

such a quantity of breath and strength for nothing, as the only thing to be seen is a large empty pit, where the fiery element has been long at rest.

The sides were clothed with shrubs and flowers, and festooned by the convolvulus, which twined about in every direction, waving from rock to rock, and lovingly embracing the rough limbs of the cactus, which here, in a native soil and climate, flourishes in great profusion.

Facing the sea, the sides of Diamond Head are steep and bald, and in every direction the views are very grand; the colour of the trees in the Pacific Islands, and here particularly, is of such a rich clear green that when under the full influence of the sun it becomes perfectly dazzling, and painful to the gazer.

A little beyond the Head lies the Punch-Bowl Hill, with a much more suspicious crater, and looking so uncertain that I involuntarily asked when the last eruption took

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