THE DEATH OF CAREY.

Personal Narrative of O'Donnell.

GRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE SCENE.

The *Central News* has been allowed to transcribe from documents now in the possession of O'Donnell's friends the whole story of the tragedy on board the SS. Melrose, as narrated by the prisoner in the course of a lengthened interview. O'Donnell is described by the interviewer as an exceedingly simple and straightforward man, of great intelligence for one unable to read or write. The rough and hazardous scenes of his life in America have stamped on his character resolution and determination, but the Donegal peasant is still noticeable in many rather prepossessing traits. To be hanged for shooting Carey has in itself, apparently, little terror for him; but he is intensely excited at the idea of having it supposed he was a person detailed, or sent, or moved to do anything of the kind deliberately. At every opportunity he inveighs bitterly against the version of the shooting as a premeditated and unprovoked affair, put forward by the Crown. He positively asserts that young Carey has invented in afterthought the most important parts of his evidence. "That boy is as cunning as a cayote," he declares. On the voyage out to the Cape he formed quite an attachment for other of the Power children, but this youth was "too old and too deep" for his years. The prisoner talked freely of his movements for years past, and described his visit this year to his native county, Donegal. He never was in Dublin at all. From Londonderry, he says, he went by way of Belfast to Scotland, and thence straight on to London, where he booked in his own name for the Cape. He declared with confident emphasis that until after they touched at Capetown he knew no more about Carey or thought about him "no more than the man that never was born."

"Did you not hear him discussed when you were in Ireland?'

"Oh, a hundred times; and I said about him what everyone was saying. I heard so much about him that I knew the Phœnix Park affair was only a small part of the murders he did or had a hand in, and I used to say 'hanging was too good for him.'"

"It was no idea about him carried you to South Africa?"

"That can be proved; for I had told my friends soon after I came to Ireland this year I would give up America and go to the Cape or Australia. I would not go in one ship with Carey for a hundred thousand dollars sure, if I knew of it. I would expect the ship to sink."

"Had you no suspicions on the voyage out?'

"No. The thought of his being Carey never once occurred to me; but once or twice, I'll own, I noticed things that would make me think he was a detective or else a man on the run for something."

"For a crime?'

"Yes; but then I used to say to myself, again, 'twas dreaming I was against the man."

"You got to be friends with him?"

"Very soon. There were not a great many on board, and he and I soon found we were both Irish; I believe there were only four or five on board that were Irish; and except a few times he'd get moody and black like, or [illegible] with anyone, he was agreeable, and he would make up to anyone. In fact he would force his company on you. He forced himself often on me, and I got somehow to feel for them; they seemed poor, and I liked the children."

"Did you not talk on politics?'

"We did, or rather *he* did. I am not a politician, and don't mix in them things, even when maybe I ought. If you write home you can find that the day of the Land League meeting, or some meeting, while I was at home, I didn't go to it, but took my brother's gun and went out fowling on the mountain. I think the police could tell that, for, I suppose, on account of my being an Irish-American, they seemed to be watching me, having the gun."

"Then Carey sometimes talked politics?"

"Yes, and whenever he did he used to be cursing and damning the English. In fact he used to get into rows over it."

"Didn't you ever talk of the Carey affair in Dublin?"

"There was twice we mentioned about the Phœnix Park business; but somehow we got away from it. To tell you the truth, he would give you to think he was on the run for some of those murders in Ireland, and I should say he was a man who would take a life as soon as he'd shoot a rat."

"Well, you heard the evidence given by some of the witnesses, that while you were quietly sitting down you shot Carey in their presence, and said you were sent to do it?'

(Prisoner, very angrily)—"But you don't mean to tell me anyone believes that? My God! mustn't they all know that if I was sent to do harm to him, or wanted to do harm or hurt to him, I had a hundred good chances on the voyage out, and any of them can tell you that. Many a dark and stormy night we used to be alone, smoking and chatting, in nooks and corners of the deck, till eleven o'clock at night. Ask any of the ship's people about that. It was a terrible rough passage out to the Cape, and if anyone who was after Carey was on board, God help us, he could have been shot and pitched overboard twenty times many of these nights without anyone seeing it. Sure the witnesses swore that before the magistrate."

"Mr. Greenhough certainly did; but the Crown say you were on board to do it.,'

"Do they say why I'd wait to do it publicly in a cabin, where Carey could lay hold of me, and everybody catch me? Why, I'll tell you what—the very night we sailed for Capetown it was a bad night, stormy and dark and bad, and Carey stopped late with us in the second-class cabin, as they call it. When he started to go off to the steerage for the night he said he was afraid to go alone, because he thought he might be washed overboard, and he asked me to go along with him, which I did. You just inquire, and you'll find that that is God's truth. I tell you I knew no more than the child unborn about him being Carey till the rumor was about the Melrose, after we were ashore at Capetown.'

"But you knew it then?'

"Yes, I knew it then, and then I'd rather have been under the sea or away somehow out of the ship; but I would not be sure till I proved it."

"But why did you book on to Natal when you had booked in London only to Capetown?"

"I had all through an idea I might make up my mind to do that; and long before we got to Capetown Carey persuaded me to come on with him there, as we had got to be chums. I think the Kinfauns people knew this before we got to the Cape."

"You went ashore with him at Capetown?"

"Oh, yes, and my wife and some of his children; and, in a way, I was sorry because he was so quarrelsome, and I thought he would shoot a man that he was rowing with there. I'm sure if anyone wanted to shoot Carey he could have done it easily that night on shore, for 'twas pitch dark and no lamps, and I had trouble enough helping him along, for he had something taken."

"Was he armed?'

"Oh, yes. I know he did not go ashore, either at Madeira or Capetown, without a pistol or two, and I saw a revolver with him at other times as well."

"Did not that arouse your suspicion?"

"Not much. I carried my own revolver often in the same way, and, in fact, it remained in my pocket after being at Cape Town. Where I come from one is used to do so."

"What happened when you did find out who he was?'

In reply to questions on this point the prisoner answered apparently with the utmost readiness and candor. In his own way he described his utter disgust and horror at the thought that he had been "chumming" with "the greatest monster on earth," alternating with doubt that a man so strong about religion and so fierce in cursing the English could really be the man. O'Donnell said he scarcely slept that night, thinking and planning "how to pull out of him," after being so intimate, without a row; for he had already seen that Power, or Carey, was a violent and dangerous sort of man. "Every two minutes" that Sunday morning he changed between thinking Power *was* and *was not* Carey. He rarely and for a long time never, touched drink, but he took some with Carey that afternoon. He says he tried to avoid Carey that Sunday, but he followed him about and clung on to him. He made some excuse to shake him off on deck, and was going below when Carey told him to order some ale for him and call him down when 'twas ready. Carey came down soon after not in good humour and asked for his ale and sat down to drink it. As they sat at the table, Carey, decidedly excited with liquor, or else some way nervous, noticed O'Donnell's manner to be strange, and seemed suddenly to suspect something.

"What did you do with your pistol? Have you got it?' said Carey.

"I sold it at the Cape," replied O'Donnell evasively. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I can tell you it might have got you into trouble; you alarmed people when you fired at the flying fish."

"It alarmed no one who had not cause to have fear in his heart," replied O'Donnell.

Carey started as if stung, and went off, returning in a while. After standing a moment moodily, he suddenly taxed O'Donnell in a challenging tone with his changed manner. O'Donnell most earnestly asseverates that at this instant (as far as ever he was afraid of any man, "which was not much") he realized he was in the hands of a bully and a murderer, who would fasten a quarrel on him if he found out he was discovered. Carey, on the other hand, according to O'Donnell's description, fulfilled the sentiment that "the thief doth fear each bush an officer;" and appeared as if he expected that *any* Irishman that found him out was surely sent to kill him. Scarcely had O'Donnell uttered some bitter observation as to the rumor about "Carey" (which if the man were Power could not offend him), than, "in the clapping of your hands," or, he says, "while you'd be marking M," the two men were on their feet and in grips, each one pistol in hand. O'Donnell, with impressive earnestness, says that the whole thing was so instantaneous that he hardly did anything but half-mechanically till all was over. "Both of us, no doubt," he says, "were somehow in a state to go off at half-cock."

"I distinctly recollect I gave a glance to see was it a pistol or a knife or what thing he drew; but it was a revolver. When I whipped out mine with my right hand, my left hand gripped in his collar being paralysed, I found my grasp on him gone, and that, with his strength, in two seconds I was beat. As he was crushing me down against the end of the table, seeing him put his pistol to my face, I made a grab at it and fired. My belief is, though I may be mistaken, that at the moment I snatched or dashed the pistol out of his hand, as I fired; or it may be it fell from him; but it went on to the floor six feet away. He pushed, partly stooping, as if to pick it up, and I fired again, not deliberately, for my life. I really thought I fired but the one shot the second time. I tell you his son picked that pistol off the floor afterwards, and there is not one word of truth in his story about getting it out of the bag."

"He certainly did not say he so got it when questioned by the second officer, but did anyone see him pick it up?'

"I believe someone did, but there the pistol was on the floor, and what has happened it? The one taken from the young chap was a six-chamber with one barrel discharged."

"Do you mean to say Carey fired at you?"

"I always thought he didn't till I heard his revolver was found with an empty chamber. Even still I don't know about that; I certainly felt no shot, and once I saw he was up to shooting I was not going to be last if I could help it."

"Was your dispute with him loud?"

"No; only we were looking black into one another's eyes."

"Did you make a great noise?"

"Of course we must have made some in our short scuffle, but not much. 'Twas all in a moment like."

"You knew there were people about?"

"I knew they were close about; but perhaps no one was in the cabin at the beginning of the altercation but my wife; and when she heard us nagging, she went off round towards our berth; but the minute she heard the first shot she rushed out and threw her arms round my neck, crying in alarm."

"Was not Parish there?"

"No; he was in his cabin till he heard the shots. I have an idea that as the last shot was fired he was out and ran to hide under a settee; but I was not fully facing that way. He swears falsely if he swears he was out before the first shot."

"Was Jones, the boatswain, there?"

"He was at the *top* of the companion, on deck, just a moment before our dispute. If he was down, and looking our way, he'd have seen all I've told you."

"And young Carey?"

The prisoner smiled bitterly, and said, "That young chap will come to trouble yet. Do you mean to tell me anyone could believe the story he told?"

"It is hard to say; but, unfortunately, you have no persons to tell another."

"If they saw it they could. But surely they all don't take me for a madman to do what that young fellow told in court—that before them all I put out a pistol to his father standing over me, who could double me up in a jiffey, and without rhyme or reason began firing at him? I don't believe any jury-man will listen to that, if I get fair law. I tell you I never touched a pistol till I saw my life in danger from a villain that had taken many a life before."

"Did Mrs. Carey come up to you?"

"She did, and I was sorry for her, and I tell you I was sorry for the children. I took her hand and said, 'Mrs. Carey, I had to do it in self-defence; I didn't do it otherwise.' Then I quietly gave up of my own accord my revolver to the officer, and held out my hands to be ironed."

"Mrs. Carey says you told her you were sent to do it?'

"Likely she or her husband would say anyone was sent to do it; but I never said anything of the kind. I couldn't say it. All the other witnesses, every one of them, say she swears false in this thing about what I said."

"What about the things found in your trunk?"

"I had no newspaper things at all, except, I believe, a picture. I can't read, and I had nothing except my citizenship papers. If my wife didn't happen to have them, someone put those things in my trunk. It was never locked."

The prisoner throughout expressed himself not alone hopefully as to his acquittal, but ridiculed the possibility of any other result. He varied between anger and hilarity in talking of the allegation that the shooting was premeditated. "Then they take me for an idiot, do they? In a few days more Carey and I would be ashore in the bush, and in fifty places where I could shoot him unknown if such a thing was in my mind. I suppose they think I'd prefer to do it in a public cabin on board ship, with people all round, so that I might be hanged? Do they say I'm a madman or a fool? No, sir; if I get fair law I'll be a free man before long."

CATHOLIC LITERATURE

From the Pastoral of the Cardinal Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province of New York in Provincial Council Assembled, Sept. 30, '83. [*]

In close connection with Catholic education, and necessarily contributing to it as a most powerful auxiliary, comes the important subject of good reading and the development of a sound Catholic literature.

It is difficult to overestimate the power of the press. No mightier human agency can be found to-day for good or for evil. Its influence extends everywhere. It acts upon society at large; it enters into the bosom of the family. The creature of public opinion, it directs and moulds the minds of men, and so in turn contributes to form and govern this same public opinion. What St. James says of the tongue, that "from it proceed both blessing and cursing, Laden with blessings and curses, like the lightning flash, it speeds on its way from the great cities, the centres of industry and commerce, reaching every fireside, lighting up or darkening every home, dropping along its track deadly poison or healing balm. When directed by truth and honesty the press becomes a most valuable auxiliary to the Church of God; when animated by the spirit of falsehood, malice, sedition, or immorality, it is a fearful curse to society, the deadliest foe to religion.

Let us recall in this connection the words of Pope Pius IX, of holy memory: "Divine Providence has given us in our day a great mission to the Catholic press. It is its duty to preserve the principles of order and of faith where they still exist, and to draw them forth from the obscurity into which impiety or religious indifference may have consigned them."

Hence you can understand the immense importance of good reading for training and developing of the minds of your children. Reading aids and continues the work of the schools. It supplies the food with which the mind is nourished. To secure, then, the fullest results of a Christian education, we must have such reading as will fortify Christian principles. If we do not furnish good books to the children, they will surely read dangerous and forbidden ones. When we see the vast number of worthless, poisonous, revolutionary, irreligious, immoral publications constantly brought out to cater to the cravings of the vilest passions, should we not tremble lest some of these fall into the hands of our pure, innocent children, and soil their hearts and corrupt their minds forever? It is, therefore, your bounden duty to provide the antidote to the poison and the remedy for the disease, by supplying them with sound Catholic books which will enlighten their understandings, purify their hearts, and make them brave, and pure, and upright. Wholesome, pleasant and instructive reading will serve admirably thus to train our boys and girls. To do this efficaciously we must have a good Catholic literature. What a lesson is taught by the enemies of the Church! Through the medium of the press they sow broadcast their evil principles. They spare no pains to entice the minds of the young. They furnish books for every taste; they render them most fascinating to the eye by the beauty of the illustrations. And we stand idly by doing nothing. We see our children swallowing this poison and we fold our arms. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Immortal souls are perishing through vile books, and we make so little effort to save them! Even Christian fathers and mothers look on with apparent unconcern. Their children are devouring some infamous production, their hearts beating with unholy excitement, and Christian parents are not alarmed. A terrible battle is raging around us; deadly weapons are forged against us by the press, and many Catholics seek no protection against these assaults, but blindly rush, unarmed, into the very ranks of the enemy. In this free land, where we have numberless occasions of making known the truth to the inquiring minds of so many millions of our countrymen, we fall, either through apathy or cowardice or selfishness, to utilize in our behalf the mighty engine of the press. Are we really awake to the dangers of the times? Your enemies have often exultantly declared that the Catholic Church hates knowledge. Is this true? We, your bishops and chief pastors, ask you most earnestly to prove its falsehood. Prove it by your love for good books; prove it by encouraging your own literature; prove that you follow the teachings of our present illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII., himself a most distinguished scholar, who has opened the treasures of the Vatican library to the whole world, that all men may know that the Catholic Church fears nothing from true learning and knowledge. How admirably he thus describes the true method of writing history! "The first duty of the historian is never to venture on a false statement; next, never to shrink from telling the truth; so that his writings may be free from all suspicion of favor or malice." Let us seek to give effect to these words by increased zeal in the diffusion of good books.

Many efforts have been made by enterprising publishers to cheapen and popularize Catholic literature, and they have given to our people really admirable works suited to the tastes and circumstances of every class. It is not to the credit of the Catholic body that these efforts have not proved more successful. We have also several Catholic newspapers and journals. But how little support they receive! You complain oftentimes of their inefficiency and shortcomings. Who is in fault? Give the publishers and writers more encouragement by your patronage and they will soon be enabled to furnish you more interesting reading. Our best writers have to labor for the secular press; they would gladly devote their talents to higher purposes, if they were only properly supported by those whose cause and whose rights they would rejoice to defend. If every Catholic family had one or two Catholic newspapers, your children would know how to reply to objections often speciously presented against their faith; difficulties would be solved and doubts dispelled. Now, there is scarcely any family so poor as not to be able, by practising a little economy in other ways if necessary, to contribute at least to one Catholic journal. We also recommend to you periodical literature, such as the *Catholic World* and the *American Quarterly*, in which questions of the highest importance are treated with marked ability.

But the Catholic journals which we recommend to you, dearly beloved brethren, should be truly Catholic in deed as well as in name. For there are journals in this land, parading the title of Catholic, intended for our Catholic people and supported chiefly by them, which defend the most anti-Catholic principles, and which assail even sacred truths and the clearest teachings of their Church. Nominally Catholic, under the mask of patriotism trading upon the generous instincts of our people, they endeavor to subvert authority and law. Making loud professions of false love of country, they led astray many sincere patriots. They preach the worst kind of socialism and communism; they excuse murder and the foulest deeds. "They poison the wells," for they pervert the noblest instincts of the human heart. They disobey the laws of their Church. They try to bring into contempt their pastors, who are compelled by duty to denounce their wicked course; but neither priest nor bishop, nor the Sovereign Pontiff himself, is safe from their revilings. Such papers, under whatever name they may be published, whether in pretended Catholic or national interests, are more dangerous to your souls than the most bitter revilers of your race or creed. A treacherous friend is more deadly than an open foe. "The enemies of a man are those of his own household."

We might pass over their silly ravings as the cries of impotent enthusiasts, who could only lead a few dupes to their ruin; but they strike at the root of all authority, human and divine, destroy all respect for law, sap the very foundation of society, and logically lead to anarchy. We would be wanting in our most sacred duties to God, to our deepest love for you, if we failed to point out, dear brethren, such dangerous foes, and call upon you, in the sacred name of Religion and Country, to avoid them as you would a pest. Keep such journals from your homes and from the hands of your children; keep all seditious, revolutionary, immoral publications far away from them. Then you will not have to deplore, as many parents now bitterly do, the ruin and degradation, both moral and physical, of your children. Give them, on the other hand, moral, entertaining, useful books and good Catholic newspapers, and you will have reason to expect that they will grow up pure, honest, unselfish and manly, determined to do their work well for their country and for God.

DAVITT AND THE BILL-POSTERS.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—The lessees of the billboards in London refuse to post placards announcing the lecture that Davitt is to give on the 30th instant. Davitt's friends will sue the lessees to test the legality of their refusal. The major portion of the boardings of London are leased by Messrs. Willing & Co.

MARTHA LIVINGSTON'S INVESTMENT.

Mrs. Martha Livingston, a thrifty colored woman, was Martha Green before Chas. Livingston married her in New Orleans, La., some ten years ago. They went to Morgan City; there he successfully commenced dealing in moss on a small scale, and about three years ago opened a general merchandise establishment. She put her money away, and invested one dollar in one-fifth of ticket No. 69,519, in the September drawing (the 160th) of The Louisiana State Lottery, by writing to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., and received $15,000 cash, which she invested in U. S. Registered Bonds.—*New Orleans (La.) Picayune, Sept. 20.*

STATISTICS.

The United States Government pays pensions to 244,505 persons, of whom 28,973 belong to the State of New York, 27,100 to Ohio, 24,953 to Pennsylvania, 22,820 to Illinois, 21,136 to Indiana, 11,159 to Kentucky, 9,093 to Missouri, 8,810 to Iowa, 6,925 to Maine, 5,813 to Tennessee. There are but two in South Carolina.

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Newfoundland	1,500	Capt John Mylins.
Acadian	1,350	Capt F McGrath.

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THE STEAMERS OF THE
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Sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY, calling at Lough Foyle to receive and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched
FROM QUEBEC:
Circassian ..... Saturday, Sept.
Polynesian ..... Saturday, Sept.
Peruvian ..... Saturday, Oct.
Parisian ..... Saturday, Oct.
Sarmatian ..... Saturday, Oct.
Sardinian ..... Saturday, Oct.
Circassian ..... Saturday, Nov.
Polynesian ..... Saturday, Nov.
Parisian ..... Saturday, Nov.
Peruvian ..... Saturday, Nov.

RATES OF PASSAGE FROM QUEBEC:
Cabin ..... $70 and $80
(*According to Accommodation.*)
Intermediate $40
Steerage $25

THE STEAMERS OF THE
GLASGOW AND QUEBEC SERVICE
are intended to sail from Quebec for Glasgow as follows:—
Lucerne ..... About Sept.
Corean ..... About Sept.
Grecian ..... About Oct.
Buenos Ayrean ..... About Oct.
Hanoverian ..... About Oct.
Manitoban ..... About Oct.
Corean ..... About Nov.
Grecian ..... About Nov.
Buenos Ayrean ..... About Nov.

THE STEAMERS OF THE
Liverpool, Queenstown, St. John Halifax and Baltimore Mail Service
are intended to be despatched as follows:—
FROM HALIFAX:
Nova Scotian ..... Monday, Sept.
Hibernian ..... Monday, Oct.
Caspian ..... Monday, Oct.
Nova Scotian ..... Monday, Nov.
Hibernian ..... Monday, Nov.
Rates of Passage between Halifax and St John's
Cabin ..... $20 00 | Intermediate $15
Steerage $6 00

THE STEAMERS OF THE
Glasgow, Liverpool, Londonderry Galway, Queenstown and Boston Service
are intended to be despatched as follows from Boston for Glasgow direct:—
Nestorian ..... About Sept.
Austrian ..... About Sept.
Scandinavian ..... About Oct.
Prussian ..... About Oct.
Waldensian ..... About Oct.
Nestorian ..... About Oct.
Austrian ..... About Nov.
Scandinavian ..... About Nov.
Prussian ..... About Nov.
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80 State street, Boston, and
25 Common street, Montreal.
June 19, 1883. 2 G

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