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Hetch Hetchy Valley.

John Muir

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OUT, 'Don't shoot this way!' When the barrels of both revolvers are emptied, the combatants clinch, and, as they imagine, cut each other all to pieces with bowie-knives; although, when lights are brought, it turns out to be somebody else. Then the two royal Bengals shake hands, fraternize over a drink, and go off together to the gunsmith's to get their pistols reloaded. The survivors pick up the dead and wounded. There is a great deal of talk over the affair for several days. The bodies are kept until Sunday. Then there is a splendid funeral. The Odd Fellows, the Masons, the military companies, and the temperance societies, all turn out, with music and banners. The Sunday-school children, dressed in white, appear in the procession, singing, 'There is a happy land, far, far away,' etc. The minister preaches a very affecting discourse, and is very careful not to say anything which may wound the feelings of the two Bengal tigers, who stand in the front pew overlooking the coffins, as chief mourners, holding together by their left hands the same hymn-book, as they sing out of it, while the right of either grasps his revolver, ready to send a ball through the clerical organization, should he say anything in the funeral sermon personally offensive to them. Everybody for twenty miles around comes on horseback and in buggies. The saloons and shops do a good business, and the day commonly winds up with a grand ball and supper. All the young ladies are proud to dance with the two Bengals; all the young men envy them, and resolve to kill somebody at the first convenient opportunity. Before morning, there are probably two or three more 'fatal affairs,' and so the life and excitement peculiar to our free, easy, unconventional society is sustained, from month to month and year to year.

When all this is over, a subscription is generally set on foot in the camp for erecting monuments over the graves, and when the money is all raised, the man to whom it is intrusted goes to San Francisco to buy the marbles, and there he falls in with old friends, and drinks, sprees, and gambles all the money away. If he comes back and makes confession, either we blow the top of his head off, or we say: 'No matter. If you had a good time, it is just as well. Bob, Jim, and Tom will rest quite as easy without any monuments.' Then we put over them a cheap wooden tombstone, with a pretty verse painted on it. These boards, after a few years, rot away at the lower end, and the goats and cows, pastured in our camp burying-ground, rub against them and knock them over, and finally we gather and split them up for stove kindlings.'

They liked this sketch of California life. They relished it. They picked its very bones clean.

At a certain social gathering, the name of Joaquin Miller was introduced.

"Miller has been engaged in some affrays, I suppose," said a gentleman to me.

I said, "He has slain many men."

I burden Miller with every sort of crime. It does him no injury, here. A little blood gives his poems a game relish.

"Do you know Miller?" he asked.

"I do. He was my friend; but...."

Here I became agitated, and corrugated my brows. I continued—"I wish never to meet that man again. If I do...."

Here my right hand traveled involuntarily toward my derringer-pocket.

"The truth is, we once fought, in California, with double-barreled shot-guns, at six paces. We have not done fighting, yet—the war has scarcely begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north I beg your pardon! but if we meet again—and no matter where we meet—the affair must be brought to a final conclusion. I trust the coming affray may never occur in any quiet Brit-
AMONG the endless variety of natural forms, not one stands solitary and unrelated. Though no two are exactly alike, and each possesses a certain individuality, the partition-walls are so thin, that, to the eye of Science, they form either one great unit or a vast company of individuals harmoniously correlated. Ignorance and a love of the marvelous incline us to find anomalous curiosities in every direction; and of the bands of pilgrims who come seeking for fountain-beauty into our little Yosemite world, the greater part go away under the impression that here we have an exceptional creation, destined to remain the latest, most unaccompanied wonder of the earth.

Cool-headed scientists, standing on the valley floor, and looking up to its massive walls, have been unable to interpret its history. The magnitude of the characters in which the account of its origin is recorded, has prevented its being read. "We have interrogated," says the scientist, "all the known valley-producing causes. The torrent has replied, 'It was not I;' the glacier has answered, 'It was not I;' and the august forces that fold and crevase whole mountain chains disclaim all knowledge of it."

But, during my few years acquaintance with it, I have found it not full of chaos, unaccompanied and parentless. I have found it one of many Yosemite valleys, which differ not more than one pine-tree differs from another. Attentive study and comparison of these throws a flood of light upon the origin of the Yosemite; uniting her, by birth, with sister valleys distributed through all the principal river-basins of the range.

The Lower Tuolumne Yosemite, that I am about to sketch—called "Hetch-Hetchy" by the Indians—is said to have been discovered by one Joseph Screech, a hunter, in the year 1850, one year before Captain Boling and his party discovered Yosemite, in their pursuit of
In my second day's journey, I drifted over the dome-polish upon the bottoms and sides of Hetchy and Yosemite were alike forgotten places, as if the glaciers more indistinct till they melted from and the Tuolumne River. The ice-sheet, that flowed away at the bottom of the El Capitan ridge. Here I laid down, and thought of the time when the groove in which I rested was being ground away at the bottom of a vast ice-sheet, that flowed over all the Sierra like a slow wind. It is now forested with magnificent firs (Picea amabilis), many of which are over 200 feet in height, growing upon soil not derived from the solid granite by the slow rusting action of rain or frost, or by the more violent erosion of torrents of water, but by the steady crushing and grinding of glaciers. Besides supporting so noble a forest, this moraine deposit gives birth to a happy-voiced tributary of Yosemite Creek. My huge camp-fire glowed like a sun; and, warm in its light, against the deepest shadows a splendid circumference of firs stood out and lived in a consciousness and individuality that they can seldom attain in the penetrating radiance of day. My happy brook sung confidingly, and by its side I made my bed of rich, spicy boughs, elastic and warm. Upon so luxurious a couch, in such a forest, and by such a fire and brook, sleep is gentle and pure. Wild-wood sleep is always refreshing; and to those who receive the mountains into their souls, as well as into their sight—living with them clean and free—sleep is a beautiful death, from which we arise every dawn into a new-created world, to begin a new life, in a new body.

In my second day's journey, extending to the northernmost tributary of the Middle Fork of the Tuolumne, I crossed a great number of glacier cañons, of moderate depth, belonging to the richly sculptured basins of Cascade Creek and the Tuolumne River. The ice-polish upon the bottoms and sides of these cañons is as perfect, in many places, as if the glaciers which accomplished it had been removed but yesterday. It burns and spangles in the sun-rays like the still surface of a lake, and is delicately striated, enabling one, by close observation, to ascertain the direction in which the bottom of the producing glacier moved. In crossing these bright cañons, the clank and ring of my mountain-shoes is oftentimes hushed in the loose dust of a moraine, or in the spongy velvet of one of those glacier meadows which abound in all kinds of places—on the bottoms of the cañons, or on their sides, or on the top of their dividing ridges. The heads of these basins are prevented from
reaching to the summit mountains of the range by the intervening basin of Yosemite Creek and the cañon of the main Tuolumne River, therefore they contain no lofty mountains, but their surfaces are nobly diversified and adorned by meadows and bright eye-lakes, moraines and forests, and a thousand cascades, harmoniously measured and combined by the great Landscape-Builder, whose gardens, at all stages of their development, are units of finished beauty.

My second camp, in a fringe of Tuolumne pines, was as beautiful as my first, with abundance of balsam-filled logs for fire, and of the soothing bushes of water for sleep.

In the morning, after climbing a long, timbered slope, and crossing a few bushy, groove-shaped valleys, I came suddenly on the top of the wall of the main Tuolumne Cañon, a mile or two above Hetch-Hetchy Valley. The view from this point is one of the very grandest I ever beheld. Immediately beneath me—down, down, at the depth of more than 4,000 feet—lay a yellow, sun-lit ribbon, with a silvery thread in the middle. That ribbon was a strip of autumn-colored meadows, and the silver thread in the main Tuolumne River. The opposite wall of the cañon rises in precipices, steep and angular, like those of Yosemite; and from this wall, as a sort of foundation, extends a most sublime wilderness of mountains, rising rapidly, higher, dome over dome, crest over crest, to a line of snowy peaks on the summit of the range. Of all this glorious congregation of mountains, Castle Peak, 12,500 feet high, is king—robed with lights and shades, dipping unnumbered spires deep into the thin blue sky, and maintaining amid noble companions, a perfect and commanding individuality. To most persons unacquainted with the genius of the Sierra Nevada—especially to those whose lives have been spent in shadows—the impression produced by such a landscape is dreary and hopeless.

Like symbols of a desolate future, the sunburned domes, trees, and peaks, lie dead and barren beneath a thoughtless, motionless sky; weed-like trees darken their gray hollows and wrinkles, with scarcely any cheering effect. To quote from a Boston professor: "The heights are bewildering; the distances overpowering, the stillness oppressive, and the utter barrenness and desolation indescribable." But if you go to the midst of these bleached bones of mountains, and dwell confidingly and waiting with them, be assured that every death-taint will speedily disappear; the hardest rocks will pulse with life, secrets of divine beauty and love will be revealed to you by lakes, and meadows, and a thousand flowers, and an atmosphere of spirit be felt brooding over all.

I feasted in a general way, for awhile, upon these grand Tuolumne mountains, noting rock-forms of special significance in mountain sculpture, and tracing the pathways of glaciers that once flowed as tributaries into the grand trunk glacier of the main Tuolumne Cañon, on a moraine of which I was then standing.

A short distance farther down, I came upon a very interesting group of glacial records, that led me away a considerable distance from the trail. Returning, I hastened down the cañon-side, raising many admonitory shouts for the benefit of Mother Brun and her babies, whose tracks I saw in the path before me. I could not avoid thinking, at times, that so remarkably well-worn and well-draped a trail must formerly have been laid out by the Indians; but on reaching a long slope of debris near the bottom of the main cañon, I observed that it suddenly branched, and faded in all directions in dense chapparal, which Indian trails never do. But when I reached the river meadows, its course was apparent enough, in groves of black-oak—under which the ground was colored brown with acorns—and fields of pine-trees
and manzanita-bushes, which produce the nuts and berries of which they are so fond, An acorn orchard at one time, nut and berry orchards at the other.

At sundown, the drooping plumes of a close group of Libocedrus trees furnished me with abundance of spicy bedding. The sandy ground was covered with bear-tracks; but that gave me no anxiety, because I knew that bears never eat men where acorns and berries abound. Night came in most impressive stillness. My blazing fire illuminated the brown columns of my guardian trees, and from between their bulging roots a few withered breckans and golden-rods leaned forward, as if eager to drink the light. Here and there a star glinted through the shadowy foliage overhead, and in front I could see a portion of the mighty canyon walls massed in darkness against the sky; making me feel as if at the bottom of the sea. The near, soothing hush of the river joined faint, broken songs of cascades, became drowsy, and, on the incense-like breath of my green pillow, I floated away into sleep.

The following morning, leaping out of the pine-grove and into the meadow, I had my first wide view of the walls, from the depths of Hetch-Hetchy.

It is estimated that about 10,000 White persons have visited the Yosemite Valley. If this multitude could be set down suddenly in Hetch-Hetchy, perhaps not one per cent of the number would entertain the slightest doubt of their being in Yosemite. They would find themselves among rocks, water-falls, meadows, and groves, of Yosemite size and kind, grouped in Yosemite style; and, amid such a vast assemblage of sublime mountain forms, only acute observers, and those most familiar with the Yosemite Valley, would be able to note special differences. The only questions they would be likely to put would be, "What part of the valley is this?" "Where are the hotels?"

The Yosemite Valley is situated halfway between the foot-hills and the top of the range; so, also, is Hetch-Hetchy Valley. The Merced River meanders leisurely down through Yosemite; so does the Tuolumne River through Hetch-Hetchy. The bottom of Yosemite is about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea; the bottom of Hetch-Hetchy is about 3,500. In both, the walls are of gray granite, and rise precipitously from a level bottom, but little debris along their bases.

Standing boldly out into the valley, from the southern wall, is the rock Kola-na—seeming still to bid defiance to the mighty glacier that once flowed grindingly over and around it. Tall pines and spruces feather its base, and a few tough, storm-loving ones have made out to climb upon its head. It is the most independent and most picturesque rock in the valley, forming the outermost of a group corresponding in every way with the Cathedral Rocks of Yosemite. On the authority of the State Geological Survey, it is 2,270 feet in height. That strength of structure and form which enabled it to withstand the thrust of the ice, is still conspicuous; subsequent erosion of every kind, acting incessantly or periodically throughout thousands of years, having accomplished scarcely any perceptible change; and the same is generally true of all the more prominent rocks in and around the valley. Wherever a rock of sufficient hardness has been freely exposed to glacial friction, and has been subsequently acted upon by the exceptional forces of streams of water, or avalanches of boulders, or snow, it still presents a polished and striated surface of dazzling brightness, as if it never had received the after-touch of a single storm.

Facing Kolana, on the opposite side
of the valley, is a rock 1,800 feet high, which presents a sheer, precipitous front like El Capitan, of Yosemite; offering, as does its grand counterpart, a great problem to the student of physical geology. Over the massive brow of this sublime rock flows a stream, which makes, without exception, the most graceful fall I have ever beheld. Its Indian name is Tu-ee-u-là-la; which, being too long and difficult for common use, we will contract to Lila. From the brow of the cliff it leaps, clear and free, for a thousand feet; then half disappears in a rage of spattering cascades among the boulders of an earthquake talus. Toward the end of summer, it becomes entirely dry, because its head streams do not reach back to the lasting snows of the summits. When I last saw it (in June, 1872), it was indescribably lovely. The only fall that I know with which it can possibly be compared is the Yosemite Bridal Veil; but it far excels even that fall in its elements of peculiar beauty—floating, swaying gracefulness, and tender repose. For if we attentively observe the Bridal Veil, even at the end of summer, when its waters are less abundant, we may discover, when the wind blows aside the outer folds of mist, dense, hard-headed comets, shooting downward with tremendous energy—revealing the earnestness and fixedness of purpose with which it seeks the new world below; but from the top of the cliff where the Hetch-Hetchy Veil first floats free, all the way to the bottom, its snowy form is in perfect repose, like a plume of white cloud, becalmed in bright sky. Moreover, Bridal Veil dwells far back in a shadow-haunted corner of the valley wall, and is therefore inaccessible to the main wind-river of the valley, having to depend for its principal gestures upon broken waves and whirlpools of air, that oftentimes compel it to sway and curve in a somewhat fitful and teasing manner; but the Hetch-Hetchy Veil, being fully exposed to the principal wind-stream of its valley, is ever ready to yield graceful compliance to the demands and suggestions of calm or storm. Most persons, unacquainted with the behavior of mountain streams, when they are traveling loose in the air, down over vertical precipices, would naturally think that, in their headlong career, they would at once lose all self-control, and be broken up into a noisy chaos of mist and spray; yet no supposition could be more universally wrong. Imagine yourself in Hetch-Hetchy. It is a bright day in June; the air is drowsy with flies; the pines sway dreamily, and you are sunk, shoulder-deep, in grasses and flowers. Looking northward across the valley, you behold, rising abruptly out of the grass and trees, a bare granite wall, 1,800 feet high, abounding with sun-gold, from its green groovy base to its brow in blue air. At wide intervals along its dizzy edge stand a few venturesome pines, looking wistfully outward; and before its sunny face, immediately in front of you, Lila waves her silvery scarf, gloriously embroidered, and, burning with white sun-fire in every tissue. In approaching the tremendous precipice, her waters flow fast but confidingly in their smooth granite channel. At their first leap out into the air, a little eagerness appears; but this eagerness is speedily hushed in divine repose, and their tranquil progress to the base of the cliff is like that of a downy feather in a still room. Now observe the marvelous distinctness and delicacy of the various sun-filled tissues into which her waters are woven. They sift and float down the face of that grand gray rock in so leisurely and unconfused a manner, and with such exquisite gentleness, that we can examine their texture and patterns as we would a piece of embroidery held in the hand. Near the top, where the water is more dense, you see groups of comet-like forms shooting outward and down-
ward—their solid heads separate and glowing with silver light, but their long streaming tails interlaced among delicate shadows—constantly forming, constantly dissolving, worn out by the friction produced in rushing through the air. Occasionally one of these comets, of larger size, shoots far out, as if eager to escape from the milky-way of the fall, into free space, to swing around the sun; but most of them disappear a few hundred feet from the top, giving place to a glorious abundance of loose-flowing drapery, ever varying, like clouds, in texture and pattern, yet clear and unconfused as the grandly sculptured wall in front of which it is waving. Near the bottom, the width of the fall has increased from 25 to 100 feet. Here it is composed of yet finer tissue, that is far more air than water, yet still without a trace of disorder—air, water, and sunlight, woven into cloth that spirits might wear.

Do you not feel that so glorious a fall would be more than sufficient to drape with water-beauty the one-side of any valley? But what think you when I tell you that side by side with it, down thunders the great Hetch-Hetchy Fall—so near that, standing in front of them, you have both in full view. This fall is called Wapama by the Indians. It is about 1,600 feet in height, and, seen immediately in front, appears to be nearly vertical; but, viewed in profile from farther up the valley, it is seen to be considerably inclined. Its location is similar to that of the Yosemite Fall, but the stream that feeds it is much larger than Yosemite Creek.

No two falls could be more utterly unlike, to make one perfect whole, like rock and cloud, like sea and shore. Lālā speaks low like a pine-tree half asleep; Wapama, in downright thunder and roar. Lālā descends so softly that you scarcely feel sure she will alight at all; Wapama descends with the weight and energy of a rock avalanche, and with that weight and energy so fully displayed, that you half expect him to penetrate the ground like a hard shot. Lālā dwells confidingly with the winds, without touching the rock, except when blown against it; Wapama lives back in a jagged gorge, unreachèd by the winds, which, if they could go to him, would find him inflexibly bent on following his own rocky way. Lālā whispers, "He dwells in peace;" Wapama is the thunder of His chariot-wheels in power.

This noble pair are the principal falls of the valley. A few other small streams come over the walls, swooping from crag to crag with bird-like song, too small to be much noticed, yet essential to the perfection of the grand harmonies as the lowest voiced accents of the range.

That portion of the wall immediately above Wapama corresponds with astonishing minuteness, both in outlines and details of sculpture, with the same relative portion of the Yosemite wall. In the neighborhood of the Yosemite fall, the steep face of the wall is broken and terraced by two conspicuous benches, timbered with live-oak, and extending in a horizontal direction at the heights of 500 and 1,500 feet above the bottom of the valley. Two benches, similarly situated and timbered in the same way, occur upon the same relative portion of the Hetch-Hetchy wall, and on no other.

The upper end of the Yosemite Valley is closed by the great Half-Dome Rock. The upper end of Hetch-Hetchy is closed in the same way, by a rock differing from Half-Dome only in those features that are directly referable to peculiarities of physical structure, and to the comparative forces and directions of the glaciers which made them. They both occupy angles formed by the confluence of two immense glaciers; a fact whose significance in its bearing upon mountain sculpture and mountain structure can hardly be overrated.
In front of this head-rock, the Tuolumne River forks, just as the Merced forks in front of Half-Dome. The right fork, as you ascend, is the main river, which takes its rise in a distant glacier that rests upon the north side of Mount Lyell. I have not yet followed the left fork to its highest source; but, judging from the general trend of the ridges, as seen from the top of the south wall of the valley, it must be somewhere on or near Castle Peak. Upon the first four miles of this Castle Peak stream there is a most enchanting series of cascades, five in number, scattered along a picturesque gorge, that is deep and narrow, and well filled with shadows.

Suppose that you are so fortunate as to be in Hetch-Hetchy during June days, and that you seek the acquaintance of these five falls. You rise and start in the early morning. The river rushes are soon faint and far behind you, lost in the wildly exhilarating tones of the first cascade. You rush away, brushing through the grasses of dry, sandy flats, eluding over ice-burnished rocks, and in five minutes you shout, "I see it!" and leap to its side. It is a broad fan of white water, half sliding, half leaping down a steep, glossy slope. At the head, the clear waters glide smoothly over the brow; then faster, faster, dashed with foamy burst gloriously into bloom, in a dancing shower of crystal spray. At the bottom you watch the weary stream taking breath and soothing itself, until it again becomes clear, firm water, and sets out, refreshed and singing happily, on its final flow to the river. You linger along its border, drinking its music, and warming in its radiant beauty, as you warm at your camp-fire; till at last, reluctantly turning away, you discover, a short distance above, a new water creation, so specially impressive that you are at once absorbed, and sing with it as part of itself. This cascade is framed in deep rock-walls, painted yellow and red with lichens, fringed along the top with the Sabine pine, and tufted with evergreen oaks. At the bottom, in dewy nooks, are a few ferns, lilies, and fragrant azaleas, and in this fitting granite body dwells its cascade, pure and white, like a visible and happy soul.

Three or four hundred yards farther up, you reach the third cascade—the largest of the five. It is formed of a close family group of smaller ones, imitatively combined. The most vivid and substantial iris-bow that I ever saw was one that appeared here in June. It seemed to be so firm and elastic in the texture of its flesh, that I could not help wishing I might saw off a section two feet long, and carry it to camp for a pillow.

A short distance farther on, the steep-walled gorge disappears, and the bare stream, without any well-marked channel, spreads broad and thin down the side of a smooth granite nave, in a silvery sheet, which measures about 150 feet across at the widest part, and is several hundred yards in length. Its waters are woven throughout nearly its whole length, into overlapping sheets and ripples, lace-like in structure, thickly sown with diamond-sparks—closely resembling the sheets of cascade tissue that are spread between the Vernal and Nevada falls of Yosemite.

Still advancing, you are next excited by a deep, muffled booming, that comes through the trees, and you dash onward across flowery openings, and through thickets of dogwood and briers, at a faster and faster pace, encouraged by occasional glimpses of white water, until at length you find the fountain of those deep tones in a mealy fall, with surging rapids both at top and bottom. You are not long in discovering the cause of its wild chords, so powerful for its size; for the precipice down which it thundered is fretted over all its surface with angular projections, forming polish-
ed keys, upon every one of which the wild waters play.

The bottom of the valley is flat and smooth as a floor; half of it in meadow, and half sandy and dry. The river banks are richly fringed with poplar and willow, and thickets of dogwood and azalea. There are noble groves of the black oak, which frequently attains a diameter of six feet. The sandy and gravelly flats, that extend over most of the upper half of the valley, are sparsely forested with the great yellow pine (Pinus ponderosa), attaining a height of from 150 to upwards of 200 feet, and a diameter of from five to eight feet. In walking the green aisles of these noble forests, one can often see half a mile ahead, because there is hardly any underbrush, and the pines grow far apart, singly, or combined in groves, thus allowing each tree to make a glorious exposure of its individual nobleness. Beneath these pines grows the common brake (Pteris aquilina), whose rough, green sheets are tufted with ceanothus bushes, and lighted with tulips and golden-rods. Near the walls, upon the slopes of rocky debris that occur in so many places, the pines give place to the live-oak (Quercus chrysolepis), forming the shadiest groves, and the greatest in extent, in the valley. Their glossy foliage, densely pressed and woven at the top, forms a kind of ceiling, containing only a few irregular windows for the admission of sunbeams, and, supported by bare gray trunks, branches and gnarled in an exceedingly picturesque manner. This sturdy oak, so well calcuated in its habits, forms, and life, is a companion for a mountaineer, not only on the rocky slopes, but climbs along ledges—up steep canons to the very top of the valley, and far beyond—dwarfing, as it goes, from a tree thirty or forty feet high and four or five feet in diameter, to a shrub no thicker than one's finger, forming dense patches, acres in extent. Here are a few sugar-pines in the valley (Pinus Lambertiana), two-leaved pines (P. contorta), and Sabine pines (P. Sabina), which last grows only upon the sun-beaten rocks of the north side of the valley. In the cool canons of the north side are a few specimens of each of the two silver firs (Picea amabilis and P. grandis). The incense cedar (Libocedrus decurrens), with rough, brown trunk, and warm, green foliage, and the Douglas spruce (Abies Douglasii), are noble trees, reaching a height of more than 150 feet, and a diameter of six or eight feet. Near the bottom of the valley, on the south side, I discovered a few specimens of the California nutmeg (Torreya Califormica). The lovely brier-rose occurs in large patches, accompanied by tall, spiky mints, and arched grasses. Lilies, larkspurs, and lupines are very abundant in the drier portions of the meadows, and reach above one's head. Three rock-ferns of rare beauty fringe and rosette the walls, from top to bottom—P. densa, P. mucronata, and P. Bridgesii. Of these, the first is the most lovely. The second, like sun-shine, and grows near the foot of the walls. The other two hide in moist, shadowy nooks, toward the summit. Adiantum pedatum occurs in a few mossy corners, that receive spray from the falls. Peltandra, also, and one species of Alloserus. Chelanthus gra- cillima abounds, and dwell with Pel- letia densa and P. Bridgesii, occurring in dense tufts among bowdiers and angles in fissured portions of the wall. Woodwardia radicans and Asplenium filix-femina are the tallest ferns of the valley—ofttimes attaining the height of six feet. Besides these, we may mention Cystopteris fragilis, Aspidum argu- tum, and Gymnograma triangularis. The whole valley, with its groves, and meadows, and rocky slopes, forms one glorious garden, whose beauty is inexhaustible.

Hetch-Hetchy is claimed by a sheep-
NOT A CREATOR.

THE individual man is a solecism among his fellows. Not only is there no exact physical counterpart of him among the myriads of his kind, but there also is no mental nor moral constitution of the same type. Did not this endless and unconfusing "variety of likeness" exist in Nature, its conception and arrangement would assume the proportions of a gigantic impossibility. The compass of a diversity so marvelous, a fertility of contrasts so exhaustless, as are presented in the lights and shades of human character, confounds the imagination and surpasses the ingenuity of the most comprehensive mind. Figures alike in their general outlines, with a materiality of the same base, are, in the range of human mechanical skill, soon exhausted of all expedients for introducing any dissimilarity of features. The faculty of creation is not a human attribute; although in every line of effort we claim to "originate"—which is but another term for, and means the same as "create," if it means anything. The contemplation of surrounding and already created objects suggests and furnishes copies for all our so-called "originalities." We "originate" only by novelty of combination; blending together the features of various things in a single object, which

we call new, but which is only comparatively, and never intrinsically new. A shape that has had no previous fashion, either in part or in whole, is beyond the art of mortal fabrication.

Divested of the faculty of observation and the power of mimicry, human inventiveness would become extinct. Man is not, and never can be, with his present organization, anything more than a master-mimic. The intentional—or creative—principle is a mystery to his reason, and an impossibility to his will. He can, and does, produce objects that unite in themselves special parts of a hundred different things, and which, therefore, present an originality of outline never before projected, to "excite our special wonder;" but it is, after all, only a novelty in combination, and not a creation. Although man has a compact familiarity for the exercise of these rarer, mimicking faculties, combination urges situation, it is easy to see that water is a limit—that they are limitless until the sense that his patterns are faithfully multitudinous. Beyond his imitatio,can not go; beyond them stretches in the unfathomable and solitary majesty of its power, the originating genius of the one and only real Creator—God. Hence, the to man incomprehensi

owner, named Smith, who drives stock into it every summer, by a trail which was built by Joseph Screech. It is often called Smith's Valley. Besides Smith's shepherd, the valley is inhabited during the summer by a few Digger Indians, whose cabin and huts form the only improvements.

In returning to Yosemite, I left Hetchy by the cattle trail; following it a few miles, then striking straight across the mountains five or six miles west of the track by which I entered. During the first night a few inches of snow fell, but I slept safely beneath a cedar-log, and pursued my journey next day, charmed with the universal snow-bloom that was upon every tree, bush, and weed, and upon all the ground, in lavish beauty. I reached home the next day, rejoicing in having added to my mountain wealth one more Yosemite Valley.