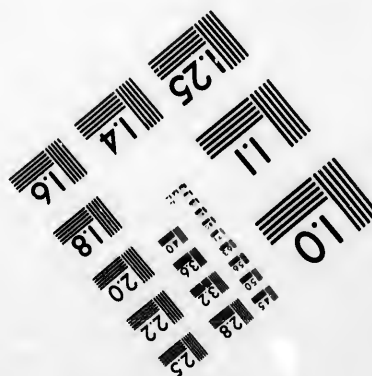
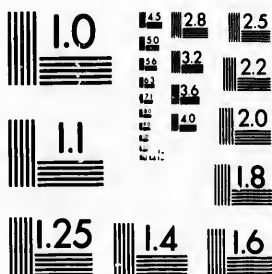


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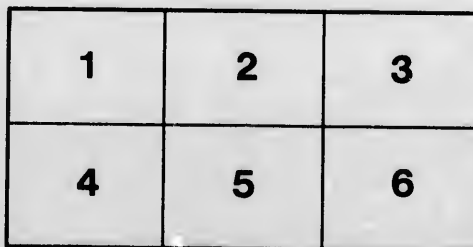
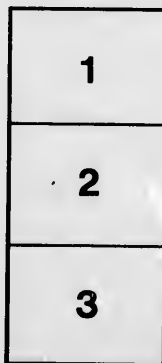
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THE BIDDULPH TRAGEDY.

About midnight on the 4th of February, 1880, twenty persons went to the house of James Donnelly, in the Township of Biddulph, and knocked at the door. The inmates of the house were James Donnelly, sen., about 70 years of age; his wife Judy, aged 60; Thos. Donnelly, about 21 years of age; Bridget Donnelly, aged 25 years (niece); and John Connors, aged 12 years, in the employ of Donnelly. The son John, aged 28, usually resides at home with his father, but this evening he had gone to his brother William's, about three miles away, on the eighth concession. As before stated, about midnight a gang of men with

BLACKENED FACES,

many of them dressed in women's clothing, knocked at the door of James Donnelly's house, a 1½ story log building, and demanded admittance. Thomas Donnelly, the son, went to the door and was immediately arrested by the crowd. An altercation ensued, Thomas being outside the door, when the cry of

"HIT HIM ON THE HEAD WITH THE SPADE"

was raised, and one of the men who carried a spade appears to have struck him on the head with that instrument, and another man also used a pick. He fell down, probably dead, and was then thrown inside the door. The other inmates of the house, with the exception of James Connors, the boy, were then clubbed and beaten to death. The boy first hid underneath the bed in a clothes basket, and afterwards escaped. The murderers, after

POURING OIL ON THE CLOTHES,

set fire to the building, which was consumed, down to the very foundations. The charred remains, burnt to a cinder, were found in the position where they fell—Thomas' remains just inside the front door, Mr. Donnelly on the floor of the kitchen, and Jas. Donnelly and Bridget Donnelly behind the stove, where they had crouched and were killed. The spade with which the murder of Thomas was committed was found among the debris. It was

COVERED WITH BLOOD,

but the handle had been burnt out, and all possible means of identification were thus destroyed. There are three farm houses within a hundred yards of the house, but strange to say, the glare of the fire did not awaken any of the inmates of these houses. The watch dogs also gave no alarm, which leads to the belief that they were enticed away or kept quiet by the murderers. The awful tragedy, which is without parallel in the annals of the country, and would rival Texas borders for its atrocity, was not discovered until nine o'clock this morning, when Patrick Whalen, who lives opposite, upon getting up saw the

SMOKING RUINS,

and immediately raised the alarm. At about that time of the murder of the elder Donnelly two men knocked at the door of the residence of Wm. Donnelly, his son, about three miles away, on the 8th concession of Biddulph, and called for Wm. Donnelly. John, his brother, who, as before stated, was that night staying there, got out of bed, and without dressing he opened the door, and immediately two shots were fired, apparently one from each side of the door. He immediately fell back and exclaimed,

“BILL, I AM SHOT !”

The two men then went away. William got up and took the body in, and it was found that he had been shot in the right breast and also lower down in the stomach. The wound in the breast contained seven or eight slugs, and the wound in the stomach was made by a bullet. As the men were going away they fired several revolver shots, and this scared William, who was afraid to go for assistance. This evening the body of John was moved to Lucan, where an inquest will be held.

The barbarity and fiendish malice which provoked the committal of so horrible a deed, of which the perpetrators, although probably never discovered, must remain a blighting curse upon the lives of men who deserve the names of fiends rather than men, and who so foully and brutally, in the dead of night, attacked and slew, not only a strong able-bodied man, but disregarding the agonizing shrieks of defenceless women and the pitiful and heartrending prayers for mercy of an old man of seventy years, with, it might be said, one foot already in the grave,

BEAT THEM TO DEATH WITH CLUBS,
spades and other such rude weapons. Had they been prompted

by a desire for the death of the family, the deadly bullet of the assassin or the fatal plunge of his knife might have ushered them into eternity in a moment, without physical pain.



JOHN DONNELLY.

The completeness with which the diabolical work of the inhuman brutes was done, leads to the feeling that the murder was the result of long and careful study, and that the work was carried out in accordance with a previously settled plan, calculated to entirely obliterate all traces which might possibly afford a clue to the miscreants, and in this effort they were aided by the snow-storm. In the case of the assassination of John Donnelly, the masked men appear to have taken especial care not to leave any traces, as for a distance of half a mile from the house of Wm. Donnelly, where the assassination took place, the road, and also the fields on each side of the road, had been walked over, backwards and forwards and crossways, until there was not a single footstep left sufficiently clear and distinctly defined in the snow to allow of the slightest possibility

of identification of any of the footmarks which were made by the assassins in their midnight march. The intention of the parties who visited Wm. Donnelly's was clearly to

SPARE HIS WIFE,

and in this at least they showed greater compunction than those who visited the elder Donnelly's. Although Wm. Donnelly did not hear any noise before being awakened by the knocking at the door, an attempt was evidently made to induce him to come outside the house. Near by his house are the stables where he had two span of horses, one span being kept in a close stable which was kept locked, the other span being left in a stable, the door of which was left unfastened. Wm. Donnelly, the survivor, for whom the bullets were undoubtedly intended, states that when he went into this stable at daybreak Thursday morning, the horses were trembling so much that one of them could scarcely stand. They were dreadfully scared, and jumped about madly when he went in. He expresses the firm opinion that the assassins went into the stable and frightened the horses in the hopes that hearing their kicking and making a noise he would get up and go out to see what was the matter,

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE BEEN SHOT DEAD.

The writer having himself passed over the road between the two scenes of slaughter was convinced, from the wretched state of the roads, that it is not possible that the men who committed the murder at the one place were the same that were at the other, except they had a wagon and team in waiting, and this is hardly probable. It is a curious fact that although every house in the vicinity has a watch-dog running loose around at night, not one of the farmers (and the surrounding country is thickly populated) in the vicinity heard any sound, and all state that they were horrified on awakening in the morning to find that a fearful tragedy had been committed at their very doors.

The Donnelly family consisted of James Donnelly, sen., 70 years of age; his wife, 54 years of age; Thomas Donnelly, their son, 21 years of age; Bridget Donnelly, their niece; John Donnelly, single, 24 years; Wm. Donnelly, married, about 30 years; Robert, living at Glencoe, and Patrick, a blacksmith, at St. Catharines. The first four named were in the house of the old man at the time of the occurrence, whilst John was at the

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WILLIAM DONNELLY.

house of his brother William, with whom he had gone to stay that night. The father owned the fifty acre lot on which he lived, and farmed it. The family have for a long time past been engaged in broils with some of the neighbors. The quarrel originally between the Donnellys and another family spread until the whole of that section became either friends or foes of the Donnellys, who, with the usual readiness and spirit of the Celt, resented any insults or slurs, either real or imaginary, by blows. This manner of recrimination worked up a bitter hatred between the two parties, who, whenever they met, never lost an opportunity of making their opinions known, and frequent fights were the result. Both parties would have recourse to the Magistrates' Court, summonses and cross-summonses were issued, and as a natural consequence, in their state of feeling towards each other, the losing side would only become more embittered than ever against the other. Frequent robberies occurred in that vicinity, and their opponents loudly declaimed the Donnellys as the culprits. Fires, which were without doubt incendiary, also occurred, and for these, as well as other offences, the finger of suspicion was pointed to the Donnellys. It will be remembered that the barns, etc., of Patrick

Ryder were burnt recently, together with their contents, and, suspicion pointing to the Donnellys, the father and mother were

ARRESTED ON THE CHARGE OF ARSON.

Several adjournments were had, and Thursday afternoon they were to have again appeared and surrendered to their bail upon the charge.

Some months ago, a number of the opponents of the Donnellys, believing that some means were necessary to detect offenders, held a meeting, when it was decided to establish a Vigilance Committee, which rapidly swelled in numbers, so that at the present time it is thought that it had about 150 members. As the meetings were held in secret the discussions were not made public, but a general feeling pervaded that the deliberations of the Committee boded no good to the Donnellys. The feeling between the parties, and which undoubtedly led to the commission of these diabolical crimes, will thus be seen.

The movements of the assassins and the exact manner of the assassination of the people will probably remain veiled in the deepest obscurity, the only survivor, James Connors, being a boy, can only give a rambling statement of the harrowing scenes which he witnessed. He says that he was sleeping in the same bed with the old man Donnelly. Some time in the night the boy was awakened by a man's voice in the room by the bedside. On looking up in the dark he saw a form dressed in women's clothing, with a blackened face, and a man's voice told

DONNELLY TO GET UP, AS THEY HAD A WARRANT FOR HIM.

Donnelly got up immediately, and the man commenced beating him with a heavy stick. The poor old man called out, and a crowd, (the boy says he thinks twenty were there) rushed in. They were all disguised in women's clothes, had blackened faces, and were armed with spades, sticks, axes and other weapons, and a horrible tragedy was then enacted. The old man of seventy, whose grey hairs should have wrung sympathy from their hearts, and whom they should have protected and respected,

WAS BRUTALLY BEATEN BY THE WHOLE MOB.

The wife, a tall, powerful woman, and her niece, rushed in, only

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to be served in a similar manner, the fiends in human form literally beating them to death. The piercing shrieks and wails of the victims, as they prayed for that mercy which we all hope for, were enough to have moved a heart of stone, but the human tigers in whose power they were were unrelenting, and the old man died within a few feet of where he fell. The women rushed wildly around the room, imploring first one and then the other to

“SAVE ME ! SAVE ME !”

but were met instead with a brutal curse and a cruel blow from a club, a spade, an axe or some other weapon, until at



MRS. DONNELLY.

last exhausted and fainting they fell in a corner behind the stove, clasping each other as their brains were mercilessly dashed out ere they breathed their last gasp. Directly the boy Connors saw the men beating the old man, he became greatly frightened, and climbing over the foot of the bedstead, which had curtains around it, he crawled underneath behind a large clothes basket, where he remained

A SILENT AND HORRIFIED SPECTATOR OF THE
AWFUL TRAGEDY,

being forgotten in the confusion. At the commencement of the murderous attack, the son Thomas, who was sleeping in a bed-room upstairs, heard the screams of agony, and rushed down stairs to aid his father. The odds, however, were too great, and he was immediately set upon by a large number of the assassins. Being a very powerful young man, he succeeded in forcing his way through the front room and out of doors. He had only got about three yards from the front door when he was

BRAINED WITH AN AXE OR SPADE.

He fell, and his assailants returned to the kitchen to assist in completing their fiendish work. Having satisfied themselves that life was extinct in the three victims inside the kitchen, they went out, and one of them said, "The _____ breathes yet." Another said, "Brain him, then," and another, "Finish him, somebody." The boy then heard two swishing blows and a dull thud, and all was quiet. Some of them came back into the house, and he heard a voice,

"POUR THE OIL ON THE BEDS."

Directly after they went out, he smelt fire and found the house was on fire. He also heard them roughly drag the body of Thomas Donnelly inside the house and throw him just inside the front door. They then went away, and the boy, who had so bravely held up under the terrible ordeal which he had already undergone had a more relentless enemy to contend with. Crouching in a cramped, uncomfortable position, the poor boy was powerless with fear and paralyzed with the sense of the imminent danger in which he was placed. Ultimately the scorching flames began to lick his body and he was compelled to move, and carefully making his exit from the burning building, on looking around was overjoyed to find that no one was about. Without stopping to put on his jacket, which he carried under his arm, with only his pants on, and barefooted, the boy ran across to Patrick Whalen's house, about a hundred yards away. The snow was falling heavily and the wind was very cold, freezing and numbing the poor little fellow's feet and limbs. He knocked loudly at the door and awoke Mr. Whalen, who let him in, kindled a fire and thawed him out. The boy's self possession, which up to this time he retained perfectly, now left him, and he was speechless from cold and fright, and it was a long time before Mr. Whalen could get

him to speak. After several ineffectual attempts he was enabled to articulate faintly,

"THEY HAVE MURDERED THE DONNELLYS,"

at the same time casting a piercing glance around, as though to assure himself that he was not still witnessing the terrible tragedy. Further questioning elicited from him that they had set the house on fire, and on looking out of the window they saw a light in Donnelly's house, and immediately afterwards the flames burst out. As quickly as possible Whalen and his sons dressed and went over, but were powerless to do anything towards saving the building. They went back to bed again, afraid to move or to attempt getting into Lucan to give an alarm until daybreak. The fear of being shot on the road then deterred them from going until about eleven o'clock. The boy Connors went to his home at Lucan, where he has remained ever since, but so deep has been the impression of the awful tragedy upon the boy's mind, that he starts and turns pale at the slightest sound, and absolutely refuses to see strangers.

THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN DONNELLY

took place at his brother William's house, on the 8th concession. The inmates of the house were Wm. Donnelly, his wife, John Donnelly and Michael Hogan. The two latter occupied one bed in a bedroom off William's, the entrance being through William's bedroom.

About two o'clock a knock was heard at the door, and John, who was the first to hear it, got out of his bed and went to William's door, and asked him who was knocking. William replied he did not know, but, thinking it might be some of the boys who were coming home late, and wanted to stay there for the night, he told John to see who it was. John went to the door and asked "Who's there?" The answer came, "Open the door." There was nothing particularly suspicious in the tone in which those outside replied, but John asked again, "Who's there?" and a different voice replied, "Open the door, Willie?" John, probably thinking he recognized the voice, unfastened the door and opened it. Immediately upon opening the door, a shot was heard, and later a second one. John fell down and said, "Oh, Will! Oh, Will! I am shot!" Immediately the shots were fired, the two men who fired them, and whose footprints were left in the snow in the porch, ran

away and joined a crowd of about sixteen or seventeen who were waiting for them a short distance away. They then left, discharging six or eight pistol or revolver shots as they went. Michael Hogan got out of bed, and crawling low on his stomach reached around the corner, and caught John by the hand and gently drew him in. He breathed for about four minutes, and twice prayed "Lord have mercy on my soul," and then expired. After waiting for some time in order to ascertain if there was anyone waiting around, the dreadful suspense became unbearable, and William's wife got out of bed and struck a light. It was then found that the deceased man had been shot with a charge of buckshot, about a dozen entering and making a large hole in his breast, from which it is surmised that the muzzle of the gun must have been close to his breast at the time it was discharged. The second weapon was a breach-loader, and rifled. The bullet went through his groin, and imbedded itself deeply in the wall on the opposite side of the room. The inmates remained quiet watching over the dead body until after day-break, when, as before stated, William, after carefully reconnoitering, ventured into the stable, and jumping on one of the horses, galloped to the house of James Keefe, jr., who, however, was afraid to go to Lucan to report the case until nearly noon. Both Donnelly and Keefe, being known to be on good terms with each other, believed themselves in danger of their lives if they should be met by any of the assassins, and it was not until near noon, as before stated, that any attempt was made to give information to the authorities. Dr. Hossack, the coroner, immediately started for the scene, and under his direction the body of John Donnelly was brought to the city. He looked calm, and only for the gaping wound on his breast, and a wound on his forehead, inflicted when he fell against the door-jamb, he has the appearance of having died a natural death.

THE BURNING RUINS.

The ruins of the house of James Donnelly, Sr., were still smoking when our reporter arrived there. Not a stick, with the exception of the two logs which formed the steps to the front door, but was entirely consumed. Near where the front door was the remains of the son Thomas, burned to a cinder, were found. On the floor of the kitchen, where he fell, were also to be seen the charred remains of the old man, the skull

having a large fracture on the top. Huddled together near the debris of the stove were the remains of the niece and Mrs. Donnelly. The skulls of both were burnt entirely to ashes, whilst all that remained of the bodies were mere cinders, literally unrecognizable. Among the debris laying close by the remains of Thomas Donnelly was found the spade with which he had been murdered. It was covered with a thick crust which bore deep stains of blood. The handle unfortunately was burnt out of it, and consequently no clue can be had to the owner.

It is rumored that not long ago a number of the Donnellys' friends and associates received letters signed "Vigilance," threatening them if they continued to associate with or assist them in any way, that they would receive the same treatment that the Donnellys would get. This, coupled with other facts, causes public opinion to run very high against the members of the Vigilance Committee.

EVIDENCE AT THE INQUEST.

Dr. Hossack, coroner, summoned a jury and met at the Town Hall to take evidence in reference to the tragedy.

The following evidence was taken :

John Whalen, Township of Biddulph, yeoman, being sworn, said : At two o'clock this morning I saw a light shining in the window of the house of James Donnelly; I was awakened by my child; it was half an hour after I saw the fire before I went over to it; my father came to my place later, and told me Donnelly's house was on fire; while I was dressing my father went to the fire, and when I got there he was the only person on the ground. The greater part of the fire was confined to the back kitchen of Donnelly's house. On the occasion of my first visit I did not see any of the bodies, as the fire was so hot that I could not get into the house, and at about nine o'clock this morning when, the fire was low, I could distinguish the remains of four bodies. There were three bodies at the back kitchen and one in the front part of the house. I saw some blood on the ground in front of the house; I did not go very near at the time, as the fire was burning fiercely; I think I saw the whole of the family on Monday, but I am sure I saw James (the old man), John, Thomas, and I feel assured I also saw Bridget, the girl; the old lady, I am not positive of seeing. When I got there I think the front door was shut. There were a number of windows broken, and the

smoke was issuing forth in heavy, dark clouds ; the front part of the house, on the inside, when I got on the scene, was on fire ; neither myself nor father made any attempt to get into the house, as the fire was too fierce ; I would judge that the back kitchen was burning, as it appeared to be more burnt than the front part of the building when I arrived on the scene ; the heat of the fire melted the snow, and I could not distinguish the tracks of a struggle, if there had been one.

Patrick Whalen, father of the last witness, being sworn, said : Young Connors was the first who told me of the affair. He came to my door about 1:30 this morning ; he was crying and said he was frozen ; my wife heard him, and got up and let him in ; he was barefooted, and carried his coat under his arm ; I asked him what he wanted out that time of night, and the only reply he made was that he was frozen ; I drew the coals to the front of the stove, and he warmed his feet ; he said he was "run," and that they had murdered the Donnelly's ; he said that a number of men had forced open the doors and had tied old man Donnelly, after which they set fire to the old man's bed ; he further added that he got under the bed, and thus got away from the men ; after he told me this tale, I looked out of the window ; not seeing the fire, I said to him, "you are crazy ;" on looking out again I saw there was a light in the front window ; I looked out again and saw a light in the back kitchen ; I said to my "old woman," "By heavens, the place is on fire ;" I went to my son John's, a few hundred yards off, and found my son walking the floor ; after telling him of the fire I went to Donnelly's house, which was burning brightly by this time ; there was no one there when I arrived. When I got to the scene, I tried to look in at the south front window, but could not do so, as the smoke was too great. I had not been there long before the glass was forced from the windows by the heat. I then went round to the kitchen, which was all ablaze. I fancied, in looking in at the rear of the house, that I saw a person lying in the front part of the house.

To a juror—The front door was locked, but the back door was open.

Examination continued—As I could not get in I went home ; before I left, my two sons, one the last witness, and young Connors came upon the scene. I came back again before daylight, and looked at the burning building, when I saw one corpse, or what I took to be a corpse, lying on the

kitchen floor. I again visited the place about six o'clock, and saw the charred remains of four bodies. I saw Tom Donnelly on his way to Lucan yesterday morning, and I saw Jack, his brother, in the evening watering his horses at the pump in front of the door; to my knowledge, I did not speak to any of the Donnelly family yesterday; I considered there was an unusual number of tracks around the house when I first got there; I saw some blood on the ground in three different places near the front door; it was, when I got to the fire, a pretty light night, with a light fall of snow. The snow in the vicinity of the dwelling house was pretty well melted by the fire; therefore, no trace of a struggle could be witnessed, if such a thing took place.

Joseph Whalen, son of the last witness, said: I was awakened from sleep in my father's house about half-past one o'clock by young Connors telling my father that Donnelly's house was on fire. In about ten minutes I came down stairs and, after sitting in the house about fifteen minutes, I went over to Donnelly's. The whole house was on fire, but the kitchen appeared to be more burnt than the front part of the place. I could not say whether the back was open. I saw blood-marks about six or seven feet from the front door. I did not try to get into the burning house; I was talking with Tom Donnelly yesterday morning; I also saw John Donnelly, but could not say positively that I observed any other of the family; I went to bed last night about ten o'clock, and did not hear any noise until I was awakened by young Connors; I saw a number of tracks in the vicinity of Donnelly's house, and they appeared to lead to the north.

The Coroner, acting under the advice of Chief Williams, said he would not at present call any more witnesses in the case. After a short consultation, the jury decided to adjourn till the Wednesday following.

DANGER TO THE BOY CONNORS.

It is generally reported in Lucan that there are grave fears for the safety of the boy Connors. He is supposed to know too much for his own safety, and that, should the names of those or any of them who took part in the affair be disclosed by him, his life would suffer the penalty. At present the boy is in safe keeping, which goes to show that he is possessed of valuable information which will be given to the public in time.

DESPATCHES TO THE LONDON PRESS.

EXCITEMENT AT WHITE HEAT.

Lucan, February 5.—The excitement still continues at white heat. The body of John Donnelly has been decently laid out at the residence of Mr. Connors, and looks quite natural after being washed and cleaned.

PLACED IN ONE COFFIN.

At an early hour this morning, the remains of the other four victims, that is, 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 Connors' house. The Coroner and jury having got through with their examination, and also with the *post mortem* on the body of John, by Dr. Flock, of Lucan, the Coroner issued his order for the interment of the remains.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF THE TWO BROTHERS.

The remarkable stoicism of the two living brothers, now here, is commented on. Men of vast experience in such matters say they were utterly astonished at the cool-headedness exhibited by the brothers 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. Action, not tears, is the watch-word."

INTERVIEW WITH FATHER CONNOLLY.

Hearing of the many rumors concerning the Vigilance Committee, in connection with which the name of Father Connolly, the parish priest, was mentioned, an *Advertiser* reporter interviewed him upon the subject. He was cordially received by Father Connolly, who is an elderly man, with a pleasing, open countenance, and of medium stature. He appeared to be in great anxiety, and expressed fears of being arrested. He assigned as a reason for his fear the bitter hatred which the Donnelly boys, and especially William, had against him. From the statement of Father Connolly it would appear that in June last, in consequence of the great number of depredations which had been committed, his people, upon his advice, signed an agreement in a book which he produced. The form of the agreement was very simple, and purported to

be made between the Roman Catholics of the parish of Bid-
 dulphe resolving themselves into a body "for their own mutual
 protection and assistance in bringing to justice the perpetrators
 of the deeds which were being perpetrated by unknown par-
 ties." The rev. father explained that the purpose which he
 intended to carry out was this: The Donnellys had been in
 the habit of committing depredations and stealing things from
 their neighbors. These articles or goods which were stolen
 they would leave with a neighbor, who would thus be brought
 into the mess, and for fear of personal violence to themselves
 and injury to their property they would not disclose the crime
 or their knowledge of the theft. The Donnelly boys, by thus
 entangling different parties each time a depredation was com-
 mitted by them, were enabled to gather a number of friends
 around them, who, although hating them in their hearts, were
 obliged publicly to befriend them, and were also afraid to give
 evidence against them. This state of things continued for a
 long time. Some time ago Thomas Donnelly was arrested
 upon a charge of robbing a neighbor named Ryan of \$80 in
 money. The case was investigated, and after several adjourn-
 ments Donnelly was discharged by Squires W. K. Atkinson
 and McCosh. Although Thomas was acquitted of the charge,
 a feeling of bitter hatred was engendered by them against
 Ryan, which showed itself in several ways. After this a
 threshing machine that was taken to Ryan's to thresh, was
 burnt by incendiaries during the night. During last fall Ryan
 engaged a man named Curtin to come and thresh for him.
 Thomas Donnelly heard of it and gave Curtin warning that his
 machine would be destroyed if he attempted to thresh for
 Ryan. Upon this that Curtin refused to do any threshing
 for Ryan, who, reduced to extremities, appealed to me. Pre-
 vious to this I, in company with Mr. Coughlin, M. P., had
 made strenuous efforts to obtain the release of Robert Don-
 nelly from the Penitentiary, where he was confined for shoot-
 ing at Constable Everett. In my efforts I was guided mainly
 by the opinion that I could by this means win over the Don-
 nellys to become respectable neighbors and peaceable sub-
 jects. Not doubting but these disinterested efforts on my part
 would be remembered by the family, I had not the slightest
 suspicion, but if I asked them they would give their consent to
 Curtin threshing Ryan's grain. Impressed with this belief I
 went to Thomas Donnelly and asked him as a personal favor to

me to allow Curtin to thresh for Ryan. After hesitating, he said he would ask John. I went to John, who promised to give me an answer before Sunday, and I went away, fully believing that they would oblige me. I waited patiently, but when Sunday came and I saw nothing of John, I felt that my efforts and advice had no weight with them. The Vigilance Committee had met, and, upon Mr. Ryan's application, guaranteed to Curtin the value of his machine and any loss of time he might have. Curtin then threshed for Ryan, but they found that the sheaves had been filled with iron, harrow pins, horse shoes, stones, &c., which greatly damaged the machine. This aroused great excitement among the friends of Ryan, and shortly afterwards Ryan's barns were burned. I felt it to be my duty then to declaim the burning of the barns from my pulpit, telling my people about it, but never once mentioned the Donnellys. It afterwards came to my knowledge that a number of the Vigilance Committee which I had formed banded together, without my knowledge or consent, and formed a Committee of their own, the members, although not taking an oath in a theological sense, making a solemn declaration, and without using the form "So help me God," kissed the book. The meetings of this Committee can not be said to have been secret, but they were, of course, private among themselves, as they had no inclination to let everyone hear what their business was. This Committee, so far as I can learn, had no officers and met only at the call of the member who had been victimized. It is not true that I have excommunicated or placed the Donnellys under the bann of the Church. Some time ago I received a letter from William, which contained some very impertinent remarks, and I then said I should have nothing more to do with them. I also referred to the burning of Patrick Ryder's barns on Sunday week. I told my people from the pulpit of the occurrence, and pointed out the terrible work which had been done by some persons, but did not in any way mention the Donnellys. On Christmas eve the elder Donnelly and Mrs. Donnelly both came and confessed to me. A few days after Thomas was arrested for robbing Ryan, John Donnelly came to me to confession. I refused to confess him, and told him I thought he intended to confess to an untruth, in order to free his brother and implicate others. He then went away. So far as I am concerned I am perfectly innocent of any connection

with, or knowledge of, the movements of the second Vigilance Committee. I expect to be arrested, as I know that from the bitter hatred which William Donnelly bears me he will do all in his power to have me arrested.

THE ARRESTS.

Chief of Police Williams, who was present at the scene in company with Detectives Phair and Murphy, having instituted preliminary enquiries proceeded to London Thursday night and got warrants from Police Magistrate Lawrason for the arrest of the parties suspected. He returned to Lucan early in the morning and engaged County Constables Hodge, Pope, Brown and Gil. Moore. He immediately started Constables Pope and Hodge who arrested James Carroll, a farmer, about thirty years of age, a County Constable whose appointment was secured some time ago by special application of a large number of persons in the township. The application stated that his appointment was asked for the express purpose of putting a stop to the depredations which were being committed. He was supposed to be one of the Donnellys' bitterest enemies, and was also thought to be the head of the Vigilance Committee. These Constables also arrested James Maher, Sr. and James Maher, Jr., with whom Carroll lives, and brought them all to Lucan.

Constables Brown and Gil. Moore were despatched to the residence of John D'Arcy, a farmer, forty-five years of age, and married, whom they arrested at his house. They searched the house and found a gun loaded with buckshot, of which they took possession. Chief Williams, together with Detectives Phair and Murphy and a man who knew the lay of the country well, went to arrest the men charged as principals in the murder. John Kennedy, one of them, who lives eight miles from Lucan, was not at home when they got there, and they were told he was at Bryanston. They went there, but could not find him, and after making enquiries they succeeded in getting him at the house of a man named Heenan. They then went to Martin McLaughlin's house. Detectives Phair and Murphy arrested McLaughlin, and upon searching the house Murphy found a seven-chambered repeating rifle nearly new. The rifle is a large bore, and a most dangerous looking weapon, carrying a large cartridge. Four of the chambers were loaded, whilst another chamber had the appearance of being recently discharged. Murphy retained the rifle. The bullets

found in the cartridges in the weapon are similar in size and weight to that which was shot at and passed through John Donnelly, and was afterwards found embedded in the wall. After going a distance on the road the Chief and Detectives met Patrick Ryder, Sr., the person who was prosecuting the old man Donnelly and his wife for arson. He was arrested and Detective Murphy taking him in charge went into the woods with him to find his two sons. After going about half a mile into the bush they came to the choppers, there being four of them at work there. These with the old man made five against Murphy, but that officer persuaded them to come quietly into Lucan, where they were placed in the lock-up.

A SAD SCENE.

A heartrending scene was witnessed when the only daughter of the family arrived. Upon being shown the bodies she went into violent hysterics, which continued nearly all night. She is the youngest of the family, being 22 years of age. She is married and has three children. Her residence is at St. Thomas.

THREATENING LETTERS.

During the day several letters of a threatening character were received by Chief Williams. He was advised to go home and attend to his business, or it would be the worse for him. It is generally regarded that this was merely intended to frighten him from his duty.

REVULSION OF FEELING.

A complete revulsion of feeling appears to have come over the sickening details of the crime, causing many who were formerly opposed to the Donnellys to espouse their cause, and nothing short of a most searching examination will be satisfactory.

SKULLS STOLEN.

During Thursday night the skull of James Donnelly, which was fractured, was stolen from the ruins of the building. The portions of the skulls of Mrs. Donnelly and her niece which remained intact were also stolen from the ruins.

LOOKING FOR RELICS.

Underneath the charred remains of James Donnelly was a pocket-knife which was usually carried by him. The ruins have

been visited by hundreds of people, and many carried away mementos of their visit in the shape of teeth or bones of the deceased.

THE ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

The announcement that several of the prisoners were to arrive in the city by the 10:10 train on the L., H. & B. Ry. drew quite a large crowd of persons to the Great Western station Thursday. On the arrival of the train Detective Murphy stepped on to the platform and motioned to four persons, who were handcuffed two by two, to follow him. County Constable Pope followed up in the rear with his baton drawn, while the Detective in front bore a rifle which was found at the house of one of the prisoners (Martin McLaughlin), and which is supposed to be the identical one with which John Donnelly was shot. Police Constable Larkin followed with two other prisoners manacled together, and in this order the procession marched up Richmond Street to the Police Station. An immense throng of people gathered at the Station anxious to get a peep at the prisoners. Once inside, however, the doors were shut and the prisoners examined in the usual manner.

THE PRISONERS.

John Kennedy was the first to stand forward. He is a very large and powerful-looking man with dark beard and whiskers. He gave his age as 35, and said he was born in Canada.

James Maher is quite an old man, and does not bear any of the distinguishing marks of a villain. He was born in Ireland and is 52 years of age.

Martin McLaughlin stood forward in a hesitating kind of way and gave his age as 42. He was born in Ireland.

James Ryder was, however, of all the party the most uneasy-looking. He is a short, thick-set young man of 23, and looks as if he was very much afraid of something dreadful happening.

Patrick Ryder, father of the above, is 53 years of age. He has short, grey whiskers, and bears a very respectable appearance.

Constable Jim Carroll is a very powerful-looking young man, and is considered to be the most dangerous of the party. He is about 28 years of age.

Shortly after the above had been placed in the cells, Constables Hodge and Brown arrived by a rig from Lucan, having

with them one prisoner. One of the constables carried a loaded rifle in case of necessity.

John Maher, the name of this prisoner, is a young man of perhaps 23, with nothing particular about him to notice.

John D'Arcy, an old man of 60, soon after arrived in charge of Constable Gil. Moore. He is a very large, pale-faced Irishman.

Pat. Ryder, Jr., was brought in by Chief Williams and Detective Phair, and gave his age as 23.

CHANCES OF CONVICTION.

Accompanying the detectives was a miscellaneous collection of spades, shovels, picks, &c., which were found near the ruins of the house, and which it is supposed will lead to something.

It is thought one of those arrested will "split," from remarks he made.

One man implicated is reported to have decamped.

Old man Ryder, when questioned about the fire at Donnelly's, said he didn't take notice to it, but heard of it afterwards, although his house is near the fatal spot. He also remarked that he went to the trial next day at Granton, as appointed, but the Donnellys didn't come.

AN INCIDENT.

Everything relating to the Donnelly family is now coming to the surface. In our interview with the Lucanite incidental reference was made to Mrs. Donnelly being a woman of kindly actions. We have heard of one little incident that will bear repeating: One very wet morning a lady school-teacher was passing the house of the Donnellys, when the old woman hailed her. "Good morning, Miss ———. Come in and dry yourself before going to school." "Thank you, Mrs. Donnelly, but I haven't time," responded the teacher. "Sure your feet are all wet! Come in till I get you a pair of dry stockings." The teacher, however, hurried on. Mrs. Donnelly then passed into the house, and calling one of the passing scholars she gave her a pair of dry stockings to carry to the teacher. "Tell the teacher to change her feet," was the quaint but good-natured direction of the murdered woman.

TOO LATE.

A neighbor of the old man Donnelly called on him the

night before the tragedy, and represented to him that it would be better if he would leave the locality. Said the neighbor :

"You know, Donnelly, the trouble you have caused, and how your presence here is regarded. Now, would it not be better for all concerned if you would pack up your traps and leave the place?"

"Yes," said Donnelly, "I believe it would, and as soon as this trial about the barn-burning is over I intend to leave."

Subsequent events show that it would have been well to have followed the advice.

AT THE POLICE COURT.

At an early hour Friday morning a large concourse of people gathered at the Central Police Station, the news of the arrival of the prisoners having been received from the MORNING ADVERTISER. All were anxious to obtain a view of the persons charged with the atrocious crimes alleged against them. As soon as the doors were opened the auditorium of the court was filled to overflowing, a great crowding ensuing to catch a glimpse of the prisoners. The crowd were, however, doomed to disappointment, as the looked-for prisoners did not appear in the cage. The man McCabe—who was concerned in the fraud case—was subjected to a severe criticism, the majority of those declaring that he "looked every inch a murderer," which was very hard on the quiet-looking prisoner in the dock. While this crowding was going on up-stairs the prisoners were marshalled out of the cells into the office of the Chief of Police below.

His Worship the Police Magistrate presided, the prisoners standing around him in a semi-circle, while the doors were guarded by a perfect regiment of constables.

Mr. H. Macmahon, Q. C., appeared for the prisoners and asked that the warrants be 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 their malice aforethought, kill and murder James Donnelly, Judith Donnelly, Thomas Donnelly, Bridget Donnelly and John Donnelly."

Mr. Macmahon 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. Macmahon, as to when the trial will 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. Macmahon enquired if they 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 developments. As soon as the Coroner's inquest is concluded we will 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 meantime I will be perfectly willing.

Mr. Macmahon had a conversation with the prisoners, and they expressed their satisfaction at this course, at the same time, through their counsel, protesting their entire innocence of the whole affair.

The ten prisoners were then marched back to the cells.

AROUND THE CITY.

The crowd lingered around the Police Court until after noon, waiting the appearance of the prisoners, but they were not taken down till the greater portion of the crowd had dispersed.

The detectives and constables were eagerly interviewed by everybody as to the probabilities of securing a conviction in these cases. They profess to believe that the evidence is sufficient to convict at least five of the ten already in custody of being principals, and the others as accessories. Certainly some of the evidence is very damaging, but in the interests of justice we do not publish all we have heard.

It was remarked by all who saw the accused, both Thursday night and Friday morning, that they now appear to have

in some measure recovered from their scare. They all ate a hearty breakfast Friday, and since the interview with their counsel appear in the best of spirits.

THE POLICE.

Any reference to the tragedy will be incomplete that does not give a full measure of praise to the police. Captain Williams has shown himself a worthy officer—one whose head is not apt to lose its balance in an emergency—and the command was placed in good hands when turned over to him. All the men under him displayed courage and resolution, and the action of the whole force will stand out well. Detective Murphy is specially to be complimented upon the part he has taken in the affair. He arrested McLaughlin, the owner of the gun which probably killed John Donnelly, and he also arrested the whole Ryder family without assistance. Two of the latter were taken in the woods, where they were chopping. Not knowing how the arrests would be viewed by these men, it required considerable courage to tackle them single-handed.

THE FAMILY AT THE COURTS.

In the official returns of the administration of justice for the County of Middlesex, for the quarter beginning 1st January, 1876, and ending 31st of March, we find The Queen vs. William, James, John or Thomas Donnelly on, among others, the following charges: Misdemeanor, assault and doing grievous bodily harm, shooting with intent. In that quarter the amount paid by 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 magistrates' suits, &c. The expense of administration of justice on account of that lawless faction in Biddulph, in the last four or five years, have been extraordinary.

UNPARALLELED BRUTALITY.

Lucan, February 2.—The great topic of conversations is still the Donnelly Tragedy. Each hour further developments are being made, and it is now confidently expected that the assassins will be brought to the bar of justice and made to expiate the terrible crime which has been committed. The occurrence is still spoken of with a shudder. It was thought that the diabolical barbarity with which the crime was supposed

to have been committed was exaggerated. From more particular enquiries, however, by the ADVERTISER reporter, he has ascertained that the brutality with which the victims were despatched was greater than the first reports. It is learned from a 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 the adamant hearts of 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 curse the fiend replied: "Pray, you ——! You have prayed too long already." And with a heavy instrument the poor woman was felled senseless at his feet, and half a dozen of the assassins outrivalled each other in finishing her. Another fact which lets considerable light upon the subject was also elicited by our reporter, and that is that when the body of Thomas Donnelly was dragged into the house the hands were manacled, after throwing him roughly to the ground. 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, Sr. It is a significant fact that not a single straw in the barn and stables, situated close by, was touched, and the horses remained undisturbed. From this fact it is assumed that the murder had been in contemplation for days, weeks, and even months past, and the plans of the murderers had been carefully considered, and every possibility of identification was 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 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 were found; they consisted of two large pieces of paper torn from a Catholic Record, and the two together were about the size of half of the sheet.

FATHER CONNOLLY'S SERMON.

Lucan, February 6.—At the funeral to-day Father Connolly preached the sermon. His remarks, which were strongly condemnatory of the assassins, has created almost as great astonishment as the tragedy. Prior to these remarks it was generally supposed that Father Connolly was a bitter enemy of the Donnellys, and ugly rumors were circulated concerning his connection with the Vigilance Committee. A feeling of relief is now experienced, and it is quite probable that the explanation of the Priest exonerating the Donnellys will go a great way to restore confidence, and materially aid in making peace between the opposing parties.

The address of Father Connolly, at the conclusion of High Mass, was a lengthy one. In speaking of the terrible tragedy, he said: Dear friends, you are in the presence of one of the most solemn scenes which I have ever witnessed, but I have witnessed many a solemn scene, but never any like this. I am heart-broken. (Here the rev. father burst into tears, and, overcome by his emotion, turned away from the people.) Having somewhat recovered, he proceeded: I never expected that such a scene as this would be enacted. In coming to Biddulph I left a quiet place—a Christian place—and a place where the laws of God and man were observed and respected. I came to a district where neither the laws of God or man have been observed, and hence the consequence, terrible and fatal, which we see before us to-day. Yes, dear friends, the laws of the land, founded upon the eternal laws of God, have not been observed in this county and district, and those who have been entrusted with the execution of these laws have neglected to carry them out, and they will have to answer for the lives of these five people at another place. Before I came here I did not know of the fires and terrible destructions which have taken place here, and I could not believe that there was an Irish Catholic in Biddulph that would bring such disgrace upon himself and upon his church by committing these scenes of blood, which would not have disgraced the community had the law been properly enforced. There are two things which must be observed in every society, no matter of what religion that society may be composed. Men may have their own opinion upon the Gospel and their individual opinion of its teachings; there can be no second opinion that in the interests of Christianity—of

society—all should endeavor to observe that law, and have it enforced. That has not always been done in Lucan and Biddulph, and those entrusted with the administration of our laws have not fulfilled their duty, and have prostituted it; and it is owing to this prostitution that we are called together on this solemn occasion. The guilty men who imbued their hands in innocent blood will have to answer for this awful crime before the living God. The scenes which have been enacted here have disgraced the district and those who live in it. I feel sorry, and particularly for the whole family. It may be thought that I was not in friendship with that family. I was in friendship with the old people, but of the young people I did not know much. Particularly with the old woman I was friendly. For two hours she was in my office on Christmas eve giving me the history of her whole life in Biddulph. She received the sacrament, and the last words she spoke to me as she went away were, "Father Connolly, I am going to get not only my boys but all the Biddulph boys to reform." Here are the consequences. Oh! God of Heaven, how terrible! Here the Rev. Father again burst into tears. After several futile endeavors to speak, he said, "I can't say any more."

Patrick Donnelly, the son of James Donnelly, then rose in his pew, and said, "Father Connolly, I wish you to give a detailed account."

Father Connolly, who did not hear the purport of the question—"What do you ask me, Mr. Donnelly?"

Patrick Donnelly—I would like you to tell the whole matter, giving particulars more fully.

Father Connolly—Well, perhaps it will be better for me to tell. The only trouble I ever had with the family was that I thought they had not sufficient respect for their own character. When there was any hostile feeling displayed it was always supposed that it came from the younger members of the family, and any trouble I ever had with them was not worth speaking of. It was the taking out of a horse from Kelly's I first had trouble with them about. I met the boy and wanted to speak to him as a priest, and after this Mr. Wm. Donnelly sent me a sharp, incisive letter, which might be a good one to write to a politician or a business man. He was naturally a talented young man, and capable of writing a good letter—if he were a newspaper editor it would be a good reply, but it was not a

good letter for a priest. I did not make any mention of this letter to any one until I heard that William talked and said he was going to drive me from the country. Another thing was the Ryan's threshing. Ryan came to me and wanted to get me to influence the young men to allow this threshing. I used my endeavors with a friend of mine at Quebec, a Minister, to get the young man out of Kingston. With regard to the old people, I never had any hard feeling, in fact, I never had with any of the family, but the boys had a hard character. These are the only troubles I have had in the world with these two men. And now with regard to the formation of that Society. I had nothing to do with that Society. I was never at their meetings, but I had unbounded faith in the men who were in that Society. I believe that they were most incapable of doing such a terrible thing as this. I believe that this thing took place outside of this Committee. As far as the old people were concerned, I esteemed them as much as any people in the parish. Since the death of Mike Donnelly they have been to communion. I never dreamed of an occurrence like this. I thought that the whole thing would wear away. The driving away of horses and the shaving of horses' tails were things which people did not like. It is a failing with all Irishmen that they have no faith. No man is anything without a character, but with it he is everything, and if he doesn't respect that character we have no peace whatever. I have been delighted, and especially since I became acquainted with Patrick Donnelly, who I have found to be an honest, respectable young man, to have had him to speak to and consult with, and perhaps had he been here things would have been different. The old woman was a sensible sort of a woman, whom I could talk to and consult, but the old man, although a good old man, whom I liked, was not the sensible sort of a man that I could talk to like I could to the old woman. The last words I had with the old woman, she said, "Father Connolly, I have been trying to get the boys to be good." The priest's voice again failed him here for a moment, after which he continued: I cannot understand how this has taken place. I did not believe that there was a man capable of doing anything like that in Biddulph. I believed that there were men who would give a man a clout when half drunk, or waylay him upon the road, but I never thought that they could commit such a butchery as this. It is a disgrace to Biddulph and everyone who lives

here. However, my beloved brethren, all that remains for us now, and for the family, is to pray for those that are gone, and those that are left must reform, for, no matter whether by the hand of God or by the wicked hand of man, we must all stand before a living God, and the hour and time we know not of. Think, then, of those unfortunate people who have been called without a moment in which to pray, to appear before God and answer for their sins. It is an awful thing for those people. Man is but a shadow. He has but a few years here. What will your position be after they are gone by? Will your society be that of thieves, reprobates and murderers, or will your society be that of the Son of the living God? I feel very much obliged to Patrick Donnelly, because I thought there might have been a hard feeling against me, but such I find is not the case. When people have a hard name, as a priest, having the charge of souls, I must set my face against their deeds. If Mr. Patrick Donnelly had been here I feel that I should have had a sound-thinking person, and I might have counselled with him and had a better understanding. Had it been possible, I would have given my own life in order to save the souls of these five poor people, who had not time to utter a prayer to God for mercy upon their souls. With regard to John, who died with a prayer upon his lips, he is now before his God, and his sins are forgiven. He took the pledge with me, and I was afterwards told he broke it. I believed that he had done so, but I find now that he has not done so. After explaining the doctrines of the Romish Church, the Rev. Father concluded by hoping that the guilty ones may be brought to reform their lives and prepare to meet their God.

AFTER HIGH MASS.

After the funeral the remaining members of the Donnelly family, viz. : William, Patrick, Robert and Jane, visited the presbytery of the church and returned their sincere thanks to Father Connolly for his kindness. After a consultation, during which explanations were made to the priest by all of the members, the family left, thoroughly grateful for the kindness, having been reconciled to the Church and to their priest.

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JOHN DONNELLY.

 PHOTOGRAPHING THE BODY.

Friday morning, at an early hour, an *Advertiser* reporter, accompanied by Mr. J. S. Thoms, photographer, visited the house of Mr. Connors, where the body of John Donnelly was lying, and a negative of the deceased was taken. He was a fine built fellow, his physical development being complete. In death he wore the same smile that usually played about his face in life. He was, for some time past, a strict temperance man. The medical gentleman who made the *post mortem* said that he had never seen a man with so large a heart, whilst his lungs were perfect models. During the taking of the picture his brother Robert, the youngest, was completely overcome and

wept bitterly. The other brothers, with the exception of a momentary falter of the voice, or a stray tear, were firm as rocks, but the settled determination to discover the perpetrators of the deed was plainly to be read in their faces. The inscription on John Donnelly's coffin was, "John Donnelly, died February 4th, 1880, aged 32 years and 11 months." As the brother Pat read this he remarked, "Poor fellow, 'Died!' It should have been murdered."

THE EXCITEMENT.

The excitement all day Friday was great, and "horrible," "tragedy," and such words were heard on every hand. It was expected that the morning would again bring the detectives on the scene. As the hours wore by and no detectives came, the rumor obtained credence that they were at work in the country, and took their prisoners to London direct. This caused quite a commotion, and every arrival from the country was eagerly quizzed for news. None came, and the excitement began to subside somewhat, when the reappearance of Chief Williams and Detectives Murphy and Phair again made things lively. The work seemed to be going on briskly, when Detective Murphy immediately started out into the country with a horse and cutter. After being gone for some time he returned and brought a prisoner with him. Shortly afterwards Detective Phair was noticed to quietly take a young man named Purtell out and take him into a private room.

THE OTHER PRISONERS.

The prisoner Michael Heenan is a big, burly farmer. He is a Canadian Catholic, about twenty-four years of age, and has a broad, open face, with an imperial and moustache. He is a remarkably cool customer, and takes his arrest as a slight affair. He was arrested by Detective Murphy at the residence of John Kennedy, who was arrested yesterday. When Detectives Murphy and Phair visited the house on Thursday they saw a bloody blanket lying in the yard. Having their hands full at the time they took no notice of it, and then went away. Murphy visited Kennedy's house yesterday and found Heenan there. He then searched the house and found the blanket up-stairs, and asked Heenan and Mrs. Kennedy how it came that the blanket was outside on Thursday and was yesterday upstairs.

Heenan replied that he had that morning driven Mrs. Kennedy to Granton to see Dr. Lang, who gave it as his opinion that the marks were only dye stuff and not blood. This being too thin for Murphy he brought the articles along, together with Heenan. On the road Heenan talked very lightly of the matter, expressing his belief in the Missouri and Texas laws as effectual. He also stated that he thought the Donnellys received what they deserved and that no one would be punished for it.

The other man John Purtell is a young man, a farm laborer, who was arrested by Detective Phair in the village of Lucan. He is about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, and is slight of build. When leaving Lucan he cried bitterly, sobbing like a child. He continued in this line for about half the distance to Clandeboye, when he changed, and began singing, which he continued until he got to London.

THE ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

There was a large crowd upon the G. W. R. platform as the train drew up. Almost before it stopped, Murphy, with his prisoner Heenan, jumped off, and started at a brisk walk up Richmond Street to the Police Station, followed by a large crowd. He did not show the slightest fear, and several times cast angry glances, his eyes flashing at some more pushing fellow who came poking himself too close to please him. The man, Purtell, who was under the charge of Detective Phair, upon seeing the crowd, shrank back, and was with difficulty persuaded to come along. Every time the crowd became thicker and crushed against him, he appealed piteously to the detectives who were with him not to let them hurt him. He is a very sickly-looking accomplice for a great crime.

INTERVIEW WITH A PRISONER.

The prisoners now in the jail are as close as oysters. They will say nothing. Friday afternoon they consulted with Mr. Macmahon, and that gentleman says there is nothing to be gleaned from them. An *Advertiser* reporter endeavored to gain the prisoners' version of the story, but blank looks and expressions of entire ignorance were the only responses he met with. To a request for the side of the story offered by the persons now in custody, there is the very natural query offered—

"What side of a story can be given by people who don't know any side?"

"But the Donnellys were killed—what is the theory of their taking off?"

"Well, you know, theories are cheap. No doubt you reporters could invent sixty theories in as many minutes."

"Yes, but the neighbors of the deceased should be in a better position to give a plausible reason for the murder."

"Perhaps they should, but theories are one thing and facts another. Theories don't convict anybody, and what's the use of giving theories if there are no facts to back the affair up?"

It is self-evident that the prisoners now in custody will say nothing regarding the tragedy, which is wise, from whatever standpoint it may be looked at. If they are innocent, they know nothing; if guilty, they will wait for proof of their guilt before pleading guilty—unless some should happen to "leak" in the meantime.

HEENAN AND PURTELL REMANDED.

Mr. Chas. Hutchinson, Crown Attorney, appeared at the Police Court Saturday morning, and applied for a remand in the cases of Michael Heenan and John Purtell, the two prisoners who were brought to the city on Friday night. The request was granted, and his Worship made out a remand for eight days, or until the coroner's inquest is concluded.

GOVERNMENT AUTHORITY.

Mr. Hutchinson informed the Police Magistrate that while he was in Toronto Friday he had called upon the Attorney General, and had been given authority to use all the power necessary to bring the murderers to justice. From accounts received the Attorney General was fully convinced that Chief of Police Williams, with the staff under his charge, were fully capable of looking after the murderers.

EXCITED CITIZENS.

All day Saturday large crowds of people hung around the Police Station and Court House endeavoring to catch a view

of the prisoners. When Heenan and Purtell were being removed to the jail from the Police Station the officers were surrounded by a very large crowd, but no demonstrations were made.

THE DETECTIVES STILL HARD AT WORK.

Lucan, Feb. 7, 9.30 a.m.—The Chief and a portion of his staff are here from London already this morning, and are quite on the alert this early. The prospects are that some more arrests will be made during the day. The latter statement is announced from the fact that the Chief, with Detectives Murphy and Phair, have just left for the disturbed district with conveyances to bring in any parties made prisoners. It is almost impossible to get any information from the Chief and his staff, they are so reticent as to their movements; but it is reliable that their mission out to the settlement to-day is for the purpose of collecting evidence chiefly among the relatives and friends of those already under arrest. It is the opinion of the London authorities that it would be better not to make any more arrests of suspected parties until such time as the excitement has somewhat subsided. A statement made this morning, by a party who professes to know, would fully bear out the remarks made by Father Connolly yesterday, and which appeared in the morning papers, anent the doings of the Committee, to the effect that they had deviated from the simple rules laid down by him for their guidance. This authority says that the Committee

NOW NUMBERS OVER ONE HUNDRED MEMBERS ;

that the old and respectable members alluded to by Father Connolly have mostly fallen off, and do not attend the meetings; that those who still remain organized have bound themselves under an obligation to carry out any measures which were sanctioned by a majority at the meetings. As is usually the case when such illegal doings are being enacted, some parties are generally found who do not strictly adhere to the requirements of their obligation, and through this means some of their proceedings have become known. It would appear that there were thirteen of the members selected from amongst their body whose duty it was to prepare and bring before the meet-

ing any questions which required to be discussed or voted upon. There was a back or ante-room adjoining the school-house, and to this room twelve of those parties would repair to consider and prepare any subject which was destined to come before the members for disposal, and by a preconcerted arrangement between the thirteenth man and the twelve who retired, he harangued the parties as if by accident upon the very subject intended to be brought before them by the conclave in the ante-room, and by the time the question came up their feelings became so excited that they were ready to

VOTE THE CARRYING OUT OF ANY DEED,

no matter how much at variance with the Christian rules laid down by his reverence for their guidance. This statement of their proceedings seems reasonable, when the explanations made by Father Connolly yesterday are taken into consideration. Contrary to all expectations from reports in circulation yesterday the Donnelly brothers have to-day announced their intention of building up the old homestead and

GOING TO RESIDE ON THE PREMISES.

This resolution was taken owing to the fact of a large acreage of fall wheat being sown thereon, which would prove a complete loss without a protector. I have all through this trying time commented upon the cool and calm demeanor of the surviving Donnelly brothers, especially the man William. The only time upon which he showed any signs of weakness was when his brother's heart was exposed to view, during the *post mortem* examination; he exclaimed, in agonizing accents,

"TIS MORE THAN FLESH AND BLOOD CAN ENDURE.

My only and sincere wish now is that I was lying there along with him." The spectators led him away from the ghastly scene, and in a few minutes he regained his usual composure.

VISITING THE PRISONERS.

Saturday morning the prisoner McLaughlin was visited in the cells at the jail by his daughter, who appeared to feel

deeply the position in which her father was placed. After leaving him some apples and clothing she left the cells.

CARROLL THE CONSTABLE.

As our readers know, Carroll (the man now in custody) was appointed in September as a County Constable, on the petition of a large number of the residents of Biddulph. Below will be found the petition which led to the appointment :

“ To William Elliott, Esq., Judge of the County of Middlesex.

“ The humble prayer and petition of the undersigned inhabitants of the Township of Biddulph showeth as follows :

“ Whereas, for some time past evil-minded persons in the Township of Biddulph have been violating the laws and acting in such a manner as to endanger the persons and property of the peaceable portion of the inhabitants thereof ; and

“ Whereas, from there being but a few constables in said township, it is difficult and often impossible to have warrants or other process of the local Justices of the Peace executed ; and in consequence thereof compelling injured persons to either refrain from taking legal proceedings for the redress of wrongs or go to the expense of laying complaints before the Justices of the Peace in the City of London ; and

“ Whereas, your petitioners are of opinion that much of the above-recited inconvenience would be obviated by the appointment of James Carroll, of the said township, as a Constable therein :

“ Your petitioners therefore pray that the said James Carroll be appointed as a Constable in and for this county, and your petitioners will ever pray, &c.

“ Patrick Breen,
John Heenan,
P. J. Dewan,
Michael Blake,
John Lamphier,
James Ryder,
Thomas Lamphier,
Patrick Jas. O'Shea,
James Harrigan,
Philip Kehoe,

“ Anthony Heenan,
Patrick Breen,
James Ryder,
James Corrigan,
Michael Carroll,
Joseph McCarthy,
Michael Sullivan,
Patrick Ryder,
James Shea,
John Thompson,

“ Dennis Heenan,
 Dan. Ryder,
 Wm. Casey,
 John Darcy,
 John Morkin,
 James Maher,
 Patrick Ryder,
 James Kelley,
 John Bruin,
 Martin McLoughlin,
 Pat. Quigley,
 James Toohey,
 John Ryder,
 John McLoughlin,
 Wm. Thompson,
 James Barns,
 Thomas Ryder,
 Martin Darcy,

“ Timothy Toohey,
 James Feecheely,
 Wm. Feeley,
 Ed. Sullivan,
 John Cain,
 Jeremiah McDonald,
 Thomas Kinsella,
 Michael Mara,
 John Kennedy,
 Daniel Ryder,
 John Quigley,
 Michael Heenan,
 Martin Ryan,
 James Maher,
 Wm. Carroll,
 Dan. McDonald,
 Patrick Dorsey,
 James Heenan.”

A number of the constables left this city for the scene of the tragedy again on Friday, having warrants issued by L. Lawrason, Esq., to arrest several more very important figures in the murder.

ARRIVAL OF ANOTHER OF THE DONNELLYS.

Lucan, Feb. 6.—About two o'clock this morning Robert Donnelly, brother of John and Thomas Donnelly, who were lately murdered, arrived in Lucan.

THE FUNERAL.

At 11:30 on Friday the funeral procession left the house of Michael Connors, where the body of John Donnelly had been brought previous to the *post mortem* examination at the Coroner's inquest, and is proceeding to the Catholic Cemetery, where Father Connolly, the resident priest, has promised to meet the remains and celebrate High Mass, and bury them with all the rites of the Church.

F ADDRESS BY FATHER CONNOLLY.

Father Connolly celebrated Mass, and delivered a very affecting sermon, in which he stated that when he came to

Biddulph he did not know the Donnelly boys, but heard they were hard cases, and was anxious to make them better if possible, but, he was sorry to say, he had not succeeded in accomplishing his object. He said he believed there were men bad enough in Biddulph to fight at bees, knock a man down, maim horses, burn down buildings and even kill a man, but not to enact a tragedy like the one that recently happened. He did not think any old man had had anything to do with it.

FURTHER REVELATIONS LOOKED FOR.

Several parties, known to be members of the Vigilance Committee, are said to be in town to-day. New revelations regarding the burning of Ryder's barn, which was blamed on the Donnellys, are expected, and eagerly watched for.

THE PRISONERS' TRIAL.

Dr. Hossack, the coroner, arrived in this city and made arrangements to have the trial before Squire Peters in the Court House as soon as the inquest is over.

IN JAIL.

The prisoners were lodged in jail yesterday afternoon by a posse of constables, being followed thereto by an immense concourse of people. They were shortly afterwards interviewed by Mr. Macmahon, their counsel.

RUMORS.

Intense excitement was caused later on by the rumor that twelve Government detectives from Toronto had arrived at London and were on their way direct to the scene of the tragedy in cutters. An *Advertiser* reporter, upon interviewing Chief Williams, found that it was but a rumor without any foundation for it.

THE LATEST.

The excitement subsided when it was discovered that no more arrests were to be made last night, and the village is quiet

SUNDAY AT LUCAN.

Lucan, February 8.—This village which usually presents a very quiet and dull appearance on Sunday, except when the hour for service in some of the churches arrives or the congregations are returning to their homes after the services are closed, was unusually lively to-day. Sleighs and cutters, laden with men anxious to hear the news and see for themselves the remains of the

OLD LOG HOUSE,

where the tragic scenes of only a few nights ago occurred, poured in from all directions. They came from Exeter, St. Marys, London, and from all parts of the surrounding country, and with a sense of horror and sadness they looked, while they pointed to the spot where lay

THE CHARRED REMAINS OF A MOTHER,

who, while praying, but in vain, that her murderers would give her but a few moments to prepare for death, was murdered. Also, where lay the ashes of one young in years, who had spent but one short year in Biddulph, and who knew not the plottings of the Donnelly band; one, too, who had cried for mercy from the hands of the midnight murderers, but had prayed in vain.

ATTENDING CHURCH.

This morning large crowds attended the Catholic Church, thinking Father Connolly would make further allusion to the horrible murder. He was too much overcome, however, by the dreadful nature of the affair among his parishioners to conduct the services, and Rev. 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 on the 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 for the time being lost their

FATHERS, HUSBANDS AND BROTHERS.

He hoped the neighbors 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, because he had never expected that anything like it would happen while 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 the subject again alluded to. He trusted there was nothing wrong with his people, but a keen observer could not fail to notice that the

HEART-BROKEN PASTOR

was hoping against hope, that while he publicly trusted that his people were free from the blood of the murdered family that he secretly feared he might be then addressing some of those whose strong arms had carried death into the murdered family. After recovering himself, the rev. gentleman slowly proceeded to state that his brother Dillon, of London, had come to assist and comfort him in his trouble. He hoped his people would look to Almighty God for strength to bear up against this great calamity. They all knew since he came among them that 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. That they will improve the approaching season of Lent, which commences next Ash Wednesday, and if they attended church they would bring down the blessing of God on that afflicted congregation.

FATHER DILLON'S DISCOURSE.

Rev. Father Dillon during his discourse briefly touched upon the murder of Abel by Cain, and said that the blood of the murdered people called to heaven for vengeance, and that the guilty could not hope to escape, because the eye of God was upon those who had broken his commandments by killing their neighbors. The only hope of salvation for such people was by confession and penitence, and he hoped all would prepare to enter upon a better course of conduct in future.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Some excitement was caused in the village this afternoon when a rumor was circulated that a meeting of the Vigilance Committee was held in the brick school house on the Roman Line yesterday afternoon. What the object of the meeting was is not known.

LOOKING FOR EVIDENCE.

Yesterday the detectives searched several houses in the neighborhood of the Donnelly farm, and it is stated that three revolvers were found and taken possession of by the officers. At one of the places the people

DENIED HAVING A REVOLVER,

but when ordered to produce it, went and took it from its hiding place, and rather reluctantly handed it over to the officers. One of the revolvers had evidently been discharged very recently.

FURTHER ARRESTS.

Lucan, Ont., Saturday, February 7th, 7:20 p.m.—Chief Williams and his staff have succeeded in making two more arrests, one

THOMAS RYDER,

a brother of the elder Patrick Ryder, already in custody. He is in appearance a rather thin, spare man, of light complexion, sharp looking features, and a highly developed Roman nose; nothing sinister in the expression of his countenance nor any-

thing which would indicate the blood-thirsty spirit naturally expected in a man who could be guilty of such a fiendish crime as that with which he stands charged. His age is thirty years and some months. The other prisoner,

WILLIAM CARROLL,

is a younger brother of the now somewhat notorious James Carroll, so often referred to as being one of the leading spirits in this unfortunate affair. He (William) is now 19 years of age, and in describing his appearance it can be done in a few words by saying he bears a very striking resemblance to his brother James, deep, lowering, heavy-set eyebrows, dark complexion, sinister expression of countenance, thick and heavy-set man for his age. Altogether, he is a fair prototype of his elder brother, but the several expressions of features are scarcely so well developed as in the man of maturer years. After being brought into the hotel they were

INTERVIEWED BY ONE OF THE DONNELLY BROTHERS,

who (on perceiving that the boy Carroll showed symptoms of weakness, evinced by a suspicious tremor of the eyelids) said to them, "Boys, keep up your courage; there is lots of time ahead of you to do the crying."

Carroll replied, "All but the cry;" and the man Ryder said, "Don't fret, Bob—there won't be many tears dropped over the matter."

They remained at the hotel an hour and a half, when they were started for London at 8:30 p. m. by the London, Huron & Bruce train in charge of Chief Williams and Detectives Phair and Murphy.

INTERVIEW WITH THE DONNELLYS.

Lucan, February 8, 9:30 p. m.—The interview between the Chief, the 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 return here again in the morning, and that during the day several more arrests will be made. Throughout all the ill-feeling engendered against the Don-

nellys for the last seven years there was one member of the family — Patrick — who universally escaped the stigma and reproach which clung to the rest of them. It has been generally stated and believed that to his absence from the paternal roof at an early age may be attributed, in a great measure, all the evil-doings with which the rest of the family stand accused, for the simple reason that he was fair and honest in his intercourse with the community amongst which his lot was cast ; that he ever and always, during periodical visits to his early home, stood aloof from taking any part with the brothers' quarrels or their supposed grievances ; that, on the contrary, he

DENOUNCED IN THE STRONGEST TERMS

the line of conduct pursued by them, and upon several occasions tried to prevail upon them to sell their possessions and make for themselves a home in some other land, to the end that they might be away from the influence and cause that gave rise to so much ill-feeling amongst them and their neighbors. So much had this line of conduct gained the respect of the community which surrounded his father's home, that a large number of the farmers made offers to-day that if he (Patrick Donnelly) would agree to go and live upon the homestead himself they would

ERECT A RESIDENCE

thereon, suitable for his accommodation, without any cost or charge whatever to him, but that they would not do so for any other member of the survivors. This goes a great way to show the respect they have for him. I am not aware whether these overtures reached the ears of Patrick, nor am I in a position to say whether they would be accepted ; but as he is at present a partner in a wagon and carriage making firm in the Village of Thorold it is improbable that he would do so, because by so doing he would be giving up a lucrative business.

Once and for all, it may not be amiss to relate a few facts respecting the reports which got afloat as to the probable

ARREST OF FATHER CONNOLLY.

Whatever the faults of the Donnelly family were, and no doubt they were legion, in this instance the man William deserves

credit. It has been conceded that Father Connolly's object in organizing the committee he did was for the purpose of maintaining law and order in the settlement where it originated ; that his written instructions were to commit no aggressive act of any kind, and these facts were well known in the surrounding vicinity. Nevertheless, to the disgrace of one or two parties, they used all the influence they were possessed of in order to induce the man William Donnelly to have a warrant issued for the apprehension of the reverend gentleman. To his credit be it here stated that he steadfastly refused to commit himself to any overact of the kind, giving as his reasons for so doing that he was fully convinced that Father Connolly's views were sound and wholesome ones in forming this Committee, and that although he had heard that his reverence hourly expected such a result, from reports he received of the inveterate enmity which Donnelly bore towards him, still

IT NEVER WAS HIS INTENTION

to do any such thing. He (Donnelly) furthermore stated that it was his firm belief, if the Committee had been guided by Father Connolly's precepts, his relatives to-night would be alive and well, and the Township of Biddulph would be free from a stain which will not be wiped out for generations to come. Those are the sentiments expressed by William Donnelly, and they were delivered in all sincerity.

DAMAGING EVIDENCE.

Lucan, February 8.—The Detectives, it is generally believed, have a great deal more evidence against some of the parties arrested. It is reported here that they have found a quantity of stuff which will be good evidence against the prisoners, particularly a revolver found in a stable.

ARRIVAL OF CARROLL AND RYDER IN LONDON.

On Saturday night the prisoners William Carroll (brother of James Carroll) and Thomas Ryder were brought to London by the 10:10 train. The spacious platform of the G. W. R. Depot was crowded with an anxious crowd. The prisoners were quickly taken from the railway station to the Central Police Station by Chief Williams and Detectives Murphy and

Phair. Carroll is a stout-built short man with clean face, very much resembling his brother, and apparently about 20 years of age. Ryder is a middle-aged man, a farmer, of respectable appearance, and does not at all look like a man likely to be implicated in so horrible a crime as that upon which he was arrested. Soon after their arrival they—in company with Heenan and Purtell, who had been kept at the Central Police Station from the previous evening—were taken to the County Jail on remand until the following Saturday. Heenan was taken by P. C. Larkin out of the front door of the Station, along Carling to Ridout Street, a large crowd following. The other prisoners were taken out by the back way, through Ald. Thompson's stables. After being taken to the jail they had an interview with Mr. H. Macmahon, Q. C., their counsel.

FATHER CONNOLLY INDISPOSED.

Father Connolly was so seriously indisposed by nervous prostration on Saturday that the Bishop of London instructed Father Dillon, of St. Mary's Parish, London, to relieve him in his pastoral duties. Father Dillon conducted the services at the Catholic Church, in the presence of large congregations.

EXCITING RUMORS.

The city was again greatly excited on Saturday afternoon by a rumor that William Donnelly had been shot and was dying. The excitement was intense, and people shook their heads ominously. Upon enquiry at Lucan it was discovered that there was no truth in the rumor. Shortly afterwards another rumor had it that Chief Williams had been shot in Lucan. This rumor also turned out to be untrue.

VISITING THE SCENE.

Sunday afternoon Chief Williams and C. Hutchinson, County Crown Attorney, drove out to Lucan. What their mission was is best known to themselves. They returned again last night, but no information as to their doings could be elicited.

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THE BOY CONNORS.

THE BOY CONNORS.

A rumor was afloat Monday afternoon that the boy Connors, who witnessed the murder, had been removed to a place of safety. Whether such is the case or not, the judiciousness of removing him from beyond the reach of harm cannot fail to be of benefit to the prosecution.

THE PRISONER KENNEDY.

While speaking of Kennedy, something may be said of his family. His father lives in the township, and is a highly respectable farmer. He is not on good terms with his son,

and made a startling statement about him to William Donnelly, to the effect that he was the leader of the men that committed the murder. When a father speaks thus of his son there must be something wrong.

PATRICK DONNELLY.

Speaking of this member of the family the *Thorold Post* says: On Wednesday morning our townsman, Mr. Patrick Donnelly (of the firm of Becker & Donnelly) received a telegram from Lucan, stating that his father, mother, two brothers and his cousin, had been murdered by a mob, and Mr. Donnelly took his departure for Lucan by the noon train. * * * Much sympathy has been expressed for Mr. P. Donnelly in the terrible bereavement he has sustained. His reputation since his advent in Thorold has been that of a quiet, industrious young man, and all feel sorry that his relatives should have met such an untimely end. It is to be hoped that speedy retribution will follow those who committed these lawless acts.

FULL LIST OF THE ARRESTED.

As the prisoners now in custody have been brought in at intervals, we present below a full list of those now in custody:

John Kennedy.
 James Maher.
 Martin McLaughlin.
 James Ryder.
 Patrick Ryder.
 James Carroll.
 John Maher.
 John D'Arcy.
 Patrick Ryder, Jr.
 Michael Heenan.
 John Purtell.
 William Carroll.
 Thomas Ryder.
 James Shea.
 Mrs. Maher.

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THOMAS DONNELLY.

Patrick telegraphed to his sister in St. Thomas, yesterday, to forward him two photos now in her possession, one of the mother and the other of the youngest brother. They arrived by mail from London this evening, accompanied by the following letter :

“ St. Thomas, Feb. 9, 1880.

“ My Dear Brothers, William, Patrick and Robert,—You will find enclosed the pictures of my loving mother and my poor dead brother Tom, who are now before their God. I may say I did not receive the message in time to mail yesterday, as the message-boy could not find the house until just now. Dear brothers, I do not send these pictures for any other purpose but for you to procure *fac similes* therefrom, and you will kindly preserve and return them when any of you

come here. Oh, God! when I think of my poor mother and the way she was so cruelly murdered, I feel like dropping down dead, and that my happiness in this life is blasted forever.

"James tells me that William has preserved one of the bones of my poor mother's arm, and if so, when he comes to St. Thomas let him bring it with him, so that I may kiss the loving arm that never failed to throw its protection around and provide for all of us in the darkest days of our need.

"If my father's little pet dog that he got from Harry Phair is alive, I trust that you will send him to me, and I will keep him till he dies of old age. Oh! my dear brothers, I feel so lonely and heart-broken. I trust you will try, some of you or all of you, to pay me a visit at as early a day as possible; for the God above knows that in this trying hour I yearn to have you with me—all that is left of my poor brothers.

"I sincerely hope and pray that you may be successful in bringing to justice those parties who have left me so lonely by their cruel and bloody deed.

"Your loving sister,

"JENNIE CURRIE."

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