and various contortions of the body, performed by a number of men and women. The only music was that of the voice, two or three singing in a high monotonous key. The dance was, however, seen to disadvantage by candlelight.

On the top of the hill is a sacred enclosure, or Kianga-taboo, in which is erected the tombs of the chiefs. A few days before our visit one was interred here. The vignette represents the tomb.

This tomb is formed of a small canoe, cut across through the middle, and the two parts joined face to face, forming a hollow cone, about seven or eight feet long. The corpse is placed inside, in a sitting posture, and would remain there a year, after which the bones would be carried up the river, and as Charley Pomare expressed it, would be "thrown away any where."

The tomb is painted red, and ornamented with feathers on each side, from the ground to the top; it is covered with a small shed, to protect it from the weather, and enclosed all around with a fence. The funeral ceremonies were not witnessed, but, from the description of the natives, were very noisy, and accompanied with firing of many guns,—a general practice on all public occasions. Their faces and arms bore evident marks of their having been engaged in the ceremony, being covered with scratches which they had inflicted on themselves.

The pas of the natives are not in reality strong places, but are little more than insulated and commanding situations. Pomare makes some show of warlike instruments, in the formidable array of three tenpounders, all of them in bad condition, though looked at and spoken of by the natives with no small pride and conceit. The natives, in time of peace, do not live constantly in these pas, but are mostly occupied at their plantation-grounds; for which reason only a few men were seen lounging about in front of their houses. The women were generally engaged in making and plaiting mats, or cooking, and the men seemed the greater idlers.

Their native dress consists of mats of various kinds, made of the native flax (Phomax), which are braided by hand, and are, some of them, finer than carpeting, while others are as coarse as our corn-leaf mats. The latter were worn by the women while at work, tied around the hips, and sometimes over the shoulders. They carry their children on the back, like our Indians.

The men were more luxurious in their dress, having fine mats, nearly as large in size as our blankets, ingeniously and beautifully wrought, and sometimes embroidered. Both of these kinds are still worn, though they are gradually disappearing, and the dress is becoming