

halted and made signs of refusal; he then took up one of his arrows, and holding the point to his neck just above the collar bone, made signs of forcing it into his body, and then throwing back his arms and head, and turning up his eyes, pretended to fall backwards by a series of jerks, in imitation of death; then he caught hold of the yam again and proffered it a second time, and on renewed refusal, went through the imaginary killing process again.

We began to move toward shore, when the man ran to the end of the canoe nearest the boat, and fitting an arrow against the string of his bow, drew the bow with his full strength and pointed the arrow full at me; I was standing up at the time with a loaded double-barrelled gun in the stern of the boat.

As he drew the bow he contorted his face into the most hideous expression of rage, with his teeth clenched and exposed, and eyes starting. This expression was evidently assumed to terrify us as an habitual part of the fight, and not because the man was in reality in a rage. In Chinese and Japanese battle-scenes, or hunting-scenes in which attacks upon large animals are depicted, the faces of the combatants are usually represented as horribly contorted with rage. No doubt the grimace is assumed as a menace amongst savages on just the same principle as that on which an animal shows its teeth. The native shifted his aim sometimes on to Von Willemoes Suhm, and sometimes on to Mr. Buchanan, who was nearest to him.

We were in a dilemma; the man evidently did not understand the use of fire-arms, for the whole boat's-crew was fully armed, and we in the stern were all provided with guns. He evidently thought that we were unarmed because we had no bows and arrows; he might have let slip an arrow five feet long into any one of us in an instant.

We of course would not shoot the man in cold blood; if we had fired over his head, he would certainly have let fly one arrow at least, and he was within six yards of the boat. The boys who paddled him were exuberantly delighted at the prowess and success of their warrior.

The canoe was pushed up to the stern of our boat, and the man caught hold of our gunwale. Another canoe joined in to share in the spoil, and closed in at the stern also. The two warriors seized a large tin vasculum of mine from the seat, and immediately began struggling between themselves for it, and taking advantage of the struggle we pulled back to the ship.

The vasculum contained some trade knives and three bottles of soda-water. I expect no savages were ever so thoroughly