

Daily Telegraph - Sep. 27, 1872. Copper in Grand Manan

The Courier publishes a long and interesting account, from a correspondent, of the discovery of rich deposits of copper at Eel Brook, Grand Manan. The locality is near the scene of the wreck of the Lord Ashburton and Sarah Sloan. The Courier's correspondent, who seems to tend a little to exaggeration, writes:

It is among the rocks of this narrow defile that the owner of the Eel Brook property, Mr. James Tatton, first obtained many valuable specimens of the genuine copper, although he had taken years previously specimens of copper from the loose fragments of the rocks along the northerly bank of the Brook, which had been broken out by the action of the water, frost, &c. Several years ago Mr. John Steadman, of Moncton, examined the specimens and the place, and became satisfied that an abundance of copper ore was in that location. He wrote Mr. Tatton on his return home and from the tenor of his letter Mr. T. inferred that it was Mr. Steadman's intention to return for further investigation; but from subsequent information Mr. Tatton learned that Mr. Steadman had become engaged in the mines nearer home.

About six weeks since Professor C.H. Gifford of the United States, came on a visit to tour the Island, and took up his headquarters at Mr. Tatton's principally for the purpose of investigating the copper at Eel Brook. His scientific researches resulted in his thorough conviction that sufficient inducement was at Eel Brook for the formation of a company to commence operations, expressing his desire to be a shareholder. This gentleman took away with him several pieces of the rock containing the pure metal, but Mr. Tatton recently tried what drill and gunpowder would do for him in opening up the time hidden mine of wealth at Eel Brook. He made two blasts in the narrow gorge about midstream (the water being very low), and to his surprise and delight took up nearly a half bushel of pieces of the rent rock, glistening and sparkling with pure bright copper!

Mr. Tatton, delighted with his important discovery, came to North Head Village, which, by the way, we intend to have called Spragueville, and requested your correspondent to visit the lucky spot. We found Mr. Tatton at work near his mill, and he soon piloted us to the scene of action. The banks on each side of the Brook are broken and steep, and it requires careful stepping among the sharp pointed and loose fragments of rocks in descending to the bed of the stream in order to keep from paying your respects to the precious metal on your knees. We landed safely in the gorge, and Mr. T. having pointed out the spot where he blasted the rock and gathered up his specimens, rather alarmed our nervous system by suddenly exclaiming in a loud and rather excited tone - "O, see here, Mr. L., just look here under the water!" the forefinger of his right hand "suited the action to the word". I looked at his finger. I followed with visual organs the direction expecting that a tremendous eel, for which the brook is so famous, had coiled itself up Anaconda like, or like the serpent of Lake Utopia! But, bewilderment tinged with apprehension, soon gave place to wonder and pleasure at seeing what Mr. Tatton saw - a point of rock shining like gold - so bright was the copper. I counted eleven pieces of the glittering metal, sparkling beneath the running water.

To make evidence indubitably sure your correspondent picked two pieces of broken rock from the bed of the brook in the narrow gorge aforesaid, and from one of these, with the point of a pen knife, took pure copper and bright as a new coined cent of the New Dominion.

In fact the whole extent of Eel Brook from the sea to the saw mill and extending to the opposite water of the Bay near "Long's Eddy," so called - a distance of over one mile, is a solid bed of copper and copper ore. Perhaps, when duly explored it will be found that the copper mine at Eel Brook will be proven not much inferior, if any, than of any other in the world. That such an important mineral, and to such an extent, should have been lying at Eel Brook, Northern Head, Grand Manan, unknown ever since the period when chaotic darkness gave place to light, seems passing strange.

Eel Brook, in its murmuring march to the sea, seems to chide this age of progress for its tardiness. Let then the rumbling of the Brook's disapprobation be answered by the sound of the miner's pickaxe, spade and shovel. There needs no shaft-sinking - tunnelling is all that is required.