

a height of 60 feet above high-water mark, rolled in on the coast of Lower California. The rise and fall took place every half-hour, and the oscillations of the perturbed ocean continued for several hours.

The scene at Arequipa has thus been described by an English resident who escaped from the catastrophe :— \*

“Arequipa was completely destroyed by an earthquake on the 13th instant, at 5.15 P.M. ; and for a full description of the same, it is utterly impossible for words to do it justice. The ‘terremente’ came on while I was in a ‘botica,’ or luncheon-room, and the bottles of the shop commenced to shake and rattle against one another ; at the sound of which all the men behind the counter began to run out, and with a good excuse for so doing. I and some friends remained until the earthquake became very bad, and then we ran out into the middle of the street, clear of all the houses, and got out only just in time, for the ‘botica’ fell down behind us. Fortunately, none of us were hurt. The earthquake lasted for six minutes. It began with a slight jumping, and increased in strength until it got to such a force as to make it very difficult to stand on one’s legs. I can only compare it to the idea of a man standing on the back of a hard-trotting horse, accompanied at one and the same time with a long swerving motion. The earth felt to me as if it was trying its best to break open on every lift. I saw one house come down bodily, not far from where I was standing. After that, though walls were falling on all sides, nobody could see them, as the streets were completely filled with dust to such an extent that one could only see the person next to him, and just gasp for breath. It was awfully suffocating. By the puff of wind caused by a falling house, I caught a glimpse of a corner, and away I darted through the gutters, which here are in the middle of the street, until I found the Plaza, or square, which was filled to a crush with people making most horrible noises. One woman was running about screaming with a child in her arms, probably looking for friends ; and there were men crying like children, and running as if mad, looking, perhaps, for wives and children. After nearly fifteen minutes’ suffocation, I found two of my friends ; but, having changed in appearance, recognition was rather difficult. We looked as though a shower of flour had been poured down upon us. You must form your own ideas of the scenes that were going on, and lasting for a while, after the earthquake. Houses are built of immensely large stones, on an average weighing one hundredweight, and the walls are all 5 feet or 6 feet thick. The falling of these can be easier imagined than described. After the excitement was a little gone, people began to rush to the country, and at night nearly every one was either in the ‘Plazas’ or on the roads to the country.”

We have named among the towns destroyed by this catastrophe that of Ibarra. It is situated upwards of sixty miles from Quito—where the damage done was comparatively slight—on a plain 7000 feet above the sea-level. Its population was about 16,000 ; of these 13,000 perished in the ruins. To the east of Ibarra, and at a greater elevation by 2000 feet, stood Otavala, with a population of 10,000 ; between 6000 and 7000 lost their lives. The population of the whole province of Imbalrua was estimated at 65,000 ; of whom upwards of 20,000 were suddenly swept away.

\* [Quoted from the *Illustrated London News*, October 10, 1868.]