THOMAS GEORGE THRUM

HAWAIIAN FOLK TALES

Thomas George Thrum

Hawaiian Folk Tales

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Hawaiian Folk Tales / A Collection of Native Legends

Preface

It is becoming more and more a matter of regret that a larger amount of systematic effort was not established in early years for the gathering and preservation of the folk-lore of the Hawaiians. The world is under lasting obligations to the late Judge Fornander, and to Dr. Rae before him, for their painstaking efforts to gather the history of this people and trace their origin and migrations; but Fornander's work only has seen the light, Dr. Rae's manuscript having been accidentally destroyed by fire.

The early attempts of Dibble and Pogue to gather history from Hawaiians themselves have preserved to native and foreign readers much that would probably otherwise have been lost. To the late Judge Andrews we are indebted for a very full grammar and dictionary of the language, as also for a valuable manuscript collection of meles and antiquarian literature that passed to the custody of the Board of Education.

There were native historians in those days; the newspaper articles of S. M. Kamakau, the earlier writings of David Malo, and the later contributions of G. W. Pilipo and others are but samples of a wealth of material, most of which has been lost forever to the world. From time to time Prof. W. D. Alexander, as also C. J. Lyons, has furnished interesting extracts from these and other hakus.

The Rev. A. O. Forbes devoted some time and thought to the collecting of island folk-lore: and King Kalakaua took some pains in this line also, as evidenced by his volume of "Legends and Myths of Hawaii," edited by R. M. Daggett, though there is much therein that is wholly foreign to ancient Hawaiian customs and thought. No one of late years had a better opportunity than Kalakaua toward collecting the meles, kaaos, and traditions of his race; and for purposes looking to this end there was established by law a Board of Genealogy, which had an existence of some four years, but nothing of permanent value resulted therefrom.

Fornander's manuscript collection of meles, legends, and genealogies in the vernacular has fortunately become, by purchase, the property of the Hon. C. R. Bishop, which insures for posterity the result of one devoted scholar's efforts to rescue the ancient traditions that are gradually slipping away; for the haku meles (bards) of Hawaii are gone. This fact, as also the Hawaiian Historical Society's desire to aid and stimulate research into the history and traditions of this people, strengthens the hope that some one may yet arise to give us further insight into the legendary folk-lore of this interesting race.

T. G. T.
Honolulu, January 1, 1907.

Note

In response to repeated requests, the compiler now presents in book form the series of legends that have been made a feature of “The Hawaiian Annual” for a number of years past. The series has been enriched by the addition of several tales, the famous shark legend having been furnished for this purpose from the papers of the Hawaiian Historical Society.

The collection embraces contributions by the Rev. A. O. Forbes, Dr. N. B. Emerson, J. S. Emerson, Mrs. E. M. Nakuina, W. M. Gibson, Dr. C. M. Hyde, and others, all of whom are recognized authorities.

T. G. T.
Honolulu, January 1, 1907.

I
Legends Resembling Old Testament History

Rev. C. M. Hyde, D.D

In the first volume of Judge Fornander's elaborate work on "The Polynesian Race" he has given some old Hawaiian legends which closely resemble the Old Testament history. How shall we account for such coincidences?

Take, for instance, the Hawaiian account of the Creation. The Kane, Ku and Lono: or, Sunlight, Substance, and Sound,—these constituted a triad named Ku-Kaua-Kahi, or the Fundamental Supreme Unity. In worship the reverence due was expressed by such epithets as Hi-ka-po-loa, Oi-e, Most Excellent, etc. "These gods existed from eternity, from and before chaos, or, as the Hawaiian term expressed it, 'mai ka po mia' (from the time of night, darkness, chaos). By an act of their will these gods dissipated or broke into pieces the existing, surrounding, all-containing po, night, or chaos. By this act light entered into space. They then created the heavens, three in number, as a place to dwell in; and the earth to be their footstool, he keehina honua a Kane. Next they created the sun, moon, stars, and a host of angels, or spirits—i kini akua—to minister to them. Last of all they created man as the model, or in the likeness of Kane. The body of the first man was made of red earth—lepo ula, or alaea—and the spittle of the gods—wai nao. His head was made of a whitish clay—palolo—which was brought from the four ends of the world by Lono. When the earth-image of Kane was ready, the three gods breathed into its nose, and called on it to rise, and it became a living being. Afterwards the first woman was created from one of the ribs—lalo puhaka—of the man while asleep, and these two were the progenitors of all mankind. They are called in the chants and in various legends by a large number of different names; but the most common for the man was Kumuhonua, and for the woman Keolakuhonua [or Lalahonua].

"Of the creation of animals these chants are silent; but from the pure tradition it may be inferred that the earth at the time of its creation or emergence from the watery chaos was stocked with vegetable and animal. The animals specially mentioned in the tradition as having been created by Kane were hogs (puaa), dogs (ilio), lizards or reptiles (moo).

"Another legend of the series, that of Wela-ahi-lani, states that after Kane had destroyed the world by fire, on account of the wickedness of the people then living, he organized it as it now is, and created the first man and the first woman, with the assistance of Ku and Lono, nearly in the same manner as narrated in the former legend of Kumuhonua. In this legend the man is called Wela-ahi-lani, and the woman is called Owe."

Of the primeval home, the original ancestral seat of mankind, Hawaiian traditions speak in highest praise. "It had a number of names of various meanings, though the most generally occurring, and said to be the oldest, was Kalana-i-hau-ola (Kalana with the life-giving dew). It was situated in a large country, or continent, variously called in the legends Kahiki-honua-kele, Kahiki-ku, Kapa-kapa-ua-a-Kane, Molo-lani. Among other names for the primary homestead, or paradise, are Pali-uli (the blue mountain), Aina-i-ka-kaupo-o-Kane (the land in the heart of Kane), Aina-wai-akua-a-Kane (the land of the divine water of Kane). The tradition says of Pali-uli, that it was a sacred, tabooed land; that a man must be righteous to attain it; if faulty or sinful he will not get there; if he looks behind he will not get there; if he prefers his family he will not enter Pali-uli." "Among other adornments of the Polynesian Paradise, the Kalana-i-hau-ola, there grew the Ulu kapu a Kane, the breadfruit tabooed for Kane, and the ohia hemolele, the sacred apple-tree. The priests of the olden time are said to have held that the tabooed fruits of these trees were in some manner connected with

the trouble and death of Kumuhonua and Lalahonua, the first man and the first woman. Hence in the ancient chants he is called Kane-laa-uli, Kumu-uli, Kulu-ipo, the fallen chief, he who fell on account of the tree, or names of similar import."

According to those legends of Kumuhonua and Wela-ahi-lani, "at the time when the gods created the stars, they also created a multitude of angels, or spirits (i kini akua), who were not created like men, but made from the spittle of the gods (i kuhaia), to be their servants or messengers. These spirits, or a number of them, disobeyed and revolted, because they were denied the awa; which means that they were not permitted to be worshipped, awa being a sacrificial offering and sign of worship. These evil spirits did not prevail, however, but were conquered by Kane, and thrust down into uttermost darkness (ilalo loa i ka po). The chief of these spirits was called by some Kanaloa, by others Milu, the ruler of Po; Akua ino; Kupu ino, the evil spirit. Other legends, however, state that the veritable and primordial lord of the Hawaiian inferno was called Manua. The inferno itself bore a number of names, such as Po-pau-ole, Po-kua-kini, Po-kini-kini, Po-papa-ia-owa, Po-ia-milu. Milu, according to those other legends, was a chief of superior wickedness on earth who was thrust down into Po, but who was really both inferior and posterior to Manua. This inferno, this Po, with many names, one of which remarkably enough was Ke-po-lua-ahi, the pit of fire, was not an entirely dark place. There was light of some kind and there was fire. The legends further tell us that when Kane, Ku, and Lono were creating the first man from the earth, Kanaloa was present, and in imitation of Kane, attempted to make another man out of the earth. When his clay model was ready, he called to it to become alive, but no life came to it. Then Kanaloa became very angry, and said to Kane, 'I will take your man, and he shall die,' and so it happened. Hence the first man got his other name Kumu-uli, which means a fallen chief, he 'lii kahuli.... With the Hawaiians, Kanaloa is the personified spirit of evil, the origin of death, the prince of Po, or chaos, and yet a revolted, disobedient spirit, who was conquered and punished by Kane. The introduction and worship of Kanaloa, as one of the great gods in the Hawaiian group, can be traced back only to the time of the immigration from the southern groups, some eight hundred years ago. In the more ancient chants he is never mentioned in conjunction with Kane, Ku, and Lono, and even in later Hawaiian mythology he never took precedence of Kane. The Hawaiian legend states that the oldest son of Kumuhonua, the first man, was called Laka, and that the next was called Ahu, and that Laka was a bad man; he killed his brother Ahu.

"There are these different Hawaiian genealogies, going back with more or less agreement among themselves to the first created man. The genealogy of Kumuhonua gives thirteen generations inclusive to Nuu, or Kahinalii, or the line of Laka, the oldest son of Kumuhonua. (The line of Seth from Adam to Noah counts ten generations.) The second genealogy, called that of Kumu-uli, was of greatest authority among the highest chiefs down to the latest times, and it was taboo to teach it to the common people. This genealogy counts fourteen generations from Huli-houna, the first man, to Nuu, or Nana-nuu, but inclusive, on the line of Laka. The third genealogy, which, properly speaking, is that of Paao, the high-priest who came with Pili from Tahiti, about twenty-five generations ago, and was a reformer of the Hawaiian priesthood, and among whose descendants it has been preserved, counts only twelve generations from Kumuhonua to Nuu, on the line of Kapili, youngest son of Kumuhonua."

"In the Hawaiian group there are several legends of the Flood. One legend relates that in the time of Nuu, or Nana-nuu (also pronounced lana, that is, floating), the flood, Kaiakahinalii, came upon the earth, and destroyed all living beings; that Nuu, by command of his god, built a large vessel with a house on top of it, which was called and is referred to in chants as 'He waa halau Alii o ka Moku,' the royal vessel, in which he and his family, consisting of his wife, Lilinoe, his three sons and their wives, were saved. When the flood subsided, Kane, Ku, and Lono entered the waa halau of Nuu, and told him to go out. He did so, and found himself on the top of Mauna Kea (the highest mountain on the island of Hawaii). He called a cave there after the name of his wife, and the cave remains there to this day—as the legend says in testimony of the fact. Other versions of the legend say that Nuu landed and dwelt in Kahiki-honua-kele, a large and extensive country." … "Nuu left the vessel in the

evening of the day and took with him a pig, cocoanuts, and awa as an offering to the god Kane. As he looked up he saw the moon in the sky. He thought it was the god, saying to himself, 'You are Kane, no doubt, though you have transformed yourself to my sight.' So he worshipped the moon, and offered his offerings. Then Kane descended on the rainbow and spoke reprovingly to Nuu, but on account of the mistake Nuu escaped punishment, having asked pardon of Kane." … "Nuu's three sons were Nalu-akea, Nalu-hoo-hua, and Nalu-mana-mana. In the tenth generation from Nuu arose Lua-nuu, or the second Nuu, known also in the legend as Kane-hoa-lani, Kupule, and other names. The legend adds that by command of his god he was the first to introduce circumcision to be practised among his descendants. He left his native home and moved a long way off until he reached a land called Honua-ilalo, 'the southern country.' Hence he got the name Lalo-kona, and his wife was called Honua-po-ilalo. He was the father of Ku-nawao by his slave-woman Ahu (O-ahu) and of Kalani-menehune by his wife, Mee-hewa. Another says that the god Kane ordered Lua-nuu to go up on a mountain and perform a sacrifice there. Lua-nuu looked among the mountains of Kahiki-ku, but none of them appeared suitable for the purpose. Then Lua-nuu inquired of God where he might find a proper place. God replied to him: 'Go travel to the eastward, and where you find a sharp-peaked hill projecting precipitously into the ocean, that is the hill for the sacrifice.' Then Lua-nuu and his son, Kupulu-pulu-a-Nuu, and his servant, Pili-lua-nuu, started off in their boat to the eastward. In remembrance of this event the Hawaiians called the back of Kualoa Koo-lau; Oahu (after one of Lua-nuu's names), Kane-hoa-lani; and the smaller hills in front of it were named Kupu-pulu and Pili-lua-nuu. Lua-nuu is the tenth descendant from Nuu by both the oldest and the youngest of Nuu's sons. This oldest son is represented to have been the progenitor of the Kanaka-maoli, the people living on the mainland of Kane (Aina kumupuaa a Kane): the youngest was the progenitor of the white people (ka poe keo keo maoli). This Lua-nuu (like Abraham, the tenth from Noah, also like Abraham), through his grandson, Kini-lau-a-mano, became the ancestor of the twelve children of the latter, and the original founder of the Menehune people, from whom this legend makes the Polynesian family descend."

The Rev. Sheldon Dibble, in his history of the Sandwich Islands, published at Lahainaluna, in 1843, gives a tradition which very much resembles the history of Joseph. "Waikelenuiaiku was one of ten brethren who had one sister. They were all the children of one father, whose name was Waiku. Waikelenuiaiku was much beloved by his father, but his brethren hated him. On account of their hatred they carried him and cast him into a pit belonging to Holonaeole. The oldest brother had pity on him, and gave charge to Holonaeole to take good care of him. Waikelenuiaiku escaped and fled to a country over which reigned a king whose name was Kamohoalii. There he was thrown into a dark place, a pit under ground, in which many persons were confined for various crimes. Whilst confined in this dark place he told his companions to dream dreams and tell them to him. The night following four of the prisoners had dreams. The first dreamed that he saw a ripe ohia (native apple), and his spirit ate it; the second dreamed that he saw a ripe banana, and his spirit ate it; the third dreamed that he saw a hog, and his spirit ate it; and the fourth dreamed that he saw awa, pressed out the juice, and his spirit drank it. The first three dreams, pertaining to food, Waikelenuiaiku interpreted unfavorably, and told the dreamers they must prepare to die. The fourth dream, pertaining to drink, he interpreted to signify deliverance and life. The first three dreamers were slain according to the interpretation, and the fourth was delivered and saved. Afterward this last dreamer told Kamohoalii, the king of the land, how wonderful was the skill of Waikelenuiaiku in interpreting dreams, and the king sent and delivered him from prison and made him a principal chief in his kingdom."

Judge Fornander alludes to this legend, giving the name, however, Aukelenui-a-Iku, and adding to it the account of the hero's journey to the place where the water of life was kept (ka-wai-ola-loa-a-Kane), his obtaining it and therewith resuscitating his brothers, who had been killed by drowning some years before. Another striking similarity is that furnished to Judge Fornander in the legend of Ke-alii-waha-nui: "He was king of the country called Honua-i-lalo. He oppressed the Menehune people. Their god Kane sent Kane-apua and Kaneloa, his elder brother, to bring the people away, and

take them to the land which Kane had given them, and which was called Ka aina momona a Kane, or Ka one lauena a Kane, and also Ka aina i ka haupo a Kane. The people were then told to observe the four Ku days in the beginning of the month as Kapu-hoano (sacred or holy days), in remembrance of this event, because they thus arose (Ku) to depart from that land. Their offerings on the occasion were swine and goats." The narrator of the legend explains that formerly there were goats without horns, called malailua, on the slopes of Mauna Loa on Hawaii, and that they were found there up to the time of Kamehameha I. The legend further relates that after leaving the land of Honualalo, the people came to the Kai-ula-a-Kane (the Red Sea of Kane); that they were pursued by Ke-alii-waha-nui; that Kane-apua and Kanaloa prayed to Lono, and finally reached the Aina lauena a Kane.

"In the famous Hawaiian legend of Hiiaka-i-ka-poli-o-Pele, it is said that when Hiiaka went to the island of Kauai to recover and restore to life the body of Lohiau, the lover of her sister, Pele, she arrived at the foot of the Kalalau Mountain shortly before sunset. Being told by her friends at Haena that there would not be daylight sufficient to climb the pali (precipice) and get the body out of the cave in which it was hidden, she prayed to her gods to keep the sun stationary (i ka muli o Hea) over the brook Hea, until she had accomplished her object. The prayer was heard, the mountain was climbed, the guardians of the cave vanquished, and the body recovered."

A story of retarding the sun and making the day longer to accomplish his purpose is told of Maui-a-kalana, according to Dibble's history.

Judge Fornander alludes to one other legend with incidents similar to the Old Testament history wherein "Na-ula-a-Mainea, an Oahu prophet, left Oahu for Kauai, was upset in his canoe, was swallowed by a whale, and thrown up alive on the beach at Wailua, Kauai."

Judge Fornander says that, when he first heard the legend of the two brother prophets delivering the Menehune people, "he was inclined to doubt its genuineness and to consider it as a paraphrase or adaptation of the Biblical account by some semi-civilized or semi-Christianized Hawaiian, after the discovery of the group by Captain Cook. But a larger and better acquaintance with Hawaiian folk-lore has shown that though the details of the legend, as interpreted by the Christian Hawaiian from whom it was received, may possibly in some degree, and unconsciously to him, perhaps, have received a Biblical coloring, yet the main facts of the legend, with the identical names of persons and places, are referred to more or less distinctly in other legends of undoubted antiquity." And the Rev. Mr. Dibble, in his history, says of these Hawaiian legends, that "they were told to the missionaries before the Bible was translated into the Hawaiian tongue, and before the people knew much of sacred history. The native who acted as assistant in translating the history of Joseph was forcibly struck with its similarity to their ancient tradition. Neither is there the least room for supposing that the songs referred to are recent inventions. They can all be traced back for generations, and are known by various persons residing on different islands who have had no communication with each other. Some of them have their date in the reign of some ancient king, and others have existed time out of mind. It may also be added, that both their narrations and songs are known the best by the very oldest of the people, and those who never learned to read; whose education and training were under the ancient system of heathenism."

"Two hypotheses," says Judge Fornander, "may with some plausibility be suggested to account for this remarkable resemblance of folk-lore. One is, that during the time of the Spanish galleon trade, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, between the Spanish Main and Manila, some shipwrecked people, Spaniards and Portuguese, had obtained sufficient influence to introduce these scraps of Bible history into the legendary lore of this people.... On this fact hypothesis I remark that, if the shipwrecked foreigners were educated men, or only possessed of such Scriptural knowledge as was then imparted to the commonality of laymen, it is morally impossible to conceive that a Spaniard of the sixteenth century should confine his instruction to some of the leading events of the Old Testament, and be totally silent upon the Christian dispensation, and the cruciolatry, mariolatry, and hagiolatry of that day. And it is equally impossible to conceive that the Hawaiian listeners, chiefs,

priests, or commoners, should have retained and incorporated so much of the former in their own folk-lore, and yet have utterly forgotten every item bearing upon the latter.

"The other hypothesis is, that at some remote period either a body of the scattered Israelites had arrived at these islands direct, or in Malaysia, before the exodus of 'the Polynesian family,' and thus imparted a knowledge of their doctrines, of the early life of their ancestors, and of some of their peculiar customs, and that having been absorbed by the people among whom they found a refuge, this is all that remains to attest their presence—intellectual tombstones over a lost and forgotten race, yet sufficient after twenty-six centuries of silence to solve in some measure the ethnic puzzle of the lost tribes of Israel. In regard to this second hypothesis, it is certainly more plausible and cannot be so curtly disposed of as the Spanish theory.... So far from being copied one from the other, they are in fact independent and original versions of a once common legend, or series of legends, held alike by Cushite, Semite, Turanian, and Aryan, up to a certain time, when the divergencies of national life and other causes brought other subjects peculiar to each other prominently in the foreground; and that as these divergencies hardened into system and creed, that grand old heirloom of a common past became overlaid and colored by the peculiar social and religious atmosphere through which it has passed up to the surface of the present time. But besides this general reason for refusing to adopt the Israelitish theory, that the Polynesian legends were introduced by fugitive or emigrant Hebrews from the subverted kingdoms of Israel or Judah, there is the more special reason to be added that the organization and splendor of Solomon's empire, his temple, and his wisdom became proverbial among the nations of the East subsequent to his time; on all these, the Polynesian legends are absolutely silent."

In commenting on the legend of Hiiaka-i-ka-poli-o-Pele, Judge Fornander says: "If the Hebrew legend of Joshua or a Cushite version give rise to it, it only brings down the community of legends a little later in time. And so would the legend of Naulu-a-Mahea,… unless the legend of Jonah, with which it corresponds in a measure, as well as the previous legend of Joshua and the sun, were Hebrew anachronisms compiled and adapted in later times from long antecedent materials, of which the Polynesian references are but broken and distorted echoes, bits of legendary mosaics, displaced from their original surroundings and made to fit with later associations."

In regard to the account of the Creation, he remarks that "the Hebrew legend infers that the god Elohim existed contemporaneously with and apart from the chaos. The Hawaiian legend makes the three great gods, Kane, Ku, and Lono, evolve themselves out of chaos.... The order of creation, according to Hawaiian folk-lore, was that after Heaven and earth had been separated, and the ocean had been stocked with its animals, the stars were created, then the moon, then the sun." Alluding to the fact that the account in Genesis is truer to nature, Judge Fornander nevertheless propounds the inquiry whether this fact may not "indicate that the Hebrew text is a later emendation of an older but once common tradition"?

Highest antiquity is claimed for Hawaiian traditions in regard to events subsequent to the creation of man. "In one of the sacrificial hymns of the Marquesans, when human victims were offered, frequent allusions were made to 'the red apples eaten in Naoau,' … and to the 'tabooed apples of Atea,' as the cause of death, wars, pestilence, famine, and other calamities, only to be averted or atoned for by the sacrifice of human victims. The close connection between the Hawaiian and the Marquesan legends indicates a common origin, and that origin can be no other than that from which the Chaldean and Hebrew legends of sacred trees, disobedience, and fall also sprang." In comparison of "the Hawaiian myth of Kanaloa as a fallen angel antagonistic to the great gods, as the spirit of evil and death in the world, the Hebrew legends are more vague and indefinite as to the existence of an evil principle. The serpent of Genesis, the Satan of Job, the Hillel of Isaiah, the dragon of the Apocalypse—all point, however, to the same underlying idea that the first cause of sin, death, evil, and calamities, was to be found in disobedience and revolt from God. They appear as disconnected scenes of a once grand drama that in olden times riveted the attention of mankind, and of which,

strange to say, the clearest synopsis and the most coherent recollection are, so far, to be found in Polynesian traditions. It is probably in vain to inquire with whom the legend of an evil spirit and his operations in Heaven and on earth had its origin. Notwithstanding the apparent unity of design and remarkable coincidence in many points, yet the differences in coloring, detail, and presentation are too great to suppose the legend borrowed by one from either of the others. It probably descended to the Chaldeans, Polynesians, and Hebrews alike, from a source or people anterior to themselves, of whom history now is silent."

II
Exploits of Maui

Rev. A. O. Forbes

I.—Snaring the Sun

Maui was the son of Hina-lau-ae and Hina, and they dwelt at a place called Makalia, above Kahakuloa, on West Maui. Now, his mother Hina made kapas. And as she spread them out to dry, the days were so short that she was put to great trouble and labor in hanging them out and taking them in day after day until they were dry. Maui, seeing this, was filled with pity for her, for the days were so short that, no sooner had she got her kapas all spread out to dry, than the Sun went down, and she had to take them in again. So he determined to make the Sun go slower. He first went to Wailohi, in Hamakua, on East Maui, to observe the motions of the Sun. There he saw that it rose toward Hana. He then went up on Haleakala, and saw that the Sun in its course came directly over that mountain. He then went home again, and after a few days went to a place called Paeloko, at Waihee. There he cut down all the cocoanut-trees, and gathered the fibre of the cocoanut husks in great quantity. This he manufactured into strong cord. One Moemoe, seeing this, said tauntingly to him: “Thou wilt never catch the Sun. Thou art an idle nobody.”

Maui answered: “When I conquer my enemy, and my desire is attained, I will be your death.” So he went up Haleakala again, taking his cord with him. And when the Sun arose above where he was stationed, he prepared a noose of the cord and, casting it, snared one of the Sun’s larger beams and broke it off. And thus he snared and broke off, one after another, all the strong rays of the Sun.

Then shouted he exultingly: “Thou art my captive, and now I will kill thee for thy going so swiftly.”

And the Sun said: “Let me live, and thou shalt see me go more slowly hereafter. Behold, hast thou not broken off all my strong legs, and left me only the weak ones?”

So the agreement was made, and Maui permitted the Sun to pursue its course, and from that time on it went more slowly; and that is the reason why the days are longer at one season of the year than at another. It was this that gave the name to that mountain, which should properly be called Alehe-ka-la (sun snarer), and not Haleakala.

When Maui returned from this exploit, he went to find Moemoe, who had reviled him. But that individual was not at home. He went on in his pursuit till he came upon him at a place called Kawaiopilopilo, on the shore to the eastward of the black rock called Kekaa, north of Lahaina. Moemoe dodged him up hill and down, until at last Maui, growing wroth, leaped upon and slew the fugitive. And the dead body was transformed into a long rock, which is there to this day, by the side of the road.

II.—The Origin of Fire

Maui and Hina dwelt together, and to them were born four sons, whose names were Maui-mua, Maui-hope, Maui-kiikii, and Maui-o-ka-lana. These four were fishermen. One morning, just as the edge of the Sun lifted itself up, Maui-mua roused his brethren to go fishing. So they launched their canoe from the beach at Kaupo, on the island of Maui, where they were dwelling, and proceeded to the fishing ground. Having arrived there, they were beginning to fish, when Maui-o-ka-lana saw the light of a fire on the shore they had left, and said to his brethren: “Behold, there is a fire burning. Whose can this fire be?”

And they answered: “Whose, indeed? Let us return to the shore, that we may get our food cooked; but first let us get some fish.”

So, after they had obtained some fish, they turned toward the shore; and when the canoe touched the beach Maui-mua leaped ashore and ran toward the spot where the fire had been burning. Now, the curly-tailed alae (mud-hens) were the keepers of the fire; and when they saw him coming they scratched the fire out and flew away. Maui-mua was defeated, and returned to the house to his brethren.

Then said they to him: “How about the fire?”

“How, indeed?” he answered. “When I got there, behold, there was no fire; it was out. I supposed some man had the fire, and behold, it was not so; the alae are the proprietors of the fire, and our bananas are all stolen.”

When they heard that, they were filled with anger, and decided not to go fishing again, but to wait for the next appearance of the fire. But after many days had passed without their seeing the fire, they went fishing again, and behold, there was the fire! And so they were continually tantalized. Only when they were out fishing would the fire appear, and when they returned they could not find it.

This was the way of it. The curly-tailed alae knew that Maui and Hina had only these four sons, and if any of them stayed on shore to watch the fire while the others were out in the canoe the alae knew it by counting those in the canoe, and would not light the fire. Only when they could count four men in the canoe would they light the fire. So Maui-mua thought it over, and said to his brethren: “To-morrow morning do you go fishing, and I will stay ashore. But do you take the calabash and dress it in kapa, and put it in my place in the canoe, and then go out to fish.”

They did so, and when they went out to fish the next morning, the alae counted and saw four figures in the canoe, and then they lit the fire and put the bananas on to roast. Before they were fully baked one of the alae cried out: “Our dish is cooked! Behold, Hina has a smart son.”

And with that, Maui-mua, who had stolen close to them unperceived, leaped forward, seized the curly-tailed alae and exclaimed: “Now I will kill you, you scamp of an alae! Behold, it is you who are keeping the fire from us. I will be the death of you for this.”

Then answered the alae: “If you kill me the secret dies with me, and you won’t get the fire.” As Maui-mua began to wring its neck, the alae again spoke, and said: “Let me live, and you shall have the fire.”

So Maui-mua said: “Tell me, where is the fire?”

The alae replied: “It is in the leaf of the a-pe plant” (Alocasia macrorrhiza).

So, by the direction of the alae, Maui-mua began to rub the leaf-stalk of the a-pe plant with a piece of stick, but the fire would not come. Again he asked: “Where is this fire that you are hiding from me?”

The alae answered: “In a green stick.”

And he rubbed a green stick, but got no fire. So it went on, until finally the alae told him he would find it in a dry stick; and so, indeed, he did. But Maui-mua, in revenge for the conduct of the

alae, after he had got the fire from the dry stick, said: “Now, there is one thing more to try.” And he rubbed the top of the alae’s head till it was red with blood, and the red spot remains there to this day.

III
Pele and the Deluge

Rev. A. O. Forbes

All volcanic phenomena are associated in Hawaiian legendary lore with the goddess Pele; and it is a somewhat curious fact that to the same celebrated personage is also attributed a great flood that occurred in ancient times. The legends of this flood are various, but mainly connected with the doings of Pele in this part of the Pacific Ocean. The story runs thus:

Kahinalii was the mother of Pele; Kanehoalani was her father; and her two brothers were Kamohoalii and Kahuilaokalani. Pele was born in the land of Hapakuela, a far-distant land at the edge of the sky, toward the southwest. There she lived with her parents until she was grown up, when she married Wahialoa; and to these were born a daughter named Laka, and a son named Menehune. But after a time Pele's husband, Wahialoa, was enticed away from her by Pele-kumulani. The deserted Pele, being much displeased and troubled in mind on account of her husband, started on her travels in search of him, and came in the direction of the Hawaiian Islands. Now, at that time these islands were a vast waste. There was no sea, nor was there any fresh water. When Pele set out on her journey, her parents gave her the sea to go with her and bear her canoes onward. So she sailed forward, flood-borne by the sea, until she reached the land of Pakuela, and thence onward to the land of Kanaloa. From her head she poured forth the sea as she went, and her brothers composed the celebrated ancient mele:

O the sea, the great sea!
Forth bursts the sea:
Behold, it bursts on Kanaloa!

But the waters of the sea continued to rise until only the highest points of the great mountains, Haleakala, Maunakea, and Maunaloa, were visible; all else was covered. Afterward the sea receded until it reached its present level. This event is called the Kai a Kahinalii (Sea of Kahinalii), because it was from Kahinalii, her mother, that Pele received the gift of the sea, and she herself only brought it to Hawaii.

And from that time to this, Pele and all her family forsook their former land of Hapakuela and have dwelt in Hawaii-nei, Pele coming first and the rest following at a later time.

On her first arrival at Hawaii-nei, Pele dwelt on the island of Kauai. From there she went to Kalaupapa,[1] on the island of Molokai, and dwelt in the crater of Kauhako at that place; thence she departed to Puulaina,[2] near Lahainaluna, where she dug out that crater. Afterward she moved still further to Haleakala, where she stayed until she hollowed out that great crater; and finally she settled at Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, where she has remained ever since.[3]

[1] Now the Leper Settlement.

[2] The hill visible from the Lahaina anchorage to the north of Lahainaluna School, and near to it.

[3] It is not a little remarkable that the progress of Pele, as stated in this tradition, agrees with geological observation in locating the earliest volcanic action in this group, on the island of Kauai, and the latest, on the island of Hawaii.—Translator.

IV
Pele and Kahawali

From Ellis's "Tour of Hawaii"

In the reign of Kealiikukii, an ancient king of Hawaii, Kahawali, chief of Puna, and one of his favorite companions went one day to amuse themselves with the holua (sled), on the sloping side of a hill, which is still called ka holua ana o Kahawali (Kahawali's sliding-place). Vast numbers of the people gathered at the bottom of the hill to witness the game, and a company of musicians and dancers repaired thither to add to the amusement of the spectators. The performers began their dance, and amidst the sound of drums and the songs of the musicians the sledding of Kahawali and his companion commenced. The hilarity of the occasion attracted the attention of Pele, the goddess of the volcano, who came down from Kilauea to witness the sport. Standing on the summit of the hill in the form of a woman, she challenged Kahawali to slide with her. He accepted the offer, and they set off together down the hill. Pele, less acquainted with the art of balancing herself on the narrow sled than her rival, was beaten, and Kahawali was applauded by the spectators as he returned up the side of the hill.

Before starting again, Pele asked him to give her his papa holua, but he, supposing from her appearance that she was no more than a native woman, said: "Aole! (no!) Are you my wife, that you should obtain my sled?" And, as if impatient at being delayed, he adjusted his papa, ran a few yards to take a spring, and then, with this momentum and all his strength he threw himself upon it and shot down the hill.

Pele, incensed at his answer, stamped her foot on the ground and an earthquake followed, which rent the hill in sunder. She called, and fire and liquid lava arose, and, assuming her supernatural form, with these irresistible ministers of vengeance, she followed down the hill. When Kahawali reached the bottom, he arose, and on looking behind saw Pele, accompanied by thunder and lightning, earthquake, and streams of burning lava, closely pursuing him. He took up his broad spear which he had stuck in the ground at the beginning of the game, and, accompanied by his friend, fled for his life. The musicians, dancers, and crowds of spectators were instantly overwhelmed by the fiery torrent, which, bearing on its foremost wave the enraged goddess, continued to pursue Kahawali and his companion. They ran till they came to an eminence called Puukea. Here Kahawali threw off his cloak of netted ki leaves and proceeded toward his house, which stood near the shore. He met his favorite pig and saluted it by touching noses, then ran to the house of his mother, who lived at Kukii, saluted her by touching noses, and said: "Aloha ino oe, eia ihonei paha oe e make ai, ke ai mainei Pele." (Compassion great to you! Close here, perhaps, is your death; Pele comes devouring.) Leaving her, he met his wife, Kanakawahine, and saluted her. The burning torrent approached, and she said: "Stay with me here, and let us die together." He said: "No; I go, I go." He then saluted his two children, Poupoulu and Kaohe, and said, "Ke ue nei au ia olua." (I grieve for you two.) The lava rolled near, and he ran till a deep chasm arrested his progress. He laid down his spear and walked over on it in safety. His friend called out for his help; he held out his spear over the chasm; his companion took hold of it and he drew him securely over. By this time Pele was coming down the chasm with accelerated motion. He ran till he reached Kula. Here he met his sister, Koai, but had only time to say, "Aloha oe!" (Alas for you!) and then ran on to the shore. His younger brother had just landed from his fishing-canoe, and had hastened to his house to provide for the safety of his family, when Kahawali arrived. He and his friend leaped into the canoe, and with his broad spear paddled out to sea. Pele, perceiving his escape, ran to the shore and hurled after him, with prodigious force, great stones and fragments of

rock, which fell thickly around but did not strike his canoe. When he had paddled a short distance from the shore the kumukahi (east wind) sprung up. He fixed his broad spear upright in the canoe, that it might answer the double purpose of mast and sail, and by its aid he soon reached the island of Maui, where they rested one night and then proceeded to Lanai. The day following they moved on to Molokai, thence to Oahu, the abode of Kolonohailaau, his father, and Kanewahinekeaho, his sister, to whom he related his disastrous perils, and with whom he took up his permanent abode.

V
Hiku and Kawelu

J. S. Emerson

Not far from the summit of Hualalai, on the island of Hawaii, in the cave on the southern side of the ridge, lived Hina and her son, the kupua, or demigod, Hiku. All his life long as a child and a youth, Hiku had lived alone with his mother on this mountain summit, and had never once been permitted to descend to the plains below to see the abodes of men and to learn of their ways. From time to time, his quick ear had caught the sound of the distant hula (drum) and the voices of the gay merrymakers. Often had he wished to see the fair forms of those who danced and sang in those far-off cocoanut groves. But his mother, more experienced in the ways of the world, had never given her consent. Now, at length, he felt that he was a man, and as the sounds of mirth arose on his ears, again he asked his mother to let him go for himself and mingle with the people on the shore. His mother, seeing that his mind was made up to go, reluctantly gave her consent and warned him not to stay too long, but to return in good time. So, taking in his hand his faithful arrow, Pua Ne, which he always carried, he started off.

This arrow was a sort of talisman, possessed of marvellous powers, among which were the ability to answer his call and by its flight to direct his journey.

Thus he descended over the rough clinker lava and through the groves of koa that cover the southwestern flank of the mountain, until, nearing its base, he stood on a distant hill; and consulting his arrow, he shot it far into the air, watching its bird-like flight until it struck on a distant hill above Kailua. To this hill he rapidly directed his steps, and, picking up his arrow in due time, he again shot it into the air. The second flight landed the arrow near the coast of Holualoa, some six or eight miles south of Kailua. It struck on a barren waste of pahoehoe, or lava rock, beside the waterhole of Waikalai, known also as the Wai a Hiku (Water of Hiku), where to this day all the people of that vicinity go to get their water for man and beast.

Here he quenched his thirst, and nearing the village of Holualoa, again shot the arrow, which, instinct with life, entered the courtyard of the alii or chief, of Kona, and from among the women who were there singled out the fair princess Kawelu, and landed at her feet. Seeing the noble bearing of Hiku as he approached to claim his arrow, she stealthily hid it and challenged him to find it. Then Hiku called to the arrow, “Pua ne! Pua ne!” and the arrow replied, “Ne!” thus revealing its hiding-place.

This exploit with the arrow and the remarkable grace and personal beauty of the young man quite won the heart of the princess, and she was soon possessed by a strong passion for him, and determined to make him her husband.

With her wily arts she detained him for several days at her home, and when at last he was about to start for the mountain, she shut him up in the house and thus detained him by force. But the words of his mother, warning him not to remain too long, came to his mind, and he determined to break away from his prison. So he climbed up to the roof, and removing a portion of the thatch, made his escape.

When his flight was discovered by Kawelu, the infatuated girl was distracted with grief. Refusing to be comforted, she tasted no food, and ere many days had passed was quite dead. Messengers were despatched who brought back the unhappy Hiku, author of all this sorrow. Bitterly he wept over the corpse of his beloved, but it was now too late; the spirit had departed to the nether world, ruled over by Milu. And now, stung by the reproaches of her kindred and friends for his

desertion, and urged on by his real love for the fair one, he resolved to attempt the perilous descent into the nether world and, if possible, to bring her spirit back.

With the assistance of her friends, he collected from the mountain slope a great quantity of the kowali, or convolvulus vine. He also prepared a hollow cocoanut shell, splitting it into two closely fitting parts. Then anointing himself with a mixture of rancid cocoanut and kukui oil, which gave him a very strong corpse-like odor, he started with his companions in the well-loaded canoes for a point in the sea where the sky comes down to meet the water.

Arrived at the spot, he directed his comrades to lower him into the abyss called by the Hawaiians the Lua o Milu. Taking with him his cocoanut-shell and seating himself astride of the cross-stick of the swing, or kowali, he was quickly lowered down by the long rope of kowali vines held by his friends in the canoe above.

Soon he entered the great cavern where the shades of the departed were gathered together. As he came among them, their curiosity was aroused to learn who he was. And he heard many remarks, such as “Whew! what an odor this corpse emits!” “He must have been long dead.” He had rather overdone the matter of the rancid oil. Even Milu himself, as he sat on the bank watching the crowd, was completely deceived by the stratagem, for otherwise he never would have permitted this bold descent of a living man into his gloomy abode.

The Hawaiian swing, it should be remarked, unlike ours, has but one rope supporting the cross-stick on which the person is seated. Hiku and his swing attracted considerable attention from the lookers-on. One shade in particular watched him most intently; it was his sweetheart, Kawelu. A mutual recognition took place, and with the permission of Milu she darted up to him and swung with him on the kowali. But even she had to avert her face on account of his corpse-like odor. As they were enjoying together this favorite Hawaiian pastime of lele kowali, by a preconcerted signal the friends above were informed of the success of his ruse and were now rapidly drawing them up. At first she was too much absorbed in the sport to notice this. When at length her attention was aroused by seeing the great distance of those beneath her, like a butterfly she was about to flit away, when the crafty Hiku, who was ever on the alert, clapped the cocoanut-shells together, imprisoning her within them, and was then quickly drawn up to the canoes above.

With their precious burden, they returned to the shores of Holualoa, where Hiku landed and at once repaired to the house where still lay the body of his beloved. Kneeling by its side, he made a hole in the great toe of the left foot, into which with great difficulty he forced the reluctant spirit, and in spite of its desperate struggles he tied up the wound so that it could not escape from the cold, clammy flesh in which it was now imprisoned. Then he began to lomilomi, or rub and chafe the foot, working the spirit further and further up the limb.

Gradually, as the heart was reached, the blood began once more to flow through the body, the chest began gently to heave with the breath of life, and soon the spirit gazed out through the eyes. Kawelu was now restored to consciousness, and seeing her beloved Hiku bending tenderly over her, she opened her lips and said: “How could you be so cruel as to leave me?”

All remembrance of the Lua o Milu and of her meeting him there had disappeared, and she took up the thread of consciousness just where she had left it a few days before at death. Great joy filled the hearts of the people of Holualoa as they welcomed back to their midst the fair Kawelu and the hero, Hiku, from whom she was no more to be separated.

Location of the Lua o Milu

In the myth of Hiku and Kawelu, the entrance to the Lua o Milu is placed out to sea opposite Holualoa and a few miles south of Kailua. But the more usual account of the natives is, that it was situated at the mouth of the great valley of Waipio, in a place called Keoni, where the sands have long since covered up and concealed from view this passage from the upper to the nether world.

Every year, so it is told, the procession of ghosts called by the natives Oio, marches in solemn state down the Mahiki road, and at this point enters the Lua o Milu. A man, recently living in Waimea, of the best reputation for veracity, stated that about thirty or more years ago, he actually saw this ghostly company. He was walking up this road in the evening, when he saw at a distance the Oio appear, and knowing that should they encounter him his death would be inevitable, he discreetly hid himself behind a tree and, trembling with fear, gazed in silence at the dread spectacle. There was Kamehameha, the conqueror, with all his chiefs and warriors in military array, thousands of heroes who had won renown in the olden time. Though all were silent as the grave, they kept perfect step as they marched along, and passing through the woods down to Waipio, disappeared from his view.

In connection with the foregoing, Professor W. D. Alexander kindly contributes the following:

"The valley of Waipio is a place frequently celebrated in the songs and traditions of Hawaii, as having been the abode of Akea and Milu, the first kings of the island....

"Some said that the souls of the departed went to the Po (place of night), and were annihilated or eaten by the gods there. Others said that some went to the regions of Akea and Milu. Akea (Wakea), they said, was the first king of Hawaii. At the expiration of his reign, which terminated with his life at Waipio, where we then were, he descended to a region far below, called Kapapahanaumoku (the island bearing rock or stratum), and founded a kingdom there. Milu, who was his successor, and reigned in Hamakua, descended, when he died, to Akea and shared the government of the place with him. Their land is a place of darkness; their food lizards and butterflies. There are several streams of water, of which they drink, and some said that there were large kahilis and wide-spreading kou trees, beneath which they reclined."[4]

"They had some very indistinct notion of a future state of happiness and of misery. They said that, after death, the ghost went first to the region of Wakea, the name of their first reputed progenitor, and if it had observed the religious rites and ceremonies, was entertained and allowed to remain there. That was a place of houses, comforts, and pleasures. If the soul had failed to be religious, it found no one there to entertain it, and was forced to take a desperate leap into a place of misery below, called Milu.

"There were several precipices, from the verge of which the unhappy ghosts were supposed to take the leap into the region of woe; three in particular, one at the northern extremity of Hawaii, one at the western termination of Maui, and the third at the northern point of Oahu."[5]

Near the northwest point of Oahu is a rock called Leina Kauhane, where the souls of the dead descended into Hades. In New Zealand the same term, "Reinga" (the leaping place), is applied to the North Cape. The Marquesans have a similar belief in regard to the northermost island of their group, and apply the same term, "Reinga," to their Avernus.

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[4] Ellis's "Polynesian Researches," pp. 365–7.

[5] Dibble's History, p. 99.

VI
Lonopuha; Or, Origin of the Art of Healing in Hawaii

Translated by Thos. G. Thrum

During the time that Milu was residing at Waipio, Hawaii, the year of which is unknown, there came to these shores a number of people, with their wives, from that vague foreign land, Kahiki. But they were all of godly kind (ano akua nae), it is said, and drew attention as they journeyed from place to place. They arrived first at Niihau, and from there they travelled through all the islands. At Hawaii they landed at the south side, thence to Puna, Hilo, and settled at Kukuihaele, Hamakua, just above Waipio.

On every island they visited there appeared various diseases, and many deaths resulted, so that it was said this was their doings, among the chiefs and people. The diseases that followed in their train were chills, fevers, headache, pani, and so on.

These are the names of some of these people: Kaalaenuiahina, Kahuilaokalani, Kaneikaulanaula, besides others. They brought death, but one Kamakanuiahailono followed after them with healing powers. This was perhaps the origin of sickness and the art of healing with medicines in Hawaii.

As has been said, diseases settled on the different islands like an epidemic, and the practice of medicine ensued, for Kamakanuiahailono followed them in their journeyings. He arrived at Kau, stopping at Kiolakaa, on the west side of Waiohinu, where a great multitude of people were residing, and Lono was their chief. The stranger sat on a certain hill, where many of the people visited him, for the reason that he was a newcomer, a custom that is continued to this day. While there he noticed the redness of skin of a certain one of them, and remarked, “Oh, the redness of skin of that man!”

The people replied, “Oh, that is Lono, the chief of this land, and he is a farmer.”

He again spoke, asserting that his sickness was very great; for through the redness of the skin he knew him to be a sick man.

They again replied that he was a healthy man, “but you consider him very sick.” He then left the residents and set out on his journey.

Some of those who heard his remarks ran and told the chief the strange words, “that he was a very sick man.” On hearing this, Lono raised up his oo (digger) and said, “Here I am, without any sign of disease, and yet I am sick.” And as he brought down his oo with considerable force, it struck his foot and pierced it through, causing the blood to flow freely, so that he fell and fainted away. At this, one of the men seized a pig and ran after the stranger, who, hearing the pig squealing, looked behind him and saw the man running with it; and as he neared him he dropped it before him, and told him of Lono’s misfortune, Kamakanuiahailono then returned, gathering on the way the young popolo seeds and its tender leaves in his garment (kihei). When he arrived at the place where the wounded man was lying he asked for some salt, which he took and pounded together with the popolo and placed it with a cocoanut covering on the wound. From then till night the flowing of the blood ceased. After two or three weeks had elapsed he again took his departure.

While he was leisurely journeying, some one breathing heavily approached him in the rear, and, turning around, there was the chief, and he asked him: “What is it, Lono, and where are you going?”

Lono replied, “You healed me; therefore, as soon as you had departed I immediately consulted with my successors, and have resigned my offices to them, so that they will have control over all. As for myself, I followed after you, that you might teach me the art of healing.”

The kahuna lapaau (medical priest) then said, "Open your mouth." When Lono opened his mouth, the kahuna spat into it,[6] by which he would become proficient in the calling he had chosen, and in which he eventually became, in fact, very skilful.

As they travelled, he instructed Lono (on account of the accident to his foot he was called Lonopuha) in the various diseases, and the different medicines for the proper treatment of each. They journeyed through Kau, Puna, and Hilo, thence onward to Hamakua as far as Kukuihaele. Prior to their arrival there, Kamakanuiahailono said to Lonopuha, "It is better that we reside apart, lest your healing practice do not succeed; but you settle elsewhere, so as to gain recognition from your own skill."

For this reason, Lonopuha went on farther and located in Waimanu, and there practised the art of healing. On account of his labors here, he became famous as a skilful healer, which fame Kamakanuiahailono and others heard of at Kukuihaele; but he never revealed to Kaalaenuiahina ma (company) of his teaching of Lonopuha, through which he became celebrated. It so happened that Kaalaenuiahina ma were seeking an occasion to cause Milu's death, and he was becoming sickly through their evil efforts.

When Milu heard of the fame of Lonopuha as a skilful healer, because of those who were afflicted with disease and would have died but for his treatment, he sent his messenger after him. On arriving at Milu's house, Lonopuha examined and felt of him, and then said, "You will have no sickness, provided you be obedient to my teachings." He then exercised his art, and under his medical treatment Milu recovered.

Lonopuha then said to him: "I have treated you, and you are well of the internal ailments you suffered under, and only that from without remains. Now, you must build a house of leaves and dwell therein in quietness for a few weeks, to recuperate." These houses are called pipipi, such being the place to which invalids are moved for convalescent treatment unless something unforeseen should occur.

Upon Milu's removal thereto, Lonopuha advised him as follows: "O King! you are to dwell in this house according to the length of time directed, in perfect quietness; and should the excitement of sports with attendant loud cheering prevail here, I warn you against these as omens of evil for your death; and I advise you not to loosen the ti leaves of your house to peep out to see the cause, for on the very day you do so, that day you will perish."

Some two weeks had scarcely passed since the King had been confined in accordance with the kahuna's instructions, when noises from various directions in proximity to the King's dwelling were heard, but he regarded the advice of the priest all that day. The cause of the commotion was the appearance of two birds playing in the air, which so excited the people that they kept cheering them all that day.

Three weeks had almost passed when loud cheering was again heard in Waipio, caused by a large bird decorated with very beautiful feathers, which flew out from the clouds and soared proudly over the palis (precipices) of Koaekea and Kaholokuaiwa, and poised gracefully over the people; therefore, they cheered as they pursued it here and there. Milu was much worried thereby, and became so impatient that he could no longer regard the priest's caution; so he lifted some of the ti leaves of his house to look out at the bird, when instantly it made a thrust at him, striking him under the armpit, whereby his life was taken and he was dead (lilo ai kona ola a make iho la).

The priest saw the bird flying with the liver of Milu; therefore, he followed after it. When it saw that it was pursued, it immediately entered into a sunken rock just above the base of the precipice of Koaekea. As he reached the place, the blood was spattered around where the bird had entered. Taking a piece of garment (pahoola), he soaked it with the blood and returned and placed it in the opening in the body of the dead King and poured healing medicine on the wound, whereby Milu recovered.

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[6] An initiatory act, as in the priesthood.

And the place where the bird entered with Milu's liver has ever since been called Keakeomilu (the liver of Milu).

A long while afterward, when this death of the King was as nothing (i mea ole), and he recovered as formerly, the priest refrained not from warning him, saying: "You have escaped from this death; there remains for you one other."

After Milu became convalescent from his recent serious experience, a few months perhaps had elapsed, when the surf at Waipio became very high and was breaking heavily on the beach. This naturally caused much commotion and excitement among the people, as the numerous surf-riders, participating in the sport, would land upon the beach on their surf-boards. Continuous cheering prevailed, and the hilarity rendered Milu so impatient at the restraint put upon him by the priest that he forsook his wise counsel and joined in the exhilarating sport.

Seizing a surf-board he swam out some distance to the selected spot for suitable surfs. Here he let the first and second combers pass him; but watching his opportunity he started with the momentum of the heavier third comber, catching the crest just right. Quartering on the rear of his board, he rode in with majestic swiftness, and landed nicely on the beach amid the cheers and shouts of the people. He then repeated the venture and was riding in as successfully, when, in a moment of careless abandon, at the place where the surfs finish as they break on the beach, he was thrust under and suddenly disappeared, while the surf-board flew from under and was thrown violently upon the shore. The people in amazement beheld the event, and wildly exclaimed: "Alas! Milu is dead! Milu is dead!" With sad wonderment they searched and watched in vain for his body. Thus was seen the result of repeated disobedience.

VII
A Visit to the Spirit Land; Or, The Strange Experience of a Woman in Kona, Hawaii

Mrs. E. N. Haley

Kalima had been sick for many weeks, and at last died. Her friends gathered around her with loud cries of grief, and with many expressions of affection and sorrow at their loss they prepared her body for its burial.

The grave was dug, and when everything was ready for the last rites and sad act, husband and friends came to take a final look at the rigid form and ashen face before it was laid away forever in the ground. The old mother sat on the mat-covered ground beside her child, brushing away the intrusive flies with a piece of cocoanut-leaf, and wiping away the tears that slowly rolled down her cheeks. Now and then she would break into a low, heart-rending wail, and tell in a sob-choked, broken voice, how good this her child had always been to her, how her husband loved her, and how her children would never have any one to take her place. “Oh, why,” she cried, “did the gods leave me? I am old and heavy with years; my back is bent and my eyes are getting dark. I cannot work, and am too old and weak to enjoy fishing in the sea, or dancing and feasting under the trees. But this my child loved all these things, and was so happy. Why is she taken and I, so useless, left?” And again that mournful, sob-choked wail broke on the still air, and was borne out to the friends gathered under the trees before the door, and was taken up and repeated until the hardest heart would have softened and melted at the sound. As they sat around on the mats looking at their dead and listening to the old mother, suddenly Kalima moved, took a long breath, and opened her eyes. They were frightened at the miracle, but so happy to have her back again among them.

The old mother raised her hands and eyes to heaven and, with rapt faith on her brown, wrinkled face, exclaimed: “The gods have let her come back! How they must love her!”

Mother, husband, and friends gathered around and rubbed her hands and feet, and did what they could for her comfort. In a few minutes she revived enough to say, “I have something strange to tell you.”

Several days passed before she was strong enough to say more; then calling her relatives and friends about her, she told them the following weird and strange story:

“I died, as you know. I seemed to leave my body and stand beside it, looking down on what was me. The me that was standing there looked like the form I was looking at, only, I was alive and the other was dead. I gazed at my body for a few minutes, then turned and walked away. I left the house and village, and walked on and on to the next village, and there I found crowds of people,—Oh, so many people! The place which I knew as a small village of a few houses was a very large place, with hundreds of houses and thousands of men, women, and children. Some of them I knew and they spoke to me,—although that seemed strange, for I knew they were dead,—but nearly all were strangers. They were all so happy! They seemed not to have a care; nothing to trouble them. Joy was in every face, and happy laughter and bright, loving words were on every tongue.

“I left that village and walked on to the next. I was not tired, for it seemed no trouble to walk. It was the same there; thousands of people, and every one so joyous and happy. Some of these I knew. I spoke to a few people, then went on again. I seemed to be on my way to the volcano,—to Pele’s pit,—and could not stop, much as I wanted to do so.

“All along the road were houses and people, where I had never known any one to live. Every bit of good ground had many houses, and many, many happy people on it. I felt so full of joy, too, that my heart sang within me, and I was glad to be dead.

“In time I came to South Point, and there, too, was a great crowd of people. The barren point was a great village, I was greeted with happy alohas, then passed on. All through Kau it was the same, and I felt happier every minute. At last I reached the volcano. There were some people there, but not so many as at other places. They, too, were happy like the others, but they said, ‘You must go back to your body. You are not to die yet.’

“I did not want to go back. I begged and prayed to be allowed to stay with them, but they said, ‘No, you must go back; and if you do not go willingly, we will make you go.’

“I cried and tried to stay, but they drove me back, even beating me when I stopped and would not go on. So I was driven over the road I had come, back through all those happy people. They were still joyous and happy, but when they saw that I was not allowed to stay, they turned on me and helped drive me, too.

“Over the sixty miles I went, weeping, followed by those cruel people, till I reached my home and stood by my body again. I looked at it and hated it. Was that my body? What a horrid, loathsome thing it was to me now, since I had seen so many beautiful, happy creatures! Must I go and live in that thing again? No, I would not go into it; I rebelled and cried for mercy.

“‘You must go into it; we will make you!’ said my tormentors. They took me and pushed me head foremost into the big toe.

“I struggled and fought, but could not help myself. They pushed and beat me again, when I tried for the last time to escape. When I passed the waist, I seemed to know it was of no use to struggle any more, so went the rest of the way myself. Then my body came to life again, and I opened my eyes.

“But I wish I could have stayed with those happy people. It was cruel to make me come back. My other body was so beautiful, and I was so happy, so happy!”

VIII
Kapeepeekauila; Or, The Rocks of Kana

Rev. A. O. Forbes

On the northern side of the island of Molokai, commencing at the eastern end and stretching along a distance of about twenty miles, the coast is a sheer precipice of black rock varying in height from eight hundred to two thousand feet. The only interruptions to the continuity of this vast sea wall are formed by the four romantic valleys of Pelekunu, Puaahaunui, Wailau, and Waikolu. Between the valleys of Pelekunu and Waikolu, juts out the bold, sharp headland of Haupu, forming the dividing ridge between them, and reminding one somewhat of an axe-head turned edge upward. Directly in a line with this headland, thirty or forty rods out in the ocean, arise abruptly from the deep blue waters the rocks of Haupu, three or four sharp, needle-like points of rock varying from twenty to one hundred feet in height. This is the spot associated with the legend of Kapeepeekauila, and these rocks stand like grim sentinels on duty at the eastern limit of what is now known as the settlement of Kalawao. The legend runs as follows:

Keahole was the father, Hiiaka-noholae was the mother, and Kapeepeekauila was the son. This Kapeepeekauila was a hairy man, and dwelt on the ridge of Haupu.

Once on a time Hakalanileo and his wife Hina, the mother of Kana, came and dwelt in the valley of Pelekunu, on the eastern side of the ridge of Haupu.

Kapeepeekauila, hearing of the arrival of Hina, the beautiful daughter of Kalahiki, sent his children to fetch her. They went and said to Hina, “Our royal father desires you as his wife, and we have come for you.”

“Desires me for what?” said she.

“Desires you for a wife,” said they.

This announcement pleased the beautiful daughter of Kalahiki, and she replied, “Return to your royal father and tell him he shall be the husband and I will be the wife.”

When this message was delivered to Kapeepeekauila, he immediately sent a messenger to the other side of the island to summon all the people from Keonekuina to Kalamaula; for we have already seen that he was a hairy man, and it was necessary that this blemish should be removed. Accordingly, when the people had all arrived, Kapeepeekauila laid himself down and they fell to work until the hairs were all plucked out. He then took Hina to wife, and they two dwelt together on the top of Haupu.

Poor Hakalanileo, the husband of Hina, mourned the loss of his companion of the long nights of winter and the shower-sprinkled nights of summer. Neither could he regain possession of her, for the ridge of Haupu grew till it reached the heavens. He mourned and rolled himself in the dust in agony, and crossed his hands behind his back. He went from place to place in search of some powerful person who should be able to restore to him his wife. In his wanderings, the first person to whom he applied was Kamalalawalu, celebrated for strength and courage. This man, seeing his doleful plight, asked, “Why these tears, O my father?”

Hakalanileo replied, “Thy mother is lost.”

“Lost to whom?”

“Lost to Kapeepee.”

“What Kapeepee?”

“Kapeepee-kauila.”

“What Kauila?”

“Kauila, the dauntless, of Haupu.”

"Then, O father, thou wilt not recover thy wife. Our stick may strike; it will but hit the dust at his feet. His stick, when it strikes back, will hit the head. Behold, measureless is the height of Haupu."

Now, this Kamalalawalu was celebrated for his strength in throwing stones. Of himself, one side was stone, and the other flesh. As a test he seized a large stone and threw it upwards. It rose till it hit the sky and then fell back to earth again. As it came down, he turned his stony side toward it, and the collision made his side rattle. Hakalanileo looked on and sadly said, "Not strong enough."

On he went, beating his breast in his grief, till he came to the celebrated Niuloihiki. Question and answer passed between them, as in the former case, but Niuloihiki replied, "It is hopeless; behold, measureless is the height of Haupu."

Again he prosecuted his search till he met the third man of fame, whose name was Kaulu. Question and answer passed, as before, and Kaulu, to show his strength, seized a river and held it fast in its course. But Hakalanileo mournfully said, "Not strong enough."

Pursuing his way with streaming eyes, he came to the fourth hero, Lonokaeho by name. As in the former cases, so in this, he received no satisfaction. These four were all he knew of who were foremost in prowess, and all four had failed him. It was the end, and he turned sadly toward the mountain forest, to return to his home.

Meantime, the rumor had reached the ears of Niheu, surnamed "the Rogue." Some one told him a father had passed along searching for some one able to recover him his wife.

"Where is this father of mine?" inquired Niheu.

"He has gone inland," was the reply.

"I'll overtake him; he won't escape me," said Niheu. So he went after the old man, kicking over the trees that came in his way. The old man had gone on till he was tired and faint, when Niheu overtook him and brought him back to his house. Then Niheu asked him, "What made you go on without coming to the house of Niheu?"

"What, indeed," answered the old man; "as though I were not seeking to recover thy mother, who is lost!"

Then came question and answer, as in former cases, and Niheu said, "I fear thou wilt not recover thy wife, O my father. But let us go inland to the foster son of Uli." So they went. But Niheu ran on ahead and told Kana, the foster son of Uli: "Behold, here comes Hakalanileo, bereft of his wife. We are all beat."

"Where is he?" inquired Kana.

"Here he is, just arrived."

Kana looked forth, and Hakalanileo recoiled with fear at the blazing of his eyes.

Then spoke Niheu: "Why could you not wait before looking at our father? Behold, you have frightened him, and he has run back."

On this, Kana, remaining yet in the house, stretched forth his hand, and, grasping the old man in the distance, brought him back and sat him on his lap. Then Kana wept. And the impudent Niheu said, "Now you are crying; look out for the old man, or he will get water-soaked."

But Kana ordered Niheu to bestir himself and light a fire, for the tears of Kana were as the big dropping rains of winter, soaking the plain. And Kana said to the old man, "Now, dry yourself by the fire, and when you are warm, tell your story."

The old man obeyed, and when he was warm enough, told the story of his grief. Then said Kana, "Almost spent are my years; I am only waiting for death, and behold I have at last found a foeman worthy of my prowess."

Kana immediately espoused the cause of Hakalanileo, and ordered his younger brother, Niheu, to construct a canoe for the voyage. Poor Niheu worked and toiled without success until, in despair, he exclaimed, upbraidingly, "Thy work is not work; it is slavery. There thou dwellest at thy ease in thy retreat, while with thy foot thou destroyest my canoe."

Upon this, Kana pointed out to Niheu a bush, and said, "Can you pull up that bush?"

"Yes," replied Niheu, for it was but a small bush, and he doubted not his ability to root it up; so he pulled and tugged away, but could not loosen it.

Kana looking on, said, tauntingly, "Your foeman will not be overcome by you."

Then Kana stretched forth his hands, scratching among the forests, and soon had a canoe in one hand; a little more and another canoe appeared in the other hand. The twin canoes were named Kaumueli. He lifted them down to the shore, provided them with paddles, and then appointed fourteen rowers. Kana embarked with his magic rod called Waka-i-lani. Thus they set forth to wage war upon Kapeepeekauila. They went on until the canoes grounded on a hard ledge.

Niheu called out, "Behold, thou sleepest, O Kana, while we all perish."

Kana replied, "What is there to destroy us? Are not these the reefs of Haupu? Away with the ledges, the rock points, and the yawning chasms! Smite with Waka-i-lani, thy rod."

Niheu smote, the rocks crumbled to pieces, and the canoes were freed. They pursued their course again until Niheu, being on the watch, cried out, "Why sleepest thou, O Kana? Here we perish, again. Thy like for sleeping I never saw!"

"Wherefore perish?" said Kana.

"Behold," replied Niheu, "the fearful wall of water. If we attempt to pass it, it will topple over and destroy us all."

Then said Kana: "Behold, behind us the reefs of Haupu. That is the destruction passed. As for the destruction before us, smite with thy rod."

Niheu smote, the wall of water divided, and the canoes passed safely through. Then they went on their course again, as before. After a time, Niheu again called out, "Alas, again we perish. Here comes a great monster. If he falls upon us, we are all dead men."

And Kana said, "Look sharp, now, and when the pointed snout crosses our bow, smite with thy rod."

And he did so, and behold, this great thing was a monster fish, and when brought on board it became food for them all. So wonderfully great was this fish that its weight brought the rim of the canoes down to the water's edge.

They continued on their way, and next saw the open mouth of the sharp-toothed shark—another of the outer defences of Haupu—awaiting them.

"Smite with thy rod," ordered Kana.

Niheu smote, and the shark died.

Next they came upon the great turtle, another defence of Haupu. Again the sleepy Kana is aroused by the cry of the watchful Niheu, and the turtle is slain by the stroke of the magic rod. All this was during the night. At last, just as the edge of the morning lifted itself from the deep, their mast became entangled in the branches of the trees. Niheu flung upward a stone. It struck. The branches came rattling down, and the mast was free. On they went till the canoes gently stood still. On this, Niheu cried out, "Here you are, asleep again, O Kana, and the canoes are aground!"

Kana felt beneath; there was no ground. He felt above; the mast was entangled in weeds. He pulled, and the weeds and earth came down together. The smell of the fresh-torn weeds was wafted up to Hale-huki, the house where Kapeepeekauila lived. His people, on the top of Haupu, looked down on the canoes floating at the foot. "Wondrous is the size of the canoes!" they cried. "Ah! it is a load of opihis (shell-fish) from Hawaii for Hina," for that was a favorite dish with her.

Meantime, Kana despatched Niheu after his mother. "Go in friendly fashion," said the former.

Niheu leaped ashore, but slipped and fell on the smooth rocks. Back he went to the canoes.

"What sort of a coming back is this?" demanded Kana.

"I slipped and fell, and just escaped with my life," answered Niheu.

"Back with you!" thundered Kana.

Again the luckless Niheu sprang ashore, but the long-eyed sand-crabs (ohiki-makaloa) made the sand fly with their scratching till his eyes were filled. Back to the canoes again he went. “Got it all in my eyes!” said he, and he washed them out with sea-water.

“You fool!” shouted Kana; “what were you looking down for? The sand-crabs are not birds. If you had been looking up, as you ought, you would not have got the sand in your eyes. Go again!”

This time he succeeded, and climbed to the top of Haupu. Arriving at the house, Hale-huki, where Hina dwelt, he entered at once. Being asked “Why enterest thou this forbidden door?” he replied:

“Because I saw thee entering by this door. Hadst thou entered some other way, I should not have come in at the door.” And behold, Kapeepeekauila and Hina sat before him. Then Niheu seized the hand of Hina and said, “Let us two go.” And she arose and went.

When they had gone about half-way to the brink of the precipice, Kapeepeekauila exclaimed, “What is this? Is the woman gone?”

Mo-i, the sister of Kana, answered and said, “If you wish the woman, now is the time; you and I fight.”

Great was the love of Kapeepeekauila for Hina, and he said, “No war dare touch Haupu; behold, it is a hill, growing even to the heavens.” And he sent the kolea (plover) squad to desecrate the sacred locks of Niheu; for the locks of Niheu were kapu, and if they should be touched, he would relinquish Hina for very shame. So the kolea company sailed along in the air till they brushed against the sacred locks of Niheu, and for very shame he let go his mother and struck at the koleas with his rod and hit their tail feathers and knocked them all out, so that they remain tailless to this day. And he returned to the edge of the shore, while the koleas bore off Hina in triumph.

When Niheu reached the shore, he beat his forehead with stones till the blood flowed; a trick which Kana perceived from on board the canoes. And when Niheu went on board he said, “See! we fought and I got my head hurt.”

But Kana replied, “There was no fight; you did it yourself, out of shame at your defeat.”

And Niheu replied, “What, then, shall we fight?”

“Yes,” said Kana, and he stood up.

Now, one of his legs was named Keauea and the other Kaipanea, and as he stood upon the canoes, he began to lengthen himself upward until the dwellers on top of Haupu exclaimed in terror, “We are all dead men! Behold, here is a great giant towering above us.”

And Kapeepeekauila, seeing this, hastened to prune the branches of the kamani tree (Calophyllum inophyllum), so that the bluff should grow upward. And the bluff rose, and Kana grew. Thus they strove, the bluff rising higher and Kana growing taller, until he became as the stalk of a banana leaf, and gradually spun himself out till he was no thicker than a strand of a spider’s web, and at last he yielded the victory to Kapeepeekauila.

Niheu, seeing the defeat of Kana, called out, “Lay yourself along to Kona, on Hawaii, to your grandmother, Uli.”

And he laid himself along with his body in Kona, while his feet rested on Molokai. His grandmother in Kona fed him until he became plump and fat again. Meanwhile, poor Niheu, watching at his feet on Molokai, saw their sides fill out with flesh while he was almost starved with hunger. “So, then,” quoth he, “you are eating and growing fat while I die with hunger.” And he cut off one of Kana’s feet for revenge.

The sensation crept along up to his body, which lay in Kona, and Kana said to his grandmother, Uli, “I seem to feel a numbness creeping over me.”

And she answered, and said, “Thy younger brother is hungry with watching, and seeing thy feet grow plump, he has cut off one of them; therefore this numbness.”

Kana, having at last grown strong and fat, prepared to wage war again upon Kapeepeekauila. Food was collected in abundance from Waipio, and when it was prepared, they embarked again

in their canoes and came back to Haupu, on Molokai. But his grandmother, Uli, had previously instructed him to first destroy all the branches of the kamani tree of Haupu. Then he showed himself, and began again to stretch upward and tower above the bluff. Kapeepeekauila hastened again to trim the branches of the kamani, that the bluff might grow as before; but behold, they were all gone! It was the end; Kapeepeekauila was at last vanquished. The victorious Kana recovered his sister, Mo-i, restored to poor Hakalanileo his wife, Hina, and then, tearing down the bluff of Haupu, kicked off large portions of it into the sea, where they stand to this day, and are called “The Rocks of Kana.”

IX
Kalelealuaka

Dr. N. B. Emerson

Part I

Kaopele was born in Waipio, Hawaii. When born he did not breathe, and his parents were greatly troubled; but they washed his body clean, and having arrayed it in good clothes, they watched anxiously over the body for several days, and then, concluding it to be dead, placed it in a small cave in the face of the cliff. There the body remained from the summer month of Ikiki (July or August) to the winter month of Ikua (December or January), a period of six months.

At this time they were startled by a violent storm of thunder and lightning, and the rumbling of an earthquake. At the same time appeared the marvellous phenomenon of eight rainbows arching over the mouth of the cave. Above the din of the storm the parents heard the voice of the awakened child calling to them:

> "Let your love rest upon me,
> O my parents, who have thrust me forth,
> Who have left me in the cavernous cliff,
> Who have heartlessly placed me in the
> Cliff frequented by the tropic bird!
> O Waiaalaia, my mother!
> O Waimanu, my father!
> Come and take me!"

The yearning love of the mother earnestly besought the father to go in quest of the infant; but he protested that search was useless, as the child was long since dead. But, unable longer to endure a woman's teasing, which is the same in all ages, he finally set forth in high dudgeon, vowing that in case of failure he would punish her on his return.

On reaching the place where the babe had been deposited, its body was not to be found. But lifting up his eyes and looking about, he espied the child perched on a tree, braiding a wreath from the scarlet flowers of the lehua (Metrosideros polymorpha). "I have come to take you home with me," said the father. But the infant made no answer. The mother received the child to her arms with demonstrations of the liveliest affection. At her suggestion they named the boy Kaopele, from the name of their goddess, Pele.

Six months after this, on the first day (Hilo) of the new moon, in the month of Ikiki, they returned home from working in the fields and found the child lying without breath, apparently dead. After venting their grief for their darling in loud lamentations, they erected a frame to receive its dead body.

Time healed the wounds of their affection, and after the lapse of six moons they had ceased to mourn, when suddenly they were affrighted by a storm of thunder and lightning, with a quaking of the earth, in the midst of which they distinguished the cry of their child, "Oh, come; come and take me!"

They, overjoyed at this second restoration of their child to them, and deeming it to be a miracle worked by their goddess, made up their minds that if it again fell into a trance they would not be anxious, since their goddess would awake their child and bring it to life again.

But afterward the child informed them of their mistake, saying: "This marvel that you see in me is a trance; when I pass into my deep sleep my spirit at once floats away in the upper air with the goddess, Poliahu. We are a numerous band of spirits, but I excel them in the distance of my flights. In one day I can compass this island of Hawaii, as well as Maui, Oahu, and Kauai, and return again. In my flights I have seen that Kauai is the richest of all the islands, for it is well supplied with food and fish, and it is abundantly watered. I intend to remain with you until I am grown; then I shall journey

to Kauai and there spend the rest of my life." Thus Kaopele lived with his parents until he was grown, but his habit of trance still clung to him.

Then one day he filled them with grief by saying: "I am going, aloha."

They sealed their love for each other with tears and kisses, and he slept and was gone. He alighted at Kula, on Maui. There he engaged in cultivating food. When his crops were nearly ripe and ready to be eaten he again fell into his customary deep sleep, and when he awoke he found that the people of the land had eaten up all his crops.

Then he flew away to a place called Kapapakolea, in Moanalua, on Oahu, where he set out a new plantation. Here the same fortune befell him, and his time for sleep came upon him before his crops were fit for eating. When he awoke, his plantation had gone to waste.

Again he moves on, and this time settles in Lihue, Oahu, where for the third time he sets out a plantation of food, but is prevented from eating it by another interval of sleep. Awakening, he finds his crops overripe and wasted by neglect and decay.

His restless ambition now carries him to Lahuimalo, still on the island of Oahu, where his industry plants another crop of food. Six months pass, and he is about to eat of the fruits of his labor, when one day, on plunging into the river to bathe, he falls into his customary trance, and his lifeless body is floated by the stream out into the ocean and finally cast up by the waters on the sands of Maeaea, a place in Waialua, Oahu.

At the same time there arrived a man from Kauai in search of a human body to offer as a sacrifice at the temple of Kahikihaunaka at Wailua, on Kauai, and having seen the corpse of Kaopele on the beach, he asks and obtains permission of the feudal lord (Konohiki) of Waialua to take it. Thus it happens that Kaopele is taken by canoe to the island of Kauai and placed, along with the corpse of another man, on the altar of the temple at Wailua.

There he lay until the bones of his fellow corpse had begun to fall apart. When six moons had been accomplished, at midnight there came a burst of thunder and an earthquake. Kaopele came to life, descended from the altar, and directed his steps toward a light which he saw shining through some chinks in a neighboring house. He was received by the occupants of the house with that instant and hearty hospitality which marks the Hawaiian race, and bidden to enter ("mai, komo mai").

Food was set before him, with which he refreshed himself. The old man who seemed to be the head of the household was so much pleased and impressed with the bearing and appearance of our hero that he forthwith sought to secure him to be the husband of his granddaughter, a beautiful girl named Makalani. Without further ado, he persuaded him to be a suitor for the hand of the girl, and while it was yet night, started off to obtain the girl's consent and to bring her back with him.

The young woman was awakened from her slumbers in the night to hear the proposition of her grandfather, who painted to her in glowing colors the manly attractions of her suitor. The suit found favor in the eyes of the girl's parents and she herself was nothing loath; but with commendable maidenly propriety she insisted that her suitor should be brought and presented to her, and that she should not first seek him.

The sun had hardly begun to lift the dew from the grass when our young hero, accompanied by the two matchmakers, was brought into the presence of his future wife. They found favor in each other's eyes, and an ardent attachment sprang up on the instant. Matters sped apace. A separate house was assigned as the residence of the young couple, and their married life began felicitously.

But the instincts of a farmer were even stronger in the breast of Kaopele than the bonds of matrimony. In the middle of the night he arose, and, leaving the sleeping form of his bride, passed out into the darkness. He went mauka until he came upon an extensive upland plain, where he set to work clearing and making ready for planting. This done, he collected from various quarters shoots and roots of potato (kalo), banana (waoke), awa, and other plants, and before day the whole plain was a plantation. After his departure his wife awoke with a start and found her husband was gone. She went into the next house, where her parents were sleeping, and, waking them, made known her

loss; but they knew nothing of his whereabouts. Much perplexed, they were still debating the cause of his departure, when he suddenly returned, and to his wife's questioning, answered that he had been at work.

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