THE ROWAN COUNTY ROW.

Martin's Friends Aroused to the Fighting Point and Both Sides Arm and Go Into Camp—A Word From Officer'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 Farmer's Station was a feint. The trial of the guards being proven in a plot to murder the prisoner. County Attorney Z. T. Young, at Rowan, says no such order was ever issued. The guard is to be remembered by Marshal and Bowling of Farmer's Station. He had two confederates, by the name of Stevens, brothers, with him. Martin, in his dying declarations, says the guards shot him. Bowling, bringing the first shot. He was shot seven times. Bowling, as an ex-officer, has been turned down. The order came to mail, and he was chased in from the train by a car, and was made to look for 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 mob is expected to form. Sheriff-elect Humphries, of Rowan county, is a strong friend of Martin, and is sworn to vengeance and would not probe to the bottom.

Numbers of determined men declare they will not let him by the hand, 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 Varbo 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 Coco county to work on the pike. At Rolla a year ago, a Negro convicts' attempt to escape, the leader being a white man, induced to take the lead. A guard named Blundell was knocked down in a room, and Inspector Marshall, at the door, was also attacked but succeeded in escaping. Another man, also a Negro, charged Marshall down. A negro trustee named Irwin Wallace, who had been sick in the hospital, shot at the guard and ran to the door with a pistol in his hand, and prevented prisoners from escaping, saying he would shoot the first man he saw.

Meeting Mr. Wm. Cornell, brother of J. W. Cornell, here-to-night, the COURIER JOURNAL said: "Is it true that your brother has gone away as reported?"

"What do you mean about going?"

"I meant that he has gone away as reported."

"Where is he now?"

"At home; I slept with him last night and he was in the room he and Judge Cooper will be calling again to-morrow at 9 o'clock before Judge Reid and his friends, and the verdict is entirely wrong. A number of Judge Reid's friends tell us that it is a personal matter, and we think Judge John is the best friend and reared the greatest of Reids, and I think there is some misunderstanding."

THE REST.