

EPISODE OF THE CIVIL WAR

The Raid Upon Port Gibson and What Caused It.

Fifty Aristocratic Southern Girls Were Taken as Prisoners of War to Vicksburg.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

"I was mixed up in one little unrecorded event of the civil war," said Gen. B., "that was interesting from its very unusualness, and which, as I look back upon it, seems strangely picturesque. We were attached to what was known as the marine brigade, a little fleet of 12 'tinclad' river steamboats that plied up and down the Mississippi river after the surrender of Vicksburg. The term 'tinclad,' by the way, is somewhat misleading, as it is not remotely connected with the white metal, but signifies rather boats heavily planked with oak for the purpose of protecting them somewhat from the ravages of bullets.

"One day our little battalion of four companies was ordered to steam down the river, disembark at Rodney, march to Port Gibson and there consult sealed orders in regard to further proceedings. Imagine our surprise upon reading the instructions that we were expected to capture and carry back to Vicksburg as prisoners 50 of the most aristocratic Confederate young women in the city. However, we had served long enough to obey orders without question, and, provided with guides familiar with the town, we set about our bizarre and not too agreeable task. We first established headquarters at the residence of a prominent Confederate judge.

"Then different squads were sent out to call at the homes of the young women and escort them to the place of rendezvous. The instructions were that they must report at headquarters within two hours on penalty of their family residence being burned to the ground. The only information we could give them (the whole transaction was as much a mystery to us as to them) was that they were to be taken to Vicksburg as prisoners of war, but were on no account to suffer any discomfort or indignity.

"Of course, there was great weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth from tender mothers, loving sisters and irate fathers and brothers. But the incident had to be accepted as belonging to the fortunes of war, and at the end of two hours 49 of the 50, attended by anxious friends and relatives, were at the rendezvous. Mercy was implored for one delinquent. An additional hour was granted, and, at their own suggestion, several of the young women were dispatched to her home to persuade her to follow their example in gracefully submitting to the inevitable. The result was that before the hour was up the last fair prisoner had put in an appearance, though in a very dejected mood.

"Our troubles, however, by no means ended here. Indeed, they were hardly fairly begun. The next question was how to transport our beautiful captives to Rodney, a distance of some 20 miles, over roads that were in a frightful condition from the devastation of war and consequent neglect. All the good horses, too, like all the good men, were off to the war, and as for carriages, they had most decidedly fallen into a state of innocuous desuetude.

"There was obviously nothing for us to do, therefore, but to gather together all the broken down old horses and dilapidated vehicles in the vicinity, which we somehow managed to hitch together with plow harnesses, bits of rope, straps, etc. With these improvised coaches, drawn up into line, began the process of loading on our victims, and when they were all stowed away it was a motley looking procession, I can assure you. Even the sound of farewells and the sight of weeping eyes could not bind us to the humorous aspect of the scene. You must remember that we were all pretty young fellows in 1863. The civil war was fought by men whose average age was only 23.

"Well, we made our way slowly, amid tears and laughter, to Rodney, where we embarked for Vicksburg. Upon arriving there the young women were taken before the provost marshal, who put them on parole, confining them to the limits of the city. Most of them had friends in the town with whom they chose to remain, and suitable quarters were found for the rest.

"The reason for the whole transaction then transpired. It seemed that some northern young women school teachers had been taken prisoners by

the Confederates and were at that moment in their camps, where they were forced to wash and mend for the soldiers and perform other menial services. These Confederate young women were, therefore, to be held as hostages until the northern women were released.

"There was little delay in the exchange, and we had our visitors in Vicksburg only 30 days. They were, however, very gay, delightful days. Yankee officers and Confederate maidens intermingled socially, and the acquaintance so rudely forced upon the beautiful southerners proved in some instances a mutual pleasure. I could, indeed, point to more than one romantic marriage that was the direct outcome of our raid upon Port Gibson."—Washington Times.

Concerning Prospecting

"If a man loves adventure," says Will Sparks in Ainslee's, "he can find nothing that will offer so much to satisfy his passion as a life of mining and prospecting. The prospector is the adventurer par excellence of the Rockies. From the moment he starts upon his career in the mountains, leaving behind him the collection of colorless and wind-beaten shanties known as 'the city,' adventures greet him at every turn. As he picks his way through a wilderness of rocks and fallen trees, having left the meager trail far behind, ever on the lookout for a faint sign of the outcropping of the precious metal, his passage is almost sure to be disputed by wild beasts. But what an excitement there is in seeking for gold! It is stronger and more intense than that of the gambler at the green table staking his last dollar on the turn of a card. The prospector may be penniless, he may have put his last cent into the 'grub' that is now fastened onto the back of his burro; yet one stroke of his pick is likely to uncover treasure that will transform him into a millionaire. He sits down to a meager meal, cooked over a rude fire between a few stones, but all the time feels about him the presence of gold. Perhaps his fire is built on the end of a ledge that is 'chockfull' of gold; perhaps he is sitting on a rich outcropping that is simply covered with small stones; perhaps there is gold beneath the big tree just across the ravine. Gold may be everywhere, if he can only find it. He must find it. Surely his luck is not less than other men's.

"And so he goes on, scaling the loftiest peaks, where snow lies all the year around, and even his heavy blankets are not sufficient to keep him warm at night, diving into all sorts of caverns and rifts in the rocks, exploring the caves, only perhaps to be chased out by wild beast occupants, braving a thousand dangers that he may find the means of passing the rest of his days in ease.

"And how does it all end? In most cases the daring prospector who sets out alone meets his death miles and miles away from any human being. How, nobody ever knows. His bones may never be found. He disappears as completely as last winter's snow.

"But should the prospector strike it rich, his adventure will go on as long as he remains in the Rocky mountains. If his find is worth anything as a 'poor man's claim,' he will put up a rude cabin and go to digging, concealing what gold he takes out in a place secret to himself. But he will have to guard it all the time, for covetous miners who are not so fortunate would not hesitate to take his life if they could get possession of his little pile of yellow metal. His rifle must be his constant companion, and he must be ready to use it at the first sign. At night he must sleep with one eye open. If a stranger approaches the cabin he must be ready to dispute his right to be there. The few years a man may put in at this kind of life are most wearing, and, should the prospector conquer all risk and get back to his native town with a 'pile,' his friends will look upon him as an old man, though he is still under 40. Only the unknown ones will envy his fortune.

"The man who works in the developed mines is also having adventurous experience all the time. The tunnels, shafts and drifts are liable at any moment to cave in and bury the worker under tons of rock. Or perhaps he may be imprisoned without food or water, and pass many days of horrible suffering in darkness and silence."

Fairview Diningroom Opens.

Mrs. McMullin and Miss Stone, are to open the Fairview dining room tomorrow night. The ladies are experienced caterers and will serve meals at that popular hostelry like we used to enjoy in the halcyon days of our youth. A turkey dinner will be given next Sunday which will be a revelation to the sordidness. Short orders can be obtained at any hour, save the regular dinner time which is from 5 to 9 p. m.

ABOUT DAWSON'S THEATRES

Of Which There Are Three Since the Orpheum Opened.

A Melodrama at the Standard, and Burlesque, Fun and Vaudeville at the Savoy and Orpheum.

At the Standard last night was produced Green's melodrama, in four acts, entitled "The Golden Giant Mine," and the piece was played, from start to finish, by every character in the cast; the way the stage was set and the evident care and study which had been put on the general work of producing the piece, combine to make it the most successful production of a melo-drama ever seen on the boards of a Dawson theater, and the prediction is fully made, as it has often been done before, that a good melo-drama successfully played by competent actors, can not fail of success with Dawson audiences.

The writer of this has seen many melo-dramas produced in cities prizing themselves upon their aggregation of dramatic talent, which could by no stretch of the imagination be favorably compared with the "Golden Giant Mine" as it was played at the Standard last evening.

The scene is laid in Montana, and opens upon the happy domestic scene of the home of Alex Fairfax, the owner of the great mine. Everything is happy and serene as a cloudless day in June, as it always is in the beginning of such affairs, and the world seems to have been created for the sole use of the hero, his wife and little boy. Then comes upon the scene Jack Mason, a retired gambler, and a one-time sweetheart of Bessie, the sister of the hero. She loves him and they are about to become perfectly happy also, when the hero, owing to a misunderstanding, says them nay, and they go forth from his house as strangers.

Following close upon the footsteps of the departing pair comes a trio of villains, one of them a drunk, another an escaped convict and a third who is aching to break into jail. The escaped convict is the twin brother of a former husband of the heroine, and he impersonated the dead twin and by means of forged letters, drives the wife from her happy home, and the three bad men get possession of the mine. Jack Mason and Bessie marry, and in the course of time, through the persistent efforts of the retired sport, the villainy of the trio is exposed and in the end the mine is restored to its rightful owner, the happy home is once more restored, and happiness once again perches upon the lodge pole.

In one scene there is developed a very violent case of delirium tremens by Jim Bixby, the drunken villain, whose character is portrayed by Alf Layne, and it can be said in all truth and honesty that in this scene there is witnessed by far the best piece of legitimate dramatic art ever seen on the stage here.

At the Savoy the usual high-class vaudeville entertainment was preceded by a short and laughable skit by Jim Post, entitled "The Outlaws." Post is always funny and in this instance he seems to have outdone himself. The piece has no plot or plan to it in particular, being composed principally of large round places in which to laugh. He is supported in the production by the best comedy talent of the house, which is the best that money will induce to winter in the Klondike vale.

Clotilde Rogers, Dorothy Campbell, Madge Melville, the unequalled operatic soprano, Madame Lloyd, Elaine Forest, Troxwell and Evans, the well-known knock-about comedians, and a long list of equally good and popular artists united their efforts to produce a very high-class evening's entertainment, which is well worth attending.

The polite and always solicitous host, Steve O'Brien, is always on hand looking after the pleasure of his guests, and studying their wants and tastes in his efforts to please the patrons of the house. That the efforts of the management in this direction are appreciated is evident from the way the people patronize it.

After many moons the newly painted drop raised on the Orpheum stage last evening to something besides a political meeting, and that the ragtime theater is popular with Dawson show patrons was evident from the number there. The house was packed almost to suffocation long before it was time for the overture which precedes the rolling up of the curtain, and the crowd hooted,

called and stamped its feet for the play to begin.

John Flynn's one scene burlesque, "Bing Bang," was what was selected to go before the olio, and it is well named. Besides containing many good things to laugh at, there is a ballet in it which does credit to the management and the director. A calcium light was used, and its different hued rays on the brilliant costumes and shifting forms of the ballet dancers made a beautiful scene.

The little bear, at present working when not engaged as a professional actor, as mascot for the fire department, was used on the stage, and his concentration of thought and desire, fixed immovably upon a nursing bottle filled with milk made the audience laugh till its sides ached.

The Orpheum has opened, and it is safe to say that its bid for a large share of this winter's patronage will be accepted by the public. It is putting up a good show.

Another McKinley Letter.

Dawson, Oct. 22.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—In my former letter I stated that I had no desire to enter into a political controversy, yet I feel that the utterances of "Independent Voter" calls for a reply. He calls attention to his Americanism, which, on perusal of his letter, proves to be nothing but a mere whim, and is but the expression of the "turned down" politician who is ever on the alert to sneer and slander the successful party.

He endeavors to show that because Hanna, as chairman of the Republican central committee, spent large sums of money in the interests of his party, that therefore, the whole system of government would be changed to suit him. Did not the Havemeyers and Hearst spend large sums of money in the interests of the Democratic party? I think he will agree with me that the "sack" has been used pretty freely on both sides; but that is aside from the purpose of this letter.

"Once," he says, "I called myself a Republican." If he ever learned the first principles of Republicanism, which is the true Democracy divested of its mouthings and energized by the vitalizing influence of patriotism, he has woefully fallen. The republic of the United States of America finds not its true exponents in the vacillating crowd of political turcoats posing as independent voters; but in the men who, having selected, out of all the parties, to them the best party, casts in their lot with them and with purposeful effort seeks to raise their party to the highest conception of what a government by the people and for the people means.

By a peculiar combination of forces, made up of Democrats and Populists, commonly known as demo-pops, with Bryan at the head and with all the fatuity of weak minds, they seek to gain the control of the government. Could anyone think of a worse fate? With Bryan and such a party in power the country would not only lose the prestige it has already gained, but the prosperity of the people and the development of a strong national life would be materially affected thereby.

He tries to draw a lesson from the present strike, but his weapon is a boomerang. Look at the great strike under the Democratic administration, when one man, the representative of the class that Bryan now represents, effectually stopped the wheels of commerce and trade for a whole week, until the federal authorities interfered and jailed this species of Democracy in the interest of the commonwealth. This Democracy was stronger than the president, for he could not have so effectually stopped the wheels of commerce; stronger than the trusts and combines, for they could not have placed such an embargo on trade; stronger with the populace than the voice of reason, for the federal authorities had to be called in to restore order and raise the embargo; but not so strong as the principles of the constitution which they would try to subvert. From the dominance of that class the republic must never be preserved; from them must be kept the control of the central government. Mark you, Mr. Bryan did not hesitate to accept a platform that committed him to use his influence to amend the constitution so that if a like condition should again arise the rabble should have their own way. And this is the man that "Independent Voter" would ask us to support. If we should the poet might well sing again:

"Oh wisdom, thou art fled to brutes and beasts,
And men have lost their reason."

But when the election returns are in, I think we shall find reason enthroned in its rightful place.

CALIFORNIA REPUBLICAN.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

DAWSON'S WINTER SUPPLY

Of Beef, Mutton, Pork and Vegetables Is Ample.

The Stock on Hand Being Much Greater Than It Has Ever Been At This Season.

Probably this winter will witness the stampeding of fewer speculators to the outside for supplies than any winter since Dawson became a town.

The reason for this may be easily read in the lesson taught dealers and speculators by the experiences of the last two winters. To speculators, last winter was especially disastrous and particularly to those who rushed to the outside over the first ice to bring in beef for the Dawson market. Some of these men lost what would be considered by many in older settled communities, a comfortable fortune by the venture, while those who realized anything worth mentioning have yet to be heard from. At the very time these men were making all haste to the outside for fresh meats the Dawson market was comfortably supplied, only prices were stiffened by local manipulators till it came to be common belief that the meat market was empty.

This year it is a fact, easily verified, that there is about two-thirds more beef on hand than during the corresponding season last year, and dealers are of the opinion generally that the supply is considerably in excess of any possible demand which may be made upon it before spring. Carcasses representing a good many hundreds of beef cattle are hanging in the warehouses, and there is no indication of a probable rise in the market, even with the river ready to close.

Pork and mutton also are largely represented, and the stock of poultry, eggs and butter is large enough to give assurance that all may be eaten during the winter without leaving a taste of silver in the mouth.

The game market is naturally subject to constant change, but what game there is on the market, such as ptarmigan, duck and rabbit, compares favorably in price with an even date of last year.

Dealers as a rule do not expect the moose and caribou supply, which will commence coming in with the new year, to work much change in the meat market. There will, they affirm, be less game brought in this year than last, because the price of beef being low will make the prospective gains of hunters less alluring, and it is hard, disagreeable work, hunting for the market in the winter.

The vegetable supply is also much larger than ever before at this season of the year, and prices are lower, although this latter condition is by no means wholly due to the supply. The fact is that comparatively few people are prepared to buy a winter's supply of fresh vegetables and prevent their freezing on the one hand or sweating on the other, and consequently there is little sale for these things except in retail quantities.

The present quotations are as follows: Beef from 35c to 75c, mutton, 40c to 75c; pork, 50c to 75c; and veal from 85c to \$1.25; poultry, 75c to 85c; eggs, \$1 per dozen, with slight difference in case lots. Standard brands of butter in tins are stationary at \$1.50 to \$1.75. Potatoes are selling at from 13c to 15c, and onions slightly higher, but with so little demand that many dealers have quit handling them.

Dawson's Black Maria.

At a carpenter shop at the rear of the Nugget office there is a curious looking contrivance which looks as if its designer had had in his mind both a hearse and a black maria when he built it. The affair is a box just long enough for a man to lie down in, and has two windows, one on either side, and folding doors at the rear. On top at the front is the driver's seat with a foot rest built lower down. The box is mounted on the wheels and running gear of a new spring wagon.

The question which presents itself to the mind of the critical observer on looking at the affair, and which may possibly force itself unpleasantly upon the first man who rides in it, is where is the ozone to come from which will prevent the asphyxiation of the patient.

The Weather.

For the 24 hours preceding 9 o'clock this morning the records of Official Weather Observer Sergeant Major Tucker showed the minimum temperature to be five degrees below zero. The lowest temperature thus far was Saturday morning when the thermometer registered to below.