

endina," (amen, amen.) They then repeat several times, "Mana endina sendina le." Every time this is repeated they raise their voices, until they reach the highest pitch, and conclude with "O-ya-ye," which they utter in a tone resembling a horrid scream. This screech goes the rounds, being repeated by all the people of the koro, until it reaches its farthest limits, and, when it ceases, the king drinks his ava. All the chiefs clap their hands, with great regularity, while he is drinking, and, after he has finished his ava, the chiefs drink theirs, without any more ceremony. The business of the day is then begun. The people never do any thing in the morning before the king has drunk his ava. Even a foreigner will not venture to work or make a noise before that ceremony is over, or during the preparation of it, if he wishes to be on good terms with the king and people.

It is almost impossible to conceive the horrible particulars relative to these natives, that have come under the personal observation of the missionaries, and are not for a moment to be doubted, from such respectable authority. They told me, that during their residence they had known of only one instance of a natural death, all having been strangled or buried alive! Children usually strangle their feeble and aged parents, and the sick that have been long ill are always killed.

Dr. Lythe pointed out to me a chief of high rank, who had strangled his own mother, as he himself saw. They went in procession to the grave, the mother being dressed in her best attire, and painted in the Feejee fashion. On arriving at the grave, a rope of twisted tapa was passed around her neck, when a number of natives, besides the son, taking hold of each end, soon strangled and buried her.

Dr. Lythe had a patient, a young girl, in a most critical state. She was scarce fourteen, when she was brutally violated by the same high chief who had strangled his mother; and much injury had resulted, in large swellings, which they attempted to cure, according to the Feejee custom, by large gashes with sharp bamboos, but without success. The seducer had determined to destroy her, when Dr. Lythe heard of it, and, by interceding, after much difficulty and ridicule, was allowed to take her away, and put her under treatment.

Some time previous to our arrival, Katu Mbithi, the youngest son of Tui Thakau, was lost at sea, on the knowledge of which event the whole population went into mourning. He was much beloved by the king. All his wives were strangled, with much form and ceremony. Some accounts make their number as high as seventy or eighty; the missionaries stated it below thirty.

There were various other ceremonies, not less extraordinary. To supply the places of the men who were lost with Katu Mbithi, the