"And yet she's sharp enough in most things."

"She's acting on the old man's orders, I suspect."

"Probably so. What a hypocrite he is!"

"What about the Patent Ozone Company?" queried Dick.

"As 'bogus' as several of the other concerns he is mixed up with."

"Dempsey and Dyson have both promised to invest."

"Do them good to burn their fingers for once. Make them more wide-awake for the future."

"Do you wish me to invest?" asked Dick.

"You may do so," replied Frank, "to the extent of a couple of thousands."

"But you will lose your money."

"We must delay giving the cheque for a few days. Meanwhile ——"

"Yes — meanwhile?"

"The crisis may come. I'm going to put Pebworth to the proof before many days are over."

"To the proof?"

"If he's the rogue I suspect him to be," said Frank, "he will succumb to the temptation I shall put before him; and then, woe be to him!"

"But if not?"

"In that case, he will denounce me as a rogue, and advise you to have me kicked out of the house."

"And then will come the crisis?"

"Exactly."

"I shan't be sorry," said Dick whimsically, and drawing a long breath.

"Why?"

"I'm getting tired of the berth. There's too much expected of a fellow. The man who earns two pounds a week can afford to be his own master; but the man with eight thousand pounds a year is everybody's slave."

"You must pay the penalty of the position," said Frobisher with a smile.

"Bother the position! say I. Give me impecuniosity and independence. Wayland is by far and away too grand a place for me. Before I have been here six months, I shall be pining for my two-pair back in Soho; for my old black meerschaum, my brushes and palette; and for Polly Larcom to fetch me my stout-and-bitter every morning at eleven."

Dick rose, yawned, and stretched his lanky person. "By-the-by," he went on, "that letter you handed to me this morning was from Bence Leyland. It had been sent on from our old lodgings."

"And what does the dear old boy say?"

"Nothing of importance. Best wishes to you, of course, but apparently has not heard of your good fortune. Expects to be in town in the course of a few weeks. Was glad to see that notice in the *Parthenon* of my picture in the Dudley Gallery, and hopes it may be the means of bringing me a customer."

At this moment, a servant in livery came up to Dick. "A deputation to see you, sir, about the almshouses at Puddlecombe Regis," he said.

Mr. Drummond groaned. "This will be the third deputation within the last ten days." Then turning to the servant, he added: "Tell the gentlemen that I will be with them in a few minutes."

"What have you to be afraid of, man alive?" asked Frank with a laugh. "Promise them to give the matter your best consideration, and get rid of them in that way."

Dick merely shook his head, and without another word, marched off towards the house with a gloomy and preoccupied air.

Frobisher sat down on a garden-chair, and drawing a letter from his pocket, he read it carefully through for the second or third time. His face darkened as he read. "It was a happy thought to put Mr. Gimp's confidential clerk Whiffles on the track of my respected uncle," he muttered to himself as he put away the letter. "But the reality proves to be even worse than I suspected; the shadows of the picture are blacker than I thought they were. And he would inveigle his sister's son — the nephew to whom he professes to be so devoted — into the net in which he has already enmeshed so many victims! O hypocrite! rogue and hypocrite! Not much longer shall the blow be delayed."

From The Leisure Hour.

SKETCHES IN THE MALAY PENINSULA.

BY ISABELLA L. BIRD,

AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS," "UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IT is strange that I should have written thus far* and have said nothing at all about the people from whom this penin-

* ERRATUM. — In chapter ii., page 238, for £260, read $260.

sula derives its name, who have cost us not a little blood and some treasure, with whom our relations are by no means well-defined or satisfactory, and who, if not the actual aborigines of the country, have at least that claim to be considered its rightful owners which comes from long centuries of possession. In truth, between English rule, the solid tokens of Dutch possession, the quiet and indolent Portuguese, the splendid memories of Francis Xavier, and the numerical preponderance, success, and wealth of the Chinese, I had absolutely forgotten the Malays, even though a dark-skinned military policeman, with a gliding, snake-like step, whom I know to be a Malay, brings my afternoon tea to the Stadt-haus! Of them I may write more hereafter. They are symbolized to people's minds in general by the dagger called a *kris*, and by the peculiar form of frenzy which has given rise to the phrase "running amuck."

The great coco groves are by no means solitary, for they contain the *kampongs*, or small raised villages of the Malays. Though the Malay builds his dismal little mosques on the outskirts of Malacca, he shuns the town, and prefers a life of freedom in his native jungles, or on the mysterious rivers which lose themselves among the mangrove swamps. So in the neighborhood of Malacca these kampongs are scattered through the perpetual twilight of the forest. They build the houses very close together, and whether of rich or poor the architecture is the same. Each dwelling is of planed wood or plaited palm-leaves, the roof is high and steep, the eaves are deep, and the whole rests on a gridiron platform, supported on posts, from five to ten feet high, and approached by a ladder in the poorer houses and a flight of steps in the richer. In the ordinary houses mats are laid here and there over the gridiron, besides the sleeping-mats; and this plan of an open floor, though trying to unaccustomed Europeans, has various advantages. As, for instance, it ensures ventilation, and all *débris* can be thrown through it, to be consumed by the fire which is lighted every evening beneath the house to smoke away the mosquitos. A baboon, trained to climb the coco palms and throw down the nuts, is an inmate of many of the houses. The people lead strange, uneventful lives. The men are not inclined to much effort except in fishing or hunting, and, where they possess rice-land, in ploughing for rice. They are said to be quiet, temperate, jealous, suspicious, some say treacherous, and most bigoted Mussulmen. The women are very small, keep their dwellings very tidy, and weave mats and baskets from reeds and palm-leaves. They are clothed in cotton or silk from the ankles to the throat, and the men, even in the undress of their own homes, usually wear the *sarong*, a picturesque, tightish petticoat, consisting of a wide piece of stuff kept on by a very ingenious knot. They are not savages in the ordinary sense, for they have a complete civilization of their own, and their legal system is that of the Koran. They are dark brown, with rather low foreheads, dark and somewhat expressionless eyes, high cheek-bones, flattish noses with broad nostrils, and wide mouths with thick lips. Their hair is black, straight, and shining, and the women dress it in a plain knot at the back of the head. To my thinking both sexes are decidedly ugly, and there is a coldness and aloofness of manner about them which chills one even where they are on friendly terms with Europeans, as the people whom we visited were with Mrs. Biggs.

The women were lounging about the houses, some cleaning fish, others pounding rice; but they do not care for work, and the little money which they need for buying clothes they can make by selling mats or jungle fruits. Their lower garment, or sarong, reaching from the waist to the ankles, is usually of red cotton of a small check, with stripes in the front, above which is worn a loose-sleeved garment called a *kabaya*, reaching to the knees, and clasped in front with gold, and frequently with diamond ornaments. They also wear gold or silver pins in their hair, and the sarong is girt or held up by a clasp of enormous size and often of exquisite workmanship, in the poorer class of silver, and in the richer of gold jewelled with diamonds and rubies. The sarong of the men does not reach much below the knee, and displays loose trousers. They wear above it a short-sleeved jacket, the *baju*, beautifully made, and often very tastefully decorated in fine needlework, and with small buttons on each side, not for use, however. I have seen one Malay who wore about twenty buttons, each one a diamond solitaire! The costume is completed by turbans or red handkerchiefs tied round their heads. In these forest kampongs the children, who are very pretty, are not encumbered by much clothing, specially the boys. All the dwellings are picturesque, and those of the richer Malays are beautiful. They

rigidly exclude all ornaments which have "the likeness of anything in heaven or earth," but their arabesques are delicately carved, and the verses from the Koran, which occasionally run under the eaves, being in the Arabic character, are decidedly decorative. Their kampongs are small, and they have little of the gregarious instinct; they are said to live happily, and to have a considerable amount of domestic affection. Captain Shaw likes the Malays, and the verdict on them here is that they are chaste, gentle, honest, and hospitable, but that they tell lies, and that their "honor" is so sensitive that blood alone can wipe out some insults to it. They seclude their women to a great extent, and under ordinary circumstances the slightest courtesy shown by a European man to a Malay woman would be a deadly insult, and at the sight of a man in the distance the women hastily cover their faces.

There is a large mosque with a minaret just on the outskirts of Malacca, and we passed several smaller ones in the space of three miles. Scarcely any kampong is so small as not to have a mosque. The Malays are bigoted, and for the most part ignorant and fanatical Mohammedans, and I firmly believe that the Englishman whom they respect most is only a little removed from being "a dog of an infidel." They are really ruled by the law of the Koran, and except when the kali, who interprets the law, decides (which is very rarely the case) contrary to equity, the British magistrate confirms his decision. In fact Mohammedan law and custom rule in civil causes, and the imaum of the mosque assists the judge with his advice. The Malays highly appreciate the manner in which law is administered under English rule, and the security they enjoy in their persons and property, so that they can acquire property without risk, and accumulate and wear the costliest jewels even in the streets of Malacca without fear of robbery or spoliation. This is by no means to write that the Malays love us, for I doubt whether the *entente cordiale* between any of the dark-skinned Oriental races and ourselves is more than skin-deep. It is possible that they prefer being equitably taxed by us, with the security which our rule brings, to being plundered by native princes, but we do not understand them, or they us, and where they happen to be Mohammedans, there is a gulf of contempt and dislike on their part which is rarely bridged by amenities on ours. The pilgrimage to Mecca is the great object of ambition. Many Malays, in spite of its expense and difficulties, make it twice, and even three times. We passed three women clothed in white from head to foot, their drapery veiling them closely, leaving holes for their eyes. These had just returned from Mecca.

The picturesqueness of the drive home was much heightened by the darkness and the brilliancy of the fires underneath the Malay houses. The great grey buffalo which they use for various purposes — and which, though I have written grey, is as often pink — has a very thin and sensitive skin, and is almost maddened by mosquitos; and we frequently passed fires lighted in the jungle, with these singular beasts standing or lying close to them in the smoke, while Malays in red sarongs and handkerchiefs, and pretty brown children scarcely clothed at all, lounged in the firelight. Then Chinese lamps and lanterns, and the sound of what passes for music; then the refinement and brightness of the government bungalow, and at ten o'clock my chair with three bearers, and the solitude of the lonely Stadt-haus.

Malacca fascinates me more and more daily. There is, among other things, a mediævalism about it. The noise of the modern world reaches it only in the faintest echoes; its sleep is almost dreamless, its sensations seem to come out of books read in childhood. Thus, the splendid corpse of a royal tiger has been brought in in a buffalo-cart, the driver claiming the reward of fifteen dollars, and its claws were given to me. It was trapped only six miles off, and its beautiful feline body had not had time to stiffen. Even when dead, with its fierce head and cruel paws hanging over the end of the cart, it was not an object to be disrespected. The same reward is offered for a rhinoceros, five dollars for a crocodile (alligator?), and five dollars for a boa-constrictor or python. Lately, at five in the morning, a black tiger (panther?) came down the principal street of Malacca, tore a Chinaman in pieces, and then, scared by a posse of police in pursuit, jumped through a window into a house. Every door in the city was barred, as the rumor spread like wildfire. The policemen very boldly entered the house, but the animal pinned the Malay corporal to the wall. The second policeman, a white man, alas! ran away. The third, a Malay, at the risk of his life, went close up to the tiger, shot him, and beat him over the head with the

butt of his rifle, which made the beast let go the corporal and turn on him, but fortunately he had scarcely got hold of him when he fell dead. The corporal is just coming out of hospital, almost completely paralyzed, to be taken care of for the rest of his life, and the man who rescued him has got promotion and a pension. A short time ago a fine young tiger was brought alive to Captain Shaw, and he ordered a proper cage to be made, in which to send him to England, telling Babu, the "double hadji," to put it into the "go-down" in its bamboo cage; but the man lazily put it into the kitchen, and in the morning the cage was found broken to pieces, the kitchen shutters torn down, and the tiger gone! There was a complete panic in Malacca; people kept their houses shut, and did not dare to go out even on business, and not only was the whole police force turned out in pursuit, but the English garrison. It was some days before the scare subsided, and the people believed that the beast had escaped to its natural home in the jungle.

A tropical thunderstorm of the most violent kind occurred yesterday, when I was quite alone in the Stadt-haus. The rain fell in sheets, deluges, streams, and the lightning flashed perfectly blue through a "darkness which could be felt." There is a sort of grandeur about this old Dutch Stadt-haus, with its tale of two centuries. Its smooth lawns sloping steeply to the sea are now brilliant with the gaudy parrot-like blossoms of the "flower of the forest," the gorgeous *Poinciana regia*, with which they are studded. Malacca is such a rest after the crowds of Japan and the noisy hurry of China! Its endless afternoon remains unbroken except by the dreamy, colored, slow-moving Malay life which passes below the hill. There is never any hurry or noise.

So had I written without prescience! The night of the awful silence which succeeded the thunderstorm was also the eve of the Chinese New Year, and Captain Shaw gave permission for "fireworks" from 7 P.M. till midnight. The term "fireworks" received a most liberal construction. The noise was something awful, and as it came into the lonely Stadt-haus, and red, blue, crimson, and greenish-yellow glares at short intervals lighted up the picturesque Malacca stream and its blue and yellow houses, with steep, red-tiled roofs and balconies and quaint projections, and the streets were traced in fire and smoke, while crackers, squibs, and rockets went off in hundreds, and cannon, petards, and *gingalls* were fired incessantly, and gongs, drums, and tomtoms were beaten, the sights, and the ceaseless, tremendous, universal din made me imagine the final assault on a city in old days. At 1 A.M., every house being decorated and illuminated, the Chinese men began to make their New Year's calls, and at six the din began again. After breakfast the governor drove out in state to visit the leading Chinese merchants, with whom he is on terms of the most cordial amity, and at each house was offered two dishes of cake, twelve dishes of candied and preserved fruits, mandarin tea (the price of this luxury is from 25*s.* to 35*s.* a pound), and champagne from the finest Rhenish vineyards! At eleven all the Chinese children came forth in carriages shaped like boats, turned up at both ends, painted red and yellow, and with white-fringed canopies over them. These were drawn by servants, and in the case of the wealthy, a train of servants accompanied each carriage. It was a sight worthy of a fabled age. The wealth of the East in all its gorgeousness was poured out upon these dignified and solemn infants, who wore coronals of gold and diamonds, stuffs of cloth-of-gold brocade, and satin sewn with pearls, and whose cloth-of-gold shoes flashed with diamonds!

During the morning four children of a rich Chinese merchant, attended by a train of Chinese and Malay servants, came to see Mrs. Shaw. There were a boy and girl of five and six years old, and two younger children. A literal description of their appearance reads like fiction. The girl wore a yellow petticoat of treble satin (mandarin color) with a broad box pleat in front and behind, exquisitely embroidered with flowers in shades of blue silk, with narrow box pleats between, with a trail of blue silk flowers on each. Over this there was a short robe of crimson brocaded silk, with a broad border of cream-white satin, with the same exquisite floral embroidery in shades of blue silk. Above this was a tippet of three rows of embroidered lozenge-shaped "tabs" of satin. The child wore a crown on her head, the basis of which was black velvet. At the top was an aigrette of diamonds of the purest water, the centre one as large as a fourpenny-piece. Solitaires flashing blue flames blazed all over the cap, and the front was ornamented with a dragon in fine filigree work in red Malay gold set with diamonds. I fear to be

thought guilty of exaggeration when I write that this child wore seven necklaces, all of gorgeous beauty. The stones were all cut in facets at the back, and highly polished, and their beauty was enhanced by the good taste and skilful workmanship of the setting. The first necklace was of diamonds, set as roses and crescents, some of them very large, and all of great brilliancy; the second of emeralds, a few of which were as large as acorns, but spoilt by being pierced; the third of pearls, set whole; the fourth of hollow filigree beads in red gold; the fifth of sapphires and diamonds; the sixth a number of finely-worked chains of gold with a pendant of a gold filigree fish set with diamonds; the seventh (what they all wore), a massive gold chain, which looked heavy enough even by itself to weigh down the fragile little wearer, from which depended a gold shield, on which the Chinese characters forming the child's name were raised in rubies, with fishes and flowers in diamonds round it, and at the back a god in rubies similarly surrounded. Magnificent diamond earrings and heavy gold bracelets completed the display.

And all this weight of splendor, valued at the very least at forty thousand dollars, was carried by a frail human mite barely four feet high, with a powdered face, gentle, pensive expression, and quiet grace of manner, who came forward and most winsomely shook hands with us, as did all the other grave, gentle mites. They were also loaded with gold and diamonds. Some sugar-plums fell on the floor, and as the eldest girl stooped to pick them up, diamond solitaires fell out of her hair, which were gathered up by her attendants as if they were used to such occurrences. Whenever she moved her diamonds flashed, scintillated, and gave forth their blue light. Then came the children of the richest Chinaman in Malacca, but the dear little gentle creatures were motherless, and mourning for a mother lasts three years, so they were dressed in plain blue and white, and as ornaments wore only very beautiful sapphires and diamonds set in silver.

It must not be supposed that the Chinese New Year is a fixed, annual holiday lasting a day, as in Scotland and to a minor extent in England. In Canton a month ago active preparations were being made for it, and in Japan nine weeks ago. It is a "movable feast," and is regulated by "the date on which the new moon falls nearest to the day on which the sun reaches the fifteenth degree of Aquarius," and falls this year on January 22nd. Everything becomes cheap before it, for shopkeepers are anxious to realize ready money at any loss, for it is imperative that all accounts be closed by the last day of the old year, on pain of a man being disgraced, losing all hope of getting credit, and of having his name written up on his door as a defaulter. It appears also that debts which are not settled by New Year's eve cannot thereafter be recovered, though it is lawful for a creditor who has vainly hunted a debtor throughout that last night to pursue him for the first hours after daybreak, provided he still carries a lantern!

The festival lasts a fortnight, and is a succession of feasts and theatrical entertainments, everybody's object being to cast care and work to the winds. Even the official seals of the mandarins are formally and with much rejoicing sealed up and laid aside for one month. On the 20th day of the twelfth month houses and temples are thoroughly washed and cleaned, rich and poor decorate with cloth-of-gold, silk embroideries, rich artificial flowers, plants, banners, scrolls, lucky characters, illuminated strips of paper, bunches of gilt-paper flowers, and even the poorest coolie contrives to greet the festival with some natural blossom. There is no rest either by night or day, joss-sticks burn incessantly, and lamps before the ancestral tablets, gongs are beaten, gingalls fire incessantly, and great crackers like cartridges, fastened together in rows, are let off at intervals before every door to frighten away evil spirits; there are family banquets of wearisome length, feasts to the household gods, offerings in the temples, processions in the streets by torch and lantern light, presents are given to the living, and offerings to the dead, the poor are feasted, and the general din is heightened by messengers perambulating the streets with gongs calling guests to the different banquets. When the fortnight of rejoicing is over its signs are removed, and after the outbreak of extravagant expenditure the Chinese return to their quiet, industrious habits and frugal ways.

Just as this brilliant display left the room, a figure in richer coloring of skin appeared — Babu, the head servant, in his beautiful hadji dress. He wore white full trousers, drawn in tightly at the ankles over black shoes, but very little of these trousers showed below a long, fine-linen tunic of spotless white, with a girdle

of orange silk. Over this was a short jacket of rich green silk, embroidered in front with green of the same color, and over all a pure white robe falling from the shoulders. The turban was a Mecca turban of many yards of soft white silk, embroidered in white silk. It was difficult to believe that this gorgeous Mussulman, in the odor of a double sancity, with his scornful face and superb air, can so far demean himself as to wait on "dogs of infidels" at dinner, or appear in my room at the Stadt-haus with matutinal tea and bananas!

This magnificence heralded the Datu Klana, the reigning prince of the native state of Sungei Ujong, his principal wife, and his favorite daughter, a girl of twelve. It had been decided that I was to go to Sungei Ujong, and that I was to be escorted by Mr. Hayward, the superintendent of police, but, unfortunately, I was to go up in the Datu Klana's absence, and one object of his visit was to express his regret. This prince has been faithful to British interests, and is on most friendly terms with the resident, Captain Murray, and the governor of Malacca. During his visit Babu interpreted, but Miss Shaw, who understands Malay, said that, instead of interpreting faithfully, he was making enormous demands on my behalf! At all events, Syed Abdurahman, with truly exaggerated Oriental politeness, presented me with the key of his house in the interior.

This prince is regarded by British officials as an enlightened ruler, though he is a rigid Mussulman. His dress looked remarkably plain beside that of the splendid Babu. He wore a Malay bandana handkerchief round his head, knotted into a peak, a rich brocade baju, or short jacket, a dark Manila sarong, trousers of mandarin satin striped with red, a girdle-clasp set with large diamonds, and sandals with jewelled cloth-of-gold straps. His wife, though elderly and decidedly plain-looking, has a very pleasing expression. She wore a black veil over her head, and her *kabaya*, or upper garment, was fastened with three diamond clasps. The bright little daughter wore a green veil, with gold stars upon it, over her head, and ornaments of rich red gold elaborately worked. The Datu Klana apologized for the extreme plainness of their dress by saying that they had only just arrived, and that they had called before changing their travelling-clothes. When they departed the two ladies threw soft silk shawls over their heads, and held them so as to cover their faces except their eyes.

There are now fifty thousand Malays in the British territory of Malacca,* and the number is continually increased by fugitives from the system of debt-slavery which prevails in some of the adjacent states, and by immigration from the same states of Malays who prefer the security which British rule affords. The police force is Malay, and it seems as if the Malays had a special aptitude for this semi-military service, for they not only form the well-drilled protective forces of Malacca, Sungei Ujong, and Salangor, but that fine body of police in Ceylon of which Mr. George Campbell has so much reason to be proud. Otherwise very few of them enter British employment, greatly preferring the easy, independent life of their forest kampongs.

The commercial decay of Malacca is a very interesting fact. Formerly fifty merchantmen were frequently anchored in its roads at one time. Here the Portuguese fleet lay which escorted Xavier from Goa, and who can say how many galleons freighted with the red gold of Ophir lay on these quiet waters? Now, Chinese junks, Malay prahus, a few Chinese steamers, steam-launches from the native states, and two steamers which call in passing, make up its trade. There is neither newspaper, banker, hotel, nor resident English merchant. The half-caste descendants of the Portuguese are, generally speaking, indolent, degraded with the degradation which is born of indolence, and proud. The Malays dream away their lives in the jungle, and the Chinese are really the ruling population.

The variety of races here produces a ludicrous effect sometimes. In the Stadt-haus one never knows who is to appear — whether Malay, Portuguese, Chinaman, or Madrassee. Yesterday morning, at six, the Chinaman who usually "does" my room glided in murmuring something unintelligible, and on my not understanding him, brought in a Portuguese interpreter. At seven came in the Madrassee, Babu, with a cluster of bananas, and after him two Malays in red sarongs, who brushed and dusted all my clothes as slowly as they could — men of four races in attendance before I was up in the morning! This Chinese attendant, besides being a common coolie in brown cotton

* So I was told, but as the returns of the population of Malacca were not furnished in time for publication in the Colonial Office List for 1882, this estimate cannot be safely relied upon. — I. L. B.

shirt over a brown cotton pair of trousers, is not a good specimen of his class, and is a great nuisance to me. My doors do not bolt properly, and he appears in the morning while I am in my *holoku*, writing, and slowly makes the bed and kills mosquitos, then takes one gown after another from the rail, and stares at me till I point to the one I am going to wear, which he holds out in his hands; and though I point to the door, and say "Go!" with much emphasis, I never get rid of him, and have to glide from my *holoku* into my gown with a most unwilling dexterity.

Two days ago Captain Shaw declared that "pluck should have its reward," and that I should have facilities for going to Sungei Ujong. Yesterday he asked me to take charge of his two treasured daughters. Then Babu said, "If young ladies go, me go," and we are to travel under the efficient protection of Mr. Hayward, the superintendent of police. This expedition excites great interest in the little Malacca world. This native state is regarded as "parts unknown;" the governor has never visited it, and there are not wanting those who shake their heads and wonder that he should trust his girls in a region of tigers, crocodiles, rogue elephants, and savages! The little steam-launch "Moosmee" (in reality by far the greatest risk of all) has been brought into the stream below the Stadt-haus, ready for an early start to-morrow; and a runner has been sent to the resident to prepare him for such an unusual incursion into his solitudes.

Sempang Police-station.

(At the junction of the Loboh-Chena and Linggi rivers, Territory of the Datu Klana of Sungei Ujong, Malay Peninsula.)

Jan. 24. 1 P.M. Mercury, 87°.

We left Malacca at seven this morning in the small, unseaworthy, untrustworthy, unrigged steam-launch "Moosmee," and after crawling for some hours at a speed of about five miles an hour along brown and yellow shores with a broad dark belt of palms above them, we left the waveless, burning sea behind, and after a few miles of tortuous steaming through the mangrove swamps of the Linggi River, landed here to wait for sufficient water for the rest of our journey.

This is a promontory covered with coco-palms, bananas, and small jungle growths. On either side are small rivers densely bordered by mangrove swamps. The first sight of a real mangrove swamps is an event. This *mangi-mangi* of the Malays (the *Rhizophera mangil* of botanists) has no beauty. All along this coast, within access of tidal waters, there is a belt of it many miles in breadth, dense, impenetrable, from forty to fifty feet high, or as nearly level as may be, and of a dark, dull green. At low water the mangroves are seen standing close packed along the shallow and muddy shores on cradles or erections of their own roots five or six feet high, but when these are covered at high tide they appear to be growing out of the water. They send down roots from their branches, and all too quickly cover a large space. Crabs and other shellfish attach themselves to them, and aquatic birds haunt their slimy shades. They are huge breeding-grounds of alligators and mosquitos, and usually of malarial fevers, but from the latter the peninsula is very free. The seeds germinate while still attached to the branch. A long root pierces the covering and grows rapidly downwards from the heavy end of the fruit, which arrangement secures that when the fruit falls off the root shall at once become embedded in the mud. Nature has taken abundant trouble to ensure the propagation of this nearly worthless tree. Strange to say, its fruit is sweet and eatable, and from its fermented juice wine can be made. The mangrove swamp is to me an evil mystery.

Behind, the jungle stretches out — who can say how far, for no European has ever penetrated it? — and out of it rise, jungle-covered, the Rumbow Hills. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the royal tiger, the black panther, the boar, the leopard, and many other beasts, roam in its tangled twilight depths, but in this fierce heat they must be all asleep in their lairs. The Argus pheasant too, one of the loveliest birds of a region whose islands are the home of the bird of paradise, haunts the shade and the shade alone. In the jungle too, is the beautiful bantam fowl, the possible progenitor of all that useful race. The cobra, the python (?), the boa-constrictor, the viper, and at least fourteen other ophidians, are winding their loathsome and lissom forms through slimy jungle recesses; and large and small apes and monkeys, flying foxes, iguanas, lizards, peacocks, frogs, turtles, tortoises, alligators, besides tapirs, rarely seen, and the palandok or chevrotin, the hog deer, the spotted deer, and the sambre, may not be far off. I think that this part of the country, intersected by small, shallow, muddy rivers, running up through slimy mangrove swamps into a vast and impen-

etrable jungle, must be like many parts of western Africa.

One cannot walk three hundred yards from this station, for there are no tracks. We are beyond the little territory of Malacca, but this bit of land was ceded to England after the "Malay disturbances" in 1875, and on it has been placed the Sempang police-station, a four-roomed shelter, roofed with *attap*, a thatch made of the fronds of the *nipah* palm, supported on high posts — an idea perhaps borrowed from the mangrove — and reached by a ladder. In this four Malay policemen and a corporal have dwelt for three years to keep down piracy. "Piracy," by which these rivers were said to be infested, is a very ugly word, suggestive of ugly deeds, bloody attacks, black flags, and no quarter; but here it meant a particular mode of raising revenue, and no boat could go up or down the Linggi without paying black-mail to one or more river rajahs.

Our wretched little launch, moored to a coco-palm, flies a blue ensign, and the Malay policemen wear an imperial crown upon their caps, both representing somewhat touchingly in this equatorial jungle the might of the small island lying far off amidst the fogs of the northern seas, and in this instance at least not her might only, but the security and justice of her rule.

Two or three canoes hollowed out of tree-trunks have gone up and down the river since we landed, each of the inward-bound being paddled by four men, who ply their paddles facing forwards, which always has an aboriginal look, those going down being propelled by single square sails made of very coarse matting. It is very hot and silent. The only sounds are the rustle of the palm-fronds and the sharp din of the cicada, abruptly ceasing at intervals.

In this primitive police-station the notices are in both Tamil and Arabic, but the reports are written in Arabic only. Soon after we sat down to drink fresh cocoa-nut milk, the great beverage of the country, a Malay bounded up the ladder and passed through us with the most rapid and feline movements I have ever seen in a man. His large, prominent eyes were fixed, tiger-like, on a rifle which hung on the wall, at which he darted, clutched it, and, with a feline leap, sprang through us again. I have heard much of *amok*-running lately, and have even seen the two-pronged fork which was used for pinning a desperate amok-runner to the wall, so that for a second I thought that this Malay was "running amuck;" but he ran down towards Mr. Hayward, our escort, and I ran after him, just in time to see a large alligator plunge from the bank into the water. Mr. Hayward took a steady aim at the remaining one, and hit him, when he sprang partly up as if badly wounded, and then plunged into the river after his companion, staining the muddy water with his blood for some distance.

Police Station, Permatang Pasir.
Sungei Ujong, 5 P.M.

We are now in a native state, in the territory of the friendly Datu Klana, Syed Abdulrahman, and the policemen wear on their caps not an imperial crown but a crescent, with a star between its horns.

This is a far more adventurous expedition than we expected. Things are not going altogether as straight as could be desired, considering that we have the governor's daughters with us, who, besides being very precious, are utterly unseasoned and inexperienced travellers, quite unfit for "roughing it." For one thing, it turns out to be an absolute necessity for us to be out all night, which I am very sorry for, as one of the girls is suffering from the effects of exposure to the intense heat of the sun.

We left Sempang at two, the Miss Shaws reeling rather than walking to the launch. I cannot imagine what the mercury was in the sun, but the copper sheathing of the gunwale was too hot to be touched. Above Sempang the river narrowed and shoaled rapidly, and we had to crawl, taking soundings incessantly, and occasionally dragging heavily over mud banks. We saw a large alligator sleeping in the sun on the mud, with a mouth, I should think, a third of the length of his body; and as he did not wake as we panted past him, a rifle was loaded and we backed up close to him; but as Babu, who had the weapon, and had looked quite swaggering and belligerent so long as it was unloaded, was too frightened to fire, the saurian awoke, and his hideous form and corrugated hide plunged into the water so close under the stern as to splash us. After this alligators were so common, singly or in groups or in families, that they ceased to be exciting. It is difficult for anything to produce continuous excitement under this fierce sun, and conversation, which had been flagging before noon, ceased altogether. It was awfully hot in the launch, between fire and boiler heat and solar fury. I tried to keep cool by thinking of Mull, and powdery snow and frosty stars, but it

would not do. It was a solemn afternoon, as the white, unwinking sun looked down upon our silent party, on the narrow, turbid river, — silent too, except for the occasional plunge of an alligator or other water monster, — on mangrove swamps, and *nibong* palms, dense along the river-side, on the blue gleam of countless king-fishers, on slimy creeks arched over to within a few feet of their surface by grand trees with festoons of lianas, on an infinite variety of foliage, on an abundance of slender-shafted palms, on great fruits brilliantly colored, on wonderful flowers on the trees, on the *Hoya carnosa* and other waxen-leaved trailers matting the forest together and hanging down in great festoons, the fiery topic sunblaze stimulating all this over-production into perennial activity, and vivifying the very mud itself.

Occasionally we passed a canoe with a savage crouching in it fishing, but on no other trace of man, till an hour ago we came upon large coco groves, a considerable clearing in the jungle, and a very large Malayan-Chinese village with mosques, one on either side of the river, houses built on platforms over the water, large and small native boats covered and thatched with *attap*, roofed platforms on stilts, answering the purpose of piers, bathing-houses on stilts carefully secluded, all forming the (relatively) important village of Permatang Pasir.

Up to this time we had expected to find perfectly smooth sailing, as a runner was sent from Malacca to the resident yesterday. We supposed that we should be carried in chairs six miles through the jungle to a point where a gharrie could meet us, and that we should reach the Residency by nine to-night at the latest. On arriving at Sempang Mr. Hayward had sent a canoe to this place with instructions to send another runner to the resident; but

> The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley.

The messenger seemed to have served no other purpose than to assemble the whole male population of Permatang Pasir on the shore — a sombre-faced throng, with an aloofness of manner and expression far from pleasing. The thatched piers were crowded with turbaned Mussulmen in their bajus or short jackets, full white trousers, and red sarongs or pleatless kilts — the boys dressed in silver fig-leaves and silver bangles only. All looked at our unveiled faces silently, and, as I thought, disapprovingly.

After being hauled up the pier with great difficulty, owing to the lowness of the water, we were met by two of the Datu Klana's policemen, who threw cold water on the idea of our getting on at all unless Captain Murray sent for us. These men escorted us to this police-station — a long walk through a lane of much-decorated shops, exclusively Chinese, succeeded by a lane of detached Malay houses, each standing in its own fenced and neatly sanded compound under the shade of coco-palms and bananas. The village paths are carefully sanded and very clean. We emerged upon the neatly sanded open space on which this barrack stands, glad to obtain shelter, for the sun is still fierce. It is a genuine Malay house on stilts; but where there should be an approach of eight steps there is only a steep ladder of three round rungs, up which it is not easy to climb in boots! There is a deep verandah under an attap roof of steep slope, and at either end a low bed for a constable, with the usual very hard circular Malay bolsters, with red silk ends, ornamented with gold and silk embroidery.

Besides this verandah there is only a sort of inner room, with just space enough for a table and four chairs. The wall is hung with rifles, krises, and handcuffs, with which a "Sam Slick" clock, an engraving from the *Graphic*, and some curious Turkish pictures of Stamboul, are oddly mixed up. Babu, the hadji, having recovered from a sulk into which he fell in consequence of Mr. Hayward having quizzed him for cowardice about an alligator, has made everything (our very limited everything) quite comfortable, and, with as imposing an air as if we were in Government House, asks us when we will have dinner! One policeman has brought us fresh cocoa-nut milk, another sits outside pulling a small punkah, and two more have mounted guard over us. This stilted house is the barrack of eleven Malay constables. Under it are four guns of light calibre, mounted on carriages, and outside is a gong on which the policemen beat the hours.

At the river we were told that the natives would not go up the shallow, rapid stream by night, and now the corporal says that no man will carry us through the jungle; that trees are lying across the track; that there are dangerous swamp holes; that though the tigers which infest the jungle never attack a party, we might chance to see their glaring eyeballs; that even if men could be bribed to undertake to carry us, they would fall with us, or

put us down and run away, for no better reason than that they caught sight of the "spectre bird" (the owl); and he adds, with a gallantry remarkable in a Mohammedan, that he should not care about Mr. Hayward, but "it would not do for the ladies." So we are apparently stuck fast, the chief cause for anxiety and embarrassment being that the youngest Miss Shaw is lying huddled up and shivering on one of the beds, completely prostrated by a violent sick headache brought on by the heat of the sun in the launch. She declares that she cannot move; but our experienced escort, who much fears bilious fever for her, is resolved that she shall as soon as any means of transit can be procured. Heretofore, I have always travelled "without encumbrance." Is it treasonable to feel at this moment that these fair girls are one?

From Good Words.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

THERE are no sadder landmarks, to prove to us the progress we are making through the afternoon of life, than the graves that appear one by one in our way, opening up at our very feet. In youth, perhaps, we lose as many friends, but the sensation is very different. It is the impassioned grief of personal loss and suffering, or it is the awe with which, out of our flush of life, we witness that silent withdrawal into the unknown, and cessation henceforward of all human sight or knowledge which is incredible till it happens, and even when it happens to another, impossible to realize as likely for ourselves. Later we are more callous, yet far more deeply interested. Our seniors have gone, we stand in the position in which our fathers stood, and it is our comrades who go on disappearing out of the ranks in which we all travel steadily towards that conclusion which every day comes more visibly to a measurable distance. We see the limit of our own horizon as we perceive beyond it how, one by one, our fellow-travellers pass beyond the verge.

There has been in England for many years no name that has been better known that that of Anthony Trollope. Out of the way, and almost closed to all outside intercourse must that house have been into which something from his hand did not tell among the pleasures and expectations of life, or furnish some material for talk, and the drawing forth of individual opinion. The creations of his fancy have been to many of us like friends familiarly known. We have discussed the actions and the motives of those airy nothings to whom he gave not only local habitation and a name, but many of the experiences and difficulties of existence, with a warmth and partisanship which ought to be ridiculous from a common-sense-point of view, but is not ridiculous at all, considering that half the persons we meet in life are less real and less interesting than these beings of the imagination. In this way the novelist becomes the acquaintance of all the world. We are thankful for his company not only when all is well with us, but when we are sick or sorry, and shut out less familiar friends. This is true even of the poorer professors of the art, but how much more of him in whose works there was always a true reflex of the actual existence in which he took a manful share — not that of a scholar in his study, but of a living and energetic member of the society he described. Mr. Trollope was no specialist, to use a word which has not much acceptance with the English mind, yet in literature has always given its professors a decided advantage. He was not a philosopher like George Eliot, nor a humorist like Thackeray. His mind did not concentrate upon any individual view of existence, nor was there that relation between the different parts of his work which some great novelists have aimed at. We might almost say that his selection of subjects was accidental, and that he took whatever came uppermost with a general sense of capacity to deal with what he took up, rather than a particular impulse within to search into the depths of human motive, or to discover its endless discrepancies and shortcomings. He was a story-teller rather than an analyst or moralist, although no man ever took more pains to show the way in which the mind justified to itself a certain course of action. Wherever he held his lantern there came into light within its circle a little world, a microcosm, with everything going on in little which goes on at large in the universe. Spots that had been dim before thus came into sight, all throbbing with life and motion. When he did concentrate the light the illumination was worth almost as much as the best, and Barchester comes in many points little short of the streets and booths of Vanity Fair. But though he did not always do this, he

was always capable at a moment's notice of clearing a little plot around him from out the undiscovered, and showing us groups as animated, as restless in their busy preoccupations, loving and hating and pursuing their personal objects with the ease and unconsciousness of real life.

It would be vain to calculate what Mr. Trollope might have done had he been shut up, by nature and circumstances, within one circle, and left us only the half-dozen stories which embody the history of Barset, with the more careful elaboration which leisure and concentration would have given. Our own opinion is that every artist finds the natural conditions of his working, and that in doing what he has to do according to his natural lights he is doing the best which can be got from him. But it is hopeless to expect from the reader either the same attention or the same faith for twenty or thirty literary productions which he gives to four or five. The instinct of nature is against the prolific worker. In this way a short life, a limited period of activity, are much the best for art; and a long period of labor, occupied by an active mind and fertile faculties, tell against, and not for, the writer. It is a sort of foregone conclusion that the man who does little is likely to do that little better than the man who does much. Mr. Trollope has suffered from this natural and by no means unjustified prejudice. He has been discussed since his death with a certain condescension and careless praise, as if the industry and regularity which were so conspicuous in him, and which are so meritorious in a moral point of view, were his chief qualities. But those individual characteristics have in reality no more to do with the grounds upon which a true estimate of Mr. Trollope's genius is to be formed, than would have been the case had he been idle and irregular instead, turning day into night, and producing nothing except under the pressure of the printer's devil at the door. We have all heard of such in the history of literature, and curiously enough the public mind is more disposed to judge them favorably than it is to acknowledge the claims of those who pursue the literary profession with the same devotion and steadiness which is necessary in every other. We do not know how to account for the caprice of the ordinary standard on this point. In every other craft, however it may be dependent upon the higher gifts, the close and constant labor of the workman is put to the credit of his work. Not even the painter, the nearest parallel we can think of, is expected to wait for special inspiration or damned with faint praise as "industrious" and "meritorious," because he works a certain number of hours a day. But up to the present moment this is still the familiar thing to say of Mr. Trollope. It might have been said of Scott, who, indeed, has gone through many phases of critical disapproval on the same ground — and in such company our story-teller need have little objection to go down to the judgment of posterity.

What posterity may say seems a thing of which no generation can justly judge, few things in the world being more remarkable than the way in which contemporary judgments are annulled, the lofty abased, and the lowly exalted by the progress of time and the gradual consolidation of human opinion. But we feel well assured that the group of novels upon which Mr. Trollope's fame chiefly rests will survive as one of the most complete and true pictures of English life in our age, from which our grandchildren may learn the fashion of our living. The "Chronicles of Barset" are more true to general English society than had they been devoted to those impassioned and tragical impersonations of human character which give a higher poetic value to the works of one of Mr. Trollope's contemporaries, or to those extraordinary renderings of a typical form of the lower life which have made the fortune of another. The extraordinary force of such portraiture as that of Rosamond in "Middlemarch," or, in still higher lines, of Tito in "Romola," detracts by its very grandeur from the proportions of the surrounding groups, which would be more than human were they all capable of such heroic treatment. In the same way, though with a wonderful difference, Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp destroy the unity of any picture, by absorbing to themselves whenever they are present the attention of the reader, who takes up the books in which they appear, for them and not for any other qualities in the tale. Thus both on the higher and lower levels, these great writers, while furnishing what nobody but themselves could furnish, in the way of individual creation, are less fair and sound historians of English life in the general than the man whose lesser genius produced no such intense light, but shed an equable illumination upon the secondary heights and hollows, and set before us one with another the great and small, the common and the noble, the beautiful and the