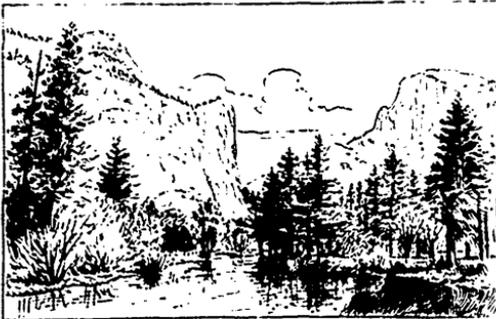




MISSION SAN ANTONIO DE PADUA.

ley sinks lower and lower, and the road winds up in long zig-zags. The tall, majestic pines, "each fit to be the mast of some high admiral," the noble forest vistas, and the exhilaration of sweeping round these curves behind our high mettled horses, makes the blood tingle in the veins. Fields of snowy lilies, scarlet fuchsias, and

about six miles long, and from half a mile to a mile in width, and about a mile in perpendicular depth, beneath the level of the adjacent region. It is enclosed in frowning, craggy heights, rising with almost unbroken and perpendicular face. From the brow of the precipice, in many places, pour cataracts of beauty and magnificence, surpassing anything elsewhere known in mountain scenery. One of these is the famous "Bridal Veil," where the water leaps from the cliff 900 feet into the valley. It sways and waves with every gust of wind, broken into a thin sheet of spray like ethereal gauze, and when crowned with its gorgeous afternoon rainbow is a spectacle of exquisite beauty which, once seen, can never fade from the memory.



THE DOMES, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

wood violets, and the purple wind-flower, "swinging its fragrant censer in the air," heighten the enjoyment.

Weary and worn, jolted black and blue with the rough ride, at last at "Inspiration Point" the valley bursts upon one's view, a vision of unspeakable grandeur and sublimity. It is a narrow gorge,

A mile off, on the opposite side, is the "Virgin's Tears" fall, of a thousand feet; so named, said my garrulous guide, because it was so far from the "Bridal Veil." Nearer is the "Widow's Tears," appropriately named, he averred, because they are soon dried up after a rainy season. Most famous of all is the wonderful Yosemite Fall.