

land, women, murders committed, and curses uttered by men of one tribe against those belonging to another. A woman may often cause a war by abandoning her own tribe to follow that of her beloved, for her friends will not unfrequently consider themselves bound in honor to reclaim her by force of arms if no other way remain. On the subject of cursing we have already spoken at some length, but although the ceremonies we have related are all that are requisite for the expiation of the curse, still satisfaction has yet to be exacted from the offenders if of a different tribe. In the case of a murderer the perpetrator of which is unknown, the tribe will declare war and send out a party to avenge it upon the first they meet; they go no further than will allow of their return before the sunset of the same day, and slay the first who may fall in their way without regard to tribe, age, or sex. If these should be too strong for them, or they should in any way escape, they return at once; or if they meet no one in that day's march, they will not go out again for this object, but while returning to their village, they catch a few of the small swamp birds, called *Matata*, and tearing them to pieces each ties a limb upon the two fern stalks which he holds in his hands, and when they come in sight of the settlement, they seat themselves in a line, and holding up their sticks they sing in chorus—

Maru heal, O! heal the wound,
Of him who was broken, and bruised,
I invoke thy power to strike
The back of the head of him
Who caused life's streams to flow;
And thou Tu strike, O, strike, as he flies!

In other instances, where a priest has accompanied the party, he runs along a line exclaiming "Hiki, Hiki, Hikitia, Tangaroa ha, hapainga ha, kia iri ha." Each time that he utters the syllable "ha" they all lift up their fern sticks at once: should any one fail to be exactly even with the rest, as the priest glances along the rank, that man will certainly fall in the first war in which he is engaged. Having returned thus unsuccessfully they do not eat until midnight; this ceremony is called "Pihe hiku toto" (the avenger of blood), a dirge for the dead. Supposing the tribe to have now resolved on war, a day is set apart for the cutting of the hair of the warriors; as the cutting is a religious rite, it is of course performed by the priests, who go with the assembled warriors to a little distance from the pa; here the latter seat themselves in a line, the priest senior in rank casting the lots by the ceremony *Niu*, which in this case bears the distinctive name of "Tuauumu," there being a stick for each hapu or family of their own tribe, and one for each hapu of the tribe to be attacked; this done, the officiating priests each chew a stalk of grass called *Toetoe whatu manu*, and then cut the hair of the warriors, which is accomplished with the *Tuhua* (obsidian): they then repeat over each man these words—

Here is the power, the power now given,
It rests on these, my sons,
It rests on these omens.

The senior priest while repeating these words rests on each man's head a twig of *Karamu*, which he had previously slung at his girdle, then he proceeds—

This is the power, the power from above,
The power of heaven, and all the gods.

Repeating here the names of all the gods of the elements, of their ancestry, reciting their genealogies from the earliest names recollected in *Hawaiki*, each tribe following their own line of ancestry. Food is then cooked in two ovens, one small from which the priests alone eat, one large intended for all the people. When all the people have finished eating, the priest lays his hand on the head of each man, saying—

Here is the girdle,
The girdle of the priests;
And of these my sons, and of these omens,
And of the gods above,—

Adding here again a list of names of places in *Hawaiki* and once more repeating the genealogy of their own migration, following the eldest son of the direct line, the ceremony is ended, and they return to the settlement, all this occupying a considerable time, commencing early in the morning, and if the tribe be strong, lasting the whole day. When war has been at last for any cause resolved, the business of the priest is to divine of its success. His first plan is by his motions in his sleep; if he tosses his right arm towards his breast it is a favourable omen, but unfortunate if the arm be thrown from him. Next he tries the *Niu* (divination) by the fern stalks, this is to determine who shall fall and who survive; of this ceremony already mentioned we shall give a full description. Before dawn—the usual time for all the most solemn rites—the priest issues a strict order that no food be cooked throughout the pa until he gives his permission, then spreading a mat on the ground before him, he takes fern stalks, one for each chief who is to go upon the war party, and one for each who is known upon the opposite side; he then holds each piece, one by one, giving it some chief's name, as he does so tying around it in a particular knot a strip of flax: thus named and tied, the fern stalks are called "*Kaupapa*." He then prepares a second set, named like the first but without the tie, and lays each couple that bears the same name together on the mat before him; then taking in his hand the piece around which the flax is wound, he sticks the others upright in the mat, and makes first a feigned throw with the one he holds, but before the second or real cast he holds it up in the air exclaiming—

It is the Heaven, but like the Earth,

Then saying:—

Go thou, oh such an one, to the battle.

He flings it at the upright stick first naming the hostile chieftains, and then those of his own tribe. If it drop upon the left of the upright stick, he whose name it bears will fall; if upon the right he will survive; if the knot turn downwards it is a presage of defeat. The lot being thus cast for each of the