

potato, asparagus, and artichoke. There is scarcely any European fruit or vegetable but may be cultivated at some elevation, except the cauliflower, which seldom succeeds. Throughout the year there is a constant succession and variety of food. Wheat is not cultivated; but with the varied and abundant produce of the island itself, and the continuous imports from the United States, there is no want of appropriate and acceptable nutriment for the healthy or the invalid, the delicate or the robust. Very fine mutton and beef may be had on the mountains, though beef in the lowlands is often lean and tough; poultry and young birds abound; the corn-fed pork is unexcelled; and from the fresh water and the sea very excellent and varied fish is obtained, as king-fish, mud-fish, eels, calapeever, grouper, mackerel, barracooter, lobster, prawns, shrimps, mullet, jack, and many others. The black crab of Jamaica is much esteemed. That idol of aldermen, the turtle, is plentiful, good and cheap, and preserved meats, from England or the United States, can be had in the principal towns. Ice from the United States is also largely imported.

The last really harmful earthquake in Jamaica was in 1812; but the earthquake that destroyed the town of Port Royal, with 3,000 of its inhabitants, in 1692, deserves particular notice. "About mid-day, a mysterious roar was heard in the distant mountains. The wharves, laden with spoils, instantaneously sank; and the water stood five fathoms deep, where, a moment before, the crowded streets had displayed the glittering treasures of Mexico and Peru. The harbour appeared in motion, as if agitated by a storm, although no air was stirring; mighty billows rose and fell with such unaccountable violence that many ships broke from their cables, and the "Swan" frigate was forced over the tops of the sunken houses. This afforded a providential refuge for many of the drowning sufferers. Of the whole town, perhaps the richest spot in the world, [and probably one of the wickedest], no more was left than the fort, and about two hundred houses. The council had been held there that evening, and had but a few minutes adjourned; The president of the council was lost; and the rector escaped, to give a curious account in which he says: 'I made towards Morgan's fort, because being a well open place, I thought to be there securest from the falling houses; but as I