MY

LAST CRUISE;

OR,

WHERE WE WENT AND WHAT WE SAW:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF


BY

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LIEUT. U. S. NAVY,

AND LATE OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

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CHAPTER IV.

We leave Simon’s Town and sail for Batavia, where we receive a visit that does relate to our health, and see a remarkable gun; after which we listen to several astonishing accounts from an English resident, and again put to sea.

It is the 9th of November, and we are again getting up our anchor. The Hancock and Cooper sailed some days since for Batavia, and we are now to follow them in the Kennedy, while the Vincennes and Porpoise proceed to Hong-Kong via Australia. From Batavia we are to proceed in company with the first two vessels to the neighbouring Straits of Gaspar, survey them, and then join the Vincennes and Porpoise at Hong-Kong. And now, before we leave Simon’s Town, let me say a word in regard to the “Cape Malay.”

Surprised to find this race in such numbers so far away from their island-homes, I questioned Captain Jamison on the subject, and learned that when the Cape was in possession of the Dutch they had been imported from the islands of Sumatra, Borneo, &c. as slaves, and that, being remarkably prolific, they had increased tenfold. That when the English succeeded the Dutch, and they were emancipated and thrown on their own resources, they had turned their attention to making honest livelihoods, and were now very creditable members of society. I could not but compare their conduct and success as freemen
with the conduct and failure of the African slave of my own land when similarly released.

There was another subject—one of nature's numerous phenomena—that excited both our surprise and admiration while anchored off Simon's Town.

The whole surface of the harbour would at times be covered by a greasy, frothy, variously-coloured substance, that gave the water a most uncleanly appearance during the day, but which at night caused it to resemble a lake of molten gold. How deep it extended we could not tell, possibly the whole depth of the harbour.

We had observed the same phenomenon while approaching the coast, and had at first been at a loss what to attribute it to. The whole sea was sprinkled with the variously-hued patches, and as we sailed through them we left a wake of fire that was apparent even under the glare of the mid-day sun. It was like sailing over a painted sea in the daytime; and at night, when the seas lifted up their lambent crests in all directions, the effect was truly grand. We subsequently attributed their existence to the presence of vast masses of a migrating infusoria, the minute and phosphorescent forms of the largest of which we could readily detect in a drop of the water by placing it under an ordinary magnifier.

And now when we again "launched out upon the sea"—we, and the Vincennes, and the poor doomed Porpoise—we looked around in vain for those living fields—those green and golden and purple plains—which had extended for miles around us and been composed of an infinite number of living animals,—animals which exist only in the microscopic world, and which are of such infinitesimal dimen-
sions that *we are told* five millions may pass through the eye of a cambric-needle at the same time without elbowing each other. So much for the Cape of Good Hope;—with its ugly women, songless birds, and odorless flowers.

I have already remarked that it was November 9, and that we were again at sea. The first day out, while we were all three running along before a glorious breeze, the Vincennes suddenly lost a man overboard, and a most lively scene ensued while picking him up. Helms were shoved hurriedly down, studding-sails slapped and flapped in the most approved style, boats were lowered, ships came up into the wind, and, finally, the unfortunate clumsy was rescued from "a watery grave." Night closed around us, and we parted company: the Vincennes and Porpoise to skirt the coral reefs of southern latitudes, and we to make the best of our way to Batavia.

One of those singular accidents which sailors in particular are disposed to regard in a miraculous light now occurred on board, and gave us something to talk about. We were eating our first sea-breakfast: all of the mess, save the officer of the deck, were at the table, and the ship was beating slowly to the eastward against a light breeze. Suddenly our assistant hydrographer, Mr. Samuel Potts, of Washington, remarked that he had "dreamed a dream" about his box of clothes, which, having failed to reach him before sailing from home, his friends had promised to ship to China. "I dreamt," he said, "that we were lying becalmed near a merchant-ship, that we lowered a boat and boarded her, and that the boat returned with my box." Nothing more was said or thought on the sub-
ject for several hours, when, strange to say, we found ourselves becalmed within a mile or two of a deeply-laden bark which showed American colours.

"That fellow looks as if he might be from New York, with a load of coal and a few stray newspapers," remarked Russell, the third lieutenant. "I'm going to ask for a boat to board him."

So he asked, got a boat, boarded the strange sail, and returned with Mr. Potts's box. She proved to be the bark Roebuck, of Baltimore, eighty-four days out, loaded with coal for Perry's squadron.

Our passage to Batavia presents little of interest to the general reader. I take a few extracts from my journal, simply to avoid slighting that portion of the cruise.

"Nov. 15.—Lat. 35° 37' S., long. 28° 25' E. A fresh breeze from south to southeast. Weather overcast and cloudy, the water of a greenish tinge. The following birds have hovered around the ship during the day:—albatross, Cape-pigeons, gulls, blue jays, (a sea-bird resembling its shore-namesake,) sheer-waters, sea-crows, petrels, and whale-birds; not so many by far as yesterday. Where have they gone to? They generally hang by a ship to pick up the scraps that are thrown over by the cooks, and I have been often struck by the uncertainty of their presence. I have at length attributed it to the proximity of other ships; for I have noticed that whenever a vessel comes in sight they invariably become scarce. They soar to such heights that many miles of space that are below our horizon become open to them, besides which they have a clearer sight than man, and instinct in addition. The consequence is that they always
see a ship first; and I feel confident that the approach of many vessels might be predicted by following the old Roman idea of consulting the flight of birds."

"Nov. 16.—Saw a school of white porpoises during the afternoon watch, who played about us with great ease, darting ahead or astern as it pleased them, though we were running at the rate of ten knots. One of the men—Corcoran, an old whaler—got a harpoon over the bow, and put it entirely through one of them; but our speed was so great that it tore out with the first jerk, and the wounded animal started frantically off at right angles and was followed by the entire school. He marked his path by a bloody streak."

"Nov. 18.—The weather has been dark and threatening for the last twenty-four hours, and the barometer sinking with a determined uniformity unpleasant to behold. We knew that 'something was in the wind,' but thought we should be able to drag along quite comfortably under double reefs or something of that sort. We contented ourselves, therefore, with hauling up the mainsail, stowing the jib, and setting the topmast-staysail; but it soon came a little harder than we had bargained for, and it was 'up helm and run before it' with unpleasant suddenness. We now shortened sail to a close-reefed maintopsail and foresail, and 'let her slide.' This latter sail was new, and therefore gave us no concern, but the topsail was half worn and not to be trusted. Suddenly the cyclone (it was blowing fearfully by this time) boxed around forward of the beam, and the old maintopsail blew into a hundred pieces. The lee sheet-block was snapped off with the report of a young cannon,
and went singing to leeward with furious velocity. 'Hard up the helm, to keep her before the gale:' and, as the wheel turned heavily around, I saw a beautiful sight. It had been blowing a moderate gale for the last twelve hours; a heavy swell had been rolling directly against it, and the gale of course had got up its own sea, which ran against and on top of the swell. Now this sudden shifting of the wind brought its new direction almost at right angles with both sea and swell, besides getting up a cross-sea; and, as one of the former came tumbling on our quarter, (the ship herself hopping about like an India-rubber ball,) a violent squall got under its curved crest, and, lifting it bodily up, seemed all at once to change from a squall to a furious whirlwind. The result can be better imagined than described. This vast volume of water, held in suspension, as it were, by a powerful current of air that seemed to revolve upon its own axis, and lifting itself between us and the dazzling rays of a meridian sun, reflected the various hues of the rainbow for a moment, and then, torn and scattered into giant drops and driving mist, made the sea foam under its descent and saturated us with its whirling spray. It was a beautiful sight, and, though in or near the centre of one of the dreaded cyclones, we took time to admire it."

"Nov. 21.—I borrowed 'old bust-proof' from the purser this morning and went on deck to shoot an old Cape-albatross, gray with age, and measuring at least twelve feet from pinion to pinion. He swept within thirty or forty yards of me several times, but could never be persuaded to 'turn his back' so that the shot might pene-
trate up along his feathers. He was evidently a very polite old gentleman, or he had a great weakness for his tail,—it was hard to say which. I was forced, therefore, to fire as he presented his side in turning, and this I did several times with no effect; he did not even shake his valued tail. The No. 4 shot evidently glanced from the smooth and polished coating. At last he forgot his breeding, turned his tail upon me, and was notified of his breach of etiquette through the agency of both barrels. This seemed to cause him considerable annoyance for a short time, but at the end of a minute he ceased to shake his caudal appendage and became as majestic in his movements as ever. I now went below and got some BBB shot, determined to 'try the virtue of stones;' and, like the boy in the apple-tree, he came down at the first summons. I looked at his heavy body and snowy plumage as he floated by, and felt a pang of remorse for having so wantonly destroyed so noble a bird.'

"Nov. 27.—Here comes a 'fish-story.' One of our old quartermasters, Peterson by name, told me a few moments since, with the most serious face in the world, that a whale had come as close as ten paces to the ship during his watch, and that he was as long as the ship—within a few feet. I asked him how much he meant by 'a few feet,' and was amused at his answering, 'Ten or twelve, sir!' He thus made his whale over a hundred feet long, and evidently believed what he was saying.

"'His wake was like that of a ship,' he said; 'and when he lifted to blow, his head was at least ten feet above the sea.' I give his yarn a place here because the old
fellow would not imagine any thing unless for a 'consideration;' and, if there is such a thing as a whale over a hundred feet long, I believe he has seen him, in which case it is worth mentioning."

"Dec. 4.—I observed indications of a strong current on the tops of the heavy westerly swells as they rolled by us. One of them which I measured roughly from the mizzen-rigging—my eye being elevated twenty feet above the sea-level—proved to be ten feet high, or twenty feet from its top to the bottom of the valley, and to be about one hundred yards from the one that followed it. Its velocity was about thirty feet a second. These swells, so different from the short ones of the Atlantic and other confined bodies of water, came under our stern with a power acquired from the immense stretch of space over which they roll, and lift the ship upon their rising breast, urging her ahead with an increased velocity, and leaving us bow up and stern down, to be similarly treated by the next in turn. Ugly companions they would be among the broken rocks of a lee shore." And now for the Malay Islands.

It was on the 24th of December, 1853, that we sighted that of Java, and the next morning we were at anchor off the town of Anger, situated on its western extreme. We stopped there to get a pilot, if possible, to take us on to Batavia; and, though there was none to be found at that time, we bought a late coast-chart from the authorities, by which we worked up to Batavia the next day. We found the Hancock and Cooper already there, and the following day the former left for our surveying-ground,—distant now only a few hours' sail,—ordering us
to follow as soon as possible. We had been at sea forty-six days, and were amply prepared to enjoy the few short hours thus considerately granted us.

Let me make an extract from my journal in regard to Anger.

We had anchored near it during the night—"At daylight a beautiful sight spread itself out before us: a low, undulating country, backed by the blue mountains of the interior, and fronted by dense groves of the cocoanut, of the mangosteen, and of the banana, had taken the place of our interminable sea-horizon, and refreshed the vision while it also promised an abundant supply of the most delicious fruits.

"While I yet admired this grateful change through a glass, a dozen or more Malay boats pulled alongside of us, whose occupants soon gave us to understand that they were a most noisy set of people. Their boats were laden to their gunwales with fruit, vegetables, and animals of a dozen different species,—live stock in abundance for the table, and various unknown animals to tempt the curiosity of the naturalist.

"We found every thing very cheap:—chickens one dollar the dozen; eggs ditto the hundred; and the fruit absolutely being thrown away. Everybody smiled complacently, looked ahead two hours, and made an imaginary breakfast upon broiled chickens, soft-boiled eggs, and—mangosteens."

Reader, have you ever eaten a mangosteen? It is by far the most delicious fruit in the world; it puts the cheremoya of Peru to the blush, and doesn't show strawberries-and-cream the shade of a chance: it is worth
living even in the East to eat the mangosteen. "While I was opening one of them and putting the four sections into my mouth one after the other in rapid succession, I was saluted by a young Japanese of Mongolian cast of features, rather below the middle size, and showing a horribly-black set of teeth—black as ink—when he wished to appear amiable. He told me that he was the second captain of the port, and that he had called to pay his respects and see if we wanted any thing. I subsequently found that he was a dealer in poultry, &c.; and as soon as he found we didn't want any thing—having been previously supplied—he took himself off in high dudgeon. Before he went, however, I had, with my usual curiosity, questioned him as to the colour of his teeth, and been told that all of his people's teeth were the same, resulting from the excessive chewing of the betel-nut.

"I liked the looks of their boats and canvas. They were very cleanly built, and were propelled by both oars and sails. The former were very short and broad, almost paddles, and the latter—which generally consisted of a single or double lug—were made of grass-matting sewed together, that was lighter and more flexible even than canvas.

"Like most half-civilized or savage people, the occupants of these boats expressed themselves in quick, loud, and energetic language, accompanied by violent and frequent gesticulation. To stand at a distance and see several of them carrying on an ordinary conversation, a stranger would imagine them upon the verge of a free fight."

While approaching Batavia, the wind was very light,
of heathen Japan, and, as his wasted frame was lowered into its Christian grave amidst the urned ashes of infidel millions, the words of hope—"I am the Resurrection and the Life"—floated solemnly through the silent air, and told the lounging priests of the Buddhist temple that reared its quaint form over the stranger’s grave, that the reign of their gods of stone was drawing to a close.

"We have just anchored between our two consorts, and have already been boarded by the boat of a Dutch man-of-war, the officer of which speaks English perfectly. He has been so polite as to give us some useful information in regard to this proverbially-unhealthy port. He says that their squadron, consisting of five steamers and a frigate, has at present several hundred men and officers in the hospital,—cases of Java fever,—and that as a sanitary measure all vessels anchoring here are advised to observe the following rules.

"Firstly: to have natives to pull in their boats, so as to expose the men as little as possible:—

"Secondly: to do no work between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. that takes the men out from under the awnings.

"Thirdly and lastly: to spread the latter as soon as the sun begins to dissipate the overcast sky, to keep them spread until the sky again becomes overcast in the evening, and then to trice them up so that the heat may radiate from the deck before night. In that way, he said, they managed to keep so cool as often to be able to get to sleep before midnight: neglect these precautions and the lower decks would be like ovens. We thanked our adviser, and he took his leave."

I shall say little in regard to Batavia: the road has
been travelled too often. I turn to my journal and select the few following extracts:—

"The ship's sides and decks are so hot that one almost melts in his bunk, and to sleep on deck in the dew is said to be certain sickness."

Bliss, the third lieutenant of the Hancock, and myself had determined to go on shore.

"We had at our disposal one of that vessel's boats, over which was spread a fine awning, and which was pulled by Malay boatmen hired by Captain Rodgers from the Government for the small consideration of one rupee each a day. A rupee is equal to from thirty-six to forty cents, and each man must pay fifteen of those cents to the authorities for being so kind as to hire him out. Thus he has only some twenty-two or three left as payment for pulling about all day under a broiling sun. This, however, is good pay; for ten doits—three cents—will give him food for a day, and then he has the rest to gamble with. They are the greatest gamblers I ever saw, except, perhaps, the Chinese.

"After pulling a mile or more from the ship, we reached the mouth of a canal, up which we passed to the landing. We were told that it was a most dangerous thing to cross the bar at its mouth when it was blowing fresh, as there was always a bad sea breaking, and hundreds of sharks and crocodiles ready to pick up the inmates of a swamped boat.

"These animals, it seems, abound in great numbers about the bar,—the sharks outside and the crocodiles inside,—and feed upon the refuse of the city as it is swept down to them by a two-knot current, sometimes making
a dessert of some capsized unfortunate. The shark never crosses the bar, and the crocodile never goes up higher than the first houses; so the natives bathe in perfect security in the part of the canal running through the city. The water of this stream is of a dirty grayish-white colour, holds in suspension the sweepings of the city, and smells horribly. One would scarcely imagine it conducive to cleanliness to bathe in it; and yet it is the water furnished to shipping for drinking-purposes. It is also used—after passing through stone filterers—by the entire population of Batavia,—a fact which causes many 'first-comers' to say very little about thirst for several days after their arrival.

"I judged, from various indications, that the Dutch have these people in complete subjection. Even the natives, their own fellows, who are so fortunate as to be in the Government employ, are respected, feared, and obeyed as though they were superior beings. This was exemplified even in the conduct of our temporary boatmen, who, when we would get fouled among other boats,—the canal was always crowded,—cleared a track for us with curses, threats, and frequent blows, and were scarcely scowled upon in return. I thought this strange, as my previous idea of the Malay character was that of a wild, untamable, treacherous, and warlike race."

We have landed at the lower town, and hired a conveyance to take us up to the city.

"Our carriage was a comfortable, strongly-built, double buggy, that ran on four very small and solid wheels and was drawn by two very small and solid horses,—horses about the size of a large Shetland pony. Our driver was
a Malay, who was very warmly clad for that country. He had on a large oval-crowned straw hat, a gown-like garment of fancy calico, and was protected from the sun by the extensively-projecting roof of the vehicle. He carried a long whip, which, he told us, the law required him to crack at every bridge, corner, or approaching carriage, and, further, that at night every carriage had to drive before a blazing torch, held aloft by a man who rode behind. All of this was to guard against the risk of unpleasant contacts. Unfortunately, he did not thus enlighten us until we had rewarded him with an extra rupee for putting himself into a perspiration in his endeavours to 'make good time,' as we thought, while in reality it was the law which caused him to crack his whip at such a fearful rate. At first we could not imagine what could make every one in such a hurry: every coachman that we passed was cracking his long whip over the heads of his apparently crack-proof ponies."

After driving a half-mile or so, we pass through an enclosure in which are the Government storehouses.

"While passing through these grounds, Bliss pointed out to me a heavy gun, apparently a thirty-two-pounder, which he said a Dutch officer had told him was much revered by the native women.

"It seems that, like the ancient Athenians, these people have an idea that effect may exist without cause; or, rather, when the occurrence of a certain every-day event is looked for in vain, it may be brought about by prayers, offerings to some deity, or the observance of some superstitious form. The Malay ladies therefore, having invested this gun with some miraculous power,
are under the impression that they have only to recline upon it for a few moments, invoke the assistance of its powerful influence, stick their offerings in the ground at its rear, and then return home with an *almost* certainty of their prayers being answered. 'The Dutchman said that that gun had been there ever since the English had given up the colony,' continued Bliss, 'and that there is no telling how much longer it will remain. See there, the flowers and fruit and pieces of gilded paper lying around the breech!''

I had taken a chew of "betel-nut," and, having never heard of the fruit before, inquired concerning it, and wrote in my journal as follows:

"The betel-nut is used by the natives of both sexes, very much as we use cavendish,—the only difference being that they swallow much of the saliva. It is a stimulant, and is said to impart strength when weak from hunger, without any unpleasant reaction. It grows upon a tall, shaft-like tree, which often attains a height of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet. It is perfectly free from branches, knots, or even great irregularities of the bark. It is a single shaft from the ground until within a few feet of the top, when a few branches shoot out and produce the nut. One of them might be taken by a stranger for a very tall and straight cocoanut-tree. The preparation which they chew, and which is generally supposed to be simply a piece of the nut, is composed of equal parts of lime, the leaf, and the nut. It has an acrid, burning taste at first, and is far from unpleasant. The burning sensation proceeds from the leaf."
"The use of this nut gives to its consumers a most disgusting appearance about the mouth. They carry the 'quid' between the lower front-teeth and the lip; and, as it is often as large as the half of one's thumb, and dyes the lips and inner membrane a bright red, they look as if they had just received a crushing blow in the mouth. It is passing strange that while the juice thus stains the mouth red it should convert the teeth into ebony. I asked one of our boatmen why he chewed it, and he said it was to make their teeth black. *Dogs* had white teeth, he said, and they wished to be different from dogs. He gave as another reason that they were ordered to do so by their Koran; but this I do not believe, as they get their Koran from the Arabs."

We had made the acquaintance of a Mr. L. M. Squires, an American resident of eleven years, and who subsequently joined the Hancock in the capacity of assistant naturalist. We were smoking our cheroots in the porch of the Amsterdam Hotel.

"While we were thus smoking in the cool evening breeze, we were joined by several gentlemen, acquaintances of Mr. Squires's, and who were presented to us. The usual comments on the state of the weather were got off with happy success, and then every one began to wait for his neighbour to say something else. Finally, one of the new arrivals, an Englishman, asked me, abruptly, if I had ever seen a native under the influence of the 'muck.'

"'The what?' I asked.

"'The muck! the running muck.'
"I replied in the negative, adding that I had never before heard the expression.

"He expressed great surprise at this, and proceeded to tell us that the running muck was often productive of many deaths.

"I thought this a rather singular piece of information to come by itself, but contented myself with observing, 'You don't say so!'

"The Englishman cleared his throat, swelled very large, called for a glass of 'arf-and-'arf,' and continued as follows:—

"Some few of the natives here consume quantities of opium in various forms; and the result is that, in due course of time, their features become sharp, the skin is drawn over them like parchment, and, losing their minds, they become more ferocious and bloodthirsty than the tigers themselves. Armed with the long and flexible kreiss, (a sharp dirk-knife, whose edges are wavy and of beautiful temper,) they rush frantically from their houses, and run as swiftly as their limbs will carry them,—sometimes naked, sometimes clothed, always mad. Rushing through the crowded streets in this way, their only aim seems to be to destroy life,—stabbing, biting, cursing, kicking every one whom chance throws across their path.

"As soon as he is seen in this state, terror proclaims the news far and wide. "Amoak! amoak!" is screamed by the whole population, just as "fire! fire!" is in our own cities. Every man grasps the first weapon that comes to hand, and follows the flying path of the common enemy. Very long spears are, however, preferred
to the shorter kreiss; and with these they pen him up in a corner, and lance him to death with as much or more gusto than they would a tiger. As many as forty persons were once killed by one of these maniacs before he could be "cornered;" and yet there is no law against the use of opium.'"

The word "muck" is a corruption of the Javanese "amoak," to kill; and this latter is seldom heard, except when some poor wretch is ranging the frightened town with strained muscles and starting eyes, and with death closing around his path at every stride.

In regard to tigers, another of the party remarked that as many as eighteen hundred had been killed on the island in a single year; but I subsequently learned that eleven hundred was the greatest number for one year. The Government pays so much a head for each one that is destroyed, and keeps a regular account of the number. These animals are very destructive to cattle, and numbers of the natives also lose their lives yearly by them.

In the interior of Java there is yet a native prince, who holds his power from the Dutch, receives a regular salary, and keeps up the shadow of their ancient customs. He has the title of Sooletan, and we somehow found ourselves talking about him. My journal says:—

"Out of his salary he must support an army of at least two thousand men, as quite that number is required to make up one of his grand tiger-hunts. Then he has his household expenses, his harem, his dancing-girls, &c. Singular beings are these dancing-girls. Taken at a tender age from the mother's care, they are
MALAY DANCING-GIRLS.

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turned over to a class of men whose only duty it is to arrive at the one end of having their bones and muscles in such a state, by the time they are matured, as to admit of the form being thrown into almost any position. They are described as happy, cheerful creatures, in spite of the cruelty of their early training."

One more extract in regard to Java, and I have done. We were talking of pirates—Malay pirates—who hung around Gaspar Straits,—the very place we were going to survey. The subject was interesting, especially to nervous people who were about to venture among them:—

"'They are getting scarce, now, since war-steamers have visited us,' remarked one of the party. 'It is only once or twice a year that we hear of their attacking a ship: still, they are known to exist in numbers. You will have to look out for them in your little schooner: they would make short work of her.' I thought of the high sides of the Kennedy, and felt comfortable. I little thought that in less than a month I should be ordered, with a boat and six men, to join the Cooper: had I known it, my feelings might have been a shade less placid."

We are again under all sail, beating up for our working-ground.
CHAPTER V.

WE REACH CASPAR STRAITS, AND COMMENCE OUR SURVEY BY FIRING A GUN
— I AM ORDERED ON TEMPORARY DUTY, WHICH Lasts FOUR MONTHS
AND ENABLES ME TO VISIT SINGAPORE—VAST PREPARATIONS OF AN
ALARMIST TO RECEIVE PIRATES, AND THE WAY IN WHICH WE LEARNED
THE MEANING OF THE MALAY WORD "MAN-AR-R."

It was on the morning of the 10th of January, 1854, that we fired our first gun for "base by sound." We were in Gaspar Straits, lat. 3° 19' S., long. 106° 40' E. The "rear division"—as we called our portion of the squadron—had begun the long-talked-of survey. I will indulge in a few remarks in regard to this work, and then pass on to more interesting matter.

These straits—which are the door through which nine-tenths of the world's trade with China passes—had never been properly surveyed, were said to be full of hidden dangers, and were known to be washed by strong and uncertain currents.

We bent to our task with the spirit and energy of "new brooms,"—worked through rain, wind, sharks, tigers, snakes, &c.—and on the 15th of May it was done. We came out of this work without the loss of a man, and the result of our labours was satisfactory in the extreme. We found some parts of some charts correct; but, generally speaking, they were woefully out. We found dozens of rocks and shoals where all the charts gave safe water, and
we found blue water where all the charts located rocks and shoals. We found, also, evidences of fraud and rascality on the part of ship-masters toward the underwriters. In regard to the latter let my journal speak:—

"Captain Rodgers has just found the wreck of the 'Memnon,' lying off the northwest point of Pulo Leat, (Leat Island.) When the water is smooth and polished, you can look down from a boat and see everything very plainly; and, as there was a fine, heavy anchor lying under her bow, Bridge hitched on to it with the launch and hoisted it up. It is now on board of the Hancock, and will probably sell in Hong-Kong for two or three hundred dollars: quite a healthy sum to be divided among sixty men the first time they go on shore.

"The captain of this vessel reported, when she was lost, that he 'had struck on a rock that was some miles from any land and put down on no chart:' hence, the underwriters paid the loss. Had they known that an ignorant or careless man had run his ship upon a rock within pistol-shot of a large island during broad daylight, they would have saved their money. Of course, we will hunt no more for the 'Memnon Rock,'—the hidden danger on which the ship was said to have struck."

During the survey we made several discoveries similar to this. We erased from the chart all such imaginary dangers, dotted it with others which really existed and which had previously been unknown, and really accomplished a vast amount of work during the four months that we were engaged upon it. Too much credit cannot be awarded to Commander John Rodgers for the manner
in which our work was laid out, or to those who assisted him in its execution.

During these four months we met with various adventures; some amusing, some exciting, others that were full of peril to life and limb. Let me again open my journal:

"Jan. 14, 1854.—Yesterday morning, the schooner ran under our stern, and hailed us to the effect that Commander Rodgers had ordered an officer and boat to be detached from the Kennedy, to assist in their part of the work. There was some hesitation at first as to who the officer should be; but, as I had, unfortunately, once expressed myself in favour of small vessels, I was finally sent. I had a boat and six men placed under me, and was ordered to report myself to Captain Stevens, the worthy officer in charge of the schooner. The latter being too small to stow either my boat or the crew, the former is towed astern at night, while the latter find beds about the spar-deck as best they can. This is all very pleasant as long as fair weather lasts; but when men have been working hard for fourteen hours they don't fancy sleeping in the rain during the remaining ten. Stevens, myself, and Baber, the master, are the only occupants of the cabin; and there are twenty men on the berth-deck, and six about the upper—in spots. So much for our little schooner and her hardy crew. May she steer clear of pirates and heavy seas!"

We have been hard at work for some weeks, are running short of wood and water, and find it necessary to go somewhere to obtain supplies:
At 7 A.M. all three vessels got under way and ran down for an anchorage under Selio Island, where we came to, abreast of a stream of fresh water and a perfect forest of seasoned firewood that Stevens had discovered a few days previous. This island is some four miles in length by one in width, and differs from all others we have yet visited in having lakes in its centre and running streams dividing its beach. In consequence of the fresh water, various wild animals abound in its jungle, among which I may mention deer and wild hogs as the most plentiful. There are any number of snakes also; and a greater variety of insects than is pleasant. Of these latter there is a mammoth spider, formidable if only through his size and extreme ugliness. He spreads his heavy web across nine open spaces (the jungle is hardly penetrable) out of ten, coils himself away in its centre, and is ready to dart upon his prey or have his fabric destroyed by the passer-by, as the case may be. Running once after a wounded hog, I was so unfortunate as to get one of them half-way into my mouth, and before I could get clear of him I had to shell out of my coat and knock him off; with his long legs he had crawled over upon my back.

A great hunt came off on this island before we carried the vessels there. Baber and myself, wishing to try "camping out," took the boat and remained on it all night, after one of our day's work. The men also were in high glee at the idea of shooting the deer before they were awake: it was a regular spree. We carried with us a camp-kettle, a piece of salt pork, bread, coffee, &c., and, upon arriving at the beach, got our tent pitched and a large fire kindled just as night came on. The tent we
made out of the boat's sail; and for a bed we had two thicknesses of cotton canvas between us and the ground.

We made a very comfortable supper, smoked our pipes, lay down with our feet to the fire, and imagined that we were going to sleep. One hour later we were all in the boat, the fire grew dim, and the mosquitos and sand-bugs danced the dance and sung the song of a bloody victory: we had been literally driven off. The next morning we awoke at break of day and proceeded to land.

It had been low-tide when we returned to the boat; it was now quite high: the water had been knee-deep then; it was now over one's head. One of the men, in his sleepy drowsiness, stepped out of the boat to lift the anchor and wade her to the beach. The result may be imagined:—a heavy plunge, much subsequent puffing and splashing, and a great deal of hearty laughing.

It was hardly daylight when we entered the jungle, and we hunted bravely until near noon. During this time we fired at several heavy short-legged deer, put a drove of wild hogs of all ages and sexes to a grunting flight, killed several ugly snakes, and finally returned to the ship in great disgust.

Selio is not inhabited, but is visited periodically by Malay fishermen for the purpose of catching and drying the fresh-water fish which exist in its lakes by shoals. The growth of trees upon it is remarkable, many of them being upward of one hundred and fifty feet high. We killed a number of large wild pigeons in their branches, and subsequently found this bird so plentiful on other islands
that two men with muskets killed several hundred as an evening's work.

Two days sufficed to fill us with wood and water, and on the third day we were again at work. And now we experienced a terrible fright on account of old "bust-proof," his master, and Lieutenant Russell. They had left the ship, as usual, at an early hour: it had soon come on to blow hard, the sea had risen with singular rapidity, and twenty-four hours had passed without their return: we began to fear they might have swamped. With his usual readiness of action, Commander Rodgers got up the Hancock's anchor and ran down to leeward in search of them. The next day he returned with their boat in tow.

They had had a hard time; old "bust-proof" was irreparably rusted by the rain, and the others were awfully hungry and distressingly seedy. They had been able to keep the boat afloat only by constant exertion, and were about to succumb when the Hancock hove in sight. Old "bust-proof" didn't go out again for some time.

After we had been working some two months, the schooner was ordered to proceed to Singapore, (distant some three hundred miles,) to communicate with the consul, and return as soon as possible. I was so fortunate as to remain by her during the trip, and on the 7th of March we found ourselves at anchor off that city.

While Stevens and myself were stepping into a sampan to go on shore, a light row-boat pulled alongside, in the centre of which stood a very black Hindoo with a very white turban around his head. He introduced himself
as follows:—“Me Mohammed!—consul-man. Plenty, oh! plenty letter at consul-house for American man-war.”

But I will say nothing more of letters; for there was but one for me, and that a half-year old.

We went to the consul’s, and thence to the London Hotel, where we tasted a bottle of sour Bordeaux, drank another of pale ale, and engaged a room at two dollars a day.

I will be brief in regard to our treatment while in that city. I will only say that, from the governor down to the ship-chandlers, there seemed to be a determination that we should never dine at the hotel. Such hospitality I never saw before. In company with the consul, we went to call upon the governor’s family shortly after our arrival.

“We got into our undress uniform, then into a carriage, which we hired for a dollar a day, and after a five minutes’ drive commenced winding around the hill which towers over the city, and upon the crest of which stands the palace. This spiral road was a mile or more in length, and wormed through the tastefully laid-out grounds in the centre of which stood the edifice. We drove through groves of the fragrant nutmeg and of the luscious mangosteen, crushing the precious fruit under our wheels and breathing the perfumed air that cooled our brows. It fully realized my idea of an Eastern scene: it was one of those drives that flush the cheek of the invalid and diffuse a dreamy languor through the frame of health; it was grand. As we thus wound around the hill, we gazed upon a constantly-changing scene. We saw the whole of Singa-
pore twice over; for the palace rose out of the centre of the town almost, overlooking every thing. Thus we looked down upon the city by piecemeal at first, and finally, upon reaching the summit, took in 'the whole' at a revolving glance,—the city, the bay, the opposite land, the back-country with its dense jungle, and the immediate grounds around our feet. This also was grand.

"We were ushered into the reception-room by a fancifully-liveried native, and were soon after met by the ladies. We found Mrs. and Miss Butterworth most accomplished personages, and passed a pleasant fifteen minutes. They showed us a stone which had lately been brought from a mountain in the island of Banca, (one of those around which we were surveying,) and which exerted a powerful influence over the needle: every one called it a loadstone. Stevens, having found that it would not attract a cambric-needle, pronounced it a singular iron-ore; and such subsequently proved to be its nature."

We had been riding around in our one-dollar vehicle to see the sights. Here is one of them, a Chinese temple:

"As we entered through the massive stone-work, we were followed by a dozen or more loafing Chinamen, who stopped their gambling (gambling in the very porch of their temple!) to watch our movements. We were very respectful at first, for fear of alarming their jealousy, throwing away our cigars and taking off our hats. These loafers, however, motioned us to light other cigars and to resume our covering, and were so
attentive as to bring us fire. They also spit on the smooth and polished floor, to show us, I suppose, that we were at liberty to do likewise. In addition to all this, they advanced to the chancel and commenced a series of violent bends and gesticulations for our information. They were showing us how they paid their devotions. They stood before a massive altar, decked out after the manner of the Romish Church, having upon its right a colossal statue of a very benign old gentleman, and upon its left a similar one with the most hideously-diabolical expression that I ever saw. The one on the right shone as the concentration of every thing good, and extended his left hand in an endless blessing. He of the left—the rampant power of evil—settled his gaze of eternal hate and defiance upon the averted eye of the first, and grasped a bleeding heart in his uplifted hand. It was to this latter that all the devotions were addressed: no one looked at the other. We gave them a half-crown for putting themselves into a perspiration by their furious pantomime, and continued our drive."

We were driving out to the hospital of Dr. Little, where many of our men were on their backs. It seems that over two months of exposure, toil, and privation, had done its work. Seven out of the twenty men composing the crew had been taken with the fever previous to our arrival, and been sent on shore as soon as possible to give them the benefit of comfortable quarters. Stevens, too, was placed hors de combat by a bruised hand, and Baber and myself were taking it turn-and-turn-about to indulge in chills or something
of that sort: we were fit for any thing but a return to our labours.

As a general thing, one of us made it convenient to visit our helpless shipmates daily. They were a superior class of men to the general run of sailors; they could all read, and they derived great satisfaction from the papers which we took them. This hospital of the doctor's was situated outside of the city, in the midst of his vast nutmeg-plantation; and as we now, in the continuation of our drive, passed through a wide gateway and entered upon the latter sweet-smelling hundred-acre lot, we met the owner on his way into town. He turned and accompanied us back to the hospital, where we found two men delirious but the others doing better. I may as well remark here that, after keeping the schooner at anchor some weeks in hopes of their recovery, we were finally forced to leave three of them in charge of the consul, with instructions to forward them to us should they recover. They did recover during the next month, and, having had enough of surveying, took care to forward themselves off by the first ship. They deserted, and I could not blame them; for the work on which we were to be steadily engaged for years was enough to break down jackasses, and they were not paid half the wages they could command in merchant-ships for doing half the amount of work. It is to be hoped that Congress will reward the men who were too honest to desert, and who returned to their homes after that miserable cruise with bowed heads and broken frames, the wrecks of what they were at its commencement.
As we returned through his orchard of nutmeg-trees, the doctor indulged us with a few remarks in regard to their culture, &c.; and, as nine people out of ten use nutmeg in some form, I will repeat here what was then said about them.

It took the planter twenty years to get his trees well covered with fruit, he said, as he had to raise them from the nutmeg itself. The process was this:

A man bought a hundred acres of ground, and planted nutmegs over it at a distance of from twelve to twenty feet apart. At the end of eight years the trees have grown and many of them bear fruit, and he can thus tell the male tree from the female. All of the former (one to every dozen females excepted) are now dug up and cast away and another nutmeg planted in their place. Then, at the end of eight more years, another culling process takes place, and more nutmegs are planted. In this way the twenty years are soon consumed.

The doctor added that if either of us would rig a purchase for distinguishing between the male and female nutmeg, we might make millions of money by going around to the different plantations, picking out the latter, and thus enabling men to get a plantation under full headway in eight instead of sixteen or twenty-four years.

"These trees," he continued, "bear all the year through. You must have men to go daily from one to the other, picking the fruit as it ripens. It is generally the first thing done in the morning. In this way each tree will give you several nutmegs daily, probably as many as twelve hundred during the year." So much for nutmegs.
Taking dinner one day with Dr. Little, we were associated with a Captain and Mrs. Francis, the former of whom I could not but admire as a bold seaman and successful trader, while the latter challenged the admiration of every one by her extreme beauty and elegance of manner. They were the last of their band,—this opium-smuggler and his beautiful wife.

"Why don't you give up the trade, Francis?" asked the doctor. "Don't you see that your brig is the only one left out of twenty-two sail? and don't you know that all are beggars who have gone before you?"

"No; I don't know any thing of the sort," replied Francis. "There is ——, and ——, who are comfortable yet; and I have got some thousands of pounds myself to fall back upon when I break down. As long as the brig lasts I'm bound to hang by her."

I looked at his wife, and I thought I saw a brightening of the eye and a swelling of the breast as he thus spoke of the future. I looked at him, and saw the last of a resolute and desperate band who for years had defied the Chinese authorities and held the slow poison to the lips of the opium-smoker. I looked, and knew not whether most to admire or condemn this the last of those resolute adventurers, half merchant-captains, half pirates, who had for years devoted themselves to the perilous service of the Calcutta and Bombay merchants. Here is what that service was:—

The demand for opium in China caused great quantities of it to be shipped from Calcutta and Bombay. The Chinese authorities, seeing the injury it was effecting on the whole nation, stationed war-junks along their coasts
to prevent its being landed. Reckless men, with armed followers and fast vessels, stepped forward, and engaged to land the poison under the very bows of the war-junks and to bring back silver in return. Their vessels were armed as well as their followers; they received high wages, and threw away their money in riot and dissipation. If necessary, they went through blood: *the opium must be landed at every risk*; the lives of a few dozen Imperial sailors were nothing. While at sea, they kept clear heads, and devoted their entire attention to the one great thing of making a quick passage. Masts and sails were nothing to *them*: time was all they looked to. They gloried in heavy weather when it urged them ahead, and became fretful and desperate when it threw them back. It wanted reckless men to lead such a reckless life. "Prudence is the better part of valour" wouldn't have applied to them.

Our little schooner was a source of wonder and surprise to both the foreign and native population of Singapore. The former pulled around her in their light sampans, admired her beauty, and complimented us upon our reckless hardihood in trusting our lives to such an atom for a cruise around the world; the latter compared her to a large phrau, and accused us of having stolen the lines of that peculiar vessel before building her. Both parties laughed at the idea of her weathering a typhoon: they knew not how much it took to smother a New-York pilot-boat when she lies-to under a close-reefed foresail.

Let me again turn to my journal:—

"A singular worm is to be seen on the surface of this
harbour when the water is smooth and polished, during the absence of all wind. It is from three to four inches in length, has its body made up of a hundred joints apparently, has hundreds of centipede-like legs along its entire sides, is covered with a short fine hair or fuzz, and swims quickly and with a zigzag track. The natives fear their bite greatly, and invariably destroy them when they can. They have bright red eyes, and are altogether most disgusting-looking wretches. One of the boatmen dipped me up several, which I transferred to a bottle full of spirits of wine, much to their annoyance. They died hard, and emitted a bluish fluid, which the natives said was poison. These latter gloated over their spasmodic and protracted efforts to escape from the spirits, pretty much as old sailors admire the expiring agonies of a dying shark."

On the 23d of March, Stevens concluded that he had waited long enough for the sick to recover, and got up the anchor on our return. We had a fair passage to Selio Island, where we were to have fallen in with the Hancock and Kennedy, but, seeing nothing of them, had to start off on a hunt. We found them, at the end of twenty-four hours, snugly stowed away under the lee of a number of pigeon-islands, and, after telling them the news, asked theirs in return.

We found that they had passed through several adventures during our absence, some unpleasant and one quite amusing: but let them speak for themselves.

"Dr. Alexander, of the Hancock, was attacked by sharks while wading on a reef in search of shells, and came near being carried off. Fortunately the water was
only knee-deep, and he, retaining his presence of mind, was enabled to keep a pretty firm footing, while by well-directed thrusts with a long bowie-knife, which he drew from his back, he succeeded in keeping them off until the boat came to his assistance. Then he got into her with amazing agility and inquired into his damages. He found himself minus his right boot-leg, a large piece of the right leg of his drawers, and a small piece of the skin from his right calf. The shark had evidently a fancy for his right leg below the knee."

Shortly after this adventure the Hancock ran short of coal and returned to Batavia for more, leaving the Kennedy at Selio Island to make tidal observations. These observations were to be made on a rock known as "White Rock," some miles from the ship and entirely cut off from the island. Lieutenant J. H. Russell was ordered upon the duty, and had with him a small boat, three men, a tent, and cooking-utensils. The boat was also armed and provisioned, as was the general order, in case of some unlooked-for accident, and they got along very smoothly for some days. Let my journal tell the rest:

"One morning he rubbed his eyes and looked in vain for the boat. Then he called in vain for two of the men. Finally he searched in vain for enough provisions to make a breakfast for himself and his remaining companion, and then began to feel that he had been weathered. Smith and Loughead had loaded the boat with every thing edible and drinkable, and departed for 'parts unknown:' our work was too hard for them. This discovery was no sooner made than they began to
think they might by some means starve during the next week, and so resorted to several ingenious devices for attracting attention to their situation. A mere accident relieved them during the next day." The ship was immediately got under way for Batavia, from whence a reward was announced among the different islands, which resulted in their final capture and they and the boat &c. being forwarded to us at Hong-Kong. They had landed on an island, in a very hungry and used-up state, and had tried to pass themselves off as shipwrecked sailors; but the police were too well informed as to their true character to admit of their yarn being accepted.

The amusing incident was as follows:—

"The Hancock, having anchored near an island about which she had been surveying during the day, was left in charge of thirty fathoms of chain and the officer of the watch, while every one else had gradually retired to their beds. There had been much talk about this time in relation to 'Malay pirates,' how they boarded ships in their phraus at night, murdered all hands, &c. &c.; and the possibility of such an attack caused us to keep constantly on guard, simply as a measure of prudence. There was really no cause for men of even ordinary firmness to feel nervous, however; but, unfortunately, there was an 'alarmist' on board, who was always imagining his throat cut, a snake under his pillow, or something of the sort; and who never went to bed without screwing in his air-port, (thermometer at 100°,) locking the door of his state-room, and arming himself in the most formidable manner. He had gone to bed this night as
usual, with a Sharpe's rifle, double-barrelled gun, two revolvers, a bowie-knife, &c. &c., and was just getting into a doze when the quartermaster's hoarse voice reached him from the deck,—

"'Boat ahoy-y-ye!'"

"He grasped his guns, first one and then the other, and finally sat bolt upright, a revolver in each hand.

"'Hey, fellows! what is it?' he asked of several as they passed his room, purposely exclaiming that pirates were approaching.

"'A swarm of phraus are pulling toward us,' answered a hurried voice, as its owner passed rapidly to the upper deck; 'bring your arms along.'

"In a few minutes all hands were on deck, gazing curiously toward the suspected objects, while the quartermaster was getting hoarser and hoarser with continued hailing. They looked like boats moving stealthily toward the ship.

"'Hail them in Malay, Mr. Squires,' said Commander Rodgers.

"Squires threw himself back and drew a long breath:—'Phrau man-a-a-ar!'

"'No answer. 'They must have some bad object, or they would answer,' hazarded the unsteady voice of a semi-alarmist.

"'Phrau man-a-a-ar!' Still no answer.

"'Say phrau man-ar ahoy, Squires,' suggested a laughing voice at his elbow.

"'Get out with your fun!' exclaimed the hailer, in a voice of half-forced jocularity; 'don't you know that man-ar means ahoy?"
"A general laugh here caused him to cough nervously and renew the hail:—'Phrau man-a-ar!'

'Lower a boat, Mr. Bridges,' at length ordered the captain, 'and send her to see what they are; we may hail here all night.' So the boat was lowered and pulled off toward the piratical phraus. They proved to be small floating islets of brushwood and densely packed grass drifting with the current; and the discovery was no sooner made than our alarmist was on deck.

'Why, where are your guns?' asked one.

'Jist mind your own busness, will ye?' Fortunately for the navy, our alarmist subsequently became disgusted with the expedition, and left the service of his country for the retirement of a country-life.'

These and many similar incidents were now laid before us in return for the letters we had brought; and, as a kind of dessert to the reunion, they showed us a sick-list which seemed to proclaim the survey at an end: nearly half our force was \textit{hors de combat}, and the other half was composed of men whose overtaxed muscles moved slowly to the daily work. Still, we hung to it bravely, and were soon rewarded with the most entire success: the survey of Gaspar Straits was ended. The Hancock and Kennedy left for Hong-Kong, via Singapore, with their crippled crews, toward its close, and left the Cooper and my boat to fill in a few soundings and sail for the former place direct in a few days. We were destined to pass through some suffering and a vast deal of alarm and anxiety before the expiration of that time; but we knew it not then, and went on our careless way.
CHAPTER VI.

WE ARE DESERTED BY THE HANCOCK AND KENNEDY, AND FIND OURSELVES CALLED UPON TO ENJOY A MOONLIGHT WALK, WHICH PROVES TO BE SO PLEASANT THAT WE CONTINUE THE EXERCISE FOR TWO DAYS—WE VISIT A MALAY VILLAGE, AND ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST THE FEROCITY OF CHINESE DOGS.

We were now alone,—we and our little schooner, and our still smaller boats,—alone upon the confines of our past working-ground, to linger there a while and then follow our consorts. We immediately entered upon the execution of the task which had been left us; we again commenced the interminable soundings, the frequent angling, the prolonged night-work over the skeleton chart and the smooth deck-board. Time rolled on.

On the evening of a dark and stormy Saturday night we anchored near the island of Banca, spread our thin cotton awning between us and the driving rain, and looked with thankfulness to the day of rest which stood between us and any further work. That night we slept well and refreshingly; Stevens, myself, and Baber, in the contracted cabin, and our twenty-five men upon the far more cramped and uncomfortable berth-deck. The next morning the storm was over, a bright sun ushered in the sacred day and lit up the gloomy depths of the tropical jungle near which we were anchored.

There were tall trees growing out of the dense undergrowth, and patches of short, smooth grass between it
and the shining beach. Altogether, it had a most inviting look. So, after we had eaten our plain breakfast and got through with the usual Sunday muster, the captain and Baber took our two boats and landed for a stroll: it was so pleasant to have nothing to do and to stoop for shells upon a shining beach.

The boats pulled in different directions, but returned about the same time; they had a common object drawing them back,—a Sunday dinner. The last of our roosters, an old weather-beaten fellow who had crowed alone for weeks around the limited deck, had breathed his last.

They came back and gave me such glowing accounts of the green grass, and of the rustling of the wind through the tall trees, that I longed myself to roll upon the smooth turf, to pick up shells upon the hard sand beach, and to listen to the rustling of the wind through the overhanging foliage. So another party was arranged, and, after the rooster had been attended to, we got into the cutter and pulled on shore. The party consisted of Stevens, myself, and a number of the crew; and we were all armed with carbine and pistol, though not with any idea of hunting. We armed ourselves simply as a means of defence, for Baber and his whole boat's crew had been chased from a pool of rain-water by "some large animal," while two of the captain's men had seen the tail and hind-legs of a tiger. The captain himself had also seen the tracks of deer, hogs, monkeys, and panthers, or tigers, he could not say which; and, as Tanjong-Brekat (the name of the promontory under which we were anchored) was known far and wide as the haunt of
various wild animals, we thought it better to be prepared.

Upon landing, we hauled up the boat above high-water mark, after which Stevens gave orders for all hands to be back by sunset, and cautioned them to keep together as much as possible, as there were known to be both panthers and tigers in the jungle of those large islands. He ended by pointing out the tracks he had seen in the morning, and repeating his caution in regard to their keeping company. The sight of those huge hollows, which had evidently been imprinted since the last tide, caused some of them to glance back at the schooner as they followed a small path that took them through the jungle to the opposite beach: the sight of the tracks had had the desired effect; they kept as close together as the nature of the path would admit.

We now started for a point of the island that was about two miles off, keeping upon the hard sand of the beach, and, with the exception of a few projecting points of rock that caused us to wade through the water, had a cool and shady walk. At the end of a mile we crossed a running stream of cool, fresh water, and, after rounding the point, came upon another. This latter oozed through the sand on our right, and caused us to ascend the elevation to see where it came from. We found a beautiful little pond, into the upper end of which the waters of the low back-land emptied and subsequently worked their way through the sandbank into the sea.

The beach of this pond was of a dark-blue sand, and its inner banks were of a soft and velvet-like turf: the
heavy trees spread their densely-leaved branches over it, and shut out the sun even from its centre. It was not more than a hundred yards in circumference, and its waters were singularly clear and limpid. It was one of the most beautiful little natural basins that I ever saw. It looked so cool and inviting that we took off our heavy boots and waded into it up to our knees. Singular to say, the water was very warm, and we soon found it to be swarming with leeches; — a most admirable specimen of leech, too, if we might judge from the activity with which they attacked us. We got to the beach in a very few strides, and pulled them off from our bleeding feet: they had cut through the skin at the first bite. My journal goes on to say:

"It still wanted a half-hour of sunset when we got back to the boat, and, finding but one man returned, we rolled back on the grass to let the time pass. The men came in slowly, in fours, in threes, never less than in pairs. Two were yet missing, and it was already dusk. We waited until dark, and then began to tremble for their safety. The last three men who had come in now spoke up, saying that they had left them on the other beach some three hours back, and that they were still walking away from the boat when they themselves had struck through the jungle, to return by a shorter cut, as they imagined: that was all they knew about them. They themselves, having got lost in the bushes, had climbed a high rock to sight the beach if possible, and while there had fired a gun in hopes that some one would answer them. Their gun had no sooner exploded than an awful roar had burst out near them, causing a
hurried flight, as they thought, toward the beach they had left, but which fortunately took them to that on which the boat was.

"We now fired several volleys without any answer, save a dismal howl, and returned on board to get more ammunition and prepare for a night's search. We thought they might have retreated to the branches of some tree along the edge of the other beach, and that if we walked up it several miles, firing volleys and shouting, they might hear us and come out. We feared to penetrate the jungle at night: it would have been madness.

"Another half-hour passed and found us again on shore. We were seven able-bodied men, all armed to the teeth, and confident of being able to face even a tiger: we entered the narrow path and crossed the jungle to the opposite beach. We found their tracks and followed them up the beach for an hour or more, keeping as near the water as possible, so as to have a broad, open space between us and any animal that might spring upon us from the jungle, and firing volleys and shouting every ten minutes.

"At the end of this hour's walk we suddenly lost the tracks, and, going back to regain them, found that they led into the jungle. The pale moon came out about this time and showed us a third track, smaller and rounder than the others,—the track of some animal, an animal that had claws. A thrill of horror passed through our hearts as we bent over this last track: it followed the others into the jungle, and the pale moon strove in vain to light us farther; we stopped and trembled.

"About this time one of the men remarked that he
smelt a goat, and another sprang violently from the jungle. We heard a rushing sound, too, like that made by a large animal bursting through the bushes, and the man who had sprung back said, in a faltering voice, that he had seen a tiger. I remembered once hearing Squires say that a tiger smelt like a goat, and felt hope die within me. The captain cast an anxious glance into the dark forest ahead of us, and slowly stepped back to the water's edge. 'Come!' he said; 'there is no use going farther: we will do what we can for them to-morrow.' So we returned on board, and after five hours' sleep were again on the tramp.

"The party was still composed of seven men, and as we struck boldly into the jungle the morning sun gave us but a subdued light,—no ray. We entered in single file, the captain leading and I bringing up the rear,—a most unpleasant station, after I had recalled to mind the fact that a crouching tiger always waits for the last man. I began to feel very brave, and to remark, in a careless manner, that 'officers should always take the lead.' The captain only laughed: he imagined very well what I was thinking about.

"We walked all that day, fired volley after volley, and made ourselves hoarse with shouting: still no answer, save an occasional howl similar to the one we had heard the preceding evening. We killed several ugly, flat-headed snakes, a huge, poisonous-looking lizard, and a small deer: the latter we cooked for dinner. We found the jungle getting thicker and becoming broken by swampy flats as we progressed, and had discovered a leaden-coloured snake that seemed to live coiled round
the branches of the lower bushes just about as high as we usually carried our heads: this was particularly pleasant,—worse even than being the 'last man.' I think of that walk even now and shudder. It was after dark when we reached the schooner; and we returned without hope. Before turning in it was determined to start again on the morrow, leaving but one well man and the sick to look out for the vessel. We thought to find some sign that could determine their fate; at any rate, we could not give them up without another trial.

"The morrow came, and our swelled feet and aching muscles moved us slowly into the boat. We had walked some twenty miles on the previous day, through the dense jungle and miry swamps, and over broken rocks and abrupt elevations, and were hardly fit for another tramp. We had wrung blood from our stockings when we had bathed our feet at dinner-time, and yet sunrise found us again entering the jungle.

"The boat which landed us we sent some miles up the beach, with orders to anchor at a certain point and keep up a regular discharge of musketry until sundown. Three men were detailed for this service, and they were ordered to fire every half-hour.

"The rest of us—ten in number—were fully armed, and carried, in addition to our own provisions, a two-pound tin of meat-biscuit, in case we should find the men in an exhausted state. We now gave up the single-file idea, and tried to spread over a wide area by walking abreast of each other, keeping from ten to twenty paces between each man and the next on either hand; but the utter impossibility of progressing in that style soon demon-
strated itself and forced us back to following in each others' tracks. Stevens, myself, and three men, were now all that were left of the previous day's party; two of them, having been unable to move, were left on board, and the fresh hands who had joined us, with Baber at their head, kept up such a brisk pace that it was with difficulty we could keep company. In the course of a few hours, however, they quieted down considerably and gave us the lead again.

"Suddenly, we were brought to a halt in a most gloomy and unpromising locality; a rough, black, perpendicular wall of granite rose directly in front of us, whose height was probably fifty feet, whose broken front was hung with an ivy-like growth, whose right and left extremes disappeared in a jungle more gloomy and closely packed than ever, and whose partially-visible base was washed by a sluggish and half-stagnant pool. No ray of sunlight reached us there; the most that the vertical sun could do was to diffuse a subdued light like that of a stormy evening. Every thing else was bushes and water and rock.

"We had walked long without water, and, as we stopped on the edge of this pool, which was filled with old leaves and limbs of fallen trees, I stooped down to try its taste and temperature. I soon arose without drinking; for a small, three-inch snake, doubtless alarmed at the disturbance, swam away directly from under my mouth. I was only too thankful that he had not swum into it. I now turned around to look for a leaf large enough to make a cup of, and, seeing one of the men passing some I thought would suit, asked him to pick me one. I then
turned to find a clear place to dip from,—a place in which three-inch snakes would be apparent if there. In the mean time, the rest of the party had been arrested by the wall farther to the left, and were singing out to know if it could be passed on our side. Suddenly, I was staggering sideways toward my rifle with a confused idea that I should have it in my hands, and my face turned toward my companion.

"A scream—such a scream as never before reached me, such a one as I hope never to hear again—was ringing in my frightened ear its painful notes of agonized terror. It drove the tumultuous blood to my startled heart and sent a shivering feeling of despair through my unnerved limbs. It reached our distant friends and was echoed back by their alarmed rally-criy—'A tiger! a tiger!'—and the sound of rushing feet that bore their owners to the doubtful rescue. It was one of those cries of dire extremity, of helpless agony, that drag man to his fellow-man in spite of difficulty and danger and death. I turned upon the scene with levelled gun.

"It was an awful one: the agony of terror is always awful.

"With bent frame and livid and distorted features, a strong man was gripping between his knees a bleeding hand. Terror had almost deprived him of speech and seemed to have shaken his ordinarily stolid brain. He could only rock himself back and forth and mutter, in a hoarse whisper, 'A snake bit me! a snake bit me! a snake bit me!'

"It was a fearful sight. I looked around me for its author, and in my then excited state of mind quailed
before the angry flash of its leaden eyes. The snake was coiled around the half-stripped twig from which I had requested the man to pull a leaf, and, as the branch sprung back and forth after the violent jerking away of the neck in keeping with the motion: his whole appearance was indicative of anger and readiness for further combat. I looked upon its flat head, its leaden body, its hostile eye, and its projecting fangs, and then turned to the bleeding hand. I felt that it was one of the deadly sort, and that a few hours more would probably add another to the missing men.

"By this time I had recovered my presence of mind, and knew that the best thing I could do would be to restore his courage a little, and try to get him to suck the wound. This I proceeded to accomplish by the use of sundry abusive epithets, sprinkled here and there by a sneer at his cowardice, which soon gave him something to think about. I then made him drink a pint of raw gin, and ended by forcing his hand to his mouth and telling him to suck it. He shrank from it at first, but finally commenced, after which he sucked so hard as to bring half the blood of his body into his face.

"I then strove to make light of the whole affair, telling him that people were bitten by snakes every day, and that they never made children of themselves; at which he got quite angry, though the force of habit kept him from replying as warmly as he would have been justified in doing.

"Just see, now, how I will shoot that fellow's head off!" I suddenly exclaimed; and, to give his mind occu-
pation, I commenced blazing away with my revolver, while the snake swung back and forth and watched me with a constant glare. My nerves had been so unstrung that I missed him every time.

"While I was still firing, the captain and the rest of the party came tearing through the jungle, some without their hats and covered with spider-webs, some with rent clothes and cocked guns.

"'Look out!' I cried; 'mind that snake; he's bit Williams, and looks ready for any one else.'

"'Blow him away with your rifle,' said Baber; 'he's swinging about too much for the pistol.' The rest of the party gathered around the wounded man.

"I advanced, and, putting the muzzle within a foot of his head, pulled the trigger. The smoke hung about the thick brushwood for a while and finally passed off. There was no snake to be seen.

"'Hunt for him, boys,' said the captain; 'I want a piece of him to put on Williams's hand.'

"We began peering cautiously into the bushes, moving them aside with our guns and gradually passing in among them. We no longer feared an enemy whom we believed blown in half at least, but thought his mate might be on some other bush. Suddenly one of the men discovered him. 'Stand still, Mr. Habersham!' he exclaimed; 'he's got his eyes on you.'

"I immediately acted upon the caution; I don't think I ever stood so still before. The speaker lifted his cutlass and brought him to the ground with a broken back. I had simply jarred him to another branch with my rifle, and the cutlass that had at last brought him
down had passed within two feet of my head. He now bit furiously right and left, tried the cutlass, which proved rather hard, and finally sank his fangs into his own broken back; and all the while it seemed that his angry, glittering gaze was fastened on me. I could not but wonder if he recognised in me the enemy who had blown him from his first position.

"The captain took a piece of his flesh, bruised it between two knives, and bound it and a piece of tobacco over the wound. Then he told the man, 'There! it's all right now. That'll draw the poison out, I know;' and this gravely-asserted result, combined with the pint of gin, so restored the poor fellow's nerves that he took up his carbine and expressed himself ready to continue the march.

"I never saw a more gloomily-desponding set of faces than those which now looked toward the captain. We were almost certain that our two men had been devoured by wild beasts, and now here was a third bitten by a snake which every one inwardly acknowledged to be poisonous: who could tell when this man would drop in convulsions, or who was to be the next victim? Death seemed to lurk on every hand,—in the lair-like caves of the hill-side, in the water we stooped to drink, in the rotten logs under our feet, even in the foliage that constantly brushed our faces: it was horrible.

"'Come! come!' said Stevens; 'we must be getting along; this is our last chance: we shall be broken down to-morrow.' So we passed on around the right of this massive wall, crossed a small ridge, and commenced the passage of an extensive swamp.

"Hours more passed, and we came out suddenly upon
the beach. We threw down our guns under a large oak-tree and stretched ourselves upon the yielding, moss-like grass. We were pretty well used up, some of the party entirely so: Williams, too, complained more and more of his hand, which was now quite swollen. We ate our cold dinner, laid back drowsily for a half-hour, and then prepared to cross the jungle to the opposite beach, where we hoped to find the boat in sight. One of the men, who had taken off his boots when we first stopped, now went to the beach to wash his bleeding feet before putting them on again. Suddenly we heard his voice:—

"'Here's some Malay boats down the beach, sir!'

"This was a very acceptable piece of information. We had been longing to fall in with some of the natives to offer them a heavy reward for the discovery of the men, if alive, and a moderate one for their bones if dead: we thought they would be more likely to succeed in their native wilds than we.

"Every man sprang to his feet with renewed strength and started up the beach,—some, however, very slowly. Among these latter were poor Baber and our interpreter, the former of whom had been suffering from the jungle-fever for the last month, and the latter of whom, having just left a counting-room, was poorly prepared to stand fatigue. In my anxiety to inquire about the men, I walked rapidly ahead, while the captain brought up the others at a more moderate gait.

"A half-hour's walk under the broiling sun (thermometer at 101° on board the schooner) brought me to the nearest phrau, when, as I could not speak the language, I commenced making friendly gestures. The men who
were poling her along then shoved in to the beach, when one of them strapped on his parang and came forward to meet me. He approached without distrust, evidently regarding his parang as equal to my Sharpe’s rifle, and, after making their usual salam, put his hand on his parang and gazed inquiringly at me.

“I replied to his look by holding up two fingers, then pointing to myself, and finally to the jungle. I wanted him to infer that two of my countrymen were lost in the latter, and he seemed to comprehend at once. He held up one finger, touched his face, and then the brown stock of the rifle; after which he held up a second finger, touched my shirt-wristband, and pointed up the beach. From this I understood that he had seen two men, one white and the other brown, and that they were farther up the beach. Now, as one of the missing men was white, and the other a mulatto, the men he had seen must be those we were in search of; I threw up my cap and gave a whoop that reached the stragglers along the beach and was echoed back by their joyful reply.

“When they came up, Stevens took his seat under a large tree near the jungle, and awaited the approach of ‘the headman’ of the party, who had for some time been running toward us from the more distant phrau. The interpreter stationed himself at his side, and our party in general cast themselves upon the grass for another rest.

“When the headman arrived, he bent on one knee before the captain, made the same salam, and shook his outstretched hand with marked respect. Then he turned to the interpreter and spoke with great volubility for as
much as a minute. This latter soon filled himself with the news, and then commenced the process of disgorging.

"Two of the headman's people, he said, had met the men some miles farther up the beach: they were lost, and knew not which way to turn. Their feet were much swollen and bleeding, their clothes in tatters, and they themselves much exhausted for want of food. They had taken them to their village, given them food, washed their feet, given them a house to live in, and were now on their way to find the vessel to which they belonged. All that they had been able to understand from them were the words 'American phrau' and 'Brikat;' and from those they had concluded that an American vessel was somewhere near Tanjong Brikat. They did not know but that she might be wrecked and in want of assistance: they had come to see.

"Stevens now inquired if there was water off their village deep enough to admit of the schooner visiting it, and, upon being answered in the affirmative, made the headman an offer if he would pilot us around. This was accepted, with the proviso that two of his relatives should be allowed to accompany him, when we at once set out upon our return. One of the natives being sent through the jungle to order the boat to return to the point, the rest of us continued on down the beach, preferring its regular though heavy walking, and the hot sun, to the boggy swamps and confined heat of the jungle. There was a fine breeze blowing outside, but none of it could enter those solid masses of interwoven brushwood.

"On this return-walk we suffered greatly from heat and thirst; so much so, in fact, that Baber and several of the
men gave out, and, throwing themselves down on a shady spot, declared that they could go no farther. Several of us therefore pushed on to the nearest water; and, after satisfying our own thirst, returned with two bottles of it to their relief, after which they exerted themselves, and with occasional assistance reached the boat.

"The total revulsion of feeling which had followed the announcement of the two men's safety was amusing in the extreme.

"'Blast their eyes!' said the man who had torn his clothes in rushing to the snake-scene, (all along it had been nothing but 'poor fellows!' 'poor fellows!') 'I wish I had the nigger by the throat; I'd show him what it is to make white people hunt him through the woods for three days.'

"'I wish he had the rest of that snake shoved down his throat!' continued he who had been bitten, and whose wound had been pronounced poisonous, but not fatal, by the natives.

"'I hope the captain pays fifty dollars each for the kind treatment they've had from the natives, and charges it to their accounts,' put in the man who had started back so violently from the edge of the jungle on the first night of our hunt.

"'Silence!' exclaimed the captain; 'you ought to be thankful that half of us a'n't dead.'"

I will now pass over several pages of my journal until I come to our arrival on board with the headman and his two relatives:

"It was quite late when we reached the schooner, and we experienced considerable difficulty in persuading the
headman to descend into the cabin. After much pressing, however, he commenced by bearing his weight warily upon the first round of the ladder, then stooping down to get a good look at the place he was descending to, and finally reaching the bottom; for five minutes after which he trod as if he were walking on eggs, trembling violently and glancing around in evident alarm. Presently his alarm subsided into admiration, and he began to examine the satinwood bulkheads, the bookcases, the bunks, &c.; and finally, when the interpreter and his two relations were brought down, he became quite self-possessed and talkative. He could not tire of examining every thing. The most ordinary article seemed to excite his curiosity; but that which carried his delight beyond all bounds was the action of a revolver which Baber fired six times in as many seconds and then handed him to examine.

"'Ask him how he likes the cabin,' said Stevens.

"He replied that it was grander than any thing he had ever yet seen. He did not know if he was in a house or on board of a phrau: he should like to bring his father on board very much."

I pass over other pages, and my next extract relates to our visit to their village, off which we anchored that night:

"It struck 8 P.M. as we left the schooner,—the captain, the interpreter, four men, the natives, and myself. Upon arriving at the beach we found the mouth of an extensive lagoon instead of the bamboo houses which we had been led to expect, and, passing through this and crossing the lagoon itself, we came to the mouth of a narrow and
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gloomy-looking creek. Here again we were disappointed: there were still no houses; and, as the boat shot into the dark and gloomy opening, the captain whispered me to shoot the native nearest me upon the first sign of treachery. We began to think that we might be paying a moonlight visit to a nest of Malay pirates.

"We found the creek so full of logs and banks, so dark and so narrow, that we could no longer use our oars: we therefore had to 'point' them and pole the boat against the current. I have remarked that it was moonlight; but then the bushes were so thick, both over and around us, that this luminary might as well have been behind a constant cloud: we could scarcely see the oars with which we were poling. Sometimes the hanging bushes would brush us in the face, or catch the upper ends of the oars as they were lifted up; and upon these occasions I could not but wonder if more than one snake might not coil himself around hanging bushes, and if they might not snap at us as we brushed by, or drop down upon us as the oars struck the branches overhead. It was a most exciting moonlight visit.

"After poling a mile or more through this darkness, we came out upon a little basin, on the right side of which was a bamboo wharf. We landed at this wharf, and, leaving two men by the boat with orders to warn off every one unless they heard English spoken, took the other two and the interpreter, and followed the headman up a broad and winding road, which he said led to the long-looked-for village. We were now well in for it: if there was a trap we had only to make a running fight. This was what we thought as we got farther and farther from the boat; but
we soon found that our suspicions were totally unfounded: they were a village of the most harmless and friendly people that I ever saw, in spite of their being Malays.

"After five minutes' walk we sighted the first house a few yards on our left, and just as this occurred a large dog made a rush at the interpreter and was driven off by our guides.

"'Take care, captain!' exclaimed the alarmed linguist. 'You'd better get sticks, gentlemen: these Chinamen's dogs are very fierce.' And, suit ing the action to the word, he provided himself with a small log—a half-grown tree—and closed up to us, probably to afford us protection. (?)

"We found the village to contain a population of some eighty or a hundred souls, half of whom were Malays and the other half Chinese. They came out in crowds to meet us,—men, women, (very pretty women, some of them,) and children. We shook hands with spasmodic friendship, without regard to age or sex:—we were still in an unpleasant state of doubt as to their true character. We found two styles of houses looming up through the moonlight, one being built on the ground, as is ordinarily the case, and the other elevated on posts to the height of several feet. It was into one of the former of these that we were now ushered with respectful eagerness, and we soon forgot every feeling of distrust.

"Our headman now left us in charge of his Chinese friend and went out in search of his father, with whom he shortly returned and informed us that the wanderers would soon make their appearance. The old Malay
saluted us reverently, and then retreated to the side of his son, of whom he seemed very proud.

"And now, while some bad tea is being drunk without either sugar or cream, as we await the men's appearance, let me condense some of the interpreter's remarks in regard to the mixed people among whom we found ourselves so suddenly thrown."

I will preface this condensed matter by a single observation:—As the Irish and German emigrants turn to this land of America by hundreds and thousands, so turn the Chinese to the fertile shores of the Malay Islands. There is one difference, however: they leave their wives behind them and carry their customs with them. The Malays provide them the former, but retain their own prejudices. The two are often, as in the present case, found living together, sometimes for protection, sometimes for trade: the latter was the case in this their town of Rangou.

The headman of these Chinese spoke as follows, through the interpreter:—"Our village is small. It has only about one hundred and thirty souls. We are equally divided, and each people has its own leader. I am the chief among the Chinese: the headman is the chief among the Malays. We are equal, and are elected every year by the people. The old men give us advice when necessary. Your men were brought here in great distress, and we treated them like brothers until they troubled our women, when we told them they should remain in their house or we would tie them. We tried to do our best. Have we done right?"

The captain replied warmly in the affirmative, adding
he was only sorry they had not fulfilled their threat of tying them when they behaved badly; and, as the men entered at the moment and heard themselves thus con-
demned, they advanced with a most sheepish expression of countenance and waited to be questioned.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourselves?" asked Stevens, severely.

"Got lost, sir. We tried to cross through the woods to t'other beach, and was in them all night," &c. &c. &c. The reader must imagine the rest.

Now came some more hot and tasteless tea; then a general shaking of hands; then the furious barking of dogs; then a dark and dismal poling-match down the winding creek; and finally—the schooner. The next day we were again under way, heading for Gaspar Island, where we filled our water-tanks with rain-water from the cavities of rocks, and finally crowded sail for our port of rendezvous,—Hong-Kong, China,—distant some eighteen hundred miles.

The time passed heavily enough now that we had nothing to do; but two weeks cannot last forever, and we finally found ourselves in smooth water. We en-
tered at night, and our pilot, being a great jackass, allowed us to drift afool of an English vessel's hawse, which gave us work until the change of tide: then we got clear of her and anchored, kicked the offending Celestial into his boat, and turned in for the night.