

man who carried the provisions, did not make his appearance—indeed it is very difficult except by literally driving them before you, to make the natives keep up with an active traveller. Thus I had to sup upon Taro Roots. Honori as I expected, did not come up. I had no view of the surrounding country for the region below, especially over the land, was covered with a thick layer of fleecy mist, and the cloud which always hovers above the great volcano, overhung the horizon, and rose into the air like a great tower. Sunset gave a totally different aspect to the whole, the fleecy clouds changed their hue to a vapoury tint, and the volume of mist above the volcanoes, which is silvery bright during the prevalence of sunshine, assumed a fiery aspect, and illumined the sky for many miles around. A strong north-west mountain breeze sprung up, and the stars, especially Canopus and Sirius, shone with unusual brilliancy. Never even under a tropical sky did I behold so many stars. Sheltered by a little brushwood, I lay down on the lava beside the fire, and enjoyed a good night's rest, while my attendants, swarmed together in a small cave, which they literally converted into an oven by the immense fire they kindled in it."

"Wednesday, January 29th.—The morning rose bright and clear, but cold, from the influence of a keen mountain breeze. As the man who carried the provisions was still missing, the preparation of breakfast occupied but little time, so that accompanied by the Bird Catcher and "Cutty Sark," I started at half past six for the summit of the mountain, leaving the others to collect fuel, and to look for water. Shortly before day-break the sky was exceedingly clear and beautiful, especially that part of the horizon where the sun rose, and above which the upper rim of his Disc was visible like a thread of gold, soon to be quenched in a thick haze, which was extended over the horizon. It were difficult, nay almost impossible to describe the beauty of the sky, and the glorious scenes of this day. The 'ava is terrible beyond description and our track lay over ledges of the roughest kind, in some places glassy and smooth like slag from the furnace, compact and heavy like basalt; in others tumbled into enormous mounds, or sunk in deep valleys, or rent into fissures, ridges, and clefts. This was at the verge of the snow—not twenty yards of the whole space could be called level or even. In every direction vast holes or mouths are seen, varying in size, form, and color, from ten to seventy feet high. The lava that has been vomited forth from