

A Volcano in the Sandwich Islands.

Mauna Loa, a volcano in Hawaii, was the scene, at the opening of 1866, of a most sublime spectacle. A grand eruption commenced near the top of the mountain, and after pouring out its burning floods for two days, ceased; but thirty-six hours after the eruption again appeared, about midway on the mountain side, sending up a column of lava about 100 feet in diameter, varying from 100 to 1000 feet in height, and continuing for twenty days and nights. The disgorge-ment from the mountain side was often with terrific explosions, which shook the hills and were heard for forty miles. This column of liquid fire was an object of surpassing brilliancy, of intense and awful grandeur. As the jet issued from the awful orifice, it was white heat; as it ascended higher and higher, it reddened like fresh blood, deep-ening its color, until, in its descent, much of it assumed the color of clotted gore.

In a few days it had raised a cone some three hundred feet high around the burning orifice, and as the showers of burning minerals fell in livid torrents upon the cone, it became one vast heap of glowing coals, flashing and quivering with restless action, and sending out the heat of ten thousand furnaces in full blast. The struggles in disgorg-ing the fiery masses, the upward rush of the column, the force which raised it one thousand vertical feet, and the continuous falling back of thousands of tons of mineral fusia into the throat of the crater, and over a cone of glowing minerals one mile in circumference, was a sight to inspire awe and terror, attended with explosive shocks which seemed to rend the mural ribs of the mountain. From this fountain a river of fire went rushing and leaping down the mountain with amazing velocity, filling up basins and ravines, dashing over precipices, and exploding rocks, until it reached the forests at the base of the moun-tain, where it burned its fiery way, consuming the jungle, evaporating the water of the streams and pools, cutting down the trees, and send- ing up clouds of smoke and steam and murky columns of fleecy wreaths to heaven.

All Eastern Hawaii was a sheen of light, and night was turned into day. So great was the illumination at night, that one could read without a lamp; and labor, travelling, and recreation might go on as in the daytime. Mariners at sea saw the light at two hundred miles distance. It was a pyrotechnical display more magnificent and mar-vellous than was ever made by any earthly monarch. The point from which the fire-fountain issued is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, thus making the igneous pillar a distinct object of observation along the whole eastern coast of Hawaii.

During the eruption, Rev. Mr. Coan made an excursion to the source. After three days of hard struggling in the jungle and over fields, ridges, and hills of bristling scoria, he arrived near sunset at the scene of action. All night long he stood as near to the glowing pillar as the vehement heat would allow, listening to the startling explosions and the awful roar of the molten column, as it rushed upward a thou- sand feet, and fell back in a fiery avalanche which made the mountain tremble. It was such a scene as few mortals ever witnessed. There was no sleep for the spectator. The fierce red glare, the subterraneous