

Islands. On nearing we found ourselves in the midst of a number of beautiful islands, all girt with white encircling reefs. We soon discovered that there would be no difficulty in establishing a good understanding with these people, and almost immediately a landing was effected, all being armed so as to be on the guard against any treachery. Of these people being cannibals, there can be no doubt; so at our first intercourse great caution was certainly necessary.

The village consisted of a large number of huts, built of logs of wood, covered with a solid thatch of palm-leaves, with a fence of the former material surrounding every three or four. The natives are a kind of sooty brown. The expression of their faces was decidedly intelligent, and sometimes very pleasing. The particular vanity of these people, especially the men, was their hair, which was usually frizzled up into mop-like shape, or tied in some fantastic style on the top of the head, and coloured with a red clay and oil. They appeared to be much astonished at our white complexion, which they at first took for the effect of white paint; nor were they satisfied on this point for some time (not until they had actually felt and seen closely).

We saw no signs of graves, nor could we ascertain with any degree of certainty how they disposed of their dead. From signs they made, such as placing a large earthen vessel on the fire, and indicating that they cut off parts of the body, place in the vessel, and afterwards eat them, our suspicions were aroused that they honour the memory of their friends and relations by eating them. At all events, they had no objection to sell human skulls, of which several were procured, and no sacrifice seemed too great for them if they could only get hold of that priceless material—iron hoop. Their conduct seemed always cheerful and friendly, and they had no objection to come on board, and submit to the process of being photographed, weighed and measured.

Leaving the Admiralty Islands on the 10th of March, a course was shaped for Yokohama. On the 23rd March bottom was touched at 4,475 fathoms, the deepest sounding made during the whole cruise. In consequence of the enormous pressure at that depth (some five tons on the square inch) most of the thermometers were crushed. However, one stood the test, and showed a temperature of 33.9°; the surface temperature being 80°.

*April 11th.*—Yokohama is now before us, with the sacred