

*(Copy of this is among dup.)*

Nupepa Kuokoa.

Jan. 26, 1867.

Untitled.

*History - Lament*  
*for loss of*  
*the*  
Puakoliko, Manua,

Kehehuna, Jan. 9, 1867

Beloved is the land of Palaau,  
Blown over by the Iaiki oe breeze,  
By the escaping breeze Lawemalie.  
They boast of the land of Iloli,  
Where the sun beats down on the pili grass,  
Burning the flower of the akuli.  
When one sees Ka-lai-a-ka-manu,  
With my friends in the sea of Kolo -- Aye,  
Say yes, for this true,  
That I am like a stranded canoe  
Standing still on a dry, salty shore.  
Till the hala trees of Kaeleloli,  
Tell them of the number of legends  
That bring them together  
To see the shore of Hilia -- Aye,  
Say yes to my wishes,  
Then we will capture love,  
The true love that is within man,  
It is better to say yes - do say yes -  
To love.

As I scanned the words of the chants which I am repeating to you my kinsmen, friends, elder brother, younger brothers and sisters, the tears are spilled from the rainclouds when the Unulau breezes comes from below. Why is the Maluakele breeze

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carrying water? It is its duty (literally bundle) the keeping of love, waiting only to be called otherwise, you will have no gift."

I have patiently clarified the Hawaiian antiquities, the kapu stories which our ancestors hid zealously with watchful eyes and so most of the people and chiefs were ignorant of the genealogies. But this is a new age, and the secret things of old, the unlearned period of our ancestors, can be clarified. Here is the greatest trouble, all of the learned people of old Hawaii are gone. I regret the loss of my grandfolks. If I had the wisdom when they were alive, then the Hawaiian antiquities would be correct.

But I am being patient. Within me is the remembrance of things done in my childhood. The story if well set, ~~this~~ is the mistake, in writing perhaps, some things have been omitted and some put in by mistake. So it is with the number of the dates, some mistakes are made by the printers. Therefore there ~~are~~ is some error in the antiquities, but most of it is correct and good.

There are some things lacking with my consultant. Not with my container of implements but with his, to rouse some enthusiasm and edit it. Then there are my cousins that keep at a distance. I said to myself:

Befogged is the love of Kanahoa (meaning companions)  
They do not move though pelted by the cold,  
They move with the swaying of the kupukupu fern,  
With the other budded flowers reddened by the sun,  
Tossed about by the wind.  
Yes, indeed.

Here is another very strange thing that I've seen on the

high places of our island group, like a hawk soaring on the top of the wind - like the sea bird (kaupu) with wide spread wings before the winking eye (sun) in the sky. Who is the person? (It is a certain writer of stories). It is true; that the pololu war clubs are entangled, and sickness had pounded down severely on the piece of pottery which is his body. The limbs that do the work of our favorite (newspaper) the Kuokoa are weak and only the left leg is of some help. But, he has said he can do with patience the history of the country the land of his birth, the kingdom of Hawaii. He regrets shortening the reign of Kamehameha I according to the wishes of the captains of the Kuokoa. His wish is to do the history of each island from Hawaii to Kauai. Another thing is the smallness of the space that helps to reach Hakalauai and perhaps the landing will be at Keolewa. (Hakalauai means Land of plenty and Keolewa to be left hanging in space. Figurative. M.P.). In the month of March we have seen the story of Kamehameha I, the reasons why the kingdom of Hawaii became his. Perhaps many people will say that the kingdom became his when Kiwala-o was killed at Mokuohai and many people have been led astray for listening to the whirlwind. Some people say that Kamehameha seized the kingdom - that he was a traitor. But you know why he had the kingdom - to build a new kingdom of Hawaii. You will see and understand that there was reason for it.

It teases here in the bosom,  
 A remnant, a remnant of love,  
 Reminding of love (itself).  
 Another thing comes,  
 That burns in the chest like fire,  
 It burns with heat within,

It smarts jealously at a heated word,  
 The heat appears without,  
 It grows with ill feeling,  
 Burning greatly with wrath,  
 Is kept aglow with anger,  
 It blazes upward and laughs (scornfully) at love."

In the next few weeks will appear the story of Captain Cook~~ø~~, called Lono by the Hawaiians, for one of the ancient gods. It is not like the former history of Hawaii, this is <sup>a</sup>very different explanation~~s~~. You people who are fond of the stories of your native land, take them. It is the first time that is has been dug up for you by the son of the sea sprays. The containers of Kakaë's possessions (ipu kuaha a Kakaë) Olopio and Manena are being opened. Kuwalawala, Kakuhihewa's sacred container (ipu wena) (Literally red container) has had its lid removed. The sticks of Manuia ~~has~~ <sup>have</sup> been struck in (perfect) time and the sacred drums of Laa, Opuku and Hawea, ~~has~~ <sup>have</sup> been struck.

"Awake, ye who sleep so late—the sun has reached Uli. May the hills be green, O Uli, the fine rains to fall, O Hopae; make ready for the woman to leap to the sea of Makuukeeu (meaning to bestir thyself - figuratively Makuu is to sit up and Ke-eu to bestir. M.P.). The ghost deceives; the ghost lies." This is the time to subscribe to the best (of newspapers), the Kuokoa.

O ye lads of the Kukalahale rains (Honolulu), who live with the Kiowao breeze of Luakaha - it is said of you that - "Light the fires for life comes with cooking. The houses only are in Honolulu but the food is in Nuuanu. The fish, too, is there." O Kiu breeze, hasten away. Let the beauty of Manoa go home for the Lililehua rains are spreading over the streams; the Kuahine

rains are surrounding the blossoming ohia trees - Kahoiwai is the favorite resting place of Kanaloa-hookau. The children of Palolo <sup>have</sup> ~~has~~ made a trench; they are victorious over the Puanaikea rains. There are women who live in the sunlight of Kuialauahi and Huawa, with husbands watching the ti root oven.

Here is the son of the sea sprays, awakening you to the history of the olden times. O lads who walk about on the beach of Kealia, pursuing the sandpipers of Puukea, turn your faces shoreward. Man is like the puakala (beach poppy). The pili grass of Kanelaau reddens when it is up on Hekili. Koula is a land that lies below. (Figurative - Meaning - Reach not too high up, here is something within your reach. M.P.). Here is the favorite, the Kuokoa. It is stuffed full, the ears droop, the neck is stretched, the mouth is packed, the legs are wide apart and <sup>it</sup> is swaying to and fro like a walking cock.

There is a crackling sound that startles the mind,  
Love leaps suddenly up within the heart.  
Love has come back from a distant land,  
His eyes have turned once more to Hanakewa.  
At hearing the wailings of the weeping ones,  
My thoughts rise and sink,  
I am anxious about you.  
I grope about for your love,  
For love --- love.

S. M. Kamakau.