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LEGENDS OF GODS AND GHOSTS (HAWAIIAN MYTHOLOGY)

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Содержание

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KE-ALOHI-LANI

INTRODUCTION

The legends of the Hawaiian Islands are as diverse as those of any country in the world. They are also entirely distinct in form and thought from the fairy-tales which excite the interest and wonder of the English and German children. The mythology of Hawaii follows the laws upon which all myths are constructed. The Islanders have developed some beautiful nature-myths. Certain phenomena have been observed and the imagination has fitted the story to the interesting object which has attracted attention.

Now the Rainbow Maiden of Manoa, a valley lying back of Honolulu, is the story of a princess whose continual death and resurrection were invented to harmonize with the formation of a series of exquisite rainbows which are born on the mountain-sides in the upper end of the valley and die when the mist clouds reach the plain into which the valley opens. Then there were the fish of the Hawaiian Islands which vie with the butterflies of South America in their multitudinous combinations of colors. These imaginative people wondered how the fish were painted, so for a story a battle between two chiefs was either invented or taken as a basis. The chiefs fought on the mountain-sides until finally one was driven into the sea and compelled to make the deep waters his continual abiding-place. Here he found a unique and pleasant occupation in calling the various kinds of fish to his

submarine home and then painting them in varied hues according to the dictates of his fancy. Thus we have a pure nature-myth developed from the love of the beautiful, one of the highest emotions dwelling in the hearts of the Hawaiians of the long ago.

So, again, Maui, a wonder-working hero like the Hercules of Grecian mythology, heard the birds sing, and noted their beautiful forms as they flitted from tree to tree and mingled their bright plumage with the leaves of the fragrant blossoms.

No other one of those who lived in the long ago could see what Maui saw. They heard the mysterious music, but the songsters were invisible. Many were the fancies concerning these strange creatures whom they could hear but could not see. Maui finally pitied his friends and made the birds visible. Ever since, man has been able to both hear the music and see the beauty of his forest neighbors.

Such nature-myths as these are well worthy of preservation by the side of any European fairy-tale. In purity of thought, vividness of imagination, and delicacy of coloring the Hawaiian myths are to be given a high place in literature among the stories of nature vivified by the imagination.

Another side of Hawaiian folk-lore is just as worthy of comparison. Lovers of "Jack-the-Giant-Killer," and of the other wonder-workers dwelling in the mist-lands of other nations, would enjoy reading the marvelous record of Maui, the skilful demi-god of Hawaii, who went fishing with a magic hook, and pulled up from the depths of the ocean groups of islands. This

story is told in a matter-of-fact way, as if it were a fishing-excursion only a little out of the ordinary course. Maui lived in a land where volcanic fires were always burning in the mountains. Nevertheless it was a little inconvenient to walk thirty or forty miles for a live coal after the cold winds of the night had put out the fire which had been carefully protected the day before. Thus, when he saw that some intelligent birds knew the art of making a fire, he captured the leader and forced him to tell the secret of rubbing certain sticks together until fire came.

Maui also made snares, captured the sun and compelled it to journey regularly and slowly across the heavens. Thus the day was regulated to meet the wants of mankind. He lifted the heavens after they had rested so long upon all the plants that their leaves were flat.

There was a ledge of rock in one of the rivers, so Maui uprooted a tree and pushed it through, making an easy passage for both water and man. He invented many helpful articles for the use of mankind, but meanwhile frequently filled the days of his friends with trouble on account of the mischievous pranks which he played on them.

Fairies and gnomes dwelt in the woodland, coming forth at night to build temples, massive walls, to fashion canoes, or whisper warnings. The birds and the fishes were capable and intelligent guardians over the households which had adopted them as protecting deities. Birds of brilliant plumage and sweet song were always faithful attendants on the chiefs, and able to

converse with those over whom they kept watch. Sharks and other mighty fish of the deep waters were reliable messengers for those who rendered them sacrifices, often carrying their devotees from island to island and protecting them from many dangers.

Sometimes the gruesome and horrible creeps into Hawaiian folk-lore. A poison tree figures in the legends and finally becomes one of the most feared of all the gods of Hawaii. A cannibal dog, cannibal ghosts, and even a cannibal chief are prominent among the noted characters of the past.

Then the power of praying a person to death with the aid of departed spirits was believed in, and is at the present time.

Almost every valley of the island has its peculiar and interesting myth. Often there is a historical foundation which has been dealt with fancifully and enlarged into miraculous proportions. There are hidden caves, which can be entered only by diving under the great breakers or into the deep waters of inland pools, around which cluster tales of love and adventure.

There are many mythological characters whose journeys extend to all the islands of the group. The Maui stories are not limited to the large island Hawaii and a part of the adjoining island which bears the name of Maui, but these stories are told in a garbled form on all the islands. So Pele, the fire-goddess, who dwelt in the hottest regions of the most active volcanoes, belongs to all, and also Kamapuaa, who is sometimes her husband, but more frequently her enemy. The conflicts between the two are often suggested by destructive lava flows checked by storms or

ocean waves. It cannot be suspected that the ancient Hawaiian had the least idea of deifying fire and water—and yet the continual conflict between man and woman is like the eternal enmity between the two antagonistic elements of nature.

When the borders of mist-land are crossed, a rich store of folk-lore with a historical foundation is discovered. Chiefs and gods mingle together as in the days of the Nibelungen Lied. Voyages are made to many distant islands of the Pacific Ocean, whose names are frequently mentioned in the songs and tales of the wandering heroes. A chief from Samoa establishes a royal family on the largest of the Hawaiian Islands, and a chief from the Hawaiian group becomes a ruler in Tahiti.

Indeed the rovers of the Pacific have tales of seafaring which equal the accounts of the voyages of the Vikings.

The legends of the Hawaiian Islands are valuable in themselves, in that they reveal an understanding of the phenomena of nature and unveil their early history with its mythological setting. They are also valuable for comparison with the legends of the other Pacific islands, and they are exceedingly interesting when contrasted with the folk-lore of other nations.

I

THE GHOST OF WAHAULA TEMPLE

Hawaiian temples were never works of art. Broken lava was always near the site upon which a temple was to be built. Rough unhewn stones were easily piled into massive walls and laid in terraces for altar and floors. Water-worn pebbles were carried from the nearest beach and strewn over the uneven floor, making a comparatively smooth place over which the naked feet of the temple dwellers passed without the injuries which would otherwise frequently come from the sharp-edged lava. Rude grass huts built on terraces were the abodes of the priests and of the high chiefs who sometimes visited the places of sacrifice. Elevated, flat-topped piles of stones were usually built at one end of the temple for the chief idols and the sacrifices placed before them. Simplicity of detail marked every step of temple erection.

No hewn pillars or arched gateways of even the most primitive designs can be found in any of the temples whether of recent date or belonging to remote antiquity. There was no attempt at ornamentation even in the images of the great gods which they worshipped. Crude, uncouth, and hideous were the images before which they offered sacrifice and prayer.

In themselves the heiaus, or temples, of the Hawaiian Islands have but little attraction. To-day they seem more like massive walled cattle-pens than places which had ever been used for sacred worship.

On the southeast coast of the island of Hawaii near Kalapana is one of the largest, oldest, and best preserved heiaus, or temples, in the Hawaiian Islands. It is no exception to the architectural rule for Hawaiian temples, and is worthy the name of temple only as it is intimately associated with the religious customs of the Hawaiians. Its walls are several feet thick and in places ten to twelve feet high. It is divided into rooms or pens, in one of which still lies the huge sacrificial stone upon which victims—sometimes human—were slain before the bodies were placed as offerings in front of the hideous idols leaning against the stone walls.

This heiau now bears the name Wahaula, or "red-mouth." In ancient times it was known as Ahaula, or "the red assembly," possibly denoting that at times the priests and their attendants wore red mantles in their processions or during some part of their sacred ceremonies.

This temple is said to be the oldest of all the Hawaiian heiaus —except possibly the heiau at Kohala on the northern coast of the same island. These two heiaus date back in tradition to the time of Paao, the priest from Upolu, Samoa, who was said to have built them. He was the traditional father of the priestly line which ran parallel to the royal genealogy of the Kamehamehas

during several centuries until the last high priest, Hewahewa, became a follower of Jesus Christ—the Saviour of the world. This was the last heiau destroyed when the ancient tabus and ceremonial rites were overthrown by the chiefs just before the coming of Christian missionaries. At that time the grass houses of the priests were burned and in these raging flames were thrown the wooden idols back of the altars and the bamboo huts of the soothsayers and the rude images on the walls, with everything combustible which belonged to the ancient order of worship. Only the walls and rough stone floors were left in the temple.

In the outer temple court was the most noted sacred grave in all the islands. Earth had been carried from the mountain-sides inland. Leaves and decaying trees added to the permanency of the soil. Here in a most unlikely place it was said that all the varieties of trees then found in the islands had been gathered by the priests—the descendants of Paao. To this day the grave stands by the temple walls, an object of superstitious awe among the natives. Many of the varieties of trees there planted have died, leaving only those which were more hardy and needed less priestly care than they received a hundred years or more ago.

The temple is built near the coast on the rough, sharp, broken rocks of an ancient lava flow. In many places in and around the temple the lava was dug out, making holes three or four feet across and from one to two feet deep. These in the days of the priesthood had been filled with earth brought in baskets

from the mountains. Here they raised sweet potatoes and taro and bananas. Now the rains have washed the soil away and to the unknowing there is no sign of previous agriculture. Near these depressions and along the paths leading to Wahaula other holes were sometimes cut out of the hard fine-grained lava. When heavy rains fell, little grooves carried the drops of water to these holes and they became small cisterns. Here the thirsty messengers running from one priestly clan to another, or the traveller or worshippers coming to the sacred place, could almost always find a few drops of water to quench their thirst.

Usually these water-holes were covered with a large flat stone under which the water ran into the cistern. To this day these small water places border the path across the pahoehoe lava field which lies adjacent to the broken a-a lava upon which the Wahaula heiau is built. Many of them are still covered as in the days of the long ago.

It is not strange that legends have developed through the mists of the centuries around this rude old temple.

Wahaula was a tabu temple of the very highest rank. The native chants said,

"No keia heiau oia ke kapu enaena."

("Concerning this heiau is the burning tabu.")

"Enaena" means "burning with a red hot rage." The heiau was so thoroughly "tabu," or "kapu," that the smoke of its fires falling upon any of the people or even upon any one of the chiefs was sufficient cause for punishment by death, with the body as a

sacrifice to the gods of the temple.

These gods were of the very highest rank among the Hawaiian deities. Certain days were tabu to Lono—or Rongo, as he was known in other island groups of the Pacific Ocean. Other days belonged to Ku—who was also worshipped from New Zealand to Tahiti. At other times Kane, known as Tane by many Polynesians, was held supreme. Then again Kanaloa—or Tanaroa, sometimes worshipped in Samoa and other island groups as the greatest of all their gods—had his days especially set apart for sacrifice and chant.

The Mu, or "body-catcher," of this heiau with his assistants seems to have been continually on the watch for human victims, and woe to the unfortunate man who carelessly or ignorantly walked where the winds blew the smoke from the temple fires. No one dared rescue him from the hands of the hunter of men—for then the wrath of all the gods was sure to follow him all the days of his life.

The people of the districts around Wahaula always watched the course of the winds with great anxiety, carefully noting the direction taken by the smoke. This smoke was the shadow cast by the deity worshipped, and was far more sacred than the shadow of the highest chief or king in all the islands.

It was always sufficient cause for death if a common man allowed his shadow to fall upon any tabu chief, *i.e.*, a chief of especially high rank; but in this "burning tabu," if any man permitted the smoke or shadow of the god who was being

worshipped in this temple to come near to him or overshadow him, it was a mark of such great disrespect that the god was supposed to be enaena, or red hot with rage.

Many ages ago a young chief whom we shall know by the name Kahele determined to take an especial journey around the island visiting all the noted and sacred places and becoming acquainted with the alii, or chiefs, of the other districts.

He passed from place to place, taking part with the chiefs who entertained him sometimes in the use of the papa-hee, or surf-board, riding the white-capped surf as it majestically swept shoreward—sometimes spending night after night in the innumerable gambling contests which passed under the name pili waiwai—and sometimes riding the narrow sled, or holua, with which Hawaiian chiefs raced down the steep grassed lanes. Then again, with a deep sense of the solemnity of sacred things, he visited the most noted of the heiaus and made contributions to the offerings before the gods. Thus the days passed, and the slow journey was very pleasant to Kahele.

In time he came to Puna, the district in which was located the temple Wahaula.

But alas! in the midst of the many stories of the past which he had heard, and the many pleasures he had enjoyed while on his journey, Kahele forgot the peculiar power of the tabu of the smoke of Wahaula. The fierce winds of the south were blowing and changing from point to point. The young man saw the sacred grove in the edge of which the temple walls could be discerned.

Thin wreaths of smoke were tossed here and there from the temple fires.

Kahele hastened toward the temple. The Mu was watching his coming and joyfully marking him as a victim. The altars of the gods were desolate, and if but a particle of smoke fell upon the young man no one could keep him from the hands of the executioner.

The perilous moment came. The warm breath of one of the fires touched the young chief's cheek. Soon a blow from the club of the Mu laid him senseless on the rough stones of the outer court of the temple. The smoke of the wrath of the gods had fallen upon him, and it was well that he should lie as a sacrifice upon their altars.

Soon the body with the life still in it was thrown across the sacrificial stone. Sharp knives made from the strong wood of the bamboo let his life-blood flow down the depressions across the face of the stone. Quickly the body was dismembered and offered as a sacrifice.

For some reason the priests, after the flesh had decayed, set apart the bones for some special purpose. The legends imply that the bones were to be treated dishonorably. It may have been that the bones were folded together in the shape known as unihipili, or "grasshopper" bones, *i.e.*, folded and laid away for purposes of incantation. Such bundles of bones were put through a process of prayers and charms until at last it was thought a new spirit was created which dwelt in that bundle and gave the possessor a

peculiar power in deeds of witchcraft.

The spirit of Kahele rebelled against this disposition of all that remained of his body. He wanted to be back in his native district, that he might enjoy the pleasures of the Under-world with his own chosen companions. Restlessly the spirit haunted the dark corners of the temple, watching the priests as they handled his bones.

Helplessly the ghost fumed and fretted against its condition. It did all that a disembodied spirit could do to attract the attention of the priests.

At last the spirit fled by night from this place of torment to the home which he had so joyfully left a short time before.

Kahele's father was the high chief of Kau. Surrounded by retainers, he passed his days in quietness and peace waiting for the return of his son.

One night a strange dream came to him. He heard a voice calling from the mysterious confines of the spirit-land. As he listened, a spirit form stood by his side. The ghost was that of his son Kahele.

By means of the dream the ghost revealed to the father that he had been put to death and that his bones were in great danger of dishonorable treatment.

The father awoke benumbed with fear, realizing that his son was calling upon him for immediate help. At once he left his people and journeyed from place to place secretly, not knowing where or when Kahele had died, but fully sure that the spirit of

his vision was that of his son. It was not difficult to trace the young man. He had left his footprints openly all along the way. There was nothing of shame or dishonor—and the father's heart filled with pride as he hastened on.

From time to time, however, he heard the spirit voice calling him to save the bones of the body of his dead son. At last he felt that his journey was nearly done. He had followed the footsteps of Kahele almost entirely around the island, and had come to Puna—the last district before his own land of Kau would welcome his return.

The spirit voice could be heard now in the dream which nightly came to him. Warnings and directions were frequently given.

Then the chief came to the lava fields of Wahaula and lay down to rest. The ghost came to him again in a dream, telling him that great personal danger was near at hand. The chief was a very strong man, excelling in athletic and brave deeds, but in obedience to the spirit voice he rose early in the morning, secured oily nuts from a kukui-tree, beat out the oil, and anointed himself thoroughly.

Walking along carelessly as if to avoid suspicion, he drew near to the lands of the temple Wahaula. Soon a man came out to meet him. This man was an Olohe, a beardless man belonging to a lawless robber clan which infested the district, possibly assisting the man-hunters of the temple in securing victims for the temple altars. This Olohe was very strong and self-confident, and thought he would have but little difficulty in destroying this

stranger who journeyed alone through Puna.

Almost all day the battle raged between the two men. Back and forth they forced each other over the lava beds. The chief's well-oiled body was very difficult for the Olohe to grasp. Bruised and bleeding from repeated falls on the rough lava, both of the combatants were becoming very weary. Then the chief made a new attack, forcing the Olohe into a narrow place from which there was no escape, and at last seizing him, breaking his bones, and then killing him.

As the shadows of night rested over the temple and its sacred grave the chief crept closer to the dreaded tabu walls. Concealing himself he waited for the ghost to reveal to him the best plan for action. The ghost came, but was compelled to bid the father wait patiently for a fit time when the secret place in which the bones were hidden could be safely visited.

For several days and nights the chief hid himself near the temple. He secretly uttered the prayers and incantations needed to secure the protection of his family gods.

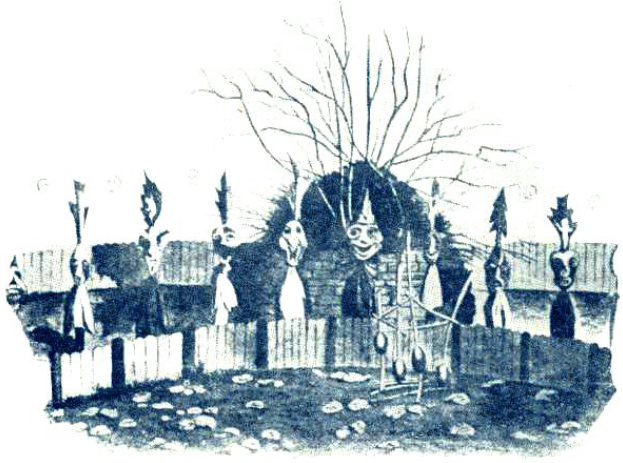
One night the darkness was very great, and the priests and watchmen of the temple felt sure that no one would attempt to enter the sacred precincts. Deep sleep rested upon all the temple-dwellers.

Then the ghost of Kahele hastened to the place where the father was sleeping and aroused him for the dangerous task before him.

As the father arose he saw this ghost outlined in the darkness,

beckoning him to follow. Step by step he felt his way cautiously over the rough path and along the temple walls until he saw the ghost standing near a great rock pointing at a part of the wall.

The father seized a stone which seemed to be the one most directly in the line of the ghost's pointing. To his surprise it very easily was removed from the wall. Back of it was a hollow place in which lay a bundle of folded bones. The ghost urged the chief to take these bones and depart quickly.



IMAGES OF GODS AT THE HEIAU

The father obeyed, and followed the spirit guide until safely away from the temple of the burning wrath of the gods. He carried the bones to Kau and placed them in his own secret family

burial cave.

The ghost of Wahaula went down to the spirit world in great joy. Death had come. The life of the young chief had been taken for temple service and yet there had at last been nothing dishonorable connected with the destruction of the body and the passing away of the spirit.

II

MALUAE AND THE UNDER-WORLD

This is a story from Manoa Valley, back of Honolulu. In the upper end of the valley, at the foot of the highest mountains on the island Oahu, lived Maluae. He was a farmer, and had chosen this land because rain fell abundantly on the mountains, and the streams brought down fine soil from the decaying forests and disintegrating rocks, fertilizing his plants.

Here he cultivated bananas and taro and sweet potatoes. His bananas grew rapidly by the sides of the brooks, and yielded large bunches of fruit from their tree-like stems; his taro filled small walled-in pools, growing in the water like water-lilies, until the roots were matured, when the plants were pulled up and the roots boiled and prepared for food; his sweet potatoes—a vegetable known among the ancient New Zealanders as ku-maru, and supposed to have come from Hawaii—were planted on the drier uplands.

Thus he had plenty of food continually growing, and ripening from time to time. Whenever he gathered any of his food products he brought a part to his family temple and placed it on an altar before the gods Kane and Kanaloa, then he took the rest

to his home for his family to eat.

He had a boy whom he dearly loved, whose name was Kaa-lii (rolling chief). This boy was a careless, rollicking child.

One day the boy was tired and hungry. He passed by the temple of the gods and saw bananas, ripe and sweet, on the little platform before the gods. He took these bananas and ate them all.

The gods looked down on the altar expecting to find food, but it was all gone and there was nothing for them. They were very angry, and ran out after the boy. They caught him eating the bananas, and killed him. The body they left lying under the trees, and taking out his ghost threw it into the Under-world.

The father toiled hour after hour cultivating his food plants, and when wearied returned to his home. On the way he met the two gods. They told him how his boy had robbed them of their sacrifices and how they had punished him. They said, "We have sent his ghost body to the lowest regions of the Under-world,"

The father was very sorrowful and heavy hearted as he went on his way to his desolate home. He searched for the body of his boy, and at last found it. He saw too that the story of the gods was true, for partly eaten bananas filled the mouth, which was set in death.

He wrapped the body very carefully in kapa cloth made from the bark of trees. He carried it into his rest-house and laid it on the sleeping-mat. After a time he lay down beside the body, refusing all food, and planning to die with his boy. He thought if he could escape from his own body he would be able to go down

where the ghost of his boy had been sent. If he could find that ghost he hoped to take it to the other part of the Under-world, where they could be happy together.

He placed no offerings on the altar of the gods. No prayers were chanted. The afternoon and evening passed slowly. The gods waited for their worshipper, but he came not. They looked down on the altar of sacrifice, but there was nothing for them.

The night passed and the following day. The father lay by the side of his son, neither eating nor drinking, and longing only for death. The house was tightly closed.

Then the gods talked together, and Kane said: "Maluae eats no food, he prepares no awa to drink, and there is no water by him. He is near the door of the Under-world. If he should die, we would be to blame."

Kanaloa said: "He has been a good man, but now we do not hear any prayers. We are losing our worshipper. We in quick anger killed his son. Was this the right reward? He has called us morning and evening in his worship. He has provided fish and fruits and vegetables for our altars. He has always prepared awa from the juice of the yellow awa root for us to drink. We have not paid him well for his care."

Then they decided to go and give life to the father, and permit him to take his ghost body and go down into Po, the dark land, to bring back the ghost of the boy. So they went to Maluae and told him they were sorry for what they had done.

The father was very weak from hunger, and longing for death,

and could scarcely listen to them.

When Kane said, "Have you love for your child?" the father whispered: "Yes. My love is without end." "Can you go down into the dark land and get that spirit and put it back in the body which lies here?"

"No," the father said, "no, I can only die and go to live with him and make him happier by taking him to a better place."

Then the gods said, "We will give you the power to go after your boy and we will help you to escape the dangers of the land of ghosts."

Then the father, stirred by hope, rose up and took food and drink. Soon he was strong enough to go on his journey.

The gods gave him a ghost body and also prepared a hollow stick like bamboo, in which they put food, battle-weapons, and a piece of burning lava for fire.

Not far from Honolulu is a beautiful modern estate with fine roads, lakes, running brooks, and interesting valleys extending back into the mountain range. This is called by the very ancient name Moanalua (two lakes). Near the seacoast of this estate was one of the most noted ghost localities of the islands. The ghosts after wandering over the island Oahu would come to this place to find a way into their real home, the Under-world, or, as the Hawaiians usually called it, Po.

Here was a ghostly breadfruit-tree named Lei-walo, possibly meaning "the eight wreaths" or "the eighth wreath"—the last wreath of leaves from the land of the living which would meet

the eyes of the dying.

The ghosts would leap or fly or climb into the branches of this tree, trying to find a rotten branch upon which they could sit until it broke and threw them into the dark sea below.

Maluae climbed up the breadfruit-tree. He found a branch upon which some ghosts were sitting waiting for it to fall. His weight was so much greater than theirs that the branch broke at once, and down they all fell into the land of Po.

He needed merely to taste the food in his hollow cane to have new life and strength. This he had done when he climbed the tree; thus he had been able to push past the fabled guardians of the pathway of the ghosts in the Upper-world. As he entered the Under-world he again tasted the food of the gods and he felt himself growing stronger and stronger.

He took a magic war-club and a spear out of the cane given by the gods. Ghostly warriors tried to hinder his entrance into the different districts of the dark land. The spirits of dead chiefs challenged him when he passed their homes. Battle after battle was fought. His magic club struck the warriors down, and his spear tossed them aside.

Sometimes he was warmly greeted and aided by ghosts of kindly spirit. Thus he went from place to place, searching for his boy, finding him at last, as the Hawaiians quaintly expressed it, "down in the papa-ku" (the established foundation of Po), choking and suffocating from the bananas of ghost-land which he was compelled to continually force into his mouth.

The father caught the spirit of the boy and started back toward the Upper-world, but the ghosts surrounded him. They tried to catch him and take the spirit away from him. Again the father partook of the food of the gods. Once more he wielded his war-club, but the hosts of enemies were too great. Multitudes arose on all sides, crushing him by their overwhelming numbers.

At last he raised his magic hollow cane and took the last portion of food. Then he poured out the portion of burning lava which the gods had placed inside. It fell upon the dry floor of the Under-world. The flames dashed into the trees and the shrubs of ghost-land. Fire-holes opened in the floor and streams of lava burst out.

Backward fled the multitudes of spirits. The father thrust the spirit of the boy quickly into the empty magic cane and rushed swiftly up to his home-land. He brought the spirit to the body lying in the rest-house and forced it to find again its living home.

Afterward the father and the boy took food to the altars of the gods, and chanted the accustomed prayers heartily and loyally all the rest of their lives.

III

A GIANT'S ROCK-THROWING

A point of land on the northwestern coast of the island Oahu is called Ka-lae-o-Kaena which means "The Cape of Kaena."

Out in the ocean a short distance from this cape lies a large rock which bears the name Pohaku-o-Kauai, or rock of Kauai, a large island northwest of Oahu. This rock is as large as a small house.

There is an interesting legend told on the island of Oahu which explains why these names have for generations been fastened to the cape and to the rock. A long, long time ago there lived on the island Kauai a man of wonderful power, by the name of Hau-pu. When he was born, the signs of a demi-god were over and around the house of his birth. Lightning flashed through the skies, and thunder reverberated, rolling along the mountain-sides.

Thunder and lightning were very rare in the Hawaiian Islands, and were supposed to be connected with the birth or death or some very unusual occurrence in the life of a chief.

Mighty floods of rain fell and poured in torrents down the mountain-sides, carrying the red iron soil into the valleys in such quantities that the rapids and the waterfalls became the color of

blood, and the natives called this a blood-rain.

During the storm, and even after sunshine filled the valley, a beautiful rainbow rested over the house in which the young chief was born. This rainbow was thought to come from the miraculous powers of the new-born child shining out from him instead of from the sunlight around him. Many chiefs throughout the centuries of Hawaiian legends were said to have had this rainbow around them all their lives.

Hau-pu while a child was very powerful, and after he grew up was widely known as a great warrior. He would attack and defeat armies of his enemies without aid from any person. His spear was like a mighty weapon, sometimes piercing a host of enemies, and sometimes putting aside all opposition when he thrust it into the ranks of his opponents.

If he had thrown his spear and if fighting with his bare hands did not vanquish his foes, he would leap to the hillside, tear up a great tree, and with it sweep away all before him as if he were wielding a huge broom. He was known and feared throughout all the Hawaiian Islands. He became angry quickly and used his great powers very rashly.

One night he lay sleeping in his royal rest-house on the side of a mountain which faced the neighboring island of Oahu. Between the two islands lay a broad channel about thirty miles wide. When clouds were on the face of the sea, these islands were hidden from each other; but when they lifted, the rugged valleys of the mountains on one island could be clearly seen from the other.

Even by moonlight the shadowy lines would appear.

This night the strong man stirred in his sleep. Indistinct noises seemed to surround his house. He turned over and dropped off into slumber again.

Soon he was aroused a second time, and he was awake enough to hear shouts of men far, far away. Louder rose the noise mixed with the roar of the great surf waves, so he realized that it came from the sea, and he then forced himself to rise and stumble to the door.

He looked out toward Oahu. A multitude of lights were flashing on the sea before his sleepy eyes. A low murmur of many voices came from the place where the dancing lights seemed to be. His confused thoughts made it appear to him that a great fleet of warriors was coming from Oahu to attack his people.

He blindly rushed out to the edge of a high precipice which overlooked the channel. Evidently many boats and many people were out in the sea below.

He laughed, and stooped down and tore a huge rock from its place. This he swung back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, until he gave it great impetus which added to his own miraculous power sent it far out over the sea. Like a great cloud it rose in the heavens and, as if blown by swift winds, sped on its way.

Over on the shores of Oahu a chief whose name was Kaena had called his people out for a night's fishing. Canoes large and small came from all along the coast. Torches without number had

been made and placed in the canoes. The largest fish-nets had been brought.

There was no need of silence. Nets had been set in the best places. Fish of all kinds were to be aroused and frightened into the nets. Flashing lights, splashing paddles, and clamor from hundreds of voices resounded all around the nets.

Gradually the canoes came nearer and nearer the centre. The shouting increased. Great joy ruled the noise which drowned the roar of the waves.

Across the channel and up the mountain-sides of Kauai swept the shouts of the fishing-party. Into the ears of drowsy Hau-pu the noise forced itself. Little dreamed the excited fishermen of the effect of this on far-away Kauai.

Suddenly something like a bird as large as a mountain seemed to be above, and then with a mighty sound like the roar of winds it descended upon them.

Smashed and submerged were the canoes when the huge boulder thrown by Hau-pu hurled itself upon them.

The chief Kaena and his canoe were in the centre of this terrible mass of wreckage, and he and many of his people lost their lives.

The waves swept sand upon the shore until in time a long point of land was formed. The remaining followers of the dead chief named this cape "Kaena."

The rock thrown by Hau-pu embedded itself deeply in the bed of the ocean, but its head rose far above the water, even when

raging storms dashed turbulent waves against it. To this death-dealing rock the natives gave the name "Rock of Kauai."

Thus for generations has the deed of the man of giant force been remembered on Oahu, and so have a cape and a rock received their names.

IV

KALO-EKE-EKE, THE TIMID TARO

A myth is a purely imaginative story. A legend is a story with some foundation in fact. A fable tacks on a moral. A tradition is a myth or legend or fact handed down from generation to generation.

The old Hawaiians were frequently myth makers. They imagined many a fairy-story for the different localities of the islands, and these are very interesting. The myth of the two taro plants belongs to South Kona, Hawaii, and affords an excellent illustration of Hawaiian imagination. The story is told in different ways, and came to the writer in the present form:

A chief lived on the mountain-side above Hookena. There his people cultivated taro, made kapa cloth, and prepared the trunks of koa-trees for canoes. He had a very fine taro patch. The plants prided themselves upon their rapid and perfect growth.

In one part of the taro pond, side by side, grew two taro plants —finer, stronger, and more beautiful than the others. The leaf stalks bent over in more perfect curves: the leaves developed in graceful proportions. Mutual admiration filled the hearts of the two taro plants and resulted in pledges of undying affection.

One day the chief was talking to his servants about the food to be made ready for a feast. He ordered the two especially fine taro plants to be pulled up. One of the servants came to the home of the two lovers and told them that they were to be taken by the chief.

Because of their great affection for each other they determined to cling to life as long as possible, and therefore moved to another part of the taro patch, leaving their neighbors to be pulled up instead of themselves.

But the chief soon saw them in their new home and again ordered their destruction. Again they fled. This happened from time to time until the angry chief determined that they should be taken, no matter what part of the pond they might be in.

The two taro plants thought best to flee, therefore took to themselves wings and made a short flight to a neighboring taro patch. Here again their enemy found them. A second flight was made to another part of South Kona, and then to still another, until all Kona was interested in the perpetual pursuit and the perpetual escape. At last there was no part of Kona in which they could be concealed. A friend of the angry chief would reveal their hiding-place, while one of their own friends would give warning of the coming of their pursuer. At last they leaped into the air and flew on and on until they were utterly weary and fell into a taro patch near Waiohinu. But their chief had ordered the imu (cooking-place) to be made ready for them, and had hastened along the way on foot, trying to capture them if at any time they

should try to light. However, their wings moved more swiftly than his feet, so they had a little rest before he came near to their new home. Then again they lifted themselves into the sky. Favoring winds carried them along and they flew a great distance away from South Kona into the neighboring district of Kau. Here they found a new home under a kindly chief. Here they settled down and lived many years under the name of Kalo-eke-eke, or "The Timid Taro." A large family grew up about them and a happy old age blessed their declining days.

It is possible that this beautiful little story may have grown out of the ancient Hawaiian unwritten law which sometimes permitted the subjects of a chief to move away from their home and transfer their allegiance to some neighboring ruler.

FROM A TARO PATCH

V

LEGENDARY CANOE-MAKING

Some of the Hawaiian trees have beautifully grained wood, and at the present time are very valuable for furniture and interior decoration. The koa is probably the best of the trees of this class. It is known as the Hawaiian mahogany. The grain is very fine and curly and wavy, and is capable of a very high polish. The koa still grows luxuriantly on the steep sides and along the ridges of the high mountains of all the islands of the Hawaiian group. It has great powers of endurance. It is not easily worn by the pebbles and sand of the beach, nor is it readily split or broken by the tempestuous waves of the ocean, therefore from time immemorial the koa has been the tree for the canoe and surf-board of the Hawaiians. Long and large have been the canoes hewn from the massive tree trunks by the aid of the kohi-pohaku, the cutting stone, or adze, of ancient Hawaii. Some times these canoes were given miraculous powers of motion so that they swept through the seas more rapidly than the swiftest shark. Often the god of the winds, who had especial care over some one of the high chiefs, would carry him from island to island in a canoe which never rested when calms prevailed or stopped when

fierce waves wrenched, but bore the chief swiftly and unfailingly to the desired haven.

There is a delightful little story about a chief who visited the most northerly island, Kauai. He found the natives of that island feasting and revelling in all the abandon of savage life. Sports and games innumerable were enjoyed. Thus day and night passed until, as the morning of a new day dawned, an unwonted stir along the beach made manifest some event of very great importance. The new chief apparently cared but little for all the excitement. The king of the island had sent one of his royal ornaments to a small island some miles distant from the Kauai shores. He was blessed with a daughter so beautiful that all the available chiefs desired her for wife. The father, hoping to avoid the complications which threatened to involve his household with the households of the jealous suitors, announced that he would give his daughter to the man who secured the ornament from the far-away island. It was to be a canoe race with a wife for the prize.

The young chiefs waited for the hour appointed. Their well-polished koa canoes lined the beach. The stranger chief made no preparation. Quietly he enjoyed the gibes and taunts hurled from one to another by the young chiefs. Laughingly he requested permission to join in the contest, receiving as the reward for his request a look of approbation from the handsome chiefess.

The word was given. The well-manned canoes were pushed from the shore and forced out through the inrolling surf. In the rush some of the boats were interlocked with others, some filled

with water, while others safely broke away from the rest and passed out of sight toward the coveted island. Still the stranger seemed to be in no haste to win the prize. The face of the chiefess grew dark with disappointment.

At last the stranger launched his finely polished canoe and called one of his followers to sail with him. It seemed to be utterly impossible for him to even dream of securing the prize, but the canoe began to move as if it had the wings of a swift bird or the fins of fleetest fish. He had taken for his companion in his magic canoe one of the gods controlling the ocean winds. He was first to reach the island. Then he came swiftly back for his bride. He made his home among his new friends.

The Hawaiians had many interesting ceremonies in connection with the process of securing the tree and fashioning it into a canoe.

David Malo, a Hawaiian writer of about the year 1840, says, "The building of a canoe was a religious matter." When a man found a fine koa tree he went to the priest whose province was canoe-making and said, "I have found a koa-tree, a fine large tree." On receiving this information the priest went at night to sleep before his shrine. If in his sleep he had a vision of some one standing naked before him, he knew that the koa-tree was rotten, and would not go up into the woods to cut that tree. If another tree was found and he dreamed of a handsome well-dressed man or woman standing before him, when he awoke he felt sure that the tree would make a good canoe. Preparations

were made accordingly to go into the mountains and hew the koa into a canoe. They took with them as offerings a pig, cocoanuts, red fish, and awa. Having come to the place they rested for the night, sacrificing these things to the gods.

Sometimes, when a royal canoe was to be prepared, it seems as if human beings were also brought and slain at the root of the tree. There is no record of cannibalism connected with these sacrifices, and yet when the pig and fish had been offered before the tree, usually a hole was dug close to the tree and an oven prepared in which the meat and vegetables were cooked for the morning feast of the canoe-makers. The tree was carefully examined and the signs and portents noted. The song of a little bird would frequently cause an entire change in the enterprise.

When the time came to cut down the tree the priest would take his stone axe and offer prayer to the male and female deities who were supposed to be the special patrons of canoe building, showing them the axe, and saying: "Listen now to the axe. This is the axe which is to cut down the tree for the canoe."

David Malo says: "When the tree began to crack, ready to fall, they lowered their voices and allowed no one to make a disturbance. When the tree had fallen, the head priest mounted the trunk and called out, 'Smite with the axe, and hollow the canoe.' This was repeated again and again as he walked along the fallen tree, marking the full length of the desired canoe."

Dr. Emerson gives the following as one of the prayers sometimes used by the priest when passing a long the trunk of

the tree:

"Grant a canoe which shall be swift as a fish
To sail in stormy seas
When the storm tosses on all sides."

After the canoe had been roughly shaped, the ends pointed, the bottom rounded, and perhaps a portion of the inside of the log removed, the people fastened lines to the canoe to haul it down to the beach. When they were ready for the work the priest again prayed: "Oh, canoe gods, look you after this canoe. Guard it from stem to stern, until it is placed in the canoe-house."

Then the canoe was hauled by the people in front, or held back by those who were in the rear, until it had passed all the hard and steep places along the mountain-side and been put in place for the finishing touches. When completed, pig and fish and fruits were again offered to the gods. Sometimes human beings were again a part of the sacrifice.

Prayers and incantations were part of the ceremony. There was to be no disturbance or noise, or else it would be dangerous for its owner to go out in his new canoe. If all the people except the priest had been quiet, the canoe was pronounced safe.

It is said that the ceremony of lashing the outrigger to the canoe was of very great solemnity, probably because the ability to pass through the high surf waves depended so much upon the out rigger as a balance which kept the canoe from being overturned.

The story of Laka and the fairies is told to illustrate the difficulties surrounding canoe making. Laka desired to make a fine canoe, and sought through the forests for the best tree available. Taking his stone axe he toiled all day until the tree was felled. Then he went home to rest. On the morrow he could not find the log. The trees of the forest had been apparently undisturbed. Again he cut a tree, and once more could not find the log. At last he cut a tree and watched in the night. Then he saw in the night shadows a host of the little people who toil with miraculous powers to support them. They raised the tree and set it in its place and restored it to its wonted appearance among its fellows. But Laka caught the king of the gnomes and from him learned how to gain the aid rather than the opposition of the little people. By their help his canoe was taken to the shore and fashioned into beautiful shape for wonderful and successful voyages.

VI

LAU-KA-IEIE

"Waipio valley, the beautiful:
Precipices around it,
The sea on one side;
The precipices are hard to climb;
Not to be climbed
Are the sea precipices."

—Hawaiian Chant.

Kakea (the white one) and Kaholo (the runner) were the children of the Valley. Their parents were the precipices which were sheer to the sea, and could only be passed by boats. They married, and Kaholo conceived. The husband said, "If a boy is born, I will name it; if a girl, you give the name."

He went up to see his sister Pokahi, and asked her to go swiftly to see his wife. Pokahi's husband was Kaukini, a bird-catcher. He went out into the forest for some birds. Soon he came back and prepared them for cooking. Hot stones were put inside the birds and the birds were packed in calabashes, carefully covered over with wet leaves, which made steam inside so the birds were

well cooked. Then they were brought to Kaholo for a feast.

On their way they went down to Waipio Valley, coming to the foot of the precipice. Pokahi wanted some sea-moss and some shell-fish, so she told the two men to go on while she secured these things to take to Kaholo. She gathered the soft lipoa moss and went up to the waterfall, to Ulu (Kaholo's home). The baby was born, wrapped in the moss and thrown into the sea, making a shapeless bundle, but a kupua (sorcerer) saw that a child was there. The child was taken and washed clean in the soft lipoa, and cared for. All around were the signs of the birth of a chief.

They named him Hiilawe, and from him the Waipio waterfall has its name, according to the saying, "Falling into mist is the water of Hiilawe."

Pokahi took up her package in which she had brought the moss and shell-fish, but the moss was gone. Hina-ulu-ohia (Hina-the-growing ohia-tree) was the sorcerer who took the child in the lipoa moss. She was the aumakua, or ancestor goddess, of the boat-builders.

Pokahi dreamed that a beautiful woman appeared, her body covered with the leaves of koa-trees. "I know that you have not had any child. I will now give you one. Awake, and go to the Waipio River; watch thirty days, then you will find a girl wrapped in soft moss. This shall be your adopted child. I will show you how to care for it. Your brother and his wife must not know. Your husband alone may know about this adopted girl."

Pokahi and her husband went down at once to the mouth of

the river, heard an infant cry in the midst of red-colored mist, and found a child wrapped in the fragrant moss. She wished to take it up, but was held back by magic powers. She saw an ohia-tree rising up from the water,—branches, leaves, and flowers,—and iiwi (birds) coming to pick the flowers. The red birds and red flowers were very beautiful. This tree was Hina. The birds began to sing, and quietly the tree sank down into the water and disappeared, the birds flying away to the west.

Pokahi returned to her brother's house, going down to the sea every day, where she saw the human form of the child growing in the shelter of that red mist on the surface of the sea. At the end of the thirty days Pokahi told her friends and her husband that they must go back home. On their way they went to the river. She told her husband to look at the red mist, but he wanted to hurry on. As they approached their house, cooking-odors welcomed them, and they found plenty of food prepared outside. They saw something moving inside. The trees seemed to be walking as if with the feet of men. Steps were heard, and voices were calling for the people of the house.

Kaukini prepared a lamp, and Pokahi in a vision saw the same fine tree which she had seen before. There was also a hala-tree with its beautiful yellow blossoms. As they looked they saw leaves of different kinds falling one after another, making in one place a soft fragrant bed.

Then a woman and a man came with an infant. They were the god Ku and Hina his wife. They said to Pokahi and her husband,

"We have accepted your sacrifices and have seen that you are childless, so now we have brought you this child to adopt." Then they disappeared among the trees of the forest, leaving the child, Lau-ka-ieie (leaf of the ieie vine). She was well cared for and grew up into a beautiful woman without fault or blemish. Her companions and servants were the birds and the flowers.

Lau-ka-pali (leaf of the precipice) was one of her friends. One day she made whistles of ti leaves, and blew them. The Leaf-of-the Morning-Glory saw that the young chiefess liked this, so she went out and found Pupu-kani-oi (the singing land-shell), whose home was on the leaves of the forest trees. Then she found another Pupu-hina-hina-ula (shell beautiful, with rainbow colors). In the night the shells sang, and their voices stole their way into the love of Lau-ka-ieie, so she gently sang with them.

Nohu-ua-palai (a fern), one of the old residents of that place, went out into the forest, and, hearing the voices of the girl and the shells, came to the house. She chanted her name, but there was no reply. All was silent. At last, Pua-ohelo (the blossom of the ohelo), one of the flowers in the house, heard, and opening the door, invited her to come in and eat.

Nohu-ua-palai went in and feasted with the girls. Lau-ka-ieie dreamed about Kawelona (the setting of the sun), at Lihue, a fine young man, the first-born of one of the high chiefs of Kauai. She told her kahu (guardian) all about her dream and the distant island. The kahu asked who should go to find the man of the dreams. All the girl friends wanted to go. She told them to raise

their hands and the one who had the longest fingers could go. This was Pupu-kani-oi (the singing shell). The leaf family all sobbed as they bade farewell to the shell.

The shell said: "Oh, my leaf-sisters Laukoa [leaf of the koa-tree] and Lauanau [leaf of the tapa, or paper-mulberry, tree], arise, go with me on my journey! Oh, my shell-sisters of the blue sea, come to the beach, to the sand! Come and show me the path I am to go! Oh, Pupu-moka-lau [the land-shell clinging to the mokahana leaf], come and look at me, for I am one of your family! Call all the shells to aid me in my journey! Come to me!"

Then she summoned her brother, Makani-kau, chief of the winds, to waft them away in their wind bodies. They journeyed all around the island of Hawaii to find some man who would be like the man of the dream. They found no one there nor on any of the other islands up to Oahu, where the Singing Shell fell in love with a chief and turned from her journey, but Makani-kau went on to Kauai.

Ma-eli-eli, the dragon woman of Heeia, tried to persuade him to stop, but on he went. She ran after him. Limaloa, the dragon of Laiewai, also tried to catch Makani-kau, but he was too swift. On the way to Kauai, Makani-kau saw some people in a boat chased by a big shark. He leaped on the boat and told them he would play with the shark and they could stay near but need not fear. Then he jumped into the sea. The shark turned over and opened its mouth to seize him; he climbed on it, caught its fins, and forced it to flee through the water. He drove it to the shore

and made it fast among the rocks. It became a great shark stone, Koa-mano (warrior shark), at Haena. He leaped from the shark to land, the boat following.

He saw the hill of "Fire-Throwing," a place where burning sticks were thrown over the precipices, a very beautiful sight at night. He leaped to the top of the hill in his shadow body. Far up on the hill was a vast number of iiwi (birds). Makani-kau went to them as they were flying toward Lehua. They only felt the force of the winds, for they could not see him or his real body. He saw that the birds were carrying a fine man as he drew near.

This was the one Lau-ka-ieie desired for her husband. They carried this boy on their wings easily and gently over the hills and sea toward the sunset island, Lehua. There they slowly flew to earth. They were the bird guardians of Kawelona, and when they travelled from place to place they were under the direction of the bird-sorcerer, Kukala-a-ka-manu.

Kawelona had dreamed of a beautiful girl who had visited him again and again, so he was prepared to meet Makani-kau. He told his parents and adopted guardians and bird-priests about his dreams and the beautiful girl he wanted to marry.

Makani-kau met the winds of Niihau and Lehua, and at last was welcomed by the birds. He told Kawelona his mission, who prepared to go to Hawaii, asking how they should go. Makani-kau went to the seaside and called for his many bodies to come and give him the boat for the husband of their great sister Lau-ka-ieie. Thus he made known his mana, or spirit power, to Kawelona.

He called on the great cloud-gods to send the long white cloud-boat, and it soon appeared. Kawelona entered the boat with fear, and in a few minutes lost sight of the island of Lehua and his bird guardians as he sailed out into the sea. Makani-kau dropped down by the side of a beautiful shell-boat, entered it, and stopped at Mana. There he took several girls and put them in a double canoe, or au-waa-olalua (spirit-boat).

Meanwhile the sorcerer ruler of the birds agreed to find out where Kawelona was to satisfy the longing of his parents, whom he had left without showing them where he was going or what dangers he might meet. The sorcerer poured water into a calabash and threw in two lehua flowers, which floated on the water. Then he turned his eyes toward the sun and prayed: "Oh, great sun, to whom belongs the heavens, turn your eyes downward to look on the water in this calabash, and show us what you see therein! Look upon the beautiful young woman. She is not one from Kauai. There is no one more beautiful than she. Her home is under the glowing East, and a royal rainbow is around her. There are beautiful girls attending her." The sorcerer saw the sun-pictures in the water, and interpreted to the friends the journey of Kawelona, telling them it was a long, long way, and they must wait patiently many days for any word. In the signs he saw the boy in the cloud-boat, Makani-kau in his shell-boat, and the three girls in the spirit-boat.

The girls were carried to Oahu, and there found the shell-girl, Pupu-kani-oi, left by Makani-kau on his way to Lehua. They

took her with her husband and his sisters in the spirit-boat. There were nine in the company of travellers to Hawaii: Kawelona in his cloud-boat; two girls from Kauai; Kaiahe, a girl from Oahu; three from Molokai, one from Maui; and a girl called Lihau. Makani-kau himself was the leader; he had taken the girls away. On this journey he turned their boats to Kahoolawe to visit Ka-moho-alii, the ruler of the sharks. There Makani-kau appeared in his finest human body, and they all landed. Makani-kau took Kawelona from his cloud-boat, went inland, and placed him in the midst of the company, telling them he was the husband for Lau-ka-ieie. They were all made welcome by the ruler of the sharks.

Ka-moho-alii called his sharks to bring food from all the islands over which they were placed as guardians; so they quickly brought prepared food, fish, flowers, leis, and gifts of all kinds. The company feasted and rested. Then Ka-moho-alii called his sharks to guard the travellers on their journey. Makani-kau went in his shell boat, Kawelona in his cloud-boat, and they were all carried over the sea until they landed under the mountains of Hawaii.

Makani-kau, in his wind body, carried the boats swiftly on their journey to Waipio. Lau-ka-ieie heard her brother's voice calling her from the sea. Hina answered. Makani-kau and Kawelona went up to Waimea to cross over to Lau-ka-ieie's house, but were taken by Hina to the top of Mauna Kea. Poliahu and Lilinoe saw the two fine young men and called to them, but

Makani-kau passed by, without a word, to his own wonderful home in the caves of the mountains resting in the heart of mists and fogs, and placed all his travellers there. Makani-kau went down to the sea and called the sharks of Ka-moho-alii. They appeared in their human bodies in the valley of Waipio, leaving their shark bodies resting quietly in the sea. They feasted and danced near the ancient temple of Kahuku-welo-welo, which was the place where the wonderful shell, Kiha-pu, was kept.

Makani-kau put seven shells on the top of the precipice and they blew until sweet sounds floated over all the land. Thus was the marriage of Lau-ka-ieie and Kawelona celebrated.

All the shark people rested, soothed by the music. After the wedding they bade farewell and returned to Kahoolawe, going around the southern side of the island, for it was counted bad luck to turn back. They must go straight ahead all the way home. Makani-kau went to his sister's house, and met the girls and Lau-ka-ieie. He told her that his house was full of strangers, as the people of the different kupua bodies had assembled to celebrate the wedding. These were the kupua people of the Hawaiian Islands. The eepa people were more like fairies and gnomes, and were usually somewhat deformed. The kupuas may be classified as follows:

Ka-poe-kino-lau (the people who had leaf bodies).
""" -pua (the people who had flower bodies).
""" -manu (the people who had bird bodies).
""" -laau (trees of all kinds, ferns, vines, etc.).

" " " -pupu (all shells).
" " " -ao (all clouds).
" " " -makani (all winds).
Ka-poe-kina-ia (all fish).
" " " -mano (all sharks).
" " " -limu (all sea-mosses).
" " " -pohaku(all peculiar stones).
" " " -hiwa-hiwa (all dangerous places of the pali).

After the marriage, Pupu-kani-oi (the singing shell) and her husband entered the shell-boat, and started back to Molokai. On their way they heard sweet bird voices. Makani-kau had a feather house covered with rainbow colors. Later he went to Kauai, and brought back the adopted parents of Kawelona to dwell on Hawaii, where Lau-ka-ieie lived happily with her husband.

Hiilawe became very ill, and called his brother Makani-kau and his sister Lau-ka-ieie to come near and listen. He told them that he was going to die, and they must bury him where he could always see the eyes of the people, and then he would change his body into a wonderful new body.

The beautiful girl took his malo and leis and placed them along the sides of the valley, where they became beautiful trees and vines, and Hina made him live again; so Hiilawe became an aumakua of the waterfalls. Makani-kau took the body in his hands and carried it in the thunder and lightning, burying it on the brow of the highest precipice of the valley. Then his body was changed into a stone, which has been lying there for centuries; but his ghost was made by Hina into a kupua, so that he could

always appear as the wonderful misty falls of Waipio, looking into the eyes of his people.

After many years had passed Hina assumed permanently the shape of the beautiful ohia-tree, making her home in the forest around the volcanoes of Hawaii. She still had magic power, and was worshipped under the name Hina-ula-ohia. Makani-kau watched over Lau-ka-ieie, and when the time came for her to lay aside her human body she came to him as a slender, graceful woman, covered with leaves, her eyes blazing like fire. Makani-kau said: "You are a vine; you cannot stand alone. I will carry you into the forest and place you by the side of Hina. You are the ieie vine. Climb trees! Twine your long leaves around them! Let your blazing red flowers shine between the leaves like eyes of fire! Give your beauty to all the ohia-trees of the forest!"

Carried hither and thither by Makani-kau (great wind), and dropped by the side of splendid tall trees, the ieie vine has for centuries been one of the most graceful tree ornaments in all the forest life of the Hawaiian Islands.

Makani-kau in his spirit form blew the golden clouds of the islands into the light of the sun, so that the Rainbow Maiden, Anuenue, might lend her garments to all her friends of the ancient days.

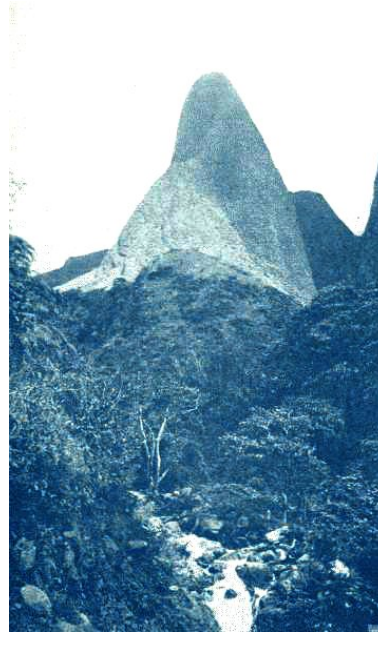
VII

KAUHUHU, THE SHARK-GOD OF MOLOKAI

The story of the shark-god Kauhuhu has been told under the legend of "Aikanaka (Man-eater)," which was the ancient name of the little harbor Pukoo, which lies at the entrance to one of the beautiful valleys of the island of Molokai. The better way is to take the legend as revealing the great man-eater in one of his most kindly aspects. The shark-god appears as the friend of a priest who is seeking revenge for the destruction of his children. Kamalo was the name of the priest. His heiau, or temple, was at Kaluaaha, a village which faced the channel between the islands of Molokai and Maui. Across the channel the rugged red-brown slopes of the mountain Eeke were lost in the masses of clouds which continually hung around its sharp peaks. The two boys of the priest delighted in the glorious revelations of sunrise and sunset tossed in shattered fragments of cloud color, and revelled in the reflected tints which danced to them over the swift channel-currents. It is no wonder that the courage of sky and sea entered into the hearts of the boys, and that many deeds of daring were done by them. They were taught many of the secrets of the temple by their father, but were warned that

certain things were sacred to the gods and must not be touched. The high chief, or alii, of that part of the island had a temple a short distance from Kaluaaha, in the valley of the harbor which was called Aikanaka. The name of this chief was Kupa. The chiefs always had a house built within the temple walls as their own residence, to which they could retire at certain seasons of the year. Kupa had two remarkable drums which he kept in his house at the heiau. His skill in beating his drums was so great that they could reveal his thoughts to the waiting priests.

One day Kupa sailed far away over the sea to his favorite fishing-grounds. Meanwhile the boys were tempted to go to Kupa's heiau and try the wonderful drums. The valley of the little harbor Aikanaka bore the musical name Mapulehu. Along the beach and over the ridge hastened the two sons of Kamalo. Quickly they entered the heiau, found the high chief's house, took out his drums and began to beat upon them. Some of the people heard the familiar tones of the drums. They dared not enter the sacred doors of the heiau, but watched until the boys became weary of their sport and returned home.



KUKUI-TREES, IAO VALLEY, MT. EEKE

When Kupa returned they told him how the boys had beaten upon his sacred drums. Kupa was very angry, and ordered his mu, or temple sacrifice seekers, to kill the boys and bring their bodies to the heiau to be placed on the altar. When the priest Kamalo heard of the death of his sons, in bitterness of heart he sought revenge. His own power was not great enough to cope with his high chief; therefore he sought the aid of the seers and prophets of highest repute throughout Molokai. But they feared

Kupa the chief, and could not aid him, and therefore sent him on to another kaula, or prophet, or sent him back to consult some one the other side of his home. All this time he carried with him fitting presents and sacrifices, by which he hoped to gain the assistance of the gods through their priests. At last he came to the steep precipice which overlooks Kalaupapa and Kalawao, the present home of the lepers. At the foot of this precipice was a heiau, in which the great shark-god was worshipped. Down the sides of the precipice he climbed and at last found the priest of the shark-god. The priest refused to give assistance, but directed him to go to a great cave in the bold cliffs south of Kalawao. The name of the cave was Anao-puhi, the cave of the eel. Here dwelt the great shark-god Kauhuhu and his guardians or watchers, Waka and Mo-o, the great dragons or reptiles of Polynesian legends. These dragons were mighty warriors in the defence of the shark-god, and were his kahus, or caretakers, while he slept, or when his cave needed watching during his absence.

Kamalo, tired and discouraged, plodded along through the rough lava fragments piled around the entrance to the cave. He bore across his shoulders a black pig, which he had carried many miles as an offering to whatever power he could find to aid him. As he came near to the cave the watchmen saw him and said:–

"E, here comes a man, food for the great [shark] Mano. Fish for Kauhuhu." But Kamalo came nearer and for some reason aroused sympathy in the dragons. "E hele! E hele!" they cried to him. "Away, away! It is death to you. Here's the tabu place."

"Death it may be—life it may be. Give me revenge for my sons—and I have no care for myself." Then the watchmen asked about his trouble and he told them how the chief Kupa had slain his sons as a punishment for beating the drums. Then he narrated the story of his wanderings all over Molokai, seeking for some power strong enough to overcome Kupa. At last he had come to the shark-god—as the final possibility of aid. If Kauhuhu failed him, he was ready to die; indeed he had no wish to live. The mo-o assured him of their kindly feelings, and told him that it was a very good thing that Kauhuhu was away fishing, for if he had been home there would have been no way for him to go before the god without suffering immediate death. There would have been not even an instant for explanations. Yet they ran a very great risk in aiding him, for they must conceal him until the way was opened by the favors of the great gods. If he should be discovered and eaten before gaining the aid of the shark-god, they, too, must die with him. They decided that they would hide him in the rubbish pile of taro peelings which had been thrown on one side when they had pounded taro. Here he must lie in perfect silence until the way was made plain for him to act. They told him to watch for the coming of eight great surf waves rolling in from the sea, and then wait from his place of concealment for some opportunity to speak to the god because he would come in the last great wave. Soon the surf began to roll in and break against the cliffs.

Higher and higher rose the waves until the eighth reared

far above the waters and met the winds from the shore which whipped the curling crest into a shower of spray. It raced along the water and beat far up into the cave, breaking into foam, out of which the shark-god emerged. At once he took his human form and walked around the cave. As he passed the rubbish heap he cried out: "A man is here. I smell him." The dragons earnestly denied that any one was there, but the shark-god said, "There is surely a man in this cave. If I find him, dead men you are. If I find him not, you shall live." Then Kauhuhu looked along the walls of the cave and into all the hiding-places, but could not find him. He called with a loud voice, but only the echoes answered, like the voices of ghosts. After a thorough search he was turning away to attend to other matters when Kamalo's pig squealed. Then the giant shark-god leaped to the pile of taro leavings and thrust them apart. There lay Kamalo and the black pig which had been brought for sacrifice.

Oh, the anger of the god!

Oh, the blazing eyes!

Kauhuhu instantly caught Kamalo and lifted him from the rubbish up toward his great mouth. Now the head and shoulders are in Kauhuhu's mouth. So quickly has this been done that Kamalo has had no time to think. Kamalo speaks quickly as the teeth are coming down upon him. "E Kauhuhu, listen to me. Hear my prayer. Then perhaps eat me." The shark-god is astonished and does not bite. He takes Kamalo from his mouth and says: "Well for you that you spoke quickly. Perhaps you have a good

thought. Speak." Then Kamalo told about his sons and their death at the hands of the executioners of the great chief, and that no one dared avenge him, but that all the prophets of the different gods had sent him from one place to another but could give him no aid. Sure now was he that Kauhuhu alone could give him aid. Pity came to the shark-god as it had come to his dragon watchers when they saw the sad condition of Kamalo. All this time Kamalo had held the hog which he had carried with him for sacrifice. This he now offered to the shark-god. Kauhuhu, pleased and compassionate, accepted the offering, and said: "E Kamalo. If you had come for any other purpose I would eat you, but your cause is sacred. I will stand as your kahu, your guardian, and sorely punish the high chief Kupa."

Then he told Kamalo to go to the heiau of the priest who told him to see the shark-god, take this priest on his shoulders, carry him over the steep precipices to his own heiau at Kaluaaha, and there live with him as a fellow-priest. They were to build a tabu fence around the heiau and put up the sacred tabu staffs of white tapa cloth. They must collect black pigs by the four hundred, red fish by the four hundred, and white chickens by the four hundred. Then they were to wait patiently for the coming of Kauhuhu. It was to be a strange coming. On the island Lanai, far to the west of the Maui channel, they should see a small cloud, white as snow, increasing until it covers the little island. Then that cloud shall cross the channel against the wind and climb the mountains of Molokai until it rests on the highest peaks over the

valley where Kupa has his temple. "At that time," said Kauhuhu, "a great rainbow will span the valley. I shall be in the care of that rainbow, and you may clearly understand that I am there and will speedily punish the man who has injured you. Remember that because you came to me for this sacred cause, therefore I have spared you, the only man who has ever stood in the presence of the shark-god and escaped alive." Gladly did Kamalo go up and down precipices and along the rough hard ways to the heiau of the priest of the shark-god. Gladly did he carry him up from Kalaupapa to the mountain-ridge above. Gladly did he carry him to his home and there provide for him while he gathered together the black pigs, the red fish, and the white chickens within the sacred enclosure he had built. Here he brought his family, those who had the nearest and strongest claims upon him. When his work was done, his eyes burned with watching the clouds of the little western island Lanai. Ah, the days passed by so slowly! The weeks and the months came, so the legends say, and still Kamalo waited in patience. At last one day a white cloud appeared. It was unlike all the other white clouds he had anxiously watched during the dreary months. Over the channel it came. It spread over the hillsides and climbed the mountains and rested at the head of the valley belonging to Kupa. Then the watchers saw the glorious rainbow and knew that Kauhuhu had come according to his word.

The storm arose at the head of the valley. The winds struggled into a furious gale. The clouds gathered in heavy black masses,

dark as midnight, and were pierced through with terrific flashes of lightning. The rain fell in floods, sweeping the hillside down into the valley, and rolling all that was below onward in a resistless mass toward the ocean. Down came the torrent upon the heiau belonging to Kupa, tearing its walls into fragments and washing Kupa and his people into the harbor at the mouth of the valley. Here the shark-god had gathered his people. Sharks filled the bay and feasted upon Kupa and his followers until the waters ran red and all were destroyed. Hence came the legendary name for that little harbor—Aikanaka, the place for man-eaters.

It is said in the legends that "when great clouds gather on the mountains and a rainbow spans the valley, look out for furious storms of wind and rain which come suddenly, sweeping down the valley." It also said in the legends that this strange storm which came in such awful power upon Kupa also spread out over the adjoining lowlands, carrying great destruction everywhere, but it paused at the tabu staff of Kamalo, and rushed on either side of the sacred fence, not daring to touch any one who dwelt therein. Therefore Kamalo and his people were spared. The legend has been called "Aikanaka" because of the feast of the sharks on the human flesh swept down into that harbor by the storm, but it seems more fitting to name the story after the shark-god Kauhuhu, who sent mighty storms and wrought great destruction.

VIII

THE SHARK-MAN OF WAIPIO VALLEY

This is a story of Waipio Valley, the most beautiful of all the valleys of the Hawaiian Islands, and one of the most secluded. It is now, as it has always been, very difficult of access. The walls are a sheer descent of over a thousand feet. In ancient times a narrow path slanted along the face of the bluffs wherever foothold could be found. In these later days the path has been enlarged, and horse and rider can descend into the valley's depths. In the upper end of the valley is a long silver ribbon of water falling fifteen hundred feet from the brow of a precipice over which a mountain torrent swiftly hurls itself to the fertile valley below. Other falls show the convergence of other mountain streams to the ocean outlet offered by the broad plains of Waipio.

Here in the long ago high chiefs dwelt and sacred temples were built. From Waipio Valley Moikeha and Laa-Mai-Kahiki sailed away on their famous voyages to distant foreign lands. In this valley dwelt the priest who in the times of Maui was said to have the winds of heaven concealed in his calabash. Raising the cover a little, he sent gentle breezes in the direction of the opening. Severe storms and hurricanes were granted by swiftly opening

the cover widely and letting a chaotic mass of fierce winds escape. The stories of magical powers of bird and fish as well as of the strange deeds of powerful men are almost innumerable. Not the least of the history-myths of Waipio Valley is the story of Nanaue, the shark-man, who was one of the cannibals of the ancient time.

Ka-moho-alii was the king of all the sharks which frequent Hawaiian waters. When he chose to appear as a man he was always a chief of dignified, majestic appearance. One day, while swimming back and forth just beneath the surface of the waters at the mouth of the valley, he saw an exceedingly beautiful woman coming to bathe in the white surf.

That night Ka-moho-alii came to the beach black with lava sand, crawled out of the water, and put on the form of a man. As a mighty chief he walked through the valley and mingled with the people. For days he entered into their sports and pastimes and partook of their bounty, always looking for the beautiful woman whom he had seen bathing in the surf. When he found her he came to her and won her to be his wife.

Kalei was the name of the woman who married the strange chief. When the time came for a child to be born to them, Ka-moho-alii charged Kalei to keep careful watch of it and guard its body continually from being seen of men, and never allow the child to eat the flesh of any animal. Then he disappeared, never permitting Kalei to have the least suspicion that he was the king of the sharks.

When the child was born, Kalei gave to him the name "Nanaue." She was exceedingly surprised to find an opening in his back. As the child grew to manhood the opening developed into a large shark-mouth in rows of fierce sharp teeth.

From infancy to manhood Kalei protected Nanaue by keeping his back covered with a fine kapa cloak. She was full of fear as she saw Nanaue plunge into the water and become a shark. The mouth on his back opened for any kind of prey. But she kept the terrible birthmark of her son a secret hidden in the depths of her own heart.

For years she prepared for him the common articles of food, always shielding him from the temptation to eat meat. But when he became a man his grandfather took him to the men's eating-house, where his mother could no longer protect him. Meats of all varieties were given to him in great abundance, yet he always wanted more. His appetite was insatiable.

While under his mother's care he had been taken to the pool of water into which the great Waipio Falls poured its cascade of water. There he bathed, and, changing himself into a shark, caught the small fish which were playing around him. His mother was always watching him to give an alarm if any of the people came near to the bathing-place.

As he became a man he avoided his companions in all bathing and fishing. He went away by himself. When the people were out in the deep sea bathing or fishing, suddenly a fierce shark would appear in their midst, biting and tearing their limbs and dragging

them down in the deep water. Many of the people disappeared secretly, and great terror filled the homes of Waipio.

Nanaue's mother alone was certain that he was the cause of the trouble. He was becoming very bold in his depredations. Sometimes he would ask when his friends were going out in the sea; then he would go to a place at some distance, leap into the sea, and swiftly dash to intercept the return of his friends to the shore. Perhaps he would allay suspicion by appearing as a man and challenge to a swimming-race. Diving suddenly, he would in an instant become a shark and destroy his fellow-swimmer.

The people felt that he had some peculiar power, and feared him. One day, when their high chief had called all the men of the valley to prepare the taro patches for their future supply of food, a fellow-workman standing by the side of Nanaue tore his kapa cape from his shoulders. The men behind cried out, "See the great shark-mouth!" All the people came running together, shouting, "A shark-man!" "A shark-man!"

Nanaue became very angry and snapped his shark-teeth together. Then with bitter rage he attacked those standing near him. He seized one by the arm and bit it in two. He tore the flesh of another in ragged gashes. Biting and snapping from side to side he ran toward the sea.

The crowd of natives surrounded him and blocked his way. He was thrown down and tied. The mystery had now passed from the valley. The people knew the cause of the troubles through which they had been passing, and all crowded around to see this

wonderful thing, part man and part shark.

The high chief ordered their largest oven to be prepared, that Nanaue might be placed therein and burned alive. The deep pit was quickly cleaned out by many willing hands, and, with much noise and rejoicing, fire was placed within and the stones for heating were put in above the fire. "We are ready for the shark-man," was the cry.

During the confusion Nanaue quietly made his plans to escape. Suddenly changing himself to a shark, the cords which bound him fell off and he rolled into one of the rivers which flowed from the falls in the upper part of the valley.

None of the people dared to spring into the water for a hand-to-hand fight with the monster. They ran along the bank, throwing stones at Nanaue and bruising him. They called for spears that they might kill him, but he made a swift rush to the sea and swam away, never again to return to Waipio Valley.

Apparently Nanaue could not live long in the ocean. The story says that he swam over to the island of Maui and landed near the village Hana. There he dwelt for some time, and married a chiefess. Meanwhile he secretly killed and ate some of the people. At last his appetite for human flesh made him so bold that he caught a beautiful young girl and carried her out into the deep waters. There he changed himself into a shark and ate her body in the sight of the people.

The Hawaiians became very angry. They launched their canoes, and, throwing in all kinds of weapons, pushed out to kill

their enemy. But he swam swiftly away, passing around the island until at last he landed on Molokai.

A TRUSTY FISHERMAN

Again he joined himself to the people, and again one by one those who went bathing and fishing disappeared. The priests (kahunas) of the people at last heard from their fellow-priests of the island of Maui that there was a dangerous shark-man roaming through the islands. They sent warning to the people, urging all

trusty fishermen to keep strict watch. At last they saw Nanaue change himself into a great fish. The fishermen waged a fierce battle against him. They entangled him in their nets, they pierced him with spears and struck him with clubs until the waters were red with his blood. They called on the gods of the sea to aid them. They uttered prayers and incantations. Soon Nanaue lost strength and could not throw off the ropes which were tied around him, nor could he break the nets in which he was entangled.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.