

I leave the agricultural resources, with a firm conviction, that in this respect, as in others, the country has been grossly misrepresented.

It will be seen from these statements that this solitary bugbear of the Colony, the "terrible winter," might as well be left alone, for in most parts except the extreme north its horror consists more in its solitude than severity. If, as in Canada and the Eastern States, the interior gentlemen could have lots of sleighing, with something very pretty and warm rolled up in furs by their sides all the time, it would not be feared I think so very much. In such latitudes a California winter cannot be expected, though her winter one year in three is more devastating and ruinous than yours with all its severity during the whole time. Indeed, I have never met a country so free from those dire calamities which periodically visit the world as this. Where are your floods, fires, hurricanes, earthquakes, drought that with such a cruel hand constantly in other places lay men so low, so ruined, so crushed? In the absence of these plagues surely you can bear with the severity of a winter, which at the worst only stops work in open air two or three times during the season. I have had some experience in California during the last seventeen years in these matters and know what they are. Let me tell you something about them. Do you know what a large city laid in ashes means? Have you ever seen a vast ocean of fire sweeping onwards with lightning speed, on every side curling up the lofty spires in wreaths of angry flame, devouring the mansions of the rich, the hovels of the poor, the haunts of the vicious, the asylums of the destitute, and commingling all in one vast and common ruin? It is but the work of an hour—yet how terrible that work. To see stern men who had gone to bed rich, delicate and refined women accustomed to the elegancies and luxuries of wealth, children who never knew want wandering to and fro in multitudes, without a home, without clothes, without food, crushed and helpless and no relief at hand, is a sight that tries men's souls indeed. But you have none of this, you have none of this in your midst, and God grant you may still be spared. Do you know what a country deluged by floods means? Have you ever seen a vast inland sea, a hundred miles long and forty miles wide, the work of a few days, but raging and surging for weeks, and laying a paralyzing hand on all it touches? Have you ever stood on some lofty eminence and viewed the utter hopeless wreck of life that lies stretched out on all sides as far as the eye can carry? The work and reward of years lost in an hour—beautiful homes crushed to pieces or swept away, noble cities submerged and surrounded by a desolation as sublime, though not as fatal as that which wiped out all traces of the once proud Babylon and Nineveh? Have you ever seen the darkness of the storm-night prevail by day, when it seemed as though you could raise your hand and clutch the murky heavens above as they poured and poured down their endless