

## STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

## How Thoroughfare Pass Was Held by a Squad.

## "Out of H-I and Into Pennsylvania, Forward, March!" Was the Officer's Command.

Lee was moving to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. The mountains hid his marching columns from sight of the Federals, and at every gap in the Blue Ridge he left a force with instructions to hold out the time possible to reach and cross the Potomac. It was the aim of the Federals to break through at some point and penetrate his movement, and there was fighting on every mountain trail and at the mouth of every mountain gap. The major general had said to the brigadier ordered to proceed to Thoroughfare gap:

"I do not know how many Confederates are holding that gap, but be the number 500 or 10,000 you must break through. That is the order—break through. If only one man of your command is left alive, he will bring us the news we want."

And the major general on the Confederate side had said to the brigadier: "You will detach one regiment of your command to hold Thoroughfare gap. It must be held against the Federals for three days. We can spare only a single regiment. If there is but one man left alive at the end of that time, he will follow on and overtake us."

A narrow wagon road, twisting and turning between walls from 20 to 100 feet high, with alternate spots of sunshine and gloom—that was Thoroughfare gap. As the skeleton regiment of 600 Confederates entered it and pressed forward to its western mouth, its ruggedness and gloomy solemnity brought a feeling of awe. It reminded them of a tomb, and they shuddered to think of dying in the semidarkness. Two fieldpieces rolled along with the regiment of infantry, and the jar of the heavy wheels loosened a stone now and then to come clattering down from far above. When a blue brigade came clattering up, it was to find the 600 in possession and the position one which the dullest private must see was well nigh impregnable. Every hour was worth a thousand lives to the Federal army, and the Federal brigadier lost no time in beginning the attack. In the open he would have gobbled up that skeleton regiment at a dash. Behind a rocky wall hastily thrown up, with no way to get at the enemy except in front, his surplus of men did not count. At the sound of the bugles they dashed forward with cheers, but not a man got within five rods of the wall. Grape and canister and bullets tore the lines to pieces. It was tried again and again. The orders were to break through the gap. A thousand dead and wounded would be a cheap price for the information to be had at the other end. Artillery was brought forward to batter down the wall, but it could not be placed to advantage. The pieces had only been fired once when their crews lay dead or wounded and the carriages were shattered. The Federal brigadier rode back and forth and stormed and swore and almost wept.

"Whether 500 or 10,000, you must break through," were the orders, and if he failed to carry them out his career as a soldier was at an end. An army of 200,000 men was waiting to checkmate Lee. A whole nation was waiting to hear the splash of Confederate feet in the waters of the Potomac. The men in blue could hardly form company in the mouth of that defile. A charge against the wall meant death to every other man, but they formed up and charged and cheered and died. After half a day of bloody fighting the Federal brigadier rested. He was still bleeding from a wound when he opened a dispatch and read:

"You have one of the best brigades in the corps, and it is certain you are opposed by only a handful of Confederates. By 9 o'clock in the morning you must have authentic news of Lee."

The brigadier had sacrificed 600 men that day, and he could not believe the Confederate loss to be over 50. There was but one way to reach them on the morrow—over that stone wall. He would drive them or die with the last man. There was no jollity in the Federal camp that night. Men will sing or joke as they swing into battle line in the open, but these men peered into the darkness of the gap and thought of the dead in front of the stone wall and spoke to each other in whispers. It was a brave sight to see them swing into line as the sun gilded the tree tops. Every face had its pallor, and every eye looked into the midst of death, but there was no lagging or faltering. You saw them tightening their belts and setting their jaws as they waited, and you held your breath for the signal which was to send them to death.

On the other side of the stone wall there was no exultation. The dead and the wounded were comparatively few, but every hour would add to the

number, and only one day or the three had passed. The colonel knew what was coming and prepared for it. When the blue lines, ten deep, came dashing forward, they met with such a hail of iron and lead that the first three or four were blotted off the face of the earth. Then, under the smoke cloud, some of them wounded and all desperate, the other lines crept forward, and the wall was reached. It was a hand-

to hand fight now, and every man was a devil, and after a quarter of an hour of bloody fighting the Federals held the position. The dead lay three deep below the wall, but the living stood upon its crest and cheered and cheered again. But the cheering soon died away in growls and oaths. A quarter of a mile above, at a bend of the ravine, there was another stone wall, and the Confederates had simply withdrawn to the position. They had lost 150 men. The Federal brigade was no longer a brigade. It lacked a full regiment. That night the brigadier had another wound, and again there were orders from the major general:

"We must have news of Lee at every hazard. Unless you break through at once your resignation will be accepted."

A dark and narrow ravine, up which only eight men abreast could make their way at once; at the turn a stone wall, defended by two guns; behind the guns the muskets of the infantry. "You must break through," repeated the brigadier over and over again. He knew that he could not do it. He knew that the best he could do was to pile up more dead in the dark ravine.

When morning came, he stood on a knoll and looked down upon the sun bronzed and waiting veterans, and it was like a knife in his heart to give the order to attack. A single bugle call, and the column dashed forward. There was never a cheer nor a shout. Men who feel that they are going to certain death do not cheer. They draw a long breath, choke back the gasp in the throat and rush forward with heads down. In ten minutes it was all over. The wall had been reached and fought over, but it could not be held. As the last few living Federals came limping back the brigadier sat down and wept. Orders, orders, orders! More Confederates had fallen, but the force was yet strong enough to hold the gap. If he could not carry it, he would be disgraced. Like the brave man he was, he took the one way out of it. At high noon the column was formed again, and the brigadier put himself at the head of it. Officers groaned and privates murmured to see him there, but he was firm. He led in the dark—he was the first to reach the wall—he mounted it and cheered his men in the fight which won it. But when it was won he lay among the dead, and the Confederates retired less than half a mile to a third wall. Two days had passed, and yet the Federals had not broken through. Then another brigade came marching up, and there was another brigadier to take command. He saw the situation as the dead general had seen it, but he had less feeling. Column after column was formed up and dashed against that third wall and driven back, but in the end he won. It was 20 lives for one every time, but under his orders he could have doubled the sacrifice.

At dusk on the evening of the third day the last Confederate infantryman had passed the gap on his way to the Potomac, and the head of the column was in Pennsylvania. Lee had played his card and won. Not a gap had been carried, and the news of his whereabouts had come from other sources. There was a last stone wall in Thoroughfare gap. Behind it 100 Confederates crouched and waited. Their two fieldpieces were useless for the want of ammunition, and their muskets were alone to be depended on. As the sinking sun filled the ravine with deeper gloom 500 Federals made a last charge. They had to tread the dead under foot to do it. That was the fourth charge of the day, and it was checked as the others had been. It simply meant more dead and wounded to choke that narrow way. Hundreds had been dragged out, but hundreds still remained. When night came down, 50 men with powder stained faces, who had scarcely broken their fast or closed their eyes for 70 hours, silently marched out of the gap and headed for the north in the wake of the invading army. There was no colonel, no captains, no lieutenants. A sergeant commanded the remnant, and his command was:

"Out of H-I and into Pennsylvania, forward—march!"

And when the long night had passed and daylight came again the Federals found the stone wall undefended and clambered over it and ran to the mouth of the gap to shout to each other:

"Lee has passed, and we are too late!"

A History of Rome.

There was a good deal of human nature about Romulus, and when Rome grew and they would go out every little while before breakfast and annex a country or two he got the swelled head.

When people called on him, they did not blow doormat and familiarly slap him on the back, saying: "Hello, there, Romulus! How are you stacking up?" No; they would find him dressed in scarlet like Mephistopheles

and lying on a couch of purple, smoking a cob pipe, with a pitcher of hard cider near at hand.

All at once, history tells us, Romulus mysteriously disappeared. A good many of the oldest inhabitants grieved over him and wondered where he "had went," which shows that the early Romans neglected their grammar as well as their noses.

Romulus hasn't been found to this day, and people begin to think perhaps he is the man who wrote "Beautiful Snow" or "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," hence they do not blame him.

The army was called a legion and was armed with bows and arrows, stuffed clubs, tin pans, brickbats and plug chewing tobacco.

For a year Rome was without a king, and the people became dissatisfied. They were governed by the senate and said they had too kings instead of one. They couldn't go outside of their own yard without keeping their hands on their pocketbooks. They agreed that the Romans should choose a king, but that he should be a Sabine.

Muna Pompilius was the nominee, and his followers claimed that he knew it all. Everybody who was opposed to him was not allowed to vote. He was a self made man, and his partisans called him "Honest Pomp." When the returns came in, it was found that he had carried every precinct. The fellows who got the reluctant voters to the polls immediately applied for the postoffices, and those who got left immediately discovered what a vile wretch Muna was and organized to defeat him.

A notification committee was appointed, and the chairman wrote and committed to memory a long speech. He stated out by saying this was the most important campaign the country had seen since the days of Andrew Jackson.

That is the same way notification speeches were made 3000 years later. Before he got half way through Muna asked to be spared and begged to be excused. He said this honor was so sudden. He told them that if he had his fall work done he might consider the election, but he couldn't afford to rent his farm to move to town.

The chairman of the committee had another card up his sleeve. He began his speech all over again, and Muna cried out: "For heaven's sake spare me! I'll serve! Any thing to escape another speech!" After making suitable offerings to the gods, which consisted of six kegs and a pony, all of which consumed by the committee, he started for Rome to assume the duties of office.

Muna gave them ceremonial laws of religion and made the first homestead law.

The people went west to grow up with the country and hold old settlers' reunions. He established line fences through which the neighbors' calves would break and make work for the lawyers for thousands of years.

He also established the first trade unions. He called them guilds. At the same time the walking delegate was invented, and he has become a permanent fixture of our modern life.

It made Muna solid with the labor vote, and he held his office a long time. The wardheelers who failed to get offices had a long, hungry wait.

The temple of Janus was founded during his reign. It was open in time of war and closed in time of peace. It was open a good share of the time.

Muna believed in signs and visions and tokens and things. He consulted an old fortune teller, Egeria, who directed him in his affairs. Another nymph he commended was Tacita, or The Silent. The campaign stump speakers thought he was driving at them, and they deserted him in large numbers. Anything that made a virtue of silence was obnoxious to them, and he lost much support—Alex. Miller.

CONDENSED DISPATCHES.

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the Canadian high commissioner, has been installed as lord rector of Aberdeen.

At the convocation exercises at the University of Chicago, President Harper announced that John D. Rockefeller has made another gift of \$1,500,000 to the institution.

The Chicago Gas Fitters' Union signed a three years' agreement with the contractors tonight, and its members will return to work after an idleness of nearly a year.

Representative Grosvenor, of Ohio, has introduced in the house a bill to extend to Hawaii the privilege of the act providing for the immediate transportation of dutiable goods.

Within a few days more than 1000 sick soldiers will be on their way home from the Philippines. The Grant and Sherman are now en route with 650 men and the Sheridan is scheduled to leave on the 22d with 500 more.

Large African cigars at Rochester.

Silk mitts and gloves at Sargent & Pinsky's.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

## COMING AND GOING.

Gandolfo has carpenters at work today enlarging his store.

Harry Edwards has just received two dozen new records for the big phonograph.

The meeting of the humane society which was to have been held tonight is postponed for one week.

The time fixed for the hearing of Attorney Bleeker's argument in his motion for a reopening of the Storah murder case is next Wednesday morning.

Taylor and Cardinal are to have another foot race. This time Taylor gets a six mile start, and the race lasts for 24 hours. The event comes off six weeks hence.

Doc Strong is shaving people again this afternoon just as if he hadn't carried his barber's chair out of the house this morning when the fire was discovered.

Rudy has moved back into the same old stand and the store looks about as it did before the fire. The only noticeable change being the cracks in the show case and Rudy's voice.

George St. Cyr was up in the territorial court this morning for hearing, but on the showing of his attorney that there had not been sufficient time in which to get evidence, the case was postponed till February 1st.

A warrant has been issued for the arrest of W. V. Somerville at Whitehorse. This is the result of the charge made some time since of the theft of \$497 from the Klondike Miner. Ross Rumball swore to the warrant.

Candles for the Millions.

I have enough candles, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowner's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory.

GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Mum's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagne \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

For Rent.

Store adjoining Savoy theater; splendid location; opposite postoffice. Apply Wm. Gerner for particulars.

Thoroughbred white Leghorn eggs at Meeker's.

Eggs 75 cents at Meeker's.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, under

such sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, Assistant Gold Commissioner.

Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

Eastern oysters at the Postoffice market.

When in want of laundry work call up "phone 32." Cascade Laundry.

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Eagle Milk, 3 cans for 1.00

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Choice California 2 and 2 1/2 lb. extra, per can .50

Rhubarb, Sweet Potatoes, Asparagus, Spinage, can 1.00

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