

Almost all the hills or craters of any note have some tradition connected with them; but I found that the natives were now generally unwilling to narrate these tales, calling them "foolishness."

After leaving the pahoihoi plain, we passed along the line of cone-craters, towards Point Kapoho, the southeast part of the island.

Of these cone-craters we made out altogether, large and small, fifteen, trending about east-northeast. The names of the seven last are Pupukai, Poholuaokahowele, Punomakalua, Kapoho, Puukea, Puuku, and Keala. On some of these the natives pointed out where there had formerly been slides, an amusement or game somewhat similar to the sport of boys in riding down hill on sleds. These they termed kolua.

This game does not appear to be practised now, and I suppose that the chiefs consider themselves above such boyish amusements. The manner in which an old native described the velocity with which they passed down these slides, was, by suddenly blowing a puff; according to him, these amusements were periodical, and the slides were usually filled with dried grass.

As we approached the sea-shore, the soil improved very much, and was under good cultivation, in taro, sweet-potatoes, sugar-cane, and a great variety of fruit and vegetables. At about four o'clock, we arrived at the house of our guide, Kekahunanui, who was the "head man." I was amused to find that none of the natives knew him by this name, and were obliged to ask him, before they could give it to Dr. Judd.

By this little circumstance, we found that it was still customary for the natives to change their names, according to their caprice, and it appeared that this was the case in the present instance. I neglected to put down his former name, which appeared to me as much too short as the last was too long. We found him to be a petty chief, who superintended lands belonging to another. He had sent on in advance orders to have his large house prepared for us; and we found that it had been vacated for our accommodation; but as both Dr. Judd and I had been punished before by sleeping in a native house, we preferred our tent; and it was lucky we did so, for the men informed me the house was infested with fleas.

The view from the guide's house was quite pretty, the eye passing over well-cultivated fields to the ocean, whose roar could be distinctly heard. I felt great delight in again seeing it.

The course which the subterranean stream appears to have taken, is somewhat singular, and may be followed pretty accurately by the direction of the steam-cracks.