NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BRYOND THE MISSISSIPPI. By Albert D. Bichardson. 572 pages octavo. Philadelphis: National Publishing Company.

Among our younger descriptive writers no one is achieving a more extensive or deserved popularity than Mr. Richardson. Long known as a versatile and fascinating correspondent for many public journals, his first venture before the public as an author was in that work of thrilling interest, "Field, Dungeon, and Recape," in which he detailed his experiences as a war correspondent, as a prisoner of war, an occupant of Rebel prisonhouses, and an escaped fugitive, making his way amid hair-breadth escapes, through hundreds of miles of Rebel territory, to the Union lines. That story was well told, and the book met with an immense sale.

In the work before us, Mr. Richardson has gathered up the reminiscences of ten years' life "beyond the Mississippi." He gives us much of the early history of Kansas and Colorado; accounts of trips across the continent; visits of exploration to Idaho, Montana, Utah, Washington, and Oregon; descriptions of mines and mining in all our new Territories; accounts of the conception and progress of the Pacific Railway; and, in short, a general and exhaustive history of the most interesting, yet least known, portions of our great country.

We have dipped into the book at random, and have clipped here and there an extract for our readers. In the spring of 1857, Mr. Richardson settled in Kansas, where, even at that early day, the vanguard of freedom's forces was entering upon the great campaign which soon after shook the whole country. Governor Walker had just entered upon his administration, and was busily engaged in promulgating to the people those fair promises of President Buchanan which were destined to be so speedily and so ruthlessly violated. A great convention at Topeka, on the 9th of June, enabled our author to study "The Free State Men of Kansas in Conneil. 11

It was held in the open air, and attended by ave hundred people. Their intelligence and culture surprised me. Delegates in blue woollen skirts, slouched hats, and rough boots, bronzed faces and unkempt beards, discusse freshly-sprung questions with rare fluency an grave. The standard of speaking was higher than I had ever found it in Congress, Legislature, or national convention.

There was Robinson, the Free State Governor, who had been held a prisoner, for months, by the pro-slavery authorities—tall, sinewy and bald, cold, argumentative, and logical—a walk-ing embodiment of serene common sense, the brake and balance-wheel of his party.

There was Lane, uncouth and unscrupulous, zealous without convictions, pungent, magnetic, his keen, eager eye steadfastly fixed on the Senate of the United States—contorting his thin, wiry form, and uttering bitterest de nunciations in deep, husky guttorals. He was wards, while representative in Congress from the same State, he voted for the Kansas and Nebraska bill. A dead politician at home, he came to Kansas to help make it a slave State. But his bread never fell on the buttered side; he was soon an anti-slavery leader and major-general of Free State forces in the field. If common report was not a common har, his domestic life was shameless. The Border Ruffians declared that he was heartily in sympathy with them until the first "bogus" Legislature refused to grant him a divorce. He finally obtained the decree in Court, but was afterwards remarried to his divorced wife, and live! with her until

A seemingly transparent demagogue, sooner or later betraying every cause and every friend, he invariably claimed to embody some great principle, and made the sincere, the honest, and the earnest, his enthusiastic sup-porters. In spite of his notorious personal character, he was twice elected to the United States Senate. For years he controlled the ing his measures against the influence, labor and money of his united enemies. His persona magnetism was wonderful, and he manipulated

Like John Wilkes, he had a sinister face, plain to ugliness; like him, too, he could talk away his face in twenty minutes, Dalying every recognized rule of rheloric and oratory. will be made men roar with laughter, or melt into tears, or clinch their teeth in passion. In war times the Free State soldiers, half-starved ragged and toot-sore, often grew weary of fight ing the Missourians, and the power and the patronage of the United States Government, and declaring that they would go home to their suffering families and neglected cornfields, and feave the great question to settle itself. Then Lane would mount the nearest barrel or goods box, make a ten-minute speech, and con clude amid a shower of cheers for free Kansas. the Topeka Government, and "Jim Lane," his hearers begging him to lead them against the enemy.

Repeatedly the United States Marshal from Lecompton with an armed posse at his heels galloped into Lawrence with a warrant for Lane's arrest. But the Lawrence people were miracles of heroic reticence. The first person asked would perhaps reply that he "never heard of any such man." Another would report him "gone down South." A third saw him an hour ago, but thought he was now over upon the reservation. Then a young man with revolver at his side would step up and demand gravely: "Hallo, Marshal, looking for Jim Lane?"

"Yes; where is he,"
"Just left town. I saw him start for lowa
ten minutes ago with a twelve-pounder under his arm."

Amid the derisive laughter which followed. the angry officer and his posse would ride home-wards. Before they were fairly out of sight Lane would come strolling leisurely up Massachusetts streets, wearing the old black bear-skir overcoat which enveloped him winter and summer, and asking it anybody had heard a gentle man from Lecompton inquiring for him!

There was Phillips, resident Tribune corres-pondent, of Scotch birth, restless-cyed, agile apendent, of Scotch birth, restless-eyed, agile as a deer, able to out-travel any horse in the Territory, an invaluable scout, calm, with suppressed carnestness, integrity personified, whose terse, compact words exploded from his lips like percussion caps, while heavers stood with heads bent forward and ears strained lest they lost a single sentence. Years afterwards, in the great struggle of which this was prelude and epis ae did gallant service at the bead of a brigade

aghting for the Union. There was Conway-slender, boyish in face red haired, of Baltimore birth and South Caro lina education, yet the warmest abolitionist of all—a man of books, a student of Emerson, now at twenty-right a Judge of the Supreme Court under the Topeka Constitution-a flowing rhetoric and sonorous periods. In those early days when I believed slavery through the South would ultimately die a natural death, he

"You are wrong. It is a thing of violence and can only go out in violence, with blood and

Tet in 1862, when representing Kansas in the national Congress, he alone among Republicans openly advocated the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and the abandonment of the war, as the shortest way to abolition. The Kansas Legislature passed a manimous vote of condemnation; and at the next election his constituents left him at home. There is a legend that when Andrew Jackson was President, com-

plaint was made of the drunkenness of an army officer, to which he replied:—
"Sir, the colonel's galiant conduct in the war of 1812 justifies him in keeping drunk during the rest of his lite, it he sees fit?"
Upon the same principle Conway's faithful and efficient services in the early days might excuse all later aberrations,
There was Leonhardt a Hungarian refuses.

There was Leonbardt, a Hungarian refugee with splendld frame, noble head, and sout-full eye—a born orator, speaking English like his mother-touque—with liowing brown beard, a voice like Niagara, and a heart like Vesuvius. At the latest tidings he was a soldier in our war for the Union: Wulther he has since gone I know not; but storms are his native element, and he is somewhere an actor in the world's

There was Daniel Poster, a new comer, a Univarian clergyman, full of fire and carnest-ness, believing in an anuslavery church and an anti-slavery God. Be sleeps in the valley of the James, where he led his Massachusetts company when a Rebel bullet pierced his brain.

There was T. Dwigh: Thacher, editor of the Lawrence Republican, a young man eloquent from the State of New York. After enume-rating the successive Cansas executives who sided against the Free State majority, he

'And next comes Governor Walker"-

voice in the crowd interrupted: "Here he does come and no mistake," and an open carriage containing the Governor, his ecretaries, and two ladies, returning from a arive, halted within a few feet of the speaker n no wise disconcerted-for Kansas Governors ere never held in awe, and seldom in respect-Chacher continued, and the representative of uchauga heard sentiments which he regarded as revolutionary.

The same evening a crowd gathered at Garvey's Hotel and clamored for a speech from Walker. Small in stature, with a squeaking voice, and without that mysterious something which we call presence, the new Governor did not impress them as a gun of heavy metal. When he spoke in "the big bow wow strain" of wielding the power of the nation, he seemed

"A painted Jove, With idle thunder in his lifted hand."

But he spoke plausibly and fairly, pledging a honor to resist any incursions or interference with the rights of the settlers. On the tax question he was profoundly silent. And here I may explain how this was finally settled. Missour papers and Democratic journals, both in the Territory and throughout the North, urged the collection of the taxes, even by the strong arm of the National Government. But the people were inflexible. In Lawrence when the assessor asked one man for a list of his property, a mob began to gather, and he departed abruptly. Upon his arrival in Topeka he heard a party of young men step into an adjacent store and in-

'Can you lend us a rope?" 'For what purpose!

"There is a bogus assessor in town, and we are

oing to hang him." The officer absconded again in what Choate sed to call "terrific and tumultuous haste," fully convinced that the post of safety was a private station. No further tax efforts were

Those were the days of violence and bloodshed in Kansas, and our author gives us the following incidents of "Life in Leavenworth in 1857:"-

I visited Leavenworth again on the 29th of June, believing that the municipal election of that day could not pass without armed collision. Nor did it. Late at night, when our steamer landed, watch fires blazed on the levee, drinking saloons were crowded, excited men bearing guns and revolvers were gathered in little knots, or walking to and fro. A friend whom I met pacing the sidewalk with a Sharpe's rifle upon

mis shoulder, explained the cause.

Most of the Pro-slavery men, satisfied that their rule was over, refrained from voting. The entire Free 'tate ticket was elected by a vote of three hundred and eighty-five to seventy. James r. Lyle, the city recorder, was a young Georgian who during the early troubles assisted in tarring nd feathering and shaving the head of Phillips Free Soiler afterwards wantonly killed in Leavenworth. He was also present at the atrocious murder of Captain E. P. Brown, who was literally chopped to pieces with hatchets, at Easton, Kansas, in January, 1856, and his bleeding corpse flung before his young wife, was made a maniac by the horrible tragedy.

At the polls on the day of my arrival, a Border Ruffian ballot was offered to a German. He ore it to tatters, asking:-"Do you suppose I would vote that --- Pro-

This instantly provoked an affray in which all the bystanders took part; and upon both sides several revolvers were fired. William Haller, a young Ohioan whose property had once been burned by Pro-slavery men, urged the German o stand his ground. Lyle turned upon Haller,

"What is it to you?" and raised a knife. But before he could strike Haller stabbed him to

the heart, and he fell dead. Haller was arrested, and strongly guarded by

he police; but they were intensely pro-slavery, and Lyle's friends were arming and threatening o lynch the prisoner. So the free State men, with rifles and revolvers, were on duty to pro ect their comrade and watch the officers. pro-slavery party was also gathering and bearng weapons.

Through the long night streets resounded with tramping feet, and five hundred were under aims, in drinking saloons, at street cor-ners, in front of the guarded building in which Haller was confined, and around the little office where rested the white, fixed face and rigid Lyle. But no further outbreak ocform of The next morning a preliminary investigation was held before a relic of borderruffian rule, who had risen from a livery stable to the justice's bench. It was in the unfinished stone court-house, with unhewn walls, rough benches, and a single table. The eigars of the lawyers darkened this temple of justice, and the magistrate heard the testimony while reading a newspaper.

Many witnesses were examined, and, as in all afrays, persons who looked on from the same point at the same moment, swore to exactly opposite statements. Once an attorney for the delense took his clgar from his mouth and behind a huge puff of smoke, objected to certain testimony on the other side as inadmis-sible. The justice gravely replied:—

"The court sustains the objection and rules that the question cannot be asked at this stage

The inference was that "the court" played oker. Haller was held for trial. Application or his admission to bail was argued before Judge Lecompte, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory. His decisions had been so uniformly and flagrantly partisan, that he was nicknamed "Jeffries Lecompte." Under the "bogus code" framed by his own party, all degrees of homicide were bailable; and Lecompte and released notorious criminals charged with the murder of Free State men, upon their giving bonds for their appearance at trial.

this was his own ox which had been gored. In summing up the testimony, he called Lyle's bowse "a small knife which he did not; purpose to use offensively," though witnesses had sworn that it was from ight to twelve inches long, and that deceased had raised at to strike when he received the mortal wound. He rejused to admit Haller to al, ordering him to Fort Leavenworth for safe The prisoner was taken from the ort-room in the custody of six United States soldiers, amid the flashing eyes and suppressed breathing of the free State lookers-on, who, despite their reverence for the Federal uniform wanted only a leader to have rescued him by (At Lawrence one morning the following winter, I encountered several mud-stained ing winter, I encountered several mud-stained men who during the previous night had escorted flaller from the fort, whence he escaped by bribing the guards. He reached Ohio safely, and six mouths later resumed his residence in Leavenworth, where he was never again disturbed.

Leavenworth was the scene of frequent violence. On a July evening upon the river bank, a stranger named James Stephens was murdered, and his body robbed of one hundred and

eight dollars. Quarles and Bays, two of his friends residing in the city, testified before the coroner's jury that they were walking with him, when robbers attacked the party and murdered him, while they ran for their lives. But "conscience is a thousand witnesses;" their statements were so contradictors and improperhies the transfer of the statements. contradictory and improbable, that the jury returned a verdict charging them with the murder and they were at once taken into custody. Then Quarles made a full contession.

Hitherte, every homicide in Kansas had resulted from the slavery controversy. According to historians, the remorseless Marats and Robespierres of the French Revolution, who shed blood like water, did not take a piece of money or a watch from their butchered victims. They even guillotined their own wretched agents detected in plundering. They would have life not gold. So the Kansas conflict had witnesset no mercenary element in all us atroctous crimes. But here was a cold blooded murder for money. Free State and Pro-slavery nice, alike hopeies the laws, meant to punish it,

Two thousand people gathered at the jall. Judge Lecompte addressed the mob, depre-cating violence, and asserting that all who engared in it would be hable to indictment for murder. This was answered with the howls, "Indict and be d—d!" Lecompte attempted to go on but he only elicited hoots, and at has ninous suggestions about making an example of him for permitting and aiding criminals to escape; so be wisely withdrew. Then ano her speaker sprang upon a box and commanded the cace, announcing himself as the United States Marshal for Kansas. Instantly arose a storm of

Down with him!" "He's the greatest scoun-

drel in the Territory," "Let's hang him!"

The officer's voice grew hisky, and his face bloodless; and he, too, disappeared in the crowd. The mob picked up the city marshal and solice as it they had been children; carried them few yards, and there held them; battered down the iron door of the jail with a stick of timber dragged forth Quaries, and hung him from cottonwood tree everlooking the city. For a moment the poor wretch clutched the rope above his head, titting himself up; but a heavy roffian caught him by the feet, his grasp gave way, and he never struggled again.

Two hours later the crowd again surrounded the jaki and demanded Bays. In valu the free State mayor and other leading citizens sought to restrain them. The prisoner's wife, a vicor-ous young Irish woman, fought like a tiger, but they took her away as gently as possible, again used the battering ram, brought out the crimi-ual, and ran with him to the gibbet. He refused to confess; held his own hands behind him to be tied; and cast on the crowd a halfscornful, half-triumphant expression, while he was swung off from the limb. To what base uses may come the stuff of which martyrs are

In travelling backwards and forwards through the Territory, Mr. Richardson was frequently thrown in contact with the Indians, several half-civilized tribes of whom inhabited certain portions of it. He gives us the following account of

A NIGHT WITH THE INDIAN "FOUR MILE,"? On a dark December evening I left Lawrence for Quindaro. Fifteen miles out on the lonely road, the clouds gathered themselves into an unbroken dome of black; and the darkness grew so dense that I could hardly see my open hand two inches before my eyes. Then the rain poured in torrents. Fortunately I was in a ttle strip of torest, where my horse could not eave the track without running against the trees. In this extremity I joyfully detected ights, shining through the chinks of a log-

noisy dogs. It was the only dwelling within ten miles; and its interior conveyed a certain suggestion of comfort. I asked:—
"Can I find lodgings here to-night?"
There were three Indians upon stools around the rude supper table. The oldest and most stolid grunted an affirmative, beckened me in,

and sent one of his companions to care for my

cabin. Riding up and pushing open the door, I was greeted with the clamor of half a dozen

Throwing off my dripping overcoat, I stretched myself before the log fire, which, from the great hearth, lighted up the whole cabin. t was a single room, ten or twelve leet square, The three men, dressed in coats and pantaloous, had long, coarse, black har, sinister eyes, and quaw, cheers and open-faced, who were zine car-rings as large as silver dollars, sat humbly waiting for the nobier sex to finish their repast. frouching beside her was a girl of eight years, so wearing the metallic car-rings.

Be ore I had completed this inventory, a vigorous squall drew my attention to a distant cor-There, from a swinging hammock, an Iu dian papoose of American descent screeched so that his dusky mother seized him, dandled him on her knee, and soothed him with the sweetest baby-talk of the Delaware tongue. He looked like an infant mummy. He was on is back, bandaged so tightly to a board that he could only scream, roll his head, and wink; but ne performed all these functions at one with niraculous vehemence. His lips were at last silenced by application to "the maternal fount." and then he was set up against the wa! like a fire shovel, to inspect the company.

Supper over, the little girl filled and lighted an earthen pipe with reed stem a foot long. Smoking a few whiffs, she handed it to her nother. That stolld matron finished it; and we all sat staring stiently into the fire. The girl true to her sex, found courage to accrutinize my old sleeve-buttons, watch and chain, and every other glittering article she could find about me. greeting each with some fresh ejaculation of lelight. Then she kissed the papoose, and crept o her straw nest in another corner. Mine hos a few English words, and I asked him:-

"What is your name?"
"Umph. Four Miles." "And his?"

"Umph. Fall Leaf." "And the little girl's?"
"O-kee au-kee. No English."

And Four Miles was again overcome by one of s brilliant flashes of silence. At bed-time, as I unbuckled my revolver, h glanced inquiringly towards if, took it with nervous care, turned it over and over, stared olemnly into the barrels, and then returned it.

'Umph. Good. How much?" "Twenty dollars." And with another grunt, Four Miles relapsed nto speech essness, My bed was of plank, well covered with blan-

kets. Through the whole night I had a dreamy consciousness of shivering; and when daylight appeared I noticed the absence of a log in the cabin wall beside me, which left an aperture ufficiently large to admit either a man or enough cold air to cover him. A generous style of ventilation for which I was not adequately

Upon the stone hearth blazed a bright log fire and around it were grouped the family, all with colds in the head, and all in fearful contiguity o the open cooking utensils. I forced down i lew morsels of breakfast; but it was a signal triumph of mind over matter. My horse was brought to the door, and I asked:—

"Umph-two dollars." Which I paid and departed, while the noble savage grunted a friendly adicu.

Our author is generally very correct in his Kansas history. We observe, however, that he has fallen into the error of ascribing the rescue of Dr. John Day from the St. Joseph jail to John Brown. Brown had nothing to do with it. The rescuing party was made up in Lawrence, and was led by Major James Abbott.

John Brown at that time was not in Kansas. During the summer of 1859 Mr. Greeley made his overland trip to California, and Mr. Richardson accompanied him from Kansas to Colorado. The following are some of the incidents he relates of THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE

TRIBUNE OR THE PLAIRS:-Thus far I had been the solitary passenger. But at Manhattan Horace Greeley after a tour

attention. A farmer asked me if Horace Gree-ley had falled in business, and was going to Pike's Peak to dig gold! Another inquired if ie was about to start a newspaper in Manhattan. And as we were leaving one station an Indian girl said to a new-comer:—
"Horace Greeley in his old white coat is sitting in that coach!"

Twenty miles beyond, after passing three large farms based on "a horizontal rather than a perpendicular agriculture," we revehed Fort Biley, one of our most beautiful military posts and in the geographical centre of our national possessions. All the buildings are two stories high, of light himestone resembling marble,

Just beyond, we crossed the Republican river, which, rising near the Bocky Mountains, winds eastward for six hundred miles and here united with the Smoky Hill Fork to form the Kansas The dim, conical, smoky hills from which the chief tributary is named are visible on the horizon though a hundred miles distant. Timber abounds near the fort; a cottonwood area of in diameter was recently cut here. topped for the night at Junction City (Station Seven), the frontier post office and settlement of Knnass. The editor of its weekly newspaper, an old Californian, spoke with areat enthus asm of the Golden State. Mr. Greeley replied:— "I have heard some hundreds of returned

Californians use the same expressions; but on thing I cannot understand. If you liked Cali-fornia so well, why didn't you stay there? "Eccause I was a —— fool!" replied the roving journalist.

In the evening, by invitation of the citizens,

Mr. Greeley addressed an attentive audience in the unfit ished stone church. Theme, "Repub-Day's travel forty miles. CRINTEIN. Bay 20.—At Station Twelve, where we dined, the careasses of seven buffaloes were nalf submerged in the creek. Yesterday a nerd of three thousand crossed the stream, leaping down the steep banks. A few broke their necks by the

pressing on from behind. This afternoon our coach was stopped at a creek-crossing by a mired wagon which blocked Several Onlo emigrants, with their the road. weary cattle, were endeavoring to extricate it. Mr. Greeley assisted them in their efforts to lift the wheels from out the Slough of the while they paused a moment, one inquired of While they paused a moment, one inquired of that he the stranger his business. He replied that he was connected with a New York daily journal.

fall; others were trampled to death by those

What journal? "The Tribune!"
"Ah! that's old Greeley's paper, isn't it?"

Just then another of the party who had been absent returned, and recognizing the ablest editor and most influential American of our generation laboring at the wheel, said to his

"Gentlemen, this is Mr. Greeley, of New York." The curious interrogator was dumb with amazement and chagrin, Nearly every train we pass contains some emi-

ant who stops the coach and remarks:-"Mr. Greeley, my name is — . I heard you ecture fourteen years ago." And the veteran journalist invariably replies:-

"On, yes! How are my old friends A., B., and C. ?" naming half-a-score of citizens in the re-gior—whether of Maine or Minnesota—from which the stranger hails. But to-day on the outskirts of a crowd a stolid-looking gold-seeker asked me earnestly:"Stranger, is that John Greeley those fellows

talk so much about ?" "Horace-Horace Greeley-who is he?" Editor of the Tribune.

"Editor of the New York Tribune." I enlightened my interlocutor, who seemed to el that he had gained valuable information, and explained that he was "born and raised" in

And in this connection we may as well give our author's account of

THE RIDE DOWN THE SIERRA NEVADAS. Crossing the summit seven thousand feet ibove the sea, we looked back upon a grand parerama. Far below us glittered Taboe, brightest gem in the mountain coronet of those twin queens, the Golden and the Sliver State. We saw every variety of form and color, mountain and valley, the deepest green and the Here, where the turnpike in winter is sometimes obstructed by twenty feet of snow, pass three

begraph wires and eight daily coaches. The winding road is graded like a railwaythe finest of turnpikes for the perfection of staging. In early days the ride was very perlious-along rocky sidling roads, upon oge of dizzy precipices, where one looked down for a thousand feet upon patches of greensward

and silver streams. When the editor of the Tribune crossed in 1859, he was driven by Hank Monk, a famous Jehu, who like the son of Nimshi, driveth furiously. An apocryphal story of this ride is urrent allfover the great plains and among the countains. The editor had a lecture engagement in Placerville, and as the horses climbed slowly up the eastern side he feared he would he too late. Twice he urged the driver forward out the recticent Monk paid not the slightest heed. Soon, they reached the summit and began to descend. Then cracked the long-idle whip; and the horses at full run tore along beside precipices where a single stone or mis step might send them rolling over, in which case the passenger was sure that, upon reaching the bottom, coach, horses, and men would not be worth twenty-five cents a bushel! Tossed about in the bounding vehicle, he assured the driver that such haste was unnecessary; that half an hour sooner or later would make no material difference.

"Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley," replied the imperturbable Monk, with a fresh crack of the whip; "keep your seat; I'll get you to Placerville in time!

Through that overruling Providence which cares for the careless, the journey was accom-plished in safety. But the fanciful legend so pleased certain Californians, that they presented Monk with a handsome gold watch, bearing the inscription:—"Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley— Pil get you to Placerville in time."

One night afterwards, when Monk's coach was late-for these stages run by time-table drove very hard, to the terror of a self-important judicial personage who vainly expostu-lated again and again; and at last, with pompous gravity, thundered:—
"I will have you discharged before the week

is out. Do you know who I am, tsir?" "Oh, yes!" replied Monk, "perfectly well. But I am going to take this coach into Carson ity on time if it kills every one-horse judge in he State of California! Now, the broad, winding roads are beautifully mooth, and in summer sprinkled from carts for sixty miles to keep down the all-enveloping dust. The carts are supplied from great wooden water-tanks two or three miles apart.

Down the narrow, winding shelf-road our horses went leaping at a sharp gallop. It is a thrilling ride; for, at many points, a divergence of six inches from the track would send the coach rolling from the track would send the coach rolling from five hundred to a thousand cet down the mountain, into the foaming stream bed of some yawning canyon. Here is the iderl of staging. For weeks afterwards one's blood bounds at the memory of its whirl and rush. Twenty-four on the coach, with six horses, galloping down the Sierra Nevadas, along a winding, narrow, dizzy road, at twelve miles an hour! It is swift as Sheridau's ride and stirring as the Charge of the Stx Hundred.

We must close our extracts from this valuable and interesting book, and will do so by giving Mr. Richardson's description of the famed Yosemite Valley, in California:-

On the 7th of August, after four days' hard On the 7th of rancisco, we galloped out of travel from San Francisco, we galloped out of the pine woods, dismounted, stood upon the the pine woods, dismounted, stood upon the rocky precipice of Inspiration Point, and looked down into Yosemite as one from a housetop looks dewn into his garden, or as he would view the interior of some stupendous roofless cathe dral, from the top of one of its towering walls. In the distance, across the gorge, were snow-streaked mountains. Right under us was the

through the interior to gratify the clamorous settlers with speeches, joined me for the rest of the journey. His overland trip attracted much attention. A farmer seked me if Horace Greeter had been described by head of the first been attention. immense turrets of bare rock-walls so upright and perfect that an expert crag-man can climb out of the valley at only three or four points.

Fluoring a peoble from the rock upon which we stood, and looking over the brink, I saw it all more than half a mile before striking. Glausing acress the narrow, profound chasm. I surveyed an unbroken, seamless wall of granife, two-thires of a mife high, and more than perpendicular—the top projecting one hundred and fifty feet over the base. Turning towards the property of the profession of the ing towards the upper end of the vatley, I be-held a balf-dome of rock, one rate bigh, and on its summit a solitary, gigantic cedar, appearing like the mercet twin. Originally a vast granter mountain, it was riven from top to bottom by some ancient convulsion, which cleft as under he everlasting hills and rent the great globe

The measureless, inclosing walls, with these leading towers and many other turrets-grey, brown, and white rock, darkly veined from sun mit to base with streaks and ribbons of falling water-hills, almost upright, yet studded with tennetous firs and cedars; and the deep-down level floor of grass, with its thread of river and piemy trees, all burst upon me as once. Nature had litted her curtain to reveal the vact and the infinite. It elicited no adjectives, no exchanations. With new idering sense of divine rower and human littleness. I could only caze in silence, till the view strained my brain and pained my eyes, compelling me to turn away and rest from its of pressive magni-

Riding for two hours, down, down, among harp tooks and dizzy ziszass, where the five heir saddles, and narrowly escaped pitching over their horses' heads, we were in the valley entering by the Mariposa trail. The length of the valley or cleft is nine miles; its average with historic-fourths of a mile. The following diagensions are in feet;

Sons are in feet:—
Average width of Merced river.
Height of Yosemite faits. (Upper, 1839;
hinjus, 434; Lower, 600).—
Width of these fails at upper summit, in Height of Bridal Vell Iall Height of South Fork fall. Height of Vernal fall...... Heigi tof Nevada iail. Width of Vernai and Nevada, at summits.

Height of Inspiration Point rock

Height of Cathedral rock (two turrets)... Height of Sentinel rock. Height of Mount Colfax.... Height of Mount Starr King Height of South Dome rock Riding up the valley for five miles, past Bridal Veil fall (on the brook entering the Merced from the south, above Inspiration Point), Cathedral rocks and the Sentinel, we dismounted and stablished our headquarters at Hutchings' This is a two-story frame house, with interior walls of "soft finish," a local term, in contradistinction to plastering of "hard finish," and signifying only curtains of white muslin for partitions. They compel guests who don't wish to give magic lantern exhibitions to extinguish their candles before disrobing; but afford rarest

facilities for general conversation after every one has gone to bed. Hutchings and his family regaled us on the fat of the land and the fruit of the water-sweet milk and savory trout. In winter the sun rises upon them at 1 o'clock P. M., and wets two hours later. Then they receive mails and news from the outside world once a week, through adventurous Indians, who cross the dangerous mountain snows, twenty feet deep, to Coulter-

viile or Mariposa.

Hutchings is landlord and author; his illus trated "Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in Cali-fornia" is a creditable and valuable work. A friend, visiting here for the first time, found his wife upon the river bank, with one hand vigorously turning the crank of a patent washing machine, and with the other holding the latest Attantic Monthly, absorbed in one of its articles. Only Indian labor is attainable. If Eastern adies who suffer constant martyrdom in respec of "belp," were compelled to live on the Pacific coast a lew months, and employ Chinamen and Indians in Feu of servant girls, they would

In front of Hutchings' runs the Merced, fresh from the Sierras. Delightful and exitarating, though a little chilly for the swimmer, it is o perfectly transparent as to cheat the eye and begude beyond his depth any one attempting to wade it. Crossing it by a rustic log bridge, we are in a smooth, level meadow of tall grass variegated with myriads of wild flowers, in cluding primroses of yellow and crimson, and aly-shaped blossoms of exquisite purple, known

as the Ithuriel spear. The meadow is fringed with groves of pines and spreading oak, and on one side bounded by the everlasting walls. The pines, like those of Washington Territory, are simply height, slenderness, symmetry. The delicate tracery of the branch is beautiful beyond description; the trunk is comparatively small. I pro cured a photograph of two wonderfully regular and graceful, and more than two hundred feet high, which dwarfed to a child's block-house a large frame dwelling a their feet. In the evening, illuminated and oftened by the full moon, the beauty of the valey was marvellous. The bright lights of the is!ant house shone through the deep pines, and the river's low gurgling faintly disturbed the alr. At times immense boulders, breaking from the summits, rolled down thundering, and filling the valley with their loud reverberations.

The rock mountains are the great feature; indeed, they are Yosemite. The nine granite walls, which range in altitute from three to six thousand feet, are the most striking examples on the globe of the masonry of Nature.

Their dimensions are so vast that they utterly outrun our ordinary standards of comparison. One might as well be told of a wall, upright like the side of a house for ten thousand miles, as for two-thirds of one mile. When we speak of a giant twenty-five feet high, it conveys some definite impression; but to tell of one three thousand feet high, would only bewilder, and convey no meaning whatever. So, at first these stupendous walls painfully confuse the mind. By degrees, day after day, the sight of them clears it, until, at last, one receives a just mpression of their solemn immensity.

Cathedral rocks have two turrets, and look like some Titanic religious pile. Sentinel towers alone, grand and boary. The South Dome, a mile high, is really a semi-dome. Cleft from too to bottom, one half of it went on the other side of the chasm and disappeared, when great mountains were rent in twain. The gigantic North Dome is as round and per

ect as the cupola of the National Capitol. Three Brothers is a triple-pointed mass of solid granite All these rocks, and scores of lesser ones which would be noticeable anywhere else in the world, exhibit vegetation. Hardy cedars, thrusting roots into imperceptible crevices of their upright sides—apparently growing out of unbroken stone—have braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze.

El Capitan is grandest of all. No tuit of beard shades or fringes its closely shaven face. No tenacious vine even can fasten its tendrils to climb that smooth, seamless, stupendous wall There it will stand, grandeur, massiveness, in destructibility, till the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements melt with fervent heat. Its Indian name is Tu-toch-ahnu-lah. Both this and the Spanish word signify the leader;" but were applied in the sense of It ought to be called the Supreme Being. Mount Abraham Lincoln.

One noble mountain most appropriately com-memorates Thomas Starr King, Another, immediately in the rear of Hutchings', our party found nameless, and, excepting only the speaker himself, unanimously voted to christen it Mount Colfax. Whether the name sticks or not will depend upon future writers. But I am sure it will be perpetual, it adhered to by all tourists and journalists friendly to that orphan printerboy of not many yeaps ago, whose industry, talents, and perfect integrity have won for his early manhood the third place of civil trust and honor in the gift of the American people.

Hutchings' affords a perfect view of Yosemite falls, a mile distant. In April and May, when melting snows swell the stream to a deep torgent, they are grand; but then the valley is half

flooded. In late summer their creek shrinks to a skeleton; and they look small because their surroundings are so vast. Niagara itself would wart beside the rocks in this valley.

Yet Yosemite is the loftiest water-fall in the world. Think of a cataract, or cascade, of half a mile with only a single break! It is sixteen times higher than Niagara. Twelve Banker Hill monuments standing upright, one upon another, would barely reach its summit. Ossa upon Pollon becomes a tame and mentioner. upon Pelion becomes a tame and meaningless omparison.

We did not climb to the Rapids and foot of the Upper fidl; that is difficult, hazardons, and xhausting. Nor did we go to the extreme sum mil: that requires a circuitous ride of twentyfive miles out of the vailey. But we spent much time at the base of the Lower fall, shut in by towering walls of dark granite. The basin shounds in rocks—some as large as a dwellmg house—which have tumbled down from the top. Spreading my blankets upon one of these almost under the fall, I found it a mooth bed, though a little damp from spray; and spent the night there to see the catamet in he varying illuminations and shadows of sun-

Much of the water turns to mist before reaching the bottom; yet looking up from under it the volume seems great. Six hundred feet above, a body of ragged, snowy foam with lishevelled tresses rushes over the brink, and comes singing down in slender column, swayed to and fro by the wind like a long strand of lace. For four hundred feet the descent is enruffled; then, striking a broad, inclining rock, like the roof of a house, the water speads over t-a thin, shining, transparent apron, fringed with delicate gause—and glides swiftly to the bottom. By moonlight the whole looks like a ribbon, banging against the brown with its tower end widening and un-

Bridal Vell fall, unbroken, much narrowe and softened by a delicate mist which balf hides it, is a strip of white fluttering form, which the wind swings like a silken pendulum. It is spanned by a rainbow; and at some points the thin, plass-like sheet reveals every hie of the wall behind it. Before reaching the end of its long descent, a rill no longer, it is completely transformed to spray-the Niobe of cascade

Above Hutchings' the valley breaks into three canyons and the Merced into three forks. North Fork passes through Mirror Lake—the very soul of irr asparency. It reflects grass, trees, rocks, mountains, and sky with such perfect and startling vividness that, one cannot believe them images and shadows. He fancies the world turned upside down, and shrinks back from the lake lest he should tumble over the edge late

the inverted dome of blue sky, On the middle or main tork is Vernal fall difficult of access. Leaving our horses three miles from the hotel, we climbed for two weary hours along dizzy shelves and up sharp rocks, where the trall, rises one thousand feet to the mile-pine woods all around us; at our left and far below, the river chading and roaring in its stony bed. Then we stood at the foot of Vernal fall. Bridal Veil and Yosemite are on little lateral creeks; Vernal is the full, swelling tor-rent of the Merced. Those creep softly and slowly down, as if in pain and hesitation. This rushes eagerly over gloomy brown rocks, then leaped headlong for more than three hundred feet, roaring like a miniature Niagara.

Kainbows of dazzling brightness shine at its

base. Others of the party reported many; my own eyes, defective as to colors, beheld only two. But afterwards when alone, I saw what to Hebrew prophet had been a vision of Heaven or the visible presence of the Almighty. It was the round rambow—the complete circle. In the atternoon sun I stood upon a rock a hundred feet from the base of the fall, and nearly on a level with it. There were two brilliant rainbows of usual form—the crescent, the bow proper. But while I looked, the two horns inner or lower crescent suddenly lengthened. extending on each side to my feet -an entire circle, perfect as a finger-ring. In two or three seconds it passed away, shrinking to the first dimensions. Ten minutes later it formed again; and again as suddenly disappeared. Every sharp gust of wind showering the spray over me revealed for a moment the round rainbow. Completely drenched, I stood for an hour and a halt, and saw, fully twenty times, that dazzling circle of violet and gold, on a groundwork of wet dark rock, gay dripping flowers and vivid grass. I never looked upon any other scene in Nature so beautiful and impressive. abing a high rock-wall by crazy wooden

ladders, we continued up the canyon for three quarters of a mile to Nevada fall, where the Merced tumbles seven hundred feet, in "white and swaying mistiness." Near the bottom it strikes an inclined rock, and spreads upon it in a sheet of floating silver tissue a hundred and thirty feet wide. Passing over a wide, gaping crack or chasm in this rocky grade, the thin sheet of water breaks

into delicate, snowy network; then into myriads of shining beads, and finally into long sparsling threads—an exquisite silk fringe to great white curtain. These names are peculiarly fitting. Bridal Veil indeed looks like a veil of lace. In summer,

when Bridal Veil and Yosemite dwarf, Vernal still pours its ample torrent, And Nevada is always white as a snow-drift.

The Yosemite is height; the Vernal is volume: the Bridal Vell is softness; but the Nevada is height, volume and softness combined. South

Fork cataract, most inaccessible of all, we did

not visit. In spring each fall has twenty times as much water as in summer. The days we spent in the valley were delightful and memorable. Evenings were devoted to song and merry-making; and the motto of the party was:-"If any man gets up before o'clocks in the morning, shot him on the spot. But by day we wandered where we listed, and viewed the great features of the valley, as all impressive things in nature should be viewed Most heartily I envied Olmstead, who with his family, with horses, tents, and books, remained for several weeks, moving from day to day, and encamping wherever fancy dictated. On the whole, Yosemite is incomparably the most wonderful feature of our continent. European travellers agree that trans-atlantic

scenery has nothing at all approaching to it. Unless the unexplored Himalayas hide some rival, there is no spot, the wide world, over, of such varied beauty and measureless grandeur. We must close our extracts. Our readers will find this one of the most interesting books that has appeared for a long time. It is purely American, treating only of American seenes and events. It is also highly instructive, containing as it does much very valuable and rare information concerning the great

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