

PELE AND HIIAKA

A Myth From Hawaii

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TO
HER MAJESTY LILIUOKALANI
AND
HER BELOVED HAWAIIAN
PEOPLE



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PREFACE

HE story of Pele and her sister Hiiaka stands at the fountain-head of Hawaiian myth and is the matrix from which the unwritten literature of Hawaii drew its life-blood. The material for the elaboration of this story has, in part, been found in serial contributions to the Hawaiian newspapers during the last few decades; in part, gathered by interviews with the men and women of the older regime, in whose memory it has been stored and, again, in part, it has been supplied by papers solicited from intelligent Hawaiians. The information contained in the notes has been extracted by *viva voce* appeal to Hawaiians themselves. These last two sources of information will soon be no longer available.

Merely as a story, this myth of Pele and her kindred may be deemed to have no compelling merit that should attract one to its reading. The cycle of world-myth already gathered from the rising to the setting of the sun, from the north pole to the south pole, is quite vast enough, and far in excess of the power of any one scholar to master and digest. It contains enough pretty stories, in all conscience, to satisfy the demands of the whole raft of storiologists and penny-a-liners, ever on the alert to cram the public with new sensations, without making it necessary to levy upon Hawaii for her little contribution.

It is not from a disposition to pander to any such appetite that the writer has drudged through many long years in collecting and giving literary shape to the material herein presented. The people who settled the Hawaiian group of islands are recognized as having occupied a unique station, one so far removed from the center and vortex of Polynesian activity as to enable them to cast a highly important side-light on many of the problems yet unsolved, that are of interest to ethnologists and philologists and that still enshroud the Polynesian race.

Hawaii rejoiced in a Kamehameha, who, with a strong hand, welded its discordant political elements into one body and made of it a nation. But it was denied a Homer capable of voicing its greatest epic in one song. The myth of the volcanic queen, like every other important Hawaiian myth, has been handled by many poets and raconteurs, each from his own point of view, influenced, no doubt, by local environment; but there never stood

forth one singer with the supreme power to symphonize the jarring notes and combine them into one concordant whole. This fact is a tribute to the independent attitude of Hawaii's geographical units as well as to its scattered minstrelsy.

This book does not offer itself as a complete history of Pele; it does not even assume to present all the oli, mele, and pule that deal with the great name of Pele. There were important events in her life that will receive but incidental mention. Of such is the story of Pele's relations with the swine-god Kama-pua'a. As indicated in the title, the author confines his attention almost wholly to the story of Pele's relations with Prince Lohiau of Haena, in which the girl Hiiaka became involved as an accessory.

It was inevitable that such a myth as that of Pele should draw to it and, like an ocean-reef, become the stranding ground of a great mass of flotsam and jetsam poetry and story. Especially was this true of those passionate fragments of Hawaiian mele and oli, which, without this, would not easily have found a concrete object to which they might attach themselves.

It matters not whether the poet-philosopher, deep pondering on the hot things of love, hit upon Pele as the most striking and appropriate character to serve his purpose and to wear his garment of passionate song and story, or, whether his mind, working more objectively, took Nature's suggestion and came to realize that, in the wild play of the volcanic forces, he had exemplified before him a mighty parable of tempestuous love. Certain it is that the volcano was antecedent to the poet and his musings, and it seems more reasonable to suppose that from it came the first suggestion and that his mind, as by a flash of inspiration, began its subjective work as the result of what he saw going on before his eyes.

The Hawaiian to whose memory was committed the keeping of an old time mele regarded it as a sacred trust, to be transmitted in its integrity; and he was inclined to look upon every different and contradictory version of that mele as, in a sense, an infringement of his preserve, a desecration of that sacred thing which had been entrusted to him. It resulted from this that such a thing as a company of haku-mele (poets or song-makers) conferring together for the purpose of settling upon one authoritative version of a historic mele was an impossibility.

It is a misfortune when the myth-cycle of any people or country is invaded for exploitation by that class of writers whose sole object is to pander, or cater—to use a softer term—to the public

taste for novelty and sensation, before that cycle has been canvassed and reported upon by students who approach it in a truthful yet sympathetic spirit. In other words: plain exposition should come before sensational exploitation. To reverse the order would be as undesirable as to have Munchausen gain the ear of the public before Mungo Park, Livingston, Stanley, Cook, or Vancouver had blazed the way and taken their observations.

Fortunately for Hawaii, the spirit of the times has set its face like a flint against this sort of sensation-mongering, and if a Munchausen were now to claim the public ear he would have the searchlight of scientific investigation turned upon him as pitilessly as it was done in the case of an alleged claim to the discovery of the north pole.

It is a satisfaction to the author, after having accomplished his pioneer work of opening up a new domain, to bid the public enter in and enjoy the delicious lehua parks once claimed by the girl Hiiaka as her own; and he can assure them that there yet remain many coverts that are full of charm which are to this day unravaged by the fires of Pele.

Thanks, many thanks, are due from the author—and from us all—to the men and women of Hawaiian birth whose tenacious memories have served as the custodians of the material herein set forth, but who have ungrudgingly made us welcome to these remainder biscuits of mythological song and story, which, but for them, would have been swallowed up in the grave, unvoiced and unrecorded.

N. B. EMERSON.

INTRODUCTION

ACCORDING to Hawaiian myth, Pele, the volcanic fire-queen and the chief architect of the Hawaiian group, was a foreigner, born in the mystical land of Kuai-he-lani, a land not rooted and anchored to one spot, but that floated free like the Fata Morgana, and that showed itself at times to the eyes of mystics, poets and seers, a garden land, clad with the living glory of trees and habitations—a vision to warm the imagination. The region was known as Kahiki (Kukulu o Kahiki), a name that connotes Java and that is associated with the Asiatic cradle of the Polynesian race.

Pele's mother was Haumea, a name that crops up as an ancestor in the hoary antiquity of the Hawaiian people, and she was reputed to be the daughter of Kane-hoa-lani.

Pele was ambitious from childhood and from the earliest age made it her practice to stick close to her mother's fireplace in company with the fire-keeper Lono-makua, ever watchful of his actions, studious of his methods—an apprenticeship well fitted to serve her in good stead such time as she was to become Hawaii's volcanic fire-queen. This conduct drew upon Pele the suspicion and illwill of her elder sister Na-maka-o-ka-ha'i, a sea-goddess, who, fathoming the latent ambition of Pele, could not fail to perceive that its attainment would result in great commotion and disturbance in their home-land.

Her fears and prognostications proved true. Namaka, returning from one of her expeditions across the sea, found that Pele, taking advantage of her absence, had erupted a fiery deluge and smothered a portion of the home-land with aä.

It would have gone hard with Pele; but mother Haumea bade her take refuge in the fold (*pola*) of Ka-moho-alii's malo. Now this elder brother of Pele was a deity of great power and authority, a terrible character, hedged about with tabus that restricted and made difficult the approach of his enemies. Such a refuge could only be temporary, and safety was to be assured only by Pele's removal from her home in the South land, and that meant flight. It was accomplished in the famed mythical canoe Honua-i-a-kea.

The company was a distinguished one, including such godlike beings as Ka-moho-alii, Kane-apua, Kane-milo-hai and many

other relations of Pele, the youngest, but not the least important, of whom was the girl Hiiaka, destined to be the heroine of the story here unfolded and of whom it was said that she was born into the world as a clot of blood out of the posterior fontanelle (*nunoi*) of her mother Haumea, the other sisters having been delivered through the natural passage.

The sailing course taken by Pele's company brought them to some point northwest of Hawaii, along that line of islets, reefs, and shoals which tail off from Hawaii as does the train of a comet from its nucleus. At Moku-papápa Pele located her brother Kane-milo-hai, as if to hold the place for her or to build it up into fitness for human residence, for it was little more than a reef. Her next stop was at the little rock of Nihoa that lifts its head some eight hundred feet above the ocean. Here she made trial with the divining rod Paoa, but the result being unfavorable, she passed on to the insignificant islet of Lehua which clings like a limpet to the flank of Niihau. In spite of its smallness and unfitness for residence, Pele was moved to crown the rock with a wreath of kau-no'a, while Hiiaka contributed a chaplet of lehua which she took from her own neck, thus christening it for all time. The poet details the itinerary of the voyage in the following graphic lines:

KE KAAO A PELE I HAAWI IA KA-MOHO-ALII I KA
HAALELE ANA IA KAHIKI

Ku makou e hele me ku'u mau poki'i aloha,
Ka aina a makou i ike ole ai malalo aku nei,
A'e makou me ku'u poki'i, kau i ka wa'a;
No'iau ka hoe a Ka-moho-alii;
A'ea'e, kau i ka nalu—
He nalu haki kakala,
He nalu e imi ana i ka aina e hiki aku ai.
O Nihoa ka aina a makou i pae mua aku ai:
Lele a'e nei makou, kau i uka o Nihoa.
O ka hana no a ko'u poki'i, a Kane-apua,
O ka hooili i ka ihu o ka wa'a a nou i ke kai:
Waiho anei o Ka-moho-alii ia Kane-apua i uka o Nihoa.
No'iau ka hoe a Ka-moho-alii
A pae i ka aina i kapa ia o Lehua.

TRANSLATION

PELE'S ACCOUNT TO KAMOHOALII OF THE DEPARTURE
FROM KAHIKI

We stood to sail with my kindred beloved
To an unknown land below the horizon;
We boarded — my kinsmen and I — our craft,
Our pilot well skilled, Ka-moho-alii.
Our craft o'ermounted and mastered the waves;
The sea was rough and choppy, but the waves
Bore us surely on to our destined shore—
The rock Nihoa, the first land we touched;
Gladly we landed and climbed up its cliffs.
Fault of the youngster, Kane-apua,
He loaded the bow till it ducked in the waves;
Ka-moho-alii marooned the lad,
Left the boy on the islet Nihoa
And, pilot well skilled, he sailed away
Till we found the land we christened Lehua.

When they had crowned the desolate rock with song and wreath, Ka-moho-alii would have steered for Niihau, but Pele, in a spasm of tenderness that smiles like an oasis in her life, exclaimed, "How I pity our little brother who journeyed with us till now!" At this Ka-moho-alii turned the prow of the canoe in the direction of Nihoa and they rescued Kane-apua from his seagirt prison. Let the poet tell the story:

Hui (a) iho nei ka wa'a a Ka-moho-alii
E kii ana i ko lakou pokii, ia Kane-apua, i Nihoa.
Pili aku nei ka wa'a o Ka-moho-alii i uka nei o Nihoa,
Kahea aku nei i ko lakou pokii, ia Kane-apua,
E kau aku ma ka pola o ka wa'a.
Hui iho nei ka ihu o ka wa'a o Ka-moho-alii —
He wa'a e holo ana i Niihau,
Kau aku nei o Ka-moho-alii i ka laau, he paoa, (b)

(a) *Hui*, an elided form of *huli*, the *l* being dropped.

(b) *Paoa*. One Hawaiian says this should be *pahoa*. (Paulo Hokii.)

The Paoa mentioned in verse eight was a divining rod used to determine the suitability of any spot for Pele's excavations. The land must be proof against the entrance of sea water. It also served as a spade in excavating for a volcanic crater.

When a suitable place was finally discovered on Hawaii, the Paoa staff was planted in Panaewa and became a living tree, multiplying itself until it was a forest. The writer's informant says that it is a tree known to the present generation of men. "I have seen sticks cut from it," said he, "but not the living tree itself."

E imi ana i ko lakou aina e noho ai, o Kauai:
 Aole na'e i loa'a.
 Kau mai la o Ka-moho-alii i ka laau, he paoa;
 O Ahu (c) ka aina.
 Ia ka ana iho nei o lakou i Alia-pa'akai,
 Aole na'e he aina.

TRANSLATION

Ka-moho-alii turned his canoe
 To rescue lad Kane from Nihoa.
 Anon the craft lies off Nihoa's coast;
 They shout to the lad, to Kane-apua,
 Come aboard, rest with us on the pola. (d)
 Ka-moho-alii turns now his prow,
 He will steer for the fertile Niihau.
 He sets out the wizard staff Paoa,
 To test if Kauai's to be their home;
 But they found it not there.
 Once more the captain sails on with the rod,
 To try if Oahu's the wished for land:
 They thrust in the staff at Salt Lake Crater,
 But that proved not the land of their promise.

Arrived at Oahu, Ka-moho-alii, who still had Pele in his keeping, left the canoe in charge of Holoholo-kai and, with the rest of the party, continued the journey by land. The witchery of the Paoa was appealed to from time to time, as at Alia-pa'akai, Puowaena (Punchbowl Hill), Leahi (Diamond Head), and lastly at Makapu'u Point, but nowhere with a satisfactory response. (The words of Pele in the second verse of the kaa next to be given lead one to infer that she must for a time have entertained the thought that they had found the desired haven at Pele-ula—a small land-division within the limits of the present city of Honolulu.) Let the poet tell the story:

Ke ku nei makou e imi kahi e noho ai
 A loa'a ma Pele-ula:
 O Kapo-ula-kina'u ka wahine;

(c) *O Ahu*. The particle *o* is not yet joined to its substantive, as in Oahu, the form we now have.

(d) *Pola*, the raised platform in the waist of the canoe, a place of honor.

A loa'a i ka lae kapu o Maka-pu'u.
 Ilaila pau ke kuleana;
 Imi ia Kane-hoa-lani,
 A loa'a i ka lae o Maka-hana-loa.—
 He loa ka uka o Puna:
 Elua kua i ke kapa hookahi.
 Akahi au a ike—haupu mau, walohia wale:
 E Kane-hoa-lani, e-e!
 E Kane-hoa-lani, e-e!
 Aloha kua!
 Kau ka hoku hookahi, hele i ke ala loa!
 Aloha kama kuku kapa a ka wahine!
 He wahine lohiau, naná i ka makani;
 He makani lohiau, haupu mai oloko!

TRANSLATION

We went to seek for a biding place,
 And found it, we thought, in Pele-ula—
 Dame Kapo—she of the red-pied robe—
 Found it in the sacred cape, Maka-pu'u;
 The limit that of our journey by land.
 We looked then for Kane-hoa-lani
 And found him at Maka-hana-loa.
 Far away are the uplands of Puna;
 One girdle still serves for you and for me.
 Never till now such yearning, such sadness!
 Where art thou, Kane-hoa-lani?
 O Father Kane, where art thou?
 Hail to thee, O Father, and hail to me!
 When rose the pilot-star we sailed away.
 Hail, girl who beats out tapa for women—
 The home-coming wife who watches the wind,
 The haunting wind that searches the house!

The survey of Oahu completed, and Kamoho-alii having resumed command of the canoe, Pele uttered her farewell and they voyaged on to the cluster of islands of which Maui is the center:

Aloha, Oahu, e-e!
 E huli ana makou i ka aina mamua aku,
 Kahi a makou e noho ai.

TRANSLATION

Farewell to thee, Oahu!
 We press on to lands beyond,
 In search of a homing place.

Repeated trial with the divining rod, Paoa, made on the western part of Maui as well as on the adjoining islands of Molokai and Lanai proving unsatisfactory, Pele moved on to the exploration of the noble form of Hale-a-ka-la that domes East Maui, with fine hope and promise of success. But here again she was dissatisfied with the result. She had not yet delivered herself from the necessity of protection by her kinsman, Ka-moho-alii: "One girdle yet serves for you and for me," was the note that still rang out as a confession of dependence, in her song.

While Pele was engaged in her operations in the crater of Hale-a-ka-la, her inveterate enemy Na-maka-o-ka-ha'i, who had trailed her all the way from Kahiki with the persistency of a sea-wolf, appeared in the offing, accompanied by a sea-dragon named Ha-ui.

The story relates that, as Na-maka-o-ka-ha'i passed the sand-spit of Moku-papāpa, Kane-milo-hai, who, it will be remembered, had been left there in charge as the agent of Pele, hailed her with the question: "Where are you going so fast?"

"To destroy my enemy, to destroy Pele," was her answer.

"Return to Kahiki, lest you yourself be destroyed," was the advice of Kane-milo-hai.

Pele, accepting the gage thrown down by Na-maka-o-kaha'i, with the reluctant consent of her guardian Ka-moho-alii, went into battle single-handed. The contest was terrific. The sea-monster, aided by her dragon consort, was seemingly victorious. Dismembered parts of Pele's body were cast up at Kahiki-nui, where they are still pointed out as the bones of Pele (*na iwi o Pele*.) (She was only bruised). Ka-moho-alii was dismayed thinking Pele to have been destroyed;—but, looking across the Ale-nui-haha channel, he saw the spirit-form of Pele flaming in the heavens above the summits of Mauna-loa and Mauna-kea. As for Na-maka-o-ka-ha'i, she retired from the battle exultant, thinking that her enemy Pele was done for: but when she reported her victory to Kane-milo-hai, that friend of Pele pointed to the spirit body of Pele glowing in the heavens as proof that she was mistaken. Namaka was enraged at the sight and would

have turned back to renew the conflict, but Kane-milo-hai dissuaded her from this foolhardy undertaking, saying, "She is invincible; she has become a spirit."

The search for a home-site still went on. Even Hale-a-ka-la was not found to be acceptable to Pele's fastidious taste. According to one account it proved to be so large that Pele found herself unable to keep it warm. Pele, a goddess now, accordingly bade adieu to Maui and its clustering isles and moved on to Hawaii.

HE KAAO NA PELE, I HAALELE AI IA MAUI

Aloha o Maui, aloha, e!
 Aloha o Moloka'i, aloha, e!
 Aloha o Lana'i, aloha, e!
 Aloha o Kaho'olawe, aloha, e!
 Ku makou e hele, e!
 O Hawaii ka ka aina
 A makou e noho ai a mau loa aku;
 Ke ala ho'i a makou i hiki mai ai,
 He ala paoa ole ko Ka-moho-alii,
 Ko Pele, ko Kane-milo-hai, ko Kane-apua,
 Ko Hiiaka—ka no'iau—i ka poli o Pele,
 I hiki mai ai.

TRANSLATION

PELE'S FAREWELL TO MAUI

Farewell to thee, Maui, farewell!
 Farewell to thee, Moloka'i, farewell!
 Farewell to thee, Lana'i, farewell!
 Farewell to thee, Kaho'olawe, farewell!
 We stand all girded for travel:
 Hawaii, it seems, is the land
 On which we shall dwell evermore.
 The route by which we came hither
 Touched lands not the choice of Paoa;—
 'Twas the route of Ka-moho-alii,
 Of Pele and Kane-milo-hai,
 Route traveled by Kane-apua, and by
 Hiiaka, the wise, the darling of Pele.

Pele and her company landed on Hawaii at Pua-kó, a desolate

spot between Kawaihae and Kailua. Thence they journeyed inland until they came to a place which they named Moku-aweo-weo—not the site of the present crater of that name, but—situated where yawns the vast caldera of Kilauea. It was at the suggestion of Ku-moku-halii and Keawe-nui-kau of Hilo that the name was conferred. They also gave the name Mauna-loa to the mountain mass that faced them on the west, “because,” said they, “our journey was long.”

Night fell and they slept. In the morning, when the elepaio uttered its note, they rose and used the Paoa staff. The omens were favorable, and Pele decided that this was the place for her to establish a permanent home.

The people immediately began to set out many plants valuable for food; among them a variety of kalo called aweü, well suited for upland growth; the ulu (*bread-fruit*); the maiä (banana); the pala-á (an edible fern); the awa (*Piper methysticum*) and other useful plants.

The land on the Hilo side of Kilauea, being in the rain belt, is fertile and well fitted for tillage. The statement, however, that Kilauea, or its vicinity, became the place of settlement for any considerable number of people cannot be taken literally. The climatic conditions about Kilauea are too harsh and untropical to allow either the people or the food plants of Polynesia to feel at home in it. The probability is that instead of being gathered about Kilauea, they made their homes in the fat lands of lower Puna or Hilo.

Pele, on her human side at least, was dependent for support and physical comfort upon the fruits of the earth and the climatic conditions that made up her environment. Yet with all this, in the narrative that follows her relations to humanity are of that exceptional character that straddle, as it were, that border line which separates the human from the superhuman, but for the most part occupy the region to the other side of that line, the region into which if men and women of this work-a-day world pass they find themselves uncertain whether the beings with whom they converse are bodied like themselves or made up of some insubstantial essence and liable to dissolve and vanish at the touch.

CHAPTER I

PELE IN THE BOSOM OF HER FAMILY

Once, when Pele was living in the pit of Kilauea, she roused up from her couch on the rough hearth-plate and said to her sisters, “Let us make an excursion to the ocean and enjoy ourselves, open the opihi shells and sea-urchins, hunt for small squid and gather sea-moss.”

“To this all joyfully assented, saying, “Yes, let us go.”

The sisters formed quite a procession as they tramped the narrow downhill path until they came to the hill Pu’u-Pahoehoe—a place in the lower lands of Puna. Pele herself did not visibly accompany them on this journey; that was not according to her custom: she had other ways and means of travel than to plod along a dusty road. When, however, the party arrived at the rendezvous, there, sure enough, they found Pele awaiting them, ready for the business in hand.

In the midst of their pleasurings Pele caught sight of Hopoe and Haena as they were indulging in an *al fresco* dance and having a good time by the Puna sea. She was greatly pleased and, turning to her sisters, said, “Come, haven’t you also got some dance that you can show off in return for this entertainment by Hopoe and her companion?”

They all hung their heads and said, “We have no hula.”

Hiiaka, the youngest, had stayed behind to gather lehua flowers, and when she came along laden with wreaths, Pele said to her, jestingly, “I’ve just been proposing to your sisters here to dance a hula in response to that of Hopoe and her fellow, but they decline, saying they have not the art. I suppose it’s of no use to ask you, you are so small; but, perhaps, you’ve got a bit of a song.”

“Yes, I have a song,” Hiiaka answered, to the surprise of all.

“Let us have it, then; go on!” said Pele.

Then the little girl, having first decorated all of her sisters with the wreaths, beginning with Pele, sang as follows:

Ke ha’a la Puna i ka makani;
Ha’a ka ulu hala i Keaau;
Ha’a Haena me Hopoe;
Ha’a ka wahine,
Ami i kai o Nana-huki, la—
Hula le’a wale,
I kai o Nana-huki, e-e!

TRANSLATION

Puna's a-dance in the breeze,
 The hala groves of Keaau shaken:
 Haena and Hopoe are swaying;
 The thighs of the dancing nymph
 Quiver and sway, down at Nana-huki—
 A dance most sightly and pleasing,
 Down by the sea Nana-huki.

Pele was delighted. "Is that all you have?" she asked.

"I have somthing more," said the girl.

"Let us hear it then."

Hiiaka put even more spirit into the song as she complied:

O Puna kai kuwá i ka hala;
 Pae ka leo o ke kai;
 Ke lu, la, i na pua lehua.
 Nana i kai o Hopoe,
 Ka wahine ami i kai
 O Nana-huki, la;
 Hula le'a wale,
 I kai o Nana-huki, e-e.

TRANSLATION

The voice of Puna's sea resounds
 Through the echoing hala groves;
 The lehua trees cast their bloom.
 Look at the dancing girl Hopoe;
 Her graceful hips swing to and fro,
 A-dance on the beach Nana-huki:
 A dance that is full of delight,
 Down by the sea Nana-huki.

At the conclusion of this innocent performance—the earliest mention of the hula that has reached us—Hiiaka went to stay with her friend Hopoe, a person whose charm of character had fascinated the imagination of the susceptible girl and who had already become her dearest intimate, her inspiring mentor in those sister arts, song, poesy and the dance.

Pele herself remained with her sister Hiiaka-i-ka-pua-enaena (Hiiaka-of-the-fire-bloom), and presently she lay down to sleep

in a cave on a smooth plate of pahoehoe. Before she slept she gave her sister this command: "Listen to me. I am lying down to sleep; when the others return from fishing, eat of the fish, but don't dare to wake me. Let me sleep on until I wake of myself. If one of you wakes me it will be the death of you all. If you must needs wake me, however, call my little sister and let her be the one to rouse me; or, if not her, let it be my brother Ke-o-wahi-maka-o-ka-ua—one of these two."

When Ke-o-wahi-maka-o-ka-ua, who was so closely related to Pele that she called him brother, had received this command and had seen her lapse into profound sleep he went and reported the matter to Hiiaka, retailing all that Pele had said. "Strange that this havoc-producer should sleep in this way, and no bed-fellow!" said Hiiaka to herself. "Here are all the other Hiiakas, all of equal rank and merit! Perhaps it was because my dancing pleased her that she wishes me to be the one to rouse her."

The cavern in the hill Pahoehoe in which Pele lay and slept, wrapped in her robe (*kapa-ahu*), remains to this day.

In her sleep Pele heard the far-off beating of hula drums, and her spirit-body pursued the sound. At first it seemed to come from some point far out to sea; but as she followed, it shifted, moving to the north, till it seemed to be off the beach of Waiakea, in Hilo; thence it moved till it was opposite Lau-pahoehoe. Still evading her pursuit, the sound retreated till it came from the boisterous ocean that beats against the shaggy cliffs of Hamakua. Still going north, it seemed presently to have reached the mid channel of Ale-nui-haha that tosses between Hawaii and Maui.

"If you are from my far-off home-land Kahiki, I will follow you thither, but I will come up with you," said Pele.

To her detective ear, as she flitted across the heaving waters of Ale-nui-haha, the pulsing of the drums now located itself at the famous hill Kauwiki, in Hana; but, on reaching that place, the music had passed on to the west and sounded from the cliffs of Ka-haku-loa.

The fugitive music led her next across another channel, until in her flight she had traversed the length of Moloka'i and had come to the western point of that island, Lae-o-ka-laau. Thence she flew to cape Maka-pu'u, on Oahu, and so on, until, after crossing that island, she reached cape Kaena, whose finger-point reaches out towards Kaua'i. In that desolate spot dwelt an aged creature of myth, Pohaku-o-Kaua'i by name, the personal representative of that rock whose body-form the hero Mawi

had jerked from its ocean bed ages before, in his futile attempt to draw together the two islands Kaua'i and Oahu and unite them into one mass.

Pele, arguing from her exasperation, said, "It must be my old grandfather Pohaku-o-Kaua'i who is playing this trick with the music. If it's he that's leading me this chase, I'll kill him."

The old fellow saw her approach and, hailing her from a distance, greeted her most heartily. Her answer was in a surly mood: "Come here! I'm going to kill you to-day. So it's you that's been fooling me with deceitful music, leading me a wearisome chase."

"Not I, I've not done this. There they are, out to sea; you can hear for yourself." And, sure enough, on listening, one could hear the throbbing of the music in the offing.

Pele acknowledged her mistake and continued her pursuit, with the parting assurance to the old soul that if he *had* been the guilty one, it would have been his last day of life.

The real authors of this illusive musical performance were two little creatures named Kani-ka-wí and Kani-ka-wá, the former a sprite that was embodied in the nose-flute, the latter in the hokeo, a kind of whistle, both of them used as accompaniments to the hula. Their sly purpose was to lure Pele to a place where the hula was being performed.

Pele now plunged into the water—from this point at least she swam—and, guided by the call of the music, directed her course to the little village of Haena that perched like a gull on the cape of the same name, at the northernmost point of the island of Kaua'i. It was but a few steps to the hall of the hula—the *halau*—where throbbed the hula drums and where was a concourse of people gathered from the whole island.

CHAPTER II

PELE MEETS AND FASCINATES LOHIAU

As Pele drew near to the rustic hall where the hula was in full blast, the people in the outskirts of the assembly turned to look in wonder and admiration at the beauty and charm of the stranger who had appeared so unexpectedly and whose person exhaled such a fragrance, as if she had been clad with sweet-scented garlands of maile, lehua and hala. One and all declared her to be the most beautiful woman they had ever looked upon. Where was she from? Surely not from Kaua'i. Such loveliness could not have remained hidden in any nook or corner of the island, they declared.

Instinctively the wondering multitude parted and offered a lane for her to pass through and enter the halau, thus granting to Pele a full view of the musicians and performers of the hula, and, sitting in their midst, Lohiau,—as yet seemingly unconscious of her presence,—on his either hand a fellow drummer; while, flanking these to right and left, sat players with a joint of bamboo in either hand (the kaekeke). But drummer and kaekeke-player, musicians and actors—aye, the whole audience—became petrified and silent at the sight of Pele, as she advanced step by step, her eyes fixed on Lohiau.

Then, with intensified look, as if summoning to her aid the godlike gifts that were hers as the mistress of Kilauea, she reached out her hand and, in a clear tone, with a mastery that held the listeners spell-bound, she chanted:

Lu'ulu'u Hanalei i ka ua nui,
 Kaumaha i ka noe o Alaka'i,
 I ka hele ua o Manu'a-kepa;
 Uoi ku i ka loa o Ko'i-alana,
 I ka alaka'i 'a a ka malihini, e!
 Mai hina, mai hina au,
 Mai palaha ia o-e.
 Imi wale ana au o kahi o ke ola,
 O ke ola nei, e-e!

TRANSLATION

Tight-pressed is Hanalei's throng,
 A tree bent down by heavy rain,

O Ku-kuena, 'tis for you to dwell
 In the flaming Eastern Gate of the Sun.
 The plateau of Uwé-kahuna
 Breathes the reek of burning woods;
 There's pelting of heads with falling stones
 And loud the clang of the smitten plain,
 Confused with the groan of the earthquake.
 Yet this cools not the rock-eater's rage:
 The Goddess grinds her teeth in the Pit.
 Lo, tilted rock-plates melt like snow —
 Black faces that shine like a mirror —
 Sharp edges that bite the foot of a man,
 The traveler's dread in the glare of the sun.^(t)
 The fire-flood swells in the upland —
 A robber-flood — it dries up the streams.
 Here's cliff for god's jumping, when wild their sport;
 Deep the basin below, and boiling hot.
 The Goddess gnashes her teeth and the reek
 Of her breath flies to the farthest shore.
 Thine was the fault, O Goddess, thine, a
 Jealous passion at all times and places —
 The snap and spring of a surly dog.
 Let your gnashing range to its limit,
 Till it reaches the fringe of your skirt,
 Your hot paü at Wai-welawela.
 Trample down, O Ku, these ominous clouds;
 Let them sag and fall at Ulu-nui.
 They flatten, they break; look, they spread.
 White loom, now, the clouds of Ulu-lani;
 Fierce blazes the Sun, and Thunder
 Unrolls his black curtains on high.
 Then bellows his voice from the cloud —
 The ominous cloud that swallows the trees.
 From the crest of Moku-aweö
 Pele pours out her body, her self —
 A turmoil of rain and of sea-fowl.
 Now boils the lake of the Goddess:
 In Ka-ú an oasis-park remains;
 Her smoke covers Puna with night.
 What a robbery this, to crush the flowers!

(t) *O ka la ko luna. O ka pahoehoe ko lalo.* The sun overhead. The lava below.

My bodily self, my lehuas, gone!
 My precious lehuas, clean down to Puna!
 And Puna — the land is trenched and seared!
 The smoke that o'erhangs it, that I can see.
 High surf in the Pit, turmoiling the sky —
 The god who ate Puna's Lehuas,
 She 'twas laid waste green-robed Hawaii.
 The heavens — let them rend, Hiiaka!
 Plunge you in the wild tossing sea;
 And you, who delight in the calm sea;
 Hiiaka, thou thatcher of towns,
 Hiiaka, soul of the flame-bud;
 Hiiaka, emblemed in ti-bud;
 Hiiaka, who dwells on the headland;
 Hiiaka, who parts heaven's curtains;
 Hiiaka — of Pele's own heart!
 These tears well from eyes hot with weeping,
 The eyes of this scion, this herald:
 I proclaim that he's outcast and exiled.
 'Tis I, Paoä announce this:
 He speaks what is meet for your ear!

CHAPTER XXXVII

PAOA COMES BEFORE PELE

The eminence of Akani-kolea stood near at hand and offered Paoa a vantage ground for better contemplation of the mysterious earth-pit, and when the first tide of emotion had swept by thither he repaired. Looking down into the desolate abyss, his gaze centered on a group of human figures, beautiful women, seated on the vast plates of pahoehoe that made the floor of the caldera. He saw but four of them, Pele herself not being visible. He had no clue as to their identity and was only impressed as by the sight of beautiful women who were to him as goddesses. The grandeur and strangeness of the scene moved him to song:

Hulihia ka Mauna,
 Wela i ke ahi a ka Wahine;
 Wela na ohia o Kulili i ka ua;
 Wela, a nopu ke ahi o ka Lua.

Ai kamumu, nakeke ka pahoehoe;
 Wela, a iluna o Hale-ma'uma'u;
 Malu ka pali o Ka-au-eä.
 Auwe, e Hiiaka-i-ka-poli-o-Pele, e,
 E ola, e, e ola Lohiau-ipo,
 I ka pali o Keé, i Haena, e!

TRANSLATION

Destruction and turmoil in the Pit:
 The fires of the Woman have done it —
 Consuming the forests of Ku-lili —
 Fires that boil from the depths of the Pit,
 Shaking the stone-plates till they rattle.
 It's furnace-hot in that House-of-fern,
 But there's shelter at Ka-au-eä.
 Oh Hiiaka of Pele's heart,
 Life to thee, and life to dear Lohiau —
 Soul plucked by thee from death at Keé,
 Death in the cliff Keé, at Haena.

Pele, in the retirement of her gloomy cavern, was quite out of the range of Paoa's eye-shot, but his voice rang in her ears distinctly. "What a handsome man is that standing on the edge of the cliff at Akani-kolea!" exclaimed Pele's women, unable to repress their admiration.

"Call to him and invite him to come down here where we can talk together," said Pele. "Way up there on the pali wall — that's no place for us to talk and become acquainted with each other. Tell him to come down here and we'll discuss matters great and small, look upon the large stem and the small stem; see one another face to face; learn each other's heart's desire."^(a)

For all her fine words, Pele did not at once come forward and meet her visitor face to face. She lay unrecognized in her stygian boudoir, to all appearance a withered hag.

Paoa, well versed in the wiles of Woman, adept in the logomachies and etiquettes of court-life, was quite put to his trumps and found it necessary to summon all his diplomacy and exer-

(a) Aohe o kahi nana oluna o ka pali. Iho mai a lalo nei; ike i ke au nui me ke au iki, he alo a he alo; nana i ka makemake. The exact meaning of *ke au iki* and *ke au nui* is not clear.

cise all his power of self-command in dealing with the shrewd and attractive women that surrounded him. It was evident to the watchful eye of our heroine — Hiiaka — that he was dangerously attracted by the voluptuous beauty of her sister, Hiiaka-of-the-waves. In the persistent silence of Pele, upon her fell the leading part of the conversation with Paoa:

"What might be the purpose of your pilgrimage?" she asked.

"I come in answer to the call of my friend, Lohiau."

"But Lohiau is dead," chorused the women.

"Yes, dead! And what was the cause of his death?"

"He kissed Hiiaka," the woman answered.

"Ah! but who killed him?"

"Pele." Her voice sank to a whisper, and the name she uttered was to be made out, or guessed at, rather by a study of the protruding lips and the sympathetic arching of the brow than by any sound emitted. Her eyes also made a half-turn in the direction of Pele's cave.

"He came to Hawaii in the expectation that Pele would be his life." Paoa spoke with thoughtful deliberation. "How came it about that she should cause his death?" . . . After a moment's pause, he continued: "He tasted death once at Haena and, now, again, here, on this barren . . . a second death, and through the wrath of Pele!"

Pele roused herself at this and spoke up: "What is that you say? that Lohiau died at Haena?"

"Yes, he tasted of death there," Paoa answered firmly.

"How, then, did he become alive again?" asked Pele sharply.

"Hiiaka, she treated him, and by her gracious skill and power brought his soul and body together again. That done, they sailed away for Hawaii."

The eyes of Pele were literally, as well as metaphorically, opened. She turned herself about and, in a lowered voice, with a show of astonishment, for the first time, addressed Hiiaka: "Is this true, that you worked over Lohiau and restored him to life?"

"It is true, and it is also true that, not until you had put to death Hopoe, did I bestow any dalliance or caress of love upon Lohiau."

Hiiaka's expression as she faced Pele was such as might have sat upon the countenance of a judge passing sentence on a confessed criminal at the bar.

Pele sat impenetrable, sphinxlike, deep in her own labyrinthine

philosophy of the obligations due to a social autocrat and a goddess.

Paoa broke the silence: "Shall not Lohiau, then, live again?"

"Go back to Haena," said Pele, "and when you hear that Lohiau lives again, then will be the time for you to come and take him home."

"That would be well, then," said Paoa.

A spell of confusion, of enchantment, seemed now to fall upon the man whilom so boastful. "But where is Pele?" he asked, looking from face to face.

"That is Pele," said the goddess, pointing to her sister Wave (Hiiaka-i-ka-ale-i).

"I have a sign by which I may know Pele; let me apply the test to these women," said Paoa.

The company could but agree to this; whereupon, beginning with Wave, he took each one of them in turn by the hand, carrying it to his cheek, the better to test its warmth, holding the hollow to his ear to catch any murmur that might reverberate from it. Each hand he found to be only of natural heat. Turning, then, to Pele herself, he proposed to inspect her hand. At this the goddess drew back.

"If none of these beautiful women is Pele, how can you think that a wrinkled old woman like me is the divine and beautiful Pele?"

Paoa insisted and Pele had to consent. He reached out and took her hand and, on the instant, dropped it; it was burning hot.

"This is Pele!" he exclaimed.

Paoa stood in awed silence before the goddess. Resentment and thoughts of revenge, like evil birds, had taken flight.

At Pele's command, the women led him away to take refreshment in the sacred dining hall of Maui-ola. Before seating himself, Paoa uttered this memorable pule, a mele that has drifted down to us from the *wa po*

Hulihia ke au, ka papa honua o kona moku;
Hulihia, kulia mai ka moku o Kahiki—
Aina no Kahiki i ka la kahi,
Aina ho'owali'a e Haumea:
Ho-omoe aku la Kahiki-ku,
Kulapa mai ka ulu wela, o mai ke ahi.

Keehi aku la no e nalo(a) kapua'i, e—
Kapua'i akua no Pele.
Ke ke'ekeehi wale la no i ka lani;
Haule, u'ina i Polapola;
Noho i ka lau ha'a o ka moku.
Hina Kukulu o Kahiki;
Hina ka omuku i ka makani;
Hina ka pae opua ki'i ke ao;
Hina ka onohi ula(b) i ka lani;
Kanewenewe opua i ke kai.
Eā mai ana ma Nihoa,
Ma ka mole mai o Lehua,
Mai Kaua'i nui a Oahu, a Moloka'i,
Lana'i a Kanaloa, mai Maui a Hawaii,
Ka Wahine—o Pele—i hi'a i kana ahi
A á pulupulu, kukuni, wela ka lani:
He uwila ku'i no ka honua;
Hekili pa'apa'ina i ke ao;
Pohaku puoho, lele iluna;
Opa'ipa'i wale ka Mauna;
Pipili ka lani, pa'a iā moku.
Nalo Hawaii i ka uahi a ka Wahine,
I ka lili a ke Akua.
Oliliku ka ua mai ka lani;
Lili ana ho'i i kana ahi;
Lili ana ho'i Pele
Hama-hamau ka leo, mai pane!
Eia Pele, ko'u Akua!
Ke lauwili nei ka makani;
Hoanoano mai ana na eho lapa uwila;
Hekili wawahi ka lani;
Ku loloku ka ua i uka;
Ku'i ka hekili, nei ke ola'i;
Lele kapu i kai.(x)
Hiki lele ai i lalo o Kane-lu-honua.
O Kane-pua-hiöhiö, wili,—
Wili ia i uka, wili ia i kai;

(a) *Keehi . . . e nalo kapua'i.* I am informed that Hawaiians, in order to conceal their goings, would erase their footprints by blurring them with their feet.

(b) *Onohi ula i ka lani,* a fragment of a rainbow.

(x) *Lele kapu i kai.* This may be put,—the old order has passed.

Wili ia i luna, wili ia i lalo;
 Wili ia i ka uā,
 I ka hoōle akua, hoōle mana —(c)
 Ka ho'o-malau,(d) e, ka ho'o-maloka;(e)
 Ke A-papa-nu'u,(f) ke A-papa-lani.(g)
 O Mano-ka-lani-po,(h) o ke aka lei-hulu —
 Hulu o manu kiū, o manu ahiahi;
 O manu aha'i lono:—
 Ha'ina a'e ana ka mana o ko'u Akua
 Iwaho nei la, e; ha'ina ho'i!
 Kukulu ka pahu kapu a ka leo:(i)
 He ala(j) hele, he ala muku,
 No Kane, laua o Kanaloa;

(c) *Hoole akua, hoole mana.* (To deny God, to deny supernatural power). It thus appears that the old Hawaiians were not unacquainted with those phases of skepticism that have flourished in all philosophic times.

(d) *Ho'o-malau*, to treat one's religious duties, or solemn things, with scorn.

(e) *Ho'o-maloka*, to be neglectful of one's religious duties, or of solemn things. In old times, how often did the writer hear the term *ho'o-maloka* applied as a stigma to those who persistently neglected and showed indifference to the services and ordinances of the church.

(f) *Apapa-nu'u*, the under-world and its spiritual powers.

(g) *Apapa-lani*, the heavens and their spiritual powers.

(h) *Mano-ka-lani-po*. This distinguished name was borne by that one of Kaua'i's kings who preceded its last independent monarch, Ka-umu-ali'i, by fourteen generations, which would bring his reign in the first half of the fifteenth century. He has the honor, unique among Hawaiian kings, of having his name affixed as a sobriquet to the island that was his kingdom. Whether the use of his name in this connection, apparently as a god, is to be regarded as antedating its occurrence in the Ulu genealogy (given by Fornander. See *The Polynesian Race*; vol. I, p. 195.), or whether, on the other hand, it is to be considered as an apotheosis of a name justly held in veneration, we cannot decide.

(i) *Pahu-kapu a ka leo*. The best-informed and most thoughtful among the Hawaiian authorities have poorly defined and contradictory notions as to the meaning of this term. Its literal meaning may be given as sacred (or tabu) pillar. Mr. Tregear, in his incomparable *Maori Comparative Dictionary*, gives one meaning of the word to be sanctuary. One thoughtful Hawaiian defines it as a pillar, such as Pele set up, due regard for which demanded silence. Another, equally well informed, defines it as an edict, or canon. To the writer it seems more logical and safer to adopt the material view regarding this phrase.

(j) *Ala hele . . . ala muku*, (literally, a short path or road). This *ala hele . . . ala muku* was probably the rainbow. It is said in Hawaiian story that when Hiiaka came down from the cave where she found the body of Lohiau she used a rainbow as her way of descent. In an old mele occurs this line: *O ke anuenuē ke ala o Kaha'i*. The rainbow was the path of Kaha'i.

He ki(k) ho'iho'i kanawai;
 He kai(l) oki'a kanawai;
 He kua(m) a kanawai—
 No Pele, no ko'u Akua, la!

TRANSLATION

There's turmoil and heaving of strata
 In the land She claimed for her own.
 Kahiki was land at the dawn of time,
 A land by Haumea mixed and tempered;
 Then She spread out Kahiki-ku;
 She kindled her fires; the flames leapt high.
 The Goddess covers her footprints—
 The foot-marks of Goddess Pele—
 She treads the path of the heavens;
 Swoops down and lands at Polapola.
 She dwells in the level island plain.
 Down fall the pillars of Kakihi;
 The wind topples over the ruins;
 Down tumble the sun-kissing clouds;
 Down sinks the blood-red eye of Heaven
 And big-bellied clouds that loom at sea.
 Pele heaves in sight at Nihoa—
 That limpet stuck to Lehua's base.
 From famed Kaua'i to Oahu;
 Thence on to Mother Hina's isle;
 To Lana'i of Kanaloa;
 To Maui and, last, to Hawaii:
 This the route of the Woman—Pele.
 Then she rubs her fire-sticks to a blaze:
 Up flames her touchwood, kindling the heavens.

(k) *Ki ho'iho'i*. Hawaiian authorities differ as to the meaning of this phrase. After much cogitation and search, I concluded that the word *ki* has the same root-meaning as *i*, to utter. (I find myself supported in such an interpretation by no less an authority than Edward Tregear. *Maori Comparative Dictionary*.)

..(l) *Kai oki'a*. Hawaiian authorities are quite at sea as to the meaning of these words. I think it means that the ocean is a gulf that swallows up and destroys. A very stringent tabu, says one, that regulated the diet, cutting off bananas and the like.

(m) *Kua a*. Pele is said to have had a back that was so hot that any fabric laid upon it was reduced to ashes. It was also said to be tabu for any one to approach Pele from behind.

Earth sees the flash of lightning, hears the boom
 Of thunder echoed by mountain walls —
 Rocks flung in space bombard the day,
 Shaking the mountain to its base.
 The firmament sags, clings to the earth;
 Hawaii is lost in Her smoke,
 At the passion-heat of the Goddess.
 Down clatters the rain from the sky —
 A damper this to the Goddess' fires;
 It rouses the wrath of Pele.
 Keep silence! retort not! never a word!
 'Tis the voice of Pele; she's my God.
 The wind veers; there's far-off corruscation;
 The thunder wrenches heaven's gates;
 A sobbing of rain in the mountains,
 The crash of thunder and earthquake:
 Old tabus take flight to the ocean.
 Now starts up the Earth-shaker Kane,
 And Kane, the whirl-wind-breeder —
 A tempest-whirl, o'er mountain and sea;
 A tempest-whirl, in heaven and on earth;
 A tempest-whirl, sodden with rain,
 The atheist and the skeptic,
 The scorner and unbeliever —
 Powers of the under-world and the air. —
 The hero Mano-ka-lani-pó,
 His emblem a feathery wreath —
 Plume from the bird that spies and tattles,
 From the bird that makes proclamation,
 Declaring the might, the power, of my God;
 Out here, in the open, declare it.
 Proclaim the edict of silence —
 A short way, a true way, this way
 Of Kane, of Kanaloa —
 Compact this and bind in one bundle;
 Let Ocean then swallow the rest.
 A jealous flame is Pele's back:
 That is the law of Pele, of my God!

This *pule*, which I have heard spoken of as *ka pule kanawai* — from the use of the word *kanawai* in the last part of the mele, dates back, it is said, to the time of Paoa, the priest and chief who

came to Hawaii from Samoa in the remote ages. Paoa's argument — if he can be said to have had any — seems to be that Pele should cast away, throw into the ocean, the lumber of old laws and tabus and start afresh.

Before leaving the subject — the consideration of the mele — I must mention, apropos of the expression *pahu kapu a ka leo*, in verse 54, an incident related to me by a Hawaiian friend (J. M. P.). He says that when he was a boy, his mother, when a thunder-storm arose, would often say to him, "keep silence! that's Kane-hekili." In Kahuku, island of Oahu, at a place not far from the sugar-mill, is a cave, known as *Keama*. In former times this cave was the home where lived a mother and her two sons. One day, having occasion to journey to a distance, she left them with this injunction, "If during my absence you hear the sound of thunder, keep still, make no disturbance, don't utter a word. If you do it will be your death." During her absence, there sprang up a violent storm of thunder and lightning, and the young lads made an outcry of alarm. Thereupon a thunderbolt struck them dead, turning their bodies into stone. Two pillar-shaped stones standing at the mouth of the cave are to this day pointed out in confirmation of the truth of the legend.

As Paoa concluded his prayer-song the eyes of the whole company were turned upon him, and on the lips of them all was the question, "Was she then your God?"

"She is my God," he answered, "and my ancestors from the earliest times have worshipped her." . . . Then, turning his eyes about him, as if to survey the land, he continued, "If this were my land, as is Kaua'i, there would be no lack of good and wholesome food-provision, and that of all kinds. Things are different here . . . I am a stranger in this land."

On hearing these words, which had in them the sting of truth, for poison had been mixed with some of the food, the women stealthily hid away certain dishes and substituted for them others.

At the conclusion of the repast the women who had been in attendance brought him a girdle delicately embroidered with fibers from the coconut that he might be suitably appareled for his interview with the woman Pele. "You will find," they said, "that Pele is in reality a woman of wonderful beauty. . . . In order to win her, however, you will need to use all your arts of fascination . . . and your caution as well. Make hot love

to her, but, look out! don't let your fancy lead you to smile upon any other beauty."

Pele at first kept Paoa at a distance and, with deep subtlety, said to him, "Here are beautiful women — women more beautiful than I — take one of them."

Paoa, well schooled in courtly etiquette and logomachy, was not tripped up by any such snare as Pele laid for him. He stood his ground and faced the god as an equal.

As Pele contemplated Paoa it dawned upon her that here stood a man, a being of gracious power, one who combined in himself qualities — attractions — she had never before seen materially embodied in the human form. The woman in Pele laid aside the god — the akua — and came to the front. All thought of bantering talk and word-play slunk away: her whole being was sobered and lifted up. The change in her outward, physical appearance kept pace with the inward: the rough armor that had beset her like the prongs of horned coral, both without and within, melted and dropped away; the haglike wrinkles ceased to furrow her profile. Her whole physical being took on the type of womanly perfection.

And what of Paoa, the man who had come with heart full of bitterness, determined on revenge? He was conquered, overwhelmed.

Their meeting was that of lovers, who stood abashed in each other's presence. Pele's beauty and charm were like that of a young bride coming to the nuptial couch. . . .

The dalliance and love-making of Pele and Paoa was a honeymoon that continued for three days and three nights. By virtue of this mysterious union with the goddess, Paoa acquitted himself of a ceremonial duty, as it were, and thus gained Pele's dispensation from further obligations to her bed and the liberty of exercising free choice among all the beautiful women that thronged Pele's court. It was there he made his abode until the time for his return to his own Kaua'i.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

HIIAKA AND LOHIAU . . . A REUNION

Hiiaka's sense of outrage touched every fiber of her being and stirred such indignation against her sister that she could not again take her former place as a member of Pele's court. Hawaii was the largest island of the group, but it was not large enough to hold herself and Pele. Of all the islands Kaua'i was the one most remote from the scene of her troubles; it was also the land which Lohiau had claimed as his own — and his was a name that called up only the most tender emotions. To Kaua'i would she go.

The company of those who shared her feelings and whose personal attachment to her was sufficient to lead them with herself in a venture of new fortunes was not large. It included, of course, her two staunch attendants, Pau-o-pala'e and Wahinoma'o and, strangely enough, a considerable quota of the sisters who shared with her the name Hiiaka (qualified though it was in each case by some additional distinguishing epithet). Towards Kaua'i, then, did they set their faces or, more literally, turn the prow of their canoe.

Many unforeseen things, however, were to happen before the God of Destiny would permit her to gain her destination. Other strands stood ready to be interwoven with the purposeful threads Hiiaka was braiding into her life.

In the ancient regime of Hawaii, the halau, as the home and school of the hula, stood for very much and for many things. It served, after a fashion, as a social exchange or clearing house for the whole nation; the resort of every wandering minstrel, bohemian soul or *beau esprit* whose oestrus kept him in travel; the rallying point of souls dislocated from an old and not yet accommodated to a new environment; a place where the anxious and discouraged, despairing of a new outlook, or seeking balm for bruised hearts, might quaff healing nepenthe.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that Hiiaka, not yet healed of her bruises, on reaching Oahu and finding herself in the peaceful haven of Kou, should turn her steps to the home of that hospitable siren and patroness of the hula Pele-ula, as to a sanitarium or hospital whose resources would avail for the assuagement of her troubles. It was almost an article of Pele-ula's creed that in the pleasures and distractions of the hula was

to be found a panacea for all the wounds of the spirit; and Pele-ula, as if taking her cue from the lady of the Venusberg, offered her consolations generously to every comfort-needing soul that fared her way.

Hiiaka stepped into the life at Pele-ula's court as if she had been absent from it for only a day. Madame Pele-ula, good sport that she was, bore no grudge against the woman who had outplayed her at every turn, and would do it again. She received Hiiaka with open arms. As to entertainment, the play was the thing thing and that, fortunately, was already appointed for the same evening. It was the same old performance, the hula kilu, with but slight change in the actors and with full opportunity for Hiiaka to display her marvelous skill in hurling the kilu.

It was Hiiaka's play and she, following the custom of the game, was caroling—in sober strain—a song of her own; when, to her astonishment, a voice from the crowd struck in and carried the song to completion in the very words that would have been her's. Hiiaka stood and listened. The voice had a familiar ring; the song was not yet in the possession of the public, being known only to a few of her own household, among whom was to be reckoned Lohiau. There was no avoiding the conclusion: it was Lohiau.

It remains to tell the miracle of Lohiau's reappearance among men in living form and at this time. While the body of Lohiau lay entombed in its stony shroud, his restless spirit fluttered away and sought consolation in the companionship of the song-birds that ranged the forests of Hawaii.

When the magician La'a, who lived in Kahiki, contemplated the degraded condition of Lohiau, alienated from all the springs of human affection, living as a wild thing in the desert, he determined on his rescue and despatched Kolea (plover), one of his ancestral kupuas, to fetch him. The mission of Kolea was not a success. The voice, the manner, the arguments of the bird made no appeal to Lohiau; they were, in fact, distasteful to him and rather increased his devotion to his other bird-friends.

"Well, Kolea, what sort of a place is Kahiki?" asked Lohiau.

"A most charming place," he answered, nodding his head and uttering his call, "Ko-lé-a, Ko-lé-a."

Lohiau was disgusted with his performances and would have nothing more to do with Kolea.

When Kolea returned and reported his failure to La'a, that magician sent another bird on the same errand, one of more seductive ways, Ulili. There was something in the voice and manner of Ulili that touched the fancy and won the heart of Lohiau at once and he began to follow him. Ulili skilfully lured him on and at last brought him to Kahiki and delivered him over to his master. La'a ministered to the soul of Lohiau with such tenderness and skill that he became reconciled once more to human ways. But the soul of Lohiau still remained an unhoued ghost, and at times ranged afar in its restless excursions.

Now it happened that at the very time when these events were taking place Kane-milo-hai, an elder brother of Pele, was voyaging from Kahiki to Hawaii. His canoe was of that mystical pattern, the leho (cowry) in which Mawi had sailed. While in the middle of the Iëië-waho channel he caught sight of the distracted spirit of Lohiau fluttering like a Mother Carey's chicken over the expanse of waters. The poor ghost, as if desirous of companionship, drew nigh and presently came so near that Kane-milo-hai captured it and, having ensconced it in his ipu-holoholona,^(a) he sailed on his way.

Reaching Hawaii and coming to the desolate scene of Lohiau's tragedy, he recognized a charred heap as the former bodily residence of the shivering ghost in his keeping. He broke the stony form into many pieces and then, by the magical power that was his, out of these fragments he reconstructed the body of Lohiau, imparting to it its original form and lineaments. Into this body Kane-milo-hai now introduced the soul and Lohiau lived again.

The tide of new life surging in the veins of Lohiau stirred in him emotions that found utterance in song:

I ola no au i ku'u kino wailua,
I a'e'a mai e ke 'lii o Kahiki,
Ke 'lii nana i a'e ke kai uli,
Kai eleele, kai melemele,
Kai popolo-hua mea a Kane;
I ka wa i po'i ai ke Kai-a-ka-hina-lii —
Kai mu, kai lewa. Ho'opua ke ao ia Lohiau;
O Lohiau — i lono oukou.
Ola e; ola la: ua ola Lohiau, e!
O Lohiau, ho'i, e!

(a) A calabash, often covered with a net, used by a fisherman to hold his spare hooks and lines and, by the traveler, his belongings.

TRANSLATION

I lived, but 'twas only my soul;
 Then came Kahiki's King and took me —
 The King who sails this purple and blue,
 An ocean, now black, now amber,
 The dark mottled sea of Kane,
 The sea that 'whelmed those monarchs of old,
 A sea that is ghostly, foreign, strange.
 Lohiau flowers anew in the sunlight;
 It is I, Lohiau! Do you hear it?
 New life has come to Lohiau!
 To Lohiau, aye, to Lohiau!

Having come to himself, Lohiau sought his own. His chancing at Kou and his appearance at the halau in which Pele-ula was holding her kilu performance, and on the very evening of Hiiaka's arrival, was an arrangement of converging lines that reflected great credit on the god of Destiny.

Lohiau arrived at the kilu hall just in time to witness the opening of the game. Having seated himself quietly in the outskirts of the assembly, he begged a neighbor to permit him, as a favor, to conceal himself under the ample width of his kihei, exacting of him also the promise not to betray his retreat. Thus hidden, he could see without being seen. The sight of Hiiaka, the words of her song — he had heard them a score of times before — stirred within him a thousand memories. Without conscious effort of will, the words of his response sprang from his heart almost with the spontaneity of an antiphonal echo. Let us bring together the two cotyledons of this song:

O ka wai mukiki a'ala lehua o ka manu,
 O ka awa ili lena i ka uka o Ka-li'u,
 O ka manu aha'i kau-laau o Puna: —
 Aia i ka laau ka awa o Puna.
 Mapu wale mai ana no ia'u kona aloha,
 Hoolana mai ana ia'u, e moe, e;
 A e moe no, e-e-e.

And now comes the unexpected antiphone by Lohiau:

O Puna, lehua ula i ka papa;
 I ula i ka papa ka lehua o Puna:
 Ke kui ia mai la e na wahine o ka Lua:
 Mai ka Lua a'u i hele mai nei, mai Kilauea.
 Aloha Kilauea, ka aina a ke aloha.

TRANSLATION

Nectar for gods, honeyed lehua;
 Food for the birds, bloom of lehua;
 Pang of love, the yellow-barked awa,
 Quaffed by the dryads in Puna's wilds;
 Bitter the sweet of Puna's tree-awa.
 His love wafts hither to me from dreamland —
 The cry of the soul for love's fond touch;
 And who would forbid the soul's demand!

ANTIPHONE

Puna's plain takes the color of scarlet —
 Red as heart's blood the bloom of lehua.
 The nymphs of the Pit string hearts in a wreath:
 Oh the pangs of the Pit, Kilauea!
 Still turns my heart to Kilauea.

We must leave to the imagination of the reader the scene that occurred when Lohiau, the man twice called back from the dead, leaves his hiding place and comes into Hiiaka's encircling arms lovingly extended to him.

Thus was accomplished the reunion of Hiiaka and Lohiau, and thus it came to pass that these two human streams of characters so different, in defiance of powerful influences that had long held them apart, were, at length, turned into one channel — that of the man, not wholly earthly, but leavened with the possibility of vast spiritual attainment under the tonic discipline of affliction; that of the woman, self-reliant, resourceful, yet acutely in need of affection; human and practical, yet feeling after the divine, conscious of daily commerce with the skies; and, yet, in spite of all, in bondage to that universal law which gives to the smaller and weaker body the power to introduce a perturbation into the orbit of the greater and to pull it away from its proper trajectory.

The old order has passed away, the order in which the will of

Pele has ruled almost supreme, regardless of the younger, the human, race which is fast peopling the land that was hers in the making. Hitherto, surrounded by a cohort of willing servants ready at all times to sacrifice themselves to her caprice, — behold, a new spirit has leavened the whole mass, a spirit of dissent from the supreme selfishness of the Vulcan goddess, and the foremost dissident of them all is the obedient little sister who was first in her devotion to Pele, the warm-hearted girl whom we still love to call Hiiaka-i-ka-poli-o-Pele.

THE END

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A cat'spaw ruffles the Waianae sea: song by Hiiaka.....	161
A gust of wind from the west: song by Hiiaka.....	175
A hala bunch snatched by the wind: song by Hiiaka.....	68
Ah!—Aka, and you Kilioë: song by Hiiaka.....	136
Aha, my will has snared the bird: song by Hiiaka.....	175
<i>A Hono-ma-ele au, i Hono-ka-lani</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	64
<i>Aia la, lele-iwi o Maka-hana-loa</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	189
<i>Aia no ke 'kua la i uka</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	166
<i>A ka lae oh'i a i Papa-lau-ahi</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	10
<i>A Ká-lalau, a Ke-é</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	107
<i>A ka lihi au i ka hala o Hanalei</i> : oli by Lohiau.....	181
<i>A ka luna i Kilauea</i> : pule by Hiiaka.....	148
<i>A ka luna i Pu'u-onioni</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	20
<i>Ako nanani maka i Wawae-noho, e</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	135
<i>A kulou anei, e uwé ana</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	179
Alas, my man, alas: song by Hiiaka.....	133
Alas, my woman, alas: song by Lohiau's wraith.....	132
<i>A Lima-loa i ke kaha</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	134
<i>Aloha ko'u hoa i ka ua pua-kukui</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	213
<i>Aloha na hale o makou i makamaka ole</i> : oli by Lohiau....	212
<i>Aloha, Oahu, e-e!</i> : travel song of Pele.....	XIII
<i>Aloha o Maui, aloha, e!</i> : travel song of Pele.....	XV
<i>Aloha wale ka i'a lamalama o ku'u aina, la</i> : oli by Mana mana-ia-kaluea	69
<i>Aloha wale ka nikiniki</i> : oli by Lohiau.....	181
<i>Aloha wale ka pali o Pi-na-na'i</i> : oli by Mana-mana-ia-ka- luea	72
<i>A loko au o Mahiki</i> : incantation by Hiiaka.....	51
<i>A loko au o Pana-ewa</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	24
<i>A luna au a Poha-kea</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	163
<i>A luna au o Poha-kea</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	164
<i>A luna i Wahine-kapu</i> : pule by Hiiaka.....	140
<i>A luna au o Wai-pi'o</i> : mele uhau by Hiiaka.....	50
<i>A makani Kua-mi lehua ko uka</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	166
<i>A makani pahaile—hala kou Maile-huna</i> : oli by Lohiau...	175
<i>A makani pua ia lalo</i> : oli by Hiiaka.....	175
<i>A Moolau, i ka pua o ka uhihi</i> : <i>Helele'i mai ana ka pua o Ko'o-ko'o-lau</i> : kanaena by Hiiaka	52