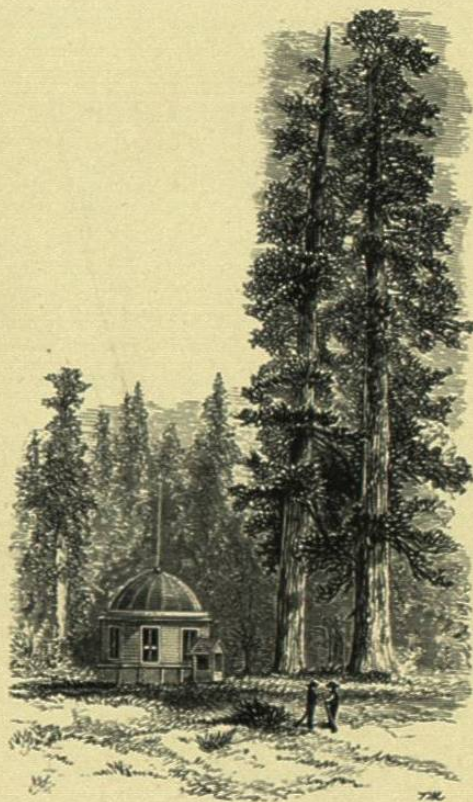


and did not give the sunshine. The grass withered, the flowers faded, and even the trees showed signs of suffering; the earth was dry and parched; the sound of sighing was heard in the tops of the pine trees. Tissayac saw and lamented this desolation. She knew that it was for her sake. She threw herself prostrate upon the top of her high home on the mountain and entreated the Great Spirit to be merciful, and send again the rain and the sunshine. The Spirit came, in majesty and terror, to answer her prayer. The mighty mountain was rent in twain, and the one half remains to this day as a witness to the wonderful answer vouchsafed to the prayers of a pure maiden.

This Half-Dome is still a marvel in the eyes of the people. The snows were melted in the valley, and the water came pouring down its sides. They formed a river—the river of Mercy,—which has ever since continued to flow through the valley. Then Tissayac took her flight, and was seen no more. But as she flew over the lake which bears her name the down from her wings dropped along the shore, and there sprang up white violets to gladden the hearts of all that should ever visit the lake. Tu-tock-a-nu-lah could not exist without Tissayac. He followed her from the valley, and was never seen again. But before he went, with his hunting-knife he cut in the rock whereon his throne had been, the outlines of his noble head and manly form,—not standing erect, as in the pride of strength, but almost prostrate, to show that even he had succumbed to a power mightier than himself; and he left the picture there, that all men might see and know that how brave and how swift soever they





THE SENTINELS, CALAVERAS GROVE.

(EACH OVER 300 FEET HIGH.) PAGE 199.

may be, there is a very little archer who can conquer them by one dart from his quiver, and then—a woman may lead them! It is a pity that this fine Indian name, Tu-tock-a-nu-lah, which belonged to the rock, should have given place to the comparatively vulgar one of El Capitan, which is simply the Spanish for “The Captain.” This wonderful mass of solid granite is nearly two-thirds of a mile high. It is the beginning of the wall of the valley on the north or left-hand side as you enter. On the opposite or right-hand side are the Cathedral rocks, and The Three Graces. Over the face of Cathedral Rock pours Bridal Veil creek, which rises a few miles southeast of this, and was an insignificant stream where we crossed it afterward, when going to Glacier Point. But the fall shows what grand results may be brought about by insignificant instrumentalities, when taken in hand by the Great Artificer. This little stream is led along by the hand till brought to the verge of this rock nine hundred feet above the valley; and then, in tossing it over, it is made such a thing of beauty as rarely blesses the eyes of mortal man. The water is no longer water; it is spiritualized, glorified; it comes over the shelving rock, white, ethereal as the mists of the morning, lighted up, irradiated by the rainbows that dance hither and thither, up and down, like myriads of iris-winged fairies. Of all the beautiful and unique things in Yosemite, to my eyes there was nothing so beautiful as the Bridal Veil fall. The falls of the Yosemite are more stupendous, the Vernal grander, and the Nevada more majestic and over-awing; but for the purely beautiful, that which soothes and sweetens and enchants the soul, there is nothing like the Bridal



Veil fall. Near the top it is pure gossamer, misty, and ethereal as a dream. There is nothing to which to liken it, for there is nothing like it. The veil of gossamer that conceals yet reveals the face of the bride has more the taint of earth upon it than this. Lower down there was every changing tint of the rainbow; now concentric and connected, then broken into a thousand fragments, that chased each other up and down and around like frolicsome children. Altogether, it was bewilderingly fair and lovely, a vision of beauty varied and ever varying, that can never fade away. To me it would have more meaning as a type of some of the beautiful things in the paradise above, than streets of gold or gates of pearl.

Turning an obtuse angle from the rock over which falls the Bridal Veil creek, we face the Cathedral rocks, not so high as El Capitan, nor so grand. They are enough like a cathedral to justify the name, especially when seen in connection with some rocks called Cathedral spires. These have different aspects, according to the points from which they are viewed. Sometimes they seem to be connected with Cathedral Rock, and really form the spires to that grand *simulacrum* of a cathedral such as never man built; then again they stand distinct and alone. The walls of the valley are of course continuous; it is only the prominent and peculiar peaks that are named.

Passing up the valley on the north side, beyond El Capitan, there are The Three Brothers. There is no danger that these brothers will not dwell together in unity; they are bound together by a bond which they cannot break, and which renders discord impossible. They are not all of the same size, though, so far as has trans-

pired, they are of the same age. Looking at these rocks from below, they are said to resemble three frogs in a row, ready to try their skill at leaping. This is thought to have suggested to the Indians the name of "Pompompasus," which means "Leaping-Frog Rocks."

On the opposite or south side, on the right hand, we next come to Sentinel Rock. I shall never forget how I felt when I first saw this cliff. It was dark when we reached the hotel, and in the morning, when I stepped out on the verandah, this was the first thing that met my view. It looked like a part of the everlasting hills that had been and was to be forever. It stood there, a grand mass of rock, stretching away up almost as far as the eye could reach, and then on the top was a slender obelisk still rising heavenward. It would seem as though a sentinel on the top of that rock could see into the very gates of heaven. "Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!" I said, over and over again to myself. I could find no other word; there was room for no other feeling.

At Black's hotel we seemed to be exactly under the shadow of this great rock. The center appeared to be directly over us, and so it did for half a mile going up or down the valley. I noticed the same fact in regard to Yosemite fall. For a mile we seemed to be exactly under them. I suppose it was the effect of the exceeding great height. They were lifted so far above us that they seemed to be just in front for a long time. At Black's we were about midway in the valley; there being three miles above and three below. Behind the hotel Sentinel Rock raises its high head, as though it would penetrate the heavens. In front are the Yosemite falls.



These we watched at our leisure as we sat on the front verandah. We went over one day and climbed the rocks to the top of the lower fall. If "familiarity breeds contempt," as the old copy used to affirm, it is only true of small bodies. Nearness intensifies the greatness of the truly great. It was always so in the Yosemite—the nearer we came to any of its wonders, the grander and more incomprehensible they seemed. Looking at the Yosemite fall from our hotel, a mile or two away, it was hard to believe that it was really twenty-six hundred feet—almost half a mile—high. But when we came near and saw how great the height of the lowest and shortest fall is, we could believe in the magnitude of the whole. In other words, by dividing these unaccustomed heights and depths into fragments they were brought within our comprehension, and by taking in a part at a time we were enabled at last to grasp the whole. I do not know what magnitudes they would have attained had we remained long in the valley, for every day they grew in size and grandeur. The mind seems to require time to adjust itself to such unaccustomed heights, depths and dimensions—just as the eye, when it has been closely observing minute points, has to readjust itself before it can take in large objects.

The view from the top is said to be very fine, and I can well believe it. Crossing the river again on a bridge, we came to a saw-mill which is turned by the Yosemite creek, which, after making a water-fall that astonishes the nations, and surpasses all others in the world in height,—a water-fall which fills the eye of the beholder with wonder and the heart with delight,—is not above the

homely task of turning the wheels of a saw-mill in aid of man's invention and for his convenience. It seemed like harnessing the war-horse, with his arched neck and graceful form, to the dray, and making him do the work of an ordinary cart-horse. Yet there is the same lesson taught as by the angel who could fold his wings and prepare a cake for the servant of God, faint with hunger. That is the most excellent beauty that finds its end in use.

Two or three miles above Hutching's the valley loses its regularity. What had been a unit becomes triune. There are three narrow valleys instead of one. The river Merced runs through the middle valley. The Tenaya fork of the Merced finds its way through the northern valley, and the Illoulette through the southern. The North Dome is in the northern valley. It is an exceedingly high point, which is, as its name indicates, dome-shaped. The Half-Dome, on the other side of this narrow cañon, is the all-pervading presence of the Yosemite valley. Go where you will, look at the valley from what point you may, this wonderful Half-Dome is always visible, always grand and imposing. It is the highest point in the walls of the valley, outranking El Capitan by six or seven hundred feet. Its top has never been trodden by the foot of man. Since Tissayac forsook it, it has remained solitary in its grandeur. Nature has reserved one place at least for a shrine, which man's profane feet have been unable to penetrate. On the side toward the Tenaya cañon it is exactly vertical for two thousand feet from the summit. It has the appearance of having been a perfectly rounded and complete dome, which by some strange convulsion has been split in two and one part lost. It has an appealing look, and can



never be seen without the question arising, "Where is the other half?" The impression of this Half-Dome is one of the many that every visitor to the Yosemite will carry away and retain as a permanent possession. It is so unique, so wonderful, and tells so unmistakably of conflict. Not so massive as El Capitan, it is more suggestive in regard to great changes and powerful forces that have existed which could rend asunder masses of granite that look as though they would be a safe foundation for the heavens to rest upon. When did this fearful catastrophe occur? By what means was it brought about?

Going on up the north cañon, through which the Tenaya fork runs, we came to Mirror lake, which is merely an expansion of the creek. This little lake is remarkable only for the perfect shadows of the wonderful mountains and hills which surround it. All these are reflected with great faithfulness. You look from the original to the picture, and scarcely know which is which. But there is no merit in this; any other water would do just the same thing, if it had the same thing to do. The remarkableness was in the originals, not in the drawing. However, our opportunity for seeing it was not of the best. We neither saw it at the charmed hours of sunrise or sunset, which are said to be the times when it is finest. In fact we did not see it when the sun was over it, for the sun was out of sorts that afternoon, and did not show his face at all. Although we had a maiden in our party with brow as fair and cheek as rosy, eye as blue and hair as auburn as the fabled Tisayac, even she had not power to make the sun come from behind the clouds and show us the light of his countenance. So our party pretty

generally voted the lake a humbug, and our member from Vermont declared that he could find more respectable frog ponds at home! But to my eyes the shadows were strange and weird enough to pay for twice as long a ride as we had taken to reach the lake. The echoes, too, are said to be wonderful, and some of the company went out on the water and gave utterance to sundry unearthly sounds; but the remarkable echoes were gone away from home, or were too sound asleep to be waked. We heard no better response to the noises than could have been heard among any common hills.

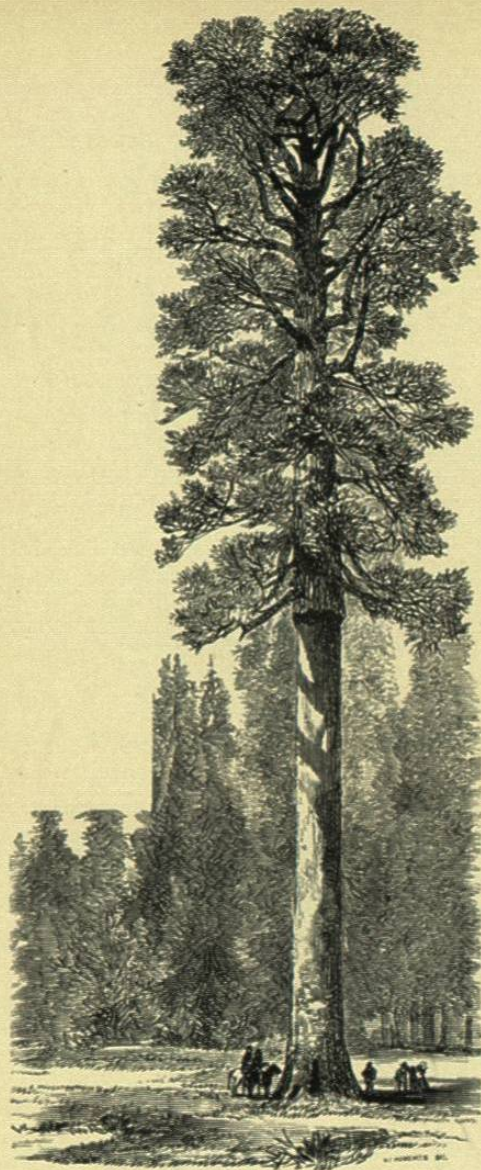
Mirror Lake was the terminus of our explorations up the Tenaya cañon. We returned to our hotel, riding half the way through fields of fern that grew to the astonishing height of eight or ten feet. We gathered some very pretty flowers as we rode along, and brought them away as trophies. We returned to the hotel and resumed the pleasant task of watching the Yosemite fall. We could never tire of looking at it any more than the wind could tire of playing with it. One of the strange things about this fall is its vibratory motion. There is so much water that it does not break up into spray, but, while it is scarcely forty feet wide when it pours over the rock, it widens out to three hundred when it alights upon the projecting ledge which makes the base of the first fall, and this great mass of water swings back and forth from east to west, through a space of a thousand feet in width. As the water falls over, there are masses that whirl around like rockets as they descend. This is thought to be owing to the air that is caught and mixed up with the water. The Indians called this fall Yosemite, or Yo-



hanu-e-ta, which means "The Great Grizzly Bear," which to them has more of power and awfulness than anything else in the world; for, after death, if they have been bad Indians, they become grizzly bears, and are compelled to live among the snow on the mountains.

At ten o'clock in the morning we started for Snow's, at the upper end of the valley. Until a short time before our visit there was no way of egress from the valley but to return and pass out at the western extremity. But a trail had recently been made by which there can be an exit from the upper end of the valley. As we intended to go out that way, we had to take a last look at all this part through which we had been. We passed Glacier Point on our right. This rock is the angle formed by the south cañon entering the main valley, and from its summit there is the finest view to be had from any point. We kept the middle cañon, through which flows the Merced river. The recollection of no part of the trip gives me so little satisfaction as this ride up the valley. The scenery was so wild, so wonderful, and in some places so grand, that I would have liked to give a day to each mile, instead of hurrying through and seeing the whole in a few hours. But as we rode Indian file, and there were twelve of us, with the guide thrown in to make up the baker's dozen, no one could stop without deranging the whole procession, and there was nothing to be done but to go on and try to be satisfied with glimpses when we longed for lingering looks.

There is no sort of a performance that this Merced river is not capable of. Now it goes along gravely, like a respectable, well-behaved river; then it makes a leap of



A MONSTER. PAGES 201, 202 AND 203.



a hundred feet or so at a single jump, and again, tumbling, tossing, foaming like a mad creature, it goes over or around rocks as large as a house. Sometimes, after eddying, bubbling, boiling away as though an immense fire were under it, it suddenly changes its mood, and runs on with a hop, skip and jump, as though, after all, it was only in fun.

Whatever of wildness one can imagine, whatever of picturesqueness the fancy can paint, whatever of grotesqueness the thought can conceive—all can be seen in or along this river. These antics of the stream were not performed in silence, but were all set to music. Sometimes the rush and roar made a noise almost deafening; then, with the nicest diminuendo, it changed to a pleasant humming that soothed while it pleased.

Personal matters claimed a part of our attention and sometimes absorbed our interest. The trail led over rocks, and through rocks, and between rocks. We had to scale almost perpendicular heights and go down into apparently unfathomable depths. Any grades that we had had before seemed easy in comparison. The beautiful azalea that ornaments so many places in the valley was not wanting here. It grows larger, is more graceful, and the blending of pink and white in its flowers more beautiful, than anywhere else. Its beauty seemed to soften the general roughness of the scene. We reached at length Register Rock, where we dismounted. Near by is Lady Franklin's Rock, from which, looking upward, there is a good view of Vernal fall. Our guide told us that Lady Franklin came here and sat many hours in a seat which is still called by her name. From here we could have



walked across the gulch, ascended the stairs by the side of the falls, and been at Snow's in a little while. But, not wishing to lose any part of the wonderful scenery, we rode around two or three miles, and reached Snow's in a nice little shower.

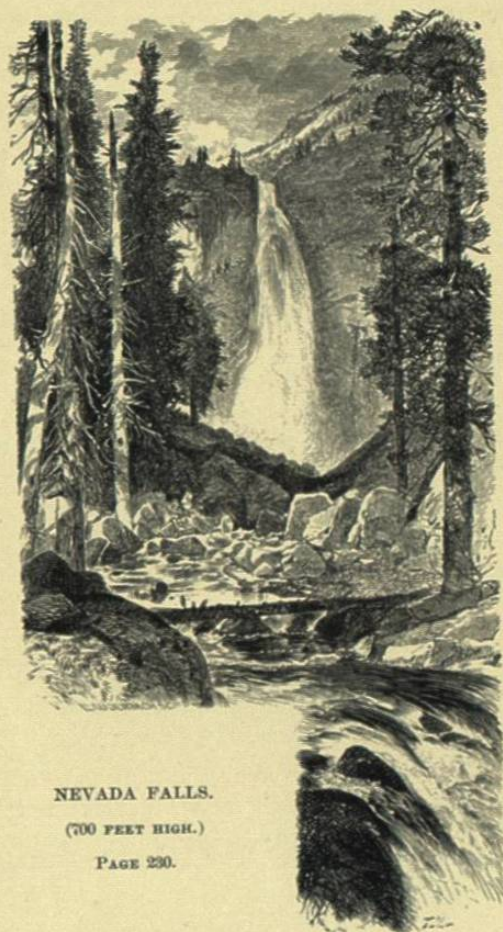
After eating a dinner prepared by the hands of the enterprising Vermonter who presides over the "La Casa Nevada hotel," we started out to see the falls. We were between them at Snow's. The Nevada fall is half a mile above; the Vernal a little more than that below. We made our first visit to the latter, walking by the side of the Merced river all the way. In two miles, measuring from the top of the Nevada falls, the Merced descends two thousand feet; so that, after subtracting seven hundred feet for the Nevada fall and three hundred and fifty for the Vernal, there are still nearly a thousand feet left to be divided among lesser falls, cataracts and cascades. Many of these would be remarkable if they were not eclipsed by the greater wonders in the vicinity. Before reaching the cliff, the plunge over which makes the Vernal fall, the Merced gathers itself up into half its usual width, by way of preparation for the great leap that is before it. Then spreading out again just as it reaches the cliff, so as to make the most of itself, with all the power and impetus it has accumulated, it plunges over. The ledge over which it falls meets the northern wall of the valley at right angles, and, as if to furnish every convenience for seeing the wonderful fall, a parapet of granite breast high is placed on the south side. It projects over the fall, so that one can stand in perfect safety and look into the very face of the descending water. On the south side a staircase leads

down to the bottom of the fall. The descent is safe, and when down one can see into the very secrets of the waterfall. There is a grotto here, in which ferns and the delicate maiden-hair grow in luxuriance. The sun never shines in there; but what do they care for that? They are fed constantly on spray from the fall, and now and then a rainbow is served them by way of dessert; and their diet seems to agree with them. A softer and more beautiful green never was seen than that which they exhibit. One needs to gather one's senses about him when down in this chasm. The roar of the fall is deafening. The spray is everywhere. It fills your eyes and mouth, it creeps in at your ears, and it rests upon your face. The mists are about you like wreaths of smoke; you can hardly see through them. Feelings of awe, almost of dread, creep over you at this wonderful manifestation of power. But we were unfortunate in one thing—the sun refused to shine; so we did not see the rainbows. I shall, therefore, borrow the description given by a friend, who was there at a more propitious time: "We pass down an easy flight of stairs, which have recently taken the place of a rickety ladder, and reaching the landing, we pause to look up and around us. We find ourselves in a beautiful grotto, formed by a huge overhanging boulder, known as Arch Rock. This spot has never known the sunlight but by reflection. From every crevice and cranny droop the most exquisite bunches of ferns, among which is the delicate maiden's hair. The rocks are covered with patches of bright enameled moss, and the whole is kept constantly bathed in spray from the fall. As we pursue our way carefully down the uneven path, among rocks slippery with moist



earth and dripping moss, through an atmosphere of mist, which hangs about us like gossamer and fills the gorge, looking over our shoulder we realize that we are in a halo of glory. The entire background is one immense shimmering, sheeny curtain, resplendent with prismatic hues. There are rainbows to right of us, rainbows to left of us, rainbows encircling every tree and behind every rock. The fall itself is spanned by two clear and inexpressibly beautiful bows. All of them are perfect, not mere broken arches. One lies at our feet, or rather encircles them; rising upward, another spans our entire form. They sit on our foreheads; they encircle our eyes."

Loth to leave, yet compelled to go, we retraced our steps back to Snow's, and from there went to the Nevada falls. The ledge over which the Merced river falls here reaches entirely across the cañon, meeting its two sides at right angles. The fall does not cover the whole width of the cliff, although it is one hundred and thirty feet wide. On the north side there is room for a trail, over which we afterward went as we passed out of the valley. The Nevada fall is twice the height of the Vernal, and is the grandest of all the falls in the valley. The Yosemite is higher, the Bridal Veil more ethereally beautiful; but in this height and volume unite to make grandeur that astonishes and sublimity that overwhelms the mind. It will be remembered that both the Yosemite and Bridal Veil falls are made by comparatively insignificant creeks that come over the walls of the valley. It is only in the Vernal and Nevada falls that we see what the Merced river itself can do when it takes it into its head to make a leap. There is an obstruction on the north side of the fall which causes a di-



NEVADA FALLS.

(700 FEET HIGH.)

PAGE 230.



version of a considerable volume of water, and makes it tumble by itself in frolicsome cascades, that come leaping and dancing down the rocks. There is no difficulty in going up to the very foot of the fall, and we stood there gazing at its magnificent power and listening to its stupendous roar until we were fairly drenched with the spray.

This was the end of our sight-seeing in the valley; but there remained some outside wonders for us to visit. After being very compactly stowed away in our inn during the night, we were up with the sun, to be ready for an early start to Cloud's Rest. This is a point but newly opened to tourists. The trail had been finished but a short time, and only three or four parties had gone there before us. Now came the hardest climb of all; we were obliged to go up the almost perpendicular ascent of the cliff to the north of the Nevada falls. We thought we had seen steepness before, but this quite cast in the shadow everything else. It seemed to go straight up, and we felt as if we had been ordered to charge upon a fortress that had been founded and built for the express purpose of keeping out all invaders. But nothing in the way of climbing was impossible to Alek and his compeers. If the Titans had had these mustangs to mount and carry them upwards, there is no knowing how far they would have gone in their attempt to scale the heavens. Up, up they went, with their heads almost at right angles with the earth, always finding some sure place in which to put their feet.

I gave myself no concern about my horse. I let him have the entire responsibility of keeping in the path of rectitude, and gave myself again wholly to the task of



trying to keep on his back. Before long this effort became too wearisome to be endured. I dismounted, threw the bridle over his neck and let him go. Walking was easier, and I had more chance to look about me. The Nevada falls were in full view on the right nearly all the time. On the left hand a grand mass of granite, isolated and apparently perpendicular on all sides, reared its majestic head more than two thousand feet above its base. This is the Cap of Liberty, called also Mount Broderick. Inaccessible as it looks, it is not altogether so. Persons with stout hearts and strong sinews have climbed to the top. On the south Mount Starr King makes a splendid monument to one whom all California loved, and whose untimely death is still lamented. After fairly reaching the top of the ledge the trail presented no uncommon difficulties. Cloud's Rest is the highest of the points attainable to the tourist in or around the Yosemite valley, being ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and four thousand above the valley. Think of it—nearly two miles straight up in the air above the daily life of common mortals! There is no difficulty in the ascent except that the attenuated atmosphere makes breathing laborious. The view was fine as well as extended. On one side we looked down into the Yosemite valley, which lay spread out like a map below us. There seemed a strange influence over and around us. The canopy above us did not wear its usual look, but was of a deeper blue and grander aspect. We felt that we were nearer heaven than we had ever been before. But the time of our transfiguration had not yet come; we must return to sublunary things. We mounted our horses and set out on our return, retracing the steps we had taken in going.

For three miles we went through the "little" Yosemite valley, which is two thousand seven hundred feet higher than the Yosemite valley proper. This, too, is hemmed in by columnar walls of granite, and is only "little" because the other is greater. It is beautifully shaded by fir and pine trees, with tamaracks interspersed, and is carpeted with the greenest of green grass. This valley extends to the upper edge of the Nevada falls.

We found our mule Jocko and the lunch all safe and waiting for us on the bank of the Merced river, just above Nevada falls. It was then one o'clock, and we had been riding since six in the morning. Of course lunch was a matter in which we felt a lively interest. The company assembled and seated themselves on the grass under the shade of overhanging trees, with the murmur of the flowing river sounding in our ears. The lunch was opened. Blank astonishment and indignant surprise took the place of pleasant expectation. Truly, our thrifty Vermonter at La Casa Nevada, like Mrs. Gilpin, had a "prudent mind." The lunch, which had been paid for "sight unseen" was both meagre and poor, and caused the only burst of indignation shown by our good-natured party during the whole expedition. But anger was useless and resentment was vain; neither would multiply our loaves or butter our bread. So after sitting on the bank of the river for a while, watching the river get ready for its great plunge just below, we mounted again and started for Peregoy's.

The sun had found its rest before we reached ours. Supper was soon ready, with its toothsome viands. The cream pies that had haunted the memory of some of our party all the time we had been gone, were not wanting.



The next day was Saturday, and in the morning we went to Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome, which gave us a ride of twelve miles. On our way we crossed Bridal Veil creek only half a mile above the fall. Even so near its transfiguration it is an innocent, insignificant-looking stream. Glacier Point is on the south side of the valley, just in the angle where it branches into three. The view from this point is by common consent the finest to be had of the entire valley. The Nevada, Vernal and Yosemite falls are all in full view. The Bridal Veil fall, being on the same side, is hidden by some projecting peaks. The great South or Half Dome looms up and arrests the eye at every turn. Mirror lake shines in the distance. Lemon's orchards, which are quite large and contain full-grown trees, look like patches of shrubbery. Men in the valley look like insects, and even horses can scarcely be distinguished, except when in motion; yet every feature, every lineament of the valley is distinctly seen. A projecting rock affords a place where the beholder can go to the very verge and look into the secret places of the valley, if the nerves can be trusted; but one scarcely wishes to stay there long; the head grows dizzy, and the heart aches with the fullness of its emotions. With a lingering gaze, and with such feelings as arise when we take the last look at the face of a dead friend whose influence has ennobled, whose aspiration has elevated us, we turn away. But this look is not our last; we are to have one more view. A ride of about a mile brought us to Sentinel Dome. This point is farther back from the edge of the valley, in the rear of Sentinel Rock. From here, also, we had a view of all the principal falls except the Bridal Veil, and of

all the prominent peaks; but the sight is less clear and distinct than from Glacier Point. We strained our eyes to see what we feared we should never see again; then we turned to go; and this was the last. This magnificent vision must henceforth be a memory, a picture that will endure while life lasts, and always be the symbol of power, of grandeur, of glory, and of immortality!

Our Sabbath at Peregoy's had an added pleasure in the arrival of a large party bound for the Yosemite valley, among whom we were glad to recognize those whom we had known in other days, whose presence was a delight. There was a preacher among them, who added to the interest of the occasion by holding an evening service and delivering an appropriate sermon.

Our return was over the same road that we went, and was without incident or adventure.

Thus ended this memorable and interesting trip. I do not know anything for which I would barter the experiences it brought into my life, if there could be secured to me no chance to replace them. To be sure there were fatigue and hardship connected with it; but when one is paid down for all that is suffered, and paid so amply, it would surely be unreasonable to complain.

The circumstances were propitious. Fellow-travelers were not only agreeable, but generally disposed to take things as they came, and make the best of them without fault-finding or complaint. We were fortunate in our guide; Captain Folsom was familiar with all the localities, and ready to tell what he knew to those who wanted to hear. He was one of that military company which followed the Indians into the valley in 1851, and therefore



among the first white men that saw it. He has spent much of the time since in guiding visitors in and around the locality. Always obliging and considerate, he is especially so to ladies. Captain Folsom is the prince of guides! Let those who would see the Yosemite aright secure his services, if they can.

I cannot close my narrative without also saying a good word for Alek. I dare not commend him for his swiftness, but there are those who believe in the old maxim that safety is better than speed. To such his services would be desirable. I am not sure that I can truthfully say I think his judgment infallible; at least, I should not compliment myself in doing so. I am quite sure that to this day he looks upon me as a chicken-hearted individual who habitually carries her heart in her mouth and does not dare say her soul is her own if anyone asserts to the contrary. Differing widely in opinion on this point, as I did, I never could persuade him to change his views and come over to my belief. But even this error only shows how much persistency he has, and how great a regard for that jewel, consistency. At any rate, I forgive him his mistake, and remember gratefully that he carried me safely over frightful places—up and down perpendiculars that the uninitiated would have pronounced impossibilities of accomplishment. May his life be long and his shadow never grow less! and may his last days be spent in green pastures through which run streams of living waters, so that he may eat and drink at his pleasure until he lies down to rest with "the kings and conquerors of the earth!"

No one can see this wonderful valley, or even read an

account of it, without wondering how it was formed—without asking by what catastrophe this chasm, which crosses the general depressions of the mountains at right angles, could have been caused. There have been many theories in regard to its formation; but Professor Whitney, the State geologist, is perhaps better entitled to credence than any who have written upon the subject. After stating the three ways in which valleys are formed, viz.: by erosion, by fracture, and by subsidence, he shows conclusively that this valley could not have been formed in either of the first two ways, and must, therefore, have been caused by the third—subsidence. Something gave way beneath and the valley sank down. In other words, the under-pinning broke and the bottom dropped out. The middle part was swallowed up, like Korah and his troop. Subsequently the wash from the mountains in part filled up the opening and smoothed over the surface. There is evidence that the cavity was originally filled with water. But when the glacial period ended, and the time for drying came, the water diminished, the valley filled up until only a narrow channel, in which flowed the Merced river, was left, and the present conditions were obtained.

Until recently the Yosemite valley was believed to be altogether unique—the only one of the kind in all the wide world. But another has been found in this wonderful region, so like it that there seems to have been one model for both; only the scale is diminished, as though Nature had tried her 'prentice hand on this before attempting the greater Yosemite. This smaller valley is sixteen miles northeast from the Yosemite in the high Sierras, and on the Tuolumne river. It is called the Hetch-hetchy.



It is about the same height above sea-level as the Yosemite. The valley is three miles long, extending, like the Yosemite, from east to west. The walls are not so high as those of the Yosemite, and everything is on a smaller scale.

There have been many improvements made in the modes of reaching the Yosemite valley since the visit was made of which an account has been given. By four different routes the wheels of carriages now carry the tourist from the terminus of the railroad to the door of any of the hotels in the valley. In consequence of improvements in roads it can be visited earlier in the season. The time required for the trip is also less. The valley can be reached in three days from San Francisco. But let no one who wishes to see the valley well stay there less than a week, and if the one week can be multiplied by four the visit will be all the more satisfactory.

The expense of the round trip from San Francisco and back is estimated at sixty dollars, though it would probably be best to allow a little margin for extras. There were three thousand visitors to the valley during the year 1875.

**ANDERSON'S NORSE MYTHOLOGY; or The Religion of Our Forefathers.**—Containing all the Myths of the Eddas carefully systematized and interpreted, with an Introduction, Vocabulary and Index.—By R. B. ANDERSON, A. M., Professor of Scandinavian Languages, in the University of Wisconsin. Crown 8vo, cloth, \$2 50; full gilt, \$3 00; half calf, \$5 00.

"Professor Anderson has produced a monograph which may be regarded as exhaustive in all its relations."—*The New York Tribune*.

"A masterly work. . . No American book of recent years does equal credit to American scholarship, or is deserving of a more pronounced success."—*Boston Globe*.

"I have been struck with the warm glow of enthusiasm pervading it, and with the attractiveness of its descriptions and discussions. I sincerely wish it a wide circulation and careful study."—*William Dwight Whitney*, Professor of Sanscrit and Comparative Philology, Yale College.

"I like it decidedly. A mythologist must be not only a scholar but a bit of a poet, otherwise he will never understand that petrified poetry out of which the mythology of every nation is built up. You seem to me to have that gift of poetic divination, and, therefore, whenever I approach the dark runes of the Edda, I shall gladly avail myself of your help and guidance."

Yours truly, *F. Max Muller*, University of Oxford.

"We have never seen so complete a view of the religion of the Norsemen. The Myths which Prof. Anderson has translated for us are characterized by a wild poetry and by suggestions of strong thought. We see images of singular beauty in the landscape of ice and snow. Sparks of fire are often struck out from these verses of flint and steel."—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

"Professor Anderson is an enthusiastic as well as an able scholar; and he imparts his enthusiasm to his readers. His volume is deeply interesting as well as in a high degree instructive. No such account of the old Scandinavian Mythology has hitherto been given in the English language. It is full, and elucidates the subject in all points of view. It contains abundant illustrations in literal and poetic translations from the Eddas and Sagas. . . Professor Anderson's interpretations of the myths throw new light upon them, and are valuable additions (as is the whole work) to the history of religion and of literature. . . It deserves to be welcomed, not only as most creditable to American scholarship, but also as an indication of the literary enterprise which is surely growing up in our North-western States."—*The Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review*.

**AMERICA NOT DISCOVERED BY COLUMBUS.**—A Historical Sketch of the Discovery of America by the Norsemen in the 10th century. By PROF. R. B. ANDERSON, of the University of Wisconsin, with an Appendix on the Historical, Literary and Scientific value of the Scandinavian Languages.

Price, 12mo, cloth.....\$1 00

"A valuable addition to American history. The object is fully described in its title page, and the author's narrative is very remarkable. \* \* \* The book is full of surprising statements, and will be read with something like wonderment."—*Notes and Queries, London*.