

felt one for the last fortnight. It was now three years since they had been seriously alarmed by any movement. We looked at our watches, and when we returned to the farm he inquired of the family if any thing had happened. They said they had felt a shock, and heard a sound like distant thunder, at twenty-five minutes past eleven o'clock, which agreed exactly with the time when my companion had felt the motion.

If the information I obtained from several quarters be correct, in regard to the country permanently submerged by the earthquake of 1811-12, the area must exceed in magnitude what was stated in former accounts. The "sunk country," I am told, extends along the course of the White Water and its tributaries for a distance of between seventy and eighty miles north and south, and thirty miles east and west. A trapper, who had been hunting on the Little River, told me, that large spaces there were obviously under water, owing to the great shake, because the dead trees were still standing. In the true hunter spirit, he regarded the awful catastrophe of 1811-12 as a blessing to the country, and expatiated with delight on the vast area turned into lake and marsh, and the active trade carried on ever since in the furs of wild animals. It had been the making of New Madrid, he affirmed, which would become a rival of St. Louis, and exported even now at least half as many peltries. There had been taken last year 50,000 racoon skins, and 25,000 musk-rats for making hats and caps; 12,000 mink for trimming dresses; 1000 bears and 1000 otters; 2500 wild cats, 40 panthers, and 100 wolves. Beavers there were none, or only five or six had been trapped. He had gone in his canoe, which carried his hut, his gun, and his baggage, over the whole sunk country, and described to me the villages or hummocks built in the swamps by the musk-rats, which he called "French settlements," a piece of impertinence in which the Anglo-Americans indulge toward the creoles of Louisiana. He told me that within the area of the sunk country in Arkansas, about eighty miles from New Madrid, is a space called Buffalo Island, containing about twenty-five square miles, where, two years ago (1844), a herd of buffaloes, 300 or 400 strong, was surprised, and six of them taken.