

MEMORY OF THE CODE DUEL

Of an Old Virginia Episode After the War.

One Little Poem Did Its Deadly Work—The Young Lawyer Brave but a Poor Shot.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

Died.—At his home in Richmond, Va., May 25, 1900, Captain Page McCarthy, aged 67 years.

Capt. Robert E. Lee had surrendered. The confederacy had fallen. Thousands of young southerners had come from the war to find their homes in ruins and their fortunes lost. Nothing but the land remained, and many of them settled down when the first shock of defeat was still fresh to plant cotton and tobacco. Proud young men, the product of the chivalry of the old south, who had never done a stroke of work, they lived for a time the life of field hands. They got up with the sun, hitched the only remaining mule to the rusty plow and worked hard in the fields all day. In the intensity of the labor they were able to forget the bitterness of their lot.

Meanwhile Richmond, the old capital of the "lost cause," became more than ever the social center of the south. Outside of New Orleans, Richmond was the largest of southern cities. To it had gone most of the few old planters who had managed to save a part at least of their fortunes. Naturally the more ambitious and enterprising of the younger generation gravitated in the same direction.

Two years after Lee issued that last farewell to the remnant of his shattered army, Richmond was a gay and bustling city. Half the great families of the old south were represented there. And there for a time an attempt was made to carry on the stately and splendid social life which the war had ended forever. Big clubs were opened, and gambling and drinking, both fostered by the excitement and temptation of army life, so recently over, ran high. The mansions of the Richmond gentry were the scenes of nightly hospitality, and each week the fashionables drove in their coaches to a ball.

Gradually the young men who had gone home to their plantations from the war gave up the fight with nature, and one after the other gathered together the little remnant of their fortunes and came to Richmond to practice law or attempt to earn a living in some other way. Hundreds of young men, dependent on their own resources for the first time, and all of them of the highest social standing, added to the excitement and gaiety of the Virginia capital.

Among the fashionable beaux of Richmond at the time was Capt. Page McCarthy, then a young man of 40 and a descendant of a famous Fairfax county family. His father had served several terms in congress and had met and killed his man according to the regulations of the code of honor. All over the south an appeal to the code had always been the first resort of an insulted gentleman, and now, since the four years of war had taught these defeated soldiers how cheap is human life, duels were more common than ever.

The belle of Richmond during this period of unrest and excitement was Mary Triplett. Half the young men in Richmond were in love with her and there was great rivalry among them all for the slightest favor from her hand. She was the nightly toast and at the weekly ball reigned supreme. One of the most fervent of her admirers was Capt. Page McCarthy. Miss Mary, however, did not favor the captain, and finally a quarrel arose between them, as a result of which they passed each other on the street without speaking.

At one of the dancing parties it so happened that Mary Triplett was placed in the formation of some figure directly opposite Capt. McCarthy. She could not refuse to dance with him without creating a scene, so she walked through the figure with great coolness and dignity, only so far recognizing the captain's existence as was necessary under the circumstances. Already Capt. McCarthy was angry, but this treatment made him furious. He left the ball room a few minutes later. In the next issue of a Richmond paper there appeared a little poem of perhaps six stanzas, which set all Richmond in a fever of excitement. Four of the lines were as follows:

When Mary's queenly form I press
In Strauss' waltz,
I might as well her lips caress,
Although those lips be false.
The poem was entitled "To Mary," and, though everybody recognized the

application of the lines and was morally certain that McCarthy had written them, nobody had any proof that he was the author.

Four of the beaux of Richmond started out to run down the man who had written and printed the cowardly lines, determined to call him to account on the field of honor. Among them was John Mordecai, a newcomer to Richmond and a young lawyer of great brilliancy and learning. Mordecai made it his business to visit all the clubs frequented by Capt. McCarthy and in the presence of the fire eating captain and other club members to forcibly express his opinion of the "coward and cad, whoever he may be," who wrote the offensive lines.

Finally McCarthy turned to Mordecai, with whom he had been on intimate terms, and said, with a threatening manner, "I wrote those verses, Mr. Mordecai."

Mordecai bowed mockingly across the table.

"Your admission, Capt. McCarthy, does not alter my opinion in the least."

Friends interfered before McCarthy succeeded in his attempt to strike Mordecai and forced him to leave the clubhouse. The same day Mordecai entered another club in which McCarthy was playing billiards. The latter commenced at once in a loud voice to comment on the fact that some people are unable to mind their own business, and Mordecai finally walked over to the table at which he was playing and asked if he meant to refer to him.

"Who are you, sir?" sneered McCarthy, staring Mordecai in the face.

In an instant Mordecai had seized a billiard cue, with which he struck McCarthy to the floor, saying as he did so, "I'll show you who I am!"

Of course a duel followed. The two men, with their seconds, met at day break next morning just outside the Oakbrook cemetery, below the city. So deadly was the spirit which animated them that they fought with dueling pistols, heavily loaded, at ten paces. At the first shot both men missed. McCarthy demanded a second shot. This time the aim was better on both sides, and both men fell. McCarthy's right thigh was broken, and Mordecai was fatally wounded, with a bullet through his abdomen.

As Mordecai lay dying he raised himself on his elbow and whispered to his second: "Present my compliments to Capt. McCarthy and tell him he can have another shot if he wishes."

Just as the second shots were fired the police arrived on the scene, too late to do more than arrest the seconds. Mordecai lived but six hours, but McCarthy finally recovered after spending months in terrible agony. Mordecai's seconds were William M. Royall, now a leading lawyer of Richmond, and William R. Trigg, now a shipbuilder. Dr. Hunter McGuire, the personal physician of Stonewall Jackson, was one of the attending surgeons. The whole party was locked up in the Richmond jail, where they were confined for several weeks. During the period of their imprisonment the women of Richmond, who felt that Mordecai had fallen in defense of one of their number, paid them every attention. Fresh flowers and delicious dishes were brought each day to the cells of the prisoners, and on their release they were welcomed back with demonstrations of joy.

Capt. McCarthy, after his recovery, became a recluse and a misanthrope. He lived most of the time in Richmond and was looked upon as a misanthrope, who avoided men and hated women. And the killing of young Mordecai went far toward breaking up the vogue of the duel in the south.

As for Miss Triplett, she married a Richmond lawyer and died suddenly at her home several years ago.—Chicago Tribune.

They're Spotted.

In reference to the article published in yesterday's Nugget in which it was stated that a number of suspicious characters have lately arrived in the city, the officers stated last night that they already have a list of those persons; that they are already under police surveillance and the first crooked step will result in their being run in and held for trial. And if, at the close of navigation, these fellows are still here they will be "vagged" and put to work on the woodpile on sentences sufficiently long to hold them until the river opens in the spring. It is unnecessary to say that those who were "vagged" last year and who worked from three to five months on the fuel works are not here now, one winter's work having sufficed. Those now here, and they very well know themselves if the shoe fits, will do well to shake Yukon real estate from their feet before navigation closes; otherwise the consequences will be very unpleasant—a winter of discontent.

THEY WONDER YET.

For three weeks Chicago listened with delight to the topical refrain, "Everybody Wonders How He Knew." This was the hit of the Burgomaster, and it was enjoyed thoroughly. But now it is wondered what has happened to the catchy ditty, for it is heard no more at the Dearborn, where The Burgomaster is being given.

Report is that Chicago, after laughing so heartily over the song, suddenly became shocked. The city officials announced that the ditty must be suppressed, and these lines are what Chicago now is missing as a result:

There are often little trifles that were better left unsaid,
But are uttered in an unaffected way,
Which reminds me of a funny little matter which occurred

At a jolly looking fellow said, without the least concern,
"Oh, I know it, it belongs to Mrs. Dare!"

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?

It came as quite a starter,
When he recognized that partner,
For everybody wondered how he knew.

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?

But they didn't hear till later,
That she had got them from his master,
So everybody wondered how he knew.

They were crowding round the baby at a christening; after which
He was handed round for every one to see;
And a circumstance which somehow seemed to lease the people most

Was a dainty little dimple on his knee;
Said Cousin Jake, from Oxford, who was staying there just then:
"This looks like a hereditary strain,
For isn't it a funny thing that just in this respect

He's exactly like his elder sister Jane?"

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?

When he talked about that dimple,
For everybody wondered how he knew.
Yet he chanced to see that dimple
While out he was—ain't it simple?

But everybody wondered how he knew.

Folks were gazing at the very latest painting
Labeled "Beauty Unadorned" upon the list,
When a gentleman remarked to several others standing by:

"It's not true—such perfect beauty can't exist."
"Excuse me, sir," a gentleman remarked, "but you are wrong.

And if you're right I'll bet a case of fizz
That this painting here before you is exactly true to life,
And represents the girl just as she is."

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?

The ladies blushed and wriggled,
And the men turned round and giggled,
For everybody wondered how he knew.
Yet nothing could be quieter,
You see, he was the painter;

Yet everybody wondered how he knew.

They were eagerly discussing different reasons for divorce
At a dinner, when a married man opined
That springing loud on either side should constitute a case.

For it sufficed to drive off your mind,
"Quite right," remarked a smartly dressed young lady to a friend,
"I never score by any chance—do you?"

On hearing which her fiancé absent-mindedly remarked:
"Don't tell such stories, dear; you know you do."

Now, wasn't that a silly thing to say?
Wasn't it a silly thing to do?

It only sounded absurd, and is being sung nearly everywhere by nearly everybody, who wonders why it shocked.

Two Waiters.

If you have traveled, you must certainly have noticed the wide difference between negro waiters of southern and northern hotels.

In the north the waiter is stiff, rigid and supercilious. He takes your order condescendingly and briskly betakes himself to the culinary regions with the same. He stands with folded arms and scornful expression at some little distance, watching, however, for an opportunity to leap forward and pretend to anticipate your wants.

And when he brings your change you are certain to note that it is laid upon a plate and that one particular quarter is noticeably detached from its fellows.

In the south the waiter shuffles back to the kitchen and returns with your meal, to which he has added some little delicacy of his own choosing. He glides about you, leans tenderly over you, his black face filled with anxiety for fear some error of omission or commission may occur.

He hangs about you with fatherly interest. He places the dishes before you with almost a caressing touch, and when you are ready to depart he tremulously, hopefully, lingeringly hands you your hat. In the white brown depths of his eyes there is cute appeal, not unmingled with expectation.

Who but a case-hardened drummer or the traveling representative of a fraternal organization could resist that appeal?

You need not fear to give him a quarter—joy seldom kills outright—but you can be sure that a dime will produce a wide grin and an exaggerated bow.

But most people consider it worth a quarter to see that month widen into a smile which sets its owner's ears back an inch and causes his eyes to project like those of a crawling crab.

They're on the List.

Every time a steamer is preparing to pull out from Dawson for either up or down the river one or more members of the N. W. M. P. force can always be seen anxiously scanning the faces of those who cross the gang planks. This is not idle curiosity on the part of the man or men of the yellow stripes. On the contrary, it is the fulfillment of official duty. The actions of many men since their coming to this country

have been contrary to those of Caesar's wife, which were above reproach; but so long as these men do not show symptoms of departing from the country they are not liable to arrest and detention, and it is to see if any whose names are on the list are attempting to depart that the police are on the constant watch. While the police say nothing about what their business around the steamer is, it is known that each member of the patrol force is supplied with a copy of the "suspicious list," and that it comprises a surprisingly large number of names.

In line with the above, a particularly close watch was held on the steamers that sailed yesterday, and as the close of the season approaches this vigil will be increased for the reason that those who are desirous of "skipping" have but little time left in which to attempt to put their plans into execution.

The Deadly Lamp.

The fire department and several thousand people were called out about 9 o'clock last night by the deep tones of the fire bell verberating on the frosty air. The alarm was given on account of the upsetting of a lamp in the residence of Henry Bray on Second avenue. Before the department arrived on the scene, which was very shortly after the alarm was given, the incipient blaze was extinguished, and for the next few minutes several thousand people were wandering around the vicinity of Fourth street and Second avenue inquiring "where is it?"

Child Died on Yukon.

The 4-year-old child of Mrs. Andrew Anderson died on board the Lightning on its last trip between Dawson and Whitehorse. The authorities at the latter place refused to issue a certificate of death until the physician who treated the child at Dawson could be heard from, so the mother and dead child were compelled to remain at that place. The cause of death was nervous stomach troubles. Mrs. Anderson's husband is a member of the Dawson firm of Anderson Bros., painters.—Alaskan, Sept. 17.

Telegraph Building News.

The Dominion Telegraph wire is now complete to Fortymile, but the station will not be ready for transacting business for several days, as the instruments are not in place at present. It is hoped to have the other line completed through to Vancouver by the first of October. This will be an all-Canadian line to the outside and will entirely cut off the service via Skagway to the outside world. As soon as possible, probably the middle of next month, the telegraph office will be moved to the new postoffice building.

A Heavy Cargo.

When the steamer Coquitlam gets away this afternoon, or evening, she will be loaded to her deck line. She is already heavily loaded, and there are two carloads of iron to go on deck before she finishes taking on cargo at Evans, Coleman & Evans wharf. That done she will go back to the Union S. S. Co.'s dock and load two nine-ton boilers for the northern gold country. From present appearances there will be nothing but house and smoke stack visible when she sails fully loaded, and her deck is likely to be awash. Only once before was the steamer loaded so deep. She took a load of steel rails for the White Pass & Yukon railway to Skagway, and her hatches were literally under water. The whole deck was loaded, and everything closed and battened up. To get below to their staterooms and dining rooms, the officers had to go down through the skylight in the poop deck to the engine room, and from there to the cabin. The same route is likely to be used this trip.

The Coquitlam is taking one of the most mixed up cargoes that was ever shipped to Dawson, that place of all places for importing all kinds of goods. There are the two boilers mentioned, hoists and pumps, ore cars for Whitehorse, an athletic club outfit for that same place, groceries, dry goods, hardware, ax handles and everything else for Dawson, and to show that the hearts of the Canadians up there are in the right place, a huge bundle of lacrosse sticks consigned to McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.—Vancouver Province, Sept. 7.

Ketchikan's Business Marshal.

The deputy United States marshal stationed at Ketchikan, Alaska, is determined to keep order in that town even if he has to kill off all the inhabitants before his laudable purpose is accomplished. Some time in August he shot and killed a man who resisted arrest and assaulted him, and three weeks later a canneryman also resisted arrest with a gun and now he, too, sleeps in the silent grave. It is likely that Mr. U. S. Deputy Marshal will have to step down and out, as an officer who fills two graves in three weeks in just a little too dexterous with a gun to suit the present generation.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

In Capt. McDonnell's court this morning the hearing of the case of a man named Mills charged with having stolen wool from claim 4 below on Hunker was continued until Wednesday afternoon, the accused being allowed to go on \$1000 bond.

Emil Bozza, the young man who sets up pins in Geo. De Lion's bowling alley contends that he should be paid for Sunday work while the laws of the land are such that bowling pins and balls must be allowed to cool on Sunday. As the young man was to get \$5 per day and De Lion is only willing to pay six days in the week, the pin adjuster sued for a balance of \$75 alleged to be due. After the evidence was heard the court reserved decision in the case until tomorrow.

Geo. Ames, who has a lay on Cheshako Hill opposite No. 3, was served by Constable Gregory to appear in court this morning and show cause why judgment should not be entered against him and in favor of John Dunn and James Dussert for \$165.75 and \$93.60 respectively, alleged to be due for labor performed. Ames did not obey the mandate of the court and judgment was entered in both cases, ten days being allowed in which to make payment.

Chas. Stevens or Stevenson was "up against it" this morning, there being two counts against him. The first count was not so frightful as it was for a common drunk with a flavoring of disorder mixed in. The second is what would cause a more than ordinarily strong man to quail. It was that Charles was accused of having forcibly broken into the home of Carrie Lowe, the woman who many months has conducted a laundry and told fortunes at \$1 per in the shack just east of the brick warehouse. Carrie is built for tossing cabers, white Charles is an unassuming looking individual whose appearance would indicate a diet of shade soup and wind pudding. Carrie has a voice like an auctioneer and her story as told in the witness box was a gem. "Your honor," she said, "that man and me has been engaged to be married for 27 months." She further stated that he had boarded with her, lain drunk on the floor of her cabin and in many other ways acted the part of a devoted lover; that Saturday morning he had "cussed" the witness and told her he was through with her; that the engagement was off and "he didn't want no more truck with her." That Saturday night about 8 o'clock—it might have been half past eight—Charles, like a lost sheep had returned to the fold but Carrie refused him entrance; he then broke down the door and entered and Carrie stealthily slipped out and secured an officer. The court decided that as Charles had considered the home of his affianced his home in that he had boarded with her, lain drunk on her floor and had in other respects been the recipient of the glad hand at Carrie's domicile that he had a right to go there when he did, but cautioned him to be more circumspect in his mode of obtaining entrance and to not smash any more doors. The charge of "d and d" being sustained, a sentence of \$10 and costs or ten days in the reduction works was imposed. As Carrie vowed "I am scared of my life of that man," Charles will be required to give a peace bond in order that the angel of peace may spread her white wings over the place where fortunes are told without extra charge for the aroma of soap suds.

It was a short session in Magistrate McDonnell's court this morning, only two cases being on for hearing. Margaret Beltz, who resides on Shady alley, between Fourth and Fifth avenues, had yesterday afternoon imbibed so freely of the oil of joy as to cause her to wander away from her own ward and out onto Third avenue; where she was making a dismal failure of trying to walk when discovered by Constable Stutt. The dark brown taste was in full bloom this morning. A fine of \$50 and costs or 30 days' labor was imposed. She accepted the former.

William Cameron, a large man with a voice like a foghorn, had, after looking upon jag producer when it stood aright in the glass, gone to the Juneau restaurant about 2 p'clock this morning and ordered meals to the amount of \$7. Just as the repast was ready to be served William decided he was not hungry and declined to pay the bill. He likewise exercised his powerful voice in an unbecoming manner. During the hearing this morning the court decided that Cameron was still too drunk to fully understand the situation, with the result that he was ordered back to the guard house until this afternoon to further undergo the sobering process.

The case of Gallagher, charged with stealing gold dust from Johnson, on Hunker, will be heard tomorrow.

What One Dog Can Do.

"It's strange what a volume and variety of sounds can come from the throat of one malamute dog, and all at the same time," said one newly arrived last evening, after the company had had their ears and senses torn almost to shreds by a series of ear-splitting howls and yells which seemed must necessarily come from a combined effort of all the dogs in town. "That noise," said a sour dough, who had been case-hardened, "comes from one dog, and he is neither choking to death by a slowly torturing process, nor burned with a hot iron as the noise would indicate. He is chained up and experience has taught him that if he can make things interesting enough for nervous people that his chain will be unsnapped and he will be at liberty to go down town and have fun tripping people up on the street."

The malamute may look foolish, but he's smart for all that.