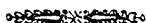


bachelors Col. Fortescue belonged, but before they ascertain that fact, they must be content to retrace some five and twenty years of his life, which, however, we will reserve for another chapter.

C. H.

Ravenscourt, Port Hope.



## A CALIFORNIA SCENE.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY J. M.

The valley of the Sacramento I should judge to be about four hundred miles long, and from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles in width. Leaving the city of Sacramento and travelling about one point south of east, thirty-fivemiles, or thereabouts, over a slightly undulating country, we come to the Macosumnes river. About one mile and-a-half before we reach its waters, is a somewhat abrupt descent from the table-land into the flat or bottom-land which forms the valley of the river. The shelf-like eminence which overhangs the flat is nearly one hundred and fifty feet above. Taking my stand on this spot I obtained one of the most remarkable views that ever met my eye. It was in early Spring, when Nature was dressed in her most lovely attire. The scene was better suited to a painter than a feeble pen; but I could not help reflecting, how inferior are the works of art when compared to the majesty of God's handiwork. The grand, sublime and beautiful, on the most magnificent scale, were bleaded into one and the same view. I was filled with awe and wonder when for the first time I stood on Table Rock and gazed upon the Falls of Niagara; but no such peculiar sensation came over me, as on this occasion. That was a unity; this a combination of many elements in exact harmony.

On the west was the Sacramento Valley, stretching out as far as the eye could reach in almost every direction, spotted here and there with clumps of trees, which mark the winding course of the American river until its placid waters combine with those of the Sacramento, and flow still onward to the ocean. A little farther to the right, was the Coast Range, presenting a long line of craggy cliffs, piled one upon the other in so confused a mass as to give one the idea that the refuse of creation had been "tipped up" there, burly-burly, without any particular regard to arrangement;