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HAMILTON FISH, INSURGENT

Scion of Noted Family Gives Views on Present Day Problems and Discusses Past.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

The blood of the Fishes is swift and brave. They are stern men of battle. On this continent they reach back to Saratoga and Yorktown. What fighting they did in Germany, where they were Fyaches on the tax lists and church registers, would not be pertinent in this place, even if it were known.

A human tower of a man, when he is on his legs, Hamilton stood up, gloomily at first, in the House of Representatives not long ago. He was to make his first speech in the Congress of the United States. Time had been obtained from James A. Tawney, of the Cannonists most positive and wary.

Debate technically pertained to a bill appropriating money. Under the late rule of common practice, Hamilton Fish talked about something else. He swore new and vigorous allegiance to Theodore Roosevelt, he kissed and pledged his oratorical sword to William Howard Taft, and he paused to remark that the definition of insurgency hinged entirely upon the mental attitude of the person who gave it. "Orthodoxy is my doxy," he said. "Heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

Annals His Colleagues.

No proclaiming and explaining, Hamilton Fish got down to the business that had called him up—the lifting of the lean scalp-lock of Jacob Steat Fassett, his political comrade and colleague from New York. Meanwhile, Tawney, heavy-voiced and peremptory, essayed, but unsuccessfully, to take him off his feet.

A fortnight later word was passed from mouth to mouth, in presence of reporters, that Col. Roosevelt had sent Hamilton Fish a cordial telegram or a secret hint of some sort. Moreover, there was to be a speedy conference and insurgency, seeking testimony as to character, gave quiet publicity to the news in a loud tone.

The style of Fish, as a man of thunder, can be caught in the sweep and roar of his investiture. "Fassett," he said, "owns, and I believe edits, a newspaper, which, while limited perhaps in circulation, is by no means limited in fulsome praise of its proprietor. In fact, he needs no press agent—he fills the job himself." As to Mr. Fassett, in his capacity to interpret public sentiment and in his elements as a party leader, "he is the single and significant instance of the only Republican candidate for governor of our State who in twenty years has been defeated."

Speech Makes Fish Famous.

In a sense, the speech made Hamilton Fish famous. Insurgency was confessed. Before Fish came to Congress, by the counsel of Col. Roosevelt himself, then President, he was an Assistant Treasurer of the United States, with an office in Wall street, immediately opposite J. Pierpont Morgan's bank. Thus, environmentally, at least, he was supposed to be in fellowship with the octopus. Besides, his brother Stuyvesant was once president of the Illinois Central Railroad. Insurgency, therefore, in the case of Fish, transferred itself from the West, its reputed habitat and stronghold, and took firm root in the East, not in humility and poverty, as witness La Follette, Cummins, Norris, and Murdock, but in pride and among the precincts of the very rich.

As a family, the Fishes have been ardent in their friendships and helpful to their country. The word aristocratic is offensive in a republic, but the Fishes, after they ceased to be colonial farmers, may be so described. Hamilton Fish, father of the present insurgent, put his crest, a dolphin and a griffin, on his silverware, writing paper, and carriage door. He was Grant's Secretary of State for eight years, and with Grant brought upon Charles Sumner the greatest humiliation of his life, and thus fastened in history an unhappy incident that will always be read with displeasure. The Fish fidelity to friendships and the Fish austerity of character are plain to be seen in the event. Son and namesake, seemingly, has inherited some of the qualities of the father.

Grant Misunderstood Him.

Having prepared a treaty annexing San Domingo, then on the edge of another revolution, Grant called at Sumner's house one evening. Sumner was chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Pressed for an answer to a pretty direct question, he is said to have replied: "I am an administration man, and whatever you do, Mr. President, will always find in me the most careful and candid consideration." Grant misunderstood the cautious answer and accepted it as a pledge of Sumner's favor.

Later, Sumner openly opposed the annexation. John Lothrop Motley, author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and Sumner's friend, was removed soon afterward as Minister to Great Britain. Motley said that Grant and Fish punished him as a rebuke to his distinguished patron, and Fish rejoined by declaring that no man living would look with more scorn and contempt upon Grant "upon one who uses the words and the assurance of friendship to cover a secret and determined purpose of hostility." It was obvious to all that Sumner was on the point of his rugged pen.

Sumner Loses Power.

Several nights thereafter Sumner snubbed Fish at dinner. Within three months Sumner was removed as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations and Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, was chosen in his stead. His rupture with Grant and contempt for the Grant public party, and he was never again active in politics, although he was an "insurgent" in 1872 and languidly supported Horace Greeley.

Imperious and, perhaps, ruthless, Fish was aggressively American in his opinions and policies, as well as a brilliant diplomatist. He negotiated the treaty that resulted in the settlement of the Alabama claims, first suggesting, however, that Canada would be satisfactory in lieu of a money payment. In 1889 he prevented the recognition of Cuba as an independent nation and a war with Spain, which would have followed, logically. The war came twenty-nine years later, and Hamilton Fish's grandson, one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, was among the first to fall in Cuba. Predicting that Hawaii would some time belong to this country, Fish withdrew the islands by including them within the operations of the Monroe doctrine. "Hamilton Fish," by the word of Grant himself, "never did anything for effect."

Eminent as the Fishes have been in business, law, statesmanship, and diplo-

macy, Hamilton, who satirized Fassett, says that "a party, like a man, which lives merely on its past, stagnates, and is of little benefit to its or to future generations." Apparently, he is without the sloth and arrogance of birth. Continuing, he observed that "never in the history of the country has there been a time when the ties of party rested more lightly than to-day."

At School in Washington.

So declaring, he looked at me gravely with his cold, gray eyes, and gave his huge, blunt chin a little more of a slant outward. He was born in Albany, while

and wrote the bills that made him first the lieutenant general and then the general of the army. It was understood that Washburn, ambitious to be our Minister to France, desired to be Secretary of State for a brief time that his standing in Paris and other European capitals might be all the more impressive. "Anyway, six days after Grant entered the Presidency he wrote to my father, saying that he had meant to offer you the position of Minister to England," but the ineligibility of A. T. Stewart made the selection of another Cabinet officer from New York necessary, and

therefore, to quote Grant literally, "I have thought it might not be unpleasant for you to accept the portfolio of the State Department." Washburn, the same day, wrote to my father urging him to accept the appointment. There was a conference with my mother, in the library of "Glen Cliffe," and a reluctant submission to the wishes of the President.

"Did you come into personal contact with Gen. Grant?"

"I met him often at our home in Washington. He frequently called in the evening to talk and smoke. My father and he became the closest kind of personal friends, and not only discussed our foreign relations, but every subject then before the country. My father is credited with getting \$15,000,000 from Great Britain for the damages done our shipping by the Alabama, for heading off a premature war with Spain, for extending the Monroe doctrine to Hawaii, and for urging the settlement of international disputes by arbitration, but in my mind his greatest service to the people was the support he gave President Grant in defeating the inflation of our currency, and thereby in hastening the resumption of specie payments."

Paper Money Demanded.

"The country was almost hysterical in its demands for a flood of irredeemable paper money. Congress, yielding to popular opinion, passed a bill greatly to increase the volume of currency. Business men indorsed it and all of the members of the Cabinet but two thought it should receive the prompt and hearty signature of the President. Grant and my father smoked and talked the matter out in the library. The pressure that was brought to bear on the President from all sections and interests cannot be recalled nowadays. He vetoed the bill, nevertheless, and gave his reasons for doing so. His logic was so convincing that Congress made no effort to pass the bill over his veto. In a month or two he wrote a letter that was made public, in which he said: 'I believe it a high and plain duty to return to a specie basis at the earliest practical day, not only in compliance with legislative and party pledges, but as a step indispensable to national financial prosperity.' The famous resumption act of 1875 was passed the following January."

Becomes Secretary of State.

"Your father," I said, "had been out of public life for twelve years, when President Grant asked him to be Secretary of State. What caused Grant to call upon your father?"

"Historians are not entirely agreed concerning the matter. My father, who had been a business man and a lawyer, had retired from politics and was living near the village of Garrison, on the Hudson River, not far from West Point. His home, called 'Glen Cliffe,' now occupied by my brother Stuyvesant, was situated amid 671 acres of forest. When Benedict Arnold fled from West Point, where he had plotted to give control of the Hudson to the British, he passed through Beverly road, which still divides the estate, to a small dock on the river. So far as I know, my father had given up all thought of further political service. I understand that he first met Gen. Grant at West Point—President Johnson and Grant having come there for some social or official purpose. After that Grant visited at our house on several occasions, and my father helped him when he was a candidate for President."

"Grant chose Alexander T. Stewart, the New York merchant, to be Secretary of the Treasury, but the law of 1870 disqualified him because he was 'concerned in carrying on trade and commerce.' John Sherman, of Ohio, attempted to repeal the law, but met the opposition of Charles Sumner, and Stewart's name was withdrawn by the President, who was irritated over the outcome, though he was silent. Elihu B. Washburn, who had gone from Maine to Galena, Ill., to practice law, whence he was sent to Congress for sixteen years, to be known then and afterward as the 'Father of the House' and the 'Watch-dog of the Treasury,' was appointed Secretary of State. He was, in modern phrase, a progressive Republican, for the reason that he preached economy of public expenditures and disapproval of land grants to new railroads."

Extremed Henry Clay.

"He had a wide acquaintance with public men before he entered Grant's Cabinet. Next to Gen. Grant, he esteemed Henry Clay, with whom he served in the House of Representatives. When Clay died my mother went feeling that the Fish family had suffered a personal bereavement. My father accompanied the funeral party from Washington to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Cincinnati, and thence to Lexington, where the body of Clay was buried. Coming home, he expressed disgust and amazement at the quantity of liquors consumed on the

funeral train by Senators and Representatives. "Another of my father's friends was Roscoe Conkling, our families visiting back and forth, and I being his guest when I went to Utica on business or politics. He was imperious and dictatorial, but we never saw that side of his character. However, the people knew he was an honest man, and that many conspicuous persons at the time were not above reproach with respect to accepting favors for their influence or their votes. We were aware that Conkling disapproved of his prospective son-in-law, an excellent young man, of good family and sound education, and now a banker in New York, and gossip had it that Conkling complained because his daughter, an heiress, had been addressed in the first place, Mrs. Conkling looked with favor on the match."

"Oh, yes," Conkling would say, "I see you as an industrious young fellow. A railroad man, I believe; perhaps a brakeman, or something like that."

"Did your grandfather, Nicholas Fish, who fought in the battles of Saratoga, Monmouth, and Yorktown, and was a lieutenant colonel, hand down any recollections of George Washington?" I asked.

Named for Alexander Hamilton.

"Unfortunately he did not. Nor did he leave much personal information about Alexander Hamilton, his most intimate friend, and whose estate he settled after the duel with Aaron Burr. Nicholas Fish was forty-eight years old when my father was born. He called his son Hamilton, in honor of his dead friend, and the name has been perpetuated in the family ever since. His wife, whom he married late in life, was Elizabeth Stuyvesant, daughter of Peter Gerard Stuyvesant, a lawyer and a rich landowner in the city of New York, and from whom my father inherited large holdings of real estate, what was afterward known as the Bowery."

"Were all of the men in the Fish family as tall as you are?" I asked.

"All whom I have seen were more than six feet in height. Our large stature, I think, began with Elizabeth Sackett, the wife of Jonathan Fish, and my great-grandmother. She is described as being of 'heroic mold,' and was so outspoken and patriotic that she was feared and disliked by the Tories, who were then so numerous in New York. The Fishes came to Long Island from Massachusetts, and for three generations were farmers. Jonathan, my great-grandfather, became a merchant in New York. His son Nicholas, the friend of Alexander Hamilton, was a student at Princeton when he enlisted in the Revolutionary army."

Both Families Tall.

"My mother was Julia Kean, a descendant of John Kean, of South Carolina, who fought in the Revolution, was captured, and taken aboard a prison ship. While a Delegate to Congress, he voted against the extension of slavery to the Northwest territory, which is now the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Afterward he was cashier of the United States Bank in Philadelphia. John Kean, one of the present Senators from New Jersey, is a member of the same family. All the Keans were tall men, and so the Fishes got their stature from two directions. I have five sisters and two brothers, and there are five children in my own family."

"How long have you known Theodore Roosevelt?"

"Ever since he was a boy. He was a good student and an earnest and industrious young man, but no one ever supposed that he was destined to become the most popular and the greatest public character in the world. I believe in his policies, and helped him all I could when he was governor of New York and I was a member of the legislature, an honor I held for eleven years. He watched the officeholders and prevented scandals. Grafting began when he left Albany to be Vice President of the United States, and continued until it was exposed by Charles E. Hughes, who comes to the Supreme Court to the immense cost of New York."

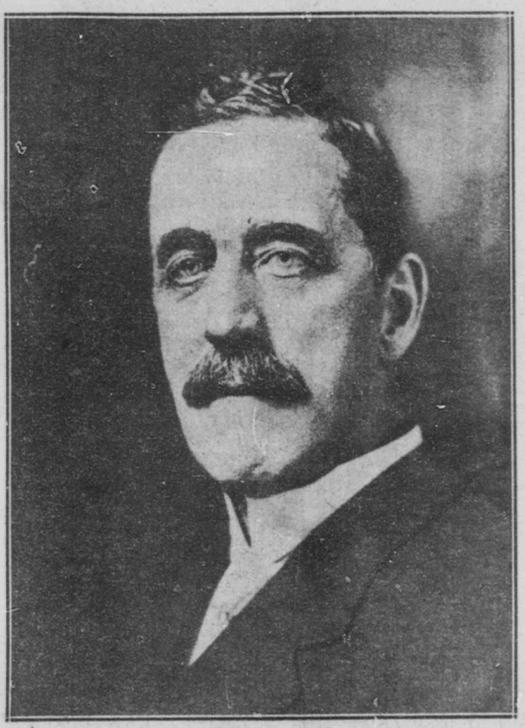
"Yes, Theodore Roosevelt is the greatest man on earth. A foreign ambassador told me that he talked with Emperor William about Col. Roosevelt's recent visit to Germany. The Emperor said he anticipated it with the highest pleasure and interest."

"But," the ambassador asked, "who will do the talking?"

"He will," the Emperor answered quickly. "I shall listen and hardly say a word."

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LOYAL TO ROOSEVELT'S "MY POLICIES."



HAMILTON FISH, Member of Congress from New York.

his father was governor. The elder Fish, Sumner, and Benjamin F. Wade, the renowned anti-slavery leader and the acting Vice President under Andrew Johnson, were sworn in as Senators on the same day. While his father was in Congress, the boy Hamilton went to a private school for young children in Washington. At the expiration of his term in the Senate in 1857, Hamilton Fish traveled in Europe for two years. "Nicholas, my elder brother, and myself," Fish, the insurgent, said to me, "were put to school in Geneva, Switzerland. On my return to New York, I was prepared for college, and in 1859 was graduated from Columbia."

"You then became your father's secretary," I said.

"Yes; at the time when he was a member of Gen. Grant's cabinet. I remained in Washington for two years and then went to New York and studied law, being admitted to the bar when I was twenty-four years old. I should have practiced my profession and led politics alone, in which event I would have made money and not spent it. Nicholas, my brother, took up a diplomatic career and became our Minister to Belgium and Switzerland. My younger brother, Stuyvesant, on being graduated from college, entered the firm of Morton, Bliss & Co., the New York bankers. He arose to the presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad, from a clerkship in the Chicago office."

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MUST GROW MUSTACHES

Absence in British Army Attributed to American Feminine Influence—Royal Preference as to Hirsute Adornment.

King George's recent visit to Aldershot has been followed by the issue of a general order, reminding officers that they are forbidden by the army regulations to shave the upper lip. These rules have been more honored in the breach than in the observance, a fact which is ascribed to the all-powerful influence of the daughters of Uncle Sam.

Edward VII entertained very strong views on the subject, to which on several occasions he gave expression, and those who know King George best will not be in any way surprised if he takes advantage of some of the first leaves at St. James' Palace either to bar the clean-shaven officers of the army from his presence, or if he does receive them, to manifest his disapproval of their disregard of his wishes and of the military regulations. How much importance Queen Victoria attached to the operations of the razor on the faces of the officers of her army is shown by the letters which she wrote to the late Hugh Childers, when he was secretary of state for war, laying down her views in the matter, and which are published in his "Life."

They are very characteristic missives, and emphasize the fact that while there shall be no shaving of the upper lip full beards are strictly prohibited.

At the present moment, indeed, King George himself is the only officer on the active list of the British army who wears a full beard. If he thus himself defies the military regulations for which he exacts obedience from others, it is because, in addition to being the chief ranking officer of the army, he is likewise the head of the navy, and its admiral in chief, and among officers of the navy the wearing of mustaches is strictly prohibited, excepting with a full beard, while clean-shaven faces are allowed. Indeed, the only mustached officers of the royal navy were those foreign sovereigns who have received commissions as admirals, namely, Emperor William, the King of Denmark, the King of Greece, and the King of Norway.

Mustaches were worn by the British cavalry at the beginning of the last century, and Rawdon Crawley, when in Brussels, in the fateful days immediately preceding Waterloo, was very emphatic in his injunction to George Osborne to make Josh Sedley cut off his mustache, indignantly inquiring, "What the devil does a civilian mean with a mustache?" The Horse Artillery followed next. But it was not until about fifty years ago that mustaches were adopted by the infantry and by the British army generally.

Emperor William, who has patterned his navy in so many respects to that of Great Britain, is very strict in forbidding the officers of his fleet to wear a mustache alone, ordering them to wear full beards if they wish to retain the hair on their upper lip; otherwise to shave their faces clean or to restrict themselves to small side whiskers.

The Emperor felt himself obliged to issue this edict, owing to the fact that many of his naval officers had until then considered it necessary to pattern themselves on their sovereign, in spite of the difficulty which, owing to sea mists, they experienced, in preserving, even with the

aid of cosmetics and the curling tongs, the upward twist of the mustache which he affects. Moreover, a cavalry mustache on a sailor looks distinctly unseamanlike and carries with it a suggestion of the Horse Marines.

There is probably no sovereign in Europe who has devoted so much attention to this question of mustaches and hair on the face in general as the Kaiser during the twenty-two years that he has been upon the throne. He has worn his mustache in every conceivable way—curled upward, curled downward, long and close cropped, curly and waxy straight, ends fan-shaped, and ends pointed, while for a brief time he wore a beard, which the Empress, however, forced him to shave off, much to the relief of his subjects, as its scrubby condition did not improve his majesty's appearance.

It is a peculiar coincidence that each change in the fashion of the Kaiser's hirsute adornments coincided with a change in his politics; and this not unnaturally suggests the fact that the hair on the face affords to a far greater degree than people are willing to suppose, an indication of character. Were it not for the shaven chin, which shows determination, and for the voluminous side-whiskers, which indicate Old World courtliness, it would be difficult to read correctly the character of Emperor Francis Joseph. His mustache, though thick and soldierly, droops at the ends in a rather dejected manner, conveying what is perfectly true—namely, that the life of the wearer, who celebrates his eightieth birthday on Thursday next, has been saddened by many sorrows and tragedies.

The most extraordinary mustaches that I have ever seen, in point of size and volume, were those of the late King Victor Emmanuel, to whom I was first presented at Florence in the late fall of 1870. They were so long that he used frequently to immerse himself by tying the extremities in a knot at the back of his neck, and they served to accentuate a general appearance of fierceness that was belied by the twinkle of a pair of very kindly eyes, that contributed in no small degree to redeem an otherwise appallingly ugly face.

Few people are aware that these wonderful mustaches were not black or brown, but extremely fair. On the morning of the battle of Novara he came to the conclusion that his locks were not imbued with a sufficient amount of military ferocity. From that day forth his hair and mustache became dark, the artificial being revealed by the brown spots on his chin, the result of an unskillful application of the dye, which used to be prepared by his morganatic wife, the vulgar and incredibly coarse Rosina Verellana, whom he created Countess of Mirafiori.

Hating, as he did, both barbers and wafers, he often presented a comical sight when he had been away from Rosina and from his hair dye for a week or two.

The hairiest monarch that has ever occupied a European throne was undoubtedly the ill-fated Alexander of

even though the Klondike. And after a dozen years there comes the recent romantic corroboration.

The fact is not generally known, perhaps, that it was the discovery of gold in California in 1847 which led to the discovery in Australia. Within four years the annual output from the fields of California reached £12,000,000, and it was a Mr. Hargreaves, who went as a miner to California, who first discovered gold in Australia. He was struck by the resemblance of the rocks near his home in Australia to the gold-bearing rocks of California. He systematically searched for signs of gold, and on February 12, 1851, he found some of the precious metal for the first time.

The excitement created by the discovery was intense. Towns grew up as if by magic. Even police left their employment to try their luck at the diggings, while sailors deserted from their ships as soon as they arrived at a port near the fields. Men flocked in thousands to Ballarat and Bathurst, and it was at these places where the world's biggest nuggets were found.

Fifty miles north of Bathurst three quartz blocks containing 115 pounds of pure gold were discovered, and the famous "Victoria nugget," a single mass of virgin gold weighing 340 ounces, was brought from Bendigo. But the largest nugget of all was that christened the "Welcome." This was found at Ballarat on June 4, 1858, weighed 2,315 ounces, and was valued at over £9,582. Within ten years gold to the enormous value of £28,000,000 had been brought to England from the two colonies of Victoria and New South Wales.

There are still more chances, however, for prospectors, like Croesus, the first really rich man known to fame, who is said to have discovered a little gold mine of his own, to find one for themselves; for, according to authorities, the world contains several unworked gold fields quite as rich as any yet discovered. Parts of Siberia are alleged to be richer in gold than the Klondike, while Sir Martin Conway said some time ago that along the eastern slope of the Andes run many rivers rich in gold.

Perhaps, however, in these days of oil booms, it would be more profitable to search for oil rather than gold. For, after all, it must be borne in mind that it was oil, and not gold, which made the world's richest man—John D. Rockefeller, master of many millions.

One as Good as Another.

From the Boston Transcript.

Professor (returning home from visit)—Aha! Your absent-minded husband didn't forget to bring home his umbrella this time, did he?

His Wife—But, Henry, when you left home you didn't take an umbrella.

Some Famous Gold Rushes

Stampedes of Prospectors to Rich Mines All Over the World.

From The-Bits.

"Stewart went mad. Walters dropped their trays, workmen their tools, drivers their reins, and stampeded."

This a daily paper, in its description of the excitement created in Stewart, B. C., when the report came that seventeen miles distant, at a place called Bitter Creek, a great discovery of gold had been made. It is the old, old story of human avarice and greed. Reason disappears when the gold fever seizes on man.

Two years ago three mining prospectors tried their luck in the Nevada hills, 200 miles northeast of San Francisco, where they discovered a large deposit of gold. They told some acquaintances at the nearest town, whereupon 200 railroad laborers dropped their tools and began the mad rush for gold. The news spread like wildfire, and in a few weeks the camp of the three prospectors, which had been named Rawhide, had a population of 10,000 persons, and miners were arriving at the rate of 200 a day. Lots were sold at anything from £1,000 to £25,000, while some mining magnates purchased one claim, which had been staked out by a syndicate of twenty miners and had made a phenomenal yield, for £100,000.

The story of Klondike is even more amazing. The first find of gold of any importance was made in 1857—not by gold prospectors, but by a fisherman—at the junction of the Klondike and Yukon rivers. Immediately the news of the rich deposits of gold which were to be found got abroad there was a mad rush, not only from all parts of America, but also from Europe. Soon 20,000 persons were on their way to the diggings, many destined never to return; for some 500 miles of the roughest Alaska country had to be traversed and the route was literally paved with the bones of those who had joined in the mad rush without stopping to consider the difficulties the journey presented.

Hundreds deserted their wives, while clerks, merchants, doctors, and lawyers sold all they possessed to pay their way to the Klondike. But where one impractical man succeeded in enriching himself, scores of American professional miners came away worth hundreds of thousands. In spite of the warnings issued, however, and the fact that it needed a capital of something like £200 to get from England to the Klondike, hundreds of people went from this country only to return wrecked in health and pocket.

It is a curious fact that when Mr. Harry de Windt, the well-known explorer, returned from the Klondike in 1857, he said, during the course of an interview published in the Strand magazine, that the Stewart region was richer

than the Klondike.

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Two years ago three mining prospectors tried their luck in the Nevada hills, 200 miles northeast of San Francisco, where they discovered a large deposit of gold. They told some acquaintances at the nearest town, whereupon 200 railroad laborers dropped their tools and began the mad rush for gold. The news spread like wildfire, and in a few weeks the camp of the three prospectors, which had been named Rawhide, had a population of 10,000 persons, and miners were arriving at the rate of 200 a day. Lots were sold at anything from £1,000 to £25,000, while some mining magnates purchased one claim, which had been staked out by a syndicate of twenty miners and had made a phenomenal yield, for £100,000.

The story of Klondike is even more amazing. The first find of gold of any importance was made in 1857—not by gold prospectors, but by a fisherman—at the junction of the Klondike and Yukon rivers. Immediately the news of the rich deposits of gold which were to be found got abroad there was a mad rush, not only from all parts of America, but also from Europe. Soon 20,000 persons were on their way to the diggings, many destined never to return; for some 500 miles of the roughest Alaska country had to be traversed and the route was literally paved with the bones of those who had joined in the mad rush without stopping to consider the difficulties the journey presented.

Hundreds deserted their wives, while clerks, merchants, doctors, and lawyers sold all they possessed to pay their way to the Klondike. But where one impractical man succeeded in enriching himself, scores of American professional miners came away worth hundreds of thousands. In spite of the warnings issued, however, and the fact that it needed a capital of something like £200 to get from England to the Klondike, hundreds of people went from this country only to return wrecked in health and pocket.

It is a curious fact that when Mr. Harry de Windt, the well-known explorer, returned from the Klondike in 1857, he said, during the course of an interview published in the Strand magazine, that the Stewart region was richer

than the Klondike.

Some Famous Gold Rushes

Stampedes of Prospectors to Rich Mines All Over the World.

From The-Bits.

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