

while their masters joined the festivities ashore. In the houses and palaces of the city there was revelry and feasting and drinking, for the pirates of the Spanish main spent freely what they secured so easily. Gold was as common as copper is today. The toddlers in the streets, when they held out baby hands for alms to the passers-by, were rewarded with a gold piece or two.

Women attired in silks and laces which cost human blood in the making and the stealing lounged on luxurious divans close to the open windows of the houses and drank deep draughts with their paramours. License ran riot. There was no virtue. For years every one in the place had been growing richer and with the wealth came the desire for ease and pleasure which saps a people's strength. No one worked, for money was brought to every one in the pirate ships which roamed the seas only to capture a cargo sufficient to purchase a few weeks of pleasure and feasting and drunkenness at Port Royal. From Peru and Mexico came boat loads of gold and silken stuffs and other treasure and with the arrival of every pirate the bacchanalian revels redoubled in license and depravity. The people lounged to church, but it was only a mockery of worship. They were drunk with their prosperity and insane with their longing for the pleasures of the table and the wine cup.

On that fated day when the vengeance which overtook Sodom and Gomorrah descended upon Port Royal the revelry was at its height, when there came a sound like the great crack of doom, the earth trembled and the half-drunken revelers rushed from the houses in dismay. The great cathedral rocked and its tower trembled a moment, and, while the people were asking one another, white-lipped and terrified, what manner of thing was happening, the earth gaped open like a great jaw and closed with thousands in its maw, catching many half way in the frightful opening and holding them, crushed and broken, with their helpless arms extended toward the heaven they had so long forgotten. Scarce had this occurred, when, with a mighty roar, the whole city began to slide down into the ocean.

In vain the affrighted people began to flee to the high land beyond the city. They were caught and engulfed before they had taken a score of steps. Hundreds were overtaken by the rising flood as they sat at the tables with their wine half drunk, and their food half eaten, their thoughts half spoken. Praying, screaming, and blaspheming the power which had visited its wrath upon them, the harlots and pirates of the city were hurried into the ocean in the very houses in which they sat. The ships in the harbor careened and sank one by one as the great seismic disturbance continued, drawing down in their wake the terror-stricken sailors and buccaneers, who sprang overboard, and in less than five minutes all the sin of the profligate city were hidden forever beneath the waves.

Not long after this frightful disaster came another upon the city, which took the place of the one which slipped into the sea. Porto Royal was rebuilt, not with its old splendor and magnificence, not with its former glory and luxuriousness, but as a seaport city, and in 1703, a few years after it had assumed the proportions of a city, it was entirely destroyed by fire. Again it was built up, but the avenging power was not yet sated, for a hurricane swept the greater portion of the town into the ocean in 1722. Almost a hundred years later, when the city had once more risen on its old site, it was laid in ashes once more, in 1815. Repeated destructions have left nothing

of the city as it once was, but in 1880 a hurricane destructive to life and property swept over the city and once more partially destroyed it.

In his "Annals of Jamaica," published in 1828, Rev. George Wilson Bridges quotes from a letter written by one of the survivors—a rector—two or three days after the disaster, which is, in part, as follows:

"After I had been at church reading, which I did every day since I was rector of this place, to keep up some show of religion, and was gone to a place hard by the church, where the merchants meet, and where the president of the council was, who came into my company and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine as a whet before dinner, he being my very good friend, I stayed with him, upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long in taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this determined me from going to dinner to one Captain Roden's, whither I was invited, whose house, upon the first concussion, sunk into the earth and then into the sea with his wife and family and some that were come to dine with him. Had I been there I would have been lost. But to return to the president and the pipe of tobacco. Before that was out I found the ground rolling and moving under my feet, upon which I said unto him: 'Lord, sir, what is that?' He replied, being a very grave man: 'It is an earthquake. Be not afraid; it will soon be over.'"

But he disappeared and was never heard of again. Continuing, the rector wrote: "I made toward Morgan's fort, because I thought to be there securest from falling houses, but as I was going I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications. Moreover, the large and famous burying ground was destroyed and the sea washed away the carcasses. The harbor was covered with dead bodies, floating up and down."

Kingston now stands close to where Port Royal, the old town of revelry and vice, once stood. The ships in the harbor float over the houses, which slipped into the sea, and far, far below their keels lie the imprisoned people who were swept away, with vain prayers for mercy upon their lips. The spire of the cathedral is most prominent of the ruins here in the clear water, as it had raised its taper finger toward heaven, high above the other buildings. Close to it lie the fleets of Spain and England, sunk in the fearful hurricanes which swept these placid waters, with the coral fast forming on their masts and hulls. In their shadow lurk the sea monsters of these waters, playing about the doorways and casements of the houses and shops, where vice once held sway. No man has ever penetrated to the depths where the phantom city lies, to explore its secrets, two centuries old, and all that can be learned of the sunken town is gleaned by peering into the transparent waters on a bright day when the wind does not ruffle the surface of the harbor.

FROM A UTAH VOLUNTEER.

On the Heaving Pacific, Fourteen Hundred Miles From Honolulu, July—"Soupy, soupy, soupy, without a single bean.

Porkey, porkey, porkey, without a streak of lean."

So goes the mess-call three times a day. With every revolution of the screw we are going farther and farther away from all we love on earth, and getting nearer and nearer to scenes of strife. We have had no news since leaving San Francisco over two weeks

ago, and though Spain may have given up her useless and senseless struggle before this, and though Manila may be in the hands of our army already there, and the war may be practically over, we know nothing of it, and have no cause to think otherwise than that we are going to a battlefield where many of us will lay down our lives for the cause we love. Still to look around on these noisy and boisterous volunteers one would be led to think the war had ended and they were returning to their homes victorious. One would naturally suppose that under the circumstances these men would be thoughtful at times, and that if anything would make them mindful of a future state, present conditions would. But no, this is not the case. The most ear-splitting laughter and blood-curdling oaths and obscenity are floating through the air at all times. Blood and thunder novels, cards and boxing-gloves are the most popular means of killing time, and by far the majority of enlisted men on this ship seem to have never known anything more elevating. For two thirds of those aboard, woman is at times the sole topic of conversation. To one who ever knew a mother's or sister's love and who still retains a teaspoonful of self-respect, nothing more sickening than the conditions made manifest by the conversation of these men. But thank God there are some noble souls aboard here. Self-sacrificing men of hearts have enlisted because they could love, and it doesn't require a prophet to foretell that they will prove the best and bravest soldiers on the field, and that if they return at all, it will be with glory perched on the banners they carry.

Lost—One full grown day of twenty-four hours, here in the Pacific ocean. The finder will be rewarded to the extent of one-half of my entire fortune, providing he throws it overboard again, for I have no use for it whatever.

The best feature of this voyage is the losing of August 8th; and I only wish we could lose a day every day. We are surfeited with days. The greatest regret we have in relation to this trip is the days we haven't lost. If we had all lost as many days as most of us have lost dinners, life on the Rio de Janeiro would be one grand sweet dream. Beams and hard-tack are more to be desired than all the days such as we have just lost, that can be crowded into a thousand years. As far as I am concerned that black son of sin who burns the biscuits and half cooks the petrified meat we are obliged to eat, can have that lost day, and all the rest it takes to complete this voyage. I wish Colonel Frost had that last day and couldn't get rid of it until he changed the unnecessarily evil conditions on this ship, for which I understand he is responsible. I wish with my whole heart that the man or men who had our kitchen and water closet placed side by side, the man or men who think closets to accommodate fourteen are ample for one thousand, the man or men who make a thousand of us volunteers wash in fourteen tin wash-basins, and in salt water, and who compel us to drink all the fresh water we get from one tin cup, and who have decreed that from 8 p.m. till next morning, the pump, an invalid arrangement that can be used only about half the time, shall wear a lock and chain, thereby making it impossible for a private, no matter how thirsty he is, to get a drink of any kind, and through a lack of every humane feeling have made the lives of one thousand American soldiers all but unendurable, had that last day. I wish the unpatriotic captain of this