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CONDITIONS.

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MISCELLANY.

VOLCANO OF KIRAUAE.

On Wednesday the 29th, after an early breakfast our party, excepting Lieutenant Malden, who was ill, Mr. Dimpier, who remained to take sketches, and Mr. Ruggles, who chose to satisfy his curiosity above, prepared for a descent into the crater...

This lava is formed wholly of scoria and lava, mostly burned to a scinder, and is every where intersected with deep crevices and chasms, from many of which light vapour and smoke, on from others a scalding steam issue emitted.

Leaving the sulphur banks, on the eastern side, we directed our course under the northern to the western cliffs. As we advanced, these became more and more perpendicular till they presented a bare and upright face of an immense wall, from eight to ten hundred feet high, on whose surface huge stones and rocks hung, apparently, so loosely as to threaten falling at the slightest puff of wind.

We then came to spot, on the western side, where the ledge widened many hundred feet, and terminated on the side next the crater, no as in most places, perpendicularly, but in a vast heap of broken cakes and blocs of lava loose-

ly piled together as they had been shattered from above in the quakings of the mountain, and jutting off to the bottom in a frightful mass of ruin. Here we had been informed, the descent into the bottom of the crater could be most easily made, but without a guide, were at a loss what course to take, till we unexpectedly descried a gentleman who had preceded us reascending. They dissuaded us most strenuously from proceeding further but their lively representations of the difficulty and dangers of the way, only strengthened the resolution of Lord B. to go down, and knowing that the crater had been crossed at this end, we hastened on, notwithstanding the refusal of the guide to return with us.

It is difficult to say whether sentiments of admiration or terror predominate, on reaching this tremendous spot. As I looked up at the gigantic wall, which on every side rose to the very sky around me, I felt oppressed for a moment, by a sense of confinement to a most unpleasant degree. Either from the influence of imagination, or from the actual effect of the intense power of a vertical sun, added to the heated and sulphureous atmosphere of the volcano itself, I experienced an agitation of spirits, and a difficulty of respiration, which made me cast a look of wishful anxiety to our hut, which at an elevation of 1500 feet seemed like a bird's nest on the opposite side of the cliff.

We had not proceeded far before our path was intersected by a chasm at least 30 feet wide, and of a greater depth than we could ascertain, at the nearest distance we dared approach it. The only alternative was to return, or follow its course till it terminated or became narrow enough to be crossed. We chose the latter, but soon met an equally formidable barrier in a current of smoke, so highly impregnated with suffocating gas, as not to allow of respiration. While hesitating what to do, we perceived this to be swept off occasionally, by an eddy of air in a direction opposite to that in which it generally settled, and watching an opportunity when our way was thus made clear, we held our breath and ran as rapidly as the dangerous character of the ground would permit till we gained a place beyond its ordinary course.

We were at an inconsiderable distance from one of the largest conical craters whose furious action had so greatly impressed our minds during the night, and we hastened to a near examination of it. So prodigious an engine I never expect again to behold. On reaching its base, we judged it to be 150 feet high—a huge, irregularly shapen inverted funnel of lava covered with clefts and orifices from which bodies of steam escaped with deafening explosions, while pale flames, ashes, stones and lava were propelled, with equal force and noise, from its ragged and yawning mouth. The whole formed so singular and terrific an object, that though my drawing book had accidentally been left with my boy who was unwilling to descend from the ledge with us, in order to secure a hasty sketch of it, I permitted the other gentlemen to go a few yards nearer than I did while I occupied myself with a pen-

cal on a rough piece of blotting paper brought by one of the party to wrap round the more delicate specimens we might collect. Lord Byron and his servant ascended the cone several feet, but found the heat too great to remain longer than to detach, with their sticks, a piece or two of recent lava, burning hot.

So highly was our admiration excited by the scene, that we forgot the danger to which we might be exposed should a change take place in the currents of destructive vapours which exist in a greater or less degree in every part of the crater, till Mr. Davis, after two or three ineffectual intimations of the propriety of an immediate departure, warned us in a decided tone not only as a private friend, but as a professional gentleman, of the peril of our situation—assuring us, that the inspirations of the air by which we might be surrounded, would prove fatal to every one of us. We felt the truth of the assertion, and notwithstanding the desire we had of visiting a similar cone, covered with a beautiful incrustation of sulphur, the distance of a few hundred yards only from where we then were, we hastily took the speediest course from so dangerous a spot.

The ascent of the ledge was not less difficult than the descent had been, and for the last few yards was almost perpendicular, but we all succeeded in gaining its top in safety, not far from the path where we had in the morning descended the upper cliff. We reached the hut about 2 o'clock, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and had immediate reason to congratulate ourselves on it most narrow escape from suffering an extreme danger, if not from death. On turning round, we perceived the whole chasm to be filling with thick sulphureous smoke, and with in half an hour, it was completely choked with it, so that not an object below us was visible. Even in the unconfined region above the air became so oppressive as to make us think seriously of a precipitate retreat.

This continued to be the case for the greater part of the afternoon. A dead calm took place both within and without the crater; and from the diminution of noise and the various signs of action, the volcano itself seemed to be resting from its labours. Towards evening the smoke again rolled off to the south before a fresh breeze, and every thing assumed its ordinary aspect. At this time Lord Malden notwithstanding his indisposition, succeeded in getting sufficient data to calculate the height of the upper cliff. He made it 900 feet, agreeing with the measurement of some of our astronomer's assistants before. If his be correct it is judged that the ledge cannot be less than 600 feet above the bottom, thus making the whole depth of the crater, that which I have stated in the preceding pages to be 1500 feet. On similar grounds its circumference at the bottom has been estimated at a distance of 10 to 5 to 7 miles, and at its top from 8 to 10. Greatly to our regret, we found it would be necessary to set off on our return early the next morning, all the provisions for the natives being entirely expended. We could have poised a week here with undiminished interest, and wished to remain at least one day longer, to visit the sulphur banks on the eastern side, which abound with beautiful crystallizations, and to make researches on the summit. We would have been glad also, to have added to the variety of specimens we had already collected, especially of the volcanic spines, and capillary volcanic glass, not found on the side of the crater where we encamped. But it was impossible, and we made preparations for an early departure.

The splendid illuminations of the preceding evening were again lighted up with the closing of the day, and after enjoying their beauty for two or three hours, with renewed delight, we sought repose which the fatigue of the morning had rendered highly desirable. The chattering of the islanders around our cabin, and the occasional sound of voices in protracted conversation among our own numbers had, however, hardly ceased long enough to admit of sound sleep, when the volcano again began roaring and laboring with redoubled activity. The confusion of noises was prodigiously great. In addition to all we had before heard, there was an angry muttering and rumbling from the very bowels of the abyss, accompanied, at intervals, by what appeared the desperate efforts of some gigantic power struggling for deliverance. These sounds were not fixed or confined to one place, but rolled from one end of the center to the other, sometimes seeming to be immediately under us, when a sensible tremor of the ground on which we lay, took place, and then again rushing to the farthest other extremity, with incalculable velocity. The whole air was filled with the tumult, and even those most soundly asleep, were quickly roused by it to thorough wakefulness. Every motion momentarily increased, and Lord B. springing up in his cot exclaimed, "We shall certainly have an eruption—such power must burst through every thing." He had scarcely ceased speaking when a dense column

of black smoke, was seen rising from the crater directly in front of us—the subterranean struggle at the same time ceased, and immediately after, flames burst from a large cone, near which we had been in the morning, and which then appeared to have been long inactive. Red-hot stones, cinders and ashes were also propelled with immense violence to a great height, and shortly after, the molten lava boiled over and flowed down the sides of the cone, and on the surrounding scoria, in two beautiful curved streams, glittering with indescribable brilliance.

A whole lake of fire also opened in a more distant part. This could not have been less than two miles in circumference and its action was more horribly sublime than anything I ever imagined to exist, even in the iller visions of unearthly things. Its surface had all the agitation of an ocean—billow after billow, tossed its monstrous bosom in the air, and occasionally, those from the opposite direction met, with such violence as to dash the fire spray, in concussion, forty or fifty feet high. It was at once the most splendid, beautiful and dreadfully fearful spectacle, and irresistibly hurried the thoughts to that lake of fire from whence the smoke of torment ascended for ever and ever! No work of Ham who had the formation of the earth ever brought to my mind the awful revelations of his word with such overwhelming impressions: "Truly with God is terrible majesty—let all the nations say unto God, How terrible art thou in thy works."

Under the name of Pale (pay-lay) this volcano, as you may have seen, stated in the Missionary Herald, was one of the most distinguished Gods of Hawaii. Its terrific features are well suited to the character and abode of an unpropitious demon, and few works in nature would be more likely to impose thoughts of terror on the ignorant and superstitious, or from their destructive ravages, sooner lead to sacrifices of propitiation and peace. It is now rapidly losing its power over the minds of the people. Not one of the large number, in our company seemed to be at all apprehensive of it as a supernatural being.

After an almost sleepless night we early turned our faces homeward, not without many a lingering look behind, even from the very entrance of our path. It was precisely 6 o'clock when the list of our party left the boat. Never was there a more delightful morning. The atmosphere was perfectly clear, and the air, with the thermometer, at 56°, equalized, pure and bracing. A splendid assembly of strong and beautifully contrasted colours glowed around us. The bed of the crater, still covered with the broad shadows of the eastern banks, was of jetty blackness. The reflection of the early sun added a deep redness to those opposite showed here and there a tinge of vermilion, while the body of smoke rising between them, hung in thick drapery of pearl whiteness against the deep azure of the Southern sky. Mount Koa and Mount Kea in full view in the west and north, were richly clothed in purple, while the long line of intervening forests—the level over which we were passing, and the precipice by which it was encrested, thickly covered with trees and shrubbery, exhibited an equally bright and lively green.

On gaining the top of the first precipice, the surrounding scenery was so strikingly beautiful, that though most of the gentlemen had preceded me, I stopped long enough to secure the outlines of a drawing. We walked rapidly during the morning, and by 12 o'clock reached the houses built for our accommodation, half way between the harbor and volcano. We determined to spend the night at this place. After dinner a native dance was performed similar to that witnessed on our way up the mountain on Monday—after which we retired early to rest—set off before day-light the next morning, and reached the bay in safety at 1 o'clock on Friday.

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM. EDUCATION.

A little money is a good thing in the outset of life if a person have wisdom to make a prudent judicious use of it. But the head and the pocket must balance well—the scales must be equipoised—for if one or the other kicks the beam, a loss will in most cases ensue. If you have too little with the world will over-reach you; if too much, you will out-wit yourself. In either case, ten chances to one, your purse, or rather the contents of it, will slip through your fingers. Among the dancers to which hereditary wealth subjects us are pride, indolence, extravagance; and the smaller the portion of our inheritance, the more danger is there. But what is most extraordinary is that these very evils, are often nursed up in the same cradle with the child, cherished with his growth, and instilled into his habits as he passes through the routine of his education, by parental care, and misjudging affection.

Cornelia was an heiress. That is, she was worth some thousands of dollars—I never knew exactly the sum; common

report seldom speaks the whole truth in these matters, as it is rather unmercifully to inquire very particularly into a lady's fortune. She was indulged by her kind parents at home, and carressed by her kind friends abroad; sent to the most fashionable school; the mistress duly advised that she was a peculiarly delicate girl, with most exquisite sensibility, an unusual rare genius; and was to be treated with all becoming tenderness and consideration. There she learned a few of the useful and a great many of the ornamental branches taught in such seminaries; and was finally despatched to a boarding school to finish her education—a polite, fashionable, elegant education; with which the adjective "useful" as usual, had very little, if any thing to do.

She was now an accomplished lady; she understood French and painting; was versed in Belle Lettres; knew something of philosophy, natural and moral; had gone the round of the sciences; wrote poetry; kept an Album; understood music, and was finally fitted out with a fine parlour and a piano. "What a fine lady; said the wondering villagers, how fashionable, how perfectly genteel."

It was even so; and the first difficulty which rose, was about the choice of the very vexatious, but a still less necessary evil—husbands. The pretty girl, who has the whole world of her eyes to choose from, sometimes finds it difficult to make a perfectly unobjectionable choice. It was not then to be wondered at that Cornelia should be embarrassed in making a selection; for she was circumscribed in her sphere by the very small compass of perfectly genteel people like herself. Such an one, with a good substantial fortune too, was to be sought. Her stars favoured her at last, however, and she was married to a young gentleman as accomplished as herself; one who had as many "obedies as his fingers" ends as buttons on his coat—An A. B. and a profession; who drove a phaeton with one hand; winged a pigeon at every shot; and drank nothing but Madeira.

It was said the young gentleman and lady were each a little disappointed in the matter of the other's fortune; and that in the outset there was a trifling jar on the subject of finances; but Cornelia adhered to her piano, and Bob to his title and Madeira, and all went on quite amicably again. Neither of them had ever suffered so unmercifully a thought, as that if he was to get a living when their cash was gone, to get a head. But Fortune in all these cases, has a plain matter of fact way of dealing with even the most genteel people, and when they have spent their last dollar, just turns them out of house and home as unceremoniously as if they were no better than common folks. He never works a miracle to sustain those who never learned or had the disposition to work any thing themselves. And so it turned out in this case.

While the piano was in tune in the parlour, and every thing was out of tune in the kitchen; while the master drank Madeira and the stars and the servants were drunk with Cognac and best stouts; while in the midst of the best company, the best living, and dreaming of nothing but pleasure and amusement one of B's creditors poked his knuckles; the billiffs are an ill breed; they know just as much about gentility, and all that sort of thing, as a bear about a lady's toilet; and therefore, as might almost have been expected, the carpets, the plate, the sideboard, and even the piano was levied on.

Still, so far as physical ability was concerned, it was not too late perhaps to turn the current of affairs. There was a plain and ready remedy for the disease, even in its present state; an entire change of living and habits; economy for extravagance; and abstinence for indolence. But how hard is it for those who have been thus educated to change; how often is the moral ability, the will, wanting? And here it proved to be the case.

They struggled while to keep up appearances; and only sunk deeper in the end. Ten years after, they were almost forgotten. I made many enquiries after them among the villagers, and finally discovered that Robert and his wife had separated; that he had exchanged his dogs and gun for a tar hat and a blue jacket; was a wanderer of the sea; and the elegant and accomplished Cornelia, instead of thumbing a piano, was gaining a scanty subsistence at the spinning wheel.

So much for the story. Industry and virtue are the best leeches parents can bequeath their offspring; the only sure defences against misfortune.—Let those who are charged with the education of children beware, lest through an over anxiety to make them useful members of society; instead of making them respectable, make them proud; instead of cultivating their genius, lead them into indolence. I say beware.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, the other morning, that he thought his whiskers were unprofessional. "You're right," replies his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."