

**AN ISLAND GOD: A  
TALE OF THE FIRST  
KAMEHAMEHA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649511785

An Island God: A Tale of the First Kamehameha by Gurdon S. Mumford

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**GURDON S. MUMFORD**

**AN ISLAND GOD: A  
TALE OF THE FIRST  
KAMEHAMEHA**



**AN ISLAND GOD**

. o

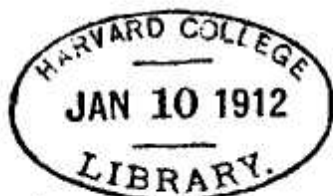
AN ISLAND GOD ♣ A TALE  
OF THE FIRST KAMEHAMEHA  
BY GURDON S. MUMFORD ♣ ♣ ♣

COVER DESIGNED BY  
ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD



NEW YORK ♣ PRINTED FOR THE  
AUTHOR ♣ ♣ ♣ MDCCCXCVII

De 3390.7.5



*Castle fund*

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY  
GURDON S. MUMFORD

University Press:  
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

# An Island God



## CHAPTER I

**F**OR two hours the fierce southern sun had been climbing above the misty horizon, and now beat down with all its tropical power upon the waving palms and flashing reef and long white beach of a Pacific island.

Upon the greater part of this fair country, from the green, sharply outlined mountains in the north, down through precipitous valleys and over smiling, tree-grown levels to the sea, there was no sign of husbandry or of man. No winding smoke threads polluted the air; no



## An Island God

irregular clearings offended the eye. Through all the upland country, there reigned the silence of primeval time. But down on the edge of a long curving beach, near where a great spur of the mountains jutted into the sea, was a little group of grass-thatched huts, half hidden in a grove of palms.

Overhead the huge tufted tops of these strange flower-like trees moved slowly to and fro, and beneath, the strong, soft trade wind swept unheeded between broken, irregular rows of deserted houses, and rustled fitfully under their grassy eaves. The same weird silence and sense of desolation that prevailed on the rest of the island was also here. The dark, hole-like openings in the huts disclosed no sign of life. No shadow of man broke the monotony of the white

## An Island God

sand's glare ; no native moved in the shade of the trees. And yet, it was plainly evident that human beings had recently been there. Ashes not yet cold lay scattered between the low walls of rude cooking fireplaces, and, here and there, a ponderous club or forgotten ornament betrayed the presence of an uncivilized people.

A little removed from the main part of this village, and somewhat larger than the rest, stood a hut whose entrance fronted on the sea. For an hour, the inquisitive tropical sun had been slowly mounting over the top of a sheltering palm, and now a thin ray of light stole, like a pioneer, into the dark door of the hut.

Across the matted floor it travelled over to where a frail screen of leaves partitioned off the room ;

## An Island God

and there, behind this insect barrier, a man lay sleeping. His face, half inverted, rested on his arm, and, in the dim light, the deep wrinkles and clear lines of his sharp, Spanish profile were soft and vague, as in a painting mellowed by age. But black rims were under the eyes, and the white, sallow skin told a tale of fatigue, exposure, and sickness.

Slowly the sun invaded the room, lighting up, bit by bit, the black, high-collared, close-fitting garment of the sleeper, and sparkling bravely on the beaded chain that fell from the neck across his breast, bearing that well-known symbol of the Catholic Church—the Cross and the Crucified Christ.

But the slumberer did not awake. He was dreaming of other days; of his old, beautiful home in Seville;