

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.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

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 to the last and give him all 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 glided 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 two more 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! And yet he felt himself a murderer. 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!"

Still in the Ring.

It is never pleasant to be burned out of business, but Murphy Bros. did not allow their misfortune of this morning, the destruction of the Bonanza market, to long interfere with their supplying their many customers as usual. They are now in the City Market, opposite the S.-Y. T. store on Second avenue where they will do business until their former shop is repaired which will be before the end of the week.

COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS

His Powers Defined by Acting U. S. Consul TeRoller.

Has the Right to Place His Own Valuation Upon Goods—Protest Will be Filed at Washington.

A communication was published in the Nugget a few days ago respecting the treatment received by miners from Dawson at the hands of the U. S. customs collector at the boundary. This communication has served to bring forth additional complaints, which it appears very evident, are well grounded.

There is no reason to believe that the American government is at fault in the matter, it being merely a case of arbitrary ruling on the part of the collector who possesses considerable discretionary authority.

Acting U. S. Consul TeRoller was approached by a Nugget representative this morning and asked the question, "Are goods, the product of the United States, which have been imported into Canada, Canadian duty paid and sold in Canada for return to the United States, subject to duty by U. S. collectors of customs?"

Mr. TeRoller went into the question somewhat at length, the following containing the important features of the information elicited: Goods the product of the United States having been exported therefrom into a foreign country may be returned into the U. S. free of duty under certain regulations prescribed by law and set forth in articles 483, 484 and 485 of the customs regulations of 1899. Most of the provisions of articles 483 and 484 are extremely difficult to comply with by the private individual or consumer who purchases directly from the exporter, but article 485 provides as follows:

"To guard against fraud and insure identity, the collector shall require, in addition to proof of clearance, the production of a declaration made by the exporter of the goods before the United States consul of the fact that the merchandise was imported from the United States, and that it has not been advanced in value nor improved in condition by any process of manufacture or other means. But if it be impracticable to produce such declaration at the time of making entry, bond may be given for the production thereof."

The intent and spirit of the law, it would seem, is only to prevent fraudulent free entry of goods not entitled thereto. It rests with the collector entirely to decide whether goods offered for free entry are entitled to same, and it is within his province to reject any or all documentary proofs submitted tending to show goods so offered are entitled.

Mr. TeRoller was also asked: "Can a collector decline to accept consular invoice, or refuse to accept the prices quoted on invoices and put his own valuation upon the goods?"

"Yes, he can," said the consul. "Parties offering goods for free entry and which is denied by the collector and payment of duty demanded, or when called upon to pay any duties which are deemed excessive or unjust, and having paid such duty, desiring recourse can appeal to the department, but must first file within ten days with the collector exacting such payments a protest in writing."

It appears that the collector at the boundary, while acting within the letter of the law, is not in any way conforming to its spirit, being unjust and arbitrary in his exactions. The consular service and the customs department are entirely separate and hence there is no immediate appeal from the collector's ruling. A movement is on foot among the miners at Fortymile and those who have had occasion to go from Dawson to the diggings in that district to protest to the treasury department against the actions of the collector.

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 Muna 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.

Mrs. Carmack's Divorce Suit.

Hollister, Nov. 28.—In the superior court this morning the divorce suit brought against George Carmack, who acquired millions in the north through the discovery of the Klondike gold fields, by his Indian wife was dismissed on motion of the plaintiff's attorney. In moving for the dismissal it was announced by counsel that the squaw wife of the Klondiker did not know what she was doing when she instituted the proceedings. It is believed that some settlement has been reached out of court.

The story of Carmack's discovery of the land of gold in the frozen north is romantic in the extreme. He was led to the Klondike by the Indian woman who afterward became his wife. Today his holdings in the gold fields net him a profit of \$500,000 a year.

A Costly Flower.

"I see that a single rose has sold as high as \$150."

"Pooh! A single rose cost me a good deal more than that. A certain young woman gave me a rose, and this encouraged me to offer her my name. Later on she assumed charge of my bank account. I'll bet every smell in that rose cost me a cool hundred!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION

Mr. Matheson Explains Why the Fire Hydrant

At the Corner of Second Avenue and Third Street Was Not Used During Yesterday Morning's Fire.

A Nugget reporter questioned Mr. Dan Matheson, manager of the Dawson Water & Power Co., this morning as to why his company's fire hydrant at the corner of Second avenue and Third street was not used to aid in extinguishing the fire of yesterday morning. Mr. Matheson replied as follows:

"You ask what was the reason that water from the Dawson Water & Power Co.'s fire hydrant at the corner of Third street and Second avenue was not used in suppressing the fire yesterday morning. Those having to do with the fire can best answer that question, as we keep no fire department to run out hose at times of fire, but what we do keep is lots of water, which is free to the public in case of fire.

"We wish to inform the public that in case of fire we have a Siamese Wade fire hydrant in the water house at the corner of Third street and Second avenue, which, when required for fire purposes, all that is necessary is to go into the building, connect with the hydrant and run out the hose which is kept there for that purpose and turn off the overflow, which is the top valve, and turn on the lower valve. In order to get increased pressure it is necessary to telephone to the pumping station.

"If the pumping station was called by phone and asked to increase the pressure it could be done by the time the hose was laid, thereby giving an effective service."

Bank Robbery.

Shelbyville, Ind., Dec. 18.—Kennedy's bank, at Hope, south of here, was entered at 2 o'clock this morning, the safe blown open with nitro glycerine and \$15,000 carried off by two men who were seen to leave the building by the night operator in the telephone exchange. The robbers had a confederate posted outside with a carriage in which all escaped. A posse has been organized by the citizens of Hope and has started out after the robbers. Hope is only five miles from Flat Rock, where the safe in the postoffice was blown open early Monday morning and \$300 taken. It is presumed that the operators in both cases are the same.

Meteorological Data.

The following interesting meteorological data is furnished by Commissioner Ogilvie, and no doubt will set at rest many disputes as to the length of the days and of sunlight here:

Length of days at Dawson, north latitude 64 deg. 4 min. approximately:
 December 21, 3 hours 35 minutes sunlight; January 1st, 3 hours 52 minutes sunlight; January 15th, 4 hours 57½ minutes sunlight; January 31st, 6 hours 45 minutes sunlight; February 15, 8 hours 18 minutes sunlight; March 1st, 9 hours 51½ minutes sunlight; March 21st, 12 hours sunlight.

Four minutes must be added to those intervals to correct for refraction which makes the sun or any other heavenly body apparently rise about two minutes earlier and set about two minutes later than it really does. The sunlight intervals above are calculated on the assumption that the earth's surface here is part of a sphere, not broken by irregularity.

Practically from March 21st onwards until June 21st the figures represent for the same intervals the hours the sun is below the horizon or what might be termed the night.

At midnight June 21st the sun's center is five times its own diameter below the horizon; so there is no midnight sun visible from "Moosehide" mountain, nor any other mountain in the vicinity.

December 21st the sun's center is only the same height above the horizon.

When the sun is within 18 degrees of the horizon refraction causes twilight both before sunrise and after sunset. The higher the latitude the longer continues the twilight, hence the continuous daylight here in the summer.

Jessie Morrison Given Liberty.

Eldorado, Kan., Dec. 18.—Judge Shinn today agreed to admit Jessie Morrison to bail in the sum of \$5000, pending her second trial for the murder of Mrs. Olin-Castie. The prisoner's father, ex Probate Judge Morrison, expresses hope that he will be able to secure bondsmen within a few days. Miss Morrison's release will probably end the case. It is said that she will go to her old home in West Virginia when released.