

where he was occasionally employed, and was seen waudering over the border toward Lower California.

But it seems he has gone back to Old Kentucky, whence comes a piece of news touching his visit there, which envelops his name in a blaze of glory. If reports are true, our one time temporary fellow citizen is liable at any moment to become a veritable American Monte Carlo king.

As the story goes, he is president of the great syndicate of American citizens who have been the beneficiaries of a grant from President Diaz of Mexico to 10,000,000 acres of land in Lower California. On this tract they propose to establish the largest and most altogether splendid gambling institution in the modern world. It will cost, according to General Murray's estimate, not less than \$50,000,000, and it is for the purpose of raising this sum of money that our ex-governor has gone back to the "scenes of his childhood." For, says the report, "He is the man chosen by the syndicate to lead them in the scheme to establish an American Monte Carlo whose monarch will be an American citizen."

Who can now doubt the greatness of Eli? One can almost see in the mind's eye his princely figure moving in the grandeur of its new dignity among the throngs of the great and noble of the earth who are going to make regular pilgrimages to the "American Monte Carlo," over which Our Murray is to be king.

We can only partly conceive of the splendor that will surround him in this modern Monaco which it is said he is going to set up. But we have not the slightest doubt that he would preside with becoming grace over the most splendid palace of gilded folly which \$50,000,000 of American money can create. It occurs to us meanwhile that for the glory of our ex-Governor to be perfect in his coming honor he should have a queen to sit at his right hand and preside over the games. General Murray may have thought of this already. In any event we would suggest that the noted advocate of rosy wine, in whose heart the ex-Governor has long reigned supreme, is a worthy person for that exalted place.

"UTAH IS GOING TO PROGRESS."

IN AN exposition of principles in the *Labor Sentinel*, which has just come to the front in Salt Lake Journalism, occurs the following paragraph:

"Utah is going to progress, Salt Lake City is going to progress, no matter which side wins in the next political contest; and they are going to progress, not because of who wins, but because they have the natural resources to make a great State and a great city."

This occurs to us as being a sensible sort of talk, which is in demand just now. If the *Labor Sentinel* continues in this vein of ideas, there is no doubt about its having a place in Utah favor. We would suggest, however, that while Utah is going to progress, "no matter which side wins," the question of speed in progression is an item of some importance, and with this the matter of "which side wins" is something to be considered.

If to follow the party that depends for its existence upon the establishing of a reign of terror at home and abroad respecting Utah and her interests, save when a certain gang of speculators and fanatics are in control of the offices, will bring one soonest to the climax of prosperity, then that would be the party to support by all means. But from the sensible position taken in other things by the new labor organ, we infer that such a platform would scarcely fill its idea of speedy progression.

The truth of the matter is, Utah will progress. With the aid of a free, honest and manly policy it will progress at once and rapidly. If the government of the Territory falls under a narrow, bigoted, one-sided and dishonest rule, in spite of such an obstructive policy the Territory will progress, but the advance will be slow and laborious, and it will require years to reach a state of prosperity that might otherwise be gained by a single revolution.

A. BURNING MOUNTAIN.

A DISPATCH from Naples, dated July 7, says the eruption of Vesuvius is increasing; and that a strong earthquake shock was felt at Troasalone, in the province of Campobasso. The intelligence naturally carries one back 1812 years, to that terrible day, in August A. D. 79, when the city of Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of this same volcano. The doomed city stood at the foot of the mountain close to the Bay of Naples. It was a favorite resort of the wealthy Romans. Cicero had a villa in its suburbs, in which he wrote his famous "Offices," and entertained as guests, Augustus, Cæsar, Balbus, Hirtius and Panæa. Claudius found a refuge here from the tyranny of Tiberius, and Drusus, the son of Claudius died in Pompeii.

It was in 1834 that Lord Lytton published his famous work, "The Last Days of Pompeii," in which is given a realistic picture of what scenes were witnessed on that horrible night. This book brought vividly before the English reading public one of the most dreadful dramas of classic Italy.

Though the discoveries made since disprove much of the great writer's imaginary word-painting, yet it still continues the most readable piece of literature on that subject.

The opinion of men who have made a close study of Pompeii is, that it was a city of 150,000 people. Up to the present about 3000 bodies have been recovered from its ruins. Tacitus, the Roman historian, speaks of an earthquake which took place in A. D. 63, destroying nearly half of the city of Pompeii, and causing numbers of its people to lose their reason.

The eruption which destroyed the cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabie occurred in the afternoon of August 24, A. D. 79. Pliny, the famous naturalist, perished in this eruption. He was in command of the Roman fleet near Misenum, and seeing the awful clouds which arose from Vesuvius he set off for Stabie to ascertain the cause, but on landing in that town he was suffocated by the deadly vapors from the eruption. Pliny the younger, nephew of the man who perished, was also at Misenum at the time. He would have accompanied his uncle on that evening, but was busily engaged in studying some special subject. Two letters written by him, and addressed to Tacitus, are still extant. They contain full and accurate descriptions of the fearful catastrophe. In one he describes the state of Pompeii on the night of the eruption as follows:

"Nothing there was to be heard but the shrieks of women and children; the cries of men; some calling for parents, others for husbands and wives, others upon their favorite gods; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the fear of dying; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come which was to destroy the world and its gods together. Meantime a rain of fire fell around us, mixed with cinders and ashes, which we were obliged now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap."

Herculaneum was a much larger city than Pompeii. That was also destroyed on the same night. But the fate of the people there was still more horrible. A flood of liquid fire in the shape of lava poured into the town, destroying completely life and property. Pompeii was mostly affected with cinders and dust, thus enabling thousands of people to escape, and even giving them an opportunity to recover their valuables.

About 470 A. D. a small hamlet stood on or near the ruins of old Pompeii, but another eruption in that year destroyed it. The place was entirely abandoned after this. Even the site of the ancient town was for centuries unknown.