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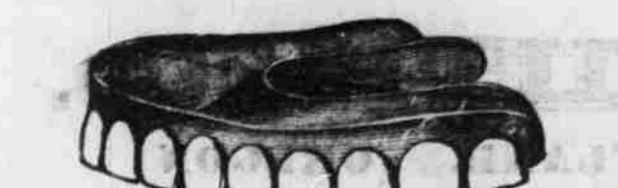
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BY THE REV. W. R. G. MELLEME.

The following item is from the Christian Union

Having arrived at Hutchings', and

sufficiently rested from his fatigues—

greatly less than he had previously

supposed they would be—the traveler

naturally asks, "Where shall I go?

What shall I see?" Yankee like the

host will answer, "How long time can

you give this valley?" According to

the reply to this question will be the

programme of his guide, philosopher

and friend," which he cannot do better

than to follow. Certain things,

however, he will not fail to see. He

will go—early in the morning, if

possible—to Mirror Lake, from whose

surface the reflection is so perfect that,

while looking at it, he will wonder

whether he is looking into the water or

the sky. He will go to Vernal and

Nevada Falls, taking a day for the

excursion, and finding it filled with

delight. Elsewhere these cataracts

would be stupendous; even here they

are imposing. On his way to them he

will notice how the valley divides into

different gorges at its upper extremity

and, if curious, will try to trace out

corresponding projections and

indentations on either side, as

illustrative of the theory that they

were violently sundered, and, if brought

together, would fit each other

indifferently well even now. He

will also find Piwuyuck Cave just below

the Vernal Fall, and the rocky parapet

breast high on the summit not without

interest; while at "Casa Nevada,"

almost within a stone's throw of the

Nevada Fall, and right at the base of

"Liberty Cap," he will find rest and

comfort. "If "Liberty Cap" or Clouds

Rest" is to be ascended—and both are

accessible even to ladies—this is the

point from which to start. Leaving

the Casa early in the morning, a party

can "do" either mountain, and descend

to Hutchings' in the time for dinner.

Then there is the Yo Semite Fall,

Worthy of more than one visit at

both its foot and its summit; while if

Glacier Point were not taken on the

way into the valley, it must not be

forgotten now. No difficulty, indeed,

will be found for making up a

programme for a fortnight, every

day's features will embrace something

new and interesting. Who is forced

to depart hence without spending four

or five days, will find himself tormented

with a fiercer desire to revisit the valley

than he had to enter it the first time.

He will scarcely wonder that Hutchings

and one or two other families should

have made their permanent home in

somewhat of a place though it be so far

in the wilderness; and certainly will

not be surprised that many who go

there prolong their stay far beyond

their original intention.

Of this number was Mrs Yelverton,

so well known to fame, and who came

so nearly miserably perishing in the

valley two or three years since. On

arriving, she said to her host; "Mr.

Hutchings I have come to spend a day

or two with you."

"I am very happy to see you

madame," was the reply, "and I shall

do what I can to make you comforta-

ble."

In fact, she remained just four

months. It was October, and near the

time of driving and heavy snow storms

before she was ready to go. Whoever

was not prepared, if need were, to

winter in the valley, therefore, must

speedily prepare to leave it. Three

English gentlemen were also in the

valley, accompanied by a single guide.

They were to leave on a certain day;

and Mrs. Yelverton decided to go with

them. The morning came, threatening

an immediate storm. Horses were

saddled, and the gentlemen booted and

spared, ready to mount. But no lady

appeared. After a while Mrs.

Hutchings, who had gone to her room

to ascertain the cause of delay,

returned with the report that the lady

was somewhat unwell, but would soon

be ready to leave. As she was a good

horsewoman, and knew the path for

some distance, she requested the party

not to delay, saying she would over-

take it by the time it reached Inspira-

tion Rock.

Impatient to be gone the gentlemen

waited for nothing more, but started

down the valley at the top of the

horses speed. It was, however, about

half an hour before Mrs. Yelverton

appeared to follow them, when

scattering snow-flakes had already

begun to fall. She would not be

dissuaded from setting forth, started at

a pace not inferior to that of her

predecessors. Near the lower end of

the valley, and where the bridle path

begins to ascend the mountain side, she

looked about for her escort. Neither

traveler or guide was there. She

pushed on, the snow now falling quite

rapidly, as fast as she could until she

reached Inspiration Rock. But no

gentleman and no guide was there.

Hoping still to overtake her country-

men, who seemed to be flying from her,

she urged her horse onward as fast as

possible. But the tracks of those she

was following grew fainter and fainter

until they wholly disappeared, and the

path itself was not well defined. Still

she went on until she came to a swamp

across which her way led. She put

her horse at what she supposed the

right crossing place, but he refused to

take it and sought another. She dared

not allow him to go where he would

fearing he would sink in the mire;

but to force him to go where he would

not she was unable.

And now, with snow eight or ten

inches deep and rapidly increasing, the

shades of night were falling. What

to do in this terrible strait! To

proceed on was impossible; to retrace

her steps hardly less difficult. At length

she remembered passing not far back

a large pine tree, out of which the

fire had burnt, near the ground, almost

the entire heart. Back to that she

retreated, and found it large enough to

admit not only herself, but the head

and about half the body of her horse.

Here, therefore, drawing her shawls

and wraps about her as well as she

could, and leading her horse into the

friendly covert as it would permit him

to enter, she passed the night, holding

the bridle rein in her hand. What

were her fears and hopes, her physical

and mental sufferings during the slow

moving hours, and while the wind

was roaring and the snow was drifting

down through the pine tree tops, it

would be difficult to imagine. She

remembered that grizzly and cinnamon

bears, if not very common, were not

unknown in those regions, and that it

was not at all impossible that one of

them might pay her a visit before

morning dawned. She remembered, too,

the terrible curse pronounced on her

by her husband at their last interview.

He had endeavored to acquiesce in his

wishes, admit the invalidity of their

marriage, which both Irish and Scot-

tish Courts had declared legal, and

confess herself something else than a

virtuous and honorable woman. To

this end he exhausted all his means,

whether of arguments or entreaty,

bribery or threats, within his power

but without avail. Finding her

utterly immovable, and losing his own

temper, this beautiful specimen of

British nobility launched at his much

abused wife the most terrible maledic-

tions. Might she live friendless and

alone, in complete destitution and

degradation. Might she die with no

human ear to listen to her pining

sigh, no gentle voice to speak a com-

forting word, and no friendly hand to

close the sightless eyes or