THE GREAT OVERLAND MAIL.

Conclusion of the Description of the Butterfield Route.

The Road Through Tucson, Fort Yuma and Fort Tejon, to San Francisco.

The Colorado River, Deserts, Plains and Mountain Passes.

Condensed Table of Time, Rate of Speed, and Distances.

INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

JOTTINGS FROM A WAGON SEAT, &c., &c., &c.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 13, 1858.

By the overland mail from this point to St. Louis of 11th inst. I advised you of the arrival of the great mail from St. Louis in twenty-three days and twenty-three hours and a half, and continued a description of the route as far as Tucson. I send herewith the description of the concluding portion of the route from Tucson, through Fort Yuma, Los Angeles and Fort Tejon to San Francisco. I also gave you in that letter a table of the distances and time of departure from various points of the route, and a calculation of the rate of speed, which, in the haste of preparation for the next mail, after a long and fatiguing journey, was not as correct as it should have been. The mistake, however, was so obvious—making an error of 137 miles in the distance between Tucson and Fort Tejon—that any one at all acquainted with the route would discover it instantly.

The following table is prepared with greater care, and may, I think be relied on:—

OVERLAND TIME TABLE GOING WEST.

Place.	Miles Distant from Place to Place	Miles—Distance of Division	Time of Travelling Division. D.H.M.	Av. Miles per Hour of each Division.	Time of Leaving Principal Station.
St. Louis, Mo., and Memphis, Tenn.	—	—	—	—	Sep 16, 8 A.M.
P. R. R. Terminus	160	—	—	—	" 16, 6.15 P.M.
Springfield, Mo.	143	—	—	—	" 17, 4 P.M.
Fayetteville, Ark.	100	—	—	—	" 18, 12 M.
Fort Smith	65	—	—	—	" 19, 3.30 A.M.
Sherman, Texas	205	673	4 8 40	6½	" 20, 4.40 P.M.
Ft. Belknap	146½	—	—	—	" 22, 7 A.M.
Ft. Chadbourne	136	282½	3 2 20	3¾	" 23, 7 P.M.
Franklin, (opposite El Paso)	414	414	6 22 50	2½	" 30, 5.50 A.M.
Soldier's Farewell	150	—	—	—	Oct 1, 10.15 A.M.
Tucson, Arizona	184½	334½	3 4 10	6½	" 2, 10 P.M.
Fort Tejon, Cal.	654	654	5 6 33	5¼	" 8, 4.33 P.M.
Visalia	127	—	—	—	" 8, 11.30 P.M.
Firebaugh's Ferry	82	—	—	—	" 9, 11.30 A.M.
Arrived at San Francisco	163	372	2 2 57	7½	" 10, 7.30 A.M.
Totals		2729½	23 23 30		

Thus the average rate of speed on the whole route is a fraction under five miles per hour.

Now supposing that no better time than this is made, and not considering all the difficulties natural to a first trip, and more especially over a route like this, which passes through nearly two thousand miles of uninhabited country, this route places San Francisco within twenty-six days of New York by mail and within twenty-four by mail and telegraph, affording by the semi-weekly stages communication between the bi-montly departures of the steamers. But if the overland trip is made in twenty days—as it can be, and as I confidently predict it will be before the expiration of twelve months—this route places New York as convenient to San Francisco as the ordinary trips of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. That the trip can be made in twenty days I have not the slightest doubt. The first trip had many difficulties which each succeeding trip will remove. Every month new stations will be built, shortening the relays of horses, and the roads will be much improved. Even with the very short time which has been made there were distances varying from thirty to one hundred and thirteen miles travelled without relays of horses, except the cavallados or droves, some of which I give below in tabular form:—

LONGEST DISTANCES OF THE FIRST OVERLAND MAIL WITHOUT RELAYS OF HORSES.

Chadbourne, Texas, to	Grape Creek, Texas, miles	30
Grape Creek, "	Head of the Concho	50
Head of Concho, "	Pecos river	75
Pecos river, "	Pope's Camp	113
Pope's Camp, "	Guadalupe mountains	65
Guadalupe Pass, "	Cornudas	8[illegible]
[illegible]ecatch, Arizona, to	Cooke's Spring, Arizona	52
River Mimbres, "	Soldier's Farewell	50
Soldier's Farewell, "	Stein's Peak	42

These long distances between stations are through wild and uninhabited sections of country, where labor, timber and all the appurtenances of stations have to be conveyed, and to complete which time is required. But, as I said, the company is rapidly making preparations to build new stations between these long points, and some have doubtless been built and stocked already. A station was nearly finished on the 113 mile stretch, up the Pecos river, about half way, and part of the animals which we drove in the cavallado were left there for the next stage. The road from Fort Smith to El Paso and from Tucson to San Francisco is in excellent condition, and the middle division, though not yet so thoroughly stocked as it will be, is in good order. [illegible]

At the points where there is no water, if water cannot be obtained by digging, it can be carried thence in the water carts or caught in tanks. An enterprising company is not to be frightened by trivial obstacles, and it will be a matter of economy with them to build stations in preference to killing their stock with such long and arduous drives. As to improving the roads, much has already been done. I have spoken in detail of the new road on Mr. Bate's route from Sherman, Texas, to Fort Belknap, Texas, which is thirty miles shorter than the old road, and now nearly as good. The new road from Grape Creek to the head of the Concho river, Texas, on Mr. Glover's division, is also in good order for travel, and saves another thirty miles. The new road between Los Angeles, California, and Fort Tejon, California, has been much improved under the superintendence of Mr. M. L. Kinyon, as have also been other portions of the route. The route of the company will, of course, be a favorite emigrant route, and will, therefore, be kept in better order than before: in fact, each month will add other facilities to the overland mail.

As I have frequently mentioned, the route needs thorough military protection. There are many places where a few resolute men could ride the stage at will and possess themselves of a valuable mail. Instead of posting large bodies of men in comfortable quarters in populated districts, the government might advantageously distribute them along the route, where they might serve the double purpose of keeping the Indians in check and protecting the mail from desperate white men, who are more to be feared. This done, the speedy growth of settlements along the line will be secured, and the certainty and regularity of the trips insured. The military posts along the mail route will have speedy communication with each other; so that the forces may almost instantaneously be concentrated at any given point, instead of, as now requiring months for the transmission of orders and the transportation of troops. A wall will be erected along the frontier, on the line of which settlements will grow, and beyond which the blood-thirsty Indian will not be allowed to pass.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR PASSENGERS.

Since my stay in San Francisco I have had many inquiries as to the means of procuring meals and sleeping along the route for individuals about to traverse it. Of course all these are not to be procured as conveniently as at the Astor House or our own houses, and for much of the distance the traveller has to rough it in the roughest manner. From Red river to El Paso there are few accommodations for eating beyond what are afforded by the company stations to their own employés. In time arrangements will be made to supply good meals at these points. The first traveller will find it convenient to carry with them as much durable food as possible. As for sleeping, most of the wagons are arranged so that the backs of the seats let down and form a bed the length of the vehicle. When the stage is full the passengers must take turns at sleeping. Perhaps the jolting will be found disagreeable at first, but a few nights without sleeping will obviate that difficulty, and soon the jolting will be as little of a disturbance as the rocking of a cradle to a sucking babe. For my part I found no difficulty in sleeping over the roughest roads, and I have no doubt that any one else will learn quite as quickly. A bounce of the wagon, which makes one's head strike the top, bottom or sides, will be equally disregarded, and "nature's sweet restorer" found as welcome on the hard bottom of the wagon as in the downy beds of the St. Nicholas. While pants and kid gloves had better be discarded by most passengers.

THE EMPLOYES.

The employés of the company I found, without exception to be courteous, civil and attentive. They are most of them from the East, and many, especially of the drivers, from New York State. I found the drivers on the whole line, with but few exceptions, experienced men. Several are a little reckless and too anxious to make fast time; but as a general thing they are very cautious. All the superintendents are experienced stage men; Mr. Crocker, who has charge of the division from St. Louis and Memphis to Red River, has his line in excellent condition; Mr. Bates, from Red River to Chadbourne, has worked very hard, especially with his new road and wild mules, and is an old stage man; Mr. Glover, from Chadbourne to the Rio Grande, has a very wild and unsettled country under his charge, and his arrangements were not very complete; but, as I have said, this portion of the road will grow better every month. Messrs. Hawley & Buckley, from El Paso to Los Angeles, are both experienced stage men, and will attend to their business. Mr. Kinyon, who, like Mr. Hawley, is one of the owners, is, as the perfect ness of the arrangements on his end of the line indicate, an experienced stage man. The road agents or sub-superintendents are also all of them men of much experience, and the company appears to have taken every care to have their employés reliable. Considering that the contract was signed but just a year before the route went into operation, that an exploring party had to be sent over the road to lay out the details of the line, consuming nearly eight months time; that during this time over 100 wagons had to be built, nearly 1,500 horses and mules bought and stationed, corrals and station houses built, men employed, and all these appurtenances disposed along the route, the work appears to be superhuman. Then it must be taken into consideration that food and clothing for all these men and horses have to be transported over the line, which is no mean item in itself.

I have thus far given you a description of the route as far as Tucson, and with this finish that part of my labors. I have no doubt that the work is feasible; that the route will be successful; that passengers to the Western States and from thence to California will patronize it; that the towns along the route will improve and others spring up; that military protection will be extended; that new mining districts will be discovered and worked; that the great work of the Pacific Railroad will be forwarded; that the people of California will have regular information from the East twice per week, and that the contractors will realize handsomely on the investments which they make in this great enterprise of the day.

Resuming my narrative where I left off in my last, I find myself at Tucson.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROUTE RESUMED.

Tucson is a small place, consisting of a few adobe houses. The inhabitants are mainly Mexicans. There are but few Americans, though they keep the two or three stores, and are elected to the town offices. The town has considerably improved since the acquisition of the territory by the United States. The Apache Indians are somewhat troublesome in the vicinity. We left the town on Saturday, October 2, having to drive forty miles to the next station in the Picacho Pass, before we came to desirable water. There had been a recent rain, however, and we found water for our animals on the route, scooping it up from little pools by the roadside. The road was over a plain covered with the customary wild vegetation of the country, but through no settlements. The pass is through one of the scattered mountains of the Sierra Madre range, and is not particularly different, from ordinary mountain roads.

THE PIMOS INDIANS.

Forty miles beyond the pass the company have a station, where I saw the first Indians in their wild native costume—much resembling that of our New York model artists. They were a band of fifteen Pimos, engaged in dressing a beeve which they had just sold to the station keeper. The dexterity with which they separated the various parts and sliced up the animal into strips of meat to be dried was quite remarkable. The men were generally in the costume of Adam, with a dirty cloth in the place of the fig leaf. The women, of which there were three, had cloths slightly larger, and a little cleaner, but down to their necks and arms, and "didn't have anything else." They all of them had fine muscular developements and were the very picture of health. Two or three of the men had their faces and bodies painted, having just returned from the war path. It appeared that the Apaches had a few days since gone into their village in large numbers and stolen a few of their cattle, and they had been following the trail, though without success. Their faces were painted an ebony black and their lips of a deep red color, so that as I first thought, they were blacks, as if by basking in the sun or sleeping in the shade. Some of the band lounged about and looked on with curiosity as we changed our horses and partook of our breakfast. This station was located on the Gila river, near the range of mountains known as the Casa Grande. A few miles beyond we came to the Pimos villages, scattered along the Gila on a reservation of fifteen square miles. The land here is rich, and, with irrigation, produces bountiful crops. The Pimos number in all about 22,000. They raise corn and wheat in very large quantities, which they sell to the whites. Their houses are miserable huts, built of mesquite bushes or hoops covered with straw. The Indians are hideous looking beings in their filthy scraps of clothing and naked brown bodies, and frequently frightened our mules as they passed by. The men are lazy and take good care to make the women do all the work. We saw numbers of sovereign lords walking along or riding and making their squaws carry the loads—a spectacle which would give one of our women's rights women fits instanter. The whites here, however, just, too, and the men hang about as much work to drive them as they would to do the work themselves. The price of hay, of which there is but comparatively little raised here, is from $15 to $20 per ton. Corn and wheat sell at from two to three cents per pound.

THE MARICOPAS WELLS.

Twenty-four miles from our last station we came to the Maricopas wells, situated in a large plain of alkali soil and coarse grass. There are in all six or eight wells, and the water is very good. We found a number of Indians there, and one of them had the audacity to ask me three bits (37½ cents) for a small melon which he wished to sell. I showed him two three cent pieces, and the Indian, with a sufficiently contempt which he gave me would be worth a fortune to an actor if put in the right place. I am sure his melon would not before he could get another chance to sell it.

A FORTY MILE DESERT.

From the Maricopas wells, where we changed our horses for a mule team, we had a forty mile ride over the corner of a vast desert. The soil was coarse sand and gravel, and the road excellent. No water can be found on the entire distance. I here saw some of the largest cactus plants on the route; they tower up from twelve to fifteen feet in some of the varieties. A very excellent and sweet syrup is made from them. The stalks, which are very tough, are sometimes used for building huts.

We arrived at the station on the Gila river—which is a tine (?) tales—at the edge of the forty mile desert, on Sunday, October 3, at 9.30 P. M., and left at ten, our road now running along the northern banks of the Gila to Fort Yuma on the Colorado, about 100 miles from its mouth. The stations in the Gila valley are from fifteen to twenty miles apart. The first we touched at was called "Murderer's Grave." It was the scene of the summary killing of a young man by a band of emigrants, he having, in a fit of passion, shot a guardian who had him in charge. His punishment was as summary as his crime, and his wealth did not avail him to escape, as, perhaps, it might in a more civilized and enlightened community. Fifteen miles further on we came to "Oatman Flat," the burial place of the unfortunate Oatman family, whose sad story has been published in book form within a year. They were part of an emigrant train, and from some cause had become separated from the rest. They were met in this lonely spot by a band of Apaches, and the whole family left for dead, with the exception of two young girls, who were carried off by the Indians. The son, however, survived his wounds, and succeeded in crawling many miles to a rancho. After an arduous search of a few years he finally recovered one of his sisters by paying a heavy ransom, and discovered that the other had died during her captivity. The graves of the father and mother are directly in the road, and the teams often pass over them. They lie some distance from the scene of the murder, which took place on a hill half a mile off. Mr. Jacobs, the road agent on this section of the line, intends having the graves enclosed with a fence, so as to turn the road aside.

EXPERIENCE EN ROUTE.

The hill on which the murder was committed is very steep and covered with deep sand; it has been partly repaired by Colonel Leach, but is still a very difficult place for heavy teams, and no easy one for light ones. There are several very bad hills between the Oatman Flats and the "Dutchman," a station on the Gila, about twenty-two miles distant, where we took breakfast and enjoyed the luxury of a bath. A ride of eighteen miles over a rough, stony and sandy road brought us to Texas Hill, near Pringle's Peak, a rugged mount about 1,500 feet high, which towers down to the level of the plain, into which it juts like the nose of a sword fish. It is mainly composed of red slate rocks, and in the moonlight looks like a hill of icebergs. I had expected to get supper at the next station, but it not being ready, and Mr. Warren Hall, the road agent, being anxious to get the mail along in time, I had to content myself with a pipe and a glass of water, and ride along, although I had had nothing to eat since breakfast. But we had a good road and a fast team, and came along finely. Indeed, since leaving Tucson our teams had been far better than on the other end of the route, and, as you must have observed by the table, our rate of speed was much greater. The line is exceedingly well stocked from Tucson to San Francisco, and but few mules are used. Were it not for the excellence of the stock and the arrangements of the stations on this end of the line, the first mail could not have come through in time. At a station twenty miles from Fort Yuma we met the fourth stage from San Francisco, thirty hours ahead of time, waiting for us to come up, to change stages. They had a full load of passengers, including a man, his wife and two children, who were going through to Memphis. The woman and children stood the fatigue of the trip bravely. As for the exchange of stages, we got rather the worst of it, as we had to take a lumber wagon and patch up the harness with ropes. Mr. Hall, the road agent, is, however, a man of much energy, and soon set matters straight, and I believe we made quite as good time to Fort Yuma in our lumber wagon as we had made before. Mr. Hall is an old stage man, having been concerned in some of the first stage lines of California, and engaged in the business since 1849. He has been engaged under the direction of Mr. Kinyon in stocking the line from Tucson to Los Angeles, and has secured some of the finest stage teams on the route. Our rate of speed on his division was about five and a half miles per hour, which was very good, considering the sandy desert we had to traverse.

Fort Yuma is now in command of Colonel Fauntleroy, with fifteen men. It is situated on the Colorado—west bank—near its junction with the Gila. Most of the buildings belong to the government. About a mile below the fort is Arizona City, consisting of a few adobe houses. We crossed the river at this point, on the ferry kept by Mr. Yager, who charges $5 for carrying an ordinary four horse team. The boat is a sort of flat boat, and is propelled by the rapid current, being kept in its course by pulleys running on a rope stretched across the river. We crossed just at daybreak, and found the few Americans ready to receive us. After a hasty breakfast we changed our horses and were off again.

THE COLORADO RIVER.

Our road for ten miles ran along the banks of the Colorado, which is navigable for steamers of very light draught up to this point. The river takes an abrupt sweep from east to west here, which is gradually wearing away the western bank to a great extent, so much so that the road is in many places washed away. The road leads through heavy sand and bushes. The quicksands are very large, and shift with much rapidity, often building an island in a spot which a few hours before was the centre of the channel. The land in the vicinity of the river is very fertile, and can easily be made to produce all kinds of vegetable growth. About ten miles from the fort is Pilot Knob, a mountain which extends nearly to the very verge of the river, leaving but a narrow pass for the road. The road from Fort Yuma for fifty miles west runs through the northwest corner of Mexico. At Fort Yuma we leave the Gadsden Purchase through the southern edge of Arizona, whose mineral resources are her best recommendation. The California line is just below Fort Yuma; and it is to avoid a bad part of the sandy desert that the road is kept through Mexico or Lower California. I would have stated before that we met Colonel Leach's train at Fort Yuma, en route for San Diego, having finished work on the route.

The mail route was laid out to run through San Bernardino, through whose fertile district it is most desirable that it should run; but the great difficulty of getting over ninety-three miles of a waterless, heavy, sandy road could not be overcome, and the old road, through the upper corner of Mexico, is preserved.

THE CALIFORNIA DESERT.

For full sixty miles the sand is extremely heavy, and progress with loaded teams very difficult. Near the road is a steep sand hill, with little or no vegetation, which extends sixty miles into the plain. A few days before we left Fort Yuma, (which was on Tuesday, the 5th, at 6.15 A. M.,) there had been a heavy sand storm on the desert. Some of the sand drifts were very high, and in many cases the road was entirely covered up. These sand storms are very violent, and oftentimes men and animals are lost in them. On one occasion a wealthy cattle owner of California lost three thousand head of sheep in six hours; and out of 6,000 sheep, with which he started for San Francisco, from Chadbourne, Texas, he only reached his point of destination with 1,500. On our way we met several small companies of Yuma Indians, crossing the desert on foot, carrying their water gourds. The Yumas are a peaceably disposed tribe, and these did us no more harm than to make faces at us and grin at our horses shied from them. I found the journey quite pleasant enough in the wagon; but they seemed to enjoy the walk, as if they were used to it. We took the precaution to keep a sharp lookout on our back box, where the baggage was kept, so as to leave them no temptation to steal—a temptation which they would not be likely to resist. Twenty-four miles of pretty rough riding through the sand brought us to one of the company's stations, kept by a kind-hearted gentleman named Elliott, who only charges one dollar for a meal of crackers, pork and coffee. We found that there were no horses ready for us at the station; but, fortunately, an agent of the San Diego Mail Company was passing with a lot of stock, and Mr. Hall soon made a trade with him for a team, and we suffered no detention. I thought at first that he had stock the worst of the bargain, for one old mare insisted on pulling the wrong way. They all finally pulled together, however, through the soilent endurance of Mr. Hall, and we started on another twenty-four mile ride to the Indian wells. Mr. Elliott's station was called Alamo Mocho, or the cottonwood stump. The stump must have been growing on that stand, for I could not see it.

NEW RIVER.

A few miles beyond we crossed New river, which is indicated on the maps, but has never been seen but once, which was by a military expedition in 1851. They camped at night, supposing they were in a dreary distance from water, and in the morning, to their surprise, found they were on the banks of a river. Many reasons were at first assigned for it; some said that it was a large spring, and others that it was a series of springs. I believe, however, the final conclusion was that it was a sort of slough from the Colorado, for it shortly disappeared, leaving in its bed vast numbers of fish, which, whose decaying bodies made the most horrid stench for months. It went almost as quickly as it came.

INDIAN WELLS—A CREEK IN THE SAND.

Twenty-four miles of heavy sand riding brought us to the Indian wells, where we found the station man had had some difficulty with Indians, who refused to let them have water for their animals. Almost a collision ensued, but the Indians finally retired without making an attack, although they were vastly in the majority. Twenty-four miles from the wells we came to Carrizo creek, which is indicated on the maps, but, as it appeared to me, was a simple sandy gully, a little damp. Our road for a considerable distance lay directly in its bed, was indeed a desolate one. The vegetation within sight was of but little account, while not a tree could be seen except upon the distant mountains, where there are many fine cattle ranches; but we could see nothing of vegetation but here and there a clump of mesquit, or some other wild bush of the plains.

CATTLE DYING OF THIRST.

An emigrant train had just passed, and we met numbers of cattle which had been abandoned as being too weak to travel; there they stood, almost living skeletons, gradually dying of thirst, with water within a few miles of them. I could almost imagine they looked supplicatingly at us, and begged for just one single drop. Some were standing, others lying, and others just gasping in the agonies of death—a sight almost enough to sicken the stoutest heart. The loss to emigrant trains—especially large ones—is very great from this cause. Very often one half, or two thirds, of a large drove of cattle will have to be left on the road, too weak to proceed from want of water. The Indians gather up these stray cattle, by carrying water to them or driving them to the nearest creek, as, by the custom of the country, cattle thus picked up are seldom reclaimed by their original owners. One of the greatest benefits of the establishment of this overland mail route will be, that it will indicate to the emigrant, with his valuable droves of cattle, the safest and surest means of transit across these waterless plains; while so little travelled that disputes often occur among directors of a train as to which is the right road. I was furnished with a sad illustration of this fact by a passenger on our stage from Pilot Knob to El Monte—a distance of 260 miles—who paid almost his last cent for passage money for himself and family of wife and two children—one a fat, hearty infant but eight months of age, whose joyous glee was quite an addition to our company on the tedious road, besides being a reminder of another little one more than two thousand miles away. The passenger of whom I speak had started with a large emigrant train from Fort Chadbourne, Texas, to cross the Great Staked Plain, the crossing of which I described in my last. A dispute arose as to the proper course; most of the party contended for striking a northern course; but he and a few others insisted on one more southerly. The former insisted that they should steer west, and reach the Pecos; they were, however, overruled, and the train started across the Plain roads leading to water. The consequence was that there were three thousand head of cattle left to die a terrible death on the Plain from thirst, adding their bones to the vast numbers which, whitened, it and lines the roadside, their skeletons! without the traveler of the dreadful dangers of the desert. The passenger's name was Foreman, of Williamson county, Texas, and when he left the stage at El Monte he was almost broken by the fatigue of his journey that his own sister did not know him.

CALIFORNIA VALLEYS.

The company have a station at Carrizo Creek, where plenty of water can be had by digging. About half way between the next station and Vallecito is Palm Spring, so called on account of a number of palm plants which grow near it; we met the fifth stage from San Francisco, which was a little behind the usual time, but ahead of schedule time. Vallecito, or Little Valley is a beautiful green spot—a perfect oasis in the desert; it is about five miles square, surrounded by rugged timberless hills, and the green bushes and grass and hard coat are a most refreshing relief from the sandy sameness of the desert. There are a number of springs, some of them salt. There is but one ranche, where we changed horses. The sand sparkles in the sun with large quantities of mica, which the uninitiated often mistake for gold dust, as it much resembles the precious metal in color. We found here part of Mr. Foreman's emigrant train, which, from thirty-three wagons, had dwindled down to seven, with but a tithe of the cattle with which they started. From Little Valley the road leads through a rough canon over a steep and stony hill into another valley, the only characteristics are an abundance of grease wood, which, whether wet or dry, is an excellent fuel. At the end of this valley, twenty eight miles from Vallecito, our road strikes the San Diego road, and proceeds through a very narrow pass—the most wonderful on the route. It appears to have been the bed of a fierce torrent, but it was now dry. The channel appears to have been cut through the solid rocks with the regularity of a deep cut for a railroad, and perpendicularly up the steep sides of the narrow pass the jagged rocks tower, apparently ready to fall and crush all beneath them. Yet among these jagged peaks there are many varieties of cactus weeds—cactus plants, Spanish dagger, prickly pear and maguey—from which nutritious food and drink is obtained. From the maguey plant an exhilarating liquor, called "mescal," is made, while the plant itself, after being baked for twenty-four hours, affords an excellent meal. The outer covering of the leaf, which somewhat resembles the Spanish dagger, is also, I believe, used for making a rope, as the fibres are much like hemp. The mountains near the road abound in mica, and are no doubt replete with mineral wealth. Our progress through this portion of the road was quite slow, necessarily, and it required all Mr. Hall's skill to guide our team and wagon safely through the pass; for in some places there was hardly an inch to spare. It is the most wonderful natural road I ever saw or heard of; once of the drivers, however, thought the journey rather dull, and declared that, if God ever pronounced this part of the earth good, it was more than ever man did. Mr. Freeman expressed that God knew what was in the mountains and man did not; but he was met by the assurance that the mountains were of little good to man, since he didn't know what was in them. There is, beyond a special dispensation of Providence to make us the more appreciate the beautiful road which lay just beyond, for, just as we came up from the rugged pass, we struck

PLEASANT SIGHTS,

a beautiful hard road which would rival the Third avenue in its palmiest days. It seemed to infuse new life into ourselves and animals, and I felt as if I could at that moment turn back and cheerfully re-traverse the dreary journey which I had passed in consideration of this little patch of good road. It led directly across the bed of a large lake, now dry, but which, in forcing an outlet, had evidently cut the deep pass through which we had just come. We were now fairly out of the desert, and from that point until we reach San Francisco—a distance of over several hundred miles—the route is through a series of fertile valleys, abounding in fruits and agricultural productions, compared with which the gold fields of the State sink into insignificance. By the valley of San Felipe we saw a number of prosperous Indian ranches, where they raise corn and melons, and live much like white folks. Warner's ranche is a pleasant situated ranch, in the valley, in the midst of a beautiful meadow, and with its shingled roof looked more like civilization than anything I had seen for many days. There were hundreds of cattle grazing on the plain, and everything appeared to indicate an every natural advantage could secure. Our road lay through some delightful country—a most decided improvement on the desert—while the cool, delicious springs of water were most acceptable. The stations through these valleys at Buena Vista, Bell's, Oak Grove, Swango, Laguna and Temecula, are all at convenient distances, and the accommodation excellent, and the road is lined with prosperous ranches. Through all San Diego county the verdure was quite luxuriant, owing to the recent rains. Our road lay through a valley in the southwest corner of San Bernardino county, where the San Bernardino mountains on the east and the coast range on the west. The land is rich and could produce everything, but it lies, almost, uncultivated, being used principally for grazing. The owners prefer to grow rich without doing any work. They have plenty of meat ready at hand, and can buy what they want by selling stock. Many of them buy wheat and corn, while their lands would produce abundant crops with the greatest ease. Our road leads through Chino ranch—the richest in San Bernardino county—the proprietor of which is estimated to own about $300,000 worth of cattle, yet at our breakfast there we had neither butter nor milk, without which the merest hut carrier in New York would think his meal incomplete. The cattle dot the plains for miles around, and their land could produce everything; but they have not even the comforts of a Massachusetts farmer among his rocky hills. I could not but think what a different spectacle these fertile valleys would present were they peopled by some of our sturdy, industrious Eastern farmers, and re-curred to my reflection in the Mesilla valley, that Providence knew just where to locate the lazy men and the industrious ones. Perhaps it is the very luxuriance of the soil, and the ease with which anything can be produced, that makes the people insensible to the benefits which they have; but to me it seemed a great pity to see so much good land wasted.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY—RICH RANCHES.

After crossing the Santa Anna river, in San Bernardino county, the road runs through the Chino Ranche, which is marked on Colton's map, though it consists of but one house. The course is then due west into Los Angeles county, which may well be called "The Angels'" country, for the rich fertility of its soil. A few miles before reaching Los Angeles city, we pass through the beautiful little town of El Monte, which is ranged along the road for nearly five miles; and is composed of a series of neat looking houses, built of wood, and considerably more tasteful. The farms are mostly with orchards, cornfields and land. The fences are, many of them, "live fence," made by planting cotton wood, poplar or willow, much like the eastern willow, which soon grows to a large size, and lines the road for miles. The Post Office is a wooden building, with a neat piazza and shingled roof, which looked quite refreshing after over a thousand miles travel without seeing a house having the appearance of civilization. The roads through this county are excellent, and as we rode along we passed numerous herds of cattle. Many of these herds are watched by dogs, which are so well trained that they keep the flocks together, and will not permit strange men or ravenous animals to approach.

TRAINED DOGS.

One man in this county has three dogs, who take the herds from the corral in the morning, drive them to good pasturage, and watch them until night, when they bring them back. They take turns at meal times, two remaining, while the third goes home to his meal. This may seem a pretty tough story, but I am assured that it is a fact.

LOS ANGELES.

Los Angeles City is about twenty-seven miles from the coast, on the San Pedro river. It contains about 6,000 inhabitants, and has a number of fine buildings. The people are mostly Mexicans, Spanish and Indians; but since the acquisition of the State by the United States, the Americans have been increasing in numbers. There is a weekly paper published there, and the town, as I passed through it, looked thrifty and business-like. On the outskirts of the city are the vineyards, covering many acres and producing the most luscious grapes, from which wines are made, which have a world-wide celebrity. Celebrated sparkling wines are made here. The fruits of the neighborhood are of the largest kind. I saw some pears which would take premiums at our agricultural fairs. Their flavor was, however, inferior to the Bartlett pear. We arrived at Los Angeles in five days and four hours from Tucson, making nearly six miles an hour on the average, in spite of the sandy desert and craggy hills. As we entered the town we met the sixth mail from San Francisco, which left on Monday, October 4, with two through passengers. We stopped only long enough to change coaches, and started on our way again. We met here Mr. M. L. Kinyon, the superintendent of this end of the road, through whose energy the line from Tucson all the way to San Francisco, has been stocked. Messrs. Hawley and Buckley, the superintendents between El Paso and Los Angeles, received much assistance from him, and he was much aided by Mr. Warren Hall, of whom I have before spoken as an experienced stage man. The stock from Los Angeles is very good, and we made the best time on that part of the route—sometimes making twelve miles per hour, including stoppages. He has some excellent drivers, and his longest station is twenty-six miles. The average distance between the relays of horses is from ten to fifteen miles.

THE ROUTE BEYOND LOS ANGELES.

Our first change was nine miles from Los Angeles. Fifteen miles further we changed at the old Spanish mission of San Fernando, which is marked on Colton's maps. It was built for the Indians, and consists of a number of low ranches; the remains indicate that it was once a fine adobe building, with large piazza terraces, and a fine belfry and a fountain. A niche in the centre of the building contains a fine piece of old statuary. Part of the building is now used as a stable for the company's horses; and the only inhabitants we saw were a few Indian women, washing in a little brook which gurgles by, who giggled in high glee as we passed with our beautiful team of six white horses—two more than our usual allowance; in consideration of a heavy canon and pass which lay in our route. It would be well for other portions of the road east of El Paso if six horse teams were used, as there are in a number of difficult places, such as the Colorado desert and the Pecatcho Pass; but I suppose a little time will regulate all these matters. The road leads through the New Pass, where it strikes the old road from San Bernardino to the Tejon Pass, of the Sierra Nevada mountains. The canon road is rugged and difficult, and the pass is, I believe, the steepest hill on the whole route. I should judge it to be full 500 feet from the level of the road, which has to be ascended and descended in the space of a quarter of a mile. Perhaps my idea of the distance is not correct, but certainly it is a very steep hill, and our six horses found great difficulty in drawing our empty wagon up. The road takes some pretty sharp turns in the canon, and a slight accident might precipitate a wagon load into a very uncomfortable abyss. At the base of the canon is the smooth sandy bed of a creek, which was now dry. Eight miles from San Fernando we changed horses again at Hart's ranch, having made nearly ten miles per hour, and in spite of the bad condition of the roads, after one of the heaviest rains ever known in the country. From this point, the road leads through the San Francisco canon, twelve miles long, the small jagged peaks of the mountains on either side assuming many curious forms of spectral human profiles. We reached Fort Tejon, ninety-six miles from Los Angeles, at 3.40 A. M. on Friday, Oct. 8, where we again struck the route mentioned in the published time table.

FORT TEJON.

Fort Tejon is directly in the Pass, and has some very fine adobe buildings, most of which belong to the government. There are few settlers. The price of hay here is $43 per ton, and barley six cents per pound. I should think some of our enterprising Yankees, who think ten dollars per ton for hay a very high price, could make fortunes here if they could only get the liberty of cultivating a few of the many acres of now useless fertile lands in this section of California. We left the fort at 4.33 A. M., our route passing through Grape canon. The hills on the road through this canon have a remarkably round and smooth appearance. The road is winding, and verges on many a dangerous precipice, requiring the most careful and experienced drivers. The road through the pass for five miles is good; and then we strike a level plain for thirteen miles to the site of Tejon, the next station, at the entrance of the Pass. The next station is sixteen miles distant, and the road across a plain, with some willow timber, and one or two steep hills. Fifteen miles from the last station we cross the Kern river, which empties into the Tulare lake. We are now in a vast plain, through which our road runs for one hundred miles, crossing a series of rivers and creeks, which empty into the Tulare lake. The Kern river is a rapid running stream, and has to be crossed on boats. A man named Gordon keeps the ferry, and has a large flatboat, which being out of order at that time, the stages could not cross, and we had to cross in a small boat, propelled stern first with a shovel by the dexterous hand of the ferryman. The company have a station here, and no detention is experienced, as horses and another wagon are waiting on the other side. The land along the river bottom is good. We have now to cross thirty-three miles of sandy road over some steep foot hills of the Sierra Nevada, with only an occasional green spot to relieve the monotony. For several miles the road winds at the foot of these hills with abrupt turns, which keep a team travelling like horses in a circus ring, though the curves are a terrible to the right and to the left. The hills are barren. Occasionally we have a steep one, and from the top can see as far as the eye can reach nothing but the tops of other hills and the craggy summit of the Sierra Nevada. The two or three little groves of mezquit, poplar and cottonwood are quite a relief, and you wonder, as you look at the sandy soil, how even the sage bushes can live. All that we saw of King's river was its dry bed, and I passed it without knowing it. There is, however, a pump to mark the spot. We stopped at station at Pose creek, twenty-six miles from King's river, seven miles distant at White river, and eighteen miles thence to the next station.

VISALIA—A RECEPTION.

The next town of importance is Visalia, which is forty-seven miles from White river and about one hundred from Tejon, and the first town from Tejon. There are a few adobe houses, and the population is about five hundred. The place is situated in an oak grove, sometimes called the Four Creeks, which seldom have much water. There are a number of New Yorkers in the town, and I took a glass of lager, which made me feel quite at home. Though it was nearly midnight when we arrived, the news spread rapidly, and we soon had a cordial greeting. Before we left they gave us an anvil salute, which was quite new to me. The powder is placed in a hole in one anvil, and a train laid to the edge. A card is then placed over the hole, and another anvil on top of that. Preceding this was the first evidence of any enthusiasm along the route since we left Fort Smith, and the rousing cheers given by the citizens were heard. The rest of us—at 11.30 on Friday, the 8th of October, ought to be remembered in the history of the town; for I here immortalize them. They were genuine expressions of joy for the mail of the 5th of September from New York had just reached them, while we had brought news to the 16th. Our stations from Visalia were: 13 miles to Cross creek, 13 to King's river, 16 to Elk Horn, 22 to Fresno City, and 19 to Firebaugh's Ferry, on the San Joaquin. The road is over the barren plain, with no wood except upon the banks of the creeks, and no settlements except the stations.

A LARGE CITY—FAST TRAVELLING.

The soil is mostly alkali, and the taste of the water is much tinctured with it. Freezeman city is at the head of a slough of the San Joaquin, and consists of one adobe house and one partly finished. The proprietor is boring an artesian well, for the purpose of obtaining good water. From this point to the Tulare lake the course of a canal is marked by a furrow, which is, I believe, the only property of some anxious stockholders. Firebaugh's Ferry is the crossing place of the San Joaquin for the travel going to Fort Miller. The mail route does not cross the river, but runs along its southern banks to about the head of King's river, when it takes a more westerly course [illegible] the [illegible] range of mountains at [illegible]. We crossed the river, however, to get [illegible] for the purpose of a pretty smart ride to [illegible] through some fine land, though no settlements, except [illegible] of the river, the owners of which own large herds of cattle, which we saw grazing on the plain or wending their quiet way to the river for water. There is no timber on the plain, but some on the banks of the river. The Firebaugh's Ferry is made a time table station, and we left there at 11.30 A. M. of Saturday, the 9th of October, and with it what was something over six hours behind the time table, and the distance to San Francisco was only one hundred and sixty-three miles, we were still, fast in advance of the usual time, and had no doubt of reaching San Francisco in advance of the time table time, which result the service to be performed in nearly one day less than the terms of the contract called for. The road along the San Joaquin was one of the best I had seen, and our driver kept his team on the more, making the first twelve miles in one hour and twelve minutes, and the next twelve in one hour and ten minutes, and the next eighteen miles to San Louis Ranche in one hour and a quarter (changing horses at each station, and driving as some pretty fair specimens of the California stock). To run stage horses at such a rate of speed would, I judge, be considered rather dangerous work in the States; but here stock is cheaper, and if it does not last so long, they buy more and keep the coaches moving along right smart.

THE PACHECO PASS.

From the time we leave Firebaugh's Ferry to the time of entering Pacheco Pass, a distance of forty miles, the Pacheco Peak is plainly visible. The San Louis ranche is just at the entrance of the pass; and is the only house within thirty miles. The building looks much like a country farmhouse in Connecticut, and the owner's hospitable table is always open to all who pass that way. It is a great rendezvous for drovers going down to the valleys after cattle. The owner himself keeps about 1,600 head of fine cattle, which may be seen dotting the plain for miles around. He cultivates the ground but little, considering himself sufficiently well off to need to work so possible. Few of these large ranches are owned exclusively by Americans; as most of them have been banded down from the old Spanish settlers. Much of the property, however, has come into the possession of Americans by means of intermarriage. The celebrated Chino ranche is this now partly owned by two Americans, who, I believe, married two sisters, the descendants of the old Spanish owner.

As we entered the Pacheco Pass I had made up my mind to lie down in the wagon and take a nap, as night was fast approaching and I felt much fatigued. I heard the driver and agent, known throughout this section of the country as Sam Kinyon—the brother of the Superintendent—remarking on the rough mountain passes which lay on our way; but after the Guadalupe Pass, the Boston Mountain of the Ozark range, the Pacheco and the New Pass, I had about concluded that I had seen all the mountain passes worth seeing on the route, and that none could be more difficult or dangerous. But I was destined to be disappointed, and to witness one of the finest views which the entire route affords. The distance through the pass is twelve miles, and instead of the canon which I expected, I found the road to lead over hills piled on hills, mountain high, though a little lower than their neighbors, were still at quite sufficient altitude. On every side we could look off over steep and craggy ravines, some of whose bottoms could not be discerned in the distance. Our road led immediately on the brink of many a precipice, over which a balky horse or a broken axle, or an inexperienced driver, might send us whirling in the air in a moment. There are also many sharp curves in the road, winding around the sides of steep hills; on the edges of the ravines, many steep roads directly up and down the hills, and many rocks near the road; leaving just sufficient room for an experienced driver to take his team through without striking.

FAST DRIVING.

Most drivers would have been content to drive slowly over this spot, a distance of twelve miles, and every foot of it requiring the most skilful management of the team to prevent the certain destruction of all in the coach. But our John was in a hurry with the "first stage" mail, and he was bound to put us through in good time. I suggested to him that a bad man riding on this road was on the very brink of the bad place, and likely to depart thence at almost any moment if anything should break. He said, "Yes, but they did'nt expect anything to break," and whipped up his horses just as we started down a steep hill. I expected to see him put down the brakes with all his might, but he merely rested his foot on them, saying, "It's best to keep the wheels rolling, or they'll slide;" so he did keep the wheels rolling, and the whole coach slid down the steepest hills at the rate of fifteen—yes, twenty—miles an hour, now turning an abrupt curve with a whip and crack, and "round the corner, Sally," scattering the loose stones, just grazing the rocks, sending its rattling echoes far away among the hills and ravines, frightening the slow teamsters on the road, and making them haul off out of the way, and nearly taking away the breath of even the driver seated in enjoying the fun, and invited me up to ride with him on the box. I got up; taking off my hat and throwing a blanket over my head; I held on tight as we dashed along—up and down, around the curves and in straight lines, all at the same railroad speed. The loosening of a nut, the breaking of a strap, the shying of one of the four spirited horses, might—indeed would—have sent us all to "kingdom come" without a chance for saying prayers. But just as I made such a reflection, crack went the whip, and away we flew at a rate which I knew would have made old John Butterfield, the President of the Mail Company, and a very experienced stage man, wish himself safely at home. For my part I held on to the seat, and held my breath, hoping we might get through safe. If I thought I was destined to be killed in a stage coach I must certainly should have considered my time come. We ran the twelve miles in an hour and five minutes; and considering the up and downs I thought it pretty good travelling. The mountain is covered with stunted oak trees, making it much resemble an orchard. On each side I noticed very few rocks, and none large. On the west this was made up by huge rocky ledges, towering high in air, or with heavy boulders on their sides or at their feet, as if just fallen. The road over the mountain is excellent for the place, and is much improved by Mr. Firebaugh, who appears to be the enterprising man of the region. He has a toll gate at the base of the mountain, charging two dollars for the passage of a single four horse team, which is cheerfully paid in consideration of what he does to the road.

HOW THE CALIFORNIANS RECEIVED THE MAIL.

The next twenty miles to Gilroy we travelled in two hours, and took supper. The scene here was much like that at the other stopping places of any note along the route since we left Franklin. The villagers gathered around, asking all sorts of questions:—"Have you got the States mail?" "What's the news from the States?" "Is the cable working yet?" "Have you got any through passengers?" "Only the correspondent of the HERALD." "Why, then, we shall hear all about it." "How did you like your trip, sir?" "Very well." "How did you manage to sleep?" "What, slept in the wagons?" "Did you ride day and night?" "Well, I declare;" "I should think you would be tired." "Have plenty to eat?" "What, beans and jerked beef?" "Glad to hear you say they'd have better soon." "Meet any Injuns?" "None at all, eh?" "Well, that's some comfort." "How long have you been?" "Left St. Louis on the 16th of September." "Well, that beats all stage ridin'." "Going to come through twice a week, eh?" "Well, that is good, now, ain't it?" "How's the line on the other end?" "Slow, eh?" "Of course; all the States people are slow;" "Let 'em come out here and see a little life;" "Here we do live—live fast, too."

A CROAKER.

I found, however, at Gilroy, one man who thought the mail wasn't such a tremendous thing, after all. He thought they hadn't made any good time yet, and he didn't think they were going to, very soon. He was the only croaker I saw, the whole distance—the only man that was not glad to see the stage and to speak well of the enterprise. His name ought to be immortalized. I was glad to see Tote back him down on two bets as to the time when we would reach San Francisco.

SANTA CLARA COUNTY.

We were now in Santa Clara county, one of the finest agricultural districts in the State, and Gilroy is one of its most flourishing towns, having over 600 inhabitants, a number of very fair houses and several stores. There is no claim on the town under the old Spanish grant. Thirty miles from Gilroy, passing through a valley of prosperous ranches, we come to San José, an old Spanish town, but now a small city of 3,000 inhabitants. It is within fifty-three miles of San Francisco, to which point daily lines of stages run. I should have mentioned before that the Overland Mail Company, through the energy of Mr. Kinyon, have been running a tri-weekly stage between San Francisco and Los Angeles, for nearly two months, using the Concord coach to San José, and the canvass-covered thoroughfare wagons the rest of the distance. From San José the road leads through San Mateo and San Francisco counties, to the city, passing prosperous ranches ranged all along the line, with the flourishing little villages of Redwood and Santa Clara en route. I was very sorry to be obliged to pass through this interesting part of the journey in the night, and a dark night at that; but the overland mail was on board, and we made no stoppages other than to change horses at stations about ten miles apart. It was just after sunrise that the city of San Francisco hove in sight over the hills, and never did the night traveller approach a distant light, or the lonely mariner descry a sail with more joy than did I the city of San Francisco on the morning of Sunday, October 10. As we neared the city we met milkmen and pleasure seekers taking their morning rides, looking on with wonderment, as we rattled along at a tearing pace,

IN SAN FRANCISCO—DELIVERING THE MAILS.

Soon we struck the pavements, and with a whip, crack and bound, shot through the streets to our destination, to the great consternation of everything in the way, and the no little surprise of everybody. Swiftly we whirled up one street and down another, and round the corners, until finally we drew up at the stage office in front of the Plaza, our driver giving a shrill blast of his horn and a flourish of triumph for the arrival of the first overland mail in San Francisco from St. Louis. But our work was not yet done. The mails must be delivered, and in a jiffy we were at the Post Office door, blowing the horn, howling and shouting for somebody to come and take the overland mail. I thought nobody was ever going to come—the minutes seemed days—but the delay made it even time, and as the man took the mail bags from the coach, at half-past seven, A. M., on Sunday, October 10, it was just twenty-three days, twenty-three hours and a half from the time that John Butterfield, the President of the company, took the bags on the cars moved from St. Louis, at 8 A. M., on Thursday, 16th of September, 1858. And I had the satisfaction of knowing that the correspondent of the NEW YORK HERALD had kept his promise, and gone through with the first mail, the sole passenger and the only one, who had ever made the trip across the Plains in less than fifty days.

Here ends my duty in describing the route overland from St. Louis to San Francisco, which I have discharged as well as information collected from the seat of a wagon would allow. The details might have been fuller had more time been allowed; but, such as they are, I think none others could show more conclusively that whatever may be the difficulties in the way, the overland mail route may be considered as permanently established, and its success placed beyond the possibility of a doubt.

To many Americans who travel for pleasure this route will be a favorite. Relieved from all danger from sea-sickness and the dull monotony of a sea voyage, they can travel by comfortable stages, stopping at such interesting points as they may choose for rest, and enjoying many opportunities for viewing the beautiful, the wonderful and the sublime products of nature, which are well disposed the entire distance. The vast fertile lands, the romantic mountain passes, the large streams, and even the luxuriance of animal and vegetable life on the deserts, will attract the attention of the intelligent, and give to the route a varied interest which a sea voyage does not and cannot possess. Already the applications at this end for passage can hardly be accommodated, and soon the company will have more passengers wishing to go than can be carried by long trains of wagons. The overland mail is, at any rate, a fixed fact.

The Russian Railway Revelations.

[To the Editor of the U. S. Gazette.]

Referring to the statement in regard to the railroad from St. Petersburg to Moscow, recently published in your paper purporting to be copied from the London Daily News, of October 16, having been reproduced in the telegraphic dispatches of the news by the Indian, printed in your columns this morning, (which last, I have ascertained, was founded on a communication to the London Times of October 20, from its correspondent at Vienna, under date of October 16,) I think it proper to submit the following facts. The paragraph from the London Times is as follows:—

A most shameless attempt to defraud the Russian government has just come to light. The Imperial authorities decided the distance from St. Petersburg to Moscow to be 607 versts, but M. Von Strave has found it to be 584 versts less. American company which is to construct the railroad was paid for the distance of 607 versts, so as to [illegible] that part of this sum, had it not been for M. Von Struve's proving it [illegible] to make out the 607 [illegible] and the distance given on the projected railroad were given erroneously. The Emperor, as you can easily conceive, is very angry, as the matter is likely to be hushed up, as the reputation [illegible] of men of high rank is in jeopardy.

The Times' correspondent says:—

The American company (of which I am a member will decline) to construct the railroad, would have pocketed $12,000,000 at all events, a considerable part of that sum.

This looks as if the American company were now about to build a road from St. Petersburg to Moscow; whereas the railroad between these two cities was finished and opened in 1850, and has ever since been in operation, the contractors having had no part whatever in the road, their contracts from December, 1844, still existing, being exclusively for the construction and repair of the rolling stock. Nor have the company ever had anything to do with working the rolling stock of the road. In regard to the extraordinary revelations concerning the fraudulent measurement of the road, I therefore submit an extract from the original report made to his Majesty the Emperor Nicholas, by Colonel Melnikoff and Colonel Krafft, dated Sept. 16, 1841, from a copy in my possession; which says:—

It is proposed to adopt the shortest line, having Novgorod and Torsbok on one side, by which the line will be reduced from 675 versts along the high road, to 600 versts, crossing the Valdai ridge at a part that appears to present less difficulties than near the high road. Should, however, 35 versts remaining the estimated 620 have been reckoned, being an allowance of 20 versts for the deviations from the direct line and branches at the stations.

It will be seen by the above extract that the length was originally estimated at 600 versts between the two cities, and that an allowance for deviations from the direct line of thirty versts was made, which would have brought the road to 620 versts. Conscientious railroad engineers, as is well known, are rather disposed to shorten the original length of a projected road, by revising the curves, than to lengthen it; and this is just what the Russian engineers who projected the St. Petersburg and Moscow road did; the road, when finished, being but 604 versts, and not 607 versts, as the "revelations" make it. Thus the engineers only appropriated fourteen versts of the allowance for deviations instead of thirty, which they could have taken had they chosen to do so. The length laid down in the report to his Imperial Majesty. This certainly does not look like a fraud on their part, nor does it look, as if they contrived of such a thing as trying to make the road appear to be longer than it really is. The road is now worked as 604 versts long, and never has been rated as longer or shorter since its completion.

The above extract from the original report, with the explanations I have made, ought to be a sufficient refutation of the charges of the English press against the original projectors and engineers of the road, who were Russian officers of high standing at home, and who are remembered here as high toned and refined gentlemen by many of our citizens, who frequently met them during their visit to this country. In regard to the sneer, in the heading of the article in the English paper, of "Brother Jonathan's Scene of his Tricks," and which it italicises, it is a sufficient answer to say that Major George W. Whistler, the first American who ever had anything to do with railroads in Russia, left this country for the first time to go there in June, 1842, whilst myself and Mr. Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, members of the American company, did not arrive in Russia until the latter part of May, 1843, so that the fraud, as pretended to have been brought to light by the astronomical surveys of Professor Struve, can hardly be charged to the Americans who have been or are now in Russia, inasmuch as they were not present until a very long time after the approximate length of the road had been fixed by the report to his Imperial Majesty, which approximate length was only thirteen versts greater than the so called fraudulent length, the actual finished length being three versts shorter than the figures in the "revelations." It is a curious fact that the "revelations" appeared in the London Daily News on October 16, and the letter in the Times of October 20 is also dated Vienna, October 16, and purports to be news extracted from the Gazette de Cologne. This news, from its wording, seems to have come all from the same source, and is apparently by rather a circuitous route from St. Petersburg. My letters from our firm at St. Petersburg are up to October 7, and would have given about the latest news from which the English press could copy on October 16. If these "revelations" were rife at St. Petersburg at the date of my correspondent's letter, he would have been likely to have mentioned them. He not only says nothing concerning them, but informs us that "all matters are going on satisfactorily."

JOSEPH HARRISON, JR.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2, 1858. Rittenhouse square.