

manned by half a dozen savages, armed with bows, arrows, spears, and stone hatchets. It was decided to shift our position for one farther up the bay; and as the screw made its first revolution, the astonished natives pointed their arrows at it, as if they expected some enemy to rise from the foaming waters. Slowly we steamed on our way, followed by all the canoes on starboard and port sides doing their utmost to keep pace with us.

At this moment the scene before us was probably the most novel and most impressive of all that had been witnessed in the course of the expedition. Above a sunny sky, swept by a morning breeze; in the background the hilly shores of the bay, covered with the most luxuriant foliage, the trees crowding down to the water's edge, and dipping their boughs into the white breakers; around us a moving mass of dark brown figures, some decked with leaves, flowers, and birds' feathers, others in enormous frizzled wigs and all the savage glory of war-paint, breastplates, bows, and arrows—all joining in a monotonous chant, in unison with the sound of the conch-shell; in the centre the *Challenger*, at this moment the only representative of Western civilisation in this rarely visited region—a period of two thousand years of progress separating us from the people we had come to see. It was intended to remain near the shore off one of the villages, but no safe anchorage could be found; the bottom seemed