

and by day or by night, in starlight or darkness; whether sun-dried or soaked, snow-covered or frozen; among friends or through foes; be he lonely or merry—onward he hastened, until, at the thrice-welcomed station, he leaped from his saddle to rest. Here another was ready, whose horse, like himself, had been waiting, perhaps, without shelter; and with a cheery "Good night, boys," he galloped off, and was soon lost in the distance. He rides on alone, over prairies and mountains; whether up hill or down; on rough ground or smooth, until he descries in the distance the goal of his hopes, and the station is reached.

To realize even partially the dangers of this service, we need only glance at the newspapers of the day, where such items as the following were chronicled: "The pony expressman has just returned from Cold Springs—driven back by the Indians." "The men at Dry Creek Station have all been killed, and it is thought the Robert's Creek Station has been destroyed. Eight animals were stolen from Cold Springs Monday." "Bartholomew Riley died last night from a wound received at the Cold Springs Station, on the 16th of May. Just arrived from the Indian battle-ground, at Pyramid Lake, tired as he was, he volunteered to ride to the next change, then, a distance of eighty-five miles, where he received the wound of which he died." "Six Pike's Peak riders found the body of the station-keeper horribly mutilated, and all the animals missing, at Simpson's Park."

These few incidents will readily illustrate the stuff of which the pony expressmen and station keepers were made; as well as the dangers and privations to which they were exposed. To tell of the losses in men from the Indians, and of horses and other property, both from volunteers as well as Indians, with the many thrilling adventures of those who participated in this daring enterprise, however interesting, would make too long a recital for these pages.

No. 42 ANNEX. Sierra Nevada Mountains—The large illustration, No. 14, of the Sierras, is from a photograph, and affords a beautiful view of the highest point of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, passed over by the Central Pacific railroad. There are to be seen a succession of tunnels and snow-sheds, which extend without a break for 28 miles; below is the "Gem of the Sierras," Donner Lake. (For description, see pages 180, 181, 182 and 183 of this book.)

No. 43 ANNEX. Mount Shasta—as shown in No. 15, of our large views, is a prominent feature in the landscape of the Sacramento Valley, at the head of which it is located.

The view is looking to the northeast. In the foreground is the broad valley of the Sacramento, then come towering forest trees, massive rocks, and a variety of foliage, upon which alternate patches of shade and sunlight are thrown with striking effect. Above all, towering high in mid-air, Mount Shasta springs, in a series of graceful curves, far up into an almost unclouded heaven, its sides and summits enfolded in the eternal snows. The contrast between the verdure-clad valley and the cold, wintry peaks of old Shasta, king of mountains, is a chief interest in the picture, reminding the spectator of some of the most striking effects of Alpine scenery. Mt. Shasta is 14,440 feet high. (See further description on page 196.)

No. 44 ANNEX. Woodward Gardens—These gardens were laid out in 1860 by R. B. Woodward, Esq., a gentleman of enterprise and refined taste, to surround, adorn and beautify his

private residence, situated near the center of the grounds. To this end the continents of both America and Europe were searched to procure every variety of ornamental trees, exotics, indigenous plants, or articles of *rare virtue and value*. For us to attempt to describe these beautiful grounds, and do justice to the subject, were we able, would take a larger book than the *Tourist*. They must be seen to be appreciated. You will find in the "Art Gallery" rare paintings and statuary; in the "Zoological department" a great variety of different kinds of wild animals, including the California lion, and a mammoth grizzly bear, weighing 1,600 pounds; also a great variety of California birds.

In these grounds are towering evergreen trees and crystal lakes, oriental arbors and beautiful statuary, delightful nooks and shady retreats, with creeping vines, fragrant flowers, sparkling fountains, sweet music, and, above all, the glorious California sky. Possessed of all these luxuriant surroundings, and with ample income, could any person be surprised that Mr. Woodward should persistently decline to open them to the curious public? But the time came at last. It was when the soldiers and sailors of this country lay bleeding in the hospitals, on the ships, in the camps, and on the battle-fields, with widows, orphans, suffering, and death on every side. The sanitary fund was low. *Money must be had!* Then it was that his noble heart leaped to the rescue. The grounds were then thrown open to the public *in aid of the Sanitary Fund*. The receipts were princely; and no one can say how many lives were saved, or the sufferings of the last moments of life alleviated, by the aid of the generous proprietor of the Woodward Gardens? These gardens were opened permanently to the public in May, 1866. They occupy five acres of ground, four of which are bounded by Market, Mission, 13th and 14th streets, with one acre to the south of 14th street, connected by tunnel under that street from the main garden.

No. 45 ANNEX. The Geysers—No. 17 of our large series of views gives a very truthful picture of this wonderful region. Here extremes meet in a most astonishing way, if the diversity of mineral springs can be called extremes, as they are over two hundred in number and possess every variety of characteristics; some are hot and others are icy cold; some contain white sulphur, some black, some red, or yellow; others alum—and boiling alum at that; others iron; others soda; others — oh, well, it's idle to go on particularizing. You have but to name your spring, and it is ready for you. Side by side boil and bubble the hottest of hot springs, and the coldest of cold ones, being frequently but a few inches apart. Indeed, so closely do they lie together that the greatest care must be exercised lest one shall step knee-deep into a boiling caldron or an icy bath. Even the rocks become thoroughly heated, and quantities of magnesia, sulphur, alum, epsom salts, and many other chemicals, lie thickly strewn about, making a sort of druggist's paradise. The noises, too, and the smells, are as diversified as the character of the springs; some hiss, some murmur, some roar. Of these springs, one is known as the "Devil's Grist-mill"; another, the "Calliope"; then the "Steamboat Geyser," the "Witch's Caldron," the "Mountain of Fire," the latter of which contains more than a hundred apertures, and in all of these are shown, each for itself, some interesting and remarkable peculiarity. (See route to the Geysers on pages 222 and 224.)