

Breund 12 March Saturday p.m. 1898

January the Sixth 1898

Baram, Sarawak

Borneo.

Dearest of Fathers and All you best beloved ones at Home, by these presents know that:-

Again we are back to the civilization of the Bazaar and the Fort after a long trip up the Baram, Tinjar, and Dapoi rivers this time on an errand of peace instead of War. We failed to find the murderers whom we heard had been killing people up river, but that was in reality only a secondary object of the trip. The main object of making peace between the Tinjar tribes and the Kayans of the Baram was successfully carried out; although at one time it looked as if they were coming to blows over their extreme friendship. To begin where I left off before just after the feast on Hoss's verandah at which all of the Kayan and Kenniah chiefs got royally drunk but not noisy nor pugnacious but simply talkative, and went to bed with shakey knees:— On the following morning at an early hour we steamed off in the Lucille with a string of native canoes in tow wherein the party were to make their way when we got in water too shallow for the steamer. Most of the chiefs kept to their muzzled up and hard couches untill a late hour in the day that they might recover from the "Katzenjammer" caused by the libations of arrak with which they had anointed themselves the day before. There was a strong current against us so we were forced to go slowly and besides we were on the look out for one more important member of the party, namely the man who had done the killing in the Tinjar before and on whose account the expedition had been arranged. This man named Juman had been ordered by the government to bring down to the fort, Tingi, a murderer of an unsuspecting Chinese trader, dead or alive; the murderer resisted arrest and defied the government, wherefore the valiant Juman shot him in the chest as he swirled past him in his swift canoe. The family of Tingi were not a little put out by this rapid justice and vowed vengeance on Juman whenever opportunity offered. It was against these people that we were out on the war-path on our last expedition up the Baram when they were suspected of coming over across country to the clearings belonging to Juman's household, and lying in wait for the people who worked in the farms. When we reached the mouth of the Tinjar, Tamabulan had managed to creep up on deck still a little the worse for wear; he advised that we should leave a letter for Juman at the Mouth of the river, directing him to follow us up.

The letter consisted of a piece of newspaper stuck on a pole near the bank; on the paper was drawn a picture of the steamer with clouds of smoke issuing from the funnel, and a long string of boats in tow at her stern; beneath was a huge hand pointing up stream. We found that the Tinjar was not in fresh, so up we went full steam, and early in the afternoon arrived at the house of the Lelak people. The old man of the house was down with a bad attack of fever and disordered stomach, and had employed the most skillful and expensive "Dayongs" to charm away the evil spirits which were harrassing him; the Dayongs

had erected outside the house near the bank of the river a most elaborate "Jok" and "Tapoh" and "Nieng" namely posts and sticks cut into shavings and knots and arranged in a sort of charmed circle; some of the sticks are cleft in four at the end and in the cleft is placed an egg these are the "Tapoh" and are very powerful to entice spirits who are partial to hen fruit. We were warned not to go too near to this hallowed ground lest we be stricken with some fearful sickness, but fools rush in where angels fear to tread and we were even bold enough to set up the camera right in the center of the holy of holies and take a photograph of the whole outfit. Tamabulan told us that he was sure that we would have horrid dreams that night and might possibly be grabbed by a ghost. This idea of theirs of being grabbed by a ghost is a peculiar thing, and many men show horrible scars on their bodies where they say they have received "Gum Toh" literally "Spirit Clutch". The scar stands out like a thick welt in branching and superimposed layers as if a great blob of skin had been thrown against the body and stuck there; I think it is probable that it is caused by constant irritation of some small wound until a scar-tumor, known as a "Keloid of Addison" is formed. I have one very good photograph of an extensive one and I shall try to get more. The people say that if a spirit clutches you by the neck and leaves his mark, you must surely die before morning. Well to resume; after taking the photograph we went up into the house and I paid a visit to the old man, telling him that I had caught the evil spirits in my box and that he was now sure to get well. I administered some Quinine for his fever and gave him also a soothing stomachic to relieve his constant nausea. The Lelaks are the cleanest lot of people that I have yet seen in Borneo, they are almost entirely free from skin disease and they are personally clean in their house. Carving wood seems to be one of their fortes and almost all the beam ends are carved into grotesque figures of men in twisted positions; and here and there the upright posts are carved out in deep niches for seats. The house however swarms with dogs of the usual hungry, mangey, inquisitive sort. In the evening we had war dances, playing on the Kaluri, and Sapei, and some very stupid dances by the women, who have evidently learned the art from the Javanese. The dance is not with the feet but with the arms, and the skill lies in being able to twist their arms to and fro in rather graceful fashion; it seems to be a most solemn performance and the usual fixed smile of our ballet dancers is replaced by an expression of constrained sobriety amounting almost to a frown. They however get some excitement from it as one of the dancers suddenly sat down panting and said she was unable to go on any longer; she was getting into an almost trance like state. After the Ball was over we spread our mats in a corner of the verandah and composed ourselves for sleep, but for some time it was a constant struggle to keep away the dogs; Hose retired to one of the little box like rooms which these Lelak people suspend from one of the beams between the ceiling and the floor. They are only about five feet square and the whole structure creaked and groaned when Hose's two-hundred pounds rested in it. Then they put all the dogs out of

the house and turned the knotted log, which serves as steps, over so that the dogs could not climb in again. To have revenge the infernal beasts set up a howling concert and bayed the moon till all were hoarse and their souls had been damned to eternal perdition. In the middle of the unquiet night, Juman and his people arrived and more noise ensued and the dogs were let up into the house again.

We were up for an early start in the morning and the old man of the house was so far recovered from his illness that he insisted upon going along with us and taking his chances. We steamed up the twisting and turning stream until a little after mid-day when the floating and sunken logs became so thick that it was unsafe for the "Lucille" to go further. All our belongings and stores were packed in the canoes and we bid goodbye to the comforts of the swift little steamer and jogged along to the sound of paddles. The Tinjar is a large branch of the Baram and for several miles above where it joins with the main stream is very little narrower than the Baram; but it is, in my opinion, much prettier than the larger river, the jungle comes down closer to the river banks and its course lies more among hills and generally rolling country. Had I never seen Borneo after my last visit here I should have had an erroneous idea of the farming industry of the people. When I was last here the season was over and the fields could not be distinguished from barren clearings; this year it is quite a different matter and the open hills and valleys sown with waving green hill-rice appear on all sides refreshing to the eyes and a credit to the natives. The work of clearing the jungle for a field is enormous, and occupies all spare time during the five or six months of the dry season, and even then it is not what we would call a cleared field; the tall stumps and snags are left standing so that until the paddy gets to a good height the fields have merely the appearance of a fire swept woodland.

Late in the afternoon during a heavy rainstorm we arrived at Tama Liri's house, a miserable affair, built up on flimsy little poles and shakey and narrow; it is a disgrace to the Barawans to have a Penghulu with so miserable a house. He has been well blown up for it but he is such a pig-headed fool that nothing can alter him. His photograph is in my book, he is the one with the very open nostrils and the tiger teeth in his ears, a portrait simply of his lovely head. There was no landing for the boats on the bank of the river in front of his house so to shame him a little the Kayans and Kenniahs fell to work and moved round a great log, cut knotes in it and got it into place, giving the people of the house an example of rapid work. When all was finished we walked up to the house with our noses in the air, and condescendingly shook hands with our host. Tamabulan's nephew whom he had brought along with him was very ill when we arrived at Tamaliri's; he had a bad attack of fever when he arrived at the fort and I gave him some Warburgh's tincture and told him when the sweat broke out to be careful to keep well covered up. When he got down to the Bazaar some old Chinese trader who thought he knew better, at once stopped the perspiration by rubbing him with oil and keeping him uncovered, consequently he caught a severe cold which settled on his chest and when he was

brought up into Tamalixi's house I found him in the first stages of pneumonia, with a high fever and slightly delirious. I must say that I rather funked treating him as I thought it more than likely that he would die, and I remembered our experience of last year up in T.B.'s house. I told Tamabulan this, and that Wan was dangerously ill, but the old man assured me that he had perfect confidence in me and begged me to help him; with our assistance a well protected little room was built up with mats on the verandah and the sick boy well wrapped up; I gave him a good hot drink and got his pulse quieted down with aconite and he dosed off to sleep. Old T.B. was much worried and decided after being advised by me to make his way back home with all speed possible; as he said, it would be so inconvenient to have Wan die in any strangers house. The miserable old Tamalixi never raised a hand to help us get any thing fixed up even in his own house, but merely sat and gassed to a crowd of open mouthed ninnies of the great deeds he had done. In the evening all the chiefs took turn in telling their host what a wretched house he had and expressing the hope that the next time that they visited him he would have a better accomodation for them.

I left my watch with Tamabulan and two packages of medicine with explicit verbal directions as to the times and indications for giving them. In the morning Wan was somewhat better, however we left T.B. and his party to follow after us in a day or so if the patient kept on improving, and we went on to the next house; the party had by this time swelled to about two hundred as we picked them up from each house we stopped at. There were quite a few houses on the way in which we paid our respects and gave away small packages of tobacco, in some we picked up articles of ethnological interest such as frames on which they weave mats, curious idols, bead work ornaments, etc.etc. and towards dusk arrived at the house of Aban Avit. This house is as much a credit to the Berawans as Tamalixi's is a disgrace. It is built on fine large posts fifteen feet high, and down to the water's edge runs a good log ladder; from the top of the river bank there is a broad raised walk made of planks up to the house which stands about two hundred feet back from the river. Inside, the verandah is broad and well floored with hard wood planks, and the wall separating the sleeping rooms from the public verandah is straight and smooth. Aban avit seems to be of quite an artistic bent; most of the doors have decorations of black and white paint around them. These decorations consist of a back ground of black in a border of points and squirls around the opening of the door, and dotted over this background are polka dots of white made by dabbing on the paint with the thumb. In one or two places he has tried to paint the figure of a Wa Wa monkey with its long arms and legs in contorted attitudes. He said that this monkey was the lucky animal of his family and his father and his father's father before him were particularly fond of it. Such drawings of animals are however always so conventionalised that it is often difficult to recognise them. He gave up his private room to us and made us very comfortable with nice clean mats to spread upon the floor. As a guest we found in his house an old chief from the Rejang river, who had come

over from that river to bring back a woman who had been abducted from the house at Long Lama on the Baram river. This was the open cause of his visit which he told to everyone, but subsequently it leaked out through Tamabulan that the real object of his trip was to bring messages of good feeling from the people of the Batang Kayan river in the Dutch possessions, and to express their desire to come under the Sarawak Government. To all of this Hose listened with delight; he has long been wishing for a good chance to get into direct communication with the people of the East side. So through Jok Orang the old Rejang chief he sent presents to the foremost of the Batang Kayan head-men, these presents consisted of Whole bolts of White cloth, three bolts of Turkey red cloth, a bottle of Whiskey, and a dozen wax candles. The candles had a hidden meaning, namely that they were to light them on their way into Sarawak territory and guide them to where they would have no more fear of enemies. Tamabulan sent over two large Chinese gongs with the message that he would be responsible for all the Kayans and Kenniahs of the Baram District, and no harm should come to the new comers. After these words of friendship the drink flowed free and toasts were drunk all round, then Jok Orang made a long, a very long speech relating his woes in the Rejang; how the government was left in the hands of a Malay underling who hated the Kayans and took any opportunity or pretext of imposing a fine, and it was impossible to get any complaint to headquarters. All on account of this man named Auang Taha the Batang Kayans had failed to get word to Hose before, many times had they tried but their messages had always been stopped by this fiend Taha, who even tried to pass himself off as a white man. T.B's nephew was a little better, the old man had made an early start and arrived at Aban Avi's in good season; after the speech making and the drinking were over he said that much as he wished to go on with us, he felt that it was his duty to take the boy back to his parents with all speed. This was a great disappointment to all of us as we more or less depended on T.B. to make the peace making go off with vim and go.

When with his followers he walked down the long log to his boat all the men and women in the house streamed down in single file and took up their positions along the walk and the landing and as the Kenniah Chief's boat swung out into mid stream they waved their large circular hats and shouted their good wishes for his successful return home; he leaned far out under the palm leaf covering of his boat and with a broad grin showing every one of his black teeth yelled back a greeting to us all. There is something extraordinary about this old Kenniah chief; there is not one of the tribes who do not respect his name, and speak of him with admiration; his photograph in our book has now a broad black margin of thumb marks. He is not at all a fierce man nor a man of impressive presence but when he makes a command or gives a judgement there is no disputing it. We asked him once if he knew what we meant when we talked among ourselves and said T B and he at once replied "I think you are probably talking about me" We asked him because we noticed that he frequently looked up as if he understood when we mentioned the initials of his name.

When the house had quieted down from its roistering we got some sober men to go along with us to a little hill close by, about a half mile up the river, so that we might get some bearings of the surrounding country, and help us to get cross bearings when up river and thus locate the various mountains accurately. It was a hard climb although the hill was only 500 feet high, but the jungle was dense; when we got to the top our view was shut in by the high trees so there was nothing for it but to fell the trees that were in the way and get a clear view.

This was done and was as fine as any thing else; the great old trees went crashing down the side of the hill tearing all before them and making a reverberating roar answered back from mountain to mountain like peals of thunder. We got several good observations which would be of service on some future day. That night Lew and I developed the photographs which we had taken thus far, under extremes of difficulty. The night was hot and we had to shut ourselves in one of the small inner rooms with a tent made of thick black cloth over us and the little oil lamp beside us to add to the heat. Then we had no proper place to wash the plates so we borrowed a deep gong and filled it with the alum water and rested the plates up against an unopened tin of Ox-tail soup placed in the center of the gong. Nevertheless the plates turned out well so we finally turned in and slept contentedly; by this time we were out of the region of mosquitos.

We took our time in the morning and got off comfortably by about nine o'clock; the rest of the party had gone on the evening before and were to meet us again at Aban Liah's. It was a hard day's paddling; the river had fallen rapidly and every now and then we had rough rapids to go over, and our boat was very heavily laden not only with our own belongings but also with several sacks of rice for the use of the natives. A little before dark we arrived at the house of Tama Aping Pang, who belongs to the tribe of Sibops. On the way ~~we~~ we picked up an old fellow and his party in a great long boat on his way to join the peace party. His name is Jamma and he is the nephew of one of the greatest chiefs of the Tinjar river, or rather was the nephew, for his Uncle Aban Jau is dead and his great household of nearly eight hundred people is scattered. For a long time he defied the Rajah and said that the Tinjar was his river, and he had sole control of it; at last however he had to knuckle under, and the blow killed him. The nephew is a ~~run~~ looking old codger, he was badly in need of a shave or a pull with tweezers; ~~we had~~ a skraggly five days growth of whiskers ^(covered) on his chin, and on his head he wore a very dirty and bedraggled jockey cap made of cotton flannel, blue and white; to aid his failing eyesight he wore a pair of great brass rimmed spectacles, which evidently did not suit him for he squinted up his eyes into all sorts of wrinkles when he looked at anything; ~~the~~ ~~eyes~~ the eyes themselves were not what you would call lustrous orbs, the whites were dirty brown and the iris appeared as if it had run over its bounds and left a stain around it. His eye-brows and eye-lashes had been pulled out, and beneath the lower lids were wrinkled and flabby bags of skin. To increase his general resemblance to a Mias, his upper lip was long, while the under lip was thick and flabby and turned over so as to show the moist inner surface.

His grizzled hair was cut short and stood up in bristles all over his long pointed head. There's a picture for you of this old beast who thinks that he is as great a man as his uncle and is constantly making seditious speeches against the government. He is a great swell among his people and this time travelled in state with a complete set of eleven gongs, large and small, on board his canoe, whereon a faithful slave discoursed Staccatogong music as his Highness's boat was poled up stream. We arrived at the house of Tama Aping Pang sometime in the afternoon and decided to stop there over night instead of pushing on to Aban Liah's. The people of this house are famous for the manufacture of sumpitans, and we found these native weapons in every stage of being made. The first thing is to get a good straight piece of hard wood which is only roughly shaped and trimmed into a rough bar about eight feet long and about four inches in diameter; this bar is fastened with one end just sticking up through the slats of the floor, and then the drilling begins. One man prods a long thin bar of iron about the size of the bore of the blow-pipe, into the end which is sticking up through the floor, until he produces a hole in the center of the bar; all the while another man drops water down alongside of the drill, which is only slightly pointed at the end, until at length the bar of wood is completely drilled through and is ready to be trimmed and slimmed into proper shape. The inside of the tube is polished with a long piece of rattan which is dragged rapidly backward and forward through it until it is almost as bright and smooth as a gun barrel. The outside of the Sumpitan is first scraped and then made smooth by means of rubbing with a crisp leaf which no doubt contains a great deal of silicon, like the Bamboo leaves. In this house we bought for one bolt of red cloth, the door of a man's room, which he had carved into deep bas-relief. The figures represent two monkeys in a badly mixed up condition, one standing on its head; beneath the frame of the door is what looks to be a cuttle fish, but where the carver could ever have seen such a thing is a mystery; it has a beak and two great white eyes made of fragments of a china plate inlaid in the wood. The knob of the door is an impudent looking, little figure of a man with his head turned completely round and staring defiance with his two great china orbs, at the bold intruder to his masters sanctuary; the whole is decorated with red and black paint. We rummaged throughout the house in all the dark and out of the way corners for stray bits of ethnological material, which may serve as keys to much of the vanishing knowledge. For instance in one of their drinking songs, the phrase comes in; 'I hand to you the bamboo drinking cup' but now-a-days a bamboo drinking cup is never seen and many natives would tell you that there was no such thing. But by dint of careful searching and enquiry Hose has at last unearthed three or four, of peculiar shape and well carved.

The evening was balmy and clear and there were no mosquitoes, so the Kayans preferred to sit out on the bank of the river rather than in the hot and smokey house. They erected a little flat platform of sticks and while the darkness gathered and the little cooking pots bubbled and chattered over the bright fires we sat and talked and ate one more of our fast dwindling store of fowls which we carried in a

huge long basket tied on the stern of our boat. After we had talked for some time we went up to the house, where Juman had to go through the ceremony of Usut with the people, because years ago some of his relatives had killed some of Tama Aping Pang's people. The Usut consisted of giving his host some bit of iron such as a spear head, and on this bit of iron a young chicken was killed and the blood smeared from the point of the spear on the chest or arms of all those present. This is supposed to wipe out all enmity and a man is free from the accusation that he is cowardly and neglectful of the wrongs done to his fore-fathers, and he may then be on perfectly friendly terms with his former foe. It might be termed the obliteration of a "Vendetta"

In the morning we again paddled up stream bound for Aban Liah's where the whole party was to congregate before proceeding to the house of Tama Aping Buling where the great peace making was to be held.

We stopped about twelve o'clock to cook and take a swim, and a photograph of the crowd (which by the way turned out first rate), when we started again, I got into the boat with old Jamma, and listened to his sweet voice and the music from his gongs. In the course of the conversation he remarked what a pity it was that I had not brought up several more pipes like the one that I was smoking. This was all that he said but he meant "Wont you give me the one you're smoking" I was awfully dense and merely replied that it was a pity as I often liked a change of pipes myself, and I only had one with me. He was very polite to me and made a comfortable place for me to recline against and thus we arrived at Aban Liah's. Hose was in a lighter boat and both he and Lew were up in the house when I got there. Old Liah had already begun his cantankerous behavior by request that Juman should not be allowed to come up into the house since he had not given Usut.

Hose sat on this at once by telling him that it was impossible for any man who was travelling along with him to be refused admittance to the house. Liah went into his room and sulked for a time and then came out in a better humor, and although he knew Juman well and Juman knew him, Hose made a great show of introducing them and making them shake hands. The old fellow gave us his own room and after the customing that Hose gave him I think that he tried to do his best. He told us about twenty times of the magnificent pig that he was going to kill on the morrow for the feast; saying that it was at least seven spans long, and very fat; then he dilated on the excellence of the Arrack which he had prepared, and the quantities of it that were ready.

Suddenly there was considerable excitement over the arrival of some men from the Leppu Annan house some distance up river, where the relatives and friends of Tingi lived, Tingi was the man whom Juman had killed by order of the Government. They announced that their people were coming down to go through with the ceremony known as "Jawa" with Juman. Jawa is also a breaking up of a vendetta, but it is much more animated than the mere giving of Usut. The people were pretty well excited so Hose went up to meet them and come down in their boat to prevent any trouble arising. These were the people, mind you, who had vowed to kill Hose on sight; it shows how much he fears their idle talk. This Jawa business is nothing more than bluff and swagger; each

party wants to show the other how brave they are, and how they could in reality kill them with a mere puff, but after all they think it best to let them live and make friends. In this case they came down river with Hose in their boat, and as they got near the landing, fired several shots from an old muzzle loader, which salute was answered from the house by two or three shots from an old gun owned by Juman and fired by Lew. Then the Leppu Annans kept up firing so Lew got out his Winchester, and let them have about six shots so fast that it made their hair stand on end; Hose led them backward and forward in front of the house so that they might quiet down a bit. Then up they came and as soon as they got inside the verandah they set up such a howling shouting and stamping that the great beams of the house trembled. Juman should have gone forward to meet them half way, and then they have a sort of sham battle, sometimes resulting in a good many sore heads. The slayer of Tingi, however, faked it a little I think, and although Hose pulled him forward into the midst of the skirmish he soon made his way back to his seat again and gave as the excuse that he was not going to meet these people until they had given him Usut for killing his father in days gone by. He demanded that they should first give him five Tawaks (great big gongs) and five small Gongs, worth in all about three hundred dollars; this was a great deal too much, and after long persuasion by Hose he compromised on one Tawak, a gong, and a Lukut Sekala (one of the most valuable of the old beads) the gong and the Lukut Sekala are to be returned when the Leppu Annans visit Juman.

When this had been settled, aban Liah's pig was brought forth for inspection and criticism. Tamaliri, who had contributed nothing to the show, said that it would have been much better if the pig had been ten spans long instead of seven; when the pig was finally measured it proved to be but five spans, which didn't seem to disconcert the host in the slightest. Old Jamma made himself very officious and an outsider would have thought that the whole feast was of his getting up; he constantly directed people what to do and where to sit, always in a sort of half apologetic manner, as if the host hardly knew what was what. We got rather tired of their gassing, and when we thought that no one would follow us we went down on the bank of the river and with an over turned canoe for a seat, we watched the innumerable "flying foxes" which are not foxes at all but huge bats with a stretch of wing of about five feet. They kept flying over to their feeding ground in an almost constant line, sometimes as many as twenty being in sight at one time, and giving an anti-deluvian appearance to the whole scene, which combined the dark, slowly flowing river, the palms both tall and short, peering out of the primeval jungle, and the orange yellow sunlight shooting out in long slanting rays from behind a bank of lowering black clouds on the horizon; above all towered Mount Dulit, rising abruptly from the opposite bank of the river, and catching a few of the last shafts of sun-light on its misty summit. The three brothers who are the Heads of the Leppu Annans (young fellows ranging from seventeen to twenty five years old, or thereabouts) came down and talked to us

about the failure of the Jawa to go off with eclat, and the avaricious demands of Juman. Hose jollied them up a little, and promised to stay at their house on the following night. The Leppu Annans have come over from the Rejang river, where they were constantly harrassed by the Dayaks, and misrepresented until the Dayaks were finally given permission by the government to attack them. Hose heard of the expedition and knowing that it was unjust, sent over a message to them post haste to pack up bag and baggage and fly to the protection of the Baram district; they did so and all escaped much to the disgust of the Dayaks. These people now regard Hose as their preserver and no trouble taken in his behalf can be too great. That night we had a large gathering of the ladies of the household to look at the photographs which received thereby a fresh coat of finger marks. It's strange that they never seem content (to simply) look at the pictures, but must always put one finger on the page although the book be held by another person; they behave just like a crowd of children over a picture book, one wants to look long at a picture and another remembers something in a page that has been turned that he or she wants to look at again, then several pages are held half turned up so that no one can see comfortably. One of the most favorite pictures is the one of the two Dayaks bargaining over the sale of a jar; they all see the meaning of it at once and explain to one another that the man sitting down doesn't want to sell his jar for the price offered; for the landscapes or other views wherein there are no people they don't care a fig, and would just as lief look at them up side down.

Next day at nine o'clock the feasting began; pigs were caught beneath the house and with their feet tied were laid in a row just outside the circle of chiefs and elders in the verandah. Before a pig is killed it is talked to in a very serious manner, and is then supposed to get an answer from the spirits who are controlling the affairs of men and this answer is indicated in the pig's liver. The Leron people who live with the Leppu Annans and who are the relatives of Tingi the murderer, were present, and Tingi's adopted father requested Hose to talk to a pig that they might know whether or not the government was in the right when it ordered his son's death. Hose agreed, but told them to start with that it made little difference to him what the pig's liver might tell; he had pursued the course which to him seemed right and would do so again despite the livers of a thousand pigs. He then stepped into the midst of the circle where the pig was lying, and waited for complete silence, several unimportant people on the outside of the crowd kept talking till he shouted at them in a voice that made their teeth chatter, and old Jamma's hair stand even stiffer than before; when all was quiet, he gave the unsuspecting hog a mighty kick to make it pay attention and it proclaimed by a loud squeak that it was all ears. The following is his speech, which I took down in English as it was delivered:- "Lerons it is not our custom to inquire from a pig what is in the hearts of men, but you people of up river follow this custom and believe that the pig knows your feelings. (cries of Be Betul! Betul!--True! True!) I will for this time adopt your custom and talk to this pig. You have told me that the pig understands malay so

I will talk in Malay. (Cries of Betul Betul) Understand then that it was not Juman nor Tamabulan who killed Tingi and Sidup his brother, but I, the Government, none other; if you have any fault to find, find it with me. Remember this Tama Talip! (the adopted father of Tingi) whom he grabs by the shoulder and shakes. Then tell us pig who is in the wrong and who in the right! (gives it another kick and it grunts) If men of the Tinjar kill people, I will order baram men to kill them if men of the baram commit murder I will order Men of the Tinjar to kill them; Know this all of you Lerons, Sibops, Kayans, Berawans and Kenniahs! (Here he stamped his foot so loudly that most of the old men jumped six inches off the ground and Jamma shook his spectacles off) Now Pig tell us truly if you can who is in the right!"

This speech was followed by cries of "Kill the pig at once that he may hear nothing else to influence him." Wherefore the poor beast was taken off and its neck sawed through with a parang and while it was still warm its liver was laid before the wise men for examination. They all looked very wise, the old fellow with one eye and a green velvet smoking cap, winked and blinked and chewed sirih in deep thought; and Jamma Pawed and fingered the liver in deep contemplation before he said anything, and Tama Talip screwed his mouth up on one side and clasped his hands over his knees. The liver was certainly peculiar; but withal favourable, for the gall bladder came down nearly to the edge and the small lobe which lies beside it was thin and long, this meant long life and enduring prosperity. What was the chief point was, however, that the lobe which represented the government was hard and firm and its inner border was almost like a cord set into the substance of the lobe. This Hose at once interpreted as meaning the strength and unswerving justice of the government, that it was hard to break, yet nevertheless it was firmly united to the interests of the people. Just above where the gall bladder was attached the surface was scarred and deeply indented as if some of the liver had been taken away; this was interpreted as being a little unfavourable, and indicated the death of several of the chiefs. Thus it is that Hose turns to account the seemingly ridiculous religion of the natives, and bends and sways them by their most deeply rooted superstition. Several of the old chiefs might be said to have turned pale when they saw the scar above the gall bladder, but they console themselves for the first time by the thought that after all they may not be so very, very important. But away with dull care! "Bring in the banquet quickly! Wine enough!" Aban Liah hustles his slaves about and four of the great Chinese jars which he prizes so highly are brought in filled with the finest brew of Arrack, other lesser jars with an inferior quality of the beverage are placed outside the select circle for the rabble, and the seals are broken (i.e. the dusty rattans holding down the covers are cut) To old Jok Orang from the Rejang the first drink is given as the guest of the Tinjar people who thereby tender him their friendship and promise him and his followers protection. He gulps the drink down, spilling a good half of it where his shirt front ought to be, and the whole crowd stamp and yell and shout in the customary manner until the house trembles and creaks (we knowing what was coming take safe positions over good strong

beams) No accident happened however although the stamping after each drink was tremendous. Before the drink got into their brains Hose made them make their speeches, so that they should not talk nonsense.

Juman and Tama Talip drink in turn from the same cup and peace is proclaimed all round. Jamma officiates at the killing of a chicken whose blood is then mixed with water and sprinkled over us all from a brush made of shavings and dipped in the gore. Still holding the blood-smeared brush he makes a speech proclaiming this to be the greatest of all peace makings that has ever taken place in the Tinjar river and pointing out how truly the pigs liver spoke to them in asserting the strength of the government. Then Juman follows with a very sensible speech, saying that he was merely the servant of the government when he killed Tingi and Sidup, and so staunch is his loyalty that were he told to kill Tama Usong his dear friend still he would feel it his duty to comply. All the while, he makes wild jestures, sawing his arms backward and forward and emphasising the close of each sentence by exclaiming "Bah! bah!" I think this was probably merely to fill in a pause while he thought of what he was going to say next, not unlike the habit some speakers have of clearing their throat or giving a short cough. Before long he began to talk rot and bravado so we pulled him down to his seat and congratulated him as if he had finished speaking. Old Aban Anyi gets excited and jumps up but Tama Usong pulls him down and shuts him up. After several other wordy harangues Hose gets up and says " Although some of those present are excited by drink yet they talk well, but we miss one man who can talk better than all and who knows the ways of the Government, the sound of his Tawaks is heard far over in the country of the Batang Kayan, all acknowledge him as a faithful friend and a fearful foe- I mean TamaBulan! Let us not forget that he was to have been present here with us. I am not skillful at talking but what I will say is that we the Government will carry out all our plans and maintain justice!" Aban Liah's speech which follows is weak; he maintains that he did not know the murderers and could not hand them over to the government, the truth was that he lied horribly about the whole affair and lost his Penghuluship through his perfidy. We call upon Tama Usong for a speech and he is first given a drink, but the arrack getting low in the jar he gets in his mouth several large gobs of rice which in his confusion he spits adroitly up Aban Liah's nostrils. Then all the chiefs drink together in turn from the same cup; they all are a little bit squiffy and after a short talk from Tama Usong, they call upon long winded old Jok Orang, knowing full that before he finishes his tale of woe the drink will have run dry.

After his lament we get our things carried down to the boats and start off for the Leppu Annans, preferring rest and quiet to the no doubt dainty feast of pig which Aban Liah has prepared for his guests. Before starting we send off a party of ten of the Dayaks whom we brought up from the Fort, to Mt. Dulit; there they are to cut a good trail and build huts for us half way up and on the top. When we come down river again and have plenty of time we are going to spend a few days on the mountain.

The Leppu Annans are some of the best people of the river; they

are quiet and gentle in their manner and clean in person and about their house. They did every thing possible to make us comfortable, and did not crowd around asking such foolish questions as "When did you arrive?" or "Did you come in a boat?" which are not at all unusual questions evn though you have come up in the same boat with the man who asks the question. We held a large reception in the evening for the display of the photographs, and my tattooing received a fair share of the thumb marks. In the morning I took some photographs of the high class girls and men; in the back ground were three horrible looking idols carved out of wood, to make a contrast to the beautiful South Sea belles. At noon we were off again bound on the last stage of the journey namely to Tama Aping Buling's where the peace making was to have its final stamp. From this point the rapids are very frequent and in many cases bad, so there was no longer use for paddles, long poles took their place and often these were not sufficient to get the boat round sharp turns where the water rushed in great swirls and eddies; then the men had to get out of the boat and drag it along with rattans. When we came to fine pebbly bottom where the banks of the river were clean and free from mud, we paused to give the men a rest and refresh ourselves by a bath in the clear cool water. Although the men spend most of the time up to their waists in the water pulling the boat, nevertheless as soon as we halt they off with their waist cloths and take a bath, rubbing themselves as if they had been traveling over a dusty road. Quite a little distance below the house we were met by a swift light canoe poled by ten men from Tama Aping Buling's, and in this we all three got, leaving our heavy boat and baggage to follow after. The pig which Tama Bulan had sent up to be sacrificed on the shore when the Kayans and other Baram people arrived, had been sent on ahead the night before; Aban Liah assured Hose that it had been sent, and we trusted in him. If it did not arrive there would surely be trouble. When we arrived ahead of the others, we found that the old rascal wishing to make trouble had not sent it, and the people of the house were in a great state of excitement. Hose at once turned back, and went down river to stop the Kayans from coming up and also to give Aban Liah a good talking to and set him to look after an other pig at once. He did give him a terrible slanging, and the old Varmint started off to buy a small porker to replace the one which he had calmly stolen. He was followed by the anathemas of the Kayans who would probably have to spend the night on the karangans (pebbly islands in the middle of the river). Tama Aping Buling is a Sibop with a good following and a fine house, and since Aban Liah has been deposed from penghulu-ship he is a candidate for the office, for this reason Liah hates him, and wished to give him trouble in his house. Old Liah is almost universally hated for his lying tricky ways.

That night the rain came down in torrents, and no doubt somewhat strong language was indulged in by the Kayans, especially as Liah got a pig and brought it up to the house too late for the ceremony to take place; never the less he had a comfortable place to sleep and keep dry, but his dreams could not have been pleasant after the horrible cursing he had been given.

Tama Aping Buling's house is situated on the left hand side of the river going up, and just opposite to the mouth of the Dapoi, a large tributary. It stands back about two hundred feet from the river, on a high bank which slopes down to a pebbly beach, and makes a fine landing place for boats. He has taken great trouble in the construction of his house and the supports are all made of great tree trunks some of them at least twenty inches in diameter. The verandah is broad and well floored with hewn planks, making a walk way about fifteen feet wide which is roofed over with shingles cut out of Billian wood and tied on instead of being nailed. The master of the house is not a very promising candidate for the Penghulu-ship; he is a little weak in character, and does not seem to be able to make up his mind definitely.

One thing greatly against him in my mind is that he has adopted the miserable Malay sarong for a costume instead of the usual Chawat or waist cloth. Next day we could not get them to start at their peace making, delay followed delay, until finally we got disgusted and went over to the opposite shore of the river where we could watch proceedings on the beach and yet not be bothered. Tama Aping Buling was in rather of a funk all the time for fear that it would leak out somehow that he was the source of Hose's information concerning the murderers who were his first cousins, then all the animosity would turn against him. We even got tired of sitting on the bank watching them so we took a canoe and went a short distance up the Dapoi river to take a swim. As luck would have it, while we were gone the Kayans came up and the ceremony of Jawa took place down on the beach. It came very near being a serious skirmish, for Kilup the brother of Tingi, drew his parang and rushed at Juman's boat slashing into the palm leaf covering and hacking at the boat itself. It was nothing but a bluff on his part, for had he meant business he would have gone for Juman himself, who was sitting calmly beneath the awning, with his old shot gun close at hand, however. Kilup is a great big ox of a man with a head far too small for his broad shoulders; his forehead is low and receding, sloping back rapidly from his shifty bead-like eyes, which are deep sunk in their sockets. As soon as we came back from our bath we were told of what had occurred and Kilup was at once fined one large tawak, or about thirty dollars. The Kayans had not yet gone up into the house and Tama Aping Buling was as nervous as could be, and when ever he was wanted he was found secreted in his room. It was a pretty hard time for him, because if any row should occur he would not only have his men to look after, but also the women of his house would be in great danger; the visitors of course had no body to look after but themselves. Hose went down and calmed the angry Kayans and then came back to the house to wait for their arrival, when there would be sure to be fresh excitement. Kilup was ordered to his room where he was to wait until he was called for. According to custom the party with whom there exists a feud must not pass in front of the room of the head man of the house, but must enter at that end of the house which is nearest to them, that is if they are up river people they must enter at the up river end of the house, if they come to the house from down river they must enter at that end. Tama Liri knowing this well conducted the party to the wrong end of the house and they then had to go the whole length of the house in the muck and mud below, adding a

go the whole length of the house in the muck and mud below, adding a little more fuel to the fire of wrath which was already burning in their breasts. Hose and Etzel and I took up stations between them and the Lerons and other people, so that should there be any attempt at a skirmish we might be on hand to stop it. They came up very quietly however, but when they were once all inside they set up such a howling and stamping and waving of arms as only savages can; the excitement spread until all the people in the house were up on their feet and stamping. Had it not been a new and strong house it surely would have gone down. Our presence kept them separated and gradually the uproar ceased; Hose at once got hold of Juman and led him and all his people right in among their bitter enemies, and when they were well crowded together he took a glance round to see that there were no parangs or other weapons within reach, and at once proposed that they should once more all jump and stamp together, and he led off with a great bellow and a stamping, Juman jumped up next and then another and another till all were once more on their feet shouting. I think that the ludicrous side of the thing struck them for the shout did not last long and although terrific at first it died away rather feebly. Then they all sat down and little by little the ice thawed and here and there the most deadly enemies were sitting cheek by jowl engaged in friendly conversation. This was the time for the drinks to be brought in that they might pledge themselves in the flowing bowl; but again Tama Aping Buling's weakness was at fault, he delayed and delayed. Some few speeches were made but they were half-hearted and lacked vim.

It was now time that the pigs should be killed for the feast and their livers examined; they were brought up and laid in a row outside the crowd and as each one was brought in to be talked to some old man squatted by its side and every now and then prodding it with his fingers adjured it to tell the truth about the future of the two tribes who were now solemnly ratifying a lasting peace, and invoking its aid to drive out all sickness from their people and make them strong. One great old albino pig was reserved as the government's pig and was addressed by Hose who told it that if it could speak the truth to speak it now, but that all present might let it sink into their hearts that no matter what the liver might indicate it would not influence him one jot in the management of the government. When he had finished the pig was carried quickly to one side and killed. The liver was most favourable throughout with the exception that near the center of one of the under lobes was a foul looking abscess, which at first escaped notice. Hose is thoroughly acquainted with all the indications as told in the liver of a pig and can interpret them even better than the Dayongs themselves; this bad mark did not long escape his eye, and it was at once interpreted to mean the death, in the near future, of some miserable, faithless chief. This caused no little trouble in their minds, and the liver with its death warrant was passed round from hand to hand. The tried to make some other interpretation but the majority agreed that its meaning had been truly read. When it came round to Apian Liah he looked at it for a moment and then passed it by; presently he said, in exactly the tone of Shylock,—"I am not well. The smell

of this beastly raw meat has made me ill; let me go" And he went to the room that had been assigned to him. Later in the evening I went to see him and found him with a high fever and verging on delirium. I did not think him desperately ill, however, but gave him medicine to produce a sweat and advised that he should go to his own house the first thing in the morning.

To continue with the events which were going on among the revelers: Kilup was summoned from his room and Hose gave him a sound talking to in the presence of all, telling him that if he had any fault to find he should make it known then and there or else hereafter hold his peace; any threatening remarks which he might make in the future would be punishable by the government. Hose shook him about well, but he sat dumb as an oyster looking any where but at the person speaking to him. We got tired of the show after while and retired to our room where we calmly had dinner; still no drinks nor food were given to the waiting multitude. Old Jamma did a lot of talking and rushing about; he had changed his blue and white jockey cap for a tiger skin war cap with which he terrified the Kayans. The skin of the great tiger is a thing so terrible to many of the natives that they dare not even touch it and an oath made over a tiger's tooth or skin is one of the most solemn pledges that they can make. The Kenniahs and the Sibops are among the races who may handle it with impunity. Jamma tried to be affable withal, but his flabby lips and bleary eyes distorted behind the spectacles made him appear anything but sincere. It was not until nearly nine o'clock at night that the drinks were produced. Lew and I had gone to bed and did not care to get up again, but Hose went out to see that everything went off peaceably. After the first drink the roar that went up, would alone have shaken the rafters had they not stamped and jumped to emphasise their friendly feeling, as it was the floor sank full eight inches. So the night went on drink after drink speech after speech, the company getting more and more befuddled. The Kayans behaved well and kept their heads, drinking but sparingly. Old Jamma made himself most offensive, he got just drunk enough to become talkative, and then he talked rank treason, saying that the Rajah had no right in the Tinjar river, that it belonged to his late lamented Uncle Aban Jau. He longed in his heart to have Hose take some notice of him, but he got no satisfaction from that quarter; he was treated as if what he said was of no consequence what ever judging the source from which it came; this cut him to the quick. Hose left

Hose left them about twelve o'clock but the drinking kept up all night, and at dawn I was awakened by feeling something heavy on my feet looking up I saw the miserable old Jamma, very drunk and sprawled out talking to Hose, who was telling him to clear out and shut up, which he presently did. While we were getting dressed we heard considerable disturbance going on out side in the verandah, the drunken shouts of a man and now and then the terrified screams of a woman. Hose went out to see what was up and presently came back to say that a drunken man was on the rampage with a parang and shield threatening to cut down any one who interfered with him. He warned us to be on our guard as the fellow seemed to be pretty desperate. For a few minutes we watch-

ed some men trying to lasso him with rattans from the space above the rooms; some were proding him with poles while others were trying to trip him up. Then we went out in the verandah to see the sight; ~~####~~ ~~#####~~ just as we got out the man made a rush through a door, but Hose was there armed with one of the heavy poles used for pounding out rice, and as the man advanced, he was surprised to feel his shield pushed violently to one side and before he knew what was up he received such a prod in the pit of his stomach that he retired backward very rapidly and sat down to try and think why. The men standing above the partition between the rooms then got a noose round him, and he was hauled sprawling and kicking up in the air. While thus helpless his hands and feet were tied and he was brought outside. As he was being carried along, drunken Jamma came bustling forward shouting to the men to let the man go at once, and then he caught hold of him and tried to get him away. Perhaps he felt Hose's hand on his wrist, perchance he didn't, at any rate he went skimming along the floor for at least twenty feet and would have gone further had his head not come in sudden violent contact with the wall. Where he landed he lay until Lew Propped him up against the wall, then he opened his eyes and looking for all the world like a sulky Orang Utan he kept repeating "Why has the Tuan Thumped me" Until finding that his question remained unanswered he relapsed into silence and a beautiful idea struck him that he would feign death, this idea was much helped out by the sudden rush of alcoholic fumes to his head during his aerial passage. His friends soon had him laid out and beside him sat his loving nephew who blubbered in proper style saying that the Government had killed his uncle what was to be done. By the way I forgot to mention before that the old fellow is the only man with whom Hose has gone through the ceremony of blood-brotherhood, so in their eyes it was a horrible offence to treat him so. In a sort of perfunctory manner Hose rubbed some arnica on the bruised forehead, but was surprised to find that what he supposed to be the bruise, came off on the rag and left an unbroken surface of skin beneath. I found by examining his eyes that he was by no means unconscious, so disgusted with the whole lot, we hustled our men down to the boat with all our belongings and left Jamma to recover at leisure from his alcoholic coma. We saw the Kayans depart down river in their boats, and the Peace making was over and a great success. We then started off on a little trip of our own up the Dapoi river to visit the Punans who live in the heart of the jungle beyond the head of the river. It is a beautiful up country river, running between high hills and dense jungle, save where the hills have been trimmed off to be planted with Paddi. Great over arching trees bend over so that almost the whole way up we were in cool shade; here and there the hanging vines had caught great clumps of ferns and orchids and hung down like natural hanging baskets. The clear water dashed at and sparkled over the karangans and brilliant blue and red kingfishers darted from the undergrowth at the side of the river and like a streak of light vanished round a turn; now and then large fruit pigeons flew silently over head, and the hoarse croak of the hornbill echoed from hill to hill. It was ideal weather and the relief from getting rid

of the peace party and all their worries made the whole trip doubly pleasant. The Dapoi is quite thickly populated and we stopped to pay visits at many of the houses where we always left a good supply of tobacco for the men and many fathoms of yellow cloth to make head bands for the women. Close on dusk we arrived at Tama Balan Deng's where we were to put up for the night before starting out for the Punans.

Tama Balan has as yet only a small house but he is busy at the building of a new one; his people are at present scattered in small houses round about the nucleus which he has started, and as he is a very sensible and popular old fellow he will no doubt become a man of considerable importance in a few years. He made us so comfortable and his people were so affable that we decided to spend the next day with him, there was a small hill close by whence we could probably get some sights at the surrounding mountains. Etzel is the official geographer and takes charge of all the observations, and barometric readings etc. In the evening all the women from all the roundabout small houses assembled in our room which was really the family apartment of Tama Balan, and there they sat the whole night through; when we turned in to sleep they merely moved to one side of the room and in a close bunch at least twenty of them sat smoking and talking until dawn when they silently crept away. I say crept away advisedly; it is a peculiar custom with almost all the native women of Borneo that when they leave a crowd of people in a room, they do not stand up-right until they are entirely free from the crowd, but they crouch down with their knees close under their chin and in that awkward position they waddle away. We got some very good photographs of the people of this house because old Tama Balan was a sensible man and made them get into good positions, and not play the silly fool as so many of the people do.

We left our big heavy boat at the house and started out for the Punans in one of Tama Balan's smaller boats; above his house the river is shallow and there are many rapids. About noon we reached the head of navigation and taking with us just enough stores for food a little later in the day, left the heavy luggage to be brought up later by the punans whom we should send for them. At this point we bid an affectionate farewell to "The Last of The Mohicans"-our one remaining fowl; he was reported to be blind and suffering from total loss of appetite. We put him out on the karangan and held a consultation over him which resulted in a decision that he would not be a tasty morsel so he was left with a handful of rice and a few kind words. Our way now lay through the jungle for a short distance and then up the rocky bed of the river; about one or two o'clock we came up to a farm hut owned by Tama Aping Buling, who was already there to receive us. He had gone up the day before and had put Tuba root in the river and made a great haul of fish which he shared with us, so we dined well. After eating we went on up the river for a couple of miles and then struck off into the jungle. Tama Aping Buling requested that he be allowed to go ahead as the Punans who are a timid people seeing strange white creatures, might bolt into the jungle and be very hard to find again.

In a few minutes we came to the village if so it may be called, merely consisting of four low thatch huts very poorly made and roofed

over with a thin covering of large leaves and twigs. I could barely stand up straight in any part of the house. The old women greeted us with effusion, touching us as if to get a blessing from us and repeating again and again how kind it was of the great white people to come all that distance just to see them. Their intonation is most peculiar, every thing is said in a most agrieved tone as if they were complaining at some slight that you had given them. We were no doubt the first white people that they had ever seen. Very different was their idea concerning photography to that which is usually entertained by the natives elsewhere; they thought that it was some kind of medicine which would ensure their good health, and all flocked to have a picture taken. One poor woman brought her horribly hydrocephalic baby into the very front of the group in the hopes that it might do it some good.

We distributed among them all that remained of our yellow and red cloth and divided up all the tobacco. They were amazed at the photographs in the book, and admired every thing that we had. Our men built a hut for us wherein we could spend the night and it was a palace compared to any of the houses of the villagers. These are the nomadic people of borneo and the only true wild men. They are not head hunters but live peaceful lives in the heart of the jungle, hunting and farming and subsisting chiefly on what they can get by industry out of the natural products of the country. When they have exhausted the resources of a certain portion of the land in which they are living they pull up the posts of their hut and move off to other fresh hunting ground. They know the jungle as no other native does, and the Chinaman or malay trader who can get a party of Punans to work for him, getting out gutta or camphor is always well content; he can swindle them very easily and they are sure to know where the gutta or camphor is to be had in the greatest quantity.

This was the turning point of our trip and when we started off down river we were on the homeward path. What a difference it is going down stream; now we hailed swift currents with joy, and dashed over the rapids in a second which we had toiled over only the day before. At Tama Balan Deng's we heard that Aban Liah was very sick and even the Dayongs had little hopes of pulling him through although they had killed many chickens. Hose sent down a bolt of white cloth and two parang blades to help pay the expenses of the Dayongs; but in his heart he thought what a relief it would be if only the old duffer were to die. Next day we descended the Dapoi, and only stopped for a few minutes at Tama Aping Buling's and then went straight on to the Leppu Annan house. On the way down we heard that the pig's liver had foretold truly and that the faithless, interfering old Liah had handed in his checks; the horrible cursing and the sight of the liver of evil omen, were too much for him. He was a vile old fellow but De mortuis nil nisi bonum; several of his relations who were going down river along with us, immediately got out on the karangans and proceeded to bewail his loss and squeeze out a few tears to the accompaniment of loud roars. They sat quietly by them selves and wept and no one paid any attention to them but went about their business in the ordinary manner; as soon as they had lamented enough they got up quite cheerfully

cheerfully and took their places in the boats. Forseeing that there might be a death in the household of Liah and a consequent awkwardness in getting our stores which we had reserved for the Dulit trip, we had already sent messengers to carry all our belongings from the "deader's" house up to the Leppu Annans. When we arrived at the Leppu Annan house toward evening we found a funeral going on there too; it was no one of much importance, only an old slave woman, but we were debarred from the nice inner room which we had before, and must make our quarters out on the verandah. The Dayaks had returned from the mountain and said that every thing had been done just as we had instructed; our hut was built on the very peak and summit of the mountain, and a good trail had been cut all the way. They had eaten up all the rice that we had left with them and they were such idiots that they were simply sitting in the house where there was plenty of food all around them, too lazy to ask for it. When we told them to help get the things up from the boat they replied that they were too hungry to move. But it is wonderful how a little strong language soup appeased their hunger and made them fly round. In the evening Lian Avit, the eldest of the three brothers, and his wife, a very pretty girl, paid us a long visit in a very civil and gentlemanly manner, and was not at all boresome. If you want to know what he looks like his photograph is in my collection; he is the young fellow standing with his back against a Casuarina tree, in a very easy and graceful pose. He is also in the pictures of the men in the jungle path shooting with a sumpitan; Lian is the one standing up.

In the morning we started out on the trip up Mt. Dulit, stopping however on the way at the house of death where we could pay our respects to the last earthly remains of Aban Liah. He was lying in state sealed up in his coffin hewn out of a log of Durian wood, the coffin rested on a bier built up in the verandah, and hung all round with the belongings of the deceased, his war coat his parangs, valuable beads, expensive cloths, and cheap cloths such as the white cloth sent down by a party of White people stopping for a time in the house of Tama Balan Deng. Below the bier stood several chinese jars, used only a short few days before to hold the arrack at the great feast, musical instruments were also in evidence, among the paraphernalia hanging about and no doubt Liah will be a great addition to the heavenly choir.

our arrival in the house was the signal for the renewal of the wails for the dead. Old Jamma was there, none the worse for his bump, and came forward to meet us; as soon as he had conducted us to a good place whence we might see the coffin, he sat down and blubbered in a most punctilious manner, covering his eyes however that we might not see that the tears were missing. Then the women came out from the rooms clad in bark cloth clothes, the symbol of mourning; their brass earrings were replaced by weights made of pebbles wrapped in bark cloth and hung on strings of the same material. Most of the men were in a filthy state; it seems to be against custom to wash until after the mourning is over. They are going to keep the old boy sealed up in his coffin in the house until after the harvest, - about a month.

When they had wept enough Hose asked a few questions concerning the manner of death of the late lamented and then dexterously changed the subject. They soon all looked up with dry eyes and before long were talking as if there never had been such a person as Aban Liah: Verily the wind passes over it and the place thereof shall no it no more. A rotten old tree of the jungle falls with a crash and the noise of its fall echoes for a few minutes from hill to hill and then dies out utterly, and in the up heaved ground clinging to the decaying roots the seed of the tree that is to take its place bursts its capsule and through the open space in the tree tops the sun shines down and warms it into growth and the new tree grows as if the sun and the soil were created for its own special benefit. Sic sumus omnes

Once more in our boat, we glide down the river about a mile or so and then up a very small stream, on whose muddy bank we finally disembark and make up our provisions and other outfit into suitable bundles to be packed on the backs of the Dayaks who were to conduct us to the half way hut the first day and then to the summit. The trail led first through old farm land now over grown with low jungle and wild bananas; passing through this we began to ascend gradually through old jungle, coming now and then within earshot of the stream which we had ascended a short way in our boat; the further we followed it up the more noisy it got as it made for itself a bed among the rocks. At length we came to a spot where we must cross this little stream so placid where it flows into the Baram; the rains of the morning and the night before had just made their way into it from the mountain top, and it had become such a torrent that in order to cross it we had first to cut down good strong young trees to put across from one side to the other to prevent us from being washed down stream. Four times we had to cross and recross the stream, and then we branched off to the left and saw no more of it. All the time the path if such it can be called was getting steeper and steeper, and the jungle began to assume an entirely different look from the low country. Ferns, mosses and lycopodiums became more frequent, and rattans and a creeping variety of bamboo trailed across the path in every direction. We would toil up a steep incline pulling ourselves up by the roots of trees and rattans and then find that our climbing seemed all to no purpose, for we must descend again on the other side of the small foot hill. Had some one been able to look down upon us as we do upon an ant, no doubt we would have appeared as senseless as does that stupid little animal when it drags a great load up one side of a blade of grass and then down the other, instead of making a short circuit round the base. Under foot the ground was covered with recently fallen leaves, both green and dead

In the the tropics it does not seem necessary for the leaves to turn brown on the trees before they drop, but even perfectly green and fresh looking leaves are constantly falling. The ground is not however, as you might suppose deep in soggy leaf mould; ~~the~~ the process of decay is so rapid owing to the moist heat, that a few inches below the surface you get to the clayey or sandy soil; dead vegetable matter seems to be either entirely converted into gasses or else to be washed, in the form of fine detritus, into the rivers by the frequent and heavy rain falls. The silence of the jungle during the day-time is another

feature which never fails to surprise me; you would imagine that where there is so much life there would be surely a buzz and hum, or a constant twittering of birds; such however has not been my experience. The silence is awesome, and usually only broken by the drip, drip from the trees and vines, or the rustle of a leaf as it drops from twig to twig. No wonder that the people who dwell in a world of such silence and mysterious shadows as the jungle affords in the broad light of day, should be superstitious, and make demons of the birds or animals which flash into their vision and like an hallucination vanish into the shadows. A walk through such jungle is most fatiguing both to mind and body; one must be constantly on the look out where there is good foot-hold and also hand-hold. Old rotten roots retain their sound appearance, even though they be but a mere shell and if you clutch carelessly you will either get no hold at all or else get a handful of vile thorns. "As we went through the jungle thus it was." Palms and gigantic ferns now began to play a more important part in the undergrowth, and beautiful miniature jungles of moss covered the roots and decaying trunks of fallen trees. The varieties of Lycopodiums were innumerable, some of them growing in branching fronds six or eight inches high, covering the ground and rocks with a velvety carpet, and diffusing that soft, translucent, green light which is only seen in high jungle where the lofty tops of the trees shut out the direct rays of the sun. Some of the ferns had fronds ten or twelve feet long and arched over the path like a feathery canopy; the palms too were enormous, one variety in particular, which the natives call "Boo", and which is a low growing kind, that is it has no tree-like stalk, covered a space fully sixty feet in diameter. Orchids such as dendrobiums, Coelogynes, some cyrtopodiums, and phalaenopses, were abundant but I saw none in flower. I longed to gather them all, but not having any means of carrying them nor of preserving them and realising how futile were my attempts to get them home last year, I resolutely turned my face away. About half past four in the afternoon we reached the half way hut or "Lanko" as the natives call it,; it was built on the side of a deep ravine where rushed a noisy mountain torrent. It did not take us long to slide down the bank and with all our clothes on get into a foaming boisterous pool below a water fall, and what a relief it was to our mucky leach-bitten legs and tired bodies to feel that cold water rushing over us can only be imagined. A good rub down with a dry towel, dry clothes, a hearty meal of tinned soup and meat, and a comfortable smoke as we lay on the broad of our backs and looked out into the darkening jungle, made us feel that we would not call a king our cousin. We had only ascended a little over 2000 feet but there was a decided change in the temperature, which made a little covering at night feel very grateful. With the beginning of the nocturnal chorus of insects our fires were out, and the camp slept; the lanko was a little on a slant and the Dayak who slept next to me rolled down against me two or three times during the night and woke me up; other than this and the fact that the cross sticks forming the flooring beneath me, spread a little a threatened to let me drop through, the night passed quietly and quickly. We were off again at an early hour in the morning, prepared for a stiff climb up the remaining 3000 feet.

And it was a stiff climb; often we had to cling to roots and find foot hold in the creepers up almost perpendicular walls, where a slip backward meant a fall of several hundred feet; at times we had to skirt round a ledge barely a foot wide with a sheer descent of many feet yawning below. One place we actually had to climb out over the precipice on the branches of a tree. The moss and lycopodiums grew thicker and thicker, and the whole jungle was as wet as a sponge; every branch and twig shook down showers of water on us when we grasped it, and great clods of soil stuck to our feet; once again we had to crawl on our hands and knees round a crevice in the rock where the rain and mist could not get and where the crumbling rock had deposited a fine dry sand, in this sand was the fresh trail of a great python; rather gruesome was it not? Beyond this point, which was near the summit, the moisture and the growth of moss was remarkable; even small trees were clothed in mantles of moss far up the trunk and made them appear double or treble their real size. Then we came to the last ledge above which was the very summit. We had to climb up between two rocks where the Dayaks had rigged up a rough knotted log ladder and a rattan whereby we might pull ourselves up about thirty feet and we were on the very tip top. Not a thing was to be seen of the valley below; all was covered with a dense fog and mist which shut us in like a close wall. The good for nothing men had not built our lanko on the top at all but down on the ledge below where they would be close to a little stream of water, but where there would be a constant drip of water from the rocks above. The top was fine and dry where we wanted to build, and as we had come up for observations and for photographing the peaks of the surrounding mountains we did not propose to run up and down that last narrow gap in the rocks every time the sun came out; there was nothing for it but that the Dayaks should build us a new lanko just where we wanted it. They were at once set to work, and before long what with leaf mats and rubber blankets, we soon had a very comfortable little hut, raised well above the ground, and strongly braced to prevent it from being blown over the cliff. The top of the mountain is very broad and long, sloping gradually off on the side away from the Tinjar, whence we had ascended, but towards the river the decline is abrupt and steep. The ridge is furthermore cut into promontories and deep bays as it were, so that a birds-eye view would probably look like a hand with the fingers outstretched and we were on the tip of one of the fingers, and on three sides there was a sheer descent of six or eight hundred feet. The peak is so small that on one side of our lanko we had to rig up a sort of scaffolding of logs in order to get round to the back. The top of a Bornean mountain is certainly a most remarkable place; the mists rising from the valley swish over it so constantly that it is forever dripping, although when the sun comes out it is scorching hot it does not have a chance to dry up the ground the consequence of this is that the vegetation close to the ground is rank and lush but the trees are low and gnarled owing to the high winds.

The moss is two feet thick round the trunks of the trees, and hangs in loops and festoons from branch to branch above, below, around in every direction; It droops from the branches to the roots and makes the

most beautiful little mossy grottos, just such places as I have always imagined the "flower born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air" might be found by some prying mortal. The moss is exactly the same, as far as I could see, as our common Sphagnum; at least the greater part of it is; one variety we christened "Pagoda" moss because it had five or six little platforms of branches up the stalk tapering up to a point. All the mosses and lichens grow to an enormous size for moss; some of them are at least six or eight inches high, with all the characteristics of moss.

As soon as the sun went down, it became so cold that we slept in our clothes and under blankets at night. As yet we had had but one fleeting view of the valley below and the mountains beyond, as the clouds in the valley lifted for a moment. In the early morning the sight was magnificent, as it is from the top of any mountain; the clouds hung below us looking like great waves frozen stiff as they dashed up against the mountains. In almost every direction rose hill on hill piling up round the base of the great Mt. Mulu which is between eight and nine thousand feet high, and beyond it was the high range known as "Pamabo"; closer to us rose the twin peaks of Kalulong, and the flat topped Kalami (on Hose's map it is called Tamaduk) all high mountains. I took several photographs but I am sorry to say they have not turned out very well; the atmosphere was too misty. By and by the clouds rolled up from below and we got a view of the Tinjar valley with its tortuous river, winding down between the paddi-covered hills, and dotted here and there with houses. Once in a while the sound of Tawaks was born up to us from the house of Aban Liah, - some mourner of importance had come to pay his respects to the dead, and a Sabbath stillness reigned everywhere. Our days were spent in collecting, birds, mammals, insects, and anything else that we could find; we were really very successful for the short time that we were up there, having got one entirely new species of bird (three specimens) and about fifty other birds all rare and valuable; I got some cypripediums, probably new and also some dendrobiums, which I have planted here in proper style and which will be very ungrateful if they don't bloom. The official geographer got some necessary sights with his compass and we all got a trifle thinner as the stores diminished. At the end of five days we were reduced to eating porcupine meat, so we decided it was time to turn our faces homeward. Before leaving we held a council and it was proposed that this peak of Mt. Dulit should be named after Dr. Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia; a motion was made and seconded, and then and there a document was written on thin parchment paper to the effect that we had ascended this peak on the fourteenth of December 1897 and had spent five days on top; according to the reading of the barometer the height was 4800 ft. and we, on this 19th of December 1897 named the peak "Furness Peak". This document was placed in a bottle which was tightly corked and the cork covered with wax, and the bottle then put inside a biscuit tin and staked down to the ground on the highest point. We left Furness peak to the mercies of the mist

and the sun, and with out adventure or mishap reached the half-way house early in the afternoon. We had left of our stores only some rice and one small jar of Liebig's Beef extract, with which the cook made a good rich soup such as the French love. Next day at noon we arrived at our boat in the small stream at the base of the mountain; here we had plenty more stores, so after cooking we embarked at once and ate as we glided down the river. The current was swift from the recent heavy rains and by evening we got to comfortable quarters in Aban Avit's house. He said he had been much worried by our delay and had we not turned up that evening he had intended to go out on a searching party for us. We left next morning with many wishes for a safe journey from these hospitable people, and by dint of steady paddling on the part of our men we reached the Lelak house and found the steamer waiting there for us. How luxurious it seemed, fresh clothes that did not smell of smoke—we always had to dry our clothes over the fire while on Dulit—comfortable long chairs to sit in and good fresh fish to eat. That evening I had a somewhat novel experience; it seemed that on the way up the women of the house failed to see my tattooing, so at their earnest request I took off my shirt, and no sooner had I done so than much to my surprise, they burst into a long song of admiration and praise as they sat in a semi-circle behind me. They had never seen anything so wonderful, so they said. After this as a beginning to the show we had dances by the people of the house, and dances and gong playing by the Malay sailors of the steamer. Malay dances are most inane; the men are so amazingly self-conscious, and caper about in ridiculous postures which they no doubt think extremely graceful, but which to our eyes appear stiff and awkward. The following day we arrived back at the fort, content with our trip but glad to settle down once more for a time. It was the 23rd of December, we thought it was the 22nd some where we had lost track of a day. All next day I developed photographs of which there were some forty in the holders, they were all good except those taken on the top of Dulit, the weather was against me there and I hardly expected to get any results from the few that I took of the surrounding hills. Those of the mossy jungle and of our lanko were first rate. What fun we shall have together looking over them with a magnifying glass.

Christmas day we were going to have a shooting match at clay pigeons, but the morning was too hot and all afternoon it poured, so we simply sat on the verandah and talked and read. I think you can guess where my thoughts were wandering all the time; it was Christmas Eve with you at home. Christmas week we spent in labeling our Dulit specimens, writing up notes etc. etc. On New Years Day we had athletic sports for the natives over at the fort. The first event was the boat race, which the Fort men won with a boat load of Dayaks from the jungle a close second; excitement ran very high and loud were the yells of triumph that went up when the victorious boat dashed over the line. After this there were flat races, and hurdle races, long jump and putting the shot; but the most amusing of all were the obstacle races. they certainly were stiff ones; the course lay down the side of a st

steep hill covered with snags and stumps, then over a rickety hurdle about eight feet high which they had to climb, through a pond up to their waists in mud and water and finally up another hill and into a cage made of poles; to this cage there were five entrances but only two exits towards the winning post, and these two exits were further more obstructed by having a long sack covering the opening and filled with powdered paint of different colours sprinkled freely throughout its whole extent. The poor contestants wet with perspiration and gobbled with mud from the pond came out of this last ordeal, panting puffing, and smeared from head to toe with all the colours of the rainbow fell exhausted at the goal post. They certainly were sorry sights. Their heads were green and their hands were blue and all they needed to be thorough-bred Jumblees was a sieve wherein they might go to sea.

Another obstacle race which we invented, was that all the contestants at the starting post were given white chawats, their own waist cloths were tied up in knots together and placed in a tall barrel on the top of a very steep little hill; they were to run to the barrel get out their own chawat exchange it for the white one and come back to the starting point. The confusion and tugging at the barrel was great

the first man there always climbed inside and then the whole thing toppled over and rolled down the hill with the other men after it, at the bottom each man simply tried by main force to drag his cloth out, and usually started back with a string of two or three men tugging him from side to side. We could not dispose of all of the money which had been subscribed for prizes so we had several scrambles for coppers then we suddenly ran in about fifty cents which had been heated till they were black; such a scatteration as there was when these coppers fell; one old Chinaman who was grabbing at the wealth got a hot copper fair in the middle of his back where it stuck despite his violent contortions to scrape it off; some wily Dayaks scraped together a little pile by dint of a great deal of cooling spit, and then stood on it with their horny feet. The final event of the day was diving for china plates in the pond. With the surplus funds about two dozen cheap Chinese plates were bought in the Bazaar and scattered here and there in the pond back of the fort; at a given signal all the crowd rushed madly down the hill into the pond and wallowed for the prizes. After this with regrets that the fun should ever cease, the crowd dispersed to the bazaar and to their homes to talk it all over, and the committee of arrangements retired to Hose's verandah thoroughly exhausted.

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Here in, dearest Father, and all dear ones at home, you have a circumstantial account of the doings of the Far-Eastern representative of the family for the past month; no doubt you will be weary of it before you have read it half through, I might have written it in several letters but then the sequence is lost and this method saves the wear and tear on the tongue in licking postage stamps.

A batch of nine delightful home letters was waiting for me when I got back and made me feel all the more as if I had gotten really home. Four from Father, four from dear little Caroline, and two from

fat little Hoddie, the latest date being one of father's on the 10th of October. It is impossible for me to write every week while we are travelling about in boats, I find; but this letter is to you all and is made up from notes taken every day in my pocket book with the idea of putting it all into a letter. No mail has gone out of here since the 28th of November, so you see I have missed no opportunity to let you hear from me. Many thanks to Patrick for the pedigree of the dog, which I have sent by this same mail to Whaley; he will be prouder than ever, if that be possible.

I shall try harder than ever, dearest Father, to get some seeds of the Nepenthes and other plants, for your new little greenhouse; I'll send them home directly I get them so as to make sure of their germination. I tried to bring back some of the lycopodiums from Dulit, collected on Furness peak but they withered and died before I got here,

I'm very glad, dearest Caroline, that Emma Repplier got the stamps at last; I got a very nice letter from her saying that she had picked them out with you, I hope you gave her all she wanted without stint, I have no use for them whatever.

I hate to close this letter to you all, I have had such a good time talking to you, that I seem almost to have been home; but I must shut up shop, the men go off with the mail tomorrow or next day, and then we are going down on a trip to Baram mouth to fix up the lighthouse and collect some new and strange fish. I'm afraid that I may have worried you a little by my last letter giving the account of our adventure in the cave, but you must remember that such stories have to be painted up a little, and we three are cautious long headed fellows and now more anxious to run into unnecessary risk than any one else.

Aurevoir dear ones all

ever devotedly yours

Billy.

P.S. I am perfectly well and have had no return of the fever. There are no doubt many mistakes in spelling and punctuation in this letter but I have not had time to revise it thoroughly.
N.H.F.