THE BIDDULPH TRAGEDY.

Burial of the Remains of the Five Murdered Donnellys.

An Affecting Address by the Parish Priest.

AN INTERVIEW WITH FLANNIGAN.

Story of the "Hanging Up" of Richardson in 1876.

SERVICES IN THE PARISH CHURCH.

Detective McKinnon's Adventure with the Donnellys.

By Telegraph from Our Own Reporters.]

LUCAN, Ont., Feb. 6.—Robert Donnelly, the youngest son of the ill-fated family, arrived here from Glencoe about 2 o'clock this morning. He was driven to the house of Michael Connors, where the body of his murdered brother, John, was laid out. On crossing the threshold his overstrung nerves collapsed, and he fell to the floor in a fit. His sister Jennie, who is married to a man named Currie, and resides at St. Thomas, arrived here yesterday morning, so that the remnant of the family circle is now complete. The daughter was very much affected by the horrifying scene which met her gaze in the house of Michael Connors. Several times during the night and morning she had severe attacks of hysterics. Her cries for her father and mother, whose sad end she loudly bemoaned, were of the most affecting character, and drew tears to the eyes of those assembled in the wake house. Patrick Donnelly, the fourth son, a resident of Thorold, is a man of very respectable appearance. He is apparently about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, and was always considered to be the quietest and best behaved member of the family. For the past two years he has lived at Thorold, where he carries on the business of carriage builder. He has not been much at the home of his parents during the past ten or twelve years, as their manner of living was not in accord with his views.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of the Donnellys was announced for this morning at 9.30 o'clock, and an unusual number of people arrived from the surrounding district. On going to the house of Connors at the hour appointed, the gathering was found to number about 200 or 300 people. A rumour was set abroad yesterday that the remains would be interred in the Episcopal Church burying ground, as Father Connolly had refused to perform the service. This, like many other wild reports, was found to have no foundation, and that clergyman, instead of having refused the request, announced his willingness to celebrate High Mass. In the interview between your reporter and Bill Donnelly, the latter is made to say that the charred bodies of his relatives burned in the old homestead had been laid at rest on the farm on which they resided in life. At the time the conversation took place, Donnelly was under the impression that such was really the case, but he afterwards found he was in error. The cinders, for they can be called nothing else, were carefully gathered, and, being placed in a cheap pine coffin, were removed to Connors' house, from which place the funeral started about eleven o'clock this morning. There could not have been less than half a mile of vehicles of all descriptions, which contained possibly five hundred persons, fully one-third of that number being females. Following the hearse which bore the body of John Donnelly, placed in a neat walnut coffin, was a rough farm sleigh. In it was the coffin which contained the remains of the other members of the family. The principal mourners occupied seats in sleighs immediately in the rear. Before the *corteges* started from the house, Mrs. Currie *nee* Donnelly, was seized with a fit which caused some excitement among the persons assembled in the place. As the procession neared St. Patrick's Church, distant from here about one and a quarter miles, the bell was tolled until the church door was reached. The coffins were carried in by the pall-bearers and placed in the centre aisle, a few yards from the altar, which was draped in mourning.

FATHER CONNOLLY ON THE MURDER.

Father Connolly said high mass and at the conclusion stepped to the front of the platform and addressed those present about as follows:—"My beloved brethren—You are called together to witness one of the most solemn scenes which has ever been brought before the gaze of human beings. I have witnessed many solemn scenes in my life, but this is by far the the most solemn."

Here the speaker was to visibly affected and ceased speaking for a few seconds to recover himself. Continuing, he said, "My heart is broken." A violent burst of weeping followed, and the priest bowed his head on the railing, while his body rocked to and fro with emotion. The majority of those assembled, male and female, wept bitterly, and it was fully five minutes before quiet was restored and the speaker sufficiently recovered to proceed:—"I never thought," he added, "that such a scene would present itself to your eyes and be made public to the whole world. I came to Biddulph from a Christian, law-abiding section of this country, and I expected to find peace and concord here. Instead I have found that neither the law of God nor the law of man is observed. Yes, I repeat again that the laws have not been observed in this county, or we would not be assembled here on this solemn occasion to-day. Those who have been entrusted with the keeping of the laws have not fulfilled their duty. Those who should see law faithfully carried out have prostituted their powers, and both they and the actual murderers will have to answer for the blood of these poor people. The guilty men who have imbued their hands in innocent blood will have to answer before their God for the awful crime. I had heard of this district before I came here to live, but I did not think there was an Irish Catholic in Biddulph who would bring such disgrace on his religion or on his country by such acts. If the law had been properly enforced in Lucan and in this township, the disgrace now cast upon this community by this crime, and heralded throughout the world as one of the most atrocious deeds on record, would not have been a starting blot upon what should, at all events, be a civilized community. I feel deeply sorry for the afflicted family before me, but they are to a certain extent blameable for the events of the past few days. The old woman and I were good friends. The last time I spoke to her was at confession. The younger portion of the family bore bad names, but the old woman thought in time her sons would ultimately be brought back to the Church. On her last visit she informed me they were going to London for confession. The boys, as I have before said, were wild, and were accredited with many inhuman acts towards their neighbours. A Vigilance Committee was formed among the farmers long before I came to this place. I need not say I am not a member of it, neither have I incited any of its members to act in any other than a law abiding manner. I know many of the members, and had the greatest confidence in them. My beloved brethren, I trust those whom I know as members of the Committee are incapable of such acts of murder, and that it must have taken place outside of the society. The Donnelly boys were said to have committed many vicious offences, such as killing neighbours' horses, shaving the tails of the animals, and as they did not respect themselves nor man nor God, how could they expect to secure the good-will of others? I would have been delighted to have become better acquainted with the boys, but they seemed to shun me, and I had none of them to speak to. The old man and old woman I knew best, and I considered Mrs. Donnelly to be a sensible woman. The father I believed could be easily carried away with excitement. Had Pat Donnelly been at home I think this affair would not have taken place, as he was known to be a young man of good sense, and would, no doubt, have given his relatives sound counsel. I cannot understand how such a crime could be committed in Biddulph. I regret to say I was well aware that some of the residents would knock a man down in a drunken row or club him on the road, but such a wholesale butchery passes beyond anything of the kind I could have anticipated even in an uncivilized country. Biddulph is forever disgraced and the crime will remain a dark spot on the whole of Canada. All that now remains for us is to offer our sympathy to the afflicted members of the family, and pray for those who have gone. We must all one day stand before God whether we are taken off by God or by the hands of wicked men, and it behoves us to be prepared, for we are told that 'We know not the day nor the hour.' Meditate upon this, my beloved brethren, and remember that we are held accountable to God for every idle word that passes our lips. How will those who have committed this fearful crime appear before God? The thought is an awful one, but I will say no more on the subject. You all have my blessing."

PATRICK DONNELLY SPEAKS.

Father Connolly was about to proceed with the church service, when he was interrupted by Patrick Donnelly, who said, "Father Connolly, I would like to ask for more particulars, more details."

After a deep silence of a few seconds Father Connolly again turned towards the congregation and said, "I would much rather have said no more, but as you ask for it, I will comply. I may say I have not had much to do with the Donnelly boys; but when anything hostile was committed it was generally accredited to them. I once had occasion to mention them running off with a neighbour's horse. Wm. Donnelly at that time wrote me a sharp, incisive letter, such a one as one rival politician might send to another. I considered it to be a very impertinent epistle to be addressed to a priest, and for a time it hurt my feelings, but I finally thought no more of the matter. Wm. Donnelly, like many sons of Irishmen, is a little too smart. He would have made a name for himself had his talents been properly directed, but unfortunately they were not. I intended to interest myself on behalf of the unfortunate young man, Bob Donnelly, and try and get him released from the Kingston penitentiary. After the trouble at Ryan's threshing I took no more heed of the matter; as the conduct of the boys was not what it should have been, I, as a Catholic priest, would willingly offer up my life to gain the spiritual life of a fellow being. The short prayer spoken by John 'God have mercy on my soul!' a few seconds before being hurled into eternity, had no doubt gone straight to God. Short as that prayer was it may have been effectual and may have been answered by the One who is always ready and willing to save even the most crime-hardened." In conclusion Father Connolly strongly urged on those assembled to try to live in charity with their neighbours, and he trusted that the state of affairs which had existed for some time past in Biddulph would cease.

Patrick Donnelly having expressed satisfaction with the statement, the rev. gentleman concluded the service. The coffins were carried out one after another by the pall-bearers. In the little burying-ground adjoining the church they were placed in the ground, the body of John in one grave and the charred remains of the other members of the family in another. The daughter who had made her way to the grave completely broke down, as the hard clods rattled on the coffin lid, and she was led away from the scene. The work of filling in the graves was quickly accomplished, and the gathering gradually dispersed.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRIEST.

Shortly after the ceremony had been concluded a *Mail* reporter called on Father Connolly, whose house adjoins the church. On presenting his card he was accorded a hearty welcome.

"You have not been a resident of this section of the country very long, I believe, Father Connolly?"

"No," he replied, with a shake of the head. "Not very long, but quite long enough to have encountered many troubles. I have only been in this district for about twelve months. I came here from the Lower Provinces."

"You have a high estimate of the character of Pat. Donnelly?"

"Yes, it is my firm impression that had Pat lived here this horrible calamity would never have occurred. He is a quiet, well conducted man, and would have used his best endeavours to have controlled the less respectable members of his family."

"The Vigilance Committee you mentioned in your address to-day was formed before your arrival in this district?"

"Yes, it was organized in 1876. At that time, as far as I can learn, it was necessary that some such society should be organized. Barns were continually being burned, horses stolen from stables and ridden to death, and other depredations of that kind were of nightly occurrence. The neighbouring farmers, the better to protect themselves from the perpetrators of these outrages banded themselves together. The law appeared powerless, and at that time it was said that terror was the reigning king. The Donnellys were the acknowledged ringleaders, and with their associates openly flaunted their defiance of the law. Their arrests were made, to be sure, but the local magistracy were either afraid to commit, or were incapable of impartially filling their office. Why, since I came here, I had occasion to speak to one of my parishioners, a friend of Wm. Donnelly, about some wrong doing charged to him. I was afterwards told that Wm. Donnelly had openly boasted that it would only cost him six cents to get rid of me. That was the exact sum it had cost to get my predecessor out of this district."

"How was the money to be expended to procure the result?" was asked.

"Well, I supposed he referred to the cost of two three cent postage stamps. Threatening letters were nothing unusual; but such epistles would not intimidate me."

"It was rumoured in the village yesterday that you were going to be arrested as one of the members of the Vigilance Committee?"

"Yes, I heard such a statement was being circulated; in fact, I see one of your reporters have despatched the news to your paper. I think it very wrong to publish any rumour of that kind, and you would do me a great favour by saying I have no fear of arrest, for I have done nothing to make myself amenable to the laws of the country. From what I know of the members of that Committee I feel quite convinced in saying that they were utterly incapable of taking hand or part in such horrible tragedies. The murders were committed by persons outside the society."

Before the reporter withdrew the rev. gentleman said, "It's a bad, shocking state of affairs. Such scenes would astonish even the residents of Texas or the South-Western States. In Canada, the deed stands without a parallel, and as a disgrace to the whole country; but more especially this particular neighbourhood. The old feuds had a horrible ending, for which the Donnellys alone were responsible.

NAMES OF THE PRISONERS.

The feeling in the village to-day has somewhat subsided. The excitement caused by the arrest yesterday of James Carroll, a county constable; John D'Arcy, commonly called Darcy; John Kennedy, whose sister is the wife of Wm. Donnelly; Martin McLaughlin, Patrick Ryder, Sr., his sons Patrick and James, and James Maher, senior and junior, who were lodged in London gaol during the night, had toned down with the departure of the detectives and quietness was once more restored.

DETECTIVE MURPHY'S STORY.

You remember, we last night arrested a man named John Kennedy, brother-in-law of Bill Donnelly's. While in Kennedy's house, we saw something in the upper story which we afterwards considered would be material in establishing a case. To-night I drove to procure it, and also to arrest Mike Heenan. Shortly after we reached Kennedy's place, I went up stairs and brought down the parcel I had come for. It contained a piece of frozen blanket, deeply dyed in some red coloured substance, which I consider to be blood; and also a pair of pants, bearing several dark spots, which, if not blood, is its exact counterpart. "There they are," said the astute detective, producing the articles, which he had tied up in a large tin, so that if they should thaw the liquid emanating therefrom would find a safe place therein. The blanket, as already said, was saturated with a liquid which had every appearance of being human blood; while the pants, a dark coloured pair, concealed the true colour of the spots to the naked eye. "As you have truly heard," said the officer, "and may possibly have thought the statement lacked credence, some of the persons who entered old man Donnelly's house on the night of the murder were disguised in the dresses of women, while others of them had blankets thrown over their shoulders, so as to keep themselves from being recognized. The story is true, and the more we get into this affair the more we are convinced we are on the right track. Well, what is more probable than that this piece of blanket performed duty on the night in question, and became saturated with blood in the house where the wholesale slaughter was carried out. At all events Mrs. Kennedy said on being questioned that it was not blood, and that she had called in a doctor from Granton to examine the piece of cloth, and he had given it as his opinion that the liquor was not human gore. That did not satisfy us but rather increased our desire to possess ourselves of it. If everything had been straight, why should Mrs. Kennedy take the cloth to be examined by a medical man. Well, we did get it, and here it is. I wanted Mike Heenan, and I knew he was going to call at Kennedy's house, so I waited for him. He came, and I took him in charge. He did not express any surprise; but appeared to be cool and collected. When driving towards the village, Heenan talked on various subjects; among others, he brought forward the subject of Lynch law, when I told him that Carroll was likely to split. He said that he did not believe any such statement. He remarked that he would keep his own counsel to the last, and that there was no "split" in him, or any of the men. Heenan, who is aged about 28, was the essence of coolness. He laughed and talked with those having him in charge, and did not appear to fully realize his position. About an hour after Detective Murphy placed his man in the private room of the village tavern, Detective Phair arrived with

ANOTHER PRISONER

named John Purtell. He is a man of about twenty years of age. He was arrested somewhere on the road by the detective. Unlike his fellow-prisoner, he did not possess that cool self-reliance, but appeared in a half dazed condition all the time. Shortly after eight the prisoners were handcuffed together, and the 'bus was called to the front door. Heenan and Purtell were marched off to take their places in the vehicle, which was to drive them to Clandeboye, where the train was boarded for London. On the way from the room to the stage, Purtell completely broke down and burst into tears. Seeing some friends among the crowd, he requested them to tell Tom McGrath that he was being taken to London. Heenan came out with a smile playing on his features, and nodded familiarly to several acquaintances. The men were driven off, accompanied by Chief Williams and his able detectives.

DONNELLY EXONERATES THE PRIEST.

"I would like," said Bill Donnelly to your reporter to-day, "that you should contradict the statement in one of the papers having a representative here, that I am anxious that Father Connolly be arrested. I am not at all eager for his arrest, unless it can be shown he has taken some part in the affair. I feel assured he has not; but if he had, I would just as soon see him under arrest as if it would a layman.

"What is the membership of the Vigilance Committee?" was asked.

"Well," replied Bill Donnelly, "I am told that it numbers about 110 members. There are many respectable farmers enrolled; but there is also a certain element in it which keeps by itself, and to this particular element I attribute all the trouble. The respectable portion of the society does not know half what the vicious section performs; therefore the whole organization, when such disclosures are made, have to shoulder the disgrace."

THE PRISONERS AT LONDON.

LONDON, Feb. 6.—The nine Lucan prisoners brought in last night were taken before the Police Magistrate to-day. The Court room was thronged by an excited crowd who also filled the street before the police station. The hearing took place in the office of the Chief of Police, the prisoners being marshalled around the Magistrate and the doors guarded by a dozen constables. Mr. Hugh McMahon, Q.C., was retained as the prisoners' counsel and demanded to have the warrants read.

The Chief of Police replied that John Kennedy, Martin McLaughlin and James Ryder, jr., were arrested on a warrant alleging "That in the Township of Biddulph and County of Middlesex, on the 4th day of February, 1880, they did feloniously, wilfully and of malice aforethought kill and murder James Donnelly, Judith Donnelly, Thomas Donnelly, Bridget Donnelly and John Donnelly."

Mr. McMAHON asked on what warrant the other prisoners were arrested.

Chief WILLIAMS replied that they were charged with being accessories to the fact. However, he intended amending the first information and adding the names of Patrick Ryder, sr., and James Carroll as principals.

In answer to a question from Mr. McMahon as to when the trial would come on,

The CHIEF OF POLICE said he would ask for a remand of a week.

His WORSHIP granted the request, as he could not attempt to go on till the coroner's inquest had been concluded.

Mr. McMAHON enquired if bail would be taken in the meantime.

The POLICE MAGISTRATE—Certainly not. The charge is altogether too serious to admit of such a thing. The prisoners will have to be kept here in custody pending the order of the coroner and future development. As soon as the coroner's inquest is concluded, we shall know better what to do about this dreadful business. I will make out a remand for eight days in the meantime; but if the prisoners can be brought up in the interval I will be perfectly willing.

A BAD RECORD.

In the official returns of the administration of justice for the County of Middlesex for the quarter beginning 1st January and ending 31st of March, 1876, I find the Queen *vs.* William, James, John and Thomas Donnelly, on among others, the following charges:—Misdemeanour, assault and doing grievous bodily harm, and shooting with intent. In that quarter the amount paid the County, including the amount payable by the Government for the one item of witnesses in these cases against the Donnellys, was $593 95. This is exclusive of all the costs incurred for constables' attendance, preliminary hearings, &c. The expense of the administration of justice on account of that lawless faction in Biddulph in the last four or five years has been at least $1,800.

INCIDENTS OF THE MURDER.

It is learned from reliable authority, whose veracity cannot be doubted, that when the terror-stricken women, who were being so brutally beaten to death, found that no mercy could be expected from their assassins, Mrs. Donnelly fell upon her knees at the feet of the ringleader and implored, with mingled tears and blood pouring down her fading cheek, for one minute to pray for the salvation of her soul. With a savage laugh and a blood-curdling oath, the fiend replied, "Pray! You have prayed too long already;" and with a heavy club the poor woman was felled senseless at his feet, and half a dozen of the assassins finished her. Another fact which lets considerable light upon the subject was also elicited, and that is that when the body of Thomas Donnelly was dragged into the house his hands were mangled. One of the murderers stooped over him, and taking off the manacles put them into his pocket. The blade of a knife was also found imbedded in the body of James Donnelly, sen. It is a significant fact that not a single straw in the barn and stables, situated close by, were touched, and that the horses remained undisturbed. From this it is assumed that the murder had been in contemplation for days or weeks, and perhaps months, and that the plans of the murderers had been carefully considered, and every possibility of identification intended to be destroyed. The evident intention was to burn the house and every trace of the horrible slaughter. The idea, as the house was alone, was to lead the world to believe that the building had, from some cause, caught fire and burned the Donnellys as they slept. This would have been the general verdict had not the boy Connors escaped and the blood been found outside. Had the stables been fired, suspicions of foul play would have been immediately aroused, hence the reason for their exemption. After the tragedy in William's house, the wadding used in loading the shot gun was found. It consisted of two large pieces of paper torn from the London *Catholic Record*, and the two together being about the size of half the sheet.

LUCAN, Feb. 8.—Chief Constable Williams came down from London early yesterday morning, accompanied by Detectives Phair and Murphy, for the purpose of prosecuting the enquiry into the facts connected with the Biddulph tragedy. As might naturally have been expected, the arrival of the officers of the law was soon heralded throughout the village. The Central Hotel was soon the chief point of attraction for a large number of persons anxious to ascertain whether it was the Chief's intention to make any further arrests; and it was observed that friends of suspected parties were on hand to shadow the movements of the police, while the Donnellys—those who are left of the ill-fated family—had friends on hand to give necessary information to the Chief to assist him in making arrests. The latter, however, kept his own counsel, and emerging from the hotel about eleven o'clock, entered a sleigh in company with his detectives, and drove rapidly out of town. Taking the road, now celebrated as the Roman line, they proceeded to the residence of a farmer named Wm. Thompson, whose farm adjoins that of the Donnelly homestead, for the purpose of making enquiries, but the particular nature of which, of course, he keeps to himself.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A NEIGHBOUR.

A *Mail* reporter, having learned of the visit, called at the house of Mr. Thompson, who it was supposed could throw some light upon the tragedy.

"Well, Mr. Thompson," said the reporter, "that was a dreadful occurrence at your neighbour's across the road."

"Awful, awful; I don't like to talk much about it."

"Were you intimate with the Donnelly family?"

"Pretty intimate at one time; but we have not been on very good terms for some time, on account of a *charivari* in which it was supposed some of them were concerned."

"Did you know anything of the whereabouts of James Carroll, one of the men arrested, on the night of the murder?"

"Yes, of course I do; he was here that night and slept in the same room with his brother William."

"What time did he retire?"

"The brothers went to bed about eight o'clock at night and rose about eight o'clock next morning."

"Do you think the brothers could have left the house during the night and returned without your knowledge?"

"Well, of course I can't say; but I don't think they left the house that night."

"When did you hear of the fire?"

"We heard of the fire the next morning, but did not go over to see it."

"What brought James Carroll to your house on the evening in question?"

"He often visited his brother, who was engaged as farm hand here, and on this occasion he came over to split rails. We had a pig-pen to build, and we wanted help."

"What time of the day did he arrive at your house?"

"He came here some time in the afternoon."

"What age is William Carroll?"

"He is about twenty-two years of age, and as far as I know he is a quiet, inoffensive boy."

"Can he prove that his brother slept with him in your house on the night of the murder?"

"Yes, I believe so; in fact, I know they are both prepared to swear to the fact of being here all that night."

"The Chief of Police and his men were here to-day, Mr. Thompson, were they not?"

"Yes, they were."

"Did they find any clue to the murder?"

"None that I know of. I understand the Chief found something in Carroll's bed-room?"

"What was it?"

"I understood the Chief to say that he had got a piece of the London *Free Press* of March the 13th, stuck in at the rafters above the bed, with marks of blood on it."

"What did he do with the paper?"

"He took it away with him."

"Had the blood the appearance of being fresh?"

"I heard it was quite fresh-looking."

"What else did the Chief find here?"

"I believe he found a revolver in Carroll's box."

William Carroll was arrested here.

Upon reaching Mahar's, about a mile further up the road from the Donnelly homestead, the reporter discovered that it was there the Chief of Police had arrested Jas. Carroll. He appeared to be very much frightened at first, and said there was no necessity for putting the handcuffs upon him, as he would accompany the officers quietly.

Patrick Ryder's residence, situated in the same locality, was next visited, and upon being asked as to what Mrs. Ryder knew of the fire, she said she would tell what she knew when summoned to do so. The Chief examined this house also, and found a white-handled revolver upon the top of a bundle of clean clothes up-stairs. All the barrels were loaded, but the keen eyes of the detectives discovered that it had been recently discharged and reloaded, and upon drawing the charges, six of the cartridges were found to be fresh, while the seventh was rusted in the barrel. The Chief asked a sore-footed boy, hanging round the house, if he had recently discharged the weapon, and the lad said he had fired one of the bullets into the fireboard in the room, the bullet hole being visible. James Ryder was taken into custody on suspicion of being one of the vigilance committee.

The Chief and his men next visited the house of Martin McLaughlin, one of the prisoners already in gaol, and having made a search of the barns without finding any weapons, returned to the house, and demanded of a workman on the premises the delivery of a revolver. He at first denied having any weapons, but upon the demand for the revolver being repeated by the Chief, who spoke as one who was aware of the fact that a revolver was on the premises, the man deliberately rose, accompanied the Chief to the dung heap in the barn yard, unearthed a splendid revolver from its hiding place in the manure heap, and handed it to the officer. This man's name is Mike O'Toole; he is fresh from Ireland.

AT THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING.

The Chief then drove to the residence of Wm. Donnelly, where his brother John was murdered, and made a plan of the building, for the purpose of showing it to the jury. The furniture was being removed from the house, William being afraid to remain in the place any longer. The next house visited by the Chief was that of John Walker, a near neighbour of Wm. Donnelly; and being questioned, he said he heard shots fired about 2.30 o'clock on the morning of the murder, when his wife awoke him and drew his attention to it. He paid no heed to the reports, however, as he supposed somebody was playing tricks over at Donnelly's. He did not go out to ascertain the cause of the firing, as he did not think it amounted to anything serious. Shortly afterwards, however, "Bill" Donnelly came over and told him that his brother John had been murdered and begged him to hurry over to his father's place and tell them what had occurred. He did so, only to find the house of the latter in ashes and the whole family slaughtered. He returned home, and subsequently took a sleigh-load of friends over to the scene of the tragedy.

W. H. Blackwell, a blacksmith, living close by Wm. Donnelly's, upon being interviewed, said he was aroused by the reports of firing; and, confused as he was, he thought it sounded like the report of an over-loaded gun, or two shots fired at the same time. This, he thought, was about two o'clock in the morning, but he made no record of the hour at which he heard the reports. He did not leave his bed, however, when he heard the shots, because he thought perhaps the officers had gone to Bill Donnelly's to arrest one Feeley, against whom he understood there was a warrant, and he imagined there might have been a row with the police. He also imagined that perhaps the Donnellys had been "shooting a neighbour's horse for dog meat," but he subsequently learned that they had not as much a pistol in the house. He counted seven shots fired that morning, and he remarked to his wife that he had heard them. Bill Donnelly soon afterwards arrived at his house, and told him that his brother John had been murdered. It was his opinion that if he had gone out to ascertain the cause of the firing he would have been shot also.

OFF FOR LONDON.

The officers then retraced their steps to Lucan, after a very tiresome journey, taking the two prisoners with them. After supper here the Chief left for London with the prisoners, who, it should be stated, appeared quite cheerful; and as the sleigh drove away from the Central Hotel, young Carroll shouted out to the crowd that they need have no fear for him, because he would soon be back again all right. The other prisoner, Thomas Ryder, is a married man, and a relative of the other prisoners of that name already in London gaol.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S STORY.

During the day a reporter made the acquaintance of Frank Morley, school teacher, residing about a quarter of a mile from the house of Bill Donnelly. In conversation, he said that he was awakened from sleep about two o'clock on the morning of the murder by an unusual barking of dogs in the vicinity. He imagined he heard the tramp of men in the distance, but did not hear the report of gun-shots. It was not until school-time in the morning that he was aware a murder had been committed. On going over to William Donnelly's he observed a number of tracks in the vicinity of the house, and was told by Blackwell, the blacksmith, whose place adjoins, that he heard guns being fired off, and men shouting. Blackwell, on looking out, saw a squad of about twenty-five men marching down the 8th concession of Biddulph. They were disguised, some with women's clothing, and others with pieces of cloth thrown over their shoulders. Blackwell, added Mr. Morley, thought it was "one of the Donnelly spees," and therefore he kept indoors.

In conclusion, Mr. Morley said:—"I have not known the Donnellys very long or very intimately. They were always civil to me, and, I believe, with all strangers. The stories told of the misdeeds of the family would fill a large book. No doubt they were very bad, but now I am inclined to think that some of their neighbours traded on their reputation, and committed many of the offences which were blamed on them."

THE RIVAL 'BUS MEN.

The name of the Flannigan brothers has been frequently mentioned in connection with the misdeeds of the Donnelly's. Learning that they were keeping hotel at Clandeboye, about three miles from the village, a *Mail* reporter yesterday called at their hostelry. Clandeboye is a small hamlet on the line of the London, Huron, & Bruce railway. It is situated on the townline between the townships of McGillivray and Biddulph, and contains a population of about 100 souls. It is considered a good grain market for buyers, and Mr. Hersey, a prominent dealer, has two or three large grain warehouses adjoining the neat little railroad station. The village and surrounding district support no less than three hotels, and from appearances they are doing a tearing business. The place was first settled by the father of the present Flannigans, over thirty years ago. The memory of the old gentleman is kindly cherished by those who transacted business with him. During the life of the elder Flannigan, the little village was known as Flannigan's Corners. In time the name was changed to Ireland, but it was afterwards dubbed by outsiders Irishtown. On the opening up of the railway the name Ireland, or Irishtown, was not considered quite aristocratic enough. No doubt wishing to secure a name that would denote the nationality of its inhabitants, without offending fastidious ears, the folks rechristened it Clandeboye, after Lord Dufferin's estate.

Behind the bar of a comfortable little hotel Patrick Flannigan was found. He is a man about forty years old, of good address, and of quiet and retiring demeanour. After briefly dwelling on the enormity of the massacre of the Donnelly family, he said:—

"I don't care for saying much about the unfortunate family and my former troubles, but I see that they have already been mentioned in some of the local papers."

"Your troubles originated, I believe, during the years you were stage driving?"

"Yes. We had stirring times, especially in 1865. In that year my brother and I were running stages between Exeter and London. The Donnelly boys started an opposition line, and from that time out things were pretty lively. It was nothing unusual for the drivers and their friends to engage in a vigorous scuffle on the roads, and continue the journey in a mangled and bruised condition. As long as the fighting was fairly conducted, that is open hand-to-hand contests, our side did not complain very bitterly. Our 'busses were much better patronized than those of the Donnelly's, and this, no doubt, caused the trouble which ensued."

"It is said that your barns were burned by the Donnellys?"

"My barn or stable in Lucan was set on fire, but the law courts said that Tom Donnelly was not the guilty person."

"Then Tom Donnelly was arrested on the charge?"

"Yes; he was. One night a Mr. Churchill, veterinary surgeon, of Lucan, was returning home late. In passing through his back-yard, he saw Tom Donnelly placing a match to some hay sticking out of the cracks of the building. Churchill went over to the incendiary, who presented a pistol to his head, and swore that if he ever mentioned the circumstance his life would pay the penalty. Churchill put out the fire, and went home and kept his own counsel. Two weeks afterwards the barn was again fired, and this time it was burned to the ground. There were eight horses in the stable, but they were rescued by the neighbours. After the fire, Churchill's adventure was told, and Tom Donnelly was arrested. It was no use, however; an *alibi* was proved, and he was set at liberty.

"I suppose the trouble ended with his arrest?"

"No, indeed—just the very opposite. Our 'busses were next set on fire. The tails of the horses were shaved, and we were knocked on the head with slung shots and clubs. The Donnelly boys were blamed, but we could prove nothing, as they covered up their track very successfully. For instance, I was passing through the alley-way of the Queen's hotel one dark night. Before I had taken ten steps, I was struck on the head with a heavy stick of wood and felled to the ground, where I remained in an unconscious state for some time. The person who struck me was no doubt waiting in the alley-way, for I did not hear anyone following me. It being dark, you see, I could not recognize my assailant, and he went unpunished."

"It is pretty evident, Mr. Flannigan, that whoever your enemies were, they were determined to give you a lively time."

"Yes. We sold out our interest in the stage line, and since then the trouble has ceased."

"The Vigilance Committee which is charged with this affair has no Clandeboye people on its rolls?"

"No. We are a peaceable lot around here, and the farmers never had occasion to complain of such acts as appear to have been of almost nightly occurrence in other portions of Biddulph, therefore a Vigilance Committee was unnecessary."

As the reporter jumped into his cutter, one of the small crowd of hangers-on around the hotel was heard to say to his companions, "Be jabers, Tim, the 'ticktives are thicker than blackberries in the fall."

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF '76.

Having heard a great deal of talk concerning the "hanging up" of the man Richardson by the Vigilance Committee of 1876, a *Mail* reporter conversed with one of the members of that committee, who freely discussed the matter, but desired that his name should be withheld.

"Is it true," asked the reporter, "that Richardson was really taken from his house in Lucan by the Vigilance Committee, and strung up to a tree until he confessed to several robberies and other such offences?"

"Yes; I think it is true, although many in the village doubt that such a thing actually occurred. I was a member of that committee, but I can assure you I had no hand in 'dancing' Richardson."

"Some ten or a dozen members of the Committee were, I believe, arrested for having been concerned in the affair?"

"Why, I was one of the unfortunates myself. We were not actually under arrest, but were summoned to appear at London to answer to the charge. I will tell you the whole circumstances. In 1876 affairs were pretty bad in Lucan; barns, stables and houses were burnt, and robberies were committed nearly every night. Suspicion rested on this Richardson, who was said to be in with the Donnelly gang. He was taken from his house, and strung up to a tree for the purpose, if possible, of getting from him the names of the actual perpetrators. As I said before, I was not actually one of the parties, I cannot give you the full and true particulars. Not that I should have had any compunction about helping to pull the rope, for I tell you we were a leetle desperate just about that time. Richardson is said to have confessed, and he was lowered to the ground and allowed to go home. Bill Donnelly was told of the work of the Committee, and he went to London and gave information against twelve or fourteen of the principal people of the village, whom he suspected of having maltreated his chum. At the London assizes he failed to appear and give evidence, and we were all discharged. I don't think any of the persons who were called on to answer the charge were guilty of the offence, as the affair was kept a profound secret by those who worked the job. Richardson left the village shortly after the rope adventure, and since that time we have been comparatively quiet here. That Vigilance Committee was disbanded, and never re-organized again, as the marauders changed their tactics, and instead of annoying the villagers, they operated among the farmers in Biddulph."

SERVICE IN THE PARISH CHURCH.

Hundreds of people visited the scene of the tragedy to-day, many coming thirty miles to look upon the Donnelly homestead, and the village presented a lively appearance. In the forenoon there was a large congregation at the parish church, St. Patrick's, the people being under the impression that Father Connolly would make a further allusion to the massacre. A feeling of awe pervaded the whole congregation. As one after another dropped into the badly heated little church, they devoutly knelt before the altar and appeared to be unusually attentive to the religious services, while others bowed themselves to the floor near the doors and in the aisles. The appearance of Father Connolly was anxiously looked for by those who expected to hear words of comfort from the lips of the rev. gentleman. He was to much overcome, however, by the dreadful nature of the affair among his parishoners to conduct the services and Father Dillon of London, arrived to relieve him by whom high mass was conducted. Immediately before the delivery of the sermon by the latter, the venerable Father Connolly stepped forward in front of the altar and called upon the congregation to offer up prayers to Almighty God for the repose of the souls of those poor murdered people. He hoped they would also pray for those who had fer the time being lost their fathers, husbands and brothers. He hoped the neighbours would see to it that they wanted for nothing. He would like to go and see them and comfort them, but he had been overworked lately and was unable at present to do so. For his own part, he said, he was overcome by the magnitude of the calamity which had occurred in their midst. He had never expected that anything like this would happen where he was parish priest.

At this point the aged pastor paused, being unable to proceed. His heart was too full for utterance, and he seemed as if he would like to retreat from the place and seek repose, where he would never hear of the subject again.

After recovering himself, the rev. gentleman slowly proceeded to state that Father Dillon had kindly come from London to assist and comfort him in his troubles. He hoped that his people would look to Almighty God for strength to bear up against this great calamity. They all knew that since he came among them he had done his best to promote peace and good will among his people, both by precept and example. He had often advised them to shun the paths that led to sin and lawlessness, and he felt assured that if they had taken his advice, much of the trouble with which they had been afflicted would not have been known among them. He hoped they would turn over a new leaf and live righteously and soberly for all time to come, and that they would improve the approaching season of Lent, which commenced next Wednesday; and he was sure if they attended to the requirements of the Church, they would bring down the blessings of God on that afflicted congregation.

Rev. Father Dillon, during his discourse, briefly touched on the murder. He alluded to the killing of Abel by Cain, and said that the blood of the murdered people called to heaven for vengeance and that the guilty could not expect to escape, because the eye of God was on those who had broken His commandment by killing his neighbour. The only hope of salvation for such people was by confession and penitence. He hoped all present would prepare to enter upon a better course of conduct in future. Scandals and crimes by Christian people caused their enemies to laugh at them, and consequently the religion of the fathers suffered at the hands of infidels.

THE VIGILANTES.

There was somewhat of a commotion late this afternoon in the neighbourhood of the brick school-house, at the intersection of the 8th and 9th concessions of Biddulph, the place of meeting of the Vigilance Committee. It seems that heretofore they have made this school-house their rendezvous, and from the number of men seen congregated there this afternoon it was supposed they were about holding a meeting, for what purpose of course could not be divined, unless it was for making provision for the defence of the thirteen prisoners now in London gaol. Those who seem to be pretty well posted here have very little faith in the power of the authorities to get evidence sufficiently strong to convict the prisoners, because it is now an acknowledged fact that this Vigilance Committee was a secret society, bound together with the most terrible oaths to protect each other. This I learned this afternoon from a party who had an interview with one of the prisoners, who seems to be weakening, and may split at any moment in order to save himself. He states that the Society used to lock the door, and, having assured themselves that no enemy was present, transacted business without a chairman or secretary, and consequently each member was equally responsible and liable. When it was necessary to come to a vote on any question they counted hands, but made no record of their proceedings, fearing that it might fall into unfriendly hands.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

The Belleville *Ontario* has interviewed Chief of Police McKinnon, who had some dealing with the Donnellys when he was a detective in Hamilton. Chief McKinnon, says the *Ontario*, is perhaps better acquainted with the history of the Donnelly family and other desperadoes of that section than any other man outside the gang. In fact, he was for a period of nearly five weeks one of the particular company, while acting in the capacity of a detective. Four years ago a series of murders, robberies, assaults, incendiaries and general outlawry so alarmed the people of that community that large sums were offered for the arrest and punishment of the perpetrators of these crimes. But owing to the desperate characters of those suspected, magistrates, constables and detectives were afraid to move. At this time Mr. McKinnon was a well-known and fearless detective, and was engaged in working up the celebrated Caledonia murder case. Having pushed the Young desperadoes into tight quarters, where their arrest was certain, he turned his attention to the Lucan neighbourhood. People cautioned him about undertaking such a dangerous job, and assured him that by doing so he would be taking his own life in his hands. However, the detective resolved upon a trial, and being supplied with plenty of money, he chose to begin operations under the guise of a sporting character. By this means he expected the more readily to ingratiate himself into the good favours of the Donnellys and others acting in concert with them. For some time, however, he made slow progress. He had shrewd, desperate men to deal with, who did not take strangers into their confidence without sounding them to the bottom. One evening while sitting in a tavern at Lucan the detective overheard a man speaking against the Donnellys and denouncing them as outlaws. This, Mr. McKinnon thought, would be a good chance for him to make a "big push," so stepping up to the person, he introduced himself as a friend of