

And left them wimmen and children  
 To take that ride alone;  
 But I tho't of a day of reck'nin';  
 And whatever "Old John" done here,  
 No Lord ain't going to say to him then,  
 "You went back as an engineer!"

**No. 35 ANNEX. The Valley of the Yellowstone**—No. 7, of the large illustrations, is engraved from a photograph taken by Prof. Hayden, the great explorer of the West. It presents a view of one of the finest and most picturesque portions of the valley. It is looking southward, above the first or lower canyon, and directly on the Snowy Range, whose white-capped summits may be seen on the left of the picture, extending up the river. Below is the first canyon, between the high, narrow, limestone walls of which, the Yellowstone flows, about three miles, and then makes its exit from the mountain region proper. The valley is about 20 miles in length, and from four to five miles in width, and is one of the most delightful portions of Montana. (See ANNEX No. 26 and 36.)

**No. 36 ANNEX. The Falls of the Yellowstone**—as illustrated in No. 8 of our series of large views is one of the most perfect pictures ever made. It is from a photograph taken by Prof. Hayden, and engraved by Bross, of New York. It represents the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone, where the waters make a leap into the canyon, a distance of 350 feet. Prof. Hayden, in his report, says: "After the waters of the Yellowstone roll over the upper falls, (140 feet,) they flow with great rapidity over an apparently flat, rocky bottom, which spreads out to nearly double its width above the falls, and continues thus until near the Lower Fall, when the channel again contracts, and the waters seem, as it were, to gather themselves into one compact mass, and plunge over the precipice in detached drops of foam, as white as snow, some of the huge globules of water shooting down through the sunlight, like the white fire contents of an exploded rocket. It is a spectacle infinitely more beautiful than the grandest picture ever presented of the famous Falls of Niagara. In the immediate vicinity of the Lower Falls, and in the grand canyon, the scene is indescribably beautiful. A heavy mist arises from the water at the foot of the falls, so dense that one cannot approach within from two to three hundred feet of them, and even then the clothes will be drenched in a few moments. Upon the glowing, yellow, nearly vertical walls of the west side, the mist mostly falls, and for 300 feet from the bottom, the wall is covered with a thick matting of mosses, sedges, grasses, and other vegetation of the most vivid green, which have sent their small roots into the softened rocks and are nourished by the ever-ascending spray. (See ANNEX No. 26 and 35.)

**No. 37 ANNEX. Falls of the Willamette River**—The scene of the large illustration, No. 9, represents the Falls of the Willamette River, at Oregon City, Oregon, where the hills approach the river on each side, forcing the river through a deep canyon, and over a fall of from 30 to 40 feet. The cliffs on either side of the river rise abruptly hundreds of feet in height, and are covered at the top and less precipitous places with a growth of evergreens. Locks are built on the Oregon City side of the river, large enough to admit the passage of boats 200 feet and 40 feet in width. Water power is also supplied from the same source of 4,000 horse powers, which is used for running woolen mills and other manufactories at Oregon City.

**No. 38 ANNEX. Cape Horn**—is a bold promontory, situated on the north side of the Columbia River, in Washington Territory, about midway between the Cascade Mountains and the Dalles. This promontory is of basaltic formation—like most others on the Columbia—and rises near 250 feet perpendicular from the water's edge, and extends about one mile in length, the lower part projecting several hundred feet out into the river. Cape Horn derives its name from the danger in passing it. Our large illustration, No. 10, represents a small party of pleasure and curiosity seekers, on a pleasant afternoon, when the winds had lulled, who have successfully rounded the cape.

**No. 39 ANNEX. Wood Hauling in Nevada**—No. 11, of the large views, is a beautiful engraving, representing a ten-mule team loaded with wood. The three wagons are coupled together like a train of cars—called "trail wagons,"—on which are loaded twenty-four cords of wood. At the point represented in the picture, the team is about on the dividing line between Gold Hill, down the canyon to the rear of the wagons, one-fourth mile—and Virginia City, directly ahead, about the same distance, around the point of the mountain. This plan of coupling wagons is quite common on the Pacific Coast, for all kinds of heavy hauling. The picture was engraved by Mr. Bross, of New York, from a photograph taken by Sutterley, of Virginia City.

**No. 40 ANNEX. Mirror Lake, Yo-Semite Valley**—In the large illustration, No. 12, is presented one of the most wonderful, as well as charmingly picturesque scenes to be witnessed in this most romantic valley. As will be seen, it represents one of the most bold and striking views of a charming little sheet of crystal water of almost a couple of acres in extent, in which numerous schools of speckled trout may be seen gaily disporting themselves.

The waters are as still as death, as though awed by the wondrous grandeur of its surroundings. Close to the southeast stands the majestic "South Dome," 4,590 feet in altitude above the lake. On the north and west lie immense rocks that have become detached from the tops of the mountain, 3,000 feet above; among these grow a large variety of trees and shrubs, many of which stand on and overhang the margin of the lake, and are reflected on its mirror bosom, as shown in the picture. (See ANNEX No. 31.)

**No. 41 ANNEX. The Pony Express**—was an enterprise started in 1860, by Majors, Russell & Co., of Leavenworth, Kan., to meet the pressing business wants of the Pacific Coast. It will be remembered that the usual time made on the mail service, by steamer, between New York and San Francisco, was about twenty-six days. The first *Overland* mail—which arrived in San Francisco Oct. 10th, 1858—carried it from St. Louis, Mo., via Los Angeles, in twenty-three days, twenty-one hours. The *Pony Express*—which left St. Joseph, Mo., and San Francisco, simultaneously, April 3d, 1860—succeeded in transporting it through safely on its first trip, in ten days; on its second, in 14 days; third, nine days; fourth, ten days; fifth, nine days; sixth, nine days;—a distance of 1,996 miles. This rapid transmission of business correspondence was of incalculable value to business men in those days.

This service, we can readily see, required courage and endurance, as well as enterprise and the expenditure of large sums of money. The moment the ferry boat touched land on the opposite shore, the Pony Expressman mounted his horse;