

Voyage I
Book III
Singapore to Baram
Tama Bulan Trip

Voyage I
DUPLICATE
Volume 3.
MANIFOLD BOOK

H.M. Hiller

Sarawak May 5

Vol. 3.

Sarawak, or Kuching, - May 6th 1896.

When I came on deck, of the "Rajah Brooke" Wednesday morning. We were heading into the mouth of the Sarawak river.

In the distance were blue, cloud-capped mountains while the shore was low and green, scarce any land rising above the level of high-tide.

We entered the narrow-tortuous, yellow-muddish waters of the delta.

The wash from our vessel following along either bank. branches put off on either side but a sign board points the way to Kuching. while other sign-boards warn you to keep mid-channel to avoid the rocks.

We draw 14½ feet aft yet can run within a few yards of the shore in many places. Small canoes with Malays, Dyaks, and Chinese fisher men sleep along the banks. Once we saw a small crocodile but the Malay boatmen gave chase as we passed by. Small clearings lined the banks where they were cultivating Atap - used for thatching.

Here and there were houses - raised 2
on poles some 6-8 feet from the ground.
with women and children filling the door-
way. but the women fled when they
saw the glasses trained their way -
Half way up the river Capt. Joyce
blew the whistle to let them know
we were coming and as we rounded
the bend and the white, castle-like
fort came into sight a puff of
smoke came from the cannon as
a salute to the mail.

We passed the brick, and Sago factory
saw multitudes of small white
schooners and brigantines - sampans
& canoes - Native boys in the small-
est of small canoes came out to ride
the waves our screw plowed up.

Twisting & turning around the curves
and bends we finally passed the
dock, heading for the right-bank
an anchor was let go. then "back-
ing and filling" we turned about,
for at high-tide the 280 feet of
the "Royal Brooke" can clear the
banks - but not at low-tide - and
went along side the dock as easy as
a small canoe makes the bank

39 1/2 hours after leaving Singapore we 3
were tied up at the dock and landed on
Borneo-soil. after six-months we finally
reached our goal.

We were boarded by about two hundred
Chinese - swarming up the side -
passing their bundles onto the dock
greeting friends, falling over each
other and getting in every ones way.
Then Messrs Lewis, Horsey, Bradford,
Hose + Hushon came to hear the news
and getting our directions we went to
see Mr. Dreshon at the Govt-house
who in the absence of the Rajah looks
after the interests of this Kingdom in
the jungle. He directed us to the Rest-
House and hotel where in a few hours
we were at home bag and baggage.
It was very warm but thunder showers
soon relieved the "wrights" of the atmos-
phere and stretching out on long rat-
tan chairs - while the two pet mon-
keys chattered + played - we tried to
realize that this was Borneo +
not our own dooryard at home.
It's a curious fact that Man's Egocentrism
makes all climes + countries seem as
though he had been born there when

when once he has pitched his tent 4
and lighted his pipe -

The evenings are superb. Usually
a breeze springs up. the curtains
of rattan are rolled up. the stars
burn like watch fires. the air
is sweet with the odor of flowers.
The cicadas chirp & sing and
great fire-flies go wandering about
the shu bben like lanterns in the
streets of Japan. All life is on
the veranda - especially after
night fall. and you lie in the
long chairs - studying the new
Southern Constellation while some
one sings or tells strange stories
of travel by land or sea.

Two men, with whom we have been
living at the Rest-house, are Mr.
Georges Hourant and Mr. Cesario.
The former a Frenchman residing
here to purchase the Gutta serena
leaves for his firm in Paris.
He speaks only French but has
a good command of Malay.
and has been very kind in
assisting us in securing boys
etc. as well as being hospitable.

Mr. Cesario is a member of a 5
Singapore firm of graters &
bed interests - chiefly fruit - He
speaks good English, Malay &
French and is always in buoy-
ant spirits - He challenged me
into a game of tennis, beat me
3 straight sets then sent me home
warmer than I have been since
I left the hot-bath at Miyau-
ashita. but plenty of cold water
and a "Sarong" are excellent when
you are warm and I soon re-
covered from the fatigue.

We wore the "Sarongs" today 13/7/96
for the first time - a plaid
piece of cotton, 8x4 feet, is
sewn into a bag open at top
& bottom making when folded
a piece 4x4. you step into
this gather it at the waist
until it fits snug then tucking
it under itself you have a
perfect garment, for the tropics.
With a white duck coat it looks
not unlike a scotch plaid & if
you add a black velvet skull
cap you have a Malay "boy's" dress.

Last night Mr. Daubeny came 6
and introduced us to the Kuching
Club. An airy building on a hill,
with bowling alleys. bar. bill-
iard tables, papers + two tennis
courts. and here the European
male population congregates at
six to 8 p.m. every day.

After dinner, The two Fruchmen
+ our fwi went to a Malay
theater, of which there are two in Kuching.
but as the play was not particularly
interesting we soon came away.

On Tuesday and Friday evening from
5.30 P.m. to 8 P.m. the band from the
fort. play in the park across from the
Rest House - The ladies come
down to chat. the natives prowl
around inside + out of the enclosure.
while as daylight falls into night
the Cecadis add their Chorus +
the great tree lizards chirp their
minors -

These men were orig-
inally from Manila but the band
is now mostly composed of
Malays + Dyaks from here -

Quite quaint tunes + old famil-
iar ones all superbly rendered -

Friday May 8th

At 4 P.M. we took a sampau to cross the river to the palace - "Astawa" they call it - passing the guards at the water gate we climbed the terraces - from which an splendid view across the river, town & jungle to the distant blue mountain miles & miles away -

At the tower door an Eng. butler took our cords and almost before we had time to enter the spacious drawing room the Rajah - Charles Brooke - entered -

He is a tall slender man - very gray reminding me of the Earl in "Lord Fauntleroy" only not so severe. He is 68 years and telling in his slight stoop but not in his spirit or energy - he is just returned from a war council with the Malays & Dyaks where as Bradford relates he was easily their master - sitting in their circle - they, clad in their war bonnets - asked that they might have the Govt sanction to take heads as trophies in return for those taken from them

When they found he did not con-
cur with them they offered to give
it all up - but he consented to
a limited number of rods +
took ten of their men as security.
Yet as he sat talking quietly
to us I could not detect one
single element of that force of
character that enables one man
without almost any support to
control such a mass of savage
people spread over such an im-
penetrable jungle -

The history of Sir James +
Charles Brooke, when once written
will be interesting history, but only
when one has seen this country
can he realize what heroic self-
sacrifice, what bravery has
been expended by them -
We spent a pleasant twenty minutes
in which we discussed all our
plans. The Rajah willingly consent-
ing to them all and asks us
to dine with him on Monday night.
Easy of manner - plain, court-
eous and in every way a pure
English gentleman -

Crossing the lawn towards the fort 9
we came to the house occupied by
the Acting Resident - Mr. Deshon.
An airy open house - I doubt if
there is a pane of glass in Borneo
with every comfort and taste -
We were in time for the inevit-
able "tea" which all the East
sit down to at 4. P.M.

After an hour which speedily pass-
ed with such a blue-eyed charm-
ing woman as Mrs. Deshon we
all came across in sampans to
the Club grounds, where Cesario-
Smith, Dankey + I warmed up at
tennis, a set apiece was enough -
But it was grand to go to the
bath then with only a sarong; to
sit on the verandah and listen
to the splendid music.

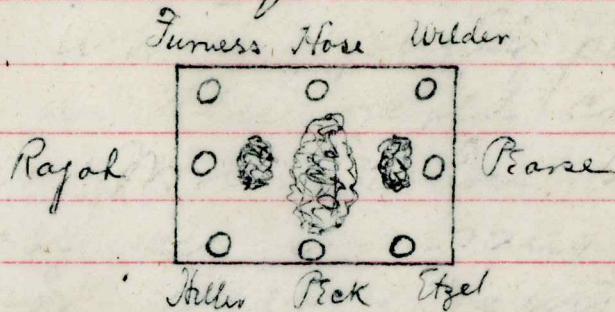
Today. 5/9 - Mr. Rose arranged to give us
the use of 3 of his Dyaks hunters, men
well trained in skinning + preserving birds
and animals. Paying at \$20. Ipa at \$16 and
Jatan at \$10. per month - to find them-
selves. The last two are at Soding but
will come down at once and com-
mence work here at Kuching -

May 11th Last night we went to the - 10
"Astana" to dine with the Rajah.

Just as we entered the tower-door the
gun at the fort boomed for 8. P.M.
and a few moments later Messrs.
Hose, Pearce, Etzel & Wilder, Capt.
~~Peterson~~, Bill & I went into the
huge dining room.

In the center was a square table set
for 8. In the

center a huge
bunch of flowers.
Reds and whites
but I recognized
many kinds of



orchids and the beautiful pitcher-plant.
The candles threw a splendid light on
the table while the remainder of the wide
room was half in gloom - and here
and there on the wall you could dis-
cern the head of a deer or a boar.

There were no penchaks but a Malay
boy in the Rajah's livery stood behind
and with a huge fan, which he operat-
ed by a half-turn of his
body, and easily kept us
from feeling the heat of
a very sultry evening.



The dinner was splendid - the butler, 11
with his well trained Malay servants,
allowed no delay or hitch in the steady
disappearance of the food and wine -

The conversation never flagged and
we enjoyed every minute of the entire
evening - Up in the tower is a billiard
room where Wilder + Peck, Hoare + I
played a game of 63 points while we
smoked our cigars. Soon after which we
bade the Rajah good night - Leaving the
tower the armed Dyak sentinels saluted,
the boatmen were in waiting at the foot
of the stairs and in a few moments more
we were landed by the pier -

The fireflies in the shrubbery of the Istana
garden made a beautiful electric display.
While the Cicadas, the night-jar and the
drum from the Malay theater vied with
each other for supremacy -

Sunday night Pearce gave a bachelors dinner.
Danbenny, Hoare, Capt. Peck, Furness, Wilder,
and I. and here we heard many anec-
dotes of life in the province of Sarawak
for many of them had been as much
as thirteen and fourteen years in the
Rajah's service. We had a delightful
evening and walked home via Capt. Peck's.

Niyang goes out hunting every morn - 12
mid between five and six A.M. returning
about eleven o'clock and only once
has he returned empty handed.

He has to date 576. 5 gibbons or
Wawas two long tailed black ones.
+ two lemons (huge flying squirrels)
I was with him the day he got
the lemons. a mother and half
grown child also secured a well
matured foetus from the mother
and since bought one - four in all.
Those days he has seen but six
in his thirteen years collecting.
We have also secured many birds
+ butterflies - a couple of snakes +
a chameleon.

Some one goes with the Dyak every
morning now. but today I went
alone. after wandering through the
dense forest looking my eyes out
up through the young jungle to the
big old jungle trees towering high
above. the monkeys frequent these
big trees and when once they see
you you can know it by the
crash + the flying glimpses as they
swing + flip + drop from one tree

to the other just as any squirrel 13
will do. and some times they
whoop and cry their "wawa" making
a great noise.

It is not terrifically hot in the
jungle shade. like it is on the road
coming home. The woods are full
of strange calls and cries. Queen
butterflies looking like leaves.
Brilliant colored birds and here
and there a squirrel - today I
shot one about as big as a gray-
squirrel at home. black on the back
a stripe of yellow on the side &
a reddish brown underneath.
We usually come home from these
trips pretty well fagged but a
few buckets of water thrown over
one takes the excess of heat away.
then a little food + a sleep and it
is all forgotten.

A day at our ranch may be summar-
ized in a few words.

A cup of tea about 5.30 Am. Two
or 3 miles out along the Rock-road
then into the jungle. Returning we
have breakfast at eleven or twelve
and sleep + study Malay until

3 or 4 o'clock. In the meantime the 14
Dyak has been stuffing the skins -
obtained under the house where it
is coolest. We bathe - in the bath
house of atap - by throwing buckets
of water over us. Then in a sarong
+ Zori we have tea at 4 P.M. -

The fruit - pineapples + bananas
are fine and always taste best at
tea time. About 5 P.M. every one
gravitates towards the club. where
tennis - bowles - and billiards
fill in the time until the Can-
non at the fort calls all to 8-
o'clock dinner. - We have dined
at Mr. Smiths - another bachelor
feast - and Monday are invited
by Mrs. Deshon to dine at the fort.
One usually sits at the table until
the bugle sounds "lights out." When
all adjourn to the verandahs for
air and a pipe. to watch the
fireflies and the countless stars.
There is always a chorus of
night birds + insects and the
drums at the Malay Theaters are
constant and lasting. and
monotonous.

Immediately after 4. P.m. is the 15
time for calls - for soon after -
words every one goes out in a
small dog cart - and most of the
men to the club.

We went once to call on Bishop
Hose - where we met Bradford
and Dr. Selby + wife.

There are six lodges here but we
have only called on Mrs. Daubeny,
Deshon + Store - as yet.

We are making fairly good progress
in studying Malay - and can make
ourselves understood by our "boys"
by means of a little guessing on
their part. The four we have are
Drakmand - Billi - Arik - Wolders -

Bayong. Etzels and Majilas - my own.
They are only "boys" by courtesy
for three of them have families.
You are not supposed to tell them
and they generally anticipate your
wants. When you go to dinner
they go along and wait on the
table. They do almost everything
a man can ask from paddling
a boat all day to washing and
mending your clothes all for 5⁰⁰ gold a mo.

Mr. Hose went up the Coast in the 16

Tamagong - Kyan Yacht with the Royal. Yesterday and we made all our arrangements to follow in the "Adeh" today (May 20th). After packing endless trunks, boxes, etc. the steward, Chong-Kim-Eug sent a lot of coolies who carried and carried our effects down to the dock. At 3 P.M. we cast loose and steamed down the river on an ebb-tide. As we passed the Borneo Company building Mr. Morvey waved to us and soon a bend of the river shut out the port & the last sight of Kiecheing. It was a fine summer day and the steamer's headway against a head-breeze made it quite cool on deck. We met many small schooners coming up and from almost every hut a sampan or canoe put out to ride the steamer's swells. The most diminutive of dug-outs, often not 8 feet long, with a foreboard of an inch, two inches at most. They sit squatting in the bow with a big, short, paddle-like pole & make her spin. Swimming is not often indulged in for fear of the crocodiles which kill a great many in their small boats, as for the capture of which the Govt pays 35¢ per foot.

of length making the capture of a good ¹⁷
sized crocodile or gaviell worth while - Two
Malays - whose names I have forgotten make
a very decent living doing nothing else.

The scenery had lost its novelty almost,
on account of our short sojourn in the
tropics, but we still were able to ap-
preciate its beauty - The low shores
lined with mangroves & nipa palms.

The malay houses upon stilts, the
Sampans with their little canopies of
atap - the small schooners with their
tumultuous spread of canvas. head
sails that the schooners of the north
would consider it needless to carry.
The wide track of jungle stretching
away to the blue heights of Mataug
or the profile summit of Sabitabon - is
a sight, seen on a bright summer day,
to be remembered for years to come.

The Sarawak river has as many
crooks & turns as a witch's cane -
often leading the opposite way - turn-
ing & twisting until at last the
clear stretch of sea like fishing
strand far out from the shore
ends the stuning tortuosities and
the Pitoh goes by compass unto P. point.

The "Adek", (Malay word for Elder brother)¹⁸
is a side wheel steamer of about the
same type as I imagine the old
"Clermont" was. She was built to
encourage the coasting trade and
is shallow that she may cross the
bar at Barram river mouth.
Capt. Mathies - her commander has
been twenty one years in the Sara-
wak service and secures his pen-
sion this coming September. (Half-
pay for life with the "dollar" reckoned
at 4s. - 6d.) He is as hale and hearty
a Scotchman as you can imagine -
From Pa-point they steer a North Easterly
course, keeping the capes for landmarks,
they take no "sights" and thirty hours
from Sarawak mouth find them 300
miles up the coast at Barram mouth.
We had 4 o'clock tea on the bridge
and watched a beautiful sunset with
a purple sea where not a wave broke
the level surface and a porpoise
leaping was as easily seen as tho'
a glass was used. After dinner we
had a pipe and the banjo on deck
and sat up till quite late in the
easy chairs rather than take to the bunks.

We have a strange crowd of pas. 19
sengers on board. besides the four
Europeans. as we are always reckoned.
are many Chinese. men, women +
children. the latter often disregard-
ing the necessity, as we say it, for
garments. an amulet on a silver
chain hung about the neck suf-
ficing often for a good many years.

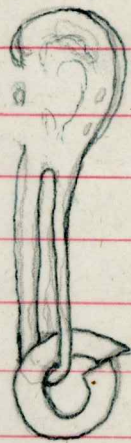
Then the Malays. in their sarongs-
jackets turbans. the Dyaks similarly
clad - and a great crowd of Nians. who
seem regular savages, with only a turban
of cloth wound around their heads.
their long hair escaping down the
back, a loin-cloth - a few arm +
leg bracelets and a plentiful supply
of tattooing being their attempts at
protection of the person.

One old raoster - Samagong - who has
been a state prisoner at Kuching for
six months - is returning to Borrau
because of Hasei's intercession in his
behalf. he is a headman of great
renown among his people + has
quite a retinue of men women +
children with him. In his ears are
~~two~~ heavy rings which he gradually

stretching - elongates the lobule & the hole as well until it hangs as a pendulum some two inches below the position of an ordinary ear-ring.

Certain red lines on his nose are suggestive of some form of rum-drinking while his red stained lips betokened betel chewing.

Yet he was remarkably affable coming forward to the bridge to



"shook-hands" all around and entered into as much conversation as we could command. For all tribes can speak more or less Malay - it is the French of the East. We admired his tattooing of which he had a tremendous amount - of various patterns but he opened his eyes at Bell's decorations in his own line.

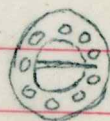
The Malay women are great for ornaments usually rings of silver or gold on their fingers. Bracelets of silver. Sometimes tortoise shell & gold. Rarely the jade ones. Hair pins of some combination of gold or silver. Ear-rings usually gold and oftentimes large. Children usually have an ankle bracelet - while the women fasten their loose shirtlike waist with 3 gold or silver breast pins, all alike or the

lower two alike while the top one is of 21
a different design.

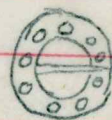
The designs - and the Customs are
very like the Chinese. except the
dress fasteners. which are evidently
Malay. the jewelers are Chinamen
who do crude. but rather pretty work.
a set of buckles is every women's
darling wish - and she usually gets
it before she lets up.



The pin is singular in its
fastening having a hinge on
the back it comes thro'
the central opening and holds
against the opposite side and
when fastened looks like



This somewhat, the
edges of the garment.



coming up against each other instead
of the usual over-lapping.

The passengers were all quiet & well behaved
ranging all over the boat except the bridge
where we camped out. At night they drop-
ped down, with or without mats or pillows
& slept in the open without any cover-
ing whatever. The women & children all
were apt then they do their own cooking
for some being Mohammedans they will

not eat after a Chinaman - who pol- 22
lute themselves by eating & handling
pigs - fatal to the Malays. Tho. The Dyaks
& Kyans are neither religious or scrupulous.
The religious question accounts for the
Malays & Chinese living in separate
Camps - their not marring and
their evident delight in slopping &
cuffing the Chinaman at every turn.
On the other hand the Kuching China-
man (Most of them never saw China
& are better citizens on that account.)
usually or rather often, marries a
Dyak lady but she soon becomes a
proper China-woman & their children
will wear a pigtail. Yet I did not
see a woman here with Chinese
clothes - only the head-dress & the
freedom with which she exposes her
face distinguishes her often from a
Malay woman. The latter always
makes a bluff at keeping a sarong
over her head in passing but if
she be pretty it manages somehow
to fall off at the right moment - but
if she is homely she has better
control over this Eastern system
of veiling the face before strangers.

The second night at sea was, as fine as the first - a sweet breeze cooled the air - not a cloud obscured the stars and the Southern Cross and the Great Bear vied with each other for supremacy -

They called us at 5 Am. (Friday, May 22). Just breaking day, a red glow and a bank of clouds in the East and a fog bank hanging over the jungle-shore - away ahead the spars of the Rajah's yacht as she lay at anchor marked the mouth of Barham river and the Rajah & Mr. Hoee waiting to board us. Soon two boats came off with the passengers their baggage & boys. and we made for the entrance. Sounding as we went. Now the Mouth of the river is defended by a bar which at low tide is seven feet - two inches - the Adah being built for the purpose draws when loaded - 7 feet - flat bottomed she can ground as she often has done, without injury. Today we waited about two hours when with 4 inches of water to spare we started in. Fortunately there was

No swell and we went in - scrap - 24
ing the bottom but once.

We passed the light + the light tender's
house. passed Mrn Hoses. little house
where he stops when down this way.
rounding Buffalo - point into Baramor.
It is here 300 yds wide - 70 miles up
at Claude-town. it is still 250 yds.
holding its width + depth all the way
and for many miles beyond the fort.
all it needs is a system of jetties +
large ships will go in for timber +
sago. (1/2 the sago of the world comes
from Borneo now.)

On either side, sometimes on both,
the nipa-palms line the bank like a
smoothly kept hedge - 30 feet high -
rounding + smooth. it looks like green
velvet. They told a swede that the
Royals men trimmed them regularly + the
idiot believed Capt. Mathie. and took
the tale home to Sweden.

Where the nipa's are absent the jungle
comes down to the water's edge. a
beautiful tangle of palms, creepers
various trees with many shades of
green intermingled and harmonizing
in great banks until the poles of the

of the big jungle trees near their heads 25
for above the low jungle, while the
Ratan climbs to their tops and sticks
its central spike above them all like
lightning-rod -

We saw a big monkey down on the
beach. Catching crustaceans. a croco-
dile swam away from our boat
as it came chugging along. a
beautiful white crested heron stood sen-
tinal on the bank beneath the Ripas,
a few pigeons crossed the river, an
osprey circled above us. but for the
most part every thing was quiet +
almost lifeless as we came by -
At the 40th mile we came to a police-
station - 3 men + a flag - then farther
on a long-house - Dyaks from Rejang.
Then small plantations. a scattering
of small houses. and the gun from
the fort announced our arrival + the
presence of Claudetown - 4. P.M.
A crowd of natives greeted us on
the pier of them later on -
we quietly proceeded to Mr Hase's
quarters where our boys soon
had us comfortably installed.
while Hase looked after the Rajah.

as we were sitting down to dinner 26
some forty Dyaks came to say "howdy"
to Tuan Iose + his friends.

H. gave them some tobacco, + the
palm leaf which they use as a
cigarette wrapper, and some
illustrated - pictures - papers to
amuse them until we had dined.
Some were dressed as Malays. Some
were dressed as Dyaks. While some
had an additional shirt.

A Dyak's dress is a loin cloth.
a head gear usually a cloth around
forehead + occiput, with the hair at large,
then on the wrist for 7-8 inches either
brass, or ivory rings, $\frac{1}{8}$ - $\frac{1}{16}$ inch wide.
above the elbow an iron, or a wood +
silver ring 3 inches wide. between
the knee + the calf a band $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2
inches wide of brass or some metal
wire rings, the ears hung along
the helix with small silver rings +
the heavy silver, or some other
metal rings from the lobule. in
addition a plentiful supply of
tattooing and here + there a
flower or a feather (of the hornbill)
in their hair also the American Indian.

They resemble the indian very
much though slighter + shorter.

27

Yet I never have seen more perfect
specimens of manhood.

They depilate their eye brows + mous-
toches - sometimes shaving part
of the head - and they chew the
betel - nut + smoke tobacco -

Their behavior was perfect - sitting
in two rows they talked to those
of us - asking to hear some

music + see dancing which Bill
+ Jim supplied them to their
evident delight. Bills tattooing
was to them miraculous + they tried
to rub it off thinking it painted.

Jim's Hawaiian dancing was
suggestive of their medicine
men + they winked their eyes
as he gyrated about.

America was incomprehensible to
them yet I have explained that
we lived on a river which took
the add 3 weeks to traverse +
then they said our river (mean-
ing to them country as well, for
they all live on the rivers.) must be
very large indeed.

Hase arranged with them to get 28
their boats + his own ready for
a torch light procession tomorrow
night warning them not to let
the Kyans make a better show
than they do. Tomorrow he
will tell the Kyans that they must
not let the Dyaks from the Bozans
exceed them - Thus he plays one
people off against the other, for they
are but children after all.

Quietly - often without notice or fore-
warn, they slipped away - I looked
after a group of them crossing
the lawn in the moonlight with
a footfall sounding - Just like
our own savages, any savages or
the arabs stealing away.

Yet they seem to lack the treachery
and vindictiveness of our savages.
Though a month ago they were
on the war-path yet tonight they
came out of pure friend-
liness to greet Hase + the Kyans.
Tomorrow if some one kills
their friends they may go for
a return head but Hase + the
Rajah will stop them + it will be A.K.

From the verandah we saw a number 29
of canoes coming down the river and
with the glasses we could see there
were in some as many as fifty men.
Sometimes a couple of women in the
center of the boat under umbrellas.
The men all had a paddle, and one
man at the prow every now & then
would throw his paddle over his
head, missing the stroke but call-
ing out so that they all kept good
time with their paddles.
They kept streaming past at a flying
clip canoe after canoe. many had
on only the turban of cloth - some
crown like creations of colored rattan
strips, others the black-banded white
feathers of the horn-bill stuck into their
hair or made into a regular head-
dress. war coats, hung to the shoulder
like a hussars jacket, made from the
skin of the civet and the tiger-cat.
Silver bracelets & waist belts flash-
ing in the sunlight and their
naked arms & bodies glistening
as they swayed to & fro with each
stroke of the paddle made a beautiful
savage picture. the first I ever saw like it.

On the afternoon of the 23rd a great 30
mass of Kyans, Keniaks, and Dyaks
congregated in front of the fort.
Half a dozen gongs & drums were
being beaten. Sitting in groups.
Standing in twos with their arms
about each other, ranged all about
the steps in a semi-circle they
waited for the Rajah & us to come.
Some Malay Malays kept the King
at his house until too late, but
those started them to dancing.

Tama-bulang - a fine looking light
colored man - dressed in a lion
cloth, a Chinese jacket & a purple turban.
Scarcely tattooed save on his fingers &
knuckles - insignia of heads taken,
with but one palm-fibre - ring about
his leg where the others have many,
no rings on his ears, but the holes
were there in plenty - He is head
man of the Keniaks, 340? miles up
the river, a fine fellow in all his
dealings and a supporter of the
government - He called his men
out who singly or in twos donned
the plumed war-bonnet - the raw-
hide war coat that protects the

back. The porong tied to the left side 31
and the light shield held in the left
hand. Then as a youth started the
music of a gourd with bamboo pipes,
which makes a sound like a bag-
pipe - though not loud, they swung
forward with their gowns set, their
eyes ablaze and with a whoop they
sprang away, twisting, turning, slash-
ing, cutting, dodging, porrying with
the shield. yelling a defiant battle
cry. Squatting they faced each other
keeping the shield low, for they attack
the legs & feet, to cripple first if
possible, springing around like two
cats in this sitting posture - leap-
ing high on one leg. Suddenly drop-
ping onto one foot on which they
turned as on a pivot. It was an
inspiring sight yet too bloodthirsty
to be called "real nice".

The whole thing was an exhibition in
imagination of what too often has oc-
curred in a dense jungle. where
a head has been the price paid
for the exhibition. here it was enough
to snap the tongue against the
roof of the mouth to express our admiration

Sunday May 24th The Rajah was 32
to return to Kuching. So he called
the chiefs together in the Court-
room and sent us word to come
over. We found the room packed
Dyaks, Kenahis, & Kyans in banks
sitting & standing while their headmen
sat on a bench in front facing the
chairs occupied by the whites.

A few of the rangers were on guard
but their presence was not needed.
When we came in the chiefs - 5-6
of them - arose coming forward to
shake hands with us all.

Then the Rajah commenced his talk
to them. Distinctly, slowly but
forcibly, he told them in best
Malay which they all understood,
that heads must not be taken even
in retaliation without the government
consent. Orang Kayia (our friend of
the steamer) was told that infre-
quent of that instruction would be
followed by an expedition - he
would be shot & his house burned.
He answered quietly but quickly,
"You have nothing to fear from me
again Rajah."

They were reminded that with so 33
many enemies on the border they
should be friends among them-
selves & not stir up intestine
disturbances. There they sat,
shoulder to shoulder, old sworn
& tried enemies, reminding me of a
lot of amiable schoolboys. But
without a sign of the ancient
fued. Orang Kayia who took 12
Keniahs heads a year ago - look-
ing Juma-bulan fair in the face.
The two Dyaks who had married
into Kyau houses were threatened
with deportment if they attempted to
go up the river to their homes again
because they are always inciting the
Kyau's against the other Dyak tribes,
their old enemies.

Finally one chief asked if the Kyau's
troubled them could they take their
heads - and the Rajah told him
rough I could tell by his tone
& the effect on the others -

Juma-bulan offered his reply -
Most respectfully he said we
are going back to plant our
crops - & to get out Jaita perha-

leaves + rattans and the government
can always rely upon us for sup-
port and aid any-time we are
called for. I liked his style.
We missed most of the talk tho.
Mr. Stose translated a good deal
to us but the natives understood
and as a result they are arrange-
ing for the peacemaking. Being
allowed three days to talk it over
before the pow-wow begins.
In the mean time the bazaar swarms
with the various tribes. They infest
our quarters, sitting about on the
mats by the hour.
When Stose tries of them he asks
"Arit you Johnnies ready to go home?"
Some times they say "yes" + go + some-
times they say "yes" + stay.
They are a childish lot, going about
hand-in-hand, pleased with any
thing novel or of bright colors.
I have seen them put from 7 to 9
Japanese guns on the back of their
shawls which sparkled beauti-
fully as it swung in the sunlight.
Today Bill photographed some
groups + the "spirit-sail-boon".

One afternoon we went in a "dugout" ³⁵
with two Dyaks as paddlers, from the
house down the river a mile or so
to a place where H. had formerly a
garden. here we disembarked and
securing a bliong and some natives
with parangs they proceeded to cut
down a coconut tree. They wield
these crude weapons marvelously well
and in a short time the tree came
down - nuts & all. The latter were
cut open & the milk was not wasted.
Our object however was the cabbage,
the tender white crown of new leaves
just where the wood discontinues & the
plumes expand. Cutting out the core
for about $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet - it is fine eating,
not unlike the heart of a cabbage
only sweeter & more nutritious.
We walked back home by the road
H. has built for four miles down
the river-bank. We stopped at
the Malay mosque and at the Chinese
joss-house - the latter resplendent
in gilt-work and wood carving
with incense sticks burning before
the altar-like central place. It
was cool and a full moon lighted the

the road as plain as day -

We stopped in at the bazaar where the Chinamen were giving the natives their food. When they came down with the jungle produce the Chinamen gave them free lodging and food but got square with them in trading - their cheap finery for rattapis & gutta leaves.

One morning (May 27th) Early all the natives - Dyaks on one side and up river tribes on the other, assembled on the lawn by the fort.

We had chairs on the side, a few policemen were standing about in rows - and two small squads of rangers in their uniforms - but unarmed - were drawn up on opposite sides of the grounds. In the open space between the two groups and in front of us, two small pigs were laid. Bound tightly. The Dyak pig squealing & turning. The Keniah & Kyan pig lying quietly. and this was singularly reflected on the faces of each. The Keniahs

sat quietly chatting - apparently
 satisfied. The Dyaks on the other
 hand stood with their eyes rivet-
 ed on that pig. Three times turn-
 ing it with its head pointed the
 other way from them.
 It was evident that the Up-river
 men were willing to enter into the
 place but there was some hitch
 in the consent of the Dyaks.
 These had to threaten transportation and
 irons to bring them all up from the
 bazaar where they were hanging back.
 Finally all were assembled. Jama-
 bulau, Jama-usong & Orang-Kaya on
 one side - the first in Chinese clothes
 a Chinese umbrella & a sort of Hindu
 turban - bespangled - On the other
 side five or six Dyak headmen in
 various raiments. but the old "gorsk"
 who was to do the sacrificial act,
 had a long Malay priests robe of
 Calico, his own rig underneath.
 a variegated native style-turban
 and a long spear.
 The Dyaks use the spear because,
 in killing the blood is more
 likely to spurk. which betokens

future bloodshed. on the other
hand the Kyans use the porong
and in killing the pig they can
at will make a clean cut and
make a spurt or haggle it +
keep the blood flowing quietly.
At a signal from Hosei, a Kyan
advanced into the arena + began a
rag-chewing-sort of preliminary chant,
wheeling down he sawed the
neck of his pig - at the same
time the Dyak jabbed his spear
many times into the pigs neck +
it kepted matters by frantic
efforts to free itself - but there
was nothing phenomenal in the
proceedings - all standing
silent as a funeral until
the pigs were dead.

Then Hosei brought out a big
jar of native spirit + some
glasses. Calling both factions
together he gave them this drink
and the rival chiefs shook
hands while on both sides
came a low sort of roar.
The Kyan's rising + falling
like the tones of a huge organ

as harmonious as a man's 39

chant in St. Peter's - The which
it strongly reminded me - On the
other side the Dyaks song of de-
fiance was higher pitched
lacking in harmony & spirit -
then they went the hands -
over the heads - clapping them
which means "I am as good
a man as you are" & when
they are over - they thrust
their spears & poonangs up in
this way & it is dangerous -
They then were made to drink the
health of Orang Kaya - who has
returned from his forced visit to
Kuching and finally, the Kenyahs
& Kyans were sent off to the
bazaar to disperse first & later
the Dyaks, but not until every
Chief had again shaken our
hands, its a dirty habit they have
taken from us - I dirty for they are
too often covered with Sima - cir-
cumatia & it is contagious too.
They all went yelling off down
the hill and the fort and its
keepers resumed their usual calm.

They set great store by these omens
and consult them on every occasion.
any trifling thing may influence
them one way or another. A

Chinaman was asked if he wanted
the pigs, which were just being
thrown into the river - A Dyak
hastily informed him ~~they~~^{it} would
kill him if he eat them - & he
did not. It is customary to look
at the livers of the pigs for
certain signs but this the Dy-
aks were afraid to do -

They said after the force was con-
cluded - "What could we do when
the Up-river people had their
Chorns concealed on their person"
but Tama-bulan said "it was not
true, besides we don't put such
faith in Chorns as they do".

So concludes the great Peacemaking
of the Dyaks, Kyans, Kemahs, &c
which Jean Kase made. It
may or it may not be kept
but I feel certain that if it
is ruptured the cause can be
traced to one of these same
Dyaks whose heart was not in today's
proceedings.

Saturday May 29th Friday.

41

Mr. Cox, Widden, & I went in Hose's boat down the river to a Dyak house at the mouth of the Blakong river; having been invited to attend a feast they are giving. We left at a little before eight and did not arrive until almost one P.M. despite the vigorous paddling of a mixed crew of 18 Dyaks & Malays. Two men sat at the stern to steer and two did the same at the prow. With a yell and much splashing they flew away down stream at a 44 stroke, both sides in stroke. Sometimes they would alternate stroke on either side. Sometimes at a call from the steersmen they ran it up to 50-, or skipped a stroke, or lengthened it to get into stroke again. Then they gave us several fancy strokes - the "horn-bill", and others made by tapping the boat before and after the stroke. The rhythm being perfect. They paddled vigorously all the way against a strong flood-tide.

When the house was sighted they ⁴²
set up a yell and fairly tore as
they rounded into the mouth of
the little river - up to the land-
ing place - The Orang - Tuah
came down to greet us - bearing in
his arms a small pig as a
present - he asked if he should
kill it for us to eat - but we
declined. However he took a spear
and disappeared for a short time.
and on his return he touched us each
on the hand and under the chin
with a feather dipped in the
blood of that same pig and I
saw him cook it an hour later.

The house we now entered was
some 15 feet in the air on posts.
a rambling structure of poles,
beams and bamboos. with an
atap-roof, a few boards being
found in the floor and to make
the wall of the separate rooms.
It is practically composed of 3 parts
Through the middle runs the long
common galerie, towards the river
is the uncovered verandah and back
of the galerie are the living-rooms.

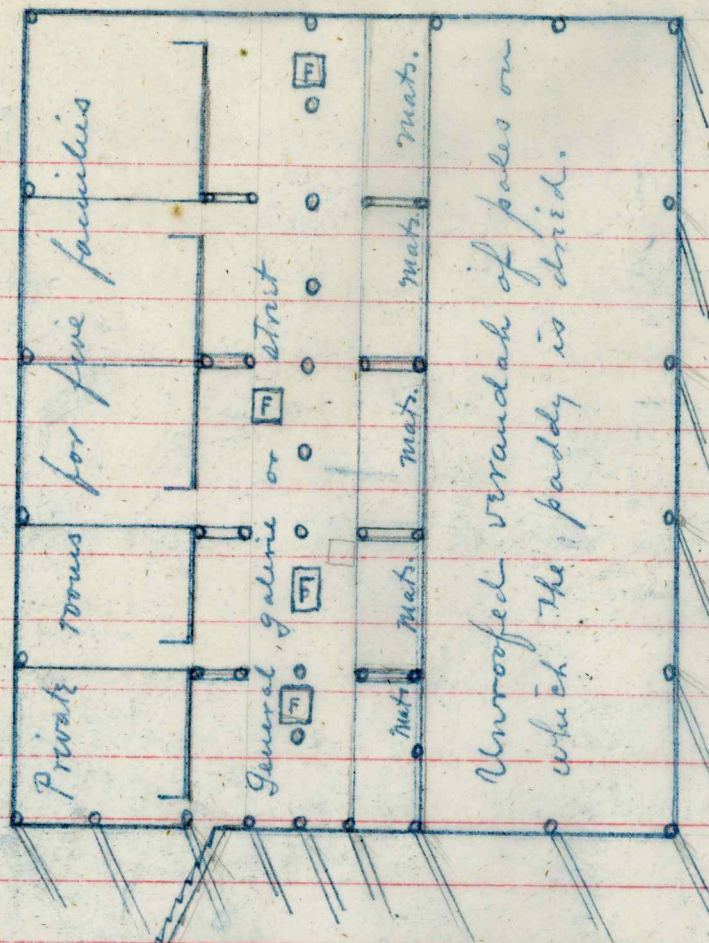
We entered the room of the headman, 43
Towan - It was strewn with baskets
rice - pounders - clothes, jars, pots, etc.

All the paraphernalia of a dyak house-
hold - while on the side next to the
galerie was an immense sooty
fire place where on some
earth fires for cooking pur-
poses was lighted.

The room was lighted from the
roof - a few shingles, or when no
shingles were to be had - the atap
is raised up or pushed to one side to
permit light to enter + smoke to go out.
All refuse water, etc., was poured,
or dropped between the ratans to
the ground below where the pigs +
dogs scuffled for it.

Where we sat down there were a
couple of mats and there was a
semblance of cleanliness. Their hos-
pitality seems to require that when
you enter their rooms, or houses,
you must drink either rice-beer-
or arrack, or smoke some tobacco.
The entrance is obtained through a
small door which swings on two rude
pivots cut from its solid structure.





and is held closed by means of a rattan which is attached by one end to the door and by the other end to a wright which is pulled upward to a beam over which the rattan plays every time the door is opened.

Usually there are from one

to five dogs waiting patiently in front of the door for some one to come out or

go in and give them the chance to enter their mode of ingress being more hasty. for they are generally chased or fired out. The front verandah is a rickety structure on which they dry their paddy. Kill their chickens & pigs &c furnishing a dry place on which they can always work when it is too swampy below. It is not-roofed

over and is an uncertain place to 45
walk owing to the small size of the
bamboos used to construct the floor.

The entrances to the verandah are all
from the house there being no
separate entrance but there is one
in front of each main door.

The long hall, galerie or what I
shall term the street, is the most in-
teresting part of all the long houses.
It occupies about an equal width
with the rooms, thereby requiring just
one half of the roof.

On this common ground most of the
life of the house is enacted =
as you enter you are surprised by
the low ceiling but that is chiefly
because the Dyaks are of shorter
stature than we are, and therefore
do not need the extra six inches
most of us do.

All the way down the supporting
beams obstruct the view and
divide the street into two parts.
On these on this occasion were
hung the parangs, shields & war
coats of both the owners & the
visitors. From the beams over.

46
head hung clothes - Dyaks - blank -
etc., spears - etc. while on the mats
next the verandah were scores of
squatting - sleeping or half-drunken
Dyaks who had arrived before us
at the feast. Dogs were prowling in
and out - women occasionally
slipping in through the doors after
serving some one with food or drink.
On the Earth-boxes - or fire - places
the embers were smouldering
and over them hung a bunch of
about fifteen skulls - each in a separ-
ate sort of basket, all black and
sooty - some badly cracked & very old
some with only a portion of them re-
maining. Later on they were taken
down and I had a good chance to
see them. - Tied to the posts, that
support the roof, were here and
there some brass cannon - with
a bout 2 inch - bore which Cox
told me were chiefly obtained
from the Brunei Malays & in the
olden days were supplied with
powder & ball from the same
quarter but the Rajah has prohib-
ited powder to the natives since he

acquired Barram territory and as
a result Cannon are used only as
ornaments or to pay their fines.
This holds good throughout the en-
tire Kingdom - You constantly see
Cannon, but they are never
mounted and have not been
used for many years - The same
can be said of heads - or skulls.
They are not allowed to take the
heads of any of the Royakiss tribes
though when there is a border
war they are allowed to bring
back a certain number of the
enemies heads as Trophies.
Being warned not to hit our
heads above or fall through the
floor we went down the street
until we came to the mats placed
across the street, on the Vraundok
side, facing Gowau's door -

This is the custom upon enter-
ing a long house - You always
edgewise for the head-man &
sit on his mat first.

Squatting down on the mat, all
the important men came up
to shake hands and greet us.

The - "Tate Juan" being summer. 48
sally employed when greeting a
white man - "Orang-puteh" as
we are all called - They have dif-
ficulty distinguishing nations
and consider all white-men
as "Blandas" or Hollanders.
Those however who have come
often into relation with the
Juans know the English, and
often more races.

As soon as we were settled com-
fortably they placed before us
dishes containing various kinds of
food - Dried fish, rice - white yel-
low and reddish brown, and
bananas - The latter alone
tempting us to eat - They then
produced bottles of sour rice
beer or arrack served in many
times dirty & never cleansed glasses.
They served us with boiled Eggs and
rice popped like our popcorn.
all on brass - fruitstands - They
seem to love brass - but
cheap Chinese pottery has re-
placed their own wooden bowls
and mostly the brass ones -

While the headman chattered away ⁴⁹
to Cox the old woman pressed us
to eat and drink but she did
not succeed very well with me
though Jim felt it his duty to
make out to eat some thing.
I escaped on the plea of sight
seeing and went around the
house examining parangs.

shields blankets etc. These blank-
ets resemble the Bagdad rugs and
are rather pretty. Cotton of I
suppose though I have not yet
found out for certain.

The men were in the usual
Native dress - i.e. 15 feet of cali-
co - red or white wound round the
waist & thighs termed a Chawat.
though some of the young dudes
(There are dudes in all nations)
had as much as 20 yds. wound
round & round their waists.

The lobes of the Ears were hung
with many small white metal
rings. The teeth filed square
had the additional orna-
ment of plugs of brass wire
needlessly hammered into holes that

50
were made for the purpose. a few
beads around the neck and a good
supply of Tattooing completes their
toilette. On the otherhand the women
were much ornamented - from the
waist to the ankles a sarong. from
the breasts to below the hips. a
great number of brass rings, held
together partly by strings, partly by
the woman's own figure, acted as
a flexible cuirass & partly covered
her nakedness. These rings do not
always fit closely and a breast
occasionally hangs over or if the
lady be elderly sometimes creeps
through the interspaces when she
bends forwards. A plentiful array
of celluloid or bone rings encircle
one or both of the fore arms and a
large quid of betel or the nut of the
areca palm distends her jaw & cheek,
blackens her teeth furnishes a rouge
for her lips and completes her
efforts at rendering herself attractive.
This betel-nut hangs in clusters
just below the crown leaves of
the areca palm. '2 a nut is first
smeared with lime from shells.

a little gambier is added. and 51
the whole is wrapped in the Ciri-leaf

) Upon chewing you
first expectorate green + later a
red saliva. and the Dyaks +
Malays are especially addicted to its
use. and a few of the hill-people.
The festivities having been inter-
rupted by our arrival were
soon resumed. It seemed to be
composed of dances. observance
of certain customs, of feasting
+ drinking. then a rest while the
drunkards slept. Those who had
overtaxed their stomachs recovered
the women cooked more food +
the remainder of the men sat +
smoked tobacco rolled into cigar-
ettes. There were a good many
kinds of dances. but all had a
parang. (The sword as well as the
hatchet of these races). and
sometimes, though not always,
a shield. One lot of old men
put on the long shirt-like Malay-
priests' robe. with a parang in one
hand and a brush made from
palm leaves in the other they

went sort of creeping, or spring. 52

ing around cat-fashion encircling one center post after the other, all the time shaking the brush & talking or yelling - apparently hunting something, or somebody.

Then the women formed a procession, led by dancing "Buck" decked in the warcoat, hat & paroug. They paraded three times through the house and finally halted by the pigs. (Which all the while were lying under some ataps tied by the feet.) To these they gave the food they had been carrying, they washed them, combed them, placed beads around their necks and wove chickens over them all the time talking to them. As Cox explained "to be good pigs & have nice skins" - meaning that they should be the intercessors for a good harvest - for they are sacrificed later on -

The women were most gorgeously arrayed. Flash colored - gold thread. Sandings. The brass cuirasses on those who possessed them. Some wore

Curiously constructed head dresses 53
of beads, and a sort of scarf down
from the neck to the heels. the
end being hung with bells which
thumped against the wearers heels
every step she took. Most of
the younger women wore bells
sounding where and announced their
approach by the jingling sound
as of old brass sleigh-bells.

One lady from the Brunei district,
now a Dyak wife, wore a purple
sarong bespangled with small
silver coins of the value of about
ten cents, coined in West Iris-
land in 1757.

The most interesting sight to me was
the "Skull dance". The women, assist-
ed by an old man, took down
the skulls, each took one in her
hand, put some cooked rice into
its mouth and with an old woman
at the head swung slowly back
and forth chanting a sing-song
all the while, they went up &
down the street. Upon being asked
if we enjoyed it. They were assured
we did and they kept it up for an hour.

54
Hose says the man who takes a head sits by as though indifferent while this praise of his prowess is being recited and the fellows who have not been so fortunate makes a mental vow to take a head at the first opportunity that he may also play the hero.

And this is one reason why the custom prevails. Though not the most powerful reason. All custom - retaliation - "a head for a head" - or, as we say "a life for a life" bring also important causes.

We left them resuming the dancing at the conclusion of the feast - this being about the third time they had eaten that day. Very many were drunk and the women seemed pert out because we didn't also go out to our boats with a man on either side. Two of our boatmen were carried down - Comatose - at the stair I was met by four women each with a glass of arrack which she insisted on my drinking - but I thought

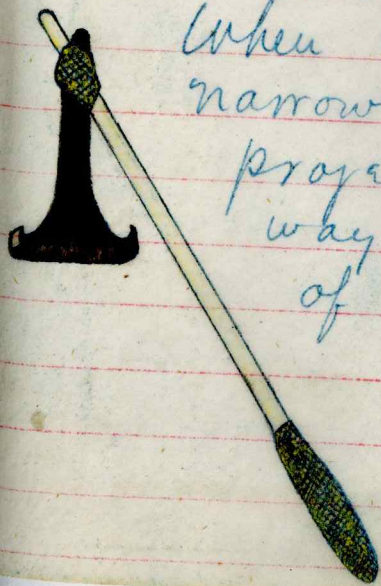
of my own head on the morrow 55
and preferred to disappoint
the Dyak-ladies.

This feast is given just before
the planting of the rice-crops
and is part of the propitiation
of the owner-birds. At the
conclusion of the fasting
we helped them full baskets
of bamboo, from the four
corners of which were sus-
pended small joints of bam-
boo which were filled with ar-
rack. on the top of this bas-
ket like structure was put an
equal number - 7 in this case -
4 in another - of the fish,
rice-balls - fruit. Etc. and this
is hung near the paddy fields
for the birds.

We left at 5.30 P.M. but with our
drunken, tired crew and against
a strong current we did not
go so fast and it was two
o'clock in the morning when
we came to Kobu (The fort)
at Borram again.

Sat. May. 30. 56

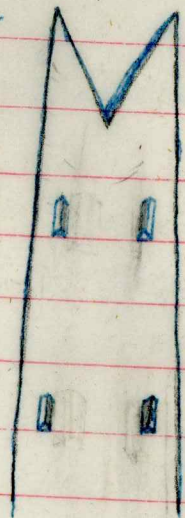
We arranged through Mr. Rose for a trip up the river to the Kemiah + Kyan homes. So when Tama-Bulan was ready to go home we went along. Using His boat. Taking the Cook, Uua. (A Malay-boy from Kuching) + Walter. (One of His boys from Menado, Celebes). Tama-Bulan furnished us with some seven or eight men to paddle + pole, our two boys helping some what, but little when compared to the Kemiahs. Our boat was about sixty feet long - a canoe dug out of some tough wood, in the construction of which they - the Kyans chiefly - use a very thick blong and another adze shaped tool which has its corners of the blade turned up. When completed it is long and narrow with small bench-like projections on the inside half way up the side at intervals of about every four feet. Also at either end a wedge shaped piece is cut out so that the sides may be more



easily sprad. - (This the Kinniah
do not do. i.e. cut out the wedge).

57

When the boat is well keown
and all is ready it is put
in the river + soaked for
some time. Then taken on
shore + a small fire of
shavings, chips, + leaves is
made outside + often inside
as well. to steam it. When
it is then sprad + chocks of wood
are put inside under the cleats.



When sprad it is a flat dish
like canoe with a few board of
bark more than two or three in-
ches. a native or even a Malay
Bquin no more than one rich
few board they paddle so steadily
+ are so skillful at getting in
and out of a boat.

When the sprading process is com-
pleted it is allowed to dry in
this situation before it is re-
turned to the water - small
boards are then lashed across on
top of the cleats. the lashings of
course are of rattan. further
more the prow and stern are also

fitted with wedge-shaped boards 58
lashed in the same manner. 

Very often, in boats used to transport their chattels, or for long trips on the river where they must carry food & clothing, they raise the sides of the boat with an extra six inch wide plank lashed on.

These boats necessarily are with. So that a boy is usually employed to "bale it out" with a piece of coconut or gourd, or a wooden or bark-baler,

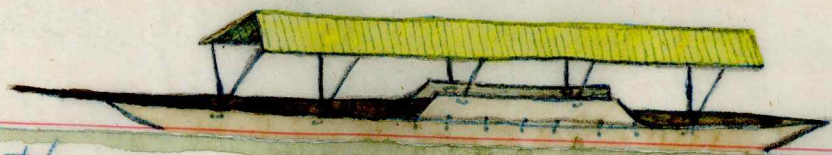
and where the goods are placed they lay rattans or bamboo mats across from one seat to the other.

In the large boats such a bamboo flooring may extend from one end to the other with a space left amidships for baling purposes.

When they have rapids to shoot, an additional prow is lashed on supplied with a pole which acts as a spring when it strikes the water otherwise the boat might stick her nose under & fill with water at one scoop.



When shooting rapids a steersman 59
usually sits at the junction of the
wedge and the Extra-prow and at
ordinary times - when the Extra prow
is removed - the steersmen at stern +
stern sit on the wedge shaped board.
Finally to protect themselves or their
goods from sun and rain they often
erect "Kajongs" about four feet high.
A scaffolding or frame-work is made
of bamboo or small poles lashed to-
gether with rattans, the uprights being
tied to the sides of the boat. On top
are placed the Kajongs proper - the
mat-like constructions of the Nipa
palm leaves - roughly sewn together
with rattan. It is usually about
six or seven feet square costs from
four to five sen and no native travels
without them in his boat. With a
few Kajongs he can erect a house
in the jungle in fifteen minutes.
He can cover his boat and like-
wise he can take it down & pack
it in a short space of time & as
it is very light does not hamper.
Furthermore two of them will turn
a rain storm & last for months.



In the central space with the raised sides were our bags, rugs, mats, etc., and by spreading our ticks, pillows, etc., around we made a very comfortable lounging place either sitting crosswise with our backs against the sides of the boat or lying with lengthwise of the boat.

Immediately behind us sat Tama-Bulan with his personal effects while behind him were Tama-Talan - Tama-Buang - Yohat + the "Strang-man".

Immediately in front of us was the cook Ah-Foo + his outfit, then came Walter + Uma + several, often as many as eight Kermiaks. Leshon was the only one who was constant there the others changing back and forth to other canoes all the way up.

We stowed our shoes, towels, the bangs, our books, pipes, etc. over head so they would be handy + not be lost, the framework holding them

Having stowed ourselves into the 61
boat at the mouth of the creek by
Hose's house - we bade good
bye to Jim & Hose, on the
bank, (Lew being away in
the jungle for buffalo) &
started up stream at a steady
moderate gait, about 9. am.

I forgot to mention while on the
subject of Canoes that for caulking
they use bark, rags, etc. what-
ever comes to hand. Furthermore
the Stemiahs do not so universal-
ly cut out the prow but make
a solid boat, often ornament-
ing the prow with a figure-head.
Some of the best I saw were
crude imitations of a croc-
odiles head.

The Kyan's ornament the ex-
tra prow-piece in various
curious designs.

When Mr. Hose spoke to Tama Bulan
about our wanting to go to his
house he instantly objected on the
ground that they had not finished.

getting out their omens yet.

62

Hoase in his characteristic manner of dealing with the natives suggested a compromise - i.e. that they kill a pig to sort of square it with the birds & to this T.B. agreed.

When we came to his house sure enough a boat had been despatched ahead of us. a pig had been killed, was then hanging from the sharp-bamboo-stakes, which with pigs & chickens decorated mark the place of sacrifice in front of the headman's house, here too are totems - crude imitations of men, and the bamboos cut into shavings.

We found the dogs already leaping at our sacrifice. every now and then getting a grip and holding on until a piece of meat got away when they came down with a thump on their backs.

Going up stream for the first few days is monotonous owing to the low banks and the same unchanging scenery. Nipa-palms or mangroves, occasionally a banyan, or the big

jungle may come down to the bank. 63

Now and then a long-house breaks the monotony and assumes a rest to the tired paddlers - scarce a bird or an animal, sometimes a native in his canoe going to or returning from his rice-fields.

But once the rapids (Karuigens) & the hill country is reached the whole aspect changes. The water clears, there are more birds & squirrels & the shifting light through the over-arching, orchid-covered trees makes a picture worth seeing.

Paddles are not in use half the time but poles - or on the shallow rapids the men wade & push the boat or pull it along by a long rattan - cut from almost any place in the jungle. Often it is a question whether you can advance or not and if the water is very strong a boat may get swept away with two alternatives to keep her head up & thus cross eventually to the opposite bank a long way down stream or if by ill luck she gets broad side on to the stream an upset is

almost sure to follow. and then 64
chattels, boat and men may all be
lost but as a rule the native is a
strong swimmer and gets ashore.

A days life in the boat may be
summarized as follows.

At day break, if camping on the
bank, they enter their canoes and
paddle on until nine or ten o'clock
when they halt for one of the
two meals of the day.

If however they are camped at
a village they usually cook there
and 8 to 8.30 finds them still
getting ready to start - but once
under way they work steadily on
for hours & hours, 8 - 9 - 10 or 11
hours, without again feeding,
paddling regularly, then dropping
down to a mere dawdle, until
one of the older men sings out
"Meshai" when they all resume
the usual stroke.

Now and again a man rests
until he can roll a cigarette
& light it - often with flint & steel.
When he has no (Japanese) matches.

padding along in silence. carrying on a desultory conversation in groups of two or three. or springing some joke at which they all join in. Stopping occasionally, after a long pull, by some sandy bank where they all bathe. Resuming the chawat (lumi cloth) + hat being a simple business they cause but little delay + refresh the men.

A short time before dark they bring their boats, in a string, along side the bank tie them by their rattan - painters. Some secure wood. some fill pots with rice, + vegetables (by courtesy) picked from the jungle, always at hand.

A boy always runs the errands and serves the head-men. who sit in the boats or on the bank until their food is cooked for them. Usually night falls before their food is ready. and they sit around the fire in groups, or under the quickly erected houses on the shore, or under the kayongs of the boats and eat their food rice, fish, + fern-fonds, etc. and smoke.

Then stretching out wherever it best 66
suits them - usually under the sheds
on the bank. They cover themselves
with their sarongs + sleep until the
break of day brings them to it again.

We crept along the bank of the twisting
Baram - where every now and then
the rapids were broken by a
crocodile slide - One long bend
like the last we had just round-
ed stretching away discourag-
ingly to be slowly traversed foot
by foot. Cutting across now +
then to the other shore where the
current runs slower; Tanjung
after Tanjung as they measure by
the bends - Morning slipped into
afternoon - we had lunched at
midday - yet no stops - The
last Dyak-house passed, the
Canal - (Tusan) - at the Finjar-
river's mouth had long been traversed.
The men had bailed. Alua
had fallen asleep, but kept the
paddle swinging in time though
seldom touching the water. Tama
Bulan awaking from time to time

Still spurred on the men.

67

at last as the sun was dipping low throwing beautiful purples on the river, pink's + roses on the huge banks of Cinnamul clouds + softening everything in the mellow yellow light they hauled up by a fine sandy bank. four of their boats having kept together were tied to poles thrust into the sand. All hands seemed to be bathing yet when we had finished we found numbers of small fires going over each was suspended a small pot in which the rice was already simmering.

In a land of forests they are yet very economical of the wood + a fire is raked apart when it is not wanted - a pole will often hold a dozen pots and a man or boy sits by and waits + watches. It was a pretty, savage sight. These strange, half naked men and we stood to one side in the dark smoking our after dinner pipe enjoying it.

Again we were impressed with 68
the fact how easily novelty wears
away, and strange & wild &
savage scenes, even danger, be-
comes common place. I saw
these same men under stranger,
more excited conditions, yet the
picture was not so vivid because
I knew them, knew their names,
their families & their homes &
it seemed but a matter of course.
Yet that firelight scene - Our
first night in the jungle of
Borneo with Ryan & Kemmatt
warriors - will never be effaced.

That golden-yellow sunlight that
breaks through the clouds half
an hour before sundown - after
a heavy fall or five o'clock
showers & goes beyond the brush
of even a Turner to paint, or
the pen of Ruskin to describe.
Rich, heavy yet not dazzling
it transforms everything, gild-
ing the meanest object. suf-
fusing its rays through the
dense foliage like golden bars

illuminating the object it hits, throwing all else into purple shades. It lasts but a short time. Then is gone. a brief twilight does intervene. Then the stars come out & night is on with all its strange sounds. Ciccades, frogs... birds & beasts.

We indulged in some athletic feats with the young men & boys, at jumping. Broad or high, at pulling. Two men with a pole between. We could defeat them all but Furness won them by walking on his hands, turning a cork wheel & hand-spring. Whenever we went with them for the next month they related tales of our feats of agility & strength. We may beat them at our own games but for traversing the jungle or paddling a boat all day on rice or no rice. The natives of Borneo can have no rivals under the sun. We hung a mosquito curtain inside the boat and slept #

Some-time during the night I awoke 70
and found we were again going up
stream but soon fell asleep and when
I again awoke it was day and we
were moored at Long Tutan - a long
house on the right bank of the stream.
(ascending) A Malay Traders house
built on a raft was moored to the
shore. and some small detached houses
were likewise occupied by Malays.

A great many coconut trees, some
sago-palms, plenty of dogs, pigs &
fowls. The usual setting of a long
house. We went up the long poles,
notched every foot or so to avoid slip-
ping, and entered the house. Met
the head-man and Tamangong - who
will make this his home for the
present - building a small hut for
himself he waits until his few re-
maining people have harvested their
paddy. if the yield is good they will
build a house. but if not they
may consult the birds for a
second try or for a change of
fields - In the mean time he "exists".
But what is time to this old Long-
Pata man.

WE took a swim from the raft - 71
reckless of the crocodiles and I
got an unexpected swim from a small
canoe swamping with me.

The moorings are always bad. The
banks are muddy & you must al-
ways get your feet dirty and
require washing before entering
the place where our mats & ticks
were placed - all the way we met
the same difficulties - high mud
banks - a long pole or log lead-
ing down. Some times a tracher.
our mooring of logs which needs an
acrobat to cross & often must
wade again before reaching the bank.
We must always climb in where
the cook sat. wash our feet in the
bottom of the boat where they "bale",
then dry them, which was uncomfort-
able owing to the low Kajongs.

The men cooked their breakfast
at Tang Tutan and got away at
about 8:30 Am. (2nd day - May 31st)

We passed the mouth of the Iruan-
river an hour later and again far-
ther on some sandstone rocks - the first

We have seen. The banks too are 72
becoming higher and the jungle is
less swampy than below here.

Then came the worst of all jungle
pests - the almost microscopic black
flies that bite like a dog. and
they were so thick we wrapped
ourselves in sarongs to keep them
off. We saw also a great many
big ox flies but they didn't
bother any body but the Cook,
who in his frantic efforts to get
them often came near swamping
the boat. Bill amused himself
all day putting a Kyan lullaby to
English verse.

Tama Bulan has been sick all 73
day, groaning, grunting & coughing.
With our limited knowledge of Malay
all we could make out was fever,
cough & headache & we treated him
accordingly. - Later we found he
had had grippe but that came
only when we could get a better
chance at diagnosis.

TP We put our rubber blankets on
the bamboo mats. over this we spread
our thin Chinese-ticks which we got
at Singapore; by stacking our baskets
& bags up we manage a good back
rest with our pillows keep very
comfortable; when the sun is low
we hang our sarongs on the side as
likewise when it rains, and at
night, the mosquito-net is hung from
the framework of the kayongs. The
mats straightened out and, unless it
is excessively hot as it sometimes is,
we generally sleep undisturbed until
daybreak.

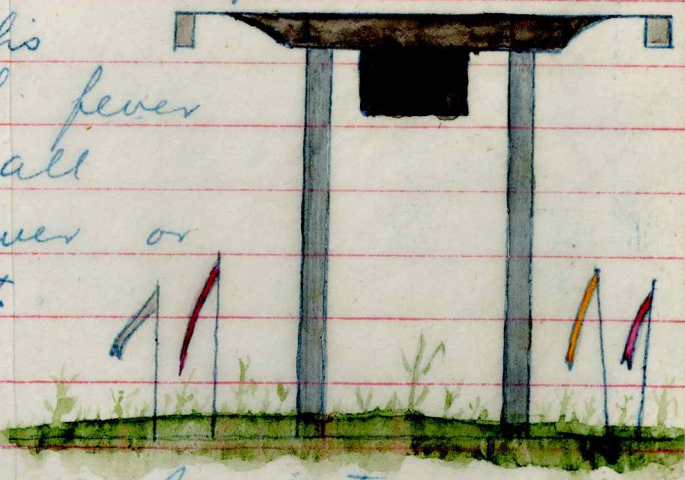
TP When once the sun is well up,
until it is within an hour of
setting scarce a bird or beast is
to be seen. Dead quiet - save the

rythm of the paddles. broken occasionally by a man jumping overboard, however, as he takes a hurried bath by some sandy beach along which he hurries in time to climb into the boat without causing any delay.

In the morning or the evening a few birds are heard and occasionally the Kra- (*Macacus Monestrimus*) is seen as he swings off across the tree tops in a wild scramble to get away. A big red hawk with white head (Also an oven-bird) is frequently seen along the shore and once or twice a beautiful crested white heron. Of flowers we saw not a single one on the Baram-river banks.

TP In the afternoon we passed some groves - Kemialis who had died of fever J. B. said, but all natives die of fever or by some accident so it may have been anything with a fever as one symptom.

These were creched on two poles -



75
with a boat shaped cover and the box containing the body hanging from the middle under this protection. around about were many streamers on poles and a flag hung from either end of the boat shaped cover.

The same boat shape may be seen as the ridge-pole of their paddy (Unhusked rice) houses, and suggests that at one time old boats might have been used for the same purpose.

We saw many more grave yards on the river - every long house having one - usually down the river a mile or so. Sometimes they were even simpler than the one described - a single trunk of a tree sufficing, the top being hollowed to contain the bones or a jar containing the bones.

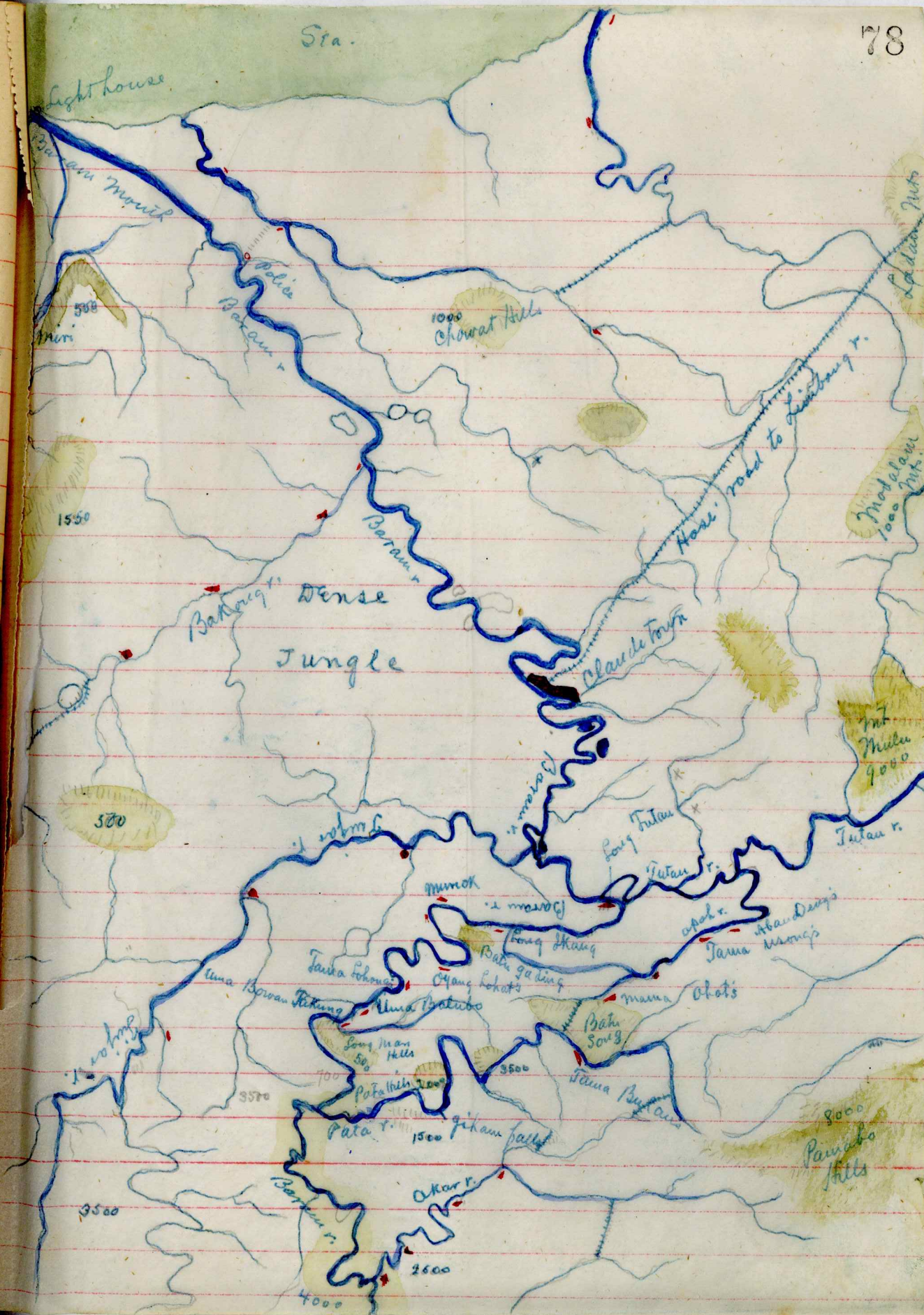
On the other hand I saw some in which not only the tomb itself but also the posts were carved and hats, shields, spears, work-coats, etc. of the departed decorated it, hanging down under it.

The young jungle springs up around them - the old jungle comes down near and soon they are all but obscured so that in death as in life they still are in the jungle -

About a mile farther on we came to Long Ikan - a six roomed house where the boats draw up for the evening meal. We followed the usual routine - a visit to the head man of the house - a present of a chicken a return of some Java smoking tobacco, a bath and the cook usually has prepared our dinner. Then we varied the programme by dining on the bank - high up where we saw another beautiful sunset, lighted our pipes, watched the stars come out, the southern cross + the dipper in the south + north. Watched also the charming scene of the groups of natives around the little fires waiting patiently for the rice to cook. We never grow tired of this evening encampment - which was like a

77
scene from an opera - with
the night birds for Orchestra.
And we always felt they earned
their rest and food after the
long paddling on what we
would consider no food at all.
And away they go again in the
night while we sleep. I had con-
fused half-waking dreams of get-
ting under way - of running aground
on a sandbar as we hugged too close
the shore in rounding a point;
of mooring and of going on again,
and when I awoke (3rd day, June 12th)
they were still paddling on at the
same ceaseless, unchanging stroke.

About 9.30 came to Murick - where
we had breakfast. They must be
Kyans from the character of the tattoo-
ing on the hands - forearms, feet
& thighs - but of that later on -
They have a new house, half com-
pleted, in the meantime they are
camping out in little atap-
hovels. Cooking often in the open
air. The Orang-utah came down
to the boat & sat talking for a
long time.



We are beginning to know the men and especially the boys.

The men come to ask for tobacco and Arrack - which we brought for them + the boys do the same only when we are moored they sometimes sit + talk + roll the huge cigarettes + smoke with us as they tell Bill the Kumiak names + he writes them down in his note book.

There are five we especially knew all fine manly fellows. always doing their part without complaining, working all day at the paddles + then cooking for the elders when camped.

They are early treated as men, made to carry and do their part so that they are efficient, reliable + lack childish ways.

Our attention was early called to Adom - The youngest - 10-11 yrs. who had a droll manner - a face that nothing could make show one trace of his feelings or thoughts - watch you for a long while as tho. he could not

comprehend - when suddenly a
wink or a wry face showed how
wide awake he was + how we
had misjudged him.

He was always "Old Adam" to
us - his big head, stocky figure
+ sober ways suggesting an older
person by 20 yrs.

Little Lesbon, next in size + by
far the most affectionate, was
called - "faithful" - + true to his
name, could always be depended
on. Many a time he alone saved
us from being swept away.

Gau we did not warm to at
first he seemed "fresh", but later
we found out more about Gau
+ his brain is the best of the 5.

Terluat + Drug are brothers. The
first still classed with the boys
though older than any of them +
Drug just passing over to the
men's class.

Terluat is homely.
Drug the handsomest figure +
perhaps face of any we saw.

Both were steady, sure, faithful
fellows and we always welcomed
them in our part of the boat.

Drug sat at the prow of one of the 81
smaller boats all the way up -

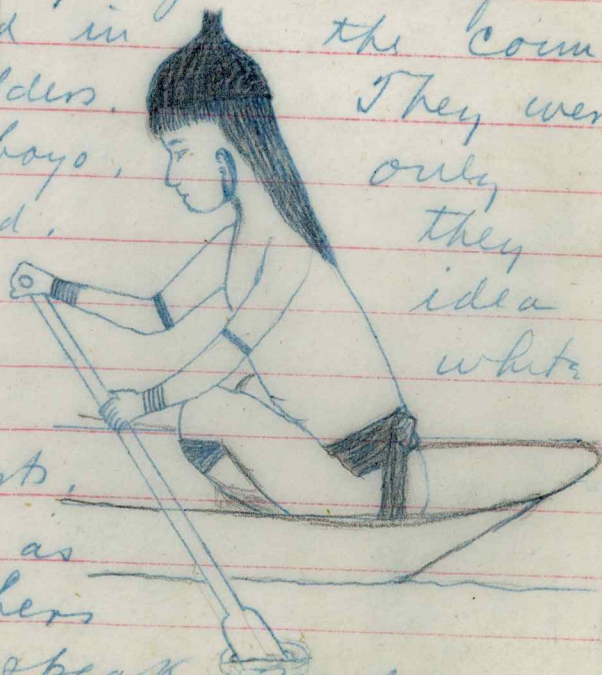
Terluat near the stern of the same
and they never missed a stroke
the whole time we were out -
Gau, Leshon + Adom were in
separate boats to run errands,
to bale, to beat every ones back
+ call + to paddle, pull, or pole.
Adom always made a big bluff
doing the "heave-ho" act but
mighty little pulling. always in
the thick of it to see that the
men did their work properly,
but about all he ever did
regularly + persistently was to
bale the boat + help cook. he
is as rum a youngster as I ever saw.
Faithful Leshon was in the water
with a splash at critical times,
swimming under the water where
the current was too strong - hold-
ing on by a twig, a bunch of grass
or a piece of rock. always with
a jolly laugh that made the
worst places seem like play +
when every one else's hold gave
way it was always Leshon who

held or, quick as flash, caught a new hold - And all the time his eyes so red + swollen he could not bear the light - 82

He is in some way part of J.B.'s family, whether a relative, a captive, or what, I don't know. But whatever he is, he is a valuable reliable boy + will make a fine man if youthful promise counts for the making of good men.

We soon forgot that they were untutored children of the jungle, whose longest journey had been to Barram + whose knowledge of the outside world was confined to stray grains of wisdom overheard in the councils of their elders.

They were as any other boys, often better behaved, interpreted every idea as quickly as a white boy could. entered into all our sports, our plans + acted as interpreters to others who could not speak Malay.



From Munich we had a cloudy
 sky and later rain which made
 the air sweet & cool. The hilly country
 begins near here and at last the
 eventless low banks are passed &
 we can hope for a change of
 scenery. About one o'clock we
 came to Batu Gadung - a long
 white limestone cliff, whose base
 is fissured & covered by the
 floods and in one place there is
 quite a cave and a stream comes
 tumbling down. The natives say
 you can ascend in small boats
 for three days & that crocodiles &
 dragons etc. inhabit it. Hose &
 Prof Kükenthal photographed it
 and can deny it all. Which is
 but another evidence of the lies or
 rather exaggerations one constantly
 hears from natives - of any country -
 But Batu Gadung is partly with
 the long creepers trailing over the
 white rocks, set in a jungle of
 varying shades of green and all
 reflected in the waters of the Barram.
 About four o'clock we came to
 Long Lama - & the house of the Kyans

of which "Oyong Lahat" is the head - 84
man - furthermore he is a Penghulu.
of which there are but five in all the
Barram district. Tama Bulau +
Tama Usong are two others and the
remaining two are in the Trigar-river.
When we were told we could not
enter the house we did not under-
stand but when the Keimaks showed
us the whittled bamboos we stumbled
to the Ornen-bird business and that
the house was forbidden (Pamale) to
strangers at the time. Lahat came
down to the boat to see J.B. while
we wandered about the village, a
big collection of long houses +
some few Chinese-traders.

This is the most important
place in the region for forges +
parangs made here are famous
all over North Borneo.

Formerly they smelted their own
iron but now use that which
the Chinese supply them from the
bazaar - and they claim the old
iron was better - but you always
hear such fish-stories - "old times"
were better than "now" always.

The forges are an open shed, a fire 85
place where charcoal is used, a series
of bellows & an anvil of a small
size (flat piece of iron 5'X6 in.) set
into a log. They work in a stooping
or sitting posture, (As do almost
all the artisans of the East) using the
feet as extra hands. They temper
the iron in a small wooden
bough of water - but they always
allow it to cool a bit first & a
parang is much softer than the
European knife.

The bellows consist of a big joint of
bamboo six inches in diameter -
standing on end and it works on
the principle of the Chinese box-bellows,
which is the principle of our old
fashioned long handled town-pumps
5 + sometimes six of these bellows
supplied one forge and is worked
by a native who pulls down on the
plunger shaft as this forces the wind
into the fire box it pulls down by
a string then end of a pole which
is placed under the beams &
acts as a spring to draw the
plunger back to the top of the

take again. he usually works two at the same time but with alternate strokes that a continuous blowing is kept up - and it does not take long to bring the iron to a good red-heat.



There are seven such forges at Long Lama and they reap a good reward from the other natives, especially in parangs. They come out pretty rough and are ground down by the men who get them usually, and as they have no files or grindstones it is a tedious business. All the way up Tama Buang Angut was rubbing his on some stone or other at every camping place. They then insert it into a more or less carved handle & bind it with rattan. (What thing is not tied with rattan in Borneo). It was at Long Lama they came to beg for medicine. We treated as many as thirty people with conjunctivitis. Then they wanted "obat" for other ills.

87
having foolishly given to one person for a friend. they all had friends. who either was sick or might be. the result being a big inroad on our medicine chest.

"Obat" - They have but few medicines themselves and have such a lot of ailments and they will beg it all day.

A native thinks nothing of asking you for your shirt or hat and does not worry when you refuse him. and as it is hard for Bill or me to refuse almost any request we almost gave every thing we had away to them.

We exchanged gifts with the headman the usual thing - a chicken for some of our tobacco but it is done in this way. A native does not understand barter. he makes you a present. after awhile you return him a present and they should be about the same value but he will not complain to you if

You give too much, or too little, 88
however much he may think.

We had the usual run of visitors
and we thought sometimes they
didn't know when to leave.

They want to hear the banjo
but when Bill played it tho.
they clucked their tongue in the
sign of admiration. Yet we
knew the didn't care a d-
about it and Banderlog fast-
ion would turn to something
else, after sitting boring us for
half an hour, or more, they
would ask for some "Segun",
or "Jaka", or tembores, all meaning
tobacco and it was for that they
really came down.

Finally they all dispersed. The banjo
was tied to its place overhead.
The mosquito curtain hung up.
the lamp turned down and we
stretched out for the night =

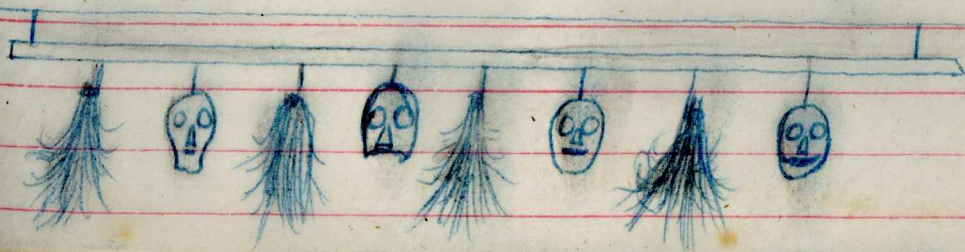
4th day June 2nd 1899

We traveled some distance during the night and when I awoke found we were crawling along in a heavy mist with higher banks and a swifter stream than yesterday. About nine A.M. came to the house of Tama - Tokong. He who owns the esculent-swallow coves - and makes thereby some \$1000 to \$1500 a year.

He is a fine looking Kyan - a younger brother of T. Hsungs - and a brainy, clean, square man. He had been ill with fever + a cough for a couple of months. So we gave him some medicine.

He brought down a couple of chairs for us to sit on. as they were placed under a long string of skulls we soon left them to examine those more novel relics.

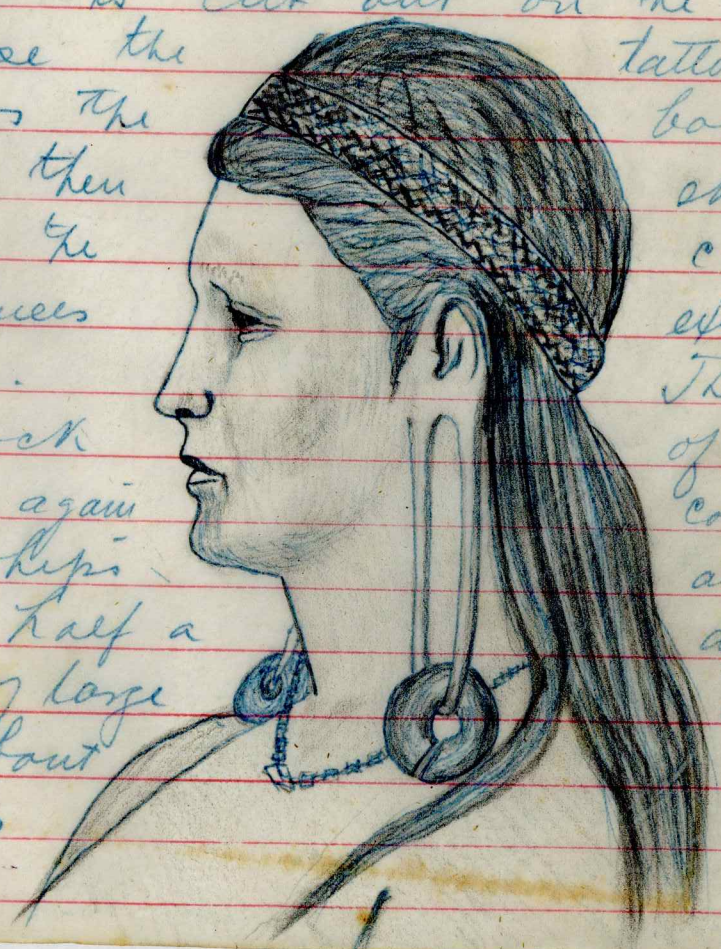
They are hung on a long pole some, 30 of them, each being separated from



his fellow by a bunch of nipa-
 palm hung as a sort of brush-
 all are smoke blackened, as they
 hang over an open fire place
 just in front of the raised plat-
 form on which are the mats of
 Tama Lohong.

When Tama Nisong came from the
 upper waters of the Borraun he
 threw away all his heads except a
 few which were given T. Lohong.

The women usually (Kyano.) wear
 a short sarong coming to below the
 knees which is cut out on the right
 leg to expose the
 which covers the
 of the foot then
 going to above the
 again commences
 ing to the hip.
 forearm & back
 hand being again
 around the hips
 as many as half a
 en strings of large
 one string about
 neck The ears
 perforated on



sheep-
 calf
 extend-
 The
 of the
 covered.
 are
 dog-
 heads
 the
 are
 the

91

helix in which hole they tie a
small tassel of small colored beads.
This however is only in full dress.
The lobe of the ear, pierced in child-
hood is drawn down by weights
until it reaches the chest when it
is maintained in this elongated
condition by large brass or
copper rings sometimes a pound
or more in each ear.
around the brow a fillet of braid-
ed rattan confines the hair when
working the ends are also tucked
under behind. The hair is long
coarse and cast black.
They depilate eyelashes, brows,
armpits & any superfluous hairs
on the body - When young they are
usually good looking, having
marvelous figures, but when
25 to 35 they commence to look
40 to 50 owing to the hard work.
The teeth are blackened & they smoke
incessantly. Few chew the betel nut.
but they make up for it with cig-
arettes which young & old smoke
from morning to night. Their own
rank given rolled in banana leaves.

92
They obtain the unfurled, green leaves
of the wild - or, fiber banana, - dry
them + make them into rolls for
future use. The Malays use the
nipa palm-leaf but all hill
tribes use the banana, which
is a very good substitute for
rice-paper.

They grow their own tobacco
cutting it into thin shreds while
it is still green so that it has
a bit of a hay-taste. The
natives prefer the cheap Java-brand
to their own - of which we had
thirty caths along with us and
when they did not want medi-
cine we were sure they wanted
tobacco - and they waited until
they got it unless we lied +
said it was all gone, then
they would become disgusted -
or receiving it never so much
as think of saying "Trimah Kasi"
the "Thank you" of the Malays.
They never seem to have learned
that which is another argument
in favor of their being Chinese
in their origin #

The women are incessantly coming down to the river for water. 93

The have a sort of panner on their backs carried by two straps over the shoulder like a knapsack. Into this basket they put from four to a dozen bamboo stems cut about 3 feet long, which are about from four to six inches in diameter hence hold a good quantity of water. Each time they come for water they must bathe and I'm doing so I have never seen one of them expose herself. She sits down near the water removes her short skirt and creeps along until the water is deep enough. I never saw the elder men or women swim when they are bathing, but the children of both sexes almost always have a lark on these water carrying excursions playing tag & "follow my leader" etc. The two sexes seldom ever bathe together the men & boys usually at different times and different places. but there is no

impropriety only it is not custo- 94
mory even in a land where a
fig-leaf could in reality suffice
for all the necessary clothing.

It is a curious but certain fact
that the absence of clothing im-
proves rather than endangers the
morals of youth and among the
Hians the relations between the
two sexes is well defined & the un-
written laws of long established cus-
tom almost rigidly obeyed.

I should enlarge on this subject but
refrain knowing the prejudice against
even discussing it in our colder
climes but with this conclusion
you can comprehend it all. i.e.

Illegitimate children are almost
unknown and a girl who goes
astray brings shame & ill
luck on the house where she
dwells.

Such an accident can
not occur where a strong man
like Tama Bulan rules the
family. And I know of but one
authentic case on the Barram.

Doud. May 9. commenced, June 9 - paid 7⁰⁰ July 9. 8⁰⁰
 Commenced as boy July 4. & advanced his wages.
 Pay from July 9th - (Same as at 9th 1880)

July 13. Lewis 50⁰⁰
 Doud 8⁰⁰
 Cook 10⁰⁰
 Smith 6⁰⁰

14th Dala 2⁰⁰

17 Cook 10⁰⁰

27th P.O. 7⁰⁰

21st water 4⁰⁰

Month begins on 14 - on 14 Aug pay 4. mon.
 Bills + postage
 rice, etc. Sash, Engi.