

Freeman's Journal and Daily  
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**SAGACITY OF SINGAPORE BUFFALOES.**—Her Majesty's ship *Meander* sailed from Cork in February, 1848, to carry Mr. Brooke and Mr. Napier to Labuan, these two gentlemen having been appointed governor and lieutenant governor of that new dependency. The duty discharged, the gallant vessel was to cruise between Borneo and China, and afterwards to make a few calls and particular inquiries in the Indian Archipelago, then round Australia to the Pacific, and home to England. The *Meander*, or rather her commander, did as he was bid, and has just presented us with a narrative of his proceedings in two handsome octavos. After a voyage of three months and five days the *Meander* arrived at Singapore. This town is a growing testimony to Sir Stamford Raffles's judgment and foresight; prior to 1819, it was a mere resort for a few Malay boatmen: now, it bids fair to be one of the most populous and prosperous cities of the east; already its inhabitants number nearly 50,000, comprising an extraordinary medley of different races. Chinese settlers are numerous, and we are told that at least one a day are carried off by the tigers, which infest the jungle even close to the cultivated grounds. A few years ago these animals were quite unknown in the island of Singapore, but a few having swam across from the main, they have greatly multiplied; and, with a view to prevent mischief, rewards are offered for their extirpation. They appear to have a peculiarly cool and off-hand way of gratifying their ferocious appetites; they walk from the jungle, seize a labourer, trot off with him, and show fight if pursued. The water buffalo, which is the beast of draught at Singapore, has a mortal antipathy to tigers, and the spirit to show it; for we read in Captain Keppel's work, that "not long ago, as a Malayan boy, who was employed by his parents in herding some water buffaloes, was driving his charge home by the borders of the jungle, a tiger made a sudden spring, and seizing the lad by the thigh, was dragging him off, when two old buffaloes, hearing the shrieks of distress from the well-known voice of their little attendant, turned round and charged with their usual rapidity. The tiger, thus closely pressed, was obliged to drop his prey to defend himself. While one buffalo fought and successively drove the tiger away, the other kept guard over the wounded boy; later in the evening when the anxious father, alarmed, came out with attendants to seek his child, he found that the whole herd, with the exception of the two old buffaloes, had dispersed themselves to feed, but that they were still there—one standing over the bleeding body of their little friend, while the other kept watch on the edge of the jungle for the return of the tiger." The water-buffalo is a slow, heavy, repulsive looking animal, yet it is not deficient in courage, and it is remarkable for sagacity and attachment to its native keepers, but dislikes Europeans, though perhaps not quite so much as tigers.—*Eliza Cook.*