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NAPIER'S NUGGET.

Story of the Great Find Made
by the Late Samuel
Napier

IN AUSTRALIA DURING THE EARLY FIFTIES.

The Largest Lump of Gold in the
World

AND YIELDED 10,000 SOVEREIGNS

Ottawa despatches report that Samuel Napier, formerly a member of the New Brunswick Legislature, was found dead in a camp several hundred miles in the woods in the Gatinneau region. He lived there alone as representative of the lumber company, and was last seen alive in June. Last week his body was found, greatly decomposed and partly eaten by his dog, which was his only companion. It is not known how long he had been dead. The body has been taken to New Brunswick for interment.

Samuel Napier, although at one time a representative of Gloucester in the Local Legislature, his home being in Bathurst, where he was in business, was best known to the world as the man who found the largest nugget ever found in Australia. The story as told by a newspaper writer as follows, some years ago, is full of interest.

It was in 1852 that the great discoveries of gold in Australia stirred the whole civilized world. Stories of fortunes grew to be commonplace, and it was generally taken for granted that if a man could but make his way to the Antipodes he would come back rich. Many a poor fellow learned to his sorrow that such was not the case. At that time, however, Samuel Hawkins Napier was the purser on board a clipper sailing ship between Liverpool and Melbourne, and while he saw men flocking to the diggings and returning with bags of gold, he was not turned

AWAY FROM HIS OCEAN VOYAGES.

Back and forth he sailed, making two and sometimes three trips in the year—for the journey was long and sometimes were practically unknown in those days. In 1857 he was induced to leave his ship and join his brother Charles on the gold field at Kingover. They staked out a thirty-six feet square claim, took out a miner's right, and began sinking their shafts. They had met with but indifferent luck until the 14th of August, which is pretty much the Australian mid-winter when the surprising event occurred which forms the basis of this story. It had better be told in Napier's words, just as he gave them to me a day or two ago.

"We had got down to the pipe clay bottom," said he, "which marked the bed of an extinct river, and was the chief characteristic of all alluvial diggings in Australia, when my pick struck something hard. I knew at once that it was not a boulder, there was not the same ring to it. It struck dead. Scraping away the dirt I caught sight of the bright yellow color of pure gold. I knew at once that it was a nugget, but its size I could not tell. This was about 10 o'clock in the morning. My brother was working in another part of the claim, and I immediately called to him to come. My first thought was that someone would come along and see that we were digging out a nugget; so we tried to keep it partly covered while we dug away with pick and shovel."

"Weren't you excited?" I asked. "Excitedly?" said Napier, interrogatively, "I cannot describe to you how excited I was, especially when the nugget was at last got free. It was all I could do to lift it and I saw that it was solid, pure gold. It was two feet four inches long, by ten inches wide, and from 1½ to 3¼ inches thick. It weighed exactly 146 pounds, four ounces and three penny-weights, and was actually the largest and finest nugget of pure gold ever found anywhere in the world. One or two others were found that weighed as much but they were not solid, nor pure gold."

"You knew that it was of great value?" I inquired in a speculative way.

"Certainly; I knew it was a fortune, and the very knowledge that it was enormously valuable made us afraid that someone would discover what we had found and seek to rob us. The first thing

we did was to cover it over with loose dirt, and then we sat down to plan how we would get it out so as to prevent anyone knowing it. We discussed scheme after scheme, until we worked ourselves into a great anxiety. How could we get that nugget out without someone seeing it? Had we only unearthed a fortune to find ourselves in danger of losing it?"

The Napiers now realized that sunshine and shadow move swiftly after each other. How could they keep from being robbed of the nugget they had found but a few minutes before? What if tomorrow should find them poor again? The perspiration poured from their faces in the agony of fear this thought produced. Like all rich men, they began to mistrust everybody and everything. Some shadowy spectre was ever running away with their nugget. But something had to be done quickly, no matter how great the risk. Necessity is always the motherhood of invention.

"At last we hit upon a plan," continued Napier. "We remembered that we had loaned a tub to a tailor in the mining camp. We would go down to the place and get the tub on a wheelbarrow, and as we passed the hole where the nugget lay we would place it in the tub. We arranged the whole plan very carefully. We were to take turns in wheeling, and if anyone spoke to us one was to stop and talk while the other wheeled on. The scheme worked well, and just about dark we landed the nugget in our tent. We threw it under one of the low beds, and sat down to wait for midnight. Early in the night we put out the light and pretended to go to bed. It seemed to us that twelve o'clock would never come; but at last all lights were out and not a soul stirred in the camp. Now was our time to put our nugget in a place of safety."

"With pick and shovel we began to dig right in the centre of our tent. We worked hard and in the course of a few hours we had a hole six feet deep. Into that we laid the nugget, and filled in the earth with great care, so as not to leave a trace of our work. Then we felt safe. No one had seen the nugget but ourselves and it was now buried six feet out of sight. No one could get it without great trouble."

"But a nugget buried in the ground was no use to us. We must get it to Melbourne. That was our next problem. There was plenty of time to organize a plan, and besides there might be other nuggets in our claim. We must see about that. For a time we watched the tent, but after a while went to work every day and left the tent open. We thought it was the best way to prevent suspicion, and it worked all right. No one in the camp knew of the nugget and our fortune and lives depended on the secret being kept well."

"For three months the nugget lay buried in the ground and at the end of the period we had washed out our claim. We found a number of nuggets in the same hole, one of which weighed eight pounds. But the big nugget was all we actually got out of the claim: for after paying up all our scores we had only a thousand dollars left from the washings. Supplies were enormously dear. Then we arranged to quit the diggings and go to Melbourne, which meant a long ride. Armed with only a shotgun and a revolver, we started in a one horse cart, and in due time, without delay or suspicion on the part of others that we had a prize, we reached Melbourne. Next day we deposited the nugget in the bank, and our fears were at an end. The news spread like wildfire, and thousands rushed to the Kingover gold fields. While in Melbourne we named the nugget the 'Blanche Barclay,' after the beautiful daughter of the governor, and by that name the model in the British Museum is known. The bank gave us an insurance of \$50,000 for the safe delivery of the nugget in London, and at the end of August we sailed for England."

"When we arrived in England we were made the lions of London. The papers wrote up the story of the great nugget and told who we were. I was born on the Bay of Chaleur, so that I was recognized everywhere as a Canadian. The Queen sent for us and we dined at Buckingham Palace. We drove down from the Bank of England under heavy escort taking the nugget with us. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort received us most graciously, and the Prince of Wales, who was a lad of fifteen, showed a very deep interest in the nugget. I do not wonder at that for it was the prettiest sight one could see. It was 23.7 carats fine or as near absolutely pure gold as it is possible to get. Of course the young Prince could not lift it."

"Then the nugget was put on exhibition at Crystal Palace, for which privilege we were paid \$250 a week. We lived at a swell hotel on the Surrey side and had a great time. This lasted for three months, during which time Sir Frederick Murchison had a cast made of the nugget for the British Museum. The work was so perfectly done by an Italian that you couldn't tell one from the other until you lifted them. He also gave me a duplicate."

"Finally we sold the nugget for \$60,000. It was not worth more than \$50,000 intrinsically, but being the largest and finest gold nugget ever found we got \$10,000 more than its real value. After a time it passed into the possession of the Bank of England, the intention being to keep it for the British Museum; about that time a new general manager or new directorate, came in, and to the surprise and regret of everyone the nugget was one day melted down and turned into money. It yielded about ten thousand sovereigns. And that was the end of the nugget."

They Father Consumption.

Bad coughs, colds and catarrh are responsible for more consumption than is traceable even to heredity. Catarrh cures more quickly than ordinary remedies because it is the only antiseptic yet discovered that is volatile enough to reach the very root of the trouble in remote parts of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and impregnate every particle of the air breathed with its healing germ-killing vapor. Colds can't last ten minutes or coughs more than thirty minutes when Catarrh is inhaled. It clears nose, throat and air passages at once, stops drooping, headache and eradicates catarrh from any part of the system. Two months' treatment, \$1.50; trial size 25c. Druggists, or Polson & Co., Kingston Ont. Dr. Hamilton's Pills Are Mild.

THE WESTERN CROPS.

Winnipeg, Aug. 18.—Sunday night's rain was unusually heavy throughout Manitoba, and today was cloudy, although no rain fell. Predictions for tomorrow indicate fair temperature. Some hail fell on Portage Plains and Nings. The grain being unusually heavy was knocked down in the districts affected, and there may be some difficulty in harvesting. The general effect is not serious. Had it not been for the wet weather many binders would have started work today.

Lethbridge—The recent warm weather is rapidly ripening the grain. Already some barley has been cut in this immediate vicinity, but the harvest of that cereal will be in full swing next week. Fair estimates place the yield at forty bushels to the acre.

Edmonton—The finest of ripening weather has been enjoyed for the past three days. Wheat and oats on high land, or crops that are not too heavy, are turning nicely. Some people expect to cut wheat and oats in a week. Most of the heavy crops, both of wheat and oats, will be later than that. As the harvest approaches and the weather improves there is an increase of confidence, and binders and twines are going out rapidly. The general impression is that the sample will be good and the yield large in proportion to the straw. There never was a better season for filling the grain.

Sydney—Harvesters are scarce in this district. One hundred men will be required in Sydney and vicinity. Wheat cutting commenced on the 12th inst., and will be general in a few days. From present appearance and with this fine weather, the yield will be in advance of last year, and a much finer sample.

The Critical Time of Life

Is between the age of fifty-seven and sixty-two years. Nature's powers slows down, vitality becomes less and the progress of decay sets in. A means of extending old age and renewing decreasing vigor is to take Ferriczone after meals. Ferriczone keeps up the appetite, and in the formation of red, vitalizing blood, imparts clearness to the tiring brain, force, energy and spirits just when they are needed most. To take Ferriczone regularly means adding from ten to twenty years to life. Large boxes 50c. or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sold by C. A. Burdick.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills are Certain.

The Venezuelan rebels have captured thirty-five officers belonging to the Government's forces. It is understood that the government's high private escaped and is still at large.

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 23

STRANGE HALLUCINATION.

George Fleming, a passenger landed from an Allan steamer at Quebec recently, was shortly afterwards arrested by the city police as he evidently needed looking after. When taken in charge he was the centre of a crowd of idlers and boys, whose attentions he resented, and who were apparently attracted by the strangeness of his conduct, which consisted, as he sauntered along the streets, in dropping a piece of string into basement windows and cracks in the board sidewalks, which he explained afterwards was for the purpose of rescuing a lady who had fallen between the planks. His theory was that every human being passed through four lives, and the lady he is now looking for is at present in her second life, but had fallen between the boards—probably in the transition stage. One such victim, he said had already been rescued in England by a friend of his with a piece of tape and he was anxious to perform a similar good office for another. He therefore objected to being followed and gaped at, when he was simply performing an act of humanity. It was clear that the unfortunate man was not in his right mind so the police took him in. At the station he gave his name as George Fleming, aged 40, a native of Belfast and married to an Australian lady. He claims to have friends in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Bathurst, N. B. and in his pocket was found a paper laying down the programme to be followed by him on landing in Canada. He was first of all to proceed to Montreal, where he was to receive money from the Y. M. C. A., but the paper was not signed. A ticket to Montreal was also found in his possession. Mr. Doyle, the government immigration agent here, has asked the police to hold Fleming until he can institute inquiries.

MRS. L. P. FARRIS.

The following is one of a series of sketches for the Montreal Star of wives of provincial ministers:

Mrs. Farris, wife of Hon. L. P. Farris, commissioner of agriculture for New Brunswick, is a daughter of Mr. Hugh Hay of Woodstock, N. B. Their home is at Cambridge, Queens county, on the Grand Lake, where a generous hospitality is always in evidence.

Very fond of reading, and having a wide acquaintance with literature, Mrs. Farris seems to have instilled the same love of learning in her sons, to whom she is most devoted, and who themselves have shown that they have inherited their mother's capacity to acquire knowledge.

Her oldest son, Wallace, has distinguished himself at the University of Pennsylvania, where he has lately graduated with high honors from the law department. A second son is attending Acadia College, preparatory to taking a medical course; while a third holds a responsible position in a large banking institution on the Pacific coast. The fourth and youngest son is still at home.

A QUICK TURN OUT.

The Montreal fire brigade has stamped itself indelibly on the minds of the English visiting journalists. Some time ago, at a big fire in London, Eng., eighteen minutes elapsed between the alarm and the time when the water was turned on. Mr. W. T. Preston, who accompanied the visitors, had been telling them that things were done more rapidly in this young country. They were sceptical, but open to conviction. Accordingly, a visit was paid to fire station No. 10. Mr. Holt White, of the London Daily Mail, was given a seat on the hose reel, while Mr. LeSage, of the London Daily Telegraph, was accommodated on the hook and ladder truck. Then the alarm was given the horses sprang into place, reel and truck went flying to McGill College avenue and the water was turned on. Time, 50 seconds. The Englishmen talked about it for the rest of the day. They were half inclined to believe that it was a joke got up for their mystification, and in order to disabuse them of this idea a similar exhibition will be given at Toronto and Winnipeg.—Star.

Valuable Advice to Mothers.

If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of an approaching attack of Grippe, Sore Throat, or sickness of any kind, first thing get out your bottle of Nerviline. Rub the chest and neck with Nerviline, and give internal doses of ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water every two hours. This

will prevent any serious trouble. No liniment or pain reliever equals Polson's Nerviline, which is a necessity in every household. Large bottles cost only 25c.

Saved by His Wits.

The Duke of Wellington once met by accident an officer in a state of inebriety.

"Look here, sir," said the Iron Duke. "What would you do if you met one of your men in the condition in which I find you?"

The officer drew himself up, gave the military salute and replied with great gravity, "I would not condescend to speak to the brute!" His wit saved him his commission.

The Inquiring Mind.

Jimmy—I say, daddy, I want you to answer a question.

His Father—What is it?

Jimmy—Well, if the end of the world was to come and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in a balloon, where would he land when he came down?

Life in New York.

Nobody living outside New York knows how difficult it has become in that city for people of moderate means to bring up their children in the love of genuine things. It is still done by many, but with increasing effort and only by dint of a strong will and an inheritance of the truest graces of life—simplicity, the domestic affections and the love of nature and one's kind. It is to the cultivation of these graces that we must look for a rescue from the artificiality and the vulgarity of the pitiable circle in every American city known as "the smart set."—Century.

Tannoform.

Tannoform is an insoluble powder of pinkish color. It is without odor and flavor and is practically nonpoisonous. When applied to the skin, it stops sweating and destroys the odor of sweat already secreted. Hence its utility in case of offensive secretion (bromidrosis). For allied reasons it is useful when the feet become tender by overheating. Pedestrians and others will find it useful.

A UNION THAT IS STRENGTH.

MALT BREAKFAST FOOD

IS A DELICIOUS COMBINATION
OF PURE MALT AND THE
CHOICEST WHEAT.

A Breakfast Relish For The
Strong And Weak.

Thousands of people dare not use oatmeal in any form, as they find it has a tendency to irritate the stomach, excite heat and redness of the skin and produce eruptions. Then again cracked wheat and other cereals contain too much insoluble starch which retards digestion. Malt Breakfast Food is the king of foods for weak and strong stomachs. It does not contain a particle of insoluble starch, it is practically predigested, therefore does not tax the powers of digestion. Malt Breakfast contains as much greater amount of body and brain nutriment than other foods. It is the most delicious of all foods.

It pleases every palate and becomes a fast favorite in homes where it is tried. Ask your Grocer for it; and take no other.

A New York man was badly scorched the other day, owing to the fact that a spark dropped from his pipe and set fire to his celluloid collar. New York is the only city in America that still has horse cars and celluloid collars.

A Chicago investigator claims to have discovered that mosquitoes are fond of dark reds and blues.—Hartford Post. Also flesh colors.

If Sir Charles Tupper had been at the helm he would have certainly taken credit upon himself for the Manitoba wheat crop.

It may be all right for a woman to marry in haste and repent at leisure, but a married man has no leisure.

This is a fine time for people who do not know how to handle yachts to remain ashore.

The easier it is to get a man to talk, the harder it is to get him to quit.

Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor

Is the only remedy of standing that is guaranteed to cure corns and warts, without pain. Insist on having only "Putnam's"; it's the best.