

twenty-five feet, and falling back again into the lake. Dr. Judd now despaired of gratifying his own wishes and mine, by obtaining lava in the liquid state, and ordered a retreat.

On his return, the party passed the small crater which has been spoken of; and which, by comparison with the larger one, appeared cool. Smoke and a little igneous matter were issuing from a small cone in its centre; but with this exception, a crust of solid lava covered the bottom.

On the sides of this crater, Dr. Judd saw some fine specimens of capillary glass, "Pele's hair," which he was anxious to obtain for our collection. He, therefore, by the aid of the hand of one of the natives, descended, and began to collect specimens. When fairly down, he was in danger of falling, in consequence of the narrowness of the footing; but in spite of this difficulty, his anxiety to select the best specimens enticed him onwards. While thus advancing, he saw and heard a slight movement in the lava about fifty feet from him, which was twice repeated, and curiosity led him to turn to approach the place where the motion occurred. In an instant, the crust was broken asunder by a terrific heave, and a jet of molten lava, full fifteen feet in diameter, rose to the height of about forty-five feet, with a most appalling noise. He instantly turned for the purpose of escaping; but found that he was now under a projecting ledge, which opposed his ascent, and that the place where he had descended was some feet distant. The heat was already too great to permit him to turn his face towards it, and was every moment increasing; while the violence of the throes, which shook the rock beneath his feet, augmented. Although he considered his life as lost, he did not omit the means for preserving it; but offering a mental prayer for the Divine aid, he strove, although in vain, to scale the projecting rock. While thus engaged, he called in English upon his native attendants for aid; and looking upwards, saw the friendly hand of Kalumo,—who on this fearful occasion had not abandoned his spiritual guide and friend,—extended towards him. Ere he could grasp it, the fiery jet again rose above their heads, and Kalumo shrunk back, scorched and terrified, until excited by a second appeal, he again stretched forth his hand, and seizing Dr. Judd's with a giant's grasp, their joint efforts placed him on the ledge. Another moment, and all aid would have been unavailing to save Dr. Judd from perishing in the fiery deluge.

In looking for the natives, they were seen some hundreds of yards distant, running as fast as their legs could carry them. On his calling to them, however, they returned, and brought the frying-pan and pole. By this time, about ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed; the crater was