

down many a steep gulch. Strapped to the back of the carriage was a bag containing necessities for a night, in case accidents should happen to our conveyance, or perchance the steamer be delayed in starting, a very fortunate provision, as we found later on. Following us was a native boy on horseback, with a long, stout rope tied on his saddle, to do what the natives call "hookey up" the very steep hills, a most necessary adjunct to the party.

The air was fresh and cool when we started, and the dew was lying heavily on the grass and leaves, the mountains deep in purple shadow and white mist. We looked anxiously at the towering head of the Prophet, but he did not say rain, so we drove across the meadow-like compound, and turned into the long red road with easy minds.

The road itself was an excellent one, but a little tiresome at first, for, in the short distance of a mile after we left our gate, we went up and down no less than five gulches. All along our journey the mountains towered on our right hand, and the broad Pacific glowed and sparkled on the left. The road was not shady, except at intervals, but the large clumps of Panhala trees, growing closer to each other as they approached the mountains, made a refreshing vista of green leaves for the eye to rest on. Some four miles from our gate we entered a magnificent grove of ku-kui trees, which stretched for miles on either side of the road. The trees were the largest I saw on the islands, the leaves of a delicate pea-green, and something the same shape as a maple; their great roots lay on the surface of the ground, all gnarled and twisted for yards in every direction, reminding one of the famous oaks of old England. This ku-kui grove was an unending source of pleasure to us, as our visitors always admired it so much, and the shade was delightful after driving along the dusty high-road; and by turning off towards the sea one could imagine oneself in a lovely park, driving here, there, and everywhere amongst these noble trees, casting flickering shadows, and always opening fresh avenues, with a glimpse of the sea beyond. Only one native hut was to be seen, not far from the steep bank, down which a road, or rather footpath, led to a white, sandy beach, curved in the hollow of the rocks; deserted, but apparently keeping jealous watch over a large native tomb, which was much like a cairn, made of rough stones heaped together, a small stone wall surrounding it and the hut. No native will willingly remain in a hut where a death has taken place, and for that reason, when one of a family may be sick unto death, he or she is taken outside to breathe their last; but if such a ceremony is not possible, the hut is almost invariably deserted by all, the grave made near at hand, and avoided in consequence of fear of evil spirits.

Passing through the cool shade of the grove we emerged into the brilliant sunshine again, and sea and mountains once more came into view. On the right hand rose a green hill, quite alone and distinct, called the Round hill, from its conical form, from the top of which a wonderfully beautiful bird's-eye view of the surrounding country could be attained, with the Plantation and old Crater lying peacefully together. Now the road wound down into a valley called Anahola, where was a flourishing rice plantation, cultivated by the ubiquitous Chinaman, passing on the way the hut, nestled in among some magnificent mangoe trees, of an old chieftainess, of very high rank, who rarely left her dwelling. When other high dignitaries came to Kauai, however, they always paid her a visit. I saw Her Highness once, and she looked uncommonly dirty and untidy.

We presently found ourselves near the tremendously steep gulch of Molowaa, a really terrific descent and ascent, the terror of any person of a nervous disposition. At the time I speak of we had to go down this formidable hill with brakes held back, and at a slow pace; just at the foot a very awkward turn in the road made it doubly dangerous. Since then a stage with four horses, and full of passengers, went crashing over the bank, killing a child and inflicting bruises and broken bones on the others. The turn in the road brought us down on the sea shore, and after toiling through the heavy sand, a ford had to be crossed, where the current ran up in a rushing stream, which thus made a terrible shifting quicksand. The native who was riding behind dashed into the water at once, to try the best footing for the mules; he waved his hand to indicate our course, the mules were urged in. I heard my husband's voice encouraging them on, and go on they did. The next moment we seemed to be floating in the sea; still the shouts went on, and the good animals responded famously. The waters poured over the floor of the carriage, but we had taken the precaution of tucking our feet up on the opposite seat, so were none the worse. In the middle of the roaring of the current, the shouting voices, and the labouring of the mules, who were half swimming, I opened my eyes for a second, and saw a white helmet floating on the water: in the excitement of the moment it had tumbled off the coachman's head, but in some unexplained fashion he made a dive at it and reclaimed it, dripping wet, but still useful. A moment or two more and with a final rush up the opposite bank we were landed safely on the beach in front of us. Since our expedition a bridge has been built inland, which has done away with the necessity of crossing the quicksand, so that visitors nowadays have nothing of the excitement attendant on that part of the drive.

The plains spread out before us were very beautiful; the deep shadows of the mountains lying green and cool, and large herds of cattle grazing, gave life to the picture. We travelled on presently, pointing out to our friend the perfectly round hole which appeared to be cut in the rock as cleanly as though with a knife, and telling him the tradition attached to it, which was to the effect that once, in olden times, the chief of Ohau was at enmity with the chief of Kauai, and as neither could settle their disputes in the ordinary way, the chief of Kauai threw his spear at his opponent in Ohau, and the latter, infuriated, threw his spear with all his strength at Kauai. So great and deadly was the aim, that the spear cut through the mountain rock, making a perfectly circular hole, which remains to this day as a mark of the prowess of the chiefs of that time. Truly,

there were giants in those days! The blue sky has a strange effect, shining through the small hole, which always looks the same, and catches one's attention at once. A low stone fence divided part of one pasture from the other, and by that we knew we had passed the boundaries of Molowaa and entered on the lands of the Kealia plantations, a magnificent estate, comprising splendid fields of cane, and large herds of cattle. We passed quite through the middle of a field of cane in full tassel, which is always a pretty season for the crop, each star waving its purple feathers in the slightest breeze.

The road ran under the great water flumes which carried the cane down to the mill, and also under the remains of an experiment in the shape of some wonderful baskets swung on endless wires, which were supposed to have solved the question as to the best method of sending the cane direct from the fields to the mills. It proved the reverse of labour-saving, and very expensive, the cane having to be cut into exact lengths to fit the baskets; whereas all lengths can be sent floating down the water-flumes, and the trifling loss of the saccharine matter by immersion in the water is more than counterbalanced by the expense of time and labour of the other method. The cost of putting up the "Wire Tramway" was enormous, and though a thorough trial had been given to test its merits, it was pronounced not a success. We drew up at the entrance of a pretty little garden, brilliant with blossoms of every hue, and a lovely shrubbery inside the fence; it was the Parsonage of the first Anglican Church in Kauai, and though the service was only held in a large upper room over the plantation carpenter's shop, still it was none the less a church, and the congregation, as a rule, was very good.

The pastor was a wonderful gardener, and everything he took in charge seemed to grow, when none else could make progress. In a small piece of ground he grew vegetables of all kinds, and, as in most tropical climates, the seeds came up and bore fruit in such profusion that it was found impossible to consume the produce. As he was the only person who had vegetables for miles around, his neighbours were only too thankful to be able to relieve him of the superabundance. Our friend had married the very sweet sister of Bishop Willis, of Honolulu; they always showed us great kindness and hospitality, and on this occasion we were glad to take advantage of the luncheon ready for us. The cottage had a wide, shady verandah covered with that most prolific creeper, the purple passion flower; and openings had been cut in the masses of green leaves and tendril, so that one could look out over the bright little garden, flanked by handsome red Australian castor-oil trees, and catch a dazzling glimpse of the ocean. As in all houses in the island, the sitting-room was entered at once from the verandah, well protected from mosquitoes by the wire doors and windows. Matting and rugs covered the floors, and easy chairs, sofas, tables, large and small, bookcases well filled, with pictures on the walls, made it all look very pretty and homelike. The dining-room was a little detached from the house, with the kitchen beside, where the Chinaman, when he chooses, can make the plainest food palatable. The pastor also possessed two cows, and was very proud of the fresh, sweet butter churned, often by his own hand, for himself and his friends, by whom it was much appreciated; for, except on the ranches, butter is bad, tinned, and almost impossible to procure.

We still had some four miles to go, so we said "Alohas" many, and left to catch our steamer at Hanamaulu, where we supposed it to be waiting. Judge, however, of our dismay when we learned on our arrival that the boat would leave from Nawiliwili Bay the next afternoon. Nothing for it now but to follow the Island custom and beg hospitality from the next planter's house, which we did; and, after driving through cane-fields, and following the road immediately through the plantation, we found ourselves driving up a magnificent avenue of royal palms, whose feathery branches almost formed an arch, which led us to a fine modern house, with immense verandahs and large, handsome rooms in suites. This house was built almost on the same site as one of the first mission houses, but that must indeed have been a contrast to the present one. Only the host himself was to be found, his wife and family having gone to Honolulu; but we were installed in a huge bedroom, with every luxury of carpets, curtains, books, ornaments, etc., and with a sitting-room opening from it; and after a rest—for which I was profoundly grateful—we had a substantial supper, served in a dining-room all furnished and made of polished woods, and were waited on by a comical-looking little Japanese. A walk in the garden the next morning brought new beauties to light. Our friends were evidently fond of flowers, for there was an immense variety, and all cultivated to perfection. Such pink geraniums I have never seen; the roses were like trees covered with blossoms, and the Norwegian pines, rearing their dark green branches amongst all the delicate loveliness of blossom and colour, heightened the effect. The verandah pillars were wreathed in creepers of every hue, and altogether it was such a garden as one could seldom see.

There were a number of small cottages scattered about in the grounds, for the purpose of putting up friends when the house was full—a truly Island custom, and one that might be adopted by those who like to have a country house full. The cottages have sometimes two rooms, and occasionally a bath-room, with a verandah to each house, so that hosts and guests are at times quite independent of each other.

Before we started once more to join the steamer our kind host brought us in some ripe pineapples, cut in the correct fashion, or rather pulled in rough pieces from the centre with a fork. They certainly tasted delicious, and were cut from a huge bed which was planted on a rugged hill-side, with the sandy soil that pineapples there flourish in. At Kona, on Hawaii, the pineapples grow in such extraordinary profusion on a dry sand-bank close to the sea that an excellent canning establishment was begun and flourished there for some time. At last we said farewell to our kind friends