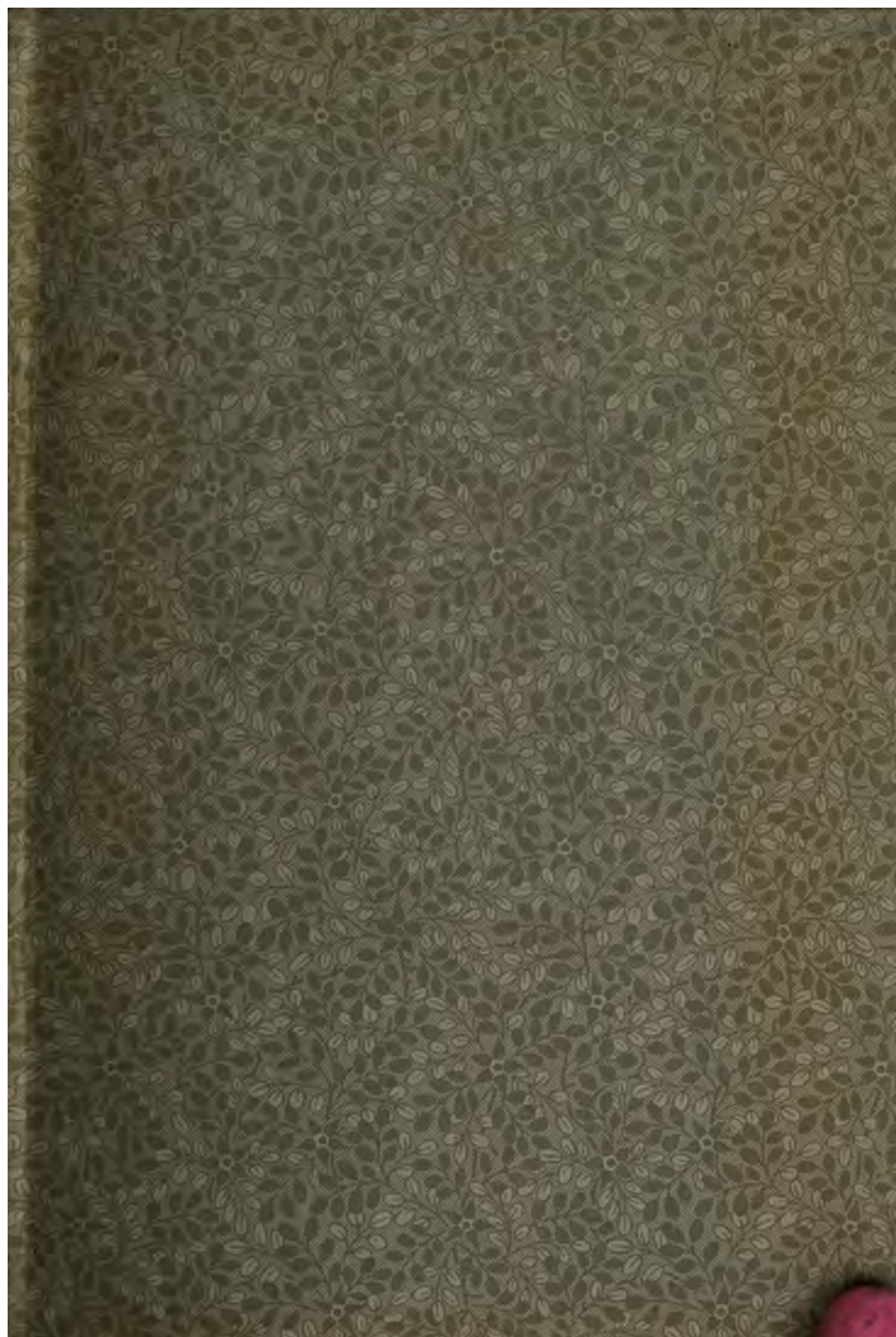
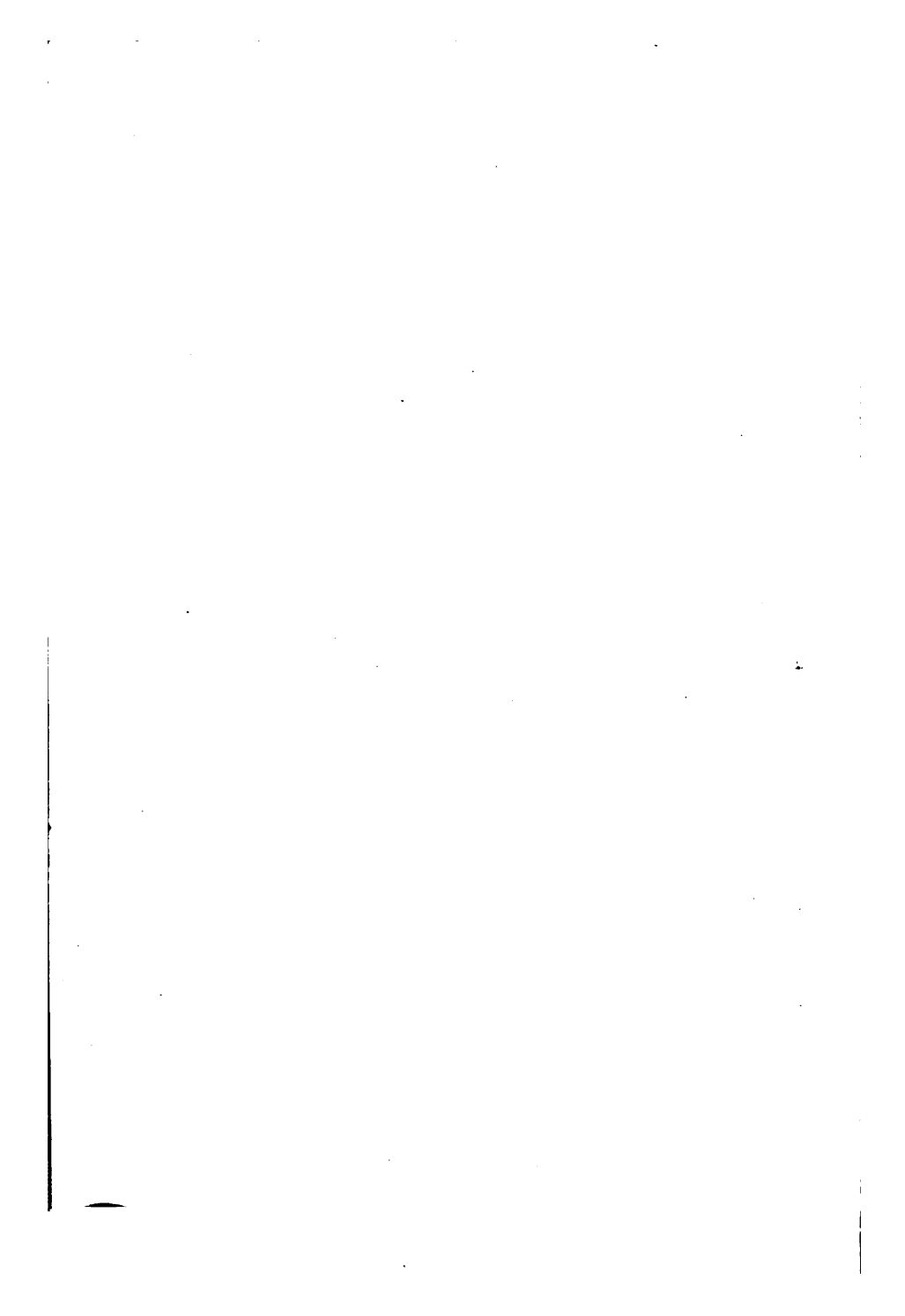
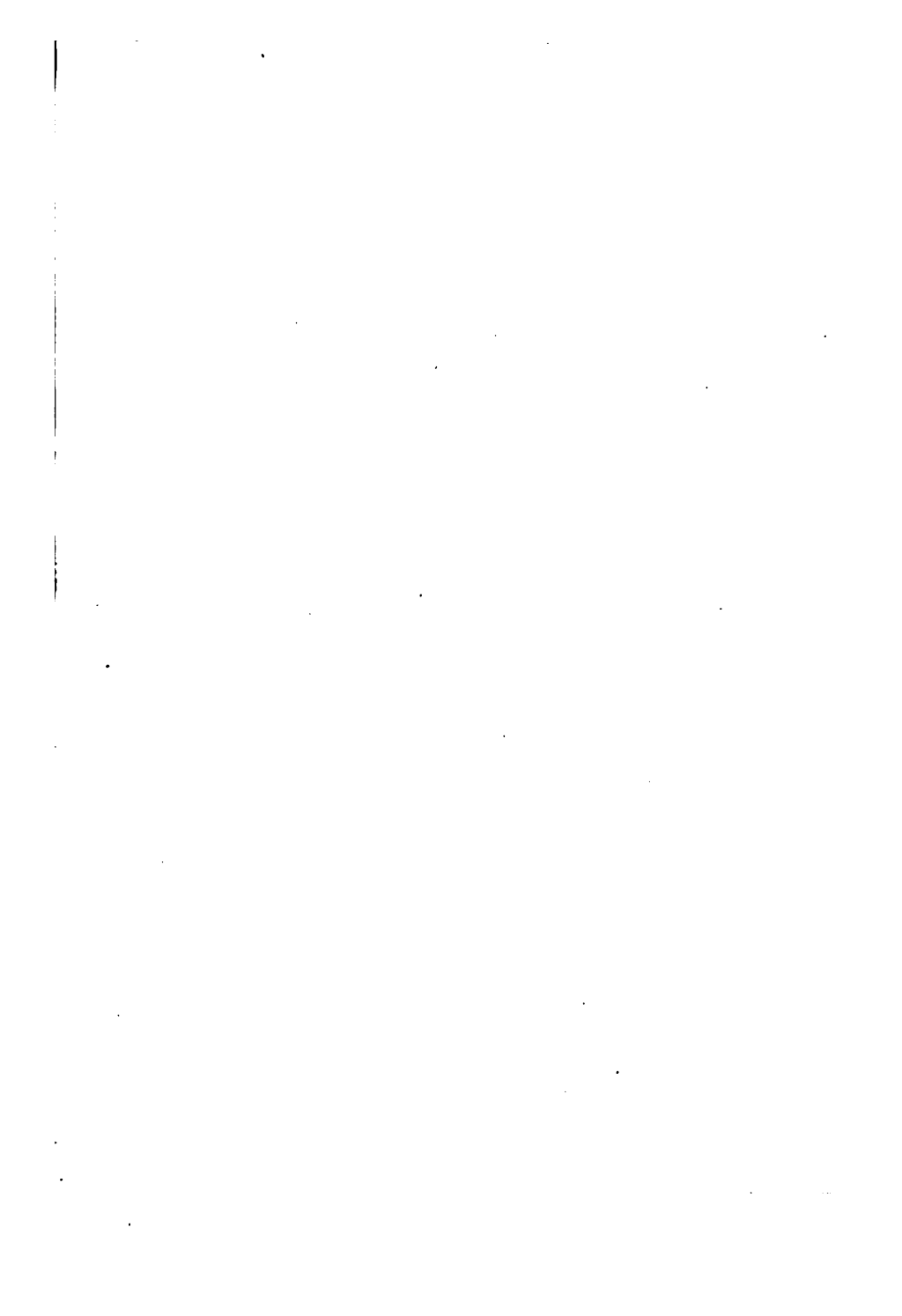










THE TUNKU MUDA.

Frontispiece to Vol. II.

THE CHERSONESE

WITH THE GILDING OFF.

BY
EMILY INNES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

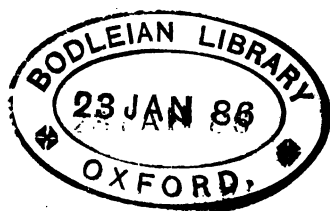
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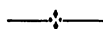
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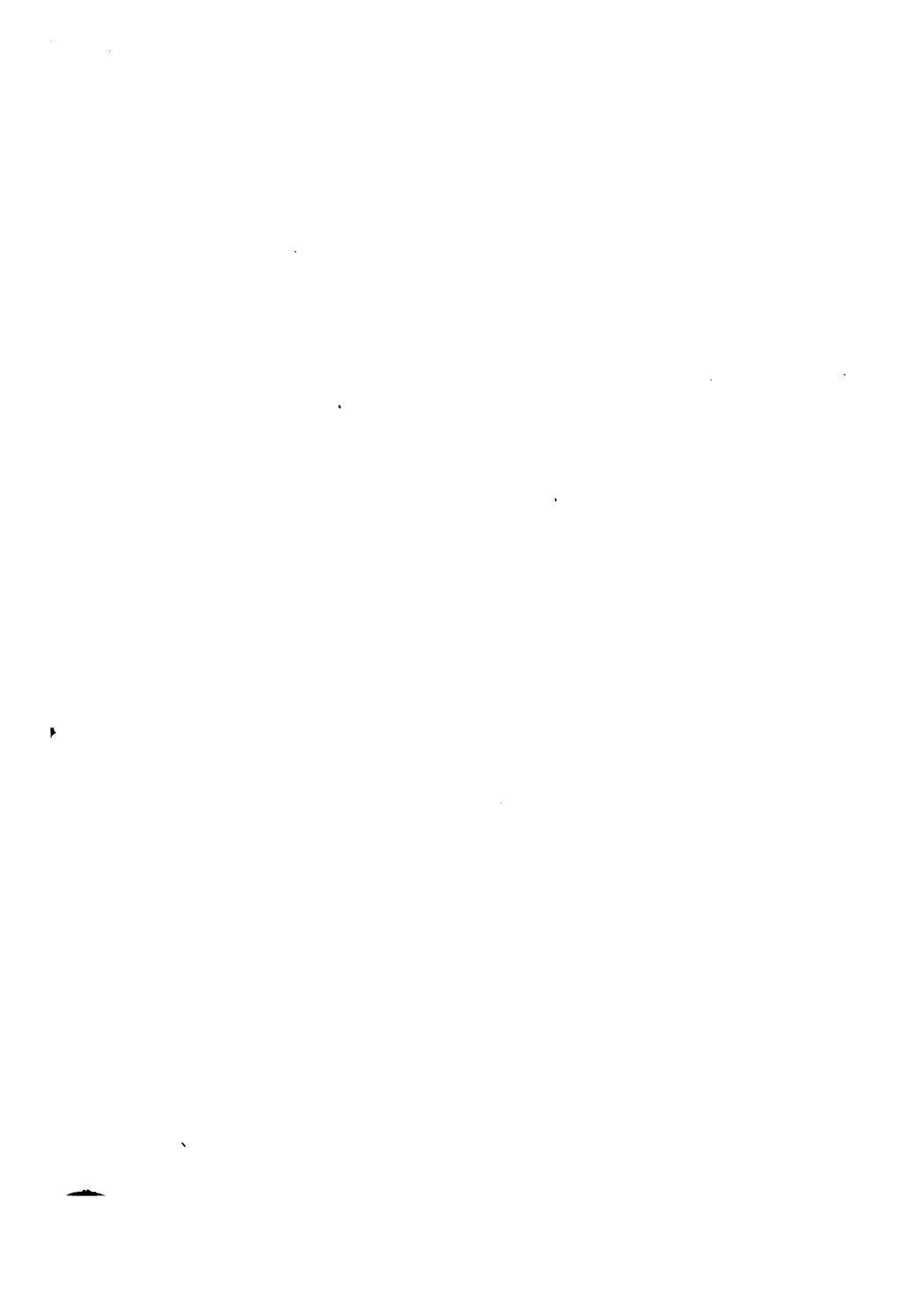
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.



CHAPTER	PAGE
I. UNSOPHISTICATED NATIVES	1
II. FOOD	25
III. DURIAN SABATANG	49
IV. PLEASURES OF DURIAN SABATANG	59
V. PANGKOR	85
VI. AFTER THE MURDER	102
VII. VISITS TO PERAK AND HOME	124
VIII. LANGAT AGAIN	161
IX. BOYCOTTING	181
X. OUR LAST YEAR	201
XI. RESIGNATION	225



THE CHERSONESE WITH THE GILDING OFF.

CHAPTER I.

UNSOPHISTICATED NATIVES.

I FOUND more difficulty in buying fowls at the hill than at the Bandar. There were not nearly so many running about, for there was as yet no village, but only a few scattered wigwams here and there. If I sent a servant to one of these to buy some of the owner's fowls, I was as likely as not to receive the answer that they were kept as pets, not as food. In fact, I found that to

an unsophisticated Malay, who has not mixed much with Europeans, or with dwellers in towns, and learnt their mercenary ways, it is quite an insult to ask if he will sell anything.

Malays from the up-country used sometimes to find their way to my door, with their hands full of fowls, which they said they wished to lay at my feet. They were the poorest ryots possible, with nothing on but a ragged and dirty sarong, yet they were quite horrified at my asking if they had brought their fowls to *sell*. They carefully explained that the fowls (perhaps several dollars' worth) were a present to me; but in the same breath they suggested that if out of my compassion for them I would give them a small trifle to buy rice, it would be very acceptable. It seemed to me that the distinction between selling and this proposed proceeding was imaginary, so

I used to force them in a hard-hearted way to mention a price.

I generally found that the more delicacy and refinement of feeling they had paraded, the higher was the price they wanted, and the less the fowls would bear examination. The owners appeared to think that the fowls would taste better on account of having belonged to a noble race that had never soiled its scutcheon by commercial dealings, but I did not find it so. I thought it simply a very troublesome way of marketing; but there was often no help for it, as fowls were not to be obtained in any other way, unless I sent to the Bandar.

We were able to get a walk here of about a mile long, besides the path up the hill, which hardly counted as a permanent path, for the incessant growth of the jungle closed it up in a few days, if not kept cleared. There was but the one walk, as at the

Bandar, but it was a far more interesting one. The first bit was really beautiful ; it took us down a picturesque winding carriage-road, bordered on both sides by bright flowers, waving cocoanut-palms and fruit-trees. At the foot of the hill this road swept round along the edge of the river for a little, and then turned inland towards the Sultan's house, having reached which it ceased ; but we used to return by a bridle-path which coasted along the side of the hill, following all its inflections and gradually ascending until it reached the spur on which our house stood. This last part of the walk was extremely pretty, little streamlets gushing out from amid granite rocks and ferns at every turn.

Before we reached the Sultan's, I used generally to be surrounded by from half a dozen to a dozen little brown children asking for flowers. This practice had grown out of

the fact that before starting for my walk I had been in the habit of putting a flower in my button-hole. One day a tiny child walked boldly up to me in the middle of the road, stretched out its little fat hand, and calmly said, 'Mem, I should like that flower.' Of course I gave it. Next day there were two children, next day four, and so on, till it became an established institution that I not only brought flowers in my button-hole, but a large bouquet in my hand for distribution, and was quite disappointed if by some accident the children, not expecting us, did not appear. I found that they only cared for the scented ones; the most gorgeous hibiscus was slighted in favour of the unpretending bunga milor, and an amaryllis was nowhere compared to a tuberose. It is curious that the Malays, though very fond of sweet-scented flowers, did not take the trouble to grow them

themselves. I suppose this fact is due to their great laziness, which makes them unwilling to do any work that is not either necessary for existence or remunerative. I never met with such a thing as a Malay flower-garden, except at a police-station, where the police had probably been ordered to make it.

Our lawn-tennis ground had now become covered with grass, and we often played for an hour *tête-à-tête*. It was surrounded by a rude fence 'to keep off the ruder natives,' as one of our visitors remarked. The natives were much interested in looking on at the game, and Tunku Panglima Raja one day expressed a wish to join us. He was very active, and flew about the ground with his petticoats tucked up, but had not much notion of the game, hitting the ball straight up into the air as high as he possibly could being his idea of playing.

Another day little Raja Sleman, the Tunku Muda's son, asked to be allowed to play, but finding there was no royal road to lawn-tennis, and that he could not at once master the game and play as well as ourselves, he was disgusted, and at every miss exclaimed, 'Al-lah!' in tones of increasing vexation, just as a French boy might have cried, 'Mon Dieu!' He did not come again.

In consequence of having dismissed Taip, we had to make some changes among our servants. The orderly's position in the establishment was a singular one, combining some of the duties of a policeman, soldier, footman, and housemaid. He was originally chosen from among the Malay police, and was supposed merely to guard the house by day, and our persons when we walked out, and to clean his own and his master's gun. It was found, however,

that these employments did not give him nearly enough to do, and that consequently he either spent almost the whole day in sleep, or else, if of a lively nature, in running off to the bazaar to gamble or smoke opium. So, by permission of the authorities, we gave him an extra dollar or two per month in consideration of his waiting at table, and doing little odd jobs about the house.

Little Suteh, the 'disorderly,' had by this time become quite a clever little waiter. Suteh's delight on first entering our service was to cover himself from head to foot with ferocious-looking weapons—namely, a large gun over his shoulder, a belt with ammunition across his chest, a revolver in a leathern pouch, and two or three crises stuck into his sarong. In this fashion he strutted behind us in the bazaar, the envy and admiration of all the little boys. He

held his gun so awkwardly that we were more afraid of it than of all the dangers against which it was supposed to protect us ; and Mr. Innes, feeling also the absurdity of being followed by a fat child in a red petticoat armed with a rusty gun, soon told him, to his great disgust, to leave his weapons behind. The gun was allowed to reappear when the boy followed us up the hill, on account of the tigers ; but we considered that we took our lives in our hands every time that we ascended or descended the hill with Suteh behind us. His gun was supposed to be loaded all ready for the tiger, and in climbing over the fallen trunks of trees, or pushing through the tangled grass, six or eight feet high, it was a marvel that even it, ancient and rusty though it was, never went off. We dispensed with his attendance altogether after a time, and took our walks alone.

At first Suteh was extraordinarily stupid in waiting, and I thought I should never teach him. He was three months learning how to hand a knife. His savage instincts naturally prompted him to grasp the handle and offer the blade, as if about to stab. He could not imagine that there could be any other way of taking hold of a knife. When after much drilling he was induced to present the handle, he kept the blade tightly shut up in his warm and dirty little black hand in a very unappealing manner ; the same with the bowl of a spoon, or the prongs of a fork. Then, whenever there was a lull in the cares of waiting, he would fold his arms and walk round the room, examining the books and pictures on the walls, and humming a tune or talking aloud to himself.

He appeared to have no eye for dirt, and could never make up his mind as to whether

a glass had been used or not. He would take it up, turn it round and round, and hold it up to the light—all this in the middle of dinner—in order to decide whether or not to take it away; and often ended by putting it down again as clean, even when it had obviously (to our eyes) been used for beer or porter. Having seen Mr. Innes and the Resident one day mixing beer and porter together to make ‘half-and-half,’ Suteh thought he would be very clever and do it for them next time; but instead of beer he used claret by mistake, and produced an awful compound of claret and porter.

Another day he was told at dinner to go and fetch some ice from the next room. A large chest of ice had been presented to us by the chinchew of the steamer, he having brought it on to Langat by mistake, instead of leaving it at Malacca, where it

had been ordered for a grand dinner to the Governor, or some great person. Suteh had never heard of ice in his life, so he stared inquiringly. 'Go into the next room,' said I, 'and bring us some of what you find in a large box there. Take a dish and a spoon with you.' Suteh went, and presently reappeared with a dish full of—sawdust! which he solemnly proceeded to hand round the table, no doubt thinking it a vegetable or condiment. I had forgotten at the time I sent him that the ice was packed in sawdust.

Another day I had made a grand arrangement of flowers for the middle of the table, and coming into the room just after lunch, saw that they had disappeared. I said to Suteh: 'You need not have thrown those flowers away; they were quite fresh; and what have you done with the vase?'

Suteh replied with a virtuous air: 'I

remembered that the mem told me yesterday to put the white tablecloth and other things away after lunch, and not to leave them on all the afternoon; therefore I have put them in the drawer.' And opening the drawer, he showed me the flowers ranged tidily in rows according to their species, with their wet stalks on the folded tablecloth, while the vase occupied another corner of the drawer, water and all. But it did not do to laugh at Suteh's mistakes, for he was very sensitive, and would have thrown up his situation at once if openly ridiculed.

We probably appeared quite as stupid to him as he to us. He was at first astonished to find that we were not familiar with the various sorts of pisang or banana—with the customs and language of Malays—with the habits of alligators, and so forth; and being occasionally appealed to on such points,

which were to him the A B C of human knowledge, he apparently took it for granted that we knew nothing at all, and volunteered, with an air as if he hardly expected us to believe him, such pieces of information as that in the Malay country many plants grew from seeds, which were put into the ground, and after a time became young plants. He took up a duckling one day, and explained to me that 'in the Malay country' ducks were cleverer at swimming than chickens, because the former were web-footed; in short, he was prepared to give lectures on all the most ordinary phenomena of nature, supposing them to be peculiar to the Malay country.

We preferred Malay servants when we could get them, as they are much better able to turn their hands to anything than the Klings or Chinese. A Malay 'boy' will do anything, from hemming a duster

to taking an oar in a boat, if required ; and a really good Sarawak boy is the best servant in the world. Their dress is very becoming to their brown skins, consisting of a white jacket and trousers, a red silk sarong, with gold thread interwoven, and a red and yellow handkerchief on the head. With their bare feet they glide noiselessly round the table, handing you everything you want just at the right moment, and between whiles they stand behind your chair with the quiet dignity of princes. Malays are never vulgar. Vulgarities and snobbishness seem to be growths peculiar to civilization, and savages are free from them. Indeed, the manners of all classes of Malays are extremely good, except those of the women, and of some of the men who have mixed much with Europeans.

The Malay 'boys' are very faithful and devoted, and it is no unusual thing for

them, when their master is returning to England, to offer to go with him without wages. Mr. Innes several times had offers of this kind from his 'boys,' who declared they would be no expense to him, as they could easily make themselves useful enough on board ship to earn a little daily rice, which was all they required. One 'boy' was so pressing in begging to be allowed to follow Mr. Innes all over the world, that he was only dissuaded by being told that he would never see a countryman or anyone who could speak Malay in England, and would probably die from cold, though he were to put on six coats. The cold of England was something the Malays could never realize, and I created much astonishment one day among a party of them by showing them the winter clothes I had worn on board ship, including a muff.

These boys often used English words

without having any suspicion that they were English, and would correct my pronunciation of them in the most amusing way. I often asked them what was the right pronunciation of a Malay word, and they sometimes volunteered it; so when I used such words as 'glass,' 'bottle,' 'stripe,' 'blacking,' and so forth, they would respectfully inform me that the proper pronunciation of these words was *gullass*, *botole*, *essateripe*, and *berleckin*.

I never succeeded in imbuing my servants with the proper respect for me until I had had them for some time. None of them had been accustomed to English mistresses; they all had the true Oriental contempt for women at the bottom of their hearts, and though they obeyed my orders when the Tuan was present, they often disobeyed them when he was away. I remember one 'boy' I had—who afterwards turned out a

very good servant—was particularly impertinent at first. I told him one day to whiten Mr. Innes's sun-helmet, and to fold a puggaree round it in a certain way, which I showed him. Afterwards I found he had done nothing whatever to the helmet, and on being asked why, he quietly said, 'Because I was not sure that the Tuan wished it done so.' To this I replied, 'You would like to know the Tuan's wishes? I can tell you what they will be, when he hears that you do not obey my orders. He will wish, I very much fear, to beat you. I am sorry for you, but I cannot help it.' The helmet and puggaree were whitened and folded in double-quick time, though it is scarcely necessary to say the threat I had held out of the Tuan's wrath taking the form of personal castigation was an empty one.

Another time, when Mr. Innes was away,

the 'boy' of the period put the dinner on the table for me without any white cloth. I came in and said, 'What is this? you have forgotten the table-cloth; put it on, and then let me know.' As I was leaving the room I heard him reply, to the effect that he did not think the white cloth necessary, as the Tuan was away (!). Of this I thought it best to take no notice, allowing him to suppose if he liked that I had either not heard or not understood him; and after some minutes he came to inform me it was put right.

Such mistakes and such speeches were only made by freshly caught savages, who had never been in service before. After about a week I generally had to explain to a new servant that I was his Tuan as well as Mr. Innes, and that if he did not choose to obey me he might go back to Singapore, or wherever he came from, by next steamer.

This greatly astonished him, and he did not thoroughly believe it till at the end of the month he found it was I, and not Mr. Innes, who paid him his wages. Finding me entrusted with his money, he naturally became anxious to please me, no doubt imagining that if he did not do so, I should, according to the custom of native ladies, find some excuse for cheating him out of his wages.

Suteh was removed from us shortly after Taip left, and was succeeded by Mutu, a Kling.

Mutu, our new orderly, had a shining black face, set off by a white turban and a gold nose-ring. He had also two gold ear-rings in each ear, one high up and one low down. I chose him from among three candidates partly on account of his nose-ring, I own, thinking it gave an air of wealth and distinction to his outer man, and I felt

much disappointed when, after the visit of a certain chitty (money-lender), with whom Mutu was closeted for half an hour, nose-ring and earrings had disappeared. In their place Mutu now wore little wooden plugs, to keep the holes open, which were the reverse of becoming. As I had not stipulated when engaging him that he should wear his gold ornaments, I could not complain, but felt as much defrauded as Miss Edgworth's 'Little Frank,' when he had bought the coloured jar, and the chemist sent it home white, having poured the coloured water out of it.

Mutu, being a Kling, paid a great deal of attention to his dress. Klings, both men and women, are especially remarkable for the good taste with which they dress themselves. The art of draping fine muslin round their persons so as to set their figures off to the best advantage is studied by them

till absolute perfection of grace is attained. I do not hesitate to confess that a well-dressed and handsome Kling woman, even though she might be only a coolie's or washerman's wife, was a far more beautiful sight in my eyes than the most fashionably dressed European lady of Singapore, whoever she might be, with her whalebone and steel, her kilted plaitings and angular frills, her pinched-in waist and distended skirts. In fact, the European style of dress, ugly and inconvenient enough in Europe, is doubly so in the East. The frills are badly ironed, the colours of cambrics, etc., are faded from frequent washing, and the trains of the dresses, though perhaps only one inch on the ground, become dirty in a few minutes from the all-pervading red dust of Singapore, or from sweeping across the stone or wooden floors of jungle bungalows.

I would not exactly recommend the

English ladies to dress as the Dutch ladies do in Java, that is, in a bad imitation of the Malay dress, which, as I have already said, I consider ungraceful and cumbrous; nor do I dare to recommend the adoption of the Kling costume. For many reasons the latter would be unsuitable to English ladies, who play lawn-tennis, ride, and indulge in other active exercises. But surely a dress might be found among the Turkish, Jewish, Persian, or other Oriental nations, both prettier and more comfortable in a hot climate than the English.

I found the artistic proclivities of my Kling servants rather troublesome sometimes. They did not stop short at draping themselves gracefully, but carried the principle of a 'sweet neglect' into other departments. For instance, Mutu never could put a table-cloth on straight and flat; he liked it long on one side and short

on the other, and I believe, if I would have allowed it, he would have draped the table in picturesque folds as if it had been a statue. In short, he was devoted to what I once saw described in a *Saturday Review* article as 'the Love of the Lop-sided.'

CHAPTER II.

FOOD.

IT was during this second year that we began to send home to a co-operative store for groceries, tinned meats, drinkables, etc., instead of sending for them, as formerly, from Singapore. We found at the end of the year that we had made a saving of £80 by this means, allowing for loss of money in exchange and loss of interest during four or five months, while the 'goods' were far superior, from being fresher and the tins in better condition.

We absolutely found it cheaper to send

for lard from England for cooking purposes, than to order tins of ghee from Malacca or Singapore. This seems most unnatural, as the ghee was prepared in the Malay country itself, and was used by all the poor people round, so that it ought to have been cheap; but what made it expensive to us was that it was almost invariably sent to us in a leaky tin, and by the time it reached us had nearly all leaked out. We paid, if I recollect rightly, thirty shillings for each tin; but often there was not more than five shillings' worth of ghee remaining. Redress—from a jungle—is unattainable; the only reply we got to our complaints being an assurance that 'the goods at the time of embarkation were in perfect order.' Perhaps they were; the tins may have been knocked into holes by rough treatment on board the steamers.

The first co-operative store that we tried was not a success. Although its bill reached us duly, thus proving that our correct address was known at the store, the cases were all addressed wrongly or insufficiently, whereby some of them went to Langkat in Sumatra, and remained there unclaimed for six months, while others went on to Hong Kong. Eventually they all reached us, but in a sad condition. The things had been packed by some one evidently ignorant of tropical climates. Hams, tongues, tinned fish, flesh, and vegetables had all been put pell-mell together in coarse salt. Of course the salt had melted, and left the tins rusted and leaking, and the hams, etc., damp and rattling about in a half-empty chest. We wrote to complain, and received only insolence in return, so I need not say we did not patronize *that* store again; but we

found the Civil Service Supply Association, to which we next applied, most satisfactory, and continued to deal with it till we left the East finally.

It was, of course, necessary to look ahead and send one's order four or five months before the things were wanted; but this was but a slight inconvenience. At first, until we learnt to allow several weeks for delay in executing the order, we were rather apt to run out of stores. On several occasions we were reduced to some bottles of mustard, some pickles, and anchovy sauce. The principle which regulated the survival of things in our store-room was just the opposite of that which regulates the world according to Darwin: it was the survival of the unfittest (for the purpose for which they were designed—*i.e.*, to be eaten). I was sometimes very nearly reduced to feeding Mr. Innes on the diet recommended by

Grumio as good for the temper—namely, ‘the mustard without the beef.’

We did not always send at once to Malacca or Singapore when our store-room was empty, as we hoped the stores from England might arrive at any moment by native boat. Mr. Innes astonished me by his genius for cooking on one of these emergencies. There was nothing but fowls to be had, and we were so tired of these that we both agreed it was of no use to have them cooked. So he ordered a large dish of rice to be boiled, and some eggs; and with these, and some mustard, anchovy sauce, capers, olives, pickles, and various other condiments that lingered on the shelves, he produced a most delicious dish. If we had only written down, at the time, the quantities and names of the things which he put in, I believe the recipe would have been an invaluable one to housekeepers

in the East, and he might have been immortalized by calling it after himself.

We found this hot climate was quite a touchstone for butter. Whether what we received under that name was really oleo-margarine, butterine, or some other composition, I know not; but on opening a tin we generally found the upper half was full of oil, and the lower half of grey or white fat, which latter had sometimes a bad smell. The Co-operative butter was, however, better, being fresher from home.

We were also able to grow a few vegetables in our garden at the hill, which were a great comfort to us. The principal kinds were sweet potatoes or yams, caladium, tapioca (the root of which boiled is a little like a potato), a kind of spinach, a kind of haricot-bean, Indian corn, and brinjal or egg-plant. We also succeeded in producing

some tiny cucumbers from seed bought at Malacca, but they did not flourish.

The durian seasons were considered by many Malays to be the great events of the year. There were two per annum, and most of our boatmen, police, and servants used to make themselves ill by indulging to excess in this luscious fruit. A carpenter in the middle of a job once asked Mr. Innes's permission to knock off work and go home for three days to eat durian in his father's garden, and Mr. Innes knew the country and the people too well to refuse. He knew, that is, that a refusal would be considered so unreasonable and unkind that the man would take French leave, feeling himself quite justified in doing so. But what would be thought of an English carpenter who begged to be allowed three days' holiday to eat cherries or gooseberries?

I was much aggrieved once by a mistake made by a shopman in Singapore. I had ordered, as usual, four dozen tins of condensed milk and four dozen tins of biscuits (we never had bread, as there was no yeast to be had in the country). The shopman jumbled these two orders together, and sent me four dozen tins of 'milk biscuits.' The consequence was that for a whole month I was deprived of my solitary comfort and pick-me-up—namely, my afternoon cup of tea. I drank *café noir* at breakfast, and tried it again at five o'clock, but found it was neither refreshing nor wholesome at that hour, as it prevented my sleeping at night. We tried tea without milk, and with lemon, but we did not care for it.

This seems to me now, and probably will seem to others who 'live at home at ease,' but a trifling grievance; but my experience is, that the less you have to eat the more

you think about it, especially if you have nothing else to think about.

I shall never forget the description which a member of a Missionary College once gave me of the excitement that prevailed among the students of that saintly establishment on 'pudding-day.' They had pudding only once a week, poor fellows!—which, now that I have lived at Langat, quite accounts for their excitement, in my opinion; but at the time that I first heard the description I own I was shocked at such sentiments coming from men who had forsworn the world and its pleasures, and were about to devote themselves to a life of hardship and self-denial.

We knew it was of no use to apply to the Sultan for milk, as, though he kept many cows, they were never milked. Soon after our arrival at Langat, he had kindly offered to lend us a cow for milking, and

sent it to our house. We tethered her to one of the props or legs of the house, so that she might benefit by the shade ; and Taip tried to milk her, but without result. Then Apat tried ; then the Indian road-coolies volunteered to try ; last of all, Mr. Innes himself tried ; but the animal, not being accustomed to be milked, grew very frightened, and almost pulled the house down in her efforts to get away, while she roared till the whole village came up to see what was the matter. We kept her for two or three days to see if she would calm down, but she did not, and kept us awake at night by her noise ; so we sent her back to the Sultan with thanks.

I think it was during this year that we had a visit from the Administrator, Colonel Anson. We were told beforehand by the Resident that he would come on a certain day, and that the party, including himself,

would consist of about eight persons ; he added that he was not sure whether they would want anything to eat, but he fancied not, as the Administrator was in haste to return to Penang. I consulted with Mr. Innes, and we agreed that we had better be provided against the chance, since we had been taken unawares and put to shame on the last occasion of a similar kind. So, with a considerable amount of trouble, we arranged as fine a banquet as the combined resources of Singapore and Langat could be made to yield; and this time we took care that it was all ready in time.

But alas for us ! or rather, I should say, for me ! the Administrator had previously arranged to be at Penang on a certain day' and could not afford to lose a single tide if he was to keep his word ; so he merely called on us for a few minutes, then on the Sultan, and then took boat for the steamer.

I was left with a dinner for ten persons on my hands, which had to be thrown away, for the Administrator had even carried off Mr. Innes with him, and our servants, being partly Malays and partly Chinese, did not care for European dainties. The Malays prefer their putrid fish, and the Chinese their puppy-dogs, etc. The essence of good housekeeping in these climates is, therefore, to have enough for your guests, but very little more, as nothing will keep beyond a few hours. It would have been useless for me to attempt to save any of the food we had prepared with so much care, although Mr. Innes returned next day.

There were certainly, as the natives had said, plenty of tigers at the hill. They came moaning around the house about once a week generally, but sometimes for several nights together. I grew so accustomed

to their noise that I used to go to sleep in the middle of the loudest growls. We kept lights burning all night, partly as a protection against them and thieves, partly because our mails sometimes arrived in the middle of the night, when entrusted to native boatmen. It was also useful to have a light when the Chinese or Malays took to stabbing each other over their gambling, as happened now and then ; for the wounded men invariably came straight up to the Tuan to complain, and to have their wounds dressed by him.

I never heard tigers actually roar after that first night at the Bandar, and I fancy it must be very seldom that they do so. Other growls and roars we heard sometimes, probably those of black panthers and leopards ; and these noises went on at the hill all the year round, whereas at the Bandar the tigers only came at the very

dry season, presumably to drink of the Langat river, which was less brackish than the Jugra river. We had a slight paling round the garden at the hill, about five feet high, made of stakes, so far apart that goats used to walk freely in between them. This of course would have been no real obstacle to a tiger, had he been determined on making his way in ; especially as after a time the paling rotted and broke in many parts ; yet it still seemed to have an awe-inspiring effect, as we could hear the wild beasts apparently following the line outside the enclosure ; either they never came inside, or else when inside they were mute from caution.

One day, after a considerable interval, we went up the hill-path behind our house ; this path, if not constantly cleared by the police, was apt to close up, by the growth of high grass, branches, and climbing

plants. On this occasion we had some difficulty in getting along, being obliged to stop continually to break the small branches which impeded our progress. We had climbed about half-way up the hill, when suddenly a loud grunt exploded close to us, followed by a dashing and crashing of some heavy body into the jungle; evidently we had startled a wild pig. The noise was so loud and so close that we stopped still in astonishment to discuss the event—but our talk was interrupted by two low growls in well-known tones, a little farther off than those of the pig had been, but still very near. We both exclaimed at the same moment: ‘Did you hear *that*?’

There was no necessity of saying what ‘*that*’ was; anyone who has once heard the ‘Aowm! aowm!’ of a tiger could never mistake its slightest utterance afterwards.

We stood still for a moment, expecting (at least I know *I* did) in another second to see it burst out on us. I can recall the scene vividly now; the impenetrable green of the jungle around, the cleared path in the middle, with the sun blazing down upon our two figures, clad in white from head to foot.* After waiting a minute or two, as the tiger did not appear, we had a little argument as to whether we should go on or back.

‘Come on,’ said Mr. Innes; ‘you are surely not going back because a tiger growls at you? One would suppose you had never heard a tiger growl before!’

‘Well, I never did hear one growl in open daylight, and only a few yards off, before,’ said I. ‘Of course I am going

* The spot was near the ‘Folly,’ so that there were no trees on the right hand to intercept the sunshine—only shrubs and tall grass.

back. What is the use of going on? The tiger would most likely stalk us from behind all the way up, and we have not even a gun—not that a gun would be of any use.’

‘Why should a tiger’s having growled make any difference?’ urged Mr. Innes. ‘We always knew there were heaps of tigers here, and yet you never minded walking here before.’

‘No, because I thought they were asleep in the daytime; and besides, they were supposed to be too much afraid of us to come near us. But now that they are growing so impudent as to growl at us like this, there is no knowing what they may do next!’

‘Oh, come on!’ said Mr. Innes. ‘You won’t see the tiger, I promise you.’

But it was of no use; I had an unpleasant feeling all the time we were talking

that the tiger was close by, watching us, and that if we stopped much longer he would screw up his courage to spring out on us. I felt sure that he had intended the wild pig we had scared for his dinner; and being hungry, and angry at his disappointment, it seemed probable it might occur to him to dine on us instead. So I cut the matter short by beginning to go down the hill. Mr. Innes seemed very unwilling to come with me, but I suggested that we were just as likely to meet the tiger that way as the other, and I did not want to meet it alone; whereupon he gave in and followed slowly.

Two days afterwards I received a message from the office at the foot of the hill, where Mr. Innes was then sitting, to the effect that a fine tiger had been killed by the natives. I followed the messenger, and from the top of our plateau saw, down

below, what appeared to me like the carcase of a cow, lying on the ground, surrounded by natives. The tiger was very fat, and had a magnificent skin. The Malay sergeant measured it, and made it come to nine feet only, which surprised us, as it looked larger; but I do not think the sergeant measured it properly. He made one of his men keep one end of the tape-line on the tip of the animal's nose, while he took the other end straight in a bee-line to the tip of its tail, without following the sinuosities of the body. I pointed this out to him at the time, but he was too much excited to pay any attention.

Mr. Innes presently brought up to me, with words of high compliment on his bravery, the Malay who had killed the tiger, and who was to receive the Government reward of \$50. I was rather surprised at hearing him so emphatic in his

commendation, and privately asked him whether he really thought it so very brave to shoot a trapped tiger?

‘Trapped?’ said he. ‘What do you mean? This tiger was shot by that fellow in the jungle!’

‘Yes, I know,’ said I; ‘but when he shot it, it was at the bottom of a deep pit that he had dug for it, the sergeant says.’ It turned out that not one of the natives, in telling Mr. Innes that a tiger had been ‘shot,’ had thought it necessary to mention the trifling detail of its having been first trapped. This was not from any intention to deceive, but merely that they looked on it as a self-evident fact that a tiger *must* be trapped before it could be shot; they had never heard of any other way of killing it.

The sergeant assured us he knew all about curing skins, and that he had done

them before, with great success; so Mr. Innes gave him \$2, at his request, wherewith to buy arsenic, etc., for the process. But in the course of a week he was proved to be an impostor, for the skin was ruined and worthless when it left his hands. We only learnt when too late that it is never safe to trust native skill in curing, and that the best thing for us to have done would have been to keep the skin in a tub full of arrack until we could take it to Singapore.

The Malays begged for a few of the claws, which were given them; while the Chinese smashed up the skull, and ground it into powder to make medicine. A Chinaman told me the strength of the tiger would be communicated to anyone who took the medicine.

I did not go so much up the hill-path after that tiger was caught. 'Seeing is

believing,' and after seeing that huge yellow-striped beast, he was always present to my mind's eye when walking in the jungle. Mr. Innes laughed at me for this, saying the hill was now safer than before, as there was one tiger the less ; but I was only just beginning to leave off the habit of looking over my shoulder for tigers, when fresh evidence of their existence was forced on me.

One rainy day (it had rained incessantly for weeks, and the hill-path was consequently quite overgrown), we were walking in the back veranda for exercise. I had noticed for some minutes a large yellowish-brown patch on the hill opposite us. This patch fascinated me, as any unusual spot will fascinate one, in a landscape to every other detail of which the eye is accustomed. At first I fancied, then I was convinced I saw it move. What large animal could it

be, in so strange a situation? After a few minutes more of gazing at it, as we walked up and down, I stopped short, and pointed it out to Mr. Innes, saying I believed it was a tiger. Mr. Innes scoffed at the notion, and said it must be one of the Sultan's cows. I reminded him that we had never seen a cow so high up on the hill, and that cows never went about alone; 'besides,' said I, 'it *is* a tiger! I see its stripes!' I dashed into the sitting-room, seized an opera-glass that lay there, and put it into Mr. Innes's hands. After one glance, he exclaimed:

'I declare it is a tiger, and a very big fellow, too!' He went for his gun, while I undertook to keep an eye on the tiger's movements.

'Be quick! be quick! he is going off into the jungle!' I called after him; but alas! by the time the gun was found and

loaded, the tiger had yawned, shaken himself, and slowly retired into cover. It should be mentioned that we could have had a shot at him, had the gun been ready, with the most perfect safety; otherwise I should not have been so anxious for it. We measured the distance afterwards from our veranda to the log on which he was lying, and found it just a hundred and seventy-four yards. It was not at all probable we should have hit the creature in a vital part from that distance, neither of us being a good shot, but I felt much disappointed at our having lost the chance of trying. The grass around the log was very tall, which accounted for our not having seen him distinctly until he got up.

CHAPTER III.

DURIAN SABATANG.

I HAD not been long at the hill when the Sultan's womenkind came to call on me. I first became aware of their arrival by seeing Suteh going in haste for a watering-pot. Wondering why he wanted it, I peeped out of my room and saw about twenty women standing in a row, sticking out first one foot and then another, while Suteh watered away at them as if they were plants in a flower-bed. This was because it was a very muddy day, and they did not wish to make the house dirty. The Malay women's

feet, I suppose from never having worn shoes, are of a very curious shape ; each toe stands out straight, square, and separate from the rest, with a wide space between



it and its neighbour.

The toes are all of about equal length,

and give the effect of the black notes on the keyboard of a piano. The foot is fully three times as wide at the toes as at the heel. Probably if the Malay women could see European feet with the toes close together, and the foot almost the same width throughout, they would feel the same mixture of pity and contempt that we feel on seeing a Chinese lady's foot.

My visitors having entered, one woman, the chief of the party, talked with great volubility, while the rest squatted silently around. The younger ones seemed shy,

and if I spoke to them, they turned their backs and giggled, but spoke no word.

I went in due course to the Sultan's to return this visit. I found the women's apartments were in a separate building from that in which the Sultan received Mr. Innes and the Resident. There was the usual sort of ladder to be gone up in order to get into the house, like the kind of ladder that would be used in a hen-house in England ; having duly hopped up it like a hen, my hands were seized by a dozen women, who half-led and half-pushed me into the room. It was a low-roofed, dark shanty, the floor being made of lantei, or strips of split bamboo, with spaces between them, and covered here and there with dirty mats. A compound of coffee and tea mixed together without any milk was then handed round, with sweet cakes and biscuits, the remains of which, according to Malay

custom, were afterwards sent to our house. Some of these women wore enormous gold earrings, about the size of half a crown, but shaped to a point in the middle, like an old Roman shield, rather becoming ; and they also wore gold belts of a peculiar shape, very wide in front, and dwindling away to nothing at the sides, while the back was of silk.

Our second year was now drawing to an end, and we began to consider where we should spend our three weeks' privilege leave. We decided to spend it in Java, as that was the nearest country where a breath of cool air was to be had. Mr. Innes applied for his leave to the Resident, and received permission to go on a certain day in May. In the interim, the Resident came up for one of his usual visits. This time he was accompanied by a daughter.

The house we lived in, like all others in

the country, was so open in every part that anything spoken in a tone above a whisper could be heard all over the house.

Thus it was that Mr. Innes and I heard the Resident dilating to his daughter on the charms of our bungalow, and consulting with her how it would be advisable to apportion the rooms. He was just coming to the room where we were sitting, with the words, 'And this, you know, will do beautifully for the nursery,' on his lips, when he perceived us. Knowing that we must have heard what he had said, he explained that he was thinking what an excellent house it would be for his son-in-law, should he be the person sent to do Mr. Innes's duty for him during his leave. It seemed to us strange that the son-in-law should think it worth while to move to Langat with a large family for so short a time as three weeks. The enigma was

explained in a few days by two letters that arrived. One was from the Resident, saying he had met at Malacca the Superintendent of Lower Perak (Mr. Paul), who wished to go to Europe on sick-leave, and to find some one to relieve him at Durian Sabatang in the State of Perak during his absence; that Mr. Innes had been proposed, and that, much as the Resident would regret losing us, he would not stand in the way of Mr. Innes's promotion, on which he heartily congratulated him, etc. The other letter was from the Superintendent himself, conveying the same news, and adding that at the time he had met the Resident, he was on his way to Singapore to see the Governor, to whom he should mention Mr. Innes as the proper person for his substitute at Durian Sabatang.

It is impossible to express the annoyance

we felt on reading these two letters. By the date of Mr. Paul's letter, it was evident that he must have already seen the Governor—perhaps arranged everything with him. To explain our feelings, I must mention that Durian Sabatang had the reputation of being a 'white man's grave.' Mr. Paul himself had often expatiated to Mr. Innes on the unhealthiness of its climate, assuring him that it was far worse than that of the Gold Coast of Africa, of which he had had personal experience. That this was true was evident, as his own health had broken down completely, which was the cause of his now going to Europe. To leave our beautiful new bungalow, just after we had had all the trouble of getting it built in a healthy situation, and of making it comfortable inside, in order to go back to a palm-leaf wigwam in a swamp, was really too trying.

After some consideration Mr. Innes wrote to the Resident, saying that he should decline the offered promotion immediately on reaching Singapore. The Resident wrote back to say he regretted that we could not have the steam-launch on the day previously arranged, to take us and our luggage to meet the Singapore steamer at the mouth of the river, as she was going into dock, and it would take some time to repair her ; but if we would wait a week, we could have her.

‘By which time the Durian Sabatang appointment will have been telegraphed home, no doubt, and I shall have to accept it,’ said Mr. Innes ; and he wrote back that since the steam-launch was not available, and it was of great importance to him to see the Governor as soon as possible, it was his intention to proceed to Malacca on the day fixed, in an open boat.

‘That will fetch the steam-launch,’ said he to me. His prophecy was correct, and the steam-launch made her appearance in due time.

When we reached Singapore, Mr. Innes went to see the Governor (Sir William Robinson) at once, but found that he had already telegraphed the appointment to the Home Government. He now expressed great regret that the mistake should have occurred, but pointed out that it would place him in a foolish position if he had to send a contradiction of his last telegram; and he added that he thought Mr. Innes was unwise to refuse promotion when offered, as if he did so it was not likely to be offered again.

Mr. Innes urged the unhealthiness of Durian Sabatang, and that although the move might be called promotion, since the Acting Superintendentship of Lower Perak

was a more important post than the Collectorate of Langat, yet the higher pay which he would receive would probably not compensate him for the expenses of moving. The Governor's arguments finally prevailed, however, I regret to say ; for from that ill-omened move to Durian Sabatang date all our subsequent misfortunes.

We enjoyed our trip to Java very much, even though the Durian Sabatang affair was hanging over us. We then returned to Langat to pack up, and in due time arrived at Durian Sabatang.

CHAPTER IV.

PLEASURES OF DURIAN SABATANG.

URIAN SABATANG was a wretched Chinese village, built on a flat mud-swamp, about forty miles up the Perak river.

Our first sight of the place filled us with dismay. The Residency, or Government bungalow, in which we were expected to live, was an ancient shed made of palm-leaves, propped up on about fifty tottering legs made of the stems of palms. The shed was in so dilapidated a condition that no respectable English farmer would have put a respectable English cow into it. There

was a ladder at the back, and another at the front, by which the shed could be entered.

The so-called 'garden' attached to this charming abode consisted of a straight flat strip of flower-border on each side of a straight flat strip of road, about fifty yards in length, which led up to the house. These borders were planted with what were meant to be flowering shrubs, which, not being protected by any fence, were nibbled to mere stumps by stray goats. There was, however, a bit of swampy turf at the back of the residential shed, on which we eventually managed to play lawn-tennis under difficulties.

On entering the shed we were at once struck by the numerous gaps in the thatch. A storm of rain generally occurs once in every twenty-four hours in the Straits Settlements, consequently it was not long before we had an opportunity of experi-

encing all the discomforts attendant on a leaky roof. There appeared to be about twelve permanent leaks ; but, besides these, every now and then the wind would lift up a large piece of thatch bodily, while the rain poured down as if from buckets through the temporary openings thus made. There were no ceilings to the rooms ; the bedrooms were only formed by palm-leaf fences about eight feet high, something like the 'wattles' used in Kent for enclosing sheep. The skeleton framework of poles, on which the thatch rested, was not veiled or disguised in any way. High up on these poles, where they converged among cobwebs so black and solid from age that they looked like pieces of cloth waving in the wind, sat rats of all sizes, eating, playing, and enjoying themselves thoroughly. I think they were the only beings that did enjoy themselves thoroughly in Durian

Sabatang. The cat gazed fiercely at them with glittering eyes from below ; but not being gifted, like a sloth, with the power of hanging by her claws from the under side of a pole, she could not reach them. At first we used to amuse ourselves by throwing all sorts of missiles at the rats ; but we never hit them, and only further damaged the frail roof, so we had to give that up.

The use of the shed's fifty legs soon became apparent. The first morning after our arrival, on looking out of the window-hole (windows there are none, of course, in so hot a climate), I saw the whole country was under water, and one of my poor hens, which I had brought with me from Langat, was floating past the house on the flood with all her new-born chickens. This flood was the result of a high tide from the sea, from which Durian Sabatang

is not very distant as the crow flies. We had many such floods during my stay in this delectable swamp. The Kling gardener delighted in them, as they gave him an unfailing excuse for doing nothing. When asked why there were neither flowers nor vegetables in the garden, he always laid the blame on the floods.

It was, however, vexatious not to be able to grow vegetables at home, as none fit to eat were to be had in the squalid Chinese shops. As for fresh beef or mutton, that was quite hopeless. Such a thing as a cow or a sheep had never been seen in Durian Sabatang. It would have cost a great deal more than our pay to have imported cows and sheep, and to have kept cowherds and shepherds to look after them, not to speak of the inevitable loss of the animals by death from sea-sickness or by the thieveries of the very men

employed to guard them. We lived, therefore, as at Langat, almost entirely on tinned meats, which were always much damaged by the climate before they reached us. We got so sick of them at last that often we let them go away from the table untouched, and preferred to starve. These tins had, most probably, been for many months in the Singapore shops, and a month in the tropics is more damaging than a year at home. A Singapore shopkeeper, unless he is greatly belied, looks on an order from a 'junglewallah' as a Heaven-sent opportunity of getting rid of his unsaleable goods. He knows that the freight to the jungle is so heavy that the wretched victim will think twice before sending anything back.

Whene'er we took our walk abroad—for there was only one road in Durian Sabatang, and that only half a mile in length—

we saw many hideous, nine-tenths-naked Chinese coolies, almost all with repulsive skin-diseases, and all, without exception, owning the most villainous countenances; they scowled at us with hebetated looks, being opium-eaters to a man. Probably they could not see—as, indeed, I never could myself—what business we English had there at all; however, they at any rate had no right to complain, for they were as much intruders as ourselves, the Malays, or rather the Sakeis, being the aborigines.

A large proportion of the Chinese population was generally in prison for some crime or other, and gangs of them might be seen walking about with chains on their legs, each gang under the charge of a small Malay policeman with a loaded gun. These convicts were generally considered by the English and the Malays to be the flower

of the Chinese community, the argument being that all Chinese are scoundrels deserving of prison, and that those who elude prison are merely more practised scoundrels than the rest. Thus the convicts were much run after as washermen, tailors, and caretakers; and on one occasion, the superintendent of police, being obliged to leave suddenly, put his house and all its contents under the charge of his pet convict as being one of the few comparatively honest men in the place. The consequence was that this convict might be seen any day in the superintendent's veranda, lounging comfortably in a long chair, with his legs, iron chains and all, stuck up on the table, and a cigarette in his mouth. I believe, however, that the superintendent had no reason to regret his choice of a caretaker.

Some of the convicts were told off to do housework in the houses of the three Euro-

peans every day; that is, they had to carry all the water required for baths, cooking purposes, etc. I used to watch the process from the window. The first thing the convicts did on reaching the river, which ran past the garden, was to wash themselves all over, clothes—what little they had—and all; there were sometimes thirty or more in the gang; and as soon as half of them had done they filled their pails at the same spot, while their comrades were still bathing, and brought us our drinking-water for the day. I was much disgusted at this, and was on the point of sending out a message to them that I should be obliged if they would fetch our water first and bathe themselves afterwards; but my husband pointed out to me that a few coolies more or less bathing there did not signify, since the whole population of the village not only bathed, but threw every

sort of refuse into the river a few yards farther up.

The housework was always looked on by the convicts as specially degrading, therefore the worst criminals were chosen for it; and I had an opportunity every day, when walking in the garden, of reading their term of imprisonment marked on their clothes, and of knowing myself to be surrounded by murderers and villains of the deepest dye. This was rather interesting than otherwise.

For society we had a fluctuating company of three at the most, all British. There was, I need scarcely say, no doctor among them. If any one of the three fell ill and wished for medical advice, he had to send a boat up the river to ask leave of the Resident to go to Penang. The boat took about five days to go up the river, as it was against the stream, and about three to come

back; so even in case of the Resident's happening to be at home, and replying at once, there must still be eight days' delay at the very least before the invalid could get permission to go to Penang, and after that, possibly a whole fortnight might intervene before the steamer could arrive to take him. The diseases most common to Englishmen in the tropics are fever, cholera, and sunstroke, any one of which may carry off a strong man in a few hours; but in this Government service it was looked upon as a crime for any officer, even though feeling himself at the point of death, to leave his post without the proper official eight days of delay. The theory in high official circles was that 'an officer worth anything would always rather die at his post than leave it without permission.' The high officials who uttered this noble sentiment doubtless forgot that, although their own posts might

possibly be worth dying for, it is a little unreasonable to expect the same amount of enthusiasm from a man whose pay is hardly sufficient to keep him, and whose chief occupation is to digest the snubs which they delight to administer to all those below them on the official ladder.

It is needless to say that there was no Christian church in Durian Sabatang. The nearest church was at Penang, which was practically as far off as if it had been at Timbuctoo.

A trading steamer used to come once a fortnight, except when she broke down or went into dock. One or other of these misfortunes happened pretty frequently; and oh! the straining of the eyes down the river on the days when the steamer was expected, and the heartsick disappointment when she did not come; or, on the other hand, the wild tumult of delight when her whistle,

faint and far-off, but still unmistakable, was heard! It was not surprising that we felt so much excitement about her coming, as the whole of our comfort for a month depended on that single uncertain thread; she had a horrid way of going into dock without giving us poor dwellers in jungles the slightest warning, and when that was the case, we were literally half-starved until she came out again. It is impossible in the tropics to keep a large stock of eatables and drinkables, as everything goes bad with the most frightful rapidity. The resources of Durian Sabatang itself, in the way of food, consisted of skinny fowls, as usual; of river-fish, with a strong muddy flavour; and occasionally, as a great treat, of a piece of fresh pork, butchered to make a Chinese holiday.

Besides stores, the steamer brought us letters and newspapers, and was our only

means of communication with the outside world. The rest of the fortnight, when we had devoured our newspapers, was weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, our lives being a burden to us through heat, ennui, and mosquitoes, of which last, of course, there were millions.

Mr. Innes found no arrangements made for his reception at Durian Sabatang. In the Government office there were neither pens nor ink, paper nor envelopes; there was not even a bit of literal red tape nor a penny almanack. Of figurative red tape, however, there was, as we soon found, so much, that it prevented our obtaining the literal article and other stationery for many weeks, during which Mr. Innes used my private note-paper for official purposes; and instead of being thanked by Government for his generosity at my expense, was officially reproved for

not using the foolscap which did not exist.

The office itself, as well as the Residency, was terribly out of repair ; the kitchen of the latter was such a perfect dog-kennel, that even the faithful Apat declared he could not endure it, and must resign ; the wooden wharf was in a dangerous condition ; the wooden bridges over the creeks were impassable from decay. Yet there was apparently no money to be obtained for necessary repairs ; there was no one even to drive a nail at Government expense. In Langat, the police and boat-boys, who were all Malays, had cheerfully done many little jobs of carpentering, painting, etc., at the public buildings in their leisure time, thus saving the Government a good deal of money, and at the same time keeping themselves out of mischief. Here, the police were Sikhs and Pathans, and

were considered too sacred to be made of use in any way that was not strictly military. These lordly beings, therefore, confined themselves to marching up and down below the house, gun in hand, as sentries, and begging for brandy whenever they saw me, under pretext of drinking my health. Even our orderly, a slipshod, petticoated Malay boy, was a 'milingtary man;' we only discovered this startling fact one day by finding that the Commandant of Perak, who had arrived that morning on a visit of inspection, and who had promised to lunch with us, had ordered Master Amin off to prison.

'For what?' was my natural question.

'It appears that he has lost his regimental jacket, or sold it,' replied Mr. Innes. 'I suppose when he became our orderly he thought it would not be asked for again.'

‘Well, but who is to get the luncheon ready? Tell the Commandant, please, that unless he will let the boy out on bail, we shall none of us get any luncheon.’

Accordingly, in a few minutes Amin, once more a free man, waited on us; but, luncheon over, went back to prison.

There was a note from the Resident of Perak awaiting Mr. Innes on his arrival at Durian Sabatang; but it contained no reference to business, except a recommendation to consult Mr. Graham Kerr on all points, and an expressed hope, which sounded rather sarcastic under the circumstances, that Mr. Innes would find everything comfortable.

The society of which I have spoken consisted, in detail, of an English Superintendent of Police, of an English youth of about eighteen, and of Mr. Kerr, who was a

Scotchman. With these materials, we sometimes managed to get up a game of lawn-tennis in the evening when the weather permitted; but what with the storms of rain and the high tides, that was not often the case. The ground lay so low, that unless the daily rain took place during the night—this sounds somewhat like a bull—and was succeeded by a hot sun all day, the lawn was still so swampy by five o'clock that every footstep went with a swish! slush! into the grass, and a rash player often found himself sitting unexpectedly on the ground, to the detriment of his white clothes and the amusement of the rest of us. The high tides, which took place about once a month, and lasted for two or three days, laid the whole garden under water; they not only made lawn-tennis impossible, but if anyone had to enter or leave the house while they were

at their height, he had to be carried in a long chair by coolies, who waded bare-legged through the water. Mr. Innes went to and from the office in this fashion several times ; as for me, it was not necessary that I should go out at any stated hour, so I remained in the house until the waters had abated.

We found, in addition to most of the insects and reptiles from which we had suffered at Langat, there was a plague of centipedes at Durian Sabatang. These creatures used to crawl up from the damp bath-rooms and hide themselves in the beds, waiting until their victim was fast asleep, when they wriggled out and stung him. I was several times stung by them. The first time I could not imagine what new animal it was, as the pain was quite unlike anything I had ever felt before ; and after bathing the wound in brandy, which

was the only spirit we had in the house, I began to hunt about warily for snakes, but found only a centipede about five inches long under the pillow. I killed it, though with difficulty, as it wriggled about so fast that much agility was required in order to hit it. It was probably only a young one, as those we generally found about the house were about nine inches long. I was never bitten by a full-grown one; I suppose they had more discretion than to hide themselves in the very lair of their natural enemy, man.

The bicycle-spider, as we called it, was also very common at Durian Sabatang. This was a spider of enormous size, from which fact it had received its name. It had a comparatively small body, with a quantity of enormously long thin legs, which represented the spokes of the bicycle, while the circular outline was formed by a

large, flat, round, white nest, which it hugged to its body with a few of its legs, while it ran about with the rest. The nest was made of thick white spider-web. I never had the opportunity of examining one with the eggs in it. The discarded white nest or envelope we used to find on the floor, presumably after the young ones had been hatched.

We were not persecuted by the natives here as at Langat. Our predecessor, Mr. Paul, had very sensibly put a stop to their coming round the house at all hours. I was not long enough in Durian Sabatang to become intimate with any of the natives, and therefore do not know if they bestowed a nickname on me, as they did on all the English Tuans. They called Mr. Innes the Tuan Senang, which means easy-going, comfortable, contented; another officer was called the Tuan Kras (hard) on account,

it was believed, of the severe sentences which he gave in court ; another was called the Tuan Muka-papan, literally 'board-faced.' When I looked this epithet out in the dictionary, I found it translated 'shameless effrontery;' but a Malay told me it meant that the Tuan in question had unlimited command of countenance ; that whatever you said to this gifted individual, his face remained like a board, absolutely without expression ; in short, that, like Talleyrand, if you were to give him a kick from behind, no trace of it would appear on his features.

Mr. Innes was quite disheartened at the fearful amount of false witness and perjury to which he had to listen every day in court at Durian Sabatang. He found it worse in this respect than Langat. Every one, both natives and the few Europeans, told him that it was well known that in

Durian Sabatang any man wishing to buy witnesses had only to go out into the street, and he could get any number for 10 cents (5d.) per head, who would swear to anything he told them.

After Mr. Innes had been some time at Durian Sabatang, a correspondence arose between him and the Resident on the subject of slavery. Mr. Innes was astonished one day at a policeman bringing him a warrant to be signed for the capture of a runaway slave. Up to this time he had supposed that the customs followed in Perak were the same as those of Selangor. It had been, as I have already mentioned, one of his duties in Selangor to advise the Sultan in matters of slavery, and he had never found the slightest difficulty in inducing him to set the slaves free without ransom. Now, it appeared, Mr. Innes was expected to pursue a diametrically opposite

practice, and to range himself on the side of the slave-catchers. Horrible stories were told him, by the three Europeans in Durian Sabatang, of the cruelties practised on the slaves when recaptured. These stories were confirmed by other Europeans who looked in at Durian Sabatang now and then for a few hours on their way elsewhere, and also by many natives.

Native testimony is not worth much, and the European testimony was only that of the natives at secondhand, for no European professed to have himself actually seen the alleged cruelties. But whether these stories were wholly, partly, or not at all true, did not appear to Mr. Innes to be the chief point for consideration ; the real question was, should he or should he not become a slave-catcher ?

Mr. Innes did not demand that slavery should be done away with, but its open

toleration seemed inconsistent with the presence of the British flag, which floated proudly in front of our house. The nominal ruler of Perak, Raja Yusuf, was himself a slave-owner to a greater extent than anyone else in the country; therefore, unless he could be persuaded, like the Sultan of Selangor, to give freedom to his slaves, it was useless to attempt to do away with the system. But Mr. Innes contended that though it might be dangerous and unwise for the English to interfere to prevent slavery, yet the actual aiding and abetting of it was a different thing altogether; and that the signature of an English magistrate at the foot of a warrant for catching a runaway slave was equivalent to aiding and abetting the system. He therefore suggested that the English magistrates in general, and himself in particular, should be relieved from the duty of signing the

slave-warrants. An episode at this time occurred which, for a season, diverted everyone's thoughts. This was the murder generally known in those parts as 'the Pangkor tragedy.'

CHAPTER V.

PANGKOR.

FTER we had vegetated in Durian Sabatang for some months, we were electrified one night by hearing the whistle of a steamer. Who *could* it be? Mr. Innes looked out, saw the fiery eye of a small steam-launch gleaming in the blackness of the river, and went to meet the new arrival. He proved to be a young Englishman, slightly known to us, who had a thrilling tale to tell. The Chinese coolies at Lumut, to the number of many hundreds, were in open mutiny, he said, against the English,

and he himself had fled for his life by night. Lumut, it should be mentioned, was a sugar-estate at some distance, the owner of which had lately become bankrupt. Mr. Innes felt at first inclined to pooh-pooh the danger, though he thought it quite probable the coolies were justly irritated at not having their wages paid. He, however, started with the young Englishman next morning for Lumut, taking with him a few Sikh police under a Subadar of the name of Deen Mahomed.

Of this Deen Mahomed a story is told, which for the comfort of humane readers I can assure them is *not true*, either of him or of anyone else, but it serves to show the sort of reputation he had. The story is to the effect that in the Perak War, after a skirmish, he informed his chief that there were sixty-three prisoners. Whereupon his chief blazed out in fury :

‘What the etcetera do you mean, sir, by cumbering us with all these prisoners? Don’t you know we want to push on as quickly as we can?’

The chief went to bed in very bad humour. Next morning, the Subadar appeared and touched his cap.

‘Well, what have you got to say? What are we to do with those confounded prisoners?’

‘The prisoners, sir, all died in the night.’

‘*Died in the night!* What, sixty-three of them?’

‘Yes, sir.’

‘Died in the night? Well, well, perhaps on the whole it was the best thing you—ahem!—they could do; for now we can push on.’

There were also anecdotes of the strange suicide of one inconvenient prisoner, and

of the shooting of another, under Deen Mahomed's charge on another occasion. The former, Deen Mahomed said, had jumped overboard from the steam-launch; but sailors who were present on board, though they did not actually see what took place, declared the prisoner was so chained and bound that the thing was physically impossible. The second, Deen Mahomed said, he had shot because the man was escaping; but rumour said it was a singular fact that the bullet-wound found in the man's body was *in front*. None of these anecdotes rested on really good evidence, however; they only served to raise a laugh among the European officials, who all agreed that Deen Mahomed was a 'very useful fellow; still,' they would add, 'there is no doubt he is a character. Quite an original!'

When Mr. Innes arrived at Lumut he

found there was a good deal of truth in the young Englishman's report. The Chinese, though they could hardly as yet be called in open mutiny, were evidently ripe for it; in fact, in the very first words which Mr. Innes exchanged with their headman, the latter openly threatened his—the magistrate's—life, and that of all the Englishmen in the State. The words were hardly out of his mouth when the audacious Chinaman measured his length on the floor, Deen Mahomed having with the speed of lightning twisted his hand into the man's pigtail and laid him low, without waiting for orders. Mr. Innes could hardly forbear a smile at the neat way in which it was done; but, after allowing the man to lie there for a minute or two as a lesson, he desired Deen Mahomed to let him get up, and then addressed the coolies through him as inter-

preter, for they did not know Malay. He told them that he could not allow them to remain at Lumut, as, the estate being bankrupt, there was no longer work for them there; but that he would give them all a free passage, with food, to Penang, and would report their case to the authorities in Penang, who, he had no doubt, would soon find them suitable employment and wages. The men appeared satisfied with this programme, translated for them into Chinese by the headman, whose pig-tail was still in the grasp of Deen Mahomed, and whose manners were consequently wonderfully softened and improved. Mr. Innes saw the coolies all off by the next steamer, paying another visit to Lumut for the purpose; and it was hoped that the whole affair had blown over, a hope not destined to be realized.

On his way back from Lumut, Mr. Innes

called, in his magisterial capacity, on the Superintendent of the neighbouring island of Pangkor, and happened to mention that I was very unwell—a not surprising result of the discomforts of Durian Sabatang. The Superintendent and his wife kindly suggested that a visit of two or three days to them at the seaside might benefit me. I had never seen either of them, but that was of no consequence in a country where English are so rare that all are to a certain extent brothers. So on receiving a note from Mrs. Lloyd, I accepted the invitation without scruple, and a few days more saw me on board a steam-launch on my way to Pangkor. Mr. Innes was, of course, unable to accompany me, as he was tied to his office work in Durian Sabatang.

When I arrived at the Lloyds', the first thing they told me was that all their men-



servants had absconded the day before, immediately after receiving their wages. I was not much surprised at this, as I had often heard of such things happening to other people. We ourselves had never had any experience of the kind, but we attributed this to our having brought two trustworthy servants with us from Sarawak, where the servants are, as a rule, far better than those to be had in the Malay peninsula. In fact, the latter are always said to be the refuse of China; and those who take situations in isolated jungles are the refuse of that refuse—men who have made the towns too hot to hold them, and are glad to be in hiding for a time. I felt very sorry for my hostess, who did not look strong, and had three small children, the youngest only six months old. She had been obliged to get in some Kling servants from the village at a moment's notice—

one to act as house-boy, the other as under-nurse—but they appeared to be ignorant savages. There was also a Chinese ayah, of whom more anon.

I had luckily brought Apat with me as my attendant. He went by the nickname of the 'Faithful,' because a sort of canine fidelity appeared to be his strongest characteristic. As soon as he discovered the state of affairs, he both cooked the dinner and waited on us at table, also doing what he could to help in the house-work.

Next day we went for a walk on the island, ending with a call on the Penghulu, or Malay headman of the district. Our reception was not particularly cordial, and on our way home I was told the cause of this. Mrs. Lloyd had been ill, and the Penghulu's womenkind had come to call on her and inquire after her health. They

thought it due to themselves, Malay fashion, to come in a troop of thirty, tailing off into a rabble of dirty unclad little slave boys and girls; they forced their way into her bedroom, where she was lying down with a bad headache, and, intrusive and obtuse like all Malay women, began to ask foolish and impertinent questions, to touch Mrs. Lloyd's face and dress with their dirty hands, and to beg for everything they saw, which, as I have said, in their code of manners is considered a delicate compliment to the owner. They did not mean any harm; on the contrary, they doubtless thought they were showing themselves extremely kind and neighbourly; but the not unnatural result of their attentions was that on Captain Lloyd's coming in, Mrs. Lloyd begged him to send them away, and he cleared the room without ceremony. The women went home and complained to the

Penghulu that the Superintendent had been uncivil, no doubt greatly exaggerating his actions; and since that day the Penghulu and he had been barely on speaking terms.

On the following day we paid a visit to the deserted sugar estate of Lumut, which was on the mainland close by. Here we visited the hut of the Eurasian Superintendent, who was remaining there almost alone until all the affairs of the estate should be wound up. He evidently wished to make himself extremely agreeable, and busied himself in preparing tea for us. As we steamed back in the launch to Pangkor, I asked Captain Lloyd how it was that this man, who was doubtless looked on as a white man by the Chinese coolies, had been able to stay on in no danger from them, although the two other white men on the estate had both fled. He replied that this man was believed to

belong to the same Chinese Hoey, or secret society, as the coolies. I afterwards found that this was the case, and that at the very time that this wretch was giving us tea, and affecting to be so anxious for our comfort, he must have been acquainted with all the plans of the Hoey, and must have known that in a few hours we should in all probability be murdered; yet he never gave us the least hint of it. True, had he done so, and had it become known to the Hoey that he had done so, his own life might have been in danger; but if he had chosen, he might quite easily have warned us without any Chinaman's being the wiser.

The evening passed without anything eventful occurring, and as the mosquitoes were maddening, we separated for the night soon after nine.

I had been asleep some two hours, per-

haps, when I was suddenly awakened by a great shouting and a great light overhead. The house was, like ours at Durian Sabatang, subdivided by partitions only of about eight feet in height, so that a light in any one room lit up the whole roof, which was visible from all parts of the house. Besides the shouting and the glare I heard several shots fired. 'A Chinese festival, no doubt,' thought I; and I felt no alarm, but only surprise that Captain Lloyd should allow Chinese to come into his house making such a disturbance at midnight. After the noise had gone on for a few seconds, I began to think it strange that I did not hear Captain Lloyd's voice, and then to think that the sounds were almost too loud and confused even for a Chinese feast. I did not feel inclined to go out of my room, as my dress was hardly the thing for a mixed company, but compromised matters by

jumping on a small table that stood near, and peeping over the partition. Then I saw a sight which at once convinced me that all was not right. In the doorway opposite me, which I knew was that of Mrs. Lloyd's room, were two Chinamen dashing open a box with hatchets. Yet I was far from guessing what was the fact, namely, that my host had been murdered a few minutes before, and that he and his wife were now lying, weltering in their blood, just inside that doorway! I cried out loudly, 'Captain Lloyd! Mrs. Lloyd! what is all this? what is the matter?' There was, of course, no answer; but one of the Chinamen looked up, saw me, and, with his hatchet still in his hand, made for the door of my bedroom. I darted down and held the door, in the insane hope of keeping him out; but, alas! it was only made, like the rest of the house, of palm-

leaves lashed together with rattan, and in another moment the Chinaman had forced it open, and stood before me. Even then I did not understand that he intended to murder me. I was ignorant of the tragedy that had just taken place, and it never occurred to me as possible that the Lloyds were not alive and well somewhere about the house. The Chinaman marched gravely and stolidly into the middle of the room, I retreating before him, and saying in Malay, 'What are you doing here? what do you want? Get out!' He made no answer, but held the hatchet up in front of him, grasping the handle with both hands, and, without the smallest change of expression in his countenance, made cuts, as I then thought, ineffectually at my head. I raised my hand to parry the blows, and, as I felt absolutely no pain, fancied I had succeeded; but I must have fallen down insensible, as

I remember nothing more. The doctor, on afterwards examining my head, found three trifling cuts and one severe one upon it, the latter about four inches long and tolerably deep.

It may seem stupid of me to have been so' long in taking in the idea that I was going to be murdered, but I must plead in excuse that the demeanour of my friend the Chinaman was calculated to mislead me as to his intentions. The ideal murderer of history and fiction is, as we know, a being full of fire and fury, rushing upon his victim with a glance so deadly that it tells its own tale, and at once carries conviction even to the dullest intellect. But this man was calm, composed, phlegmatic; he advanced without the smallest emotion or flurry, and appeared, in fact, exactly as if he were going about his ordinary business. The secret of this may be that he *was* em-

ployed in his usual business; for he proved to be one of a gang that made robbery and murder their nightly occupation in Province Wellesley.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER THE MURDER.

I DO not know how long I lay unconscious, but my next recollection is of being waked by the sound of many excited Malay voices in the room. On first coming to myself I was by no means clear in my head or memory, and tried in vain to recollect where I was and what had happened. What helped to bewilder me was that I found myself lying on the floor under a bed, among boxes and lumber that were all strange to me. I listened eagerly to the noise going on in the room, but as about twenty Malays were all

talking at once, even a better Malay scholar than myself might have been puzzled. I gathered, however, from a stray sentence, that Captain Lloyd was dead. This filled me with horror, which increased when I heard them talking about a Chinaman who was dead, and when I listened in vain for the voices of Mrs. Lloyd or the children. The silence of the latter seemed indeed ominous, as during my short acquaintance with them I had never before known them to be all quiet simultaneously. The poor little things had kept up a constant wailing night and day, from not being accustomed to their new nurse; so that now, when there was so much additional cause for their crying, their silence seemed most unnatural. I would have given a great deal at that moment to have heard again the pitiful wailing that had kept me awake on the first night of my arrival.

Presently I heard one of the Malays inquiring after me, and another replied, in a cheerful voice :

‘Doubtless she is dead, and her body thrown into the sea.’

This did not seem to convince the questioner, who called out :

‘Mem Perak! mem Perak!’ (lady from Perak) ‘where are you? Do not fear; we are your friends. Come out!’

I felt so sure by this time that I was the only survivor from a general massacre of the English and their followers—for I had made up my mind that the dead Chinaman of whom they spoke was Apat, my servant—that I resisted without difficulty this polite invitation to come and be murdered, as I considered it. In fact, the more the Malays called me, the less inclined I felt to come; and when one of them presently lifted up the draperies of the bed and peered

under it, I held my breath and lay as still as possible. He did not see me, as there was very little light, and the boxes concealed me.

The Malays continued to chatter, and I to listen. I heard one of them giving orders, and others deferentially replying, 'Yes, sir, certainly, Tuan Penghulu.' I immediately jumped to the conclusion, from what I had known of the quarrel between Captain Lloyd and the Penghulu, that the latter had planned the murder; and I wondered if I were 'the humble instrument destined by Providence' to be the means of hanging the Penghulu as high as Haman. In the meantime it seemed extremely doubtful whether I could remain undiscovered where I was until help should arrive, and I began to think of all the stories I had heard of Malays on the war-path, and to wonder if, like other savages, they were in the habit of torturing their victims before

putting them to death. In the midst of these speculations, which had just then a painful and personal interest for me, I suddenly heard the Penghulu dictating a letter, apparently to Mr. Innes, urging him to come at once and to bring plenty of police. This produced quite a revolution in my opinions ; it was incompatible with my theory that the Penghulu was a murderous rebel, as the police in question were Sikhs and Pathans under the notorious Deen Mahomed ; in short, they were formidable fellows, and the very last men whom a rebellious Malay would wish to meet. My doubts of the Penghulu were further dispelled by my hearing the well-known nasal drawl of my servant Apat, who came in saying he had hunted everywhere for me, and could not find me. This determined me to come out and show myself, and I did so.

I must confess that the moment of my emerging from my retreat was an exciting one, for I could not really tell for certain whether I had heard aright—whether, in fact, I should be welcomed or murdered. But I was not long left in doubt. After a general exclamation of ‘Wah!’ from everybody, they rushed up to me, Apat foremost. In delight at seeing me again, he seized both my hands, grinning from ear to ear, and expressing his joy at my being alive. I then had to tell the assembled company all that I knew of my own adventures, which was, of course, very little; and they in return took up the tale from where I left off. They told me that, in the middle of the night, they had heard shots at the Residency, and had looked out and seen a great blaze of light in the direction of the house. They immediately armed themselves, and came to find out what was

going on, arriving in time to see a quantity of boats full of Chinamen putting off from the shore. As they had no means at hand of pursuing them, they went into the house, where they found Captain Lloyd dead, Mrs. Lloyd apparently dying, the furniture all wrecked, and the bedclothes and other draperies just bursting into flames ; the Chinese having set fire to them with torches, no doubt in hopes of obliterating all traces of their crime. The Malays extinguished the flames, and did what they could for the dead and the dying. The Penghulu was on the point of sending off a report of the affair to Mr. Innes, mentioning, among other items, that I was missing, when I appeared. This story tallied so perfectly with all that I had heard whilst lying *perdue*, that I saw no reason to doubt it.

The Penghulu then showed me Captain Lloyd's body, which was on the floor,

reverently covered with a sheet, and the seemingly lifeless form of Mrs. Lloyd on the very bed from under which I had just come out. Her eyes were closed, and her face deathly pale, except where it was covered with blood, or black from the bruises of the hammers with which the fiendish ruffians had not scrupled to strike her. Intensely shocked at this sight, I asked the Penghulu whether he thought she was alive. He said yes, but that he did not think she could possibly recover ; in proof of which he pointed to a washhand basin half-full of blood which he said she had vomited, showing, as he thought, that she had received some frightful internal injury. I suggested that ' while there was life there was hope,' and that we ought to do all we could to get her English medical assistance ; and, after discussing what was possible to be done, it was proposed that I should go

in the steam-launch, which was just about to set off for Durian Sabatang, and fetch with all speed the trading steamer, now probably somewhere on the Perak river. I felt some doubt as to whether I had not better remain with Mrs. Lloyd, in case of her becoming conscious ; but the Penghulu assured me that, from his experience of such cases, she would certainly not recover consciousness for hours, perhaps not for days ; and that I might safely leave her in the charge of her Chinese ayah and of his own wife (who sat beside the bed fanning her), and be back again with the steamer before she could wake. Accordingly this was settled, and as the steam-launch was not yet quite ready, the Penghulu sat down to finish his letter, while I went to make some alterations in my dress. First, however, I inquired after the children, and, to my amazement,

was told they were alive and unharmed. I walked into the nursery to see them for myself, and there they were, all placidly asleep in their little cribs. How they had contrived to sleep through all the disturbances was wonderful, unless, as was afterwards suggested, they had been drugged by the Chinese ayah.

The Malays now brought me a looking-glass to show me what my own appearance was like, and truly I was a ghastly object. My face, my hair, and my clothes were covered with not merely stains, but masses of clotted blood. I could not attempt to alter this, as I did not wish to keep the steam-launch waiting ; so I merely added a hat and a long cloak to the clothes that I already wore, and started.

Once on board I had plenty of time, and tried to wash the blood from my face ; but the skin was bruised and painful to

the touch, and I desisted, under the impression that my face was cloven in half by a sword-cut—a mistaken impression, as it turned out, for I had no wounds except those on the top of my head. I now took the opportunity of asking Apat ‘the Faithful’ where he had been during the attack. He hung his head, and replied that he had run away. I asked if it had never occurred to him to try to help me. He protested that at the very first sight of the robbers he was running to warn me, when he was wounded in the leg—here he showed an infinitesimal scratch on his ankle—and that then he ran away; but after getting into the jungle he turned back, intending to look for me, when the Chinese ayah, who wanted him to help her up a steep bank, assured him that she had seen me escape, and that I was a little way on in front.

I think it occurred to Apat that his conduct had not been particularly heroic; but I could not but recollect that one of his first acts on finding me to be alive had been to put into my hands my dressing-bag, which he knew contained dollars. Any other Chinese servant would certainly have kept that bag to himself, and said nothing about it; so, comparatively, Apat was still entitled to his distinctive appellation of the 'Faithful.'

The steam-launch was much longer in meeting the steamer than I had expected; but at last the welcome sight of her masts appeared, and I stopped her and told my story. I then sent on the steam-launch to Durian Sabatang, with Apat bearing a verbal message to Mr. Innes that he was not to be alarmed, as I felt quite well. This message Apat never delivered, but appeared before Mr. Innes with tears

streaming down his face, and in such a state of fright at having to deliver bad news, that Mr. Innes could get hardly any news out of him at all. The Penghulu's letter was not much better, being like all Malay letters — full of complimentary nothings, with the one piece of information crammed into half a line and placed in the middle of the letter, where it was as difficult to find as the proverbial needle in a haystack.

On our return to Pangkor, a coffin was hastily made for the body of Captain Lloyd, and it was carried on board to be taken to Penang. Mrs. Lloyd, still unconscious, and the children were also carried on board. I wished to remain behind to meet my husband, but was told that for several reasons it was advisable that I should also go to Penang: first, my testimony would be wanted at the

inquest; secondly, my own wounds required medical attention; and thirdly, I might be of use in attending Mrs. Lloyd, as there was no European woman on board. To these representations I yielded, and, leaving a note to be delivered to Mr. Innes on his arrival, I went on board.

We arrived at Penang at daybreak on Sunday. Our arrival caused, as may be supposed, a considerable sensation. Crowds of natives swarmed on to the wharf. The English authorities of Penang were soon in attendance, and an inquest was held on board; after which a discussion took place as to what was to be done with the survivors. The Lieutenant - Governor of Penang and his wife—Sir Archibald and Lady Anson—with their usual hospitality and warm-heartedness, wished to take in the whole party—children, ayahs, and all; but this was overruled by the doctor, who

decided that Mrs. Lloyd was too ill to be moved so far, the Lieutenant-Governor's house being several miles off. So it ended in Mrs. Lloyd and the children being taken in by a friend close at hand ; while I went to the Lieutenant-Governor's house, where everything was done for me that could possibly be done in the way of kindness and attention. Before I left the steamer the doctor insisted on my having part of my head shaved. I have no doubt he was right ; but the shaving, while the wounds were still fresh, hurt me terribly, whereas up to that moment I had felt no pain or discomfort from them.

I had barely arrived at the Lieutenant-Governor's house when Mr. Innes arrived from Durian Sabatang. He had received the most garbled account of the affair—first from Apat, and then from the Penghulu at Pangkor, where he stopped

for a few minutes on the way. He had had a most dangerous voyage himself, having come in a little steam-launch, which was only fit for river use, and having encountered an awful storm at sea. As soon as he had satisfied himself that I was neither dead nor dying, he went to interview the Lieutenant-Governor, who warned him that he would get into dire disgrace with his chief for having left his post without permission, as the excuse of a half-murdered wife was not admissible in official circles ; and directed him to return at once to the scene of the murder, whither police, men-of-war, and all manner of defences were now being sent in hot haste, to 'lock the stable-door,' and to capture the murderers if possible.

Investigations were meanwhile made in Penang, which resulted in the discovery that the murder had been done by a gang

of Chinamen, composed partly of the ex-coolies of Lumut, and partly of professional gang-robbers, who had hired a junk, and been seen to start in the direction of Pangkor some days previously. It further came out that these coolies, indignant at being summarily disbanded in Lumut, and at not being at once provided with work by the Penang Government, had taken it into their foolish heads that Captain Lloyd was in some way to blame for their misfortunes, and that he was keeping back the money which ought to have been paid them in wages. Just at that juncture arrived the three Chinese servants who had absconded from Captain Lloyd's the day before my unlucky visit. They acted upon the discontented coolies like a spark upon gunpowder. The servants fancied they had themselves some grievance against Captain Lloyd, particularly the cook, who on one

occasion had so far forgotten himself as to fling a plate at his master's head ; and they easily persuaded the coolies that they would be only doing what was just and fair if they organized an expedition to recover their lawful wages, which, the servants declared, were kept by Captain Lloyd, to the extent of \$7,000, in a safe in his bedroom.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the money so kept was not really the wages of the Lumut coolies ; it was Government revenue, collected by Captain Lloyd, and kept in the safe until the proper day of forwarding it should arrive. However, the coolies swallowed the tale greedily, took some professional gang-robbers and the three servants with them, and carried out the expedition as we have seen. They found only \$1,000 in the safe, instead of the reported \$7,000 ; but they partly con-

soled themselves by carrying off all the watches, bracelets, and other valuables in the house. It was believed that at least sixty Chinamen had taken part in the affair.

While these facts were oozing out in Penang, Mr. Innes and Deen Mahomed had not been idle. They obtained information from the Penang police which led to the arrest on suspicion of about forty Chinamen, most of whom were afterwards let off for want of sufficient evidence, though there were proofs clear to every European mind of their guilt. One ring-leader was captured by Deen Mahomed with his usual ability. It was Tan Ah Teck, the ex-headman at Lumut, the same who had threatened Mr. Innes's life, and had been thereupon floored by Deen Mahomed. The latter now heard that this man might possibly be found after dark at a certain

wood - cutter's hut. An expedition was therefore arranged under Mr. Innes, and he, Deen Mahomed, and about ten Sikh policemen, started for the hut. The night was most inclement; in fact, next morning it was found that no less than eight inches of rain had fallen within twelve hours—a thing quite unprecedented even in that climate. However, Mr. Innes and Deen Mahomed agreed that the worse the weather the better for their purpose, as they were more likely to find Mr. Tan Ah Teck at home. But in this they were disappointed. They found several coolies in the hut; but Tan Ah Teck was not there, and the coolies denied all knowledge of him. Nevertheless, Deen Mahomed suspected, from their manner, that he was not far off, and laid his plans accordingly. He took Mr. Innes aside, and confided to him his impression, adding that in such weather

Tan Ah Teck would be sure to come back soon, if he could be deceived into thinking that the police were gone. He therefore proposed that Mr. Innes and all the policemen except two should return to the steam-launch, taking with them all the coolies, and making as much noise as possible on the way. He, Deen Mahomed, would remain behind, lying in wait with the two policemen for the return of Tan Ah Teck. All fell out exactly as he had foreseen. The voices of the retreating party had hardly died away in the distance, when a Chinaman stole up in the darkness, scratched gently at the palm-leaf shutter, and called softly in Chinese to know if the coast was clear, no doubt believing some of his comrades to be inside. Deen Mahomed darted forward, pinioned his arms, and dragged him to the light, when he easily recognised Tan Ah Teck ; and, after

securing him, fired the two shots agreed upon between him and Mr. Innes as the signal of success. At the assizes, Tan Ah Teck was convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. He died in prison some time afterwards, and it is satisfactory to know that when dying he voluntarily confessed his guilt to the Superintendent of Prisons in Singapore.

CHAPTER VII.

VISITS TO PERAK AND HOME.

FTER three weeks, when the country was again quiet, and the English in Penang had ceased to look shudderingly under their beds at night for Chinese robbers, I returned to Durian Sabatang. I was twice summoned from thence to go to Penang as a witness, and obeyed the first time, partly in the vain hope of identifying my would-be murderer, and partly in fear of a terrible-looking document which informed me that 'Victoria, by the grace of God,' etc., greeted the Sheriff of Penang, and commanded

him to summon me to Penang. Not being accustomed to receive subpoenas, I thought myself obliged to obey ; and it was not till I arrived at Penang that I found I might have set the Penang authorities at defiance had I chosen, since, being domiciled in the Native States, I was under the rule of Raja Yusuf. I had to go alone, as Mr. Innes had not time to ask permission from Mr. Low to accompany me. The steamer, which was the only means of transit, started at night ; it was very dirty, and crowded with still dirtier natives. Needless to say, there was no accommodation for ladies on board, so that I had to pass the night on deck among the mosquitoes and coolies.

We had hardly left Durian Sabatang, when the steamer ran down a small Malay boat in the dark, and then went crashing into the mangrove-trees on the bank with such force that I thought surely a hole

must be knocked in the ship. However, there was not ; we picked up first the crew of the boat, then the boat itself, put the one into the other, and calmly proceeded on our way. After this little excitement was over, I looked round to see how many boats there would have been to take to in case of the ship having sprung a serious leak, and to my surprise found there were none at all. I asked the captain what he would do in case of any accident happening, such as the boiler bursting (a not unfrequent occurrence in those parts, where the engineers are often very ignorant of their trade), or a collision at sea. He replied, simply, that he did not know.

At daybreak we passed the island of Pangkor. I scarcely liked to look at the place, which recalled so many horrors to me. When I had last seen it, three weeks before, it had been brightly lit up by the torches

of the Malays, whose advent had probably saved the lives of Mrs. Lloyd and myself. Now, all was quiet and peaceful in the grey dawn ; but two men-of-war and some smaller vessels anchored near testified by their unwonted presence to the somewhat tardy care which the British Government takes of its officials.

In the course of the same day we reached Matang, a small hamlet near the mouth of the Perak River. Here the steamer was to remain two days, to set down her passengers and cargo and take up a fresh relay of both. The question was, what was to be done with me ? There was one Englishman stationed at Matang, but he was a bachelor, therefore not prepared to entertain ladies-errant. It was impossible for me to remain on board two whole days and nights, there being no sleeping arrangements ; and it was equally impossible for me to sleep in

the jungle. So the telegraph was put into requisition (there was a telegraph in Perak—delightful sign of civilization!), and a message was sent to the Resident, then the guest of the Assistant-Resident at Taipeng, about eight miles off. The answer came back shortly, and consisted of a polite invitation to me to stay at the Assistant-Resident's house as long as the steamer remained in port. I gladly accepted this offer, and was soon jolting in a tiny gharry over the very bad road (of those days) that led to Taipeng.

My stay of two days there was most enjoyable, and I look back upon it as one of the few bright gleams in my dreary jungle life. There were several Europeans, even including two ladies, in Taipeng, besides the Resident, the Assistant-Resident, and the Commandant. We had some delightful walks and drives in the neighbour-

hood; and though one day I and two others were thrown out of a buggy, and flew through the air over a steep bank, that only afforded a pleasant little excitement, as no one was hurt—not even the pony, whose backing over the bank had been the cause of the upset.

Before the steamer left Matang the Resident kindly ordered it to be thoroughly cleaned and made comfortable for me with all manner of luxuries, and forbade that any passenger but myself should go on board. The difference that this made was enormous; the steamer was now like my own yacht, and I shall always feel grateful to Mr. Low for his consideration for me on this occasion.

The steamer, by Mr. Low's orders, called for me at Penang when I was ready to come away, and took me back to Matang, I being again the only passenger allowed

on board. She stopped twenty-four hours at Matang, which time I spent, as before, at Taipeng, carrying back with me to Durian Sabatang most pleasant recollections of the courtesy and hospitality with which I had been treated, and an invitation to Mr. Innes and myself to visit the Resident at his own house at Christmas, now rapidly approaching.

Christmas came, and with it the steamer, beautifully clean as before, to fetch us for our visit. We had a delightful passage to Matang. As we entered the mouth of the Perak River, we saw some Malays struggling to fire off a cannon, which they effected after we had passed. This, the captain informed us, was to let the world of Matang know we had arrived. We naturally felt some inches taller on hearing this. At the landing-place we found a 'guard of honour' of Sikhs and Pathans drawn up to

receive us, and we then mounted gharries, which were waiting for us, and drove off to Taipeng. Here we stayed a night, and early next morning set off on elephants for Kuala Kangsa, where Mr. Low lived. The beauty of the country through which we passed I shall never forget. The Pass of Bukit Berapit was perfectly lovely in the early dawn, the dew still glistening on the marvellous variety of foliage, and the kingfishers and parrots darting across the mountain stream that swept beside the path.

I had been told beforehand that I should probably find the motion of the elephant very fatiguing, but it was not so. I enjoyed it very much, though I was twice on the point of tumbling off. We were seated in small baskets, balanced one on each side of the elephant's back. There was no way of keeping in the basket except by holding on tight with one's hands whenever the animal

gave a lurch. It did not lurch often, but on coming to a bridge it tried the boards with one foot, and then, shaking its head wisely to express its distrust of them, plunged head foremost into the ditch by the side of the road. I was not prepared for this sudden dip, and should certainly have gone over the elephant's head had I not been caught in time; again, when the elephant left the ditch and mounted the road once more, I was all but off over its tail. These little accidents, however, only gave rise to a good deal of laughing at my expense.

In time we reached the dâk-bungalow of Bukit Putus, which was half-way to Kuala Kangsa, and were introduced to Toh Puan Halima, wife of one of the deported Malay chiefs. This lady had, very sensibly, declined to follow her lord's fortunes when he was sent to the Seychelles, and preferred living comfortably at home. She appeared

to amuse herself very well during his absence, and her grief, if any, had produced the same result in her as in Falstaff, for her fine figure was rather spoilt by excessive embonpoint.

Having slept at the dâk-bungalow, we went on next day to Kuala Kangsa, partly on elephants, partly in a buggy belonging to a native raja, lent for the occasion.

At Kuala Kangsa we were received by Mr. Low, who, during our stay of some days, astonished us by the luxurious fare that he set before us. Fresh fish, fresh beef, fresh game, mutton and venison, preserved *pâtés de foies gras* and other luxuries from Crosse and Blackwell's, iced champagne, and all manner of cool drinks, made it difficult to believe we were in the heart of a Malay jungle. We no longer wondered at Mr. Low's staying contentedly in Perak, and never wishing to go to England, a

contentment on which he much prided himself, and which he was apt to hold up to his subordinates for their imitation. Living thus comfortably, and monarch of all he surveyed, he was better off and in a higher position than he could hope to enjoy in England, where, as everyone knows, even colonial governors are nobodies, unless they happen to have titles to fame other than their official rank.

Most of Mr. Low's subordinates were less fortunately situated. Having been accustomed in England to positions of perfect independence, to daily comforts and good food, they lost all these at a blow by taking service in the Malay Native States, and gained nothing in exchange—not even money ; for instance, at the end of our six years' service we were actually poorer than at the beginning.

Next morning we took a tour round the

garden, poultry-yard, etc., with our host. Then the mystery of his well-furnished table was explained. In order to obtain the fresh beef and mutton we had admired, he kept a flock of sheep and a herd of cows, the expense of importing and looking after which animals was, he told us, greatly increased by the deaths that occurred among them on board ship, and by the thefts of the cow-herds and shepherds, who came to him every now and then with tales of 'wolves' having carried off the best of the flock. (There were no wolves in the country, but no Kling shepherd would allow a trifling detail like that to spoil his story.)

The fish were caught in the River Perak, and kept ready in a pond near the house ; the Christmas turkey was one of a large flock imported from Malacca, and tended by a man kept solely for that purpose ; then there were Argus pheasants and

widgeon in cages, and I think also deer, which had been trapped by the natives. The fish and the turkeys paid toll to the numerous local thieves, as well as the cows and sheep; so that I was not at all surprised when Mr. Low told me he was never able to put by any part of his pay (then about £1,500 a year), but spent it all on his living.

We had not been many hours at Mr. Low's before he and Mr. Innes began to discuss the local slavery question; but at first in private, since, besides my unworthy self, other guests were present before whom it was not thought advisable to air the differences of the Government officials. Mr. Low, however, broke through this reticence shortly, announcing at luncheon that he found Mr. Innes so refractory that he should appeal to me to convert him. I replied that I required to be converted

myself first; whereupon Mr. Low said I should, if I pleased, read the whole of the correspondence from beginning to end, after which he was certain I should be on his side of the question. He was as good as his word, and after luncheon gave me an enormous pile of official-looking documents.

I felt much flattered at this, and shut myself into my room to study them, it being the hour when everyone else was taking a siesta—a practice I never cared for. I read the papers straight through in their order attentively, and was astonished at what seemed to me the weakness of Mr. Low's arguments. He repeated again and again that the slaves were from time immemorial the property of their owners, just as much as if they were elephants or cows; that it would be as unjust to deprive the owners of their slaves as of their elephants or

cows ; that it would create a revolution in the country if the slaves were freed without full pecuniary compensation given to the owners ; and, finally, that to grant such compensation would ruin the Government. At dinner-time Mr. Low asked me what was the result of my reading. I replied that I was in exactly the same mind as before.

‘Why, do you not see,’ said Mr. Low, ‘how difficult, how impossible it would be to free the slaves?’

‘Very likely,’ said I ; ‘but Mr. Innes does not ask you to free the slaves. You compare the position of the slaves to that of the elephants and cows ; let us grant, for the sake of argument, that it is so. Now, when an elephant or a cow runs away, is the magistrate expected to sign a warrant to help its owner to catch it?’

‘No; certainly not,’ said Mr. Low.

‘Then why should he help to catch the slaves? All Mr. Innes asks is that in future when a raja applies to an Englishman for help in catching his runaway animals, he shall be politely requested to catch them himself. There is surely nothing very unreasonable in that?’

But Mr. Low would not argue; he only said half playfully :

‘Mrs. Innes, I am disappointed in you; I had thought you a sensible woman.’

Next day, when showing me round the garden, he remarked half in earnest :

‘It is too good, your making such a fuss about these slaves. You are a slave yourself, you know—all married women are slaves!’

I replied, ‘Just so. That is precisely why I can sympathize with other slaves.’

One remark Mr. Low made to both me

and Mr. Innes separately on this visit, which often afterwards recurred to our minds. He said to me, 'Innes wants to be made a martyr of, I know; but I shall not gratify him. There go two to the making of a martyr, and I shall not allow him to leave the service merely on the score of his views on the slavery question.'

Shortly afterwards I was again subpoenaed to go to Penang; but as the hot voyage was very trying to my health, and my testimony was not in the least important, I ventured to disobey the second summons. In truth, I was so ill, that my husband had determined to send me to Europe, and only waited to see if I should be wanted at the assizes before taking my passage. It turned out that I was not wanted at the assizes, of which I was glad on the whole; but, at the same

time, I was sorry not to see and hear the end of an affair in which I took a deep interest. I never rightly heard all the details of the trial, but I believe that only three Chinamen were convicted, of whom one was hanged, and two were sentenced to penal servitude for life. Immediately after the sentences were pronounced, the man condemned to be hanged exclaimed, pointing to some of the prisoners who had just been let off, 'Seven of those men whom you have let go are guilty!' No notice was, however, taken of this remark.

The one who was hanged declared from the first that he had committed all the murders, or would-be murders. He drew a plan of the house (a most curious specimen of drawing) to illustrate his confession, with little figures to represent the bodies lying in the different rooms as he

had left them. Mine was lying in the middle of my room, just where I recollected the man striking at me; but how I came to be eventually in the other room hidden under the bed this man professed himself unable to say. Several theories were suggested to account for this curious fact, the most probable one being that, after remaining absolutely unconscious for some time, I may have partly recovered, and have had sufficient instinct of self-preservation to wander away and hide myself.

It was elicited at the trial that the sixty brave Chinamen who set forth to murder one Englishman and some women and children did not dare to do so without first making sure that the Englishman had no revolver. They arranged to have it stolen from Mrs. Lloyd's bedroom on the afternoon before the murder. This service was probably rendered them by the Chinese

ayah, who alone had access to the room, and who was proved to have been a great friend of the cook, the leader of the expedition. That cook was, unfortunately, never caught. The revolver was found next day hidden in the jungle.

Mrs. Lloyd gave evidence that her husband, on hearing a noise, had gone to the front-door unarmed, and had almost immediately staggered back into the room, wounded, and gasping out, 'Give me my revolver!' She flew to get it, and found the case, but it was empty! Then she recollected turning and seeing her husband surrounded by Chinamen; but after this she remembered no more, being, like myself, struck down and left for dead.

The Chinese ayah, who was believed to have stolen the revolver and made everything ready for the murderers, got off scot-free. So did the twelve Malay police, who

were supposed to guard the Residency, but who fled like rabbits at the approach of danger. So did about fifty-seven of the murderers, if the estimate of their number at sixty, made independently by several witnesses, be correct. So did the Eurasian Superintendent, who was believed to have been an accessory before the fact; but this could not be proved against him.

Mrs. Lloyd recovered wonderfully soon from the fearful wounds she had received. When I saw her in Penang at the 'preliminary inquiry,' the three weeks that had elapsed since the murder had already obliterated almost all trace of scars. I never saw her again, as I did not attend the assizes, and she went home to Ireland immediately after them.

The doctors in Penang said that the rapid recovery of both Mrs. Lloyd and myself was owing to our being 'below par'

—the consequence of our having for some years lived chiefly on tinned meats, etc. Had we been living in Singapore, where a more generous diet is attainable, the danger of fever and inflammation would have been much greater. Semi-starvation, it would appear, has its advantages. Many a Malay, owing to the national diet of fish and vegetables, combined with teetotalism, has recovered from wounds that would have been fatal to a European accustomed to live on beef, mutton, and brandy.

About this time I began to receive letters from my friends at home, in reply to the news of 'The Pangkor Tragedy,' which had just reached them. They implored me to leave that horrible country at once, promised that they would use all their interest to get us moved from Durian Sabatang, and, in short, made so much fuss that my husband thought, as my health really had

suffered considerably, the best way would be for me to take a run home.

After shaking hands with Apat, and telling him to take great care of the Tuan during my absence, which I believed would be only for six months, I went to Penang in a small steamer—Mr. Innes getting official leave to accompany me so far.

There I was transferred to a P. and O. steamer, and soon began to pick up health and strength, though apparently not to any very satisfactory extent, as after reaching home I used to overhear my old friends remarking that I was 'a wreck,' that they should not have known me if they had not been told my name, that it was evident I had only just come home in time to save my life, and so forth. Yet I had only been four years away—one in Sarawak, and three in the Native States.

On board the P. and O. steamer the

Governor of Singapore and his wife happened to be passengers. One day I asked him if nothing could be done to remedy the loss occasioned to Government officials by the depreciation of the dollar. I told him that my husband, when entering the Native States service, had stipulated that his pay should not be less than £500 a year sterling. The Governor took out a pencil, made a calculation, and tried to console me by telling me it was the same for all, and that he himself lost £600 per annum from the same cause; but I did not feel much consoled, as I thought, though I did not say so, that he could better afford to lose £600 than we £60. He still had £4,400 of pay left, and as horses, carriages, plate, linen, and servants were provided for him in addition by Government, I could not think him so badly off as we, who had to find everything but an orderly and a gardener, and

who, owing to our isolated situation, had to pay their weight in gold for some of what in England are considered the necessities of life.

On the voyage I compared notes with the other passengers, who were coming from all sorts of places, including the Andaman Islands and the Gulf of Carpentaria, and found that, although many of the ladies were very sorry for themselves on account of having to live in desolate places and horrible climates, not one of them was quite so badly off, from every point of view, as we were at Langat. They were expressing sympathy with each other, and calling for mine, because they lived twenty miles from the doctor, or ten from their nearest neighbour, or five from the butcher ; or because their service had only small privileges of pension and leave attached to it. To each fresh grievance I simply and with perfect

truth replied, '*We* have none at all.' When it came to their having mutton and beef only once a month, and I made my usual answer, they hinted pretty plainly that the officials of the Native Malay States Service must be fools to stay on in it. That was my own opinion. But the truth was, we were always hoping that pensions would ere long be granted to the officers in the Native States.

One of the first letters I received from Mr. Innes after reaching home told me of the sudden death of Apat under very suspicious circumstances. Mr. Innes had asked some officers of a man-of-war to lunch at Durian Sabatang, and he was much annoyed at the remarkably bad luncheon that was set before himself and his guests. At last he spoke about it to the servant in waiting, saying,

'Tell Apat this is really too bad.'

The servant replied, 'Apat, sir, is dead.'

'*Dead!*' exclaimed Mr. Innes, aghast; and the guests, overhearing, inquired, with horror, 'What, is the man who cooked the food we have been eating *dead*?'

The servant repeated his statement; whereat they all rose and went into the kitchen, but found that Apat's body had already been carried away by his friends. They followed, and a sort of post-mortem examination was held, when the conclusion was come to that death might have occurred from his having himself taken too much opium, or, on the other hand, it might have resulted from some other poison. A suspicious circumstance was that a Chinese sculleryman lately hired by Mr. Innes was missing, and never reappeared, and that Apat's wages, which had been paid him that morning, were also missing. It was suggested that the sculleryman was an

emissary of the Penang Hoey, sent to murder Apat on account of the evidence he had given at the trial ; but this seems improbable, as Apat had given no evidence that could inculpate anyone. He had been in his usual health up to the day of his death.

When I had been at home about six months, and was thinking of returning to the East, I received a letter from Mr. Innes telling me not to do so, as he himself hoped to come home in August, by which time he would have had a year of Durian Sabatang ; and Mr. Paul would return to take up his own duties there. He added that his health was suffering very much from the climate of Durian Sabatang and from overwork, as he was doing the work of three men besides his own.

The reason of this was, that first, Mr. Bruce, the Superintendent of Police, had been sent to Pangkor to supply the place



of Captain Lloyd, deceased ; secondly, Mr. Kerr was absent at Taipeng ; thirdly, the youth of eighteen, formerly mentioned, was away at Penang on leave. Mr. Innes had to do all the additional work, without, of course, a cent of additional pay. He would not have minded it in the least had he not been in ill-health at the time, but under the circumstances he could not but feel it hard.

Shortly afterwards I received another letter from him, begun on May 3rd at Durian Sabatang, and finished on May 12th at Penang. In it he told me that he was lying ill in the latter place from the consequences of fever and ague caught at Ronkop, a horrible malarious swamp, which he had been obliged to visit in the course of his duties. He added :

‘ I am attended by Dr. Large, of the 74th Highlanders, a very clever young man. He at first took a serious view of my case,

but now thinks better of it; he insists on perfect rest, and keeps me always lying on my back, except when I am sitting in a hot bath. I am here on half-pay at my own expense. Some day I will show you the official telegrams to me when I was lying, I believe, very near death; the worst is over now, but I have suffered great pain. I must not write more now.'

I received a letter by the same mail from a friend of his, who was often at his bedside during this illness, telling me that Mr. Innes had lain for three days and nights at the point of death, and that his having pulled through was considered quite wonderful by the doctors. This friend strongly recommended his going home at once, saying, 'Candidly, I do not believe he will ever recover if he remains in this country.' Dr. Large also said that he would not answer for the consequences if Mr. Innes

were not removed at once to a colder climate.

‘He says it is the climate alone that is killing me,’ wrote Mr. Innes in a later letter. Nevertheless, although this was in May, it was August before Mr. Innes finally obtained sick-leave; and even then he only obtained it through the strong medical certificates which the Government doctors gave him.

‘Dr. Large,’ he wrote, ‘is very angry at my staying so long, and has written a stiff letter to the authorities on the subject, which I have not yet sent on.’

The truth was, the chief was unwell himself, and wished to go away on leave, so that it was very inconvenient that Mr. Innes should have fallen ill at that particular time. The Perak Government Service was so economically manned that no proper provision was made for any

officer's absence; but the rightful burden of the absent one was placed on the shoulders of the next in command, in addition to his own.

Mr. Innes showed me afterwards the telegrams above-mentioned, which betrayed the official indignation at Mr. Innes having ventured to leave Durian Sabatang without permission. As I have explained before, to obtain such leave would have taken a week at the very least, and a week's delay would in all human probability have resulted in Mr. Innes's death; in fact, his being put on board the steamer at Durian Sabatang was not so much his own doing (for he was too ill to muster up the necessary energy) as that of Mr. Kerr, who felt it his duty not to allow a fellow-countryman to die without medical attendance. Nevertheless, it required the Colonial Secretary's interference to obtain for Mr.

Innes his full pay during his illness at Penang; and he was obliged to pay his own hotel bills and medical charges.

Being now partly restored to health, Mr. Innes returned by his chief's desire, and contrary to the orders of the doctors, to Durian Sabatang. In this I think he made a great mistake. He gained nothing whatever, but on the contrary injured his health greatly, by staying on to please his superior. When he eventually started for England, which was in August, the doctor had a sort of chair-bed made up for him on deck, and ordered him not to stir out of it the whole way home; he was to lie down flat, day and night. Dr. Large's verdict, however, that 'it was the climate alone that was killing him,' was soon proved to be correct; for no sooner did the ship leave the sweltering tropical climate behind than the patient began to mend;

and by the time he reached Southampton he looked quite strong again. But Dr. Andrew Clark, whom he consulted, warned him that he had arrived in England at a very unlucky time; to come straight from the vapour-bath atmosphere of the Straits Settlements to the raw fogs of a London October was a trial to any constitution; and he peremptorily ordered him to Nice for the winter. This was annoying, on account of money matters. We had saved a little money at Langat, but what with our passage-money home and back again, which alone would cost £400, our sales of furniture and other expenses, we felt that a winter at Nice was likely to eat up all our little savings. However, it had to be done, and it was done.

Apropos of our sales of furniture, we considered ourselves badly used by Government. When we first went to Langat, we



took our own furniture, and congratulated ourselves on having done so, as nothing but four bare walls met our eyes. We long afterwards heard that the Government had provided furniture for our house at Langat, but that the authorities, finding we had our own, kept what had been intended for us at Klang. What became of it I do not know ; but we never received any of it, except a table, desk, etc., for the Court-room.

When we moved into our large new bungalow at the hill, we required more furniture ; so we sent to England for beds and bedding, looking-glasses, and so forth ; and Mr. Innes employed men in Klang to make cabinets and tables for the drawing-room out of the handsome mirabow-wood common in those parts. All this new furniture had just arrived when we were ordered to Durian Sabatang. We took it

with us, but to our dismay found that the shed there appointed for our residence was already sufficiently though roughly furnished by Government. There was literally not room for our furniture, as the shed was small ; so after some hesitation we determined to sell part of it by auction at once. As there was nobody but natives—who do not care for European furniture—to buy it, we naturally got next to nothing for it. There was no better alternative, however ; we were to remain in Durian Sabatang a year, and it would have been very inconvenient to have had our rooms crowded like a furniture-shop all that time ; while the heavy freight charged by the steamers, and the risk of breakage, made it not worth while to send the things to the auction-rooms in Singapore. At the end of Mr. Innes's year at Durian Sabatang, when he was going to England, he sold off the

remainder of our goods and chattels, including a piano which had been new—a present to me—four years before ; and suffered, as before, a considerable loss by the transaction. I should recommend anyone going to live in the Native Malay States never to waste money in buying furniture, but to insist on its being supplied by Government. It is only fair, and I believe it is also the rule, that considering the officers are liable to be constantly moved, they should be saved the expense of buying and selling furniture every time. Ours cost us, from first to last, as many hundreds of pounds as it fetched tens.

CHAPTER VIII.

LANGAT AGAIN.

Y husband had only been able to obtain six months' sick-leave. More than a month of that had been taken up by the voyage, so that he arrived in England at the end of September. It being a mild winter, it was not till December that we went to Nice. Before leaving, he had an interview with some of the authorities at Downing Street, who told him that although his leave nominally expired in January, there was no doubt that the application which he had made for another six months would be granted,

backed as it was by Dr. (now Sir Andrew) Clark ; we might therefore go abroad with easy consciences. What was our amazement and disgust, when we had been about a month at Nice, at receiving peremptory orders from the Colonial Office to proceed to Langat without delay, as the Resident of Selangor had represented that he could no longer carry on the Government without Mr. Innes's valuable services !

Here, I regret to say, we committed another great error. We weakly obeyed, or nearly obeyed ; that is to say, we compromised matters on obtaining three months' more leave from the Colonial Office instead of the six they had guaranteed. What we ought to have done—we now see clearly, but too late—was to let the Resident complain, and let the Government dispense, if they chose, with Mr. Innes's services. The Government would then have been obliged

to give us four months' full pay, besides which we should have saved the £200 passage-money and all the other expenses of our passage out, and the £200 passage-money and a great deal besides which it cost us to come home again. Above all, we should have saved ourselves an immense amount of ill-health, and two dreary years of vegetating at Langat. Also, Mr. Innes would have been two years further advanced in his present occupation as a tea-merchant.

We started from Venice by P. and O. boat in April, 1880.

Our poor Apat being dead, and our other former servants lost sight of, we had to engage a new set on passing through Singapore. This we hoped we should have plenty of time to do, as the steamer which was to take us on to Malacca was in dock ; so we imagined that, there being no fitting means of locomotion, we should not be ex-

pected to proceed on our journey till the steamer was repaired, which it was to be in a few days. We reckoned, however, too much on the good-nature of the Government, for as we were going to church on Sunday we received an official intimation that Mr. Innes must be in Langat by the date on which his leave expired, and that as the s.s. *Pyah Pekhet* was not available, he had better proceed by the *Rainbow*, which would start in a few hours. The *Rainbow* was a filthy little Chinese-owned coasting steamer, not fit for any lady to travel by. So much I knew, but I did not at this time know how bad she was, or I should certainly have waited until the next steamer.

We had to turn back literally from the church door, drive frantically home, pack up, and engage any servants we could find. We had already been in treaty with two Chinamen, and now we hastily sent for

them and engaged them, giving them, as is usual, half their month's wages in hand, to clinch the bargain. They went off home to get their bundles, and were to meet us again on the way to the steamer.

Soon afterwards we drove off from the friend's house where we had been staying, and overtook our two new servants on the road; but lo! on inspecting them we found that one of them (the cook) was not the same man that we had engaged. He persisted that he was, probably hoping that we had engaged the other man in such a hurry that we should not detect the difference; but it was most palpable, as the other had been a good-looking intelligent fellow of about thirty, while this one was a wizened old creature of at least seventy summers, parcel-deaf and parcel-blind. However, there was no help for it; it was evident that we must take this cook or have none at all,

perhaps for months, as we knew by experience how difficult it was to persuade cooks to go to the Native States. So with a very bad grace we told the Changeling, as we dubbed the old man, that he might come with us, if he pleased, until we could get somebody better. This substitution of one man for another is not at all unusual with the 'heathen Chinees.' He has no sense of honour as to keeping an engagement.

The Changeling proved a dirty, dishonest, lazy old creature, just as might have been predicted from his face. He was so troublesome and impudent that I gave him notice to quit at least once a month on an average while he remained with me; and after doing so, used to sit down and write heartrending appeals to my friends in Singapore, begging them to find me a cook, while Mr. Innes did the same. But it was all in vain. Our friends, both ladies and gentlemen, wrote to

say they could not persuade servants to go to the country of Selangor. Often, after being actually engaged, and accepting the *chinkram*, or earnest-money, the man would come back and lay it on the table, saying, 'We have inquired about the country of Selangor, and we find it is the country where the master beats his servants; we cannot go there.' In vain our friends represented that we were quite different people, and in fact lived at quite a different place; and that no master or any other man would dare to lay a finger on them while they were in our service; the reply was always the same. The Changeling, until he got accustomed to my habit of giving him notice, used to come up at the end of the month for his wages with an anxious look, evidently expecting me to tell him that he might go that day, as I had another cook coming; but as this never

happened, after a time he simply grinned in triumph when I handed him the dollars, knowing I was powerless to replace him.

I tried sometimes to make him cleaner in his person, which was so unpleasant that I stood afar off when ordering dinner. I gave him a large cake of common yellow soap, and said to him, 'Go wash!' This is no insult to a Chinaman of the coolie class, to which the Changeling evidently belonged; he sees no disgrace in being dirty. But as the soap produced no visible effect on our friend, we believed he ate it.

Looking downstairs for a saucer one day, I came on a dark object in a teacup. I pulled it out, and found it was the Changeling's best pigtail, oiled and brushed all ready for the next holiday. These Chinamen, however careless of their appearance in the matter of cleanliness, are much given

to the vanity of wearing false hair. On seeing the tail, my first thought was that the Changeling was probably a convict who had had his pigtail cut off in prison ; but afterwards one day I saw the one he was wearing pulled so violently by the watercarrier, in a scuffle, that had it been merely stuck on it must have come off. Evidently the one I had found in the teacup was intended as an addition to, not a substitute for, the natural tail. I locked the spare teacups up after that !

It must be owned there was a basis of truth in the rumours which deterred Singapore servants from coming to the country of Selangor. There was a man in Klang who went by the nickname of the ' Dhoby Pukul ' (the Whipped Washerman). The origin of the nickname was told to me by the Resident himself, who was very proud of the part he played in the story.

A certain visitor, so it was said, had been staying with the Resident, and was going off by steamer from Klang. The visitor's 'boy' came rushing to the dhoby, demanding his master's clothes in a hurry. The clothes were all ready, but the dhoby asked:

'Have you brought money to pay?'

The boy said 'No.'

The dhoby did not trust him, and said:

'I will not let the clothes out of my hands until I see the Tuan. I will take the clothes myself to the Tuan on board the steamer, and then he can pay me.'

The boy went back to the Residency.

'Well, boy, where are the clothes?'

'The dhoby, sir, says he will not give them up unless I bring the money for them.'

‘What is this insolence? Send the sergeant here.’

The sergeant came, and the Resident ordered him to tie up the dhoby and give him a public flogging, which was, report said, actually done.

‘That is what I call a free country,’ jocularly remarked the Resident, at the close of this anecdote.

‘No doubt—for the Tuans,’ said I.

It appeared to me, and I told the Resident so, a little hard to flog a man because he preferred a ready-money system to one of credit. I suggested that most likely the Dhoby Pukul thought the boy really had the money and was trying to cheat him of it—a not unlikely supposition; and also, that in the hurry and bustle of the steamer’s going off, the poor dhoby would really have stood a bad chance of being paid, unless he held the clothes as

security. To all this the Resident merely replied by turning to Mr. Innes with a smile, and remarking that 'Women have no sense of humour.'

To return to our voyage in the *Rainbow*. When I first arrived at the top of the ladder that led up the ship's side, I did not see a single spot where I could put my foot down without treading on a Chinese coolie. There were over 200 of them on board, going to the tin-mines; the whole length of the steamer was about forty-five feet, and the deck as well as the hold was crowded with chests, etc. The coolies lay, almost entirely naked and half-stupid with opium, on every inch of available space, so that we could not move until the Chinese supercargo came and kicked them to make them stand up and give room to pass. There was a dirty little cabin on deck, which was allotted to us,

so we had our luggage put into it and determined to remain on the bridge for the two days and two nights of our stay. The bridge was very small, and was made still smaller by hen-coops full of live fowls, which did duty as benches, but we felt comparatively happy on it, as coolies were not allowed there.

The first night was luckily fine, and nearly the whole of next day we spent on shore at Malacca, where the steamer stopped twelve hours. The Lieutenant-Governor of Malacca and his wife were kind and hospitable to us, as they always were to passing strangers. They gave us at once that first of necessities and greatest of luxuries in the East—a bath—which it is needless to say was unattainable on board the *Rainbow*, and invited us to tiffin and afternoon tea. The steamer then left, and all went tolerably well until midnight,

when a storm came on. We were still in our Sunday clothes, having had no time to change them in Singapore, and no opportunity of getting at our boxes since then; my dress was a thin muslin, and Mr. Innes's, of white duck, was not much better calculated to resist a tropical storm, one minute of which is enough to drench you to the skin, even through a thick awning: so with a sigh for our water-proofs, which were in the hold, we were forced to go down from the bridge to the cabin. There we were as perfectly miserable as it is possible to be, for about five hours, while the rain lasted.

The steamer rolled and pitched fearfully, making every one of the two hundred and odd Chinamen on board sea-sick, and the horrible noises they made, together with the stifling heat and revolting smells of the cabin, ultimately made me sick also. The

sea came in at the port, so that we had to shut it, making the heat worse than ever; and the cockroaches crawled over everything, including us, trying to keep themselves above water. The cabin-floor was several inches deep in bilge-water, in the midst of which our trunks shifted and splashed about with every lurch of the steamer.

Such are the pleasures of travelling in the Native Malay States. I am, I fear, of a revengeful nature, for I own nothing would please me better than to hear that by some chance or other the Colonial Secretary and his wife, or better still, the Governor and his wife, had been forced to make a passage in the *Rainbow* in stormy weather. But alas! such poetical justice is seldom dealt out in this prosaic world. Governors and Colonial Secretaries lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, which they them-

selves will not so much as touch with the tips of their fingers.

So now we were once more back in our butcherless, bakerless, tailorless, cobblerless, doctorless, bookless, milkless, postless, and altogether comfortless jungle.

We did not find any of our fellow-officials in the sweetest of tempers. The Resident was still ill-humoured because, we were told, he guessed that Mr. Innes had not, nearly two years before, recommended his son-in-law to the Governor as his *locum-tenens* during his absence. The son-in-law was unfriendly for the same reason. It was perfectly true that Mr. Innes had not recommended the son-in-law, but it would have been unjust if he had done so. The proper person by seniority to have Mr. Innes's acting appointment was the Collector and Magistrate of Klang, the second collector in the country of Selangor.

This little man was a Eurasian, or half-caste, and had acted for some time as secretary to the Resident. He knew the Langat appointment was justly his due, and had come to Mr. Innes to ask him that in his approaching interview with the Governor he would put in a good word for him, as otherwise he feared his superior's interest would carry all before it, and would secure the berth for his son-in-law. He added that if he were to remain much longer in his present post of secretary he should go mad. My husband assured him there was no need for so much excitement, as he saw no reason why the usual rule of promotion should not be followed on this occasion, and should certainly say so to the Governor, if he were asked.

The Eurasian was comforted, and no doubt still more so when in due time he received the appointment. It might have

been supposed that *he* at any rate would not be hostile to Mr. Innes on his return, he having enjoyed the post, moreover, for fully nine months longer than he could reasonably have expected. But, alas for the gratitude of Eurasian nature! this little man had become so accustomed to live in our big house that he looked on it as his own, and resented our coming back almost as if we had done him a personal injury.

He also neglected us by keeping our stores in the warehouse at Klang until they rotted, instead of allowing them to be forwarded at once by the steam-launch, or any boat that was going. For the next two years, consequently, when our stores at length arrived, the bags of flour were often full of maggots, the potatoes had shoots eight inches long, the onions were all rotten and mouldy, and so on with everything

else. Mr. Innes wrote officially, at last, to complain of some tinned milk having been delayed in Klang more than a month. His letter was referred to the Resident, who, in reply, recommended him to pay an agent to forward his stores through Klang, as it was nobody's business to interfere with them! This, of course, we could not afford to do, nor had we ever heard of such a thing being done in the States before; on the contrary, at Durian Sabatang Mr. Innes had always ordered anything arriving by the steamers for officers or planters in the interior to be forwarded to them at once. Such a trifling service as this was looked upon by nearly all the Englishmen in the States as a duty they owed to their fellow-countrymen, and which, with this exception, was always willingly performed by them.

We only wished that our stores had, in truth, not been 'interfered with' by the

white and whitey-brown authorities of Klang; as, had they been left alone, the Malay boatswain of the steam-launch, an excellent, steady fellow, would have willingly put them on board for us; but he was not allowed.

CHAPTER IX.

BOYCOTTING.

THE Resident saw little of us during the two years following my return to Langat; and when he came there on business, and Mr. Innes, as in duty bound, went to meet him at the landing-place, he dispensed with his company, saying that he wished to see the Sultan privately. Things were, in short, at a dead-lock between the two. The Resident confined himself to answering official letters, or acknowledging receipt of revenue. At one time three collections of revenue had been successively sent to Klang, in

three weekly boats, before a line was sent in acknowledgment. Mr. Innes grew alarmed at this, and would send no more, fearing the money had been stolen by the way; this produced at length a curt note from the Resident, asking why the collections were not forwarded as usual.

Although the Resident had several times, on his visits to Langat, told my husband that he did not wish for his company, he had never issued any general or permanent instructions on the point. Consequently, when a steam-whistle sounded, Mr. Innes still continued to go down to the landing-place, it being part of his duty to do so. Seeing this, the Resident left off whistling altogether, and used to come quietly into Langat, interview the Sultan, and go away again without Mr. Innes having seen him at all. We could not think what was the

object of this at first, except to lower Mr. Innes in the eyes of the natives. However, afterwards it appeared, to our surprise, that the Resident *had made it a ground of complaint to the Governor that Mr. Innes did not take the trouble of accompanying him on his visits to the Sultan, nor even of meeting him at the landing-place!*

Another charge was that the Resident 'felt no confidence' in Mr. Innes. This was rather vague, but was easily disposed of by referring to the Resident's letter, written in 1876, in which he expressed the greatest satisfaction and confidence in him. The latter now challenged him to mention any facts which would justify a loss of confidence in him since 1876, and the Resident being unable to reply, the complaint fell to the ground. The letter quoted was as follows:

‘ British Resident’s Office, Klang,
6th Dec., 1876.

‘ MY DEAR INNES,

‘ As you have now been six months in your present post as Collector and Magistrate at Langat, I think it is only due to you to express my entire appreciation and satisfaction of the very successful manner in which you have performed your duties. I have remarked with very much pleasure the great influence you possess with the Sultan, his sons, and the other chiefs at Langat; and your nice tact on many occasions has been of very great assistance to me on most important occasions. Your knowledge of the language and the character of the Malays has enabled you to perform your fiscal and magisterial duties with very great credit to yourself, and with great advantage to the trading community and natives of the country. It has afforded me

very great pleasure to recommend your appointment as a Member of Council. I most sincerely trust your confirmation will secure to the State your valuable services.

‘Yours very truly, etc.,

‘_____,

‘Acting Resident of Selangor.’

Another letter, dated March 27, 1878, from the Resident to the Colonial Secretary (Singapore), contains the following passage:

‘It affords me great pleasure to state, for the information of his Excellency the Governor, that I found all the respective departments of the Government in satisfactory order, and that the administration of Mr. Innes as Acting Resident during my absence has in every way borne out the very high opinion I formed of his abilities

when I had the honour of recommending him as my *locum tenens*.'

Other letters there were to the same effect, which I have not by me, as they formed part of the official correspondence at Langat. Of the two I have quoted, I had taken copies for a special purpose.

After this, the Resident neglected to inform Mr. Innes of the meetings of the Mixed Council, of which he had been appointed a member by Sir William Jervois; and left out also the Tunku Panglima Raja, for the sole reason apparently that he was a friend of ours. All this did not trouble us much—indeed, I was very glad that we saw so little of the Resident; but, unluckily, his staying away prevented other people who visited Langat from coming to see me, as they almost always came in his company. During my

stay of two years I only saw white faces five times, except when I went on a visit to Singapore.

The first of these five occasions was when the new Governor, Sir Frederick Weld, came to Langat. He and his suite remained a few minutes in our house, remarked on the beauty of the situation, and went off again. Even that short visit I imagine that I owed entirely to the good offices of the Assistant Colonial Secretary, Mr. Swettenham. The Governors themselves were changed so rapidly that they (with the exception of Sir William Jervois) never had time to learn much practically about the Native States. This made the third Governor, and the sixth change of Government, since we had been in the service ; for between each Governor there was an interregnum, when the Administrator took the helm ; he took

it also when the Governors went to Penang Hill for change of air.

The second occasion was when the daughters of the Resident called and solemnly deposited the cards of their papa and mamma. This proceeding amused us a good deal ; I suppose I ought to have sent our cards in return by native boat, but the fact was we had none with us, as we should as soon have thought of taking cards to the Desert of Sahara as to Langat.

The third occasion was when Captain Murray, Resident of Sungei Ujong (third and smallest Native Malay State) ran over to see us in a little steam-launch. He was topographically our nearest neighbour, but was always so busy in his own little kingdom that, to our great regret, we saw very little of him. He had often invited us to go and stay with him at Sungei Ujong, but we had never been able to avail our-

selves of the invitation. He now appeared unexpectedly, to our great delight, with a friend ; and they stayed a night with us. That was the last time we ever saw him. A short time afterwards (we heard) he was entertaining the Governor at Sungei Ujong, and on the Governor's departure he remained for a minute or two at the door of his house, without his hat, having taken it off in a parting salutation. In that minute the mischief was done ; he sickened from sunstroke, was taken to Malacca, and died there in a few hours. Everyone who knew him grieved over his loss, and no one, I think, more sincerely than we. He was of so cheerful and buoyant a spirit that he made even our dreary jungle bright by his presence.

A fourth occasion was when the Assistant Colonial Secretary came as auditor on a tour through the States.

An effort was made, Mr. Innes told me, to dissuade him from coming up the hill to call on me by representing that they must get off by the next tide ; but the Assistant Colonial Secretary, having himself lived in Langat long before the Resident had entered the service, naturally took an interest in the place, and refused to be hurried away from it. So he very kindly came up and spent a good part of the day with us after finishing his audit, while the Resident sat in his steam-launch on the river below, among the mosquitoes.

The fifth and last time that we had a visit from a fellow-countryman was when Mr. Holme, an officer of the Buffs, arrived at Langat in the course of a walking-tour he was making through the States. He and a brother officer of the name of Lewis had walked all through Perak at the back of the mountains, often in places where no

white man had been, and the singular part of their expedition was that neither of them knew half-a-dozen words of Malay. The people among whom they travelled were reported to be very fierce, but did them no harm. Their mode of obtaining food was by holding out one hand with money in it, and the other empty, and saying: '*Makan*' (food). It was a daring and successful expedition, except that Mr. Lewis's health gave way at last under the privations and exposure, and Mr. Holme had just shipped him off to Singapore at Klang before coming up to Langat. Mr. Holme himself did not appear to have suffered in health at all, but on the contrary, looked 'as hard as nails.'

Some of the natives seemed delighted to see us back again on our return from Europe. Most of the rajas, on meeting Mr. Innes, inquired whether he had brought

with him the same wife that he had before; evidently supposing that Mr. Innes, like a raja, kept a considerable assortment of wives at home, and took them out in turns.

The Sultan, after expressing great pleasure at Mr. Innes's return, added naïvely, 'I am so glad, because now you are back I shall receive a larger allowance.' He then proceeded to explain that during Mr. Innes's absence in Durian Sabatang and Europe his 'allowance' had dwindled down very much. Large sums had been deducted every month in order to pay for public works undertaken in Langat; and smaller sums to pay for all manner of European manufactures, including a piano, a quantity of pictures of the English royal family, a buggy, English crockery, forks and spoons, and so forth. The Sultan said he did not mind paying for these things, though they were not of the slightest use to him, if the

English Tuans thought it necessary for his dignity to have them; all he wished was that these expenses should be kept within moderate bounds.

He ordered his clerk to bring his account-books to show to Mr. Innes in proof of what he had said; and he repeated to us that he had often received less than his usual income of \$1,000 per month; indeed, one month he had only, he said, received \$90. He complained that this was really not enough for him to live upon, as everyone in the country who was in want looked to him for assistance, and he could not possibly send them away; no Sultan had ever been known to do such a thing. He added:

‘I do not know how to play the piano, nor does anyone in my house; and, moreover, I am too old to learn. I prefer fingers to forks; European crockery and

glass is not suited to my servants, who smash it continually; and as for the horses, I suppose we do not understand the care of them, for they do nothing but die, one after the other, as fast as they can. The buggy is all broken, and we do not know how to mend it; and the gun which was sent me is useless, as I never did care to shoot, and am now too old to begin. I should be glad if no more European articles were sold to me for the present, as I wish to receive my \$1,000 intact. Please write all that to the authorities.'

Mr. Innes put off as long as he could doing anything in the matter; but whenever the Sultan met us out for a walk in the evening, he used to stop us and ask if the letter to the Resident had been written. At length Mr. Innes did write. The Resident, by way of answer, came up to Langat and saw the Sultan privately as usual; and

then informed Mr. Innes that the Sultan had denied to him everything that he had before said to us. This, I think, was very possible; for, according to Malay ideas of politeness, the Sultan was more than justified in saying one thing to the Resident's face and another behind his back. Such a practice is not utterly unknown among English people; the only difference being that there are some limits to an Englishman's mendacity in the cause of courtesy, but there are none whatever to a Malay's.

We vegetated on in Langat for the first year without any break in our dull life. Then I once more fell ill, and went to Singapore for medical advice. Mr. Innes did not ask for leave to accompany me, as he wished to let his leave accumulate till next year. He would then be entitled to three months, which he proposed to spend in making a trip to Australia, with the

object of looking out for other employment, as we were both thoroughly disgusted with the Malay Native States. Our prospects were indeed most dismal.

There was no hope of our being removed to Perak, so long as the then Resident was there; and there was no hope of our position improving in Selangor, for the new Governor invariably checked Mr. Innes whenever he attempted to overstep the strict limits of official intercourse. Probably the Governor was right, according to the strict letter of the law of red-tape; but we could not but think that if so, that law was very unsuitable to the circumstances. It enabled the local authorities to shelve complaints, both from Mr. Innes and the natives, without fear of consequences. This possibility had been foreseen by Sir William Jervois, who had instituted two checks on the Resident's otherwise un-

limited power. The first of these was the Mixed Legislative Council, of which Mr. Innes was appointed a member, together with certain natives (such as the Tunku Panglima Raja) who were known to possess some independence of character; the second was an official diary, to be kept by each Collector at his station and forwarded through the Resident once a month to the Governor.

When this plan of an official diary was first started, the Colonial Secretary of the period (Mr. John Douglas) expressly told Mr. Innes that it was a great boon to the Collectors, as by it they could let the Governor know if they had anything to complain of, or if anything wrong was going on in the country. But our superior rendered Sir William Jervois's precautions useless, by the simple expedient of suppressing both the diaries and the Members

of Council when it suited him. The course of procedure was usually as follows : The Sultan, or some other native, complained of some grievance ; either it was a boat-swain who had been assaulted and beaten for not touching his cap when holding a ladder with both hands, or it was the Tunku Panglima who was studiously excluded from the Council ; or it was some story about some wood that the Sultan said had been paid for, but not delivered to him. After considerable pressure, Mr. Innes mentioned the matter, whatever it was, by letter to his superior. He took not the faintest notice. Some weeks having elapsed, Mr. Innes wrote again. Same result. A third or a fourth letter sometimes followed, equally unanswered ; and then Mr. Innes, as a last resource, mentioned the affair in his official diary. But the diaries containing these

entries were not allowed to reach headquarters. They reappeared at Langat with the obnoxious passages scored in red, and an order that the diary should be re-copied, omitting them.

On one occasion, after re-copying the diary as desired, Mr. Innes made the expunged part the subject of a special private letter to the Governor, but it was of no avail ; he merely received a reprimand for his neglect of official etiquette. In short, it seemed impossible, so long as Mr. Innes remained in the service, for him to get a hearing. Afterwards, when he had resigned, and met some of the Singapore officials face to face, they tried to console him by telling him that on every occasion, while he had received a reprimand, for form's sake, his immediate superior had received a much severer one, because it was evident that he was in the wrong.

But this was not much of a consolation ; for in the first place, as Mr. Innes was admittedly in the right, he did not see why he should have been censured at all, even though mildly—

‘ Perhaps you were right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs ?’

he felt inclined to quote ; secondly, the Resident saw and triumphantly forwarded each snub to Mr. Innes, while the latter was not allowed to see those which fell to the Resident’s share, and did not even guess their existence ; thirdly, the consolation, such as it was, came too late, Mr. Innes having been driven out of the service in the interim.

CHAPTER X.

OUR LAST YEAR.

 WAS too ill when I first reached Singapore to enjoy myself ; but soon recovered under medical treatment, and in about three weeks returned to Langat, bringing with me a most lovely and fascinating puppy wherewith to cheer our solitude. He was a round ball of fluffy dark-brown velvet at this time, and afforded us great amusement. It was soon quite impossible to find such a thing as a *pair* of boots or shoes ; one was generally in the garden, and the other perhaps in the hen-house or kitchen ; while

everything in the house, from the Japanese tables to the cat's tail and the Tuan's legs, bore witness, in tiny rows of dots, to the fact that the puppy's teeth were coming on nicely.

I also brought back with me a cook, whom I had managed to persuade into trusting his valuable person in the Native States. The Changeling was quite astonished to find he was really to go at last, and put on a quantity of sentimental airs about his having been with us so long, and served us so devotedly ! which showed that at any rate he was not devoid of imagination.

My new cook was a much cleverer fellow. He was also a Chinaman. On my telling him that we wished very much he would learn to make bread, and that I knew it could be done by using tuwak, the fermented juice of the coco-palm, as yeast,

he set to work, and, after a few failures, produced charming little loaves, a treat we had never before enjoyed in Langat. Soon after this discovery, however, I began to find my cook dreadfully sleepy and lazy all day. I supposed this to be due to opium, and Mr. Innes confirmed me in the idea, saying that a good cook was sure to take to opium in a place like Langat, there not being enough scope for his genius in cooking our simple meals.

But one night, when I could not sleep, the truth was disclosed. On going out into the veranda I saw the kitchen in such a blaze of light that at first I thought it was on fire; the light was streaming brightly through every chink in the palm-leaf walls and thatch. I rushed down in haste to see what was the matter, and found the cook drawing a batch of about fifty small loaves from the oven. I said to him:

‘Why do you make such a quantity of loaves at once?—we shall never get through all those before they go bad—and why did you sit up at night to make them? Surely you have plenty of time in the day to bake the three or four loaves we require!’

The man made some excuses which I could see were untrue. However, I contented myself with forbidding him to bake at night in future. I wondered where he had got all the flour to make the loaves, as he had certainly not got it from me. I never gave the cooks much at a time of any perishable article, for if not looked after they allowed everything to go bad, and continued to use it all the same for our food.

A few days after this the Malay sergeant of police called on me, and mysteriously asked if it was true that my cook had my permission to sell loaves every day in the

bazaar. It appeared on inquiry that the man had been making a double income by carrying on the trade of baker to the whole village while earning wages as my cook. He sold at least fifty of the small rolls I had seen every morning at eleven o'clock, which he had baked in the night. The sergeant said he thought it his duty to tell me, because no doubt the flour was stolen from me. This I assured him was impossible. In fact, when I called the cook and asked him where he got the flour, he proved to me that he had ordered a sack on his own account from Malacca some time before. I could not but admire the man's ingenuity and industry, but I represented to him that it was not right he should work all night (burning our firewood, too, recklessly) and thus render himself utterly useless and incapable by day. This remonstrance, I need scarcely say, had

not the slightest effect; he was far too clever not to perceive at once what all jungle servants find out pretty soon, namely, that he was master of the situation.

Perhaps I should mention, lest English ladies should be shocked at my speaking to the cook in my sleeping costume, that it was much more elaborate than what is worn in England under similar circumstances. In Malaya no one gets *into* bed, as they do in colder climates; the heat of sheets, blankets, and counterpanes would be unendurable; therefore most people only lie *on* the bed (which consists of a mattress or mat, covered with a single sheet) with no covering on them but their nightdress. This custom makes it necessary that the nightdress should be a presentable costume. Luxurious bachelors usually had magnificent suits of Chinese silk for sleeping in; but I contented myself with, first, a toilette

of thin flannel as a protection against rheumatism, and over that a chintz dressing-gown, or 'morning robe,' to quote the language of the shops; so that at any emergency, such as a mail-boat arriving, or a murder, or a fire, I was ready dressed. In fact, in Malacca and Singapore I have seen ladies go to church on Sundays in much the same garb. The nights were, comparatively speaking, cool, the thermometer often going down to 75°, while in the daytime it was at 85° or 90°.

As our puppy grew bigger, we began to fear that his sleek, well-fed, attractive appearance might prove too great a temptation to some Chinaman, and he might find his way into their saucepans. We knew that certain Chinese carpenters of the Sultan's were in the habit of eating dogs, for one day, when a pariah dog had been shot in our garden, a deputation of carpenters

came up and begged that they might have it to eat. Of course we granted the request. I am glad to say, for the honour of the Langat Chinamen, that they respected our puppy, and he was allowed to grow up uneaten.

As for the Sultan, he apparently looked on our keeping a dog at all as a great joke, and whenever he met us on our evening walk, attended by Berowald the puppy, would go off into a fit of irrepressible laughter, pointing with a shaky old finger at the dog, by way of explaining his hilarity. We asked him once (feeling our dignity, in the person of Berowaldus, rather hurt) what he saw to laugh at ? but got no satisfactory answer, he being still speechless from laughing. As dogs were never made pets or friends of by Malays, but were looked on as unclean animals, no doubt our being followed by one out of doors must

have seemed to the Sultan as unnatural and absurd as a Chinawoman's walking out attended by a tame pig would be in this country. The Tunku Panglima Raja, however, and his son, Raja Amin, both professed to admire Berry (as we called him on weekdays, keeping his full name for Sundays and holidays) very much; so when we left Langat, not being able to take him to Europe, we presented him to them.

Our garden all this time was getting on finely, and our sunflowers were the admiration of all the natives—not for their beauty, but for their seeds, which were often begged of us, to be used as medicine. With the wealth of sunflowers and lilies, the scarcity of anything to eat, and the unlimited opportunities of lying in the shade and doing nothing, that Langat presented, I suppose it would have been a sort of paradise to an

æsthete; but æstheticism was, unfortunately, not much in our line.

We tried hard to add honey to the list of our articles of diet. Immense swarms of small bees often buzzed through the air; the noise of their myriad wings, growing louder and louder as they neared the house, often deceived me into thinking that a steam-launch had arrived. Being very fond of honey, I offered a good price to the natives if they would go and fetch me some from the jungle, which abounded in bees' nests; but they assured me it was not worth eating. This I did not believe, but thought perhaps they were afraid of the tigers, though I knew they often went into the jungle for firewood. One day a fine swarm settled in our garden, and I appealed to the gardener's superstition, telling him that in England such an accident was considered to bring good

fortune to the house, and urging him not to allow our luck to fly away. But it was useless; he had never heard of such a thing as catching bees and keeping them, and knew not how to set about it; neither did I—at least not practically.

Long afterwards a piece of honeycomb was brought me by a man who had found it in the jungle, but it was so dirty and so full of insects that I began to think the natives were right in despising wild honey as an article of food. Nevertheless, if the honey could be kept clean by adopting the system of European hives, I should think bee-keeping might prove a profitable trade in Malaya. It might also be a pleasant occupation for the leisure hours of the Government officials.

The growing disgust that we felt at the state of things in the Native States, and at the perfect hopelessness of any improvement,

culminated when the Residency of Sungei Ujong, vacant by the death of Captain Murray, was given to Mr. Paul from Durian Sabatang. Of this appointment in itself we highly approved, for Mr. Paul was undoubtedly the person entitled by seniority in the service to the post, and as a rule such claims had been too much neglected.

In fact, Mr. Paul's appointment was so contrary to the usual course pursued—that of bringing in some one from the 'closed service' of Singapore or Penang, and putting him over the heads of those who had borne the burden and heat of the day in the Native States—that there were not wanting scandalous people who said it was due to the fact of Mr. Paul's being of the same religion with the chief officials in Singapore, who happened at this time to be mostly Roman Catholics. Indeed,

I have several times heard it remarked in the States that 'Protestants had little chance,' and it was rumoured that an official, one of whose family was already a member of the Romish Church, was about to enter its fold 'in compliment to the Governor;' but this did not seem very probable to us, as some time before, on the occasion of the Bishop of Labuan's visit, the same official had presented himself, doubtless on the principle of 'better late than never,' as a candidate for confirmation.

As I have said, we approved of Mr. Paul's appointment to Sungei Ujong. But now the question arose—who was to succeed him at Durian Sabatang? Mr. Innes was the obvious person, from being next in length of service to Mr. Paul; and for many months we expected by every boat to receive the news that we were to go. Our

feelings on the occasion were very mixed. We had hated Durian Sabatang when we were there before, and considered it one of the unhealthiest, most God-forsaken places on this earth ; but we felt that there was an enormous difference between the position of *Acting* Superintendent and the permanent appointment. The latter post carried with it half as much pay again as we were receiving at Langat. The money would probably enable us to realize, much sooner than if we stayed on at Langat, the plan we now had in view, of going to Australia to 'better ourselves ;' and we could not but feel that though it would be sad to exchange our comfortable bungalow, beautiful garden and lovely scenery for the swamps of Durian Sabatang, yet the removal on official grounds would be agreeable.

, No such change, however, was in store

for us, and shortly after that we heard that Durian Sabatang had been given to Mr. Denison, junior by some years to Mr. Innes in the service. This was passing over Mr. Innes in a very marked manner, and we felt extremely indignant at the cause. Durian Sabatang, however, was such a very doubtful blessing that after a time we rather congratulated ourselves on having missed it, reflecting that in all probability one or both of us would have died very shortly had we been sent there.

Time went on. The Governor, Sir Frederick Weld, paid a second visit to Langat, but I did not see him this time. In reply to the Tunku Panglima Raja's questions, I suggested that it would be unusual to expect such very important persons to climb so steep a hill as that of Jugra in the heat of the noon-day sun; in fact, made the best excuses I could

for their non-appearance at our bungalow. However, except for the honour of the Governors' visits, I would, to own the truth, just as soon have been without them. I had begun to think such visits had nothing in common with those of angels, except that they were few and far between. Governors give immense trouble to poor housekeepers in lonely jungles by never coming on the day or at the hour when they are expected, and by never dining when expected, and *vice versa*.

I am sure it is all done quite innocently and unintentionally, for how should they, who have everything made easy for them wherever they go, know anything of the difficulties of living in such a place as Langat? It would doubtless never occur to a Governor, nor to any of his suite, that if they wanted a good dinner at Langat they should have given a month's notice at

the very least—two would have been better, and three better still. Yet such was the fact; for we depended, for everything but skinny fowls, entirely on Singapore; and the Chinese steamer, which was our only means of communication, came very irregularly, and often went into dock for a month or two at a time.

The Sultan, I know, felt very much as I did on this subject, although he could, unlike me, lay the whole country under contribution, and set hundreds of slaves to work if he chose.

When the Governors had come and gone, and all the fuss and bustle of their flying visits were over, there was always, besides the disappointment at these trifles having gone wrong, a general soreness of heart at the thought that we were left exactly as we were before. The natives quoted to us a Malay version of the saying, 'The king's

face should give grace;’ and we could not help feeling that they were right, if the supposed supervision of the Singapore Governors were to be anything more than a name, in being discontented at the Governor’s taking it for granted that all was going on well, because the local authorities affirmed it.

We pointed out to them, however, that if they really wished their grievances redressed, they could easily go to Singapore and ask to see the Governor there, when no doubt he would attend to them. There was no such possibility for us, alas! as we had not the good fortune to be free Malays. My husband, being a servant of the Government, could not go to Singapore when he wished, and I, whose very existence was not acknowledged by the Government, could not hope to be listened to by any Government official.

Our life at Langat became more and more like the life of a lighthouse-keeper, to which we had always compared it. Much as we liked some of the natives, it was impossible to feel satisfied with their sole society. If we attempted to talk to them, we were pulled up at every moment, not only by our mutual ignorance of each other's language, but by their ignorance of European arts, customs, manufactures, politics, everything. They were like intelligent children, and would ask questions by the hour together, if encouraged, but would rarely give any interesting information about themselves in return, because, like children, they had no knowledge of what is, and what is not, interesting to other people.

At length, at nearly the end of the second year after our return to Langat, Mr. Innes received a letter which determined him to

resign. It was an order that on the 1st of January, 1882, he and his effects (meaning me, I suppose, among other goods and chattels) should proceed to Kuala Selangor, there to take up the post of Collector and Magistrate; while the second Collector (the little Eurasian before mentioned), hitherto his inferior in position, was to come to Langat in our stead; and the third Collector, from Kuala Selangor, was to relieve the Eurasian at Klang.

Mr. Innes brought this letter up to me, and asked me to read it, saying it was quite clear that the Governor wished him to resign; and since it was useless struggling on against both Governor and Residents, he should write by that very mail to tender his resignation. After reading the letter it appeared to me in the same light that it did to my husband: it was a clear case of promotion for the two other Collectors, and of

degradation for us. Ours had been, as I have before mentioned, by far the first and best of the Collectorates, both on account of the pay, the position of trust as adviser to the Sultan, and, latterly, the excellent house. We were now ordered to go to a place of which we perfectly well knew the reputation, though we had never seen it.

Kuala Selangor will be best described in the words of Miss Bird, who, as all readers of the 'Golden Chersonese' know, is not given to exaggerating the discomforts of the Malayan peninsula:

‘(Kuala) Selangor is a most wretched place, worse than Klang. . . . Slime was everywhere, oozing, bubbling, smelling putrid in the sun, all glimmering, shining and iridescent, breeding fever and horrible life. . . . Within the fort the Collector and Magistrate has a wretched habitation, mostly

made of attap. . . . It looked most miserable, the few things about being empty bottles and meat-tins. A man would need many resources, great energy, and an earnest desire to do his duty, in order to save him from complete degeneracy. He has no better prospect from his elevation than a nearly level plateau of mangrove swamps and jungle, with low hills in the distance in which the rivers rise' (pp. 243, 244).

Nevertheless, it seemed to me to be a mistake to do anything of such importance as resigning the service in a hurry, and I persuaded Mr. Innes not to send his resignation by that boat, but to think it over for a few days. He did so, but the more he thought it over the more irate he became.

Unfortunately neither he nor I knew in what a bad position a voluntary resignation

places a Government officer. We did not find out till too late the fact that it is better to obtain dismissal than to resign voluntarily. We recalled the case of a subordinate officer who had, we knew, been recommended to retire on account of his drunken habits; he had received a considerable sum as compensation for dismissal, and three (I am not sure that it was not six) months' notice. Mr. Innes argued that surely he would be at least as well treated as this man, and said he would spend the three months' privilege leave, to which he was entitled, in a trip to Australia, in search of employment. I still tried to dissuade him from resigning, but as I could only repeat my vague belief that what he meant to do was a mistake, and could not advise him what to do instead, he adhered to his intention. We had been particularly unlucky in

always living in a station where there were no other Government officials. We had no one to whom to apply for information as to the best course to pursue.

CHAPTER XI.

RESIGNATION.

THREE days afterwards Mr. Innes wrote his resignation, but as he rather hoped that even at the eleventh hour the Governor would give him a hearing, and as also he expected no sympathy from the Resident, he determined to send his letter direct to the Governor, and to insert in it a sentence which would let him know that he considered himself ill-used. He accordingly explained that the chief cause of his resignation was his being ordered to Kuala Selangor.

We waited in some anxiety for the Governor's answer to this. It came. It was the usual thing—a rebuke to Mr. Innes for having departed from the official routine, and a cold remark that his resignation must be sent through the proper channel, namely, the Resident. Mr. Innes, in utter disgust, at once re-wrote his resignation, but left out all allusion to the cause, and enclosed it in proper form under cover to the Resident. It was several weeks before the Governor's acceptance came.

In the meantime there arrived at Langat a quantity of the furniture of our successor, with orders that it was to be stored in our house; and a flock of goats, also belonging to the Eurasian, which were to be allowed to stray about in our garden, of which, in two days' time, they would have made a perfect desert. This was a little too much; Mr. Innes, finding the

furniture and goats on their way up the hill, sternly ordered them back, the former to be warehoused in the 'godown' belonging to Government, and the latter to be looked after by the police.

A letter from the Resident was then handed him, informing him that this invasion would be followed in a few days by the whole Eurasian family, babies included. Mr. Innes sat down and wrote, in reply to this, an official letter to the Governor, complaining of the 'indecent haste' with which he was being turned out of his house, without even knowing whether his resignation had been accepted by the Governor.

As we knew that the answer to this could not arrive before the threatened invasion of Eurasian babies (whom we could hardly send to be warehoused in the godown, or hand over to the police), I determined not to wait till they came, but to

leave Mr. Innes to face them alone. Accordingly he and I went in the four-oar gig to meet a steamer bound from Penang to Singapore, the captain of which had promised to be on the look-out for me. This was my farewell to Langat, after having lived there, off and on, for nearly six years, which had seemed to me more like sixty. Some of the natives wept at the idea of our leaving, especially the Tunku Panglima Raja. Others, however, including the Sultan, betrayed the usual Oriental tendency to worship the rising, rather than the setting sun.

One of the first pieces of information I learnt after leaving Langat, was that in future the officers of the Malay Native States were to have pensions. This was told me by the captain of the steamer. I asked if he was quite certain of it, and what was his authority for the statement. He

said that everyone knew it, and that some months before, on putting in at Klang as usual, he had found all the white and semi-white officials there in a state of excited delight over the printed notices to that effect, which had just been given them by the Resident. The notice had not reached us.

I went on to Singapore, and some weeks after Mr. Innes arrived, having wound up all his affairs at Langat. He went next day by appointment to see the Governor, and they had a long talk. When he came back, I was surprised to find that whereas on setting out for this interview he had been full of wrath against the Resident of Selangor, he came back even more indignant with the Resident of Perak.

We had been ordered to Kuala Selangor, Mr. Innes informed me, in pure ignorance that we should thereby be degraded. Far from its being done, as we had supposed,

with a view to induce Mr. Innes to resign, the Governor had expressed great regret at his resignation. It had never occurred to the Governor, nor to the Colonial Secretary, that we should dislike Kuala Selangor, since Mr. Innes was to have received the same pay there as at Langat. The Assistant Colonial Secretary, Mr. Swettenham, who could have told them that there were other questions besides that of pay involved, was (most unfortunately for us) away on leave in Japan at the moment. The Governor said he was surprised to find how strongly we preferred Langat to Kuala Selangor, as he had seen the latter place one day, and thought it charming. (I fancy he must have seen it through a telescope from on board the Government yacht.) We knew by common report that the house, although built by Government at nearly the same expense as our fine Langat bungalow, was a

wretched hovel compared to it, it being a mystery, to all who saw the Kuala Selangor house, how the Collector could possibly have spent two thousand dollars on it.

Mr. Innes was informed by the Governor that pensions were to be given to the Native States officers, and also that a copy of the notification to that effect had been sent to Selangor for him. On hearing from Mr. Innes that he had not received it, the Governor remarked it was very unfortunate. But this remark, like his regret at my husband's resignation, came too late to be of any use.

He agreed that Mr. Innes should be allowed compensation for his six years' service at the usual rate ; also, three months' pay in lieu of the three months' privilege leave to which he was entitled ; also our passage-money home. There was precedent for all these claims in cases

of persons who had been dismissed, and Sir F. Weld thought that although the present was an instance of voluntary resignation, the peculiar hardships of the case made it a fit opportunity for stretching a point. He wrote to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, recommending that all these claims should be complied with, and assured Mr. Innes that he might consider them as already granted ; in proof of which he advanced the sum necessary for our passage home, to be repaid when we should receive the compensation.

We left Singapore in a very few days after Mr. Innes's arrival there. We travelled for the first time in one of Holt's steamers, I having until that time always travelled by P. and O. There being only two other passengers besides ourselves, we received more attention, and felt ourselves of more importance, than when we were only two items in a

large crowd. We had more and better cabin accommodation, the servants were more civil and less greedy, and the food was superior, both as to quality and cookery, probably from everything being on a smaller and more manageable scale.

Soon after we arrived at home, Mr. Innes received the answer to the application he had made to the Colonial Office. Everything was refused—the compensation for six years' service, the compensation for privilege leave, and the passage-money. Lord Kimberley saw no ground for granting the application, 'because Mr. Innes had resigned spontaneously.' As, however, the passage-money had been paid, the Government, making a virtue of necessity, did not ask for it back again.

After a time, Mr. Innes, seeing a very able letter in the *Times* from Sir Benson Maxwell, on the subject of slavery in

Borneo, wrote to the *London and China Express* on the subject of the slavery in Perak. His letter, we learn from a Blue-Book* published in November, 1882, attracted the attention of Lord Kimberley, who at once sent it out to the Governor of Singapore, requesting to have his observations on it. The Governor's observations, which follow in the Blue-Book, made us open our eyes wide. He declared that 'the statement that slavery is approved of and practically encouraged by the English Resident of Perak . . . is . . . directly opposed to fact. . . . Any officer who permitted such a state of things to exist' (as was described in the letter) 'would be instantly dismissed the service' (!).

Who would suppose, on reading the

* Further Correspondence respecting Slavery in the Protected Malay States (in continuation of C. 3,285 of July, 1882).

above, that English officers in Perak were, at the moment the Governor penned those lines, signing warrants for capturing run-away slaves? Yet such was the fact. Perhaps the Governor thinks that is not 'practically encouraging' slavery? If so, I must beg to differ from him.

Mr. Low, in his letter, which comes next in the Blue-Book, does not at any rate attempt to deny the slave-warrant business, but he speaks of it in euphemistic phrases that would not be readily understood by the uninitiated. He says: 'It is quite true that Mr. Innes, when acting in the absence of Mr. Paul as Superintendent of Lower Perak, expressed to me his disinclination to *carry out the regulations of the Government he served*, but I do not remember or believe that any pressure was put upon him to do so.'

This sentence really confesses to the

truth of everything that Mr. Innes had alleged. The 'regulations' here alluded to were those ordering him to sign these warrants.

Sir F. Weld then quotes an extract from Mr. Innes's official diary, which he evidently supposes to contain Mr. Innes's real sentiments on the subject of slavery. But, as Mr. Innes explained in the *London and China Express*, this extract was merely a memorandum of *Mr. Low's* sentiments, jotted down for future reference.

The Governor, in one of his letters, also declares that the only case which has come to his knowledge of a European officer being accused of favouring slavery was when Mr. Innes himself was censured by the Resident of Selangor for allowing two boys to be handed over to a Selangor chief. This was an accusation too absurd for anyone to believe; and the Governor himself

pooh-poohed it at the time. However, in the Blue-Book he brings it up as a serious argument. He seems conscious that to do so requires some apology, for he continues: 'I admit that I considered the censure somewhat harsh, and *as the boys wished to remain I allowed them to do so.*' Thereby endorsing Mr. Innes's previous action in the matter. So that if Mr. Innes can be accused of 'fostering slavery,' the Governor lies under the same charge.

The real truth of this story was this: Raja Yakub, or Tunku Alang, a son of the Sultan's, called one day on us at Langat, bringing with him two boys, who seemed to be about eight and thirteen years old. He told us he had brought them, because they wished to live with him, all their relations being dead; but as he knew that the English Tuans were apt to make a fuss about that sort of thing, and to call it

slavery, he thought it best, before undertaking to keep the boys, to ask Mr. Innes whether he was likely to get into trouble by doing so. He explained that he did not intend to consider the boys as slaves, but merely proposed that they should weed in his plantation, or do other light work suited to their age, in return for their keep. Mr. Innes said he really could not see any harm in this, if the boys clearly understood that they were not slaves, and might leave at any time. Accordingly he questioned the boys, and a man who accompanied them, who seemed to be a distant relation of theirs. The boys most distinctly declared they were very happy at the Tunku's (and they certainly looked it, for both were well-fed, high-spirited, intelligent lads), and that if he did not take pity on them and keep them, they did not know what would become of them, as all their near relations were

dead. This being so, Mr. Innes told them, in the presence of Tunku Alang, and of the police, and a considerable crowd of spectators who had collected, that they were free, not slaves; and a document was drawn up to that effect, signed by the boys, the Tunku, Mr. Innes, and other witnesses, of which one copy was deposited in the Government safe, while the other was given to the boys' relation. This transaction, reported in Mr. Innes's diary, was described by the Resident of Selangor as an encouragement of slavery.

After almost all the officials in turn have done their best, in the Blue-Book referred to, to make out that there was no slavery in Perak worth speaking about, it is rather astonishing to find (p. 8) the Governor talking of abolishing slavery in Perak, and Mr. Low declaring that 'the State can now afford the necessary expense' of doing so.

It naturally occurs to one to ask, if the slavery did not exist, how could it be abolished ?

One more remark in the Governor's letter (p. 5) I must quote. He says, 'Mr. Innes has had full opportunity, since my arrival, of bringing such matters under my notice, but he has never done so.' Now, as I have explained, Mr. Innes never had any opportunity of bringing anything to the Governor's notice, until after he had resigned, and was out of the service. His letters sent to the Resident of Selangor were not answered; his diary, as intended for the Governor's perusal, was objected to; and it was contrary to the rules of the service for him to write direct to the Governor.

Sir Frederick Weld, moreover, was only Governor of Singapore during the two last years of our stay at Langat. The dispute between Mr. Innes and Mr. Low had taken

place more than a year before Sir Frederick Weld's arrival ; therefore, even had it been possible for Mr. Innes to bring anything under the Governor's notice, he could not have brought *that*—an affair that had occurred in another country, that had been settled a year before, and that the Governor was supposed to know, since the official correspondence on the subject was all in his possession.

I attended, some months ago, a lecture at St. James's Hall, delivered by Sir F. Weld, on Malaya, and was much amused to find that both he and Sir Hugh Low, who also spoke, took great credit to themselves for the abolition of slavery in Perak. Not a word was mentioned of Mr. Innes's share in bringing this about. Mr. Innes himself was present, but did not think it worth while to speak. The truth is that slavery would never have been abolished

in Perak had it not been for the letter to the *London and China Express* written by Mr. Innes:

And now my recollections of Malaya are at an end. To those who have read Miss Bird's most interesting book, the 'Golden Chersonese'—a book that was specially delightful to Mr. Innes and myself, since we felt as if we had known personally every creature, every thing, and almost every mosquito she mentioned—it may seem curious that, notwithstanding the brilliancy and attractiveness of her descriptions, and the dulness and gloom of mine, I can honestly say that her account is perfectly and literally true. So is mine. The explanation is that she and I saw the Malayan country under totally different circumstances.

Miss Bird was a celebrated person, and wherever she went was well introduced to

the highest officials in the land ; Government vessels were placed at her disposal, and Government officers did their best to make themselves agreeable, knowing that she wielded in her right hand a little instrument that might chastise or reward them as they deserved of her. Above all, she only stayed at each place a very short time, and knew that she was free to leave it whenever she liked. Of Langat, for instance, she took a passing glimpse, and admired it very much ; but would she have liked to vegetate there for years, without books, friends, or wholesome food, and with mosquitoes ? I trow not. My pages, as I have confessed, are dull and gloomy, but my excuse is that my life was dull and gloomy to a degree which can hardly be conceived even from this sketch of it. It unfortunately never occurred to me in those days that I might write an account of it all,

and print it. I used to write letters home, from which, if they had been all preserved, I might have compiled a far fuller and more interesting account of the natives and their ways; but the greater part of them has been lost or destroyed.

My relations, when I came home, were inclined to console me for all I had gone through, by saying, 'At any rate, you have gained experience.' But it seems to me that there are some experiences—such as being half-murdered, for instance—that one is just as well without.

In addition to all the other disagreeables of being buried alive in a place like Langat, one loses all one's old acquaintance and makes no new ones; so that when we at length awoke from our six years' nightmare, we found ourselves all but friendless, as well as all but penniless. In short, I do not recommend the Malay Native States

Service to anyone who cannot begin, as some have begun, at the top, by being Resident.

The only real advantage that I gained from all my 'experiences' in the East is a great admiration for the English climate. No one has ever, since my return to it, heard me grumble at the weather. I prefer even a peasoup-fog in London to the finest day that ever grilled an unfortunate European in Malaya; I revel in an east wind, and delight in a hard frost.

The only advantage that my husband has gained by being in her Majesty's service for six years is that he is now exempt from serving on common juries. That is no doubt something; but hardly worth all that it has cost.

Before concluding, I wish to point out that almost all the miseries from which we suffered in the Far East were a conse-

quence, directly or indirectly, of the system of 'Protection.' Had the Malay Native States been annexed, how different would have been our position! Firstly, there would not have been the excuse for conniving at slavery that Raja Yusuf's dominion (though only nominal) now affords. Secondly, the influx of European planters and traders that would have followed immediately on the heels of annexation would have resulted in the establishment of an independent society, whose opinion, freely and publicly expressed, would have acted as a wholesome check on the Residents. Thirdly, the solitude and isolation which formed one of our greatest trials would have been modified, if not done away with altogether.

Having for six years seen the system of 'Protection' at work in the Malay States, I am inclined to think that the only

persons protected by it are H.B.M.'s Residents. Everyone else in the country —native or European— is practically at their mercy. They alone are 'protected,' even from free criticism, by a combination of circumstances which I have already described. Rumours may reach the Singapore officials from time to time of their doings, and their characters may be thoroughly well known at headquarters ; but such rumours, proceeding as they do from natives only, are of no avail. Natives cannot be induced to come forward and take active steps against any man, so long as he is in a high position. Let him first be degraded, and they will be all open-mouthed against him ; but while he is in authority, they may form secret plots for poisoning or stabbing him, but will not dare to prosecute him openly. The mouths of the only people who could give trust-

worthy evidence—namely, the Assistant Residents, Collectors, and Superintendents—are carefully closed by etiquette.

It may be doubted whether any human being is qualified to exercise with discretion and justice such unlimited power as this system bestows. Yet it works well enough when the Resident happens to be a wise, sober, moral, and just man (as men go). But if he should happen to be the reverse, immense mischief may ensue, and may go on for years without anyone's being able to check it. The best wish I can form for my countrymen now in the ranks of the Malay Native States Service is for speedy Annexation. To them it would really mean 'Protection,' of which in my opinion they stand, far more than the native, in need.

Whether Annexation would be good for the Malays is another question. It would

probably drive most of them into the neighbouring countries of Pahang and Kedah, which are still under real, un-
'protected' Malay rule. It has been shown by experience in Singapore and Penang that the Malay cannot stand before Chinese and Kling competition. A few years since, the majority of boats in the Singapore and Penang harbours were Malay-owned ; now there is hardly such a thing as a Malay boat to be seen in them. There are many people, of whom I am one, who would regret the disappearance of the amiable, gentle-mannered Malay—idle and thriftless though he be—from the Protected States ; but it is inevitable. He is no more fit to cope with the irrepressible Chinaman than coaches are with steam-engines. He belongs, with his patriarchal feudal system, his love of the *dolce far niente*, and his determination to allow the brains of half

his race (the feminine half) to lie for ever fallow, to the past ; he cannot move with the times ; and unless he moves out of the way (to Kedah or Pahang), he will certainly be crushed beneath the wheels of the car of progress.

THE END.





