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# Yosemite

Illustrated  
in Colors

Thirteen Full Page  
Chromo Lithographs.

Sentinel Rock, Bridal Veil,

El Capitan, The Cascades, The Three Brothers,

Vernal Falls, Cathedral Spires, Nevada Falls,

Cathedral Rock, Yosemite Falls, The Half Dome,

General View, The Snow Plant.

Original Water Color Sketches and Color Work, \_\_\_\_\_ by H. W. Hansen.

Original Oil Sketches, \_\_\_\_\_ by Carl Dahlgren.

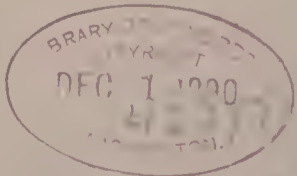
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*Sentinel Rock . . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—The Sequoia Gigantea.*  
*TAIL PIECE—A Camp at the Big Trees.*

*Bridal Veil . . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—The Merced River after Leaving Yosemite.*  
*TAIL PIECE—Our Artist's Outfit.*

*El Capitan . . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—Ladders Foot of Vernal Fall.*  
*TAIL PIECE—An Indispensable Outfit.*

*The Cascades . . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—The "Dead Giant," Tuolumne Grove.*  
*TAIL PIECE—On the Big Oak Flat Stage Road.*

*The Three Brothers . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—A Forty-stamp Mill.*  
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*Vernal Fall . . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—Agassiz's Column.*  
*TAIL PIECE—A Logging Scene in the High Sierras.*

*Cathedral Spires . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—Salmon Trout Fishing in the Merced.*  
*TAIL PIECE—View of Pom-pom-pa-sa.*

*Nevada Fall . . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—A "49er" Panning for Gold.*  
*TAIL PIECE—Hutchings' Old Cabin.*

*Cathedral Rock . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—View of Sentinel Dome from the Valley.*  
*TAIL PIECE—Liberty Cap.*

*Yosemite Fall . . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—A Typical Grizzly Hunter of the Sierras.*  
*TAIL PIECE—Lamon's Cabin, the First in the Valley.*

*The Half Dome . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—Indians Gathering Pine-nuts.*  
*TAIL PIECE—An Indian Warrior's Outfit.*

*General View . . . . . Full page illustration, in colors*  
*INITIAL LETTER—Squirrels at Play.*  
*TAIL PIECE—Mirror Lake at Dawn.*

*The Snow Plant . . . . Full page illustration, in colors.*  
*INITIAL LETTER—Half Dome seen from Glacier's Point.*  
*TAIL PIECE—Ready for a Day's Trip Through the Valley.*





THE YOSEMITE VALLEY is at once a satisfaction and an inspiration. It is the one place which entirely fulfills the expectation of the observer. No one has ever seen it without receiving from it the lasting impression of moral elevation which comes from the near association with the sublimer manifestations of nature. It is the greatest of the natural wonders of California; but it is unique only in the point of size. There are in the State a half-dozen other valleys exactly similar in formation and structure, which present, in a smaller way, like wonders of cataract and cliff; but nowhere else in the whole world is there such a marvelous aggregation of stupendous crags and dizzy waterfalls as is gathered together in this strange Sierran gorge. The valley has been known to white men for almost forty years; but, long before that time, its existence was no secret to the Indians of the section, who occupied it as a dwelling-place and a fortress, and appreciatively designated, by legend and appropriate name, every point of interest that attracts the tourist of to-day. The romantic story of its discovery, the mysterious and boastful statements of the Indians concerning its supernatural quality and infinite inaccessibility, the massacre at Savage's store, the hurried pursuit, the treaty with Ten-ie-ya, the broken promise, and the final descent into the valley,—these are matters of history, and do not call for more than mention here. But although four decades have passed since that little body of soldiers first looked down into the Yosemite, the valley has been really known and visited for much less than half that time. It was five years after the discovery before the first real effort at exploration was made. The character of the times was such, the nature of the population so nomadic and practical, that for a long time its beauties and its marvels were far better known in other lands than on the Pacific Coast. The first tourists, therefore, were largely foreigners; but, as the local population grew, there came to be an ever-increasing number of those who were willing to brave the hardships of the long, dusty ride over the sun-parched plains, the weary travel through the inaccessible mountains in which it lay, and the risk to life and limb that came with the breathless climb over the primitive valley trails. To-day the Yosemite is as easy to reach as the smoky cone of Vesuvius or the Rigi-Kulm. All the year round there is a stream of curious sight-seers entering or passing out through its gates. There is no class of people that is not reached by its fascination and interested by its charms. A thousand new species of strange plants and shrubs attract the interested eyes of the botanist; and the scientist has found infinite food for suggestion in its geologic forms, and has quarreled to his heart's content over the manner of its formation. At first it was supposed to be an instance of what is technically called a "slip;" that during some mighty convulsion of nature the bottom suddenly dropped out at the point where the valley now is, and the whole mass of rock detritus went down a dizzy mile to the level of the present valley floor. A careful examination, however, of the formation of the vertical sides, the long parallel scratches that show the handwriting of the moving ice, the smoother surfaces turned to the lower valley, the splitting of the cañon at its head, and the rounded moulding of the overhanging domes, all proclaim the fact that the Yosemite was in reality hollowed out by the irresistible, grinding force of some vast prehistoric glacier.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since we commenced this work the Fifty-first Congress has passed two laws of vast importance to lovers of natural beauty. It has withdrawn the Big Tree Grove of Tulare county from settlement and has passed the Yosemite National Park Bill, immensely extending the boundaries of the Yosemite Grant.

The new National Park takes in the entire drainage area of the Yosemite, and much more. It embraces the whole of the upper Tuolumne river, with the Hetch Hetchy valley and the greater part of the Tuolumne water-shed. It includes Mount Lyell and its glaciers, Lake Eleanor, and the Mariposa, Merced and Tuolumne groves of Big Trees. It stretches from Lake Eleanor to Wawona and beyond, and from Hazel Green below Crane Flat to the highest ridge of the Sierra. It is about fifty miles in length by thirty-five in width, and considerably exceeds the State of Rhode Island in area.

This magnificent reservation will be by far the most beautiful park in the world. It will lack the weird marvels of the Yellowstone—the geysers, the painted rocks and the stalagmitic formations—but in the magnificence and charm of forest, cliff and waterfall, it will be beyond comparison. It will give a new impetus to the tide of Yosemite travel.



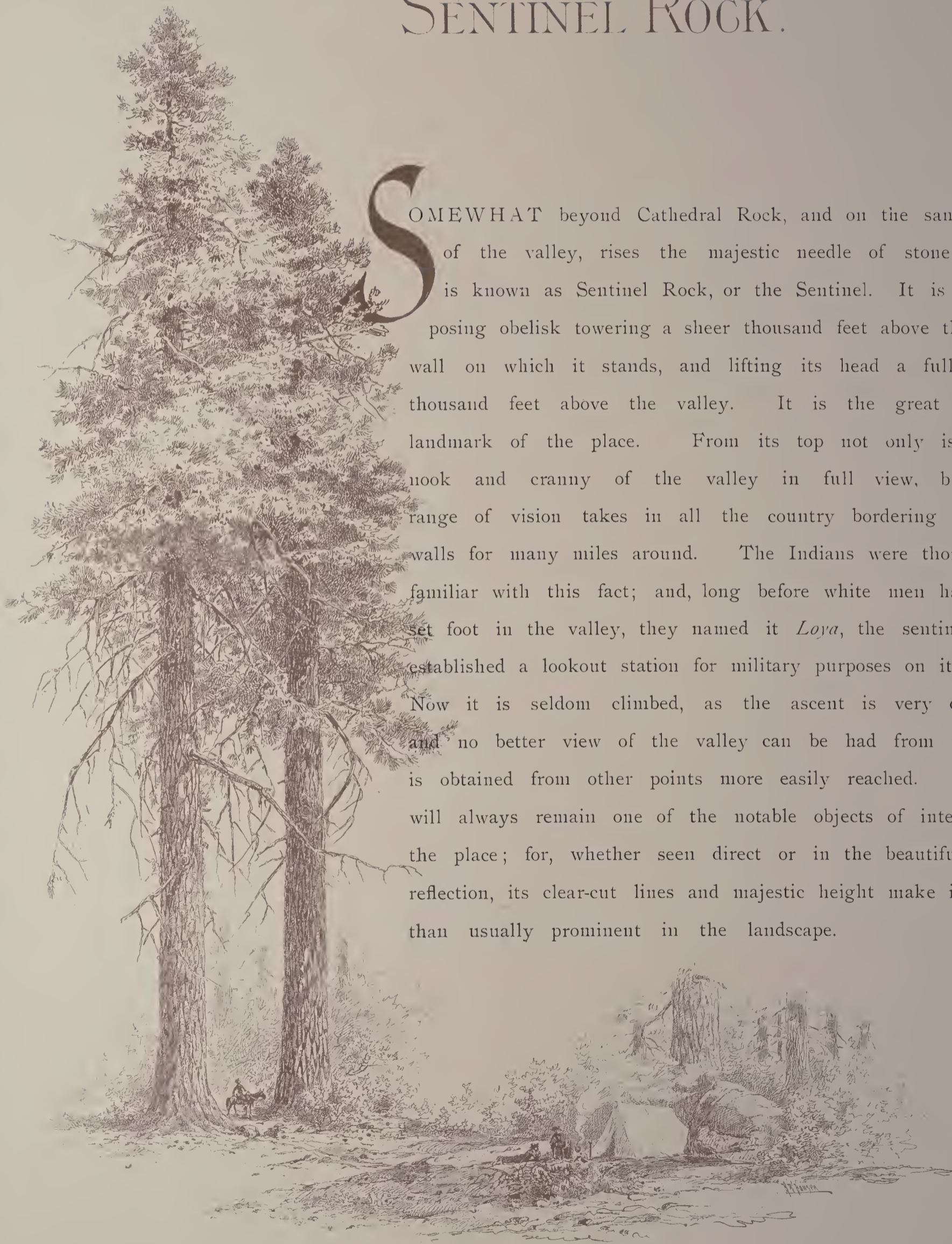






# SENTINEL ROCK.

SOMEWHAT beyond Cathedral Rock, and on the same side of the valley, rises the majestic needle of stone which is known as Sentinel Rock, or the Sentinel. It is an imposing obelisk towering a sheer thousand feet above the rock wall on which it stands, and lifting its head a full three thousand feet above the valley. It is the great central landmark of the place. From its top not only is every nook and cranny of the valley in full view, but the range of vision takes in all the country bordering on its walls for many miles around. The Indians were thoroughly familiar with this fact; and, long before white men had ever set foot in the valley, they named it *Loya*, the sentinel, and established a lookout station for military purposes on its crest. Now it is seldom climbed, as the ascent is very difficult, and no better view of the valley can be had from it than is obtained from other points more easily reached. But it will always remain one of the notable objects of interest in the place; for, whether seen direct or in the beautiful river reflection, its clear-cut lines and majestic height make it more than usually prominent in the landscape.





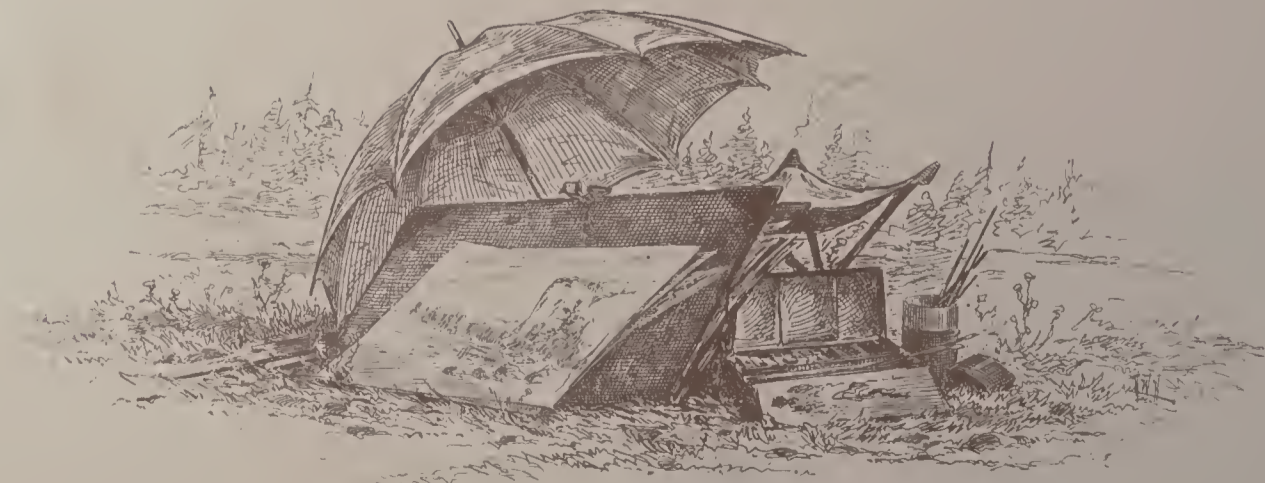




# BRIDAL VEIL.



BEFORE the threshold of the valley is passed, falling from the top of the great cliff that forms one lintel of the doorway is Bridal Veil Fall, the first cataract to arrest the attention of the observer going in. For a time it is hard to believe that it is a waterfall at all, so unlike is it to anything one is accustomed to associate with that name. From its plunge over the face of the cliff to its disappearance in the tumbled rocks below it is simply a filmy, shifting web of vapor, tinted by the sunlight with all the colors of the rainbow, and changing momentarily with the fancy of the wind. At times it swings back and forward across the face of the cliff with the sweep and motion of a majestic pendulum. Then the current produced by its own rushing passes behind and under it, pushing it up till it lies like a crumpled veil against the summit of the rock. Often it floats out entirely free of the base, like an enormous pennant; and its spray settles down in soft gray clouds, which roll like mist along the levels. So fine is this subdivision of the spray, that the sheer drop of a thousand feet is made by the water in comparative silence. It is this silence, coupled with the fleecy quality of the foam, which has won for it the name of the Bridal Veil; and truly no web more delicate or more richly colored ever came from the famed looms of the East.







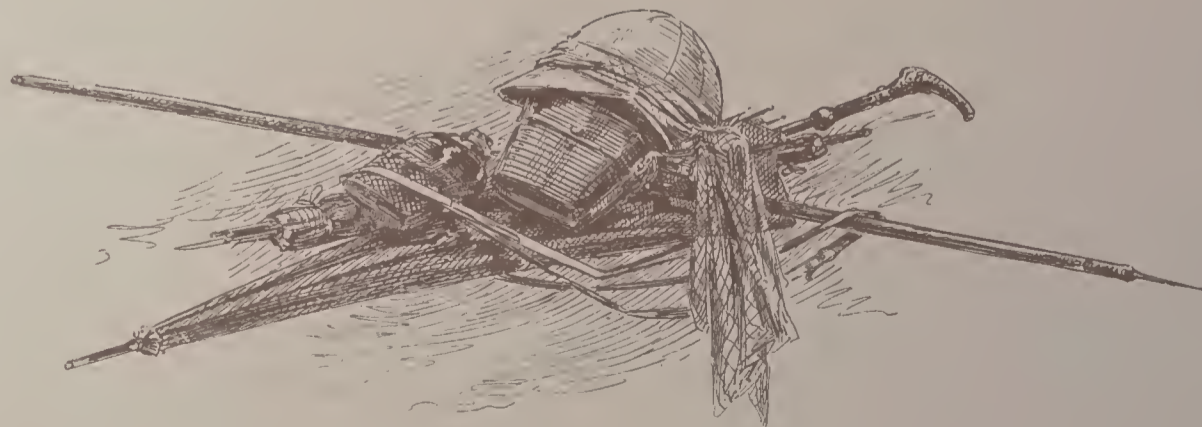




# EL CAPITAN.



EL CAPITAN (the captain), is the name given to the stupendous square-cut, granite mass which forms the left-hand portal to the valley. Clean-cut and treeless it rises abruptly from the base, its imposing head being a sheer three thousand feet above the river. It is the overshadowing genius of the place. It is visible from the San Joaquin Valley a hundred miles away. It fronts you as you catch the first glimpse of the Yosemite from Inspiration Point. It leans its projecting head above you as you pass the gateway in entering below. It grows continually larger and more majestic as you move away from it beyond. Its presence cannot be escaped. No matter where the view be taken, its dignified vastness is always in the landscape. In the sun it is creamy white, shading away in the shadows through browns to the deepest black. It is the sun dial of the valley. Long before it is sunrise on the river levels the light begins to whiten on its crest. And as the hour advances the shore line of shadow on its face—the surface edge of the flood of dusk which still pervades the valley—slips slowly and regularly downward toward its base, till the gorge is drained of the darkness and the sunlight touches the meadows at its foot.







W. H. P. 1880



# THE CASCADES.



CONSPICUOUS and all-absorbing as are the greater falls and precipices of the Yosemite, there is also within its precincts a multitude of minor heights and cataracts which would not fail to attract attention were it not for the proximity of their grander neighbors. One of these lesser attractions is the stream which pours its flood over the cliff between El Capitan and the narrow mouth of the cañon to the west, and which, from the succession of plunges made in the descent to the valley, has received the name of The Cascades. It is an ever-changing succession of broken falls, which flash in and among the huge blocks of granite, making now a quiet eddying pool, and now a stretch of foam of dazzling whiteness. Two streams on the upper level flowing in from diametrically opposite directions join just before reaching the brink and lend their combined volumes to form the torrent. In the descent of seven hundred feet there is an infinite variety of bounding waters which surge and swirl and dash and leap, till with a final plunge the stream lands in a beautiful green meadow, across which it flows to the Merced in a bright and sparkling flood. The beauty of the spot is greatly enhanced by the thick growth of nutmeg, live-oak and pine which covers the face of the cliff.







H.W. Hayden





# THE THREE BROTHERS.



ALMOST all of the Indian names for points of interest in the Yosemite are more appropriate and interesting than their later Christian christenings. Especially good was the cognomen given by these "first inhabitants" to the tri-cleft rock now known as the Three Brothers. *Pom-pom-pa-sa* they called it,—“the mountains playing leap-frog;” and it does not require a vivid imagination to understand their reason for giving it this name. There is a curious and easily discernible resemblance between the rocks and a series of frogs sitting close behind each other; and the uplifted, pointed heads, together with the angle at which they rise, gives them the appearance of being about to leap. The modern name was given in commemoration of the capture of the three sons of the old Indian Chief Ten-ie-ya, which occurred at this point during the campaign of 1851. The rock is interesting in its variety, being so entirely different in structure and appearance from any other formation in the valley. Its highest peak rises three thousand eight hundred and eighteen feet above the roadway. A beautiful view on the road near Rocky Point is obtained of the entire eastern end of the valley.

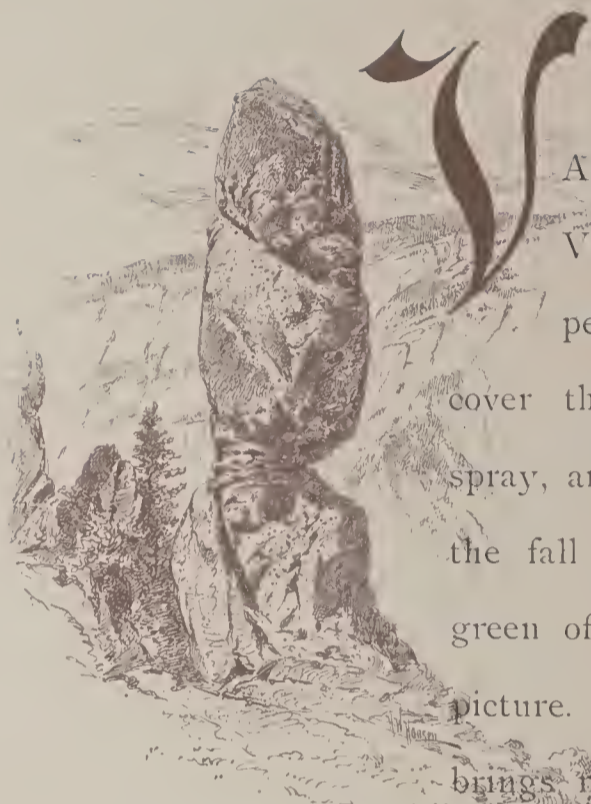








# VERNAL FALL.



VARIOUS effects in color have combined to exemplify in the Vernal Fall the significance of its name. The water itself is a peculiar transparent shade of green; the ferns and lichens that cover the rocks along its sides are wet continually with the rising spray, and sparkle with a spring-like freshness of color; and the base of the fall is hidden by a growth of fir and spruce, through the deeper green of whose leaves the cataract is seen from below framed as in a picture. It is the quietest and most beautiful fall in the valley, and brings no sense of awe in its companionship. It is so perfectly accessible and takes its four hundred feet of plunge with such calmness and lack of flurry that one feels perfectly sure it will do its work properly without his coöperation, and can give his whole attention to consideration of its beauty. Above the fall there is a long stretch of quiet water; and it begins its leap over the edge of a square table of rock so flat that one can lie at length and drink of the water after it has left the brink. Ladder-like steps lead down by the right-hand side, by which descent may be made into the mist-swept slippery cañon below. From this point the view of the fall is especially fine, as the sunlight builds bow upon bow of colors over the water from base to the very summit of the rock.





## THE SPIRES.

The evening sun is sinking fast  
    Behind the mount and hill,  
But oh, upon Cathedral Spires  
    Her glory lingers still;  
A thousand shining points retain  
    The splendor of her ray,  
And flash and signal back again  
    The parting smile of day.  
Like arrows shot into the sky  
    From some almighty bow,  
So rise these stony shafts on high  
    And shade the vale below.

THE SPIRES.

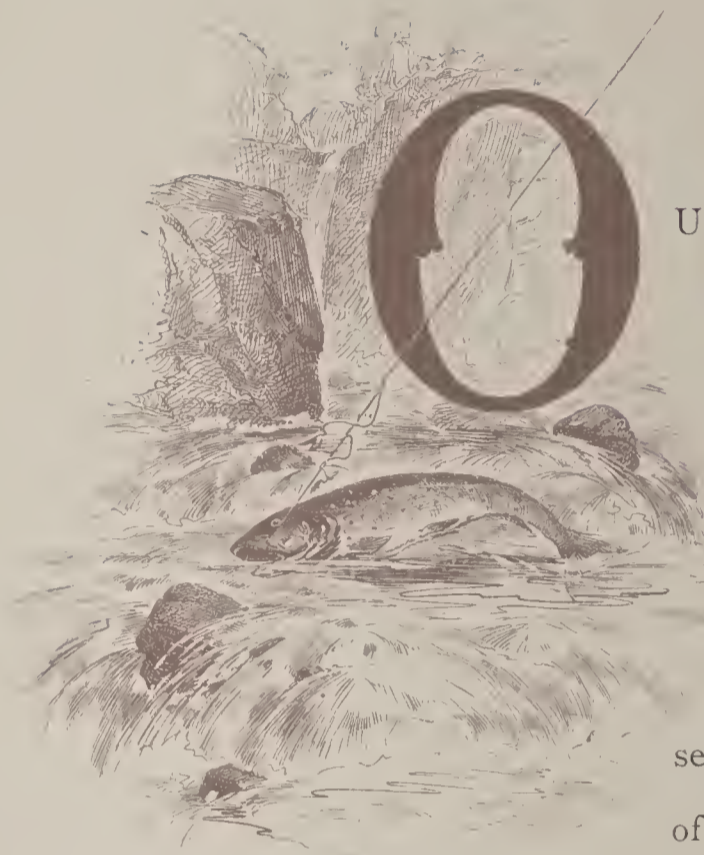
And shade the vale below.  
So rise these stony shafts on high  
From some almighty bow,  
Like arrows shot into the sky.  
The parting smile of day,  
And fast and signal back again  
The splendor of her ray,  
A thousand shining points retain  
Her glory lingers still:  
But oh, upon Cathedral spires  
Behind the mount and hill,  
The evening sun is sinking fast







# CATHEDRAL SPIRES.



OUT of the extreme right hand corner of the great Cathedral Rock—so far, indeed, that they cannot be seen till after the gateway of the valley is passed—rise the two needle-like columns of rock which serve as spires to that fictitious church. In reality, they are quite widely separated; but so small is the distance between them, as compared with the great height at which one views them from below, that they seem to stand close together and rise from a common pediment of rock. There is a difference of about a hundred feet in their height—the northern peak being the smaller. The southern measures seven hundred feet from base to apex. The beauty of both lies in their slender, tapering, needle-like shape. Seen from a distance, their naked faces seem perfectly smooth and rounded. A close inspection, however, shows that the wind and weather have worn them to an uneven granular structure. Myriads of little points stand out in low relief, and their facets have a wonderful power of absorbing and reflecting the sunlight, which gives—in the early morning especially—an almost luminous quality to the rock.



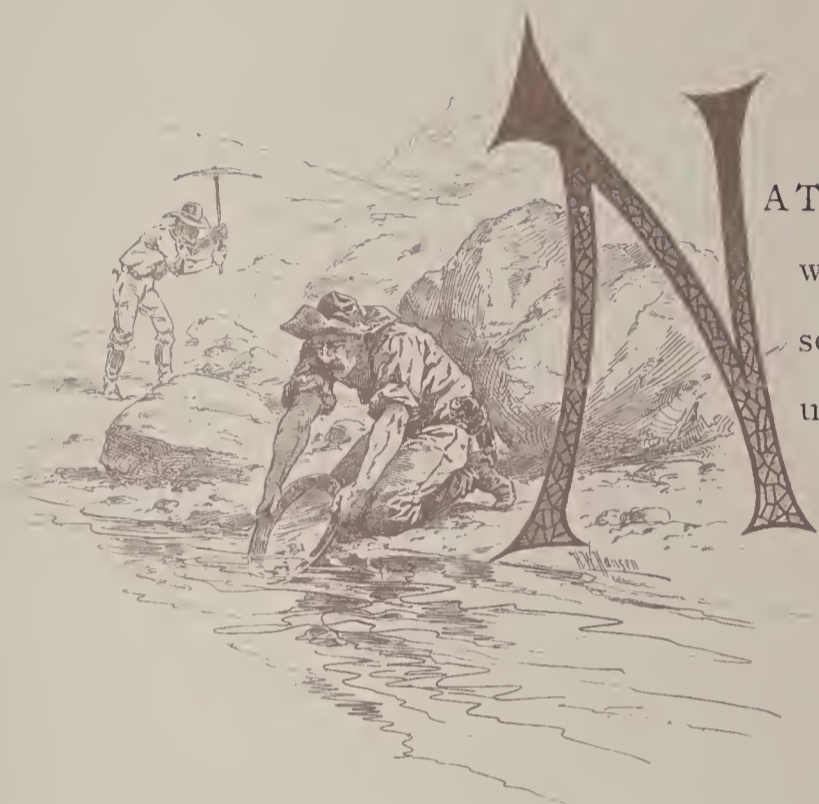




H. W. Hansen



# NEVADA FALL.



NATURE has arranged the surroundings of the Nevada Fall with a special eye to its full appreciation. Not only is the scenery about it particularly picturesque, but, being in the upper cañon, it is out of sight of the other wonders of the valley, and holds the full attention of the observer. It is sufficiently remarkable in itself, however, to dispense with these accessories. It is the one fall that divides one's allegiance with the Yosemite. The great volume of water, the long drop of over seven hundred feet, the marvelous and ever-shifting play of colors over its surface, and the deafening tumult of sound that comes up incessantly from its basin, all combine in suggesting the same sensations of sublimity and beauty that are afforded by a consideration of its greater rival. It has, too, the same peculiar manner of fall. The water seems to separate into a thousand jets or streams, like a great flight of downward shooting rockets, which mingle and remingle in endless variety and plan, until at the base they are swallowed up in the solid stream of the river. The cliff over which the fall takes its leap is not quite perpendicular; and the inequalities on its face so turn the current that it comes down with a peculiar sidewise, shifting motion. In recognition of this fact, the Indians appropriately called this fall *Yo-wi-ye*, or the Great Twisted Water.









CHR. EYH. GREN



# CATHEDRAL ROCK.



**T**HERE is a marked difference between the cliffs that form the portals to the valley. El Capitan is so rugged and imposing, so clear-cut and distinctive in color, that it somewhat overshadows its neighbor across the threshold. But the rock mass on the right has also its notable characteristics. It is more graceful and more shapely, more spiritual and more suggestive of things connected with human life. So close does it compare, both in proportion and design, with some great gothic building, that it has received the name of the Cathedral Rock. It has the same airy lightness in its vertical lines, and is braced here and there, along its base, with high-reaching gothic buttresses of stone. The resemblance to a church is still further carried out by two graceful pinnacles of rock which crown its summit, and serve in place of spires. It is a cathedral for the gods, however, for its roof is twenty-seven hundred feet above its base. The space immediately around it is thickly wooded, and, here and there, on a ledge or in a crevice, a tree or bush has taken root, and hangs against the face like a sailor clinging to the shrouds. But, practically, the purity of surface is not interfered with, and these spots of color serve to relieve the dullness of the rock and gather delightful contrasts of light and shade.







Wm. H. Miller



# YOSEMITE FALL.



YOSEMITE FALL is the largest and most impressive cataract in the valley. All waterfalls have their distinctive characteristics; and this one might well be taken as the synonym of sublimity and force. There is about it none of the delicacy and softening that idealizes the vision of the Bridal Veil; nor the quietness and wealth of color that makes of the Vernal a living type of beauty. It is a half mile of boisterous, whirling, falling water rushing headlong down the cliffs with such a mad hurry of incessant motion that, looking at it, everything is forgotten but the irresistible sensation of its dynamic power. It is twenty-seven hundred feet high, and from below appears a single unbroken fall. But looked at from the side it is seen to be divided into a succession of cascades. Its first dizzy leap is over sixteen hundred feet; but between this and the next direct descent there is a quarter mile of tumbling rapids. Then comes a plunge of six hundred feet checked by the rocky oval of a basin its own fury has hollowed in the granite, and after that the final leap of five hundred to the valley floor. Its sound is like the varying reverberations of continued thunder. So great is the volume of descending water, and so intense the impetus of its fall, that a steady draught of air is lifted like a mighty wind from the cauldron of black rocks at its base, which beats upon the observer with a force that almost sweeps him from his feet.



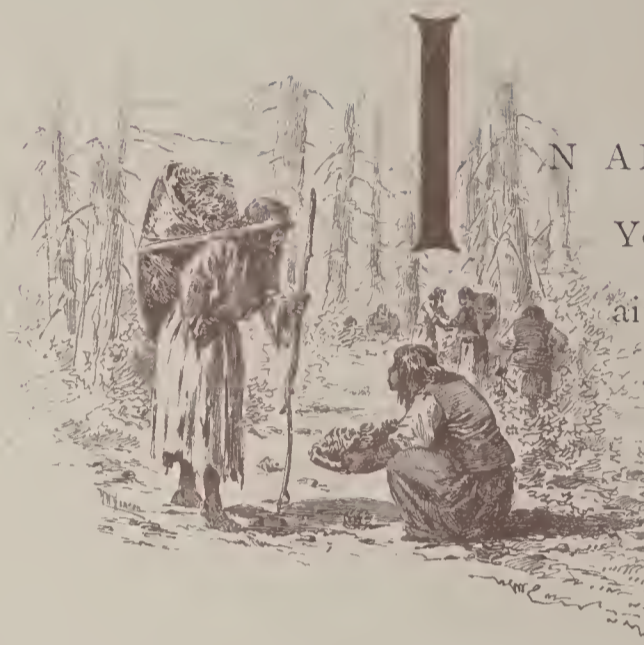




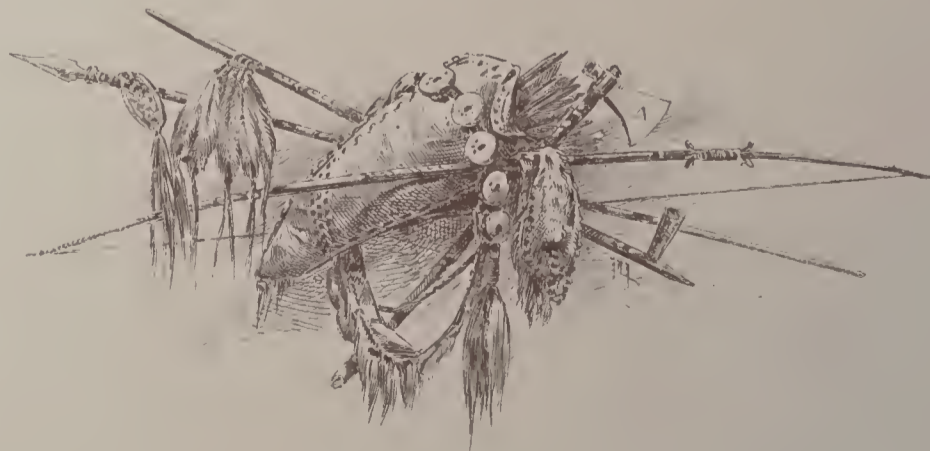




# THE HALF DOME.



**I**N ALL the world there is nothing similar to the Half Dome of the Yosemite. Whole domes are not an uncommon feature of mountain scenery. But this great peak is like some well-rounded mosque roof cleft cleanly in twain, as if by a sword or some sharp instrument. From behind, except by height, it could not be distinguished from its neighbor on the north. All that is visible is its steep curve growing more abrupt as it descends, and the creamy glint of its overlapping granite scales. From the valley side, however, there is nothing to hide the wonderful height of its vertical face. Almost a mile it rises sheer above the river. The upper two thousand feet is absolutely perpendicular and the remainder slopes but slightly out into the valley. The whole front is of smooth and weather-polished stone; and no *débris* lies at the bottom to suggest that its precipitousness resulted from a falling of the rock. On its top is a comparatively level place of some seven acres in extent where a few stunted trees are found. Otherwise, aside from occasional lichen streaks, it is absolutely bare, and over and around, from top to bottom, of one even tint of yellow gray.

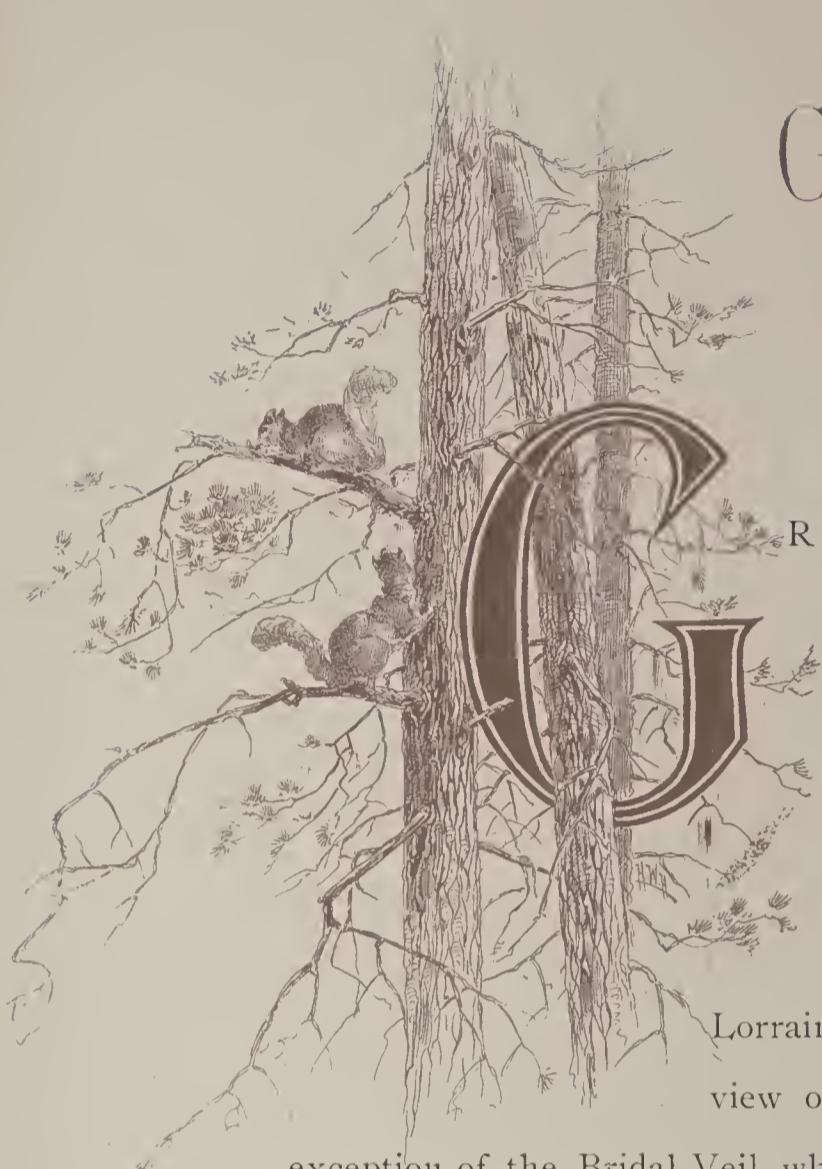








## GENERAL VIEW.



**G**RAND as is the view of Yosemite Valley from Artist's Point, the immensity of the distances traversed by the eye relieves the sense of awful height and depth, and gives the impression of beauty equally with sublimity. Tremendous is the only adjective that entirely expresses this wonderful gorge. But from this point its spaces are so filled with softening haze, that the impression is as if one saw the scene mirrored in a Lorraine glass and not as an actual reality in nature. It is a view of peak and precipice rather than of cataract; for, with the exception of the Bridal Veil, which flutters like a snowy pennant from the right-hand gateway of the valley, none of the larger falls are distinctly visible. Four thousand feet below is the green floor of the valley, with the Merced winding through it like a silver thread. Directly opposite, looking through two miles of air, one sees the farther granite wall, clean cut and bare, and marked with a winding scroll-like line that is the other road leading down into the valley. Beyond El Capitan the cañon widens into the valley proper, affording the vista of one great peak after another in endless variety of form and characteristic. At the narrowing head the view is closed by the sharp-cut oval of the great South Dome, and beyond this the white-mitered crest of Clouds Rest with its everlasting snows,—the advance picket of the perpetual ice fields which lie just beyond it to the East.



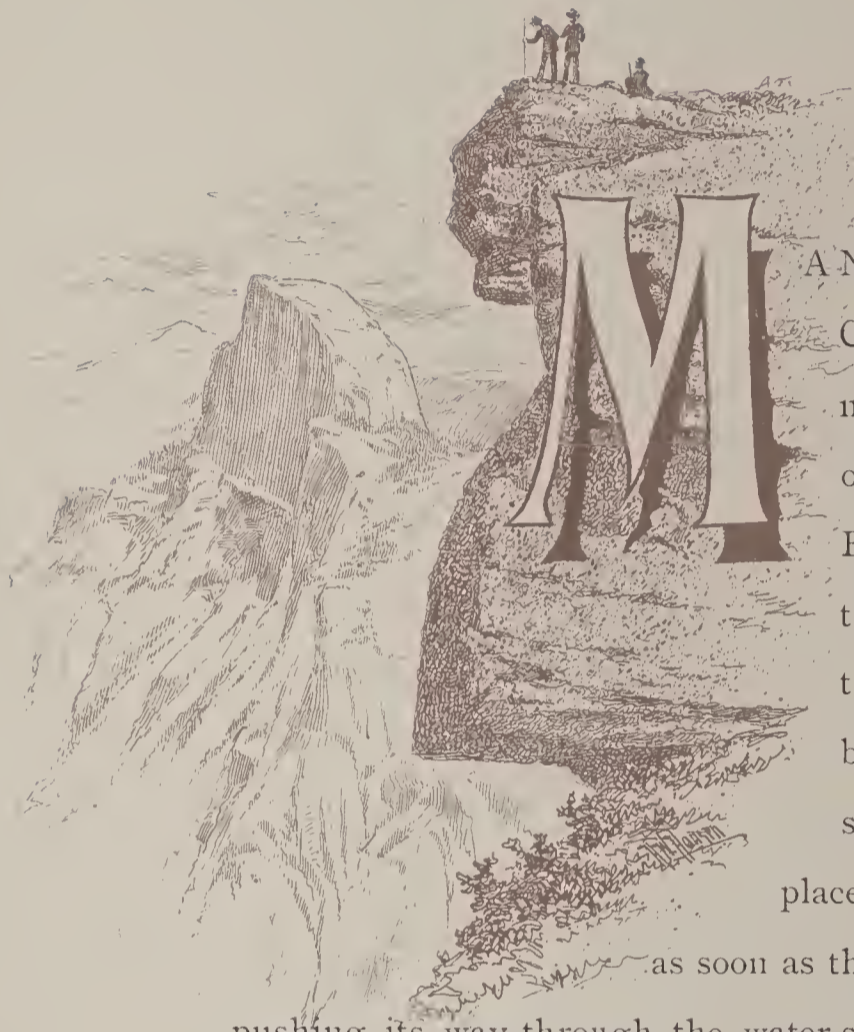








# THE SNOW PLANT.



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ANY and various have been the wonders afforded the Californian mountains and coast. There is much that is novel and unique in the flora of the West, and some new object of interest is being continually brought to light. But there is nothing more unique in California flora than the little plant which, from its habit of growth, is called the Snow-plant (*Sarcodes sanguinea*). It is never found below the snow line, so-called; not the line of perpetual snow, but the belt where, in the hollows and shady places, the snow lies all the year round. In this region,

as soon as the summer sun has melted the drifts from an exposed spot, pushing its way through the water-soaked soil, the snow-plant throws up its curious spike of flowers. At first, it is simply a flame-colored point, vivid against the clear white background of the snow. But, once above ground, its growth is rapid, and it soon develops a shining stalk of scarlet, from six to eight inches in length, bearing the leaves and flowers. This stem is thick and fleshy, and often swells, just above the ground, to a diameter of three inches. Leaves, stem, and blossoms are all of the same vivid color, the latter being delicate hyacinthine bells, ranged in columns about the head, and each protected by an enveloping scarlet leaf.









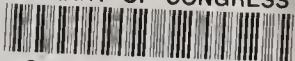








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