. GARRARD, OF CLAY COUNTY