

men "may have a single meal for one dollar," the price of a quarter of ton of coal. Further, royal and imperial titles are given to the best articles. "Queen's ware" is continually at the top, save in the case of Wests Bradley and Carey's "Empress Trail Crinoline." There are others called the "Pride of the World"; these are "duplex elliptic," double sprung, will neither bend nor break, and are "the standard skirts of the fashionable world." To put them on is to be decked with grace and beauty; not that any one at Salt Lake can be taken as lacking either. A man loses a "horn brand," and he advertises, as a matter of course, that "the handsome finder will be rewarded on leaving it at Barrow's." Again, a mill is advertised, with certain warrant that the miller may be as "jolly" as the one in the song, seeing that "it is safely protected from Indian depredations by a stone-wall fortification." One individual reminds us a little of the proud decayed Irish lady who was reduced to call "Butter!" in Limerick market, and hoped to Heaven nobody would hear her. Mat White must be a member of her family, for he brings a large assortment of goods to Salt Lake City, not as a common tradesman, but, he being on a visit, "chiefly as a means of leisure employment, within the period of a brief tarry among his friends here." Such is the honour of it! and there is not much less in Hannah King's "Lament to suffering Ireland," and who quaintly avows, at the wind-up of the advertisements, as an announcement of her own feelings "to," and knowledge of, Ireland,—

I know nought of politics, matters of State.
But I weep o'er the fallen, I weep for thy fate!

Passing to the editorial article, we find the writer rather deploring that visitors to Utah have been mostly of a rough class, fellow miners with gold dust, to gouge fortunes "out of them," fellows who withstand, perhaps because they practise, the "strychnine and cramming operations"; but these gold-dust-laden miners are encouraged by the assurance that "it is proverbial in the city, that if a stranger can escape the 'strychnine' clique for three days after arrival, he is for ever afterwards safe. Generally, the first twenty-four hours are sufficient to prostrate even the very robust." All that the gold-miners have to do is to partake of nothing they are not sure of during their first days of sojourn; though we do not see how that is to help them, and their gold-dust, if the strychnine and cramming cliques, as the slang of the place runs, are determined to gouge their fortunes out of them. Saving all drawbacks, the editor speaks well of his fellow-citizens, somewhat after the tolerable and not-to-be-endured style. "Though," he remarks, "we do not say that the people of Utah have no faults; yet we do say that, taking their good faults and their bad faults together, we think they will pass muster with the people of any territory or state of the Union, or with any other community elsewhere."

In one little "editorial," a mild complaint is made against persons who "are prepared to chew Mormons, and readily digest every dirty piece of falsehood about them." In a second, after announcing that a fellow editor, George West, Esq., is not about to abandon the editorship of the *Rocky Mountain News*, as reported, his colleague of the *Salt Lake Telegraph* exclaims, "That's right! Keep at it, my boy! misery likes company!" We may add, that all Mormon editors are not of the same friendly disposition, but they may become so; the fact of the editors of the *Deseret News* and the *Daily Telegraph* being seen walking together is alluded to as a sign of the promised millennium! Then we come upon miscellaneous paragraphs, put in where advertisements seem to lack, and a description of a conspiracy to poison Louis Napoleon with Vichy water, and the suicide of the chief conspirator. One symbol of civilization is in the Divorce Court. Here is a case of *Julia v. Arthur Haynes*. It had come on by adjournment from a previous term; but, meanwhile, the impatient Julia had married with another lord. Whereupon the editor justly remarks: "We are no lawyer, but the marriage with Mr. Cooper some months ago and the divorce now seem to

make a rather *mixed* case. No doubt it is all right!"

In the few references made to church matters and persons, there is still something of interest. Bishops are engaged in caring for the bodies as well as the souls of their people, and the editor praises Bishop Hunter for his "strenuous efforts to have the teams with the flour, salt and other comforts for the incoming immigrant started back," to meet and succour the approaching neophytes. Perhaps the strongest symptom of good sense on the part of the editor is his protest against long sermons, connexion with services beginning at "early candlelight." "We may get a crack for this," writes the good reflecting man, "but we can't help it. We like variety; life and short meeting! . . . We know that the great mass of the people are just like us, and the best and most popular men among us are the short sermon men—we all like to hear them!" Then, lest this should be taken for the voice of the scorner, the orthodox editor proceeds to say: "This is not 'steady the ark,' or 'directing Bishops,'—it is but the expression of a popular desire!" Excellent man! To the expression which here finds tongue, the sermon-oppressed of two hemispheres will say *Amen!*

MY FIRST WIFE.

He cannot put it quite away,
As though it never had been there;
The memory of that pure pale face,
Framed in with bands of sunny hair.

The clear brown eyes so full of faith,
The lips so eloquent with truth;
The first that ever stirr'd his heart,
His early bride, his gentle Ruth!

Although for near a score of years
Within the churchyard she has lain;
Her grave made white with Winter snow,
Or green with dripping April rain:—

Although another one has come
To nestle in her vacant place,
With eyes as tender as her own,
With form as fair, as sweet a face:—

The twilight hour will find him oft
Within the busy city's mart,
His eyes with dreamy sadness fill'd,
Old memories stirring at his heart.

The busy scenes that round him lie,
The hopes, the cares, fade quite away,
And in their place he sees a cot,
A garden at the close of day;—

A fair girl looking shyly up,
Where grape-vines cluster on a wall;
Faint blushes running o'er her cheeks,
While round her apple blossoms fall.

He almost fancies she comes back,—
Steals like a shadow to his side;
Her slender fingers touch his hair,
And o'er his forehead gently glide.

Ah me! he cannot quite forget,
As though it never had been there,
That pure, pale face, with earnest eyes,
Framed in with bands of sunny hair.

M. C. P.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

Our intention is not to discuss the theory of earthquakes, but to describe one which occurred at Lisbon more than a century ago, and which was felt in the greater portion of Europe, parts of Africa, and even in North America, extending over a space of fifteen millions of square miles, or nearly one twelfth of the globe.

The 1st of November, 1755, will be long remembered in the annals of Portugal, as having been the day upon which this terrible catastrophe occurred. It was All Saints' day, which is in Roman Catholic countries a high festival.

The churches and religious houses were crowded, and the people were thus collected in what proved to be the most fatal localities. The morning broke clear and bright, with no sign of the impending danger. About nine o'clock the sun began to grow dim, and half an hour later a rumbling noise was heard, which proceeded from under the ground, and resembled the rolling of heavy carts. This noise increased gradually and with great rapidity, and in a few seconds resembled the charge of heavy ordnance. At a few minutes after nine o'clock, when the noise was loudest, the earth became violently convulsed, and the first shock was felt. This was extremely severe, and levelled the palace of the Inquisition, and many other large buildings, to the ground. There was a short pause of not more than a minute in duration. Then followed three terrific shocks, which threw to the ground every building of any considerable size, including all the churches, palaces, and government buildings in the place. In less than five minutes after the first shock was felt nothing was left of a large and flourishing city but a mass of fearful ruins, beneath which thousands of human beings were buried; some being instantly killed, while others were compelled to linger through hours of agonizing torture.

But this was not all. In about half an hour after the severe shocks had ceased, the sea rushed with terrific violence into the Tagus, rising more than forty feet above high-water mark. Fortunately the large bay which the river forms opposite the Portuguese capital permitted this vast body of water to spread itself, but for which circumstance it would have covered more than half the town. As it was, it flooded the lower streets and a strong stone quay on which three thousand people had taken refuge, was swept away, and every person drowned. The water had retreated as quickly as it had come. This was repeated several times before the sea returned to its usual level, the wave being less powerful each time.

Sixty thousand persons were buried beneath the ruins and drowned in the Tagus. During the evening a smart shock was felt, which was strong enough to split the walls of several houses that had still kept their position. The rents thus caused were more than half a foot wide; but they closed again immediately after the cessation of the shock, so firmly that no trace of them could be discovered.

In honour of the festival, the altars of the various churches had been elaborately decorated with lighted candles. When the buildings fell these were not extinguished, and gave rise to a new horror. As soon as it was dark, the city was discovered to be on fire. Mr. Davy an English merchant, residing in Lisbon, who witnessed the disasters, thus describes the terrible *finale*:—

"As soon as it grew dark, another scene presented itself, little less shocking than those already described—the whole city appeared in a blaze which was so bright that I could easily see to read by it. It may be said without exaggeration, it was on fire at least in a hundred different places at once, and thus continued burning for six days together, without intermission, or the least attempt being made to stop its progress. It went on consuming everything the earthquake had spared, and the people were so dejected and terrified, that few or none had courage enough to venture down to save any part of their substance; every one had his eyes turned towards the flames, and stood looking on with silent grief, which was only interrupted by the cries and shrieks of women and children calling on the saints and angels for succour, whenever the earth began to tremble, which was so often this night, and, indeed, I may say ever since, that the tremors, more or less, did not cease for a quarter of an hour together."

The country immediately around Lisbon was terribly affected. The high mountains were greatly damaged, and some had their summits split in two. The whole coast of Portugal and a part of Spain shared in the suffering. Oporto, Sebutal, Ayamonte, Cadiz, and Gibraltar were more or less injured by the shocks and the sudden rising of the sea.