

took me to see several fissures still open, which had been caused by the undulatory movement of the ground, some of them jagged, others even and straight. I traced two of them continuously for more than half a mile, and found that a few were parallel; but, on the whole, they varied greatly in direction, some being ten and others forty-five degrees west of north. I might easily have mistaken them for artificial trenches, if my companion had not known them within his recollection to have been "as deep as wells." Sand and black shale were strewn along their edges. They were most of them from two to four feet wide, and five or six feet deep; but the action of rains, frost, and occasional inundations, and above all the leaves of the forest blown into them every autumn in countless numbers, have done much to fill them up.

Continuing my ride, I came to the house and farm of Mr. Love, who had long resided in this district, and he took me to part of the forest, on the borders of what is called the "sunk country," where all the trees of a date prior to 1811, although standing erect and entire, are dead and leafless. They are chiefly oaks and walnuts, with trunks three or four feet in diameter, and many of them 200 years old. They are supposed to have been killed by the loosening of the roots during the repeated undulations which passed through the soil for three months in succession. The higher level plain, where these dead trees stand, terminates abruptly toward the Bayou St. John, and the sudden descent of eight or ten feet throughout an area four or five miles long, and fifty or sixty broad, was caused, my informant assured me, by the earthquake. At the lower level are seen cypresses and cotton-wood, and other trees which delight in wet ground, all newer than 1812. I was told that there are some places where the descent from the upper level to that of the sunk country is not less than twenty and even thirty feet. In part of this sunk ground I saw not only dead oaks and hickory still erect, but aged gum-trees also and cypresses (*Cupressus disticha*).

While I was riding with Mr. Love he stopped his horse, and asked me if I did not feel the shock of an earthquake. When my attention was called to it, I fancied I had perceived it, but was not sure. He said they were frequent, although he had not