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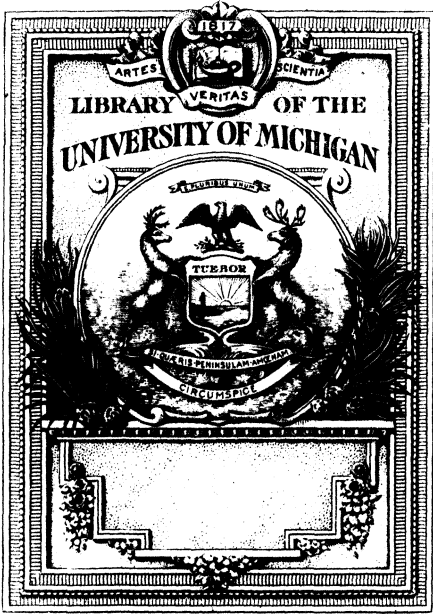
# THE STORY OF HAWAII

MARY CHARLOTTE ALEXANDER



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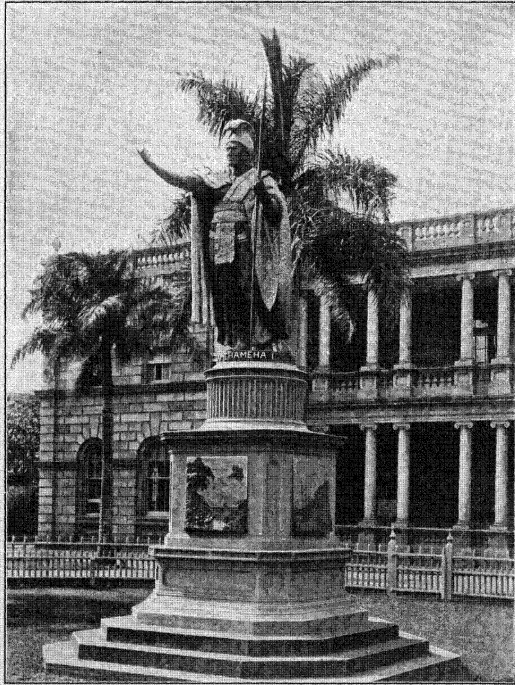






# THE STORY OF HAWAII





STATUE OF KAMEHAMEHA I

(2)



# THE STORY OF HAWAII

BY

MARY CHARLOTTE ALEXANDER



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STORY OF HAWAII.

W. P. 2

TO  
THE CHILDREN OF HAWAII  
WITH WHOM  
ITS FUTURE LIES

“Love thou thy land with love far-brought  
From out the storied past.”

— TENNYSON.

*Summary*  
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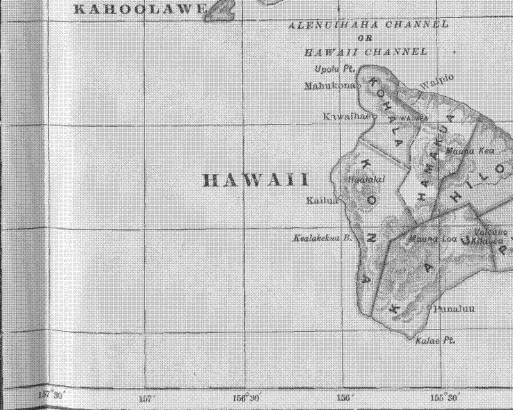
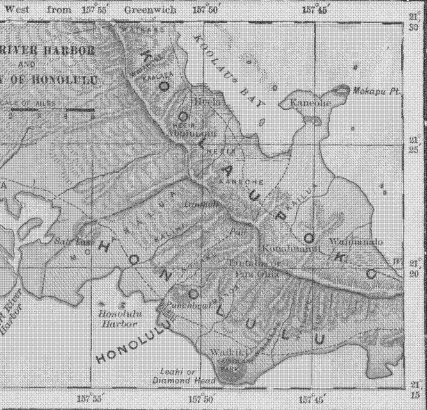




159° 30' 159° 156° 30' Longitude 158° West 157° 30' from 157° Greenwich 156° 30' 156° 155° 30'

# HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

SCALE  
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# THE STORY OF HAWAII

## CHAPTER I

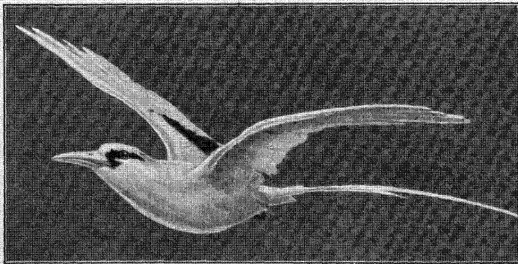
### THE ARRIVAL OF HAWAII-LOA

“Steadily steering, eagerly peering.”

IN the long dim past before the early Hawaiian ancestors had ever seen the Pacific, their bards sang meles, or songs, the words of which were handed down from father to son. These meles preserved the names and the great deeds of the forefathers from those earliest times in the far East, through their stay at the Society Islands, until they came to Hawaii. One legendary mele, twelve hundred years old, tells of Hawaii-loa.

In the seventeenth generation after the flood, Hawaii-loa lived on the eastern coast of Kahiki, where green hills stood above white-dotted seas. He was descended from the gods. Not only did he know the hiding places of all the fishes for miles out from the shore, but in his canoe he ventured long distances over the far-reaching ocean. His double canoe, larger than the Hawaiian canoes of to-day, held a house on

the platform in the middle. On one expedition in it, Hawaii-loa braved the open ocean and sailed under an arch formed for him by the rainbow god, toward the east, steering in the direction of the Pleiades. Long days in the wind his mat sail flapped over the sparkling blue waters.



A Tropic Bird

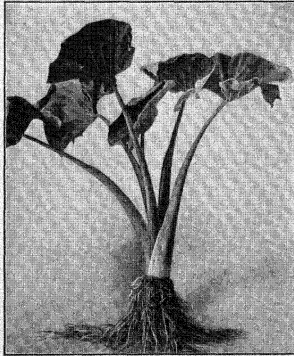
Five times the moon had changed when, in front of the canoe, white wings of tropic birds flashed through the gray mist, a sign of land. Hawaii-loa peered into the distance. Where the sky drops down, he saw three deep blue spots with soft clouds hanging over them like a mantle. Later the ribs of the earth rose up in a broad island, extending far and near. As the sun mounted higher, three lofty peaks cast their shadows on the water. Snow-capped Mauna Kea (White-mountain), Mauna Loa (Long-mountain), and Mount

Hualalai, named for his wife, towered on this first and largest island, which he called after himself.

The island of Hawaii overlooked the seven other islands of the group, in a line northwest. These he named after his children. Seventy miles beyond Hawaii stood the two heights of the island of Maui, its grand purple mountain of Haleakala with the clouds across its brow; on the east, and opposite, loomed the mountain range of West Maui, land of the westerling sun, cut by the valleys of four waters. A red haze of wind-blown dust reached East Maui from the small island of Kahoolawe. Near West Maui, upon a sea of blue rifted with white, stretched the little island of Lanai and the high and low land of Molokai. Fifty miles across the chopping seas of the Molokai passage, Hawaii-loa's canoe plowed its way to the island of Oahu, with its coral reefs flecked with white foam, its lofty peak of Kaala the Sweet-scented, its low-voiced waters of Ewa, and its lovely deep valleys. To Oahu Hawaii-loa gave also the royal title of Wohi, belonging to the one next to the king. Sixty-three miles farther northwest, across the waters of a rough channel, he ran his canoe up on the yellow beach of the Garden Island, — Kauai, watered by the rivers that rise from its cloud-veiled middle peak, covered with forests of red lehua. Beyond Kauai lay the small green island of Niihau. The Islands of the Eight Seas, with their soft winds, their blue mountain peaks, and their

verdant valleys encircled by rainbows, filled Hawaii-loa with delight. He decided to make them his home, and returned for his wife, Hualalai, and his children.

A second time he came to Hawaii. Before treading on the beach, he asked permission of the gods, then the only inhabitants, to remain.



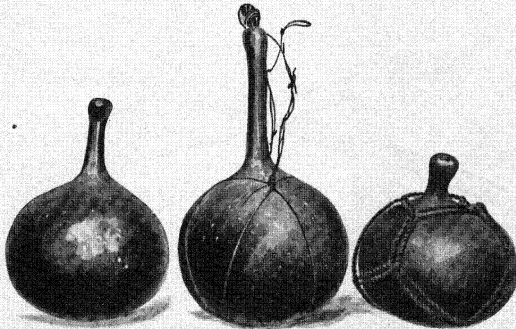
Taro Plant

The fire gods objected, but soon, relenting, withdrew to the mountains. Hawaii-loa, the first to find these islands, pulled his canoe, laden with the pig, the dog, and a pair of fowls that he had brought, up on the shore. For food he found fruits and vegetables, yellow poha, pink ohelo, and red akala berries, ohias, bananas

and coconuts, and sweet potatoes and taro roots. But he found no animals. Hence he decided to make his home near the shore where he could obtain fish.

To cut the trees for building his house, he needed sharp tools, but he found no iron or other metal for them. The

best he could do was to chip a piece of hard lava rock for an ax of stone, and rub one end with another piece to make a dull edge. With this he chopped, or rather pecked at, the branches of the red-leaved kamane tree, until at last he had

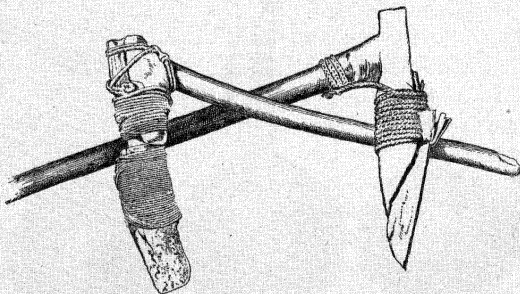


Gourd Bottles

cut logs enough for posts and rafters. Next, as he had no nails, he needed something for tying the logs together. He scraped the olona grass and spun it by rubbing it on his thigh, and twisted and braided it and also coconut fiber for strong cord. He pulled up bunches of pili grass, and thatched the sides and roof of his house, leaving a low door at one end and wind holes near the place for his sleeping mats.

The floor he covered with small pebbles. When finished, his house stood as high as his head.

From the leaves of the hala tree, he wove mats to sleep on, and a covering for his wooden pillow. He found gourd bottles to hold his water. Over a log of brown kou wood he toiled

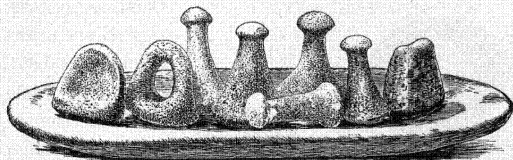


Stone Adzes

with a stone adze, cutting and hollowing a beautiful deep calabash to hold his food. His main food, poi, he made by mashing cooked taro roots with a stone pounder. For lights after sunset, he baked and shelled kukui nuts, and strung them on bamboo sticks and the midribs of coconut leaves, hence the Hawaiian word "kukui," to-day for a lantern or lamp. As they burned slowly and steadily, he used them also for timepieces. Sometimes he put kukui nut oil into a hol-



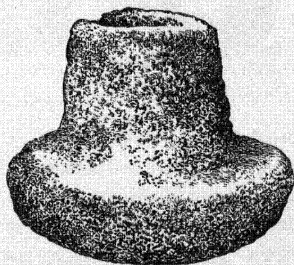
lowed stone for a lamp with a string of paper from the bark of the mulberry tree for a wick. This same thick paper, or



A Poi Board and Pounders

tapa, he used for clothing. With a needle of bone he sewed together sets of five tapa sheets for his bed, laying some away with fragrant maile leaves and mōkihanna berries.

Having supplied his wants, Hawaii-loa turned to pleasures, and made himself musical instruments: an ukeke, a strip of wood or bamboo with three strings of coconut fiber attached; a kiokio, a small gourd with three holes, one for the nose and two for the fingers;

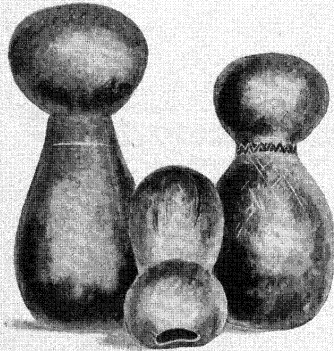


A Stone Lamp from Molokai

and two drums, a coconut shell and a gourd, each covered at one end with sharks' teeth. Perhaps in leisure time his

children scratched the pictures on rocks in Kona, Hawaii, at Koloa, Kauai, and in a cave near Makapuu Point on

Oahu, — pictures that no one knows anything about. Thus only could the first man on Hawaii provide for himself and his family.



Gourd Hula Drums

Centuries later when other Hawaiians came from the South and saw the sea walls inclosing bays and reefs that this people had la-

labored to build for fish ponds on Kauai and Molokai, near Honolulu, at Hilo, and elsewhere, they said: "A tiny, nimble people called Menehunes did this. They all work together, never laboring twice on the same thing, finishing whatever they do in a single night. No one can see them, but on still nights we have heard their noise and the hum of their voices." The work of the first arrivals had been so well done that to this day the Hawaiians use the fish ponds which they built.

## CHAPTER II

### THE TALES OF HAWAII-LOA

HAWAII-LOA'S grandchildren enjoyed his tales. One day after helping their grandfather haul his last canoe load of glistening fish up the warm beach, they were resting in the shade of a bending hau tree, when the white-haired old fisherman began:—

“Never quiet, never falling, never sleeping,  
Very noisy is the sea of the sacred caves.”

His grandchildren leaned forward. They knew now he would go on chanting old meles, and tell them stories of Hawaii and its gods.

### KANE

“From Kahiki at the edge of the sky,” he said, “came four great gods: Kane, Kanaloa, Ku, and Lono. Lono was the best loved, Ku, the most cruel. Kanaloa, Kane's younger brother, it was who cut the land into islands with his sacred knife. Kane, the father of men and the world-maker, was the greatest of the gods.”

With his dim eyes fixed on the tumbling waters, Hawaii-loa chanted :—

“A question I ask of you:  
Where is the water of Kane?”

As he paused, turning from one to the other, the grandchildren bent toward him eagerly, awaiting his own answer.

“At the Eastern gate  
Where the sun comes in at Haehae;  
Out there with the floating sun,  
Where the cloud-forms rest on ocean’s breast;  
Yonder on mountain peak,  
On the ridges steep,  
In the valleys deep,  
Where the rivers sweep;  
In the driving rain,  
In the heavenly bow,  
Up on high is the water of Kane,  
In the heavenly blue,  
In the black-piled cloud;  
Deep in the ground, in the gushing spring,  
A well-spring of water to quaff,  
A water of magic power—  
The water of life!  
Life! O give us this life!”

### PELE

Hawaii-loa paused for breath.

“Shall I tell you about Pele, the fearful goddess of the volcano?” he asked.

“Yes,” the listening children called out; “and tell us how she came to Hawaii!”

“Pele lived first in Kahiki,” the grandfather resumed; “but her brothers sent her away from there because she showed such disrespect to her parent. She pelted her mother earth with rocks and burned her with hot lava.”

After glancing around his audience to see the surprise and indignation in the faces of the children, Hawaii-loa chanted a mele:—

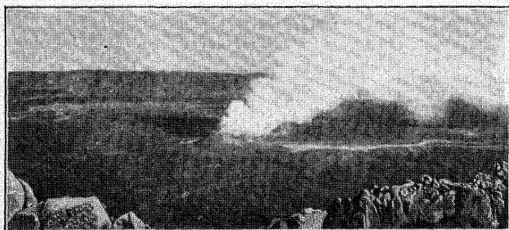
“From Kahiki came the woman Pele,  
 From the land of Bola-Bola,  
 From the red cloud of Kane,  
 Cloud blazing in the heavens,  
 Fiery cloud-pile in Kahiki.  
 Eager desire for Hawaii seized the woman Pele.  
 The lashings of the canoe are done.  
 Who shall sit astern, be steersman, O princess?  
 Pele of the yellow earth.  
 The splash of the paddle dashes o'er the canoe;  
 A flashing of lightning, O Pele!  
 Blaze forth, O Pele!”

A very ancient mele followed; about Pele's digging craters with an oo, a sharpened pole of hard wood.

“There's a pit in Niihau  
 Heated red by Pele.  
 The thud of the oo is heard down in the ground.

Wakea asks,  
'What god's this a-digging?'  
It is I, it is Pele;  
I am digging a fire pit on Kauai.

"There's a pit on Kauai  
Heated red by Pele.  
The thud of the oo is heard down in the ground.  
Wakea asks,  
'What god's this a-digging?'  
It is I, it is Pele.  
I am digging a fire pit on Oahu."



An Eruption in the Crater of Mokuaweowe

In like manner the mele told how, on each island in turn,  
Pele made volcanoes. It closed thus:—

"Digging, digging,  
The goddess is at it again!"

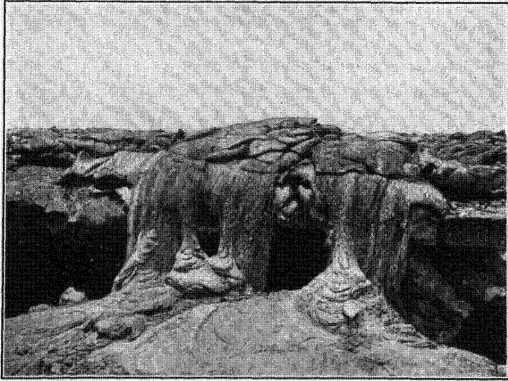
The children waited to hear more about Pele.

"After digging craters on each island," continued Hawaii-loa, "Pele made her last abode in the crater of Kilauea on Hawaii. Here with Kamohoalii, the King-of-Steam-and-Vapor, with Kapohai Kahiula, the Explosion-in-the-Palace-of-Life, with Keoahi Kama Kaua, Fire-Thrusting-Child-of-War, and with several others of longer names, she danced with her family to the music of the roaring fires. Pi and Pa, two tiny sprites, kept time, calling shrilly in the crackling sparks Pi when the fires were rising, and Pa when they were going down. Pele sported in the red waves, and played Konane, rolling balls that thundered. Sometimes she left the crater and went among mortals.

"A chief, Kahaloa, the champion sled-rider on Kauai, hearing of a beautiful young woman at Puna, who slid marvelous distances, brought his holua, or sled, from Kauai to race with her. On the day set for the racing, people from far and near gathered on the hill where the pili grass had been strewn over the smooth track for sliding. In the crowd stood the musicians with their drums of gourds, and the hula dancers, decked

A Holua

in maile and lehua, wearing noisy anklets of dogs' teeth that rattled with every step. Before the young woman arrived, Kahawali and a friend brought out their long shining sleds of dark kauila wood to practice. They had made them of



Cascade of Lava

two narrow, pointed runners, eighteen feet long, fastened together two inches apart in front and wider behind.

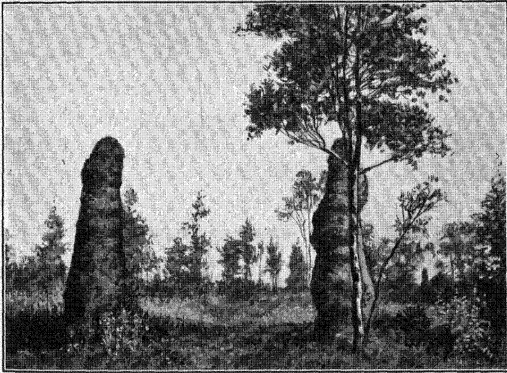
“As Kahawali placed his sled a few yards back of the starting place, a wrinkled old hag, red-eyed and crooked-backed, limped up to him.

“‘I wish to slide too,’ she whined. ‘Lend me your sled.’



“What does an old woman like you want of a sled?” Kahawali answered in surprise. ‘You are not my wife that you should have my holua.’

“Out of pity, Kahawali’s friend pushed his sled forward.



Lava Tree Casts — Puna

The old woman and Kahawali grasped the sleds at about the middle with their right hands, and running to the starting point, threw themselves with all their might upon them, diving head-foremost down the steep hill, and gliding with lightning speed over the plain below. Kahawali slid farthest and won the race.

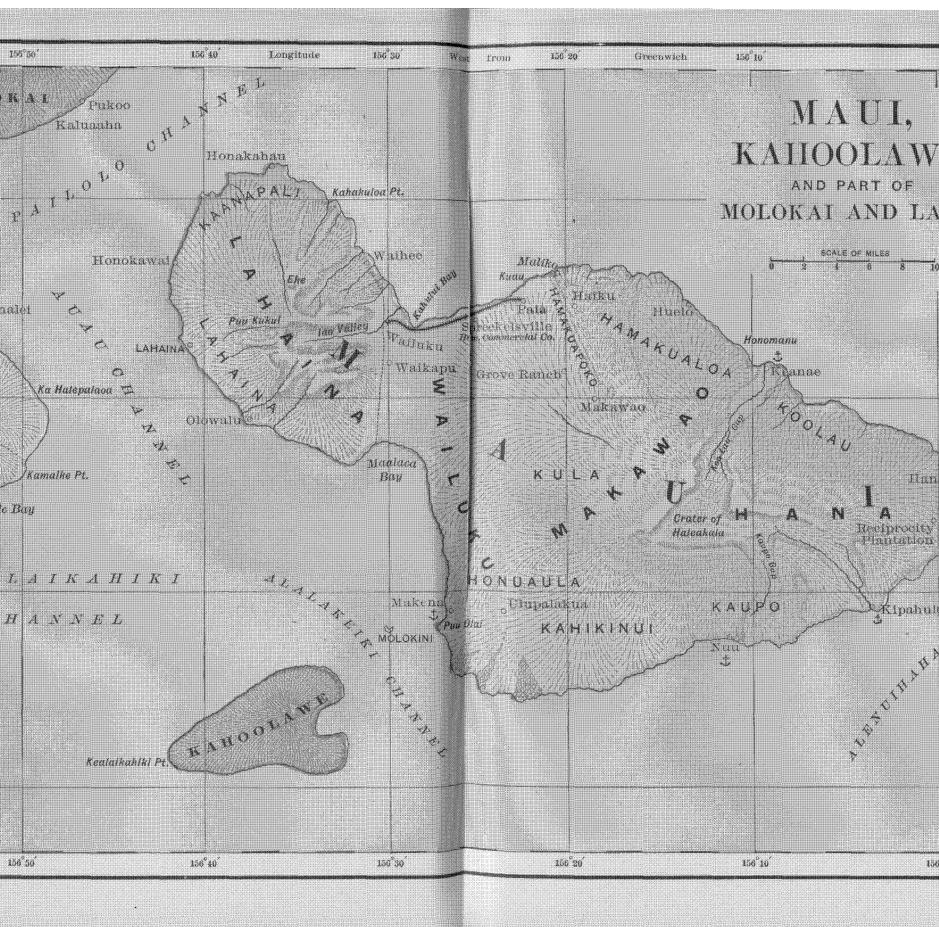
“‘A trick!’ shrieked the old woman, her eyes growing redder. ‘A poor sled! Give me yours!’

“Again they tried it. Like arrows they shot off. Kaha-wali, ahead, happened to look back. On a river of liquid fire, not the old hag, but the terrible goddess Pele was racing down after him with thunder and lightning. None too soon his sled reached the bottom of the hill. With outstretched, burning arms Pele still pursued. She chased him to the beach, where, already scorched, he jumped into a canoe, and raised his spear for a sail barely in time to escape. From the shore, Pele threw great rocks after him. When they missed their aim, she stamped her foot on the ground in rage: thereupon a resounding earthquake rent the whole hill. Thus did Pele ravage this district with a lava eruption, winning for herself the name ‘Pele, consumer of rocks.’”

## MAUI

Hawaii-loa forgot his audience as he rested. Suddenly his eyes twinkled and he slapped his knee with satisfaction: “You must hear the stories of Maui, the quick one. No one did more for Hawaii than he. His father was a god; his mother you can see in the moon. He could step from one island to another. When he bathed, his feet touched the bottom of the ocean, while his hair dripped with water,

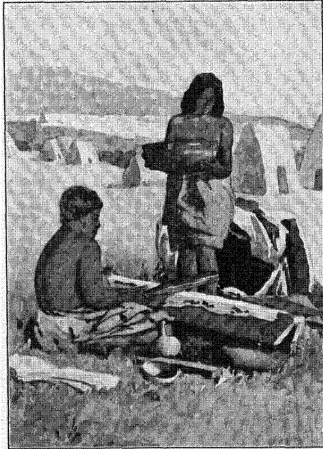






from touching the clouds. Through his father, he had great strength. It was Maui who first lifted the sky off the land, giving it a last shove from Kauiki Hill at Hana. When trying to pull the islands together with his magic hook, he broke off Niihau and Coconut Island.

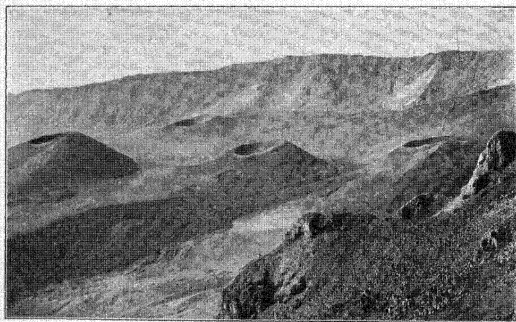
“At one time Maui lived with Hina, his mother, above Kaha-kuloa Point on West Maui. When the early morning light glinted on the leaves of the mulberry grove, Hina was there, stripping the



Tapa Makers

bark in single pieces off the long branches. As she worked she prayed to the kind goddess of tapa beaters, who had changed herself for their sakes into the first mulberry tree. She soaked the bark that she had stripped until, with the sawlike edge of a shell, she could scrape off the outer coat.

The white inner bark she laid on a smooth log, and grasping a grooved mallet of the dark kauila wood, beat the strips together, while a young girl brought water to keep them wet. As Hina beat she tapped a message to her friend below in the valley, rap-a-tap-tap-a-tap, — who answered, tap-tap. The tapa, or kapa, "the-beaten," was now ready



The Top of Haleakala

to dry. But Hina had no sooner stretched out the last piece than the sun rushed down into the under world, and she had to take her tapa all in again.

"She was moaning over the short days and her work unfinished when Maui came home. Vexed that his mother should be put to so much trouble, he watched the sun. It

rose toward Hana and went up over Haleakala. To make a strong cord he cut down all the coconut trees at Waihee for the fiber from their coconut husks. Carrying this sennit, he climbed ten thousand feet to the top of Haleakala, House-of-the-Sun. Here, far away, above the clouds, the honored makers of stone axes and adzes worked, chipping the hard rocks. Maui called to his grandmother, whom he found there:—

“‘I have come to kill the sun. He goes so fast that he never dries the tapa that Hina has beaten out.’

“The old woman gave him a magic stone ax to battle with. Maui hid himself and waited. Soon the sun’s first and longest glittering limb, seen at dawn when the sun goes with greatest speed, came up over the mountain side. Maui made a noose of his cord, caught this limb, and broke it off with his ax. He lassoed and broke off in turn all the sun’s long legs.

“‘Thou art my captive, and now I will kill thee for going so fast!’ he shouted.

“‘Let me live,’ the sun pleaded, ‘and thou shalt see me go more slowly hereafter. Behold, hast thou not broken off all my strong legs, and left me only weak ones?’

“After Maui had made the day longer, he rescued Hina from the Moo, a large monster like the alligators that the Hawaiians had known in the far East. The Moo had



dammed up the Wailuku River near Hilo, until the water had flooded the cave back of Rainbow Falls, where Hina



Rainbow Falls

sat with her friends.

With two strokes of his paddle, Maui crossed the channel. He left his canoe at the mouth of the Wailuku River, where it still remains, a long rock called Kawaa-o-Maui. Higher up the stream lies the Moo, a black rock, drowned by Maui as it had intended to drown his mother."

"We know all these rocks; we have often seen them!" interrupted the grandchildren of

Hawaii-loa, not waiting for the end of the story.

The grandfather raised his trembling hands for them to hush. "Maui had long tried to obtain the secret of fire-making for his people," he resumed. "Only the little black alae, or mud hens, who lived in the dark rushes over the

swamps, could make it. He had caught a delicious whiff from one of their cooked bananas once, and knew that it must taste better than his own raw food.

Whenever he and his brothers fished far out from the shore, wreaths of smoke would curl up from the sand across the water. But before he could paddle back, one of the alae would give a shrill cry



A Mud Hen

of warning. He reached the shore to find the birds flown and the fire scratched out.

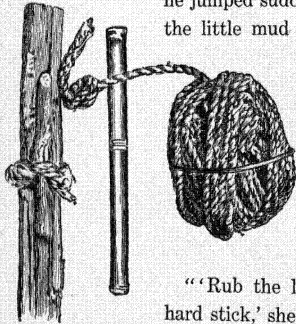
“At last Maui thought of a new plan.

“‘Take a tall calabash,’ he said to his three brothers, ‘dress it in tapa, and put it in my place in the canoe, while I conceal myself here in the rushes.’”

"The curly-tailed mud hen, watching from the shore, counted four figures at sea in the canoe, and lit the fire.

"Our dish is cooked,' she soon called out. Then she added, mockingly, 'Behold, Maui is a quick one!'

"Maui had not been quick enough to see how she made the fire, but he crept closer now. Pushing the rushes aside, he jumped suddenly forward, and caught the little mud hen by her long yellow claws.



Fire-making Tools

"Let me live, and you shall have fire!' quavered the bird, as he began to wring her slender black neck.

"Where is the fire?' demanded Maui.

"Rub the leaf stalk of taro with a hard stick,' she said.

"Maui did as he was told. No fire came, but ever since the taro stalk has had a long hollow.

"You are fooling me!' he cried; 'I won't let you go until you tell me the truth!'

"By telling Maui to rub the wrong things together, the courageous little mud hen kept her secret for a long time.

"There is still one other thing to try!' Maui called out at

last, exasperated. He rubbed the top of the poor bird's head until it was as red as it has been ever since. In this way he forced the mud hen to reveal the secret of fire-making. Then Maui took a stick of soft hau wood between his feet, and rubbed a smaller stick of hard wood on it rapidly in a groove. Smoke came. A red flame darted up. Maui caught it on a twisted piece of tapa. After this the Hawaiians made fires in imus, underground ovens lined with stones. When these imus were hot, they put in their food wrapped in ti leaves, they covered it with hot coals and earth and left it there to cook."

#### HIKU AND KAWELU

The sun had set, and the short twilight was passing into night.

"This darkness," mused Hawaii-loa, "reminds me of a legend of the under world."

His grandchildren crouched together a little closer, and watched him with eyes like stars.

"Maui's mother guards the way to the invisible world of darkness. Hiku once made the perilous descent there. He had lived alone with his mother near the top of Hualalai until he was of age. Then for the first time she consented to his going down to see the people below. But she warned him not to stay too long.

“When Hiku drew near to the houses at the foot of the mountain, he shot his magic arrow, Pua-no, into the air, and followed it. Through the courtyard of a chief in Kona it whizzed. Hiku strode after it into the chief’s house. Lo, not his arrow, but the Princess Kawelu, lovely as the twilight of the Kona evenings, greeted his eyes. ‘Pua-no!’ he called softly. ‘No,’ responded the quivering arrow, revealing the place where the princess had hidden it. She invited him to stay, for she found him pleasant to look upon. When recollection of his mother’s words made him determine to start back, she shut him in a house, not knowing that he would escape by lifting off a piece of the thatched roof.

“After Hiku had gone, the princess refused to be comforted, and pined away. Messengers brought Hiku to her side too late. Although he loved Kawelu now, and wept, her spirit had already flown to the under world. Resolving to go there and bring it back, he collected a great quantity of koali vine, and cut a coconut shell into two closely fitting parts. He sailed in a company of canoes to the point where the western sky comes down to meet the waters. Here into the dark regions of Milu his friends lowered him. As he entered the shadowy cavern where the spirits dwell, living on lizards and butterflies, they crowded about, curious to see his swing. Kawelu recognized him at once, and, darting up, swung with him on the koali vine. Suddenly Hiku’s

friends began pulling him up. Kawelu, seeing the increasing distance below, would have flitted away like a butterfly, if Hiku had not quickly clapped her into the coconut shell.

“He hurried to her house, and put her spirit into her body. Her heart beat. She began to breathe. Slowly she opened her eyes and gazed on Hiku. Then her lips moved.

“‘How could you be so cruel as to leave me?’ she murmured faintly.”

Hawaii-loa stopped, and looked out to the sea, where the moonlight now formed a shining track.

“Anaulu, a shower is coming,” he exclaimed. “We had better go in.”

“Lono brought the rain from Kahiki,” he continued, as they strode toward their huts. “He lived under the steep rock of Kealakekua. But he left in a triangular canoe for a foreign land. Some day he will come back across this ocean, for the Hawaiians loved him, and before he left, he said:—

“‘I will return in after times on an island,  
Bearing swine, dogs, and coconut trees.’”

NOTE.—The meles quoted in this volume are from Emerson’s “Unwritten Literature of Hawaii.”

## CHAPTER III

### LATER VOYAGES

IT was the eleventh century. Since the time of Hawaii-loa, no new meles of great deeds had been sung in Hawaii for five hundred years. No outside voyagers had had the courage or the hardihood to seek such remote shores. But at length an awakening time came.

Deep in a mountain forest of Tahaa, one of the Society Islands in the South Pacific, men with dusky forms stood silently beneath a giant crescent-leaved koa tree. Close to the trunk of the tree, with a stone ax in his upraised hand, bent a kahuna, or priest, chanting in a low voice. Before him in a row at the foot of the tree lay a black pig, some red fish, coconuts, and a gourd of awa drink. He was calling the eight canoe gods by name. Paa'o, a noted priest, whose son had been falsely accused of theft by his brother, had ordered a canoe made to sail to far-off Hawaii.

"Listen now to the ax," the priest chanted; "this is the ax that is to fell the tree for the canoe."

Any sound made during the chanting would mean death. Hark! a sweet bird note. The speckled little elepaio bird

with reddish brown breast had lighted on the giant tree. Only she was allowed to interrupt with her song as much as she pleased the long aha, or prayer, of the priest. She came as the messenger of the canoe gods. The waiting people fixed their eyes on the plump little bird as, with her tail poked up jauntily, she hopped among the green leaves, along a branch, examining the tree. Then she pecked the bark. In this way the wise little messenger of the canoe gods advised them to give up this tree. Quickly the head priest strode to another, and the people followed. Well they might, for she pecked only when searching out what the meles called,



Elepaio Bird

“The worm that eats crawling,  
Eats to the very ribs.”

After the priest had invoked the eight gods again, the other men, who were priests also, with hard blows helped cut down the tree. The woods rang to their dull whacks. With only a stone ax to work with, to fell the tree would



have taken a man alone many days. The koa giant began to crack. They lowered their voices. With a thud it lay upon the ground.

The head priest called to the gods in loud tones : —

“Grant a canoe that shall be as swift as a fish !  
To sail in stormy seas  
When the storm tosses on all sides !”

He wreathed the top with ieie vine, where he cut it. He tapered each end, and chanted a long prayer, beginning : —

“Give me the tree’s main root, O Lono!  
Give me the ear of the tree, O Lono!  
Hearken by night, and hear by day,  
Come for the tree and take it to the seaside.”

The multitude dragged the tree down through the forest, while he followed behind, to the beach.

Here the canoe was shaped, and painted black with pressed burnt kukui nuts and torch cinders mixed with oil. All that was lacking to finish it was to bind the cross pieces and top rails with coconut fiber. According to the mele, Paoa ordered a tabu for a month : no fire must be lighted ; no person must walk out, or work ; no sound must be made ; chickens must be put under calabashes ; dogs must be muzzled to be kept quiet.

At the end of the month they finished binding and lashing the canoe. As it lay on the beach, it was larger than our

canoes. It had sides planked up, and sewn with sennit. Probably it compared well in size with Columbus's ships that crossed the Atlantic a century later. Pao stood near the canoe beside the priest, who called to —

“Lono of the blue sea,  
The white sea, the rough sea,  
The sea with swamping breakers;”

and the other gods added: —

“Look you after this canoe. Guard it from stem to stern.”

As no sound had been made during his prayer, a good voyage was assured. Pao launched his canoe. He rigged it with a mast and a three-cornered sail of braided lauhala with the point down, and laid in supplies for a long voyage, bringing on board his feathered idol, the war god Kukailimoku, Ku-to-take-the-islands. He carried a navigator to decide the course, a sailing master, and a trumpeter, besides stewards. Pao with his sister and their party sat on a raised platform in the middle under a roof of mats. The forty paddlers took their seats, two on a bench. Pao raised his arms to heaven and prayed for success in venturing to find new lands. The canoe passed round a bluff and struck out to sea.

When Pao's canoe, far out, showed only a speck on the horizon, a wizard stood on the bluff, and called, “Take me, too!” His voice reached Pao, faintly, like the tremblings of a spider's web.

"The canoe is full," Paaο shouted back. "The only place left is the point at the stern."

"I'll take it," called the wizard.

"Jump aboard then!" called Paaο.

With one leap the wizard caught hold of the end of the canoe, and seated himself.

In the meantime Paaο's brother behind, learning that Paaο had cleared the land, began incantations to overcome him. He let loose all the winds of heaven, even the fierce south kona wind. He shut Paaο in black rain clouds. But Paaο, undaunted, having prepared for terrible storms, put up deck mats fore and aft to keep out the waves. His aumakua, family guardians, the aku and opelu fish, followed the canoe to defeat enchantments. When the wind stirred up the sea to swamp the canoe, the aku would frisk, and the opelu come together, in a way that calmed down the ocean. So the canoe sailed safely onward.

Paaο guided his canoe by the stars. Like the other Pacific seamen, from a child he had known the different constellations. He knew the rising and the setting of the stars at all times of the year. The planets he called "Wandering stars." The Pleiades cluster of fixed stars was his chief guide. In directing his course, he noted the flight of birds, and the signs of approaching land.

Near the coast of the island of Hawaii he met "the tides

that wash the lauhala groves of Puna," celebrated in Hawaiian mele as the district of dark blue mountain tops and sweet-scented precipices. Here Paa0 landed. He decided to live in Kohala and build there a heiau, or temple, in honor of his idol Kukailimoku; and thus Paa0 became a Hawaiian.

To this day the ruins of his heiau of Mookini are standing. The tradition is that to build its walls fifteen thousand men passed the stones from hand to hand from Niulii, nine miles away. When the walls were done, for twelve days men with white flags marched in front of a procession, around the island. Silence must be kept. Any fowl or animal not quiet the priests would offer in sacrifice. Paa0 and the chiefs remained in the temple for hours praying together with arms upraised. Paa0 acted as the high priest of Hawaii, one next to the king in rank, owning lands and exerting great influence. He offered human sacrifices, and went into the high tower covered with white tapa to receive special messages from the gods.

But Hawaii was in need of a king. Its highest chief, owing to his crimes, had been deposed. The last of an ancient family, he sought refuge on Maui, where his bones rest in Iao Valley, a royal burying ground of great honor. Separate kings ruled over the different islands at this period. The chiefs, supposed to be descended from the gods, had

larger forms and better minds than the common people. They owned everything, and had all power. On this largest island of the group, the chiefs had married with the common people, who owned nothing and had no rights. Paa'o therefore thought none of them worthy to hold the position of king. Hence he undertook to cross again the great sea to Kahiki, twenty-three hundred miles away, to find there a new king for the island of Hawaii. At the southern point of Hawaii, called Kalai, "the Way," he raised his mat sail in "the light that glanced on men and canoes," and shortly disappeared in the floating clouds over the dim horizon on his long voyage to the "Pillars of Kahiki."

For two hundred years after, Hawaiian mariners pushed out eagerly to the islands to the far south, anxious to travel to "the walls of heaven." It was a time of bold expeditions with stirring adventures. Pacific explorers reached even the icy regions of the Antarctic. Kamapukai, "Child-who-climbs-the-waves," brought back word to Hawaii that he had found in Kahiki, Waiolaloa, Water-of-long-life. Many went there to bathe in it. Kaulu, Sea-slug, brought back the first bread-fruit tree, which he planted at Kualoa on Oahu, a city of refuge so sacred that in passing it all sails were lowered. One seafarer brought back the large drum made of a piece of hollowed coconut trunk. A Molokai voyager brought back a calabash, preserved to this day, from which

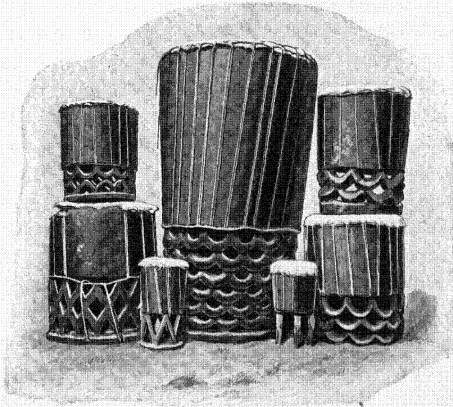








he sent the winds with whatever force and in whatever direction he chose. None of the voyagers, however, did as much for Hawaii as Paoa, who went for a king.



Drums made of Coconut Wood

As his canoe floated near the beach of Tahiti, the wizard with him chanted this invitation to the chief chosen by Paoa to be king of Hawaii:—

“Here are the canoes; come on board;  
Come along, and dwell in Hawaii-with-the-green-back,  
A land that was found in the ocean,

That rose up amidst the waves,  
'Midst the swamping breakers of Kanaloa,  
A white coral left dry in the ocean,  
That was caught by the hook of the fisherman.  
The canoes touch the shore ; come on board,  
Sail away and possess the island, Hawaii."

Paaο brought Pili back with him for king of Hawaii. And thus the strangers came to rule. He introduced the staffs tied with balls of black and white tapa as a sign of tabu, now in the Hawaiian coat of arms. During this time, as high priest, he made stricter tabus. It was tabu for women to eat with men, to enter the men's eating house, to eat food that had touched the men's calabashes. Their food had to be cooked separately. Turtle, pork, bananas, coconuts, — all the best things to eat were tabu to women. During the four monthly tabus, canoes were tabu to them ; work ceased. The penalty for any broken tabu was death.

Ever after, Paaο's aumakuas, the aku and opelu that had helped him, were sacred in Hawaii. Paaο tabued them by turns for six months at a time. The opelu he tabued from January until July. In July the head fisherman, dressed in white, paddled out to sea, with a net in his canoe. The next day the opelu was free, and the aku, tabu. In this wise way Paaο conserved the fish.

After the time of Paaο the Hawaiians held no intercourse

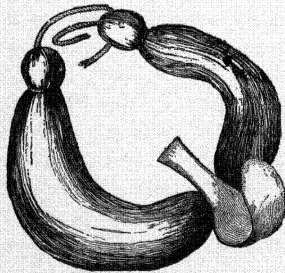
with the outside world for five hundred years. The melees give the names of seventy-four kings between Pili and Kamehameha the Great, who was descended from him. The idol of Paaos god Kukailimoku, Ku-to-take-the-islands, went before Kamehameha in all his conquering wars. Near the mountains at Pololu in Kohala is a spot of beautiful verdure, a field once cultivated by Paaos. In such veneration was he held that after his death, no animal was allowed to graze there, nor man to cultivate it for hundreds of years. Kamehamehas high priest, the last high priest on the islands, Hewahewa, who gave up idolatry, and with a lighted torch set fire to his own heathen temple, was the direct descendant of this ancient high priest Paaos.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE STORY OF UMI

THE most famous Hawaiian name of early times is that of Umi. As long ago as the year 1500, the boy Umi lived humbly with his mother at Hamakua. She was a large, fine-

looking woman, but he did not know that she was of royal descent, having one of the best preserved genealogies on Hawaii. Alone in her low grass hut one day she brought from a hiding place a red tapa malo or loin cloth, a yellow lei of the royal color, and a black necklace of almost



An Ivory Clasp

countless fine braids of hair hung with a whale's tooth ornament, worn by chiefs. For a long time she had kept all these hidden from Umi, but now he was old enough to know their secret.

She looked out proudly to watch him with a group of boys playing pahee, the favorite game of the district. As he stooped to throw the long, heavy dart, aiming between certain marks, she noted how broad and strong his back was, and as he straightened up again, how he towered above the other boys. He was now sixteen and almost a man grown. None of his companions had cast so skillfully as he. They next tried bowling. On ground that looked level, Umi drove his white maika stone a hundred rods, far beyond the other stones. He good-naturedly hooked fingers with the boys in trials of strength. No one could brace against his pushing.

Then Umi's mother called. As he ran to her, he remembered his idle oo left stuck in the taro patch, where he was not fond of working. His mother held in her hands the malo and the lei and the necklace. Umi saw them now for the first time. She told him that his father, the renowned King Liloa of Hawaii, had left them with her to give him to wear when he should be old enough to journey to the royal court. She said the time had come for him to go.

"Present yourself to King Liloa, your father, at Waipio," she urged him; "tell him that you are his son and show him as proof of it these presents which he left with me for you. Go down into Waipio Valley, and, when you have reached the foot of the pali, swim to the other side of the stream.

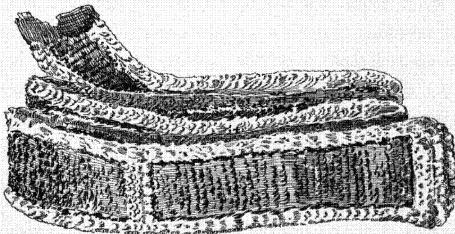
You will see a house facing you. That is the royal dwelling of Liloa. Do not enter the gate, but climb over the fence; nor must you enter the house in the usual way, but through the king's private door. If you see an old man with some one waving a kahili over him, that is your father, Liloa. Go up to him and sit down in his lap. When he asks who you are, tell him your name is Umi."

To stand in the shadow outside of the king's inclosure, or to pass it wearing a lei, meant death. This Umi and his mother well knew. Even to remain standing at mention of the king's name in song, or when his attendants passed with only his food, his drinking water, or his tapa clothing merited death; much more to leap the fence of his inclosure, go through his private door, and enter his presence without his express permission, and then without crawling on hands and knees.

Umi's mother asked his comrade, Omaokamau, to go with him. Umi put on the malo, the lei, and the ivory ornament. As they were setting out they met a little boy, Piimaiwaa, whom Umi loved. When Piimaiwaa asked, "Whither are you going?" Umi answered, "To Waipio. Come along and be my aikane (very intimate friend), and live with me there." So these three, who ever after remained comrades, journeyed together.

At last they reached the verge of Waipio, the largest of Hawaiian valleys, celebrated in mele from earliest times as

the residence of the kings of Hawaii. Lofty and steep cliffs formed either side of the valley. At the head beautiful waterfalls tumbled. Below them stretched one vast green garden of taro, bananas, and sugar cane, brightened by gleaming fish ponds and the winding stream. With difficulty they climbed down the side, the haunt of the white



Malo of Umi

tropic bird and the big ruffled owl. Reaching the foot of the pali, they swam across the stream. On the other side they saw Liloa's palace.

"Tarry here," Umi said, "and wait for me. I will go in to Liloa. If in my going I am killed, you must return the way we came; but if I come back alive to you, we shall all live."

With the yellow feather lei upon his head he boldly advanced to the stockade of coconut branches around the sacred inclo-

sure. He leaped the coconut fence into the tabu yard. As he touched the ground, on all sides loud cries of "Death! death!" beat upon his ears. The king's attendants, heralds, runners, bards, men to lomilomi, and others gave chase to him. Umi ran to the king's house on a raised embankment of stones. He rushed in by the king's private door. The king, wrapped in his royal cloak of yellow feathers, lay on his sleeping mats, a watcher waving a tall yellow kahili, or feathered staff, over him. Umi ran and leaped upon Liloa. Waking in surprise, Liloa threw him to the ground.

"Who is it?" he called, for he recognized the red malo, the yellow lei, and the ivory ornament.

"It is Umi, thy son," Umi answered fearlessly.

Overjoyed, the king embraced Umi, and sent for his two comrades. He ordered the drums to be beaten in honor of Umi, while he took him to the heiau to publicly acknowledge his newly found son.

After this Umi lived at the court of Liloa. He gave the strictest obedience to his father's commands, and became a favorite with every one except his envious half brother Hakau. The sound of the drums and rejoicing had not pleased Hakau. He was the king's eldest son, and jealous of a rival. Hakau disliked Umi all the more because, when exercising with long spears, Umi's party always came off victorious, making Hakau's retreat in confusion.



Before Liloa died, he called his two sons to him, and made Hakau king, and Umi next him in rank with the charge of his god.

“You are the ruler of Hawaii,” he said to Hakau, “and Umi is your man.”

No one ever spoke any good of cruel Hakau. He turned away the old and faithful followers of his father and gave their places to bad men. He showed no mercy in his demands on the chiefs and the people. Foolishly vain, he wished to be the handsomest man on Hawaii. If he saw any one who was unusually good-looking, he had his face frightfully tattooed. Umi he always abused. At last Umi decided to leave quietly, with his two companions, and go elsewhere.

They took the same path in leaving that they had taken in coming. After climbing out of the valley, they found a boy named Koi. Umi felt drawn to him, and asked him to come and live with him as his aikane. In Hamakua they did not visit with Umi's mother. The four wandered still farther on, around the Hilo district to Laupahoehoe. Here they agreed among themselves to keep Umi's name secret. The people received them kindly. The four boys helped them in their planting, their fishing, and their bird catching. Umi, older grown, delighted in using his strength to some real purpose. He worked hard now in the taro

patches. The fields that he cultivated at Laupahoehoe are pointed out to this day.

Although the disappearance of Umi was the talk of all Hawaii, these people did not suspect who he really was. Nevertheless, though he worked with them, and raced at surf-riding with the young men, yet at sight of his handsome, stately form, they often fell prostrate as they would before a chief. A priest of Laupahoehoe noticed how often rainbows stood on the cliff over his house.

“Perhaps this is Umi,” he said to himself, “for the sign of the chief is over his dwelling.”

When he discovered that this was indeed Hakau’s brother, the priest took Umi and Omaokamau, Piimaiwaa, and Koi to live with him. Thereupon all the people of the neighborhood said : —

“Lo, then, this man is a chief and his name is Umi, the son of Liloa. He is that one of whom we heard some time ago that he was lost.”

Aided by the priest, who had great influence, Umi began gathering men from the villages, planning to overthrow the tyrant Hakau. The priest trained them in the art of warfare. The three aikanes practiced so diligently that they became their chief’s greatest warriors, especially Piimaiwaa, whose left arm was as strong as his right.

Rumor of Umi’s plot reached Waipio. Two old men,

formerly honored counselors of King Liloa, whom Hakau had dismissed, sent to the king, saying that they were hungry and wished food.

“Go tell those two old men,” Hakau said to their messenger, “that they shall have neither poi nor fish nor awa.”

The two old counselors at first sighed over their hard lot. Liloa had never refused them so.

“We have heard,” then they said, “of the foster son of the priest of Laupahoehoe, of his great strength, his courage, his generosity. Let us go at once to Laupahoehoe and say to the priest that two old men desire to see this youth.”

After a welcome had been promised them, they set forth. On arriving at the priest’s house, they found only a young man asleep on a mat. They entered and seated themselves, leaning against the wall of lauhala.

“At last,” said they, “our bones are going to revive.” They roused the young man:—

“We are two old men of Waipio come to see the foster son of this house.”

The youth prepared and set before them a feast of a roasted pig, fish, and awa. After the repast they had a refreshing sleep.

“Here in our old age,” they said to each other on waking, “we begin to have a taste of comfort.”

Without, in the slanting sun of the late afternoon, the

priest was returning at the head of a long procession. After the priest had greeted his old friends, he sat with them while the procession passed by in single file. The visitors scanned it earnestly.

“Where is Umi? Is he that good-looking man there?” again and again they would ask, pointing.

Each time the priest would shake his head.

“If your foster son,” they said, “were as vigorous as the young fellow who has entertained us, we should live again.”

The procession kept on passing until it was too dark to see the skin of one’s hand. Still the priest had not pointed out Umi.

“Are we going to see your ward before dark?” the old men exclaimed.

“You have already seen Umi,” the priest then told them; “he it was who served you so well.”

That night the priest questioned his visitors upon the chances of war. The old men said that the procession of Umi’s forces, though large, was too small to combat successfully with Hakau, who commanded the whole island. They planned together a stratagem.

When the two old men returned to Waipio, they went at once to Hakau’s court. After they had obtained Hakau’s permission to crawl into his presence, they saw his hard eyes turn on them suspiciously.

“Have you seen Umi?” he inquired.

They told him boldly that they had. Then they advised him in order to secure the favor of his god to send bird catchers into the mountains to get fresh feathers to cover the idol, as its covering was worn and neglected. He reminded the counselors that this was done only before war. They told him that Umi was collecting men to overthrow him.

Hakau at once sent out heralds to give the call for all his men and retainers to prepare to go on an expedition to the mountains to obtain the rare feathers needed to cover his idol. On the day of a festival to Kane,

“The men who climb the mountains  
Reaching up the bird-catching pole on lehua,”

came with their poles sticky with gum, ready for the prayer and offering to the gods before starting. And they prayed :

“Spirits of Darkness primeval,  
To me give divine power.  
Give great success.  
Climb to the wooded mountains,  
To the mountain ridges  
Gather all the birds,  
Bring them to my gum to be held fast ;  
Amen ! the way is open.”

The day of the festival to Kane was the very day agreed upon between the old men and Umi for the attack on Hakau.

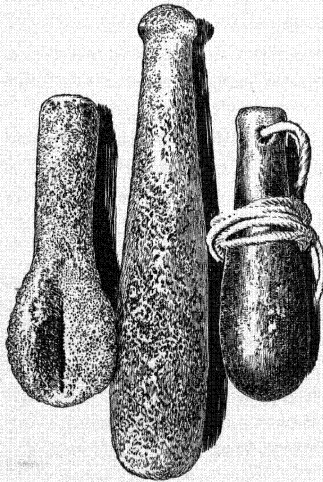
The last of Hakau's bird catchers, wearing their short mountain cloaks of ti leaves, had disappeared in the early morning. As the sun grew warm, shadows of figures

carrying bundles on sticks fell across the eastern side of Waipio Valley. When the first of them reached the river, the last was still on the top of the cliff.

Hakau sat alone in his house with the two old counselors.

"Isn't to-day tabu?" he said. "I see people going about."

"Your men from Hamakua are coming," they replied. "They are bringing



Hawaiian War Clubs

you some taro and potatoes wrapped in ti leaves."

As the procession drew nearer, Hakau remarked that five of the men carried nothing. The old men knew that these

were Umi, the priest, and Umi's three friends, but they said:—

“These must be the landlords under you.”

“I wonder where I first saw that man in front of the procession,” Hakau mused.

The procession of men came on, and surrounded Hakau. They drew forth stones that they had hidden in their bundles of ti leaves, and cast them with all their might at the king, until he lay dead, his cruel eyes closed under the heaped up stones. The sticks upon which they had carried the missiles they drove into the ground about the rocky tomb, to encircle what remained an unmourned grave.

When the people returned from the mountains with their store of feathers, they rejoiced at the death of Hakau, and hailed Umi with open hearts. The priest who had befriended him, Umi rewarded with the highest office in the land, that of keeper of his war god, whom he had cherished and worshiped faithfully. The high priest immediately assumed his office, and turning to the new king and his men, cried out:—

“O King, hearken unto me!

I am standing in your presence

And in the presence of your people.

You have triumphed over poverty,

And you are this day the great king of Hawaii,

With men living under you.

If you will rule wisely,  
Then you will rule forever.  
But if you should behave like your older brother,  
Then you will be despised.  
To refuse to take heed is death,  
To take heed is life."

At the close of this chant, the high priest said to Umi, "Arise." Umi stood up. The high priest called to Omaokamau, eight fathoms away, "Arise."

While the two were standing, he gave Omaokamau a spear used only for tests, and said to him: "Now, Omaokamau, use all your strength and throw this spear at the king's heart."

The high priest was well aware that Omaokamau had great strength and was a famous spearsman. At the order Omaokamau poised the spear, and then cast it unerringly. Umi warded it off, and, while the spear still sang in its flight, snatched it by the handle, and held it.

"O King, you have done well," the high priest, much pleased, said in praise of Umi. "You have profited by my teaching. I will vouch that you will hold your kingdom. Your kingdom will never be taken from your hands. As you warded off the spear so successfully, so shall you ward off trouble from your kingdom, and you will reign undisturbed until death overtakes you in old age. So shall your



kingdom fall to your son, your grandson, your offspring until the very last of your blood."

In time Umi redivided the land. Kau, he gave to Omaokamau; Hamakua, to Piimaiwaa; Kohala, to Koi. These three faithful friends and constant companions lived with him at the court. To his high priest he gave Hilo. The two old men he commanded to run as fast as they could without stopping in opposite directions, and called the place where each fell groaning the boundary of their land.

Early in his reign Umi made a tour of Hawaii, during which all the great chiefs gave him glad homage. When he desired to choose a queen from Hawaii, however, the high priest counseled Umi to take a wife from some other land. He said a marriage with Piikea, the princess of Maui, would assure a lasting peace with that island. After the king and all the chiefs had agreed to this proposal, they sent Omaokamau to Maui to sue for the hand of the princess Piikea.

When the people of Hana, where the Maui king then held court, saw Omaokamau's canoe coming, they ran back and forth on the beach in excitement, for they thought this canoe was the forerunner of a coming war.

"I have come only on a journey of sightseeing," said Omaokamau, to reassure them.

He hastened to the king and princess. They gladly

consented to Umi's offer of marriage, and set a time for the princess to embark.

On the evening of the same day that Omaokamau left Hana, he reached Hawaii, and ran his canoe up on the Waipio beach. He reported at once to Umi.

"What does she look like?" questioned Umi.

"She is very beautiful," Omaokamau replied. "She is only a young girl, but her face is lovely to look upon. We have no woman in Hawaii to compare with her."

This made Umi so happy that he longed for the day of her arrival. In the meantime he ordered preparations for the wedding.

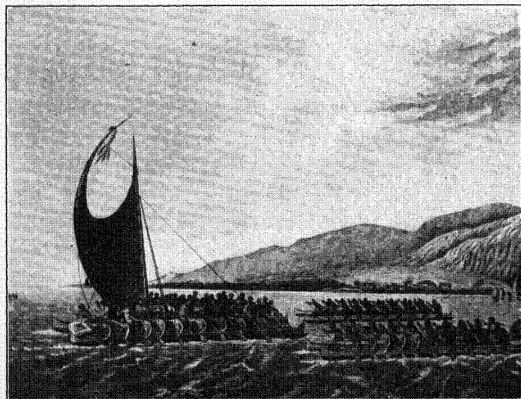
Twenty days later Umi descried a large company of canoes in the channel. By the red on one canoe, he knew that this was the royal company from Maui bringing the princess. Umi watched and waited. As they came nearer he made out his bride coming, escorted as became her high rank by four hundred canoes. The rowers in Piikea's double canoe wore red tapa. She herself, bedecked with a dazzling feather mantle, with rare feather leis on her head, sat upon the middle platform, over which yellow feather cloaks gleamed. Above her stood the tabu sticks. On either side attendants held tall and stately red kahilis. In the canoes surrounding hers the musicians played on their instruments, and sang meles in her honor. As the canoe

of the princess touched the beach, in front of it glowed a brilliant rainbow. When she landed, the rainbow rested out at sea, standing like a huge feather helmet. Omaokamau and Piimaiwaa hastened to the shore, and, carrying her to the land, conducted her with great ceremony to the house where Umi stood to receive her, robed in the royal feather helmet and a trailing yellow feather cloak. That evening, amid great rejoicing, the people from far and near celebrated the wedding with music and dancing. Umi and Piikea loved each other truly, and lived always in peace and happiness.

One day Piikea was surprised to see her younger brother from Maui standing before her. He brought word that their father was dead, and their elder brother had ill-treated him. This elder brother was said to be the strongest man from Hawaii to Niihau. Piikea begged Umi to deliver her younger brother from this persecutor, and to make him king. Perhaps her wishes were Umi's laws; perhaps Umi remembered the hard time he had had with Hakau. He decided to prepare an expedition to invade Maui, and ordered Omaokamau, Piimaiwaa, and Koi to have a fleet of canoes hewn out and ready to sail in ten days.

Messengers of war ran three hundred miles around Hawaii in eight days. They blew terrifying blasts on their conch shells, summoning all the chiefs and fighting men to battle. The din of the famous war trumpet Kiha-pu, the people said,

was heard ten miles, from Waipio to Waimea. It was a huge conch shell brought from Tahaa, and overlaid with strings of teeth of conquered chiefs. Whenever it was blown, their cries were heard in the blasts. Any coward remaining behind after the war call had his ears slit, and was brought to camp with a rope tied around his body.



War Canoes on an Expedition

Taking his bravest warriors, Umi himself, with his wife and her young brother, headed the expedition known as "the sailing of the numberless canoes." They landed at

Hana, where the Maui king had set up a gigantic idol holding a war club over the fort on Kauwika Hill. He had left this fort in the command of a Hana chief, and gone himself to Waihee. Umi sent Omaokamau first to take the fort. When Omaokamau failed, he sent Koi. When Koi did not succeed, he sent Piimaiwaa.

Piimaiwaa was the most noted soldier of Hawaii. It was said of him that he never failed to go up and meet his enemy. Piimaiwaa caught the sling stones in his hands, and hurled them back. After daring feats, he captured the fort and destroyed the idol. "Many fed the eye of the spear that day." But when the fort was taken, the commander escaped. Piimaiwaa went in pursuit and overcame him on the eastern slope of Haleakala. From Hana, Umi's army marched to Waihee. Here they fought a victorious battle in which the Maui king was slain. The generous Umi at once proclaimed Piikea's younger brother king of Maui, and returned with his army to Hawaii. A paved road through the districts of Hana, Koolau, and Hamakua, on East Maui, made by Piikea's younger brother, is still to be seen.

On Umi's return to Hawaii, he moved his court from Waipio to Kona, near the rich fishing grounds off its smooth coast. Here on a plateau between Hualalai and Maunaloa, where the different districts gathered with their tribute, seven piles of stones still stand, representing the six dis-

tricts and Umi's court. He often made tours through his domains, making peace between chiefs, and encouraging industry and public work. He built heiaus, known by their hewn stones, found near Kailua. In South Kona, across an impassable field above the forest, he made a paved road, which is still good.

As he grew old and the time of his death approached, Umi was much troubled concerning what would become of his bones. To have one's bones used by enemies for fishhooks or for arrows to kill mice was considered the height of disgrace. It was said of a wicked king of Maui that his bones could not be hidden, and rattled in the sun.

Umi called his old friend Koi to him one day, and said that there was no possible way of hiding his bones unless Koi would go to another island, as though in disgrace, after Umi had taken back his lands, and on hearing of his death, would return secretly and take Umi's body away. Koi bade his dearly loved chief and aikane a last farewell, and left for Molokai. On hearing of Umi's death, he sailed back to Hawaii. He entered the palace when the guards were asleep. Leaving the body of a man resembling Umi in his place, he disappeared. Some say he hid the royal remains in the pali of Kahulaana, others say in a cave of Waipio at the top of the pali over which falls the cascade of Hiilawe.

## CHAPTER V

### EARLY SPANISH ARRIVALS

“Bursting forth is the voice of the thunder;  
Striking are the bolts of lightning:  
Approaching is the dark cloud.

“Wildly comes the rain and the wind;  
Whirlwinds sweep over the earth.  
Rolling down are the rocks of the ravines.  
The red mountain streams are rushing to the sea.

“Oh, the roaring surf of angry fury,  
The strong current, the roaring current, whirl away!”

IN the reign of Umi's eldest son, while this kona, or southwesterly storm, raged as thus described in old meles, natives at Keeli descried the broken spars of a vessel rising and falling beyond the reef. An unknown craft was drifting toward the pounding breakers. Anxiously the natives watched it approach the white barrier of danger. They strained their eyes to make out who were on board in such peril. All at once the Hawaiians cried out in wonder! They had caught sight of some passengers huddled under an awning at the stern. Strange beings were coming. Their dress was extraordinary! Their skins were

white! The vessel rose on a wall of water. For a moment those on the beach had a glimpse of a large man with a sword at his side and a queer white ruff around his neck. He was bending over to shield a woman. The next instant the vessel was hurled on the rocks with a crash. Above the din of the storm rose a great cry, the cry of drowning people.

Only two of the voyagers escaped the indrawing whirl of waters. These two buffeted vigorously with the breakers. At last, ocean-drenched and exhausted, they reached land. The tall white captain had saved his sister. For a long time the two knelt on the beach together in prayer. Hence the natives, watching these fair-skinned, strangely clothed people, called the place Kulou, to kneel. This captain and his sister were the first white people on these islands.

The islanders led the forlorn castaways to their grass houses, and entertained them with the kind hospitality of Hawaii. They asked the foreigners if they knew the food set before them. Afterward the natives showed them breadfruit, ohas, and bananas. The strangers exclaimed with delight, pointing to the mountains as the place whence this fruit came. "The rain that knocks at the house" had ceased, and the wind had fallen. The sound of the ocean below came but faintly. The evening calm of earth joined the calm of the sea.

As the white strangers learned to talk with the Hawaiians,



they told them of the outside world from which they had come, and about their voyage. They said their people, the Spanish, were the only white people that sailed the Pacific. The Catholic Pope had given this vast ocean with all its islands to Spain. One of their nation had first discovered it. Recently, on this side of the Pacific, the Spaniard Cortez had conquered Mexico, a land stored with gold. To protect the Spice Islands in the west Pacific, Cortez had fitted out their little squadron of three ships. The largest, the *Florida* carrying fifty men; the *San Iago*, forty-five; the *Espirito Santo*, fifteen. Cortez had given them thirty cannon. With Alvaro de Saavedra in command, they had voyaged westward together before the storm had overtaken them. One ship had sunk in mid-ocean. After that the gale had separated them from the flag ship *Florida*, forcing their craft to scud before it to Hawaii.

The dark-eyed, fair-skinned strangers had little hope of ever seeing their far-away homes again. The *Florida* might have escaped, they said. In returning to Mexico, though, she would not be likely to touch at Hawaii.

As the days passed, nothing tilted across the skyline but the brown mat sails of the Hawaiian canoes. The sturdy Spanish captain and his sister watched for white ones. At last they knew that they must grow old here in the mid-Pacific, on the shores of these unknown islands.

The natives treated these strangers with favor. The captain married into a family of high rank. One of the noblest characters among later Hawaiian chiefs traced his descent back to him. Their own people they never saw again, nor did they ever learn the fate of the *Florida*. Making the best of their lot, they lived their lives out courage-



Image of the Spanish Captain.

ously. After they had passed away, so great was the regard they had created, the Hawaiians made a large stone image of the captain, chiseling his braid of hair and the ruff around his neck. This was the Spanish mode of dress in the time of *Cortez*. The idol was found on land in Kewalo near Honolulu. It stood for a long time at Kahuku ranch, and

is now in the Berlin museum. A white cast of it, however, has been placed in the Bishop museum.

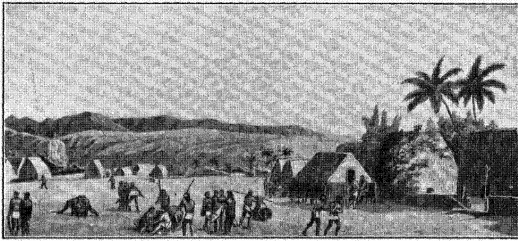
Thirty years after the shipwreck at Keei, in 1555, Juan Gaetano, a Spanish pilot who had crossed the Pacific many times, saw five of these islands. Probably he went ashore. There exists, however, no definite Hawaiian tradition about it. The record of his discovery is in an ancient chart in the Spanish archives. Gaetano called Hawaii, La Mesa, the

table; Maui, La Desgraciada, the unfortunate; the three smaller islands, Molokai, Lanai, and Kahoolawe, Los Mojes, The Monks. The Spanish kept their discovery secret. In 1743, when English mariners sailed the Pacific and contested for their rights there, they found a copy of this chart. It was in the cabin of a Spanish galleon which they captured near the Philippines. On this chart Hawaii was placed in the right latitude, but ten degrees of longitude too far east.

Hawaii, besides being incorrectly placed on the Spanish chart, lay out of the track of Spanish merchant ships then plying between Mexico and Manila. In going to Manila they took a southerly course, and in returning a northerly course to catch the westerly winds. They sang the Te Deum, a hymn of praise, for perils past on reaching floating seaweed off North America, and turned south again. Not till two hundred years after the Spanish captain and his sister had ended their days on the far-away islands, was the Hawaiian tradition of the white castaways connected with the commander's report of the lost vessel and their fate known. Spanish fortune seekers had passed too far south and too far north to touch at Hawaii.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE DISCOVERY BY COOK



*A Scene on Kauai. From a drawing by Captain Cook's artist*

Two hundred years had passed, and even the traditions about the Spanish castaways were almost forgotten, when at early dawn on Kauai some one looking out over Waimea Bay, called :—

“Moving islands! Moving islands! The light shines on moving islands!”

“Tahaha! Mai! Wikiwiki! — Come! Quick!” the natives shouted to each other, hurrying from their sleeping mats.

Infants wailed, and dogs yelped, as the astonished people trampled them under foot in their rush to the shore. Warriors ran past tottering old men and old women with wizened faces, nodding to long-drawn-out ejaculations of "auwe-e!" The stately queen, the mother of Kaumualii, attended by kahili bearers, came with the dignified chiefs in their bright feather helmets and capes. They too cried out with wonder at the sight.

"What is this thing with branches?" some cried.

"It is a forest which has slid down into the sea," others shouted back.

"Perhaps these are heiaus," a few called, the tall masts with branches reminding them of the towers in their sacred inclosures.

The harbor resounded with noise. So great was the gabble and the confusion, the queen and the chiefs became alarmed. They ordered two men to go out in a canoe with the high priest to examine these marvelous things, and bring back a report.

When the canoemen drew near the large white forms, they saw attached on the outside more iron than they had ever dreamed of. The only iron on the islands, besides a little that had drifted ashore in fragments of wood, had been a hoop and two pieces of the blade of a sword which tradition said foreigners had left. After repeating long

prayers, the three men ventured to climb up. Before them stood a god with white forehead and sparkling eyes. Down they fell on their faces. Lono had come back! Full of wonder, they received the gifts he gave them.

Great was the rejoicing when the three returned laden with abundance of iron.

“Truly this is Lono, with his heiau carried by the ocean current!” the chiefs now assented.

On hearing about the iron, one chief ran for his canoe excitedly.

“I will go and take plunder,” he called; “for to plunder is my business.”

The saying held that what was above, below the sea, on the mountains, and the iron that drifted ashore, belonged to the chief. This warrior believed therefore that he had a right to the iron on the moving islands. He paddled out to carry it away. Climbing up, he began seizing pieces of iron and heaving them down into his boat. But Lona was greater than he, and spoke with thunder and fire. Death came. His terrified followers, seeing him fall, leaped into their canoes and fled to the shore with all the speed they could command.

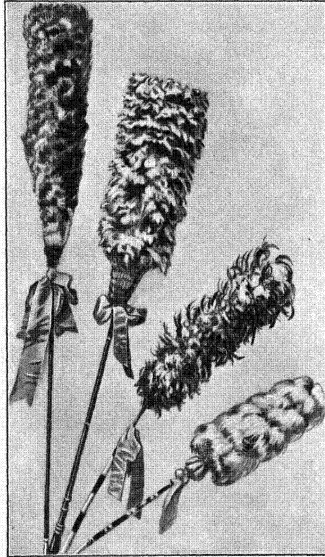
On hearing about the death of this warrior, the queen mother summoned a grave council of chiefs at her large grass house to decide what they had better do. Some

proposed seizing the moving islands and running them ashore to get the iron.

"Let us not fight against our god," the queen mother urged; "let us please him that he may be favorable to us."

Thereupon some proposed that they should give presents to Lono and the newcomers. They decided to send them tapa, vegetables, and pigs, the largest and most valuable animals then on the islands.

That afternoon, when the strange god started in a boat for the shore, the beach near the mouth of the Waimea River was covered with a vast multitude of natives. Not a place was empty. The



Kabilis

moment Lono leaped on the sand, the islanders lay flat on the ground, until by making signs he prevailed upon them to rise. They brought offerings with a banana tree, and worshiped



Offering Presents to Lono

him. Lono gave the natives presents. To the women he gave pieces of glass that mirrored their faces in a marvelous way! Heretofore their only looking glasses had been smooth circular disks of dark stone from the uplands of Mauna Kea, that they used under water. The natives helped the strangers fill their casks with fresh water and roll them to the boats.







Eagerly the inhabitants gathered from all parts of the island to trade for iron. Besides vegetables, yam roots, bananas, salt, and pigs, they used the skins of the red iwipolena bird to barter for the invaluable metal. Even the choicest treasures they had, the elegant helmets and cloaks made of the rarest of yellow feathers, the chiefs brought forth. At first they refused to exchange these helmets and cloaks for anything but muskets. Finally they parted with them for large nails, which they twisted into fish hooks.

Two days later, when towering breakers dashed on the shore during a kona storm, the moving islands slipped out to sea. They hovered off Niihau two weeks, and then sailed away, leaving melon, onion, and pumpkin seeds, and an English breed of pigs, and three goats. War, however, broke out between two chiefs over the goats, during which the goats were killed.

The Kauai chiefs dispatched messengers to Oahu and Maui to carry accounts of their visitors.

“The men are white,” they reported; “their skin is loose and folding. Fire and smoke issue from their mouths. They have openings in the sides of their bodies into which they thrust their hands, and draw out iron, beads, nails, and other treasures. Their speech is unintelligible. This is the way they speak: ‘A hikapalale, hikapalale, hioluai, oalaki, walawalaki, poha.’”

As a choice gift, a Kauai chief sent the king of Oahu a piece of canvas that he had obtained from Lono. So exceedingly rare was cloth that the queen wore it in a procession, where it attracted great notice.

When the high priest of Oahu heard of the arrival of these white people, he foretold the future.

“These people are foreigners from Melemele, Uliuli, and from Keokeo,” he said; “they will surely come and dwell in the land.”

At the end of the year, Captain Cook came back to lay in provisions, for he it was who had visited Kauai, on the floating islands. Since his first visit, he had been north as far as Alaska, where the ice fields had blocked his way. The Earl of Sandwich had sent Cook out from England in 1776 with a large exploring party. He commanded two armed ships, the *Discovery*, of three hundred tons, and the *Resolution*, manned by a crew of ninety-four. He had already been around the world twice when he discovered these islands, which he called the Sandwich Islands, in honor of his patron. This discovery, he wrote, seemed to him in many ways to be the most important that Europeans had made throughout the whole Pacific. On his return, Cook touched first at Maui, where Kalaniopuu, the aged king of Hawaii, was fighting Kahekili, the king of Maui. When the “islands,” with the strangers came into sight, the Maui people wel-

comed Cook as Lono, a great spirit, with wonderful beings from another world, arriving from across the sea.

Kamehameha, Kalaniopuu's nephew, who had returned from his first battle, came on board of one of the ships.

Cook wrote that the young chief looked brave

and resolute. He invited Kamehameha to

remain a while. As the ships

stood out to sea for the night,

a loud wailing came from the shore. Soon those on board

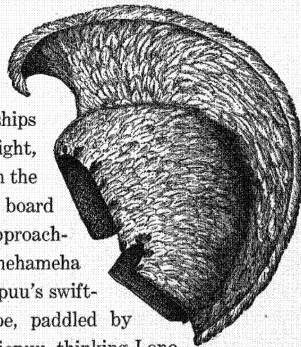
saw something white approaching on the waves. Kamehameha

recognized king Kalaniopuu's swift-  
est sailing double canoe, paddled by  
picked oarsmen. Kalaniopuu, thinking Lono

was carrying his favorite away, had sent his  
bravest canoemen in pursuit of the ships on the ocean, to  
bring Kamehameha back. Kamehameha, however, ex-

plained to them that their fears were groundless, and that  
he wished to remain with the white captain over night.

The paddlers, tired from fighting the waves, were glad also  
to remain on board until morning, while their canoe was  
towed astern.



A Feather Helmet

After tacking against the wind for several weeks, Cook entered the harbor of Kealakekua, the Way-of-the-gods. Black lava outlined the coast, above which, on the right hand, a steep precipice overhung a village of three hundred grass houses, grouped, like haystacks, close to a coconut grove. As the ships dropped anchor midway in the harbor, fifteen thousand people crowded the bay in their canoes, shouting and tossing their arms to express their joy. The beach, the rocks, the tops of houses, the branches of trees, rang with the voices of the men, the women, and the children who covered them, shouting and screaming their astonishment and delight. Pigs squealing in the boats added to the tumultuous clamor. The natives, having heard from the men on Maui that these ships were hovering about the islands, had prepared to meet them with supplies and give them a friendly welcome. They climbed upon the decks, the sides, and the rigging of the vessels until so many on one side of the *Discovery* at once made her heel considerably. Thereupon a tall, dignified chief gave an order. Instantly the people cleared the ships. After this a wizened little old priest with red eyes came forward, and worshiped Cook, making him a long prayer, and presenting him with an offering.

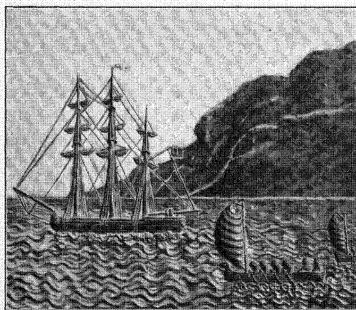
That afternoon Cook and two of his officers landed with the little old priest. A young priest, carrying a tabu stick, went before Cook, and cleared the way through the vast

crowd by calling loudly that Lono was coming, and all must fall down at sight of him. The multitude fell prostrate with their faces to the ground and their arms extended forward. Even those on the housetops and the rims of the adjacent hills hid their faces until he had passed. The priest led Cook toward the heiau of Lono at Napoopoo. Cook walked rapidly, and as soon as he had gone by, those behind him were up again, in their haste trampling on the prostrate forms of those in front, who did not rise quickly enough to be out of the way. To avoid this inconvenience, at length the whole multitude of ten thousand people were running on all fours. But they fell back in fear as Cook approached the sacred inclosure of the heiau. This stretched beside a circle of coconut trees on the margin of a pond of water. A thick arbor of low, spreading hau trees grew beneath the walls of the heiau by the entrance, above which stood hideous idols. They had distorted faces and long pieces of carved wood upon their heads, while their bodies were wrapped in red tapa. A tall young priest with a long beard presented Cook to these idols. He covered Cook also with red tapa, and took him up into the sacred white tapa-covered tower, twenty feet high. Here the priests sacrificed to Cook, and gave him divine honors, the chiefs at certain intervals calling out in stentorian voices a kind of "amen."

When Cook returned, the same young priest with a tabu

stick stood up in the boat. The natives ceased paddling, and fell on their faces until Cook's boat had passed. This young priest attended Cook wherever he went. Cook arranged to have a station ashore at one side of the heiau where his astronomers set up two telescopes to take observations. The natives, having heard what terrible things guns could do, were at first apprehensive of danger from these telescopes that stood in an elevated position.

A week later, Kalaniopuu, the king, returned from Maui. At about noon, he set out in state to the ships. Three large



The King going to visit Cook

and beautiful double canoes, sixty and seventy feet in length, carried his company and his presents. He and his chiefs, holding long spears, sat in the first, arrayed in their rich yellow and red feather cloaks

and helmets. In the second came the little bent old priest and his brother priest, with gigantic idols on red tapa. The



idols, of wickerwork covered with red feathers, stared from startling eyes of large pearl oyster shells, with black kukui nuts in the center, and grinned with two rows of shark's teeth. The third canoe held pigs and vegetables as offerings. While they paddled, the priests in the center canoe chanted hymns. When the king met Cook, he took the elegant yellow feather cloak that he himself wore and gracefully threw it over Cook's shoulders, and placed his helmet on Cook's head. He also spread six exceedingly beautiful cloaks of great value at his feet. The king's attendants brought sugar cane, coconuts, breadfruit, and four large pigs. Kalaniopuu exchanged names with Cook. This, throughout the islands of the Pacific, was considered the strongest pledge of friendship. The priests came in procession, and performed religious ceremonies. In return for the king's gifts, Cook presented him with a linen shirt and a cutlass. During this visit, the bay was tabu: no boats, save the king's, left the shore; the people stayed in their houses or lay flat on the ground. That afternoon the king entertained the ship's company with boxing and wrestling matches, held on a course kept smooth and clean for games, that was skirted with trees in the center of the village.

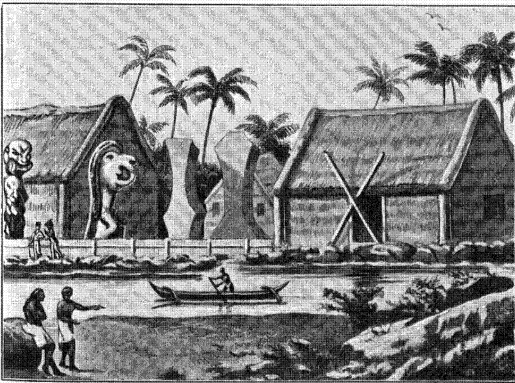
As soon as it was dark the next evening, Cook, in return, landed on the beach, where preparations had been made for a promised exhibition of fireworks. The natives in their

canoes filled the bay. Some of them had been waiting since morning to see the new sight. Some who had grown tired and begun to lose faith were inclined to jeer. When everything was ready and the people were as quiet as night, Cook ordered a sky rocket set off. With a loud report it shot up like magic. The aged Kalaniopuu and the chiefesses sitting near him had to be held in their places. The host of people fled! Some of them took to the water. The majority in their alarm hurried to the hills. As soon as the rocket had disappeared, however, the king's fright was over. He rose and called after the rearmost of his subjects to return, and then sent for the rest.

“Lono commands the thunder and the lightning!” the amazed people cried out in wonder.

To supply Lono and his men bountifully with provisions, the chiefs taxed the common people to the uttermost. The natives thought Lono's company must have come from a land where food was scarce. When the sailors grew fat after two weeks of their providing, the islanders, fearing a famine, hinted that it was time for their visitors to go, saying that they had better come again at the next breadfruit season. The burial ashore of one of the sailors strained the faith of the natives in these gods. When Cook offered their old priest two iron hatchets in exchange for the fence around his heiau at Napoopoo, for firewood, the aged priest

refused the hatchets three times indignantly. Filled with resentment, the natives witnessed the rude strangers tearing their sacred fence to pieces and heaving down the images.



A Heiau

At the command of the chiefs, nevertheless, they brought an immense farewell present for Lono, one that surpassed all the others, — tapa and food enough to last his company for six months. With little regret the natives saw the day of departure arrive.

One of the white men, it is true, they had grown to love, —

Lieutenant King, who had had command of the party on shore. He had shown the natives nothing but kindness. A young officer by the name of Vancouver, then aboard Cook's ship, they would learn to know and honor later. They believed Lieutenant King to be Lono's son, and crowded around him on the beach, begging him to stay, and lamenting for him only.

A few days later the Hawaiians saw the ships coming back. All was quiet. Not a boat went out to meet them. Not a native bid the crew welcome. The priests helped the sailors mend the broken foremast, which had caused their return, but they expressed no pleasure at seeing them again.

One afternoon some natives who had gone out to the ships in a canoe diverted the attention of the guards, while one of their companions went on board, and boldly snatched a pair of tongs and a chisel. Mounting the gangway rail thereafter, he threw himself and his booty with one leap into the canoe; then taking up his paddle, he joined the others in a race to the shore. Too late musket shots rang out from the ships. The marines followed in boats, but the natives had landed ahead of them, and fled inland. The marines gave chase; a long and useless chase it was, for as often as they asked the way of the people they passed, the natives pointed in the wrong direction to mislead them. The head

chief, who had been aboard at the time, promised to restore the stolen articles. When the marines, however, tried to carry off his canoe, the same used by the thieves, he objected. With a blow on the head, they knocked him down. Seeing their chief fall, the natives gathered around him in a fierce crowd. They pelted the marines with stones, until, as the marines were unarmed, they forced them to retreat and swim off to a rock some distance from the shore. The riot lasted until the chief, recovering, stopped it. True to his promise, he procured the tongs and the chisel, and had them restored.

The next night the natives stole again, this time a large cutter, which they broke up for the iron in it. Cook decided to entrap the old king, and keep him prisoner until the cutter was returned. He put a blockade on the bay, and stationed armed boats from the *Discovery* at equal distances across the entrance of the harbor to prevent any communication with other parts of the island. He then went ashore in his pinnace with six private marines, a corporal, a sergeant, and two lieutenants, followed by a launch and one large cutter with other marines and a smaller cutter with only the crew on board. Cook landed at nine o'clock in the morning, and went to Kalaniopuu's house by a roundabout route not to excite suspicion. Excepting the queen and a few high chiefesses, the women and the children had all gone to the

hills. A strange quiet prevailed everywhere; only occasionally did the English captain see any men.

Before Cook had talked with Kalaniopuu ten minutes, Hawaiians had come forth from their hiding places — three or four thousand of them — and were standing near their king. As the trembling old man advanced down the beach, shots blazed on the water. Two chiefs in a canoe, robed in royal feather cloaks and carrying spears, knowing nothing of the blockade, had tried to enter the harbor. The shots from the boats had killed one of them. Kekuhaupio, the chief who escaped, seeing the king about to step into Cook's pinnace, called out, "O Divine One! The sea is not right! Return to the house!"

The queen, who heard the warning, ran from her house and threw her arms around the old king to hold him back, entreating him with tears not to go. A warrior chief, with spear in hand, rushed at Cook, saying Cook had killed his brother, and he would have revenge. Cook fired at him with birdshot to intimidate him, but the warrior, holding up his mat, and finding that the shot did not go through, rushed at Cook again. This time Cook fired a ball and killed him. Instead of retiring after the shot, the intrepid islanders with shouts broke in upon the soldiers. The marines, waiting in the boats for Cook, began firing. In the battle that followed shots answered spear thrusts. Cook turned and

waved his hat to the marines to pull ashore. At this moment another warrior, carrying one of the daggers that Cook had bartered with the Hawaiians, came up behind him.

“I do not believe he is a god,” he muttered. “I will prick him with my dagger. If he cries out, I shall know he is not.”

Cook gave a great cry and fell. The warrior had killed him. “He groaned,” the natives exclaimed; “he is not a god.”

The lieutenant who had been with Cook, being a good swordsman, killed the chief who had stabbed his captain. Although attacked by all the native forces, he defended himself until they were awed by his achievements. At last, wounded and faint from loss of blood, he plunged into the water and swam to the boats. Besides Cook, the English had lost a corporal and three marines. The ships at once bombarded the shore, killing seventeen natives, whereupon many of the islanders fled to the hills.

Later on, Lieutenant King and the lieutenant who had fought beside Cook went ashore again with three armed boats. The natives began to shower stones at them with their slings until Lieutenant King, leaving the others behind, went on in a small boat alone with a white flag in his hand. A cry of joy came from the natives. They sat down on the beach, extending their arms, and inviting King to come

ashore. He demanded the bodies of the English dead, but waited an hour for them in vain.

At about eight o'clock, the people on the *Resolution* heard, through the darkness, a canoe paddling toward them. The sentinels on deck fired into it. Two persons in the canoe immediately shouted, "Tinnee; Tinnee!" their name for Lieutenant King, and said they were friends. As soon as they came on board, they fell at Lieutenant King's feet, frightened. They were two friendly priests. One of them was the young man who had always gone before Cook with the tabu stick. The other carried under his arm something wrapped in tapa. After lamenting with tears the loss of Lono, they presented the bundle, which contained part of Cook's body. The king and the priests had taken Cook's body to the top of the precipice over the bay, where after having the bones separated from the flesh, they had honored them as those of the god Lono.

"When will Lono come again?" they asked with great earnestness; "and what will he do to us on his return?"

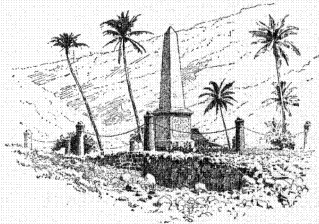
The next day two boys with spears swam out to the ships, and sang, in the water, a long lament about Lono; then, leaving their spears on the ships, they swam ashore.

Lieutenant King sent word that the vessels would not leave until the natives had given him Cook's bones. Angered at the delay, the marines cruelly fired more shot ashore,



and set the whole village of Napoopoo on fire. Smoke rose from more than a thousand burning houses, while loud wailing sounded from the beach over the bodies of the dead.

At last the king appeared in a feather mantle, leading a procession. They carried a part of Cook's bones that the priests had wrapped in new tapa, and a feather cloak of black and white. Some of Cook's bones were kept in a basket of wickerwork covered with red feathers, in a temple of Lono, to be borne around the



Cook's Monument at Kaawaloa.

island every year. They rest now probably in a secret cave. The king spoke with great sorrow of the death of Lono. He watched the Englishmen bury Cook's remains in the deep with military honors. The natives collected on the shore of Kealakekua Bay in great numbers to view the last of the ships.

In later years Englishmen raised a monument at Kaawaloa in memory of the great discoverer who opened these islands to the outside world.

## CHAPTER VII

### KAMEHAMEHA

#### *1. The Chief Kamehameha*

ON a black, stormy night in November, while the fierce chiefs, after gathering their armies, sat under a lanai in Ainakea, Kohala, planning a war with Maui, the shadowy form of a man slunk away from a grass house close to the lanai, bearing a tiny roll of tapa. In it he was carrying off to a hiding place a wee babe that he had just taken from its mother. For an instant, above the noise of blustering winds and creaking branches, rose its shrill, muffled cry, and then was silenced, like a flickering light put out.

During the kona storm, heavy surf and thunder boomed through the night, heralding, as every Hawaiian knew, the birth of a great chief. Excited clatter filled the morning when it was known that the newborn babe, belonging to the line of Umi, believed to be descended through Maui from the gods, had been stolen.

“This child will become a mighty warrior, a rebel chief who will make slaughter of other chiefs,” the soothsayers had given prophecy.

“Nip off the bud of the wauke plant while young, lest it grow and spread far and wide,” Alapainui, the king, had commanded, fearful of losing the position that he had gained by war.

Now, while the poor mother wailed, filled with dread for the life of her firstborn, the king’s executioner searched hut after hut for the missing child.

At last in Awini, north of Waipio, he came to a cave in the great pali hulaana, a precipice coming down to the sea so that no one could pass it by land. Here the swift royal runner to whom the mother had intrusted her precious babe had sped with it, as she had told him, and given it into the kind hands of her second cousin, a high chiefess of Kohala. The executioner, looking in at the entrance of the cave, saw the chiefess and her mother sitting beside a bundle of olona fiber, quietly weaving baskets.

“Have you not seen a man running by just now?” he called out.

“No,” answered the chiefess; and the executioner passed on.

After he had gone, the chiefess knelt and tenderly took the covering of olona off the baby. She lifted the royal infant in her arms, while her mother, believed to have power with the gods, stood up in front of the cave and prayed to them to let “the red rain and the cloud form kunohu” and

the rainbow return to Ainakea and stand over the prince's birthplace, instead of above the cave, lest by these signs that followed a high chief, the king's kahunas should be led to the place of concealment. She gave the child in hiding the name of Kamehameha, the Lonely-One. She and her daughter carefully tended it day and night, until the babe had grown large and sturdy. Then the Kohala chiefess took Kamehameha back to Ainakea. The chiefs there, seeing her devotion to the baby, supposed it to be her own, not knowing that this was the little prince. Kamehameha's father, holding the recovered child close in his arms, carried it to the temple. There he made offerings to the four great gods, that they might grant his little son long life and prosperity.

On Kamehameha's fifth birthday, when the decree threatening his life was a thing of the past, the father came to the mother's house to take him away. Although she was a chiefess of high tabu rank, her boy was never to sleep near her or eat with her again. Henceforth he would live in the men's house at the king's court, and eat the food tabu to women. The little fellow held tight to his father's hand as he tried to keep up with his long strides. Outside a hedge of green ti plants surrounding a heiau, they passed through a dense mass of people. Entering the heiau, they stood before the idol of Lono, that towered far above even the

father. Little Kamehameha, looking up, saw a pole with a head carved at the top, and white tapa hanging from a cross-piece. On this crosspiece, which was strung with feather leis, perched a stuffed sea bird. Fascinated, the boy chief watched this bird, while his father made offerings of bananas and coconuts, and, holding a calabash of awa, recited a long prayer. After they came out, the people who had waited talked about what kind of man Kamehameha would grow to be, and feasted in his honor.

As Kamehameha was a little alii, chief, he must have his own way in everything. If a canoe hindered him on the water, it must be overturned. One stealing anything that belonged to him might be bound hand and foot, put in an old canoe, and left to float out to sea. A retinue waited on him, and kahili bearers ran after the little child wherever he trotted. He swam in the ocean, swung on a long cord tied to the top of a tall coconut tree, played games like cat's-cradle with a string, walked on stilts, tossed and caught pebbles called kimo, spun tops made of little gourds, and flew large kites that pulled so hard that he tied the strings to trees.

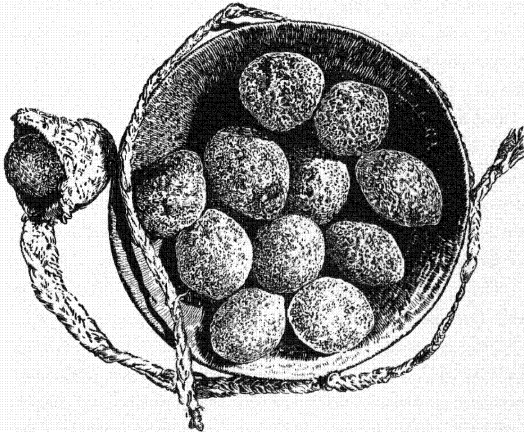
When the boy chief was twelve years old, the sudden death of his father made Kamehameha's uncle, Kalaniopuu, suspect that Alapainui, the king, had secretly poisoned him. He became alarmed for Kamehameha's safety, and resolved

to withdraw him from the king's court. Planning for his rescue, he sent a boat ahead, and set out by land with a few trusty followers to snatch the boy from the king's grasp. The other chiefs at court opposed him. During the struggle that followed, the king's party forced Kalaniopuu to take flight in his war canoe without the young prince. Soon after, by reason of Alapainui's death, Kalaniopuu became the rightful ruler; he adopted the fatherless boy, and cared for him as his own son.

As Kamehameha grew older, Kalaniopuu gave him the training of a chieftain of rank. He practiced stone-throwing, the use of the javelin, and various kinds of spear exercises. With a sling stone whirled on human hair or coconut fiber, his teachers could strike four times out of five a small stick fifty yards away. Kamehameha's teacher of military tactics, Kekuhaupio, the most noted chief on the islands in the art of spear-throwing, was a hero of many battles. He had been in the canoe fired on by Cook's orders at Kealakekua Bay. Kekuhaupio became one of Kamehameha's staunchest friends. The young prince grew to be very tall. He used the right of chiefs only, to wear the red feather cloak and helmet, a whale's tooth ornament on a necklace of hair, and to have his canoe and its sails painted red.

In 1778 Kamehameha crossed the channel from Hawaii to Maui with the king's army, the heads of whose spears

made a forest of trees over the water. In the first battle Kamehameha distinguished himself as a courageous leader; and at the time of Cook's arrival he was well known as



Hawaiian Sling and Sling Stones

a brave and skillful warrior. The report had gone out after the battle, "There is one chief of Hawaii, an aikane, a very intimate friend of the king Kalaniopuu. Kamehameha is his name. That man is a mighty warrior, stout of heart and brave."

In an engagement at Kaupo, Kamehameha had seen his old teacher, when trying to turn back the soldiers in flight, fall entangled in a vine. Knowing the deadly peril Kekuhaupio was in, Kamehameha had fought hard to reach his side. At the moment that the enemy were upon Kekuhaupio, ready to strike, Kamehameha had come to his aid, and rescued him.

For a long time Kalaniopuu had contended unsuccessfully with Kahekili, a cruel king of the district of Hana in Maui. After Kalaniopuu had spent a whole year in preparing his army he sailed for Maui with six battalions, one from each district of Hawaii. At Maalaea Bay he sent forward his favorite regiment, the Alapa.

They started on their journey, calling out, "We go to-day to drink the water of the Wailuku River."

This company of eight hundred chiefs, all of the same height, with spears of the same length, in feather cloaks and helmets of yellow and red, went up, according to the old chronicles, like a great rainbow-colored cloud spreading out among the sand hills. No regiment ever looked more splendid. But they marched to their death. Behind the sand hills near Wailuku, the men from Oahu under their young king, joined with those of Maui, lay in wait, hopelessly outnumbering the Alapa.

"The fish have come. Draw the net with the fine



meshes!" the high priest from Oahu called to his king at sight of them.

Then the stone slingers, who could hit a stalk of grass, did their work. For a while it was a battle of stones against spears. No regiment ever fought more courageously than the Alapa; without thought of retreat, they all fell facing their foes.

Filled with grief and rage at the loss of the Alapa, Kalaniopuu the next day marched on Wailuku with his entire army. At the close of a desperate battle fought all day long, Kahekili drove the army of Hawaii back.

After this defeat, Kalaniopuu sent his own son Kiwalao to Kahekili, carrying ti branches, as a sign of truce. The boy's mother was Kahekili's sister. Two chiefs accompanied him, bearing the royal tokens of his high rank. All the warriors lay down as the tabu prince passed. Kiwalao found Kahekili, a very stout man, reclining on a mat with a fierce dog watching beside him. Half of his body from head to foot was tattooed black. As the young prince came toward him, Kahekili turned his cold, crafty face upward. "Downward the face" would have meant instant death to the boy.

"There is no death. Live!" said the king.

As his nephew sat in his lap, he ordered fish and taro from his own royal preserves sent to his sister at Kipei.

The highest chiefs of both parties then wove a wreath of the sweet-scented maile leaves, and put it in the temple as a peace offering.

To publicly make this son Kiwalao heir to his kingdom, Kalaniopuu, before his death, called all the high chiefs and noted priests of the island of Hawaii to the famous valley of Waipio. When they had gathered there, he commanded his son Kiwalao and his nephew Kamehameha to stand up before them. Kiwalao he proclaimed the ruling chief, to whom should come all the whalebone and the ivory cast on the shore, the property of the ruler. Kamehameha he made keeper of the war god Kukailimoku, Ku-to-take-the-islands. He called them brothers, and charged them, "The one shall not be over the other for evil."

Soon after, on a very tabu day, while all the country around the heiau was being kept in absolute silence, Kiwalao was about to make the war god a human offering, when Kamehameha boldly stepped forward, and brushing the king's son aside put the body on the altar, uttered the prayer, and lifted the tabu himself.

"Defiance! An act of rebellion!" buzzed the excited court circle.

"No, he is not a rebel," a few claimed; "the two chiefs are brothers, and Kalaniopuu gave Kamehameha the right to sacrifice."





Kalaniopuu, the aged king, called Kamehameha into a house, in order to hide him from the enraged chiefs.

“O my child,” he said, “I have heard the complaints and murmurs of the chiefs, and know their desire to destroy you. If I should die, they would kill you. I think you



A Surf Rider

should go to Kohala. You understand my command about your god. Care for it. There lies your treasure.”

For over two years Kamehameha lived in Kohala, but not in idleness. One of the first chiefs to show the dignity of labor, he hollowed canoes with tools of bone and shell, fished with mother-of-pearl hooks, and with an oo, a sharpened stick, planted taro and cultivated his lands. Some of his work is shown to-day: several groves of noni trees

at Halau that Kamehameha planted before his beard was grown; a fish pond at Kiholo, a canoe landing there; and a tunnel in a ridge at Niulii for a water course, incomplete, because he had no powder to blast through the rock.

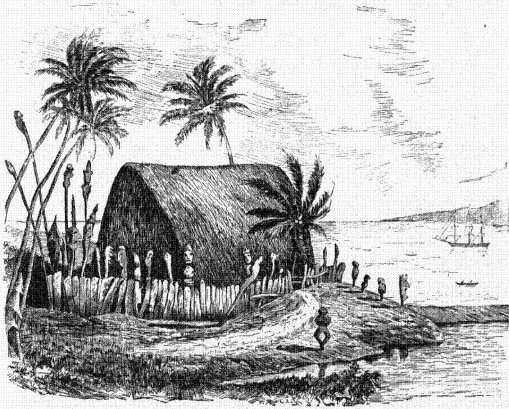
Kamehameha excelled in his favorite sport of surf riding. One day, when he and his brother were scudding in front of the white breakers, he was surprised to see his military teacher, Kekuhaupio, the veteran warrior, approaching in a canoe. Dripping, he hurried to give him welcome at his house.

After the old teacher had saluted Kamehameha with strange homage, he gently reproved him for pursuing pleasure at such an unsettled time. "You should be bearing a hand in the affairs of Hawaii," Kekuhaupio chided.

He then told Kamehameha that the old king had passed away, leaving the government in the weak control of Kiwalao. He said the Kona chiefs, who had sent him to Kamehameha on a secret mission, dared not go to the burial ceremonies at the Hale o Keawe, House of Keawe, a sacred place where Kalanioʻopuu had requested Kiwalao to deposit his bones. The weak king's haughty, grasping uncle so ruled him that they feared they would lose their lands.

"If the new king makes a good division of the lands," he stated impressively, "quiet will prevail. If not," — pausing, the old warrior looked hard at his former pupil, —

"*the country will belong to the strongest.*" He lowered his voice, and his eyes sparkled as he announced, "The four great Kona chiefs, who can each muster a thousand spears



Hale o Keawe

in battle, looking for a man they can trust as their leader and king, have chosen *you!*"

"Your words are good," Kamehameha answered, at last fully aroused. "Let us go to Kona at once. Let us pay our respects to the late king, and learn what Kiwalao intends to do." Straightway he gathered his forces to leave.

When Kamehameha arrived in Kona, Kiwalao came with his followers to call on him.

“Where do you stand?” he questioned Kamehameha. “Here is our uncle pushing us on to fight. Alas! we two may die!”

“To-morrow we both will attend the burial ceremonies for the king,” Kamehameha answered, evading the subject, and proceeding to talk of other things.

The next day, after the wailing over the dead at Honaunau, mild Kiwalao stood on a platform by the House of Keawe, and announced to the assembled throng his father’s will. He would have the government of Hawaii and the title of moi, or king. Kamehameha would have the charge of the war god, — the second place in the kingdom.

“Strange, very strange!” murmured the dissatisfied Kona chiefs. “Now we shall be made poor, and the Hilo and Kau chiefs rich; for the king is of their party. War would be better, decidedly better.”

Kamehameha, returning in a canoe at dusk, with the Kona chiefs, bent his head in silence, listening unwillingly while they urged war. His old military teacher proposed that he go back with him and talk with Kiwalao. After nightfall their attendants paddled them across the starlit bay. On entering Kiwalao’s house at Honaunau, they found guests and saw preparations going on for an awa party.



“Pass Kamehameha some awa root,” Kekuhaupio said to Kiwalao, “that he may prepare you a drink.”

After making the beverage, Kamehameha handed it in a cup of coconut shell to the king. Kiwalao, turning, passed it untasted to the one sitting next him. As this man raised the brown cup to his lips, the aged teacher indignantly dashed it from his hands.

“You are in fault, O king!” he cried out to Kiwalao; “your cousin does not prepare awa for such people, but only for the king!” and he pushed Kamehameha toward the door. Affronted, Kekuhaupio and Kamehameha left the house.

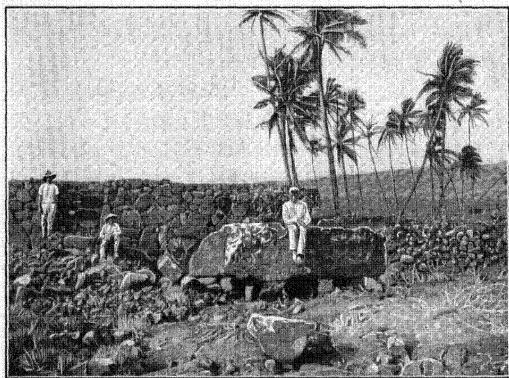
The day that the king redivided the lands, the great Kona chiefs stayed at home. The king’s uncle made the division, and took the largest share for himself and his party. Toward the end of the meeting, the king’s impetuous brother Keoua arrived, and asked for several lands already taken by the grasping uncle.

“Am I to have no share?” exclaimed Keoua, angrily.

“You are no worse off than I am in this new division,” the king answered mildly. “We shall have to be content. The lands are in the hands of our uncle.”

Keoua, on returning to his domain, ordered his warriors to don their cloaks and helmets and follow him fully armed. It mattered not on whom he vented his wrath! In Kame-

hameha's district they cut down coconut trees, a significant challenge to war. Next, at Keei, they slew some of Kamehameha's men who were in bathing. The inoffensive Kiwalao now felt obliged to join with his brother Keoua in



City of Refuge in Honaunau

openly declaring war on Kamehameha. The chiefs of Hilo, Puna, and Kau stood with Kiwalao. Those of Kona, Kohala, and Hamakua stood with Kamehameha. Women and children of both parties streamed past the white tabu flags raised on tall spears at the entrance to the City of Refuge in Honaunau. Here within the seven acres of tabu

ground, they were protected by massive stone walls, twelve feet thick.

Day and night the gates stood wide open for any one to enter and be safe from the avenger of blood.

The din of Umi's kiha-pu, prized by Kamehameha as much as his war god, sounded to battle. Women as well as men poured out from the villages to the black open lava plain of Mokuohai. With coconut boughs and ti leaves they erected a camp of small huts. The day of battle arrived. Kamehameha's army was drawn up in the form of a crescent. Toward the middle stood the commoners carrying long spears, often so long and heavy that two men bore one between them. The men with sling stones and with javelins stood along the outer lines. Some of them had their heads bound with folds of tapa. Kamehameha's strongest division, a division of chiefs, called the shoulder, that always surrounded the tall commander, stood in the center, glorious in bright feather cloaks and helmets.

Before the conflict, Kamehameha had gone into the heiau to inquire of the high priest and a prophetess, his military teacher's wife, whether the gods sent signs favorable for battle. From the way the clouds crossed the sun they foretold victory. The high priest brought forth the fierce-faced war god Kukailimoku, Ku-to-take-the-islands, and placed it near Kamehameha in front of the ranks, its staring eyes

and its rows of shark's teeth ready to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy. The high priest, with his own face



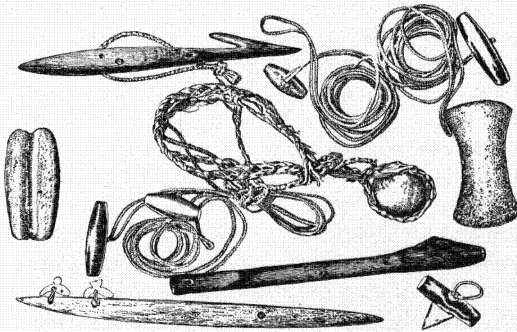
War God Kukailimoku

tattooed to be terrifying, stood by it and prayed, promising the gods all the victims they should kill.

As the two large opposing bodies of armed men faced each other, the high priest shouted and twisted his face into frightful grimaces. A warrior came from the enemy's lines, carrying only a fan, as an expression of ridicule, and uttered scornful and insulting challenges. In reply a dozen spears shot through the air. As they came toward him, he nimbly stooped; he twisted his body, he jumped aside; he warded one off with his arm; then he

caught the last spear, and hurled it back at the foe. With loud yells the two armies, whirling their weapons in the

air, clanged together. The dead plain awoke with roaring sound, while the chiefs, in red feather cloaks, swept over the black lava like consuming fire. The warriors jumped from side to side, and bent their heads to avoid the sling



Hawaiian Weapons of War

stones, parrying the spear thrusts with their javelins. Often heavy stones attached to long cords would twirl about their legs and trip them, after which the enemy rushed upon them, dealing blinding blows with their war clubs. The women, each carrying a spear in one hand and in the other a calabash of water to refresh their husbands, ran from the rear into the thickest of the fray, or fought beside their husbands. Near Kamehameha fought his sister. Keeau-

moku, one of the four great Kona chiefs, saw Kamehameha in sudden danger. He turned, and shouted to him to look out! That instant a warrior of Kiwalao tripped Keeaumoku with a long spear.

“The weapon strikes the yellow-backed crab,” another shouted, and smote him with a short wooden dagger.

Darkness closed in on Keeaumoku, and he fell. When he came to, he heard above the din of battle some one calling near him.

“Save the whale’s tooth ornament at his neck! Keep it from being stained with his blood!”

The voice sounded familiar. He opened his eyes. Over him bent Kiwalao, the king. With a sudden spring Keeaumoku grasped the king’s long, flowing hair, and pulled him down, leaping upon his tattooed back. Being a man of uncommon size and strength, although weak, he held the king, and slowly drew his shark’s teeth sword across his throat.

All at once Kamehameha, who had heard that Keeaumoku had fallen, rushed to the spot with his attendants. One of them ran Kiwalao through with a spear, and another stabbed him with a short wooden dagger. They took possession of his war cloak, next to Kamehameha’s in beauty. Keoua, wounded in the thigh, had left the field. Without these leaders their army was seized with panic.

Many leaped into the sea, and swam with difficulty to some canoes lying off shore.

Keoua hastened to Kau, where he was acknowledged king.



The Feather Cloak of Kiwalao

Kiwalao's wife and mother, with his daughter Keopulani, the Gathering-Clouds-of-Heaven, found protection with her brother Kahekili on Maui. The rest sought the City of Refuge or hid in mountain caves. Kamehameha's men had taken the tyrant uncle prisoner, but he escaped from his guard at Napoopoo, and fled over the mountains to Hilo.

For weeks afterward Kamehameha's victorious warriors were busy ferreting out the fugitives in hiding.

Hawaii now really had three kings. The fiery and ambitious Keoua ruled over the districts of Puna and Kau. The greedy uncle, who after the death of Kiwalao had the highest rank on Hawaii, ruled the district of Hilo. Kamehameha ruled in Kohala, Kona, and Hamakua.

The shrewd uncle, hearing that Kamehameha had refused Kahekili a war canoe for an expedition to Oahu, immediately sent him a very large one. Kahekili had put over Oahu a young king whom he had brought up as his own son. Afterward, because the Oahu chiefs denied him the sacred lands of Kualoa and the whalebone and the ivory cast on their shores, he had become enraged against this adopted son, and had decided on his ruin. As the young king followed the wise counsel of his high priest, Kahekili had schemed first to be rid of this counselor. At the time when the king of Oahu had come to help him defeat the Alapa, Kahekili had warned him to be on his guard, insinuating that this high priest was a traitor. Now after the young king had fallen into the trap, and put his best counselor to death, Kahekili easily conquered and ravaged Oahu. Throughout the conflict, his wife fought by his side. It was at this time that Kahekili's large forces at Waikiki were attacked by eight bold and fearless warriors from Ewa, whose names thereafter became famous.



In return for the present of the large canoe, Kahekili sent Kamehameha's uncle a company of soldiers. On Hawaii now multitudes toiled in the forests, preparing weapons for war. When, at length, Kamehameha was ready to do battle, he marched inland to Kilauea, and thence through fern forests and ohia groves to Hilo to meet the combined armies of Keoua and his uncle. His army was routed, and Kamehameha himself had to flee.

“O high chief of heaven!” a soldier of the other side, running after him, called out tauntingly, “do not be in such a hurry. It is only I!”

When Kamehameha had gathered all of his men that he could on board his fleet, he sailed for Laupahoehoe. This is known as Kauaawa, the Bitter War.

Kamehameha now considered that Kahekili had given him just cause for war. Hence, while Kahekili was absent on Oahu, he sent his younger brother over to take East Maui. His brother's army was completely defeated, and he was able to escape to Hawaii only because his kahu, or guardian, after the battle, hid him in a lava cave till night-fall. Although the expedition was a failure, Kamehameha did not grieve, so glad was he to have the brother he loved return in safety.

One day Kamehameha, with only the paddlers in his war canoe, left Laupahoehoe mysteriously. Along the Puna

coast, a number of fishermen with their wives and children were wading. These were subjects of Kamehameha's uncle. He ran in upon the reef, and sprang with his spear into the surf, to capture and slay them. But as Kamehameha leaped on the coral, his foot slipped into a crevice and he was held fast. Most of the fishermen, seeing the tall, well-armed warrior spring to attack them, escaped to the shore



A Hawaiian Canoe

in fright. But two of them, one with a child on his back, were hindered by Kamehameha. A scuffle followed. With their paddles the fishermen struck Kamehameha such blinding blows on the head that one paddle broke. Kamehameha by a sudden effort pulled his foot from the rocks, and hurried back to his canoe. The fishermen did not know who the giant chieftain was. Letting him go, they hurried to the beach, bearing the splintered paddle.

During this time of Kamehameha's adversity, in 1773, a great bard and prophet at Napoopoo chanted a famous mele, describing the horrors of the war in Hawaii, and prophesying the success and glory of Kamehameha.

“The land is conquered. Its chiefs are overthrown.  
The one father is over the island now.  
The chief offered a sacrifice; the island was free from war.  
The heavens are dry, the earth is burnt; the pits have no moisture;  
At night there are no floating clouds.  
To the worthy one, to the chief, belongs the island.  
To the resident under Ku, a chief greatly loved by Lono,  
The favorite of the forty thousand gods.  
Not long ago indeed the island people fled  
As the setting of the sun: Hilo fled in the evening;  
Puna fled in the morning; at high noon Kau fled.  
Hawaii was tamed by the chief and his warriors.  
Shall these lands escape from Kamehameha,  
The first of soldiers that ever appeared?  
The island is enlarged by the chief, he obtained it in the day of  
his strength.”

Although Kamehameha had been defeated again and again, the chiefs who had chosen him for their king knew that he delighted in doing difficult deeds, and that when once he bent his iron strength of will to accomplish an object, he never gave it up.

Kamehameha returned again to his lands, and improved his part of the island. While he was cultivating his fields, a messenger brought him word of the death in a sham battle of Kekuhaupio, his old military teacher. Kamehameha mourned for this friend, whom he had considered the best warrior of his time, and as wise as he was brave.

It was near the close of November, the Hawaiian New Year was at hand. The people dressed their houses with new mats, and decorated them with green boughs. Forty days before, heralds had proclaimed the approach of the makahiki, or New Year's festival. This celebration was held in honor of the kind god Lono. The idol of Lono would be dressed, and carried around the island while the taxes were being collected. Those who carried the long idol would have their food put into their mouths, as their hands would become tabu in touching the idol. It was a time of games, of rest from all work, of peace and good will. No hoarse conch shells could scream for war.

The night before the festival, bonfires glowed on the beach. As the ocean would be tabu four days, young and old lined the sand, pushing seaward with their long light surf boards of wiliwili wood, swimming toward the toppling white breakers. At sight of Kamehameha, who did feats in the ocean that no others dared attempt, well might they chant from an old mele:—

“Here comes the champion surf man,  
While waves ridden by surf riders beat the island,  
A fringe of mountain-high waves.  
Glossy the skin of the surf man;  
Undrenched the skin of the expert;  
Wave-feathers fan the surf rider.”

People from other districts had come to attend the festival. Keeaumoku, who had charge of the Kona district, had brought his family. By the dim moonlight above the curling waters, Kamehameha saw for the first time Keeaumoku's beautiful daughter, Kaahumanu, the Feather-Mantle. She was only seventeen, but she vied with him in going far out into the mountainous surf, and rushing in between jagged rocks, where none others ventured. Poised on her board, Kaahumanu rode the waves with easy mastery. Kamehameha had never before met any chiefess like her. Later, as they warmed themselves by the bonfires, he listened to the music of her voice, sweet as the singing of the iwiwi birds on the hillside. To win her approval, he vowed that he would be victor in all the games that were to come.

The next morning the festival began. During four days land and sea were tabu to Lono. Only feasting and games in his honor could take place. As evening came on, the priests set up out of doors a short idol called the god of sports. A multitude of ten thousand people gathered to see the games. First came the foot races in which the girls could run.

"Who is the young woman who looks strong like a queen



Surf Board

born to govern?" one of the spectators would ask of another.

"The girl lovely as a lauhala blossom?" the reply would come; "she who holds her head so high? That is Kaahumanu, daughter of Keeaumoku from Kona."

"Look! See Kamehameha, with a back as straight as a precipice!" the people exclaimed, as the tall Kamehameha came out and stood beside Kaahumanu.

They were off like the wind, Kamehameha and Kaahumanu in the lead. Some cheered for Kaahumanu; some for Kamehameha. When Kamehameha won, Kaahumanu looked well pleased. She took a seat beside her father to watch the favorite game of maika. It was played on a smooth, level track about three feet wide and half a mile in length. As Kamehameha bent to bowl a stone disk weighing twenty-two pounds, his huge muscles rose under his brown satin skin. With a steady hand and unerring aim he sent his disk forty yards without swerving between two sticks stuck in the ground a few inches apart. Loud cries of approval rang from the onlookers. They watched him couple his mighty form with the others in wrestling matches. Who could stand against his strength? They cheered again.

The next day they saw him win in the dangerous holua sliding. Kaahumanu's eyes shone with interest. Surely Kamehameha would be the champion. The boxing matches on

the third day would decide it. On the last day of the games the judges took their places under flags tipped with feathers. The prize boxer from each district came forward, lifting his feet up very high behind, and drawing the palms of his hands along their soles. Even as they capered about before-



Kaahumanu (from an old drawing)

hand, beating the air, the muscles bulged on their arms. The first victor strutted around the ring, casting contemptuous looks toward the spectators, and challenging any rival to the contest. The people from his district deafened all others with their yells. Kamehameha played with him, and saw him carried away. In turn he faced each boxer, and won.

There was beating of drums, yelling, and dancing. Kamehameha, the final conqueror, had won the highest honors.

He sought out the Feather-Mantle, and asked her to marry him. Kaahumanu could not refuse this great champion. So Kamehameha married the daughter of his counselor and devoted friend Keeaumoku.

In the early dawn of the thirtieth and last day of the makahiki, Kamehameha arrayed himself in his richest mantle and helmet, and taking the long idol of Lono with him, pushed out in a canoe. In the dim light, he paddled along the shore. When the sun touched the mountain edges, he returned towards the beach, where the most valiant and expert of his warriors awaited him with three spears. As Kamehameha's foot touched the sand thirty paces away, this warrior instantly threw the three spears at him in quick succession. Kamehameha caught the first, and with it warded off the other two. It was a custom fraught with great danger, for any of the spears would have killed a less expert champion. Kamehameha, however, was as able to catch a spear as any one was to throw it. After this ceremony, the people had sham battles until Kamehameha stopped them, and carrying the spear he had caught, point down, went into the temple to pray to Lono.

A second time Kamehameha invaded Hilo without success. Then he waited.



The next May the first white sails for seven years since Cook's visit entered Kealakekua Harbor. The report of Cook's voyage had shown that traders could buy furs of the Indians on the northwest coast of America for beads, pieces of iron, and other trifles, and sell them in China for large sums of money. These ships were touching at Hawaii for supplies. The Hawaiians at first believed that all commanders of ships were Lono's sons. They therefore lighted bonfires along the shore at night to alarm the country. The ships sailed onward to Waialae, Oahu, where the natives brought them thirty tons of fresh water from the Manoa and the Makiki streams, at the rate of a two-gallon calabash for a sixpenny nail. These traders, some of whom had come to the islands before in Cook's ships, noticed that Kahekili's warriors had captured nearly all the iron daggers that Cook had made and sold to the natives on Hawaii at that time.

One of the trading captains took the chief Kaiana to China. Kaiana had fled to Kauai from Oahu when Kahekili was ravaging that island. Six and a half feet tall and strikingly handsome, he was known in China as "The Great Stranger." The ship's company, however, could not teach him the value of money. When he wished to buy anything he always asked them for *iron*. It is said that at one time he went to an orange stall and picking out half a dozen

oranges, offered two nails, which in his estimation was full pay and a present besides. Some gentlemen with him paid the stallkeeper to his satisfaction. Upon his leaving China,



Kaiana

the English there gave him cattle, goats, turkeys, and lime trees, besides a large collection of other presents.

As the ships arrived at Kauai, two men paddled out secretly with word that Kaiana would be slain if his foot touched the shore, for the clouds the day before had indicated approaching danger. No other canoes came out to the ships. War

conchs resounded from distant hills. The captain, instead of landing, sailed at once for Hawaii.

At Kealakekua, Kamehameha came on board. He accepted Kaiana's offer of his services, and gave him a large tract of land. "This island shall belong to you while you are here," he said in welcome to the captain.

Kaiana's live stock had all died on the voyage. But the natives looked on in wonder as five double canoes brought ashore his saws, gimlets, hatchets, adzes, knives, and other tools, besides chinaware, firearms, and ammunition. A hundred canoes attended Kamehameha to the beach. As Kaiana followed him, the ships fired a salute of seven guns. The new things the traders brought — silks, mirrors, umbrellas, furniture, hats, shoes, and firearms — made for the natives a time of wonder and delight. Kahekili, king of Maui and Oahu, built a storehouse on the top of a hill where he ordered his people to keep all the articles they obtained by trading. He then took one half of them for himself.

The traders naturally frequented a region where food was abundant, and anchored in the smooth waters of Kealakekua Bay. This bay was defended from the usual winds by high mountains, so that the sea never ran high there except during a kona. Kamehameha, who eagerly sought advantages for his people, encouraged the traders to come and protected them. Their ships were as safe in his ports as in any civilized ports in the world. He could point out with accuracy the flaws or the good work in their vessels. One of the captains presented him with a swivel cannon, muskets, and ammunition. He had several two-pounders and two swivel cannon mounted on a raised plat-

form of stone before his house at Kealakekua. The touch-holes had pieces of cloth tied around them.

Although for several years all thought of war had been set aside for trade, as Kamehameha increased his store of ammunition, his visions of conquest grew. Kaiana, also ambitious, tried to carry out plans in a treacherous way. His possessions had given him a false and dangerous idea of his own importance. Notwithstanding the kindness he had received from the traders, he plotted to seize their ships.

In 1789, when an American trading ship under Captain Metcalf anchored at Kealakekua, Kaiana urged Kamehameha to take it. He said they could seize the ship while the crew lay aloft to loose the sails, then murder those on deck, and keep the rest in the rigging until Kamehameha was in possession; the crew that remained he would force to navigate the ship as he chose. So powerful an addition to Kamehameha's navy, he urged, would make Kamehameha sure of the conquest of the other islands. Although to unite the islands had grown to be Kamehameha's ambition, he rejected with scorn this wicked project for carrying it out. Against his commands, however, the chiefs boarded the ship to make the attempt. Kamehameha heard of it in time to reach the vessel and sternly order them ashore.

One night at Olowalu, the next place at which Captain Metcalf anchored, two chiefs stole a boat that was

moored under the stern of his ship. They broke it up on the beach for the sake of its fastenings of iron. Enraged, Metcalf took a barbaric revenge. When a multitude of innocent people soon after flocked out to his vessel, he ordered them all to lie with their canoes on the starboard side, and then mowed them down with a broadside of cannon and musketry.

In the meantime Metcalf's son, a boy of eighteen, arrived at Kealakekua in command of a small schooner of twenty-six tons, the *Fair American*, manned by five seamen. It had been a pleasure boat which had been lengthened in China. Its gunwale did not stand a foot higher than that of the double canoes. A high chief whom Metcalf had cruelly flogged resolved on revenge. He visited the schooner, carrying with him some presents for the young captain. While the youth bent smiling over his gifts, the chief sprang up savagely and threw him overboard. Then, with his followers, he killed all the crew but one. This man, Isaac Davis, leaping into the water, swam vigorously and caught hold of a canoe. The natives beat him with their hard paddles, but he hung on. One Hawaiian, taking pity on him, bound up his wounds, and cared for him.

Kamehameha, on hearing of the outrage, shed tears, and rebuked the revengeful chief severely. He sent for Isaac Davis, and showed him every kindness.

The next day brought Metcalf to Kealakekua. John

Young, his boatswain, went ashore. To his surprise, Young found himself taken prisoner, and all the canoes hauled up on the beach and tabued. Kamehameha told him he would not hurt him, but he could not let him go back to his ship. If he did, the captain would hear about the



John Young

*Fair American* and kill the natives. Metcalf lay off for two days firing signal guns for Young to return. Then he sailed away for China.

Kamehameha took Young with him to see the *Fair American*. It lay prone on the beach, stripped of its guns. He ordered his people to restore the guns, and keep it in order so that it

might be returned to Metcalf, if he ever came back. Kamehameha and Young went farther until they found Davis. On seeing Young, Davis' eyes beamed with joy. He rushed to greet him, expecting to be taken to Metcalf's schooner. As they sat together mourning afterwards, Kamehameha took them in his arms, trying to comfort them.

"You shall live with me," he said. "No harm shall come to you. I will protect you, and provide for your wants."

He made them chiefs and gave them large tracts of land, for which he would not let them pay any taxes. Whenever ships arrived, however, he placed them under guard lest they should try to escape. Each was held responsible with his life for the other.

The jealous Kaiana plotted to take the lives of Young and Davis. Once when they were sending a captain who had offered them free passage a letter explaining why they could not go, Kaiana forced the letter away from the bearer. Carrying it to Kamehameha, he pretended, because he had been with the English so much, that he could read it. He said they had written asking the captain to decoy Kamehameha aboard his ship, so that they could kill him. He earnestly advised Kamehameha to have such dangerous men put to death; but Kamehameha was not deceived. Young and Davis made themselves useful and beloved. Trying to teach kindness, they protected the slaves, prisoners taken in war, who suffered as outcasts. They helped foreign traders. They caused the cannon from the *Fair American* to be mounted on carriages for land service, and they taught troops how to use muskets.

At various times, sailors deserted from their ships, and stayed to work under the chiefs, helping them with their knowledge of firearms. At length, Kamehameha considered himself strong enough for the invasion of Maui.

## 2. *Kamehameha's Conquests*

It was eight years since the four Kona chiefs had chosen Kamehameha for their king. He had waited before under-



Kamehameha I

taking what had long been his great ambition. Now, in 1790, he ordered fighting men and war canoes to conquer all the other islands. Keoua answered this order with a flat refusal. The domineering uncle, however, having made peace with Kamehameha, sent him a large company commanded by his own sons. On the eve of embarking, the priests

offered human sacrifices to secure the favor of the war god.

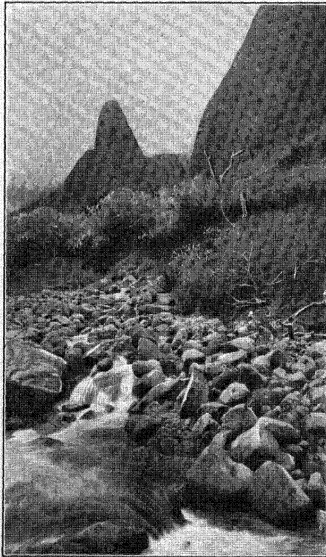
Kamehameha intended first to overcome the crafty Kahekili, who had made himself master of Maui, Molokai, Lanai, and Oahu, and allied himself with his brother, the king of Kauai. The army from Hawaii landed at Hana, and then near Haiku, where they were met by the best troops of Maui under their champion warrior. In the battle that followed, suddenly a hush came upon the two armies.



Ceasing their conflict, the warriors turned to watch the Maui hero face Kamehameha in deadly hand-to-hand combat. Upon the prowess of the champion hung the fate of the island. He fell. The Maui troops fled.

Kamehameha embarked next for Kahului, and marched to Wailuku, where another division of the Maui army under Kahekili's sons awaited his attack. The women, the children, and the aged had been sent out of harm's way up the green mountain sides of Iao Valley. There, looking down into that beautiful valley, the peaceful burying place of former kings, they beheld the last battle fought on Maui, one of the most cruel in Hawaiian history. The loud reports and the flashes from Kamehameha's cannon and muskets struck terror into the hearts of the Maui warriors, who, although good fighters, had never seen guns. Up Iao Valley Kamehameha drove them in sight of their loved ones. The voices of wives and mothers and children on the heights sounded through the firing and the clashing of arms. No mercy did the invading army show. They chased the vanquished over the mountain passes and up the sheer sides of a peak in the valley called the Needle. At nightfall those on the Needle crept down to quench their thirst from the stream, only to be killed by men of Hawaii hiding in the woods. The princes of Maui, however, escaped through the Olowalu pass and sailed to Oahu. Owing to the

great number who were slain, this battle was afterwards called Kepaniwai, the Damming-of-the-Waters.



The Needle

After the battle, Kamehameha sent word to Kahekili's sister, the mother of Kiwalao, that if she and her granddaughter, Keopuolani, the Gathering-of-the-Clouds-of-Heaven, would return with him to Hawaii, he would provide for them as became their high rank. He dispatched two messengers to Oahu. One, the grandmother of Kaahumanu, went in search of a famous soothsayer to learn from him the best way for Kamehameha to secure the mas-

tery of all the islands. As she was related to the sooth-sayer, he received her kindly, and told her to tell Kamehameha that if he erected a large heiau at Kawaihae for his war god, he would be victorious.

The other messenger sought the aged Kahekili at Waikiki.

“Does Kamehameha want to go to war with Oahu?” the infirm king exclaimed.

The messenger assented, saying that he had been dispatched as a herald to arrange in a courteous manner the place of landing and the battlefield.

“Go, tell Kamehameha to return to Hawaii,” Kahekili answered; “when the black tapa covers me, my kingdom shall be his.”

Before the messenger could reach Maui, Kamehameha had already sailed to Hawaii. Word had come to him that Keoua had conquered Hilo, and slain their uncle for having made peace with Kamehameha. The death of this uncle, and the report of Keoua's cruel ravages in Hamakua, Waipio, and Waimea stirred Kamehameha deeply. During his absence he had left Kaiana in command. He now joined forces with him and fought Keoua in Hamakua.

Keoua won the battle with a brilliant charge, but his powder gave out, and he was unable to follow up the victory. While Kamehameha returned to Waipio to recruit his losses, Keoua went to divide Hilo among his followers.

Later Keoua set out overland from Hilo in order to attack Kamehameha. His route went past the volcano of Kilauea.



A Hawaiian Warrior

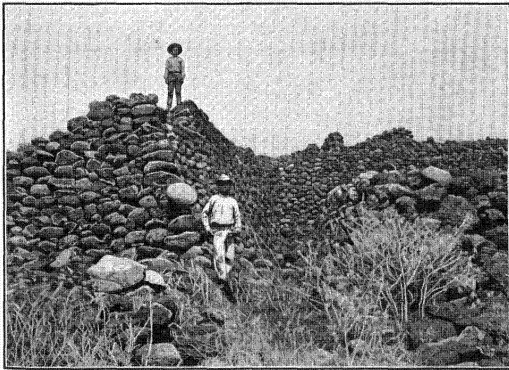
*From a drawing by Captain Cook's artist*

There he camped under the tree ferns near the crater. In the night suddenly flames swept the sky. Cinders and heavy stones shot violently from the volcano in a storm of thunder and lightning. Keoua's army thought some of their number must have eaten ohelos or rolled stones into the crater, and offended the terrible goddess Pele. In the morning, afraid to go

on, they stayed and made offerings to Pele.

The second day was clear and beautiful. Keoua had divided his army into three divisions, and these ventured forth, marching some distance apart. All at once a noise louder than thunder smote their ears, and the ground rocked under their feet. Darkness closed them in, except when the awful glare of red and blue light streamed from the pit of the volcano. Fearful showers of sand and cinders fell, while sulphurous gases almost suffocated them.

Although terrified, the first division escaped. The last division, also unharmed, hastened to join their comrades. On nearing the ranks of the second company, they noticed how still the second company kept, some sitting alone,



Entrance to the Heiau at Kawaihae

others embracing one another, some apparently sleeping. Wondering at the silence, they called. There was no response. They hurried toward them, to find the whole company lifeless. Four hundred of Keoua's fighting men had died, smitten by the breath of Pele.

Kamehameha believed this to be a sign that the goddess

Pele was on his side. He began building in haste a great heiau at Kawaihae, convinced that he had been unsuccessful so far because he had not carried out the word of the Oahu soothsayer. Relays of people came from Kona and Kohala and Hamakua to carry the stones from hand to hand. Thousands of them encamped on the hillsides. According to tradition, the ground trembled beneath the tread of their feet. Chiefs of the highest rank worked side by side with the commoners. Kamehameha himself set an example, carrying the heaviest stones. Human victims were sacrificed daily. Image bearers cried all night in prayer. After they had erected the heiau, for days they held the strict dedication ceremonies. At their close, Kamehameha, dressed all in red, and the high priest Hewahewa, in white, led a procession. The priest chanted during the silence of the multitude.

“It is finished!” Kamehameha called. Loud voices fell on the air, repeating the cry.

In spite of the building of the heiau, Kaiana still warred unsuccessfully with Keoua. On Mauna Loa may be seen the holes that Keoua’s men dug to crouch in at the flash of Kaiana’s muskets. Kahekili, finding that Kamehameha now had his hands full with Keoua, began scheming and plotting again. He persuaded the king of Kauai to join him in a combined attack on Hawaii. The king of the

Garden Island took with him a foreign gunner and several large fierce dogs. At Hana on Maui, he climbed the hill of Kauwika, famous for its battles. In a spirit of bravado, he threw his spear up into the air, exclaiming:—

“It is said of old that the sky comes down close to Hana,



Waipio Valley

but I find it quite high, for I have thrown my spear ‘Kumolehua,’ and it did not pierce the sky, and I doubt if it will hit Kamehameha; but hearken, O Kauai! you chiefs, warriors, and relations, be strong and be valiant, and we shall drink the water of Waipio and eat the taro of Kunaka.”

In Waipio this army slaughtered the people, burning their homes, and destroying the heiaus and the places of the early kings.

Kamehameha sailed from Kona to meet them. His fleet of double canoes and the *Fair American*, carrying several small cannon, under the charge of Young and Davis, proved too much for the allies. Kahekili and the king of Kauai were thankful indeed to escape to Maui with their fleet shattered. Because of the cannon, this battle was called Kapuloahaula, the Red-Mouthed-Gun.

Meanwhile Kaiana failed to subdue Keoua, who still called himself the rightful king. The people in the district of Kau, a land of black lava, went by the name of "the people of the rebellion." Proud and energetic, they loved their liberty, and for nine years had defended Keoua against Kamehameha. At length, two of the Kona chiefs who had chosen Kamehameha for king journeyed to Kau to confer with Keoua. On approaching the fence around his dwelling, they prostrated themselves as though they were before the house of a king. Keoua's followers notified him that the two chiefs waited without, as ambassadors of Kamehameha. They advised him to put them to death.

"Thus Kamehameha will lose two of his wisest counselors," they urged, "and Keoua will easily win possession of the whole island."



“They are my near relatives,” Keoua answered, “and they shall not die.” He sent word to admit them.

The ambassadors crawled up to Keoua, and embraced his feet, wailing. Keoua asked what their errand was.

“We have come to you, the son of our late lord and brother,” they pleaded, “to persuade you to go with us to Kona and be united and at peace with Kamehameha; that you two may be the kings, and we, your parents, live under you. Let the war between you come to an end!”

“I am agreed,” Keoua assented; “let us go to Kona.”

He put on his royal helmet and cloak, and embarked with his most intimate friends in a double canoe with twenty-four rowers, ahead of the rest of his followers. With sad forebodings those on the shore watched his departure. They knew the risk he was taking. Perhaps he was going to his death. All along the way his friends tried in vain to persuade him to kill the ambassadors and turn back to safety. As he approached Kawaihae, the new heiau came into view. A fleet of war canoes, many of them mounted with guns, formed a semicircle in the bay. Crowds of armed chiefs and warriors lined the beach.

“It looks bad ashore,” Keoua remarked to one of the ambassadors; “the clouds are flying unfavorably.”

“From whom should evil come on so pleasant a day?” the ambassador asked.

“The clouds have an unfavorable flight,” Keoua repeated.

They neared the shore. Keeaumoku, with a number of armed men, surrounded Keoua’s canoe.

“Here I am !” Keoua called out to Kamehameha on the beach.

“Rise up and come here,” Kamehameha answered, “that we may know each other.”

Keoua sprang up to leap ashore. Instantly Keeaumoku ran him through with a spear. He fell, — treacherously slain. The armed men massacred his followers, until Kamehameha ordered them to withdraw. The bodies of the slain were offered on the altar of the war god, Kukailimoku. Kamehameha was now master of the whole island, but this last deed will forever be a blot on his great name.

Soon afterwards he proceeded to the other side of the island, probably to divide Keoua’s late domains. While he was absent, two foreign ships, one of one hundred and thirty-five tons, sailed along the Kona coast. Vancouver commanded them. He was an Englishman who had been with Cook when Cook discovered Hawaii, and was now sailing in the service of the British government to receive the cession of Nootka Sound and the adjoining country from Spain.

Kaiana, handsome and valiant, went on board of Vancouver’s vessel. In spite of his much traveling, he could not speak any English, and so a Hawaiian who had been

to America interpreted for him. Kaiana falsely represented himself as the equal of Kamehameha, saying that he and Kamehameha had divided the island between them. He begged for firearms. These the English captain refused, informing him that the ships and all they contained belonged to King George, who had tabued the giving away of firearms.



Vancouver

The captain invited Kaiana to stay on board ; but he observed that during the night the crafty chief went on deck several times to count the men on duty in the night watches. Was it idle curiosity that took him from his warm berth ? or was he studying the chances of seizing the ships ? Vancouver divided orange trees and grape vines and the seeds of other useful plants between Keeaumoku and Kaiana. When Kaiana left the ship, the commander, still supposing him to be a king, fired a salute of four guns.

As Vancouver proceeded, he approached Oahu off Koolau, the side of the island where the inhabitants had not seen ships before.

“Marvelous! marvelous!” they gasped, running inland in fright.

Upon the ships' anchoring at Waikiki, the natives paddled out and crowded around them. When Vancouver mounted guard to post the sentinels, they all fled toward shore in a panic, and could hardly be persuaded to return. His men fired some guns.

“What is this whizzing?” some of the natives called to each other.

“Don't you know?” those better informed replied; “it is burning sand, a deadly thing — perhaps it will burn this day, and destroy our land!”

Again Vancouver refused to trade in firearms.

He left Oahu, and sailed to Kauai, where he noted fields of sugar cane, and found white and yellow pearls. The natives on Kauai also besought him to sell them firearms. Vancouver was sorry to see how they had died off because of their wars. They told him that the twelve-year-old prince, Kaumualii, wished to visit him. As a token of his friendship, Vancouver sent Kaumualii an iron ax.

Before the Kauai people would let their beloved boy prince venture on board the warships, they demanded hostages for his safe return. Prince Kaumualii came out to the ships with his regular guard of thirty men armed with iron daggers and bearing calabashes of ammunition and thir-

teen muskets made into three bundles. At first the prince clung to Vancouver, saluting him in Hawaiian fashion by touching noses. Throughout the visit he conducted himself well, asking intelligent questions. He entreated Vancouver to remain longer in order that he might collect a supply of pigs and vegetables for him. This, however, was impossible for Vancouver then.

The next year Vancouver returned to the islands, bringing two cattle for Kamehameha. At Kawaihae, Keeaumoku gave him supplies. Upon leaving for Kealakekua, Vancouver took Keeaumoku and his wife aboard as passengers.

They were sailing along the coast when a canoe came out to meet them. In it was a very large Hawaiian of majestic bearing with a countenance expressing firmness and dignity. Beside him sat a beautiful and pleasing young woman of the same noble carriage, and a distinguished-looking white man. They were Kamehameha, with his wife Kaahumanu, and John Young. Kaahumanu threw her arms about her mother and father, surprised and delighted to find them aboard. Their friends and relatives soon joined them on the vessel. When Kamehameha accompanied Vancouver down into the cabin, all left the deck. To remain above a chief was punishable with death.

They returned as Kamehameha came up from the cabin, beaming, his arms full of treasures that Vancouver had

given him to distribute. After Kamehameha had made each one happy with a precious article, he joined in the mirth, when Vancouver said he had slighted the women and insisted on bestowing more upon them. Kamehameha, himself was filled with rapture by the gift of a red cloak that reached to the ground. Down again he went into the cabin to view himself between two mirrors. Mounting to the deck, he stood in a conspicuous place, arms folded and eyes half closed, as though not in the least aware of the noisy admiration of his subjects.

The next day, as the ships, with the royal party still on board, rounded Kealakekua bluff, a deafening clamor arose. Three thousand people paddling in canoes or swimming in the water crowded round the visitors. A tabu time later brought peace and quiet. Before landing, Kamehameha, remembering Cook's sojourn, asked Vancouver to respect the tabu customs and not allow his men to travel inland without first letting him appoint trustworthy attendants who would provide for their wants and vouch for their safety. He said he would punish for any thefts. To these requests Vancouver gladly agreed.

On the next day, Kamehameha paid the ships a visit of state. He wore his feather cloak over a printed linen shirt given by Cook to Kalaniopuu. His canoe with eighteen paddlers on each side headed the fleet of eleven canoes

arranged to form an obtuse angle. The men in the other canoes paddled around the vessel with extreme grace and skill in exact time with the royal paddlers, slowly and solemnly. The ten canoes then formed lines under the stern, while the canoe bearing the king paddled with utmost swiftness to the starboard side. When abreast of the gangway, in spite of the speed with which it was shooting ahead, the crew, by a skillful back dip of the paddles, stopped it instantly. After presenting Vancouver with four beautiful feather helmets, Kamehameha ordered the ten canoes to come alongside. Each contained nine huge pigs. A fleet of smaller canoes brought a marvelous quantity of fruit and vegetables, which the natives deposited on the decks. In return Vancouver gave Kamehameha five cows and some sheep.

Later Kaiana also came aboard. Because he had sought to win power by treachery and violence, Kamehameha received him with a gloomy, stern countenance. Vancouver, however, welcomed Kaiana, and, to smooth over any unpleasantness, accepted his handsome gift, although he could not receive it on board. Thereupon Keeaumoku, who had come aboard earlier, spoke up angrily, as his gift had been refused.

“Vancouver does not need to take any presents but mine! I am able to supply all his wants,” Kamehameha.

who had remained silent, now declared with warmth. He took Kaiana to task for leaving his district without first obtaining permission.

Kaiana, looking about, saw that Vancouver had given the largest cattle to Kamehameha.

“Why do you give that man so many things, and me so few?” he demanded.

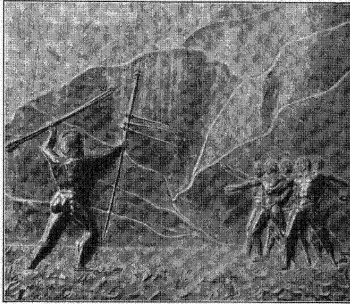
Thereupon Kamehameha and Vancouver both together quieted the two jealous chiefs and restored cheerfulness.

While Vancouver stayed at Kealakekua, Kaiana lost no chance in trying to make Kamehameha appear guilty of various crimes, to turn Vancouver against him, and persuade Vancouver to put him in Kamehameha's place. Young and Davis also had long talks with their English countrymen. By their sterling characters, their only possession on landing, they had risen to positions of importance, and had won the respect of every Hawaiian.

Toward the end of Vancouver's stay, Kamehameha entertained him ashore with a sham battle. Kamehameha drew up one hundred and fifty of his best warriors in three divisions to represent his own army and the armies of his rivals, Kahekili and the king of Kauai. With a discharge of spears made of soft hau wood, the battle was on. Some experts defied the whole body of enemies, fending with a spear held in the right hand those thrown, or catching them



in the right hand and launching them back. In this none excelled Kamehameha, who entered the lists for a short time. Vancouver saw him ward off six spears hurled at him almost in the same instant. Three he caught as they were flying; two he broke by parrying with his own spear. The sixth he avoided by a slight bend of his



Kamehameha catching Spears

body. Marching forward with his army, he caused the enemy to fall back in confusion. As the allied troops gave way, Kamehameha's men rushed forward with shouts, broke through their ranks, and gained the victory.

Before Vancouver left, Kamehameha gave him many native curiosities and a cloak of red and yellow feathers. The superb cloak that he himself had worn on his visit of state, he wished to send by Vancouver to King George. Two holes in it, he said, had been made by spears the first day he wore it, in a battle to gain the island. It was the

most valuable of Hawaiian cloaks, he said, and for that reason he wished to bestow it on so great a ruler and so good a friend as he considered King George of England.

He requested that as only he had worn this cloak, it should honor no other shoulders but those of King George.

From Hawaii Vancouver sailed to Lahaina, Maui, where Kahekili was entertaining the king of Kauai. King Kāhekili, aged and infirm, came out to see Vancouver. His hands trembled and his voice faltered. From the white eruption that had made his skin rough like the bark of a kukui tree, Vancouver knew that his weak state must be caused by heavy awa drinking. Kahekili told the English commander how Maui had been so ravaged by the war that they were pinched with hunger and had to send to Oahu and Kauai for food for the army that watched to repel the expected invasion from Hawaii. So impoverished were they that they were unable to make Vancouver the usual presents, and could only offer four lean pigs and a few vegetables. Vancouver treated them with the same kindness, nevertheless, that he had shown to the people on Hawaii. He gave Kahekili a red cloak like the one he had given Kamehameha, and presented the natives with a large assortment of useful articles.

On his way to Kauai, midway in the rough channel, the commander met the largest canoe he had ever seen. It was

sixty-one and a half feet long, wide and deep, and handsomely finished. The people on Kauai had made it of a pine log that had drifted ashore from America. Before hollowing it they had waited for a long time for another like it, that they might make a double canoe that would have been the terror of their enemies. Three messengers in it were taking word to the king of Kauai that a revolt in his dominions had been quelled. They carried the leg bones of the rebel chiefs. Behind them followed a number of smaller canoes crowded with prisoners.

One morning the next year, the natives at Hilo ran with shouts of joy to announce that Vancouver had come a third time. At the arrival of this high-souled commander of the seas, no one rejoiced more than Kamehameha. He went out to welcome Vancouver, and tried to persuade him to stay at Hilo, his favorite district, famed in song as "Hilo that hath power to wring out the rain." Vancouver preferred to move on to Kealakekua, the best and most secure bay of any then known on the islands. Although it was the strict festival of the makahiki, he persuaded Kamehameha to accompany him. As they sailed into Kealakekua Harbor, the people there, too, shouted with joy. Again Vancouver received unbounded hospitality as the guest of the nation. He landed several more cattle for Kamehameha. At his suggestion Kamehameha had them tabued for ten years.

Vancouver requested that, later, the women, as well as the men, be allowed to eat their flesh.

He noticed that the king was unhappy and soon learned that Kamehameha and Kaahumanu had quarreled. Kaahumanu had returned to her home, and had been living with her father and mother for a year.

The chiefs who felt that Kaahumanu was their rightful queen begged Vancouver to reconcile the king with the queen. They told him that enemies of Kamehameha had brought about this separation. They had made Kamehameha believe a false report that Kaahumanu cared more for Kaiana than for the king. Vancouver found that Kaahumanu longed to make up with her husband. Kamehameha let him know of his unshaken and unchanged affection for Kaahumanu, and his real belief now in her innocence. His pride had stood in the way of a reconciliation. When Vancouver offered to arrange to have them meet, Kamehameha said the chiefs must not know of his agreement to the plan, for fear they would be offended, inasmuch as he had refused their offers of help. Vancouver was to invite Kaahumanu and a few of her relatives to go on board to receive some gifts as tokens of friendship. He was to find out if Kaahumanu wished to be reunited; Kamehameha made certain marks with a pencil on two pieces of paper, one for yes, the other for no. Vancouver was to

send one of them to him wrapped in tapa, as a joke, "to his Hawaiian Majesty," on which, if it meant yes, Kamehameha would hurry on board.

Vancouver carried out the plan as Kamehameha had directed. Kaahumanu, seated in the cabin, heard Kamehameha's deep voice ring out on deck.

"I have come to thank Captain Vancouver for his present, and for his goodness in not forgetting me."

All laughed loudly, enjoying the joke, except poor Kaahumanu, who looked distressed as Kamehameha's firm step sounded on the companionway. On seeing her, the chieftain's face showed no surprise. Vancouver caught his hand and joined it with the queen's. As they embraced each other, tears rolled down their cheeks. Before leaving the ship, Kaahumanu thanked the noble captain in the most grateful terms for what he had done.

In other ways Vancouver was of great service to Kamehameha. He had his ship's carpenter build for him the first ship made in Hawaii. Its keel measured thirty-six feet. Kamehameha named it *Britannia*. Vancouver counseled Kamehameha to form bands of soldiers armed with muskets to be a special bodyguard, divided into regular watches for day and night. His officers drilled them until they were an invincible force devoted to the service of the king. He recommended Young and Davis to the confidence

of Kamehameha. When he had offered them a free passage back to England, they had refused it, saying they were contented, and hoped to continue to influence the Hawaiians for the better. Vancouver tried to make the chiefs see the difference between the white men: those who had principles of honor, and those who were but selfish traders with no thought for others. Of the eleven white men on Hawaii, he held that only Young and Davis were worthy of confidence.

“There is a god above in heaven,” Vancouver told Kamehameha; “and if you desire to worship Him, I will entreat His Majesty, when I return to England, to appoint for you a teacher; and when he comes hither, you must give up your tabu system, which is false.”

Kamehameha and the chiefs held an important meeting on board Vancouver's ship to request the king of England to protect Hawaii. Kamehameha spoke first. He explained his reasons for offering Hawaii to the protection of Great Britain. There would be danger from nations too powerful for Hawaii to resist. These nations would resort to the islands oftener and in larger numbers. He believed the Hawaiians would be liable to more ill treatment and impositions than they had yet endured unless they could be protected from such wrongs by some civilized power.

The warlike Keeaumoku spoke next. He said that as soon as England should send them a force, they would use

it for the conquest of Maui. They ought to conquer Maui, and not suffer indignities from her people any longer.

Kaiana agreed with Keeaumoku, and spoke of the necessity of having the island protected. He proposed that the guards for that purpose should reside on shore with a vessel or two to defend them by sea. He said that the Americans and the English were so much alike that unless some of Vancouver's officers then present came out on the vessels to protect the island, they would not know that they belonged to King George.

It was clearly understood in all their speeches that their government would not be interfered with.

"Return to Great Britain," Kamehameha said to Vancouver at the close of the council, "and request her king to protect our country."

"We are men of Beretania!" the chiefs shouted. Those in the canoes around the ship repeated the cry, "We are men of Beretania!" An officer went ashore and hoisted the British flag, whereupon the ships fired a salute for it.

Shortly before the time for Vancouver to sail, he gave a brilliant display of fireworks. Kamehameha set off the first rocket. No other Hawaiian dared do it. The day Vancouver sailed, Kamehameha, Kaahumanu, Young, and Davis stayed on board until the last moment. Kamehameha begged Vancouver to return. The little company who re-

mained behind shed tears as they watched the ships disappearing in the ocean mists.

The same year Kahekili died at Waikiki, being more than eighty years old. After his death, Kamehameha gained possession of his idol of the poison god that he had tried in vain to secure before, — an idol supposed to be made of the wood of a poisonous tree on Molokai.



Idol of the Poison God

One day the next year white seamen in two foreign ships touched at Hawaii with a strange tale to relate. They said that Kahekili's son, king of Oahu, had captured the two vessels and killed their captains, making prisoners of the crews. Then with the sailors and all their ammunition

he had put to sea with his queen on board, the native fleet of canoes following. He had intended to sail to Hawaii and conquer Kamehameha. But the sailors toward midnight, at a signal they had agreed upon, had made a desperate attack on the natives in the dark, gained control, sent the king and queen ashore in a canoe at daybreak, and sailed



to Hawaii. Notifying Kamehameha of the intended attack, they continued their voyage. It is of interest to note that one of the captains who was murdered had first discovered Honolulu Harbor, and named it, in translation, Fair Haven.

On hearing their story, Kamehameha said the time had come to take the leeward islands. He had always had every man keep his weapons in order, to be ready at a moment's notice. Without any delay he mustered the largest and best equipped army ever seen in the islands. In 1795 he set out with sixteen thousand men. Young and Davis and other foreigners expert with firearms went with him. Kaiana had responded promptly to the war call, and furnished a large division of warriors and canoes. The fleet darkened the channel as they crossed.

They landed first at Lahaina, famed for its broad-leafed breadfruit trees, planted by an early king.

“Let the king's troops advance,” an old warrior called at sight of the beautiful trees in Lahaina. “They shall rise before his enemies as the lofty breadfruit rises before the slender grass!”

The Maui commander fled to Oahu without a battle, so that Kamehameha easily subdued the island. Kamehameha's fleet of canoes next lined the beach at Kaunakakai on Molokai for four miles. Here with his high chiefs he held a council of war.

Kaiana was not invited to the council. The Kona chiefs he knew did not trust him. Could they in truth be deciding on his death? If not, why had they left him out? Restless and annoyed, he wandered from his quarters. Passing by the house where the council was being held, he stopped at the house of the wife of Keeaumoku, the mother of Kaahumanu the queen.

"I have come out of affection for you all," he explained, "to see how you are after the sea voyage. As I was walking along, I found that the chiefs were holding a council. I was astonished that they had not informed me of it."

"They are discussing some secret matters," the queen's mother answered.

"Perhaps so," Kaiana assented, and in their conversation they dropped the subject. Still Kaiana's thoughts clung to it, filling him with alarm and terror.

Returning to his place, he heard a voice call to him:—

"Come and have something to eat!"

He recognized Kalaimoku at the door of one of the huts. Kalaimoku had fought with Kiwalao when he fell, but Kamehameha afterwards had pardoned him and saved his life. On this expedition Kamehameha had given Kalaimoku command of a large part of the army. Nevertheless, as Kalaimoku and Kaiana were both related to the royal family of Maui, Kaiana sat down and tried to persuade

him because of his relationship with the Maui family to turn against Kamehameha. Kalaimoku listened unmoved. As soon as Kaiana had gone, he went and informed Kamehameha of this treason. Kamehameha listened calmly.

In the evening the united fleets set out for Oahu. They sailed at night to steer by the stars.

The next morning Kaiana's part of the fleet was not in sight. Kamehameha landed with his portion of the army at Waialae. He expected the remainder under Kaiana to follow without delay. He waited for them impatiently. Kaiana was a brilliant leader in battle, and the men of Hawaii were in a hurry to attack the enemy, who had prepared for a desperate defense. Still, Kaiana's part of the fleet did not appear. At last word came that Kaiana and his brother had landed on the other side of the island at Koolau, and from there joined the Oahu king in Nuuanu Valley, the king of Oahu having promised him the island of Maui if they succeeded with their combined forces in destroying Kamehameha. It was in vain that Kamehameha had befriended Kaiana when the king of Kauai had threatened his life. It was in vain that Kamehameha had given Kaiana food and land, and aided him in numerous enterprises. Now when Kamehameha needed him most, Kaiana had deserted him in the dark.

"The moment is hazardous," said the warriors; "but

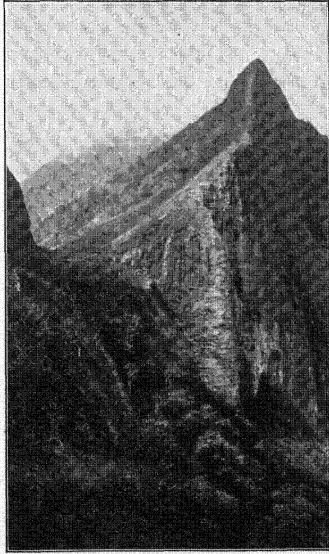
we can at least die like chiefs with our weapons in our hands.”

Not disheartened, Kamehameha gave the order to march to Nuuanu Valley. “Press hard and take a long breath,” were the words of encouragement.

Kaiana and the king of Oahu encamped in Nuuanu Valley, three miles from Honolulu. A stone wall protected them in front. Behind them rose the steep side of the valley. Believing themselves safe, they defied the enemy with insulting gestures and taunts. The stones from the wall began to fall on their heads. Young was bringing a cannon to bear on them. A ball from the cannon killed Kaiana. His loss at once spread dismay. The allied troops swayed, broke their ranks, and fled. The king of Oahu and several soldiers scrambled for their lives up the side of the valley, and escaped death for a while by concealing themselves in the Koolau range. The rest fled like flowing water. With the hoarse shouts of the pursuers close behind, on, on, up the valley they fled. Some, too exhausted to keep up, dropped by the road, an easy prey. The steep wooded walls of the narrowing valley packed them tighter and tighter. Escape cut off, panting they stood at last, hemmed in, at the very brink of the Pali: a sheer drop of about a thousand feet below them; behind, the unrelenting enemy. Here they faced about, determined not to surren-

der, but to make a last desperate stand. They met the deadly weapons pointed at them, only to be driven backward. Headlong over the Pali they fell. Thus died the fated remnant of the brave Oahu army. A tablet now marks the spot. In derision of the poor wretches who perished there, the victors called the battle Kelelekaanae, the Leap-of-the-Mullet.

Kahekili, after his conquest of Oahu, had ordered such a massacre that at Moanalua his men had built a house of human bones. Kameha-



The Pali

meha forbade the slaughter which generally followed a victory in those days. Kahekili's descendants he provided

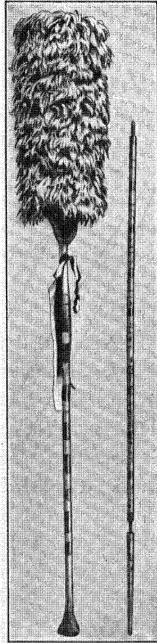
for liberally. He preserved Kaiana's leg bones in the handle of a kahili, or feathered staff. To use a warrior's bones thus was to honor them. The Hawaiians for many years pointed out the place in Nuuanu where Kaiana fell. Each visitor would stand in his footprints and take the attitude that Kaiana had taken when he threw his last spear.

Soon after this conquest the chiefs, ready for a feast at Waikiki late one afternoon, waited long for their beloved king. At last through the coconut trees came the flash of his yellow mantle. As he approached the company, however, they saw that his face was sad and stern. He called his attendants to decorate the guests with leis of maile leaves, of orange-colored hala berries, of yellow ilima, fragrant ginger, and red lehua blossoms. He himself sat lost in thought, with none of his wonted graciousness. John Young, Isaac Davis, and Kalaimoku cast anxious glances his way. Suddenly he rose, and appointed Keeaumoku to take his place. Commanding them to remain until his return, he went out alone and unattended. His tall form strode forth from his grass house surrounded by milo trees, out of the palisade surrounding it, and on past its battery of guns. Afoot he made his way across long shadows of slim coconut trees, pierced by the waning sunlight. Beyond these lay a bare plain. Over that, at length through the paths of the village of Honolulu, past its two or three American stores,

he hurried, unnoticed in the deepening dusk ; then out along the shore. Reaching the Pearl Lochs, he took his course toward their entrance. Here the sea birds screamed as he swam across the lagoon.

On the far sand flats of Puuloa stood a lonely house. He stepped to the door and listened. Within the hut, powerful chiefs of Ewa, Waialula, and Waianae were planning a rebellion. A spy had informed Kamehameha of this intended meeting, just before the feast that he had left. These were the chiefs whose estates, after his conquest of Oahu, he had generously restored. Having listened to the details of their plot, disdainfully he thrust into the ground the well-known spear that had been his companion in sunshine and storm. Leaving it leaning against the thatch near the door, he retraced his steps eight miles back to the court where his guests still waited.

Scarcely had he disappeared in the darkness before the conspirators stepped out from the house.



Bone Handles of Kahilis

“The spear of Kamehameha !” they gasped.

Thereupon, knowing that they were discovered, they decided to throw themselves on Kamehameha’s mercy, and to that end hastened back to Honolulu. At dawn, crawling into the presence of the dread conqueror, they laid the ponderous spear at his feet, and threw themselves on his mercy, repeating the usual phrases :—

“To die perhaps ; to live perhaps ; upward the face ; or downward the face.” They awaited the death sentence.

Kamehameha fixed his piercing eyes on them contemptuously, seeming to read their innermost thoughts. At length he broke the strained silence.

“E ola oukou, — you may live !” he said.

For the first time they realized the great king’s magnanimity. Henceforth no other chiefs stood by Kamehameha with more steadfast loyalty and devotion.

Having conquered Oahu, Kamehameha embarked with his fleet from Waianae at night, to steer by the stars for Kauai. The fleet had sailed only a fourth of the way when a kona with rain like a solid cloud and head winds struck it, wrecking many of the canoes in the rising sea. The wind in the dark swept all but three of those that remained over the swelling ocean blindly through the storm back to the Waianae beach. Although the natives there had spread mats over the roofs of their grass houses, and propped them



with stakes, the rain poured through the mats, and the gale carried numbers of the huts away.

The three canoes that were not driven back went on to Kauai, expecting the others to overtake them. Numb with cold, the warriors rejoiced when land came in sight, not knowing that all save those in one of the canoes were to meet death at the hands of the hostile people of Kauai.

Word now came to Kamehameha that Kaiana's brother, joined by Keoua's followers in Kau, had started an extensive rebellion in Hawaii. They had taken Kau, Puna, and Hilo. Kamehameha returned, and quelled the revolt. This was his last war.

### *3. The Last Years of Kamehameha*

Ceasing his conquests, Kamehameha bent his energies toward organizing and improving his kingdom. It was the beginning of better days for Hawaii. He appointed the four great Kona chiefs who had helped him, and Kalaimoku, a council of which Keeaumoku was the head. Without their advice he never decided any important measure. On each island he placed a governor whom he could trust. He so protected the common people that the saying was: "The old men and the children were safe when lying asleep on the paths."

At this time his chiefs brought before him, with their families, the trembling fishermen who, in his early raid at Puna, had beaten him on the head with their paddles. The chiefs advised him to have these two fishermen and their families stoned to death. Kamehameha forbade it. To protect them and others, he proclaimed at the foot of Waianuenue street in Hilo his Mamalahoa, or Splintered-Paddle law, which punished with death any one attacking unoffending people.

During six years Kamehameha's canoe builders toiled in the forest back of Hilo, hollowing out long trees for a fleet to attempt again the conquest of the Garden Island. They made canoes, wide and deep, large enough to carry men and stores for a long voyage. Each was supplied with round canoe-breaking stones tied with coconut cord to sling against the craft of the enemy. The Hawaiian canoes were the swiftest and the best finished in the Pacific.

At length this beautiful fleet, called the Pelelu, was launched, the polished paddles glistening in the sun. On the way to Kauai, Kamehameha went ashore at Lahaina. During his stay there, a captain landed the first horse on the islands. As the animal pawed and pranced about, Kamehameha mounted it, and galloped off amid incredulous shouting. He built several heiaus for his war god at Lahaina, one of which was dedicated by his five-

year-old son Liholiho. This was the first public duty performed by the little prince.

After the fleet arrived at Honolulu, a pestilence attacked Kamehameha's forces. Raging not only among the troops, it carried off half the people of the island. All Kamehameha's chief counselors except Kalaimoku perished. Kamehameha believed that the gods, opposing his conquest of Kauai, had prevented it a second time, and, disheartened with the loss of so many men, he gave it up. Again Kauai escaped.

In 1810 Kaumualii, the king of Kauai, in order to save his island the desolation of war, offered to surrender himself and acknowledge Kamehameha as his sovereign. Kamehameha insisted on his coming to Honolulu to do it in person. Dreading the fate of Keoua, Kaumualii took passage in the ship of an American captain, after the Kauaians had made the captain leave his first mate as a hostage. Kamehameha received and entertained Kaumualii royally, in spite of the efforts of the chiefs to persuade Kamehameha to kill him. He told Kaumualii to remain king of Kauai, with the understanding that Liholiho should be his heir. In this way the Garden Island, which had never been conquered, became a part of Kamehameha's dominion.

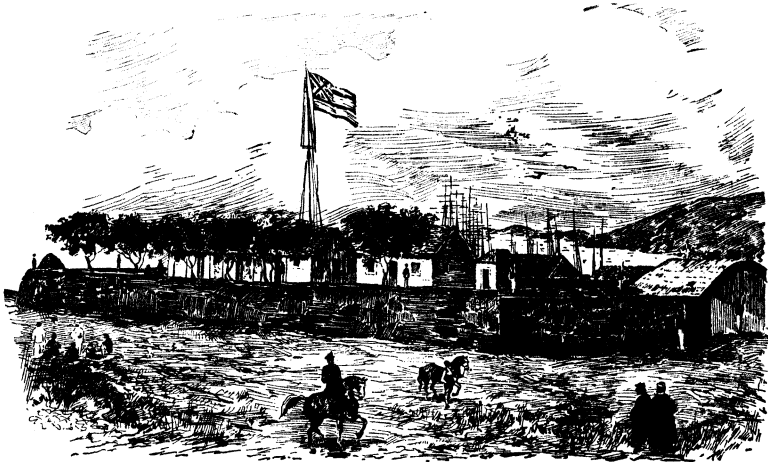
Some of the chiefs in Kamehameha's train were dissatisfied that Kauai was not to be divided among them. They plotted secretly to poison Kaumualii during a banquet at

Waikiki. Isaac Davis heard of it, and warned Kaumualii in time to escape to Kauai. For this good deed the chiefs afterwards poisoned Davis.

During the War of 1812 between England and the United States, an American captain advised Kamehameha to take down the British flag. It had floated over his house ever since Vancouver had raised it, although England had never accepted the cession of Hawaii. The captain said the British flag might involve the islands in the war. Kamehameha thereupon substituted a flag of his own—the first Hawaiian flag. It was made from the design presented by another captain, and had the English Jack in the upper corner, and eight stripes of red, blue, and white for the eight islands.

A few years later a Russian ship, sent by the governor of Alaska, anchored at Honolulu, where the Russians with their Kodiak Indians from Alaska built a blockhouse, mounted it with guns, and hoisted the Russian flag. Kamehameha at once sent Kalaimoku with a large force to watch them. The night after Kalaimoku arrived at Honolulu, the Russians sailed for Kauai. It is said that Kaumualii gave them Hanalei Valley. They built forts at Waimea and Hanalei, and once more raised the Russian flag. In the meanwhile, by the advice and under the direction of John Young, Kalaimoku built a fort to command the

harbor of Honolulu. About forty guns, six eight-pounders and twelve-pounders, were mounted on it. Kamehameha, convinced that the Russians designed taking the islands, sent a messenger to tell Kaumualii to order them to go.



Old Fort at Honolulu

They departed submissively and without delay, leaving as evidence of their short stay only the two forts at Hanalei and Waimea, now in ruins.

Soon ships were coming to the islands more and more frequently. There grew up a thriving trade in sandalwood. Great was the demand for it in Canton, where the Chinese made fancy articles of it, and burnt it as incense. Probably most of the sandalwood forests of Hawaii went up there in smoke. Kamehameha bought a ship of one captain for

twice her fill of sandalwood, and named her Kaahumanu. The king and the chiefs sent multitudes of people into the mountains for months at a time to obtain the fragrant wood. Kamehameha, interested in conservation, objected when he saw men bringing young sticks.

“Why do you bring the small wood down?” he asked.

“You are an old man, and will soon die,” they answered; “and we know not whose the sandalwood will be hereafter.”

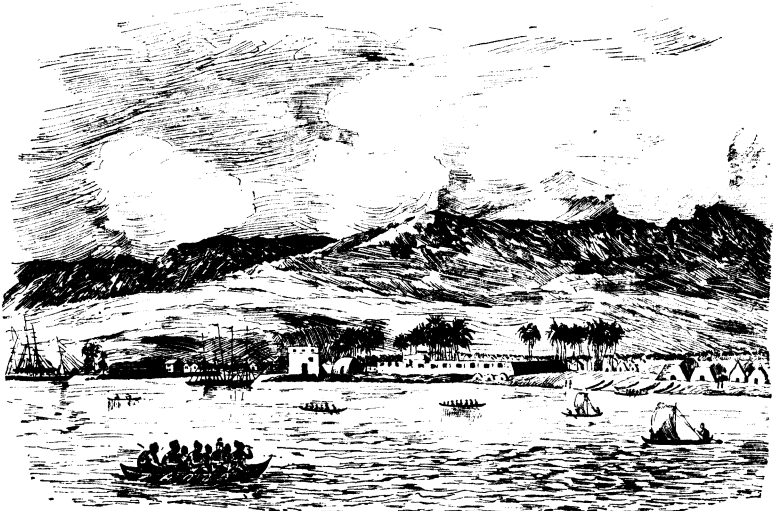
“Indeed,” Kamehameha exclaimed; “do you not know my sons? To them the young sandalwood belongs.”

Twenty-five hundred people passed through Waimea with the wood to be shipped to China strapped on their backs. One man sometimes carried a hundred and thirty-three pounds. The chiefs became wealthy. In one year they sent away four hundred thousand dollars' worth of sandalwood. But after the common people had been in the mountains, forced to neglect their crops, a famine followed. To relieve the distress, Kamehameha set his retinue at Kailua to planting. He divided a wide tract of land into fields of several acres each. The ground in one field he cultivated himself, as an example to the people, and he would eat only what he himself had raised. This field went by his name. It is said that afterwards for many years no weeds grew in it. The other fields were called by the names of his friends and companions, who kept them well stocked with

potatoes and other vegetables. After planting his field, Kamehameha prayed to Lono for a blessing of rain:—

“A prayer I direct to you, O Lono :

Let the low-hanging cloud pour out its rain to make the crops flourish ;  
Wring out the dark rain clouds  
Of Lono in the heavens.”



Honolulu in 1816

Toward the end of his life, Kamehameha heard that the people of Tahiti had a new worship called the Christian religion. Desiring to know about it, he inquired of a foreigner who could not answer his questions.

In May of 1818 an exciting topic of conversation engaged the Hawaiians, — the mysterious advent of a large fighting

ship, full of men from a country unknown, a ship loaded with crosses and cups and other objects of silver and gold. The reckless crew, who had plenty of money, caroused ashore, yet would not tell who they were. Kamehameha purchased the warship and the whole of its valuable cargo at what was considered a low price—for eight hundred thousand pounds of sandalwood. Suddenly he gave orders:—

“Distribute the strangers among the chiefs! Let each be answerable for those under his charge!”

One of the crew, when ashore, in an unguarded moment, under the influence of liquor, had let out the story of their cruise. These sailors were pirates who had captured a sloop of war fitted up by the government of the South American province of La Plata. On rounding Cape Horn, the sailors had mutinied, secured command of the guns, and, seizing the captain and officers, confined them in irons until they could send them ashore at Valparaiso. The master's mate had assumed the name of the former captain, and taken command of the ship. After seizing towns and robbing and burning churches along the Chilian coast, he had ordered their first lieutenant ashore with forty men, and then steered for Hawaii to sell the warship.

Before long the lieutenant, with the forty men who had been left behind, arrived in a brig which they had taken. In high dudgeon the lieutenant demanded the warship.



Kamehameha told him that his company were all robbers, and that he would hold the ship for the owners. He had the ship hauled inshore and guarded with the guns double shotted.

Four months later a Spanish frigate from Buenos Ayres came to Hawaii after the strange sloop of war and its crew. Kamehameha immediately gave over the ship and its cargo, and sent out messengers to order that the pirates be delivered up to justice. The captain had already escaped.

There were other undesirable visitors. Convicts from Australia had introduced the distilling of liquor. Kamehameha, after deciding that its effects were injurious, refused to touch it himself. Near the close of his life, he deemed that the time had come to take a decided stand to save his people from the encroaching evil. Wishing to make the occasion a memorable one, he had an immense grass house built at Kailua, Hawaii, solely for this purpose. He sent out heralds to summon his chiefs to the new building. From all over the island they poured into Kailua, — from South Kona, from Kau, from Hamakua, even from away beyond — from Puna and Hilo. When Kamehameha knew that they were all gathered under the roof, waiting in wonder to hear what his command would be, he came forth in his magnificent mamō cloak, and stood, drawn up to his full height, with all eyes fastened on him.

“Return to your homes,” his deep voice commanded, “and destroy every distillery on the island! Make no more intoxicating liquors!”

As soon as the last chief had gone out, the great house was torn down.

When Kamehameha was eighty-two years old, he fell fatally ill.

“Go thou and make petitions to the bird god,” he said to Liholiho; “I am unable to go, and will offer a prayer at home.”

His devoted people built a new heiau for his war god.

“The sickness will be cured by it,” they said.

Still he suffered. At last they suggested offering human sacrifices. At this the people fled and hid themselves in dread of the mu, the man who would secure the victims. Although in great pain, Kamehameha forbade these sacrifices. “The men are sacred to the king,” he said.

John Young and some of the chiefs consulted together and were persuaded that a stimulant of brandy would help their suffering sovereign. They disguised it in an egnog. On hands and knees an attendant crawled into the presence of the king, bearing the cup. Instantly smelling the brandy, Kamehameha dashed the beverage into the face of the attendant, indignant that any one should offer him what he had vowed not to touch.

Again Kamehameha asked an American trader about the white man's god. The trader was silent. As a native later told the missionaries, "He no tell him."

At evening Kamehameha, adhering to the old tabus in spite of his pain, let the chiefs carry him to the eating house. Kaikioewa, a descendant of the early Spaniards, besought him:—

"Here we all are, your younger brethren, your son Liholiho and your foreigners. Give us your dying charge that Liholiho and Kaahumanu may hear."

"What do you say?" the king murmured.

"Your counsels for us," Kaikioewa repeated.

"Move on in my good way," and Kamehameha could say no more.

John Young embraced him. A chief whom Kamehameha had named Hoapili, Companion, bent over him. Kamehameha pulled him down, and whispered in his ear.

That night the great king died. The next morning the high priest Hewahewa named the number of victims needed for human sacrifice. Kalaimoku and another chief, overcome with grief, offered themselves, but Hewahewa refused to take their lives. Hoapili carried out Kamehameha's last charge to him. He hid his bones in a cave in North Kona, which has never been revealed.

The sorcerers at once set up a tapa flag near a fire to learn

who had caused Kamehameha's death. They tried in vain to make the natives believe Kaahumanu guilty. The people burned their faces and knocked out their teeth to show their sorrow. There was wailing day and night over the whole group of islands. Hawaii had lost a king of whom any nation might be proud.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE REIGN OF KAMEHAMEHA II

A VAST multitude waited outside the old heiau near Kailua. The sun shone on dazzling feather capes worn by the chiefs for a great occasion, and on the bristling muskets of the soldiers who had formed the army of Kamehameha. Behind these it burnished many a brown back of the common people, who crowded up to see and hear what was going to take place. At last the gate of the heiau opened. The young king, Liholiho, came forth. He was arrayed in a long red feather cloak, and attended on either side by high chiefs in feather helmets and mantles, carrying magnificent kahilis, feathered staffs, eighteen feet across and thirty feet high. The tall and stately Kaahumanu, in royal feather cloak and helmet, and bearing the



Kamehameha II

spear of Kamehameha, advanced with measured tread to meet him. As they came together, she turned and held the multitude with her commanding eyes.

“Hear, ye heavens!” she called. “I make known to you, Liholiho, the will of your father. Behold these chiefs, and the men of your father, and these your guns, and this your land; — but you and I will share the realm together.”

Because of Kamehameha’s esteem and affection for Kaahumanu, and the lack of great qualities in his son, he had originated for her this high office in the kingdom, to be filled henceforth by a woman. Liholiho should bear the title of Kamehameha II, but should have no authority to do anything without the joint consent of Kaahumanu. Kamehameha had recognized Kaahumanu’s clear understanding, and during his lifetime had intrusted her with the power of condemnation and acquittal: life and death had been in her hands. Now after his death in 1819 she was ready to show her master spirit by courageously making a declaration before this assembly, that no other chief then living would have dared make in public. Leaning on the spear of Kamehameha, she spoke slowly and impressively so that all might understand:—

“If you wish to continue to observe your father’s laws, it is well, and we will not molest you. But as for me and my people, we intend that husband’s food and wife’s food shall

be cooked in the same oven, and that they shall be permitted to eat out of the same calabash. We intend to eat pork and bananas and coconuts, and to live as the white people do. If you think differently, you are at liberty to do so. But as for me and my people, we are resolved to be free." She turned to the king: "Let us henceforth disregard the restraints of the tabu!"

Liholiho, not daring to give his consent, remained silent.

After the king had refused Kaahumanu's proposal, his mother, Keopuolani, was touched with love and pity for her. She feared that Kaahumanu might have to suffer the penalty of broken tabu. Keopuolani, the daughter of Kiwalao, Kamehameha had brought from Maui and married because of her very high rank. In the evening, to show that she sided with Kaahumanu, she dispatched a servant to Liholiho, bravely requesting him to send his younger brother, the child Kaukeaouli, to eat with her.

"Who sent you with such a message?" Liholiho asked the servant in surprise. When he heard that it was Keopuolani, he exclaimed, "Kamehameha, our father, commanded us to observe the tabu. But now since, the mother of this child has sent for him to break the tabu, I will go myself and see the act, and learn if any harm shall follow."

After leading his younger brother to Keopuolani, Liholiho watched them closely. They ate together in safety.

Liholiho, or Kamehameha II, took this time to consecrate heiaus at Kawaihae and Honokohau. At both places people who had already broken the tabus flocked to the heiaus and prevented him from uttering a perfect aha, or prayer. At the last place, while he was trying to secure silence during the prayer, there came a messenger from Kaahumanu, who approached him with respect.

"I am sent by your guardian," said the messenger, "to request that when you return to Kailua, you will bring your idol wrapped in a ti leaf."

This was Kaahumanu's humorous way of asking the king to give up worshiping his idol and break the tabus. Liholiho bowed his head as though assenting.

"Let us both remain," urged Kamehameha's nephew Kekuaokalani, the God-of-Heaven. "There is fish at the seaside. There is food inland."

Kekuaokalani was the keeper of Kamehameha's war god, and he feared if Liholiho returned to Kailua, Kaahumanu would persuade him to give up the tabus.

Liholiho and his retainers, nevertheless, pushed off in canoes. Drifting about at sea for two days in sight of the shore, Liholiho drank to brace up his courage. On the evening of the second day, Kaahumanu sent out a double canoe for him in which he was rowed to Kailua.

There Kaahumanu had prepared a great feast. She had



invited all the chiefs and persons of trust and influence on Hawaii. In a long thatched building upon two mats stood calabashes of poi, and long wooden platters laden with raw fish and squid and whole roasted pigs and chickens that had been cooked under ground. A savory odor came from the limu, or seaweed, and the roasted kukui nuts. Heavy wooden bowls inlaid with teeth of enemies stood to receive fish bones and banana peels. In response to the king's bidding, the men sat down about one mat, and the women about the other. For the first time in centuries men and women were sitting to eat under the same roof in defiance of the tabu. The multitude of common people surrounding the house thrust in their heads at every door and window and hole in the thatch, staring open-mouthed at the astonishing sight! They watched the guests, who dipped their fingers into calabashes of water, and then, instead of reaching at once for food, gazed at each other in fear. One old chief put his hand out, but it trembled, and he drew it back again. Another seized a portion of food and raised it almost to his mouth, and then with a look of fright let it fall.

"Cut up these chickens and this pig." Liholiho had turned to John Young.

As Young finished the carving, Liholiho bade his attendants carry the platters of chicken and pork to the women. This was food that women had never touched — food that

was tabu for women. The king followed the attendants a few steps. He hesitated. He walked around the mat where the men reclined as though making sure that they were well supplied. Suddenly he dashed toward the other mat. Seating himself by the queens, he began eating with zest the chicken and the pork, telling them to partake with him. The highest had set an example. The crowds, peering in from outside, watched with bulging eyes to see these people who had broken the tabus drop dead. All at once they joined in a glad shout :—

“The tabus are at an end ! The gods are a lie !”

Attendants provided them all with food, and the common men and women ate together as the chiefs were doing.

Near the king sat Hewahewa, the high priest, with his strong face heavily tattooed. That night he was as great in power as the king. The next day, because of his own act, he would rank only as a common man. His name is remembered as that of one who cared more for the truth and his people than for himself or position. After he had whispered to the king, Liholiho ordered :—

“Destroy the temples and the idols !”

The multitude stood up and followed their high priest. At sight of the hideous idols in front of the first heiau, many drew back. For a woman to look at them, even accidentally, had meant death. Women had been hurled over a precipice

facing the sea, on the rocks below, for glancing into the gate of the tabu heiau. Hewahewa gave up his office, and with his own hand held the first lighted torch to his heathen temple. The king followed his example without being harmed. Gradually the courage of the people revived. They began in earnest the work of destroying the dreaded places of their idols. Hewahewa and the king and Kaahumanu then made a decree abolishing idolatry on Hawaii. They sent messengers to the other islands to proclaim the tabus at an end. Kaumualii on Kauai rejoiced when he heard it. All the islands united in a jubilee over their new freedom.

Several priests of Pele, however, at a heiau on the summit of a precipice over Kilauea-iki denounced the people for giving up their idols, threatening the most awful earthquakes and eruptions from the gods of the volcano. As nothing came of it, many of the people knew now more surely that these idols had only been gods in their imagination. But Kekuaokalani, the keeper of the war god, refused to give up his old religion, and retired to Kaawaloa. He was a favorite among the people, and young and brave. The priests flocked around him.

“Of all the wicked deeds of wicked kings in past ages for which they lost their kingdoms,” they said, “none was equal to this of Liholiho.”

Working on the fears of the people, they gradually added

to their followers. Some important members of the court deserted the king, and joined them. They quoted an ancient Hawaiian proverb: "A religious chief shall possess the kingdom, but irreligious chiefs shall always be poor," and offered Kekuaokalani the crown.

Kaahumanu became aware of the king's danger when Kekuaokalani's party at Hamakua killed two of the king's followers. She called a council to discuss the rebellion and to decide whether to send the army to Hamakua.

"It is not good policy to carry on war in that quarter," said Kalaimoku; "for Kekuaokalani, the source of the war is at Kaawaloa. To that place let our forces be directed. The fray at Hamakua is a leaf of the tree. I would lay the ax at the root; that being destroyed, the leaves will, of course, wither."

His remarks received approval. The king was prepared for war. A few months before he had bought of an American trader eleven thousand dollars' worth of muskets and ammunition. Nevertheless, the council appointed Hoapili and the orator Naihe to go as ambassadors and try peaceful measures first. Hoapili would be well received, as he was Kekuaokalani's uncle. Naihe, the eloquent orator, all would respect, for orators held their office from father to son, greatly honored.

Keopuolani, the queen mother and the highest chiefess

in the land, bravely offered to go too. Her sacred person had awed the enemy in battle. She was a tabu chiefess upon whom in early life the sun had never been permitted to shine. Only at evening, when the sun was so low as not to throw its beams upon her head, had she been allowed to walk abroad, and then all who saw her prostrated themselves. Because of her rank, even Kamehameha had always approached her on his knees.

The three set out, and arrived at the camp of Kekuaokalani the same evening.

“Attend. I am sent to you on business,” Hoapili addressed Kekuaokalani. “Look at me; you are my sister’s son. I am come for you. Let us go to Kailua to the king, for the common people are fighting, and they lay the blame of it on you, and the charge has an appearance of truth, inasmuch as you live by yourself at a distance from the king. Let us return to Kailua and live with Liholiho, that the charge of this rebellion may not rest upon you. At least visit the king and confer with him. As to whether you shall break the ancient tabu or not, you may do as you choose.”

“Very well, I will go,” responded Kekuaokalani; “but wait a little. I must first talk with Manono, my wife. I will go, but understand, I shall not eat in any way to break the old tabu.”

“Kill Hoapili and Keopuolani on the spot,” urged the angry rebels around Kekuaokalani, but he would not listen.

That night heralds publicly cried the order among Kekuaokalani’s followers:—

“Make your canoes ready for an expedition to Kailua to join in breaking up the old tabus.”

The king’s ambassadors, hearing the cry, believed they had succeeded in establishing peace.

In the morning a surprise awaited them. Kekuaokalani and his men came forth with guns and long spears and torches. Marshaling themselves in ranks, they stood before the envoys of the king in battle array.

The rebel chief sat down before Hoapili and Keopuolani and Naihe.

“Is this the manner in which we are going?” Hoapili asked.

“Yes,” answered Kekuaokalani. “You will follow us in the canoes. I and my company will go inland, where there are men to prepare food and ovens to bake it, else we shall die of hunger.”

“Arrange as you please about the men,” said Hoapili. “You yourself must accompany me. Let the men go by land. You are the one for whom I came.”

“I shall not go by sea,” announced the rebel chief; “I and mine shall go by land.”

Then Keopuolani understood that the cries of the evening before had been given to deceive them, and that the rebels stood prepared for war.

“Brother,” she said, turning to Hoapili, “it is of no use — cut the cord of friendship.”

Thankful to get away, the ambassadors returned at once to Kailua.

“It is a wonder that you see me,” Keopuolani said, with the tears flowing down her cheeks, as she met the king. “I barely escaped with my life. Friendly meetings are ended. The work that remains for you to do is the work of death.”

That night Kaahumanu and her general Kalaimoku gave out the guns. Kalaimoku arranged the forces in nine battalions. The same night, Kekuaokalani's army came, intending to surprise Kailua, not knowing that the ambassadors had arrived there first. Kalaimoku delayed the engagement as long as he could. The next morning, early, he sent a message addressing the young chief as his son and requesting him to refrain from war till they could have an interview and if possible come to an agreement. But Kekuaokalani rejected the message, and the messenger had to jump into the sea and swim to save his life. The royal army, ready for action under command of Kalaimoku, then marched to meet the rebels. Kaikioewa, of Spanish descent, gorgeous in feather cloak and helmet, led a company of

fifty picked men. The rebel army occupied the crater-like hollow in a wide tract of lava four miles north of Kaawaloa.

Before the battle Kalaimoku addressed his men:—

“Be calm, be voiceless, be valiant! Drink of the bitter waters, my sons. Turn not back! Onward unto death!”

Kekuaokalani on the other side brought forth before his rebel army the war god. He offered it human bones, and prayed:—

“Here is your victim which I now give to you. Think kindly toward me, and give me all these lands that I may be the king of them. Let other chiefs fall before me, and let me stand alone that I may be above all.”

With his war god in front, Kekuaokalani marched to battle. As the king's army came up, a scouting party of the rebels gave a volley that killed so many of Liholiho's men that his army had to fall back under cover of a stone wall. If the rebels had numbered as many and had had as many firearms and as much ammunition as the king's army had, the battle might have continued in their favor. Finding the party opposed to them small, Kaikioewa leaped the wall, calling on his men to follow, and ordering a general advance of the whole line. Soon a musket ball wounded him in the thigh, and he fell. As his men raised a wail and crowded around him, he partly lifted himself, and ordered them to leave him, and press on after the enemy.



For some time the rebels made a successful resistance, but the royal army outflanked them, and drove them toward the seashore. Here they were fired upon from the squadron of double canoes under command of the dauntless Kaahumanu.

The rebel lines became more and more broken. Kekuaokalani, though wounded, fought on gallantly, rallying his flying soldiers. At last a ball struck him down. Unable to stand, he sat on a fragment of lava, and as his enemies came on, loaded and fired his musket twice. Another ball pierced him through the breast. His wife, Manono, fighting steadily and courageously by his side, saw him fall and cover his face with his feather cloak to die. Turning, she called to Kalaimoku and his sister for quarter. But the words had hardly left her lips when a ball struck her on the forehead, and she fell lifeless, upon the body of her husband. After the fall of their leader, the rebels made a feeble resistance. At sunset the royal army had scattered them.

In the moment of victory Kalaimoku forbade the usual pursuit of the defeated. He buried Kekuaokalani and Manono near the sea, and had an oblong pile of stones raised over the spot where they had fallen. Small stones around it marked the graves of Kekuaokalani's friends who had stood by him to the last. Afterwards, morning glory vines covered the stones, the last resting place of these two who had fought so bravely for so mistaken a cause.

“The case is now fairly tested,” the people said after the battle; “the army with the idols was weak; the army without the idols was strong and victorious. There is no power in the gods. They are vanity and a lie.” Some of their idols the natives cast into the sea; others they burnt.

Hoapili with a force in Hamakua made short work of the insurrection there. One of the leaders, a young chief, was captured in a cave in the upper part of Waipio Valley, and brought down to Kailua. Liholiho, inclined to intemperance, went to see the captured chief, and invited him to drink.

“I don’t feel like it,” the captive responded; “I am afraid I shall die.”

Kaahumanu summoned the prisoner. At her stern reproof for his ingratitude and treachery to her and the king, he quailed before her.

“Yet,” she added, “you need not fear for your life. I will command my people not to kill you; but I shall make you a poor man. I will take away all your lands, but spare your life. You may go now.”

Thus Kaahumanu with all power took charge of the kingdom. According to the ancient custom, Liholiho wished to take back the lands for redistribution among his favorites. Kaahumanu wisely prevented this, so that the lands for the most part remained as Kamehameha I had divided them.

At this time, to Hawaii, a country without a religion, groping in darkness, came the light. Kamehameha, by uniting the islands under one government, thus putting an end to the constant wars, and Kaahumanu, by abolishing the tabus and idolatry, had prepared the way for Christian civilization.

The tears of a Hawaiian youth in far Connecticut moved the hearts of men and women there to go on a mission to Hawaii, braving the long and perilous ocean voyage. This youth, Obookiah, after having been brought up at Kealahou to be a priest, had shipped on a whaler to Connecticut. He was studying in New Haven in order to take back to his people a knowledge of the Christian religion, when he fell ill. His dying appeal not to forget his country led seven devoted men and women to consecrate their lives to giving the Hawaiians the light of Christianity.

After a service of prayer, the new teachers left Boston on the brig *Thaddeus*, in October, to sail around Cape Horn, then the only route to Hawaii from the United States. Among the seven teachers with their wives were a printer, a doctor, a farmer, and a mechanic. George Kaumualii, the son of the king of Kauai, and two other Hawaiian youths who had been in America, accompanied them. They instructed the Americans in their language during the tediously long voyage of eighteen thousand miles, on a slow sailing ship.

Toward the end of March, at early morning, the little company who had voyaged one hundred and fifty-seven days, were rejoiced to see Mauna Kea lifting its snow-crowned summit in the west. After watching it all day, one of the Hawaiian youths even stayed up all night to have a glimmering view of the white peak. The next morning the coast of Hawaii appeared. The shores were furrowed with valleys and streams; midway from the sea to the summit of Mauna Kea, a dark forest of koa and ohia trees stretched like a belt across the mountain. At last the villages and then the people came into sight. Soon the natives were paddling around the ship in crowded canoes.

“Wahine maikai! — good women!” they exclaimed, when they saw the kind faces of the white women.

The captain sent an officer ashore with two of the Hawaiian boys. After three hours, they returned, and called out their news in wonder:—

“Liholiho is king. The tabus are abolished. The idols are burnt. There has been war. Now there is peace.”

Kalaimoku, neatly dressed in foreign clothes, cordial and dignified, boarded the new ship, accompanied by the two queen dowagers. With the kind manners of a civilized gentleman, he gave each of the newcomers in turn a warm hand clasp. One of the queens requested the American ladies to make her a white dress while they sailed along the coast, to wear on

meeting the king. At Kailua the ships dropped anchor. Above them, on the fort built by Kamehameha I, two hideous gigantic idols, each carved out of an immense tree, spoke silently of the past. It was one hundred and sixty-three days since the company on board had left Boston. As soon as the king should grant them permission, they would abide here. The queen dowager went ashore, arrayed in her new white dress. A shout greeted her from hundreds of throats! Because the dress was so loose that she could run or stand in it, the natives called it a holoku, run-stand. When the white ladies landed the next day, throngs of people followed them, running along their path, and peering under their poke bonnets to see their faces.

“They are white, and have hats. They look well,” the natives commented.

Kaahumanu and Keopuolani sent the new ladies a present of sweet potatoes, coconuts, bananas, sugar cane, bread-fruit, and fresh fish, expressing their joy that they had come.



Kalaimoku

Kaahumanu's gentle and noble-looking brother, Kuakini, in height head and shoulders above all other men, treated the newcomers with kind hospitality. The former high priest, Hewahewa, too, was cordial in his welcome.

"I knew," Hewahewa said to the teachers, "that the wooden images of gods carved by our own hands could not supply our wants, but I worshiped them because it was a custom of our fathers. These images never made taro to grow, nor sent us rain. Neither did they bestow life or health. My thought has always been, there is only one great God, dwelling in the heavens."

By an old regulation no foreigners could remain on the islands for a long time without the consent of the king and his council. Bad white men tried to persuade the king not to let the new teachers stay. Foremost among these was John Rives, the king's boon drinking companion, a young French adventurer. John Young, on the other hand, used his influence to keep the teachers. The king did not understand about the new learning, and was not sure that it would be good for his people. After asking a teacher to write his name, he studied it awhile.

"It looks neither like myself nor any other man," he remarked.

Two weeks later, a full council of the chiefs decided to let the new teachers settle on the islands for one year.

If in that time they proved unworthy, they were to be sent away. The chiefs asked to have two of the mission families stay at Kailua. The rest they sent to Honolulu.

At that time the brown village of Honolulu, a cluster of huts looking like haystacks, seemed set in a desert with scarcely a tree or a flower. Kalaimoku's younger brother, Boki, named after Kahikili's dog, was governor of Oahu. He gave the teachers sent there a piece of barren ground to build on, away from the village of Honolulu and a long distance from any firewood or water.

Kaumualii begged to have two teachers on Kauai. On their arrival with his son George, he fired a salute of twenty-one guns. The sight of his son George, Kaumualii said, made his heart so joyful that he could not talk much that day. He gave George two large chests of clothing, the fort, and the whole valley of Waimea, and made him second in command on Kauai. The teachers too he welcomed royally, offering to build them houses. King Kaumualii was the first of his nation to learn to read and write.

That autumn Liholiho moved his court first to Lahaina and thence to Honolulu, obliging two of the teachers to go with him. Four hundred and seventy-five passengers, besides livestock, crowded the little vessel. On Liholiho's coming to Honolulu the voice of his crier was heard calling that pigs, dogs, poi, and other food must be provided for him.

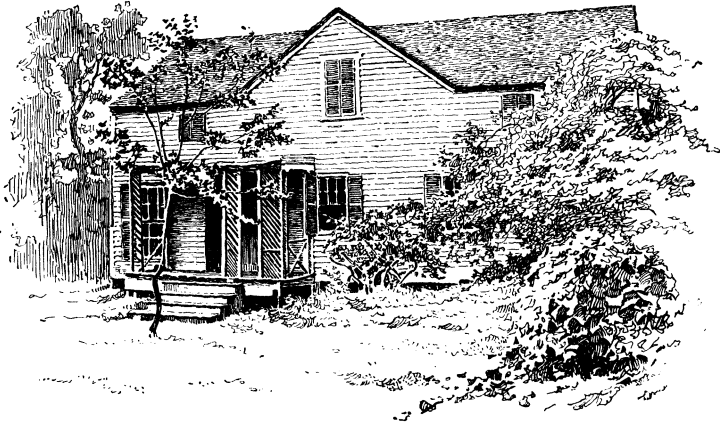
The king, accustomed to having his wishes gratified regardless of others, now ordered one of the already overburdened white ladies to make him, at short notice, twelve ruffled shirts and a broadcloth suit. Never having done any tailoring before, the tired teacher puzzled over the task, perplexed how to accomplish it, until at last she thought of a way. She ripped a shirt and a suit of her husband's, increased the size for the pattern, and, by working hard, managed to satisfy the monarch. Meanwhile the weak and pleasure-loving king let a crowd of worthless vagabonds around him lead him into drinking and debt. For mirrors not worth \$50, he paid as much as \$800 and \$1000. After wasting the stores and treasures of his father, he compelled the common people to bring sandalwood from the mountains, that he might have more wealth to squander, until they cried out:—

“Rum is a poison god, and debt a moth which consumes the islands!”

For a year the white teachers lived in grass huts that, without floors, were so damp in rainy weather that the ladies suffered ill health. At last a wooden frame house arrived, sent out from Boston around Cape Horn for the mission. But before it could be set up, their enemies spread the story that the house was dangerous, saying the cellar was to hold firearms. Hearing this, the king refused to let them



build. The ladies went to him and told how differently they had lived in wooden houses before they had come to Hawaii to teach his people, and how ill they had been in the wet grass huts. His heart was touched, and he allowed them to erect the first wooden house on the



The Old Mission House

islands. They built it where it still stands, on King Street, a quaint two-story structure with tiny rooms, that once made a home for four mission families and the twenty-two native children whom they cared for and taught. Here the white women, often weary with overwork, took turns in cooking for a table of fifty.

In spite of the influence of bad white men, the king was friendly to the new teachers, and eager to learn of them.

One day, as he opened his writing desk, he said he expected more advantage from that desk than from his brig *The Pride of Hawaii* lying at anchor off Waikiki — and for the craft he had paid \$40,000. With great perseverance, the young king often sat studying beside his desk all day until sunset, stopping only to eat. In three months he was reading the New Testament. At first he granted the privilege of learning to read only to people of rank. Chief-like men and women of all ages, gray heads and young mothers with babies in their arms, crowded about the one book held by the teacher. So great was the demand for teachers that Kalaimoku carried off on his shoulder the little five-year-old son of one of the pastors, to be his teacher of the alphabet. When the next ship with teachers arrived, the king, although in need of the money from the harbor dues, wrote the following letter to the captain: —

“Captain Clashy; — Aloha. This is my communication to you: You have done well in bringing hither the new teachers. You shall pay nothing on account of the harbor — nothing at all.

“Aloha ino oe.

“Liholiho Iolani.”

The school for the chiefs was at Waikiki. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a herald blew a conch shell as a signal to be ready. In an hour the chiefs assembled. Here the young princess Nahienaena, nine years old, dressed in

black satin with a black satin hat and feather, would come seated on the shoulder of a stout man, her feet resting on his folded arms, her right arm tight around his forehead, a train of twenty or thirty boys and girls of her own age always following her. She was a pretty and well-behaved child. Another bright pupil, a little girl of eight, had had one eye entirely scooped out, because she had broken the tabus by eating a banana. If she had been older, she would have lost her life for doing it. Keopuolani, the queen mother, pitched



Nahienaena in 1825<sup>1</sup>

her tent close by a grove of kou trees, that she might listen to the new teaching and learn to read. Near a former heiau of their cruel gods, where once, when she was ill, Kamehameha had ordered ten human victims to be sacrificed, Christian preachers now told of a religion of love. Sometimes the teachers were called by the chiefs to begin service before the set time, because so many people, often twenty-five hundred, crowded together, waiting, would suffer in the sun.

“The tidings we hear,” they said, “break in upon our minds like the light of the morning.”

Some of the chiefs said to Keopuolani, “You are old, and ought not to study so much.”

“I am old,” she replied, “and perhaps near to death, and therefore must learn soon or never find the right way.”

“It is lamentable,” she said, “that the true religion did not reach us in our childhood !”

Kaumualii’s wife on Kauai wrote with what English she had acquired to the mother of a missionary lady there :—

“Dear Friend,

“I thank you for sending your daughter here. She no your daughter now; she mine. I take good care of her. I very glad your daughter come here. She learn me to read and sew. By and by she talk same I do; and tell me about God.

“Your friend

“Kapule

“Queen of Kauai.”

The haughty Kaahumanu had not yet consented to learn of the new teachers, and only extended them her little finger when shaking hands. Nevertheless, although she had not yet chosen the new way, she determined to abolish the old. With a retinue of twelve hundred, darkening the decks and the rigging of four small vessels, she embarked for the windward islands to search out and destroy all the idols

left. She sent for Kamehameha's image of the dreaded poison god, through fear of which so many had died. At her command the people collected one hundred and two idols that had been hidden away, and gave them to the flames. She had the bones that had been worshiped in the Hale o Keawe buried in the cliffs over Kealakekua.

In various ways the chiefs helped their teachers. Kaikieowa's wife, a high chiefess, herself taught a school of forty. Kuakini started a writing school that he taught himself, and built successively, as the audiences outgrew them, three churches to the "white man's God" within the inclosure of a former heiau. He helped the teachers translate the Bible into Hawaiian. Kamehamalu, or Kamamalu, Shade-of-Kamehameha, the capable and bright queen, twenty-six years old, erected a school in Honolulu.

As soon as the teachers had put the Hawaiian language in writing, great was the demand for the books they printed. Gray-haired Hawaiians would come bringing a bunch of bananas, sugar cane, ohias, a fowl, or native cord, begging



Ancient Idol

to be allowed to exchange it for a spelling book, of more value to them than silver or gold. The chiefs now commanded all the people to learn. Once a year the great event was the school examination. Carrying their food and clothing slung on a stick across the shoulder, each district dressed in tapa of a uniform color set out in single file — old men and boys, mothers and granddaughters — behind their teacher. Thus thousands of pupils assembled.

These pupils made rapid progress, except when the king interrupted their instruction, ordering them into the mountains to search among the tangled ieie vines for upland sandalwood when his exchequer was low. Keopuolani, now a Christian, tried in vain to persuade Liholiho to give up his extravagant habits and his bad companions.

Although Liholiho would not listen to the wise counsel of Keopuolani, he gave her the attentive care of a devoted son. When, as her health became feeble, she wished to go to Lahaina, he accompanied her on the four days' voyage. The chiefs gathered around the worthy woman in her last illness there. The young queen Kamamalu watched her every look and motion to know her wishes. On the night of her death, even the little prince and the little princess did not close their eyes.

“When I am dead,” she told them, “let it never be said that I died by poison, by sorcery, or that I was prayed to

death; for it is not so. I love the great God. Protect the teachers who have come to this land of dark hearts.”

“Keopuolani was a mother to all. We have lost a mother!” the people exclaimed everywhere. According to an old mourning custom, Queen Kamamalu had her tongue tattooed. When asked by a missionary why she did it, she said, “Great is the pain, but greater still is my love.”

One of the most earnest Christian women at this time was Kapiolani, the Heavenly-Captive, wife of the orator Naihe. Tennyson has celebrated her name, for what has been called one of the greatest acts of moral courage ever



Kamamalu

performed. Though unlovely in her ways before she learned Christianity, Kapiolani soon became an example to her people. She told her teachers how as girls she and a friend

of equal rank had secretly swum out to sea to eat a banana, and had been discovered by a priest. The punishment for the broken tabu was death, but because of their rank, the priest had sacrificed a favorite page of hers in their stead.

“Oh, those were dark days!” murmured the priest, as she told the story.

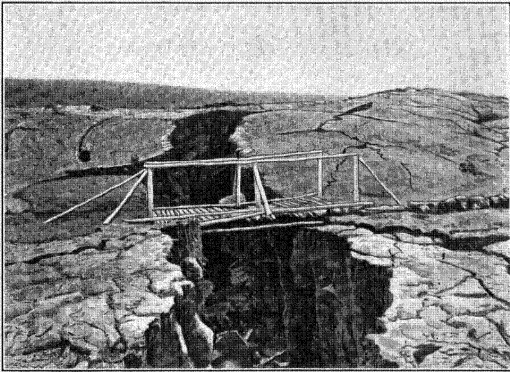
Naihe, Kapiolani's husband, had charge of the Hale o Keawe at Kealakekua. Their home was a hundred and fifty miles from the volcano of Kilauea, the destroying earthquakes and eruptions of which so terrified the people that they still feared Pele. At this volcano, far from the mission stations, priests and priestesses of Pele made daily offerings to her. Kapiolani determined to journey there and free her people from this dread superstition. Her friends at Honaunau, and even her husband, begged her not to go. There were no roads in those days. Afoot the courageous woman started over the rough path across a black sea of sharp lava. Multitudes came to her on the way, entreating her not to go on, lest the goddess of the volcano should be provoked to destroy her.

“If I am destroyed,” Kapiolani answered, “then you may all believe in Pele. But if I am not, then you must all turn to the new way.”

At last, with feet swollen and lame after the painful walk



of one hundred and fifty miles, she reached the crater. To her surprise she found that one of the foreign teachers from Hilo had journeyed there to meet her. "I have come to strengthen the hearts of the teachers and help them in their work," she told him.



Crevice in the Crater

At the black rim of the menacing crater, Kapiolani met a priest who fed Pele every day with the sacred ohelo berries.

"You will die by Pele!" he called out, entreating Kapiolani to go no farther. A numerous company watched Kapiolani while she deliberately ate the berries consecrated to

Pele, and threw stones into the volcano. Continuing her way, she descended several hundred feet down into the smoke begrimed crater where the fires burned.

“Jehovah is my God,” she called back. “He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by the anger of Pele, then you may fear the power of Pele. But if I trust in Jehovah, and He shall save me from the wrath of Pele when I break through her tabus, then you must fear and serve the Lord Jehovah.”

No new sounds issued from the crater. The smoke floated up, and the fire fountains played as before. The brave woman stood near them unharmed. She had broken the superstition about Pele. The company united in a hymn of praise, and knelt to the true God.

A year later the strong Kaahumanu, who had been slow to follow the new teachers, presented herself at the church in Honolulu. As she never did anything by halves, she now devoted herself entirely to helping her teachers and working with energy for the welfare of the nation. With her subjects, she went humbly to the school as a learner. So gentle had become the once haughty queen that her people now called her “The new and good Kaahumanu.”

In the meantime the men on Kauai displeased Liholiho by calling him “King of the Windward Islands.” This meant the islands to the east of Kauai only. One day in

1821, Liholiho said he was going to Ewa, and left Honolulu with Boki, Naihe the orator, Hoapili's son, and about thirty attendants in an open sailboat. On arriving off the entrance to Pearl Harbor, he refused to enter the lagoon, and sailed on past the northern end of Oahu, around Barber's Point. Suddenly the pleasure in the trip was gone. The king had ordered the helmsman to steer for Kauai, nearly a hundred miles distant, across the roughest of the channels, and in the teeth of a strong wind. The boatmen were frightened.



Boki and Liliha

"We are not prepared for such a long voyage," Boki and Naihe told the king. "We have no water nor provisions, and neither chart nor compass."

"Here is your compass!" — the king thrust out one hand and spread the fingers — "steer by this!"

The seas suddenly broke over them and nearly capsized the boat. Again Boki and Naihe begged the king to turn back. Even if they escaped death from drowning, Kaumualii might be hostile and could easily take their lives.

“No, bail out the water and go on!” commanded the reckless monarch. “If you return with the boat, I will swim to Kauai!”

By filling their calabashes vigorously, they kept their boat from swamping, and still steered northward. All night the sea broke over them. At dawn of day the starved and exhausted crew felt a land breeze in their faces.

In the words of the old bards:—

“As a forest that has gone out suddenly  
In the middle of the ocean;  
Such appeared Kauai, this large  
Island of the ohia flowers.”

The canoe from Oahu lay off Waimea entirely at the mercy of Kaumualii. That noble chieftain came out in a small boat with three attendants, and greeted Liholiho with his “Aloha,” touching noses with him. Taking Liholiho ashore, he gave him a large house spread with beautiful Niihau mats, the finest and most beautiful on the islands. Kaumualii continued to entertain the king with honor as his royal guest. He sent his brig and a schooner to Oahu to relieve the fears of the people there, who would think Liholiho drowned or killed.

That same day Kaumualii called a large assembly of chiefs. The Kauai chiefs were considered superior to those of the other islands. They gathered under a large thatched lanai. Kaumualii, although not so large as most of the chiefs, who usually weighed as much as two hundred and fifty pounds, had a fine athletic form, and he was noted among the islands as the most expert swimmer in the surf. His noble Roman face showed great feeling as he stood up to address Liholiho :—

“King Liholiho, hear :— When your father was alive, I acknowledged him as my superior. Since his death I have considered you as his rightful successor and, according to his appointment, as king. Now I have plenty of muskets and powder, and plenty of men at command: these, with the vessels I have bought, the fort, and guns, and the island, — all are yours. Do with them as you please. Send me where you please. Place what chief you please as governor here.”

A solemn silence filled the house. All waited to hear the young king's reply, on which so much depended.

At length Liholiho rose, and addressed Kaumualii in a mild manner :—

“I did not come to take away your island. I do not wish to place any one over it. Keep your island, and take care of it just as you have done, and do what you please with your vessels.”

A glad shout of hearty approval rang out from both parties. Kaumualii left the council with a peaceful smile.

The two kings set out for a several weeks' tour around Kauai. At night they camped in a grove of lauhala. With an odor of burnt peanuts, the kukui torches shed pale beams of light through the sharp-edged leaves upon the royal booths. The booth for Kaumualii would be left in flames the next day, according to an ancient custom of burning down the house where the king lodged in his travels.

On the evening of their return, Liholiho invited Kaumualii on board his beautiful vessel, *The Pride of Hawaii*. While the unsuspecting Kaumualii sat in the cabin, Liholiho secretly gave the order:—

“Make sail!”

He tore the faithful and generous king away from his devoted wife Kapule and his beloved island, never to see either again. Although in Honolulu Kaumualii was still called king of Kauai, he remained a captive. As the years went by, his face saddened, and his shoulders became bowed.

The next year the annual celebration of Liholiho's ascension to the throne ended with a magnificent procession. Queen Kamamalu, considered the beauty of the islands, dressed in red with a red silk mantle and a red feather crown, sat on a whaleboat overspread with costly broadcloth. Behind her stood Kalaimoku and Naihe, brilliant in red silk and red helmets, holding magnificent red kahilis. Retainers

in red feather capes and helmets bore the float. Kaahumanu and Keopuolani each wore seventy-two yards of cashmere of double fold, one half red and one half orange in color, wrapped around each until her arms rested out straight on the mass, while what was left hung in a long train, held by a retinue. Following the many gorgeous floats marched stately and graceful chiefs, and accompanying the long line of the pageant trooped dancers and singers.

It was after this that a grand council of chiefs at Lahaina decided to grant the king his request for a trip to England. He would see the outside world, and learn from other governments new ways for bettering his own country. The king sent a chest of \$25,000 in coin aboard the ship in which he was to travel, and consigned it to the care of the captain, Starbuck. Queen Kamamalu, Boki and his wife Liliha, and a few others were to go with him. The king desired also the company of Mr. Ellis, an English missionary at the islands, and offered a large sum for his passage. Captain Starbuck refused to take him, making poor excuses, saying that the ship did not have provisions enough. At the last, nevertheless, Captain Starbuck allowed the worthless John Rives to take passage. Before leaving, the king made his younger twelve-year-old brother his successor, and gave the charge of the kingdom into the hands of Kaahumanu and Kalaimoku.

The time arrived for the royal party to embark. Queen Kamamalu went on board last of all. She threaded her way, queen-like and courteous, through the throngs at the shore, who fell on their knees before their beloved and patriotic queen, pressing and saluting her feet, bathing them with tears of genuine sorrow. Thousands wailed aloud. As Kamamalu reached the water, she turned and beckoned to the people to cease their cries.

“I am going to a distant land, and perhaps we shall not meet again,” she said. “Let us pray to Jehovah that He may preserve us on the water and you on the shore.” She called to a native teacher to pray. After she had reached the stone quay near the boats, she turned and chanted in a sad voice:—

“O heavens, O plains, O mountains and oceans,  
O guardians and people, love to you all!  
Farewell to thee, O country, the land,  
O country for which my father toiled,  
Farewell to thee!”

She paused, and then chanted as though she saw Kamehameha, whose last charge to her had been to follow her husband faithfully:—

“We both forsake the land of thy toil.  
I go according to thy command;  
Never will I disregard thy voice.  
I travel with thy dying charge,  
Which thou didst address to me.”



As the company entered the boat, and shoved off, the multitude on the shore responded, filling the air with their wailings. The cannon on the walls of the Honolulu fort at the foot of Fort Street boomed. Long the people watched, until the ship bearing away their king and queen had gone from sight.

Soon after, Kaumualii, one of the noblest of the fine old chiefs, and beloved by his people, lay dying. In all his dealings he had been honorable. One of the foreign teachers wrote:—

“I have never heard from him a word nor seen in him a look or action unbecoming a prince.”

An old steward of his, whom George Washington had treated with kindness in New York, said:—

“King Kaumualii, he have but one heart, and that was a good one.”

The Kauaians, now hearing that a man unfitted for the place, because with little sense of honor, would be appointed their governor, formed a conspiracy to rise against him. Kapule, the noble wife from whom Liholiho had torn Kaumualii, in spite of all that she had suffered, remained loyal, thinking only of the good of her people. When she heard that Kalaimoku was coming to Kauai to settle the trouble, she launched her double canoe and went out to the brig to meet him and bring him ashore.

Kalaimoku called a council of chiefs at Waimea, and addressed them:—

“Where are you, chiefs, soldiers, and people? Kaumualii is dead, and this is the will which he left: that he that was rich before his death should continue rich, and that he that was poor before his death should continue poor — that there should be no change, and that my nephew should be governor in his stead.”

The firm loyalty of Kapule kept many true to her husband's will. Kiaimakani, Wind-watcher, an old chief of Kauai, however, objected to it, and demanded a new division of the land.

“We will abide by Kaumualii's charge,” Kalaimoku asserted firmly.

Kiaimakani with certain other disappointed chiefs went away from the meeting in anger. He immediately thought of George Kaumualii, for their leader. King Kaumualii had sent his son George when a child of six to the United States to be educated. While there he had served in the War of 1812. Since his return he had married Betty, a daughter of Isaac Davis. He kept two brass fieldpieces and large dogs for war.

Kiaimakani lost no time in visiting him where he lived, in the valley of Wahiawa.

“Come with us — you shall be our king,” he exclaimed.

“The islands of Kauai and Niihau are yours, as they were your father’s. Hard will we fight for you!”

In spite of his large opportunities, George Kaumualii had grown small-minded. Selfishly ambitious, he did not hesitate to plunge his island into war.

Before light the next day his large band of followers took the garrison at the Waimea fort by surprise.

“Ho Waimea! — Ho Makaweli! — come on! The Hawaiians are beaten — the Kauaians have the fort!” One of his men stood on the walls of the fort and called aloud to the two divisions of the valley on either side of the river.

Aided by a rush from the neighboring people, his men planned to capture the garrison easily.

Men of both parties hurried out of the villages to join in the struggle. For half an hour balls and bayonets did their work. Six of the garrison and ten of the rebels fell, before the garrison succeeded in driving the enemy back. The rebels fled toward Hanapepe.

After the firing had ceased, Kalaimoku entered the fort with other chiefs and several chiefesses, fully armed. Kapule walked with a drawn sword in her hand. Kalaimoku and Kapule considered the situation perilous, as even the captain of the garrison, in allowing the rebels to scale the walls, appeared disloyal. They dared not attack the rebels with-

out aid from the windward islands. Kalaimoku at once sent his brig to Oahu and Maui for reinforcements.

“Well-nigh slain is Kalaimoku by George and his party.” The word quickly spread over Oahu.

“War! war!” rang the cry through villages and valleys. A thousand warriors sailed to the rescue.

The brig approached Maui, flying a signal of distress.

“Kauai wages war! I have come for men,” the captain called as he sprang ashore.

Kaahumanu, on Maui at the time, wished to go herself with the soldiers, but did not feel sure that it was best for any of the other high chiefs to leave.

Kaikioewa, of Spanish descent, spoke up with spirit:—

“I am old, like Kalaimoku. We have played together when children. We have fought together beside our king. Our heads are now alike growing gray. Kalaimoku never deserted me; and shall I desert him now when the rebels of Kauai rise against him? If one of us is ill, the other can hasten from Kauai to Hawaii to see the sick. And now, when our brother and leader is in peril, shall no chief go to succor him? I will go; and here are my men also.”

Two schooners carried the soldiers from Maui, under command of Hoapili.

In the meantime Kalaimoku received this strange letter from George Kaumualii:—

“Dear Sir, — We wish not to hurt any of the people from the windward islands, but those chiefs belonging to Kauai. Therefore I hope you will separate your men from them, and let the Kauai chiefs fight the battle, for we wish not to hurt any of you from the windward. Our lives have been threatened by Kapule, by Haupu, by Kumakeha, and by Wahine. These are the chiefs we want to go against. But your people we wish not to trouble. Send me answer as soon as you can.

“Yours, etc.

“G. P. K.”

Nevertheless Hoapili and Kaikioewa landed at Waimea, and marched to meet the enemy. It was Hoapili's profession to watch the motion of the stars. He could tell the time by them. Night after night now he studied the heavens to learn the outcome of this conflict, and he foretold a victory.

The two armies faced each other near Hanapepe. Before the battle Hoapili charged his men:—

“If captives are taken, deal mercifully with them,—such is the advice of our teachers. If balls whiz by you, they are not a cause of fear; but if bayonets are thrust at your breasts, then there may be some cause for firmness and courage. Forward! forward even unto death!”

After long preparation, George Kaumualii's inexperienced gunners began to fire his two cannon. Each time Hoapili's men lay down beforehand, and when the cannon boomed, let the balls go over their heads, and then rose and pressed

on, firing in return. Steadily pushing forward, they captured the cannon, with the loss of only one man. The rebels fled. George and Betty, with their infant daughter, escaped on horseback to the mountains. Kiaimakani, their boldest ally, tried to hide as he ran, by holding up grass between himself and the army. One of Hoapili's men, seeing the motion of the grass, fired a shot into it. The unhappy old chief fell, the havoc he had instigated having turned against himself.

Betty and her baby daughter Kalaimoku's troops soon captured, but treated with kindness. Kaahumanu, however, named the child Wahine-kipi, the Rebel-woman. Lalaimoku sent a party into the mountains to take George. For weeks they searched for him in vain.

"O George, show yourself to us!" they would shout sometimes. "You will not be slain if you make your appearance. Come, let us return to the seaside, to your father, Kalaimoku!"

At last they found him — alone and starving. He sat without clothing, his only weapon a joint of bamboo. In this pitiable plight they led the poor trembling prince before his conqueror, victorious Kalaimoku. At sight of the defeated youth, the grand old chieftain rose, took off his own mantle, and throwing it over the thin shoulders of his young enemy, said only:—

“Live!”

They restored him to his wife and child, but for the good of Kauai thenceforth obliged him to stay on Oahu.

Soon after this an American whaling ship brought the sad news of the death of Liholiho and Kamamalu in England. The reason why Captain Starbuck had refused to let Mr. Ellis travel with the king, and instead had given Rives passage, now appeared. He had wished to have the care of the king's chest of twenty-five thousand dollars. The low and cunning Rives had led the king to gamble and drink on the voyage. In Rio Janeiro the English consul had given a ball for their entertainment. Arriving at Liverpool, Captain Starbuck had landed the royal couple without making any provision for them, forwarding their chest of money to the Bank of England, where, on being opened, it was found that of the \$25,000 only \$10,000 was left. Of the remainder no account was given, except a bill of \$3000 for expenses at Rio Janeiro. Rives wished to act as interpreter, but the king dismissed him, and appointed a son of John Young in his place. Through all the attentions shown them, the royal party conducted themselves most creditably to their little island kingdom.

But in the midst of the new pleasure came the shadows. Queen Kamamalu fell suddenly so dangerously ill with the measles that the physicians gave up hope for her life.

With their arms about each other, the king and queen wept at thought of death so far from their country. After the queen died, Liholiho rapidly succumbed to the disease.

“This is my death in the time of my youth,” he said to Boki. “Great love to my country!”

The English showed those who were left every kindness. King George gave them an interview at Windsor, and promised to protect the islands from the attacks of other nations. Before they left, he ordered that the money they had spent should be returned, calling them the guests of the nation. The English government sent Lord Byron, a cousin of the poet, to carry the royal remains with the bereaved Hawaiians home on the forty-six-gun frigate *Blonde*.

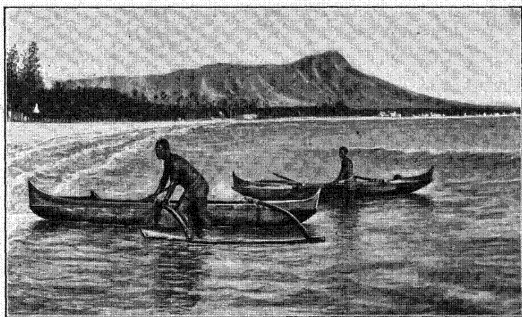
After the long voyage around Cape Horn, the wearied travelers one evening saw the westering sun above the blue mountains of Maui, sending its parting shafts upon the green coconut-lined shores of Lahaina.

“It is Boki! It is Boki!” the cry went forth as a boat neared the landing. Thousands thronged the shore. Many began to wail. Hoapili, the father of Boki’s wife, Liliha, sat on the beach in the center of the crowd. As his daughter approached, the people opened a passage to him. He rose and embraced her. The wailing increased. Hoapili, unable to restrain his feelings any longer, threw himself at Boki’s feet, burying his face in the sand. The rest followed



his example, and burst into loud wailing that drowned the roar of the surf and echoed over the hills.

When quieted, the people crowded around Boki, who told of the things the voyagers had seen and of the kindnesses



Diamond Head

they had received. Boki said that when he had asked King George of England whether the teachers were good, the king had replied:—

“Yes, and they are the people to make others good. I always have some of them by me. We in England were once like the people of your islands, but this kind of teachers came, and taught our fathers, and now you see what we are.”

The little princess, Nahienaena, and other chiefs sailed

on the *Blonde* to Honolulu. It reached Diamond Head at sunrise, and dropped anchor near Waikiki at nine o'clock. Above the lamentations of the people sounded the gloomy roar of the minute guns. The mourners crowded to Kawaihao church, where Kalaimoku addressed them.

"We have lost our king and queen," he said. "They have died in a foreign land. We shall see them no more. It is right that we should weep, but let us not have hard thoughts of God. Let us bow under His hand. Let all amusement cease; let our daily work be suspended, and let the nation by prayer humble itself before God during fourteen days."

The next day Kalaimoku held a state reception at his house for Lord Byron and the English officers. At the end of the room opposite the entrance, the young prince Kauikeaouli and Princess Nahienaena sat upon a Chinese sofa. Between them and partly around the princess lay a splendid pau, or skirt, nine yards long, of yellow feathers, lined with satin, that had been made with great expense and labor for the princess to wear at the anticipated arrival of her brother.

On this occasion Lord Byron presented gifts from the British government. To the Prince Kauikeaouli he gave a Windsor uniform with solid gold buttons and a sword. The little prince donned it at once, and strutted about in ecstasy. To Kaahumanu he gave a solid silver teapot ornamented with the British coat-of-arms, adding a courte-

ous hint that perhaps later she would serve him with a cup of tea from it. To Kalaimoku he gave a gold hunting watch engraved also with the British coat-of-arms.

Later, after an impressive funeral procession and service, the chiefs held a council to choose a successor to Kamehameha II. Kalaimoku addressed the council in regard to the trouble arising from the ancient custom of the reversion of the lands to the king. He said it had been Kamehameha's plan to make the land of the chiefs hereditary, and he proposed to adopt this plan as a law.

All the laws of the great Kamehameha were good. "Let us have the same!" several chiefs called out at once.

They appointed Kauikeaouli, Kamehameha III, with Kalaimoku to serve as premier, and Kaahumanu to reign as regent until he should be of age.

## CHAPTER IX

### KAAHUMANU

To be of great service to Hawaii, Kaahumanu was spared through a childhood of perils. The baby chiefess first opened her eyes where the wind rushes like a holua sled at the foot of the famous battle hill of Kauiki in Hana. Kaahumanu's mother had been queen of Maui. When the king had died, her mother had displeased her brother Kahekili by marrying Keeaumoku. This high chief, who was Kaahumanu's father, after rebelling against Kalaniopuu on Hawaii, had jumped over a precipice into the sea, escaping in his canoe to Lahaina, Maui, and thence, after quarreling with Kahekili, to Molokai. Upon the king of Oahu's invading Molokai, he had fled to Hana, on the other side of Maui. Kaahumanu was a child at the time of her parents' destitution. Soon after she was born, her mother hid her in a cave over the ocean, on the northeastern side of Kauiki hill. Trailing grass hanging from the precipice above formed a green curtain for her, while the music of the strong wind blowing against the headland drowned her

cries. Here she was safe from harm until her father and mother put her in a canoe, and fled toward Hawaii. On their voyage, one dark night as they sailed along the coast to the south of Kealakekua, they wrapped the infant in a roll of white tapa, and laid her on the deck of the double canoe. The sea tossed her cradle hard. Fast asleep, she fell off. Keeaumoku, her father, turning around, saw something white floating on the waves behind.

“My baby is gone!” the mother cried out.

They paddled back as rapidly as they could, and drew the drenched bundle out of the ocean in time to save their little daughter’s life.

Soon the baby feet of the chiefess could carry her hither and thither. After a fishing excursion, she was toddling behind her mother around their canoe, drawn up on the sand near the boisterous sea, when once more the ocean tried to take her. A huge breaker rolled in suddenly. Reaching out and encircling Kaahumanu’s bare feet with its cool white foam, it pulled her back with it, far out into the blue water beyond her depth.

“Dead! O the daughter of Keeaumoku!” the fishermen called out.

A kinsman sprang into the tumbling surf, and brought her back to land. Thus a second time Kaahumanu’s life was saved.

A little older grown, the child Kaahumanu on the beach at Kealakekua watched Cook's ships sail away after his men had set the village on fire. Kalaniopuu, the king, himself took Kaahumanu in his charge, and left the bay, sailing with her to Kau.

The years of Kaahumanu's childhood continued to be years of peril. There was constant war, — war between King Kalaniopuu of Hawaii and King Kahekili of Maui, between Kamehameha and Kiwalao. Before the battle in which Kiwalao fell, when Kaahumanu was eight years old, her mother hurried with her to the City of Refuge at Honaunau. Here her wounded father came for his daughter after the battle.

As regent for the young king Kamehameha III, Kaahumanu's chief thought was the welfare of her people. In a letter to those who had sent out the foreign teachers, she signed herself: —

“Of you and of all the good, I am the friend.

“Kaahumanu.”

In 1825, before a vast assembly at Honolulu, under a grove of coconut trees near the sea, she proclaimed the first written laws.

And Hawaii had need of law, for “There is no God this side of Cape Horn” was a favorite expression of buccaneers at this time. Sailors from some of the whaling ships came

ashore swearing. Entering saloons, they drove out the proprietors. After helping themselves to liquor, they crowded the streets, some staggering about on foot, others racing up and down at breakneck speed on horses frenzied by the cuts of their reckless, swaying riders, still others disturbing the peace with their drunken brawls. Their one persistent cry was to do away with the new laws. They attacked the foreign teachers, believing these teachers had brought about the laws.

One evening a little after sunset, two determined and evil-looking men from an English whaling ship visited the house of Mr. Richards, the teacher at Lahaina. They ordered him to go to the chiefs and have them abolish the laws. This he refused to do. Soon after they had left him, an angry mob of drunken sailors rushed into his yard, uttering curses and threats. One man called at the window to know if he could come in. Mr. Richards opened his door. The man lurched into the room.

“If you do not have the laws repealed,” he announced, “we will burn your house, kill you, and kill your wife and child.”

“I am ready to die upholding the right,” Mr. Richards responded bravely.

His wife, who sat near, added:—

“I am feeble, and have none to look to for protection

but my husband and my God. I am ready to share the fate of my husband, and will by no means consent to live upon the terms you offer."

The sailor, with his better feelings stirred, left the house, followed by his comrades.

Two days after this natives saw boats from the whale ship pulling ashore. Twenty drunken seamen from it marched in a riotous body to Mr. Richards's gate, waving a black flag. All were armed, some with knives, and some with pistols. The Hawaiian guard sprang up to close the gate. A scrimmage followed, in which he was worsted. The shouting mob pressed their way through the gate to the door of the house. Suddenly they were confronted by thirty Hawaiians carrying clubs and stones, who had entered the house by the back door. These drove the rabble out while their chief Hoapili stood up and cried:—

"If you shoot my teacher, the ball shall pass through me first."

Concerned for the safety of the teachers, the princess Nahienaena sent to know if they would take passage with her in a double canoe for Molokai. When they refused, she sent for their babe, offering to care for it in the fort.

The next year the crews of several whale ships came ashore at Lahaina in a body. The governess of the island with the women of Lahaina had fled to the mountains for safety.



Ruthlessly the seamen broke into the homes of natives, and plundered them. They stormed about the town, declaring the laws must be repealed, but all to no avail.

A third time Lahaina suffered outrages. To force the repeal of the laws, the crew of another English whaler fired on the village with a nine-pound gun, aiming five shots at Mr. Richards's house. He escaped injury by going down into his cellar.

About this time even a lieutenant on a United States ship of war that touched at Honolulu tried to compel Kaahumanu to repeal her laws. She answered him nobly that she was trying to save her nation from ruin and vice, and that strangers passing from one country to another were bound while they remained in a country to conform to its laws.

“My ship is small,” the lieutenant threatened; “but she is just like fire!”

Soon after this a violent rabble from the warship broke into the house of Kalaimoku, who lay ill.

“Take off this tabu, or we will pull down your houses!” shaking their fists they shouted to the natives around them. “There are one hundred and fifty of us, — the tabu must come off.”

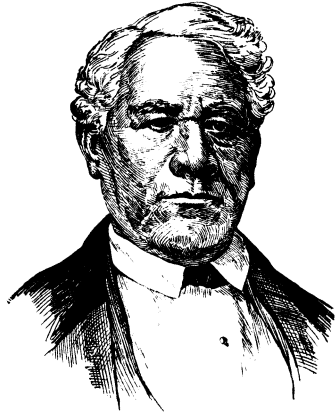
They stoned Kalaimoku's windows. Then, with the inconsequence of a mob, they turned and rushed toward the

house of Mr. Bingham, a white teacher whom they hated because of his upright character. Mr. Bingham, seeing the sailors on their way to his house, thought of his helpless wife and child there, and hurried to reach it first. The door was locked, and he fell into the hands of the mob. A club was raised and aimed for his head. It fell on the arm of a high chiefess. Kaahumanu's sister had thrust out her arm in time to receive the blow and save Mr. Bingham's life. The natives now rallied to his support, and drove the mob away.

Later the United States government court-martialed this lieutenant, and sent word to Hawaii: "Our citizens who violate your laws, or interfere with your regulations, violate at the same time their duty to their own government and country."

Not with lawless foreigners alone did Kaahumanu have to contend, but with those of her own land as well. She had made Boki, Kalaimoku's younger brother, governor of Oahu and guardian of the young king. She was soon to regret this appointment. Boki opened a drinking resort in Honolulu. He and his wife Liliha became intemperate and fell into debt. Because Kaahumanu opposed him, Boki began plotting a rebellion. He tried in vain to shake the young king's loyalty to her. While Boki had his camp at Waikiki watched by his armed men, Kaahumanu sent to

tell him that she was alone in her house, and he might come without bloodshed and war and take her life if he chose. The brave Kaahumanu had summoned no guards around her, nor asked protection of governors of the other islands. Quietly she had attended to her work, relying on the affection of her people and their knowledge of her thought for their true good. A loyal chief, Kekuanaoa, who had voyaged to England with Boki, boldly went alone to his camp and persuaded him to give up his mad plot.



Kekuanaoa

Boki soon entered into another scheme. An adventurer had told him of a newly discovered island in the South Pacific, abounding in sandalwood. Wishing to wipe out his debts and become wealthy, Boki took possession of the young king's beautiful brig *Kamehameha*. This vessel and another, the *Becket*, he fitted out with guns and ammunition and provisions for a long voyage. To everything that his friends urged to dissuade him from his trip, he turned deaf ears.

"I will go," he said, "and not return until a certain chief is dead," meaning Kaahumanu.

Almost five hundred passengers crowded the vessels, lured by the thought of gold. Kaahumanu was absent on Kauai when they embarked. Nine months later the *Becket* returned alone, with but twenty of the five hundred who had set out. The *Becket* had spent five days at an island in the New Hebrides, but the hostility of the inhabitants, and sickness among those on board, had defeated the object of the expedition. The fate of Boki and his vessel has always been a mystery. Some believe it to have been accidentally blown up in an explosion of powder.

After this Kaahumanu made a tour of the windward islands, taking the young king with her. She left Liliha, Boki's widow, and Kinau, a daughter of Kamehameha, wife of Kekuanaoa, in charge. At the different villages Kaahumanu gathered her subjects. They came in crowds to listen to her. Tall and stately, she stood before them, her face beaming with tender love for the people whose burdens she was trying to lighten. She urged them to learn to read and write, to listen to the new teachers, and obey the laws of God. After addressing them, she held out her hand to each in friendly alohas.

At Kawaihae, Kaahumanu visited Kamehameha's former houses. In the heiau where Kamehameha had worshiped his gods, near the altar, blood-stained from human victims, she lifted her hands, and looking upward, exclaimed :—

“I thank God for what my eyes now see. Hawaii’s gods are no more !”

The buildings in this heiau, she said, had all been destroyed in one day.

Before the nine months of Kaahumanu’s tour had passed, Liliha had filled the fort with a thousand armed men from her husband’s lands in Waianae, and declared herself regent by right. Kinau wrote to Kaahumanu at Lahaina : —

“The language or threatening of war is here. The fortress is occupied by the men of Waianae. When you approach and anchor outside, a boat is to go out for the king, and force him away from you.”

Kaahumanu sent Hoapili, Liliha’s father, to the rescue. The old warrior landed at Honolulu without troops or arms. He commanded his daughter to give up the fort and go with him to Lahaina. She obeyed without protest. A national council soon after appointed Kuakini, Kaahumanu’s brother, governor of Oahu, and Naihe, the orator, governor of Hawaii in his place.

In the meantime, Kaahumanu, not recognizing the Catholics as Christians, felt that she had them as well to contend with. Rives, after being dismissed from the court of Kamehameha II in London, had gone to Paris. There he had boasted of his great wealth and position in the Hawaiian Islands. He had advertised for laborers to culti-

vate his estates in Hawaii, and for priests to instruct his people. On credit the adventurer purchased a cargo of goods and chartered a ship. Three priests embarked with church ornaments worth several thousand dollars, which Rives said he would pay for at Honolulu. Rives himself took passage in a different ship, not to Hawaii, but to Mexico. He never appeared at the islands. The captain, unable to sell Rives's cargo, had landed his passengers without the consent of the chiefs. Kaahumanu at the end of her tour found that many Hawaiians had become Catholics, among them a woman of her train. She intended to expel this woman to the island of banishment, Kahoolawe, but one of the white teachers persuaded her not to do this. A council of high chiefs ordered the priests to leave within three months. As, after the chiefs had issued the order three times, the priests still remained, the chiefs themselves chartered a ship for four thousand dollars to carry them away to California.

To show her sympathy for Kapiolani, whose husband, Governor Naihe, died suddenly, Kaahumanu made a last visit to Hawaii. On her return, failing in health, the regent decided to retire to a cottage near the head of Manoa Valley. Twenty retainers journeyed beside Kaahumanu. Six stout men pulled her in a blue handcart, comfortable with velvet cushions and fine mats. A kahili bearer accompanied her on

one side, and an attendant with an umbrella on the other. The plains spread before them, barren and dusty. She rested at Punahou, then a favorite spring. In her cottage close to a stream of clear water and an ohia grove full of birds, Kaahumanu's followers, whom she treated with tenderness, made her a bed of sweet-scented maile and ginger leaves covered with velvet. The end came rapidly in this peaceful spot. But before her death she had the joy of holding in her hands the first printed New Testament in the Hawaiian language. One of her teachers brought her a copy bound in red morocco leather, with her name in gilt letters on the cover.

Before her death, Kaahumanu, with the advice of the chiefs, had appointed Kinau to take her place. Kinau, they said, was a good wife, a tender mother, an unwavering friend, warm-hearted, and always courteous and reliable; they gave her the title of Kaahumanu II. In an address to her people Kinau declared her intention to govern as Kaahumanu had before her.

After the death of Kaahumanu, Kamehameha III came more under the evil influence of Liliha and the English consul. He went with a company of dissipated young men called "Hulumanu," Bird-feathers. One of this crew, Kaomi, a rascally Tahitian, led the king as he chose, and earned the nickname of Ke-lii-kui, the Engrafted-King. Kaomi

usurped Kinau's authority. He treated her with insult, while the king even threatened her with violence if she entered his presence. Kaomi established distilleries; schools were abandoned; the churches were neglected. Sober chiefs spoke of the times as they were under Kaahumanu's good government, and said, shaking their heads sadly, "Kaahumanu is dead!"

This year of disorder is known as "the time of Kaomi." Later Hoapili, the most fearless in resisting bad foreigners,



Kamehameha III

and the first in doing away with vice, made a tour of Oahu, and with his own hand destroyed every distillery. Kinau held out strong for the right and for good order.

As Kinau's children were all boys, she adopted Bernice Pauahi, the beautiful little daughter of Paki, whose wife was a daughter of Kamehameha I. When Kinau gave birth to a fourth son, the king came and looked hard at him, and went away, leaving a small slip of paper in the thatch. It was a common custom among the Hawaiians to give away and adopt children. On the paper the king had written:—



“This child is mine.”

Kinau wrapped the baby in a blanket and sent it to the palace with due ceremony. There a new retinue of nurses and servants awaited it. This little child was to lead the king.

Kamehameha III, soon after this, announced his intention to take into his possession “the lands for which his father had toiled, the power of life and death, and the undivided sovereignty.” He summoned a public meeting for the occasion.

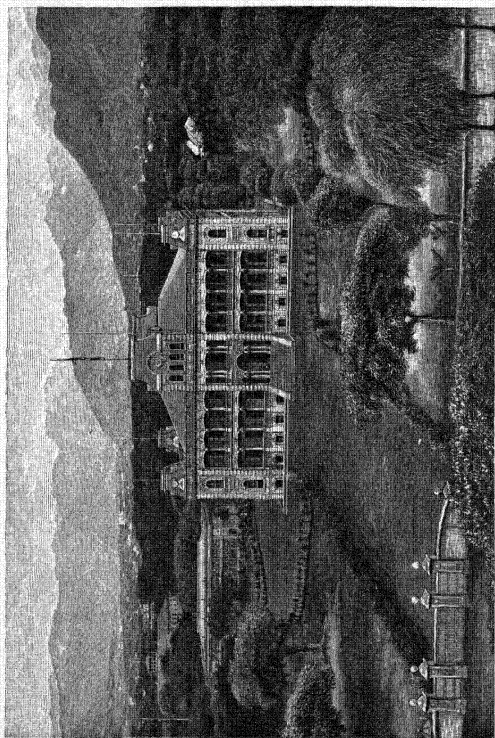
“The king is going to set aside Kinau,” the people said; “he is going to appoint either the bad Liliha or the low-born Kaomi in her place. There will be war.”

The day arrived. A vast assembly met in the open air, expecting trouble. Kinau came forward quietly. She saluted her brother.

“We cannot war with the word of God between us,” she said to him.

The king rose and made a speech, declaring his minority at an end and asserting his claim to sovereignty. He lifted his hand to appoint the second person in the kingdom. Deliberately and solemnly he confirmed Kinau as kuhinani, or premier. The days of Kaomi were ended. When asked afterward why he did it, the king replied:—

“Very strong is the kingdom of God.”



Iolani Palace, now the Executive Building

## CHAPTER X

### HAWAII AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD

HAWAII lies in the center of the Pacific, in the track of vessels plying between the north and the south, the east and the west; between British Columbia and Australia, Alaska and China; between the United States and Japan; between the Panama Canal and the Siberian railway. It has well been called the "Crossroads of the Pacific."

Kamehameha showed his wisdom and farsightedness when he said his country would be in danger from nations too powerful for it to resist, who would resort to the islands oftener and in larger numbers, and be liable to impose upon and ill-treat the natives, unless they could be protected from such wrongs by some civilized power; and hence he sought the protection of Great Britain.

Little Hawaii became more and more of a resort. In the reign of Kamehameha the Great, it was in some danger from the Russians. In the reign of Kamehameha II, English and American sailors defied its laws. Its very independence later was threatened or endangered by France, England, and Japan, until finally in annexation to the near-

est great country, the United States of America, it found security.

In 1839 the French, who had already taken Tahiti and were trying to secure the Marquesas Islands, sent a six-gun frigate to Honolulu under Captain Laplace. Immediately upon arriving, Captain Laplace issued a manifesto to Kamehameha III in the name of his government, complaining of the expulsion of the French priests from Hawaii, and making the following demands:—

That the Catholic worship be free.

That the government give land for a Catholic church in Honolulu.

That the king place in the hands of the French captain \$20,000 as a guarantee of fair treatment toward France.

That the French flag be saluted with twenty-one guns.

Otherwise France would immediately make war on Hawaii.

Until the king, who was at Lahaina, should arrive, the captain kept Haalilio, the king's secretary, on board as a hostage. In the meantime he declared the harbor to be in a state of blockade, and announced that at noon on July 12, he would begin hostilities. At the request of the governor, to give the king time to come from Lahaina, the date was postponed until July 15. On the morning of July 13, although the king had not yet arrived, the governor of Oahu boarded the French frigate, and to the surprise of the captain delivered to him four boxes contain-

ing the \$20,000 demanded, and also the treaty, signed for the king by his chief ministers.

The next morning Kamehameha reached Honolulu. Two days later Captain Laplace compelled him to sign a further treaty, providing that French wine and brandy should be admitted at a very low rate of duty. The French warship then sailed away. Hawaii had had a narrow escape.

In the same year the king proclaimed the first constitution of Hawaii, which granted certain rights to the people. One passage read:—

“Protection is hereby assured to the persons of all the people, together with their lands, their buildings, their lots, and all their property, while they conform to the laws of the kingdom, and nothing whatever shall be taken from any individual except by express provision of the laws.”

In place of the forced labor and oppressive demands of the chiefs, it established a regular system of taxation. It provided for responsible judges and a legislature to represent the people.

At about this time a whaling captain, while chatting with Kamehameha III, thought to sympathize with him.

“How much better off you were in the olden time, before the missionaries came here!” he remarked.

“In those days,” responded the king, “you would already, since coming into this room, have forfeited your life three

times: first, for entering my presence without crawling on your hands and knees; secondly, for speaking before I addressed you; thirdly, for standing on my shadow."

Difficulties with the French, however, continued, and new troubles arose with the English consul, Charlton, who put forward a pretended claim to land. Kamehameha III felt that he must have some security against such treatment. One night the mainsail of the king's yacht glittered in the moonlight off Lahaina, far out from a boat at the water's edge. A little company came down to the beach. Mr. Richards left them, and stepped into the boat, followed by Haalilio. As the oars fell with rapid strokes, a low, muffled wail arose from the little group on the shore. Two voyagers had started on a long journey. The government had secretly decided to send Mr. Richards and Haalilio to the United States and England and France to secure recognition of the independence of Hawaii. Haalilio, though of common rank, had raised himself through his industry and noble spirit to be worthy of this high office of trust for his country.

Before long the secret of this journey leaked out, and Charlton departed suddenly to follow this embassy, and if possible, defeat its object. He started for London by way of Mexico, sending back a threatening letter to Kamehameha III. While in Mexico he made grievous complaints about Hawaii to Lord George Paulet, commander

of a British frigate. Rear-Admiral Thomas ordered Lord Paulet to Honolulu to inquire into the matter.

In February, 1843, Lord Paulet's frigate dropped anchor in Honolulu harbor without firing the usual salute. He sent for Kamehameha III, who was at Lahaina, and on his arrival addressed a letter to him with six demands for British subjects, threatening war if they were not complied with by four o'clock the next day.

The following morning Lord Paulet cleared his frigate for action and brought its battery to bear on the town. The captain of an American man-of-war offered to take the Americans and their families aboard his ship for protection. English women and children went aboard a British brig lying outside the harbor. From ten in the morning until two in the afternoon, the streets teemed with carts bearing money chests, books, safes, trunks, and clothing — all on their way to the wharves.

At first the king intended to resist the demands, but when he thought of the havoc the warships would make, he sent a letter to Lord Paulet, saying he would sign the demands under protest, appealing to the justice of the British government, to which an embassy had already proceeded.

Insolently Lord Paulet pressed the king still further, issuing the most unjust demands, and not allowing him time to consult his advisers.

“I will not die piecemeal!” cried the king, who could bear it no longer. “They may cut off my head at once. Let them take what they please; I will give no more.” He decided to cede his whole kingdom to Lord Paulet, until he could hear from England.

On the day of the cession, Kamehameha III addressed his people from the ramparts of the old fort:—

“Where are you, chiefs, people, and commons from my ancestors, and people from foreign lands! Hear ye! I make known to you that I am in perplexity by reason of difficultics into which I have been brought without cause; therefore I have given away the life of our land. Hear ye! But my rule over you, my people, and your privileges may continue, for I have hope that the life of the land will be restored when my conduct shall be justified.”

His subjects listened sadly. They saw the Hawaiian flag lowered, and the British colors hoisted. Kamehameha III, preferring to stay out of Honolulu after Paulet had taken his kingdom from him, went to Lahaina.

Later Lord Paulet ordered a brig to carry Alexander Simpson, an English resident, as an envoy to the British government. In such a crisis it was most important for the king to be represented in London. Dr. Judd, Minister of Finance, secretly sent a canoe from a distant point of Oahu with a picked crew under the king's trustworthy



head canoe man, to notify the king at Lahaina of the situation and the need of his presence in Honolulu.

The king came down in a schooner, landing at dusk near Waialae, where Dr. Judd met him with papers to sign. Dr. Judd had written them at night in the royal tomb, with the coffin of Kaahumanu for a table. Before morning the king left, having intrusted documents signed by himself to an American resident, Mr. Marshall,



Dr. G. P. Judd

who traveled on the same vessel with Lord Paulet's messenger. It was a race for a country.

Lord Paulet had every Hawaiian flag destroyed. After he had abolished good laws and set all the prisoners free, vice reigned. He formed a small standing army of natives called the Queen's Regiment, and forced them to swear allegiance to the queen of England. To support this army he drained the government treasury.

Later, Lord Paulet, after a heated discussion with Dr. Judd, who refused to make certain concessions, sailed to Lahaina to gain his points with the king. He dropped anchor, and, after dining, leisurely wended his way under the overhanging boughs of the breadfruit trees, to the king's residence near the beach. At the gateway sat a stranger with snow-white hair and beard. It was the king's head canoe man, a messenger from Dr. Judd, the king's chief adviser. Lord Paulet entered and told the king of his conference with Dr. Judd.

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the king; "you are not giving the conversation correctly," and to the astonishment of Lord Paulet, he quoted the exact words that each had used on this former occasion.

"Why, how does he know?" the Englishman mused. "I came away at once, and we have not seen any other ship."

Still mystified, Lord Paulet returned to Honolulu.

One morning a few weeks later, a lofty ship entered the harbor of Honolulu. Flying from the mast were the British colors and an admiral's pennant. The people held their breath. What was this warship here for? The first glance at the mild, kind face of Admiral Thomas, however, set their minds at ease. In courteous terms he asked for an audience with the king. Before long all knew that he had come to restore the independence of the islands.

On the day of restoration, Lord Paulet remained away. Admiral Thomas, with the English marines in their brilliant scarlet uniforms, marched from the warships in port to the spot on the plains which now bears the Admiral's name, Thomas Square. When the king arrived there on horseback, he was given a royal salute of twenty-one guns. At a signal, the new Hawaiian flag, made on board the admiral's warship for this ceremony, rose and



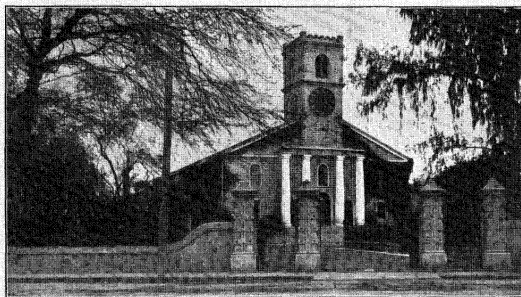
Admiral Thomas

caught the breeze. Again the royal salute boomed, and this time thousands of voices mingled in cheers. Men and boys shouted themselves hoarse.

The king returned to his palace, where the natives belonging to the Queen's Regiment were drawn up in front of the steps, their arms laid on the ground beside them. One by

one they came up the stairs to the king, and knelt there before him. With tears in his eyes, Kamehameha III extended his hand in token of pardon.

That afternoon the king and chiefs attended a service of thanksgiving in the new stone church of Kawaiahao. Here,



The New Stone Church of Kawaiahao

in an address, Kamehameha III told his people that he hoped "the life of the land had been restored," and used the words that have since become the national motto of Hawaii: "Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono"—"the life of the land is perpetuated by righteousness." He proclaimed a festival of ten days.

Before the end of the festival, news arrived from the king's envoys. Mr. Richards and Haalilio had been success-

ful. For a while the British minister had refused them a hearing, owing to the false statements of the English consul, who had reached London first. After the arrival of Mr. Marshall, however, they had succeeded in securing treaties with England, France, Belgium, and the United States, recognizing the independence of Hawaii, then known as the Sandwich Islands.

During the return voyage around Cape Horn, Haalilio had died from exposure to the cold, his last breath being a prayer for his country.

On the anniversary of the restoration, the king held a large parade. Four thousand Hawaiians mounted on horses, the women gay in long red and yellow paus, and many others in carriages, besides multitudes on foot, passed up Nuuana Avenue, beyond Queen Kalama's summer home at Luakaha, to the pali. Kamehameha III and Kalama rode in a carriage that the king had lately bought of the queen of Tahiti. Near the pali, twelve thousand Hawaiians sat down under a grove of trees to a feast that the governor had provided—a feast of two hundred and seventy-one baked pigs, five hundred calabashes of poi, six hundred fowls, five thousand fishes, fifty-five ducks, eighty turkeys, four thousand roots of taro, and many other good and palatable things.

In 1845 the first legislature of Hawaii met in Kawaiahao

church. At the opening ceremony, above a temporary throne hung the royal coat of arms that had been designed with Haalilio's assistance in London. It was mounted upon two tall kahilis, and covered with a yellow feather cloak. On either side of the king, the princes, Lot and Alexander, bore the spear and mamō cloak of Kamehameha the Great.

Then followed the most important work of Kamehameha III's reign, which has been called "the brightest jewel in his crown," the great maheli, or division of lands, by which he gave the common people the right to hold their own homesteads. The progress of Hawaii had been retarded because no one could own the ground he wished to cultivate; for it had all belonged to the king and chiefs, who took it back at their pleasure. Many of the commoners thought the story that they were to own their own homesteads too good to be true. They believed it a ruse to lead them to build better houses and improve their places, all for the benefit of the chiefs.

The king divided his lands first with the chiefs. About one half of what remained he set apart for the government, keeping what was left, known as the crown lands, for himself and his heirs. Most of the chiefs gave the government a third of their estates. The government offered lands to the Hawaiians at prices so low that every

one of them might buy a piece. The time had come when every man could call the fruit of his labor his own. Enterprising people started sugar plantations, — the first at Koloa, Kauai, and soon another at Wailuku on Maui. In the beginning most of the mills were worked by oxen and mules. The growth of these plantations eventually led to the importing of great numbers of immigrants for laborers, — the Chinese, the Japanese, the Norwegians, the Portuguese, the Spanish, the Porto Ricans, the Filipinos, and the Russians, who have made Hawaii's population so cosmopolitan.

The discovery of gold in California increased the commerce of the islands. Twenty-seven vessels sailed regularly between Hawaii and the American coast. For a few years the Hawaiians shipped wheat and potatoes to California.

Hawaii still had international troubles to face. A French frigate under Admiral Tromelin came to Honolulu in 1849 to sustain the French consul in further unjust demands. They gave Kamehameha III three days to answer them. He sent a courteous reply, saying he had been faithful to the treaty. He offered to refer the disputed points to the mediation of another power, and told the admiral that no resistance would be made to his force.

That afternoon the admiral landed a detachment of armed men with two fieldpieces, scaling ladders, and implements

of war. They marched up to the fort to strains of martial music, waving their flag. There was no garrison. The gates of the empty fort stood wide open. The French entered, and hauled down the Hawaiian flag. They also took possession



Kamehameha IV

of the other government buildings, and seized the king's yacht. For ten days the French occupied Honolulu, and allowed no vessels to leave the harbor. All business ceased. But no one resisted them, and good order prevailed. The foreign consuls in Honolulu remonstrated with the admiral, the British consul telling him

plainly that he was violating the joint treaty signed by France.

After ten days the French admiral held a council with the king's ministers on board his ship. During the meeting his men dismantled the fort. They spiked and broke the guns, and poured the powder into the sea. They filled up an old well, and destroyed the calabashes and ornaments in the governor's house.

The French finally departing, the king and council



decided to send Dr. Judd to Europe as a special commissioner with the two young princes, Lot and Alexander, to obtain justice from France for the injuries received. They sailed out of the harbor amid hearty cheering. All the ships in port manned their yards. On reaching Paris Dr. Judd found that the French consul had arrived there before them. Although the young princes, with their good training and education, did credit to their country, all their efforts for it were in vain.

In 1852 the whaling season brought a fleet of two hundred vessels returning from the Arctic Ocean with heavy cargoes of whalebone and oil. They filled the harbor, moored side by side in two long lines so close together that one could walk from vessel to vessel from the water front to the harbor entrance.

Over three thousand men formed the crews, among them many hardened characters. In a drunken riot they burned down the two-story station house, almost



Queen Emma

setting fire to their own fleet. For two days, until the foreign residents formed a military company and patrolled the town, Honolulu was at their mercy.

Kamehameha III was wise in conferring important offices of state on able men. The natives remembered him after his death, which occurred in the year 1854, as the king who had made freemen of them, giving them the right to own their land and to representation in the legislature.

Kamehameha III had chosen as his successor his adopted son, Alexander, the child of Kinau, who had led him to take a stand for the welfare of his people. Alexander, brilliant and winning, became Kamehameha IV at the age of twenty-one. His marriage the next year with a granddaughter of John Young, the beautiful and cultured Emma Rooke, won hearty approval. The royal standard waved from the church tower for the wedding. Flags floated over the whole town. As the king's carriage, escorted by mounted aides-de-camp, came forth from the palace gate to meet the carriage of the bridal party with kahili bearers on each side, a royal salute sounded. They drove from the palace to the church over a road covered with rushes and lined with soldiers, who with many of the spectators prostrated themselves until their foreheads touched the ground. The retainers threw their outer garments under the horses' feet.

Two years later, Queen Emma gave birth to a son. The people acclaimed him "Prince of Hawaii," amid great rejoicing; but at the age of four the little prince died. The whole nation sorrowed. His baby cradle has been carefully treasured to the present day.

Queen Emma and Kamehameha IV left a monument to the nation in the Queen's Hospital, for which the king and queen personally canvassed the town to secure subscriptions.

Kamehameha's elder brother Lot, also the son of Kinau, succeeded him. The last of the Kamehamehas to reign, he inherited some of the strength of purpose and the ability of Kamehameha the Great.

"I will not sign the death warrant of my people!" he exclaimed, when told that a bill to license the selling of liquor to natives was pending in the legislature.

Owing to several causes, the number of whale ships now decreased. During the American Civil War, a Confederate cruiser had burned four whalers at Bonape, Caroline Islands, and twenty whalers later in the Arctic seas. In the autumn



Kamehameha V

of 1871, icefields shut in the whaling-fleet in the Arctic and wrecked thirty-three vessels. Over a thousand seamen escaped in five ships to Honolulu. It was estimated that this disaster caused Honolulu a loss of two hundred thousand



King Lunalilo

dollars a year. The diminished number of whales and the discovery of petroleum practically closed the visits to Hawaii of these whalers.

Kamehameha V never married, having desired to wed the high chiefess, Bernice Pauahi, the great-granddaughter of Kamehameha, a rarely beautiful and accomplished lady, who married instead Mr. C.

R. Bishop, a highly-esteemed American.

As no provision had been made for a direct heir, Lunalilo, the next king, was elected by the people. He reigned only a year. When he died, he bequeathed all his property to the maintenance of the Lunalilo Home for aged Hawaiians.

The choice for the next ruler lay between two candidates, Kalakaua, married to a granddaughter of Kaumualii, and Queen Emma, widow of Kamehameha IV. A stanch following of partisans who loved Queen Emma caused such a riot

when the legislature elected Kalakaua, that to quell it the government had to call upon two American warships and an English warship in port.

Soon after Kalakaua came to the throne, he made a trip to the United States, and helped to bring about the Reciprocity Treaty, by which the United States, in return for the use of Pearl Harbor and the admittance into Hawaii of several United States products free of duty, agreed to remit the duty on rice and sugar from Hawaii. This made possible the great wealth of the islands through sugar.

Broken in health, Kalakaua again visited California. A royal welcome had been prepared for his return, when an American warship entered the harbor with flag at



King Kalakaua

half-mast, bearing the king's remains. Instead of being decorated with gay colors, the arches were draped with mourning.

At noon on the same day Kalakaua's sister Liliuokalani, took the oath to the constitution, and was proclaimed queen. Her niece, the charming young Princess Kaiulani, became her heir.

Queen Liliuokalani's first legislature with her consent passed a bill to establish a lottery in Honolulu and an act



Queen Liliuokalani

licensing the sale of opium. This portended a dark future. Immediately after, she brought about a revolution and a change of government by attempting to promulgate a new constitution that she had drawn up to remove the checks on her power and allow only Ha-

waiians to vote. In the last two reigns there had been several turbulent times. Alarmed for the welfare of the country, the citizens formed a provisional government, with President Dole at the head, until annexation could be arranged with the United States.

As union with America seemed far off, after the provisional government had served a year and a half it was changed

to the Republic of Hawaii, with President Dole still at the front.

In the meantime many people felt uneasy in regard to the great immigration from Japan. For several years, Japanese immigrants had been arriving by the thousand, until it seemed likely that unless Hawaii became a part of the United States soon, it might be taken by Japan.



President Sanford B. Dole

The Spanish-American War drew the attention of the United States to the importance of these islands as a naval station, and showed that they were the key to the Pacific. Finally, in 1898, a steamer decked with American flags brought the news that Congress had decided to annex Hawaii. Five years after the commissioners from this country had first sought alliance with the great republic, the American flag floated over the shores of Hawaii, this time permanently bringing lasting peace and prosperity.

## CHAPTER XI

### PROGRESS IN HAWAII

How has Hawaii, the most isolated land on the globe, once scorned by Spanish gold seekers and ravaged by wars, become a mine of wealth and a center of advanced civilization, in close touch with all the world? The answer would be the entire account of its progress, covering its whole history. Shall we glance between the centuries at a very few pages of the story?

Far back in the past, we see slender canoes braving the open Pacific. Although frequently lost in hazardous voyages, these were the sole means of sending messages across the waters. The other side of the globe was unknown.

Turn forward three centuries. Sailing ships visited Hawaii yearly from around Cape Horn, with news of the far world, after a five months' voyage. Travel between the islands was equally slow. A few leaky old schooners with lazily flapping sails, often becalmed under the lee of an island for a week at a time, made the tour between Hilo and Honolulu in from four to six weeks. They carried the only mail. When one of these schooners entered the Honolulu harbor, hundreds



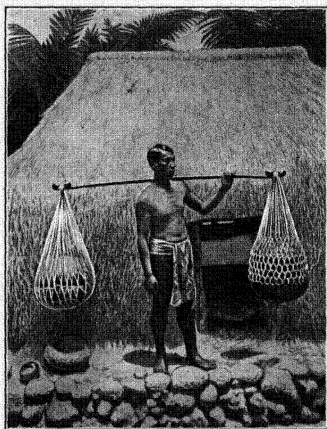
of natives collected on the east side of the reef, threw a rope to the schooner, and tugging away, pulled it to the anchorage.

To-day not sailing ships, but fast steamers, run regularly between the island ports, crossing to the farthest in a day. From east and west and north and south, steamers are coming and going weekly. Honolulu Harbor, deepened, accommodates large steamers at its wharves. Pearl Harbor is being dredged for a naval station, and a breakwater may soon make Hilo a favorite stopping place. In 1900 wireless telegraphy was used to carry instant messages between the islands. In 1903 an enterprising American bound the Pacific from end to end with a cable. Hawaii has the world's news in each morning's paper.

As by sea, so on land we find marvelous changes in the ways of communication and transportation. In the early days roads were rare, although in the sixteenth century Umi on Hawaii and his brother-in-law on Maui had built stone-paved roads that still endure. The trip then over the pali at the head of Nuuanu Valley was so perilous that the Hawaiians, when attempting it, make offerings to a stone god at its foot, for safety. It was wise for a foreigner ascending or descending it to have his feet held in place by a bird catcher, the most skilled of mountain climbers.

For long years the only methods of traveling on the islands were either afoot or in a basket slung on a pole that was

borne at each end on the shoulder of a man. The only carriage was a long stick of kauila wood notched at one end



A Chief's Poi Bearer

where the burdens were attached. It made callous the shoulder of the porter. To-day, only for pleasure or exercise do we climb or walk, while hourly trains and swift automobiles make journeying and transportation rapid and easy. The deep-toned conchs once sounded a far call to war. Kamehameha's couriers, known by the coins or medals that they wore, ran from place to place with his messages. Now there is no need of these or of the primitive telegraphing of the women tapa beaters, for each island is encircled by telephone wires.

Less than fifty years ago a Hawaiian-born American, returned from college, stood on the slopes of Haleakala,

where the burdens were attached. It made callous the shoulder of the porter.

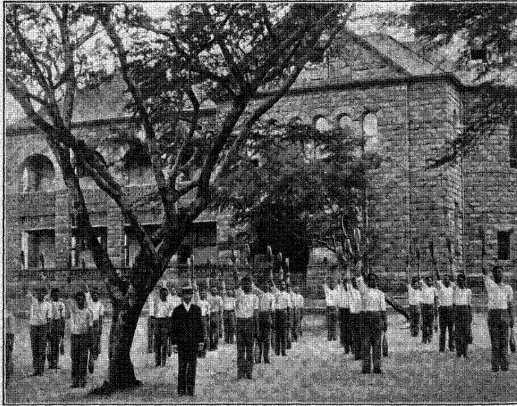
To-day, only for pleasure or exercise do we climb or walk, while hourly trains and swift automobiles make journeying and transportation rapid and easy.

The deep-toned conchs once sounded a far call to war. Kamehameha's couriers, known by the

and seeing the waterfalls and streams in the forests below him, planned how to carry this "life-giving water of Kane" to the vast arid plains in the west. To-day scientifically trained engineers have made his daydream a reality. The once barren plains of East and West Maui ripple green with waving cane. Had Kamehameha lived now; his unfinished tunnel for a watercourse through the mountain side at Niulii would have been completed by dynamite, like the eleven miles of tunneling in the great Hamakua Lower Ditch, which passes through the Hiilawe Falls at the head of Waipio Valley, and yields one hundred million gallons of water in twenty-four hours. For on Maui, Kauai, and Hawaii skillfully engineered tunnels have brought forth the water needed to develop the sugar industry, Hawaii's greatest source of wealth. On Oahu artesian wells have reached "the water of magic power." The Chinese have harnessed also the waters in the swamps, turning the marshes near the seashore into verdant ricefields, twice a year yellow with their gold.

Seventy years ago, an eager group of gray-heads might have been seen crowding around the one book held in the teacher's hand. Some learned to read with the letters sidewise, some with the book upside down. Although their remaining years were few, this was the first opportunity they had had to receive any education. They had only

banana leaves, the sand beach, and stones to write on. Later younger pupils made long journeys into the mountains for timber, building their own schoolhouses, and then



Kamehameha School

sitting on mats over the bare ground under the buildings, to receive coveted instruction.

Those days are past. Now all the youth of the land have free education provided for them in well furnished government schoolhouses, where the instruction is as good as that in schools of any other civilized land. The first college

chartered on this side of the Rocky Mountains was Oahu College at Punahou, Honolulu. Mrs. Pauahi Bishop, who refused the crown when Kamehameha V offered it to her, chose to serve her nation in another way. She bequeathed to it the Kamehameha School for the instruction of Hawaiian boys and girls desiring to become good and industrious men and women.

Hawaii's wealth alone could not avail to make it the paradise of the Pacific. Glance backward seventy years. The governor of Oahu, the younger Keeaumoku,

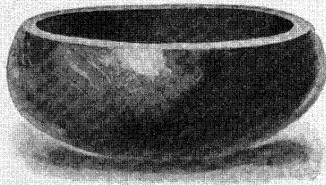
Kaahumanu's brother, had ordered some hundreds of his people at Waialua to leave their work and studies and go into the mountains to cut sandalwood for him. All obeyed but one man. Perhaps his child was ill. The chief had this man's house set on fire. It was burned to the ground. The



Hon. Bernice Pauahi Bishop

man still refused to go. All his possessions were seized and his wife and family driven off the chief's estate.

But in this same period, after the rebellion on Kauai, we see also the old chief Kalaimoku, second in rank in the nation, who holds a position of almost unbounded power, covering



A Calabash (very old)

his hunted and captured enemy with his own cloak. This difference in dealing with the people was because of Christianity, teaching forgiveness and love.

Catholic priests and nuns now devote themselves to ministering to the unfortunate lepers, who are exiled, but well cared for, on an isolated part of Molokai. Here many a sister from France, or Belgium, or America, whose name is unknown to the world, lives a life of complete self-sacrifice, lovely in deeds of mercy.

"This was once a land of war," said a worthy chief, John II, in a public address; "we were a fighting people. The burdens of the poor are made lighter; old people are not taxed now, nor do they go to chief's work." At the same time, Kekuanaoa, a government official, spoke:—

"We were not taught to respect the rights of others,"

he said; "chiefs oppressed the poor without mercy. Property is now secured to all by the laws of the kingdom. Taxes are fixed and regulated."

Education, Christianity, and good government have brought true freedom to Hawaii and made it a civilized center.

How was justice rendered formerly? Look into the past darker chapters of the history. In the midst of a circle of people in the front yard of the king stood a calabash of water. On one side of it sat the men accused of crimes.

A priest offered a prayer. The suspected culprits, one by one, held both hands with fingers spread over the calabash, while the priest looked steadily at the face of the water. If the water trembled, the culprit was guilty. There

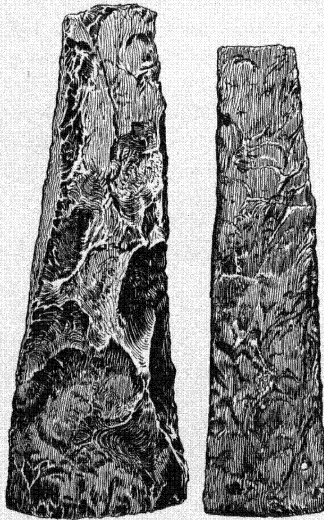


Calabash with Cover

were practically no degrees of punishment. Death was the common penalty.

To-day one ruler does not have all power. The government is chosen by the people. Their representatives in

the legislature make the laws. Their members of the executive government carry out the laws. The president



Stone Adzes

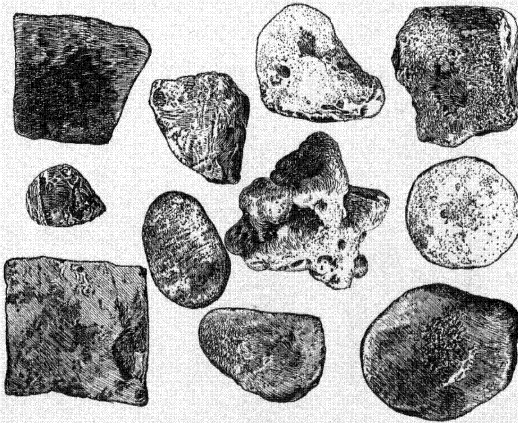
of the United States appoints the governor and the judges, who hold careful trials to deal justly with those who have broken the laws.

In education, Christianity, and good government, Hawaii has progressed, but not in its native arts. Nothing more beautiful has ever been made here than the finely woven Niihau mats of early days, the dull polished

calabashes of mottled wood, the tapas, exquisite in coloring, endless in variety of design, and executed with surprising perfection.



In the Bishop Museum look at the smallest of calabashes, a little one of kau wood from which Queen Emma ate as a child, and the large ones used by Kamehameha at feasts. Even in these later days of steel instruments and turning

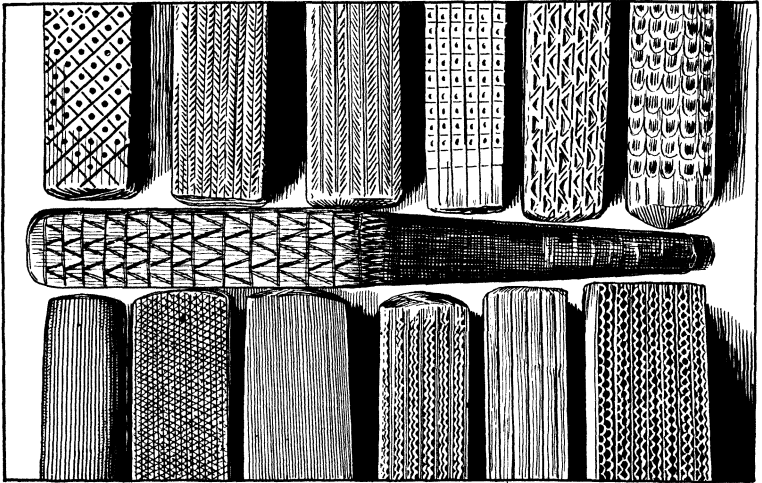


Polishing Stones

lathes, no improvement can be made in the beauty and symmetry of these early calabashes. They were cut with stone adzes; smoothed with pieces of coral and pumice and charcoal; polished with breadfruit leaves and tapa and the palm of the hand.

With so few and such poor tools, how did these early Hawaiians do such accurate and such perfect work? It was because of their patient and painstaking industry, for which they were famed.

The Hawaiian tapa work, as well as their basket making, is almost a lost art. In former days the higher chiefesses



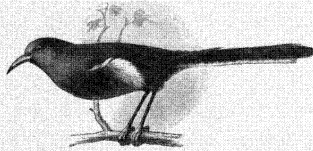
Tapa Beaters

made the choicest tapas their chosen work, especially on Kauai excelling in the variety of their figures. The word for the tapa marking, palapala, was applied also to writing, when the chiefesses saw men writing for the first time on Captain Cook's ship. The chiefesses spared no pains in their careful work. After beating the tapa into

fabric with plain kauila beaters, to improve the texture they took carved ones named after their special patterns; as, laumau, fern frond, kupuai koloa, track of duck, lei hala, wreath of hala, niho mano, shark's teeth, koeau, worm in motion, iwipuhi, backbone of an eel. Next these women proved their skill and taste in preparing the prettiest colors from the leaves, the bark, the berries, and the roots of plants, adding one or two kinds of earth in mixing the darker colors. For red they used red earth, the amau-mau fern, and the palaa fern; for pink, the akala berries; for bright yellow, the root of the noni tree; for pale blue, the tiny dark berries of the uki plant; for brown, the barks of the noni and the kukui trees. These dyes they mixed and kept in stone cups. A cone of the lauhala tree served them as a paintbrush ready-made. With a cutter of shark's teeth they made their choice patterns for stamps on bamboo sticks. After dipping these into the dye, they struck the tapa with them until they had covered it with the fine figures. Last of all they coated the paus with oil to make them waterproof and to give them a finishing gloss. When completed their work was beautiful, far more delicate in design and texture than that of any other tapa in the Pacific.

In the Bishop Museum, the feather helmet of Kaumualii, king of Kauai, given by him to a foreign teacher just before he left his island for the last time, reminds us of the Greek

helmets. Its form could not be more graceful nor its color more splendid. Near it hangs the mamo cloak of Kamehameha, the magnificent mantle for many years spread over the king's throne on all state occasions. No one knows how many years bird catchers searched the mountains for its feathers. Reaching up into the lehua trees their gummed



Mamo

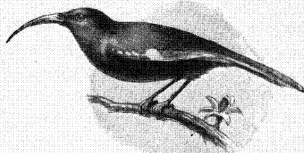
poles tied with ohia, banana, and lobelia blossoms, they waited until the honey-sucking birds, hopping to put their long, curved bills into their favorite

flowers, were ensnared. The oo had one little tuft of yellow feathers under each wing. But for this cloak only the choicest and brightest of yellow feathers would do — those of the mamo, a rare, black bird, now extinct. The mountain climbers found a few yellow feathers under its wings and on its back. Later Kamehameha instructed his bird catchers:—

“When you take a bird, do not strangle it. But having plucked the few feathers for which it is sought, set it free, that others may grow in their place.”

Into each mesh of a fine olona net patient hands tied with three twists a little yellow mamo feather, less than an inch

long. They overlapped them skillfully a sixth of an inch apart to form a smooth surface. Many generations bent toiling over this royal cloak. They worked on it through the reigns of nine kings. At least a hundred years after the bird hunters had begun to collect feathers for it, there was



Oo

joy—the cloak was finished! It fell four feet long, and spread eleven and a half feet at the bottom. A million dollars would hardly pay for the labor alone. This golden mantle, equal in value and beauty to royal gems, fittingly belonged to Kamehameha the Great, who with far-seeing vision prepared the way in Hawaii for progress.

## APPENDIX

### SOURCES

The bibliography below comprises the sources for this book with the exception of three incidents. To Dr. Dwight Baldwin, who resided at Lahaina, we are indebted for the stories about Kamehameha III's canoe man, and his interview with the whaling captain; to Mr. J. M. Dowsett, who lived at Puuloa and knew a great deal of unwritten Hawaiian history, for the story of the Oahu conspirators.

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## PRONUNCIATION OF HAWAIIAN WORDS

“The original Hawaiian alphabet, adopted by the first missionaries, contained but twelve letters, five of which were vowels and seven consonants, viz. : *a, e, i, o, u, h, k, l, m, n, p,* and *w*. The number of distinct sounds is about sixteen.

“No distinction was formerly made between the sounds of *k* and *t*, or between those of *l* and *r*. In poetry, however, the sound of *t* was preferred to that of *k*. The letter *w* generally sounds like *v* between the penult and the final syllable of a word.

“*A* is sounded as in *father* *e* as in *they*, *i* as in *marine*, *o* as in *note*, *u* as in *rule* or as *oo* in *moon*.

“*Ai* when sounded as a diphthong resembles the English *ay*, and *au* the English *ou* in *loud*.

“Besides the sounds mentioned above, there is in many words a guttural break between two vowels, which is represented by an apostrophe in a few common words, to distinguish their meaning, as *Kina'u*.

“Every word and every syllable must end in a vowel, and no two consonants occur without a vowel sound between them.

“The accent of about five sixths of the words in the language is on the penult. A few of the proper names are accented on the final syllable, as *Paki*, *Kiwalao*, and *Namakeha*.”

W. D. ALEXANDER.

## HAWAIIAN NAMES

Haali'lio'	Kahawa'li	Kala'ma	Kapi'ola'ni
Haka'u	Kaheki'li	Kala'niopu'u	Kapu'le
Hawai'i-lo'a	Kai'ana	Kame'hame'ha	Ka'uikea'ouli
Hoapi'ili	Kai'kioe'wa	Kame'hama'lu	Kau'muali'i
Hua'lala'i	Kalai'moku'	Kanalo'a	Kawe'lu
Kaa'huma'nu	Kala'ka'ua	Ka'ne	Kee'aumo'ku

Keku'aokal'ani	Ki'walao'	Mano'no	Paa'o
Kekuhaupi'o	Kuaki'ni	Ma'ui	Paki'
Keo'puola'ni	Liholi'ho	Nahie'nae'na	Paua'hi
Keo'ua	Lili'ha	Nai'he	Pe'le
Ki'amaka'ni	Lili'uokala'ni	Obooki'ah	Piike'a
Kina'u	Lilo'a	Oma'okama'u	Pi'imaiwa'a

## GLOSSARY

Aha. Prayer, during which silence must be kept.	Holo. To run.
Aikane. A very intimate friend.	Holua. A sled, or toboggan.
Aina. Land.	Hono. Harbor.
Akala. Red berry, raspberry; <i>Rubus Macræe</i> .	Ieie. A vine; <i>Freycinetia scandens</i> .
Aku. Species of fish.	Ilima. A yellow flower; <i>sida</i> .
Akua. Spirit, or god.	Imu. An oven.
Ala. Way.	Iiwipolena. A red bird.
Alae. Mud hen.	Iwi. A bone.
Alii. A chief.	Ka. The (article).
Aumakua. A tutelary deity.	Ka'haha'. An exclamation.
Awa. An intoxicating drink made from the root of the plant <i>Piper methysticum</i> .	Kahili. Feathered staff.
E. (Prep.) To.	Kahu. Nurse and guardian.
Elepaio. A bird.	Kahuna. A priest.
Hala. Pandanus tree.	Kaili. To take.
Hale. House.	Kalo or taro. <i>Colocasia</i> , the Hawaiian staff of life.
Hau. A tree; <i>Hibiscus tiliaceus</i> .	Kama. Child.
Heiau. Temple.	Kamani. A tree.
Hekili. Thunder.	Kaulu. Sea slug.
Hoapili. Companion.	Ke. The.
	Kea. White.
	Ki or ti. A plant; <i>cordyline</i> .
	Kimo. Game with pebbles.

- Kiokio. Ancient musical instrument; gourd with three holes, one for the nose.  
 Koa. A tree; *Acacia koa*.  
 Kona. Southwesterly storm.  
 Kou. A tree; *Cordia subcordata*.  
 Ku. Stand.  
 Kuhina nui. The position of premier, held by a woman.  
 Kui. The sea.  
 Kukui. A tree; *Aleurites moluccana*.  
 La. The sun.  
 Lanai. A covered porch.  
 Lanil. The sky.  
 Lau. A leaf.  
 Lehua. A red flower.  
 Lei. A wreath.  
 Limu. Moss.  
 Loa. Very or long.  
 Lomilomi. Massage.  
 Lua. Two.  
 Mai. Hither.  
 Maika. A game, with stone disks.  
 Maikai. Good.  
 Maile. A plant; *Alyxia olivæformis*.  
 Makahiki. New Year's festival.  
 Makani. Wind.  
 Malo. Loin cloth.  
 Malu. Shade.  
 Manoa. Thick, broad.  
 Manu. A bird.
- Mau. Forever.  
 Mauna. A mountain.  
 Mehameha. Lonely.  
 Mele. A song.  
 Menehunes. Industrious elves.  
 Moana. The ocean.  
 Moi'. King.  
 Mokihane. A plant.  
 Moku. An island.  
 Moo. A lizard.  
 Naulu. A shower.  
 Niho. A tooth.  
 Nui. Great.  
 O. Of.  
 Ohia. A tree; the *metrosideros*.  
 Ola. Life.  
 Olona'. A shrub; *Touchardia latifolia*.  
 Oo'. A native spade.  
 O'o. A bird; *Acrulocercus nobilis*.  
 Opelu. A fish.  
 Oukou. You.  
 Pahee. A game played with a dart.  
 Pali. A precipice.  
 Pii. To go up.  
 Pili. Grass.  
 Poha. Yellow berry.  
 Poi. A food made of taro root.  
 Pola. The platform of a double canoe.  
 Pono. Right.

Pu. A conch shell.	ment; bamboo strings.
Pua. A flower.	Umeke. Calabash.
Tapa. Cloth made from wood fiber.	Wahine. Woman.
Taro. A food plant from which poi is made.	Wai. Water.
Ti. A plant.	Wauke. Mulberry; papyrifera.
Ukeke'. Ancient musical instru-	Wikiwiki. Quick.



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