

The Ulalā is a cannibal degree, that is to say, the eating of human flesh is its leading feature. It is not so bad as it used to be when slaves were killed, I am told, and dead bodies exhumed for the purpose. The modern method is to get together as much property as possible, fix the date for the dance, then disappear into the woods for a few days cloaked in a bearskin with a bellows-whistle under each arm, and then when the dance is on turn up in a fine frenzy and start in biting those present. On some the biter only leaves the marks of his teeth, from others he will draw blood, while perhaps from others, if he can afford it, he will tear a piece of flesh away. After this beastly fit of voluntary insanity (the highest ambition of the young men!) he will distribute his property among those he has bitten according to the nature of the bite inflicted. It is now two years since the last Ulalā dance was held on this reservation. Let us hope it may never be revived.

The Unanā is a crockery-breaking honor. The candidate having been artistically painted, kilted and feathered, is armed with a club, works himself up into a towering rage, and then proceeds on his mission of destruction, stepping like a high-mettled charger. Entering into each house he goes foaming around breaking basins, plates, lamps, or anything he sees, and having completed his tour makes a grand display of recompensing the owners. Men who have gone through these degrees are not to be lightly esteemed, they are