

upon its surface down the mountain side, until they became arrested in their course by the accumulating weight, or stopped by the excessive friction that the mass had to overcome. In this way the beds, or rather streams, of them might have been formed, which would accumulate for miles, and continue to increase as the crater discharged this description of scoria. What strengthened my opinion in this respect was, that there were, apparently, streams of pahoioi coming out from underneath the masses of clinkers wherever they had stopped. The crater may be likened to an immense cauldron, boiling over the rim, and discharging the molten mass and scoriæ which has floated on its top.

This day we received news of the arrival of Lieutenant Alden at the Recruiting Station, with the detachment from the ship; but he had brought no provisions, and none had yet reached the station. This arrival, therefore, instead of supplying our wants rather increased them.

The small transit was brought up this day, and, to add to my vexations, on opening it I found the level broken. I did not stop to inquire by what accident this had happened, but within ten minutes despatched an order to the ship for another, which was distant sixty miles.

We received a supply of wood from below, and sent down water in return. John Downhaul, a native, who was one of the party, desired permission to return to the ship, as, according to his own account, he was almost dead. Dr. Judd had met him with a number of natives in a cave, as he came up, the morning after the storm. It appeared, from John's account, that he had advised some of the natives to stop and take care of him in their hasty retreat, but that he had only retained them with him by threatening them with the evil spirits of the mountain. When morning came, they left him. He had been very sick, vomiting and bringing up blood, and felt unable to move any further up the mountain; but having my portfolio, he did not wish to intrust it to the care of another. Dr. Judd prescribed for him, and sent him down, with directions to proceed to Hilo. On his way down, Downhaul met one of the carriers of the provisions for the consul's party, whom he stopped and began to question; finding that he was loaded with provisions, and being quite hungry, he told him to put down the load, for he was the "tommodore's man," and must be obeyed, and accordingly helped himself without stint, inducing the native to partake also. When the man reached Mr. Brinsmade, the articles were found to be very much diminished in bulk, and on inquiry, the native at once told the whole truth, and how he had been deceived.

In the evening, at 6 P. M., the thermometer stood at 29°, and during the night it fell to 22°.