

One of those prodigious engines which they call cones, (more properly funnels or fire pumps,) he examined near at hand, and "judged it to be one hundred and fifty feet high. A huge, irregularly-shapen, inverted funnel of lava, covered with clefts, orifices, and tunnels, from which bodies of steam escaped with deafening explosion, while pale flames, ashes, stones, and lava, were propelled with great force and noise from its ragged and yawning mouth."

Ellis, in his "Missionary Tour through Hawaii," is believed to have been the first who described this unique and grand crater. "At the time of his visit, (he says,) the southwest and northern parts of it were one vast flood of burning matter, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its fiery surge and flaming billows. Fifty-one conical islands, of varied form and size, containing as many craters, rose either round the edge, or from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of gray smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame; and several of them vomited from their ignited mouths streams of lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black, indented sides, into the boiling mass below. Streams of lava from smaller craters in vigorous action higher up the sides of the great gulf, rolled down into the lake, and mingled with the melted mass there, which, though thrown up by different apertures, had perhaps been originally fused in one vast furnace.

"At night, (he says farther on, page 217,) the agitated mass of liquid lava, like a flood of melted metal, raged with tumultuous whirl, and darting its fierce light athwart the midnight gloom, unfolded a scene terrible and sublime beyond all we had yet seen. The living flame that danced over its undulated surface, tinged with sulphureous blue, or glowing with mineral red, cast a broad glare of dazzling light on the indented sides of the insulated carter, from whose roaring mouths, amidst rising flames, and eddying streams of fire, shot up, at frequent intervals, with loudest detonations, spherical masses of fusing lava, or bright ignited stones. The dark, bold outline of the perpendicular and jutting rocks around, formed a striking contrast with the lakes below, whose vivid rays, thrown on the rugged promontories, and reflected by the overhanging clouds, combined to complete the awful grandeur of the imposing scene. * *

"The natives sat most of the night talking of the achievements of Pele, and regarding with a superstitious fear, at which we were not surprised, the brilliant exhibition. They considered it the primeval abode of their volcanic deities. The conical craters, (they said,) were their houses, where they frequently amused themselves by playing at *Konane*, (a game of draughts.) The roaring of the furnaces, the crackling of the flames, were the *kani* of their *hula*, (the music of their dances,) and the red, flaming surge was the *suri* where they played, sportively swimming on the rolling wave. * *

"From their accounts we learned that it had been burning *mai ka po mai*, from chaos till now; and had overflowed some part of the country during the reign of every king that had governed Hawaii; that in earlier ages it used to boil up, and overflow its banks, and inundate the adjacent country; but that for many kings' reigns it had kept below the level of the surrounding plain, continually extending its surface, and increasing its depth, and occasionally throwing up, with violent explosion, huge rocks, or red-hot stones. These eruptions were always accompanied with dreadful earthquakes, loud claps of thunder, with vivid and quick succeeding lightning. No great explosion, (they added,) had taken place since the days of Keona, a part of whose forces, while going to war, met here with a sudden and awful destruction. But many places near the sea had since been overflowed, on which occasions they supposed Pele went by a road under ground from her house in the crater to the shore. * *

Every reader of the Herald is familiar with Mr. Coan's graphic account of the eruption lower down in Puna, in 1840; when night was converted into day on all eastern Hawaii, and the brilliancy of the light was like a blazing firmament. Just before that eruption it is said the entire pit of the crater of Kilauea, about three miles long, and two or more broad, was one sea of fire. On the breaking out of the lava in Puna, it immediately subsided, and even the caldron sunk several hundred feet below its present surface, revealing vast caves and galleries by which the fused material had been drawn off. * *

I am informed by Mr. C. that in Puna there is an extinct crater (ten or twelve miles from Kilauea, nearly as deep, and

that there are to be met with all along in that region both sunken pits and conical mounds. They are all lateral craters to the great volcanic dome of Mauna Loa, which has been raised by successive eruptions 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. It had been thought by the Scientific Corps of the Exploring Squadron, and by most other observers up to a year ago, that while its fires should continue to burn, no eruption could take place from a point higher than Kilauea, which is estimated at about 4000 feet above the level of the sea. But the sudden lighting of a taper one night a year ago, upon the bare top of the monarch mountain itself, revealed the fallacy of such an opinion. A fiery river took its rise there, which Messrs. Coan and Paris explored a couple of months after, till they found it disembogued and lost under ground in some ancient caves and galleries.

Earthquakes and volcanoes, which are only held in abeyance by the arm of Omnipotence, from their destined work of the world's destruction, are not to be dictated to by man, nor to have their laws clearly ascertained, or the places and times at which they shall or shall not break forth, declared beforehand. This is a province of knowledge which God keeps very much to himself. He only knows the treasures of fire kept in store, and pent-up in the bowels of the earth, and constituting there

"A capacious reservoir of means,
Formed for his use, and ready at his will;"

and waiting only his nod to leap out and wrap in fiery ruin, earth, air and sea. *The deep places of the earth are the Lord's.*

"She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his feet.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
For he has touched them. From the extremest point
Of elevation down into the abyss.
His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt,
The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise.
What solid was, by transformation strange,
Grows fluid; and the fixed and rooted earth.
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl,
Sucks down its prey insatiate."—COWPER.

—Hilo Hawaii.

H. T. C.

DUELLING.

(From the Louisville Examiner.)

The death of George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia, occasioned deep regret among a large circle of friends.

We knew him in other days. He was no ordinary man. His mind was unusually clear and strong, and had no adverse circumstances occurred, he would have been an ornament to society, and an honour to the nation.

But it was in private life he charmed. So simple, so kind, so true! We never knew a more generous man; he was wholly disinterested, and knew how to sacrifice with a grace which won him the love of friends, and respect of acquaintances.

In an evil hour he was tempted, acting upon false notions of honour, to peril his life and the life of another. His antagonist fell. From that hour he was an altered man; he knew no peace; and to drown the bitter thought, that he was a murderer, he sull'd his soul still deeper in crime by drinking to excess! And in early life he was taken from us, a debased and self-blighted man!

Yet how like him was the last act of his life. This little paragraph below, inserted in newspapers without comment, and glanced at by the readers, possibly without thought, tells, at once, the rectitude of his intentions, and his own estimation of the depth of his crime.

"George C. Dromgoole, in his will, gave all his property to the children of the individual who fell by his hand in a duel."

It has fallen to our lot, in days when we thought duelling no sin, if we could be said to have thought about it at all, to meet with many, to know well some, who had killed their men. We never knew one who lived in peace after the murder; we know only two who survive, and they are sots.

The first time we were called upon to witness a duel, was in Augusta, Georgia, in 1829. We were just entering manhood. We knew them well. They were stationed at their places, and at the word "fire," the elder of the two, a man of promise and place, fell dead. We saw him, saw his brother who gazed wildly into his pale face, just now so full of life, saw friends as they hurriedly took up his body, and bore him onward to his home.