

LONO AND KAIKILANI.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE IN THE ROYAL ANNALS.

I.

WHAT a hustling and barbaric little world in themselves were the eight habitable islands of the Hawaiian archipelago before the white man came to rouse the simple but warlike islanders from the dream they had for centuries been living! Up to that time their national life had been a long romance, abundant in strife and deeds of chivalry, and scarcely less bountiful in episodes of love, friendship and self-sacrifice. Situated in mid-ocean, their knowledge of the great world, of which their island dots on the bosom of the Pacific formed but an infinitesimal portion, did not reach beyond a misty Kahiki, from which their fathers came some centuries before, and the bare names of other lands marking the migratory course of their ancestors thither.

The Hawaiians were barbarous, certainly, since they slew their prisoners of war, and to their gods made sacrifice of their enemies; since no tie of consanguinity save that of mother and son was a bar to wedlock; since murder was scarcely a crime, and the will of the *alii-nui* on every island was the supreme law; since the masses were in physical bondage to their chiefs and in mental slavery to the priesthood. Yet, with all this, they were a brave, hospitable and unselfish people. The kings of the islands of Hawaii, Maui, Oahu and Kauai were in almost continual warfare with each other until brought under one government by Kamehameha I.; but the fear of foreign invasion never disturbed them, and the people, who feared their gods, revered their rulers and possessed an easy and unfailling means of sustenance and personal comfort, were content with a condition which had been theirs for generations and was hopeless of amelioration; for the high chiefs in authority claimed a lineage distinct from that of the masses, and between them frowned a gulf socially and politically impassable.

The Hawaiians were never cannibals. The most conspicuous of their barbarisms was the sacrifice of human beings to their gods; but did not the temples of early Gaul and Saxon flow with the blood of men? and did not one of the fathers of Israel sharpen his knife to slay the body of his son upon the altar of the God of Abraham? They knew but little of the arts as we know them now, and the useful and precious metals were all unknown to them; yet they made highways over the precipices, reared massive walls of stone around their temples, carried effective weapons into battle, and constructed capacious single and double canoes and barges, which they navigated by the light of the stars. They had no language either of letters or symbolism, but so accurately were their legends preserved and transmitted that the great chiefs were able to trace their ancestry back, generation by generation, to something like a kinship with the children of Jacob, and even beyond in the same manner to Noah, and thence to Adam. What wonder, then, that under their old kings the islands of Hawaii should have been the home of romance, and that the south wind should have sighed in numbers through the caves of Kona?

And now, borne by the soft breath of the tropics, let us be wafted to the island of Hawaii, and backward over a misty bridge of historic *meles* to the reign of Kealiokoloa, a son of Umi and grandson of the famed Liloa. It was during his brief reign—extending, perhaps, from 1520 to 1530—that for a second time a white face was seen by the Hawaiians. A Spanish vessel from the Moluccas was driven upon the reefs of Keei, in the district of Kona, and completely destroyed. But two persons were saved from the wreck—the captain and his sister. They were first thought to be gods by the simple islanders; but as their first request was for food, which they ate with avidity, and their next for rest, which seemed to be as necessary to them as to other mortals, they were soon relieved of their celestial attributes and conducted to the king, who received them graciously and took them under his protection. The captain—named by the natives Kukanaloo—wedded a dusky maiden of good family, and the sister became the wife of a chief in whose veins ran royal blood.

On the death of Kealiokoloa his younger brother, Keawenui, assumed the sceptre in defiance of the right of Kukailani, his

nephew and son of the dead king, who was too young to assert his authority. This he was the better enabled to do in consequence of the sudden death of the king, possibly by poison, before his successor had been formally named. Keawenui's usurpation, however, was resisted by the leading chiefs of the island, who refused to recognize his authority and rose in arms against him. But he inherited something of the martial prowess of his father, Umi, and, meeting the revolted chiefs before they had time to properly organize their forces, destroyed them in detail, and thereafter reigned in peace. Nor could it well have been otherwise, for the bones of the rebellious chiefs of Kohala, Hamakua, Hilo, Puna, Kau and Kona were among the trophies of his household, and Kukailani, lacking ambition, was content with the lot of idleness and luxury which the crafty uncle placed at his command.

And thus, while Keawenui continued in the *moiship* of Hawaii, Kukailani, the rightful ruler, grew to manhood around the court of his uncle. In due time the prince married, and among the children born to him was Kaikilani, the heroine of this little story. At the age of fifteen she was the most lovely of the maidens of Hawaii. Her face was fairer than any other in Hilo, to which place Keawenui had removed his court; and that is saying much, for the king was noted for his gallantries, and the handsomest women in the kingdom were among his retainers. If her complexion was a shade lighter than that of others, it was because of the Castilian blood that had come to her through her grandmother, the sister of Kukanaloha, and brighter eyes than hers never peered through the lattices of the Guadalquivir.

Kaikilani became the wife of the king's eldest son, Kanaloakuaana, and, in further atonement of the wrong he had done her father, on his death-bed Keawenui formally conferred upon her the *moiship* of Hawaii. Among the other sons left by Keawenui at his death was Lono. His full name was Lonoikamakahiki. His mother was Haokalani, in whose veins ran the best blood of Oahu.

Early in life Lono exhibited remarkable intelligence, and as he grew to manhood, after the death of his father, in athletic and warlike exercises and other manly accomplishments he had not a peer in all Hawaii. So greatly was he admired by the people, and so manifestly was he born to rule, that his brother, the hus-

band and adviser of the queen, recommended that he be elevated to the *moishop*, in equal power and dignity with Kaikilani.

What followed could have occurred only in Hawaii. A day was appointed for a public trial of Lono's abilities before the assembled chiefs of the kingdom. Although but twenty-three years of age, his knowledge of warfare, of government, of the unwritten laws of the island and the prerogatives of the *tabu* was found to be complete; and Kawaamaukele, the venerable high-priest of Hilo, whose white hairs swept his knees, and who had foretold Lono's future when a boy, bore testimony to his thorough mastery of the legendary annals of the people and his zeal in the worship of the gods.

So much for his mental acquirements. To test his physical accomplishments the chiefs most noted for their skill, strength and endurance were summoned from all parts of the kingdom. It was a tournament in which one man threw down the glove to every chief in Hawaii. The various contests continued for ten consecutive days, in the presence of thousands of people, and between the many trials of strength and skill were interspersed feasting, music and dancing. The scene was brilliant. More than a hundred distinguished chiefs, in yellow mantles and helmets, presented themselves to test the prowess of Lono in exercises in which they individually excelled. But the mighty grandson of Umi vanquished them all. He outran the fleetest, as well on the plain as in bringing a ball of snow from the top of Mauna Kea. On a level he leaped the length of two long war-spears, and in *uli-maita, holua* and other athletic games he found no rival. In a canoe contest he distanced twelve competitors, and then plunged into the sea with a *pahoa* in his hand, and slew and brought to the surface the body of a large shark. He caught in his hands twenty spears hurled at him in rapid succession by as many strong arms, and in the *moku-moku*, or wrestling contests, he broke the limbs of three of his adversaries.

Among the witnesses of these contests was the still young and comely Kaikilani. It is true that she had frequently met the young hero, and regarded him with such favor as she might the brother of her husband; but now, at the end of his victories, he appeared to her almost as a god, with whom it would be an honor to share the sovereignty of the kingdom; and when, amidst the plaudits of thousands, she threw the royal *mamo* over

his shoulders with her own hands, and in doing so kissed his cheek, her husband saw that she loved Lono better than she had ever loved him. "The gods have decreed it," said Kanaloa, in sorrow, but with no feeling of bitterness, "and so shall it be!"

He consulted with the chiefs and high-priest, and at the conclusion of a feast the same evening, given in honor of Lono, he took his brother by the hand and led him to the apartment of the queen. As they entered, Kaikilani rose from a soft couch of *kapa*, and waited to hear the purpose of their visit; for it was near the middle of the night, and but a single *kukui* torch was burning in front of the door. The heart of Kanaloa fluttered in his throat, but he finally said, with apparent calmness:

"My good Kaikilani, what I am about to say is in sorrow to myself and in affection for you. Of all the sons of our father, Lono seems most to have the favor of the gods. Is it strange, then, that he should have yours as well? It is therefore deemed best by the gods, the chiefs and myself that you accept Lono as your husband, and share with him henceforth the government of Hawaii. Is it your will that this be done?"

Kaikilani was almost dazed with the abrupt announcement; but she understood its full meaning, and, after gazing for a moment into the face of Lono and reading no objection there, she found the courage to answer:

"Since it is the will of the gods, it is also mine."

"So shall it be made known by the heralds," said Kanaloa, bowing to hide his grief, and leaving Lono and the queen together.

Thus it was that Lono, of whom tradition relates so many romantic stories, became the *mōi* of Hawaii and the husband of the most attractive woman of her time, Queen Kaikilani.

II.

Peace and prosperity followed the elevation of Lono to the throne of Hawaii. His fame as an able and sagacious ruler soon spread to the other islands of the group, and his court as well as his person commanded the highest respect of his subjects. Weary of inaction, and having no desire to embroil the kingdom in a foreign war, he at length concluded to visit some of

the neighboring islands with his queen, and particularly Kauai, which he had once seen when a boy.

Leaving the government in charge of his brother Kanaloa, Lono embarked on his journey of pleasure with a number of large double canoes and a brilliant retinue. He took with him *poloulous*, *kahilis* and other emblems of state, and the *hokeo*, or large calabash, containing the bones of the six rebellious chiefs slain by his royal father at the beginning of his reign.

The double canoe provided for Kaikilani and her personal attendants was fitted out in a manner becoming the rank of its royal occupant. It was eighty feet in length, and the two together were seven feet in width. Midway between stem and stern a continuous flooring covered both canoes, which was enclosed to a height of six feet, thus providing the queen with a room seven feet broad and twenty feet in length. The apartment was abundantly supplied with cloths and mats of brilliant colors, and the walls were decorated with festoons of shells and *leis* of flowers and feathers. In front of the entrance stood two *kahilis*, and behind a *kapa* screen was a carved image of *Ku*, surrounded by a number of charms and sacred relics. The canoes were brightly painted in alternate lines of black and yellow, while above their ornamented prows towered the carved and feathered forms of two gigantic birds with human heads. Forty oarsmen comprised the crew, and sails of mats were ready to lift into every favoring breeze.

The double canoe of the king was smaller and less elaborately ornamented; and as it moved out of the harbor of Hilo, bearing the royal ensign and followed by the sumptuous barge of the queen and the humbler crafts of servants and retainers, the shores were lined with people, and hundred in canoes paddled after them to give them their parting *alohas* beyond the reef. The auguries had not been favorable. So said the high-priest, and so had the people whispered to each other. But, after preparing for the journey, Lono could not be persuaded to relinquish it. It was therefore with misgivings that he was seen to depart; and for many days thereafter sacrifices were offered for him in the temples, and a strict *tabu* was ordered for a period of three days, during which time no labor was performed and a solemn silence prevailed over all the land embraced in the dread edict. Swine were confined, fires were extinguished,

dogs were muzzled, fowls were hidden under calabashes, and the priests alone were seen and heard, and they but sparingly. Such was the strict *tabu* for the propitiation of the gods in case of emergency or peril, and death was the certain penalty of its violation.

The weather was fair, and the royal party first stopped at Lahaina. It had been Lono's purpose to spend a week or more at the court of Kamalalawalu, but the *moi* was absent at the time, and the squadron left Maui the next day for Oahu. A fair wind wafted the party through Pailolo channel to the western point of Molokai. The sky was clear, and Lono began to discern the tops of the mountains of eastern Oahu, when one of his nephews threw his spear into and wounded a large shark which for some time had been slowly moving around the bows of the canoe. In an instant the weapon was thrown back with a violence which drove the point through the rim of the boat. Blood tinged the waves, but the shark disappeared.

Before Lono could recover from his astonishment a furious wind rose from the south and west, and the fleet was driven around to the north side of Molokai, and finally succeeded in effecting a landing at Kalaupapa. Two of the canoes were destroyed during the gale, and the thoughtless young chief who cast the spear was washed into the sea and devoured by a school of black sharks before assistance could reach him. Landing with his party, Lono learned from a priest the cause of the disaster that had overtaken him. It was the god *Moaalii*, who had taken his characteristic form of a shark and was guiding the fleet to Oahu, that had been wounded by Lono's nephew.

The weather continued boisterous for some days, and Lono and his party became the guests of the chiefs of Kalaupapa. It was not a very inviting spot, and to beguile the time Lono and Kaikilani amused themselves with the game of *konane*, played upon a checkered board and closely resembling the game of draughts. One day, when thus occupied in the shade of a palm near the foot of an abrupt hill, Lono heard a voice above them. He gave but little attention to it until the name of Kaikilani was pronounced. He listened without raising his head, and soon heard the voice repeat :

"Ho, Kaikilani! Your lover, Heakekoa, is waiting for you!"

Lono looked up, but could see no one above them. He in-

quired the meaning of such words addressed to the wife of the *moi* of Hawaii ; but the queen, seemingly confused, was either unable or unwilling to offer any explanation. Enraged at what he hastily conceived to be an evidence of her infidelity, Lono seized the *konane* board and struck her senseless and bleeding to the earth. Without waiting to learn the result of his barbarous blow, Lono strode to the beach, and, ordering his canoe launched, set sail at once for Oahu, without leaving any orders for the remainder of the fleet.

As he shoved from the shore Kaikilani approached, and, holding out her blood-stained hands, pitifully implored him to remain or take her with him ; but he waved her back in anger and resolutely put out to sea. She watched the canoe of her impetuous husband until it became a speck in the distance, and then with a despairing moan sank senseless upon the sands.

Kaikilani was tenderly borne to her domicile by her attendants, and for nine days struggled with a fever which threatened her life. During all that time she tasted neither fish nor *poi*, but in her delirium appealed continually to Lono, declaring that no one had called to her from the cliffs. On the tenth day her mind was clear and she partook of food, and then on her hands and knees a young woman crawled to the side of her *kapa-moe*, and, having permission to speak, said :

"O queen, I am the innocent cause of your misery, and my heart breaks for you. I am the daughter of the chief Keeokane, and he has sent me to you. Heakekoa loves me, and it was my name, Kaikinane, that he called from the cliffs, and not yours. It is better that confusion should come to me than shame and grief to the queen of Hawaii."

Kaikilani admonished her attendants to remember the words of the girl, that they might be able, if necessary, to repeat them to Lono, and then dismissed her with presents and a promise to speak kindly of her to her father, who was greatly annoyed at the distress which the indiscretion of his daughter had brought to their distinguished guest.

As soon as she had sufficiently recovered, Kaikilani, not knowing what had become of her husband, sorrowfully returned to Hawaii in the hope of finding him there and explaining away the cause of his anger. But the news of Lono's assault upon her and his sudden departure from Molokai had preceded her, probably

through the return of some of the canoes of the fleet, and when she arrived at Kohala she found the kingdom in a state of rebellion.

With the avowed intent of slaying Lono, should he return to Hawaii, Kanaloa had assumed the regency, supported by the principal chiefs of the island, the relatives of the queen, and all the brothers of Lono with the exception of Pupuakea, a stalwart and warlike son of Keawenui by an humble mother unnamed in the royal annals, and who had large possessions in the district of Kau.

But Kaikilani still loved her hot-headed but instinctively generous husband, and refused to give countenance to the revolt raised in her behalf. She therefore hastily left Kohala at night, and, so sailing as to escape the observation of the rebels, suddenly appeared off the coast of Kau and placed herself in communication with Pupuakea, the only chief of note that still adhered to the fortunes of Lono. He had succeeded in rallying to the support of his cause a very considerable force, but he knew that it would avail him little against the united armies of the opposition, and after a full consideration of the situation it was decided that Pupuakea should remain on the defensive until the return of Lono, of whom Kaikilani resolved to go at once in search.

With this understanding Kaikilani, inspired by the hope of winning back her husband's love, after a few preparations started on her errand; but not before she had made sacrifices to the gods and implored their assistance, and Pupuakea brought word to her from the temple that the auguries of her journey showed a line of dark clouds ending in sunshine. But what cared she for clouds, if the sunshine of Lono's presence was to come at last? But where was Lono? Perhaps in the bottom of the sea; but, if alive, she resolved to find him, even though the search took her through all the group to the barren rocks of Kaula.

Rounding the capes of Kau and sailing nearly northward, Kaikilani first stopped at Lahaina; but a week spent there convinced her that Lono was not on the island of Maui. The *moi* treated her with great respect and kindness, and offered to assist in the search for her husband on the other islands; but she declined his services, and next visited Lanai. Causing a thorough search to be made of that island, and despatching a party to the windy wastes of Kahoolawe, the queen proceeded to Molokai, to

assure herself that Lono had not returned to Kalaupapa, and then set sail for Oahu. She first landed at Waikiki, on that island, but, learning that the king had established his court at Kailua, departed for that place the next day, and reached it without difficulty, for the captain of her crew was the distinguished old navigator, Kukupea, who for a wager, in the reign of Keawenui, had made the direct passage in a canoe between the Hawaiian bay of Kealakeakua and the island of Niihau without sighting intermediate land.

III.

Leaving Kaikilani entering the bay of Kailua, it will be in order to briefly refer to the adventures of Lono after his sudden departure from Kalaupapa. Half-crazed at what had occurred, to divert his thoughts from his cruelty he seized a paddle, and vigorously used it hour after hour until he was compelled to cease through exhaustion. The wind was fair, but, inspired by his example, twenty others plied the paddle ceaselessly in turns of ten, and in a few hours the royal canoe was hauled up on the beach of Kailua, on the northwestern coast of Oahu, where, as before stated, Kakuhihewa, the *moi* of the island, had temporarily established his court.

As Lono approached the shore his state attracted attention. A chief and priest, who had at one time been in the service of Lono's father, recognized the sail and insignia of the craft, and informed the king that it must be that some one nearly connected with the royal family of Hawaii had come to visit him. This secured to Lono a cordial and royal welcome. Houses were set apart for his accommodation, and food in abundance was provided for him and his attendants. Although he scrupulously concealed his name and rank, and in that respect enjoined the closest secrecy upon his attendants under penalty of death, his commanding presence and personal equipment rendered it apparent that he was either one of the sons of Keawenui or a chief of the highest rank below the throne.

Pleading fatigue, and courteously desiring to be left to himself until the day following, Lono partook of his evening meal, sent from the table of the king, alone and in silence, and at an early hour retired to rest. But the heat was oppressive, and

thoughts of Kaikilani disturbed his slumbers, and near midnight he strolled down to his canoe on the beach to catch the cool breeze of the sea. While there another double canoe arrived from Kauai, having on board a high chiefess, who was on her way to Hawaii and had touched at Kailua for fresh water.

To pass the time Lono engaged in conversation with the fair stranger, and so interested her that she repeated to him twice a new *mele* that had just been composed in honor of her name—Ohaikawiliula—and which was known only to a few of the highest chiefs of Kauai. Portions of the celebrated chant are still retained by old Hawaiians.

The *mele* diverted his mind from bitter thoughts, and when he returned to his couch he enjoyed a refreshing sleep. At daylight the next morning the king, without disturbing his royal guest, repaired to the sea-shore for his customary bath just as the Kauai chiefess was preparing to depart. Making himself known to her, she recited to him until he was able to repeat the new *mele*, and then made sail for Hawaii. As she had arrived after midnight, and the *mele* was new, the king was pleased at the thought of being able to surprise Lono by reciting it to him; but his amazement was great and his discomfiture complete when, on meeting his guest after breakfast and bantering him to repeat the latest Kauaian *mele*, Lono recited in full the poem he had so quickly and correctly committed to memory the night before. This incident is related by tradition in evidence of Lono's mental capacity.

Notwithstanding the mystery which surrounded him at the court of Oahu, Lono soon became a great favorite there. No one could throw a spear so far or so accurately, and in all games and exercises of strength or skill he found no equal. He was generous and fearless, and in his pastimes reckless of his life. Although he was beset with their smiles and blandishments, women seemed to have no charm for him, and he politely but firmly declined to avail himself of that feature of early Hawaiian hospitality which held a host to be remiss in courtesy if he failed to provide his guest with female companionship. He preferred the sturdier contests of men, and introduced to the Oahuans a number of new games of skill and muscle.

While the most of the chiefs were generous admirers of the accomplishments of their unknown visitor, a few were jealous of