

The whole coast outside the Bay is steep and rocky, without any sandy beaches, and is thickly wooded with a dark clothing of vegetation with lighter green patches here and there, formed by the cultivated inclosures of the natives, or spaces which have at some time been under cultivation by them.

It was dark when we entered the Bay, steaming slowly to an anchorage. A light flashed from the Cape Caille shore, glimmered and flashed again, then another flashed, then another, and soon a dozen or more lights close together were flashing and moving to and fro. These signal fires were answered from the south side of the Bay, and from another spot higher up on the same side, and we heard the peculiar holloa of warning, "hoa, hoa," coming over the water from many voices, and sounding exactly like the shouts with which the savages at Api in the New Hebrides greeted the ship.

The masses of lights glimmered from the very water level, as could be seen from the mode of reflection of the flashes in the water. The villages of pile-dwellings of Ungrau and Tobaddi were giving the alarm and were being answered by the people of Wawah on the other side of the Bay. We could see the bright lights moving about, and waving to and fro as they were carried by the excited natives along the platforms of the pile-built villages, and could catch a glimpse of the shadows of the natives' bodies as they passed between us and the light.

Just as the anchor was let go in 15 fathoms, a light appeared on the water close to the ship, and a canoe was evidently reconnoitring us; but the natives were shy and wary, and the light disappeared again for some time. Then it was again seen close at hand, being waved up and down; and a native standing up delivered a volley of his language.

Lights were placed at the gangways and were waved as a token of friendship, and all sorts of encouragements were used, but the canoe kept at a distance, paddling to and fro. The only word we caught was "sigor!" "sigor!" The canoes had two paddlers, one at either end, apparently boys, and a full-grown savage on the small platform in the centre.

The savage on the platform had his huge mop-like head of hair set off by a radiant halo of feathers stuck into it, and decked with a broad fillet of scarlet *Hibiscus* flowers, placed under the edge of the mop, above his forehead. As he blew up his smouldering fire-stick into a blaze, his dark face glowing in the light and set off by the scarlet blossoms, formed a most striking, but at the same time most savage spectacle.

The canoe at last dropped under the stern, the natives shouting still "sigor!" "sigor!" I leaned over the stern boat,