

songs of the birds, the cheerful voices of the natives, were delightful; the green foliage gave every thing an air of spring. We were so stiff as scarcely to be able to move, which was all that now remained to remind us of the scenes we had left, and the fatigues we had undergone. When we again set off, it was amusing to see the whole party moving along with their stiff and aching limbs, trying to appear but little fatigued. At twelve o'clock we reached the station where he had abandoned our chairs, and I never was more relieved than when I reached mine, for I was quite unable to walk any further. Here, also, we were met by the natives with fruit; indeed, every step we took seemed to be restoring us to the comforts of life. Late in the afternoon of the 14th we reached the crater of Kilauea, after an absence of *twenty-eight days, eight of which had been consumed in travelling, six in going up and two in returning from the summit.*

The dome of Mauna Loa looked full as beautiful to the eye as it did on our way up, but the experience we had had of its surface, and the difficulties we had encountered, were not so soon to be forgotten, and arrayed it in different colours to the mind. On passing down the last strip of Mauna Loa, we came to a spot which had apparently been a crater of large size. What we supposed to have been the bottom of it, is considerably below the extensive plain which surrounds Kilauea, and between them is a broad and deep fissure, running in a northeast direction, towards the sulphur-bank on the north side of the volcano of Kilauea, which terminates in a precipice from fifty to two hundred feet in depth, showing that the whole plain around Kilauea must have sunk at some remote period.

Wishing to be more protected from the cold wind that draws from Mauna Kea (on the north), we passed over to what I have called Waldron's Ledge (after Purser Waldron of the Vincennes), which is the usual and by far the most commodious point to encamp at, besides offering one of the most beautiful views of the volcano.

The day on which we left Lieutenant Budd and Mr. Eld at the crater, proved very stormy, and the night one of the severest they had experienced, being extremely cold, and the wind approaching a hurricane. The wind, according to these officers, came howling over the crater, and when the blast struck their tent, it resembled the discharge of light artillery, making the canvass quiver as if it would be rent in ten thousand shreds. After each blast a deathlike stillness followed, which served to make the roar of the succeeding one more awful. One of the tents belonging to the men was blown down, but they remained under it, as on a former occasion. In the morning, it was found that many of the panels of the pendulum-house had been hurled