

for the night, and that the storm had so far moderated that it would not trouble us; but a short hour proved the contrary. Our fire was dispersed, candles blown out, and the tent rocking and flapping as if it would go to pieces, or be torn asunder from its fastenings, and disappear before the howling blast. I now felt that what we had passed through on the previous night was comfort in comparison to this. The wind had a fair sweep over us, and as each blast reached the opposite side of the crater, the sound which preceded its coming was at times awful; the tent, however, continued to stand, although it had many holes torn in it, and the ridge-pole had chafed through its top.

It was truly refreshing, after the night we had passed, to see the sun rising clear. It seemed quite small, and was much affected by horizontal refraction, as it appeared above the sea, forming a long horizontal ellipse of two and a half diameters, first enlarging on one side and then on another. After it had reached the height of two diameters above the horizon, the ellipse gradually inclined on the right, and in a few moments afterwards its longer axis became vertical, and it then enlarged at the bottom, somewhat in the form of an egg.

My servants fruitlessly attempted to make a fire; after they had exhausted all their matches without success, we each took turns to ignite a stick, after the native fashion, but with no more success; the nearest approximation to it was plenty of smoke. After making many vain attempts, and having had but little sleep, we took to our blankets again, to await the coming of some of the party from below.

At about eleven o'clock on the 23d, Drs. Judd and Pickering pulled open the tent, and found us all three wrapped up in our blankets. They had passed the night at the Flag Station.

On inquiry, I found that Longley had not been seen for the last two days and nights; and fears were entertained that he had missed his way and perished.

It might, at first view, appear strange that any one could be lost on a bare mountain side, with nothing to impede the sight; but, shut out the lower country, and one would be very much at a loss in which direction to go; the surface is so much broken, and so many spots resemble each other, that even an accurate observer might soon become bewildered.

The last time Longley had been seen was by Mr. Brackenridge, who encountered him near the path, sick, and had carried him to a sheltered spot, and covered him with some of his warm clothing. Lieutenant Budd, on being informed of it, had endeavoured to persuade several natives to go in search of him; but none could be induced to do so, as they thought it impossible to find their way back in the dark.