

As I have said, Longway was always completely naked. He not only had no clothing of any description, but no ornament of any kind whatsoever, and he was not even tattooed. Further, he never carried, when he walked with me, any kind of weapon, not even a stick. His boy, who was always with him, was in the same absolutely natural condition. It was some time before I got quite accustomed to Longway's absolute nakedness, but after I had been about with him for a bit, the thing seemed quite familiar and natural, and I noticed it no more.

On one of our excursions, Longway begged me to shoot him some paroquets to eat. I shot half a dozen at a shot. I should not have done so if I had known the result. Longway insisted on stopping and eating them there and then. I was obliged to wait. Longway and his boy lighted a fire of grass and sticks, tore a couple of clutches of feathers off each of the birds, and threw them on the fire for the rest of the feathers to singe partly off. Before they were well warm through, they pulled the birds out and tore them to pieces, and ate them all bleeding, devouring a good deal of the entrails.

On one occasion, when I wished to start very early on a shooting expedition, in order to come upon the birds about daybreak, which is always the best time for finding them in the tropics, I went to the camp of the Blacks to fetch Longway, just as it was beginning to dawn. The Blacks were not by any means so easily roused as I had expected; I found them all asleep, and had to shout at them, but then they all started up scared, as if expecting an attack. I had great difficulty in persuading Longway to go with me at that early hour, and he complained of the cold for some hours. I think the Blacks usually lie in camp till the sun has been up some little time, and the air has been warmed.

With regard to expression, I noticed that the Gudangs used the same gesture of refusal or dissent as the Api men, namely, the shrugging of one shoulder, with the head bent over to the same side. Their facial expressions were, as far as I saw them, normal, I mean like those of Europeans.

Altogether, these Blacks are, I suppose, nearly as low as any savages. They have no clothes (some have bits of European ones now), no canoes, no hatchets, no boomerangs, no chiefs. Their graves, described in the "Voyage of the 'Fly,'" are remarkable in their form. They are long low mounds of sand, with a wooden post set up at each of the corners. There is far more trouble taken with them than would be expected.

The beach at Somerset is composed of siliceous sand. One becomes so accustomed when amongst coral islands, to see the