

the hill, with whom they engaged in a sham fight, which lasted about twenty minutes. Both parties then seated themselves around the house belonging to the chief of the village, in front of which the baskets containing the dead body were at the same time placed. They were then all opened, and the head, being taken out and decorated with feathers, was placed on the top of one of the baskets; while the rest of the heads that had been taken at the battle were stuck on long spears, in various parts of the village. Meanwhile, the mother of the slain chief stood on the roof of the house, dressed in a feathered cloak and turban, continually turning herself round, wringing her hands, and crying for the loss of her son.

“The dead body having been in a few days buried with the usual ceremonies, we all prepared to return to our own village. Shaurakke is one of the most delightful spots in New Zealand, and has more cultivated land about it than I saw anywhere else. While I was here, I saw a slave-woman eat part of her own child, which had been killed by the chief, her master. I have known several instances of New Zealand women eating their children as soon as they were born.”