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was placed in a sitting posture. The brow of the head was encircled with many feathers to form a kind of glory. The face might be uncovered by taking away a small piece of English scull cloth which had been cut for the purpose. The feathers were natural. On the right hand Dahoo was upon her knees as chief mourner, and on the left Duaterai's sister and two or three female relations. Many natives were placed at a little distance from them. As we approached the mourners commenced their usual bitter cry, beating their breasts and waving their hands. When our friend Thunghe had uncovered the face of his nephew, he stood immediately in front. The New Zealanders do not believe that the spirit leaves the body until the third day after the decease, and they say it hears the words of the survivors during the suspense. Thunghe appeared to be speaking to the corpse. In his left hand he held a blade of green moka which he had intentionally plucked up, and waving the other he occasionally took hold of the hair of Duaterai as if eager to snatch him from the King of Feroes. Tears fell streaming down his cheeks as he began his lamentable theme. The natives joined in crying, but the grief of the relations was excessive. Dahoo was of all others the most inconsolable; and her conduct has brought within my observation one instance more than the many I have before heard of, of the dreadful effects of heathen superstition. On Saturday morn^g the 4th while the people were still mourning and cutting themselves according to their manner until their persons were besmeared with blood, she sought and found