

CHAPTER II.

Rutherford and his comrades spent another night in the same manner as they had done the previous one; and on the following morning set out, in company with the five chiefs, on a journey into the interior.

When they left the coast, the ship was still burning. They were attended by about fifty natives, who were loaded with the plunder of the unfortunate vessel. That day, he calculates, they travelled only about ten miles, the journey being very fatiguing from the want of any regular roads, and the necessity for making their way through a succession of woods and swamps.

The village at which their walk terminated was the residence of one of the chiefs, whose name was Rangadi,* and who was received on his arrival by about two hundred of the inhabitants.

They came in a crowd, and, kneeling down around him, began to cry aloud and cut their arms, faces, and other parts of their bodies with pieces of sharp flint, of which each of them carried a number tied with a string about his

*Probably Rangatai, although no chief of that name is known.