

chiefs who are to be engaged, the priest takes once more the fern stalks, and calling the standing ones now by the names of the women, and children who are to remain at home, he flings at them the other sticks, as enemies who may attack the settlement in the absence of its warriors: this second divination is called "Tuaumu wahine:" teen raising each stick he says, as if addressing the assailant in it, "This omen is for thee, O thou unknown, look to thine home and to those behind thee, and ask of the speaking omens," then adding "What are thou, O woman? what canst thou do in the evil day?" he flings the fern stalks as before, if it fall upon the right the party named is doomed to die, but if to the left she will escape; the rule observed in the former instance being in this reversed. This divination being now complete, the priest draws a line upon the ground between himself and the mat, then spits upon the mat and so removes the tapu from the settlement; by this time the day has broken and the people may venture to cook their food: after they have eaten, they gather round the priest who now explains openly to them the omens we have described, for all the previous divination has been in secret. An additional omen is drawn from the cooking of the breakfast on this day; for if the food in any one of the hangis or ovens be imperfectly baked this is also a sign of defeat, called "Mangungu" (broken or bruised).

We must digress a little here. Some of the canoes in which the Maories came from Hawaiki, brought with them one or more gods, the famous ones were five, brought by Kuiwai and Hangaroa, two of which called *Ihungaru* and *Itupaoa* remained to very modern times; the *Ihungaru*, formed of a lock of human hair twisted with a rope of "Aute" (paper mulberry bark) was kept in a house made of wood from Hawaiki and thatched with *Mangemange*; this fell into the hands of Hongi and the Ngapuhi tribes at the storming of the Mokoia pa in Rotorua in the year 1823! where it was preserved, and being carried from the little Islet where the fortress stood to the mainland, was brought to an eminence overlooking the lake and there cut to pieces with the tomahawks of the victors. Of the *Itupaoa* we have no description: it was kept with the former, but was secreted by the priests and hidden in the fastnesses of the Horohore range, where its place of concealment is now forgotten. To revert, When news of war reaches a settlement, if it were still in possession of one of these gods, the priest went to its house and taking out the god he laid it on a mat upon the ground, asking—

What are the omens?
What is the work of the world below?
Of the thousands below?
Does thy right side quiver?
Does thy left side quiver?
What are thy omens?

The god then would move a certain space: if it were about two inches, it was a good omen,—if four, it told of a great victory,—but if six, on reaching that distance, it would immediately contract, a sign of a defeat and of a devastated settlement. *Ihungaru* was the god thus consulted on the occasion of Hongi's invasion, as above referred to, which gave this evil omen. In settlements which could not thus boast the possession of a god, the incantations alone were repeated. When war is at last declared, and the enemy known to be on the march, the priests again consult the gods, *Whiro* and *Rakataura*, by going with a stick to the place where the ceremonies and incantations were performed which we gave in the former part of this lecture, in the witchcraft for a *Kanga*, or curse, and then again making a little effigy and house to contain it, then shuts the door as formerly, and one of them strikes upon the door with a stick and says, "Rakataura come out," then answering himself "No, but you come in," then follows a considerable altercation which ends at last in *Rakataura* agreeing to come out. The priest then seats himself towards the West; and, with clasped hands, and pressed upon the ground, and eyes bent down, he says—

Oh *Rakataura*, are you looking to all things? Yes.
Are you looking at the hosts below? Yes.

He then; representing the god turns his head first on one side and then on the other, as though listening, still repeating the incantation—

There is evil coming, O *Whiro*!
Arise, and let thy sacred power be given to this son.
Tu, where art thou? come thou to this son.

Then rising with a bound, and facing Eastward, with extended arms, he says—

Give me my war girdle,
To tie around me,
Give me my shield of cloth—
A token of war and power—
'Tis a garment of revenge.
The Maro of Tu,
Tu of the battle front,
Tu of the hard face,
Lord of the Ocean powers.
My Maro is the Maro of Tu.

He now takes the stick with which he had struck the door and sometimes the effigy also in his left hand, and his spear in his right, and leads his tribe to battle. Mention has been made of *Rakataura*; she is in New Zealand a goddess of the powers of the air," and to her all sudden and unintelligible noises are attributed; she is also the goddess of music, and used formerly as her flute the tough leathery cocoon of a kind of caterpillar, which may not unfrequently be found upon the *Manuka* and other trees; but subsequently she took up her abode in this cocoon, and, having thus lost her flute, she confines herself to these aerial noises. We may now suppose the warriors ready to start upon this expedition; but before they march, each recites a *reo* over his weapon. One of these, as a specimen, may suffice; the warrior holds his weapon in his right hand, and standing in an attitude of defence, he addresses an imaginary enemy:—