

digging over the old claims, note the young pines, and the long "V" flume which brings lumber from the mountains to the eastward twelve miles, and climb up to the Town-Talk Tunnel, 450 feet long; elevation 2,774 feet; and then descend, passing old mills and new mills, a portion of the city of Nevada, away across on the opposite side of the mountain, peacefully reposing—probably all unconscious of our near approach. On the descent to the city, we pass the New England mill on the left, and the Pittsburgh mill on the right; then cross a bridge 450 feet long over Gold Run Creek, where considerable placer mining is still being done, and after a run of five and a half miles from Grass Valley, arrive at

Nevada—This city is the county seat of Nevada county, situated on Deer Creek, a rapid stream with rugged canyon walls, and contains a population of about 4,300. There are here seven stamp mills, aggregating 110 stamps, two de-sulphurizing works, and, when sufficient water can be had for the purpose, an extensive business is carried on in hydraulic mining.

The place is rather irregularly laid out, owing to the formation of the land and the creek which runs through a portion of the town. There are some good business blocks, good county buildings, several hotels, of which the principal is the Union; one daily newspaper, the *Transcript*; and one weekly, the *Gazette*. There are some very nice private residences, surrounded with orchards, fruit and beautiful shrubbery, which contrast strikingly with the bare, brown, or red old hillsides.

The first mining in Nevada was placer, creek and gulch-washing. The mines were very rich, and lasted several years. During this time the famous hill "diggings," a part of the "old river bed," were discovered and opened. They, too, proved a source of great wealth, though many miners became "dead broke" before the right system—hydraulic mining with long flumes—was inaugurated. These mines proved very extensive and lasting, and yet form one of the chief sources of the city's wealth. Of late years the attention of the people has been directed to cement and quartz mining, and several very valuable quartz veins have been opened, and fine mills erected on them. The quartz interest is now a decided feature in the business of the city.

Stages leave Nevada daily for North San

Juan, 14 miles; Comptonville, 22 miles; Forest City, 45 miles, and Downieville, 50 miles.

NORTH SAN JUAN—is a lively mining town of 1,500 inhabitants, most of whom are engaged in hydraulic or other mining. The yield of the Milton Company's mill for 1877, was \$233,000; the Manzanita mine, \$155,713, for the same year. Orchards and vineyards are numerous, also some fine private residences.

COMPTONVILLE—is another small mining town, of about 500 inhabitants, most of whom are dependent on placer mining, and they have a portion of the "old channel" or hill mines in the immediate vicinity.

FOREST CITY—is a place of about 400 inhabitants, also a mining town, working "drift diggings."

DOWNIEVILLE—the largest town in Sierra county, is situated on Yuba River, with a population of about 1,000.

BLOOMFIELD—is twelve miles from Nevada, sometimes called "Humbug," but the yield of the North Bloomfield Co.'s mine for 1877, \$291,125, was *not* much of a humbug.

With this hasty glance at a country where the material for a big book lays around loose, we return to the Overland road, and again to the westward.

Leaving Colfax, we follow down Auburn Ravine, at times near its bed and anon winding in and out among the hills, which are here and there covered with small oaks and an occasional large oak and pine, together with the Manzanita, a peculiar shrub, resembling the thorn of the Eastern States, which sheds its *bark* instead of its leaves. (See Annex No. 50.)

N. E. Mills—is the first station after Colfax, 5.6 miles distant, but trains stop only on signal. The country is very rough and broken, and 3.31 miles more brings our train to

Applegate—another side-track near some lime kilns. Continuing along with numerous cuts, fills, bridges and one tunnel near the next station, 700 feet long, for 2.97 miles, we arrive at

Clipper Gap—an unimportant station. Again onward, we leave the ravine and keep along the foot hills, to hold the grade—passing through many an old washed placer mine, in which, only a few short years ago, could be seen thousands of men digging and washing, washing and digging, from morning till night, seeking