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LYNCHING IN CANADA.

FIVE OF A FAMILY MURDERED.

Awful Developments—Arrest of a Dozen of the Vigilance Committee.

FULL DETAILS OF THE MURDER.

What the Surviving Donnelly's Say.

(By Telegraph to the Post and True Witness.)

LUCCAN, Ont., February 4.—For some considerable time back incendiary fires and other misdemeanors have been of frequent occurrence, and, whether rightly or not, the Donnelly family were blamed, if not as the actual perpetrators of the crimes, that they were the instigators. Hence an intense feeling of enmity prevailed against them. A vigilance committee was formed by the settlers as a means of protection against these outrages. The last fire was on the Ryder farm on Thursday night, the 15th January, in the very midst of the Donnelly settlement, and the four Donnelly brothers were at a wedding when the fire occurred. The father and mother, who were at their home at the time, were arrested on suspicion. Their examination was still pending, and was to have been closed to-day; but the morning light displayed

THE CHASTISEMENT

of the remains of the inmates of the Donnelly homestead burned to a cinder, after being first murdered with axes and such other weapons as came to hand. About 20 men, disguised beyond recognition, were engaged in the bloody work. A little boy, named Connors, belonging to the village, was staying in the house over night, and, when the attack was made, dodged under the bed without being discovered. When the murders were committed and the house fired the gang decamped. The boy then emerged from his hiding place and made for the village. The only reliable account that can be had is from the boy. The parties murdered are James and Judy, the father and mother, Thomas, the youngest son, Bridget, a niece. About the same time another party called at the residence of William Donnelly, three miles distant from the father's residence. His brother John, being in the house, got up and went to the door, when he was immediately

FIRE UPON AND KILLED DEAD.

William, getting up, could see no trace of the murderers. These are about the facts as far as can be ascertained in the excitement of the moment. Coroner Hossack is now summoning a jury around the village to proceed to the scene of the murder. The cold-blooded atrocity is without precedent in the criminal calendar of Ontario. The bodies are almost burned to a cinder. The old man and girl are lying closely together in the northwest corner of the house. The old man's skull was broken, evidently with a fire shovel, which is lying under him. The old lady is lying in one of the middle rooms, and shows evidence of being killed in the same manner. The son, Tom, is in the front part of the house, and it would appear, from the large clots of blood in the door and yard, that he was killed outside, and then thrown into the burning building. The coroner's jury is at work, and the detectives are very busy. The excitement is intense. The authorities should make arrangements to guard every outlet from here for a couple of days.

LATER.

There is no new feature in the Donnelly murder. The body of John, who was shot in the village here at a private house, was viewed by the coroner's jury, who are now sitting. None of the children and friends of the murdered family have arrived here yet, but are on the way from Glencoe, St. Thomas and Thorold.

One of the neighbors named Whalen, jr., stated to a Free Press reporter that he was awakened at two o'clock by his child crying, and saw that the Donnelly's place was on fire. The fire was breaking out of the windows. No one was about. He went over in half an hour and found the kitchen burned, the front part being still burning. Four hours after the bodies were found. Marks of blood were at the front door, but he did not know how they came there. Deponent then went to his father's house and found a small boy there frightened almost to death. He had come there about two o'clock a.m. He told them of the fight in the house and the fire, saying

SOME OF THEM MUST BE KILLED,

as the bodies of all were left in the house. The boy proved to be right. Deponent had always been on good terms with the Donnelly's, but believed that the people around were afraid of them. The boy O'Connor was interviewed. He is aged 11 years, and living with his mother in Luccan. He said he went over to Donnelly's at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, and John Donnelly, Bridget Donnelly, the old man and the old woman, and Tom Donnelly were there. They had their supper, and went to bed between 11 and 2 o'clock. Some men came on pretence of arresting the old man and Tom. Tom lit the candle and they then put the hands on him. Tom asked them to read the warrants, and soon after a lot of men entered the house, and began to beat Tom with clubs. Hearing the row I crawled under the bed, hiding behind a clothes basket. Tom ran out of doors and I heard them hammer him with sticks and then carry him back in the house. One of the party said:

"HIT THAT FELLOW WITH A SHOVEL AND BREAK HIS HEAD OPEN."

Another man then ran at him and struck him with a shovel. I heard him yell and fall.

The old woman was in the kitchen. They struck her on the head with sticks. One of the men asked, where is the girl? She had run upstairs. A lot of them ran up stairs and came down soon, saying, it's all right. The old man went out in the kitchen, and I heard him groan. Coal oil was thrown on the bed, and it was set on fire; as it blazed up they left the house. There were about twenty of them. After they had left I crawled out, and as I passed through the kitchen I heard Tom and the old man breathing, but could not see them. He then left and went over to Whalen's. The boy appears to know more than he told, being repeatedly cautioned by the constable not to give the reporter a minute description of the men or their names. The next person interviewed by the Free Press reporter was Wm. Donnelly, who said that he and his wife went to bed in the front room, and Jack Hogan and big Martin Hogan were sleeping in the next room. About 2.30 a.m. John Donnelly arose, passed through William's room, and asked who was that rapping at the door? Some one said, "open the door." John unlocked the door, and William at once heard

SEVEN REVOLVER SHOTS

fired within a second of each other. John called out "I'm shot, Lord have mercy upon my poor soul!" He fell back in the arms of Hogan, who had in the meantime got up; he was dragged into the bed-room and died in four minutes. Tracks were found all round the house, at every door and window. William, at daylight, left the house and traced the tracks nearly to James Keefe's house; there were tracks in every field for a mile around. He believed they thought he was the man who was shot. After the firing his wife went to the door and screamed, but soon came in again. No help came. Patrick Donnelly, the son, who has been living in New York, came through this evening, en route home. He had no knowledge of the crime until he reached here, when he was told by a friend. He at once set out for the scene.

LUCCAN, Ont., February 4.—This evening's Free Press has the following in reference to the murdered Donnelly family: "Rightly or wrongly the name Donnelly has been associated with innumerable crimes in the township of Biddulph and the village of Luccan for the past twenty years, including in the category murder, arson, attempted shooting, cattle-stealing, assault, and larceny, besides many misdemeanors of a less heinous nature. The old man, James Donnelly, and his wife, came to this country between thirty and forty years ago, and settled in Biddulph, County of Huron. Shortly after taking up fifty acres, the father squatted on another fifty acres in the same township, but after a long and tedious lawsuit, he was dispossessed by the Canada Company, and the lot subsequently came into possession of Mr. James Carswell. One night, shortly after harvest, the barns and granary were destroyed by fire with all the season's crops. This was laid at the door of the Donnelly's, but the perpetrators were never discovered. Some time after Mr. Carswell had a number of

HORSES AND CATTLE DISEMBOWELLED,

and the blame was again attributed to the family. For the past ten years the Court records were not considered complete unless one or more of them were up for trial. There were seven boys and one girl in the family. Of the boys, Michael and James are dead, the former being killed in a quarrel at Waterford, a few months since. James was said to have died from consumption, but those who were in a position to know, state that his death resulted from the effects of a pistol ball, while endeavoring to escape from a constable. Robert, another son, has but recently been released from the penitentiary for attempting the life of Constable Everett. William was convicted, in 1876, for assaulting and wounding Constable Reid while in the discharge of his duty, and was sentenced to nine months imprisonment, but he was released before completing the term on the plea of sickness. John, Thomas and James were also indicted at the Sessions in 1876, for larceny, assault and attempted arson, but their cases were remanded to the Assizes. In the meantime, the witnesses were spirited away, and the accused were subsequently held on their own recognizances to appear when called upon. Patrick is following blacksmithing in the vicinity of St. Catharines, and the remaining sons were on the farm at home. Michael and Robert followed stage-driving for several years, and the man who had sufficient pluck to cross their paths in business sooner or later became a loser either in stages, horses or equipments. On one occasion a team of horses were subjected to

HORRIBLE CRUELITIES,

and on another occasion the tails of the animals were cut off and their bodies maltreated in a fiendish manner. The members made the quarrel of one of their number a family matter, and wreaked vengeance upon their opponents in the most summary style, and after the most approved Klu Klux fashion. They have been the terror of the township for many years, and while many crimes were imputed to them which they had no knowledge of, they were in the opinion of law-abiding people responsible for most of the offences which have been committed. The old man served a term of years in the penitentiary for the murder of a neighbour named Ryder, many years since. He was sentenced to be hung in Goderich, but his sentence was commuted. Some weeks since the barns of Mr. Patrick Ryder, on 7th Concession of Biddulph, a short distance from the Donnelly homestead, were destroyed by fire, the work of an incendiary, and the old man Donnelly and his wife were arrested for committing the deed, or being accessory to the crime. They were remanded for examination upon the charge until to-day (Wednesday). The Donnelly's have been at loggerheads with many of their most respectable neighbours for years, and but little sympathy is expressed for them.

LUCCAN, February 5.—The excitement still continues at white-heat. At an early hour this morning the remains of the other four

victims, the father, mother, brother Tom, and the cousin Bridget, were collected and placed together in one coffin and conveyed here, and now lie alongside the corpse of John in Connor's house. The town is swarming with detectives, commanded by Chief Williams, of London. Twelve warrants have been issued, and the constables and detectives are moving out of town with conveyances to the scene of blood, each conveyance having a spare seat and four men in each vehicle. I could not ascertain the names of the parties for whom warrants have been granted. Everybody remarks upon the wonderful stoicism of the two living brothers, now here, men of vast experience in such matters. They are utterly astonished at the cool shrewdness exhibited by them in the trying ordeal through which they are passing. One of them was heard to remark, the time has gone by for crying. I might cry for one, but no tears can do justice to this case. Actions, not tears, is the watchword. The village is steeped in gloom. Every passer-by pursues his way with downcast head, for no matter what the former record of pedigree of the Donnelly's were, the enormity of this crime has sunk all others into the shade, and the universal cry is that such a cold-blooded wholesale murder must and shall not go unwhipped of justice.

The situation at 7.30 p. m. showed no abatement of the excitement. The daughter Jennie arrived by stage from London at 6 o'clock this evening, and the scene was heart-rending. Up to 9.30 p. m. nine prisoners in all are under arrest, viz., James Carroll, John Dorcy, James Maher, Sr., James Maher, Jr., M. McLaughlin, John Kennedy, Jr., Patrick Ryder, Sr., Patrick Ryder, Jr., and James Ryder, Jr. The atmosphere is rife with rumors of circumstantial evidence being in the possession of the chief and his staff. The nature of these rumors for obvious reasons is not made public.

The nine prisoners have just started for London, six of them coupled in pairs, the three handcuffed singly. They were all in charge of a strong constable force. Where the dead are lying is crowded to overflowing, the unfortunate girl being the observed of all observers. Her screams are wafted out on the night air, and yet she knows nothing of the incidents connected with the tragedy. The old man never murdered a man by the name of Ryder. An altercation took place at a logging-bee between him and a neighbor named Farrell some twenty-three years ago, both parties being under the influence of liquor at the time. The result was that the man Donnelly got in the unlucky blow that caused the death of Farrell. Donnelly was never taken prisoner, but remained at large for some two years, until the excitement died away and surrounded himself to the law. But owing to the representations made to the Government that the killing took place as much in self-defence as with intent, the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for seven years. The late broils which arose between them and their own friends and co-religionists in their settlement may have been embittered. They expected more from them than from their outside friends, in which expectations they were disappointed, and hence the calamity which has now befallen them. The Ryders are the party whose premises were burned on the night of Thursday, the 15th ult., and who had the old man Donnelly and his wife under arrest as accessories to the crime, the investigation of which before the magistrates was to have terminated on the very day that they were so suddenly and fearfully called to their last account.

LUCCAN, February 6.—The funeral procession started at eleven o'clock. The chief mourners were William Donnelly and wife, Mrs. Curry, the daughter, and her husband, Patrick and Robert, the other two sons, who are both unmarried. The procession reached over half a mile, and contained about five hundred people. Arrived at St. Patrick's Church the coffins were deposited in the aisle of the church. At noon mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Connolly. The rev. gentleman then addressed the congregation. At the first attempt he completely broke down. After a short time he delivered an address of nearly half an hour's duration. Facing the congregation with tears in his eyes, in a tremulous voice he said, "Christian friends, we are in the presence of one of the most solemn scenes ever witnessed. I have witnessed at many solemn burials but never saw one like this. My heart is broken." He here

THREW HIMSELF UPON THE ALTAR

and wept like a child. In a few minutes he said, "I never expected that such a scene would have taken place in our midst. When I came to Biddulph I left a quiet and Christian place, or a place where the laws of God and man were ever observed. I came to a district where neither were observed, and hence these consequences and terrible scenes. The laws of the land are founded on the eternal laws of God, which have not been observed. Those who have been interested in having the laws of the land respected have prostituted the sacred obligations reposed in them by their country, and from the prostitution of that terrible responsibility they will have to answer for the blood of those victims. They will be obliged to meet them in the eternal Judgment day as souls guilty of being stained with innocent blood. There have been in this district many fires and terrible destruction of life and property, of which I have heard and was almost unable to believe. When I came I hoped to be able to guide them by the hand of God, for I do not believe there is an Irish Catholic in Biddulph who would

BRING DISGRACE UPON HIS RELIGION,

or in any way compromise his priest. Each one may have his own way of interpreting the Gospel, but about the laws of the land there can be no two opinions, and in the duty to society and to Christianity they should endeavor to have them enforced. This has not always been done in Biddulph and hence this terrible affair, which is an everlasting

disgrace to the district and those who live in it. I feel sorry, particularly for the family before us. It might be thought that I was not in friendly with them. I was with the old people. The young people I did not know, but was told their reputation was not good. With the old woman I was particularly friendly, and on Christmas eve she sat with me for two hours, giving me the detailed history of her life ever since she came to Biddulph. It was a very solemn statement she made. She farther said, "I AM GETTING THE BOYS TO GO TO CONFESSION, and, although they do not come here, they go to London. May the God of heaven forgive them." Father Connolly, with tears streaming from his eyes, said: "I can say no more." He was retracing his steps toward the altar when Patrick Donnelly rose up in the congregation and said: "Father Connolly, I wish you to give a more detailed account." Then followed a lengthy explanation of his personal grievances with the Donnelly family, during the recital of which sobs and crying were heard in all parts of the church. It was half-past one when he concluded his address. Up to 3 o'clock this afternoon the funeral has occupied the public mind, and now the scene in the church and the words of Father Connolly are in everybody's mouth. As might be expected, this departure has not in any way lessened the general excitement.

THE ARRESTS OF LAST NIGHT

are being discussed on every hand, and embellished with the unhesitating opinion of almost every one spoken to.

The bodies were interred in the family burying ground in two separate graves. The four first victims were first lowered into their last resting place at 1.30. In a few minutes the coffin of John was deposited in a similar receptacle. The graves were surrounded by a large crowd of people during the process of interment, and in a very short time the cemetery presented a deserted appearance, and thus has come to a close the first scene in this tragical drama. The greater portion of those who attended the funeral returned from the cemetery, a distance of a mile-and-a-half, to the village, and congregated in every available position throughout the town, eagerly discussing the situation. Some of the more impulsive and enthusiastic do not hesitate to express most pronounced opinions as to the

GUILT OR INNOCENCE OF THE ACCUSED

parties. Chief Williams, of London, and part of his staff returned from the city to the village this evening, and since their arrival two more prisoners were brought in, named Michael Heenan and John Partell. The first named was arrested by Detective Murphy, and the latter by Harry Phair. Heenan is a young man about 25 years of age and unmarried. He makes his home at his father's in the 9th concession of Biddulph, a short distance south of the Cedar Swamp school house. He expressed himself in unmistakable terms upon the propriety of Lynch-law, and said if he knew anything about the affair he would be d—d if he would "squel." The man Partell is probably about the same age. He is a labouring man, and is at present servant-man to James McGrath, a farmer living on the same concession as the one on which the murder took place. On being arrested he displayed the most abject cowardice.

DISPLAYED THE MOST ABJECT COWARDICE,

and following and roaring like a calf, and said he was innocent. At the same time the arrest of Heenan took place. Some wearing apparel was found at the residence of Kennedy, who was arrested yesterday, upon which there is every appearance of blood marks.

Father Connolly states that, a short time after his arrival in his present mission, he ascertained, by means of his sacred calling, that there was a society already in existence in the settlement, and that upon learning the purport of its intentions he determined to do away with it and its influences, and formed the nucleus of another committee, the principles of which were so modified that any person under his spiritual jurisdiction could become members of the same without violating the enactments of any law human or divine—in fact, a body of men being simply banded together for the sole purpose of self-protection of their goods and chattels.

LUCCAN, Ont., February 8.—On Saturday, at 7 p. m., Chief Williams and his staff returned from the scene of the murder. They succeeded in making two more arrests—John, Thomas Ryder, a brother of the elder Patrick Ryder already in custody; the other prisoner is William Carroll.

LATER.—Reports are in circulation, which certainly are not without foundation, that the detectives yesterday, during their raid on the settlement, collected some tementoes of the bloody deed, which are being carefully preserved. The friends of the accused parties say that every man in the settlement wanted in this business is ready and willing to go to London. A somewhat extraordinary scene might have been witnessed at the site of the late Donnelly homestead to-day. At one time there could not be less than five hundred people on the ground.

Chief Williams and the County Crown Attorney arrived in the village at six o'clock this evening. They have not been seen since their arrival, and are closely closeted with William and Patrick Donnelly.

9.30 p. m.—The interview between the Chief, Crown Attorney and the Donnelly boys has just ended, and the first-named parties have returned post-haste to London. All I can learn, as to the result of the interview, is that the Chief and his staff returns here again in the morning, and that during the day several more arrests will be made.

LONDON, February 8.—The prisoners Carroll and T. Ryder, jr., arrested at Luccan on Saturday, arrived here last night, and were lodged in the police station.

About half-past three o'clock yesterday afternoon Chief of Police Williams, of London,

accompanied by Detectives Phair and Murphy, arrived in the village. Detective Murphy left the village in a cutter, driving towards the now notorious Roman line, on the sixth concession. Just at dark he re-entered the village, having in charge Mike Keenan. The detective brought with him from John Kennedy's house a blanket saturated with blood, also pair of pants with similar spots. Kennedy, it will be remembered, was arrested the following night, and conveyed to London goal. Detective Phair, also of London, shortly after the first arrest, brought in a young man named John Partell, a farm laborer. About 8 o'clock they were conveyed to Clarendon Station, where the cars were boarded for London, where they were safely lodged in goal. These were the only arrests made here yesterday, and the chief and detectives have returned with the prisoners. The excitement has subsided considerably.

LONDON, Ont., Feb. 9.

The inquest in the Donnelly tragedy will commence on Wednesday, before Coroner Hossack. There will have to be two separate inquests, owing to the fact that there were two distinct places at which the butchery was done. The one jury will do the double work, they merely being requested to report their obligations—to well and truly try. It is not at all likely that the inquest will last over one day, except some developments come to light between now and then.

There have been no arrests to-day, and the town presents the most quiet appearance since the morning of the tragedy. Detective Phair arrived at 8.30 this morning, and, in company with one of the Donnelly family, once more started on the search so persistently pursued during the past three or four days. They visited the farm of Thomas Quigley on the ill-fated concession, and, on going to the door, asked if the old man had a gun. He answered in the negative, but a moment afterwards his son John suggested that a certain gun had not been returned to John McLaughlin's. The old man appeared to be suddenly reminded, and, reaching the bed, he drew out an old military rifle wrapped up in a sheet. In the course of the questions by the detective, it was ascertained that the gun had recently been used, and was then loaded with slugs. It was taken possession of. The son, John, owned up to being a member of the Vigilance Committee, but the old man, who was much excited, and his family, said they knew nothing about it. He explained but little concerning the workings of the secret body, and professed complete ignorance of the manner in which the supposed murderers were working. He may yet prove a valuable witness. The officer and his companions next visited the house of John Kennedy, father of the Kennedy now in London jail, where a remarkable statement was made by the old mother. She said she believed her son and Martin McLaughlin had been the ringleaders of the frightful butchery of the Donnelly's. Mrs. William Donnelly is a daughter of these old people, who were always friendly towards the persecuted family, and endeavored to assist them in their struggles through troubles.

In the afternoon Chief of Police Williams arrived, and also left for the country, making quite a number of examinations, and glancing what is supposed to be valuable evidence. The police are most reticent on the matter of their work, which gives rise to the belief that they are quietly working up a chain of evidence which will succeed in convicting at least three or four of the men now in goal.

The inquest will take place on Wednesday, when it is generally believed that no evidence against the prisoners will be taken, but simply sufficient to establish the murder. The developments of to-day are comparatively meagre, owing to the extreme secrecy of the police.

A SILENT WITNESS.

In his house they found a repeating rifle with four cartridges in the chamber, which when filled contains seven. The ball which it fires is said to correspond in size and make with the one which killed John Donnelly, and which was removed from the logs of the house by William Donnelly the morning after the shooting of his brother. The bullet is now in the possession of Chief Williams. Phair and Murphy, after capturing McLaughlin, drove to the house of Patrick Ryder, Sr. The appearance of the police at this place was hailed by the Ryders with derision. The younger members of the family indulged in considerable chaff at the expense of the detectives, such as, "Wouldn't you like to know who are the parties?" The father of the family was not found at home, but the officers having warrants for the arrest of his sons, Patrick and James, they were taken in charge. While driving towards the village the police met old Ryder, who is aged about 60 years, and he was also put under arrest, and conveyed with the others to the lock-up. James Maher, Sr. and Jr., were also arrested and locked up.

IN THE CELL.

As seen in the cells to-night, the nine prisoners presented a rough exterior. If they really are the guilty parties and Chief Williams says he can produce damaging evidence against them, little hope may be entertained of any of them splitting. The younger members of the gang appear to take matters just as coolly as their seniors. There was a rumour set afloat in the village towards night-fall that an attempt would be made to rescue the prisoners. Chief Williams, who has received more than one threatening letter since his arrival here, looked upon the matter as a piece of idle talk. Notwithstanding this, however, he had the men under him placed on guard, both inside and outside of the building.

OFF TO LONDON.

About eight o'clock the men were taken from the cells and handcuffed preparatory to their departure for London. Six of them well guarded, were driven to Clarendon station, on the London, Huron and Bruce

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night, Chief of Police Williams drove through to London in company with three or four city police and county constables. He returned to this village at noon. When questioned as to his future movements, very little information could be obtained, his only answer being, "the bottom has not yet been reached; you will hear something startling before night." About noon several sleighs and cutters were ordered for use by the police, and the rumour got abroad that they were going out to arrest the supposed murderers. The detectives and constables, numbering nine in all, were detailed for duty in couples, and they started for the site of old Donnelly's house. In their possession were warrants for the arrest of the supposed ringleaders procured during the night by Chief Williams from Mr. Lawrason, Police Magistrate of London. Shortly after one o'clock county constables Pope and Hodge returned to the village with James Carroll, a constable. The news of the arrest created great excitement among the crowd of people assembled. Carroll was driven straight to the village lock-up, a substantial looking structure, on one of the by-straits. His appearance denotes his occupation, a yeoman. He is a dark-featured man, apparently about forty years of age. He was very reticent, and appeared to take his arrest as a matter of course. His home is not very far from the ruins of the Donnelly homestead. That he suffered seriously at the hands of the vicious family is a fact well-known among the people, and that he was one of the most active members of the vigilance committee was the talk of the residents of this place twenty-four hours ago. Carroll is a married man. The excitement caused by the arrest of Carroll had barely died away when it was learned that Officers Brown and Moore had brought in another prisoner, John D'Arcy, commonly called Dorcy. He, like Carroll, was driven to the lock-up, where a close guard was kept on the two prisoners. The constables, in searching D'Arcy's house, found a shot-gun loaded with buckshot. It is said that the charge has the appearance of being recently put in.

HAULING IN THE COMMITTEE MEN.

By this time the people of the village had arrived at the conclusion that a clean sweep was going to be made by the police, and they openly anticipated the arrest of all persons known to be members of the vigilance committee. When Chief Williams and Detectives Phair and Murphy drove through the village to the cells having in charge John Kennedy, it was freely commented on that at least two of the principal members of the committee, Carroll and Kennedy, had been secured. This prisoner is also a farmer. He is a man of heavy build, standing over six feet in height, and is about 35 years old. His sister is the wife of William Donnelly, and he is known to entertain anything but kindly feelings toward the Donnelly family, who have, in their time, made him feel their presence in the neighborhood. When the three officers went to arrest him at his home, which is in the same concession where the old Donnelly homestead once stood, they found him absent from the place, and upon making enquiries it was learned that he had gone to the house of a farmer named Heenan, about a mile and a half distant. Thither he was followed and taken into custody. Like the other prisoners, his arrest did not appear to surprise him, and he is said to have acted in the coolest possible manner when taken in charge. When seen by a Mail reporter in the lock-up to-night he presented a perfect picture of tranquility. He was lying on a small pile of cut wood. The only thing which appeared to trouble him was that he could get nothing to eat until his arrival in London. When spoken to he preserved a strict silence on the fate of the Donnelly family. During the afternoon Detectives Phair and Murphy arrested one Martin McLaughlin, who resides about a mile from the scene of the shooting of John Donnelly.

A NUMBER OF ARRESTS.

After the adjournment of the inquests last