1-15-1879

Nevada's Dead Towns. A New Country Thickly Strewn with Ruins of Mining Towns-How Capital has been Squandered. Roving Tendencies of Miners-Wonderful Energy of Mining Men. (Special Correspondence of the Bulletin.)

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NEVADA'S DEAD TOWNS.

A New Country Thickly Strewed with Ruins of Mining Towns—How Capital Has been Squandered.

(Especial Correspondence of the Bulletin.)

Nevada is one of the very youngest and wild-est of the States, notwith stand ing its 55 years of gold and silver and timeworn as if the civilization to which they belonged had perished centuries ago. Yet strange to say, all these ruins are results of mining efforts made within the last few years. Wherever you may pass through this mountain-barred wilderness, you everywhere come upon these dead mining towns, with their tall chimney stacks, standing forlorn amid broken walls and furnaces, and machinery half buried in sand, the very names of many of them already forgotten and amidst the wrecks of their buildings, the now familiar and ten years old. While exploring the mountain ranges of the States in the immediate vicinity of the aban donation of three summers, I think that I have seen at least fifty of these forced towns and villages for every one in order. If they had been typically, they were probably only partly built by bands of prospectors for a few years or of silver. But many were real towns, regularly laid out and incorporated, containing well-built hotels, churches of various denominations and jails as well as the mills on which they all depended; and whose good streets were filled with lawyers, doctors, druggists, storekeepers, and other miscellaneous elements, the whole population numbering several hundred.

A few years are the population of Hamilton is said to have been nearly 8,000; that of Treasure Hill, 5,000; of Sherman's Mills, 3,000. All of these were incorporated towns with mayor, council, fire depart ments and daily newspapers. Hamilton has now about one hundred inhabitants, most of whom are merely waiting to be strayed in another moment. The streets of Hamil ton are left to be filled with weeds, but still have about as many, Shermantown one family, and Swansea one. While on the other hand are many, but the streets and blocks of the dead towns are being filled with weeds, and the blocks of "real estate" graded on the hillside as if they were to be planted again. Sage brushes are growing up around the forges of the blacksmith shops, and lizards bask on the crumbling walls of the houses.

DISMISSED ENTERPRISE.

While traveling southward from Austin, the Big White River Valley, I noticed a remark able tall and imposing column, rising like a lone pine over the flat desert, and a huge mound of rock just beyond it. It proved to be a smokestack of solid masonry, seemingly square out of square in the desert, with a long loop of train rail coming out of it. A fire from the heart of some noisy manufacturing town and left here by mistake, I was told. The town was made some twenty years ago to a set of furnaces that were built by a New York company to smelt ore that was not found. The works are still standing, the town has all but died as a township, and the town is left as a useless sight. These imposing ruins, together with the deserted towns, lying a quarter of a mile to the northwest of the town, seem to speak about blindness in the darkly raving madman. There is a hundred and fifty tons of ore from the original Eberhard mine, a measure that yielded a million and a half dollars, the whole of which was squandered in the mountains within 300 feet of the surface, the greater portion within 150 feet. Other ore masses were smelting, but had been abandoned by the time the town was built. The result of all this is that the hills have been broken into pieces, leaving only ruin to tell of the tremendous energy expended, as heaps of giant boulders in the valleys of the spent power of the mountain mounds.

A PROSPEROUS DISTRICT.

In marked contrast with this destructive un

rest is the orderly deliberation into which miners settle in developing a truly valuable mine. At Eureka we were kindly led through the treasure chambers of the Richmond and Eureka Consolidated, our guides leisurely leading the way from level to level, calling attention to the precious ore masses which the workers were slowly working to pieces with their picks, like navies wearing away the day in a railroad cutting, a town at the working of the bars of bullion handled with less eager haste than the farmer shown in gathering his sheaves.

WONDERFUL ENERGY OF MINING MEN.

The wealth Nevada has already given to the world is indeed wonderful, but the only grand marvel is the energy expended in its development. The amount of prospecting done in the space of so many dangers and sacrifices, the inaccessible tunnels and shafts bored into the mountains, the rails that have been built—these would seem to require a race of giants. But, in full view of the substantial results achieved, the pure West manifestly in the mine results one meets never fail to produce a sad satisfying effect. The dim old ruins of Europe, so eagerly sought after by travelers, have something pleasing about them, whatever their historical associations; for they at least lend some beauty to the landscape. Their picturesque towns and arche of the old Roman fever in their towers and arches seem to be kindly accepted by the nature, and plants with wild flowers and wreathed with live wires, while their rugged angles are soothed and refreshed and embraced with green mosses, fresh life and decay mingling in pleasing measures, and the whole vanishing softly like a rite, tranquil cold, and left to the night. So, also, among the other ruins of the East there is a fitness. They have served their time, and like the deserted mining towns are wasting harmoniously. The same is in some decaying trace of the dead mining towns of California. But those of Nevada's waste in the dry wilderness like the bones of cattle that have died of thirst. Many of them do not represent any good change, new and fertile, and have no right to be. They are monuments of fraud and ignorance—lust for personal profit. The waste of all the rocks may perhaps be regarded as the prayers of the prospector, offered for the wealth he so eagerly desires. But like prayers they may not be heard by the uncompromising nature, they are unanswered.

But after all, effort however misappaled, better is than stagnation. Better toil blindly, beating every stone in turn for grains of gold, than lie still or not to lie in an apathetic decay.

This period is fortunately passing away. The prospecting period is how for wandering about of ten years ago, rushing in random lawlessness among the hills hungry and rootless, but cool and skillful, we supplied with every necessary, and clad in his right side, that the prospectors in general, have become wiser, and do not take fire so readily from mining sparks, while at the same time, things are being done, and the ratio between growth and decay is constantly becoming better.