

strangled. Instances are now, however, beginning to occur, in which this custom is not persisted in, a circumstance which seems to show that the dawn of civilization is breaking upon them.

On the day of the death, a feast called *mburua* is always provided; another four days after, called *boniva*; and a third at the end of ten days, which is called *boniviti*.

The usual outward sign of mourning is to crop the hair or beard, or very rarely both. Indeed, they are too vain of these appendages to part with them on trifling occasions; and as the hair, if cut off, takes a long time to grow again, they use a wig as a substitute. Some of these wigs are beautifully made, and even more exact imitations of nature, than those of our best *perruquiers*.

Another mark of sorrow is to cut off the joints of the small toe and little finger; and this is not done only as a mark of grief or a token of affection, but the dismembered joints are frequently sent to families which are considered wealthy, and who are able to reward this token of sympathy in their loss, which they never fail to do.

Women in mourning burn their skin into blisters, as is the practice also in other groups visited by us. The instrument used for the purpose is a piece of *tapa* twisted into a small roll and ignited. Marks thus produced may be seen on their arms, shoulders, neck, and breast. This custom is called *lloe mate*.

The eating of human flesh is not confined to cases of sacrifice for religious purposes, but is practised from habit and taste. The existence of cannibalism, independent of superstitious notions, has been doubted by many. There can be no question that, although it may have originated as a sacred rite, it is continued in the Feejee Group for the mere pleasure of eating human flesh as a food. Their fondness for it will be understood from the custom they have of sending portions of it to their friends at a distance, as an acceptable present, and the gift is eaten, even if decomposition have begun before it is received. So highly do they esteem this food, that the greatest praise they can bestow on a delicacy is to say that it is as tender as a dead man.

Even their sacrifices are made more frequent, not merely to gratify feelings of revenge, but to indulge their taste for this horrid food. In respect to this propensity, they affect no disguise; I have myself frequently spoken with them concerning it, and received but one answer, both from chiefs and common people, that it was *vinaka* (good).

The bodies of enemies slain in battle are always eaten. Whippy told me that he saw, on one occasion, upwards of twenty men cooked; and several of the white residents stated that they have seen bodies