

out here and there masses of black volcanic rock. Into cracks and caverns the heavy waves surged, sending the spray high up amongst the ferns and trailers.

On the summits of these cliffs were dense forests of the ohia, koa, ieie, mamane, mamaki, alii, and many other trees, crowded together and sheltering an almost endless variety of ferns and shrubs, encircling Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, two vast volcanic mountains, whose snow-capped peaks rise to nearly 14,000 feet.

We pass on, catching glimpses of native churches, villages, and sugar-plantations, their bright green vegetation looking most charming.

*Aug. 14th.*—Later in the day, we arrived and anchored in Byron's or Hilo Bay, a pretty crescent-shaped sheet of water, fringed all round the shore with cocoa-palms and other tropical foliage.

Hilo looks very pretty from the anchorage; its bay, said to be one of the most beautiful in the Pacific, is a semicircle of about two miles in extent; the native houses are half hidden by tall trees that spread their foliage about in all directions; and near the landing-place some white frame-houses and three church-spires are prominently seen.

Soon after our arrival I landed (not for the first time, for I was here in 1858) at a small pier run out through the surf for the convenience of passengers landing from the coasting steamer *Kilauea*.