

HIWA: A TALE OF ANCIENT HAWAII

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649505999

Hiwa: A Tale of Ancient Hawaii by Edmund P. Dole

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EDMUND P. DOLE

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ANCIENT
HAWAII

**EDMUND
P. DOLE**



**HARPER &
BROTHERS
NEW YORK AND
LONDON MCM**

1916

TO
SANFORD BALLARD DOLE



Patrician's 5/15-00 9.67

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

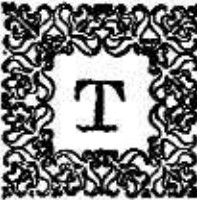
2.

HIWA

A TALE OF ANCIENT HAWAII

CHAPTER I

KU IS AVENGED

HE first glimmering of dawn rested on Waipio Valley. The *moi kane*, his great nobles and chief officers of state, his personal attendants, his guards, heralds, priests, diviners, bards, story-tellers, dancers, and buffoons, the whole *aialo*, even to the lowest menials of the court, slept the deep sleep that follows a night of heavy eating and heavier drinking. All slept except Aa, the terrible high-priest, and a few score men

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of his personal following. The royal city was silent.

It lay among surroundings both lovely and grand. The valley itself, only a few feet above sea-level and flat as a Western prairie, was, then as now, rich almost beyond exaggeration, and green with all edible products of the lowlands. It was thickly dotted with grass huts, for in those times, before the great wars and centuries before the white strangers came with their loathsome diseases that consumed flesh and bone, the population was dense.

The valley fronted on the open ocean, unobstructed by land for thousands of miles. On every other side it was shut in by rock walls from two to three thousand feet high. At the southwest extremity the Waipio River, cold from the mountain-side, clear and sparkling, fell six hundred feet to a narrow shelf of rock, and then, dropping a thousand feet more at a single plunge, suddenly became a sluggish stream, with a current hardly perceptible, winding its tortuous way to the sea. To the northwest were the Saw-Teeth of the Gods, wild and picturesque