

one of the Sandwich Isles, exhibits the remarkable phænomenon of a lake of molten and very liquid lava *always* filling the bottom of the crater, and always in a state of terrific ebullition: rolling to and fro its fiery surge and flaming billows—yet with this it is content, for it would seem that at least for a long time past there has been no violent outbreak so as to make what is generally understood by a volcanic eruption. Volcanic eruptions are almost always preceded by earthquakes, by which the beds of rock, that overlie and keep down the struggling powers beneath, are dislocated and cracked, till at last they give way, and the strain is immediately relieved. It is chiefly when this does not happen, when the force below is sufficient to heave up and shake the earth, but not to burst open the crust, and give vent to the lava and gases, that the most destructive effects are produced. The great earthquake of November 1, 1755, which destroyed Lisbon, was an instance of this kind, and was one of the greatest, if not the very greatest on record; for the concussion extended over all Spain and Portugal—indeed, over all Europe, and even into Scotland—over North Africa, where in one town in Morocco 8000 or 10,000 people perished. Nay, its effects extended even across the Atlantic to Madeira, where it was very violent; and to the West Indies. The most striking feature about this earthquake was its extreme suddenness. All was going on quite as usual in Lisbon the morning of that memorable day; the weather fine and clear; and nothing whatever to give the population of that great capital the least suspicion of mischief. All