

# THE ROWAN COUNTY TROUBLE.

COMPOSED BY J. W. DAY.

[The following poem, which downs anything ever written by Byron or the "Sweet Singer of Michigan," has been handed to the DRUMMER for publication.—ED.]

Come, all young men and ladies,  
Mothers and fathers, too,  
I'll relate to you a history  
Of the Rowan county crew—  
Concerning bloody Rowan,  
And her many hideous deeds—  
My friends, please give attention,  
Remember how it reads.

It was in the month of August,  
All on election day,  
John Martin he was wounded,  
They say, by Johnnie Day.  
Martin could not believe it,  
He could not think it so,  
He thought it Floyd Toliver  
That struck the fatal blow.

They shot and killed Sol. Bradley,  
A sober, innocent man.  
Left his wife and loving children  
To do the best they can.  
They wounded young Ad. Sizemore,  
Although his life was saved—  
He seems to shun the grog-shop  
Since he stood so near the grave.

Martin did recover,  
Some months had come and passed,  
In the town of Morehead,  
Those men had met at last.  
Toliver and a friend or two  
About the streets did walk,  
He seemed to be uneasy—  
With no one wished to talk.

He walked into Judge Carey's grocery,  
And stepped up to the bar,  
But little did he think, dear friends,  
—He had met that fatal hour,  
The sting of death was near him,  
Martin rushed in at the door.  
A few words passed between them  
Concerning a row before.

The people soon were frightened,  
Began to rush out of the room,  
A ball from Martin's pistol  
Layed Toliver in the tomb.  
The friends then gathered 'round him—  
The wife to weep and wail—  
Martin was arrested  
And soon confined in jail.

He was put in the jail of Rowan,  
There to remain awhile  
In the hands of law and justice,  
To bravely stand his trial.  
The people talked of lynching him,  
At present, though they failed,  
The prisoner's friends soon moved him  
Unto the Winchester jail.

Some persons forged an order—  
Their names I do not know—  
The plan soon was agreed upon,  
For Martin they did go.  
Martin seemed discouraged,  
He seemed to be in dread,  
"They've sought a plan to kill me,"  
To the jailer Martin said.

They put the handcuffs on him,  
His heart was in distress,  
They hurried to the station,  
Stepped on the night express.  
Along the line she lumbered  
At her usual speed;  
There were only two in number  
To commit the dreadful deed.

Martin was in the smoking car,  
Accompanied by his wife,  
They did not want her present  
When they took her husband's life.  
When they arrived at Farmers  
They had no time to lose,  
A band approached the engineer  
And bid him not to move.

They stepped up to the prisoner  
With pistols in their hands—  
In death he soon was sinking,  
He died in iron bands.  
His wife soon heard the horrid sound,  
She was in another car.  
She cried "Oh Lord! they've killed him!"  
When she heard the pistol fire.

The death of these two men have caused  
Great trouble in our land,  
Caused men to leave their families  
And take the parting hand  
Retaliating, still at war,  
They may never, never cease;  
I would that I could only see  
Our land once more in peace.

They killed the deputy sheriff.  
Bungardner was his name,  
They shot him from the bushes,  
After taking deliberate aim.  
The death of him was dreadful,  
It may never be forgot—  
His body pierced and torn  
With thirty-three buckshot.

I compose this as a warning—  
Oh! beware, young men!—  
Your pistols will cause trouble,  
On this you may depend.  
In the bottom of a whisky glass  
A lurking devil dwells,  
Burns the breasts of those who drink it,  
And sends their souls to Hell.