THE MODERN GOMORRAH.

Port Royal Erased From the Earth By an Act of the Almighty.

(Kingston, Jamaica, correspondence.)

Beneath the low waves of the bay lie the ruins of what was once the wealth and prosperity and all that attended such riches. In our mind's memory the earth quake and the awakened to realize the judgment of a avenging and blood stained Deity. Today when the waters of the bay are still and shadows the ruins of the once city sullen roar has over the efforts of their skills, and passing down through the same depths are the dusky natives bring to and out of the ocean of its old cathedral, the church over its early sinking, the good old fashion, and the house fronting around the windows through which the music and song of the revelers were drifting when the fearful visitation came and wiped the city from the face of the earth. Two hundred years have passed since Port Royal was the wealthiest city in the world, and the richest and most wicked city in the world. Its population was 50,000 souls, and its wharves were lined with ships filled and their men strolling about in the lap of luxury. Immediately on to the guards with arms, with ample power and good the spoil of Morgan and Captain Archer, several of whom, and their dark-skinned wives, swept in dressed lordly about the docks under the shadow of the frowning fortifications. In the houses and palaces of the city there were revelry and debauchery. For the richest of the planters spent their gold as they wanted as easily as water, and the poorest of them were content to imitate. The tables were loaded with the richest viands and drink was drunken with their paramours. Lewd women and gaily dressed sailors thronged the taverns and drank and sang drunken songs with their companions