

# THE HIGHLY INTERESTING STORY OF THE SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1877.

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## LITERATURE.

### TWO WASTED LIVES.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE "HOTEL CONFEDERADO" AND THE CORDOVA DILIGENCE.

[From the St. Louis Republic.]

Perhaps many of those who crossed the Gulf of Mexico in 1865 and 1866 will remember the "Hotel Confederado," in the city of Cordova. It was managed by a shrewd little fellow from Northwestern Texas, and this rare specimen operated as a caravanary in a way that puzzled natives and sojourners.

Some time in the spring of 1866, John McKay, an engineer from the Cumbers, was carried up the steps and into the office of the landlady. McKay was an invalid. He had exposed himself while in the employ of the Imperial Railway Company and was rapidly passing into a hopeless decline. He had been notably reckless and disposed to live fast.

Vast sums of money were squandered in connection with this railway enterprise. The employees flung away all their earnings at play. They would toil all day in the gorges and on the hill-side, and then devote the night to monte and faro. McKay was a desperate player, and at times he would drink with the recklessness of the most abandoned drunkard.

Seemingly he took no account of time or of health. His plans, his past history, and his grief were communicated to one. He had no confidant in the land of the cactus and brigand. Among the army of railroad men at that time engaged at the Maltrata centre, his face was the saddest of all. Many a time he would saddle his mustang and gallop toward the snow-covered Orizaba peak.

People who saw him while on these rides say that his face was gloomy and that he rode recklessly. Once he was walking away from his cabin towards the hills, and then for hours he faced the plateau with the sleet and rain beating upon his head. He quarrelled with no one; but while at play in a cafe he was insulted, when a pistol encounter followed, ending in the wounding of McKay and the death of his assailant.

The same evening a poor woman approached him asking for charity, when he emptied his pockets into her hand. McKay was, at this time, drifting rapidly into the wildest dissipation. He started monte and drank the fiercest rum of the country, besides frequently facing the poisonous night winds, until a fearful congestion began to rack him. When the French troops abandoned the distant metropolis and prepared to march towards the Gulf, a panic seized the projectors of the road, and the numerous bands of men on the Cumbers and along the line of the railway scattered and hid themselves. McKay, too, worn out and sick, bade adieu to the hills and cliffs forever, and drifted down to the lowlands. He was sick and without money. Bitterly did he then repent of his folly.

Without some means of subsistence a stranger must fall by the way, for with all the tropical fruits and wonderful powers of production of the soil, to one without money the land presents a vast desert. A Mexican can look upon a starving man without one jot of sympathy. He never dreams of charity.

No wonder the young engineer of the Cumbers looked gloomy as he made a survey of the future. I saw him as he sat on the balcony of the hotel the day of his arrival. Indeed, he was then compelled to accept help from his old comrades who were passing out of the empire. And McKay was a changed man. From this time on he touched neither liquor, and when once solicited to play, refused. But he would sit for hours together on the balcony, his face turned toward the east, with a look of woe.

He listened to the Doctor's plan of moving him to the coast, and believed that life might be prolonged in the warm air of the lowlands. But the lower country was swarming with guerrillas; so time wore on, McKay remaining in the Spanish-Mexican city of Cordova, surely drifting towards dissolution.

older in an hour. Not a friend with means was left him—all had gone. Despair was clear cut in that suffering face.

Some time before this the doctor had invited him to Portero, a sugar plantation on the road to Vera Cruz. In the evening I passed out upon the front balcony, and McKay was there. He began to speak in a voice that quivered with emotion: "I go to Portero to-morrow. I shall never see Cordova again. Three years ago I left home, and then I promised myself that nothing could ever induce me to return. The past is a bitter memory; but let that go. Yesterday I still expected to return to Boston, if for nothing else, to die at home. The dream even has passed forever. And now, when it is all over, let me be laid in some quiet place, and when those in Boston hear of my death let the cause be consumption." A fit of coughing prevented further words, and I saw him no more.

The next morning he left Cordova. He slept at the plantation. But he worked no more. A little phial of poison lay beside him. He was dead.

There was a ring on his finger, and inside were the words "from Mary to John."

He was buried on the banks of the Rio Seco, under the shade of the broad-leaved banana.

Two-thirds of the guests at the "Confederado" quit the house that day, and the concern went to pieces in a month after.

Some time after the clouds had begun hanging about the hills and the air had cooled from the raids of the Northerners from the coast, a "Diligencia" from the railway terminal, "Eight well-dressed ladies to the quiet old city, she was an American, and, ordering a room at the "Diligencia," asked if any of her countrymen resided in this city.

An untried specimen was pointed out and she forthwith plied him with questions, while he answered with candor and bluntness.

"Do you know," she began, "a gentleman named McKay—a civil engineer?"

"Yes, ma'am. I did know him." "Eagerly she followed with, "And where is he now?"

"He took poison and is dead; he is buried on the Rio Seco."

Before his answer was fully out the lady fell upon the floor in a faint.

"Pitying strangers lifted her up and laid her upon a couch. Some time elapsed before she returned to consciousness and when she opened her eyes she was a changed woman. She was beautiful, graceful and quick, but the face had undergone a marked change. An American lady, three years a resident of Mexico, called upon her; and to this lady she poured out the depths of her sorrow and the silent points of her story.

She was McKay's affianced, and in a moment of levity let slip a remark which cut him so deeply that he went from her door without a word. That night he boarded a steamer and left his country forever.

It was by reading the *Herald* that she caught sight of his name as having ascended the volcanic peak of Orizaba. And the first mail carried a letter of inquiry to the railway office at the Mexican capital. The reply told the story of McKay's sickness, and that he was at Cordova.

The next day she went to New York and took passage in the steamer to Mexico. She had a quick passage on the "Manhattan," but arrived at Vera Cruz a month after the singular drama at Portero. She came to Cordova with the hope of meeting McKay, being united in marriage and taking him with her to Boston.

Then she visited the spot where he was laid to rest. The scene he unwritten. When she turned away, tears were in her eyes and unutterable woe was written in every line of her face. By her direction a stone wall was built around the spot and a slab was placed at the head of the grave with the name of the dead upon it.

The natives looked with a sort of awe upon the graceful woman superintending the work, and seemed impressed with the grief of the stricken lady.

"May bonita muy trist!" they whispered to each other. Some moments that had drifted into her hands she sent forward to the gulf from whence she was to embark for her native land.

When all was done she turned away. To go home was all that remained; and what a change had come to her in a week. The past was bitter enough—the future looked far less cheering. Miss Mary Montfort, for that was her name, secured a seat in the eastern-bound diligence.

The road was dusty with much travel, the vehicle crowded. Two French officers were among the passengers. An escort of six troops, armed with carbinals, galloped beyond the diligence but never passed beyond. Lines of pack-mules, laden with cotton bales and merchandise, stretched along the wide thoroughfare. Half-civilized Indians, bearing the east side of the bridge spanning the stream, when four mounted men dashed from the chaparral and faced

it. The robbers fired as they advanced, and sweeping by us, charged the escort, who turned about without firing a gun, and scampered away like so many sheep.

Then the swallows wheeled and opened fire upon the passengers, the French officers being the special objects of attack. These two with a Mexican and Miss Montfort, were killed. A bullet ploughed along the lady's arm, then glanced off, struck her breast, producing a mortal wound. She lived only ten minutes.

"And this is the end of it all," she said; and with an earnest request to be laid beside John McKay on the Rio Seco, she spoke no more. She had the satisfaction of knowing that she was understood; for the smooth fellow who had first communicated the sad news to her was a passenger, and he would have served her if it cost his life.

And she had her wish. The two sleep side by side on the banks of the river under the shade of the coffee and banana—in the land of revolt and superstition.

With singular celerity the French contra-guerrillas tracked down the robbers, carried them to the site of the tragedy, and executed them, shooting them to death. And that scene was characteristic, too. The doomed men smoked and conversed to the last moment, and were as merry as if entering upon a grand fandango.

**The Battle of Duga Pass.**

A correspondent at Castel Nuova gives the following account of the fight at Duga Pass:

After his disposition with great care, and seizing several important positions in front of Kishinev, the immediate entrance of Duga Pass, Suliman Pasha advanced with several battalions and mountain artillery to force the pass held by Montenegrins, there being only one available road, and that leading directly through Duga Pass. The Turks sought by sheer dint of fighting, to seize the

bonds of the road so as to place their guns in a position to protect the advance of the column. The ground was favorable for this plan of operations. For the first two days the Montenegrins slowly retreated before the well-deployed Turkish line, until the narrowing of the ground and the increasing difficulties of the road forced the Turks to reduce their front. Then a concentrated fire of Montenegrins delivered from every rock and gully of the rugged mountain slope began to tell with frightful effect on the Turks. Amid a perfect storm of bullets the Turkish infantry struggled onward, encountering the road with dead and wounded at every step. The guns posted before Goliath shelled the defile in advance, but with little effect, as the Montenegrins were well covered, and suffered only when the Turks descended toward the foot of the mountain.

The fighting on the third day was almost hand to hand, combatants firing in each others faces at a few yards distance, but though the Turks gained slowly it was at a frightful cost. Their superior numbers and the fact that they were pushing up supports to take the place of the slain, and it seemed as if the head of the Turkish column of attack was melting away as before a furnace. Notwithstanding the stubborn bravery of the Montenegrins, the fourth day's fighting found them no nearer the key of the Pass, and they had already lost nearly 3,000 men. Still they endeavored to retain possession of the ground they had gained at such fearful cost. The effort was hopeless. The enemy's Montenegrins repulsed every attempt to advance, and it became now a question of covering the retreat of the exhausted column. This movement was commenced by a furious charge on the Montenegrins by the troops further in advance, but which was quickly repulsed by a murderous fire. The retreat now became general, and the victorious mountaineers speedily followed the retreating Turks, killing an immense number and re-occupying the former position.

In this prolonged and bloody combat, lasting over five days, the Turks lost over 4,000 men, and a quantity of arms were left on the field. The victorious Montenegrins lost 700, the disproportion in the casualties being due wholly to the natural strength of their position and to the necessary exposure of the Turks during the attack and retreat.

The failure of the Turks to force the Duga Pass is believed to have precipitated the flight of the Montenegrins, but it is likely that Suliman Pasha may again attempt to relieve the town.

Lizzie McKimPacker is a San Francisco's pet heroine. A little child fell in front of a heavy wagon in a crowded street. The daring young woman bounded to the rescue. The wheel was on the point of grazing the child's head, and to have stopped to lift the little one would have been to lose the moment there was left to save its life. So she unhesitatingly put her foot in front of the wheel, and with her hands held on to the spokes until the wagon was stopped. The child was picked up unhurt, but the savior had her foot crushed, and from pain and excitement combined fainted away when her deed of bravery was done.

A young man from Auburn, N. Y., who went to Texas this spring, has telegraphed to his father: "Faded calf for one."

## On Trial for His Life.

THE CASE OF AN ILLINOIS CLEVERMAN ACCUSED OF POISONING HIS WIFE.

Dixon, Lee County, Ill., June 4.—Public interest in this vicinity is centred upon the trial, now in progress here, of the Rev. Samuel H. McGhee for the murder of his wife by poisoning. The prisoner came from Huntington, Ind., about a year ago and became the pastor of the Christian (Campbellite) Church of Ashton, a little town about fifteen miles from here. He was a little man, about forty years of age, fastidiously neat in appearance and more than a dandy in dress. His family consisted of his wife, formerly Samantha H. Ricker, of Lyncoping County, Pa., to whom he was married in 1860, a son aged about nine, and a daughter of about sixteen, with her infant child. The daughter who is little more than half-witted, was introduced as Mrs. Jenny Morris.

Her husband, who has never been seen in Ashton since given out to the East. McGhee himself, though an uneducated man, whom his wife is said to have taught to read and write after their marriage, was a good deal of a favorite among the women of his flock, and especially did he find favor in the eyes of a Miss Lorilla or Rilla Paddock, aged about eighteen, the blooming daughter of a prosperous Ashton farmer, at whose house he stopped during his visit to the village preparatory to moving thither. The intimacy between them increased in a marked manner as to become the town talk. Early in January McGhee, while conducting a "protracted" meeting in Capron, Boone County, bought an ounce of arsenic. At a later date he purchased a syringe of an Ashton druggist. On February 7 Mrs. McGhee suffered from violent spasms, attended with severe vomiting. The same thing followed on the 8th, and on the 9th, when she was confined to her bed, she was attended by a physician. The arsenic was continued some three days. Finally, on the evening of the 20th, while her husband was conducting revival services at the church, she died, an unusually severe attack.

The doctor left four powders composed of bicarbonate of ammonia, Miss Paddock and another woman were present taking care of the patient, and when the second powder was administered Mrs. McGhee complained of its being bitter, while the third, she said, tasted like the one the doctor gave her. Again, when the last powder was taken the unfortunate woman remarked its similarity to the second. The doctor, who seems to have had his suspicions all along, and to have struggled against it, was called in on the 21st, and on the morning of the 22nd, ask some questions which provoked remarks from McGhee strongly confirming them. Later in the day Mrs. McGhee died in agony, and all the symptoms of poisoning by strychnine. A post-mortem examination of the body at once discovered strychnine in the stomach, and it was also found adhering to the spoon with which the medicine was administered.

The superior number of the body was arrested and lodged in jail, where his daughter had access to him. A report was soon circulated that the latter had confessed that she poisoned her mother and that she did so because the latter found fault with her for associating with a certain young man, and being questioned, and she had copied off and signed a paper to this effect in jail by her father's direction, he having told her that she would suffer no harm by so doing and would be followed up with strychnine. A post-mortem examination of the body at once discovered strychnine in the stomach, and it was also found adhering to the spoon with which the medicine was administered.

A Romantic and Thrilling Recognition.

About ten years ago two brothers left their home in Illinois and went to California. The elder was a man of the most steady habits, and had received a good business education, but the younger was inclined to be dissipated, and, indeed, had figured in so many scrapes at home that his departure was not regretted in his native village. The two brothers lived for a short time in San Francisco, while they looked for situations. The younger brother, however, fell into bad company, and they separated by mutual consent. The elder brother obtained a position as a warehouseman at a port, and by his diligence and steadiness won himself into confidence of his employers that he rose from the position of porter to that of partner in the firm. He lately purchased a house in Back Street, married a lady with considerable fortune of her own, and on last Christmas Eve, he saw three beautiful children around him, enjoying the delights of a Christmas tree. The family retired at midnight, but the gentleman had hardly closed his eyes when he was awakened by a noise down stairs, and moving stealthily to the parlor with a revolver in his hand, he saw a man endeavoring to open a buffet where he kept his silver. Levelling his revolver at the thief's head, he exclaimed, "Stop or you are a dead man." The jumpy dropped from the hands of the burglar, who, falling on his knees cried out, "As God is my judge, Robert, I did not know that you lived here!" The gentleman followed up with strychnine, and that the preparation of the crime extended over three weeks. The counsel for the State will make no attempt to connect Rilla Paddock with the deed. The outside rumor is that she will be kept out of the case altogether as far as possible, and that the entire expenses of the defense is defrayed by her father. McGhee appears very well in court, strokes his full black beard impassively, only occasionally making suggestion to his counsel, but nothing closely every thing that is said.

HOUSE CLEANING STATISTICS.—A resident of Dufield street who had a great share of the house cleaning to do this spring estimates that he has possessed himself of chairs in his house, and that he has lifted each one fifty different times. He believes he has five hundred bedsteads, and that each one has fallen down nineteen different times, just as he had the rails ready to go in. He calculates that a common sheet-iron stove weighs eight tons, and that he has seven wagon loads of stove boilers, steamers, skimmers, soap-ladies and broken water pitchers. He further estimates that he has beaten over seven hundred different carpets, and that his wife has put her head out of the back chamber window over five different occasions and called out: "Don't hang that carpet where all the neighbors can see all the holes in it."

Not many women are blacksmiths, we learn from the *Worcester Press*, "but some of them can shoe a hen."

"Well, boys, here's for perdition!" said Alonzo Leiter; and he coolly lay down on a barroom floor in Yolo, Nevada, and shot himself.

## A Romance of the Porridge.

Out of the latest British social tragedy at Penge, of which a correspondent of *The World* recently gave an account, the following curious history has come to light: "There lived at Brighton many years ago a fisherman named Suter or Souter. His cottage was a picture of neatness, and his garden was admired by the aristocratic visitors at that watering-place. The chief attraction of his cottage was the presence of two handsome young girls—one a step daughter, called familiarly Nelly Holmes, and the other daughter, bearing of course his own name, Suter. Nelly, the elder of the two, possessed a wonderful power in attracting the attentions of the other sex. She is said to have been witty, vivacious, refined and educated above her natural sphere of life. When her beauty was at its prime the Hon. Horace Pitt, considered to be the handsomest and fastest man in London, came down on a visit to Brighton. He, like the rest, admired the fisherman's daughter, and, weaved perhaps of the artificial airs of the Court ladies, he wooed and married Nelly Holmes. It is said that when she married him she had no idea that he was the heir to a famous peerage. Lord Rivers, the father of her husband, fell into a delicate state of health, and Horace had by that time become wearied of his wife's free manners, and thought that she would be no ornament to the British peerage. He sought and obtained a divorce from her in the Scotch law courts, but he should have known that a Scotch decree had no validity in England. When Lord Rivers entered the House of Lords he found there an appeal to his peers on the part of Nelly Holmes, desirous to be put in possession of all her rights and privileges as Lady Rivers. She won her suit, and frequently occupied her seat as the legitimate wife of Lord Rivers. At her death she willed away between £30,000 and £40,000, and among her bequests was one of £3,000 to 'her niece' Harriet Richardson. This is the £3,000 so recently referred to before the Coroner in the case of the Penge. Harriet Richardson, afterwards the late Mrs. Staunton, was the daughter of 'Nelly Holmes's' sister, Miss Suter, by her marriage with a private coachman named Richardson. One married Mr. Howard, and in conjunction with a Mr. Boltenhame, endeavored to prove that she had a child who was heir to the earldom of Wicklow; another is Mrs. Casabianca. The three girls used to live near Windsor with their aunt, Lady Rivers, near 'Nelly Holmes,' who was so well known as a dowry to her native village. The late Mrs. Staunton was always regarded as somewhat wanting in steadiness. The money which she possessed was derived from a legacy from her aunt, Lady Rivers, who divided her property between her sister and the daughters.

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## Business Cards.

MARBLE AND WORKS.

H. J. McGRATH, Dorchester, N. B.

HAVING purchased the entire stock in Trade of Mr. F. H. HAZEN, and with his previously large stock of ITALIAN, SOUTHERN, and RUTLAND MARBLES.

The Subscriber has now one of the largest and best selected stock of Monumental Marbles to be found in the country. All Stock is guaranteed.

Prices twenty per cent. lower than any other Establishment in the Province. (Apr 22)

L. B. BOTSFOED, M. D. Office: In the Store lately occupied by M. Wood & Sons.

H. S. & T. W. BELL, Soap Manufacturers, - - - - - Shelburne, N. B. The best and cheapest Soap in the Market.

BLAKESLEE & WHITEHEAD, DEALERS IN Paper Hangings, White Lead, Oil, Varnishes, &c. 22 Garman St., St. John, N. B.

JOS. HOWE DICKSON, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c. Office: In the Building of H. B. Allison, opposite the Banking Office of M. Wood & Sons, SACKVILLE, N. B.

A. E. OULTON, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR, Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c. Office: - - - A. L. Palmer's Building, Dorchester, N. B.

POUSLEY, CRAWFORD & POUSLEY, BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, 90 PRINCE WM. ST., ST. JOHN, N. B. G. H. Pugsley, J. H. Crawford, W. Pugsley, Jr.

L. WESTERGAARD & CO., Ship Agents & Ship Brokers, (Consulate of the Netherlands), (Consulate of Austria and Hungary), No. 127 WALNUT STREET, SACKVILLE, N. B. July 24

G. H. VENNING, Clock and Watch Maker.

BEG respectfully to inform the inhabitants of Sackville and vicinity that he has taken the shop opposite Mr. Robert Bell's, where it will be happy to attend to any customers in my line of business, and can promise strict attention and reasonable despatch. Jewellery neatly repaired. ap26 G. H. V.

CHARLES B. SMITH, BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. AMHERST, - - - - - N. S.

Prompt attention paid to the collection of debts and transaction of business generally. George Nixon, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in PAPER HANGING, Brushes and Window Glass. King St. - - - - - St. John, N. B.

AGENCY OF THE Baie Verte Pottery.

FLOWER POTS—assorted sizes; MILK PANS, do; BREAD PANS, do; CREAM CROCKS, &c., do. A general assortment of EARTHENWARE for sale at the Store of M. Wood & Sons, by ap26 FRANK HARPER.

UNION HOTEL. GEORGE W. SHAW, Proprietor.

Hopewell Corner,