

WAITING FOR THE TIDE



of S. B. & S.

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1875  
 Photographed by the National Oceanographic Survey  
 Greenwich

Present.



Future.



Past.



- We fear -

Future.



We Hope

# WAITING FOR THE TIDE,

OR

SCRAPS AND SCRAWLS

FROM

SARAWAK.

“ The constant sun  
Had run his faithful round, and duly sunk  
Beneath the crystal wave of this calm sea ;  
And centuries had fill'd their measure up  
With quiet morns and peaceful eventides :  
An unclad, tawny race, age after age,  
Had roved the woods and waters, all unchanged.  
But men of other lip, from a far land,  
Had brought religion, enterprise, and law. ”

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KUCHING :

1875.

# PREFACE.

We start this annual with fear and trembling, as we are aware it has no pretensions to be a skilled literary production, but simply what it is entitled—Scraps and Scrawls from our Sarawak life, which is in itself strange, wild, and romantic. Written by men whose jungle life more or less unfits them for literary pursuits, the pictures being lithographed in Singapore, and the work printed by a Chinese boy educated in the Mission School here, we trust these facts may be taken into consideration, and that the sharp blasts of criticism may be tempered to this our first-born.

There was an established rule which originated in the time of Sir James Brooke, that all officers who could leave their stations should keep up the old English custom of meeting to celebrate Christmas and the New Year in Kuching.

A party of outstation officers happened to meet on a Christmas-eve in one of the small streams which intersect the two branches of the Sarawak river, which is generally used as a short cut ; being detained by the falling tide, they were unable to reach the capital that night, and to beguile the time these stories were sketched out whilst 'Waiting for the tide.'

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# INTRODUCTION.

"What? tide turned. Not enough water, and we in the middle of the 'trusan' (stream) and can't get on till next flood," exclaimed Fraser to the boatmen, as we glided softly on to the mud. "Well boys, here we are, and we must try to make the best of it, but it is a sell when we are so near Kuching to have to wait half-a night in this hole to be feasted on by mosquitoes, when we might have been feasting at Government house."

"Halloo" says Perry, "here comes another boat, and by Jove they are some of our fellows too, and that's Skipwith singing 'The Hardy Norsman,' there's no mistaking his voice."

"Won't they be savage" says Don, "I wonder if they have dined? if not, we had better join-mess, there must be Vane and Roscoe with him, as I know they intended coming round together. Here they come."

"Now move ahead there sharp" said a voice from the other boat in Malay, "we want to get on as it is just touch or go whether we shall get through or not."

"It is all very well to say go on" says Fraser, "that's just what we want to do."

"Halloo, who's that? By Jingo here's old Don, Fraser, and Perry," shouted Skipwith "stuck hard and fast."

It didn't take long after friendly and seasonable greetings to arrange that we should pull back to the seaside to camp out on the sands till the turning of the tide. It was a quiet calm night; not long after sun down we arranged for dinner; our joint stores supplied no mean materials, and we determined to make ourselves as jolly as possible under the circumstances.

It is surprising how a good dinner affects an Englishman; no sooner were the pipes filled, and the kettle seen steaming on the large fire around which we were stretched, than our troubles were entirely forgotten, and it would have been difficult to find a more contented and light-hearted party than we were.

After a few whiffs in solemn silence Perry said "Now don't you fellows drop off to sleep or the men will follow suit, and we may miss the next tide."

"Well," said Don "let's agree to tell a story all around that will keep us awake."

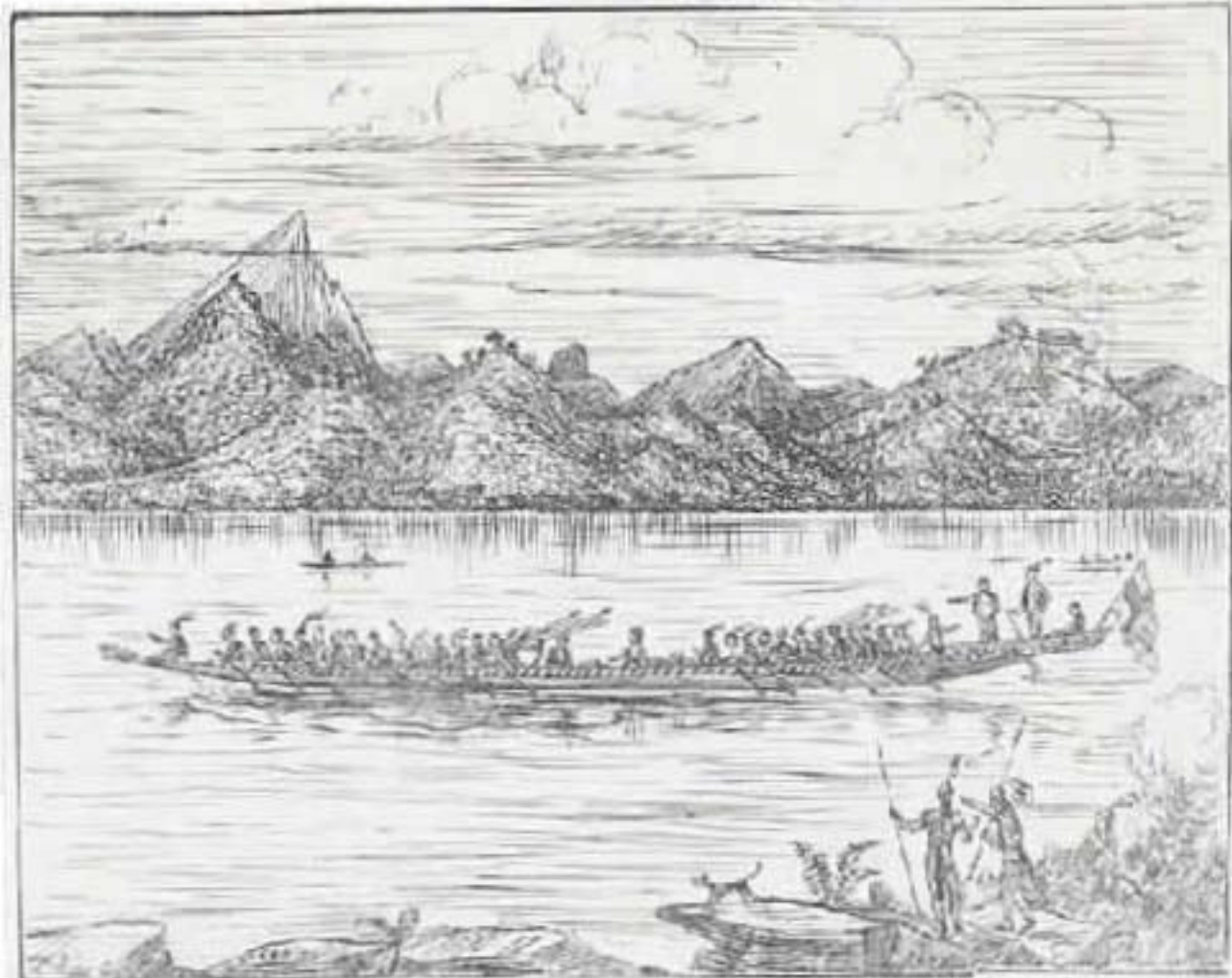
"All right" says Vane "but I vote we confine ourselves to stories about the country, and Fraser being the oldest begins."

"All right" says Fraser, knocking the ashes out of his pipe "I will give you what I'll call, A Pirate Story."

FRASER'S STORY.







Paddling down the river. The boats channel for safety.

# A PIRATE STORY.

*"Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,  
In former days within the vale;  
Flapp'd in the bay the pirates' sheet,  
Curses were in the gale;  
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd men;  
Pirate and wrecker kept the revels then."*

DANA.

It is all very well for you fellows, who have recently joined the service, to growl and grumble about discomfort, and a little annoyance of this sort. You live in the days of steam yachts and the piping times of peace. You have good comfortable forts to live in, well armed and defensible against Dyak attack. You have regular communication with the capital, and grumble if your mails are a day or two late, or your supply of wines happens to run out: how different was the state of affairs when I first came to the country!

In Sarawak itself we had to be constantly on the alert against attack, we could not move outside of the Sarawak river unless armed, and on the *qui vive* against pirates; in fact the whole country was in a state of anarchy and confusion.

I am an old man now, but the blood rushes through my veins with the vigor of youth when I recall the stirring scenes I have witnessed since following the fortunes of the Brooke family.

I have seen piracy suppressed on the coast and helped our present Rajah in putting a stop to head-taking ashore. I have fought side by side with Admiral Keppel, Sir Edward Belcher, Sir Thomas Cochrane, Captain Mundy and a host of others, who at various times have co-operated with our world-wide famed Rajah, Sir James Brooke.

I was at the attack of the Sakaran and Saribas, which raised the outcry against Sir James Brooke by a handful of prejudiced

Exeter Hall people. I remember the disgust I always felt when this question was discussed, I fancied I saw some of these sanctimonious, pompous speakers, take their places on the platform at home, inflated with a sense of their own importance, looking sleek and oily in their comfortable broadcloth, and using their rhapsodical powers in pronouncing a panegyric on the dear peaceable Sakaran and Saribas. Is it not sickening to fellows like ourselves who know the facts of the case? I verily believe I should not mind going through the imminent peril I am going to tell you about, a second time, if I could have the satisfaction of being in company with a party of these black coated gentlemen who sit at home at ease—but to proceed with my story—

I was with Captain Brooke when we ran down the eight Illanun pirate boats off Bintulu. I have followed the present Rajah in his numerous expeditions into the interior; I was at the storming of Sadok when we had hand to hand fight with our enemies, and I was also with him when he penetrated into the Kayan country: but now, 'Othello's occupation is gone,' and like yourselves I find a life of ease and inaction only develops the Englishmen's natural tendency to growl; but, to illustrate how times have changed, I will give you an account of an adventure which happened to me whilst going from my station to spend Christmas at Kuching, just as we are now, eighteen years ago.

## A PIRATE STORY.

In 1856 I was left in charge of a small fort up the Rejang, the Rajah took an affectionate farewell of me in June, and after friendly advice and counsel about the treatment of natives and the general policy to follow, he said, "Now remember my dear boy if ever you feel hipped and low-spirited, directly solitude becomes irksome, come down to Kuching to me at once, and at all events I shall expect you at Christmas and the New year to witness the races and join in the festivities." I remember as if it were only yesterday the utterly miserable feeling I experienced when the gunboat dropped down the river and was at last hid from sight behind the furthest point. It would be months before I should see a white face again or hear my mother tongue—perhaps never! shut in a block house surrounded by treacherous foes, a hundred and fifty miles from my friends in Kuching, and the intervening country swarming with enemies, both in the river and at sea, almost precluding the possibility of making a safe journey with the means at my disposal, my only reliable friends being the ten Dyaks and Malays I brought from Sarawak, truly my prospects were not of the brightest. But I was young and low spirits vanished in a few days, besides, I had plenty of occupation in trying to ingratiate myself with the surrounding tribes, it was not long before I picked up a smattering of their language and soon had the satisfaction of making friends by the usual method of drinking blood with those in the vicinity of the fort.

The tribes up river refused all overtures to be friendly and continually harassed me by nightly attacks. These attacks, however, only ended in their throwing one or two spears into the fort, as a few shots from my fortmen soon dispersed them. But why go over this part of the story, you all know how these tribes have become friends by degrees, suffice it to say, I managed to pass the time pleasantly enough; tuba fish-

ing, deer-stalking, &c., until Christmas was drawing near.

Not having heard from Sarawak for some months, I decided on going down. I called together my friendly Dyaks and told them of my intention; they immediately placed one of their long war canoes at my disposal, and forty-five fellows under Apai Balong, (the Tuah of a long house near the fort) volunteered to accompany me. Apai Balong came originally from Saribas, he had been an arrant pirate and one of our bitterest enemies, but by some means or other I had won his confidence and believed in him. Subsequent events, proved he was worthy of the trust. He is dead now poor fellow, but he was a staunch ally of ours for many years. Placing my corporal in charge of the fort we set out, on the 21st of December, on our journey. We got to the mouth of the river without any adventure and started across the bay for the Moratabas entrance of the Sarawak river.

The sea being smooth we left the mouth of the Rejang before daylight hoping to get across (the distance is about fifty-five miles) before dark. Having been pent up in the jungle in a fort for nearly six months, I well remember the joyous exhilarating feeling of freedom I experienced on putting to sea. We had a glorious sunrise that morning which is still vivid in my memory: far away to the east the rosy light shot up into the sky, and now as the sovereign of day approached the color increased to blood red surrounded by dull heavy clouds on each side, enhancing the effect of the bright light which illuminated the sky between: in the track of light the color was ever changing; the beautiful pale-blue sky formed a back ground, across which fleecy clouds floated tinged with golden edges, some presenting a burnished or bronze-like appearance, others a bright rosy hue: at last the whole of the sky resembled a sea of gold, when the sun rose in all his glory and the

## A PIRATE HISTORY.

scene vanished like a beautiful vision.

The soft land breeze filled the sail which we had hoisted in our canoe, the men pulled with a will and everything looked favorable to our making a short and pleasant passage across. You all know however, how capricious the sea is on our coast. About ten o'clock, when we were out of sight of land, on looking to the northward we noticed a remarkable phenomenon—a black cloud rose and stretched across the horizon from N. E. to N. W. assuming the shape of an arch with three fleecy clouds forming a perfect semicircle and overlapping each other like the heavy folds of a curtain: inside the curtain the clouds became steel-blue, athwart which constant flashes of lightning played, and the distant rumblings of thunder told of the storm raging in the magic circle: overhead was fair and the bright blue sky with light fleecy clouds gave a most striking effect to the scene.

We had only just stowed our sail when we saw the circle break up and the black clouds approach us with a rushing noise. The squall broke on us and the sea was soon lashed into fury, we were driven before the wind with great violence and in danger every minute of being engulfed. Our craft was not a good sea-boat, and the crew being unaccustomed to the sea, gave way to despair. It was a very anxious time for me, but after driving in this manner for nearly four hours it commenced to clear up, and I was glad to find we were off Satang Island. The sea went down as speedily as it got up and I encouraged my men, who, with the prospect of getting ashore, soon rallied.

We pulled around the Island, which is rocky, until we found a horse-shoe shaped spit of sand in a bay on the southern side.

We landed, and during the afternoon which turned out fine, dried our clothes and soon forgot our troubles in fishing and collecting turtles' eggs, with which the Island abounds. We determined on starting the

following morning for the Santubong entrance, which is only ten miles from the Island. It was a moonlight night, but natives like a fire, a discussion arose as to the advisability of lighting one, Apai Balong saying, "One never knows when Illanun pirates may appear, and our light may be the means of attracting their attention." On my assurance that the Illanun would not venture so near the mouth of the Sarawak river after the many severe lessons they had received at our hands, they agreed to light the fire, and their fears being at rest, they soon busied themselves in cooking. It was not long before the evening meal was finished, and they were stretched around the fire in comfortable 'bichara' so essential to a Dyak's happiness.

I sat enjoying their talk of former head-taking expeditions, of which they are still proud, and listened whilst they fought their battles over again; at last they dropped off to sleep one by one, and I lit a pipe and strolled down the beach. I well remember sitting on a huge rock enjoying my tobacco. It was a lovely moonlight night, the gentle land breeze softly sighed through the Casuarina trees which fringe the shore, the tiny plashing waves broke with a low rippling murmur on the sands, which shone with glittering whiteness in the bright moonlight, the distant hum of the insect-world could be heard in the jungle, and seemed in keeping with the calm still scene. As I sat and smoked, a feeling of calm serenity stole over me, and my mind drifting into a train of pleasant thoughts was busy thinking of home scenes and home friends, when I was startled from my reverie by the splash of paddles; on looking in the direction of the sound I saw a lot of boats rounding the point; I ran back and aroused my followers in a great haste, when Apai Balong immediately recognised the boats as Illanuns. "Illanuns! Illanuns!" now cried the terrified Dyaks, rushing to their arms. I called

## A PIRATE STORY.

Balong and asked his advice as to what course we should pursue. We saw ten boats standing into the bay. We could see we were discovered by our fire as they were pulling hard in our direction. To escape by boat was impossible. To attempt to fight was folly, as we were considerably outnumbered: we therefore soon determined on flight, snatching up my rifle I plunged into the jungle, just as the shouts of the Illanuns told that we were seen. Immediately behind the sand spit the Island rises almost perpendicularly, we scrambled up pell mell as we soon heard the yells of our enemies in pursuit.

After about half an hours hard climbing we came to a precipitous rock, to ascend which seemed impossible; after searching for some time, we found a rift in the rock; up this we clambered for about a hundred yards, when we found ourselves on a small table-land covered with vegetation. Here, we determined to take our stand, as, with my rifle and large boulders close at hand, we could easily defend the rift. Our pursuers were at last quiet, concluding, I imagined, that there was no hurry, escape from the Island being impossible, they could hunt us down like sheep at their leisure.

Little sleep visited our eyelids that night. Morning at last broke, and discovered our conjectures were right, the table-land was only accessible through the rift. We immediately set about collecting large boulders and stones. I was armed with a breech-loading rifle and sword, fortunately I had a hundred rounds of ammunition: Apai Balong had an old flint musket; these constituted our armory. My Dyak followers all had their spears and parangs, and we determined to sell our lives dearly, as we knew captivity meant torture and a lingering death.

After making our preparations we remained in ambush, and although we could not easily be seen, we got a clear view over

the ledge of rock of what went on below. About eight o'clock we saw a party of about a hundred men following our tract as relentlessly as bloodhounds. On discovering that we had climbed up the rift, they stopped and seemed to hold a council of war; I could see them distinctly; they were naked to the waist, all of them wore short trousers, they were short, but stout, and of great muscular development; they had high cheek bones, flat noses, sirih-stained lips, and bloodshot eyes and looked a formidable band of ruffians. No wonder these people have spread terror along the coast, they neither give nor take quarter; when they were run down off Bintulu by the *S. S. Rainbow*, I saw several of them refuse to be taken on board a boat lowered to save them; one man I noticed particularly, he was knocked out of his boat, and, although desperately wounded, he retained possession of his rifle, he managed to struggle on to a floating log, and with a last effort, raised his weapon and fired at us, then fell over and sunk to rise no more.

Fortunately for us on this occasion they had no fire-arms, their weapons being spears and a broad parang resembling a huge fish-slice in shape. Presently, they commenced to move towards the rift, which was so narrow that only two at a time could enter—When they were a few yards up I gave the signal, and all the Dyaks rose with a yell and hurled large boulders on our assailants. I took deliberate aim at the leader, and had the satisfaction of seeing him roll back on his companions; they gave a yell of defiance, but were evidently taken aback at discovering we were armed with fire-arms; just then, Apai Balong blazed off his old flint-musket, without doing any damage, but they no longer hesitated about retreating, thinking, no doubt, we were all armed with rifles. As they retired with their dead and wounded, I gave them a parting shot, but I determined not to waste ammunition on wild



## A PIRATE STORY.

shots, knowing what implacable foes we had to defend ourselves against—I reserved my ammunition for emergencies.

They retreated to the beach, well knowing there was no necessity to guard the rift, as we should soon be outnumbered if we ventured down, and by keeping a guard on our boat, escape by sea was out of the question.

We immediately searched the top of the Island for food and water, as it was evidently the intention of our foes to starve us into submission; luckily, we found a quantity of travellers' palms and monkey cups, full of sweet water, two wild sago palms were also found; these would keep us alive for a few days at all events.

We relieved each other in watching during the night: and so utterly worn out was I when my turn to sleep came, that in spite of my desperate position, I fell into so profound a sleep, that the sun was high in the heavens when I awoke next morning. The despairing look of my companions was not very reassuring. A second attack was made that day with the same result, a pirate or two killed and a retreat. A second night of suspense. The third day they did not harass us. In the evening I called a council of war, Apai Balong and all of my followers seemed to have lost heart, and advised a bold *sortie* and death by the hand of the Illanuns on the morrow, instead of a lingering death on the Island by starvation. I was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, but purposed to try a *stratagem* and every chance before adopting their suggestion. I asked, who would volunteer to visit the Illanun camp in the night with the chance of gaining information of their intentions, and perhaps finding a few turtles' eggs on the sand? The whole of them brightened at the idea, and there were any number of volunteers.

Two men, well known amongst their comrades for their woodcraft, were selected, and

as the moon rose at eleven o'clock, they determined to set out directly darkness protected them. Hour after hour passed, and we had been watching anxiously for their return, when I thought I heard a rustling, and the two men appeared in our midst, showing how our enemies might have surprised us in the same way. They soon told us, that, protected by large rocks on the sea shore, they approached quite close to the enemies' camp fire and over-heard their conversation, the pith of which was their determination to capture the orang puteh (white man) alive, and revenge on him the death of their friends by Tuan Brooke.

They even almost quarrelled on the mode of torture they should adopt; one suggesting rubbing me with honey, and fastening me near to a nest of venomous ants to be bitten to death; another, that I should be impaled on the palm, whose centre spike is hard and triangular, and which grows several inches a day—the death by this not uncommon means is most excruciating;—others again, more refined in their ideas of torture, suggested that I should be taken back to their country, tied to a post for their women to revile, spit upon, and then cut to pieces; another ingenious youth, wishing to try his prowess with his big chopper, suggested that I should be buried in the sand up to my middle, whilst he tried the experiment of cleaving me at one blow from head to sand. All this was far from pleasant intelligence, and not at all likely to raise my spirits. Our spies, however, brought another piece of information, which threw a slight gleam of hope on our dark despair. Our boat was high and dry close to the rocks.

After a lengthy discussion, we determined that all should steal quietly down on the following evening and make a sudden rush with the boat for liberty, and if we failed, sell our lives dearly in a hand to hand encounter. Anything was preferable to our

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continual suspense, which we found unbearable.

Having come to this resolve our minds were more at ease, and during the next day we looked to our arms and made ready for our desperate adventure. The night was fortunately favorable, dark clouds were driving, with a strong sea breeze, across the sky; this had put up a little sea, which, breaking against the rocks, would prevent their hearing any slight noise on the beach.

We started on our perilous march down the side of the Island; how my knees shook with excitement and my heart palpitated at every crack of twig or rustle of leaf. We succeeded, however, in reaching the rocks, and had the satisfaction of seeing our boat on the sands about ten yards from us; but about thirty yards beyond that were our enemies seated around a fire, the bright light of which made the gloom around more difficult to penetrate. Our boat was about ten yards from the sea; the tide was rising and would approach within five yards in another hour—could we wait?—We could hear them in conversation and saying, “Starvation will have done its work in another day or two, and then we shall have no difficulty of capturing them, what is the good of being in a hurry, and sacrificing any more of our comrades?”

The difficulty now, was to get unseen across the ten yards of sand intervening between us and the boat, one thing favored us, the boat was broadside on to us and end on to the sea. At last I could wait no longer, but gave a signal we had agreed on, by moving first, we threw ourselves flat on the sand, and succeeded in *creeping* up to the boat unseen. Now we commenced by trying to lift her bodily and quietly down towards the water, but, being all on one side, the attempt not only failed, but caused her to lurch on one side with a creak, which drew the attention of our enemies. I immediately gave the word, when we rose

simultaneously, and dragged the boat with a rush to the water's edge. Our enemies rose with a yell, snatched up their arms, and were on us before we got clear, wounding two or three of the Dyaks in the stern of the boat; but the impetus we had given her shot us out in deep water beyond their reach. They immediately rushed to their boats. We gave a yell of defiance, and seizing our paddles, pulled with desperation in the direction of Santubong; and now came an exciting race. We got a start of at least fifteen minutes, whilst they were getting the large boats into the water, and our boat being fast, we should have beaten them easily had we been in condition: having however been half-starved for four days, we soon found that the supernatural strength that gave us a spurt soon left us, but we continued to ply our paddles with incessant energy.

We had been pulling, I thought nearly an hour, without any sign of our pursuers, and I was beginning to hope they had pulled in the wrong direction in the darkness, when the moon appeared from behind a cloud, and a loud exultant yell thrilled through every nerve in my system. I pulled with all my might, and urged on my companions, but I soon saw one of the boats overhauling us slowly, but surely. I stopped pulling when they were about fifty yards from us, and gave them a shot from my rifle; the shriek of terror and rage which followed, gave evidence that the shot had told; this seemed to throw them into confusion, and the sound of their voices became fainter and more distant.

We began to hope they had abandoned the chase, but another savage yell soon told that they were again gaining on us. I gave them another shot with the same effect as before, but my men were now so utterly exhausted that they confessed they could pull no further if pursued. Just at this moment, whilst the driving clouds passed over the



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moon, I thought I caught a glimpse of something ahead and the moon now shining out revealed a schooner not five hundred yards from us. Our pursuers were by this time drawing near again, but my men had seen the schooner, and our shouts of joy mingled with the yells of our foes. A few more vigorous pulls and we clambered over the side of the gunboat *Venus*, and were saved.

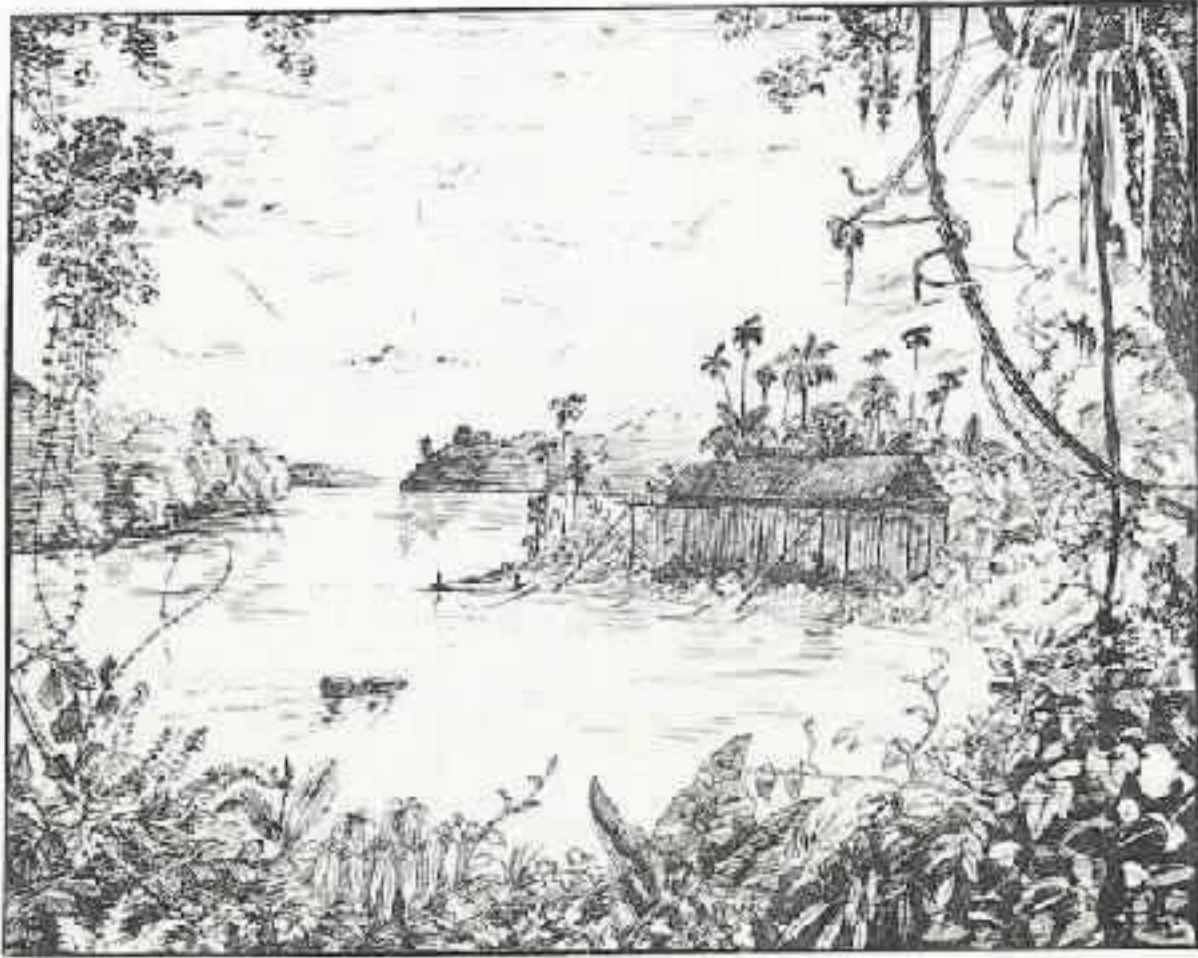
Old Lucas, the skipper, happened to be awake, and was frightened out of his wits, to see a lot of savages swarming up the sides of his vessel; he thought the ship was taken at least? However, I soon explained matters to him, and we gave our enemies a shot with one of the nine-pounders, which damped their ardour, and caused them to put about and run for it. We gave them an exultant yell, and in the excitement begged Lucas to up anchor and after them, but the wind was not favorable; "Besides" he said, "they will immediately pull into shallow water where we cannot follow, it would be madness to attempt anything to-night." We were therefore deprived of the satisfaction of regularly turning the tables on our foes.

Satisfying the cravings of hunger next claimed our attention, and never shall I forget that supper. I sat up with Lucas some time, giving him a full account of my adventures, but, like my companions, being no longer sustained by excitement, I soon felt thoroughly exhausted by our extraordinary exertions, and was not long before I turned in, and sunk into a profound sleep.

The next morning we cruised in search of the pirates, but could find no traces of them. Lucas decided on going to Sarawak with the news of their appearance, and the hope of catching a man-of-war there. He had been away on the coast for some time: the night before, he came up to the entrance of Santubong, too late to venture over the bar; hence his being anchored off, and saving us from a fearful doom.

Thus I spent one Christmas in Borneo, and yet, I too, am growling now, at being detained an hour or two, and deprived of my Christmas-eve in Kuching.

Boy, bring the hot water, lemons and whiskey.



PERRY'S STORY.

# A JUNGLE HEROINE.

" All that of living or dead remain,  
Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,  
In one wild roar expir'd ! "

It was far up the Barram river that the incident occurred which I am about to relate. You all know that the Barram has been from time immemorial looked upon by the natives of Sarawak as a kind of *El Dorado* for trading, where it was supposed that white birds' nests, gutta, bees' wax, camphor, bezoar stones, and all other jungle treasures were to be had for a mere song, but bitterly have many been deceived on going there, who have left their little stock of goods in the hands of the Kayans, or rather of the Brunei people, vainly hoping that something would turn up in the shape of jungle produce in years to come; in fact it is a system of large profits and very slow returns. Why, I knew an American who traded once there, and remained anchored in the river for about eighteen months, but such was the jealousy of the Brunei traders that he had great trouble in even getting food for his crew; he left in disgust, as things were too slow for his Yankee notions; to crown all, he was nearly lost at the mouth of the river. Of all the hungry looking mouths I ever saw, the Barram has the worst. It is situated at a point of land running far out into the sea and surrounded by sand banks with whirling currents, and vast masses of drift timber, snags and sawyers. Many a stout boat has left her ribs on Barram point, and many a trusting native, looking forward after a long voyage to meet his wife and children, has fallen a prey to the sharks that abound in thousands in the shoal water. However, it was not of this I was about to tell you, but of the tragic ending of one of the bravest and best chiefs in

the Barram river, together with his son and daughter.

Tamadeng was the chief of the Upper Barram; he had a large following of fighting-men, was considered rich in slaves, birds' nest caves and camphor trees, and lived in a well built long house, of about seventy doors. His son Deng was a fine young fellow, and at the time I first met him was about twenty years of age, and a worthy son of his brave father; the daughter Pya, our heroine, was about sixteen, and one of the prettiest girls to be met with on the river. I do not think the Kayans can compete in beauty with our Saribas or Kalaka Dyak girls, the features of the two races being very different, the Kayan having a more north American Indian look about him; however, Pya was a beautiful exception she was of a slight and graceful figure, with tiny hands and feet, probably never having put her hand to much harder work than making up a roll of betel and sirih for one of her admirers; of these there were not a few, and many were the nights that the Karori might be heard with its sweet low musical notes outside her door.

She had a straight delicately formed nose, and her large black laughing eyes spoke for themselves; her hair, which she generally allowed to ripple over her shoulders, reached far below her waist, and it was pretty to see her, standing by the side of her father and leaning on his shoulder, trying to wheedle the old man out of some new finery whenever a trader came to the house. Her full dress consisted of a black cloth petticoat with a broad edging of scarlet and

gold reaching to her ankles; the garment being open at one side, now and then one caught a glimpse of a pretty leg tattooed in a most elaborate manner. Her jacket was of gay-coloured silk adorned with a small fortune of gold buttons, and her hair was confined by a finely worked fillet of white rattan; for a savage she was a perfect picture. Alas, poor Pya! long will you be remembered in the Barram.

As a matter of course, so powerful a chief as Tamadeng was not without enemies, the most bitter of whom was a chief of the Lower Barram named Tamoan. Though in public they were friendly, for many years a feud had existed between their followers, and though at one time there appeared a prospect of a lasting peace being arranged by the marriage of the son of Tamoan, Blawing, with the fair Pya, his father died before this could be carried out, and the widow was, if anything, a more bitter enemy than her late husband. The widow married again; Laki Batang being one of the names of her husband: he was a man easily led, of a crafty disposition, and influenced in nearly everything he did by the Brunei people.

Not long after Tamoan's death, rumours of murderous intrigue and attack had more than once reached Tamadeng, but he trusted to his following and the good name he had with the people, and so remained quiet. However, one day, an event occurred, which threw the whole country into confusion—the murder of Blawing. By whom he was killed was a mystery. Suspicions were flying about in every direction, only tending to increase the excitement and raise the savage passions of the people to the boiling point, for Blawing was the hope of the Kayans of the Lower Barram, and, having no brothers, had been heir to all his father's property.

At length a whisper was heard that the murder had been committed by Deng at the

instigation of his father, so that he might become the sole chief of all the Kayans in the Barram; and day by day this report grew until it reached the ears of Tamadeng himself, which roused the spirit of the old man, who indignantly denied any share in the murder, and boldly accused the step-father of Blawing. Now was the time of the mischief-making Bruneis; they were in their glory through their intrigue, village was declaring war with village, no one was safe far from his own house, and every stranger was suspected as an enemy and watched accordingly. The war drum was continually beaten and all were on the alert; trade was entirely stopped, and many of those who possessed birds' nest caves burnt them out rather than allow their enemies to plunder them. It was wretched to see so fine a country in such a state; with a firm and settled government the Barram might be made one of the richest and most productive rivers on the coast of Borneo; but I fear worse will be seen there yet, and more bloodshed.

In the meantime, although there was no open fighting, stragglers from the lower villages were occasionally cut off by the people of those of the upper, and then there would be a savage and barbarous ceremony. The head being brought in, the young girls would don the clothes of the bachelors, and with parang and shield in hand, with waist-cloth and war-jacket and tiger skin cap, ornamented with feathers of the hornbill, would dance before the assembled braves of the village, inciting them to doughty deeds. A wild sight you will say, and although the Kayans do not prize heads as do the Dyaks, every occasion of this kind gave them an opportunity for fighting their battles o'er again, and listening to the stories of the old men of renown, long departed; to say nothing of the deep drinking that always accompanies any feast.

Tamadeng felt the danger nearing him, and to avoid suspicion he left his own house

and repaired to that of his brother-in-law farther up the river, where he would he knew be among his friends—the Kinniahs—a powerful tribe away inland, and where he could defend himself or assume the offensive, should war be regularly declared. Laki Batang was not idle, he had represented to the Brunei chiefs that Tamadeng was a murderer, and asked for help; this was promised, and an envoy sent to try and patch up matters, but nothing came of it, the ambassador employing his time in trading and making a huge profit by his trip. Thus the country remained in an unsettled state hanging between peace and war, and several years passed without confidence being restored or peace given to the distracted district.

Blawing's mother now came upon the scene, and with her woman's wit and persuasion, determined to rid the country if possible of her old enemy Tamadeng, whom she still declared to have been the murderer of her only son; and what had failed the old men to effect, she carried out to the bitter end. She assembled her nearest relations and most confidential friends, and after having laid her supposed wrongs before them as only an injured mother could, denounced Tamadeng and his house, and demanded his death at the hands of those who were present. It was a solemn council, and her husband, who had become quite blind, sat silent, no doubt feeling how impotent he was to act in the matter; not a sound was heard in the room until one Si Abit, rose from his place and merely saying "It shall be done," left the house. The widow was satisfied and the meeting broke up—Tamadeng was doomed to die! not with his face to the foe weapon in hand, but by the secret and treacherous means Si Abit might contrive with the aid of his friends the Brunei people; many and long were the discussions on the subject, and plan after plan was discussed until one fertile brain hit upon a

scheme, the result of which could not be very doubtful and how successfully carried out will be seen in the sequel.

The paddy harvest was over, the people in Tamadeng's house after their hard work were gladly returning to their homes; the grain was stored in the huge bark vats, quantities being beaten out every evening by the slaves in large wooden mortars made of a wood which emits a musical sound each time it is struck, filling the house with rude music; the whole place was gay and lively, the young dandies were overhauling their finery and furbishing up their pet weapons, the girls were concocting all kinds of schemes and new tricks with which to torment their admirers, and everyone looked forward to the great Saturnalia, which always concludes the bringing in of the crop, and is really the Harvest home.

It is a curious custom, and any stranger going to a house at the time would think the whole population mad; great license is permitted, but I never heard of any criminal acts being committed, and at sundown, the fun and revelry cease. The girls amuse themselves with deluging the young men with water, and no respect is paid to persons; even the white man if he be a friend is served in the like fashion. It is rather startling to be received when half way up one of those notched ladders, by four or five big bamboos of water, and I defy any man to look dignified on a Kayan ladder under such circumstances. The bachelors retaliate by stamping the cheeks and bodies of the girls with a root, from which, when cut and put into the fire, exudes a gum which leaves a black mark, that cannot be removed for some days. Hide-and-seek and all kinds of skylarking are going on; the old men turn out of their rooms, and sit on their brazen stools, or great tapang slabs, and the whole length of the verandah is hung with weapons, gold cloths, bright garments, and all the heirlooms of the tribe.

It is a barbaric sight, but all are in good humour, and a man is looked upon as a churl, who gives way to temper and does not join in the fun. I remember after being thoroughly drenched, sliding headlong down a ladder, and landing on a sow and her litter, and though the people rushed down fearing I was hurt, or angry, they were delighted when they found I could not rise for laughing, as they imagined fines and penalties would be imposed on them, as had often been done by their old rulers.

It was about this time that a messenger came from the lower country, to inform Tamadeng, that Si Abit and a large following were about to pay him a visit to discuss the past troubles, and if possible to make a lasting peace, so that the country might be once again restored to a tranquil and prosperous state. In good faith Tamadeng after going over the business with the old men present, expressed his satisfaction at the news and said he would do all he could to receive Si Abit and his party with due honours, and after giving the messenger of good tidings a present dismissed him well pleased, especially as he had been well cared-for by the women, and his wants supplied in every way.

It is a very good custom among the Kayans and Dyaks, that when a messenger arrives, the first thing done after he has had his bath, is to take him into the chief's room, where a good meal, roko, and sirih await him, this over, he gives the news to the assembled people.

Many times in the old country have I seen a poor wretch who has brought a letter or message through wind and rain, and though the fire may be burning brightly and the house teeming with the smell of good things, he has been simply told "There is no answer," and sent out again into the cold without his longing craving being satisfied, even with a mug of warm ale or a gossip over the blazing logs. This would not happen

among Dyaks; you find much true kindness and politeness among our savage friends.

The great day drew near and the people in Tamadeng's house were ready to receive their guests; the fattest pigs were tied up ready for the slaughter, bushels of white rice for cooking, and yellow rice for strewing over the heads of those who had hitherto been their enemies, and every delicacy of savage cookery, under the charge of the most skillful cooks, were being prepared. They had not long to wait; from a distance were heard the gongs and tawak-tawaks of the approaching party, and shortly, round a point, swept four large boats with flags flying and crews singing and shouting, and with a yell brought up at the landing place of Tamadeng; all the women and children in their finery lined the verandah of the house and the banks of the river. After a bath and donning their clothes, Si Abit and his following, numbering over a hundred, went up into the house. Soon the old men were busy discussing the amount of fines to be paid, mutual explanations were given, and then all prepared for the peace-making. Through the whole length of the verandah, which was in fact half the house, the people were seated in rows; in the middle, on tapanug slabs under canopies of gold cloths, were the chiefs; between the rival parties was placed a fine tiger skin, near which none but the braves, or those who had killed an enemy, were allowed to approach. All waited in silence for the medicine men of the tribes to perform their solemn duties. After a grand crash of all the musical instruments and the booming of the great drum, the doctors taking each a tiger's tooth and a bundle of charms, walked slowly round waving the tooth over the heads of the people, calling upon them to remember the penalty of breaking the peace once made; the penalty being a violent death either by wild animals, or else that they would be cursed, their stomachs would burst and

## A JUNGLE HEROINE.

their bodies rot. This done, the chiefs drew near the tiger's skin, and Si Abit and Tamadeng together sitting upon it, solemnly engaged to observe the peace then made, swearing on the tiger's tooth. Other chiefs followed their example, after which a dog was slain, pigs were killed and their entrails examined, and the omens found to be favourable, other incantations were performed and then the final act, the drinking or rather smoking one another's blood. Each man was pricked on the arm or breast; the blood collected on a leaf, mixed with tobacco and rolled up into cigars: these were then exchanged by the rival parties, and during the solemn smoke, the doctors went to and fro, invoking the aid of the Tenangan and Do Tenangan, the male and female deities of the Kayans, to make the peace a lasting one, and to give to the two tribes fertile farms and success in war and trade; drink was then brought, and each time a chief raised the cup to his lips, a prolonged yell was given right through the house, and after all were satisfied, the peace was declared made. Nothing had been left undone to give solemnity to the ceremony.

Now came the feasting, and those who a few hours before were ready to cut one another's throats, sat side by side chatting and laughing, eating and drinking, as if they had been friends all their lives. I need not say that during the feast, Pya was not idle, flitting about like some gay bird, followed by her women, she was always at hand, now pressing some bashful bachelor to eat, or insisting upon his taking the tuak (fermenting liquor) from her hands, holding the cup herself to his lips, and anon looking after her father who, with a gratified smile upon his face, looked proudly around upon the crowd, for was it not a great day for him and his?

Night drew on apace, and numbers of Tamadeng's followers had succumbed to the effects of the drink and were lying helpless

and asleep on the floor. It might have been noticed that a group of Si Abit's followers had carefully avoided their liquor, or stealthily let it run through the spaces in the planks, and from time to time twos and threes retired to their beds, and returned wrapped in their long sleeping cloths.

Deng was still sober and entertaining a party of young men with an account of his visit to Sarawak, his father still seated on his slab, and his shoulders adorned with a pair of gorgeous epaulets, given him by Sir James Brooke.

Pya had retired, and was no doubt comparing notes with her young friends. The dammar torches burnt dimly. Suddenly was heard a shrill yell, and Si Abit rising seized a weapon hanging at the wall, and made a rush at Tamadeng, his followers had already begun cutting and slashing at the sleeping men. The scene was fearful in the dim light, foes could hardly be distinguished from friends, but Si Abit—treacherous fiend that he was—had well organised his party and little resistance was to be expected. Deng managed to get a weapon, but he was soon surrounded and defending himself bravely to the last, died like a hero covered with wounds.

The old chief was weaponless, and backing from his foes with only a small shield in his hand, reached the ladder still without a wound. He leapt from the house and reaching the river bank, plunged in, and was never seen more.

The slaughter still went on in the house though not for long, as only a few remained who died defending their roof-tree, and soon nought was to be heard, but the moaning of some poor wretch in his agony, and now and again rose the wailing of the women in the closed rooms.

Some of Si Abit's followers made their way to the apartment where Pya was, and found her standing pale but determined; and on one of the villains approaching her,



## A JUNGLE HEROINE.

she cried, "Where is my father, where my brother?" but she need not have asked the question, as she saw from the savage faces and blood-stained bodies of those before her, that no hope of ever seeing them again alive remained. They attempted to seize her, but she kept them off; they assured her she should not be harmed, but would be well cared-for and taken to the lower villages, and provided with a chief for a husband. "Never," said Pya, "will I be a slave either to Kayan or Brunci. I am Tamadeng's child, and know how to die. I have no one left now, and you will see that Pya has no fear, and will join her father." With these words she leapt lightly to the upper floor, and a weak girl as she was, returned with a large keg of powder in her arms. Before she could be prevented, she had reached the fire-place, seized an axe, staved in the head of the cask and thrust a flaming brand into the powder; in a second, friends and foes were hurried into the air, few escaping; one or two had just time to fling themselves from the house before she applied the fire. So died Pya, a worthy daughter of her race, and long will her memory be dear to the people of the Barram river.

Si Abit who had devised the treacherous plot had left the house before the explosion, and still lives, but retribution will reach him yet. Tamadeng's body was never found, and the head of the brave old man did not decorate the house of his enemy. His followers were scattered; but it is not in the nature of the Kayan to forget, and a time will come when those who were the actors in one of the most bloody deeds that ever disgraced mankind will have to sue for mercy, and may they find it.

Report says that in the still moonlight when the mists are hanging over the silent jungle, the spirit of Pya may be seen haunting the scene of her brave deed.

It was afterwards found out that Blawing had been murdered by one of his own slaves, so the name of Tamadeng remains untarnished.



SKIPWITH'S STORY.



Shambhoo's house.

Stone knives



A section



Working on the tail coat



Harvesting  
will flowers



The Valley of the Shambhoo



Days of rest



Shop at sunset



The Tailors are working on the cloth

# MEN WITH TAILS.

Men say the times are strange, 'tis true ;  
Cause many strange things hap to be ;  
Let it not then seem strange to you  
That here one strange thing more you see— Thomas Moore.

The possible existence of human beings with tails, has caused much conjecture and discussion, and the proposed theory that an extraordinary elongation of the spine might cause a resemblance to a tail is not without its fascination for lovers of monstrosities, and those deeply involved amongst the intricacies of ethnology, anthropology, &c. ; whose lives, minds, and thoughts, are surrendered with the devotion of the Indian Fakir to the arduous search after the missing link. If only for the sake of the latter weary devotees to science, I am heartily glad that I am able from personal experience, knowledge, and observation, to give my testimony, that there does actually exist in the Island of Borneo a race of human beings possessed of caudal appendages; and although I fear the world will be more inclined to pity me than believe my story, yet I hope and trust some day proofs will be found, which will establish its truth. Then perhaps the world may do me justice and give me credit. In the meantime, I shall urge none to believe me, I offer a plain, simple narrative of facts to all, an unvarnished statement which must stand on its own merits; for although I have been among the beings with tails, those who were with me and might have been witnesses to the facts I relate, are dead, and I alone am left to tell the story.

Sometime ago, I found myself located in a part of the country near the foot of the Gogahoop range, a portion of the ranges which may be said to form the backbone of a part of the island continent. I was col-

lecting beetles and had already secured many beautiful grotesque and ferocious specimens, when one day my curiosity was aroused by a story I heard related among some Dyaks, in whose house I had been hitherto put up and kindly entertained. Years ago, these Dyaks said, some of their tribe had, in wandering over the mountains, met with creatures more like men than monkeys, but certainly possessed of tails, whatever they were: both parties appeared to have been equally frightened at the encounter and had precipitately fled from one another. Since then the Dyaks had believed in the existence of these tailed creatures, but regarded them as baleful spirits more to be avoided than otherwise.

One old Dyak spoke very gravely of the matter, and so, though at first I laughed at the whole story, I ultimately showed silent respect for it and finally let the matter drop. Nevertheless, from time to time, I thought of the matter of these tails, and one day, happening to examine some rude wood carvings, to my great astonishment, I traced out a distinct representation of a human form with an undoubted tail attached to it. There was nought of the monkey about the design; I knew the dyak monkey as represented in their carvings well enough; this was a figure the same as that by which they represented a man, but attached to it was a good substantial tail. My curiosity was now again excited, and on enquiry I found that this carving was meant to represent one of the very tailed creatures of whom the Dyaks had before spoken. Now before this

I had almost made up my mind to explore the Gogahoop range and this decided me. I had two men with me; Malays, who had been staunch and plucky hitherto, and on stating my plans, they agreed to go where I pleased. To persuade any of the Dyaks in the place to go with us, I found impossible, but some agreed to accompany us part of the way.

We soon packed up our scanty kits (I had learnt to live pretty much like a Dyak) and set off on the morning of the 1st of June of the year in which we started. Most of you must have heard of the discomforts of travel in Borneo, but our experiences were not very severe; there was a great deal of hard climbing and any amount of severe biting from mosquitoes, sandflies, ants, &c., &c. I had been many years in different parts of Borneo, and I did not think, on the whole, that we were badly off. The hills, it is true, were very steep and continually gapped by deep and troublesome ravines; but the jungle was old and the undergrowth scanty, so we walked with little impediment. My Dyak escort left me after two days, they intimated they were busy with their farms, and they thought we should soon come back and certainly not reach the summit of the ranges which still seemed far far above us. We toiled on, it was very slow work. My two men, Mat and Sabas, very rarely talked to me or to each other, they seemed to take all as a matter-of-course, and were confident that we should come across a Dyak house, or may be some Chinese peddlers' settlement every day. In vain I impressed upon them that we were getting further away every step from the habitations of men on the Northern coast of Borneo, and that we might only hope to meet Malays, Dyaks, or Chinamen again when we had fairly crossed the island, and commenced to descend the watershed of the other side. As for the subject of tailed men, they laughed it to scorn. On the fourth day out we be-

gan to congratulate ourselves that we were nearing the top of the Gogahoop ranges. The ravines were becoming smaller and the trees stunted in growth, and on the evening of the fifth day, we stopped on what seemed the highest point to be attained. Darkness was falling fast; we found ourselves on a small strip of land suddenly breaking off and descending in a sheer cliff, the depth of which in the darkness we could not penetrate, and here we prudently determined to stay for the night. That night my spirits fell; the cold set in keen physically, and mentally I felt I had made a very ordinary journey, attained nought but the top of a high mountain, had seen nothing very particular, experienced no adventures, was generally on a fool's errand, and I mentally determined to return on the morrow.

I awoke on the morning of the sixth, depressed and disappointed, but on turning my eyes in the direction for which we had every day pressed on, I was utterly confounded, I looked upon space; the earth seemed to stop; we were on a ledge and all beyond infinite sky. Alarmed at first, I was soon put at ease by finding as the morning breeze swept sweetly past my cheek that this space moved, now deepening in colour, now lifting lighter in playful wreaths, now rushing up and enclosing us in folds of clammy mist, and at last fleeting away with the freshening breeze and unveiling, thousands of feet below, a peaceful smiling verdant land. And here I shall hurry over our deliberations before we launched ourselves as it were over the cliff side and commenced that journey to the smiling valley from which for returning safely we had all so much reason to be thankful. Those deliberations were not marked by great discretion, our provision of rice was nearly out; but all obstacles fell before the one longing desire to see the land and perhaps the people of the land which lay beneath our feet. Finding a practicable looking place amongst

the fissures of the precipitous cliff, we commenced our perilous descent. Here and there wiry stunted trees assisted us, and ever and anon we had to trust to a kind of tough climbing liane which twisted and turned in and out among the rocks and boulders. It was a tedious and dangerous descent; we only rested a little at intervals and chewed raw rice, our aim was to get to the head of some spur before night fall, and in this we succeeded. Water, we found in abundance, and that night we cooked and ate up the last of our rice. After a good night's rest, we recommenced our journey which was now comparatively easy as we were descending the gradual slope of a spur. The forest scenery I found very much the same as that on the other side of the Gogahoop, for now indeed it was clear we had surmounted and passed down over that range.

About midday we came to a clearing planted with what appeared to be yams. On closer inspection, I noticed the clearing was beautifully cleaned, well weeded, and what seemed to be yams were a kind of climbing plant bearing a sort of fruit like potatoe on its stalk; we saw but few fruit and plenty of fine scarlet, yellow and blue blossoms. We touched not, however, but walked on and had nearly arrived at one corner of the clearing, when suddenly there arose before us from a stooping posture, a creature, the sight of which made my blood run cold and gave me a creeping sensation which I have never forgotten to this day.

I knew the creature afterwards, a quiet inoffensive old tailed man, and can thus describe him: He had a large head but with retreating forehead, large ears, large pleasant brown eyes, large mouth, nose rather flat but well enough formed; no repulsive expression of countenance, but quiet and beaming. The whole of his face covered with deep wrinkles and sparsely set coarse hairs of a whitish brown colour, a very lit-

tle hair on his head, and what there was, almost white. His body was long and set upon two rather high hips, but very short and somewhat bent legs. His arms, which appeared to be pretty well proportioned to his body, were well formed, and though thin, muscular; both legs and arms were set on like those of a human being. The whole of his body was thinly covered with long whitish brown hairs. He wore no ornament or covering, except a small apron of a kind of bark prepared like that used amongst the Dyaks on the other side of the ranges; and to crown my description, he was possessed of what appeared to be a very fine elongation of the spine, about eight inches long, sticking out so as to make an obtuse angle with his back. This to the touch (I was once permitted to touch it) felt hard and gristly, and had but a very thin covering of flesh and skin. This creature then, I say, rose from a stooping posture before us, but had scarcely beheld us properly for a few seconds, when, with a queer trembling shriek, it turned and fled, bounding along at a great pace. My men were sorely confounded, and began to talk of spirits and seemed much afraid; as for myself, I sat down almost breathless with astonishment, and kept repeating to myself, You have seen a tailed man, you have seen a tailed man. We were not left to our meditations and conjectures very long, for before we had made up our minds what was the next thing to do, we heard a trampling and yelling like that of many people advancing; and the next minute, a large party of creatures more or less like him we had just met, broke through the forest and presented themselves before us. By their wild cries we feared hostilities and I loaded my gun with some slugs as quickly as possible, and told Mat and Sabas to stand fast by me, and please the pigs, we would make these tailed gentry come to terms. They now began to approach us in a close body, and we noticed

they each carried a bundle of, what proved presently to be, very hard wood truncheons, or staves, about two feet long and three inches thick, like those used to discharge at the devoted head of Aunt Sally. Reserving my fire, Mat and Sabas handling their swords ready drawn, we waited for the tailed legion: when about fifty yards from us they began to open out and partly encircle our position, and then it was we found out what the sticks were; for, with a simultaneous yell they hurled them at us with such dexterity, that during the first discharge I did not know whether I was standing on my head or my heels; Sabas was down on his knees, Mat apparently stunned and bleeding from the mouth, as for myself, I was blinded, my nose was bleeding, and I felt a gap in my front teeth which was not there before. Smarting and almost blinded, I fired right in the middle of the thickest of them, bringing down two and frightening the rest yelling away. I lost no time in reloading and then attended to my comrades. Both were badly hurt. Mat had swooned with the severity of the blow he had received, but came to. We soon recovered ourselves though we could not so easily shake off the aches and pains, with which we were suffering. The tailed creatures were in council some 200 yards off, and we walked up to see our fallen enemies, we rolled them over, and examined them with curiosity. The thigh of one was broken, but he lived; the other was quite dead, both had tails, or elongated spines (or as we will now call them in the language of the Loutods,) "lobs" about a foot long.

Seeing us examining the bodies the main force seemed to be again on the move to attack us, but having found Aunt Sally's rule anything but pleasant, I fired a shot in their directions and sent them running off. We then determined to follow them up, and trust to my gun to ensure us safety. Off we set, leaving the dead and wounded on

the clearing, and plunged into the jungle. Following the now flying host before us, we soon emerged from this and came out on the borders of a lovely plain. We could see the fugitives scuttling along in the distance, and following them up, on reaching a rising ground were just in time to discover them in the act of conveying on rafts across a broad river, a number of other creatures like themselves, who descended in hundreds from a town of no small size, but entirely consisting of what seemed in the distance to be umbrellas. We then halted as I thought the creatures were panic-stricken, and our presence might either cause them to rush wildly into the river or in sheer desperation turn upon us, in which latter case I was pretty sure we should get the worst of it. I hoped to conciliate them, and failing, I knew that the wounded one left at the clearing was more or less in our power, and from him we might perhaps gather some knowledge of the curious race to which he belonged. As I had surmised the creatures were panic-stricken, and in an hour all had left the town and crossed to the opposite side of the river, where they were collected with great noise and jabbering. We then advanced and shortly came to the town, which we found of the simplest construction, consisting of hundreds of umbrella-shaped roofs, made of grass and leaves, about 12 feet in diameter, and erected in the middle on a pole 6 feet from the ground; the eaves being about 3 feet 6 inches from the ground and supported on poles. The ground underneath we found quite clean made of a kind of white hard clay. These curious tenements have no walls, but I noticed some were surrounded by a dense thicket of a species of prickly mimosa which seemed an excellent substitute for them.

I learnt afterwards, that every young Loutod, either male or female, is forced to have a tenement, such as I have described without walls, at a certain age, denoted by





— Terribly suspicious by the Koutaks or "Men with Tails" —

## MEN WITH TAILS.

the length of the caudal appendage, the male plants the mimosa round the poles of the roof belonging to the female whom he has chosen as wife, (a compulsory arrangement; celibacy beyond a certain number of years known by length of the tail being punished by curtailing it altogether, and causing death to its owner;) and when the mimosa has grown up sufficiently high and thick the male removes to the female's house and they commence house-keeping together. But to continue, the river we found a clear meandering stream of about 250 yards wide, running but sluggishly, and looking bright, fresh, deep, and cool. Laying aside our accoutrements and part of our clothes, we dashed down and were soon splashing about, swimming and gambolling in the water to our hearts' content.

The Loutods raised another hostile yell, and seeing that we were armless, I mean weaponless, some began to take to their curious little bamboo rafts, and made as if they would attack us. Besides this, they began to practice at us with their rulers, but these fell short. I dived under water and swimming as I thought to our own bank of the river came to the surface presently for breath, but directly I emerged I found my mistake, I was less than a hundred yards from the hostile bank, and in a second was saluted with such a crack over the nose with a *ligua vita* truncheon, that I fell back stunned into the water seeing blue stars and sky rockets and bleeding copiously; Mat and Sabas came to my assistance and got me over, but that blow spoilt the appearance of my nose for ever, and as you see I bear the mark to this day.

The Loutods now appeared bent upon coming over, so I had again recourse to my gun and fired a charge of No. 3 amidst the nearest, which struck some of them pretty sharply, and had the effect of making the rest abandon any attempt to attack us; they all retired to the opposite bank, and passing

some way down they appeared to commence camping operations. By sunset that day hundreds of curious umbrella-shaped roofs loomed against the crimson sky, which backed the opposite shore.

We were now desperately hungry, and at last so much so that our compulsions about eating the tree-potatoe, (of which we found in great quantities tied up in ropes like onions) gave way. We made a fire, roasted some and ate, and very nasty they were too. Just as the night was setting in we heard the trampling of many feet, and fearing an attack sprung up to meet it, what was our astonishment, however, to find the town, as it were, surrounded by a herd of quiet browsing diminutive cattle, the largest did not stand more than 3 feet 3 inches high, and not one had a tail or semblance of a tail. They were in all respects like Trengano cattle except that they had only one horn each in the centre and rather to the back of the head. They were of all colours, brown, black, blue, yellow, purple, and pink; but the funniest looking ones were the pie-bald bulls, which really looked as if they had been painted up for a toy farm-yard. They did not molest us, so that Sabas, after some fears and doubts, approached a cow, and without the slightest difficulty milked her and brought us a large gourd full of fine milk. That night we took turns to watch, but no attempt was made to attack us. Before day-break Sabas and Mat secured a young lail by the legs and milked some of the cows.

When the sun rose, the whole herd rushed away lowing and bellowing and were lost in the high high grass, and the distance of the plain. When the young bull saw in whose hands he had fallen, and observed no doubt that we were short of tails, he began to be restive and nearly succeeded in escaping from our hands, so Mat with a deep drawn sigh of satisfaction, cried "Bismillah-ah-rahman-ah-rahim," &c., &c., and nearly severed the poor beast's head from its body.

## MEN WITH TAILS.

That day we had roasted beef and mashed potatoes, and ate luxuriously enough under the roof-trees of the tailed men. With beef and mashed potatoes in plenty we certainly should not have complained, but I am ashamed to say I did express a regret we could not have oxtail soup; and if any one deserved to be whipped, and sent to bed I was that person.

We now cast about in our minds how we might conciliate ourselves with the beings on the other side of the river, and were much concerned every plan proposed seemed to be equally unsatisfactory. At day-break however, when the herd of "spahis" (so the cattle are called by the Loutods) which had stayed with us again during the night had cantered off to their pasturage, we were surprised at our morning meal by hearing a loud moan and presently crawling through the grass appeared the wounded Loutod we had left at the clearing. The poor wretch's right thigh and leg dragged loosely alongside of him, and he seemed in great pain and almost exhausted. With a heavy sneezing sigh he fell all along on the grass besides us and swooned. After applications of cold water he came to. I then noticed the apparently emaciated state of his stomach and administered warm milk in small doses, and in a few hours he was sufficiently recovered as to be able to sit up and regard us. The first sound he uttered was "Sallali," and by gesture we understood he meant food. We gave him some roasted beef which he immediately seized with the foot of his unwounded leg, and holding it adroitly between the big toe and its neighbour tore off bits with his fingers and ate ravenously. He stooped like an animal to drink milk out of a gourd, and being repleted fell back and slept. In the afternoon I tried to examine his thigh. He was frantic with the pain and tried to bite and scratch, Mat and Sabas held him down and I soon found that the slug had gone

right through his thigh, fracturing the bone. I had a little Friar's Balsam with me, so having put the limb in splints I dressed the wounds with the balsam, in the evening our poor Loutod seemed out of pain. I determined to make our tailed patient a mediator between ourselves and his tribe, and so for the next few days I endeavoured to get hold of a few words of their language, since it was quite clear to me they were not animals but to a certain extent human beings with certain rational instincts and language of their own.

We had quite recovered from our severe bruises, though poor Mat complained of his sore head and to his death was rather cracky particularly at the full moon, indeed I may say that poor Mat died of the blow he received, for although the Government took him up and gave him an appointment he was always very strange, his energy was super-abundant, always at high pressure, but at the full moon he would make the most eccentric remarks and rush away from his fellows in the most erratic manner. Strangers mistook him for an ill-bred boorish puppy, but those who knew him passed it over with a smile, touched their foreheads, mentioned the moon and commiserated the poor little weary soul. He tried very hard to write an account of our trip to the Loutods, but this was the last straw upon the camel's back, he bent, broke and died under it, sadly saying that no doubt he would have been a great man if he had not been such a little one. Poor Mat! but I am depressing.

We had now picked up a number of words of which I will here give a few :

Koi	I	Noi	We
Toi	Thou	Soi	Ye
Loi	He	Zoi	They
Lim	the eye	Lollikur	the tongue
Loak	the mouth	Ki	yes
Gar	the ear	Si	no
Singfu	fire	Good	owors

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Gam	water	Bad	seteree
Shinite	to cut	Lap	milk
Linggu	wood	Mahkahmak	to kill
Sop	go	Gen	male
Koomb	come	Laid	female
Salain	to desire	Paminkin	child
Kraskink	work	Krekh	to speak
Mobilow	lazy	Soop	to drink
Kajun	sleep	Loknab	to eat
Gobbab	walk	Sag	taileap
Louzal	lie still	Nob	head
Stowyergaff	be silent	Indowab	to catch
Sumjiti	to run	Harbat	friend
Rumpiti	to swim	Grab	to dive
Mampooos	dead	Scroutch	to yell
Spahis	kind of cattle	Scrubbams	wash
Lob	elongation of spine		
Settlas	the short lignum vitæ stick		
Doopang	the tree potatoe		
Covermms	the prepared bark-cloth		
Doopangkay	the Doopang cake or bread		
Rustwire	the hair of the head		

and many others I have forgotten now and had no means of writing them down, for in descending the cliff I lost my pocket-book, and had now neither paper nor pencil. The sketches which I brought back were made upon the inside lining of my helmet, where I found a bit of brown paper, and a charred stick was my pencil. I wadded my gun with bits of bark and portions of the clothing on my back and legs. Our now friendly Loutod, who by the way had kept rigorous silence nor remarked by word or gesture that we wanted behind what nature had supplied him with, was now strong and well, although his leg pained him, and I feared, as it turned out, the fractured bones were not joining but rotting inside. I urged him therefore to negotiate with his tribe and beg them to accept us as friends. We had carried him a long way down the banks of the river day after day in order when we had left him he might talk with his people. At last he told us that the chief of the Loutods had agreed that if my gun—which they

named Bangoororonooroon—was given up into his possession during the time we lived amongst them, and that the last thing if before our returning to whence we came it be presented to him with instructions how to use it, then he would sacrifice a female Loutod on a certain stone in the middle of the river and would make peace. All this it took us some time to understand, and I agreed to it with exception of the sacrifice of the Loutod. Our mediator laughed at that and said that would be all well or good.

The next day we noticed the whole of the tribe move up the opposite bank and we following on our side and halted when they stopped just in front of a large stone in the middle of the river. Here, there was a great palaver, and our old Loutod supported on one leg by Mat and Sabas, talked fast and furious, although their language had no flow but seemed composed of sentences of disjointed eccentric words. Now our Loutod demanded my gun, which I gave up without any ammunition, and then before I could interfere, a number of Loutods bearing a young female plunged across the stream to the large stone, on which they placed her on a sitting posture, her tail resting on its jagged surface. At a sign from the chief on the bank, a dozen clubs were raised, and in an instant the tail was dislocated, and the female Loutod with a fierce scream fell headlong dead into the river and was swept away by the current.

We had little time to reflect upon this tragedy; the tribe was crowding on the rafts, and soon we were surrounded by hundreds of them, males, females and children. The chief whose name was Gagiriboh ran up to me on his short legs and gave me a welcome crack over the head with one of his settlas, presenting me at the same time with one handsomely polished and carved. Taking the hint and imagining this was the mode of saying 'how d'ye do,' I greeted his majesty in like manner, I am afraid,

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however, there was a slight amount of acumen in the way in which I delivered myself, for the chief's crack was anything but pleasant I certainly gave his majesty a whack on the top of his cranium, which would have felled any ordinary European, and I noticed it made Gagiriboh's eyes water whilst he gave a grunt of pain or satisfaction I don't know or care which. I soon found the Loutods were a treacherous race, and indeed as you will hear in the sequel they proved to be so.

Directly I handed Gagiriboh my gun, he gave a yell and calling upon his people I was seized, mouth forced open and the muzzle pushed into it. But it was fortunately not loaded, and after hurting me severely it was taken out. I represented as well as I could that they must not do that again, but I might as well have spoken to a lot of orang outans. After this Mat and Sabas became afraid and prayed me to leave the place and get back over the ranges as fast as possible. I quite agreed with them, seeing that we were at the mercy of these brutes, I however, wished to make a few observations before leaving. Our poor Loutod's wound began to suppurate and mortify, he was in such pain that he tried to get his friends to wrench the limb off. I made him understand that I would cut it off, and to this proposition he instantly consented. After ten minutes' hacking and hewing with a blunt clasp knife I managed to get the thigh divided just at the fracture, it was a mass of mortification. I poured in a little Friar's balsam, and then the poor brute turned over and with a convulsive movement of his tail until the tip nearly touched his right ear, he died. The people were rather sullen with us after this, and I think they gave me credit for having killed their friend. One big brute attacked me with his setla, and seemed bent upon doing me to the death, but after standing on the defensive for some time, I took the aggressive

part and tanned his hide severely. The chief who was passing with his tail wreathed round with Doopang flowers, seemed to think it good fun, and when I had finished the business by toppling my adversary over with a cracked skull and brains coming out, Gagiriboh gave orders for his tail to be broken, and so he died.

We did not spend a pleasant time amongst these creatures, they always seemed to fear us and look upon us as something uncanny. It really would have been very convenient to have been provided with a tail for the time being. The female Loutods I found much better favoured than the males. Their feet and hands were fine in shape and grain. They had neat figures and swelling hips and thighs, but the same short legs as the males, which gave them an ungainly appearance. Their hair was finer and there was not much on the face except under the chin. Their breasts hung down in an offensively ugly manner after child-birth, still it is not an unpleasant sight to see them suckling their children, and indeed I noticed several pretty groups. Their caudal appendages are not so long by three or four inches as those of the males. The only use to which the tails or elongated spines are put to as far as I could see was to sit down upon, and for this purpose each one was supplied with a small hardwood cap, scooped out on one side for reception of end of the spine, and flat on the other side so as to resist the soft earth. These tail-caps are tied on every morning, and I was not a little amused to see a young female Loutod tying on her bridegroom's 'sag' as it is called.

The tails or elongated spines are when in a normal condition stiff and strong; but when set upon they bend slightly. It is considered highly offensive among the Loutods to touch one another's tails, the appendage seems to be sacred to them. A well favoured Loutod will have a fine long broad tail. I never got an opportunity of exactly

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measuring a fine tail, but I should say four inches broad is about the width of a good proportioned one. Under strong excitement or when afflicted with great pain, the Loutod has the power of raising his or her tail until the tip touches the back; the effect of this is very ridiculous. I have heard that the tailed people make holes in the ground to accommodate their tails, but I never saw any such, nor indeed did I notice necessity for them, as the tails rested on the ground at a convenient angle when the creatures sat down.

When a Loutod dies, his tail is cut off close to juncture with the rump, the body is thrown into the deep river where it floats away beyond the Loutods' ken, but the tail is preserved, and when all the flesh has withered off, the vertebra is kept strung on sinews taken from the spahis. A widow will wear a necklace of the vertebra of her lost husband's tail, and that is about the only ornament I saw amongst this curious race. Laws they have none so far as I could make out: but I am not certain as I was amongst ~~them a few days~~ only. The chief's will, appeared to be law. The tribe; I number 7,000 strong, men, women, and children. Polygamy is practised, but I believe, except in particular instances such as the chief's household, the law of *mon et unum*, with respect to wives is not very strictly adhered to. In spite of this the number of children 'paminkins' appeared to me to be extraordinary, they swarmed like ants, and when troublesome are often put out of the way. One of Bagiriboh's doopang patches had failed to give a crop, and he had 472 of the little Loutods burnt alive on the plantation to manure it. I hope it thrived after this, and I wished that the first doopang that Bagiriboh ate, would choke him dead.

The Loutods live upon the tree potato-roots, spahis flesh and milk. All these nature supplies them with abundantly, but they have to work pretty hard clearing and

weeding the doopang plantation. They take the bark of trees and pound, wash, and dry it, until they make flexible bark cloth which both male and female use for aprons. They also make sleeping nests from the hides of the spahis, and sometimes prepare the skins of the spahis' calves for covering.

Their only instrument for casting is a sharpened stone or flint, this is very scarce and valuable, and handed down from generation to generation. When they saw my knife and our swords they reported their sharpness to the chief, and from that day he coveted them and sought about in his mind how he should kill us and obtain them. This I learnt from a young female Loutod, named Naggi Naggi, who I regret to state exhibited a tender passion for me; yes, and one night in a way more forcible than it was pleasant, for in a fit of frenzied affection or jealousy she came to me when asleep, and cleverly passing a long piece of dried spahis sinew round my neck she fastened one end to the centre post of the hut, and attaching the other end to her tail she commenced to wind it round her body like a chain round the barrel of an eight-day clock. I awoke choking and had just time to cry 'K-lah-kut it' Mso, before I swooned: Msi and Sabas however, released me, and Naggi Naggi said she had done it because she would not let me live to become the husband of Banggi Banggi, a supposed rival whose blessed name I had never heard before.

However, to return to our weapons, Naggi Naggi said that Bagiriboh had determined to take our weapons or our lives and perhaps both, I determined he should have neither one nor the other, and the next day expressed my desire to return to whence I came. The cunning chief was very willing and said he would accompany me to the confines of his country, past which he dare not go. There he said, I could give up the gun and show him how to use it. All this

being settled, and having victualled ourselves with plenty of dried spahis' flesh and compressed doopangkay, we started in a bright morning, much to the delight of Sabas and Mat, and in company with the chief and a few followers, all armed with settlas.

I was sorry to see as we left the town that several fair Loutods tried to keep back Mat and Sabas as if they had some right of possession. The chief however, laughed and threatened to have their tails dislocated if they did not leave my men alone. With tears and frenzied reproaches they retreated, and Mat and Sabas marched off, though I fear they did not think with much sorrow and regret, or with a tear in their eyes, for the lasses or the tails they had left behind them.

We passed the clearing where the first fight had taken place, and found the mouldering smelling corpse of the Loutod I shot. The chief gave orders that the tail should be collected and handed over to his widow if he has one, if not it was to be made into soup and served out amongst the young male Loutods of his majesty's household in order to make them brave.

I now come to the close of my story. We had been walking pretty hard all the morning, and about mid-day arrived half-way up one of the small spurs of the ranges. Here, there was a clear space, and over some boulders are hung strings of vertebra evidently the remains of defunct tails. Here, the chief stopped and said that it was the extent of his country, and as he dare not pass it, he demanded the fulfilment of my contract, Sabas and Mat were strongly against it, and I also feared treachery and was loth to give up the weapon which had been our surety hitherto, how it came to pass however, I know not, I felt my contract had bound me to give up my gun, the chief had sacrificed a Loutod in ratification of peace, and I ought to stick to my word. I therefore showed how the weapon was loaded and

fired. Having done this to the chief's satisfaction several times, he desired to try it himself saying, he would fire at a tree. I loaded it with No. 6, the smallest shot I had, and putting the hammer at full cock, told his majesty to hold the gun steady and fire when he had taken aim. His majesty raised the gun several times to his shoulder and put it down again; and in the meantime I went some twenty paces off to pick up my bundle of provision, when just as I was bending down to do so, the treacherous monarch with a friendly laugh, let fly right at my hind quarters, with so correct an aim that it made me bound up with a shriek of pain. Never shall I forget my agony and rage, out came the swords of Mat and Sabas and I rushed bare-headed and bare-handed on my ugly foe. I wrested the gun from his hands and doubled him up with a blow in the middle, pounded his tail and head until the stock of the gun broke to shivers. In the meantime Sabas and Mat had fought like tigers, and although the Loutods played on their heads a very rumpstap with their settlas, they polished off half-a-dozen of them on the spot, and the rest fled; the last I ever saw of a live Loutod. Sabas and Mat turned me over and picked out of my body all the shot they could find, and poured in the invaluable Friar's balsam which soon restored me. I can tell you I could not prevent my companions from taking back two heads and two tails. The head and tail of the chief were unrecognisable and useless.

With the heads and tails slung at their belts we again climbed the summit of the Gogahoop ranges. Our downward journey on the other side and a welcome from our Dyak friends, was all easy and pleasant, and shortly after I returned to the haunts of Europeans, with a fine collection of beetles, two skulls, and two sets of the vertebra of the tailed men. These relics unfortunately were all lost together with many other curious things I had collected, when the no-

ble ship *Royal Albert* in which I sent them to England, foundered off the Cape of Good Hope with all hands: and so God bless you all gentlemen, that's my story, take it *cum grano salis* if you like, but if I were you, I would believe every word of it.

Eh! you ask me what the country of the Loutods is like, of its flora and its fauna and many other matters about the people with tails, their habitations and the kind of life they lead. Alas! good friends, you seem to forget that I am no experienced traveller, careful to note and record everything alive or dead he sees, and skilled to compile his information in that comprehensive form which exhausts his subject, and leaves his readers little more to ask; no such talents are mine. I am a very ordinary person and through certain circumstances, found myself among very extraordinary persons, whilst I was amongst them I made no notes, but only a few rough sketches on brown paper with a charred stick. These latter have assisted my recollection, and I merely tell you what I remember of my experiences, as the different incidents pass before my memory. I know my story is disconnected and bears I fear, the stamp of a "Traveler's tale" that I cannot help; my defence against such an imputation consists of my known veracity.

I may however, say before I am silent on the subject that I really did not notice any thing peculiar about the flora or that the general appearance of the country of the Loutods was different to that I had seen on the other side of the ranges. The temperature I thought was very much the same, it was always fearfully hot during the day, save when a squall came, not hotter however, I fancy than Kuching in the Raj of Sarawak.

As for the fauna I neither saw nor heard of dogs, pigs, deer or cats. I fancy we saw some monkeys in the jungle, but none that would cause my particular attention, accustomed as I have been for years to see mon-

keys perhaps every day of my life. The one horned tailless cattle appeared to be the only animal of the country, and I don't think they have been seen elsewhere. The country inhabited by the Loutods seemed to me to be one vast undulating prairie of an oval shape, closed in to the north, east and west by the curve of the Gogahoop ranges which join at either extremity, ranges of distant mountains bordering its southern confine. These latter ranges though far distant we could well see in all their stupendous magnificence piling themselves up in a succession of gigantic masses of cliffs and precipices. They seemed mysterious in their universality and a complete barrier on that side between the plain and the rest of the world.

The river which flowed down from some sources amongst the ranges at the north-east, doubtless has some outlet amongst the ranges to the south-west, towards which it directs its course, the Loutods name it Sunz, of course as I have told you we had no time to spare, in daily fear of treachery and death, our thoughts were far from exploration. The simplicity of the daily life of the Loutods affords me very little of interest to tell you. They are a grossly sensual and beastly race of beings, but though not wanting at times in bestial ferocity, they are as a rule, quiet and inoffensive, going about looting for food in a dreamy manner, more like monkeys than human beings. Human life has little respect amongst them, though individually they fear the pain of death or any pain, and when afflicted the strongest of them will yell and moan and fight, bite, and scratch and give themselves up to all the frantic insensible passion and abandonment of a brute and much worse than many brutes. Their reasoning powers are of a very low standard; their language is limited, and their whole physical developments save as to teeth and tails decidedly wanting.




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Their domestic habits (into the details of which you must excuse me entering) are filthy and obscene, yet strange to say they keep the floors of their little umbrella-houses scrupulously clean: outside these tenements however, the ground is strewed and in some places thickly covered with offal of mud and mire and the smell is unquestionably the nastiest I have ever encountered.

How they came to have a chief or king I never could find out, nor could I discover of what use he was. He held no court, nor did he settle any disputes, and he certainly had no dignity. Every Loutod ruled for himself and the law of force appeared to be the only rule amongst them. There is no doubt about it that the king had the power of life and death, and was as despotic and vicious a monarch as one might wish to meet with; his authority was supported, and his orders carried out by common consent and assistance. To the Loutods there was no escape from the plain, and so long as their chief's authority was supported by the majority they had to bear with whatever injustice he thought fit to perpetrate. With the exception of *the one or two treacherous transactions* I record I had very little to do with the Loutod chief; I used to see him sprawling in one or other of the huts (some twenty of which formed his palace) either asleep surfeited with food or savagely tearing and eating a new supply. He

never worked but made others plant his doopang. I am well satisfied that my farewell interview with his majesty ended as it did, and I trust the Loutods elected a more reasonable and less treacherous prince in his stead, and if they have not they had better not elect one at all; I am sure they will get on just as well without one, for where there is no rule or order what is the use of tolerating and supporting either emperor, king, chief, or president as the head of misrule and disorder?

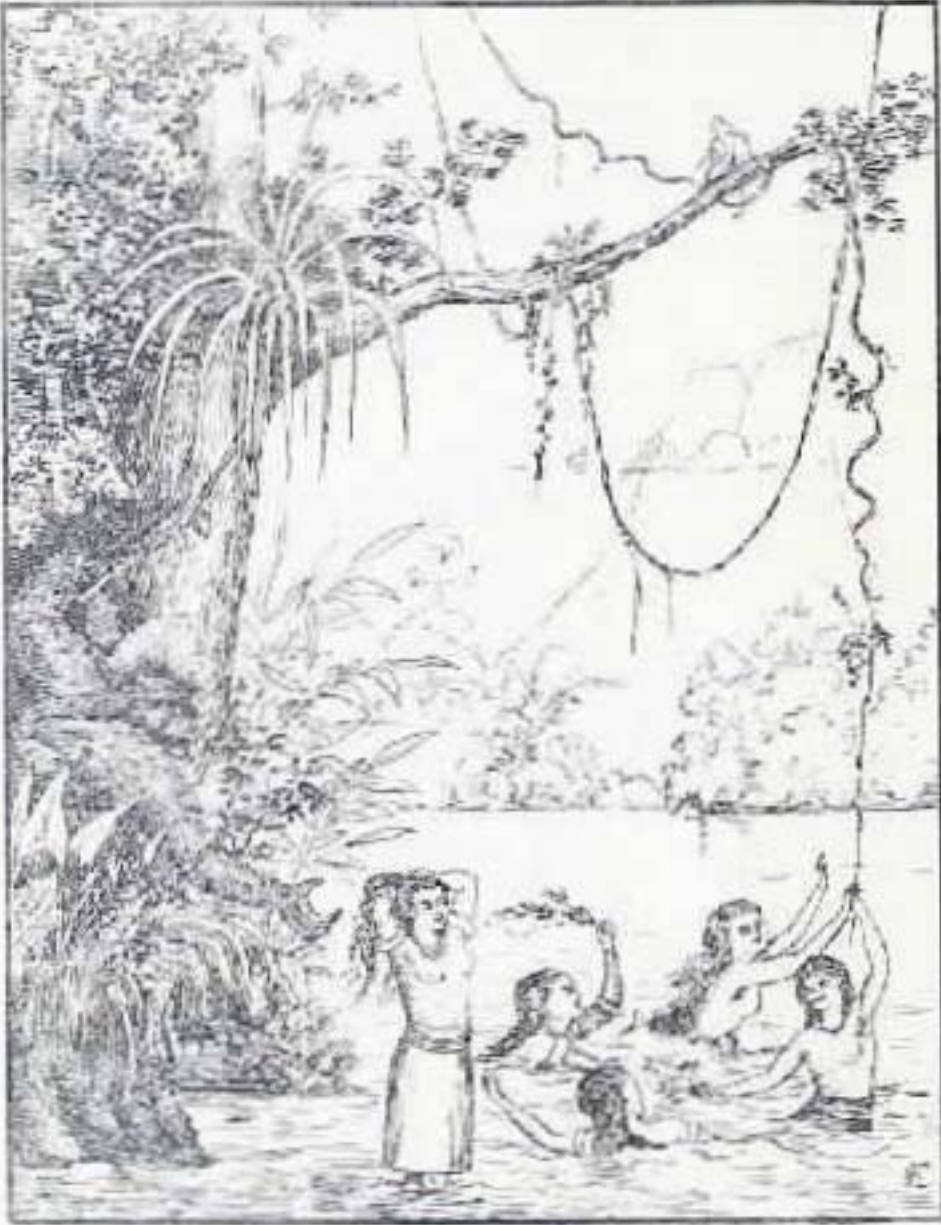
I think now if you are sufficiently interested about the Loutods and want more information, the best thing to be done is to get up an expedition well-armed and equipped, and visit them yourselves; little danger and difficulty will attend you, and in case you do go, let me advise you on no account fail to discover the outlet of the Sung, who knows but that it flows through the ranges into some lake or sea beyond, and that easy access might be gained from the outer world to the beings with tails, and the cattle without 'em.





Trackers consist of the hunter, Chief & his followers, before parting with us on the  
Koyukuk Range.

# SKIPWITH'S STORY.



# TO THE RESCUE.

A hard day's pulling had brought me to my night's resting place, a Dyak village, rather prettily situated on the banks of the river. A steep hill covered with fruit-trees rose at the back, and formed a picturesque background, it was almost too dark to see much of it, as the sun was just setting as I reached the house.

Climbing up the abominable bamboo ladders, I made my way to the chief's room, in the verandah of which I intended to take up my quarters. It was not the first time I had visited the house, as my official rounds had made it necessary to halt here occasionally, and I made myself at home at once; my servant setting to work to get my dinner ready, while I bathed at the stream of water which came down a shoot at the upper end of the village. Another hour saw me comfortably lying on a mat smoking my evening pipe, while a small gathering of elders had seated themselves around me, and were discoursing of their grievances, their wants, the prospects of the harvests, and the depredation done to their fruit by the mias; while listening to these somewhat well-worn subjects, my attention was a good deal distracted by a very pretty girl, who had taken up her position about eight or ten feet off, just where the light of the fire fell on her, and who was pounding rice in a large mortar.

She was tall for a Dyak, and her graceful upright attitude as she raised and dropped the heavy pestle, showed her figure to the best advantage, I need not say that it was not hidden by superfluous clothing.

I had seen the girl before, but it seemed to me that she had sprung from a child into a woman since I had last seen her, a few

months previous. I made some careless remark about her, and learnt with a feeling of disgust, that she was about to be married to a stalwart but somewhat ill-looking young savage who sat near.

The old chiefs prosed on, as if their tongues possessed perpetual motion, and I still lay, watching the coquettish young Dyak until the night was far gone; then, whether her arms were tired, or she thought she had posed enough to make her betrothed reasonably jealous, the girl suddenly disappeared out of the glare and passed into the family room. After this it became dull, and with a few last words, I wrapped myself in my blanket and turned over, leaving the elders to confabulate round the fire as much as they choose.

Their drowsy hum soon lulled me off, and I fell into a sound sleep. It seemed to me that I could hardly have slept more than a few minutes when I was roused by a most terrific clamour, voices yelling and shouting outside the house. The morning sun was shining in brightly. I got hold of my double-barrelled rifle, and rushed out. To my first enquiries I could get no answer; the whole population of the village was collected near the river bank, screaming, yelling, dancing about, gesticulating, and apparently stark staring mad. However, after a few minutes I got hold of the chief, and though he was perhaps one of the most excited, he had self-command enough to give me an intelligible explanation of the uproar. It was a sad one.

About daybreak a party of Dyak girls had gone down to the river to bathe; they were merrily swimming about, screaming with laughter and splashing each other, but in

one moment their merriment was turned into terror. One girl was floating close to the steep bank opposite when without the slightest warning, a dark hairy form had swung from behind a protecting bush, grasped the unfortunate girl and dragged her up the bank; a second more and they had disappeared.

The story seemed incredible and yet I could not doubt it, more than twenty girls had witnessed the abduction, and their shrieks had brought out the whole population. As I asked "who was it?" it seemed that I already knew the answer. It was the bright girl at whom I had gazed so long the previous evening.

The first thing to be thought of was pursuit. I called to my men to bring my flask and cartridges, and began searching for tracks. One girl, who had not so completely lost her wits as the rest, pointed out the exact spot where the monster had borne her companion up the bank. It was easy here to see that he had immediately climbed a low tree and began passing from bough to bough. If he continued this mode of progress, the pursuit would be well-nigh hopeless, as no idea could be formed even of his general direction, excepting that in all probability, it would be up hill. However, I was pretty confident that even with his enormous strength, the beast would find a well-grown young woman too much of a weight to go far in that fashion, and would be compelled to drag her along the ground; in which case if we could once recover any traces we might soon over-take him.

The lover had already plunged wildly into the jungle. I may as well here say that I had no hope of recovering the unfortunate girl alive, but that revenge was my only stimulus. What with the difficulty of keeping people back, and searching for "spoor," the mias must have had nearly an hour's start of us before we struck the trail about 200 yards up the hill. I set my

men to keep back the crowd, and with two picked young Dyaks and one Malay started in hot pursuit.

The monster's tracks were easily followed, and he appeared to be going almost upright, we could at first see no traces of the girl, but soon some blood stains on the thorns in our pathway, showed that she was being carried in his arms. If we had been furious before, the sight of these marks raised us to almost uncontrollable rage; though we were going at a moderately good pace, we were here overtaken by the lover, who, having missed all traces in his excitement, had been set on our tracks by one of those left behind, and had followed us at a furious speed. It only needed one glance at his face to tell me that I had at least one follower, who would not flinch.

On we pressed, still up hill, the forest becoming gradually more open, with less undergrowth and fewer of the detestable rattans and lianes which had impeded our progress, even upsetting us altogether on more than one occasion as we hurried on.

I had not anticipated more than an hour's chase, but as the sun rose higher and higher, there was still no sign of our over-taking the mias, when about ten o'clock, a distant roaring noise caused a sudden halt; we all knew it, and I told my men to look well to their arms and recover their breath before we proceeded; in a couple of minutes we were pushing on though more cautiously than before. The roaring became louder and louder, and before we had proceeded far, it was evident to us that, not one mias, but a crowd was uttering these hideous cries. The trees around us were gigantic, and the ground was almost clear of any undergrowth.

We had not proceeded many hundred yards further, when, crouching behind an enormous fallen log, we beheld the strangest and most terrible sight that my eyes have ever beheld. On many of the trees around us were what appeared to be gi-

gantic nests, situated invariably in some of the highest forks of these forest monarchs, near some of these were swinging huge brawny monsters covered with shaggy red hair, and all emitting their lion-like roars—but our attention was rivetted on a group nearer to us—On the largest of the trees, which reared its stately height some sixty yards from us, were some twenty or more mias, apparently in violent excitement, the cause of which we had not long to seek. Near the main fork of the tree, above his large leafy nest, half stood and half crouched the most gigantic of these monsters that my imagination had ever conceived. In one hand he brandished a huge club, apparently the branch of a tree, torn from its trunk; on his other arm, with her feet just resting on the nest, lay the form of his unhappy victim. I grasped firmly the arm of her betrothed, or maddened at the sight he would have rushed out from our hiding-place and brought on all, inevitable destruction.

The uproar was deafening; the enraged brutes, though as yet kept at bay by the superior size, and fierce mien of the abductor would not long be restrained. Should they make a simultaneous rush, the miserable girl would be torn to pieces before we could do anything for her rescue. It was necessary to act—turning to speak to my companions, I found to my indignation and dismay, that only the lover remained: appalled by the hideous sight the rest had fled, taking with them their rifles. It was useless cursing their pusillanimity, so begging my companion to keep perfectly still (he had only a sword,) I turned my attention once more to the mias. The robber had I perceived to my delight, cast the girl into his nest, and with ferocious yells was preparing to do battle for his prize. If he could but drive the other brutes from the field, I felt confident of being able to settle him, and then trusted to the chapter of ac-

cidents to get the girl (if she yet lived) from her lofty eyrie. These thoughts had hardly passed through my mind, when the battle of the giants began. I have never longed so much for descriptive powers, as I now do, that I might give you some idea of what I then saw.

At first branches were riven from the tree, and with these formidable clubs, blows were interchanged, that would have crushed any less hardy brutes. It was obvious that the central mias, in spite of his superior size would have been soon over-powered, had any simultaneous attack been made upon him, but no sooner were the first blows struck, than a general mêlée ensued, everyone attacking his neighbour, the clubs were soon dropped, and the brutes closed in iron grips, they struggled and tore each other, clutching at one another's throats until losing their hold of the tree, they came down to the earth, still locked in a fratricidal grasp; many were thus killed, and the survivors seemed to have little stomach for more fighting but limped away to other trees, and there yelled and roared as if so many devils had got loose.

The abductor was dealing destruction around him, he alone not having relinquished his formidable club; though there were but few not fallen, these seemed animated with undiminished fury; and I now thought it time to bring my rifle to bear. Up to this I had kept it at rest, pointed just above the nest, ready to fire at any who attempted to enter, but I now took steady aim, and fired right and left barrels at two mias, who were struggling on the lowest fork of the tree. Yells and shrieks told me that my shots had been true; I loaded and fired again; terror at their unseen enemy, more than the wounds I inflicted, combined with the vigorous blows of the owner of the tree, soon served to clear the few remaining combatants, and in less time than it has taken to write it; the champion was alone.

Now the really critical time had arrived, I felt that on my steady aim all depended; the brute, giving forth some triumphant roars began to approach his nest. I fired, but my hand shook and I struck the tree above his head; he looked around glaring to see whence this new disturbance came, but continued his progress; when within six feet of his nest I fired, and this time fate was propitious, the ball crashed into his ribs; with one bound he sprang up on a higher bough and gazed around, uttering mad shrieks, as if to challenge the world. To load my breechloader was the affair of a few seconds, and lucky it was, for suddenly changing his mood, he dashed forward as if to tear the hapless girl from his nest and reek his rage upon her. I sprang from my hiding-place, followed by the Dyak, and shouted; the monster paused one moment, and again a bullet brought forth demon-like cries; now, perceiving his enemies, the wounded mias began slowly to descend, when another lucky shot striking the arm by which he was suspended brought him to the ground. Old instinct made me load, but that done, I rushed towards him with a triumphant shout.

With a cry to which all I had yet heard, were as nothing, he rose to his feet and rushed at me, I fired both barrels at once without putting my gun to the shoulder, and next instant lay on the ground with the monster's grip around me, I struggled for a moment, and then fainted from excitement. I did not lie many minutes, when I felt the mias dragged from off me, and the Dyak leant over me to see if I was injured; my senses returned slowly, and I got on my feet bewildered, and hazy, but soon found that save for a few bruises, I was none the worse; my last discharge was fatal, and it was only the impetus of his rush, that had brought the mias actually on to me. His last death-bug had nearly squeezed the breath out of me, but it must have almost

instantaneously relaxed. However, there was but little time to think of my injuries, we had now to think of her for whom we had gone through this. Had I been alone she must have perished, for nothing that I could have done would have got me up to the nest, but my companion was equal to the occasion; a few minutes' consultation, and he proceeded to climb from parasite to parasite, he wound and wriggled his way up, I gazing on his progress with mingled fear and admiration, as with an agility not inferior to the late occupier of the tree, he soon reached the lowest fork; from thence his progress was easy; a minute more, and he was bending over the nest. "Is she alive," I shouted, he uttered no reply, but carefully lifted out the apparently inanimate form of the girl, and proceeded, as we had agreed upon; he had taken up my belt, and part of my clothes, he now plaited some of the creepers which hung from every bough, until he had made a sufficiently strong rope, and then carefully and tenderly lashed the poor girl to this, and passing his rope round a bough, commenced carefully lowering away; he had first sent down a single rattan by which I could somewhat steady the girl, and prevent her being dashed against the tree. It seemed an hour before the helpless form lay at my feet, and I commenced rapidly to unlash her. I had not very much on myself but spared all I could to cover her, and then poured part of the contents of my flask down her throat; poor thing, she was terribly cut and bruised, her face was hardly recognizable, and the marks of great bruises from the rough handling of her brutal abductor, were all over her arms and shoulders, but she still breathed, and as the brandy was poured down, she half opened her eyes, and then seemed to go off into a faint again. I was now joined by her lover, whose habitual self-restraint seemed sorely taxed now, but as I begged him to think of how we were to get her





home, he became practical at once. Carry her back we certainly couldn't; I saw at once, that one must go back for assistance, and one stay by her. It was now as far as we could tell perhaps two o'clock.

There were no signs of the mias; the hideous roars of their champion in his agony, had affrightened even them, but they would doubtless return towards evening; it was necessary to move off far enough to be out of their sight; so we contrived a sort of bark litter, and with great trouble and I fear, great pain to our poor patient, we moved off some three or four hundred yards. Here, we put up a leaf covering, and now the question was, who was to go back? The Dyak, of course, naturally wanted to stay with his betrothed, but I pointed out to him that he could go in half the time I could—that I should probably lose my way—and lastly, that if the mias returned I could protect the girl better with my rifle than he could; so he reluctantly assented and moved away.

My task was not a pleasant one, I had had no food that day, I dared not use any of the brandy, as I kept dropping a few drops mixed with some half-stagnant water I found near, on the sufferer's lips—and it wouldn't last long—and I could not count on less than six to eight hours before help could arrive. The afternoon wore away slowly and wearily, and as the sun went down, the insect plagues began. I heaped leaves over my patient, who lay moaning quietly, half-conscious, and walked up and down listening for every rustle that shook the leaves around. Night came on and still no sign of the mias, and I began to feel

more secure, but it was very lonely; however, slow as it was, hour after hour passed away till near midnight. I was drowsily sitting with my back to a tree, trying hard to keep awake, when a distance hum of voices and the flashing of lights brought me to life directly. I fired my rifle in the air, and a minute more up came fifty or sixty Dyaks. The lover had met them on the way, but they had had to get torches which had delayed them.

There was but little time lost before the girl was raised in a bark hammock upon six brawny men's shoulders, and I, stiff and tired, was only too glad to accept the offer of being carried too; a party of twenty or thirty men went in front clearing a path; our progress was necessarily very slow, and it was close on day break before we arrived.

The Dyak medicine-men wanted to take possession of the girl, but I got an express boat and took her off straight to the doctor at Kuching. It was a good thing for me I did, for I had three weeks' fever, and when I got up at last with a shaved head and pale face, I was told the girl had gone back quite well: so much for youth and a good constitution. I've been round there since, and I know where I have two friends.

ROSCOE'S STORY.



# ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

I had got tired of loafing ; my companions were all out at work, and I was in the unenviable position of having nothing to do—so I went forth for a stroll in the jungle. I took an old sword-bayonet with me, more for slashing away thorns and rattans than for protection. The Bornean woods contain little that harm a man, excepting of course snakes. My intention was to push through the tangled mass of bush, rattans, creepers and parasites which form our jungle under-growth, and try and gain the sea-beach, which lay about a mile distant. There was a path somewhere, but I didn't remember its position, and besides I was a young hand then, and didn't know much about jungle paths ; they are not usually very distinct.

I whistled to a small half-bred English terrier belonging to one of my friends, which lay panting under the bungalow, and seemed reluctant to move out into the glare ; however I hate being alone, and a dog is company, so I persisted, and Jack arose and followed me out.

I was luckier than I had expected, for after pushing through the bushes and dead wood that skirted the clearing round the house, I struck what seemed to me the track. Amongst the big trees it did not much matter, as knowing my general direction and not being in the slightest hurry, I might choose my way ; after, however, walking about half a mile, the character of the jungle changed ; the trees were smaller and

soon merged into mangrove. Here, where the path would have been useful, I found I lost all trace of it ; I guessed that it was after all only a wood-cutter's track, which led merely to a convenient spot for getting wood.

I did not feel inclined to turn back, and still less to struggle through the mangrove ; although I could see the belt of casuarina trees which line the beach, showing me I had not more than three or four hundred yards to go. However I skirted along the edge of the mangrove for a distance, seeking for an opening, when I came upon a small stream, which after brawling down the mountain, was now lazily wending its way through the mud ; it was little more than knee-deep near the sides. I thought I would wade down it, and if it got too deep, I must take to the mud-bank after all. Jack, who had been careering about on all sides during my walk, seeing me take to the water, began to plunge through the mud ; my progress being necessarily very slow, Jack soon disappeared through the roots of the mangrove.

Though the channel grew deeper, I could not but congratulate myself on the way I had taken, as the mangrove on either hand grew thicker and denser, and in fact became almost totally impenetrable. When I had perhaps achieved about half the distance that lay between me and the beach, the thought suddenly crossed my mind, how very awkward it would be to meet an alligator in such a place ; one couldn't run ;

## ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

that was very certain ; however I had been in many quite as nasty looking places without seeing anything of these dangerous reptiles, and with this bit of dubious logic I comforted myself, and pushed on, with just enough disagreeable sensation about me to make me quicken my rate of progress.

I had not gone ten yards farther, when I heard a quiet splash into the water not far behind me, that sent my heart into my mouth. In a moment I had scrambled on to a mangrove root, and had turned to see, if my fears were real ; for perhaps nearly a minute I saw nothing, and was trying to convince myself that my previous thoughts had made me fanciful, when, not many yards off, I saw distinctly the form of a huge alligator swimming rapidly towards me ; I needed no second look, but dashed away over the roots. Before I had gone half a dozen yards I was down sprawling in the mud ; I tried again, but I could make no progress ; I got entangled, and my terror made me totally unable to act with any judgment : despair nerved me, a feeling of intense rage took possession of me, and I turned at bay. Whatever the issue it could not be long delayed ; the uncouth, hideous form, which as yet I had only seen dimly, was plain now. I took my stand on one of the largest roots, steadied myself by clasping another with my left hand, and with my teeth set and my sword-bayonet in my hand, waited.

My chances, if it did not seem a mockery to call them such, were small indeed ; I might, by singular good luck, deprive my adversary of sight, but hemmed in as I was by a tangled mass of roots, I felt that even then I should be but little better off ; No, I felt that I must die, and by the most horrible death that can well be conceived. This all takes some time to relate, but those who have ever stood in mortal peril, will know how short a time it takes to think. From the time I left the water, but a few seconds

had elapsed, and the saurian was but a few feet from me. The horror of that moment was such that even now, ten years after, I can hardly recall it without an instinctive shudder. As I gazed and drew what I deemed almost my last breath, Jack came floundering through the mud ; a second more, and he perceived my enemy when almost within reach of his jaws. Barking furiously, he began to back away ; one breathless moment, and the reptile turned to follow this new prey. I was saved. I sank helpless to the ground ; my condition will perhaps seem strange to those who have never known what it is to have life trembling in the balance, with apparently no hope to turn the scale ; those I trust they are few who have undergone that trial, and know the intensity of anguish, the high-wrought pressure upon the brain, and the maddening strain of mingled fear and rage, that may be compressed into a few moments of time—will know too, the re-action, and will remember the weakness which came over them, as the tension was relaxed.

I watched the alligator crawl deliberately away, with the gallant little dog retreating just before him, keeping up a succession of angry barks. It was time to bestir myself ; I was by no means out of peril : should the dog take to its heels altogether, the monster might return to an easier victim.

With an effort I rose and cast about me how best to escape from my predicament. To take to the water again was out of the question, with my shattered nerves, and I could see no resource but to crawl slowly along the bank of the stream, floundering through the mud as best I could. What I suffered during my tedious journey, I will leave untold ; suffice it that at every step I took a long backward glance dreading pursuit, but endless as it seemed, I at last saw an open space before me, with the casuarinas and the short grass growing under their shade, and feeling firm ground beneath

## ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

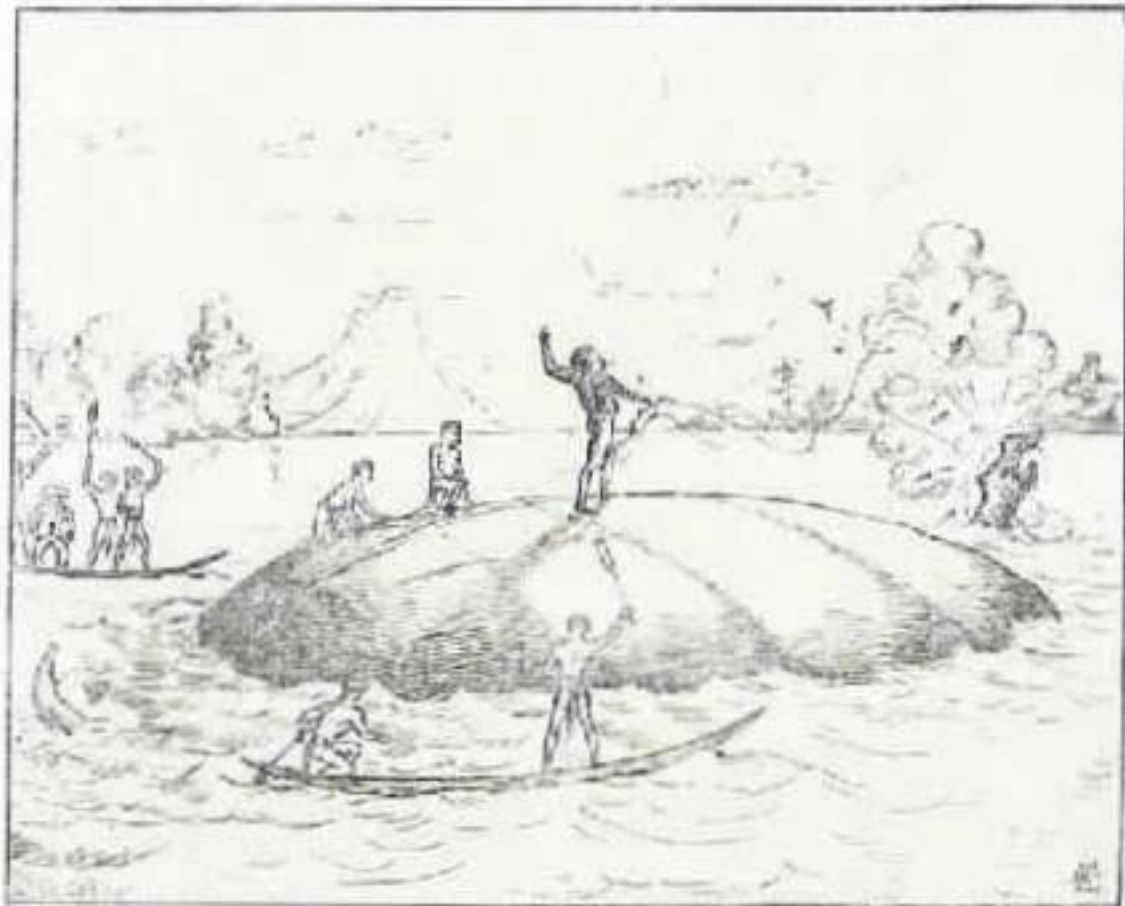
my feet, I knew I was really safe—a few steps took me out on the sands.

Here I threw myself down, and lay in the shade, gazing over the calm sea, that was rippling up a few yards from me; it seemed, in that quiet land-locked bay, without a living thing to be seen, or a sound to be heard but the low murmur of the water, incredible that not half-an-hour before I had been in such imminent danger, and that that awful time was no mere vision, but a terrible reality. I stayed musing in a luxurious languid mood, until the evening shadows grew long and warned me to get home.

I easily found the outlet of the path I should have taken at mid-day, and conquering the first impulse of instinctive dread at re-entering the jungle, a brisk half-hour's walk took me home. As I entered the house, one of my friends met me and instantly exclaimed "Good heavens! what has happened to you? you are as white as a sheet." In as few words as possible, I told my adventure. Jack had returned long before me.

DON'S STORY.





# DON'S STORY.

"The tiger sleeps,  
Crafty and cruel-brooding, in his lair,  
Waiting the veil of night, as Evil hides,  
Slamming the bright rays of the glorious sun,  
And batten on darkness. Crimson flowers  
Hang from the creepers, where the box-turtles,  
Coiling her deadly folds, with venom'd eye  
Fixed on the path beneath. The leopard crouch,  
Half-wakeful in the jungle; seems so fair,  
At every onward footstep, threatens—*Death!*  
Low, the red sun declines; within the brake  
The stealthy jaguar begins to stir,  
The jackal sounds the prelude of attack,  
To warn our lingering footsteps. Safety now  
No longer waits upon the traveller;  
But discord, rapine, and a thousand foes,  
Gaunt-eyed, and crimson-robed, and ravenous,  
Rise into being 'neath the mask of Night."

Since we are in a story telling mood this evening, and it has come round to my turn to spin a yarn, I will give you a true account of what happened to me some fifteen years ago, on a journey which I took across the country from Muka to Balinian, partly for sport and partly with a view to look up a strange tribe of people, which were said to be existent in the interior of the Island—the Ukits—

I have never like yourselves had any adventures with pirates; nor have any of my relations; unless it were my maternal grandfather, who was picked up by the press gang, and carried away to serve his king for three years or more on the West Indian station, to the great grief of his friends, and most utterly against his own inclination; for although he thoroughly enjoyed a good day's shooting, he didn't like the idea of being pinked himself; and hang it all who would at first starting in life: suffice it to say, he came home again with a medal, and without a leg, and covered with glory, which I as a lad took to imply a rusty old chocolate coat, with a multitude of service buttons.

One faculty the old gentleman had beyond his fellows, that of speaking the truth; which virtue, I am proud to think, has de-

scended to his posterity; of this assertion I hope to convince you as I go on, and in the end to prove to your satisfaction that I *am* really and indeed a chip of the old block.

The journey that I had before me being a long one, say fourteen hundred miles, some considerable preparation had to be made before hand; rivers had to be navigated, mountains to be crossed, and a vast expanse of jungle to be gone through before I reached the prairie land in the interior, which extends from end to end of the Island. I determined upon taking but little baggage with me, and to seek my food as I went on; in fact, I decided to live as a Dyak as much as possible throughout my trip; obtaining meat with my gun, fish with a casting net, and fruit and vegetables from the trees around. An ounce of quinine, a bottle of brandy and a few hard boiled eggs were stowed away, the latter for the first day's journey, and off I started in a canoe up the Muka river as a commencement of my travel.

My followers consisted of four men only, Manai, a Malay chief, who acted as guide; Manjani and Sagier, famous Milanau hunters; and an old Arab, named Mohamad, to do the work of cook and act as boy.

## DON'S STORY.

Having travelled for two days and a night, and left the sago country behind, the river narrowed and became rocky; magnificent trees overhung the stream, fragrant with every variety of flower; while their stems and branches were covered with ferns of a thousand kinds, and orchids of exquisite beauty.

We entered the Dyak country, after passing several dangerous rapids, but not without getting swamped more than once. At one place my jacket fouled a rock, and how I survived, I do not know, for I must have been under water twenty minutes at least, it may have been half an hour. The noise was fearful in my ears, and the quantity of water I took in would suffice to dilute the whole of your potatoes for a twelve-month at least. However, I was gaffed and brought to shore by my companions, they landed me upon a boulder, a mass of jet as it would seem. They gave me brandy as a restorative, and lighted a fire at my feet. I awakened in due time from my state of coma, or whatever you like to call it, to find my followers in a state of terror; the ground was trembling underneath us, and sensible upheavings were ever and anon easily to be felt: what to do we did not know, to remain still and await the end of it all, was the general resolve. At length, a huge head appeared out of the water, and we found that we were upon the back of a monster tortoise—called *Labi Labi* by the natives—which the fire on his back had awaked to a state of consciousness. A charge of dynamite placed in his ear soon despatched him, and we opened his head to search for the gem which is said to exist in the brain of these animals. You know that the famous *Matan* diamond, at present in the possession of the Sultan of Landak, was taken from the head of a tortoise. We did not get the prize we expected, but took off the back shell of the reptile and used it instead of our canoe, it being much larger and drawing less water.

We considered ourselves lucky by this acquisition, and stood on our journey.

That same evening we arrived at the Dyak villages at Sikoi, and I looked around me for the chiefs that I had met upon my former visits, I was surprised to see none but strangers.

On enquiring after my old friends, I was told that they were absent, but invited to make myself at home. Pigs were killed, toddy was brewed, and a demonstration got up, as I thought, in my honor. Feasting and drinking went on till a late hour at night, when the ladies retired and left me in the society of the braves alone. I was thinking of retiring to rest, when the men closed in a circle around me, and one, an ugly looking savage, addressed me thus: "We are happy to welcome the Tuan to our dwelling, for we have long wished to meet him, or one of his nation, in order that we may settle one or two outstanding accounts. We are *Katibas* men and I am *Balang*. Your Government has played the very dicens in our river, not once only, but many times; and our favorite sport of head-taking is made a crime, and whosoever is known to have taken a head is burned out and fined: but we are not going to be put down in that way, we'll fight to the last, and wherever we meet a white man we'll pay him off. You thought no doubt to meet *Rangang*, but we've made him safe, his head and others are drying below, and now all we want is the Tuans." Nice conversation this after supper wasn't it? I was recognized as having used a swivel duck gun with big charges of buck shot on the late expedition, and to get off by subterfuge would be impossible. In this extremity, I told them that like many white men I was invulnerable, and though they chopped at my head for a fortnight, they would not get it off. As, however, discretion is the better part of valor, and seeing that *Balang* intended to carry his threat into execution, I suddenly threw myself

backwards, repeating a succession of gambols, and fell from the verandah of the house, on which we had been seated—a drop of some thirty feet—in safety to the ground; next moment, I was up a tree. Down came the posse from the house intent on murder, and with parangs and axes commenced cutting at the tree in which I was seated. None of them attempted to climb, for I had taken a Pinang lawyer with me up to my seat aloft, and was prepared to give any of them an opinion without asking for a fee.

Water as every body knows will wear away the rock, and in due time my refuge toppled and fell; stunned by the fall, I felt my enemy's foot upon me, I saw his hand raised, and then a heavy blow descended upon my neck, which was repeated several times. I was surprised at the tenacity of my muscles; and was wondering when my head would come off, when Balang uttered a cry, and ran away at full speed, dropping his parang as he went. I could not account for this, but upon my picking myself up, I found that the savage in his desire to take my head, instead of picking up his own sword, had laid hold of the wooden model of a parang, and in the dark had not found out his mistake. The story of my invulnerability suddenly flashed upon him as a truth, and he bolted, looking upon me as a *demon* and not a human being.

I found my companions not far off, three of them had had a hot chase to the boat, which they succeeded in reaching in time to get hold of the guns, and with them they stood prepared to cover my retreat, which was now unnecessary.

Old Mohamad though stiff in limb and unable to run, had taken his wits along with him; he stowed himself away in a gusi jar, unseen at the commencement of the affair, and when we had got safely to the boat, he too, made his appearance with a broad grin upon his face, exhibiting a full bag of dollars

and a katti or more of gold, which he had found in his hiding-place. After all, we got off unscathed, and went away with plunder.

At starting, I was bent on visiting the Ukits, and after what had happened I thought it quite time to hook it. We had not gone far from Sikoï when our boat was swamped by an alligator, which must have been forty feet long at the least. Luckily, all escaped to the shore, the beast mistaking my long pillow for a man bolted it outright: this I suppose took the edge off his appetite, for he did not follow us.

Soon after this we quitted the boat and took to the jungle, journeying on for nine days and nights in a southerly direction; sometimes scaling precipitous mountains; at others, travelling at ease through beautifully wooded dells. During the whole of this time, no particular incident occurred, and no mishap befell us, although we had to encircle our encampment every night with posts thrust deep into the ground, and sharpened at the tops, as a protection against the tiger; which, in Borneo, is a far more dangerous animal than in Bengal, from the fact that he is a climber, and hides himself at night in the branches of the trees beside a path, to pounce upon the traveller, or any unsuspecting creature which may happen to be passing by.

At length we arrived at a Kavan village called Gading, meaning beautiful in Malay, and worthy in every way was this hill of the appellation. Behind us lay the wilderness from which we had emerged stretching away to the far horizon a wide expanse of morass and forest; while in front, there was nothing to be seen as far as the eye could reach but boundless prairie land, covered with moss and lichens only, in place of the long rank grass so common in other localities. Upon the surface of this plain, and far away at first, we saw what we fancied to be a number of boats under sail, approaching and making for the village,

which, at length, we found to be an ingenious kind of carriage constructed by the natives, with which they travel about under sail from place to place before a wind as occasion offers ; but, with wind against them, they tack on a couple of buffaloes and travel along comfortably enough, but at much less speed. The carriage is a very simple construction, being nothing more than a couple of wheels with a wooden axle, while the body is composed of anything that comes first to hand ; A.V.H. boxes being greatly prized by coach-builders in this part of the country.

Long Indang, a very old and diminutive savage, soon heard of my arrival, and this being the first visit of any European to his country, he made a great fuss. Feasting went on to a late hour that night, and a big rhinoceros hunt was arranged to take place in my honor next day. I heard, to my disappointment, that the Ukits, who I had come so far to visit, had been driven from their country, which lay about forty miles off, by a predatory tribe with tails, called Lowtods, said to exist in the Gagahap mountains ; and that since that time they had not been heard of. He said, however, that they were all dwarfs and lived in the ground in burrows like rabbits, their food consisting of a white kind of clay baked into biscuits, and white ants fried in vegetable tallow.

I was disappointed at not meeting the tribe I had come to seek, but what could I do ? make the best of a bad job and then go back again. Before retiring to rest that night, I went the whole round of the village, and came to the conclusion that the Kayans are a people possessed of great natural talent ; in the construction of their houses, they surpass both Dyaks and Malays ; besides which, they are first rate workers of iron, procuring the metal from the ore and converting it into swords, the temper of which is nowhere to be surpassed. They moreover, construct several kinds of clothes

from native fibre, and are extensive padi farmers.

Having arranged for our hunt on the morrow, I made a present to Long Indang of a double-rifle with the necessary adjuncts, and in return, received from him a promise that he would lend me his own gig and a pair of buffaloes to take me by a near cut back to Muka.

The morning broke sunny and fine, the people were all early upon the alert ; spears and parangs flashed in the early sunlight, while here and there a chief would be seen with a rusty flint-lock, the centre figure of a group, telling wondrous stories of the mighty beasts that the useless old weapon had brought to earth. With a force of some eighty men, and as many dogs, we entered the jungle and made a cast ; the dogs were taken to a point above the wind, while the hunters secreted themselves under cover below. We were not long in bagging a number of pigs, deer, and lesser game ; when, at last, the animal for which we had gone in quest came in sight ; a male rhinoceros about 11 feet high. He broke cover within a few paces of the spot where Long Indang and myself were crouching, his hide bristling with darts, which had been launched at him by the natives. One look at us was enough, and down he came in full charge ; the next moment I was upon his horn, which had transfixed my clothes, and being carried through the jungle at terrific speed.

I was soon in a sorry plight, torn and bleeding, wounded from head to foot by the thorns of the rattan and assam palm, through clumps of which he carried me. Rougher riding, I never experienced in my life. The distance I was carried, was, as nearly as can I compute it, about four miles and a-half. At last we came to a bridge constructed according to Dyak method of *nibongs* placed across a gully and at a certain distance apart ; across this, the angry beast made endeavour to pass, but his legs



10 Balang: house

The dinner being until the 1st business of the  
morning commenced



"What would be more exciting than a whole lot of wild game?"

with L. S. ...  
J. S. ...





slipping through the apertures, he was brought to a stand. He tried hard to extricate himself, but the strong timbers held him fast, in a few moments he was despatched, and we took him home in triumph. That evening we feasted off his flesh, but I can't say I liked it, it had a strong flavour of musk, a scent or seasoning for which I have a very great abhorrence.

Having failed in meeting with the Ulits, to see whom was the real object of my journey, there was nothing now to do but to return, and that I resolved to do, sending Manjani and Sagier back by the route we came, myself with Manai and Mohamad going overland in the trap or carriage lent to me by Long Indang. Great demonstration was made on our departure, guns being fired and several ceremonies being gone through to insure us good luck; but more particularly, immunity from the attacks of wild animals, with which the country before us abounded. Off we started at last, the weather being fine and bracing. Manai took his seat beside me, while old Mohamad perched himself at the back of the vehicle, which bowled along easily enough, considering its want of springs and other arrangements.

We left the plain at noon on the fifth day, and struck into the jungle by a narrow road very muddy and greatly obstructed by tree-stumps and fallen branches. Now a continual jolting and jumping began, at which the old man behind me would complain in not very orthodox language—in Arabic—for his old bones were stiff, and every now and then would be all but disjointed. The day went by, and a beautiful night succeeded it; the moon was at the full, and its light penetrated into the depths of the forest. Curious sounds would frequently break the stillness of the night, sounds with which we were not familiar, and seeming to come from another world. Birds on noiseless wing passed and repassed us continually

aloft, the most sleepless of them all, being the sorrowing Whip-poor-will.

The mournful cry of this weird bird has often suggested to me the strangest fancies, and what wonder if he is looked upon by the savage as a spirit ill at rest, and an omen of ill-luck. My companions did not enjoy his continual presence, it betokened misfortune they said and advised me to put back, which, of course I refused to do, endeavoring to laugh down their fears, but without success.

At length a cry arose in our rear, which I understood well enough, having heard it often in Russia, the sound of a pack of hounds upon the scent. Wolves were in pursuit of us I knew, and how to avoid being devoured by them was now the one question to be debated.

The instinct of the buffaloes soon told them the danger they were in, and off they started at full speed, but the pack kept gaining upon us; we could see them, a black patch in the distance. There could not have been less than five hundred of them.

We cut the traces, and let go one of the buffaloes; this checked them for a time, but when they had devoured him, on they came again with fresh vigor, having tasted blood. We were fast being gamed upon, when our off-wheel caught a stump and a general smash up was the result. We were now in a dilemma, we saw the second buffalo set upon and some of the wolves in their greed even attacked the gin-box. To get up a tree was our only chance, but old Mohamad was past climbing, and rather than be eaten alive, he asked us to shoot him. We were on the point of doing so, when I saw a rattan of a hundred yards length or more growing at a short distance off, this I cut and swinging it over the spur of a tree succeeded in drawing the old man up and so saving his life; myself and Manai followed after. We were hardly seated when the wolves gave cry again, and were soon swarming

## DON'S STORY.

about the foot of the tree.

How thankful we felt for our deliverance I cannot express; there is little doubt as to what would have become of us, had we remained below, the ground around for a hundred yards or more being alive with creatures thirsting for our blood. The two buffaloes they had eaten seemed only to have sharpened their appetites. Directly they came within range, we began to play upon them with our guns, and kept up firing till all our ammunition was expended. We dropped an enemy with nearly every shot.

Three hundred and seventy-four shots were fired in all. The wolves that fell to our rifles were at once devoured by their companions, and when our firing ceased and no more deaths occurred at our hands, a general fight ensued, which continued for hours. As a combatant fell he was eaten up, and so things went on till nearly daylight.

At last two solitary wolves alone remained upon the ground, distended to extraor-

dinary proportions, as everyone may imagine: they in their turn set to, and the victor, as before, eat up his foe. For a time he seemed satisfied, but it was only for a moment, the cravings of hunger returning, he set to again, and finished himself.

Had it not been for this happy conclusion, we should probably have been in the tree yet; for a beast that could eat so much no doubt would have the power to fast to an equal extent, and would have awaited our descent though it had been for months.

Thus liberated we arrived in time at home; and I have made a firm resolve come what may, and whatever inducement may be given me to do so, never to undertake that journey again.

"Come, come, Don" said several voices, "that's Baron Manchausen's 'Wolf Story,' besides, there isn't a wolf on the Island."

"I never met such a lot of unbelievers as you are" replied Don, "you never believe a fellow when he is telling the truth."

"Well" says Fraser, "after that story of yours Don, I no longer wonder at your being known in the Service as Baron Vonlongbow."

"Yes" says Perry, "that beats his story about the alligator with four eyes he shot at Muka. You all know the famous Rat story, and how he shot the pig, but this eclipses the whole lot."

"Now you fellows, drop chaffing the Don," says Skipwith, "and get ready, the tide has made some time, and we shall stick in the trusan again if we are not off sharp."

A general shouting for boys followed this remark, and a move made for the boats.



The Sual Wolf

