

Voyage II
Book VI. 1898.
Singapore to Peking.

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June 1898

Mr. Pratt and May dined with us at the hotel the evening of the 22nd, after which we went to the Club where we played billiards or talked politics until eleven o'clock; when Al. and I went down to the pier, got into a sampau and were rowed out to the Str. "Adeh", or as she is better known "Lam boug", a quarter of a mile from the Club-house. Capt. Mathie was still up and waiting for us on the deck. The "boys" had all our baggage on board. Mats spread and pyjamas in readiness, so we soon turned in. When a steamer leaves at an early hour we generally prefer to sleep aboard so as to occasion no delay; as in the case of the "Van der Tyn" - and also to catch the morning nap undisturbed.

However, in this instance I was up at five am. and went on the bridge-deck where I was soon joined by Mathie - Mist half hid all the shipping in the harbour. but the anchor-light marked the position of junk or steamer tho. their hulls and rigging could scarce be seen and along the praya and in the city the street lights punctuated the distances with equal spaces. In the East the first rose flush of dawn broke into coppery waves across the bay. silhouetting the junks against the sky.

And lighting the gloomy faces of the buildings on the sea front. Chit-balcony and bank gables illuminated while the arches of the arcaded sidewalks looked like black holes in the walls. Away out in the bay the great sailing ships looked like phantoms - and the steamers seemed twice their wonted size.

Out of this silence comes the big coal-lighters laden over-night - propelled by a couple of oars until they catch the offshore breeze when they set their square-sails and stand out into the roads. The junks begin hoisting their lateen-sails. The sampans creep out one by one to search for an early fare among the ships.

Out of the distance comes a number of big sampans propelled by six to ten staidly oarsmen, their bodies and arms bending in splendid unison, and the boat slips along at a good rate. These are the fishermen coming to early markets from far out towards the lighthouse where the traps and nets are set. Now the noises grow louder. The click of oars the rattle of chains and the whining of the ropes as they slip through the blocks - a wrench rattles into life as the tender tries his steam and then the steady clink-clank of the an-

chor Cham. the roar of the city also begins to rise; while a gongy speeding along the esplanade can be heard above the undercurrent of lesser sounds. With the first sight of the sunrise the mists sink down from steeples and housetops into the trees and shrubs of the gardens - the whole town begins to bustle and move. the sleepy gongs move about on the various crafts at anchor, and gives also the signal for us to heave in the launch and get away -

At the last moment the cook comes aboard from the market with fresh provisions - the steward serves us with a cup of coffee - and we soon see the city sinking out of sight -

We have come and gone from these "roads" so often that every sight is familiar, the islands of Rionow on the Starboard - Tanjong Rue, the Coconut plantations and the Johore hells on the Portside until you pass the Horsburgh light when you steer your differing courses. Ours is E. by N. - standing out for Victory and Barren Islands - and not for the Acasta rock as did Capt. Joyce some ~~three~~^{two} years ago.

We have two of Mr. Langry's children returning from Raffles school and with them Miss Davidson. but after the first breakfast we saw them seldom.

The Adeh can roll with less provocation than any steamer I know - and when the occasional rain and wind squalls came up she fairly shook herself; first one paddle wheel then the other fanning the empty air - and her flat bottom coming down with a splash against the waves.

We met several storms the first day but by evening we were well off shore and into calm seas - passing the two islands about one A.M. sighting The Cacuels-kump and Saddle island the next day (June 24.) then Saint Pierre - but when we thought to pick up Marum dau is land about ten P.M. we missed it in the haze and ran on to Datu before making land - In the morning (Sat. June 25th) about 8 A.M. we were coming up towards Saubong - the mountains by Lundu - stretching along on our right.

Matang, then the upper Sarawak hills; and a low space between Saubong and another hill which was our entrance to the Sarawak river. I had never come in this entrance before. I knew all about Teubak & Saubong.

We saw a plume of smoke rising from Mr. Everett's Trench factory - Saubong village had the usual number of boats and baidongs and one small schooner was loaded with dyaks.

Going to or coming from Luau - anchored here waiting for the turn of the tide.

Mr. Everett's new plant came next, then we entered the "long-race" - soon passing into the main river, and passing Tauch Puteh. Saw the B.C. Co's residence, and the Fort gleaming white against Matang mountain. and at half past nine o'clock we reached the dock a bit more than fifty hours from Singapore; and, considering it was the "Kapal Lambong", we had made a very successful voyage.

The yacht "Piedra" belonging to Lord Newborough was anchored but a short way from the "Zakora" and we soon learned that his L-ship had been here long enough to sicken every one from the King down - for he has had the "glassy eye" of heavy intoxication since he arrived and perhaps long before.

Deshon, Sands, Dallas and Haurant came on board and we went with them to the offices where we met Rares, Lys, Woodford & Gibson and on to the Club where we waited until luncheon time at the Rest House.

There is a spontaneous hospitality in this place seldom seen any where else - and you are kept busy refusing invitations to drink.

After luncheon we went to the museum to see Shelford about the trip to Sadong and as the "Adek" goes on at once to Baram we decided to visit Kase first and go to Sadong upon our return. At 4 P.M. we called at the Astana where the Rajah offered us the "Young Harry" for our trip - and listened with much interest to our tale of woe in the Katri - He says he will send us with letters and men across from Upper-Reyang and Dishon says he will accompany us as far as the source of the Reyang.

Taman Kuling's men have lately been to Kapit arranging to trade in Sarawak and agreeing to protect Sarawak subjects in the upper Belungan.

Afterwards at the Club I saw Mr. Bampfylde-Smith, Ellis Daubeny & Dr. Barker. Day, Gibson. Bourant and Sands are at the Rest House with us. But most of them dined at the Astana tonight what Gibson called a "dinner of the Scrubs". So Bryan came to dinner with us - and afterwards when the boys went down to the gambling houses I turned in with a headache which I suspect was due to sun not wearing my - helmet.

I called on Mr. Smith at the B.C.L. and had all the news from the company's men and the Everetts. and I took Al. up to meet Mr. Baupfylde. who asked us to put up with him upon our return from Baram.

At 3 P.M. the Adah left minus Mathie, for he has to go on a cruise with the Rajah in the "Jahora" to be followed no doubt by the "Edora" - the Rajah having invited the "Inch peer" before he caught onto his delinquencies - and now reports his back.

Coasting along Sarawak is usually pleasant. but I have been along here several times and it offers no novelties. You keep far enough out to sea not to be ambushed by the incessant low shores and far enough to see the headlands and mountains which give good point-to-point steering. Leaving Sunday at 3 P.M. we reached Baram Bar early Tuesday and anchored to wait high tide. Mt Mulu showing distinct. Though many many miles inland. S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Its rounded cone, 900 feet shores splended against a clear sky. The waves break across the bar, and we wait the watchman's curl of smoke.

The steamer has swung around "cross seas", "cross tide", "cross wind", and rolls like a drunkard. A boat went ashore and brought word that Hose was there repairing the "Lucile" and would go up with this steamer - saying also that the water should be high at one P.M. but the expected smoke did not ascend, the wind rose and we grew tired trying to sit or stand.

The Straus says he spent 13 days here once trying to get across the bar. I can easily believe it. The gabbling, cockling Chinamen pursue their game - the dyaks wander up and gage through the saloon door - and the sun sets in a wintry sky - all of which is depressing or imitating to our tired nerves and requires undue patience. We are sure to spend the night here - but think of thirteen such rolling sleepless nights.

I awake about half past four - as they have in the anchor. But having been here before I didn't get excited - I turned over and slept until some one called me and we were inside the river. On the North bank I could see baggage, natives, boats and the big form of Chas. Store; all jumping and humming about in their haste to get on board without delaying the "Adeh".

Hose had been up since three, when they notified him the tide was rising, he had built the fire signal and then I turned his helow grips, family, men and boats over to the bank near the entrance of the streamer. He had been down here two weeks superintending the repairs of his launch - the "Leila" lying on the beach a quarter of a mile from the buoy alows. (up the river on the soft mud of course -) As she was nearing completion he decided to allow the men a week to do a three days job and leave them behind. It was still gray dawn when we steamed up the river and we began our discussions, explanations, plannings and descriptions of our various trips - since we parted two years ago - and it only ended on the pengtalan two days later when we quit- ted Borau. There was so much to say and do we didn't even knock off to eat.

Hose is an enthusiast and he stir's up ones interest tremendously for it puts one to shame to see a single man, in one of the most isolated outstations in the world, keeping so near the front in Nat. Science, so much in touch with the world. doing

his government duties, being tied hand and foot to this old fort - with a salary that is ridiculous for such a man (350. Melanau per month) yet never relaxing his energy and putting schemes through that we - with better pay and untrammelled as to our futures I do not attempt.

When one sees "Orders" from various societies (and four sovereigns) medals, medallions & Testimonials from the best known Occidentals lying about his bungalow "dust gathering", used stacks of books and pamphlets lying in jumbled heaps. Hear him talk so unconcernedly about the honors he has already won, you wonder what in the world he is working for?

At any rate it's a treat to get up to Baram even though for a few days - just to see his workshop - to see how he handles his people and to renew an old friendship. We scarcely noted the river going up. The narrow village (Melanau Hose says) was new; Towan's house at Bakong the same. But I was surprised to see how the Baram has contracted in my eyes since I have seen other rivers. Reminds me

of the way the brooks and streams of my childhood became "rills" when I went back twenty years afterwards -

Baram is not so wide as I thought, and is wider at Mamdi - (Claretown or the fort being the same) than almost any other place on the stream - It seems about the same size as the Belungan above the delta. We came to the fort about one o'clock - very little changed if at all - The dyaks and Chinamen crowded down onto the landing to receive the steamer as it was befitting such an event - There are always great numbers of the "Honest Han" loafing in Baram bazaar - very handy when you want boatmen or a boy carried - And they soon took our things (by which I mean trunks and boxes various) by the means of a canoe and along the river to the bank below the bungalow -

We began overhauling the skins the men had collected for us in the past two months a very fair number - and some good ones, but Bulong is now at the Sadong -

We hunted through the house for odds and ends of ethnology picking up some specimens for locality sake. Some to

supplement our former collection, while other things, namely of Telabit workman's hips, were entirely new. These we piled in the verandah to be labeled. By five o'clock we had things all under way - and went for a walk down by the fort, sitting down on the bench, which is situated on the brow of this, the first Baram hill - overlooking the bozaks and its palms - and the low country seaward. When the sun had spent its energy in painting the clouds all shades of red, orange and yellow and the light was fading, we returned to the house. Mulu was generous this time standing out clearer and nearer than I had ever before seen it, a grand old mountain. After dinner we usually talked over the various tribes and their customs, putting the tribes I had been studying in relation to those those knows in and about the Baram - going over the hundred and one vexed questions as to origin and migrations, trying to piece out our slowly increasing knowledge on the subject by learning what each had learned in the past few years. We agreed pretty thoroughly on most questions and each gained by these "fichari's".

I will put down at random some facts I learned here that will be useful another day -

There is a river, Batau, which is a northern tributary of the Batang Kyan - but there are few, if any, Batau's living there now -

There are however Batau's and Trings living in the Baram-basin - Hase thinks the Trings are not properly Batau's but have "come into the fold"; that they belong to the group of tribes as yet unclassified which he has learned to call "green streak", from having always painted their different locations upon the map of Borneo - in green colours. As yet it is only a "waste basket", "catch-all", sort of classification and means those tribes which are distinct from the Kyan Kuanahs on the one hand, and the Malay - Ibans on the other. The Haroms are a Melanau sort of people lately come to a village below Marudi. They are similar to the Batangs.

The Pinans, living upper Buntulu are closely allied to the Melanau's - and probably represent that remnant of the tribe which has been uninfluenced by Islamism. Hase will soon build a fort in the Silat and also at Tama Pulus in the Pata river.

in order to gain control over the headwaters
 and guardwater safety to the Kelabits from
 beyond the Pucabos, and to the Kemmahs &
 Kyans from the upper Batang Kyau river.
 He proposes to live at Silat himself, leaving
 a resident at Mamudi. He can thus study
 the natives as yet little known, and can
 work new ground for birds and mammals.
 There is soon to be an Iban settlement at or
 near Baram-mouth - This is good soil and
 plenty of it and will be an improvement.
 The buffalo that Fumer and Egel told so
 many fables about - "the one killed at Bar-
 am point, in the grey of dawn" etc. Coat
 No. 1 and was washed with soap and water
 before the "paradox bullet" was allowed to
 crash through its brain: so tame in fact
 that a woman could ride upon its back.
 So the buffalo story goes to join the
 rhinoceros fable - what next?
 The "Silat" has a waterfall, about 200 feet drop -
 some two days from its mouth -
 The heads of the Dapoi. Silat and Rejang are
 not ten miles from each other says Chose.
 Rejang is also Bukit Bulau - and is be-
 tween the Batang Kyau and Rejang rivers.

Gorong is back with Hase again - and I think his Siamese-trip did them much good - he is a very steady, earnest and honest boy - and is worth three such fellows as his Thai brother - Radin - The latter is so useless that he is only employed where labour requires but little assistance from intellect - he is also lazy.

Gorong was busy tying labels onto specimens, helping me pack boxes. He while Radin was fussing around doing but little save tease Gorong, pinching him when he had both hands occupied and could not use his "reflex action" to advantage. Calling him offensive names, such as Blackam - (a composition of foul smelling shrimp and fish sold in the bazaar. - Gorong kept to his work until finished then sprang after the fleeing Radin - and as the latter turned a corner, his long black hair flying in the wind offered a grand opportunity so Gorong seized both and Radin came down with a whack upon the boards. His brother then mounted upon his chest and went through the motions of cutting off his head - by racking his neck with the edge of his

of his palm. I was interested to see how he would punish him, and from his set jaw, the way he wound his hands into the long thick hair and the suggestive motions I think I saw half wanted to smash his head off. The Dago Boy hurls stones, our kids use their fists; but a dyak turns by instinct to his parang and wants to cut. Mr. Bampfylde said he saw one head taken on a raid in the Kapit a few years ago. It was a simple process - one whack - and it was done - but how it did frenzy the men who witnessed it.

There had been a stand made. some shots were fired and the enemy fled. Mr. B. came up and saw the boy lying with a hole in his forehead - due to a Ranger's "Snider". The men were standing about waiting for the signal - The head sergeant was asked if it was a friend or one of the foe - he look carefully - said it was of the enemy - a dyak was standing with parang raised. Mr. B. nodded his head and the head leaped from the body.

The man then grabbed it up and rushing to the side of the stream throw it into

Mr. Bampfylde's boat as he exclaimed -
 "You're the biggest man of this party - take
 it" and the blood splashed all over the
 boat, provisions, Mat, etc. while Cheers rent
 the air and all was confusion -

Hase said that after Juman shot the two
 murderers up the Tinja the other day, each
 man of the party took a small piece of the
 bone and flesh and put it up outside
 their houses as an offering to the hawks -
 which are war-omen-birds. Also that

each man usually swallows a piece of the
 flesh raw, at the time as a part of the "adat"
 to remove the "permantang" - This form of

Cannibalism is universal among the Tribes.
 Alfred made a splendid picture of Radui and
 Torong with one of the new Kelabit heads.

Radui sitting down with the head in his
 hands. while Torong was tying the "dau-
 silat" to the wickerwork which is used to
 hang the head over the fire-place.

It is said that a "head" under
 any conditions, a Kyan will sell - or if he
 changes his house from one district to
 another, will give away, or throw away,
 every one that he has previously collected.

A short time ago some Ibans and Muruts of the Limbaug river. under an Iban chief named Imang. went into the head of the Limbaug beyond the Banjar river and slew thirty two people. Taking seven children captive. Mr. Rickett managed to get the children and all but ^{eleven} ~~fourteen~~ of the heads which were eventually sent around into the Baram and are now at the fort.

In the mean time the Telobits came to Baram. made peace with the Kemuniks and Hyans and left a chief behind to bring back the heads and captives -

The heads are only partially cured. the hair and skin are intact. the nostril plugs also and in some the eyes were not destroyed. I am sorry to say they were mostly women and children -

We took some of the heads out of the cool oil boxes in which they are kept. put them into a "binka pala" and all photographed them getting two fine plates -

The little captives were taken from their quarters in the billiard room - lined upon the lawn each in his own attitude even the little one with the dysentery which

very likely will die before he gets home. I squatted down into an easy attitude, but they were so busy scratching and moving we despaired of an exposure until those seeing his helmet, gave a whoop fixed their attention for one solid moment and Alfred dropped the shutter - and a splendid plate resulted -

When you come in close contact with the results of Native warfare you realize its horrors and also what a Godsend it has been to these people that the Brookies have been so energetic in the suppression of Tribal wars and head-hunting.

One of the Kelabit chiefs brought down some gutta to sell at the fort. Rose arranged for Ah Ithun to pay a top price i.e. \$105. per picul - He had previously sold two of his cubes of gutta for \$25- to an up-country trader - having four remaining -

After weighing these four pieces they found that the price was \$86.00 but the Chief was suspicious that Rose was in with the bozaar traders - so he said "not much" he had already sold two for \$25- up river and he ought to get it at same rate down here,

he would sell two pieces for \$25. and two more for \$25. but not the four for \$86.

Then Store spent several hours - trying to show him how he would get his own price and still have \$36 - to buy cloth and salt etc. over and above. Tama Bulan was present and he lent a hand. Nothing would convince him. He would count his fingers and toes in the native fashion up to twenty then with his own hand closed count five more on the fingers of a friend - or get a friend to hold one hand while he cautiously opened the fingers of the other - At length they gave it up and told him to sell it in the bazaar at any price he wanted to get. He went down the hill and the mental struggle was renewed. After several hours he came back to the fort announcing that he now understood that the Tuan was trying to help him and he would sell it as the Tuan suggested. He told Tama Bulan in private that it did make a difference when the Government tried to help the natives. He has now been down here a month and he is bright enough now for any trader.

Just at day break Hose usually waddles along the verandah to the mosquito-room I am occupying and sitting down on the box which contains the spirit-lamp he talks me into wakefulness. Rajak or my own slave comes now with a cup of chocolate and I sit up on the bed cross-legged to drink the chocolate and smoke a cigarette while the conversation flows on.

Shortly after sun up we go to our baths and at seven have breakfast. then overlook some specimens - Taking a look at some bottled snakes or getting Torong to pile all the fish in the Alcohol Tank out onto the floor - thereby raising a frightful smell of pickle - or getting down pots and baskets from the garret -

At nine the orderly comes onto the verandah and salutes. Hose gets into white clothes shoes and helmet - ("Official clothes": for in the bungalow sarongs and singlets prevail) and followed by his man in uniform he goes over to the Court-room in the fort. In the mean time some dyaks or Kelabits come and sit down on the verandah - often without greeting or questions to stay in.

silence for hours and as quietly to depart. again if there are any errands to run or boxes to carry he will say to them - "I know you are just growing ill from a desire to carry this box to the steamer" and they taking the hint will lug any thing he wants them to - and some of the boxes are as big as the ark.

More often they ask for some tobacco - and take an active interest in all our work. giving us the names and uses of any object of their own workmanship they see hanging about the walls - and settling many of our discussions by telling us of their customs.

At eleven Hase comes home. We drink a glass of cherry and then Rajak serves us with Tiffin or the second "breakfast" - And we get into long chairs to ruminate and digest.

Mr droviness usually overtakes one, but we haven't time to sleep - Hase returns to the fort again, and we resume our poking and visiting with the natives. At four o'clock Hase! the orderly - and tea all come at the same time and about five we go for a walk about the hill. and sit out in the cool of the evening to watch the

Sun set. the shadows steal across the jungle
 and all the world settle down to rest. It
 the most peaceful, restful sight I know.
 Dinner is served at seven and just as
 we leave the table the gong at the fort
 sounds and the three Seargents or police
 come to report for the night. "Orang Koba
 ada baik". Etc. the same song but with
 occasional variations or additions - and
 official life at Boram ends and we
 spend the evening as private citizens in
 his private bungalow. It is often midnight
 before we all scatter about the house to
 our respective mosquito curtains -
 Goong and Radui in the old "dapor": the
 servants in the out houses and the "ranger"
 hammering the hours on the gong to prove that
 he is not sleeping on duty.
 This old house, smells like a dissecting room.
 or the workshop of a taxidermist - the bottles
 and jars, the tris and boxes look like
 a museum which needs rearranging and the
 stacks of journals, pamphlets and books
 reminds me of a doctors office. Yet it
 one of the most attractive spots in Borneo
 and has sent out more scientific informa-

tion than any half dozen other places all combined - Think of the hundreds and hundreds of natives who have squatted down on those mats - and the stories of war and famine, of bravery and treachery these walls could repeat - and yet when no one else is here what an isolated, lonely place for a white man to live.

At night storms sweep across the forests and in your dreams you can hear the rush of the wind in the trees - or when the night is still the moonlight silvers every object, the Baram reflects back the stars like a mirror, the night birds and insects hoot or chirp or sing - and a forest tree - that has run its race suddenly loses its balance and crashes down through the undergrowth - with the boom of a cannon shot.

The soft boom of the gong floats out across the river and is echoed far into the night. It's an ideal place for a hermit and equally pleasant when you have companions. But six months of the "landes", without a steamer - short of provisions, no friends, not a new face - I do not believe I would fancy the life at Marudi -

After making the photos of the Kelabit heads. Ex.
 Alfred used the "dark-room" developing four of
 the plates to see how they would turn out.
 As they were satisfactory to even Moses hyper-
 critical eye. it was not necessary to dupli-
 cate them. About Five Am. Friday (7/1) the stream
 of boxes began to flow towards the steamer -
 the last to go down being the photo-boxes -
 then the whistle sounded and we all went to
 the bozaar. bade these farewell and with
 a tremendous crowd of Natives squatting
 on the pengkalan "to watch the wheels go round"
 we got away at Ten Am. and again saw Hose
 climb up the bank to the fort. But this time
 his "Beri Beri" is about ended and he is look-
 ing forward to the arrival of the Cambridge
 University Scientific expedition to spend the
 winter with him, so it will not be so slow.
 We made the mouth of the river at dusk and
 dropped anchor in midstream - swung round
 to the outgoing current and went to rest ex-
 pecting to go out across the bar at daylight.
 About four o'clock a terrific wind came in
 from the sea. followed by a heavy rain.
 even in the river we rolled and pitched
 while the noise of the sea on the beach was

terrific; when it was light we could see the long line of breakers encircling the point like a coral-reef without any opening in the line. There was no suggestion of going to sea so we settled down for another bruty four hours with maledictions in plenty on Baran-bar.

In the late afternoon they rowed us ashore and we walked along the hard beach for a couple of miles towards Mini-

The heavy seas came rolling in from the Westward showing how violent the sea must have been during last night.

We went back into one or two of the swampy glades to look for tracks of buffalo and deer. but they don't seem to be as recent as they used to be. One I have no doubt to the workmen on the "Lucile" who come over here fishing, also hunting for muscles. At five o'clock Sunday morning I heard them getting in the anchor. I did not feel them touch going over the bar but we were tossed about a good deal in the heavy swells. but once over we felt we were out of the trap and could get somewhere.

There are a good many dyaks from Sadang returning from the Fim Bang where they have been on government business. They had been sent to call in some of the troublesome and rebellious Munis. They never seem to hesitate when they go "on the King's business" but I bet they would not be so "brani" if they were not backed by the government.

They are a very interesting race after all they are so everlasting busy. You see them everywhere - travelling by steamer or canoes, going for gutta or bringing a trader, either getting killed themselves in some out of the way region, or else raising a small war party of their own. They have spread by thousands from their original country - i.e. from the Sadang-Batang Lupar, Saribas and Kalakats. From Fim Bang to Lundu you never miss them and they are only restrained by the government from spreading back into the hills where they would surely come to blows with the Kayans and the Temuiks - then it would be a question of numbers as to which was exterminated.

I got them to point out the mountains to me as we came along the coast.

There was a strong steady breeze from the sea. the late storm had cleared the atmosphere so that from Mulu to Tatan all the mountains showed distinctly -

Lau bei at Min - Mat mountain with its serrated crest - then far inland a spur here and there and one particularly distant was Dulit - so they said.

It was the first time I had seen so many of the mountains while coasting along here. usually only the coastline is seen and the peaks are hidden in the clouds that hang over this moist land. The steamer rolled frightfully. we could find no comfort. though the sky was clear the air crisp and the blue sea only rose and fell to a fair ground swell! Yet the "adeh" rolls without cause -

Monday morning we were off Tanjung Sink and could see the schooners or bandougs which ply between the sago-towns along here; from Bintulu, Muka, Oyah, Maru and the delta towns - to Kuching. with sago and back with rice and salt!

About noon a tip of Santubong peeped above the horizon and later across the bay Lingga and the mountains of Sadong. It had settled down into a warm, hazy, calm afternoon, even the sea grew lazy and the Adeh had no excuse to roll. Yet every now and then she swung abit just as though she meant to do so.

A typical "Fourth of July" afternoon only it should grow sultry towards evening and give us a thunderstorm to spoil the fireworks. We could see Santubong over fifty miles away. When all was still I saw a "skate" spring clear from the water in its efforts to escape some foe. I have seen many kinds of fish jumping. But never a skate. We will make the Moritabas entrance of the Sarawak-river before sundown but can not hope to reach Kuching tonight, for although the moon is at the full and the weather fine, yet Sarawak steamers run at night at the Captain's risk and they consider that it isn't good enough. The Straig just came for tickets. We have no tickets, nor bills of lading but will settle with Leys at the Post Office when we get into port again.

July 3rd

We got away from our anchorage at four thirty and in a gray misty half light went on up the river arriving off the bazaar at six -

Mr. Baupfytde came down in his cart, but as we were not dressed he went on for his dinner and we went leisurely up to his house where he joined us at seven for early breakfast. When the P.O. was opened we got some letters and papers but no news of consequence.

We visited the offices to see the men and to the steamer where Cloughton Esq assumed charge of our boxes - Maiche was then on board and gave us the local news.

The Rajah is away - Baron Newborough and his yacht, the "Edora" are still here.

Prince, Dallas and Skellford are also absent. but nothing new has occurred. The Elder

Cox is at the Rest House, now on his way up the Sauea Kasau branch of the Sarawak on a tax-collecting expedition of ten days.

Gibson is on his back with the gout and so the news goes - nothing eventful.

We have splendid quarters at the "Residency" big airy rooms looking across the Kampang and jungle to Mataang Mountain where Spaid's coffee plantation is plainly visible.

We began storing our specimens in boxes at Hong-Kong Edg. putting them into shape to ship home - making new strong boxes to replace old ones. Soldering the spirit tins with the specimens in all a hot which Shellford had for us - When this was done we felt that the collecting work was about over and it was a great relief.

The "Venus" came in on the 8th with a big lot of home mail for us, also papers up to July 5th then the "Vorwärts" came on the 10th with more mail giving full accounts of the destruction of Spanish fleet and the loss of the "La Bourgoigne".

However Bettington had come down from Labuan bringing the first news of the Spanish defeat at Santiago-de-Cuba, and we were glad to hear it confirmed from Singapore. No letters from Fumess, who should have reached home long ago - When the Vorwärts came in her deck was a garden of colour due to the returning Hajis, scores of them in their long and gorgeous Arab garments. Before the steamer came alongside the wharf their Malay friends were clumping up.

the ship's side and then ensued one of the grandest kissing matches I ever saw. Each Haji was seized by an enthusiastic friend his hands were kissed, he was kissed on either shoulder, neck or ear as the case might be in the excessive excitement; then the nose, forehead or turban came in for the attack, all the while this rapid exchange of affection was going on both possessed a smile as rigid as steel. Then dropping each others hands a new aspirant began and the other flew to attack another new comer. The after hatch reminded me of a lot of sheep at a butting match. and for thirty minutes the sound of this smacking snapping and kissing affection could be heard above all other sounds. To us Christians, pig-eating sinners it was as good as a circus. In the early morning a walk about the various roads. Reading and writing for most of the day and the Club in the evenings. Dinner at eight P.M. when we go up to the verandah and smoke and yarn with Mr. Bampfylde until bed time. One morning I went, in my walk, over to the house of Mr. Smith to see his orchids.

scattered about the lawn, on the trees. They seem to thrive unusually well. One of the finest single plants I ever saw is a *Vanda Louie*. It has about fifty sprays hanging down and each spray has from twenty five to thirty blooms making at least twelve hundred and fifty blooms on one plant. This was such an orchid as I had expected to see growing all over Borneo. I believe its equal scarcely exists. We certainly have never seen or heard of such a beauty. One night Mr. Bampfylde was dining at the Parsons. Alfred was at the Rest House and I dined alone. I made a note of the surroundings just to put myself in a Sarawak officers place and see how it would seem to be one of them -

I was sitting on the *Vraudah* making the "Sketch". The evening was pleasant and the breeze that came floating through the serais was heavy with the perfume of the flowering shrubs and trees -

The Eight o'clock gun echoed across the town, and the bugle sounded - as the boy came to tell me "*Makan suda sedia*". Descending to the dining room, which is

a big room on ground-floor - surrounded by verandahs which open onto the lawn or into improvised orchid houses and ferneries. The tiled floors, high ceilings and many arches which do duty for doors and windows make a cool place if any such can exist -

The walls are hung with weapons, Dyak specimens, trophies and art. also the paraphernalia of various sports are here displayed and an innocent golfstick stands next to a poisoned spear -

These stand in the half gloom for the candles on the table light up only its narrow dimensions, the flowers and the snowy cloth. While the servants even are but half visible as with bare feet, they silently serve you. The two big stump-tailed cats - "Russia" and "Isolated Britain" sit in dignified silence save when disturbed by the gambols of the two fox-terrier pups. "Krugger" and "Buzuela" and the big shoes of the Sikh policeman rung on the tiled verandah as he marches up and down on guard duty. Quiet as the grave it seems until you

listen for sounds; then the ticking of the clock becomes audible. The "chick-chock" of the house lizard breaks in at times, or a bat wings brush thro' in its awkward flight. The subdued murmuring of the bazaar is heard and above it the drum and cymbals of the native theater. The coffee and cigars come on as the bugle sounds "lights out" over at the fort. and as I go up the stairs to the Verandah again I catch a glimpse of Matang rising above the jungle-mists like an island at sea, and the dark shadows of the palms across the grass look like splashes of ink.

Month after month for 21 years - save when varied by an occasional visitor - Some rise to the character - live well and regularly, improve their minds by reading or keep down flesh by constant and violent exercise, but others fall beneath the power of Solitude and loneliness - and then the bottle comes to cheer the long hours and gradually to claim them for its victims. There are many instances of the latter but there are never "Residents"

they fall into the unimportant outstations on slender pay and poorer surroundings and the bottle pushes them faster to their death or their dismissal.

Sands and Gibson have both been at the Rest House most of the time. the latter waiting for a billet in the Malay States as a coffee planter. the former coming and going between the two plantations at Satap and Matang. and generally getting pretty well loaded with whiskey whenever he gets a chance.

I wish I could give a good character sketch of each. for they both have had similar careers in Sarawak.

Gibson is a big handsome Scotchman with fine manners, an amusing man who does not have to play at being a gentleman. Born in Kilmie near Loch Tay, he came out to the East as a tobacco planter, then took the coffee business at Matang. failed at every thing and I think involved his family in some 10000 £. on account of mismanagement. Sands on the other hand is a small beardless boy, Cockney type, a midshipman

in the navy. find for general incompetence or worse. Tea & coffee planter in Ceylon, after that and by chance answered the Rajah's advertisement for an experienced planter. When the Rajah saw Sands for the first time after engaging him. He is said to have used strong language. Sands keeps two wives. Three horses. on \$185 Mexican per month - gambles with the Chivameu in the bozars and is said to be deeply in debt - his twins about expounded and "he don't know where he are". Curiously enough every one who has ever had any thing to do with Matang has come to grief - besides Gibson and Sands - Perk the first man and Henderson the second both cut their throats over their failure and disappointment. Yet Matang looks so blue and pretty away across the jungle - clouds around its summit by day. Mists at its feet in the morning, the white bungalow looks like a signal station and at night its lighted window shines like a star. Yet storms can sweep across it at times and one is coming now for Sands.

Beach, the asst. machinist, a white man of nowhere, just an ordinary man. for some inexplicable reason decided to marry one of Lange's daughters. Now, Lange is not white exactly. Though he is the Rajah's private secretary, and his wife is a Malay woman. None of their girls are pretty and Beach picked the homeliest of the crowd. So every one in town received an invitation to come to the Church at 8^{am} to the wedding - to the house, or as they call it the "Castle" to a reception from 9- to 11^{am} and 2-6^{pm} to dinner at 8^{pm} and to a dance at 9.30^{pm}. Lange was getting a son-in-law, to be proud of, so he went in for a killing.

I went to the church wedding. Sharpe droned out the service and, I thought, made a mess of it.

Mr. Bampfylde lent the dignity of Government, and stood for them all, from the King down.

Thomas Smith - Kay Tai - Mathie and I were the only other white men and the first two of these poor "dark complections". There were a few ladies - the rest were mostly Chinese and Malays. But the bride was all there in white, long veil, etc. and the groom in black. Together they mumbled out the answers to Sharpe's silly questions. The organ sounded a wedding march. Beach nuzzled her a bit trying to kiss her at the altar and we all fled.

In the language of E. Spencer Pratt - "Ye Gods" = "Voice that breathed o'er Eden"? and yet silly fools still go on leaping into the dark - not knowing any better - but you don't see your Uncle Strach - Bettington came from Labuan on the 10th, bringing a telegram dated July 7th, telling of the total loss of the Spanish fleet at Santiago de Cuba. next day the mail arrived from Singapore confirming this. and to date we have no further news.

I watched Doubray, Shellford, Barker and Bettington chase the golf ball around the Bishop grounds one evening. These Englishmen get out and hustle at their sports for the pure love of exercise. Some of the older and gouty members of the colony stick to Croquet. When they are "at-home" - i.e. one evening in the week, they have croquet and drinks on the lawn - beginning at about 5. P.M.

When the band plays down in the square it is the Rajah's evening and Croquet, and visits are exchanged and you have it quite gay. The nurses bring out all the white kiddies, the village carts wait by the gates, and the "boulders" generally sit on the Rest House veranda. Talking gossip and sometimes "high treason".

Saturday 7/9. morning at 8.30 we left Kuching in the "Young Harry" for Tambak - a bit more than two hours we were off Everett's new pier at the foot of Santubong mountain and about 1¹/₂ mile up stream from the village.

Here we left the launch but finding Mr. Everett and E. Those were still living over at the old Cutch factory, we started on foot, along the new road they have made, skirting the base of the mountain. The boys bringing our bags around by boat - Its about a forty minute walk and is a very pretty way - giving glimpses of the bay and the islands or off the distant mountains. We arrived just in time to get in our order for a new pot of rice for lunch - for they were about to sit down to their meal and we came along.

It was pay-day, so, after luncheon they put in a couple of hours distributing coin, while we looked over June "Harpers", and other American papers, of which they had plenty. This left us a long afternoon and evening to visit - We went down to the mills a few moments - then out along the sands to the rocks where we saw the usual superb sunset - the junes came in to roost as before.

While Hase and I got wet and muddy casting the "gala". my first attempt. but after a few throws I learned the "knack" and could spread it fairly well.

It's a nice, restful place down there - plenty of work to occupy them. too for company, near enough to Kuching to send a canoe on any errand. and scenery charming enough for any artist's desire. What is more important for both of them is - I think they are making the "Sarawak Cutch Co." a fairly successful enterprise and the "Tuan" brand of dyes will soon be well and favorably known in France, Italy,

Russia and America.

The village has grown in size. there are more clearings and gardens and Mr. E. is still endeavoring to make a coconut-grove, though he has not yet solved the question of the wild-pig - barbed wire fences are now being made to keep them out.

Upon our return we all swim in the pond that furnishes the water for the mill.

A stone wall thrown across between two hills holds the water of two or three tiny brooks, sufficient for most of the year.

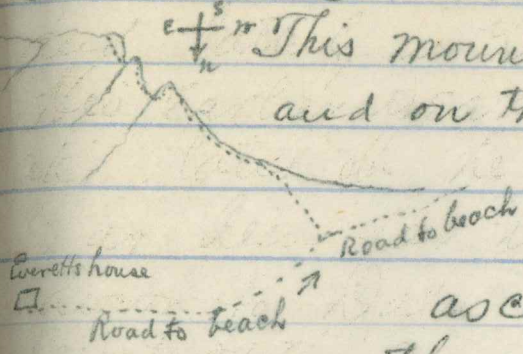
Mr. Everett has been out here almost thirty years. At first for the Barnes Company - afterwards in the Central Barnes Company and latterly in the Cutch Co.

His earlier years he spent in Upper Sarawak - later on he prospected - but never has been far inland. From North Borneo down to Datu however he has seen most of the smaller streams and hunted for gold, silver, copper, antimony & cinnabar. His brother had much the same career but made an expedition to Kina Balu - Now has been over much the same ground also the Chermin & Pelagus rivers while they has worked the Irijar to the Dapoi if not farther -

The last mail brought news of Mr. A. H. Everett's death shortly after his arrival in England - The voyage home did not improve him at all and though he picked up a little at first he soon afterwards grew worse again -

It was not unexpected by his friends. He has left his name indelibly stamped on this country and in all time will be known for his Nat. Hist work.

Sunday morning Mr. Everett and Alfred went out to the junkats - fishing stands - while Hose and I made the ascent of Sautubong.



¹/₂ This mountain is about 2000 feet high and on the South and East sides is almost a sheer precipice. To get up you have to ascend an old skidway where they bring down timber. Then work over onto the ridge and after that you get up wherever you can as it's very steep. But the creepers and shrubs cover the rocks and you generally find a root or branch at hand just when you need it most.

An energetic person could make the summit in two hours - we took two and a half - for I found I was the soft member of the party - this time. Two Malays and a Chinaman volunteered to go up with us, so we gave them our eatables and the water bottle. And the Celestial - who is a baba, and formerly was Hose's boy - led the way. There is a trail notched all the way and it is the best and easiest route.

In former years the days of Helms - the B.C.L. attempted taking out timber - mainly Camphor - from this mountain side.

The Malays felled these great trees, squared them, and were paid so much "advance" that they did not care to lug them down to the tide-water for the small remaining amount the contract called for; so, being irresponsible contractors, they left the logs where they fell and the B.C.L. abandoned them. Now, some forty years later. Everett sends men up there to edge away the inch or inch and a quarter, of dead shell and he has squared timbers gratis, these he is using in his new plant. It was this log-way we ascended for the first $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Passing many of the timbers half hidden in the undergrowth - and Hose says they lie thick all the way along the west face of the mountain; beyond this point it grew steeper and presently we were scaling the moist, shaded cliffs. then we would come out to the edge or ridge and get splendid views. Sometimes we would mount to the top of a spur and then have to descend again for one to two hundred feet - this was like going up two and slipping back one after the manner of the "frog in the well".

The next to the last climb was very steep and "fucked" me. But I got my "second wind" and we went straight away to the top in good style. It's not a climb for a person subject to dizziness.

We walked out to the point to the South and saw a grand panorama of Sarawak. On either hand the coast stretched from Lundu, West by South; to Rajang Mouth, East by North. Islands, Capes, Sandy beach and jungle swamps forming an irregular line between the China Sea and the low lands that skirt the coast.

Through this mottled green and loop lying forests the broad silver ribbons twisted and turned debouching by many channels, forming fantastic loops and turns. Then the hills began to rise one above the other until their jagged peaks cut the horizon at the watershed which divides Sabah from Sarawak.

Tanjong Datu on the extreme West, falls again to the low levels until it reaches Poi, then Matang Singi. Farther on Penrissau and Sasing mountains and up by the Batang Apar, Lingga and

Kalaka peaks. The smoke off in the
 very center of the view is Ku-chung.
 Some low hills shows where Bau
 and Tigora are situated; while Bird-
 island and Tanyong-Poh seem just
 below this point. At our feet the
 broad river washes the village of Jan
 Tubong - the Rajahs Bungalow looks
 like a toy-house and the level lines
 of the Datus Coconut plantation
 show distinctly over on the mainland.
 The faint sounds of the village, the
 boatmen, or the birds, float up on the
 breeze so subdued, yet distinct that
 you scarcely realize how far away it is.
 We burned some of the shrubs to make a
 smoke signal to Everett and Alfred and
 I noticed the strong sandalwood smell, like
 incense in the cathedrals and Temples.
 We had our luncheon in the shade of some
 shaded trees - looked over some of the
 Malay characters carved on the stones
 that crop up all about - located the site
 of the ancient Peguan (?) village that
 formerly existed at the base of the mountain
 Tani and Tokone last stretch of the sight as

as far as it would carry into the haze that
 limits the distance! Then descended -
 We came down in an hour and a half.
 took a plunge in the millpond; Then did
 great damage to the Tiffin that was waiting.
 We had an hour to smoke and laze about,
 sent the boys with the bags - Everett sent us
 some coolers to carry them - on ahead to
 the launch and then we all walked over
 across the track, around by the bungalows
 to the village and down on the track bade
 them good bye. The Sampan took us out
 to the launch. Steam was made and we
 were soon chugging along the long-rack
 and the death-mask of old Sir James
 was reflected in the water astern.
 Two hours and a quarter later we landed at
 Kuching and went to Mr. Baupfylde's.
 A bachelor's dinner at E. J. Smith's and a
 dinner by Mr. Baupfylde to which Mrs. Buck
 and Mrs. Ellis were invited concluded the
 entertaining - I called to see the Rajah
 again before he set out with the Gohora
 for Batang Lupar, and I made a round
 of calls but you do most of the visiting in
 the evening when all assemble at the Club.

Friday (7/15) at noon nearly all the men assembled on board to say "good bye" and we got away a few moments later. We had fine weather out to sea and down beyond Suva but just when they were trying to make the Marudum island a heavy rain squall came up and they ran down below San Pierre and held South of Victory and Bamu islands. Again Sunday morning as we were coming in about four o'clock trying to pick up the Horsburgh light house we struck another off-shore squall. again we had to stop the engines - for you could not see the ships length, but at dawn we got under way and at One P.M. were at Singapore. Went to the hotel and left the boys to follow with the luggage. Found a small mail at the bank. Met Sinclair who told us of Santiago de Cubas summer to Phil. Shafter. found Spencer Pratt, who came to the rooms to talk over the news, past and present; and by four o'clock were settled down again on the veranda of Hotel "Europe" as though we had come to make a long visit. Which, however, we do not intend doing.

We spent the next ten days very quietly but very busily - We had the boxes to send to Phila. packing our excess baggage into trunks and boxes we sent them in the same lot - 31 in all - We packed 2 trunks which we sent to Billy Davenport to hold for us at Paris until our arrival - We got some extra valises and put aside enough clothing, boots, bedding, and odds and ends, as writing material, books, gaiters, medicines, instruments, pipes, &c. for our trip across Siberia. We had a great many letters to write and our notes so that the days fairly flew by.

Out of my "poker-earnings" I sent to the Kuchling-Club - "Harpers Weekly" for one year - and to the "Siber-Club" - Scribners Magazine for the same period - I hadn't the face to carry the money away with me. I sent a Tigers skin to Anna Bulan - He wants to make a war coat of it, for a Kyau fears a Tigers skin like some do the devil and its a great thing in a fight for the Kenmiah Chief to be immune. We settled every bill we knew of in Singapore and arranged with the Allister Co to attend to some boxes that will be sent down from Kapit.

Kleiminow had Mr. Reid, Mr. Pratt and Al and myself to dinner one evening at the Hotel. After which we went to his rooms and he showed us photographs of nearly all the towns between Peking and Irkoutk.

But I seem to be putting the cart before the horse in this matter - Mr. Reid intended returning to England via Siberia, so he asked Mr. Pratt to arrange a meeting between the Russian Consul and himself. At the dinner it developed that Mr. Kleiminow had once been over the route from Peking to Irkoutk. and that ^{Irkoutk} ~~Peking~~ was his natal place - he being a Tartar (?). The Russian Consul said the trip was not only feasible but pleasant and interesting but said it was not a journey to make alone. Some one suggested that Alfred and I were about returning to America and that this route might suit us. When we heard of it we were not long in deciding for the reason of the great heat and discomfort we had expected to encounter in Burma & India during August and September. and this had also its merits aside from the heat question.

July 29th or 30th. was settled as the date of departure before we went to Sarawak. Upon our return Mr. K. began writing out itinerary - advice notes, and introductory letters. Mr. Pratt had written the Peking Legation (American) in our behalf and Mr. Reid had written his own Legation. One afternoon Mr. Pratt took us out to call on Mr. Pinard - Consul de France - relative to the Paris Geographical Society and upon learning of our proposed Russian journey Mr. Pinard volunteered a letter to his friend the French Minister at Peking, thinking it might be of use to us. So, with letters official and personal, to every one we could possibly find of use to us, we put that business aside until we arrive at Peking. which we hope to do Aug. 15th or 16th. We made a final call on Mr. de Vieg. to tell him good bye and thank him again for our many obligations.

Abraham came up July 28th - full of natural gas, had a room next to us and saw a good deal of him -

Barron staid at Mora Jawa just one week didn't seem successful at holding his job -

From Abraham's description of his conduct and from former stories in Japan I think he is not a morphia-eater but perhaps uses Cocaine. He certainly does something queer - and can lie like a thief. We always turned up at the Club in the evening where we spent the evenings as before. War rumors - or rather Reuters - telegrams - continue to agitate the public mind - but no reports of Manila's falling nor of any new Expeditions.

Pratt was in a bit of a stew on acct of the Aguinaldo business. Firstly, because the State Department had not mentioned the matter in any of its correspondence; which, to Pratt's neuroasthenic conscience, seemed a "repudiation"; while on the other hand: Consul Wildman, through various sources, - chiefly Barnett and the Journal, - was getting the credit for Aguinaldo's return and successes -

There are three Spanish merchant ships in the harbour, waiting for the end. Their officers and the Spanish Consul come each afternoon to the Hotel Verandah. But they don't talk so loudly and so much as before.

One Sunday afternoon Rudes. Pratt, Father Alfred and I walked along the sea-side of the Esplanade. I had never noticed what a cake-walk that was. Carriages drive down for the breezes - line up along the walks and then the men get out, some times also the women, and visit along from one carriage to the other -

I was again impressed with the number of homely women in Singapore. I believe a really pretty face would cause a grande stupor. Mr. Lost Pratt for half an hour. Sinclair joined us and insisted on our hearing his orchestra practice the following night.

Coming down from dinner with Pratt, at Raffles, we stopped in at the town hall where Sinclair was conducting his band. I was very much surprised to hear such good music - for he has a very well trained and a large orchestra. The music he tackled was a 1 and not of the usual Circus variety. Many of the men wore the uniform of the West-Yorkshire ("Prince of Wales Own") Regiment which is now stationed here -

We met Mr. Bibi - the manager of the
 Raut - gold-mine - He with his two
 sons and a big wawa are stopping
 in the hotel. The Wawa can make the
 most frightful noise, about daylight,
 and Father spent several days trying
 to get Becker to have it removed, but
 Becker was afraid of offending Bibi
 so the Wawa remained. Then one
 night Old Bibi tried to renew some
 of the sensations of his younger days
 when he was an Australian miner,
 and from the noise he made about 3-
 Am. trying to get up to his room. I should
 say he had used some vermilion in
 his attempt - as a result - he was on
 a milk-diet the remainder of his stay -
 and went back to Pahang with seeds.
 It was a great mistake for him to try
 to clean out all the whiskey in Singapore.
 Bright's disease and such efforts will
 not "jaki" and he certainly did lessen
 the number of his days very appreciably.
 He has however put "Raut" out the door
 and shares are not to be had though they
 have gone beyond prophecy. they are all held.

Mr. Reid intends leaving by the P.O. mail
 August 30th. So we thought we would go
 on ahead to Hongkong by the French Mail
 and await him there. The "Salazie"
 left at 5 P.M. July 26.th and we were aboard.
 Didn't seem quite right to be leaving Singa-
 pore for good - or a very long time -
 We leaned over the rail watching and
 talking to the Malays who were diving for
 conus. It was wonderful to see them get in
 and out of those tiny canoes without ship-
 ping any water - getting the conus is a
 very risky business when one has tried
 it a few times - one boy not over
 six or seven could get a box full nearly
 every clip. Though when he had to dive
 ten to fifteen feet I noticed his father
 went down after him. You could see
 his tiny legs kicking about away down.
 There was a great crowd down to see the boat
 leave and we knew some of them. Then
 we were towed out into the stream and
 stood away to the road. We went down
 to dinner and when we came up to smoke
 Singapore - roof and spire was down
 in its smoke or mist - and so "good bye".

At noon on the 28th we arrived off Cap. St. Jacques and came to anchor to await the tide -

The weather was superb - The food was a grand change from Chinese cookery - and six times a day is pretty frequent - to face the table but we managed it.

There is always a "mob" going to Saigon; Officials chiefly. many are far from interesting and they dress in ratty clothes save at dinner and when they land - then they blossom out in finery that appeals - suggestive of the Cafe & Boulevard.

There was a young "Telegraph" man -

Hamis (cousin of C.S. Pearce) going to the station at Cape St. John - (or Cap. St. Jacques -) who was as unsophisticated an ass as I have met in some months -

There was a German-American going to Japan - Herr August - a hotel keeper - recently fired from Schleswig-Holstein - going to Yokohama -

Dutch Consul to Manila - His secretary -

Mr. Ellis wife going same place as soon as possible - A Russian Captain bound for Nagasaki where his ship - battleship or cruiser, awaits him. A young French man - in disgrace - bound for Shanghai.

to spend a couple of years until he comes
 of age - (In Customs service) when
 he will return to Paris & marry his
 girl - (He was a rather good character, big
 intelligent, educated - had lived London
 & Berlin. his father a celebrated Paris M.D.
 The boy began as a Courassier - but found
 it too expensive - had 8000 francs ^{per annum} from his
 mother's estate - wanted to marry his mis-
 tress but father would not consent - had
 to wait till 25 - before he can marry under
 such circumstances in France. Father cut
 him off and he tried the diplomatic corps
 in preference to the army - When 20 years
 are passed will return, marry the girl - 2 yrs -
 and legitimize the child - Had studied med-
 icine a year or two - and was good talker
 on many subjects - a bit wild was all -)
 Vicomte de Pontenil - going to Berlin for the
 Credit Lyonnais - 2nd Mining Engineers,
 Resident of Tongkin wife, etc., etc.
 Not much to take us from our books -
 Of course there were the nuns and children
 they are always on the French Mail boats.
 I played a few hands at whist with the
 Russian and the Count - nothing more -

As we went to anchor a storm came up - and scarcely discernable through the driving rain the Eng. Cruiser "Daphne" tore out to sea. After four hours we got up anchor and went on up the Mekong river - one of the finest of the Eastern rivers - very slight bar - deep and broad channel - very flat. river habit-ed down in lower reaches. But come to fine rice fields before you reach Saigon. It's about four hours up from the bar. To the City - There is always a crowd down to meet the mail - for the ship is signalled from the Cape lighthouse and they have plenty of time to congregate after the signal is raised. We arrived at 8 o'clock, put our bags into a "Victoria" and went to the "Hotel Continental". Here I soon discovered how little "fruch" I had at my command. I used more Malay words than française to the amusement of the young woman who booked us. Fortunately I could understand all she said, though my answers were halting and lame. I have often remarked how Malay seems to wipe out all recollection of French - while German does not suffer at all. I imagine similarity of construction is the cause.

We spent a frightful night fighting fleas. Early next morning (7/28.) we went to the bank. (hours 8.-10. & 2.-4.) and a book-store for some french-novels. In the afternoon we went for a drive and after dinner back to the ship to sleep. I saw nothing new in Saigon - seemed as well-built and pretty, but as dead as ever. Soldiers, officials and a few shopkeepers - any one who stands a chance in France will not come out here. Says our young friend, bound for Shanghai; and, as he rightly conjectured, that is why they are such poor colonists. There were plenty of ships loading rice, but the mills are mostly Chinese and ships are English. A great deal is shipped to Marseilles by the returning mail-steamers - as they charge a smaller export duty on home-rice than on that which is shipped foreign.

We took on a great cargo of Chinamen, who fairly swamped the decks with their plunder. Making a lot of mess and a frightful smell from their food, opium and tobacco smoke. We lost most of our passengers and took on two more in the ~~st~~ 1st Cabin.

We left at seven o'clock on the 30th of Aug.
 and had smooth weather all the way up to
 Hanoi, where we arrived at two A.M. Aug. 2.
 We sighted the revolving light on Padaran - and
 saw several ships - one a war vessel going
 south but so far away could not see her flag.
 A haze hid the mainland this time and
 we were far out for "La Manche", the
 boat that connects with the mail for Ton-
 quin - or Tonkin went up inside, or west,
 of us. I was interested in a little girl
 in 2nd Cabin, who was being taken back
 to her mother's people at Kobe. She was
 born at Macassar. father English, mother
 Japanese. She spoke Malay and some
 Jap. An Abasan was accompanying her.
 Her mother is dead. There were
 half a dozen Japanese going home - stor-
 keepers at Colombo and Singapore.
 Then there was a fat old "Tow Kay", one
 of the Celestials who owns the rice-mills
 at Saigon - going to Hanoi. He has two
 mills and employs three hundred coolies.
 He says the Saigon coolies mostly come
 from Amoy - (Amoi - they pronounce it)
 He is rich - wears a fat, yellow diamond

solitary diamond ring and clean clothes. He spoke Malay so I talked with him quite often. One old, decrepit, deck-passenger; returning to China with his pile made to see him. Buried - i.e. \$600; was robbed - a very common occurrence on board ships. But unlike the boy on the "Van der Lyn" he didn't yell and cry. My fat friend heard of it and sent him a present of fifty dollars. When I spoke to him about it, he was very modest - said - "What could an old man do if he had no money?" I read much novels but was especially interested in that classic of cow-boy life - "Walfrille" by Alfred Henry Lewis. "Doc Bets" was typical of Barber. Had we been wise, or good weather prophets we had gone on to Shanghai in this same steamer but we thought we would like to dally a few days in Hong Kong and wait here for Mr. Reid to come up. So we left the Salazar - and put up at the Hong Kong Hotel. on the morning of Aug. 2. When we came to anchor I was awakened by the disembarking of the Chinamen.

What a crowd of howling devils and squealing pigs they are.

When I came on deck at five o'clock a sailor was cleaning the refuse they had left behind them and it looked like a stable. The city was shrouded in its fog. But halfway up the Peak the houses had caught the first faint flush of dawn and out by Lai-moon-pass the sky was beginning to crimson. It has been a year since I saw one of these early and gradual dawns. down there the sun gets up or goes to bed very close to six o'clock and does not dallie on either journey. The lighter came for the mails. The big quills were getting under way - firing their devil-chasing fire-crackers from the piers, and the sampau-life began. - cooking breakfast - stowing away the bedding and making tidy for a fare from the ships to which they were clinging. One by one the city lamps were extinguished gradually the house fronts sprang from the gloom as the day advanced and before half past five the sun peeped above the Kowloon hills bathing Hong Kong from Peak to Praya - in its warm pure light - and the whole city began to hum and buzz and move with life.

The first man I ran up against was Emanuel-
 "Schlitz-Emanuel" who made Milwaukee (beer)
 famous "in the far East". He like half a
 dozen more Yokohama indians are delay-
 ed here - trying to get to Manila and
 make a dollar by supplying eatables and drink-
 ables to Americans, Spanish or Rebels. to any
 one who will buy and pay good coin!

Isaacs, Blum, Etc. I need not mention
 their nationality. Joe Myers is also here.

Etzel is at Canton. working with Sylvester.
 trying to get a tardy shipment of arms over
 to the Philippines. Clearing from Canton.

We did not see him during our stay as he
 was on the eve of sailing and could not
 come down. While we scarcely had time
 to go up there.

I called on Mr. Wild-
 man and had quite a talk with him.
 He is full of business - and facts - just
 now - for they are expecting every day
 that Dwyer and Miles will make a break
 for Manila and finish that business.

The hotel is full of Spanish and Philipinos
 who - in turn have fled from the islands.
 How the latter must have quivered when
 they saw the former hustling after them.

Walker put us up at the Club. He always does. Lieut Davis gave us a tiffin there and it was by long odds the best Club-food I have had in the East.

The Club is a grand building - mostly granite, four or five stories. Full of half-hidden rooms, with plenty big airy rooms besides. An excellent reading-room supplied with all kinds and manner of papers, journals and magazines; airy arcades for hot weather and carpets and upholstered furniture to be used when winter comes on. A Club-house worthy of any city, beautifully situated on the promenade - extension with the harbour, with all its shifting sea-going life - on one side, and the city and the Mountain on the other.

Davis had just heard from Verity that he had had a visit from Carral - the latter fitted with a wooden - leg - was using vermilion - paint as largely as ever.

Walker had just informed us he had died on his way home. Later some one said he was living at Springfield Ill. in peace and comfort; so we are still uncertain. We have mourned him dead and rejoiced over his resurrection half a dozen times in

the last year. but Vinty's letter is the latest news we have had of him -

Ran across Dr. Bower in the hotel. and called over to see Noble - at his office -

Saw a good deal of Bower during our stay and was pestered up on Pen - news.

We met old acquaintances at every turn, for H.K. has not forgotten the address of the "Herald" and the papers usually announce or coming & going and copy the articles published in the Singapore papers.

The Asst. manager of the Shanghai Bank took us up to see the quarters of his staff - splendid big rooms on second floor of the bank. Walter, Major Dyson and Marlow of the Canadian Pacific, mess together halfway up the hill over beyond the Ry. and they asked us up to dine with them.

From the club at seven o'clock. one rainy windy night we took five chairs and climbed up to their house. Along the shaded, wet, pavements - the street-lamps flickered and reflected, the leaves blew down, and the "pad-pad" of the coolies' feet were all novel and threw an air of romance about this very commonplace event.

Up there you might be one thousand miles from China, save the suggestive presence of the servants. After a very good dinner we sat and smoked until eleven. And the conversation was No war. It's in the air - when you tire of the Yankoo-Spanish frolic. You turn to the chances of Russia and England. To Britain's fights in India - and to such encounters as "Rortio-drift" and "Lucknow." Dr. Bratty - of San Francisco - Brother-in-law to Midman - stopping at the consulate. came down to talk with me. He has a commission from Berkeley - (U. of Cal.) to study the plague while out here. Said he had all of Arnold's literature on the subject. The Coptic and Empress of China came in while we were there bringing American mail and papers - Did not get to see Goodrich or Maloney. And the "Zafiro" came over from Manila but had no war-news of any importance. She is a small black merchantman. Not much to look at. But she anchors down among the men-of-war and they salute her just the same.

One morning, about ten o'clock, the typhoon gun on the peak was fired announcing a typhoon within the two hundred mile radius of Hgkg, as the storm moves about twelve miles an hour, it gives the junks and sampans as well as the cargo-lighters ample time to hunt safe anchorage. All day you could see the tug towing great strings of these sailing craft down to the water by the refinery, while others stood across to Kowloon side.

Everything was gray and wintry - and there was more "hurry" in Hong Kong than one is accustomed to see.

Then the wind rose and for thirty six hours it blew great guns, the air was filled with dust or smoke - it didn't seem like moisture and it was dark - the wind howled across the house tops - the ships rode up taut on their anchor chains, and no one went out - much - then the rain came in torrents and it gradually subsided and there was a feeling of relief that the infernal typhoon had passed and left the island on its foundations - for there is a feeling of anxiety so long as it flows - ✓

Hong Kong has had cause to remember some of her Typhoons - when ships were landed upon her praya - and thousands of men and sampans and their peoples have gone to the bottom of the bay -

Chit and Yit here left us to make a visit to their homes down near Hyphong -

They had "tears in their voices" when they bade us farewell. dressed in neat clothing, with a present of fifty ruficans, besides their hoardings; they felt they could make quite a showing among their old friends and could therefore afford to be grateful. Good luck and a pleasant time -

"I have beat you and I've played you,

By the living God that made you -"

You were a faithful pair - and you can't always say that of Eastern servants -

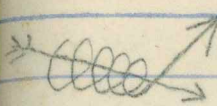
There's a crooked, hillside street which leads up the hill just beyond the old Club house. here on the pavement sit a score or two of men and boys surrounded by bunches, baskets and banks of flowers. as you pass you catch the heavy breath of perfume which they exhale and it's a rare jewel in this city of evil smells.

Raise your hand - wink an eye even, and
 twenty dirty rascals surround you in an
 instant pushing their boquets up into
 your face for inspection. so keen for a
 Bargain and yet a sale can only bring
 them a few pennies. They sell so cheaply,
 a dollar will buy a vickisha-load of them.
 Passing through the market - in the
 fruit stalls - I found a reminder of
 home - Stowed in between bananas
 from the south - persimmons from the
 West River and mangostiens and oranges
 was a basket of Oregon apples. So green
 they fairly yelled Cholera. I put one to
 my nose and I instantly saw the
 dick of green apple-sauce - such things
 to a wanderer are like a sight of the flag.
 One morning we heard a regular four-
 bardement out in the harbour - and upon
 inquiry found it was only the arrival
 of a new Japanese cruiser. - built in
 England, now on her way home - she
 is a very fast vessel and has a business
 look about her. Scarcely a day passes
 that does not have a lot of "saluting" - they
 burn a heap of unnecessary powder.

Amot Reid - and incidentally the P. & O. Str. "Chusan" - arrived from Singapore Friday (Aug. 5.) at 3.30^{PM} - a day and a half overdue owing to the typhoon - and the next day at noon (Aug. 6.) we sailed for Shanghai. There was only a small party. A man who had been in the old "Oriental" bank a Yokohama Major Radcliffe, of a Burmah regiment. An Australian - Neptungensian, Mr. Edgell. Two young engineers going to work on the Ry. near Shanghai - besides ourselves and about five officers of the Steamer Reid and the ships surgeon looked horns. I got into an argument with the barber because he wished to play both his own and my own hand at whist.

The sea was rough - we got mixed up with the typhoon, which had been hovering around sort of waiting for us. So that, on the whole, it wasn't a very agreeable passage.

The storm struck us in the Formosan - Channel - big seas - leaden skies and the wind fairly howling - we put back once owing to the bar falling in an ominous manner.


 The storm travels at about twelve miles an hour - the motion of the wind is circular of course but the general or forward movement is in a direct line about 8 to 10 points from the direction of the wind - Knowing this and by watching the barometer they can keep pretty safe fat on the typhoon. Can run away, stop, or put back as the case may require - But the old "wind jammers" catch it rough - we saw a Frenchman - barkentine headed down the channel under almost no sail at all and she was dancing. When the rain comes it is generally a sign that the storm is about spent. But this time the rules were no good and it rained so hard we could not see any distance - we had no points to go by - and the islands were thick - in fact when we did get clear we were no distance from Chusan islands - Stopped some time to make sun which one we had - Tuesday afternoon at 4.30 anchored out at mouth of river - some 40 miles away - but it was too rough for the

the pilot to come out to us - and then
 Captain Street became profane -
 Wallowing up and down in the muddy
 river water all night - next morning Mr-
 Pilot came and we started up on a
 falling tide and stuck in the mud.
 but in the evening we got loose and
 went on to anchorage by the Woosung
 forts and the Company's tender
 took us off at once - so that by
 7 o'clock P.M. Aug 10th we were at the Astor House.
 The Jesuits at the Observatory had
 foretold the path of typhoon with great
 accuracy - but it was no comfort to us.
 However, to the credit of that often ma-
 ligned branch of the Church - as it said -
 that they have done much for the
 shipping of the East by their signal-
 service stations especially those at
 Luzon and Mauritius -
 Of Shanghai I have written often,
 but I find new inspiration every
 time I see one of those wheelbarrows
 doing duty for an automobile-hansom.
 Waddling along balanced upon one
 edge unless there be two fares. They

take the shine off of a ricksha for oddity. The heat was something to talk of. I had heard of it but never really struck its dry, everlasting force.

But the evenings are pleasant and the band plays down in the garden that faces the river. Stretching along the whole face of the British-Consession between the buildings on the Bund and the waters edge.

Here all the Anglo Saxon residents Congregate to visit, promenade. or sit on the benches while the military or marine bands play "house tunes". We wandered around in the crowd.

Radcliffe, the Irish Engineer, Alfred and I, doubly strangers in this land of exiles.

Thirty six hours was long enough for us to buy "stores" - sweaters and Macintoshes, books, to get money, to visit with Dr. Mosberg (U. of P. Doctor) and to lunch with Mr. Little of the "North China News." a very pleasant insight into his home life. for Mrs. Little was still in town despite the heat.

When the Coast-wise Steamers sail at dawn, as very many of them do - we have found it advisable to send our baggage on board after dinner the night before she sails. Then about ten o'clock we stroll down to the ship, bring our bedding on deck and sleep - often we are for on our voyage before we awaken - But usually the bustle of "Clearing" is too much for sleep and we enjoy our coffee on deck and are always repaid for the loss of sleep by seeing old scenes in new settings - for, to me, the whole face of nature takes on new colors and is transformed at dawn and at dusk - The change is not all subjective - it acts upon us and we, ourselves, are changed and receive the impressions from a new point of view.

At 7.30 am, August 12th, Butterfield & Swire's Steamer - "Wuchang" framed down the river among the ships and junks. As we came along we saw the track of the new railway to Wossing - on which they have recently placed a train (Schedule Time 17 minutes)

We turned north through a Channel into the yellow sea and soon passed the true mouth of the Yang-Tse-Kiang river, a big side-wheel river-boat - Built after the model of our Mississippi river packet-boats came down on her voyage between Hankow & Shanghai floating along on the smooth yellow water like a big fat duck.

As we all congregated for breakfast we took stock of our fellow passengers. Two women, three nuns, ~~seven~~ men, a boy and his "amiak."

The nuns kept out of sight, the skimming looking wife of the Shanghai bank clerk cut no ice, the Captain took care of the widow (child and amah thrown in) while the six AB's flunked and sparred for acquaintance. Among these was pleased to find W.S. Emmons. of the American Trading Co. with whom I had formed an acquaintance the year before both at Yokohama & Shanghai. With him was Mr. Wilson who represents an Eng. Co. at Tien Tsin buying hides and wool which comes by caravan from Mongolia.

Mr. Egill - of Australia - and Mr. Hutchins - an American life-insurance agent - completed the list.

As we came on deck after breakfast Hutchins continuing an argument we had started at table turned loose on us with a regular free-trade, free-silver, Bryan-orthodox harangue, and one by one we sneaked away - nor did he gain our confidence until we met him in Peking - and we frankly told him we would listen to all his stories - however old, even let him talk life statistics to us, but if he hoped for future favour he must never mention politics - he took the hint and proved a good companion. We found his descriptions of his life as an alcoholic, and later at the Keeley-Cure, very graphic, almost like one of J.S. Atkins' stories.

We got started on the wrong trail in our judgement of Hutchins and we learned to care a heap more for him than at the outset any of us would have thought possible.

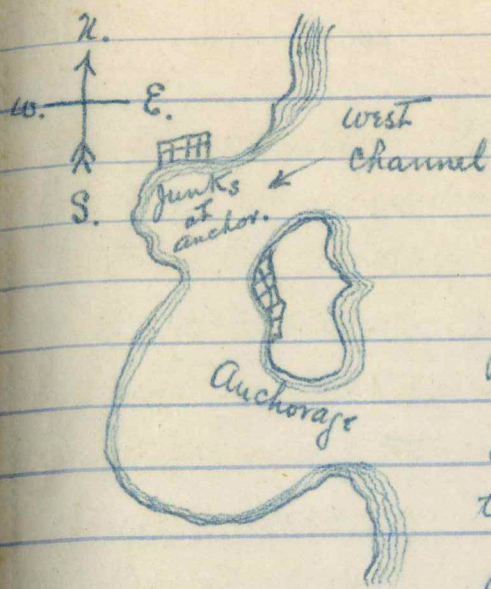
Mr Edgell was a fine old fellow - who at the close of a busy life found time and means at his disposal to make a voyage out into the world - so he got on a Japanese vessel at Melbourne and came to Hong Kong. Then either on business or pleasure bent steered up the coast and is now for Peking - He is near 70 yrs and none too strong and the heat prostrates him fearfully so that we were more or less concerned about him all the time - but he was "game" and droll and good natured always. The "Muckang" is a dirty old tub - the food lacks in quality but the Captain was liberal as to quantity - even supplying drinks and cigars as part of the hotel-bill, and cheaply too. Where the fare is cheap and so much good will goes with it. Your "kick" is found to be a weak one - so we made none - and read and slept to while away the tedium of the day. At morning and evening it was pleasant, usually plenty of breeze to fluff up the

the widows blood presses into picture
 Esque untidiness (with apologies)
 while along about noon the heat
 was great and the prickly heat
 on the widows small son caused
 lamentations that to our mind offset
 any charms the afore mentioned lady
 ever did, or could, possess.

The midday was hot and at night we took
 to the decks where we usually slept well and
 were always repaid by catching the first
 fresh breeze of returning day, and by seeing
 the sun rise out of its bank of fog or cloud
 over the Eastern Sea.

One night the fog hid us up - could hear
 other Steamers foghorns and bells answer-
 ing our own. our blankets were wet and
 we arose all braced up - but the Australian
 was a comical sight - his elongated head
 was still further anomalous on account
 of a swollen face due to a bad tooth.

But on the whole we learned not to
 complain of small discomforts and
 this voyage up the China coast is far
 from being the worst we have made.



This represents in the rough the island of Wri-Hai-wi. Which recently acquired Eng. port we "called-in" at on a Sunday morning Aug. 14th. The town itself is planked on the land side of the island, a small flat roofed town of no considerable size. While opposite on the main land is also another small village. The surrounding country for ten miles is also under British control - at anchor by the shore village was a number of junks but at anchor in front of the island town were a number of men-of-war. The cruiser "Graston", the two destroyers - "Hauby" and "Star" and some smaller craft. also the Chinese man of war that was used to carry away the body of Admiral Ting. The harbour is shallow 3 to 4 fathoms mostly save in the Channel and our screw stirred up the mud as we came in to leave the mails. This harbour is open - like a "roadstead" to the South East and should be rough in a typhoon though of that I can only conjecture.

The opposite hills are rugged and may some day require shore batteries,

When we came to anchorage - we stopped without dropping the kedgers - an ensign boarded us for the mails and we went on up coast. leaving the union jack fluttering from the flag staff over the fort so recently occupied by Chinese and later by the Japanese - It didn't seem worth making so much international disturbance over though it may some day be a very useful few miles of land.

The forty miles from Wai Hai Wai to Che-Fu is a rugged coast with the yellow soil showing through the green sword and the detached rocks which stud the coast are large enough to be marked "islands".

It's a foggy coast in summer - and we were often hellowing the horn or ringing the bell as we crept up the coast.

The great game of "war-bluff" is constantly before one in the East - in every port you find their war vessels whose officers are officially polite but who study each other's ships over against a possible

future hostile day. especially is this true along the China Coast where Japan Russia and England watch each other with jealous eyes. Here at Che-Fu we saw a four funneled Russian battle ship and a smart little Jap. cruiser, the Chimpant lemm showing conspicuously at her prow = its a neat figure-head.

There was a great fleet of junks and many merchant steamers anchored in near the Bund. then the town hanging along the shore and far out the beach the hotels schools and houses - for this is not unlike a Samtanium. back of the town strung across the yellow and green hills which back the town was the line of mud walls and towers erected in the last war to keep the Japs out; a healthy mule could kick them over. But after Wei-hai-wai this town had a panic of fright - and to repel the expected invasion they put up this mud wall.

Chefoo is a picturesque harbour, the rocky point with the Consulates Church-
es and foreign houses of business looks not unlike an Italian Town - the native

Section stretches back along a low lying piece of ground which borders a stream.

Away on the hills to the right are the white buildings of the American Mission and then all about in a semi circle are the high hills. About four o'clock Mr. Donnelly (of Ferguson & Company) came to the ship with his launch to take us all to the Club. Met Dr. Molineux. Mr. Waite and a Mr. Stay who has just returned from Siberia via the Gobi. It was a very neat little club facing the Southern beach, away from the harbour.

We also stopped at the Compound of Donnelly and his firm. - Quer continuation of house and fortresses these compounds - for the high strong wall enclosing their gardens and various buildings are closed by strong gates which are useful in riotous times. Learning that Paul Bergen (ex Parsons College) was living here and that Emmens was an old friend I proposed we should visit the Mission. We secured a local guide and set out on foot - threading the dirty narrow labyrinthine streets of the native town - looking in at a theater or into the low, one storied mud walled houses as we passed.

dodging mules, was her women, dogs and
 tabris with which the streets were filled.
 We at length came to the outskirts where
 gardens and fields occurred at intervals.
 It was fearfully hot and Emmens
 was not up to the hurried pace but
 we finally got up the hill and found Mr and
 Mrs. Bergen, Mrs. Levin and Miss Corbin.
 I had a thirst a mile long but its needless
 to say they did not serve cold beer.

We had about fifteen minutes in which to
 get acquainted, take up old college anec-
 dotes, exchange life histories and say good-
 bye. But somehow we managed it, and the
 walk back was cooler and more leisurely.
 At the docks we saw a fight - a hair pull-
 ing match, between two Chinamen. Saw
 a lot of sailors from the Russian ship
 and Donnelly, Mr. Molineaux and others
 bringing our friends off to the ship.
 On the whole our two hours stay in
 Chefoo was not without incident.

There was a fine sunset as we got away -
 a mist hung over the pinks, the city and
 for up onto the hills and the surrounding
 mountains were swathed in vari-colored clouds.

Before midnight we were at anchor in a low lying fog, for we could see the stars overhead. We moved on at intervals during the night. and Monday 11th we were crossing the Gulf of Pechili heading for Taku-bar. where we anchored, and spent a hot night; about midnight we caught the tide and crept up to Takong. at the mouth of the Pi-ho river.

During the night the forts at Taku saluted with six shots. Some Mandarin around and they were saluting regardless of the hour.

I was awakened at dawn - I started up, half asleep, ice cold; for the wind had come up blowing half a gale; and thought of a conflagration, for the great cloud masses were firing red underneath where the sun struck them, though still below our horizon.

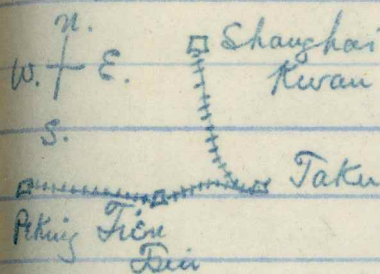
Anchoring at the river among a few other steamers, a launch came to take us up to the docks where was a train waiting to carry us on to Tsin Tsin.

This dock was away high above the upper deck of the launch whether built to keep above the river floods or excessive tides I did not learn but it made the handling of baggage a risky and difficult affair.

A crowd of jattering coolies seized each a piece of baggage; we herded them up and went to the train - paying excess tax on our luggage. Luckily we had it our usual amount or it would have required a lot of cowboys to keep our coolie gang together. Our own fare to Tien Tsui was only 70¢.

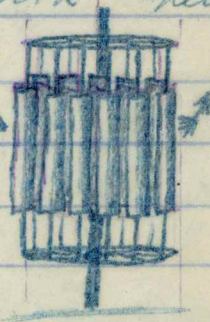
There were heaps of gorgeously arrayed China men about for, a Tartar, named Shang-Director General of the Chinese Railways; was going to Peking and they caused a long delay in starting. There was a specially decorated car on a siding which some one said belonged to and was used by the Empress Dowager. This I doubt, for I don't think she is addicted to the use of railways. We saw some handsomely embroidered coats among this crowd - and from all the flumm and walking up and down one would have thought they were about to transport some thirty thousand people by Express Trains - boys were selling fruit and viands and sodawaters, and beggars were soliciting alms, just as at any other railway station in the world; only you never saw such gaudy garments before.

After packing away in the cars where it was fearfully hot we at length pulled out of the station and drove out across the low flat country to the Westward. The railway from the North joins on here. It is built as far north along the gulf of Pechili to Shanghai Kwan.



Along the first part of this flat country they make salt by letting in or pumping in the sea water and allowing it to evaporate. for the purpose of

pumping I here saw a novel windmill - The wings turn in a horizontal plane instead of the usual vertical. As we saw them only from a distance the accompanying sketch is therefore only a "general impression" The whole landscape was dotted with them turning slowly, lazily in the breeze.



A pretty uninteresting country along here following the general course of the P. & S. whose junks were to be seen occasionally all the way along. Nearing Tientsin we passed the huge arsenal enclosed in a mud wall said to be four miles long - at any rate this is a huge compound away from everything else.

Then the City with good looking European buildings along the Bund and the low flat town of Chinese houses. but most conspicuous is the fleet of junks and river lighters - This being the City of Export and import for Northern China and Mongolia. Here we lost Emmus, Wilson, Hutchins and Edgell. Major ~~Barry~~ We bought tickets for (80 mile) Peking and entered the Mail or Pullman car, where we were informed that our tickets were of no use since the Mail Car was a special contract and collected their own fares. So much loss for ignorance.

This Country between the Coast and Peking is the flattest kind of a valley - well cultivated and sprinkled with villages - As we neared the Capital we could see hills and mountains which were very pretty by contrast with the monotony of the valley - We had disembarked at S. A. M. it was three o'clock P.M. before we reached Peking and had run but one hundred and twenty miles - Our baggage had been piled on an open car. along with half a hundred others - I never needed a native servant so much in my life and had a very troublesome and

Expensive time bringing our handful of luggage over from the seaboard. I am surprised that none was stolen.

We were landed at a small station which is about four miles from the hotel part of Peking and also some miles beyond the city walls. They are grading the road now to bring the trains down to the city gate. Luckily, ^{Major White's boy was sent to help} ~~the porter from the station~~ ^{to} meet us at the station else we had been lost for ever.

Major White was on the train coming from Tien Tsin and as he and Reid were acquainted in Singapore - Reid had no hesitancy in asking for a bit of help from the Chinese boy. We nevertheless had a perfect Kilkenney cat fight getting our baggage stowed away in three carts and ourselves balanced upon the backs of five donkeys before we left the Railway terminus and started for the city. There is no dustier road in the world - than this four miles, at this season. For they are also grading for the continuation of the Ry. down to the External gate of the city - a distance of Three or four miles - It is also fearfully dry and hot and a fog of dust hangs over this roadway all day long.

Reid looked the "English Tourist" as portrayed by the French caricaturists.

A slender little man with solar topi blue puggaree, Celluloid collar & flannel shirt, a blue Norfolk jacket gray flannel Trousers and broad toed ("Common sense") shoes. a stooping posture as he rode his donkey which continually altered for he would try to jockey as tho. his mount were a "hack" and he was in Hyde Park. But the finishing touch was a pair of dark goggles. White, being a military, was fairly decently habited. The rest of us were no especial Chrysanthemums. But the China boy seemed much more accustomed to and suitable to his mount. For in Peking you come to one city where the "Cook's Tourist" - the "Globe-trotter" and the inevitable Englishman has not been prepared for nor pandered to. Peking is for the Chinese. No Hong-Kong chairs, no rickshaws no English-saddled ponies await the train. No signboards in Eng. direct you. No one gives you the glad hand even for coin.

Iron wheeled, springless, hooded carts,
 drawn by mules, into which you
 creep and squat while the dirty driv-
 er sits just in front of you hanging his
 feet out over the side, or else the little
 donkey with a big padded saddle and
 a shouting, whoacking, beating donkey
 boy to steer or follow your mount.
 These are what the Manchur has been
 satisfied with, grown to love and he
 will not change. and for another good
 reason, i.e. practicality. These dusty
 roads can become quagmires. Then
 what use would rickshaws, or sedan
 chairs, or american buggies be in the
 Early spring or in winter - And how
 long would springs endure over the
 stone paved roads that haven't been
 renewed since Kublai Khan died.
 When we lined up for the start. White
 Reid, Alfred, Cobitis boy and myself on
 donkeys. four carts and the drivers and
 donkey boys made quite a cavalcade
 but this was swelled by ten or a dozen
 people who became impromptu beg-
 gars and helped us off in more con-

fusion and dust. But all along the way to the city there were plenty of genuine beggars. Sitting by the roadside they await the mounted travelers and going out into the road way prostrate themselves in the dust - these appeal to the Chinese as well as the foreigners and seldom in vain. Those who helped our hurry from the station. (donkey boys & porters as well as regular beggars). molest only the uninitiated and return to their regular duties as soon as the stranger has departed. In China however, any one who is lame halt or blind, leprosy or infested with any pesty sore seems to have the right and desire to expose his suffering or misfortune to the public gaze and demand and receive alms. Beggars importune all corners at temple gates, at theater doors, by palaces and barracks, at street corners or at lonely places on the public highway far from the cities or towns and they seldom appeal in vain. The copper cash comes out nearly always.

All this dust and confusion was attended
 with a great noise; a combination of
 sounds that swelled at times to a regu-
 lar hurly burly. The jolting of the
 carts, the jingling of the bells, ~~about~~ a
 string of sleighbells hung about each
 donkey's neck, the loud lamentations
 of the beggars, the sounding thwacks
 of the sticks upon the donkeys' backs
 and the shrill yells of the boys made a
 chorus which varied in volume, tone
 and pitch as the circumstances demanded.
 After a wearisome hour we came to the
 walls with a moat and then through
 huge gates - through this outer wall -
 waiting our turn to slip past the other
 carts and donkeys and footmen who
 block the way - for traffic at the gates
 is always congested and confusion
 reigns. Once inside we hurried along
 the stone causeway that leads from
 this outer to the inner gate, another
 delay in the crush and jam. Then into
 the city along wide unpaved streets.
 all so novel so confusing we made
 scarcely a mental note. hurrying on

hurry along to a sanctuary where we could rest, collect our scattered wits and to make new beginnings from which to start afresh - Passing by the stone walled compounds of the Foreign Legations, through the gateways of which we caught glimpses of gardens with flowers and cool shaded walks under the trees - sharp contrast to the dusty, filthy streets - Down to the only hotel. Kept by a Rusty L. Faillen (ounds French all right.) where we found good food, cool drinks and quiet, for you enter through a house and a passage way into a courtyard where are flowers and shrubs and the hotel is built all around it. Mr. P. Kierulf proprietor "Hotel de Peking".

In Chinese history, where dates are uncertain, they claim that the city of Chi stood on the site of the present Northern Capital so long ago as 1121^{year} before the Christian era (the Mutu, three centuries ^{later} 1215 A.D.) the Tartar hordes under Tchingiz Khan (one can still recognize in this name "Gengis Khan")

Later, Kublai Khan, destroyed the then existing city and built Khaybaligh - the remains of whose walls can still be seen. There are intervening dates of importance, when dynasties rose or fell, when the city was burned or rebuilt, but Peking of today springs from the ashes of past cities which the Tartar hordes put to the torch.

Since the days of the Golden Hordes the city has shrunk on the North and grown to the Southward - where the suburbs have been included. But the present city evidently is not so populous nor prosperous as it has been in the past. When the Mongol army came down from the steppes and deserts of the North and from the highlands where they first saw the fertile plains of China stretch out to the Southward it is little wonder they called it a garden.

Every available piece of ground is tilled, rivers and canals stretch their silver bands across this carpet of green and orchards and villages dot the plain. Where the mountains abruptly end and the valley of the Peiho opens out to the

Eastward and Southward. The City of Peking has been built. The mountain

streams have been conducted across the plains to fill her moats and form artificial lakes within her walls.

The Canals and river float the rice laden junks to her markets and she stands today, as she has for centuries long, the Capital of the North.

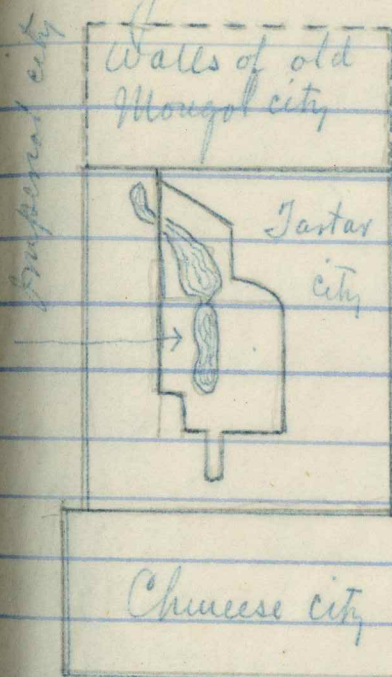
Here mingle the remnants of the Mongol tribes, the tall Manchu Bannerman and the commerce loving Chinamen.

Rice and Tea, transported from the Yangtze valley bring the Southern people, ~~from~~

Mongolians with their bands of shaggy ponies, or Buriats from the Siberian forests follow the Caravans to this depot of exchange and the old distinctions of "Tartar City" and "Chinese City" no longer maintain.

Before the Northern Walls of Kharbalgh had been abandoned, for the present walls of the Tartar City, and the Chinese City was still outside the gates, Peking must have been a very much more populous center than it is today.

And even now no two authorities can agree as to the number of its inhabitants. Various estimates - ranging from 500,000. to 2,000,000. having been made and as it is wholly a matter of guesswork either limit may be taken with equal satisfaction.



The walls of the Mongol city have fallen and there are many breaches which war or time has made but the Tartar and ~~Chinese~~ city still are guarded by over twenty miles of walls.

Sometimes they are single but around the Imperial city there are in places a double set with wide spaces between. No brick walls on stone foundations are filled in between forming a rampart forty feet high and from fifty feet in thickness at the bottom to thirty or more at the top. There are buttresses at intervals and many gates (9) which rise story above story to a height of a hundred feet. (The gates are three storied)

But between the black-bricks and in the stone-works weeds are growing causing tiny braches which time enlarges - Cannon no longer pour from the ramparts nor do the guards keep watch. Considering the time at which the city was built, Peking's walls made it all but impregnable and today, though modern weapons might destroy the masonry yet the resulting debris would be still a very effective earthwork.

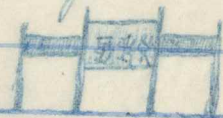
The gates too are especially adapted for purposes of defense. You enter through the huge archway - where wooden gates, studded with large iron-nails, can be closed if necessary - but this brings you into a courtyard and you must turn at an angle once if not twice before another gateway permits of entrance into the city streets. There are however arches in the walls where flood gates permit the inflow or outflow of the streams - and on the Eastern wall the instruments of the Astronomical observatory speak louder for peace than even the crumbling mortar or grass grown ramparts.

Within the walls of the Chinese city you ride along the stone causeway for a long distance with open ground on either side and there are many places besides that are unoccupied by houses.

In the space ~~open~~ enclosed by the old Mongol walls are disused temples, market gardens and a huge sandy plain now used as a parade-ground.

But within the walls of the Tartar City the habitations fill all the available ground - wide streets make the principal thoroughfares but radiating from these are side streets, narrow lanes and blind alleys which twist and turn to suit themselves. High walls enclose compounds within which are gardens and trees - here and there a temple occupies a generous space but mostly one storied houses of black bricks ~~just~~ stand flush with the street. Residences, tiny shops, or even stores or markets packed together in a long black string, perpendicular signboards with glittering signs of illegible characters & streaming banners decorate their fronts.

Booths and Stands, sheltered by canopies or umbrellas, fakirs and beggars crowd the space where pavements maintain in other cities and narrow the fairly wide streets down to a dusty crowded space where two carts can barely pass; and from time to time these main thoroughfares are spanned by archways, where more of those golden characters gleam against a background of black.



But viewed from the walls Peking looks like a densely packed village where the houses roofs show as a back ground to the trees, with here and there a temple or palace raising its dragon decorated gables above the level sea of green. From the streets the trees are not noticeable but from the walls one has a better chance to observe how the walled gardens are breathing places where flowers bloom in the gardens and tiny lakes reflect the trees that over arch them.

Viewed from the streets Peking is all that is sordid, but from the walls it is almost attractive.