

*Thursday, August 25th.*—There are only two white men living on York Islands; one is an English gentleman, and the other bears the name of Yankee Ned. He is the proud possessor of a telescope which, he declares, belonged either to Captain Cook or Admiral La Pérouse. These two men have a very large bêche-de-mer station here, which they manage with the aid of some natives, and make over £1000 a year out of it.

*Friday, August 26th.*—We anchored off Darnley Island at half-past ten. It is very pretty as seen from the sea, with large groves of cocoa-nut trees growing right down to the shore. On the higher ground the cleared slopes of grass give it at a distance something of the look of an English park. I was borne in my chair straight to the house of the chief, who is called King Jack, and who, with his wife, was anxious to welcome and shake hands with us all.



DARNLEY ISLAND—THE SHORE.

The flag flying before his trim little cottage—red with a yellow cross—did not satisfy King Jack at all, so we promised him a blue Jack for use on future festive occasions.

We took some photographs of the groups of natives and of the curious native boats, hollowed out of a single trunk, which were lying pulled up on the shore before us. The larger canoes are made from timber grown in New Guinea, which must be much larger than any trees we saw growing on the island. After a short delay, I was carried by some native policemen through a native village, consisting of a few circular and oblong houses made of plaited grass and thatch, all of which had been so familiar to one's eyes in the South Seas. It was quite like old times to see these dwellings again, and some of them were actually occupied by genuine South Sea Islanders—Kanakas. The men of these islands are very similar in appearance to that race, though I think the type here is finer.