

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. I. No. 10

DAWSON, N. W. T., SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1898

PRICE 50 CENTS

ANNIHILATION!!

The Spanish Fleet Wiped Out of Existence

AMERICAN VALOR AND MARKSMANSHIP AGAIN EFFECT A GREAT VICTORY

Cervera Surrenders After Leaving His Ship

Full Details of the Contest That Marks the Climax in the Spanish-American War—Only One American Was Killed and Few Wounded While the Spanish Loss Was Very Heavy.

TEN MILES WEST OF THE ENTRANCE OF THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Sunday, July 31, 4 p. m., by the Associated Press Dispatch boat, Wanda, to Port Antonio, Jamaica, Monday morning, July 4th, via Kingston, July 4th, 4:45 a. m.—Admiral Cervera's fleet, consisting of the armored cruisers Cristobal Colon, Almirante Oquendo, Infanta Maria Teresa and Vizcaya, and two torpedo boat destroyers, the Furor and Pluton, which had been held in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba for six weeks past by the combined squadrons of Rear Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley, at the bottom of the Caribbean Sea, off the southern coast of Cuba. The Spanish admiral is a prisoner of war on the auxiliary gunboat Gloucester (formerly Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht Corsair), and 1,000 to 1,500 other Spanish soldiers and sailors, all who escaped the frightful carnage caused by the shells from the American warships are also held as prisoners of war by the United States navy.

There can be no doubt that Admiral Cervera's plan to escape from Santiago Harbor was entirely unexpected by Admiral Sampson, and the best evidence of this fact is that when the Spanish vessels were seen coming out of the harbor the flagship New York was seven miles away, steaming to the eastward toward Jurgu, the military base, ten miles east of Morro. The New York was out of the light altogether at every stage, but she immediately put about and followed the other vessels in the race to the westward, and overtook them in time to join in the chase for the Cristobal Colon, after the other Spanish vessels had been destroyed by the Brooklyn, the Oregon, Iowa, Massachusetts, Indiana, Texas, Gloucester and other ships of the fleet.

Commodore Schley's flagship, the Brooklyn, had her usual position at the extreme western end of the line, ten miles from the New York and Texas. It is a peculiar fact that he should have been in proper position to direct the movements of his flying squadron against the Spanish fleet, which he had bottled up in Santiago Harbor six weeks before.

As a matter of fact, the entire American fleet was much further off than usual when the Spaniards made their appearance this morning. With the exception of the bombardment yesterday morning, which resulted in knocking down the flag on Morro Castle and the supposed silencing of the batteries, which opened fire again this morning, as usual, the navy had done little recently to attract interest here, and the officers and crew themselves were watching the developments of the operations being conducted by the army, which had succeeded in reaching the very gates of Santiago, after an enormous loss in killed and wounded in the fighting of the past two days.

It was not believed that Admiral Cervera would attempt to escape from his perilous position at this late day, but it was supposed that he would keep his ships in the harbor and shell the advancing American army, and that if Santiago fell he would blow up or sink them rather than permit them to be captured by the American squadron lying outside.

The American victory is complete, and according to the best information obtainable at this time, the American vessels were practically untouched, and only one man was killed, though the ships were subjected to the heavy fire of the Spaniards all the time the battle lasted.

It was about 9 o'clock this morning when the flagship Infanta Maria Teresa passed under the

wall of Morro Castle and steamed out to sea. She was followed by the Cristobal Colon, Vizcaya and Oquendo, and last by the torpedo boat destroyers, Furor and Pluton. The lookout on the American vessels which were lying five or ten miles off the entrance to the harbor sighted them immediately. Most of the American cruisers were at the usual Sunday morning quarters, without thought of anything as surprising as the Spanish fleet sailing past the sunken corder Merriam, which they had been led to believe effectually blocked the harbor.

As the ships ran in toward the shore, it soon became evident that the Spaniards had not come out to make an aggressive fight, but they turned to the westward as soon as they had cleared the harbor and started on their race for safety, at the same time sending shots at the Americans as fast as the men could load and fire the guns. The Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, Oregon and Iowa were nearer the Spaniards than any others of the American vessels, but still some of them were too far away to get effective range. They crowded on all steam, however, in preparation for the chase, never stopping their fire for a moment.

Meantime, the larger American ships were gaining on the Spanish cruisers and a storm of shots was passing between the pursuers and pursued. The American fire was so rapid that the ships were enveloped in thick clouds of smoke, and it was impossible to tell at the distance, which vessels were doing the greatest execution. The Brooklyn and the five battleships were keeping up an incessant fire upon the Infanta Maria Teresa, the Vizcaya and the Almirante Oquendo, and the latter was returning it bravely, though with no success. The Spanish gunners seemed unable to get the proper range, and many of their shots were wild, though a number of them fell dangerously near the mark. The guns of the battery just east of Morro also took part in the game, and their shells fell around the American ships. Many of them struck the upper works of the fleeing Spaniards, and must have resulted in killing and wounding many of their men.

The Spanish ships had now reached a point about seven miles west of Morro and a mile or two beyond the place where the Furor was burning and the Pluton broken in two against the cliff.

The Gloucester, a fast little yacht that cannot boast of any heavier battery than several six-pounders and three-pounders, was lying off Aguadores, three miles east of Morro, when the Spaniards came out. At first she joined in the attack on a leading vessel, and then held off, Captain Wainwright concluding to reserve his efforts for the two torpedo boat destroyers in the rear. The Gloucester steamed after them when they appeared and chased them to a point five miles west of Morro Castle, pouring shot after shot into them all the time. Her efforts bore abundant fruit, for to her belongs the credit for the destruction of both the destroyers. She fired 1,000 shots during the chase, and it was not long before both destroyers were on fire and plainly disabled. Notwithstanding they both returned the Gloucester's fire and a rain of small shells fell around the yacht. The Furor evidently determined that she would not stand the fire any longer, and she put about and headed back for Santiago. Then the Gloucester simply smothered her with shots from her rapid fire guns, and running like the wind forced her to turn around and again head westward. Smoke commenced to rise from the Furor's sides and she put in toward the shore. Before she had gone far what was left of her crew abandoned her and took to the boats, reaching the shore later. By that time she was a mass of flames and was drifting along helplessly.

It did not take the flames long to reach the Furor's magazines and there were two terrific explosions, probably of gun cotton on board of her, which blew holes in her bottom. Her stern sunk immediately, and she settled in the water her bow rose straight into the air and she went to the bottom in perpetual oblivion, giving out a hissing, scolding sound as she disappeared below the surface. The Pluton was in the same distressed condition and was also headed for the shore, running up along side of a low bluff where she soon pounded to pieces and finally broke in two completely. It was a most dangerous landing place for her crew and but about half of them reached the shore alive.

The Gloucester did not go any farther west, but lay off shore and sent in a boat to the assistance of the destroyers.

The flag ship and the Aquendo were the first to show signals of distress. Two 12-inch shells from one of the battle ships had struck the Marie Theresa at the water line, tearing great holes in her side and causing her to fill rapidly. The Aquendo suffered about the same fate, and both ships headed for a small cove and went around 200 yards from shore, flames shooting up from them in every direction.

The officers and crew must have been aware of the fate which seemed to be before them, but it was not until the ships were on fire and enveloped in flames and smoke that the men ceased firing.

The Gloucester, after sending a boat ashore to the Pluton, secured along the coast to where the armored cruisers were stranded and went to their assistance. One man swam through the surf with a line from the Marie Theresa, making it fast to a tree on the shore. By this means many of the Spaniards, including Admiral Cervera, lowered themselves into the Gloucester's boats. The Gloucester's crew gave the wounded men every attention possible. A dozen or more explosions followed the firing, the smoke of the guns rising almost to the water's edge. Another column of smoke two miles further to the westward, was observed. The Vizcaya was also in flames, and was obliged to run ashore to keep from going down. The Iowa and Indiana were keeping up a terrific fire upon her and her condition was as bad as that of the others.

The Brooklyn, Oregon, Massachusetts and Texas and several smaller vessels continued the chase after the Cristobal Colon, and in less than an hour were lost to view of the burning ships on shore. The Iowa and Texas both gave assistance to the imperiled crew of the Vizcaya. Her captain surrendered his command and the prisoners were transferred to the battleship. The Vizcaya probably lost about 60 men, as she carried a complement of 400 and only 340 were taken aboard the Iowa.

Soon after Admiral Cervera reached the shore and surrendered he was taken to the Gloucester at his own request. There was no mistaking the heartbroken expression upon the old seaman's face as he took the proffered hand of Capt. Wainwright and was shown to the latter's cabin, but he made every effort to bear bravely the bitter defeat that had come to him. He thanked the captain of the Gloucester for the words of congratulation offered on the gallant fight and then spoke earnestly of his solicitude for the safety of his men on shore. He informed Capt. Wainwright that Cuban soldiers were on the hill preparing to attack his unarmed men, and said he thought his sailors had suffered enough in their battle with the American forces and that he was willing to surrender his entire command but asked that some protection be given to his men until they could be taken off in the American vessels. Capt. Wainwright had heard similar reports from his own officers regarding the presence of Cubans in the brush and he sent a guard of a few sailors ashore to prevent the Spanish prisoners from being molested.

For hours after Cervera went aboard the Gloucester, the Infanta Maria Teresa, Almirante Oquendo and the Vizcaya continued to burn and every now and then a deep roar accompanied by a burst of flames and smoke from the sides of the ship, would announce the explosion of ammunition or magazine, as the flames shot higher and higher above the decks of the magnificent vessels.

Many who witnessed the scene felt it had a strong resemblance with the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor five months ago.

Wainwright, commander of the Gloucester, was executive officer of the Maine at the time of the disaster, and although he remained in Havana two months after the explosion he lived on board the dispatch boat Fern, and steadfastly refused to set his foot within the city until, to use his own words, the time had come when he could go ashore at the head of a landing party of American blue-jackets.

Today it was his ship that sank two Spanish torpedo boat destroyers and afterwards received the Spanish admiral aboard as a prisoner of war. From his position on the bridge he could see the clouds of smoke as they enveloped the decks

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THE FIRST BOAT IN AT DAWSON.

July 21 Sees the Monarch Tied up at the Wharf.

And Burros Gets a Free Passage for Being the First to Sight the Approach From Down the River.

The very first boat to get through from St. Michaels to Dawson City was the powerful steamer Monarch of the Columbia Navigation company's line. She is a newly built boat of goodly proportions with excellent accommodations for her seven thousand and four hundred passengers and was built especially for the Yukon trade. She wintered at Bellard, Wash. She has made a remarkably successful trip all the way from Seattle, owned by the ocean steamer Rival. Arriving at St. Michaels she found several ice in the bay, but their river connections were not in evidence. On the night of June 20 she left St. Michaels with her 70 passengers with a clean field ahead. Seven o'clock in the evening of July 21 she tied up to the dock at Dawson, making the phenomenal trip from Seattle to Dawson in 70 days, and from St. Michaels in 20 days and 20 hours. The Yukon days, below the city, were rather some bother and caused her to lose some time, but she is staunch and well managed, and under the eagle eye of Captain C. W. Spague, and his crew of pilots, she has set a record for the summer which will be hard to equal. Seward Persons will have his hands full on the down trip as the Monarch leaves next Tuesday and there will be no other boats here for from five to nine days.

The incident of the trip were numerous. On June 6 the Monarch left Dutch Harbor and was shortly followed by that port by the ship Alliance with the big forty on mail for Dawson.

The company's wide-awake agent at this point, Mr. W. H. Church, has been offering through the Nugget a first-class ticket to Seattle to the first man sighting one of his company's boats coming up the river. A number of men have been out on the hills night and day ever since. For ten days false reports have been coming in every hour. Three times Mr. Burros had reported a steamer on the horizon, but Thursday afternoon he was easily the first from his post down the river to sight the Monarch.

notice J. Rice, J. Rich, Mr. Rankins, T. Hogan, R. Anderson, Mrs. B. Anderson, Mrs. Mrs. M. A. Gangers, C. J. Vilonain, J. H. Sheldaday, E. Gindler, J. Schirvaula, G. Lickman, F. Thiel, P. Schirbner and Mrs. C. Jackson. Mrs. Young and child returns from Holy Cross. From Circle City there came M. Roberts, T. Weidner, J. K. Gomard, J. W. Sullivan, N. W. Zelmer, J. G. Murray, Mr. McDonald, D. Bruce, B. E. Clark and A. C. Macle. Some of the passenger from Seventy-mile are Dawsonites. There were J. C. Claffey, W. Richards, E. L. Peterson, H. L. Schaska and Chas. Baerka. Eagle city is represented by C. K. Laitson, Mr. Seaburg, W. A. Rekois, M. J. Donahue, M. Teed, J. Leonard, Geo. Brown, L. S. Ailes and W. Meyers.

The Lone Slapjack.

Last night my lonely shack
One short Alaska wind of day,
The cold came in through every crack,
Without Old Borens held full sway,
Upon the stove was a sea of smoke,
I was my dilly-meal a lone slapjack.

Upon the floor my floor lay,
In all my useless lean had a sack,
My hens and bacon eat that day,
Would you could constitute a pack,
Could I live until the last of May,
Upon one lone slapjack a day!

While pondering thus and looking back
When empty meals three times a day
I never in my life did lack
Judge Masterton in sad dismay
Came in and said "My dear old Me,
Will you give me a hot slapjack?"

The Judge then without more delay
Just "at away my lone slapjack!"
He snatched a brot and talked so gay
Almost my happy days came back,
I saw in mind the last of May,
With hot slapjacks three times a day.

The Judge is one, the days seem black,
I miss his hearty genial way,
St. Louis friends will test his sack,
Mid nonchalant corks as good friends may,
Should early spring time bring him back,
He's welcome to a hot slapjack.

Rough Weather at Sea.

Mr. Taylor, a well-known citizen of Victoria, B. C., arrived here on Saturday last, making the trip from Victoria to Dawson in 12 days. Mr. Taylor reports the St. Ickeen route as practically abandoned for the present and in consequence the town of Wrangell is almost deserted. The steamers Victoria and Cascade built for navigation of the Stickeen river left the port of Wrangell some time ago for Dawson City via St. Michaels. They encountered rather heavy seas on the northwest coast and thought it prudent to return. The two steamers were making for Wrangell as Mr. Taylor and party were leaving port. The steamers were in a very dilapidated condition.

SICK DOGS better. See Shoff the Druggist, Pioneer Drug Store.
Are you buying your drugs at the Pioneer Drug Store?
Bring your prescriptions to E. Shoff, Pioneer Drug Store.