



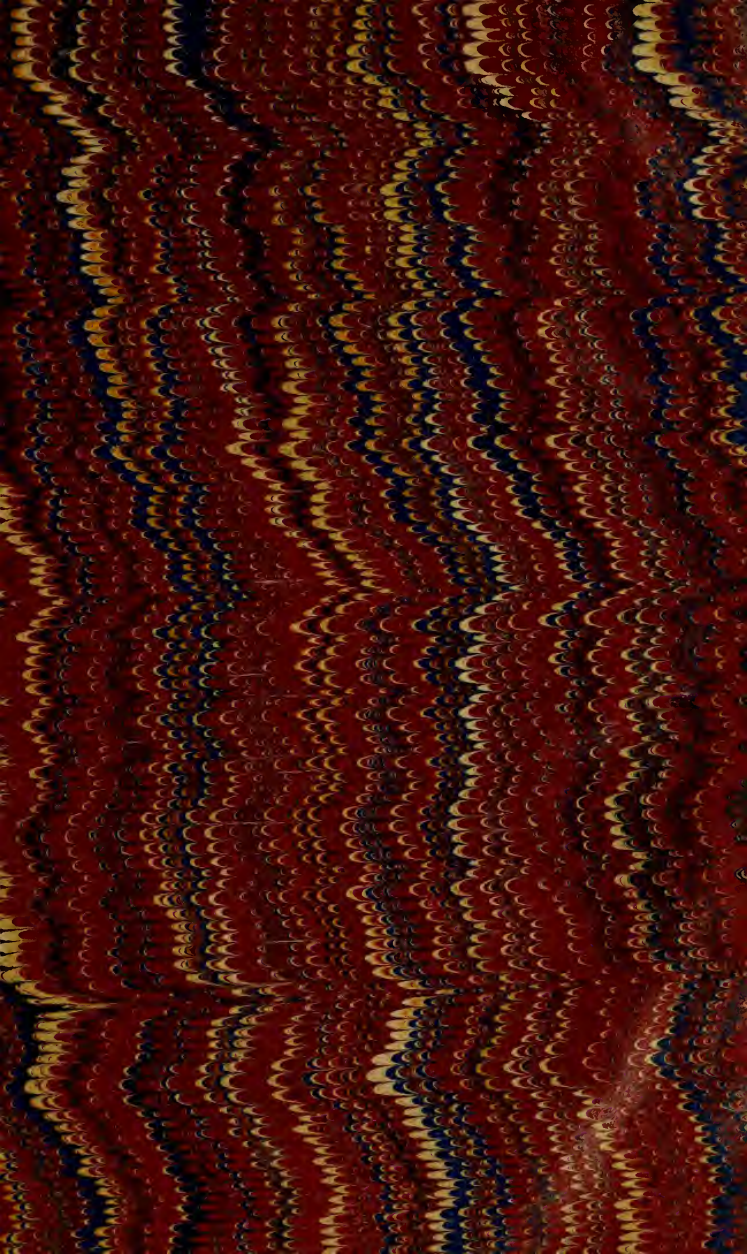
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# A Trip to Pioche;

Nev.

BEING

*A SKETCH OF RECENT FRONTIER TRAVEL.*

BY

CHARLES A. SUMNER.

Delivered at Dashaway Hall,

AUGUST 17th, 1873.



1873

J-L

# DR. BARLOW J. SMITH'S

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# A TRIP TO PIOCHE.

BEING

A SKETCH OF RECENT FRONTIER TRAVEL.

— BY —

Charles A. Sumner.

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Delivered at Dashaway Hall, August 17th, 1873.

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Mr. E. T. Batturs, President of the Dashaway Association, introduced Mr. Sumner. Mr. Sumner said :

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

It was a cold, gloomy evening, on the 11th of March, 1873, when our train passed through the last deep tunnel or gorge of the Palisades, and drew up at the station which bears the distinctive name of that wonderful cañon, on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad. Distant from San Francisco over five hundred miles by the great transcontinental highway, it requires, according to the time-table of the Company, thirty-two hours for the journey from our Bay to this, the nearest point of stage departure for the southern mines of Nevada.

We had left Sacramento at two o'clock in the afternoon of the preceding day, when the sun was shining with summer warmth, and the bursting noise and the fragrance of the peach blossoms were among the items of delightful observation ; and we had all the sorrows of doleful contrast which the nature of the bleakest season and the dreariest landscape could present. I had been accustomed to mountain "coach" traveling, and knew from the first moment of my appointment that the trip would be very wearisome from the date of our leaving the railway ; and I had not been without special warning from competent authority against flattering myself with the unctious idea of a moderate or average amount of hardship on the route from Palisade to Pioche, at this period. But with all the determination which this preparatory knowledge had given me, I felt the weaker side of my humanity when I saw the miserable mud-wagon in which the first section of the journey was to be performed—eighty-five miles, more or less ; with four tired horses hitched in front, and six to eight hundred pounds of extra express in process of loading, fore and aft, and on the "hind seat" of the dilapidated vehicle.

Four male passengers, besides myself—three white men and one Chinaman—were on the list. But the former were evidently of that rough, good-natured style of pioneers which are far preferable to any others in such a country, as *compagnons du voyage*, on account of their spirit of accommodation and the muscular capacity to "help out" in case of accidents most likely to happen in dragging along miry roads and crossing swollen, treacherous streams.

These four had appropriated the remaining inside seats prior to my arrival at the platform, against which the hubs of the wagon were set; but they kindly comforted me with the assurance that when it became too chilly for a white man to ride outside I could tumble in with them, and take pot-luck—squeezing and snoozing amidships under their capacious blankets. So without the disposition to grumble, I mounted the box with the driver, and after the usual tardy way-bill inspection, we were pulled round to the road, and commenced winding in and winding out on the turnpike edge of the pass to the south. Before we had made a half mile's progress, I learned that the wagon in which we rode was, as I had suspected, a legacy from the Placerville-Washoe route, and even that the Jehu beside whom I had the honor of occupying a seat was an ancient denizen of that once famous stage town at the foot of the El Dorado County Road; that the "going" from a point a few miles further on to the end of the second relay of horses was "chain-lightning"; while the bottom (so called on the principle of Bottom's dream, doubtless) from that second relay to Mineral Hill—thence about thirty miles distant—was "nearly —."

Now, with all this foreshadowing, I closed my eyes, rubbed my teeth against each other with the emphasis of determination, and was fairly possessed of a sense of my ordained martyrdom, and ready to endure all things. Stage travelers know that there is an instant of revelation which conquers fear and shrinking, and nothing can thenceforth come amiss, although the feeling of misery may be perfect throughout. So I am not going to give you the particulars of the struggle along the road with the intonation of a groan. The difficulties, hindrances, and, if necessary, sufferings, I will sketch or indicate as I knew them—with composure and courage; while, for every incident of alleviation from the worst phase of such a journey, and for every downright stroke of humor vouchsafed, I intend to express my thorough appreciation and gratitude. Stage traveling on mountain roads in wintry weather is a first-class experience; for it renders one suitably thankful for the painless, if not pleasing, conditions of ordinary civilized life.

I might, perhaps, give a satisfactory compendium statement of the roughness of the road from Palisade to Mineral Hill, when I say that the account and the prophecy of the driver, which I have quoted, were approximately realized. A few details by the way, however.

Within one mile of the depot, we were obliged to turn off the regular road on account of the washing away of a bridge, and take a "cross-cut" and make the ascent of a steep hill—some fifty feet high—following a trail that had not been attempted even in the best "going" during the preceding two years. The mud was hub-deep. With "all hands out," and every available boosting place occupied by the passengers, it required over half an hour to make this ascent; the driver doubtful at every stop and step as to whether we could "fetch it": the final accomplishment of the undertaking being deemed worthy to be hailed with a "hurrah! boys"—very sincere and hearty, if not very loud. A precipitous descent, and then a steady, tough pull, with variations of extraordinary efforts necessary to make the slightest progress. So we crawled on to the first station. On our right, across the narrow valley, or pass, through which we were moving—which was not above a quarter of a mile in breadth—there was a gently sloping hill the greater portion of the distance from the railroad to the first change of horses; while on the left, after we had crossed the sharp hill to which I have alluded, there was close at hand an abrupt, almost perpendicular wall of rock at least two hundred feet in height. This sheer precipice of porphyry had been curiously honeycombed by the action of the water; and from many an oval fissure or cell the voice of the owl came forth in accents not calculated to cheer the wayfarer's heart; and occasionally the face and form of this bird of wisdom, singularly adapted to his position, was to be descried through the deepening shades of night as he sat at the mouth of his natural domicil and hooted derisively at us as we jolted and sloshed along at the rate of a mile and a half per hour.

Soon after sundown the moon made its appearance. It was nine o'clock when we reached the end of the first section, as measured by the change of teams and also of postillions. In "good going" the stage reaches Mineral Hill at this time in the evening. We had made one third of that distance in eight hours!

From this point on I beg leave to boast of having walked more than half the distance to Mineral Hill. It was the preferable mode, on account of the necessity or desire for keeping warm, and gaining a species and degree of excitement that lessened the tedium of the way. The frosty air soon stiffened the earth so that it would bear me up, and my presence of mind

was only required in order to guard against getting beyond the sight and sound of the lumbering, rickety wagon. There were many tracks in the frequent plateaus we crossed, and sometimes I found myself fully a quarter of a mile from the line the driver had selected. With this precaution only, a very moderate pace was sufficient to keep ahead of the team. Occasionally in my outwalking I was joined by one or more of my fellow passengers. When such was the case, it was because the road was so bad that they were requested to lighten the burden. Veterans in the habit of such journeying, these gentlemen from Montana could sleep well within the curtains, notwithstanding the dips, angles, and spurs of the track.

In conversation with the elder member of the party, in one of those short companion walks, I ascertained that he was a mountain pioneer of pioneers, and in his fifty-fifth year was setting out on what he proclaimed as certain to be the last prospecting venture of his life. He had been unfortunate in his early efforts in California; had been swindled out of his interest in the Pond & del Monte Mine of Aurora by a California Street broker—who has since passed in his richer checks, perhaps in retribution for his many fraudulent transactions,—and had saved but a few hundred dollars from the earnings of his last twenty months' mining labor in Idaho. He was full of story and not without humor; but was most interesting when he spoke some certain things of that California Street broker, which, somehow, always ended in his going down into a freight wagon rut in a most significant manner.

In my lonely walks in front of the stage—sufficiently far removed from companionship to feel a sense of solitariness,—the sage brush and other scrub trees in the neighborhood, with the little hillocks, and the distant mountains, and the near horizon clouds, often took on weird shapes, and sometimes forced me to summon all my strength of mind against the superstitious inclinations which they aroused.

The first night out on such a jaunt is always sleepless to one not recently accustomed to this kind of constant traveling; but a somnolence comes with the morning. You resume your seat on the box as the eastern sky begins to dapple into gray, with the idea that you can strap and brace yourself, and take a little nap, which will answer for the day's refreshment; but, if I can analyze it, you just fail to do this, and hover in that border-line of delusion wherein you think you are dreaming and resting, when, in fact, you are obtaining less repose than when you sit up rigidly and stare out in the full vigor of resolute wide-awakeitiveness. So sat I, and fancied that I rocked into broken slumbers now and then, and started up with regret from my self-deceit as, at a quarter past eight, we came in sight of Mineral Hill.

A tall brick chimney and a smoke-stack, indicating the mill: and a cluster of houses—perhaps twenty or thirty in all—were indicated by the roofs which gradually rose to view. "A port in a storm—a haven of delight," thought we; for here, it was the announcement, we were to have a "good square meal"—the first since we left Humboldt Station, at breakfast-time the day before. As we passed the western door of the mill, which is situated at the lower end of the town, our driver pointed out to us, with some evidence of pride on his part, the man who had recently been acquitted of the charge of murder in this precinct, by the justice of the township. We ventured to inquire as to the opinion of the driver. "Was the man guilty of murder, or not?" "Guilty? Yes, guilty as guilty could be; but the mill company saw him out, as the fellow that was murdered had been bothering the company for some time with a lawsuit for wages, which was finally successful." "What was the murdered man's name?" we all inquired, in unison. "Buckingham," was the reply; and then, of course, we all heartlessly said, in concert, "So much for Buckingham!"

Into the dining-room of the hotel ran the five furnished passengers. "Ham and eggs, and hot rounds for five!" Marvelous quality of hen-fruit and pork! One plate could have worked a miracle—satisfied the hunger of five thousand. We did as best we could by the aid of some two dozen stale soda crackers, and pieces of "one pound of saleratus in ten pounds of flour," and sips of a decoction of chickory and sea-weed which was, of course, called coffee. We were all glad to move on from Mineral Hill. The ancient pioneer remarked, as we took our places again: "If Mineral Hill ever burns down, I hope the landlord will not be drunk at the time, and fall into the fire." Which was not, however, what the ancient pioneer intended to be understood as saying.

The morning and the afternoon from Mineral Hill was worn away by a brisk horse-walk through Pleasant Valley to Garden Pass, at which latter place the road to Eureka crosses the old stage route from Austin to Fort Ruby—a distance of thirty miles or more from Mineral

Hill. This is called "Garden Pass"—again on Nick the Weaver's principle—because there is no garden there. At the foot of the pass bound to the east and south, we changed Jehus, relinquishing a dandified young man of many paste shirt-buttons and voluble speech, who had, by some inadvertence, consented to act as driver for the stage company for the past year. An elderly gentleman of rubicund visage, suggestive of the ancient Weller pattern, commanded the expedition through Garden Valley to Eureka, distant some twenty odd miles: time occupied, from five P.M. to eleven-thirty. Very pleasant, rapid traveling, until the end of the cañon leading directly up to the furnace capital was reached. At that point, a highway covered with water from an overflowing stream was encountered, and we literally waded up the grade to the settlement. And yet, during all this passage, we were edified by the anecdotes and personal descriptions coming voluntarily from the cautious and ever-watchful custodian of the reins; even in the deepest ruts his self-possession and gossip were not lost. Two days before this, Judge Richard Mesick and several other lawyers had passed over this route; one after another had sat beside the skillful and fluent coachman, and all had bragged to him of their avoirdupois; he saying to one after another, "You must weigh about 180;" the reply invariably being, "210 pounds—210!" (No wonder express matter had been accumulated upon our comparatively slender party.)

The heavy, sullen flames, and anon the bright lurid tongues of fire which issued from the belly of the "Eureka Consolidated," and the slag-goblets that were being emptied at the edge of the embankment in front of the furnaces, at the foot of the town of Eureka, notified us that we were in close proximity to—yes, that is always the Point named in the hailing remark—that we were close to supper, and to a new deal in the wagon and passenger assortment programme. The smoke was dense, and thoroughly impregnated with the fumes of arsenic.

Three-quarters of an hour for refreshments. A most invigorating repast. A short walk down the principal street of Eureka; noticing prominently, a transparency before one of the saloons, with a raging tiger painted thereon, and the assurance, in plainest lettering, that the establishment was *Running all night*. We were met by two cordial young men—very cordial, well-dressed, and reasonably intoxicated; and they invited us to attend a ball! The ancient pioneer and myself politely declined this invitation, but not on the basis of any mere technicalities. How could we dance, when our knee-joints were locked within a leeway of an inch-and-a-half or two inches—just enough for locomotion? This was perhaps a cheap, ironical joke on the part of these hospitable floor-managers of Eureka. But we strayed too far from the stage-coach office. When the ancient and myself returned, the best seats, with a single exception, had been secured by the newcomers—members of the Clark family, Geo. Hearst, Senator Wilson from Lincoln county, and a capitalist from San Francisco who was not introduced. The remaining back seat was taken by the ancient, of course, while I impinged on the edge of the center seat, located next to "old man Clark," so-called, who was garrulous as a magpie, and as fragrant as the corner of Merchant Street and Dunbar Alley. He said he came away from San Francisco in a hurry, and got a little inebriated on account of this necessary haste of departure; but he expected to reform and join the church in Hamilton. The old pioneer mildly suggested that it would have been better if he had stayed a week longer in San Francisco and joined the Dashaways. Joe Clark and George Hearst of Missouri, sat on the left side of the front and back seats respectively; the front seat being occupied by Hearst and the other San Francisco capitalist; while there were three on the center seat. Senator Wilson had usurped my place with the driver. They had laid over at Eureka, and now came down upon us without any compensating relief in the way of a discharge of extra freight. Small items, you may complain, for rehearsal in the history of a trip to Pioche; but everlasting memories in the minds of the heroes who sit on the outer rim of a rail-wide center seat.

How I lived during that night-time, as we pushed on to Hamilton, I cannot tell. This revelation of unconsciousness I make for the genuine information of the inexperienced. The second night out in such a mountain fast-freight wagon—what is it? The state of the mind is that of partial syncope. There is not one man in ten who has travelled that period continuously in an outer center seat in a Concord wagon, who has not had occasion to reckon his good luck in failing to tumble into the road, or sprain a hand or arm by the accident of a sudden swinging out past the perpendicular slat that partitions either side, and aggravates the situation by pretending to afford support for the weary arm-holder. There is an unexplained Providence in this. The condition of hermiplegy in which I found myself at three

o'clock in the morning was decidedly novel; but as a physical sensation only, was it funny. There is unquestionably matter in this suitable for an anatomical lecture before a class of medical students, but too complicated to admit of popular illustration. Suffice it to say here, in very plain language, that all may understand: when you ride to Pioche, in the wintry season, on the outer edge of a center seat occupied by three, and shall have arrived at about the fourth hour of the second morning watch, and the sixth or seventh hour of this section of the ride, you will be perfectly well satisfied that there are two distinct separate lobes to the brain, two lobes to the lungs, and a nerve division throughout the entire trunk structure, which is correctly defined by the interior ramifications of the vertebral periostium. You recognize each segment of the spinal column as an independent personality, or rather as a solitary stamp-block worked by its own engine, having the base of operations on the tip of the small, bony formation which is beneath. There is a quality of supersensitive numbness, a species of callous delicacy, and a degree of mental comprehension of your own points of contact as though they belonged to somebody else, which renders these reviving moments of travel worthy of physiological and phrenological—and perhaps of moral—investigation and study; although the latter branch of the case may be referred more properly to the language commonly used on such occasions. But as I perceive my efforts to elucidate this important part of my biography on this trip are not completely grasped, except by two or three physicians present, I desist from further utterances on this subject, and proceed to dryer grounds of narrative and comment.

It was broad daylight when I was fairly aroused from my lethargy, and discovered by information and belief of fellow-passengers that we were half way from Eureka to Hamilton. The road from this point of observation was over a rolling country for a distance of six or eight miles, and then across a broad valley to the foot of a hill or mountain, on which Hamilton is situated. Through this valley a railroad could be run from Elko or Toano, to within some twenty or twenty-five miles of Pioche, the grading of the entire distance not costing over four hundred dollars per mile.

Our way was hard, though not long; that is, the speed was disproportionate to the character of the road. That is, it would have been more agreeable to have taken more time. At ten o'clock we were at the foot of the grade, so-called. To this point it is expected that the narrow gauge railroad from Elko will ultimately be built; the elevation being of a sufficient degree to readily communicate with the shoots of the numberless mines—that are or are to be—on the inexhaustible base-metal summits of the range west of Hamilton.

But now we are at the point indicated; and without any railroad, broad or narrow gauge, but with a dead beat of an ordinary highway, we are about to ascend to Hamilton. At this point we change from the wagon or coach to a sleigh; and with nearly equal alternations of riding and walking the remaining distance of five or six miles is passed within two hours. Immediately below the town of Hamilton a small party was engaged in digging out six or eight feet of snow which lay packed in avalanche-ready condition, ominous to behold. It is said that at various turns in the road, where the snow at the bottom is melted from a foot to two feet and a half, slides occur, which are very entertaining to all persons who are stationed above the road on the beaten sideway, or who are fortunate enough to anticipate the movement and jump from the flood. The boss of this job of snow-moving and the driver of our sleigh did not agree as to the expediency and quality of a certain piece of work which had been performed during the winter on the highway leading up into the town. And at one time there was an unpleasantness seriously threatened between these parties. But Joe Clark and Senator Wilson interfered with jocosely remarks and soothing comments on the unfriendly nature of the country "any how," which made the dialogue discursive, abated the excitement, and turned away wrath. So we were enabled to enter the great White Pine Capital in peace; which we did at the hour of twelve.

And first of all, we learned that there was not a connecting stage awaiting our arrival. The line from Palisades to Hamilton is separate and distinct from the management thence to Pioche. We were notified that we would be obliged to lie over at least one day if no extra coach was ordered by the Superintendent at Pioche; perhaps twenty-four hours beyond. We were not sorry, as you can imagine, to hear of this delay; and we selected and made almost instant use of our boarding and sleeping accommodations in a spirit of enthusiastic gratitude and comfort.

After thawing out—for it was a snowy day, with the thermometer at thirty-six in the

shade—and embracing the bounties of the Barnum Restaurant, (there are Barnum Restaurants now in every mining town on this coast) we hygienically prefaced our sleeping hours with a glance at this famous flash mining camp. Here it is 7,500 feet above the level of the sea. And with all the natural recollections as to the place and its promises, aye, and its realizations—thirty or forty million of dollars—we had abundant food for curiosity and suggestive if not profound contemplation. We walked up the sidewalk to Wells, Fargo & Co's front, standing at first upon the paved sidewalk before an excellently finished two-story brick building nearly the size in ground-area of the express building proper at the corner of Montgomery and California Streets. From the middle of the street in front of this office, we looked down the main street, a distance of half a mile or more, to the terminus of the camp; closely lined with houses, which were mostly wooden structures, nor more than one story in height. In the center of the street there was at least six feet of snow, closely packed. Could it be possible that in this place a few years ago there were not less than 12,000 inhabitants? Yes such is the record. Up this hill above me, and over the brow to Treasure City, from three to five thousand persons were in the habit of daily passing during the Spring, Summer and Autumn months of 1869. And now I look down through a vista of three hundred houses, not one in five of which is occupied; some of them going ignominiously to rack and ruin. Here I stand ten minutes by my watch, from the moment at which it occurred to me to note it for such a purpose, and see not one human being on the street or either sidewalk, out of the whole number of the population which yet remains!

I thought I had once seen the extremity of desolation, in Aurora, where the Indian squaws had undisputed possession of three-story brick houses which were fit for transplanting, under the fire district laws, to Kearny Street, in this city. But somehow, Hamilton, by the known multitude on its former directory, and the special promise of prosperity in its developments, surpassed all previous impressions of sudden collapse and decay.

Here, on my left, stood an Episcopal Church, as large as the Seaman's Bethel in this city, with a ponderous bell not less than three or four hundred pounds in weight set upon an independent tower in front; in which church, as I was credibly informed, there had been no service for three months. And passing along the street which lies to the east, and immediately below Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, I am shown a Catholic chapel capable of seating two hundred persons, in which, four years ago, there were often eight masses held on Sunday mornings, and then complaint of insufficient opportunity for all and for hundreds who desired to attend. Now an itinerant priest comes for single services once in six weeks, and intones the ceremony before a dozen adult worshippers.

I do not believe there is another such instance of marvelous upspringing and almost utter decrease of population from purely civil causes on the annals of the Coast; and certainly such a migration and wholesale instantaneous departure has not been put in the familiar history of any locality in any other portion of the globe within such a space of time; for this town sprang from a desert in less than two years to its greatest estate.

It is said that fully one half the dwellings that once stood in this settlement have been taken down, and removed either to Eureka or Pioche. And now that the fire-fiend has made a sweeping visit to this deserted village, I may claim to have written of the last town appearance of Hamilton as it was originally constructed.

A court-house, which is said to have cost over \$80,000, and which is a very solid and finished edifice, sits distant from the center of business—if I may so speak—over a quarter of a mile; back of and far up above the bustle and turmoil and shooting scrapes of Hamilton. The building that was formerly used as a court-house—some forty by sixty feet, two stories in height, situate in the easternmost boundary of the camp, on the road towards Washburn's—is windowless and doorless; and although it is a strong, warehouse-style of building, the rain and snow have so far soaked through the roof and walls that the work of demolition by natural causes is close to completion.

On the side of the hill northeast of the camp are elegantly constructed works for reducing ore. They were erected under the direction and mainly with the money of a lucky fellow from New England, whose prize in the lottery of speculation was too great for his powers of mental balance. He built this magnificent furnace, fenced it round about with stone and iron, stocked the coal yard with fuel, and retired to private life. "Jobson's Folly" would be as one to twenty compared with this unused and apparently useless monument for the spendthrift; with this make-weight: there are not enough salvable drinkers left in the



vicinity to warrant the conversion of *this* twenty-to-one structure into an incubate asylum—Beyond, on the same side of the same hill, is the first engine-house of the Von Schmidt Water Company; the companion hydraulic sheds being situated on the opposite hill towards Treasure City. Here thousands of dollars were expended in carrying water, on works intended to be capable of supplying fifty thousand inhabitants, and mills adapted to the crushing of thousands of tons of ore per day. The works are here : waiting for a revival.

Which reminds me—alas, for Hamilton!—when I was there, in March [1873], every body was speaking of the revival—the “coming up,” as it was termed; sure to be in the month of May, at furthest. Occasionally, it is true, I thought I discerned a sinister expression in the countenance of the boaster, which could not be interpreted otherwise than as an agreement between himself and the first person offering, to sell out his establishment or homestead at the first rise of ten per cent. from existing prices. But generally, the belief in the coming-up was undoubtedly sincere; and therefore the declaimers were proper objects and recipients of our instant sympathy. For the stranger, however unjustly, would at this season argue nothing else than infatuation in such expectations; and now we have the sad tidings that in addition to a failure to “come up,” there has been the worst of material calamities: exterminating fire.

An afternoon and a long night of dreamless sleep. Roused at seven with tidings of an order from Pioche for the extra coach to start out at twelve. We grumble at the unnecessary haste in conveying the news to prospective passengers. We take a ride up toward Treasure City, and look on snow-capped Pogonip; thinking from first to last, as we gaze upon that magnificent height—12,000 feet above the level of the sea—of our ill-fated friend and brother newspaper man, Colonel Evans; whose dispatches “from the clouds,” interpreted as they were intended to be, exhibit a wit which the attempted rhyme of ridicule, though much bepraised, never possessed. All this range, from Pogonip—towering into the clouds to the north, in a gradually lessening height—from the mountain-base of this great summit, for a distance of eight miles, is filled with metal that would pay richly if a railroad was constructed from the main artery, 120 miles distant. It has been demonstrated over and over again, and is plain to any man’s comprehension who can read and ascertain facts, and cipher in the four fundamental rules of arithmetic, that a narrow-gauge railroad from Elko or Toano to Hamilton, or the valley grade north of the town, would pay for itself in freights within three years; and yet no effort is made on the part of the great R. R. Company either directly to construct or to encourage such construction. On the contrary, sham proceedings are taken in the name and cause of a survey, so as to prevent genuine action; and genuine lobbying is constantly performed at the capital of Nevada, every other winter, to secure the passage of bills giving immediately to the railroad company agreeing to construct a road from Elko to Palisade, or from Toano to Eureka and Hamilton and Pioche, bonds sufficient to pay for the entire work of grading and the iron and the rolling-stock; without specifying as to the time within ten years when the road shall be completed! Such bills are up before every session of the Legislature, and at the last session such bills were passed (and vetoed). It is with the railroad as with the Western Union Telegraph monopoly—they believe that the fruits of their illegitimate action pay better than honest zeal in the development of the country. Thus millions of dollars will be given to members of legislatures, but not one rail for any outlying section without a subsidy. This is the motto which, beginning at Sacramento, does not stop short of Pioche—toward which terminal point of railroad subsidy corruption and expectation we are supposed, on a rough road in a wintry season, to be traveling. We have hesitated too long by the way, and must proceed.\*

At twelve o’clock, with only one Clark on board, the same party that came from Enreka

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\* NOTE.—In this connection a reminiscence is unavoidable :

All the woes which have been and are now being visited upon this people on account of the “Railroad Monopoly” were prophesied and put upon the printed record, in the State of Nevada, six or seven years ago. Two successive Legislatures, by a large majority vote, adopted resolutions instructing Senators and requesting the member of Congress to pass a law granting a right of way and a land subsidy, and contingent help in bonds, to the Placerville and Washoe Railroad Company. At the first session referred to, the Company named was ready with a backing of \$3,000,000 of domestic and not less than \$10,000,000 of English capital, to go forward and thoroughly construct and complete a projected and actually profiled work of trans-mountain railway, in the event of Congress acceding to the most reasonable requests of the Nevada Legislature. There would never have been such a thing as a “Railroad Monopoly” in California, or on this Coast, if the petition of the people of Nevada, in

moved out on the "extra" ambulance—a four-horse sleigh—and commenced the descent of a long hill on the southeast, which constitutes the first mile and a half of the distance. It is ten miles to the first station. A mile out we have the extreme rear view of Treasure City—one or two houses. We pass a burned mill, and we pass the chosen sites of several cities whose existence was once grandly exhibited in San Francisco on paper, with the lots all marked at very moderate figures, and on very easy terms; cities that were never burned, for the only reason that they were never built. One of Col. Clarkson's cities was pointed out; also, the mouths of three of Col. Clarkson's silver mines, at one of which he once employed 35 mules and 350 men, and extracted 3,500 tons of bullion per month; at an average of not less than \$35,000 in gold and \$350,000 in silver. For all of which voracious and exhilarating information we are indebted, as we pass along, to Joe Clark—old Joe Clark, of Missouri—who spoke of and pointed out Col. Clarkson's sources of fabulous wealth with a dry air and tone of implicit faith which was too exquisite to call for laughter at that altitude, and too penetrating to admit of any less profound testimonial of appreciation than tears. We wept as we slid along the way, and meditated upon what had been owned and lost in those mountains by Col. Clarkson, of San Francisco! As none of my audience are acquainted with Col. Clarkson, and therefore cannot understand this part of my address, I will skip the remaining portion of my written reference to this Monte Cristo of Pogonip, and push on to Pioche; only halting now to intimate that the *Mountain Maid*, and the *Sailor Boy's Delight*, and the *Queen of the Hills*, which Joe Clark visited with Col. Clarkson, in 1869, were not graspingly and niggardly exhausted by Col. Clarkson; but that, within the recesses of their tunnels, shafts, and drifts, there yet remains, to the hands of whomsoever will come and dig, as great riches as were ever extracted from their argentiferous surface.

As we pass along, we see also the tramway, the iron elevated railroad constructed by Mr. Hallidie, of San Francisco, for the great Treasure Hill mines, leading down to their eighty-stamp mill. This elevated railway can hardly be called a success; though recently its angles have been diminished in severity, and its length is to be somewhat shortened by bringing the new mill nearer to the point of delivery from the mine; Mahomet Mill will kneel in stature and go to the mountain. And then it is expected that better results will come, from the chain alterations.

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1866 and 1867, concerning national gifts and loans of credit in behalf of the Placerville route Company, had been favorably answered.

Why was it not favorably answered?

Notwithstanding the ready perfidy of the persons sent by Nevada to the Senate of the United States, Congress would undoubtedly have given the aid required in the premises, but for the direct, and bitter, and incessant hostility of the leading newspapers of California to the project. The very journals which to-day are most vehement, which are strongest in their terms against the "Railroad Monopoly," are the very ones which derided the prophecies and denounced the timely and legitimate efforts of the people of Nevada, six or seven years ago.

There is not a character of oppression of which the "Railroad Monopoly" has been guilty, that was not literally described in the Nevada Legislatures of '66 and '67, and set down in Nevada newspapers and other publications during those years, as sure to follow the failure to improve the opportune moment to successfully encourage and establish adjacent competition in trans-mountain railways.

The richest and most aggressively enterprising Company then operating upon this Coast, as a land force, (I mean Wells, Fargo & Co.) was "pouring out money like water" (to use the language of Superintendent Bishop) in the building of a line of railway toward the western base terminus of the Sierra Nevada route, which had already been surveyed and profiled by the ablest railroad engineer then in the State of California. Had the Placerville and Washoe Railroad been completed, a competing line would undoubtedly have been extended from the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada to Salt Lake. All Central and Southern Nevada would have been directly and speedily "opened" to San Francisco trade, by the main trunk and its contemplated branches; pouring enormous wealth into the lap of our merchants, and giving great prosperity to all citizens engaged in traffic. Had that road been constructed, the industrial population of Nevada would have been ten times as great as now; while San Francisco would have numbered nearly a quarter of a million of people, with its active business-moving capital more than double the present record. But it was not so to be.

No epithet was too severe for the Sacramento *Union* and the San Francisco *Bulletin* to utter against persons in the Legislature of Nevada who, with well known and conceded sacrifice of personal, political ambition, and in defiance of every species of threat, and in disregard of the strongest kind of temptations, were struggling to obtain for the Placerville and Washoe Railroad Company at least a right of way and a land grant margin across the mountains. These papers not only denounced the proposition to give bonds to this competing line—speaking in avowed behalf of the Central Pacific Railroad Company—but hurrahd when, principally through their outside influence, the mere right of way was refused by Congress. And when a small land grant was finally obtained for a portion of the advancing

At the first relay we changed to a mud-wagon. A few miles further on in the descent into the valley we drive up beside a sleigh, and handle our baggage once more. A mile of sliding, and we tip up and tumble over, all tossed into the snow; but at a very moderate delivery we all rise to say it was "just as we expected." That is not precisely what we mean; but is honestly as near the truth as we are capable of approaching during several minutes of extraordinary self-possession. The sleigh is righted heavily in response to our joint efforts, and we start on. But while we are pretending to congratulate ourselves on the fact that no bones were broken—as if there had been any danger in that soft bed on either side without an absolute turning over of the box—over she rolled again; this time with a sharper accent, as if some one who had put up the original job had remarked on this occasion: "Now I mean business." Just escaped the second turn of the body of the conveyance, which would have bruised something if we had not extricated ourselves from the point where the edge pushed into the snow.

From this we take a decidedly new departure. The pioneer in the rear and myself in the front of the sleigh devoted ourselves to trimming ship; crossing from one side to the other as the grade requested us. George Hearst and Senator Wilson did the talking. It is always agreeable to hear two rich men converse about their respective biographies when they are at leisure. They love the reminiscences for themselves; they love to fondle over their lucky plans; they don't object to having attentive listeners. So it was a pleasant ride from the second overthrow to within six miles of the foot of the descent and the end of the gorge or valley, through which the road passes into the meadows at Washburn's.

At this point, six miles from Washburn's Station, we were to have been met by the stage from the south-east, and to have exchanged passengers and luggage. Here the snow gave out again, and the runners could slip no further. "What shall be done?" was the inquiry of the driver; the most intelligent and accommodating Knight of the Whip we had vouchsafed us on the journey. He was ready to accede to any proposition agreed upon by the majority of the party. There was a "wagon bed," so termed by courtesy, built expressly to carry rails or some less dignified burden; and that was the only conveyance at hand. It was now six o'clock, and growing dark. Should we stop, build a fire, and wait for the wagon

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line on the route from Sacramento—notoriously too late to be of any avail—that was sneered at, as an offer only to be tolerated because it would not be utilized for the benefit of the grand competing project.

The people of California and Nevada owe their present railroad monopoly bondage, their present lack of cheap railroad facilities—the vast difference between what is with one railroad over the Sierra Nevadas and through Nevada and Utah, and what would have been with a competing line *via* Placerville and across central Nevada, and central and southern Utah—to the leading journals of California; the very papers that before all others are now lifting up their voices in holy horror and condemnation against the "exactions of Stanford & Co." I have some warmth, as I think of the treachery and hypocrisy of these papers; but I am stating the coldest history.

I was amused very much by a recent dispatch in the "Associated Press" of California, dated from New York! stating that the people of Nevada were *also* decidedly opposed to the railroad monopoly, and instancing some action at Elko. Why, when the people of Nevada were almost unanimous in crying out for preventive relief and benefits on the railroad question—giving particulars of the thralldom that would be established otherwise—the *Union* and *Bulletin* were the stipendiaries of Stanford & Co., and ready to defame any one who vigorously foretold the reign of the railroad magnates on this coast.

Have the people forgotten these things?

Of course, the people of Nevada were in a better position, geographically and otherwise, to discover in advance the conditions of the Central Pacific Railroad monopoly than the people of California.

When it became manifest that in the sections where they had largest circulation the great majority was aroused to their wrongs under the Monopoly—then, and not till then, the *Union* and *Bulletin*, believing that more was to be made by appearing to serve the people than by avowedly doing the bidding of Stanford & Co.—(the *Bulletin* also having a contingent in the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad swindle)—ceased to be the mouth pieces of the Railroad Company, and sent their hiring quilldrivers into their editorial minarets to call their communities to emancipation prayer!

And the people seem to have forgotten recent history. True, there are many new comers among us. But surely the people of Nevada have occasion to bear this history in mind.

Nevada would have aided the Placerville and Washoe Railroad Company, under an amended constitution, or by large county grants, if the work had been commenced and prosecuted to the first mountain summit. Three counties of Nevada have furnished the means, with the mine contributions, to build for Mr. William Sharon a railroad from Reno to Virginia City, which is said to be paying a profit of \$3,000 per day—nearly two millions of dollars per annum. The railroad from Placerville over the mountains to Carson Valley

which was momentarily expected; or should we strap the baggage on the four-wheeled frame work that had been left at the meeting point as a tender, and take the best chances we could in alternately riding on the ridge of trunks, satchels, bullion bars and mail sacks, and walking on the sagebrush line on either side of the track? It seemed to be unanimous that we should move on. All hands busily at work in unbinding and reloading the freight. Thirty minutes required for this work. Wilson and Hearst walked ahead. The full moon began to make itself felt as a light unto our feet. As we mount the tip-top of the luggage and commence our journey anew to pursue, we find it is far more agreeable than we had anticipated. In fact, it was exceedingly pleasant at first: this moonlight drive down this beautiful cañon. Now for brevity's sake, take the original skeleton memoranda:

Caught up with Hearst and Wilson within a mile and a half. Began to make time as the road grew better. At the three mile post the driver said he would "let 'em slide." He did "let 'em slide." Passengers had to hold on. Conversation grew less boisterous; more attention paid to position. Occasional instances wherein the superstructure above the rail bottom of the wagon appeared to lift in awful unanimity, as a rock was despised but not displaced, and the quick obedience thereafter to the inexorable laws of gravitation resulted in a sickening sensation at the pit of the stomach. Nothing was said except by George Hearst—once. He mentioned Horace Greeley's name once. He was equally interrupted by us all; and we all prepared to laugh at our simultaneous mesmeric consciousness of each other's appreciation of the reference, when again a flying earthquake occurred, and we retained our sobriety; and some of us looked at Hearst as if we thought his mention of Horace was a little like mocking a serious matter. The driver yelled, "Slide 'em, Fanny; slide 'em! Hi yi!" And they slid. As we approached Washburn's, the cañon grew narrower every moment. Now it was not more than one eighth of a mile wide, at a mile distant from the station. The moon, however, came up straight in front of us, and poured her strongest beams right down upon our pathway; the six horses—splendid animals—answered the encouragement of the driver with apparently ever-increasing swiftness. There were no more thumping upheavals, but a sense of spinning along at a rate that would be dangerous in case of something breaking or getting a little loose. We enjoyed the scenery; we were delighted with the moon; we admired the rushing steeds; but we were thinking of something else most of the time during the single hour which was exhausted in our ride from the open, extemporized, unattended station at the foot of the descent proper, to the door of Washburn's hotel.

O! how glad we were to reach the station; to get out of the cañon and the wagon. Because we were cold; because we were hungry. All except George Hearst. He was glad for more. He was fairly churned into decent candor of confession. As he stretched down he

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would have cost about \$12,000,000. It would evidently have paid for itself in eight or ten years, at farthest, without calculating upon an extension from Carson Valley to the East. And who can estimate all the benefits? all the comparative advantages? For this consummation the people of Nevada intelligently insisted and labored, in public meetings and in legislative bodies; beating up always against the influence—alas! too potent—of the two leading journals of California.

The moral is this: Our people must understand that they have to rescue themselves from the hands of monopolists. Our leading journals are wholly unreliable. They are now and have been for years spoon-fed by the greatest monopoly in the country—the Western Union Telegraph—and land, and railroad, water, gas, grain, coal and oil monopolies have their interested support, until the rebelling will of the people begins to produce a popular and unavoidable incredulity as to the assumed honesty. The greatest curse of California, I may say of this Coast, has been its venal leading Press.

And even now, do you ever hear a practical, ready remedy suggested for the Railroad Monopoly, from the quarter above named? No.

The remedy is with Congress—quick, sharp, sweeping.

The House of Representatives once passed a resolution cutting down the rates of railroad fare on the transcontinental road one half. A Pacific Coast Senator pocketed the resolution. That Senator returned to this Coast after this great act of outrage and perfidy, and with the hearty endorsement of the *Union* and *Bulletin*, was reelected to the seat he then and now eminently disgraces.

When this Senator was canvassing for reelection, and after his high crime against the people had been publicly exposed, he bought off a little rival [who had always, himself, closet intercourse with Stanford & Co.] with promises of Federal offices, from Minister down to tide-waiter. And now the Minister, who was appointed by this bargain, comes back from a foreign shore to play champion of the people against the Railroad Company, in the aspirant-character of candidate for United States Senator. And the *Union* and *Bulletin* are choice in their commendations of the little creature.

This is a funny world!

declared that "this may be a good sort of thing for a mile or two, but for an all-night's business it would be monotonous." So the proposition to move on from the station that night, instead of laying over, didn't meet with decisive favor.

As we ate much at the wholesome supper board, we talked somewhat of the folly that would have been exhibited if we had waited for the stage up yonder. A folly which became more palpable when we awoke next morning at six o'clock and ascertained that the over-due conveyance had not even then arrived. At seven o'clock, however, it made its appearance, with three passengers, including one of the proprietors of the Pioche Stage Line; and we all breakfasted together, and exchanged items on the condition of the roads.

Washburn's Station is worthy of a paragraph of description. It is situated at the very throat of the gorge, which is at least four miles in length, and at the opposite end of a gently descending valley, which is at least six miles long. At this point the road passes south-east into a continually widening valley or "bottom" some five miles in length. If you take a map (the *Chronicle's* map will do) you will observe that the road from Palisade to Pioche is zig-zag, determined at different places by the location of the settlements intervening, and by the nature of the country. You are going about south-east as you strike Washburn's. You turn perhaps one or two degrees easterly when you pass his door.

Washburn's Hotel is a one-story structure, 25 or 30 feet long, by 10 wide, with a 7-foot ceiling. One-third, and the older portion of this "Station," is constructed of stone and logs and the rudest kind of mortar, in about equal proportions. Two-thirds of the building are entirely of wood, rough, a patched rather than a thatched roof, half shingled and half mud paste. In the first and elder portion of the building is the reception-room, with a paved floor, a wide, open fire-place, two bunks, one above another, and at this time of sojourning a Western Union Telegraph office.

It was nine o'clock when we arrived at Washburn's. Driver's question again: "Shall we wait here for the stage, or drive on?" Verdict of "wait"—after several ineffectual efforts to obtain through the telegraph information from Pioche as to whether the stage that was to meet us had started out at a given hour. Now here was an opportunity to have felt with emphatic interest the benefits of the telegraph in this lonely place. But the young man at Pioche was unwilling to bestir himself so far as to cross the street and ascertain the news we wished; in which unwillingness and inefficiency and plain refusal he admirably sustained the character of the great telegraph monopoly of the land.

After supping, sleeping, and breakfasting, we had a space of a few moments in which to notice the station by daylight. For, I repeat, it is in itself a curiosity. It is built back against a rocky hill-side. The gate into the corral, which closely adjoins the house, is between two natural pillars of stone, seventeen to twenty feet high, separated for the passages about two and a-half feet. The "old man" Washburn was reported to have named these pillars masonically.

The "old lady" is tired of this border life and wishes to return to California. But the old men and the boys (the latter occasionally relieving the regular drivers on the stage route) love the present location and prospects. So this is likely to remain Washburn House until the railroad is built.

At eight o'clock in the morning our journey is resumed; passing Meadow Valley fourteen miles easterly, then through Dry Valley twenty-two miles southerly. Then turning up to the east direct and crossing Patterson Mountains, a distance of seventeen miles. The summit of these mountains is six hundred feet above Dry Valley, from which we ascend in going towards Pioche, and four hundred feet above the Valley road, which leads from the eastern base of the Patterson range to the mining camps at the south. We reached Patterson's station at eleven o'clock at night; passing on our way through deserted mining camps which at one time promised to be equal in population and business development to the camp of Pioche, or any other mineral-bearing center.

Patterson's Station is situated within about a mile of the eastern foot of the mountain. We roused the landlord, injudiciously ordered supper and ate heartily, and camped down in close quarters, heads and points, on the bar room floor, in true travelers' style.

A Chinaman woke us up at five with loud stamping and shrieking announcements for breakfast. "Here, get up, you damn! what for hell you sleep all day for. Never get to Pioche. Breakfast get all damn cold." Here the host checked the articulating gong by the assurance that the passengers were all roused up. This Chinaman was a graduate of one of the Mission Schools of San Francisco.

And now at seven o'clock we are on the home stretch. A descent of two or three hundred feet into the great valley which points directly into Pioche; and by the aid of four prescribed relays, over a tolerably good road, at three o'clock we find ourselves taking the first sight of the mining capital of Southern Nevada.

Half way up on the mountain range to which we suddenly turned from a southerly direction, our course now bearing more to the west, we discovered two or three hundred house or cabin roofs, which still retain and show the gloss of new shingling, sitting—with a single short straight street line exception—in a constantly rising inflection. Can this be Pioche? "That is Pioche, which we have travelled about 280 miles by stage to see." The driver immediately informed us that we really have in view about one-half of the town; Meadow Valley and Cedar, two considerable streets, and a portion of Main street extending on to the Raymond and Ely works, being, as yet, hidden from sight.

As we gradually approach we have more and more house roof and side brought under notice, until we turn to the south at a distance of a half or three quarters of a mile from the town, when the main street, as well as the short spur of Lacour street, is within the direct line of vision. Well, here is Pioche. A wonderful mining camp to be situated at this distance from the railway. "Pioche," which strikes you at first with the conviction that it is a place which is at the end of a long and severe journey. It may strike you secondly, that it is very like every other prosperous side-mountain camp in Nevada that you have ever visited. It occurs to you thirdly, that it is incredible that there have been 7,000 inhabitants here within the past three years, to remain for one period of twelve months. You do not now realize that it contains 3,000 adult population.

The driver begins to point out the locations of the different mines which are situated immediately back of the town on the sharply rising mountain sides. But you check him to inquire as to the new mill on your left, that is fully constructed but apparently unused. That is the Flowery mill, erected under the superintendence of Jake Clark. And it is supposed that Joe Clark comes to help place it upon a business footing. It has not been at work yet.

And here we notice, a few rods above this mill, half a mile or more from town, two graveyards. The driver replies to our inquiry, "That is the Odd Fellows', that the Masons' cemetery." And he informs us that an unfenced area is a public cemetery, in which repose the bones and ashes of 112 men,—adding with probable exaggeration: "Seven of which died a natural death." The last two men who died with their boots on were buried there the day before yesterday. And in so telling, this driver seemed also to have a pride of history in such a matter.

We have touched the suburbs of Pioche, and as we slowly move up the hill on a grade increasing from ten to twenty feet, we take the driver's enumeration of the mines and listen with thoroughly absorbed interest, until we reach the edge of a crowd of not less than fifteen hundred persons, which fills Main Street from the junction of Lacour up to the Express office—a distance of about 350 feet.

Pioche is situated in what might be properly termed the "bite" of four distinct hills on the mountain range. Here on the right, as you commence the ascent into the town, is a limestone hill. Passing around its individual base, a mile perhaps, and you come to a hill of quartzite, on which the Raymond & Ely, Hermes, Kentucky, Pioche-Phoenix, Newark, Ingomar, and other claims are located—the Panaca Flat claims proper. Half a mile of travel on the breast of this hill, over the most northerly portion of the course, and you come to the Meadow Valley range, which is also quartzite. This is divided from the last mentioned (Raymond & Ely) hill by a depression of something near 70 feet in the top of the hill: a road running up from the end of Main Street proper through this depression. On this hill are the various Meadow Valley mines, the works of which are in the breast of the hill—that is about half way up from the town. Above the Meadow Valley are the Huhn & Hunt, Chapman, American Flag, and half-a-dozen other mines of less celebrity. This range runs in an easterly and westerly direction. There is a hill or mountain spur, extending northerly from the breast of this quartzite mountain side, on which the Meadow Valley mines are situated, of limestone formation.

Suppose Telegraph Hill to represent the Raymond & Ely segment of the mountain circle, and Russian Hill, as far as Pine Street, to represent the Meadow Valley range; and then suppose that from Pine Street there should extend this hill of limestone, striking out directly toward the Bay: that will give you some idea—and, I think, not altogether a vague one—of the

two promontories of wealth, with one of the limestone projections. This last-described hill runs north a quarter of a mile, and is, so far as ascertained, valueless as a mineral-bearing body. So you perceive that Pioche is almost in an amphitheatre—with no valley, plain, or regular bowl, it is true; with one outlook northerly, looking out into an immense valley view, the upper end of which extends beyond the vision, and in fact, as already noted, is traveled clear up to the Patterson Ascent, from which we have just arrived.

Main Street runs up at a steep incline, say like Washington Street, from Montgomery to Taylor. Then it slightly deflects to the right and sinks in Panaca Flat. Out from Main Street, in an easterly direction, is Meadow Valley Street, at about the center of the most populous portion of the town. And above one hundred feet, in the same general direction from Main Street, is Cedar Street; but it ultimately, and at a distance, I should judge, of about 400 feet, runs into and connects with Meadow Valley Street. Meadow Valley Street is dedicated to saloons and such like places of entertainment. Cedar Street, from its point of departure from Main Street, is of a respectable kind. It has a school house, two churches, Episcopal and Catholic, and three handsome residences, with a filling in of humble, but decent cottages.

Lacour Street branches off from Main Street, about half way up the town from the Hay Corrals, which latter forms, of course, the first definite limits of the camp. Lacour Street runs nearly level for a distance of 800 feet.

About 400 feet from the corner of Main and Lacour is the Court House, a structure composed of stone and brick, in about equal parts, of the size of two stories of the Young Men's Christian Association building in this city. It cost the county in the neighborhood of \$125,000; but the contractors who were engaged in the work were not ruined by the outlay. In this building the celebrated *Raymond and Ely vs. Hermes* case was tried—the largest mining case, the most hotly contested, and actually, by virtue of the title set up and most ably and vigorously urged on the part of the plaintiff, involving greater interests than were ever before staked in any similar encounter on this Coast.

But I am admonished that the time appropriated for my use in this place, on one occasion, has expired. A more complete and systematic description of this most remarkable mining camp; a narrative of the great mining trial, "all of which I saw and part of which I was;" with personal descriptions of the judge, lawyers, witnesses and others connected therewith; an account of a trip to Bullionville and the Mormon town of Panaca, twelve miles distant from Pioche, and a description of the Warm Springs and the Mills in that vicinity; the narrative of a somewhat lengthy and detail interview with the celebrated Mother Lee (who superintended and carried on the Indian war of 1866-7, in this neighborhood); and a description of Eureka, and a mining trial there; these must all be reluctantly set aside at this time—perhaps to be submitted to you in this place on some future occasion.

So with vivid personal recollections of the scene, I now plant myself squarely on Panaca Flat, and bid you Good Night.









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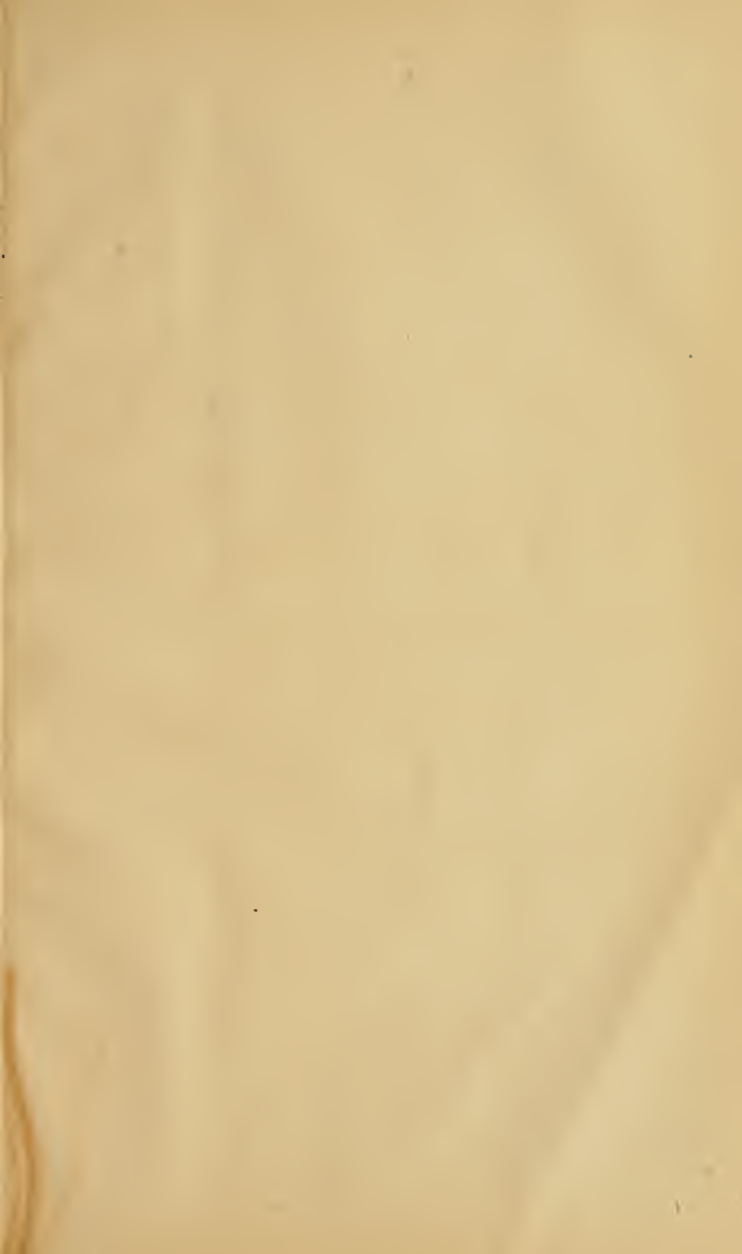
Over one hundred San Francisco references from the most intelligent classes:—not from professional certificate-makers. Gentlemen's Training Rooms, No. 606 Montgomery Street, corner of Clay. Send for circulars.

From G. W. CARLTON, Esq., Publisher: "I have used your SELF-LIFTER about three months very regularly—about seven times per week—still use it regularly, and find its effects very satisfactory."

\* \* \* HENRY C. BOWEN, Editor of the *Independent*, says: "It is so constructed that the most feeble person can use it with entire safety, and it can be used by ladies in company with gentlemen without any change of dress." \* \* \* Wm. W. MORLAND, M. D., Fellow Mass. State Med. Soc., describes the effects as "exhilaration, lightness, increase of muscular force, and a pleasant acceleration of the circulation, without the least strain or other injurious effect." \* \* \* R. H. LOWRY, President *Bank of the Republic*, says: "I have used the 'REACTIONARY LIFTER' over three months. \* \* \* The result is that my health and strength are greatly renovated. \* \* \* I recommend the instrument to all who, like myself, lead a sedentary life." \* \* \* HON. GEO. S. HILLARD, after six months' experience, "can recommend it as a good and healthy form of Exercise. It quickens the circulation, increases the muscular force, and gives to the whole system a sense of renewed vigor. It is to be particularly recommended to those whose habits are sedentary." \* \* \*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES writes that "it furnishes a concentrated form of Exercise which I have found salutary, agreeable and exhilarating." \* \* \* GEO. FRANK GUTLEY, Esq., Editor of the *Freemason*, St. Louis: "I would not take \$5000 for my REACTIONARY LIFTER if I could not replace it, so beneficial have I found its use." \* \* \* "Deserves all the attention claimed for it."—*The Nation*. \* \* \* "In female weaknesses, of the highest importance."—EDWARD BAYARD, M. D. \* \* \* "A perfect pan-athletic system of Exercise."—Prof. F. G. WELCH, Chair of Physical Culture, Yale College. \* \* \* "Invaluable for persons of sedentary habits."—T. W. COLBURN, Esq., Secretary Meadow Valley Mining Company, San Francisco. \* \* \*

"Cures Functional Diseases by causing a more complete renewal of arterial blood in the finest capillaries than can be secured by any other known means."—DR. DAVID WOOSTER, of San Francisco. \* \* \* "Regular exercise on the REACTIONARY LIFTER renders child-birth almost painless."—H. M. RYLAND, M. D. \* \* \* HENRY WARD BEECHER commends it to "all persons whose avocations severely tax the brain, and to all whose nervous system is run down. It gives thorough exercise with little fatigue, and with but little loss of time." \* \* \* PROF. J. F. BURNSTAD, M. D. of the *College of Physicians and Surgeons*, says: "as a means of retaining, and in certain cases of disease, of regaining health, I regard it of great value." \* \* \* ELDER MILES GRANT says: "We have visited the 'Health Lift' rooms, at 606 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.; and were delighted with the newly invented machine of Rev. Charles H. Mann, of Orange, N. J. It is admirably adapted for the object designed. It is cheaper, smaller, more easily adjusted, and more effective for good than anything of the kind we have ever seen. It is a well-settled fact that the 'Lifting Cure' is one of the best means of restoring and preserving health. We would recommend all to try it who can have the opportunity. Every family should have one of these 'Reactionary Lifters,' as they are called. If their value was only known, many families would be willing to lay aside their costly furniture, or apparel, for the sake of getting the 'Reactionary Lifter.' We have no interest in speaking on this subject but the welfare of our friends. We know whereof we affirm."



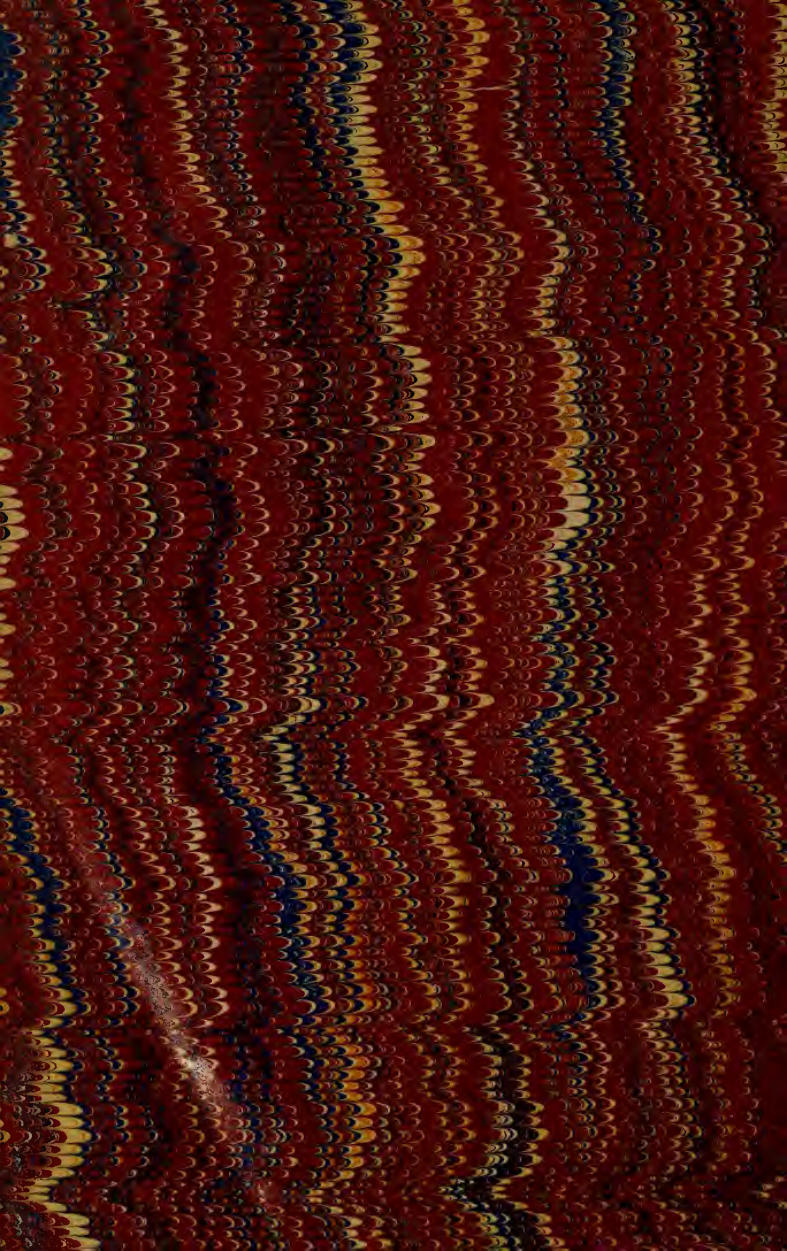


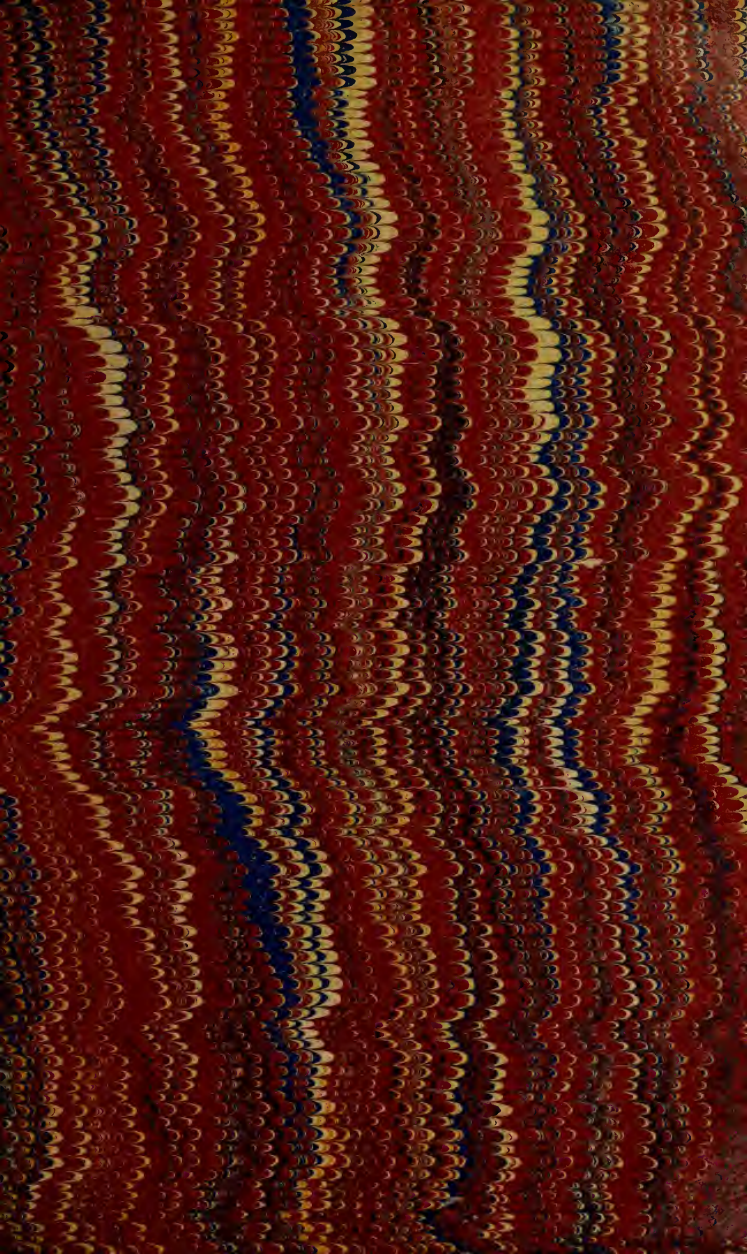












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