

CELEBES—FEAR OF MYSELF.

(From "The Malay Archipelago." By Alfred Russel Wallace.)

Not a single person in the village understood more than a few words of Malay, and hardly any of the people appeared to have seen a European before. One most disagreeable result of the excitement excited terror alike in man and beast. Whenever I went, dogs barked, children screamed and ran away, and men stared as though I were a hideous and terrible cannibal monster. Even the horses on the roads and paths were so terrified that I appeared and rush into the jungle. And as to those horrid, ugly brutes, the buffaloes, they never be approached by me; not from fear of myself but of others' safety. They would first strike their necks and stare at me, and then on a sudden view break loose from their halter and rush away helter-skelter as if a demon were chasing them, without any regard for what might be the way. Whenever I met buffaloes coming along a pathway, or being driven home to the village, I had to turn aside into the jungle and wait till they had passed, to avoid a collision which would increase the dislike with which I was regarded. Every day about noon the buffaloes were brought into the village and were kept in the shade around the houses, and they would creep about like a thief by back ways, if they could tell what mischief they might do to the and houses were I to walk among them. If I suddenly upon a well where women were drawing water or children bathing, a similar sight would have a certain result; which things, even if they were very unpleasant to a person, would not be disliked, and who had never been treated as an ogre.