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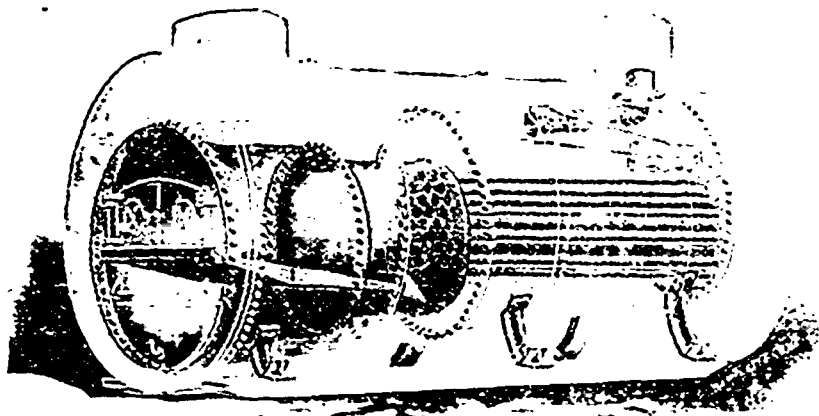
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### A NIGHT AT THE MONTAGU GOLD DISTRICT.

#### THE NISSEN STAMP MILL.

At the invitation of Mr. G. H. Nissen, the designer and builder of the five stamp mill for the Salisbury Company at Montagu, we passed a night at Montagu, and in the morning inspected the mill, which has lately been put in commission.

On Thursday afternoon of last week, we, by telephone appointment, arrived at McNab's grocery in Dartmouth promptly at 3 p. m., to take the express for Montagu.

Here we had an exemplification of the little heed to time given by the majority of people in happy Nova Scotia. "Time and tide wait for no man" is a truism here perhaps so far as the tides are concerned, but man, that noblest of all creatures, treats time with lordly indifference, and if it won't wait it can go and be—happy.

We arrived breathless at McNab's and seeing no team feared we were too late.

Enquiries however proved that the driver and owner of the express, Hector McQuarrie, was in Halifax.

At four he put in an appearance, and by half past six the horse was finally harnessed to the comfortable double sleigh, the numerous parcels were loaded in, and with a great flourish of whip we were under way. The warm sunny afternoon, which we had wasted kicking our heels in vain impatience, had given place to gloom and a bitter cold wind in our faces, and what might have been a pleasant drive proved an hour and a half of semi-martyrdom.

The delay was caused by the boundless good nature of the owner of the team, the said Hector McQuarrie, and was all to "oblige Benson" or some other party, who, in the end, failed to appear.

At 7.50 p. m. we drove up to the door of J. W. C. McQuarrie (the clan McQuarrie reigns at Montagu) where Mr. Nissen has had the good luck to secure board. We say good luck, for more comfortable quarters could not be desired, the hostess Mrs. McQuarrie being the acme of neatness and an excellent cook.

Mr. Nissen was surprised to see us at such a late hour, tea was over and Mrs. McQuarrie was just going out. But with true hospitality she gave up her visit, and soon had a delicate repast of brown and white bread, delicious utter and jam with a cup of fragrant tea set before us.

After tea Mr. Nissen joined us in a stroll over to the headquarters of Mr. Lucius J. Boyd, the consulting engineer of the Symon-Kaye Mine.

He was at home, and we passed an hour or two in pleasant chat interspersed with music by Mr. Boyd on the organ and autoharp, the latter a little instrument on which he picked out some delightful melodies.

Then we parted, Mr. Boyd to visit the underground workings where he was expecting a rich strike—in the morning we were informed it had been made—and we to tramp over the crisp snow through piles of refuse rocks, past ghostly-looking shaft houses and creaking pump bobs, to our comfortable bed at McQuarrie's.

Early in the morning Mr. Nissen arose and went to the mill, while we dressed at our leisure, and did full justice to a tempting and bountiful breakfast.

Then we accompanied Mr. Nissen to the mill and passed an hour in watching it crush the hard rock.

Previous to our visit the mill had been crushing surface stuff averaging some three pennyweights per ton, some thirty tons of which had been crushed while the copper plates were slowly being covered with amalgam and being brought into condition to save the gold. At the time of our visit the batteries were being fed with rich ore from the Rose lead.

In the Critic of December 23rd we thus described the Nissen Stamp Mill:—"The mill building is situated on the steep slope of the hill, is 57 feet long by 20 feet wide, and is most substantial in its construction. The battery is in the upper level of the building, giving a good incline to the plates. The tailings will flow on a concentrator of Mr. Nissen's make, and between the concentrator are the boiler and engine. The building is compact and everything about it and the machinery is ship shape and convenient. The mortar is now in position and rests on a solid foundation built up from bed rock. It is quite detached from the heavy framing which is to support the driving machinery, and there should be little or no jar from the falling stamps. Mr. Nissen was present and called special attention to the construction of the mortar. A manhole a foot square is cut in the lower front of the mortar, and closed by an iron plate which can be quickly removed. Through this man hole the dies may be slipped and the mortar quickly cleaned. Just below the screen a groove has been cast on each side of the mortar, and this holds in position a six inch cast corrugated copper plate, which may be pulled out and examined at desired with little delay. There is an opening at the back of the mortar box closed by a plank protected by rubber packing. On removing this, grooves similar to the ones in front are revealed, and these hold in position a similar copper plate. There are two six inch copper plates inside the mortar that are always easily accessible and never get out of place. Mr. Nissen claims that other makers hold these plates in place where they use them by set screws, and that the sand soon destroys the thread of the screws and the plates often get loose and fall into the mortar. When the battery is running there is six inches of water over the dies. As the sand passes the screen it drops upon two splash plates,