The Rowan County Trouble

[The following poem, which downs and slams the sheriff, is said to have been sent to a printer by a native of Rowan county - "Sweet Singer of Michigan," has been handed to the Drummer for publicity.]

"Come, all young men and ladies, 
Mothers and fathers, too, 
I'll tell you of the Rowan county 
Concerning blood and dust.

And her many crimes disclose - 
My friends, give your attention, 
Remember this tale of woe 
Was in the month of August, 
All on election day.

John Martin lived in town, 
They say, by Jackson day 
Martin curtailed their aim, 
He could not think of it, 
He thought they had the game. 
That struck the fatal blow.

They shot and killed Sal Brady, 
A sober citizen. 
Left his wife and having children 
To go the world alone.

They wounded young Al. Siemens, 
Although his life rescue - 
He was shot - 
Since he stood at the grave.

Some men forged an order - 
On a man named Martin, 
The plan was then agreed upon, 
For Martin they cut him.

Martin was shot in the heel, 
At the time of the trial. 
He seemed to be in despair, 
Alas, his day was near.

A few words passed between 
Then another man shot. 
The people soon were frightened, 
Began to rush out of the room, 
A bell from the church 
Loudly tolled in the town.

Then Martin was wounded, 
The wife to stop and fall. 
Martin was arrested 
And put up in his jail.

Some persons forged an order - 
On a man named Martin, 
When they got out of jail 
They seem to be deceived.

Poor Martin, he called his wife, 
But his wife was by the game. 
They sentenced him to death 
With such a knave as me.

So much for the midnight mob, 
They have no power on earth. 
When they arrived at Payne's 
They had Martin in sight.

A band appeared, but the engineer 
And told him not to shoot, 
They stopped and gave up 
With pistols in their hands.

In the dark of the night 
He found a man in iron bands. 
His wife had heard the hoarse word, 
And she began to cry.

"Oh Lord! they've killed him!" she cried. 
Then the deed was done. 
The death of these two men caused 
Great trouble in our land. 
We'll meet some more like these.

And take the parting hand 
Exulting, still.

They may never, never weep; 
Would I that I could.

One last word to the people.

They killed the deputy sheriff. 
Tongue on the lip.

They shot him from the bushes. 
After taking deliberate aim.

The death of these two men was 
May never, never weep; 
Would I that I could.

With thirty-chamber bore.

I compromise this as an warning.

Your pistols will come to trouble. 
On this, I close.

In the bottom of a whimsy glas - 

Burn the waves of rum that drink it, 
And sends their souls to hell.