

THE ROWAN COUNTY ROW.

Martin's Friends Aroused to the Fighting Point and Both Sides Arm and Go Into Camp—A Word From Cornelison's Brother.

[Special to the Courier-Journal.]

LEXINGTON, Dec. 11.—Later developments in the killing of John Martin by a mob at Farmer's Station, Rowan county, show that the order for removing him from Winchester jail to Morehead for an examining trial was forged, the three guards being proven in a plot to murder the prisoner. County Attorney Z. T. Young, at Rowan, says no such order was issued as that presented by Marshal Alvin Bowling, of Farmer's, who had two confederates by the name of Stevens, brothers, with him. Martin, in his dying declarations, says the guards shot him, Bowling firing the first shot. He was shot seven times. Bowling explains his conduct by saying that the order came to him by mail, and that he had been ejected from the car by a mob when the shooting occurred. Martin's wife was on the train at the time and was crazed with grief. Martin was not manacled until he had been taken twenty-seven miles on the route. There is great excitement over the affair, a revulsion of feeling having taken place in favor of Martin. Further bloodshed may be predicted and a regular mountain vendetta. Sheriff-elect Humphries, of Rowan county, who is a strong friend of Martin's, swears vengeance and a determination to probe the matter to the bottom.

Numbers of determined men declare they will stand by him to the end, let it be what it may.

The latest intelligence from the seat of war is that seventy-five men are in arms on each side, camped out and ready for the fray.

At Olympia Springs, Bath county, last night, John Yarbo and John Clark had a fight, Clark being severely stabbed in the back.

One hundred and forty convicts on the water-works reservoir to-day moved to Clark county to work on the pike. At roll-call yesterday they made an attempt to escape, the leader being a white prisoner induced to take the lead. A guard named Blandert was knocked down in a room, and Inspector Marshall, at the door, was also attacked but succeeded in locking the door. All the participants were whipped, the white leader peaching, saying they put him forward to get him killed. Another attempt was made last night at roll-call. Inspector Marshall and Guard Coughlin went to call the roll, and the negroes made a break, knocking Marshall down. A negro trusty named Irwin Wallace, outside sick in bed from hernia, jumped out of bed, rushed to the door with a pistol in hand, and prevented prisoners from escaping, saying he would shoot down the first man approaching the door.

Meeting Mr. Wm. Cornelison, brother of J. J. Cornelison, hereto-night, the COURIER-JOURNAL asked:

"Is it true that your brother has gone away as reported?"

"No, sir, he has no idea of going."

"Where is he now?"

"At home; I slept with him last night and expect to again to-night. The case will be called again to-morrow at 9 o'clock before Judge Cooper, and we will have a rehearing. The majority of the people think the verdict is entirely wrong. A number of Judge Reid's friends tell us that it is a persecution and ought to be reversed. My father, brother and myself were for 18 years among Reid's best friends, and deeply regretted the occurrence, but we think John has been unnecessarily persecuted."