

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL  
REPORT

OF THE

HAWAIIAN HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

---

FOR THE YEAR 1920

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WITH PAPERS READ AT THE ANNUAL  
MEETING, JANUARY 29, 1921



HONOLULU  
PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC PRESS  
1921

# HAWAIIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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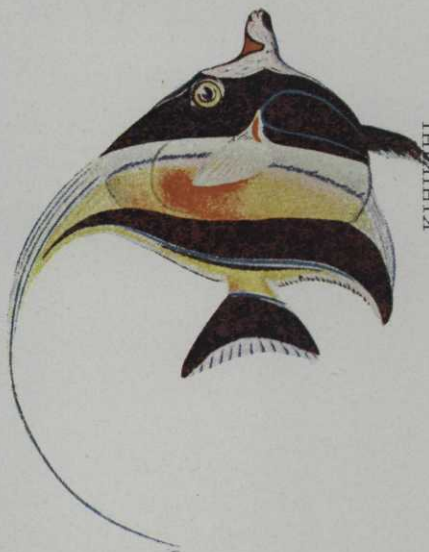
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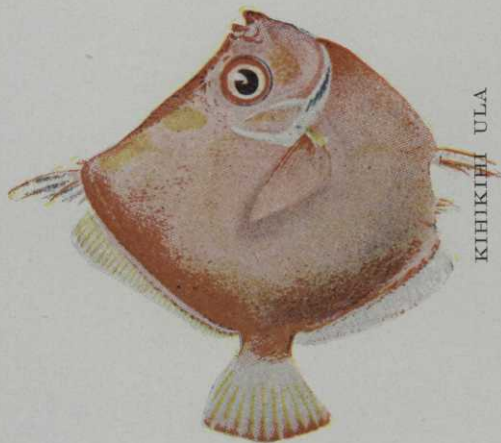
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KIHIKAHU



KIHIKAHU ULA

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## Minutes of the Annual Meeting

*Held January 24, 1921*

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The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Hawaiian Historical Society was held at its rooms in the Library of Hawaii, January 24, 1921, President J. S. Emerson presiding.

Mr. A. Gartley, secretary pro tem, read the minutes of the last meeting, which were approved.

Reports were received from the President, Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary and Librarian.

The Nominating Committee presented a list of nominees to hold office for the year 1921, all of whom were duly elected.

The following interesting papers were then read:

The Bad Boy of Lahaina,  
Oliver P. Emerson.

Winning of the Mu-Ai-Maia Maiden,  
J. M. Lydgate.

The Old Fish Market,  
S. B. Dole.

These papers were ordered printed with the official reports.

EDGAR HENRIQUES,  
*Recording Secretary.*

## Report of the Treasurer

*For the year ending December 31, 1920.*

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### RECEIPTS

Balance Cash in Bank of Hawaii Jan. 1, 1920.....	\$ 268.36
Cash with Treasurer.....	14.00
Interest on McBryde Bonds.....	100.00
Membership Dues.....	262.00
Sale of Reports and Papers.....	4.75
	<hr/>
	\$ 649.11
Transferred from Bishop & Co., Ltd., Savings Dept. to Bank of Hawaii, Ltd., Commercial Dept.....	\$ 548.49
	<hr/>
	\$1197.60

### DISBURSEMENTS

Binding .....	\$ 109.16
Stamped envelopes .....	1.07
Thrum's Annual, 1920.....	.75
Library of Hawaii, 1919 interest from McBryde Bonds .....	100.00
Record Cards, 300 .....	1.20
Printing Reports, 500 .....	127.40
Printing Membership Application Blanks, 250 .....	3.75
Collector .....	15.20
	<hr/>
	\$ 358.53
Commercial Department Bank of Hawaii, bal- ance December 31, 1920 .....	\$ 839.07
McBryde & Co. Bonds in Safe-keeping of Bank of Hawaii .....	\$2000.00
	<hr/>
	\$2839.07

Respectfully submitted,

MARY A. BURBANK,  
Treasurer Hawaiian Historical Society.



## Report of the Librarian

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

In looking back through the reports of previous years I have been interested to find that the membership of the Society now 199, is larger than at any time since 1898. In that year there were 210 members.

This new interest is occasion for congratulation, as is also the use made of the library of the Society. Year by year the material has been made more accessible until now everything except the newspapers are in good shape. During 1920 there have been more people using the library than at any time before. This is due in part to preparation for the Mission Centennial and the publications of historical import in connection with it. All old missionary records, old letters and pictures were in demand to furnish material for the program the publicity circulars and posters, and for the important events of Centennial week.

Important research work was done by the Department of Public Instruction in securing data concerning the history of education in Hawaii.

Library correspondence, the keeping up of the files and records, and other matters of routine have had the attention of the Librarian, and, in my absence, of the assistant, Miss Green.

An inventory of the catalogued books and pamphlets was taken early in the year.

Besides the annuals and the usual exchanges, there have been a number of accessions to the library that should be noted.

Four volumes were gifts of Mr. Westervelt, as follows.

"Folk-tales of the Maori," by A. A. Grace, 1907.

"Natives of Australia," by N. W. Thomas, 1906.

"The Tonga Islands," by E. H. Adams, 1890, and an edition of "Unknown Mexico," by Carl Lumholtz, 1904.

"Hawaii Nei 128 Years Ago," the gift of W. F. Wilson, is a reprint of the journal of Archibald Menzies. This journal

dates back to his three visits to the Sandwich Islands in the years 1792-1794 when acting as surgeon and naturalist on board H. M. S. Discovery (Capt. George Vancouver). Illustrations from old engravings, photographs, and from sketches by Mr. Wilson add to the interest of the narrative.

Another gift is the "History of Keoua, Father of Hawaii Kings," by High Chiefess Elizabeth Kekaaniau Pratt, great-great grand-daughter of Keoua. These annals handed down from generation to generation by members of the family, by genealogists and retainers, are in this little volume made available to English students of Hawaiian history. The book concludes with one of the ancient mele preserved through the years, and now in the possession of the author.

Through the generosity of Mr. William McKay, superintendent of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Co., we are the recipients of two rare items. One of these is the "Constitution of the Scottish Thistle Club of Honolulu," organized in 1891, which contains a list of its charter officers. The other is a copy of Lloyd Osbourne's "Letter to Stevenson's Friends," printed for private circulation. In the Constitution just mentioned the name of Robert Louis Stevenson appears as honorary chieftain of the Thistle Club; he was also a corresponding member of the Historical Society.

In the preparation of this memorial Mr. Osborne was assisted by prominent officials in Samoa whose contributions attest the esteem and affection in which Stevenson was held. Another whose tribute is recorded is the Rev. W. E. Clarke of the London Missionary Society who was a guest in Honolulu during the Missionary Centennial.

The last volume I have to acknowledge is the splendid symposium published by the Central Committee of the Hawaiian Mission Centennial, "The Centennial Book 1820-1920." By reading the series of papers that present so forcefully every phase of mission work in Hawaii, one gets a truer appreciation of the scope of the work already accomplished, and of the comprehensive and significant plans for the future. The volume comes as a fitting close to an eventful year.

Respectfully submitted,

EDNA I. ALLYN.

## Report of Corresponding Secretary

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The Corresponding Secretary has, during the past year, had little correspondence with other societies. A number of Maoris from New Zealand were in Honolulu last Spring. It was interesting to watch some of the Hawaiians trace the race connection between themselves and the Maoris, and also to note the confidence with which the Maoris confused the ancient Hawaiki of Asia with the Hawaiian Islands. Last year I called attention to the impress made upon the Rocky Mountain region by Hawaiian sailors who carried the name of Owlyhea into the United States in the Nineteenth Century. This last summer several things came to my notice connecting the totem poles in Alaska with Polynesian beliefs—thus adding another link to the chain of evidence showing an *ancient* migration from the islands of the Pacific to the Northwestern Coast. I was not looking for anything of this kind and was much interested when it was forced upon me. The Polynesians have been full believers in the presence of ancestral ghosts—the spirits of the dead—the watchmen over the home and the caretakers of the household prosperity. The family chant of the late queen Liliuokalani recited the story of the carved door posts which represented the ancestral uncles of the Maui family who guarded the home—and punished evil-doers. A rudely carved post of this character was found some years ago in a pond at Waialua. I secured it and placed it in the Bishop Museum. I have no doubt that if its history were known it would be certified as one of the divine door posts of some high chief—probably thrown into the muddy pool when the idols were discarded about a century ago.

The carved posts of the New Zealand Council Houses among the Maoris have the same meaning. At Whaka-rewa-rewa the Maui stories were partly told in the carved door posts. Even the carvings on the canoes have their special stories.

I picked up a little book recently published in Juneau,

Alaska, by P. Corson, who has been missionary for many years along the Alaskan coast. Its title is "Totem Lore of the Alaska Indians." The word Totem is not Alaskan. It came from the "Ototeman" of the Chippewa and Algonquin Indians and referred to the animal spirit which became "Manitou" or divine caretaker of a family or clan.

The Eastern Indians did not use carved poles to represent the family ghost. They simply gave the twisted name Totem to the white man who applied it to the carvings of the Pacific Coast when he learned that they referred to deified ancestral spirits.

The animals carved on the poles represented stories of incidents in the family traditions. Some ancient member of the family got in touch with some marvellous animal spirit and the story was handed down and carved into the wood of the totem pole.

The legends around the Alaskan totems do not seem to be connected with the names of the heroes of Polynesian mythology, and the animals into which the human spirit entered are the animals of the Northwest rather than of the Southern Pacific. The Polynesian Mo-o or dragon is lost in the raven or the bear—but the underlying idea of guardian spirits remains. The Hawaiian had these guardian ghost gods. He did not carve, but he kept the memory in the ka-aos or legends by calling the ghost gods Au-makua—the cloud or company of the ancestors.

Another interesting statement must be noticed: The Hawaiian believed in the power of praying himself into a kahuna or priest having the especial aid of some spirit of the dead. Carson says: "When a man who had the help of one of the spirits died the members of the same clan would begin to fast—and it was expected that the one who fasted the most conscientiously would get the help of the Totem spirit and would be the next Indian doctor for that family or clan."

The ancient Hawaiians had the Ku-pua. This was a fabled monster who could appear as either an animal or a human being.

The Raven totem poles frequently represented, as Carson states, "a raven with a man between his wings. This is to show that he could become a raven or a man at will."

An Alaskan beaver legend worked into one of the poles represented a beaver who often appeared as a giant. The giant killed many of the people with a spear he had made while he was a beaver. Then he fled to the water and remained a beaver, but the tribe took the wonderful beaver as their chief totem image. Some say the giant was killed—burned. His ashes became the first mosquitoes, biting like the passing of a spirit. The Hawaiians frequently represented rats as appearing in human form. The totems also have a story of a fine young chief who rendered aid to a woman—then married her—but was really a rat. Because of this power of becoming either animal or man the rat was given a place on the family pole. I will mention only one thing more. At Alert Bay there was a fine long canoe with a built-up prow very much like the New Zealand canoes. A bird guardian was carved on each side of the front of the boat—evidently a transfer of the totem idea of the home on land to the floating home on the sea. Just as the carvings on the canoes of the ancient New Zealanders represented legendary heroes in human or animal forms. The Alaska Indians say their first totem pole was washed ashore by the waters of the Pacific. Here then is found the most northerly reach of the line of carved ancestral spirits coming from Asia to the Islands of the Pacific and on to the Western coasts of America.

## Report of the President

BY J. S. EMERSON

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During the past year, two particularly notable events of interest to our Historical Society have occurred, viz.: the Centennial Anniversary of the introduction of Christian Civilization into this country by American Missionaries and the First Scientific Conference under the Auspices of the Pan-Pacific Union. Much attention is now being given to all questions relating to the Polynesian Race, its past history and the various groups of islands on which they live. It would seem therefore to be a fitting occasion for us to devote a little time to a brief discussion of the Polynesian language and of its various dialects, how they differ from each other and how they supplement each other as parts of one common language.

Polynesia, with an area estimated at two million square miles, has the unique distinction of being the largest portion of the earth's surface that has been occupied by a homogeneous people speaking a common language. If for a moment we could imagine an equal area of Europe, or any continental portion of the earth, suddenly submerged leaving a number of mountain peaks scattered as islands over its broad expanse of ocean, we would doubtless find the surviving people living on these islands to be made up of a number of different races speaking quite different languages. Not so Polynesia, which was peopled by a race that like the Norsemen excelled other races as most intrepid navigators and thus became the almost sole occupants of so large an area where other races feared to adventure themselves. This Polynesian area extends over sixty degrees of latitude from its northern extremity in the Hawaiian Islands to its southern extremity in New Zealand and eighty-four degrees of longitude from its western limits in New Zealand to its eastern limits in Easter island.

The simple, primeval language spoken by this almost amphibious race is declared by eminent authority to be the most primitive language in the world as far as phonology is concerned. It is a little over a hundred years since the first scien-

tific efforts were made to reduce it to writing and to fix upon an alphabet for its various dialects. This work has been brought very nearly to a satisfactory conclusion.

In order the better to point out some of the striking differences between the various dialects we will take a list of nine of those dialects which have been most studied and are best known, as follows: Maori, Samoan, Tahitian, Hawaiian, Tongan, Rarotongan, Marquisan, Mangarevan and Paumotan. The alphabet for strictly Polynesian words, inclusive of all of the above dialects, consists of nineteen letters, five vowels viz.: A, E, I, O, U, common to all these dialects, and fourteen consonants viz.: H, S, F, K, M, N, G, P, B, R, L, T, V, and W, not all of which are found in any one dialect.

The Tongan and Paumotan dialects each have ten, which is the greatest number in use by any in the above list, while the Hawaiian contents itself with seven, the smallest number of any. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Hawaiian Group, away up in the North Pacific, far from the Southern Pacific groups, was the most isolated of all the Pacific islands and that its language, as well as its fauna, shows the influence of this segregation.

In comparing the alphabets of these different dialects we observe that they all have a letter *h*, except that in Rarotongan it is entirely wanting and in Samoan its place is taken by *s* or *f*, thus the word friend or companion is in Hawaiian *hoa*, in Samoan *soa* and in Rarotongan *oa*.

The letters *m*, *n* and *p* are found alike in all the above dialects save that in Tongan the letter *b* takes the place of *p*, thus for the English word board, we have in Hawaiian *papa* and in Tongan *baba*.

In six of these dialects the sound of *ng* in the English word *singer* occurs which in some is represented in writing by the two letters *ng* and in others by the simple letter *g*. In Tahitian it is entirely wanting, in Hawaiian the sound of *n* takes its place and is represented by that letter, while in Marquisan its place is taken sometimes by *k* and sometimes by *n*, thus the word for work is in Maori *hanga*, in Paumotan *haga*, in Marquisan *hana* or *haka*, in Hawaiian *hana* and in Tahitian *haa*,

The letter *r* is found in five of the above dialects, the letter *l*

in three, while in Marquisan both *r* and *l* are almost absolutely wanting, thus the English word, denoting direction, down, is in Samoan *raro*, in Hawaiian *lalo* and in Marquisan *ao*. Formerly the letters *r* and *l* seemed to be interchangeable in Hawaiian, Rihoriho was as often used as Liholiho. The struggle between the two letters continued until the use of *l* on the written page decided the contest in its favor, so that now we seldom if ever, hear the *r*.

In seven of the above dialects the letter *v* is used and in two, the Maori and Hawaiian, the *w*. Mr. C. J. Lyons, a competent and critical authority on Hawaiian pronunciation, said that the sound represented by *w* was intermediate between that of the English *w* and *v* and that sometimes the *v* sound more nearly represented it, while more commonly it approached the sound of *w*. As the intermediate sound is no longer recognized, we can only adopt the rule to give it the full sound of the *w* except where the best usage demands the *v* sound, for example in such words as Hawaii *wela*, hot, *wili* to twist, and *wiwo* fear, the *w* sound should be used, while in the words *awa* bitter, *hewa* wrong, *iwi* a bone, *hiwa* black, and many others the *v* sound, as being more pleasing to the ear, commands general usage.

The Polynesian language seems to abhor the coming together of two consonants and such combinations do not occur in any of the dialects. The only seeming exceptions to this rule are found in the letters *ng*, merely a nasal *g*, and *wh*, only an aspirated *w*, which are not real exceptions to the rule. The Maori is the only one of the above dialects that uses the *wh*, which in most of the other dialects is replaced by a simple *h* or *f*, and in Rarotongan is wanting, thus the word for house is in Maori *whare*, in Mangarevan *hare*, in Rarotongan *are*, in Samoan *fale*, in Hawaiian *hale*, and in Marquisan *hae*.

The letter *t* is common to all the dialects of the above list except that in Hawaiian, after a long struggle, it has given place to the letter *k*, which is now recognized as its legitimate successor. When the language was first reduced to writing the use of *k* prevailed on the windward islands of this group, while *t* continued in general use on Taua'i, as Kaua'i was then called. Kamehameha's conquest of the islands was naturally a strong factor in favor of the general adoption of the *k*. I have been



informed that in Samoa there has also been a tendency towards the use of *k* to replace the *t*.

In two of the above dialects viz. the Samoan and the Tahitian, the letter *k*, as a written character, is entirely wanting and in a third, the Hawaiian, it only occurs as a transformed *t*. In the remaining six it is found as a regular letter of the alphabet, known as Polynesian *k*, while the *k* used in the Hawaiian is known as Hawaiian *k*. Though the Hawaiians have dropped the Polynesian *k*, yet its influence remains as a powerful and ever present factor in their speech, just as important as that of any of the seven consonants in their written alphabet, and demands the attention of every one who would understand or pronounce Hawaiian words with any degree of correctness. It shows itself in the ever recurring guttural break; more properly called glottic closure, thus the Southern Polynesian word for fish is *ika*, which becomes in Samoan, Tahitian and Hawaiian, *i'a*; and the Maori word *haka* to dance, becomes in Hawaiian *ha'a*. In short, wherever we meet the glottic closure in Hawaiian we may be pretty sure that a *k* has dropped out which demands recognition in this manner. It is no curious affectation on the part of the Hawaiian thus to respect the memory of a lost *k*; it is an absolute necessity in order to distinguish words of a totally different etymology and meaning which are unfortunately spelled in the same way and are only distinguished from each other by the pronunciation, thus the Maori words *piko* curved, and *pīo* extinguished, become in Hawaiian *pi'o* and *pīo*, but in the Hawaiian Dictionary, on account of the omission of the apostrophe, there is nothing to distinguish this difference in pronunciation and the two words are treated as one word having two different and unrelated meanings. In some few cases however, the apostrophe is used, thus the personal pronouns mine and thine, which in Maori are *naku* and *nau*, become in Hawaiian *na'u* and *nau*, demanding the apostrophe if utter confusion is to be avoided, and the dictionary recognizes the fact accordingly. When this dictionary was compiled, from lack of opportunity to make extensive comparison between Hawaiian words and those of kindred meaning in other dialects, little attention was paid by foreigners to the importance of noting the presence of

the glottic closure in the pronunciation of Hawaiian words, and it did not seem necessary to go to the expense and trouble of securing a proper supply of type for the diacritical marks, since the Hawaiians did not need them and foreigners generally did not care for them; they were therefore omitted except in a few special cases. The result was quite unsatisfactory and very perplexing to any student unfamiliar with the spoken language trying to get help from the dictionary; I take for example the word in Andrew's Dictionary written *hu-a-kai*, the foam of the sea—2 a sponge—3 a large company traveling together. What possible connection can there be between the first two meanings and the third in this case? There is none whatever, these are two entirely distinct words, having totally different and unrelated etymology, pronunciation and meaning. Turning now to the Maori Dictionary we find that *hua*, among other meanings, has that of abounding, swarming, while *huka* means foam, froth; *tai* means the sea and *taki* is associated with the idea of conducting, leading or following. Now put these words together and *hua-taki* becomes the Hawaiian *hua-ka'i* to travel in large companies, while *huka-tai* becomes *hu'a-kai* sea foam, a sponge.

A new dictionary is now in course of preparation which it is hoped will overcome this great defect in the old one and by the proper use of diacritical marks will make it possible for the student to make reasonable progress in the study of our beautiful island tongue.

The learned and valuable lecture delivered September 5, 1918, before this society on "The Languages of the Pacific" by Dr. J. MacMillan Brown has just been published in a permanent form by the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum. It is well worth careful study by all who desire to understand the relationship of the Polynesian to the other languages of the world.

It would be well for every one who desires to make any progress in the study of Hawaiian to remember that it is only one of a number of closely related dialects, no one of which can be well mastered without some acquaintance with the others. The Polynesian language should be looked upon as a beautiful whole, a most worthy object of study for the light it throws upon the evolution of all human language in its most primitive form.

In closing I would make an appeal that more attention be given to the proper pronunciation of our beautiful Hawaiian names of places by all who dwell on our shores. Every word and syllable should end with a vowel, never with a consonant. The name of our chief city is Ho-no-lu-lu. In all compound names made up of two or more words, the rule in Hawaiian, as in English, is to emphasize the important word by the accent, thus Puna-*hou*, the *new*-spring, Ka-*imu-ki*, the *ti* root-oven. The spirit of the *k* demands recognition, though its bodily presence is no longer seen in such names as Nu'u<sup>u</sup>anu, Hale-*ma'uma'u*, Moloka'i, Lana'i, Kaua'i, Ni'ihau and the name of our chief island, Hawai'i. The most gracious compliment which a language can receive is its proper pronunciation.

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May I ask your patience for two minutes longer while I read to you a few words received this day from Mr. Parker relative to his work on the Dictionary.

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NOTES ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE  
HAWAIIAN DICTIONARY FOR  
MR. J. S. EMERSON

1. I have practically completed the revision of Andrew's Hawaiian Lexicon. Have noted, however, for further study quite a number of words admitting of question as to whether they should find a place in this work—words of which the Rev. Lorenzo Lyons remarks "blot them out." Personally, I feel that the work should be made as near an entire work as it is possible to make it; that it should embrace every known word of Hawaiian origin. (I should be pleased to know your thought on the question.)

2. I have assembled a large number of words, both ancient and modern, which are not enrolled in Andrew's Dictionary.

3. I have in preparation a list of words in other Polynesian dialects, specifically that of the Maoris, where I find not a few words almost identically the same as the Hawaiian.

Yours truly,

(Signed) H. H. PARKER.

To Mr. J. S. Emerson,  
January, 1921.

## The Bad Boy of Lahaina, The Goblin-killer of Lanai

O. P. EMERSON

---

One bright Sunday morning, while in a whale boat crossing the channel from Lahaina to Lanai, where I had an appointment to speak, I was told the story of the Bad Boy of Lahaina, the Killer of the Goblins (akwas) of Lanai.

My informant was an old native, a deacon of the church at Lanai. In reading the story of Kaululaau in Mr. Fornander's Collection of Hawaiian Antiquities and Folk Lore, Vol. IV, Part III, I find that the account which the native gave me is more racy and full, and is substantially as follows:

Kaululaau was the son of Kakaalaneo, Chief of Lahaina (Fornander puts him as king of Maui), and his wife Kanikaniula. Kaululaau was persistently mischievous. He would pull up the banana sprouts and potato tops which his father had had planted. Fornander says that he pulled up breadfruit trees on which he found no fruit. The father being at his wit's end what to do with such a bad boy, who would not be reformed, determined to deport him to the Island of Lanai, which was inhabited only by goblins-akwas.

Now the goblins of Lanai were a dangerous lot. They would kill and eat the people who landed there, but they met their match in the boy Kaululaau. The Chief Kakaalaneo had a canoe fitted out with provisions, Kaululaau was put aboard and taken over to Lanai, where he was landed with his goods and left to himself.

The account given by Fornander says that the first night he spent on the Island he entered a bunch of weeds and lay down to sleep. During his sleep he was visited by his aumakua, his guardian spirit, and was told to move his goods into a cave near by and make his abode there.

In the morning he visited the beach, where the goblins met him and asked:

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"In that patch of thistles."

"And where are you going to sleep tonight?"

"Out there in the curve of that big coming wave."

Accordingly a detachment of goblins started that night on an expedition to take Kaululaau. They swam through the surf to the place he had indicated, to where the big combers were rolling inward, but no Kaululaau was found. In the expedition a number of goblins lost their lives by drowning.

Next morning Kaululaau again met the goblins on the beach, who taunted him with the deception.

"You told us that you were to sleep last night beneath that curling wave."

"So I did."

"But you were not there, for we formed an expedition to swim out there and find you."

"How far out did you go?"

"Why, out there, under the curl of that big wave."

"But you did not go far enough. I was way out there far beyond the wave you came to."

"And that's where you are going to sleep tonight?"

"Yes."

Again the goblins ventured into the surf hoping to take Kaululaau, and again they were foiled, and lost more of their number by drowning.

But in their daily meeting on the shore Kaululaau and the goblins came to be quite chummy. A fishing excursion was proposed. Kaululaau demanded that they should do as he said.

"I will swim," said he, "with one of you to that rock out there, while you remain on the shore, but when I hold up my hand you must send another of your number out to me."

Now Kaululaau disposed of the goblins just as fast as they came by ducking them under the water, so that by the time the fishing excursion was over he had disposed of quite a lot of them, but the great majority of them were still around, ready to take advantage of any slip on his part.

Finally Kaululaau thought he might venture on a wholesale thinning out. He proposed a big all-night feast and dance. To this the goblins gave ready assent. Careful and costly preparations were made to make it a notable occasion. Kaululaau was the recognized leader in all that was done.

A big enclosed lanai or dance hall, was built on the upland and stocked with food and drink, and, as the nights were cold up there, much firewood was heaped up around the eaves of the lanai for use during the feast.

On the night fixed for the gathering all the goblins that could come were there, and the drinking, feasting and dancing began with a vim. Kaululaau was everywhere present urging the goblins on. When gorged with food, or overcome by liquor, or weary with the dance, some one would lie down to sleep it off, Kaululaau would say:

"This will never do, get up and do some more, let us make a night of it."

This was done till every goblin had fallen down from sheer exhaustion in a dead sleep.

Now, while they were thus lying prostrate and asleep, Kaululaau took bird-lime (kepan) and sealed their eyes. He then set fire to the entire building, firewood and all. When the flames were upon the sleeping host and they tried to open their eyes and run for it, the bird-lime prevented. In mad endeavor to rid themselves of it, they ejaculated that well known saying, "Akahi ka po piapia a Kaululaau." "This gummy-eyed night of Kaululaau's is the limit."

Having thus disposed of all but two or three of the entire colony of goblins, Kaululaau reckoned on an easy time of it. But those that remained swore that they would kill him yet. One came along towards him with a big club, Kaululaau had only a banana stem, which he carried very carefully as if it were choice. The goblin took it for a kauila stick, to which it bore a resemblance.

"Ah, you have a fine kauila stick there."

"Yes, it is a choice one."

"Well, let us exchange clubs."

"All right," Kaululaau said, and took the real club and laid the goblin out.





MALOLO



KIKAKAPU



The last goblin with whom Kaululaau had to deal was a mad one, who swore vengeance on his adversary, and Kaululaau laid him out by one of his tricks.

There was a hala tree growing over a pool. Into this tree Kaululaau climbed, his face being reflected in the quiet pool beneath. Along came the goblin, hunting for his adversary. When he saw the reflection in the water, which he took for the actual man, he leaped with a howl of rage into the pool to grapple him. Whereupon Kaululaau nimbly dropped from the tree upon the goblin and ended him.

Thus the bad boy of Lahaina destroyed the man-eating goblins and saved Lanai to human habitation.

OLIVER P. EMERSON.

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## The Old Fish Market

HON. S. B. DOLE

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This important institution of the early days in Honolulu, was located about where the northern part of the wharf shed on pier 15 now stands. Queen street entered and ended in the area or little square lying along the market building on its mauka side. The harbor lines came up to within a few feet of the market building on its makai side, where there was a narrow plank wharf along the market building. It was at this wharf that the fishing boats discharged their catch, and the sloops and small schooners unloaded their cargoes of produce from Ewa and Waianae. It was an interesting sight to witness the process of discharging a cargo of watermelons. One man standing on the deck of the craft would receive the fruit tossed to him from a man in the hold, and would toss the individual melon to the man on the wharf; thus the process of unloading was swiftly performed without injury to the fruit, except when, which almost never occurred, a miss took place and the unfortunate melon fell and cracked to the delight of the ever present small boy. The big melons, and there were a good many big ones, were handled with extra care.

The market building was a rambling affair, mostly open at the sides, with a low shingle or board roof, supported irregularly, here and there by upright poles or posts.

I have called the old fish market an important institution, for not only was it the one regular market for all Honolulu and for all manner of produce, but it was Honolulu's political center where impromptu mass meetings were held and political orators held forth in election campaigns, usually each one on his rostrum of an over-turned empty salmon barrel; it was, in a way, a social center also, especially on Saturdays for then business was at its height, partly because Hawaiians made their purchases then for Sunday, the market being closed on that day, and partly because Saturday afternoon was a general half holiday and men and women dressed for the occasion; women wore their gayest colors and men wore their Sunday go-to-meeting clothes and flower leis on their hats. Dashing parties of horseback riders were much in evidence on Saturdays, the women in brilliant paus and attractive little shoulder capes, the men, many of them riding fancy cowboy saddles with immense tapaderos and lalas or machias, all highly finished in the leather worker's skillful design. These equestrians were for the most part graceful riders, and anything faster than a walk on fairly good roads with them would be a fast gallop.

Thus it will be seen that the market on Saturdays was a lively place. Besides the traffic, there was exchange of news, some gossip, much badinage and general merriment; the stage was set for almost anything to happen and things did happen; sometimes one, slightly stimulated, would forget Hawaiian dignity and go great lengths in the entertainment of the crowd and the humor of the gathering would lend itself to a further stimulus of amusing repartee, by questions and suggestions which would set the performer off on new lines of histrionic display. Now and then would be heard some one olliing or chanting an old mele, or seen in an impromptu hula by some soloist swayed by the traditional impulses of primitive Hawaii.

Articles for sale would be brought in each morning in considerable variety; the street dogs which had spent the night on the tables where the wares were exposed for sale, would be driven away and the table washed off with water from the har-

bor, and the produce arranged in tempting array on the tables—fish—both fresh and dried, all kinds of shellfish, ina, squid,—fresh and dried, salt salmon, crawfish, live opaes, fresh fruit of local kind, pia in tempting display like white snowballs, pigs, ducks, chickens, fresh beef, fresh pork, jerked beef, taro, sweet potatoes, cooked ti root, poi in small gourd calabashes, cooked dishes of various kinds—the Hawaiians at that period under the instruction of the Missionaries being accustomed to prepare on Saturdays their food for Sundays, kulolo, haupia and other deserts, Hawaiian tobacco in the dried leaf, brass mounted Hawaiian tobacco pipes paraded on the many branching points of twigs trimmed for the purpose, elaborate leather work for cowboy saddles and bridles, dear to the eyes of cowboys or Paniolos, as they were then called, were some of the wares exhibited for sale.

I have said above that on Saturdays the stage was set for almost anything to happen; one day a visiting sleight-of-hand man who was giving performances in Honolulu, strolled down to the fishmarket; he stopped at a fruit table where oranges were for sale. Although he did not know Hawaiian and the orange vendor knew but little English, he succeeded at length in effecting the purchase of a quarter's worth of the fruit, and taking one he cut it in half and took from it a ten dollar gold piece and put it into his pocket; the Hawaiian salesman noticed this discovery with rising curiosity and probably some envy; the purchaser after eating the fruit proceeded to cut the second orange, when as before a ten dollar gold piece appeared in its center which he removed and put into his pocket; the vendor, now becoming excited was fairly carried off his feet when a third orange produced a like amount of gold and, gathering up his oranges he refused all would-be purchasers, and proceeded to cut open one orange after another with the accompanying and logical "Ka-ha-ha! Pehea la keia."

One Saturday morning the schooner *Manuokawai* landed in Honolulu a fair Hawaiian girl from north Kona named Kaamoana. After she had bathed and dressed at the house of her friends and partaken of their fish and poi, she expressed a desire to see the fish market—renowned in all Hawaii. The family favored her request. In fact it was their weekly custom to

attend its Saturday function in gala attire. They loaned Kaaumoana some of their silken garments which with her own wardrobe and a simple kukui necklace, left nothing to be desired. Kaaumoana was a girl of unusual and remarkable beauty—a Hawaiian blond or ehu, in the Hawaiian parlance, and she needed no special adornments to enhance her loveliness.

She appeared in the market in the mid-afternoon in the height of its business bustle and social activity. She came as a surprise and was at once noticed by the throng. Her friends introduced her to a few of their friends and soon were busy with many who wished to meet her. It became a reception—barbaric—somewhat, but logical and primitive in a way. There were no kahilis nor feather cloaks, but there were gaily dressed women and picturesque horsemen and elaborately caparisoned rearing and plunging horses in the momentary excitement; there was movement and color, there were attractive and merry women and graceful and simple hearted men; there was laughter and shouting—it was almost revelry. Finally a young man, with greater daring than the rest approached the maiden and tried to negotiate a kiss as a transaction in harmony with the commercialism of the place. I do not know how much he had to bid, but he finally obtained the concession and proudly explained it to his fellows. It is well known how the Hawaiians follow a promising initiative. The attention of the whole market was now turned to this center of interest; other swains, at first coyly, became candidates for her favor, these meeting with success at what price history does not divulge. The demand became general among the young men including also in all probability some of the older ones, until she gracefully withdrew abundantly financed for her selection in the Honolulu retail stores of her trousseau.

The hookupu given to Admiral Brown of the U. S. S. Charlestown in recent years is a parallel incident; but that is another story.

It came to pass that at one time in early days, the poi vendors agreed together to raise the retail price of poi. The prevailing price of a small gourd calabash of poi—standard size, had been for a long time twenty-five cents. The commercialism of the Hawaiians had always been somewhat crude and want-

ing in diplomacy, and on this occasion, instead of a gradual rise of a hapaumi—six and a quarter cents—or a hapawalu—twelve and a half cents—additional, and so accustoming their patrons to the high cost of living without too much shock, they boldly raised the retail price of poi one hundred per cent, charging a hapalua, or half a dollar for the standard small calabash. This went on for a day or two, and caused some murmuring which at length reached the ears of the old Chief Kekuanaoa, then Governor of Oahu. The Governor was a big, burly giant, a good deal over six feet high and full of the hereditary feeling of the proper attitude of the chiefs toward the common people; and was he not also Governor of Oahu!

So one morning—probably Saturday morning, elaborately dressed as he always appeared in public, and with his gold-headed cane, he walked down to the fish market, and strolling up to a poi vendor he asked him the price of a calabash of poi; hapalua (half a dollar) the salesman replied; without further parley the Governor struck the calabash with his heavy cane, smashing it in and spilling the contents; he then walked on to the next poi merchant and asked him the price of the staff of life. This man had noticed the catastrophe which had overtaken the other, but true to his union he tremblingly replied, “he hapalua no”—half a dollar even so. Down came the Governor’s cane, splintering the fragile calabash; he then proceeded to the next dealer in poi and propounded the same question. This man in his respect for the chiefs and his regard for his own welfare, humbly and somewhat disgustedly responded, “he hapaha no hoi” (a quarter of course).

This experience terminated the high cost of living and the price of the Hawaiian staff of life returned to the normal and standard level, and contentment and tranquility reigned thereafter in the domain and environs of the old fish market.

At an early date in the life of the market, it happened that a misunderstanding developed between the Collector of Customs and the master of a ship lying in the harbor. I think it was a whale ship. The difference between the collector and the ship master seemed impossible of adjustment and the Custom House refused to deliver his papers to the captain. The latter losing his temper, threatened to go to sea without his papers, which

of course would have been a great breach of comity toward the Hawaiian Government. The old fort facing the harbor was still standing armed with a somewhat miscellaneous assortment of muzzle loading cannon, including a fine brass sixty-four pounder which had once belonged to the Government of Switzerland. This gun had on its surface among other designs in relief-work, a Latin sentence which translated into English read, "The Last Resort of Kings."

The collector had notified Governor Kekuanaoa of the defiant attitude of the captain of the ship, whereupon he, the Governor, hastened to the fort and had the brass sixty-four pounder loaded with powder and ball and aimed it so that if the ship should move forward a few yards she would come into the line of fire from this piece; he placed a soldier with a lighted fuse at the gun with instructions that if the ship moved into the line of fire he should apply his lighted fuse to the touch-hole. The Governor then proceeded to the fish market and in vigorous and patriotic language, called for volunteers for boarding and capturing the contumacious ship. The Hawaiians about the market responded to the Governor's appeal with great enthusiasm; the news spread abroad in some mystic way and in a few moments natives were streaming in from all directions. Axes, hatchets, pick axes, a few entlasses, whaling spades and other miscellaneous weapons appeared almost as if by magic; boats were being hastily manned by this willing but undisciplined horde of volunteers for an enterprise which might have been successful, for the ship would most likely have been taken by surprise and captured almost before they knew of their danger; on the other hand if they had been advised of the threatened attack in time for a few moments preparation, the whale ship with its large crew of hardy sailors accustomed to the use of all the weapons and tools belonging to the pursuit and cutting up of whales, would have furnished a strong defense to the attack; in any case the situation was promising for some lively fighting and some blood letting. Fortunately for all parties, rumors of the impending crisis, had wandered into the headquarters of the executive at the head of Kaahumanu street, where was located the office of Doctor Judd, the premier of the Hawaiian Cabinet; these rumors becoming more definite every minute, the doctor

decided to go over to the fish market and see what it was all about. It was but a few minutes walk, and on arriving he found a scene of indescribable excitement. A growing crowd of eager Hawaiians, weapons of many kinds, the beginning of the shipment of the volunteers in a lot of shore boats under the calm oversight of Governor Kekuanaoa. Doctor Judd proceeded to explain to the Governor that his plan would not do on any ground whatever. It was not easy for the latter to change his course of action and to give up his cherished plan of capturing the ship, but the doctor's good sense and his exalted civil authority at length had their effect on the warlike mind of Kekuanaoa and he reluctantly called off his volunteers, and so an incident that might have changed the history of Hawaii failed to materialize, and the issue with the whale ship went supposedly into diplomatic channels.

These were but some of the occurrences that gave to the atmosphere of the old fish-market its picturesqueness and variety and charm and also much of the realism of the primitive Hawaii.

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## The Winning of the Mu-Ai-Maia Maiden

BY J. M. LYDGATE

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Some years ago, while engaged in making preliminary explorations of the Wainiha water supply for the power plant installation there, I had occasion to follow the valley far up to its upper reaches in the heart of the mountains. I had with me eight or ten Hawaiians, most of them familiar with the valley and more or less versed in its legendary lore. Carrying packs and stumbling along the bed of the brawling stream, and fighting our way through the jungle, it took us two full days to get to the upper reaches of the valley.

Along late in the afternoon of the second day, we stumbled upon a very attractive spot to spend the night. It was a little sloping plateau, overlooking the river, densely covered with a forest of banana trees of various indigenous kinds, with broad

sweeping fronds and pendant bunches of ripening fruit. There were also several large orange trees, laden with a wealth of ripe fruit, more delicious, it seemed to me, than any oranges I had ever eaten. The site, the fruit, and most of all the abundance of fine banana leaves, settled it in my mind that this was the place to camp. I at once proposed it to my men, calling attention to the abundance of bananas from which it would be easy to construct our house, since we were carrying no tent.

Much to my surprise they all at once demurred. It was an uncanny place they declared, hoodooed and haunted—and we could find plenty of bananas elsewhere. And as they saw that this didn't seem to convince me, they told me that this was Laau—of which I had already been warned—the ancient home of the Mu-ai-Maias, that had planted all the bananas, and their aumakuas, or spirits still haunted it, and were very much incensed with anyone who desecrated their ancestral home, and that untold evil would befall anyone who trespassed upon it. Meantime they talked in awe-stricken and hushed accents, and with furtive glances about them, that clearly betrayed a sense of fear.

Recognizing the validity of this point of view, I readily concurred in their desire to go elsewhere. So we moved on and camped in very restricted and uncomfortable quarters, where bananas were scarce, and our hut was very meagre and imperfect.

When we were settled for the night in our open camp, facing the camp fire, I began to question them in regard to these Mu-ai-maias—who were they? What was their relation to the Menehune? What did they do? What were they like? etc.

To these questions, and more like them, they gave substantially the following account:

When the first people came here from Kahiki they found evidences of a primitive aboriginal people already here. The particular band that lived at Wainiha they came to know as the Mu-ai-maia, because they lived exclusively on bananas. They were not very different from the Menehune, perhaps a different tribe or clan. They were a diminutive people, but stocky and active, with shaggy heads and bushy beards and eyebrows. Their speech was “ano e”—very different, with many strange grunts



and outcries that made them uncanny. They were husky little beggars, very fleet of foot and active in the mountains and forests. They were very timid and scary, and very alert in escape. Their food was bananas, which they ate raw, since they did not know how to make fire. However, they knew something of the delicacy of cooked food, as they were in the habit of stealing down upon unwary campers, and filching out the cooking food from the fire, under the very noses of the pre-occupied enemy. This they did by means of long sharp sticks, from the cover of the surrounding jungle.

Finally when they had told me all that seemed really germane to the subject and were running off into irrelevant nonsense, I asked them: "Have any of you ever seen these Mu-ai-maias, or have you ever even known anybody who had seen or known them?"

There was a momentary silence, and then one of the older men spoke up: "I have never seen any of the original Mu-ai-maias, they were all gone before my day—but I did know a little woman in my boyhood who was part Mu-ai-maia. She was descended from them, and this is the story of her Mu-ai-maia forbears."

Formerly, a long time ago there was a man who used to belong to Hanalei, a bird catcher, who used to spend most of his time in the mountains in the pursuit of his profession. In the course of his mountain wanderings he often ran across these Mu-ai-maia people, and so far gained their confidence that they no longer fled from him, but half way made friends with him.

One stormy late afternoon he found himself far up Wainiha, not far from Laau. It was a cold, raw, dismal day, with a roaring torrent running in the river, which precluded the chance of getting makai to any habitation of his own kind. To spend the night under some partially overhanging rock or tree, that would drip down on him about as much water as it would keep off, was a very unpleasant prospect. He would try the Mu-ai-maias at Laau.

He did, and was entirely successful: they took him in, and gave him the best that they had. And he made himself so useful to them by his superior attainments, especially in regard to the art of fire-making and cooking, that they begged him not

to be in a hurry to leave them. And when, after a closer acquaintance with them, he proposed that they adopt him into their clan and count him permanently as one of them, they agreed without a moment's hesitation.

He was the more bent on remaining with them because he had lost his heart to the most beautiful of the Mu-ai-maia maidens. And she, on her part, loved the malihini bird-catcher to such distraction as so small and dainty a maiden may be capable of.

The Mu-ai-maia fathers—the mothers had no say,—gave their consent, in spite of the fact that so irregular a thing had never been heard of before, and they were married after simple Mu-ai-maia fashion. And in due time a daughter was born to them who developed the fine qualities of both parents, and was so beautiful that the fame of her charms filtered down the valley as far as the village of Naue by the sea, where the prince of Wainiha lived, and more or less kept track of everything that went on in his domains.

In the early days of his adoption by the little people of Laau, the Bird-catcher went seldom to the haunts of his former fellows, being quite content with the life and interests of Laau. But as he grew older he longed to renew the experiences and impressions of his youth, and not infrequently he was seen in the lower valley. He was, however, as a rule very reticent about the people and affairs at Laau.

One day the Prince fell in with him by the way, and said to him, "You have lived many years up there in the clouds with those Mus, aren't you getting tired of it, and wouldn't you like to move down makai to the land of sunshine, and taro, and fish, and full-grown people?"

"What you say is quite true," he replied, "I would be only too glad to, but I could never leave my daughter."

"Well, why not bring your daughter with you?"

"Oh, you don't know those people—they are as wild as March hares. She would resist that to the last breath."

"If she could be prevailed on to come, you would be willing to live here with me?"

"Yes—but it's out of the question."

"Well we will think about it," said the Prince.

Some time after this, when the stormy months were gone, and the Summer weather was settled, the Prince organized an expedition into the mountains, ostensibly to hunt pigs and collect awa, but really to visit Laau, and see what could be done about transplanting the old Bird Catcher and his pretty daughter. There was a large party of them with dogs, and noise, and camp fires, moving slowly from place to place, and advertising their movements so blatantly that the whole valley would easily know where they were. When they got far mauka, however—to Ipu-wai-nui, which is nearing Laau—the Prince issued strict instructions that all unnecessary racket must cease. The larger part of the Band, including the dogs, must be left behind, there was to be no smoke, and no voice must be raised above a whisper.

In silence, and with a large sense of awe, the reduced party wended their way along the bed of the turbulent river, which seemed to be doubly noisy and defiant because of their silence. At length as they drew near to Laau they began to catch faintly, in the quiet stretches where the river ran silently, the familiar sound of the Tapa beating. With increased wariness they crept forward with ear and eye alert, but in spite of their utmost caution the sound of beating died away, one by one, one by one, here and there, as crickets do, and presently all was still but the rippling of the river and the sighing of the wind in the olapa trees. In a few moments they turned a bend in the river, and there, in the midst of a great grove of bananas was the scattered little hamlet of Laau—every house empty and deserted; but with everything there, showing that the people had just gone. One sole remaining inhabitant, however, was there—the old Bird Catcher. Not even waiting to extend a greeting, the Prince called out:

“Where are they all?”

“Gone,” replied the old man. “They smelled you coming!”

“Your daughter, too?”

“My daughter, too, with the rest.”

“Won’t they come back?”

“Not so long as you and this crowd of malihinis stay here!”

“Well, if I send them away—and myself hide here in the

house, and keep very still—very still—won't she come back? You can help!"

"Pela paha"—perhaps so, replied the old man, dubiously.

The Prince went out and dismissed his followers, ostentatiously bidding them go far down beyond Ipu-wai-nui, and wait for him there, "and the tabu of silence is pau!"

They hastened joyously from the uncanny spot, shouting and singing as they went to reinforce their doubtful courage. This advertised their departure far and wide, exactly as the Prince desired.

Then he went back into the house and began to cast about for a place to hide where his presence might not be detected, on the return of the maiden.

After suggesting several places which did not meet the favor of the old man, they finally hit on the big shelf over the door, where the piles of tapa were stored away. The chief was to roll himself up in a large lauhala mat, and be lifted into position on this shelf and then the two ends were to be stopped up with leaves and ferns, to prevent the escape of the malahini odor, and thus he was to lie, silent and motionless, until the maiden returned and was safely within the house, from which he could block the single avenue of escape. It was a trying situation—but that is what generally happens to a man when he *will* have a maiden!

When absolute silence reigned again over ridge and ravine, absolute save for the rush of the river, the sighing of the wind, and the clatter of a timid elepaio or apapane bird, the old man awaited the return of the maiden. But for some time in vain. At length, however, there was a rustling of the ferns and the dainty little maiden emerged timidly, peering this way and that like a bird. Seeing her father, she called:

"Are they gone—all gone?"

"Gone!" replied the father. "Didn't you hear the row they made as they went makai?"

Warily she drew near, advancing then hesitating, then advancing again, until she suddenly straightened up, sniffing the air.

"I smell the smell of the Malihini!" and in an instant she was gone, plunging headlong into the forest. For some time

there was no sign, but the old man waited patiently, and finally there was the same timid reappearance, and the same anxious question, followed, however, by the same sudden awakening of fear and flight into the jungle.

At length it began to rain and she reappeared from the bushes, chilled and dripping.

"Come in out of the rain!" called the father. "Don't be a lolo—nobody will hurt you!"

Warily and hesitatingly she drew near until she got onto the very threshold of the house, when again she took fright, crying, "I surely smell the smell of the Malihini!" and would have fled again, but her father put a restraining arm about her, tenderly—saying—"Look for yourself, the house is empty!" and at the same time drew her into the dimly lighted interior.

In a moment the Prince ripped off the mat, and jumped to the ground, guarding the door-way. In vain did the maiden try to escape, writhing and twisting in the hands of her stalwart captors; in vain did she call upon her mu-ai-maia companions; in vain did she complain of the duplicity and disloyalty of her father. They were indifferent to her complaints and relentless in their purpose to carry her away.

They made a rude "Manele," or stretcher, on which they placed her, securing her firmly with olona thongs, and then bore her away makai. Weeping she looked her last on the green groves of Laau—wailing out her lament in simple language as she went. At Ipu-wai-nui they came up to the main body of the expedition, and from that to Naue their progress was rapid, and was much enlivened by the revelry of the march.

In due time they reached the home of the Prince, where elaborate provisions were made for the comfort and safety of the Laau princess, whom thus the owner was taking to wife, perforce.

In time she became reconciled to the situation and conditions, as becomes a good wife, and finally bore to her masterly husband a beautiful daughter—and it was she that I knew.

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Mann, James A.	Smith, Henry	Westervelt, W. D.
Marx, B. L.	Smith, W. O.	Westervelt, Mrs. W. D.
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Mott-Smith, E. A.	Snow, Mrs. F. G.	Wichman, F. W.
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Perry, Antonio	Taylor, Mrs. A. P.	Wilder, G. P.
Phillips, Stephen W.	Taylor, A. P.	Wilder, J. A.
Phillips, Mrs. W. H.	Taylor, Mrs. E. K.	Williams, H. H.
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Rawlins, Miss M. F.	Towse, Ed	Wyllie, George
Reis, Miss Palmyra L.	Uecke, Miss Danchfa	Young, John M.
Restarick, H. B.	Flanders, J. K.	Yzendoorn, Reginald
		Wilcox, Kilani







