

been killed by the man whose prisoner she now was, and who kept near her during the greater part of the day.

The officers remained on shore till the evening; "and as we were preparing to return to the ship," continues Cruise, "we were drawn to that part of the beach where the prisoners were, by the most doleful cries and lamentations. Here was the interesting young slave in a situation that ought to have softened the heart of the most unfeeling. The man who had slain her father, having cut off his head, and preserved it by a process peculiar to these islanders, took it out of a basket, where it had hitherto been concealed, and threw it into the lap of the unhappy daughter." At once she seized it with a degree of phrenzy not to be described; and subsequently, with a bit of sharp shell, disfigured her person in so shocking a manner that in a few minutes not a vestige of her former beauty remained. They afterwards learned that this fellow had married the very woman he had treated with such singular barbarity.

The crying, however, seems to be a ceremony that takes place universally on the meeting of friends who have been for some time parted. We may give, in illustration of this custom, Cruise's description of the reception by their relatives of the nine New Zealanders who came along with him in the "Dromedary" from Port Jackson.