

distant, a small place of about 150 inhabitants. Passing on 11.7 miles further, we are at

CARBONDALE—Here are extensive coal mines, operated by the Ione Coal Co., who load on an average fifteen cars per day—150 tons.

At Michigan Bar, eight miles north, large quantities of the best pottery are manufactured, which finds its market over this road. From Carbondale it is 6.7 miles to

IONE—the end of the road, 27.2 miles from Galt. This place is in Amadore county, in a section devoted to mining and agriculture.

The coal mines located here have yielded about 200 tons per day during the year 1877. A new vein of coal, struck towards the last of the year 1877, opens up an almost unlimited deposit. Placer mining is carried on to some extent on Sutter Creek.

The *News*, a weekly paper, is published at Ione, which is also a point from which fourteen mining towns, large and small, draw their supplies. Some of these are reached by stage as follows: Volcano, population, 500; West Point, 300; Jackson, San Andreas, Mokelumna Hill, Sutter, Amador, Drytown, Plymouth, and Fiddletown. These places are from ten to fifteen miles distant. From Ione it is fifteen miles southeast to Mokelumna Hill, (pronounced Mokel-m-ne,) county seat of Calaveras county. This is one of the early mining towns of the State. Placer mines were worked as early as 1848, and are worked to some extent at the present time; but quartz mining and agriculture are the principal occupation of the people. It is a pretty little town; the streets are ornamented with shade trees on each side, and has some beautiful gardens and private residences, with good schools and churches, several good hotels, and one weekly newspaper—the *Chronicle*—the oldest paper in the State. Population, 1,200.

We will now return to Galt, and start once more south.

Acampo—is a small station where trains seldom stop, 5.4 miles from Galt, and 2.9 miles from

Lodi—The country along here has been settled up very much in the last four years; the fields are pretty generally fenced and well cultivated, and some fine vineyards of the raisin grape can be seen. Many new buildings attest the thrift of the people. Stages leave this station daily—

except Sunday—for Mokelumne Hill, 35 miles east.

Castle—is six miles from Lodi. Our train rolls along through fine broad bottom lands, dotted here and there with white-oak trees, which, at a distance, appear like an old New England apple-tree.

Six miles further, just before reaching the next station—on the right, that large building is the STATE INSANE ASYLUM. The grounds devoted to the use of the asylum occupy 100 acres. The first building in view is the male department; the second, the female. We are now in the suburbs of

Stockton—the county seat of San Joaquin county. Population, 13,000. Elevation, 23 feet. The city was named in honor of the old naval commodore of that name, who engaged in the conquest of California. It is situated on a small bay, of the San Joaquin River, at the head of navigation; navigable for crafts of 200 tons; yet steamboats of light draft ascend the river (San Joaquin) 250 miles farther. Stockton is situated in the midst of level plains, celebrated for their great yield of grain. It is the center of an immense grain trade. In early times, the only trade depended upon for the support of the city was derived directly from the working of the mines to the eastward. Some of this trade is still retained; but, compared with the tremendous grain trade which has sprung into existence within the last six years, it sinks to a unit. The city has many beautiful public and private buildings, thirteen churches, fourteen public and many private schools; is lighted with gas, and well supplied with water, the latter from an artesian well 1,002 feet deep, which discharges 360,000 gallons per day—the water rising ten feet above the city grade. There are several good hotels; the Yo-Semite and Grand are the principal ones. The *Independent* and the *Herald* are daily papers, published here. The city is embowered in trees and shrubbery: most of the private residences and gardens of the citizens are certainly very tastefully ornamented with all kinds of vines, shrubbery, and flowers.

The soil around Stockton is "adobe," a vegetable mold, black and very slippery, and soft during the rainy season. This extends southward to the Contra Costas, and west about five miles, where the sand commences and extends to the river.

Stockton, for several years after the com-