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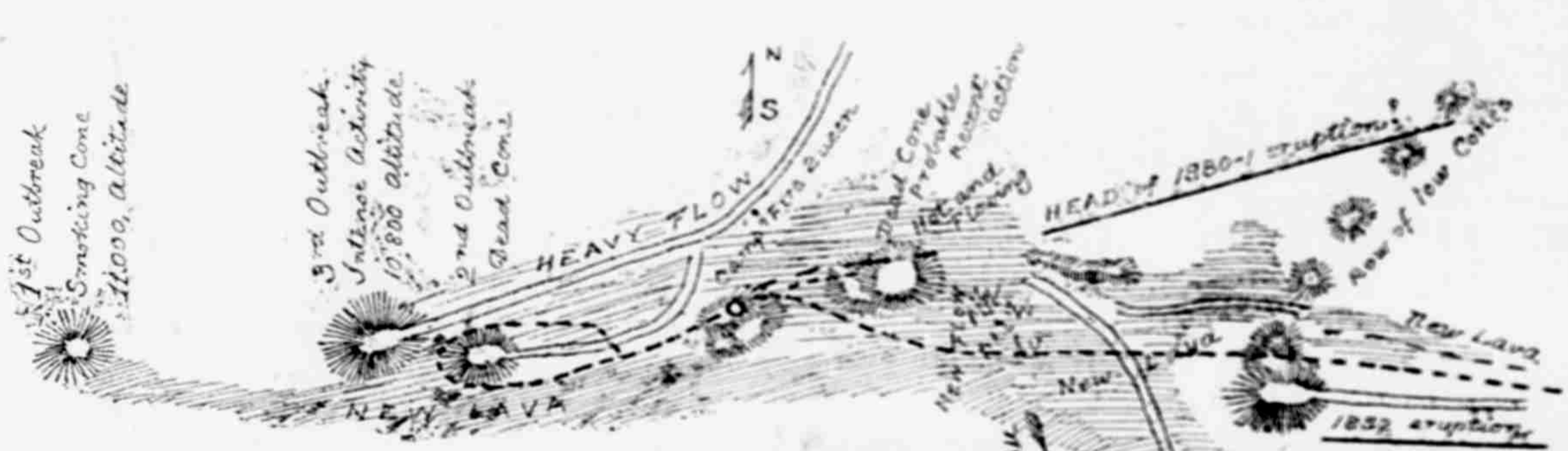
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MAP OF THE PRESENT LAVA FLOWS, PREPARED BY W. R. CASTLE.

KILAUEA, HAWAII, July 20, 1899.
—If one were a Dante it might be possible to give a faint idea of the grandeur and awful nature of a volcanic eruption viewed from the source. Ordinary English will have to take his place, and, reinforced by a diagram, possibly an idea may be conveyed.

Leaving the Kilauea Volcano House our party, consisting of nine tourists, two guides and two horse-tenders, thirteen in all, started about 9 o'clock on Friday morning, the 14th. Passing mauka of Kulani Hill through the beautiful Koa forest into Waiakea, we reached, just before nightfall, a quiet and secluded grove near the flow of 1881. Here we camped. It had rained nearly all day, so that everything was obscured and no idea could be formed of the character, extent or change of the eruption. During the night it cleared and the glow of the fire fountains twenty miles away illumined our shelter with a lurid glare.

An early start Saturday morning brought us out on the 1881 flow, and for two hours we wound our way among the hummocks or picked out a dubious course in the rough country adjoining the south edge, till we reached the point of contact between the flows of 1852 and 1881. It seemed cruel to have our animals slip and stumble over the broken and dangerous flow any longer, so, leaving horses, mules and tenders, just enough food and drink was carried along for sustenance, and we started on foot to finish the long climb. Our camp was at an elevation of 5,900 feet. Without detailing the weary hours of struggle upward, we arrived at the terminal cone of the 1852 eruption about 5:30 o'clock and suddenly came in view of a fire fountain two miles west. All fatigue was forgotten, and we eagerly hurried forward. The first new lava was reached just east of the 1852 cone. It is broken, ragged and frothy, and probably constitutes what was called the Kau flow. It may have emerged from the first cone of this eruption and, flowing east, ran to the north of the 1852 cone and stopped. Passing over this cone, we came at once to fresh, hot lava and found a channel running about east southeast which appeared to go over the crest to the south toward Kapapala. But the whole country is covered with fresh lava, which became very much tangled among the numerous old and new cones. As nightfall came down we reached an old cone nearly a mile east of the spouting lava and directly facing it, so concluded to establish "Camp Fire Queen" there. Establishing a camp was a very simple operation! It consisted of laying down our canteens and short rations, wrapping ourselves in blankets and sitting or standing, or anything else to keep warm. It was bitterly cold, and during the night we all crawled over some silted steam cracks, preferring the dampness with genial warmth to the biting wind. My aneroid registered about 10,750 feet altitude. Now and then a heavy thud deep under our heads kept us reminded of the fact that a live volcano was not far below. One can not well imagine without having seen the weird and awe-inspiring surroundings. Not a particle of vegetation, not even a moss, nothing but desolation—grim and hideous suggestions of death. There was no opportunity for dullness or weariness, for there, just before us, was the brilliant never-ceasing fountain of fire. Away to the right, running off to the northeast, was a river of fire. It is so deep in its banks that nothing could be seen from our camp except the long line of glowing color above. All night the surging, rushing, roaring thunder of the fire fountains filled the air. Occasionally it would be thrown to a height of two hundred feet or more, and immense flakes fell over the sides and rolled down in all directions.

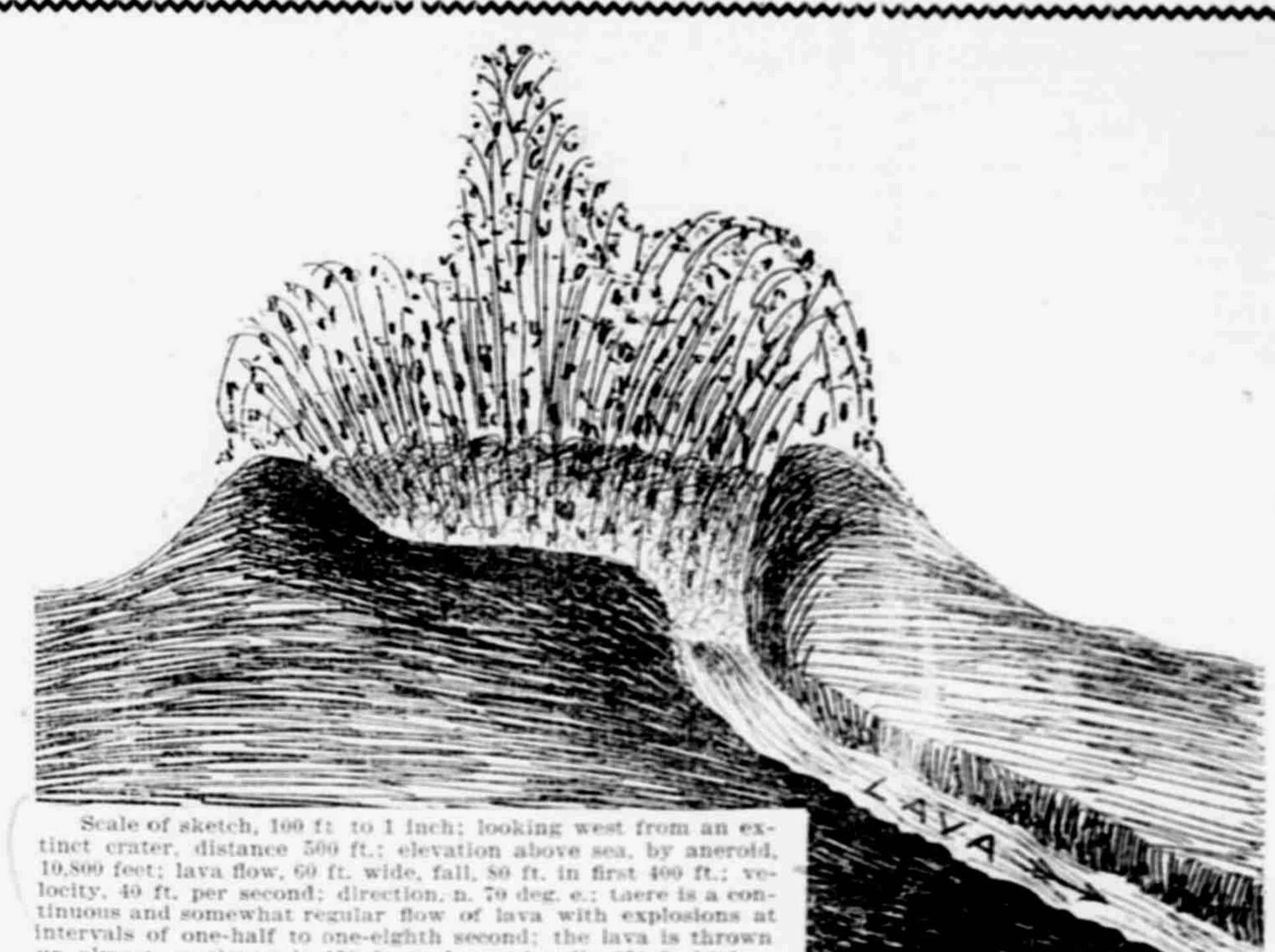
In the early morning we broke camp and started for the fire cone over new and hot lava of indescribable roughness. Passing just south of a dead cone of very recent action and coming to its west side, suddenly we faced, only five hundred feet away, the whole glowing, waving mass of fire! The ground shook and trembled. The wonder of it all is that so close an approach could be made with safety, for comparatively speaking, it was safe, though possibly that locality is now overflowed or caved in. The heat was so intense that it was necessary to shield the face. The cone has evidently been built up by the falling lava. It is perhaps 150 feet in height on the north side; considerably lower on the other. A very deep trough, perhaps thirty feet wide at the bottom, opens to the northeast, or, rather, more easterly. The cone is probably two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet across the top and is filled with a restless, surging mass of white-hot lava, always leaping into the air, sometimes rising to a height of two hundred feet. Explosions are continuous. Now and then a heavy volume of white smoke is literally shot into the air. It is always rising and rolling away, covering the island with a thin, vapor-like pall. Fascinating as was the view through the gap into the cone, the sight of the river of fire is not less wonderful. It rushes through the opening as if shot from a cannon and, plunging over a fall of perhaps twenty feet, continues madly down the mountain side through a deep channel at a terrific speed. The flow was nearly as liquid in appearance as water. The run and push

what was before us, I believe that all of our estimates are below the truth rather than excessive. Think of it, in two seconds an acre of ground would be covered a foot deep with lava. Sometimes the flow would abate for a few seconds, lowering the depth so that it was evident that ten feet deep was not too much. Such lulls were followed by a waving flood of fire which nearly filled the whole channel; subsiding, interesting effects were instantly seen in the covered channel across. Stalactites formed before the rush wholly dropped, and in a moment they could be seen hanging from the roof still dripping but all bent down stream.

Leaving the fire fountains after an hour, we returned to camp and took a breakfast of hardtack, canned chicken and cold water. It was good, for we were all hot then. At 8 o'clock we began the return journey, and found that lava had run out of a wide crack that crossed the north side of our camping ground. This crack was in line with the cones and probably represents the weak place which has burst from the pressure from below. A little further east, still on this fracture and along cones which probably represent scenes of former eruptions, possibly 1855-56 and 1880-81, as well as centers of this eruption, we found a confused mass of new and old lava, great heat and the only spot where sulphur has come out in quantity and crystallized. A very pretty mass was found on the side of a deep breakdown. Our guide thought it unsafe to continue further in that direction, so the party separated, two of them taking one guide, to

follow down the flow toward Mauna Kea, the rest of us retracing our steps and going south of the cone next east of "Camp Fire Queen." To our surprise, we found lava flowing south at a sluggish pace along the east slope of that cone and filling the space between that and an old cone easterly. It had not crossed our path of the evening before, but has ere this. At first it seemed as if another vent had opened, but as there is no eruptive action probably this flow comes out of the river running toward Mauna Kea. If it continues it will not take long for it to push over the edge of the flat a half mile away and run down the mountain side toward the half-way house, or possibly nearer to Kilauea. But the action is not suggestive of great development that way. The flow seems to have scented down to business toward the interior of the island. On the way down it could be seen pouring into the "middle ground," or Alahou. It must be at least fifteen miles away from the source, and, while the present course is toward Hilo, yet there is much flat country to be filled before it is likely to push over the edge and run down-hill. It certainly is a pity that it can't content itself with covering worthless land instead of destroying the rich, wooded country on the easterly slope of the island. The impression is strong in my mind that this eruption and flow lack something of the force and volume of those of 1855-56 and 1880-81, and that it will cease before doing much damage. Still, everything is conjecture. Certainly the

(Continued on Page 2.)



ACTIVE CRATER ON MAUNA LOA, JULY 16th, 1899.

made it roll into immense billows like the rapids at Niagara or like the waves of the sea. The engineer of our party estimated that the channel was fifty feet wide, that the flowing mass was ten feet deep and moved at the rate of forty feet in a second. The bank opposite, which we could see, was deeply undermined, perhaps ten feet. If so, why not on our side, too? Supposing it should cave in. Such exciting thoughts did not, however, prevent careful and conservative estimates of

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