

head with a mery, and killed him. Aimy, however, would not allow him to be eaten, though for what reason I never could learn.

“The slaves, therefore, having dug a grave for him, he was interred after my directions.

“As for the corpse of the old woman, it was now wrapt up in several mats, and carried away by Aimy and the doctor, no person being allowed to follow them. I learned, however, that they took her into a neighbouring wood, and there buried her. After this, the strangers all left our village, and returned to their respective homes. In about three months, the body of the woman was again taken up, and carried to the river side, where the bones were scraped and washed, and then inclosed in a box, which had been prepared for that purpose.

“The box was afterwards fastened on the top of a post, in the place where the body first lay in state; and a space of about thirty feet in circumference being railed in around it, a wooden image was erected, to signify that the ground was ‘tabooed,’ or sacred, and as a warning that no one should enter the inclosure. This is the regular manner of interment in New Zealand for any one belonging to a chief’s family. When a slave dies, a hole is dug, and the body is thrown into it without any ceremony; nor is it ever disinterred again, or any further notice taken of it. They never eat any person who dies of disease, or in the course of nature.”