

*Voyage I.
Book V.
Rejang trip.*

Voyage I.
DUPLICATE
Volume 5
MANIFOLD BOOK

Vol. 5.

Kuching Sarawak Borneo, July 3. 1896.

We returned to K. again today after some forty days absence.

We left Barram. (or Claude-town, or Kaba,) June 30th - about noon - Hose, Wilder + Etzel having arrived in the "Lucile" just as Capt. Mathie was going to cast off. we were given an hour to get our "barang-barang", and they were mostly not packed at all, a detail of portmen, coolies, + natives helping us carry them down to the "Atok" from Hose's house.

We came the same night to "Barram-mouth" but too late to cross the "bar" so anchored out far enough to avoid the mosquitos, which are here the largest + most vicious in the entire world. Hose telling wonderful stories, confirmed by Mathie + Etzel, the two latter having experienced their powers while hunting buffalo here. (Ternado)

Hose caught two hundred + eighty in one hand - by sweeping his fore-arm once.

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The next morning we had to wait for the tide to raise, + the waves to fall - until ten o'clock - in order to cross the bar - the boat touching bottom many times and shipping a good many small seas. all the rest of the day and all the next coasting down to Po. point making the mouth of the river at night fall + again anchoring - Santabong towering huge + dark in the moonlight, and only a few lights in the fishing boats out in the bay we awoke in time to see a beautiful sunrise over the mangrove swamps as we twisted + turned up the Sarawak - river. How attractive the Malay houses looked in their setting of coconut palms - lining the banks below Kuching for a long way. We repaired at once - bag + baggage to our own ranch, which we found in splendid order thanks to Kay Tai + the Jukung-ayer, "Daud". Even the monkeys were fat + sleek + by noon we were at home again + the cook in charge.

Hose and his brother came up in the afternoon & we settled with our army (8 now) of "boys". Nanyang having been promised long ago a vacation unfortunately took this opportunity to return to his people. - Cerebas Dyaks - for his sister having died they are fasting for a month or so. Ipah also belonging to the same family (cousin) wanted to go, so we gave them both their discharge, and I took Walter over to go with me to Tam-bak - Etc. while Etzel + Bill go to the Sadong for mias with Jatang + one of the two Semitiak-s.

We renewed our acquaintance with the Kuching gentry at the Club this evening - and found a Bohemian Collector, from the Museum at Prague, who is here after Nat. Hist. specimens & more especially "mias".

July 4th. We were busy all day but found time to do a small job of surgery on Wilder & to extract some teeth for Etzel - both having become urgent &

Sunday July 5th.

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Capt. Joyce + the "Rajah Brooke" arrived from Singapore today bringing us a small mail and a ripe durian - Our first. Whether it was my dissecting experiences or my fondness for German + Swiss cheese, I know not, but the horrible smell of that fruit did not deter me in the least from enjoying it, and I concur with Wallace in all his extravagant praise of it.

Curiously enough we all differed as to the predominant flavor. Bill claiming chocolate. Junepineapple + I spoke for almonds. Etzel eat his with difficulty + can not give any other evidence than a collection of the worst chuses he ever tried to eat.

I endeavored to cure a small spot of *Finea circinata* on my chest + over did it as a result the strong bichloride raised a huge blister on my skin which keeps me from wearing many garments + also very miserable.

Monday afternoon Bill + Lewis went by steamer for a ten-days trip up the Sadong river.

Tuesday afternoon I took the B.C.S. Steam-launch, the Myanok, down the left hand branch of the Sarawak river to Santubong, with Walter to look after my affairs.

Santubong is the seaside pleasure resort - the Covey Island of Sarawak. A Malay fishing village with fine beaches good sailing + fine fishing.

The mountain rises about 2 thousand (2000) feet sheer from the river just back of the village.

A scattering collection of houses in a grove of coconuts. The few Chinese keeping small stores & "godowns" where they salt the fish. The plan is usually this - a Malay borrows money or gets loans "on tick" from the Celestials when they are both gone he then commences to think about work + paying his debts, so he goes out to sea about four o'clock.

In a small sail-boat and with a drifting - gill - net waits until morning when he turns his fish in to pay his debts, once his credit is redeemed he again loafs.

Some fish - rice, tobacco, a sarong, white - coat + a black velvet skull - cap, and a wife is all a Malay ever cares for. A grateful mother's nature has supplied him with every thing else he can want.

In the Malay - Kampung or villages they were making boats and twisting cotton - thread for fishing lines & to make nets. All sails + nets as well as the working clothes of the fishermen are usually stained a rich red - brown from the bark of a tree - the same thing that Mr. Everett is making at Tambak under the name of "Kutch". i.e. Tengkah or mangrove bark

The Malay fishing boats are very good sea - boats, long + canoe shaped. They have a solid dugout bottom + two boards

on either side deepen it - these are
neatly joined and caulked with the
inner - bark of a tree. it is called
g'lau. This swells when wet +
makes a tight boat. later when
caulking is necessary damar +
oil are used.

They rig it in various ways. Cats,
sloops, + yawls.

Mr. Stoe came from Tambak - $1\frac{1}{2}$
miles along the beach. in a
small boat for me + we were
soon pulling up a little river
just in time for the tide re-
ceding leaves you high + dry
on an oozy beach. hundreds
of pawns were leaping out of
our way. the bank was
covered with the blue-crobs
and some Malays were throw-
ing the casting net.

At the landing Mr. Twett
met us. and we walked
along the poles - a necessary
bridge - like construction across
the mangrove swamp to the
mill. Through which we passed
on our way back another hun-

400 yards to the house - the way 8
is lined with Dyak & Malay +
Chinese (atop) houses - the houses of
the workmen for this mill is
the only thing that keeps up the
place. Mr. Everett is the propri-
etor + with Mr. Rose Jr. as assistant
is conducting a big plant -

A huge water wheel - supplemented
by steam - acts as the motive power.
Two or three open boiling pans,
+ two vacuum-pans finish the
work. The natives bring in +
store the bark of the
tree. It is chopped fine + mix-
ed with water + boiled in the
open pans - the solution thus
obtained is then made into an
extract by boiling in a vacuum
pan. It is then boxed + is
ready for shipment, finding
a ready market in London,

Russia + America as a dye +
as a tanning medium for
some kinds of leather.

This plant is on the site of a
former Sawmill. some 40 yrs. ago.

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WE spend our time at Tambak
very pleasantly. In the morning I
usually went into the mangrove
swamps hunting the proboscis
monkey - returning in time for
a bath + breakfast at eleven o'clock.
In the afternoon we went twice
out to the "Junkats" the fish-
ing stands out in the bay.

Two long lines of poles about
one foot apart form a run-way
which narrows to a point at
the stand, here a long, crude,
rattan, scoopnet abstracts
the run seaward - On an ebb
tide the fish come flying out
+ the Malay on watch can see
down deep - If a school of "duits"
a fine sort of butterfish come
in sight there is a scramble
to places + at the signal the
sweep is dropped and the
net raised. Only on an ebb tide
however + the first of that is
usually spoiled by the hun-
dreds of huge jelly fish often
two feet in diameter that float
down + clog the net.

The plant is very crude + cumbersome + many good chances are lost, but it is the net they are used to + all Mr. E. attempts to change it for the better have been useless. It works on the principal of the old well sweep + when the net is to be raised they all run out onto the weight lid. When they lower the net they put their backs under the weight + climb slowly + laboriously up the ladder like scaffold of the stand. In taking the fish out of the net first they fork out the jelly fish. Then an old billy-goat of a fishman gets into the net + by striking the basket against the net, at the same time springing it with his feet the fish are flapped into the basket. at this act they are very skillful. Many are the kinds of fish etc. Caught + I took very care of abalone securing some very good specimens. A big black porpoise lives just

behind the stand. picking up 11
the wounded fish. rolling + tumbling
about in lozy play.

In the evenings we walk out along
the sand beach to the big black
rocks and watch the sun go
down at sea, while we smoke a
cigar. Such beautiful colors on
the water. The distant islands +
Matang + Sautubong growing blue +
black - while a flock of green
pigeons whirls away to roost +
the horn-bills + cuckoos sing
their coarse angelus in the
jungle at the foot of the mountain.
Mr E. has made various attempts
to plant coconuts but the wild
hogs have taken them all, now
he is fencing against them.
The house is a Malay structure -
"atap" walls + roof. 4 rooms. The big
central one acts as dining - library
+ office, hung round with book-
shelves, pictures + the antlers
of the Sambar deer - a central
table - desks + easy chairs.
Below at the side of the stairs is
a good bath room. while an

atap - roof covers the path to an out building - the kitchen & servants quarters. It is always cool in the evening and we never used the mosquito curtains. Friday morning Walter got out before we were up and killed a female proboscis monkey. Called Blanda or the Dutchman by the natives. She had a young one clinging to her but a bullet went into his forehead & he had to be killed - they will not live in captivity however even when taken young. Walter skinned the mother & put the youngster in alcohol while Hoxe & I examined the alimentary canal about which there is some dispute. The following notes are for Hoxe Sr.

The Oesophagus opens into the cardiac end of the stomach on the posterior face 3 inches from the left end. & about one inch below the lesser curvature. I found no pouches along the oesophagus. The stomach is monstrous, con-

taining more than a quart of macerated leaves of yellowish green color. There were two lumps in this mass harder than the remaining contents of the stomach. one, one inch in diameter, was yellowish & the hardest; another, two inches in diameter occupied an intermediate stage between the small, yellow, hard lump & the light green mushy mass that distended the stomach.

The stomach proper narrowed towards the cardiac or pyloric end into what at first sight resembled a duodenum & terminated in a hard fibrous mass somewhat larger than the canal that leads to it. From the Oesophagus to the extreme end of this elongated stomach is $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches the fibrous lump being $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long - beyond the latter began the small intestines, extending for 21 feet at the Caecum a cut. dissep. parts off similar to the Vermiform appendix in man only it was

of the same calibre as the colon 13^a
and full four inches long and
furthermore was distended
with the same contents found
in the Colon. The latter extended
for another four and a half feet.
Upon examining the stomach in
section a curious reinforcement
of the mucous membrane was
found around the Cardiac end,
on the left side extending about



an inch but towards the
Pylorus quite 5 inches. It
did not merge into the mu-
cous lining that continues through-
out but lies like a patch upon
the other tissue with a sharp dis-
tinct edge. The lining of the
stomach otherwise was unaltered
+ the same in the ~~st~~ narrowed
intestine like Coecal + also in
the fibrous bulge of the
so called 2nd stomach. This
upon section was found to
be of uniform character with
the narrow connecting Coecal.
the apparent enlargement being
due to the fibrous thickening of

its walls; Moreover there was a
 distinct valve-like closure and
 two folds of the thickened mucous
 membranes formed a V with the
 angle ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ towards the exit.
 The elongated Canal was saccu-
 lated more than the Stomach.
 & ~~xxx~~ ~~xxx~~ five small concretions,
 "bezoars", were found in its contents.
 From this specimen I would conclude
 that the "*Leuopithecus nasalis* or
larvatus" has but one stomach, in-
 stead of 3. That there is no
 evidence of their "Chewing their
 Cud - as ruminants do - and
 that the peculiar elongation of
 the stomach has developed
 from the character of the food
 these animals lived upon -
 a delay in the stomach digestion
 is necessary to convert the mushy
 mass, hence the narrowing &
 sacculatation of the canal-like
 continuation, further to prevent
 this soft mush from passing
 too soon over into the intestines
 the strong enlarged pylorus is
 necessary.

Saturday morning I got out into the Mangrove swamp by sun-up & soon located where the Rasougi were feeding after about half an hour's creeping & climbing over the mangrove-roots through the soft-ooze I came up to them. I watched them a long time. Especially a mother & young. They stand up on the limb, take the branch in their hand, draw it to them & bite off the tender buds & leaves. They are slow feeders often sitting down quietly for a while, then swinging away to another tree or dropping thirty feet onto the top of another limb. Finally a big male came feeding near where I was concealed, so I lit go at him with buck-shot - and was duly surprised not to see him fall to the ground. Later I got another long range shot & missed them. Another time a big male walked down a mangrove root within 30 yards of me.

Each saw the other at the same instant. He sprang away & I fired. I never saw him again. I can not understand my poor shooting at Tambock. Half a dozen good chances were thrown away. & we only got the ones Walter killed. Saturday we got away at 12.20^{PM} in a small boat. Walter & two Malays paddling while I stretched out under the Kajangs. We had about forty minutes across to Santaloug & then up the river on a rising tide. We were in time to go through the "Trusan" - a narrow winding water-way which cuts off a big bend in the river. The nipas often arched overhead, at no place was it more than 5 yds. wide. and the mosquitos - a very small variety - were something to lie about. Half an hr. or more & we came out again into the main river. We did not get up until the tide had turned so that the last hour was hard paddling along the

Shore by the Malay-houses. where 17
some one is always bathing or
fooling with a boat thereby invit-
ing the crocodiles to a feast.

At many places they were sewing
the Nipa-palm-leaves together
to form Kajougs.

Steps always lead down to the
river bank from the house or
a long sidewalk of poles. sup-
ported on poles - for they are on
the look-out for floods.

The men were coming down to the
landing from cricket at the fort.
as I came along. I landed at
the Bazaar steps & went home
while Walter attended to all the
traps. Orchids. Monkey skins. &c.
I got a fine big orchid-plant
with 12 blooms. in the Swamp.
Everett thinks it a Vanda. of some
sort but does not know it.

Wilders menagene grows apace.
The two Macaques or Kras we got
at Singapore continue healthy, & the
scrawny brat, happy because he
is allowed to run at large. he

is too big a baby to go very far away from his older sister. 18

The Broek - i.e. pig tailed-monkey - is the kind the natives use to gather Cocoanuts, Etc. and is as sweet as any Irishman - Wilder + the Malay boy spend their time teaching them tricks i.e. to "Salaam" to "walk like the Rajah" Etc. + if you keep a small stick handy he soon learns his lesson but always wants to break away + fuss with Mrs. Kra who is chained just far enough away that they can't bite each others fingers. Which they did do before we separated them.

A young plandok - mouse-deer - which a Chinaman brought did not survive long. A young bear is being cored for by a Dyak + when Freddy comes back from his home up the coast (Lingar) he will likely have a baby Mias - for he is hot after them and has sent down the skin of a big male + that with the skins Walter has gotten are drying down in the sun every day.

The club is full of strangers now. 19
down from Labuan + Sandakan + in
from the out-stations of Sarawak to
attend the races. Invitations are out
for the Rajahs "at home" on the 20th.
C. Prosser on the 21st. Mr. Smith's dinner
on the 18th Etc. The cricket match on
the 16th - was ended by a fine but
much needed rain.

The club is full of "horse-talk"
and excited men. Every one is
making it the occasion for a
holiday and whiskey + soda runs
like water.

Little Sands crept in from Satap
+ gave us a call - of some 5 hours -
his Cockney speech delighting Wilder's
heart. Young Rose is up from
Tambak, The Elder Cox from London
Stillwell from Sadong. Gibson from
the coffee plantation at Matang Mt.
Fraser. Under Rickets on the Limbang
is the nearest to a live man of
any in the settlement, but he has
been over the States + Canada 3 yrs.
Some one asked him why he didn't
make his duty calls. He said he
tumbled to himself years ago.

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"You put on your bloomers, hot clothes (Can't Call in ducks in Sarawak) + feeling as uncomfortable as they make them - You get along to the "Meen's" house. She sees you coming up the gravel + says to her friend, 'There comes that brother - Furr and I did want to go for a drive' - but you go in + drink some scalding tea + perspire like the devil + say 'how hot it has been' + 'how much we need rain' + she says, 'Do have some more tea Mr Furr!' + then you get away and you both are damned glad it's over with" - He could not have said it better and no one but Furr or perhaps Sands would have dared say such a thing in the Colony.

This race meet will be a microscopic "Derby" - You can't go ahead of an Englishman to bring the British Islands with him over the whole civilized or uncivilized world + Kuching is an average Colony

— o —

Sunday July 19.

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One day of the races has come and gone and Hose is convinced that neither "Mini" or "Nick" can win a race and he is right. but it was a great disappointment to C. Hase. He wanted to humble some of the Colornists - Moir + Storvey's gray "griffin" - a beautiful clean straight runner won the two griffin races. "Palo." Drshon + Storvey's wonderful pony ran his two races successfully but in the Visitors cup. (The race we put up.) Mr. Maxwell's pony "Mingo" won from "Palo" by a tussle.

Despite the down-pour it was a very pleasant afternoon. lots of (For Kuching) people. a fine booth that Mrs. Drshon contributed. music + the great collection of natives of all kinds. White predominating but bright colors here and there to enliven it. The Malays erected a long line of small houses on poles of course + all the women got up into these + behind screens gaze on the crowd. Mock-shyness of

Islamism - They have been trained 22
to it so long they can see thro. a
crack better than we can thro.
an open door.

The Harney Colors were always to
the front and Harney kept welling
it up for each victory. Dr. Selbie
came second in one race + got pretty
drunk to celebrate it. On the whole
the men kept very well. and the
Malay + Sikh policeman can con-
trol the crowds as a shepherd does
his sheep - one Glounish of the club
like Chinese scatter.

The novices from the "Porpoise"
added the usual drunken color.
Jack ashore + sober means sickness.
We went down + came back in the
"Young - Harry" a government launch
and thereby escaped the rabble on
the road + the exorbitant charges
of the nekisha-men. called "hecha"
here and mighty unreliable they
are too - I owe one fellow but
can't find him again.

Saturday night's dinner at Mr.
Smith's was very successful.
about twenty ladies + gentlemen.

The party did not break up until 23

One am. Mr. Howe singing concert
hall songs + giving contributing
sermons + Kanaka music.

Sunday was quiet - but in the
evening we went to Capt
Joyces to dinner - Mrs Joyces
sister Mrs Saunders. + a
younger friend Miss Sattman
from Singapore - Some of
the out-station men. The
"Two Willies" - lieutenants
on leave from Singapore
garrison. Jim + myself
making the party.

Monday's races were a repe-
tition of Saturday's - less the
rain - Dr. Selbie's nag won
+ he has been crazy since.

The surprise of the day was
little Sands' griffin - Sandfly -
chasing hard for 1st place in
the consolation race.

Horner won the rest + fair-
ly too for Sulphide + Pals are
each fine horses - in their
separate classes.

In the evening all went to the 24
Astana to the ball. a splendid
affair - Seventy two Europeans
sitting down to a splendid
supper. Dancing & poker. with
a thick smoke on the verandah
plenty of iced drinks always
on tap made a very pleasant
way to spend the evening.
We came away at two am.
And a lot went to the Rex
House - where the Out Station
men are. There, Mr. Howe
Jr., Major Knight and others
made a lively time with
jests & songs until 4 am.

Tuesday (21st July -) We went to
the fort where the Rangers
are having an athletic meeting.
They do the pole vault, sprints,
shot, jump, etc. very creditably.
The cricket grounds were
decorated with the flags of
all nations, the hills about
were covered with natives i.e.
Malays, Chinese & Dyaks.
The Rajah helped judge etc. and

band played, the ladies came 25
out & it was a sight to see.
Some wore only the red chawat
while some half a dozen Sea-
Diaks dressed up in their
proper costumes for a prize.
the Rajah judging.

It was concluded by a
foot race by half a dozen
jock-tors from the "Porpoise".

I went on board the "Por-
poise" on my way home.
She was the despatch
boat during the Chino-Jap-
anese war - & was at Port
Arthur, Wai-Hai-Wai, &c.

In the evening we all went to
Peorse's ball at "The Hill."

The band from the fort in a
boat entered on the loun sup-
plied the music. There was
plenty to eat drink & smoke.
Goker in the smoking room.
Cool seats on the verandah &
a fine moon - You could
see all the way across the junc-
gle land to Matang dim & blue.

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The Rajah + Governor Beaufort
of North Borneo Staid until
late. The Naval + army gen-
tlemen were in evidence - and
Mr. Morse being of the big,
generous, hearty type made
every one welcome -

When we came down to
the house found Bill + Lewis
had returned from Sadang
Menagene + all -

I did not attend the "smoker" on
board the "Porpoise" nor the
out-station men's dinner at the
Rest house. I thought it would
be wet and when Bill + Jim
came home + at 3 am. Chlo-
formed the Armadillo I knew
I had been wise -

I also shield the "Rangers" races
and the sham-battle of the "Blue
jackets + Marines" from the Por-
poise. In fact feeling under-
the weather I staid at home
during the festivities that
wound up the race meeting -
It has been the greatest social

week in Kuching history.

27

I made my preparations to go to the Rejang river by the "Lorna Doon" on Friday morning - (July 24th). And as we intend to close out the Kuching show I had many things to do.

The last few weeks at the house back of the Tanby's set in its grove of bananas + penang palms has been extremely pleasant. Four boxes of birds + animals, trunks, guns etc. strew the house + pelts + skins + monkeys the lawn - but we have been comfortable all the same.

A rough scaffold on the lawn holds four mias skins several monkeys + birds - Two armadillos, 3 monkeys, a civet cat & a huge water-snake adorn the space below the house while a young wawa makes music in our room. But at 8 P.M. when the gun at the fort calls us to dinner we all meet + tell our tales until the bugle sounds lights out -

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We have many visitors too and that with our taxidermy, writing, Cataloguing & packing keeps us all busy. Everett & Stose came to breakfast on Thursday morning - Sands, Stillwell, Howe, Paul, Cox, and others came in for a smoke and a talk and Goddam Isuial or Kassim Tila were frequent visitors with porougs, shields, etc. to sell at fabulous prices. Jim being an easy mark usually.

Bill and Ethel had a disagreeable but successful stay on the Soudong-Tack killing a mias and getting another - They brought down 200 Ethnological & Natural-history specimens - but had a dreadful time with their Malay boatmen and were utterly disgusted with the Sand Dyaks with whom they staid - leaving their house for a Chinaman's - They are dirty, immoral & greedy so say the boys.

I sent all my bags on board the Torua Daon Thursday night & Walter slept there to see they

were not stolen - at four am. 29
he came to awaken me with
a false alarm about the boat
leaving at 5. I went down
with Dand to carry my bedding
but finding it a mistake went
back & had some tea & a
loaf until almost six.

I hope I shall never forget
that morning - Thrusting my
hand under the mosquito-
curtains to bid the sleepy
fellows "good-bye until we all
meet again" a Laruan -

quietly going down the grassy
walk under the banyans -
with the full moon just set-
ting and the sun reddening the
sky. The Mosque, the Klungs,
the sleepy Malay policemen, the
lights in the Rat House veran-
dahs still unextinguished,
everything so sweet & cool & I,
almost the only living person
out so early -

It was like bidding good-bye
to a home again after the
good times in the bungalow.

This is a sort of Malay adage, which I cannot translate literally but will give you the sense -

"Sudah Kapas menjadi Benang,
Sudah Benang menjadi Kain,
Sudah lepas jangau di Kenang,
Sudah menjadi orang lain."
Finish

After the Cotton comes the Thread,
After the Thread comes the Cloth,
After the flight do not love him,
Already he has another lover.

When they sing they are often only thinking out loud in a sort of singsong, telling the ordinary events or what they long for - somewhat like the Minstrel Singers of older times - Its not music to us at all.

They Malays too, had the same way of singing - and the constructed songs often had the same repetition of words - seen in the above verse -

In fact we have little to learn from the Malays except their love of baching =

31
We left Kuching at 5. A.M. $\frac{7}{24}$
Mr. + Mrs. Buck, two sisters of
the Catholic mission at Kanowit
and myself. We had some
breakfast going down the river
then smoked and lounged about
till the eleven o'clock break-
fast, which we took at sea.

The Adak's smoke on the hori-
zon - on her way to Limbang.

The sea smooth - air cool and
shore in sight most of the way.
The Lorna Doone is a small
ship - with one good sized
cabin and a small one for the
Malay Captain. being well
crowded with Kyans, Chinamen,
+ ourselves they erected a small
house of Kayangs on the bridge just
back of the wheel + gave it to
me, and I was very comforta-
ble there, sleeping in the afternoon
but awaking in time to see
them enter the mouth of the

Rejang river, about One P.M.
we sailed in thro' the fish traps
stopping a moment at the Malay
village while the Capt of an Eng.

lish timber ship came on board 32.
for his mail. Many foreign

ships come into the Pegang river
for the hard "billion" timber
carrying it chiefly to Hong-Kong.
The R. is a tremendous delta
overspreading a great stretch of the
jungle from Sibn (60 miles inland)
to the sea. It would require a
good surveyor to make any
thing like a decent map of it.

The tidal influence extends as
far up as Kapkit (150 miles)
and a tremendous volume of
water finds its way down from
the mountains to the sea -

Sibn - the fork - is at the head
of the delta & the guns command
the river - from here the Egan puts
off as a branch & sixty miles
away empties into the sea near
Matu - which is sixty miles up
the coast from the mouth of the R.
The banks are low & monotonous
covered with Mangroves. Now
& then a Milans - malay house
or fishing village, but otherwise
scarcely anything is seen up to Sibn.

Sibu is situated on a small island³³ and consists of the fort. the residences of the Resident - Mr. Drishon now. formerly Mr. Bampfylde - of the Asst. Resident Mr. Buck and the various clerks, the jail boat houses, club, Dyak rest-house, etc, further up the river is the bazaar and Chinese settlement while across a bridge over a small delta - are the two Malay Kampungs. In all they have a good sized community, and next to Kuching is the biggest settlement in this part of the island. The grounds about the fort and the residences are well kept. nice lawns good gravel - roads + an air of thrift which contrasts with the Malay quarters.

Unfortunately the banks are low here and during the floods often inundates everything, requiring boats to get about.

The Rajah has a small plantation of the Kapok or cotton-tree which is a well kept grove and makes a good Golf-link for the Europeans.

by the fort is a tennis court.

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In the Cotton-tree grove is a small Club-house - billiard-table, papers, &c. So that they are enabled to enjoy themselves & entertain nicely.

My dear Lida

July 30th. '96.

My notes will be interrupted here for a moment, for I want to write you a letter, my only opportunity for some time I fear. I am at Kappit - one hundred and fifty miles up the Rejang river. Mr. Buck goes back today in the steamer, and tomorrow I go on up above the rapids in the left hand tributary to the last outpost - Belaga - I shall take five men of my own and join a Malay-trader going up-river.

We will be some four or five days they think providing the water keeps fair - I have promised to be back here by the 9th, to Sibur by the 20th and at Kuching by the 30th, how well I can keep engagements remains to be seen.

From Belaga my face will be turned homewards, with a short delay at Barruan - I am still well and enjoying it. Love to all. Hiram.

Mr. Barlow had been called up from
 Matu - On the Coast - to fill the va-
 cancies during the race-meeting -
 He. Mr. & Mrs. Buck & I had some
 good tennis, walks, games of billiards
 and pleasant evenings on the
 verandah of Mr. Buck's bungalow.
 My boxes & bags were sent to
 Mr. Howe's deserted bungalow, but
 I was entertained by the B's - and
 nicely too - for there is a nice
 place with flowering shrubs &
 trees on the lawn and a nicely
 kept, open, house.

We took a long walk on Sunday
 morning across to the rifle-range -
 also through the Malay kampungs.
 I visited the long bazaar & the
 place they were making boats.
 A great many small schooners,
 called "bandungs" trade in the
 Rejang going with gutta & rotan
 to Kuching - across the 53 miles
 of open sea from R. mouth to
 the mouth of the Sarawak then
 drifting, sailing, & sculling up
 on the flood tides - a tedious
 business - but what use is time?

The Malays keep a few horses. One of the Datus (Headmen) has a nice pony. Cart, dog kennel & he hunts too. He has one of the big deer-nets (jaring) & goes often for a drive.

Mrs. Buck told me this story of a case of "Amok" confirmed later by her husband.

A man known to be insane (gila) was sent to Keckin hospital and evidently cured. On his return he found his wife had died so he went amok. In the night he took his parang & went through the big house cutting into the curtains, cutting the screaming women & children, cutting down also the fleeing men for in the darkness no one thought of trying to spear the Orang-gila. The usual end of such amok-scenes.

Mr. Buck & Cox were playing billiard when one of the Milanos came with the Ornews. Taking his gun and a "Lofus" lamp - a hand lamp with a strong reflector - he

and Cox went to the house.

All was dark, the stairs were down, and not a sound except the moans of the wounded -

The lamp was thrown on the doorway. Mr. B. saw in a flash the head, arm, hand & spear of the man above his barricade & before he could launch his weapon - instinctively, as he was used to covering a snipe, the gun came up & the Milano got the charge of No. 1. shot full in his face.

He had killed five women, men & children, and wounded eight others, then collecting all the spears in the house near the door, awaited the expected attack -

This "amok" business is a sort of frenzy that seizes these Borneans, of any tribe - especially if, in a fight, they kill one person they are apt to go on the rampage & kill every one in sight, until a javelin launched by a bystander, or a parang cut, does the government the trouble & expense of a trial.

Monday July 27th

38

Mr. Buck and I left Sibui in the "Lorna Doone" about eleven AM.

The two sisters - of - charity - a lot of Kyan chiefs - their men some thirty five in all, and some up-river Chinamen -

about forty - five miles, perhaps not so far we came to the mouth of the Kanowit river - where is the fort - a bozaar - some Malay houses, and around on the bank of the K. river the Church and houses of the Catholic missionaries -

The sisters on the hill overlooking the two rivers - The Church with its two wooden towers surmounted by the cross, They have here an Experimental farm - with buffaloes to plough the paddy fields - trying to teach the Dyaks the better methods of growing rice.

Father Dunn - is the head - and has had some 12 years of service a pale thin little Irishman - We saw another - a man from the Station speaking Pyrol. They have a German & another Englishman.

The two fathers Mr. Buck + I sat on the verandah talking - watching the Dyak + Malay school-boys at their play. Saw one boy who can put the others to sleep by pressing on the sides of the neck. but he doesn't anymore because once it took the priest 3 hours to resuscitate his patient + he has been forbidden - they call it (^{Hindok}) Ngundok - meaning "send to sleep". Another boy was whistling through his two hands as we do at home. + Father Dunn said he saw a boy at Kappit with a rude imitation of a telephone. but never saw it any place else.

Coming back we passed some pumelo. (Shattuck or grape fruit trees) in front of the bazaar. which had recently sold. one for \$35.00 the other for \$25.00.

They afterwards have lawsuits over fruit trees. One man claiming + another claiming the ownership. at the trial it develops. backed by the two annoyed army of witnesses that the grandfathers of each

planted the same tree - i.e. These people planted on about the same ground - were neglected & many died. afterwards they were found not to have been choked out by the new-jungle & then their children's children were left to squabble & settle whose trees were living & whose dead - A government auction usually settles it. Before going to the Mission, we were at the fort. Mr. Duck had some business to attend and I feeling tired & languid took to the bed & slept.

Feeling refreshed we went to the mission but coming back I could scarcely stand. I was weak, the sensation was rather pleasant. Feeling fever I took 15 grains Quinine but was inclined to the belief it was grippe when the fever, rocking pain in head, limbs & back came on. I could not eat or sleep. I was miserable very. Temples throbbed & I was burning. It came like a flash - at noon

in splendid trim - by dark a 41
fever in every part of my body.

Then Mr. Buck presented - already
filled with Quinine he piled on the
blankets, and the hot toddy
down. I had previously thrown
all my food to the fish.

An hour of agony & I broke
into a great perspiration & it
all abated; fever fled, pulses
quieted, & pain lessened & I
slept. I awoke at one a.m.
weak, tired, but still free from
the pain in my head & I
slept again until morning.

Thus ended my first attack
of jungle-fever - Tho' I kept
on with the quinine for a day
or two - my ears ringing & my
hearing dulled - but the plasmo-
dium dead for keeps I hope.

When I awoke on Tuesday morning
we were steaming up between
the high hills that line either
bank of the Renghere, a mist
on the water and a cool breeze
blowing and ere long we tied up.

on the East bank at the village 42
of Song - but we only landed our
passengers + chattels - Mr. Buck
arranging to hold his court on
the way down - off again - and
as we were finishing lunch we
came to Kappit - the fort on
the high ground beyond the ba-
zaar. we went to the fort where
we met J. D. de Rozario - alias
"Minggo" the portugise curio, who
represents the Rajah here - with
his handful of fortune - 13-mall-
It is a ran character and has
been under the government under
both Rajahs - and knows a thing
or two about natives.

Kappit is situated on a high
bank with an amphitheater of hills
surrounding it - A "mule-pound"
gun on a scaffold - commands
the river each way + is the only
cannon here. The grounds are
beautifully laid out in lawns
walks. an artificial lake - an
experimental garden of pepper
tobacco etc. a good supply of
English cows - a big dove-cote

is filled with white pigeons,
plenty of fowl, swallows +
songbirds. It is homelike

to hear the cattle lowing and
the oxen cawing when you
awaken in the morning.

Two rooms in the upstairs
of the fort are reserved for such
of the government men who come
on business - or to shoot snipe
or pigeon on the hills, or for a
deer now & then. and a big
table in the flanking tower
makes a good place to write or
dine + commands a grand view
= through the open overhanging
lattice = of the river, garden hills.
Our first evening. Wingo, Mr. B
+ I played at golf, around the
fort. The second we went up
into the hills for pigeon. The
small green pumi and the larger
blue ones. Mr. Buck got four.
but I, seduced by my Dajak
guide, climbed the hills + suc-
ceeded in scoring them all
down to him. I got none. but
had a superb view from the summit.

44
Drau = one of the Kyan chiefs who
came up with us. who with the
others is waiting the Rajah here =
is making me some models
of Kyan groves, boats, houses, etc.
He is a clever, good-natured sort
of a bore, but is also useful.
He comes stealing in so quietly you
never hear him until "for" the
win paired for-temis- makes
for him. They come in at all
times + squat down - not al-
ways to talk but for simple
companionship.

At Sibu one evening, six of
them came up in the dark so
stealthily along the ground we were
all startled when for sprang at
Diau standing on the steps.

It only shows how dangerous
they could be were they as track
less as our Indians.

Along with the Kyan visitors are
a Malay from Belaga port and
a Chinese from far up to the
source of the Baloi - he has
lived there almost all his life -
but he is Chinese pigtail + all.

his is a Kyan wife + his children 45
are Kyan but once a Chinaman
he never cuts that pigtail. He is
a celestial until death claims him.

They have been busy making
me a map of the interior - all
the big rivers of Borneo lead
in about a plateau called "Apoh
Byang" with a central mountain
called "Jimbaug". Many of these
men have been across to the
Bataug, Kayan + the Kupas +
Coti rivers. They say the
Kayan river becomes subterranean
4 days from the sea, and that
no one can go down in boats.

as they put it it "enters the rock".
They sometimes have terrible
famines up in the hills by
reason of the paddy failing.

And some wandering Dyak gutta
hunters returning home often
take a head or two just to
gladden their home coming -
and this is often the cause of
a bitter strife among the
Rajah's own peoples. In fact
the Dyaks are the disturbers.

Mr. Buck went down the river with the
Lorna Doane Thursday morning. 46

And I left to my own devices
visited the Kyans at the native "Rest-
house", Had a long talk with Mingo,
and got ready for a trip down the
river. At two P.M. 4 men took me
in a canoe down to the mouth of
a small river where we anchored
and went into the jungle. Near
where a small spring is all tracked
with deer footprints. They have a
blind there. I waited while the
horn-bills whistled overhead and
the monkeys dropped from the over-
hanging branches with the charac-
teristic rustle. I was on the point
of leaving already so dark I could
scarcely discern objects a short way
off. When a Sambar-stag came
down to the bank stopped & I
saw where his neck showed
black between the trees - but
I could not find my front
sight well in the gloom and
when I fired there was a stam-
pede for another one was with
him tho. I had not seen it.

It's a terrible Chagrin one feels after missing big game. The only chance of an entire day and a long pull in the broiling sun in an open canoe. Then to miss a shot at fifty yards seems too bad. but such has been my luck, or lack of skill often. I find that most of my misses have been from hurry. In fact I can trace a great many of my faults + mistakes in life too. to the desire to hustle.

Minggo came to spend the evening with me. telling me a great many things about his life.

A very pretty child which plays about the fort is not his except by adoption - a poor malay's wife wishing to sell or give it away mentioned it to the old Portuguese and he took it. it she is the fairest, prettiest, little thing I have seen lately.

Minggo has had 5 wives and four children. His two boys one at Matu. One in school at Sin-

gapore. he is educating - the
 others like his four wives are
 all dead. Two wives were Dyaks.
 Two were Kanowits, and the
 last the one that survives &
 takes such care of the little
 Malay lass is an "Mkit" - the
 jungle nomads, who build
 no houses, who cultivate no
 paddy fields. Changing from
 one place to another as game
 shifts - They live by means of
 the blowpipe, and their won-
 derful skill at getting through
 the forests after game and away
 from other natives.

They build a slight protection
 against a Japang tree root,
 and move in a few days.
 They are at the head of the Balak
 on this side, some ten families
 of the tribe of Munggo's wife.
 More are over near the head of
 the Kappuas river - on Dutch
 side. M. says they are fair but
 you would never think so from
 this wife who is as dark as any
 Dyak or at least a Kyau.

Minggo's father, a Portuguese - from 49
Singapore. His mother a half Portu-
guese & half Malay. died when M.
was 8. years old leaving him to
be reared in the Mission school,
along with Kai Tai - & Chalion.

He was a boy in 57. (when the
rebellion occurred.) of 15 years.
He spent some time in the
dispensary and then came to
Rengas where he has been
some 31 years. He is, of course
on pension but he is also
Rajah of this place when no
other officers are about.

He knows the people well. being
related by marriage with so many
he comes & goes as one of them.

He keeps this place in good
shape and is a valuable servant
of the Rajah.

Happy & contented he goes about in
a shirt & trousers - no shoes, no
hat - representing the Majesty of
H. H. the Rajah without even the
display of the brass-buttons of
the Sarawak Service. He is a
rare old character -

Walter is in a blue funk over 50
going to Belaga. Some one has
been telling him "tales".

Then on top of it he gets sick
whether fancied or not I don't
know - and my rations are
scarce as a result.

About 3 P.M. The Corporal
& two Dyaks rowed me across
the river to where opposite a
small Tributary comes down. Not
enough water to float a canoe
in dry weather - so we moored
and walk up the bed - wading
where the banks are steep - taking
to the bank when too deep.

Over-arching Mrs. birds in the
fruit-trees now in plenty. One rare
butterfly red  red on the upper
side of the posterior wings.
The remainder being the varied black.
We came to a Dyak-house. The
temporary home while they tend
the paddy fields. We visited the
forge. Two large bellows. no spring
attachment otherwise same as the
Khyans use. Visited also the house
where the ladies less shy than

Kumuk or Hyans invited us to 51
partake of Ciri - my escort did
so while I compromised by
smoking a cigarette of Java-tobacco
and a bandana - leaf.

Their cotton has not yet
been planted - they grow only a
small amount. but spin it
dye it + weave sarongs + baidets.
As we came away one young
lady in full dress, brass work
+ all was lying idly in the
pool by the house + passed
the fest with my men as cool
ly as you please while she had
difficulty with articulation
owing to her quid of Ciri.

On up the stream, wading logs
+ over slippery stones. We passed
a lonely watcher at the bird-
business - sitting under a
Kazong-tent. By and bye we
left the bed of the stream and
took to the worst foot-path it
has been my lot to encounter
for some time over a sharp
hill. along the crest. roots, logs
+ rocks standing between you and

and a possible slide to the depths below where the Cascades seem to be from the constant roar. It was hot and we left our hats on a rock and went on bareheaded.

A half an hour of this was quite enough & I was delighted when we came down again to a small stream - the men were left behind and with gun ready we quietly crept up the stream watching for any moving thing. We came to the spring - signs were plenty but at present all was deserted. So we sat down behind the hastily erected blind of fern fronds & waited.

The birds were at their best. Chattering in the fruit trees. The hornbills made their usual noise. The sun went down - a long twilight deepened. we put the Cinelume on our front sights to whiten them & still no sign of deer. Just as it was getting too

dark to see the Corporal who-
pered "Rusa" but corrected it
and said "babi besar" and look-
ing through my hole I saw
a huge baar walking across
the scene. This time the white
sight told. getting a hasty
aim at the only spot I could
see well I let go - & he did the
same but the Malay said he
was hit & blood proved it -
With the balls - the Dyaks came
up, and while I eat my sup-
per & smoked two of them
tracked the pig to where he
had dropped two hundred yards
up stream. From tip to tip
he was full six feet. his
trunkers were ground off, but
his moustache & whiskers were
good trackers. My bullet had
passed through him just back
of the shoulders.
We cut him up with porangs
& my hunting knife. They
left a part to bring in to-
morrow - but Tach man (2)
shouldered a head on the hamis, &

and we started back to the
 fort. I thought that tramp
 was bad enough in daylight
 but by a ("plita") small one
 horse lantern - it was worse.
 My rifle was heavy + my
 shoes slick, but got along
 without falling once and at
 9 P.M., one and a half hours
 from starting, came once more
 to our boat. + soon to the
 fort. Walter still being ill
 I dined on ginger-snaps +
 water and being a bit tired,
 as you can imagine, turned in.
 The first trip was to Sengai
 Dupian, today we were at the apau
 gringang on the Sirano river.

— o —
 Saturday Aug. 1st. They are
 still hanging fire about getting
 off up the river. Waiting for
 men to come in from some
 Dyak-house - Mingo sent
 some portmen to summons
 them back. It always comes
 now with them and I am
 still waiting at Kappit.

Minggo and I with the help
of some fortune and the
coming & going crowd of
Dyaks, Jajongs & Kays got
the head skinned & prepared
for drying. I have eaten pig
today to my heart's content.
Pork-steak, roast pork and
pork-curry for my 11. Am.
breakfast is not a bad
record. Little Madu - (M's.
Malay Child) joined in the
fun. offering 4 yrs old
suggestions - The natives beg-
ged for every thing they
saw. The fortune brought
in the remainder of the pig.
In fact Kappit Fort is en-
joying a rest from fish
for a while - and pig reigns.
As Awang Taha and his men are
still dilly-dallying about getting
away I took Corporal Mat and
two men and went down the
river to a deer-place again.
Half an hour or so we came
into the mouth of a small river -
the Muman. Clear deep & cool.

And while the men were mooring and getting ready to start I had a fine swim in the crystal water - on a shale bottom, away from the terrors of crocodiles which infest the Rejang. Wading along the bank and into the shallows for half a mile we climbed a high bank then came down into a series of open glades where the small trees were wide apart and our path lay through ferns as high as our heads. Keeping on the alert we went for a mile through such woods & glades until we came again to the place where the deer come down to play & drink at sunset.

Their tracks were plain in the mud where they had been the same day.

So we waited patiently - watching the birds, harkening to the fall of every dead leaf - Also harkening to the distant thunder that coming up the river drew nearer and nearer.

The woods took on the grey tint the air was oppressive and the Corporal said it was no use to stay as the deer would not come down on rainy nights. We got out into the main river before darkness set in and with it came the rain, At first a drizzle. Then down in sheets, soaking everything however. I smoked my pipe Irish fashion (upside down) and thereby had some comfort.

A tropical rain is not always the delicious warm rain you would expect. I was chilled to my bones, tho. the water in the river was ten degrees warmer. After what seemed a small age we came in sight of the boja ar lights. Crpt slowly up against the current to the fort mooring-place and soon after was within its shelter. Disappointment among the Malay fishermen at not getting a deer, for they being Islamites could not enjoy the boar, but the Dyaks did.

Sunday Aug. 2.

58

I have been looking over some back numbers of the "Strand" which Mings let me have. Reading Dr. Doyle's tale "Rodney Stone" I have also interviewed another Whit woman as to their customs. Mostly they coincide with the Kyan's. Both men & women are tattooed the women less than the men. & women as well as men are the artists. The Kyan tools are used. They do not wear the Kyan open skirt. nor could I find that they tattooed the thighs. They wear bracelets of rattan - often a bunch of them, called "liout" in the Whit language. They further wear an armband of the Tapaug wood called a "Kavoug". Tattoos is called "Ué" and a necklace of beads, formerly of tiger - cat's teeth - a "tebaang". Ear pendants, a-la-Kyan ork called "Sima". Miss Duavis - weighing respectively 15 $\frac{1}{3}$ and 14 ounces. She had an addi-

tional hole in the outside of the elongated lobule kept patulous by a string - doubtless to hold some heads on fire - days or at funerals. Duan was a young boy of comely appearance not unlike a Kyan - being an Ukhit + a Litgat combination, both jungle nomad tribes.

When an Ukhit child is still young she is betrothed. Her intended undertakes the entire care of her - putting her to sleep, bathing, feeding, etc. when she matures he must go on the war-path + secure a head or some slaves as her dowry - (So says Munggo's wife + she is an Ukhit + should know).

I went again for deer tonight across the hills back of the fort. to a fine place half an hour walk. But the wind was wrong. I heard one come down but seeing us he did not come out of cover - we came back soon after dark.

Belaga. fort. Upper Reyang. river 60
or, as the Malays call it, the
"Baloi" river. Aug. 9th. '96.

The almost interminable journey
from Kappit is at last con-
cluded and I am comforta-
bly installed in the suite of
rooms reserved for the Resident.
Two or three other white men
have preceded me here.

Is Hugh Lowe's son = Brooke Lowe =
now dead. Cox & the Elder, now
at Luidu, and Mr. Baupfylde
are all that I know of who
have undertaken the discomforts
of this journey ahead of me.

Awang Taba said 3 nights -
maybe four. Minggo said 4 or
at most five yet we
camped six nights and only
escaped the 7th by a hard
days work.

I will start at Kappit and give
each days events as they occurred
and thereby hope to keep the picture
or panorama in sequence.

on the morning of Aug. 3rd. 61
Awang-Taha promised to get
away up the river by seven o-
clock. I was all ready
and waiting long before but
as usual on such occasions
there is a grand hustle at
the last, a thousand small
things to be thought of, and
by the time all the things
from the bozar and also my
own outfit were tumbled pell-
mell into that boat it was
half past nine o'clock and
I was in a cold perspiration
from anger. I remember the
Malay going back at the
last minute to get a long
coil, 60 feet at least, of rattan -
Afterwards I blessed him for
that delay. Walter was kicking
on general principles, no room
no place for the boxes, etc.
They had reserved a good place
for me and we all tumbled
in to get a start -
I found there was quite a party
going up the river. Skyans and

Punans. going home and Malay 62

Traders going up at the same time - some five boats drew up alongside the bank at eleven where we stopped to cook breakfast.

I never saw a more curious collection of old clothes outside of White-Chapel.

One youth had on a Kyan-hat, an undershirt from Britain, a Malay sarong, a rattan mat to sit on tied over the glutai (vulgarly called an "asset") and was carrying a Chinese bowl.

Another youth had a red flannel Eton-jacket with the abbreviated skirt of that famous garment reaching but two inches below his armpits.

Then the Chinese trousers + coat, the Malay coat + sarong and the Kyan Chawat, all sorts of hats, & turbans, of plain cotton or fancy cheap silks. In fact Lo. I myself, or a Japanese arrayed for the Emperor's Garden party can not lay it

over the Kyan in this, his
 awakening days of civilization.
 One boy of about 17 years - Le of
 the "Red Eton" is a curious lad.
 Very bright, quick, kind and un-
 selfish. If at times you think
 he is fresh, you find it is
 only because he is friendly,
 and you forgive him when you
 see him plunge overboard
 into the rapids to keep the
 boat off of a rock. He is
 the life of the party, teasing
 my cook, stirring up strife
 among the Kyan, interpret-
 ing for them, because he can
 speak Malay as well as Awang
 Taha - if not better, and
 sharing his last morsel of
 tobacco with any one who
 comes along. He fetches &
 carries for all five of the
 boats. building a fire-
 coming wood, washing rice
 Collecting fern-fronds for soup-
 fishing or gathering the big
 leaves they use instead of
 dishes and doing it without a

any complaint, usually
keeping up a running string
of talk all the while.

All the Kyans are boys. not
one I should think over 22
years and most of them
17 + 18 - years. but strong +
quick and untiring.

There are fourteen men
in all. Aebang Taba + two
Malays - Eight Kyans my
cook, boy + self.

The boat is heavy with men
+ chattels and as 4 of us
are passengers it makes
the other ten work.

The river this first day
has been mostly eventless
+ very much the same as at
Kappit until in the after-
noon when we came to
the great rock masses that
jut across the stream like
huge buttresses. Lime stone
in which the dip for the
most part is perpendicular
making mighty walls + forti-
fications - one place two of

these walls overlapped, making the boat twist & turn about like the letter S.

Huge detached rocks form islands in mid-stream, polished smooth by the floods and blackened by time. The water swirls around their base in a perpetual torrent. About five o'clock there was the usual halt for the night. It takes the natives about two hours to stop, cook, eat and get under-way again.

So long before they had their supper finished darkness had fallen - The small fires glow in the darkness throwing lights & shadows on the squatting Kyans as they sit and wait for their rice to boil. The nearby hills have deepened from blue to black the southern-cross rides up over the trees and the fire-flies make meteors through the jungle. The birds & insects set up their chorus & the tropical

night, in all its splendor is 66
on once more.

I had a swim in the clear
pool above the rapids. The
cook surprised me with a
good dinner and with my
pipe for company I sat
apart in the cool night air
to enjoy the scene -

The boats drawn up along
the Karungen - were lighted
showing some-times a sleeping
boatman - sometimes a girl
waiting patiently for her food
or again some old man
sick with the fever -

There is laughing about the
camp fires - but seldom any
mirth from the women -
and the rapids make the
undercurrent of sound to it
all - even drowning the cicades.
Oyang Usa is going home -
Also Bululuk Sabang and his
pet child Libon - a girl of 10.
A mother + two children +
two sisters besides - You never
can tell to whom the women belong.

for they are generally independ- 67
ent of any male attention's
save the services of a boy or
an old man -

Just as the sun was set-
ting a Malay took his mat
out on the Korungen and
facing towards Stamboul
muttered his prayers and
repeated his Koran verses.
While white man & brown men
looked on indifferently -

A faith is a faith whether
it be of the Nazarine - of Mo-
hamed, or only the Omen-birds.
And as for its influence over
men I don't see where one
holds any "edge" over the other.

Poor Thing - he thought
Allah heard him and it did
him just as much good as
tho. he had fed the birds
at the end of a feast, to
the new harvest.

But this is an exceptional
Malay. They all claim to be Islam-
ites but he is the first devout
one I have encountered.

The second day (Aug. 4.) brought us through a rugged country. huge boulders line the bank of the now small river, but they become the bed of the same river when, during the wet months, the floods come down. Great black rocks in mud stream, huge islands often are covered. long buttresses, small broken rocks forming dangerous rapids, or where the stones have rolled down against each other, wearing the small ones down, polishing the bigger until dropped into an eddy they settled down to form the Karungens, or as we call them - bars.

You can imagine that with a heavy boat the ascent is difficult and also very slow. You can not paddle against a current like these, but the men must get out - and with the long ratans - lead it along, at worse places they stand waist deep in the boiling water and ward it off of a dangerous rock by placing their backs against the boat's side while their feet hold against the slippery rocks.

And finally, where the towering rocks seem to shut the stream off entirely, and the water comes down in a great swirl around an unsuspected corner of a long buttress. You must carry your goods across the intervening rocks and laboriously haul the boat over the stones and sticks placed to facilitate it. There were three places to carry provisions + boat as well. The end of our second day found us encamped on what is called the "Astana". The huge pile of black rocks that is responsible for three hours of very hard work in "carrying" over "Giham - Bohan". and we camped again in a pool just above the sweep of the rapids. Before the boat was fairly at rest my Chinese cook was out with frying pan + tea-pot. Before the baggage was over I had my "tea" and by the time the men were hauling the first boat across he had dinner - (by courtesy) ready. He is a curio I picked up at Kappit - a long, slim, Borneo Chinaman - who uses more than the

Usual number of L's instead of R's. He paddles in the boat. 70

hauls + pulls like a Kyan over the rapids and is always full of energy. Like all Chinese cooks he knows how to get along on almost nothing - a few rocks or poles for a stove is all he wants. He gets up a good curry. has served that wild-pig in seven different ways and can cook a chicken + make tea + cocoa so I am satisfied. I suspected with all these virtues I would find his vice - and when at the conclusion of dinner one night I saw him repair behind a log with his lamp, long-pipe and box of opium I had discovered his vice.

In going up the river there is mutual helping in getting the boats up so that we who got over first, went back to help the Punans and the other Kyans.

That night the men slept out on the rocks of the "Castle" around their little fires until a storm came up + drove them into the boat.

then they sleep in any cramped 71
position they can find. often
sitting both upright and yet they
never show it next day but work
on just the same.

I never cease to admire the
Kyan when he is in a boat. He
is such an untiring individual - and
keeps his presence of mind in all
critical times. plunging out into the
whirlpools, if necessary swimming under
water to stem the current. and
often saving the boat + perhaps our
lives by their timely aid. then to see
them paddle, paddle all day, + often
all night too, on only two meals a
day of rice - often nothing else.
There are three rapids - (Jehams) here
that require a carry of both boats +
chattels. Jiham Boham - Jiham Karang
Loran (This is the Astana - (I made a
mistake on page 69.) and finally
Jiham Otap - but you must not
think the intervening space is smooth
sailing - on the contrary here the
entire river is a rapid only at
these three places one can not advance
even by means of the long battans.

The third day at noon found us in 72
the broad quiet river above the
rapids. Cooking finished boats put
in order. all settled in their places
for the journey again. for from
here to Belaga there are no
more Camps to make.

Broad deep + quiet the river
sweeps along. the rocks and
masonry like buttresses disappear
the hills grow smaller and we
traverse what must be a wide
level tract of land. what must
at some day become a fertile
territory when wagon roads +
railroads or the possible flying
machine make "Mudlicking" in
Causes a useless business.

Wide long curves of the river
with high sandy banks that
only the incessant dip of the
paddle can make recede.

Gone are the crystal pools
where I had such fine
bathing - gone also the roar +
rush of the rapids - and we
settle down to patience as the
hours drag by. Away Taha

Knits a "jala". a casting net - and 73
I consume. "John Bagg" - a useless
novel - "Armored of Lyonesse" Besant -
and Scotts first attempt at prose is
woverly - Walter sleeps but the rest
dip, dip, dip. and we crawl up stream.
The usual halt for cooking. The
same encampment at dusk. I go to
see the sick - put about on the girl
+ man with skin disease "Coryp"
or "Krupp" as they pronounce it.
In the evening the Malays + Kyans
come to where I sit with my pipe
and we talk - They love to hear
of our country - its railroads + big
houses + its numerous peoples.
What wonder if I use the brush
of Turner, or the pen of Jules Verne?
In the morning I am usually
awakened by the boy handing in
a cup of Cocoa + a biscuit and
we are under way again before
I am thoroughly awakened! Sometimes
it is bright + warm, sometimes
gray and rainy and the mists
hang over the river + hills in great
fleecey clouds. Then I wrap my
blanket about me + sleep again -

On the fourth day we came to the 74
Mouth of the Sama. = Mora Sama =
where they told me was formerly
the house of a Kyan - Lake Abit -
who gave the Rajah's people three
different battles. now it is only
a mass of trees - fine big Binnang
trees. It is here we come to the
end of the hills and rapids.

We found a boat load of
Dyaks drawn up by the bank
here - Returning from the war on
the Badangs. We thought that all
had gone down the river a month
ago but they said there were
still some thirty Dyaks up there.
Baugin. the Iton boy - brought out
from their boat a sack from
which he drew forth a head
tied about with rotan's strips so
that it could be suspended over
the Camp-fires - as it was already
partly cured by smoking.

It was the head of a Badang.
The skin of the face was removed
but the hairy scalp remained. The
Ears too. while the rest of the flesh
was black & hard from drying.

The hair was fine the ears, features, teeth and in fact the whole head was small and I instantly thought it must be a woman. But they claimed it was a man and finally admitted it was a boy. Here were ten men who evidently had failed to get a head in the fight that ensued up there, when the General body of the Dyaks killed, according to Awang Jaka, some five to seven hundred Badangs (Men, women & children) + burned some eight houses. But they when the others went down the river a month ago evidently lingered behind, bush-whacking and when some woman or boy got outside of their own protection were pounced upon by these brutes & decapitated. It was disgusting to see how very pleased they were with the trophy and for a month they will feast and revel in their homes over this one miserable boy, more likely woman that they must have murdered. That is far from war -

The war grew out of the Badangs refusing to pay the Rajah's taxes - the "door money" -

They were then fined but did not pay. They then murdered some of the men sent to collect the taxes. I believe they also murdered some Dyak gitta-hunters. At any rate the Rajah allowed the Dyaks to declare war against them and between 2000 and 3000 men went up the Belaga river. A Dyak is brave when he has overwhelming numbers. I am sure the Kell men Kemniahis, or Kyans either are more than a match for any single Dyak. The Badangs are Kemniahis.

These 10 Dyaks going down to their houses were a sorry looking lot. they begged rice & tobacco. they needed it so I gave them some, reluctantly it is true, for I could not wink at that poor girl's or boy's head. Had it been a man's, or 3 or 4 men's, I would not have cared. Many Dyaks died on the expedition - chiefly from sickness.

Bululuk Sabon. tells me that 77
the Badangs have killed as
many as one hundred of his
friends. his wife, child, and
elder-brother among the number.
He went in the last raid and
among his friends they got 70-
heads but he says they were
all men. doubtless he lies.

Another youth says there are
but five of his house left.
Such stories are common in
the headwaters of the Rejang.

One evening (The 4th) we were
encamped on a big sand-
bank. Some Pumas - came
from their camp across the
river and gave us some of
a large catfish they had
caught. A young Kyau
was going down, the next day,
to Kappih so I sent a note to
Minggo - to say I was O.K.
About dark the flying-foxes
came out. stopping in the
fruit trees - I got two, one
falling in the jungle and one

remaining suspended in the top ⁷⁸
of a tree.

After we had all eaten our
evening meal - we sat around
on the Kajongs - for the bank
was damp - and talked.

The Kyans have no conception
of tobacco being introduced.
On the contrary they consider it
indigenous. finding it growing
wild. so they claim at the
headwaters of the Rejang - in the
hill country. just as Hase did on
Mount Dulit. ; and Dian gave me
a disappointed legend about some
aborigines who inhabited this island.
being turned to stones and the
Kyans found the tobacco growing
in their gardens or fields.

I have tried in vain to get the
uncult tobacco - leaf and the Dyak's
Cotton balls but I am out of
season. it not having been planted
as yet. the paddy coming first.

Awang Taha has furnished me
with several crude maps. Of
the Rejang or as the Kyans say Balui.

79

of the Bataug Kyan or Balungau
or as the Kyans here say Pejungen.
They are crude but the best
we have thus far. He went
across to the Kemiah people
on the Upper Kyan river some
seven years ago on a trading
Expedition - taking over goods
principally - They get their
cloth chiefly from the Dutch.
He descended as far as Batu-
Salap - the mountain into which
the Kyan river is said to sink.
He brought back gutta. Bezoar-
stones and the horn of the Rhinoceros.
The Kemiahs over there live in
large communities much as the
Kyans at Long Lutui - one Kam-
pong consisting of "38 batangs" - or
detached and separate houses.
The women wear a blue cloth
undivided skirt and a blue
boju or jacket bordered with red.
So much was gleaned by my
Malay informant in a 3 months
visit over there.

Despite these digressions the as-
cent of the river progresses.

WE often pass great banks of leaves in strata - intermingled with sand - that which in a few years + a little quick lime would make magnificent loam - and also that which forms the great delta at the Rjangs lower reaches. Once we stopped by a gleaming white sand-bank where the noon-day heat was as visible as a rain-shower -

I read, smoke, sleep + day dream while the tireless Kyans paddle, the hills are growing a bit larger now and then rocks appear - the sky is blue. The weather clear and life is pleasant. On the fifth day we came to a Punan-house almost the only habitation between here and Kapit - It's only on the upper river that the houses are seen on the banks of the stream. You will always find them in the tributaries, sometimes far up near the sources where boats can only come at high water. This Punan-house is a cross

between a good Kyan + a poor 81
Dyak house - the floors were of
split bambas, while the beams
were partially carved.

Once inside the rooms - you can
see a difference - there are benches
for sleeping places and sorts of
cupboards - besides a sort of
second street - at the back con-
nects the rooms and murders the
privacy - such as it is - of the
other houses - entirely absent here.
There is a strong Kyan impress.
Tattooed like the Kinniks, dress
+ ornamentation Kyan, save the
presence of a good many Malay
Sarungs - but these are evident
all along the Rajang.

The 5th night we camped in
front of a small Puman house
but none of us entered it.

The morning of the sixth day
found us under way again -

At the halt for breakfast I
caught a carp and watched the
young Pmans making sago-flower
they are out of rice when they resort
to sago - + they begged some from me.

On the 6th day at 3 P.M. came to Dian's house - The usual Kyan house with an additional amount of Corving. I remember a step as you enter his own room - a K'eeinbent for-
un of a man - Corved from a log. I met his two wives and we exchanged presents. tobacco for a Chicken.

The house of Dian looks thinny, especially his immediate family. but most of the men were away in the fields. A field may be fenced but that is its chief resemblance to our own, for they do not cut a whole tree down if, by lopping off the branches it suffices. for they only farm one field one year. and the grubbing of large stumps is unknown. Above Dian's are a good many rapids but we went right up all same one where we lost ground and were swept down stream sideways. but no damage.

The hills here have been freshly cleared and burned by Dian's people. The scenery is fine - like the upper Barram.

A wind storm came along about 5 P.M. but dwindled down to a gray drizzle which shut us in. cheerless and cold as night fell.

83

We were away at daylight on the 7th day - our last from Kappit. (Aug. 9th. 96)
The river up here is beautiful - wild, rocky, rapids + Kamengens + the hills for a background.

We were but half an hour under-way when a boat came after us up stream - six-men and a woman. Dia's sister - adik. I don't know why it is but the families of the headmen seem to have a peculiar haughty, yet graceful and pleasing manner. The younger women especially. She came from one of the temporary houses, where they were clearing, to hear the news from down river and to incidentally beg some tobacco, a regular up-river custom - She staid by us for ten minutes then they fairly flew down with the current + were soon out of sight - She wore the Kyan skirt. tattooing, long-ear Etc. usually seen. She had in addition the thin silk scarf - used by the young men as a headwrap, as an over shirt. She had in addition a coat of Dyak cloth. her chaplet of braided rotan had two strings of beads hanging from it. She wore the broad sun-hat over this.

You may consider my taste sadly per-
verted by long association with few
clothes and savage customs but that
women certainly looked darned swell. I
suppose the same conscious superior-
ity of the well to do over their poorer
sisters acts on human nature here
as well as in America & it is but
another point in support of Cullen's
theory - i.e. the same brains under different
conditions working out similar problems.
We did not stop at the long house
& plentiful fruit Mrs. of Mati Sepapan
because it was getting late, so we
pushed on and about six P.M.
landed above the bazaar at the foot
of the fort - bank less than 100 yds
below the mouth of the Belaga river.
The portmen came down to carry our
affairs up to the fort and I had
nothing else to do but take my
baggage.

The fort is on an elevation com-
manding the Rejang & Belaga rivers &
the country behind as well. A big
jungle tract stretches away to the hills
that limits the horizon west. (East =
across the river the hills rise at once)

This jungle has in places been cleared 85
for rice fields and there is one Kyan
house on the Belaga, less than
a mile from the fort. fear of the
Badangs keeps them under the
shelter of the guns.

There are a good many small
Kyan houses up the Rejang inside
of two hours paddling. one of
27 doors was lately burned down
by accident.

I visited the house of Oyang Lasa
on the Belaga. got a small paddle
and some Tassam or Spoh poison
the same they put on their arrows.
We also went to Oyang Tobak's
house just a few hundred yards
up the Rejang - both are small
poor houses.

Bululuk Sabon came up with
his party one day after us. I bought
his sumpit + obat - a splendid one.
he was hard up and I bought
it to help him.

For a parang = Kyan - make - and
three good spears I "coughed up"
as they are all good. I consider
I got off pretty easily.

They told me it was but 3 hrs. to Oyang Usa's house so I proposed to take the old man home.

Oyang Usa, one ranger and a lot of Kyans + My menage - left the fork at 10 am. We stopped at a bank an hour and a half later where were a few burnt timbers, some palms + a great row of well carved totems. Sometimes as many as 5 or six crude + grotesque men on the same piece of timber over one foot wide and fifteen long, decorated with the habuboo fringes before mentioned so often. (also a "Chevaux de frise") This was the Kyau house of Tama Langut burned some ten days ago. I saw - Kilup who had a great burn on his left arm, shoulder, + thigh. He had just returned from the Badang war and was the proud possessor of a steinial-head. Here I attempted breakfast but a terrific fever + headache put eating in the back-ground. From here I slept off and on all day.

awakening often enough to see the
 scenery + note the country - a
 beautiful winding river up here
 set in its hills like the Baram
 near the Pata hills.

About dark, when we should have
 been arriving back at Belaga, we
 crept up along a great broad
 Kanungan - opposite the mouth
 of the Sibongan river and soon
 came to the house of the former
 Khan Rajah Tama-Tipung - Tulai.
 Now that of orang Usa as "Orang
 - Tuah". We found a deserted
 house of 43 doors. Many I
 entered had no one at all.

all were in the fields. Usa
 himself has no family, wife +
 child dead (He pointed their
 tombs out to me as we ascended
 the river.) He now lives with
 another family.

The cook had brought enough
 food for a couple of days + I
 had luckily a mat, but no
 blanket. Yet sick as I was I
 could not get back that night
 + the old man was so genuine

in his hospitality I decided to 88
accept the bed on the tapang slab
in front of his house and make the best
of a bungled bargain.

I went the length of the 43 doors -
scarcely seeing any one. The floor
was of rubong or bamboo except
in a few instances as in front of
Usa's + the old Rajah. Here was
also a raised dias - of tapang
a beautiful black slab 10 x 10-ft.
with carved border of some hard
wood. His father was the
cause of trouble with the Rajah of
Sarawak - what wonder that the
Rajah of the then Balui should
object to Rajah Brooke?

The women came to beg tobacco,
which the cook had fortunately
brought, and then silently fled.
While the men begged the same
but stayed to smoke stalk -

Usa gave me a fine long song
to sleep in and his sisters mo-
quito curtain + I soon slept.

The sun was just putting a pink
vein on the white clouds hanging
about the peaks of Bukit Tobahan

When I turned my face once 89
more towards home - (Aug. 12.)

I think I have reached my
farthest wanderings and the time
can not fly too fast between
now and the day I enter again
the "Golden Gate".

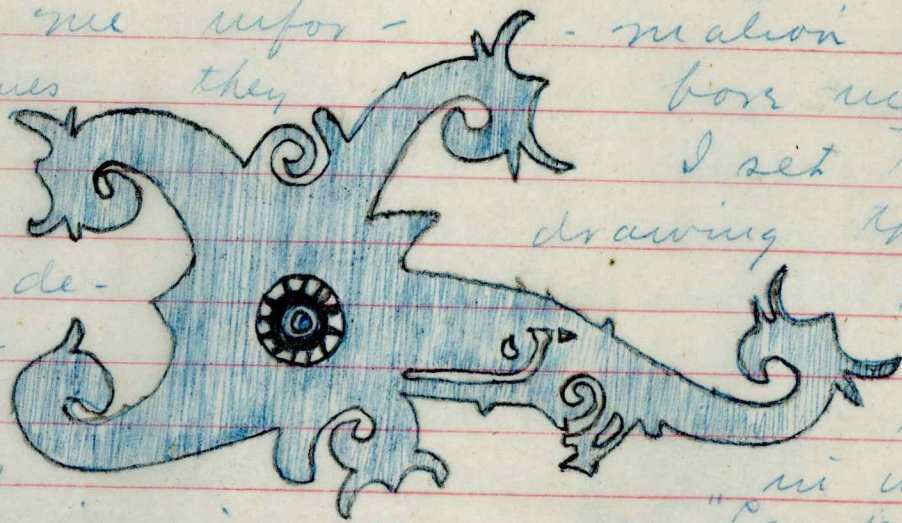
Four hours brought us back to
the fort again. Seeing a good many
Kyans along the river getting out
Sago. They are using a good deal
of it this year - Short of rice.

In the evening I made an inef-
fectual attempt to get a Sambar-
deer - going with a ranger across
the hills some 3 or 4 miles - we
found the spring where they come
in the evening but the Kyans
had cleared near by for the rice
fields & the deer were frightened
away from their usual haunts.

They have cut down but not yet
burned some 50 acres of good
jungle. Returning across the
dry bush in the night the
scent reminded me of my youth
like days. I used to clear jungle
quite as dense as this.

Life in the fort has been very pleas-90
ant - good quarters, plenty of chickens
a good bathing place & lots of com-
pany. When the Kyans, men, women
and children have not been in to
buy every thing I possess. The fort
men - mostly Dyaks from Sadouy
come in to talk. Sometimes they
give me infor- - mation and
sometimes they borrow me.

Then I set them
to work drawing their
tattoo de- signs
or cut-
ting out the
patterns in wood.
or drawing in ink. "Lampin".



This is an example of the Kyau tat-
to patterns. This is for the fore-
arm or exterior of thigh for men.

This is a crab.. a Katam Malay -
a telingai in Dyak - and
in Kyau. It always requires a
stretch of the imagination to see
the original in these rascals nat-
ive designs - and if my notes seem
disjointed it is to be credited to half a
dozen visitors who talk to me as I write.

Up here I saw the bamboo palisades 91
for the first time. terrible looking
fences about the houses with bamboo
points sticking every which way. but
the openings are always plentiful
about the steps. Sometimes it's only
a strong fence as at Oyang Ussas.

I got a lemur (*Microtus hardygradus*) of one
of the portmen for which I paid 50¢. and
I preserved brain heart lungs, etc. In
taking out the brain I was unable to get
all the frontal lobes which project for-
wards in two small recesses between
the eyes. The tongue too has a small
bristle or brush-like appendage at the
junction of the pharynx with the base of
the tongue.

On the morning of Aug. 13th I bade
Belaga & friends farewell. Two Malay
friends of Awang Taka & the nine young
Kyanas agreed to bring me down the
Kappit in one night. But they lied.
A Malay knows not how to speak
the truth. We passed Giham Bungan
about noon but they paddled so indif-
ferently they were not far of the rapids
until dark. We had supper on a
Korungam & I then bade them go on.

there being a new moon, it was quite 92
light enough. We again were under
way the men picking on account of
the danger of shooting the rapids at
night. I concluded Waverly = (I
was reminded of mother by his last
Chapter) = in the course of the evening
about nine o'clock it became
cloudy and the tide up on the East bank
at the Puman-house. I went up &
spent an hour with a Malay trader
in his swam-ranch. They are all
short of rice this year and are
getting out sago as a substitute.
We had been under way two hours
before I lowered my mosquito cur-
tain on the morning of the 14th - and
we soon came to the big Puman
house on the S.W. bank.

About ten we got away down the
long flat-region where there are no
Karungans and where they should
have been paddling last night.

An awful, hot-tedious day - and
I was glad when night came.

After supper we drifted on.

The Dyak boat came along. The
one we had seen two or three times

93
times on our way down. They have
a Kemniak child - some two years
old taken captive in the Badang
Country - they claim he is the son
of a rajah - but as they are original-
ly of Malay origin I consider it a lie.
At any rate he is a white, well behav-
ed baby that never cries and I gave him
some biscuits which made his little
mouth water - he is valued at \$30 00
and they will make a Dyak of him -
They are prouder of the baby than of
their 3 heads and always tell how
very white his skin is.

They brought their boat along side our
own and together we drifted down stream
talking over the war. The child's mother
was killed, its father ran away. In
fact they found the houses deserted and
only got a few mats and some women
& children's heads and an occasional
man found in the jungle. Before the
Dyaks go on the war path they talk about it
for a month or so which gives the enemy
time to secret all his valuables for
in the jungle. So drifting, talking oc-
casionaly singing as they lazily dip-
ped a paddle we came to the rapids again

Where they tied up to sleep.

94

I forgot to mention we came upon Ah Jua - (The old Chinaman from far up the Balui) Drain and several other boats. We stopped a short time to get the down-river-news from them and to tell them far-well, as they are going to their homes.

On the morning of the 15th. Came at about 9. am. to Giham Atap. All morning in the fog shooting the smaller rapids. Here we found some Dyaks cutting up a dead rhinoceros. which in an attempt to cross the river got into the rapids and was killed. Some one before us had taken the head, and the Dyaks were busy cutting great hunks of the rotten meat from his swollen carcass. When they were well supplied our Kyais joined in the grab-game. Even the cook taking the stomach contents for medicine. - I have not seen the object yet that a Chinaman does not use for medicine. -

The Kyais brought the boat down a small overflow rapid. Not allowing either myself or my chattels in the boat. Then they piloted the Dyaks down - On down the rocky passage to Giham No. 2.

9. Karang-laran. Here they carried the boat across. The Dyaks + Kyans assisting each other made short work of it. We had finished our breakfast so on we went with-out delay. At Gihau Bokau we manouvered through small overflow passages without much delay or danger and by one P.m. were free of the worst rapids. Some of the descent was like coasting, gliding like a skat by the hidden rocks where the water bubbled + foamed. Often I thought we were sure to come up on a point when the Current swung us around but those boys knew their business a few sweeps + yells + it was clear. The Kyans curd a good bit of the rotten meat but considerably put it in the Dyak boat so that I should not smell its frightful odour. Many of them had never seen one before but said it was common up the Balleh + over on the Kyau rivers.

The going was fine from here, long swift rapids and strong currents in the pools. we came at a good pace down to the Mouth of the Balleh where we had supper, on the Kamugan with

Some Malays + Dyaks who were bound up the Balak for Tutta + ratsans.

As the men were out of food I furnished them rice and the ratten rhinoceros made up the balance with some fern-ponds.

I was making Haverly - "Guy Mawmery" taking it easy not expecting to get to Kappit for some hours when one of the boys sang out "Punak Tan - Gong" as some lights came into view and looking across to the other side half a mile below saw the light of the bazaar.

In a few moments the port door was opened. The soldier stood at attention and Mingo saluted me from the stairs. I had a letter from Bill. Mingo said the steamer had gone down two days before and a letter from Mr. Buck confirmed the same.

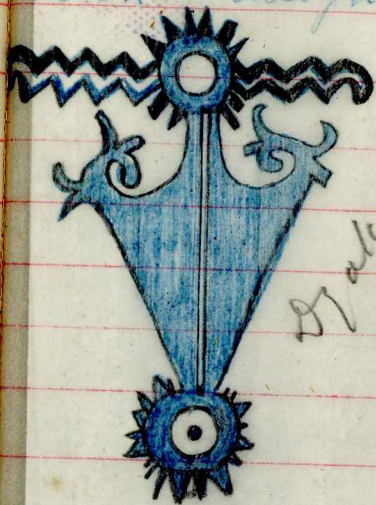
Mingo + I sat late over our pipe talking up river news, war, and native customs and the Chavang was echoed back from the distant hills 12 times before I slept.

They beat the hours out on the Chavang. Calls of danger, arrival of news, or a call to arms is beaten on the Jawak.

Aug. 16.th was spent packing the models⁹⁷
that Dean made me. a forge - some
boats, tombs and a house of 5 rooms.

In getting men to take me on down
the 90 miles to Sibui. in visiting the
bazaar. in writing and 1/2 a hundred
matters of detail and no importance.

More Kyan tattoo - designs.
Neck - design. Shoulder. Shoulder also



In the evening I made a final ineffectual
attempt to get a deer. waiting far into
the moonlight at the spring over back
of the fort. The jungle fowls came down
quite near us and flew up into the
trees near-by to roost.

I got back to the fort about 8 P.M.
Eat a hasty concoction the boy had
prepared then packing my few
remaining appurtenances and

bedding Minggo, Madu, and all of the fort inhabitants. Farewell went to the boat (The same I came from B. in) and we pushed away down stream in the moonlight again.

The ten Ryans = Banyu the fresh, Awing, Blachi, Takap, Logan, Odang, Abuhl, Marau, Akam, Blingan or Tamar Mokok - and Mokok, the 7 year - having agreed to bring me to Sebu - 90 miles - against the will and consent of my cross-eyed Malay escort from B. I awoke once in the night not a soul on guard drifting down the river broad-side on and the mist as thick as a fog. We breakfasted somewhere - (None of us know the river down here.) And at noon came to Song, tarrying but a few minutes. We went against the tide till four PM. when we cooked then went on the out-tide. I know not how long for when I awoke we were aground.

In the morning at 6.30 we passed Kanowit but did not stop only answered the fort salute by saying who we were + where going. In fact every boat + house seemed to want the same information. We saw a good many

Dyak houses on the low banks set 99
in their groves of bananas & coconuts.
The air was blue like indian-summer from
the smoke of the clearings - softening
the landscape like the mich.-forest fires
used to do. we made our two usual halts
at the latter got some
which we put in alcohol. came down in
the dusk racing with a lone chinaman in
his canoe. passed Pulau Kladi, Lodong &
Hassan & then the long fringe of lights
at the bazaar showed over the water, the
boom of the gong at the forth soon
came & before many minutes I was
smoking a cigar with Mr. Buck and
was hearing all the news. the wreck
of the "Rajah Brooke", the accident to the
"Lucile" & "Zohora" and such Sarawak
affairs as he could remember.

Belaga must be close upon two hun-
dred and more miles from here - and
in canoes its a long, weary way.

I got in to Sibn about 8 P.M. Aug. 18th.

A letter from Mr. Smith of the B.C.S.
informed me my wandering trunk -
which Mr. Ritchie of the P.O. was for-
warding me had been lost on board
the "Rajah Brooke" when she struck Alasta rock

Kuching Aug. 21st 1896.

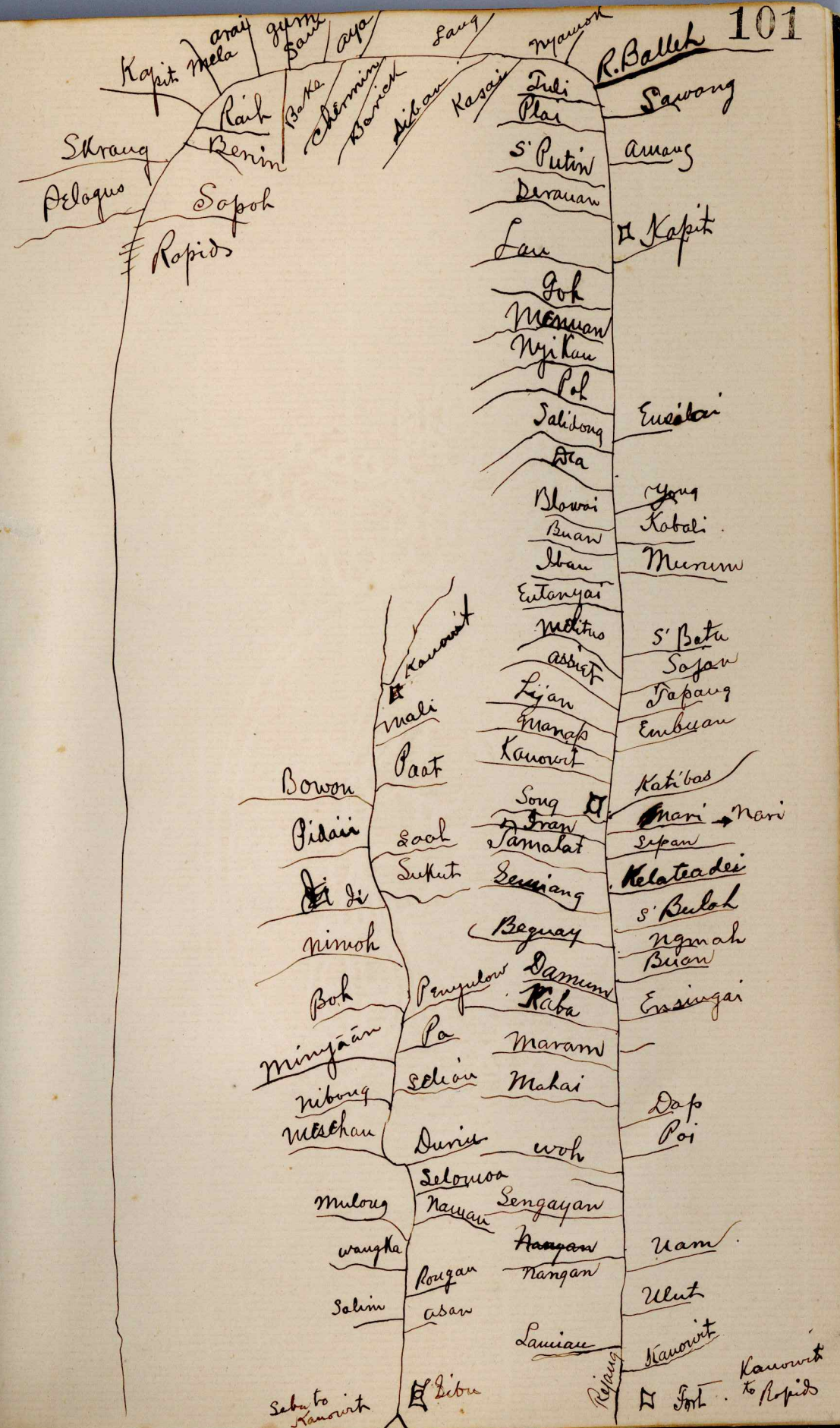
100

Arrived this morning at 8 am.
Having left Sibu at 11 am. yesterday.
Had fully prepared to come by "Bandong"
(Small Chinese Trading Schooner, for \$35-00).
When Mr. Buck unexpectedly announced
he must send a squad of soldiers back.
So after a couple of days I spent very
pleasantly with Mr. & Mrs. Buck. I
got away down the Rajang. We
crossed the bar at Six am. and half
an hour later were riding high &
sinking for into the waves which
a furious windstorm set up.
but by 12 m. we were anchored
in the quiet of Sarawak near mouth -
and my sudden sickness ended.

A good sleep. Breakfast and we
cooke to anchor & dock and soon
I was at the Rathouse, reading the
mail. Some letters - more than I
have had for months = In the wreck
of the steamer fortunately the specie,
all lives, papers, & mail were saved.

I shall wait here at Kuching
until the first steamer goes to
Barram then join Dr. Furness &
Mr. Etzel there at Mr. Hose's.

R. Baluk



Seba to Kauruit

Kauruit to Rapids