

about half a mile off, upon our side of the valley, we set out to visit that. The moment we got to it, we saw that it stood in a burying-ground, or morai; the resemblance of which, in many respects, to those we were so well acquainted with at other islands in this ocean, and particularly Otaheite, could not but strike us; and we also soon found, that the several parts that compose it, were called by the same names. It was an oblong space, of considerable extent, surrounded by a wall of stone, about four feet high. The space inclosed was loosely paved with smaller stones; and at one end of it, stood what I call the pyramid, but, in the language of the island, is named henananoo; which appeared to be an exact model of the larger one, observed by us from the ships. It was about four feet square at the base, and about twenty feet high. The four sides were composed of small poles interwoven with twigs and branches, thus forming an indifferent wicker-work, hollow or open within, from bottom to top. It seemed to be rather in a ruinous state; but there were sufficient remaining marks, to shew that it had originally been covered with a thin light grey cloth; which these people, it should seem, consecrate to religious purposes; as we could see a good deal of it hanging in different parts of the morai, and some of it had been forced upon me when I first landed. On each side of the pyramid were long pieces of wicker-work, called hereanee, in the same ruinous condition; with two slender poles, inclining to each other, at one corner, where some plantains were laid upon a board, fixed at the height of five or six feet. This they called herairemy, and informed us, that the fruit was an offering to their god, which makes it agree exactly with the whatta of Otaheite. Before the henananoo were a few pieces of wood, carved into something like human figures, which, with a stone near two feet high, covered with pieces of cloth, called hoho, and consecrated to Tongarooa, who is the god of these people, still more and more reminded us of what we used to meet with in the morais of the islands we had lately left. Adjoin-