

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1900.

## Plenty of Gold in the Nome Fields.

In the rush to get out, which has almost exceeded the rush of miners to get in last spring, there are a number of men of ability and judgment who will do much to enlighten people in the United States and Canada this winter regarding the true value and prospects of the gold fields of western Alaska. Among these is Dr. Cabell Whitehead, who sailed on the Ohio last week. Dr. Whitehead left the office of Chief Assayer of the United States Mint in Washington last spring to go to Nome as general manager of one of the Nome banks. He also had a commission to make a report on the gold prospects to the director of the mint. In the course of his business as a banker and an assayer of ores and bullions and in the fulfilment of his mission for the government, he examined many mining properties in the Nome district and reliable reports concerning districts remote from this place. He has been in placer gold camps in several parts of the United States and his opinions are those of an expert and a practical man.

In discussing the prospects in western Alaska just before leaving for Washington Dr. Whitehead said:

"I have had four months and a half in which to examine this subject to my own satisfaction, and I have come to the conclusion that the mining region of the Seward Peninsula, which includes all of western Alaska north of Norton Sound, contains the richest placer deposits of gold of any that have been discovered since the days of '49 in California. After having made this positive statement I may qualify it to the extent of saying that the Klondike region may possibly exceed this region in outputs of precious metals during the next decade, but I do not believe it will.

"For convenience of discussion we may divide the gold mining operations in this district into four particular classes—beach, sea-dredging, creek and tundra. Everybody knows what a failure beach mining was here this year; it was the inevitable result of the operations that were carried on last year by thousands of men who, while working with rockers, used, after all, the most suitable apparatus for that kind of mining, and succeeded in exhausting the supply of gold in that area. When hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of machinery was landed here last spring it was easy to see that the plans of the owners would fail, for it was apparent that the beach sands were no longer rich enough to afford a profit over the expenses.

"It is not necessary to discuss the absurd schemes that were conceived for getting gold off the sea bottom by means of dredges. So far as I can learn no one has ever shown that there is any gold in the sands which lie under the Behring sea, and if the gold were really there the task of saving it would be a difficult one. None of the dredges brought here this year at an expense of thousands and thousands of dollars would have accomplished the purpose, even if the sea bottom had been lined with gold. Any seafaring man acquainted with weather in Behring sea will tell you why.

"The attempts that have been made to get gold out of the tundra, the thick, heavy marsh which extends from the seashore to the foothills four or five miles back in the interior, have failed for a good reason. There is not, so far as any one has been able to discover, enough gold in the tundra to pay the expenses of operating machinery. While it is quite true that good colors have been found in some parts of this tundra land, there is absolutely no hope at the present time that any means can be devised for saving it economically.

"The hope of this mining region is, therefore, first in the creeks and, second, in the ancient creek and river beds. Responsible persons who had seen a good deal of mining, predicted long ago that this would be the case, and refused to believe that any marvellous deposits of gold would be found in the beach sands or on the bottom of the sea. The question concerning the creeks in western Alaska is as to how many of them are rich in gold. We know that a number of them are. Next year will determine more fully the value of the region, and I expect to hear of new and

rich strikes not only next year, but for the next decade.

"Up to the very last of July of this year, the prospects in this region was discouraging in some respects. The dry weather, stopping the water supply on several creeks where mining operations had been begun, caused a rather blue feeling in the camp. No new strike of importance had been made except the one at Topkuk, which was before the opening of navigation in the spring. That was well enough, but the area of the new discovery was limited. In August we heard the news of the new strike in the region around Port Clarence, commonly referred to as the Bluestone. Then there were good reports, though far less sensational, from the Casadeopgra region and from the Koungrok. These reports were enough to indicate that time and diligent prospecting was bound to develop resources in gold greater, perhaps, than any conservative person had dreamed of.

"With the coming of rain, the gold output increased, until it was apparent toward the last of September that the total production in this part of Alaska for the season would reach not less than \$5,000,000. Now this seems small to persons who cannot think of a rich gold mining region without expecting to see every miner and prospector and merchant make an independent fortune in one year. But to me it seems to be a very good record, considering certain adverse conditions. These conditions were the misdirected efforts on the beach and in sea dredging, the presence in the country of thousands of irresponsible persons instead of a lot of good prospectors, and, lastly, the unfortunate litigation regarding ownership of claims, deterring the development of many promising properties. I believe that this last adverse condition will be removed to a large extent next year, although there are many disputes which will not be settled for the next two years, probably. As soon as the ostensible owners or the purchasers of claims can proceed to develop their properties without fear that they will be disturbed by jumpers or that they will be ruled out by the courts, industry on the creeks will be encouraged, and the gold fields in this part of Alaska will begin to show for what they are worth.

"I do not feel justified in making any prediction as to the gold output here next year, but no one who has examined mining properties in this region and who has become acquainted with the plans of many responsible men who have not yet begun to operate, need hesitate to say that the production will be far greater next season than it has been this season. It will perhaps be \$10,000,000. The output in the Klondike region has been unofficially estimated this year at approximately \$20,000,000. I will not say that the western Alaska mines will produce as much as this next year, but if they fail to reach this mark it will not prove that this territory is not as rich as the Klondike. It is to be remembered that the Klondike diggings were opened up three years ago, and some gold was brought out from there four years ago. It is a problem what the western Alaska fields will produce in the fourth year after discovery of gold in the region. It will not be fair to make a comparison of Nome and the Klondike until 1902.

"When you think of the great geographical extent of this western part of Alaska, you can easily imagine marvellous developments in gold mining for the next few years. After all, there has been very little prospecting, when you consider the size of the territory to be examined. We are in the habit of speaking of localities here as if they were nearby, when in reality they are a hundred miles apart, and the means of communication slow and laborious. Gold has been discovered all over the whole territory of Alaska and during the last season strikes of more or less importance have been made as far south as Golovin Bay and farther, and as far north almost, as Point Barrow. It must necessarily be a long time before all the intermediate territory in this vast region is prospected. It is sometimes easy to prove that there is gold in a certain locality, but it sometimes

involves a large amount of prospecting to show beyond dispute that a certain other locality does not contain gold. The history of some of the richest claims in the Klondike shows that it is never safe to give up a promising looking piece of ground until prospect holes have been sunk in at least a dozen places. Men have made large sums of money in the Klondike in more than one instance by pluckily prospecting a claim that had been given up by others and was being made the laughing stock of the camp.

"I have been asked many times as to the chances for investments in the Nome region. As I have nothing to sell I can answer this question freely. Investors who will place their money in ventures known to be safe, and who are willing next year to take the chances of some serious disputes over properties can make large profits on their investments. No one can say how numerous these opportunities will be; the number will depend on the development of the unexplored region. I do not believe very large single investments are warranted. Investors who have lost money in this region this year (I mean those who have lost it by investment in creek mining claims) probably have themselves to blame in nine cases out of every ten. Probably they bought claims that were described to them by persons who might or might not be responsible—bought them at long distance so to speak, that is without examining the properties themselves either personally or through a trusted agent. The basis of confidence was credulity and the hope of large returns for their money rested on general descriptions which they had heard regarding the country's richness. The same rules hold good in connection with investments here as obtain elsewhere—they must be conducted on business principles.

"There has been a great deal of discussion as to the original source of the gold deposits in western Alaska. Of course, I have ideas on this subject, although I have not made the exclusive study of it that some members of the Geological Survey have been doing. It is absurd to suppose that the gold was washed up from the sea, as some would have us believe. On the other hand, I do not believe that there is any gold quartz in this whole region worth speaking of. But these placer deposits of gold certainly came from the quartz originally, and they have accumulated in the beds of streams—some of them now active and some of them extinct or flowing in new channels. We know that some of the present creeks are rich in gold, and we know that some of the old creek beds are rich also. It is a question whether a large number of the old creek beds have been so eroded as to have removed the deposits of gold to other localities. The next season will explain this and other things, but I have no doubts whatever that the explanation will be satisfying to persons who hope to realize large profits next year in creek and bench claims."

### "Mark All Your Baggage."

"Mark all your baggage," that is the injunction of every man in any way connected with the baggage department of railroads. It means so little to the passenger and yet its fulfilment would relieve much care on the part of the little army of men who toil hard from one end of the day to the other, and in hundreds of instances assist very materially in facilitating matters when it comes to making close connections, as is often the case in these days of railroading.

A man who has made the handling of baggage a study, said:

"Why is it so many people do not have some initial, name or other identifying mark put on their trunks and valises? Simply because they have the greatest of faith in the railway baggage men. That is a compliment, but if they had any idea how greatly this would assist us in preventing baggage going astray they might all possibly be induced to have some mark on their baggage.

"Telescopes, dress suit cases and trunks in these days nearly all look alike to the baggage clerks and handlers, and, it may be said, also to the owners. Hundreds of instances could be cited of where two and often as many as five persons claimed the same piece of baggage before the checks were put on. This generally results in a search through the boxes, which is an annoying procedure to the men as well as to the passenger. My advice is: Mark your baggage."

## The Story of a White Slave.

According to the story of John Milton Clarke, who was formerly a messenger in the United States Sub-Treasury in Boston and is now critically ill at his home in Cambridge, he and his brother and sister were the originals of characters in Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Mr. Clarke sent last week to all the Boston newspapers by a constable the following singular document:

Know all men by these presents that I, J. Milton Clarke of Cambridge, in the county of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, late messenger in the United States Sub-Treasury at Boston fearing that certain matters, stories and so called anecdotes, supposed to be connected with the early history of my life, may be published after my death and thereby cause annoyance and embarrassment to my children and relatives, do hereby prohibit the printing and publishing of any such stories, so-called anecdotes, of anything relating to my life, except such facts as may be given out by my family after my death.

This is done in justice to my relatives and family because such stories and anecdotes are overdrawn and misleading.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal.

J. MILTON (X) CLARKE, mark

Witnesses:

Margaret Leamy, Isabel Clarke.

Middlesex, ss.: Cambridge, Nov. 27, 1900.

Then personally appeared the above-named J. Milton Clarke and made oath that the above is his free act and deed.

Before me,

HERMAN BIRD, Justice of the Peace.

About five years ago Mr. Clarke was interviewed by a reporter, to whom he told the story of his life. According to this story he was held as a slave long before the civil war, but had not the slightest trace of negro blood in his veins. Clarke's story is set down as follows:

"If my brother and I had not been born 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' would never have been written. I'll tell you why that is so, because we told the story to Mrs. Stowe. It is the story of our own lives.

"My brother, Lewis Clarke, is the Geo. Harris of the novel, and his sister, who was sold in the public slave market of New Orleans, was our own sister. Uncle Tom was a slave named Sam Pete that my brother saw whipped to death down in Madison county, Ky., and my brother buried him. My own mistress, who helped me get my freedom, was Eva, so you see Mrs. Stowe's character's were given her.

"What did she know about slavery? She wrote down what we told her and first sent it to the National Era, which was published in Washington. They asked her to have the story continued, but she could not do it until she got me and my brother again. My brother was the one she pumped usually because he lived most of the time at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. Sanford in Cambridge. Mrs. Stowe gave us nothing, not a dollar. She was very close with money. The only thing I ever received from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was an illustrated copy of the book which Mr. Miffin, the publisher, gave me a few years ago. But we did not want anything for the help we gave her; we were glad that it was to be put into a book that would help to free slaves.

"I believe that I was born for a purpose to work out some good for humanity and so I am satisfied. I was a runaway slave; so was my brother."

"But aren't you a white man?" was asked of him, for the old man's complexion though sallow, had no tinge of African color, and the fringe of his hair protruding from under his cap was brown where it had not turned to white.

"There is not one drop of negro blood in me so far as I can ascertain," was the reply, "but that's where the story comes in; I was a white slave. I wasn't born a slave, and I said when I was a boy that I would never be a slave if I could help it. I was born to enjoy the freedom that my father bought for us as a soldier in the Revolutionary War."

Mr. Clarke said that his grandfather was Samuel Campbell, who emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky when that territory was first settled. Then he married his second wife, a wealthy plantation owner, whose estate he went to superintend. Mr. Clarke's father was a Scotch Irishman who was a soldier in the American Revolution, was mustered out at Yorktown

at the end of the war and then made his way to Kentucky. The elder Clarke was an old man when he married the daughter of Samuel Cambell.

Mr. Clarke was born in 1820. A year after Grandfather Campbell died. Mr. Clarke's mother, his brother and sister and he himself were declared slaves by the Campbell relatives, who, he says, set up as a pretext that his mother was born a slave in Virginia. The family was then parcelled out and sold as slaves. Mr. Clarke was then 5 years old. He at first lived with Joseph Logan, an uncle of Gen. Logan. But when the latter died, he was first mortgaged and then sold with his brother and sister. His sister was taken to New Orleans and sold in the public slave market of that city, just as narrated in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Clarke says he owes his escape to his pretty young mistress, who was 18 years of age and who was the Eva of the novel.

His mistress had just returned from Cincinnati, where she was attending school and where she imbibed abolition ideas. She took pity on the white boy, who was her slave servant. She sent the young man to Cincinnati with a letter to Salmon P. Chase, who was a judge in that city at that time. Mr. Chase assisted Clark in many ways, and through his influence Clarke got a chance to speak in public and tell his life's story. Mr. Clarke says that people flocked to the city from all over Ohio to see the white slave, as he was called. They told him he should never go back to slavery.

Judge Chase sent the young man to school at Oberlin. On the way he stopped at Springfield and was entertained at the house of the father of the late John Sherman. Clarke was in the company of some delegates on their way to a convention to nominate a Whig Governor at Columbus. Young John Sherman asked his father who "that young fellow" was, referring to Clarke. The father did not want to tell his son that the boy was a slave, so he said that he was one of the Kentucky delegates. John Sherman said he was willing to sit at the table with the delegate from Kentucky.

From Oberlin, Clarke went to Buffalo, where he met Mr. Fillmore, afterward President of the United States. The latter gave him a letter to William H. Seward, then governor of New York. Everywhere he went he told his story and great interest was manifested in his case. He was well received in New York city and met John Jacob Astor, and when he went to Utica he met Roscoe Conkling, who was then a young college student. As it was thought slave hunters were upon his track, Clarke was advised to go to Boston. This he did in 1843, accompanied by his brother Lewis. The latter went to live with Mr. Sanford in Cambridge. Mr. Sanford had married a daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher and in that way Mrs. Stowe became acquainted with the history of these remarkable men.

Mr. Clarke and his brother dictated a book of their own, which the Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, a brother of the martyr of Alton, Ill., wrote in the 40s. Some 150,000 copies of this book were disposed of and the young men made some money out of it. Mr. Clarke has a copy of it still. When he arrived in Boston, he lectured on slavery and once spoke before the Massachusetts legislature. Mr. Clarke's brother Lewis, the George Harris of the book, died recently at Lexington, Ky. The latter was supported mainly in his old age by his brother, John Milton Clarke.

Mr. Clarke has a war record. He enlisted in the Fourth Massachusetts in 1862 and went to the front in Burnside's brigade and was in the battle of the Roanoke.

### Only Felices Left.

"You sent a collector to me this morning," said the burly visitor.

"Ah, yes! That little bill you owe," replied the instalment man. "Well?"

"Well, you'd better send another up to my house."

"What for?"

"To collect the first one."

The number of ladies who buy Magnetic Dyes all over Canada surprises even ourselves,—of course they give splendid results.