

1854
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NARRATIVE

OF A

JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

COMPRISING

A WINTER-PASSAGE ACROSS THE ANDES TO CHILI; WITH A VISIT TO
THE GOLD REGIONS OF CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA,
THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, JAVA, &c

Friedrich.
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CHAPTER V.

HUNTING IN JAVA.

I do not think there is a better country for game, even the United States not excepted, than Java, upon the face of the earth. The interior of Africa I have not seen yet. I have hunted a great part of my life, and in the most different parts of the world—from the bear-hunt in the Mississippi swamps, down to the partridge-shooting in our own country—but I never saw such a quantity of game together in one small district, and surrounded by habitations, as in Java; and particularly in the Treanger Regentschappen—a district celebrated for game.

A year ago, his Excellency the Lieutenant-governor had a large hunt arranged there in the Bandong flat, with, I believe, forty or fifty Europeans with guns, and three or four hundred mounted natives; and they killed—shot and slaughtered—something better than nine hundred head of deer, in not much more than three hours' time, after the hunt had commenced.

After I had been a short time in Bandong, having recovered a little from the faint of the first evening, the Regent very kindly offered me horses and men to take a hunting excursion. As I did not know for what use a perfect multitude of servants followed a white man each time he put his feet in the stirrups, or stepped into a carriage, I did not say a word; but started one morning out to hunt, as if going to lead a small army into battle. But if we had begun with a multitude—and my guide grinned when I asked him if they should all go with us, nodded and said there were some more coming, for he thought I had not enough—there was at every house we passed some addition to our train; our guide hallooing a few words, and one of the poor fellows, as it seemed, had to follow, whether he felt any inclination for hunting or not.

I am sorry I have not room to give the reader a full description

of the hunt, though there was certainly a great deal of novelty and fun and a fair share of genuine sport in it. The second day we made a trip into the mountains to kill a rhinoceros, and had rather a tedious ride through the wiry alang-alang—a kind of grassy reed—without seeing more than the traces of these powerful animals, and those of an old tiger. I was very much pleased with my party, though I could not understand a word they said; only my chief guide—who was, as I heard afterward, the gunsmith and general factotum of the Regent—speaking Malay; the rest conversed in that dreadful Sunda language. Wanting to ask something of one of them, I had to take the guide for an interpreter, murder, as far as I could, the Malay; and squeeze out of him afterward the answer.

Going out three times for deer, twice in the morning and once in the evening, I shot five stout and splendid stags—two of them with beautiful horns—which I took with me. Wild boars were there also in great numbers, but I never fired a shot at them, though they stopped sometimes half a minute within twenty paces of me. I wanted some pretty deers' horns, and could do nothing at all with the hogs, since the natives, as good Mussulmen, do not eat them; but are very fond of deer's meat.

Snipes—the small kind, and one which on the wing resembles exactly that of Louisiana, in North America—I saw in flocks; while wading through the swamp, they darted up right before me, with their peculiar chirping sound, flew about twenty paces, and alighted again, always in sight, from where I was standing. With a good double-barreled gun I could have engaged to kill a dozen in half an hour.

The country round here, inclosed by the high rising hills on three sides, and only open toward the little town of Bandung, consisted of a wide swamp or reed brake, cut up frequently by little creeks or branches, filled at the present season, and making me wade not unfrequently up to the shoulders in water, to cross them; once wet, however, you do not mind such a trip. Taking up your gun, powder, and caps—it is as well, at the same time, to keep your paper-money in a little pouch round your neck—in you drop, for it can not be more than swimming; and on the other bank you have only to shake yourself like a dog, to be fit for use again.

Still I think I was trusting rather too much to my strong con-

stitution; for not only was I in the wet all day, under a tropical sun—I had once given my white straw-hat to one of the men, to keep for me while I was trying to creep up to an old deer, which not coming within shooting distance, I, unwilling to give up, had followed for better than two miles without any thing on my head, not even a handkerchief, with the sun, in the morning at ten o'clock, shining full upon me. But I never felt the least inconvenience, except maybe a little headache in the evening.

Sometimes the rhinoceros comes down into this level; and the English officer, with the American merchant, who had hunted here a few days before me, came within fifty yards of such an old fellow, without knowing what it was—at least, without firing.

But determined at least to get in sight of a rhinoceros, and see such hunting, after I had killed five deer, I decided on going back to Bandong, and start up to the north, where there was the best hunting-ground for these animals, as nearly every body assured me.

Mr. Philippeau had sent out the day before a couple of men to look for rhinoceros' signs, and these coming back during the evening, gave the most satisfactory account; assuring us there were also some gangs of bantings (wild cattle) over there, and that a male rhinoceros had been frequently seen in company with one of the wild cows.

Do not talk of the scandal of our cities; of slandering neighbors, and innocent people, at the coffee or tea-table—what of that, if the rhinoceros up in the mountains is not safe from similar calumnies?

Starting in the afternoon, I had one of the finest rides imaginable. The vegetation of this part of the mountain, it being a neighboring peak to the Tancuban Prow, but more elevated, surpassed in grandeur every thing I had seen. The arboraceous ferns grew here better than forty feet in height, shaking their fine feathered crowns over a world of wild pisangs; while here principally the Orchidaceæ and air plants commence, filling every space with vegetation, frequently up to the highest branches, with their long, juicy, often singularly formed blades and leaves, and flower bunches. The trunks of the trees are completely covered with moss, and so is the ground, where the grass allows it to grow out, so as not to leave sometimes one single spot, be it

ever so small, where the eye could detect the color of the bark or the naked soil. Where we came across the first rhinoceros' tracks, the ground did become visible; the powerful animal having stamped down every thing before it, so as to break sometimes a perfect path through thickets which would have been impassable without.

Tracks and dung we saw frequently that afternoon; the former taking almost invariably the appearance of a small trail, and some of the later being quite fresh; but we could not get in sight of one of the animals, neither rhinoceros nor banting, till we reached the little mountain lake which had been named to me as the central point of all the game up here, where we recognized, but on the other shore, a small gang of bantings feeding upon a green and open sward.

My guide—and I had this time six men with me, though I wanted but one—answered my hurried question, if we could not go round the lake either by one side or the other, for it was scarcely three miles in circumference, with a very determined "trada" (no); but seeing me fully resolved to swim across, if I could get over in no other manner, he promised to lead me to a path or track where it might be possible; and starting now only with two men, leaving the rest at the bank, urgently desiring them to make no noise, and keep as much out of sight as possible, we entered the wild woods of the most powerful vegetation imaginable—pressing on though as quickly and silently as we could.

But it was of no use. I shall not tire the reader with the long search after the cattle. It was raining at the time, and we had to wade sometimes up to our middle in swamps, and through gullies; so that if I had swam that lake, I could not have got more wet. Night was now setting in—and night comes quick in these climes—so retreating as fast as we could to a place where in former times hunters had built a shed, part of the roof of which was lying on the ground, we crawled under, and passed rather an uncomfortable night.

The Malay I had taken with me for my guide, and who was said to be a great hunter, I always called Peter—for I could not remember his name—had not shown himself last night to advantage; choosing, therefore, another out of the crowd, I kept him and Peter with me, sending the rest, forcibly, as Peter pre-

tested against it, home. I always found the greatest difficulty to get rid of such retainers.

Passing round the lake again, and hugging it as close as possible, to keep out of the great thickets—having to wade now and then one of these innumerable sloughs and rain-branches which came gushing continually from all the hills around into that little mountain lake—we looked for a fresh rhinoceros' track and soon found one, where the animal, as it seemed, could not have passed more than a few minutes.

The morn had been clear and bright, no cloud was seen in the sky, but a thick fog lay low upon the woods, sinking down as it were into the ground, the higher the sun rose; but the bushes were as wet as they could be, and the heavy clear drops hung upon them like rows of pearls, soaking us, while pressing through them, just as badly, perhaps worse, than the most heavy rain. I did not care about getting wet, but I was anxious to keep the gun dry while holding the lock under my arm, and the muzzle, as far as the bushes would let me, downward.

We had not long marched in this way—now crawling under some dripping limbs, now avoiding a thicket of ratan, the Bengal cane, with its impenetrable vines and threatening thorns—now jumping into a slough, and wading across, to climb up a steep clayey bank, when we struck another perfectly fresh trail, not to be mistaken, for it looked like a well-beaten path through a thicket. The powerful animal had passed as it seemed, with us along the margin of the lake—sometimes, as if feeding, turning up a short distance toward the hill, and then returning again, till we lost the track into the lake, into which this, as well as the former animal had passed, and was not to be followed among deep water and a large and havy growth of reeds.

Giving it up at last, we looked out for another trail, which we soon came upon, where two of the clumsy brutes had passed through the brushwood, breaking every thing before them. Peter told me (and I have reason to believe it) that the thinness of the bushes close to the lake, was owing to these heavy animals stamping the under-growth down into the ground, without giving it time to grow up again to a thicket.

For some hundred yards these two animals followed the margin of the lake, and I began to fear they would take to it; but presently we found the trail run off toward the mountain, and I was

sure now to come, at least, in sight of a rhinoceros. But, bless my heart! how these two fellows traveled up and down the slopes; crossing cut-up gullies, sometimes fifteen feet deep, by breaking down the soft clayey banks, and following the water-course, till they came to a place where they could leave it again. The farther we came up on the hill, the more thick and wild the vegetation became; and sometimes I crossed places we would not have been able to pass, had not a rhinoceros broken the path for us. Losing the track would have been impossible—unless we chose to leave it.

We followed so long, that Peter at last got tired, and assured me it was useless to proceed any further, we could not come up with the animal; but I told him if he thought so, to stop where he was, and I would go by myself—if he heard me shoot he could easily come up. But he was rather ashamed to do this, I think, and after consulting a few seconds with the Sunda man, while I went on, not to lose time, I heard them coming after me—Peter groaning as loud as he could, evidently greatly dissatisfied with the chase.

The vegetation here was really magnificent, but I had no time now to look at it, or spend a second in any thing but the chase—the vegetation did not run away, but the rhinoceros did; and so passing beauties many a botanist would give his *little finger* only to see, I pushed on, heedless over what ground the animals went, and only once in awhile taking notice in which direction we proceeded, so that if I should lose my companions, I might not lose myself.

I had followed the two monsters for about an hour or more, with not a dry thread upon me; when reaching a little knob, right in the midst of one of the most powerful thickets, I voluntarily grasped my gun—not twelve yards distant before me, I heard a sharp and loud sounding noise resembling the sound a frightened stag gives in the woods, only far, far louder, more like the escape-pipe of a steamboat. While watching the track, I had not looked upon the bushes; and there, so close before me, that I could have thrown my cap upon the huge mass of flesh, I recognized—only half hid in the thick and drooping foliage of the bushes—the immense dark body of one of the old fellows I had been after since yesterday. I could just distinguish the outlines of the huge bulk of this rhinoceros when seeing his head turned

toward me, as if to make out what little creature had been daring enough to follow him to his mountain fastness, I raised my gun and pulled trigger.

So much for percussion caps in wet weather, which have not a little copper-plate over the white substance inside—snap, said the right, snap said the left barrel, as the cocks struck without igniting the caps; and nearly at the same moment, Peter's gun—a double-barreled fowling-piece—at some distance behind me in the bushes, went off by itself, I expect, for I heard the ball strike a tree close by rather high. The rhinoceros, hearing the strange clicking sounds, and the crack of the gun, blew as if with a trumpet, and commenced stamping the underwood down under its feet.

I looked round quickly for a tree—for I did not expect any thing else, after the dreadful tales they had told me about the animal, but to see it come rushing upon me—to stamp me under foot—observing one about ten yards distant, I thought I would reach it, and await the result. But the monster came not; he seemed intent only on amusing itself with smashing the bushes as if clearing out an improvement for himself.

My first thought was to clean the tubes and have another aim at the animal, but remembering that one barrel of Peter's gun was still loaded, I looked around to make him come up to me. But where was Peter, or his companion? Taking the alarm, I think, as soon as the rhinoceros began to rear and tear, they had fled to some place of security. I had no choice but to take out my turnscrew, in sight of the enemy, and use it—always ready, though, at a second's warning, to fly to the nearest tree, should the animal make a motion to have a stamp at me. But the rhinoceros, apparently far too peaceable a customer to have any such ideas, gave me a last look, and dashing again into the bushes, soon disappeared, leaving me pricking away at my tubes, raving mad, to get them open again, so as to be able to pour in some fresh dry powder. I did it as fast as I could, of course; but it took me at least five minutes; and now nothing was left me but to push on after the flying game.

There were two of them, and they seemed to choose nearly impassable thickets, breaking down old logs and trunks like reeds. Away we went, through branches and sloughs—I following in a monstrous rage at not being able to come up with them; the

giant beasts, just rolling along, as it seemed at their common pace to get out of harm's way. Several times I was near enough to hear them blow, when they got the wind of me, but I never halted a minute to ascertain their exact direction, as I had only to keep the trail, rush down the slope, and storm them up. All my efforts were in vain—the ground was so rough I could not get nearer, at least not in sight of them; and only by following down hill, as it seemed, upon reaching a little more open wood, I gained on them just enough to come in sight of the black hide of the hindmost.

I had heard that they rushed invariably upon the hunter if they were wounded; but not in a humor just then to consider what they might do, after I had shot, I raised my gun at the first chance, knowing that the next moment would bury them behind the thick curtain of the bushes; and pulling trigger, this time at least I could hear the ball strike the black hide, penetrating it of course, as I shot pointed slug balls, which go through nearly any thing.

Holding back the second barrel—for I really did think the wounded and enraged animal would come and call for it—I stopped a moment; but no—it never thought of turning round, and simultaneously with the shot, I heard the two animals breaking through the bushes like a small hurricane. *This did not last long*—I heard a heavy splash in the water; and, a hundred yards farther, I stood on the margin of the lake I had started from.

To follow into that was out of the question, even if I had not been entirely knocked up. I listened awhile, and could hear the heavy animals in the water; but the reeds were too thick to allow a look; and after a while, all was quiet again. Whether they had gone out on the other side, which, I think, was most probable, or had retreated to some shallow spot in the reed-bed, I know not. When every thing was quiet, I threw myself down in the tracks of the beasts, wet as I was, to take breath again, and rest a few minutes.

A full hour I think I had lain there, before my guide Peter came up, with the Sunda man, and catching sight of my figure on the ground, he stopped at first suddenly; but finding me looking at him and laughing, he rushed up, expressing in the most lively acclamations and gesticulations his joy to find me alive and well. It was useless to assure him I had not been in the least

danger, the rhinoceros having been even more frightened than himself—or at least just as much—he shook his head significantly, and remarked that I owed all to my good fortune, and his not having lost his presence of mind in that deciding moment; for his firing off his gun at the animal had frightened it away from me, which had he not done, the monster would have thrown itself upon me, and most decidedly my life would not have been worth, in such a case, so much as a doit.

The rascal, after having discharged his gun so as to endanger my life, and that from behind the hill where he could not even see the rhinoceros, was now ready to swear that he had saved it with that random shot.

But as it was of no use to stay longer up here in the mountains, as the rain-clouds were beginning to wet every thing—even my powder—I determined to give up the chase as a bad job.

Our path lay again round that lake, and I had time enough now to notice the extraordinary vegetation of these mountains; exceeding even the hot and sultry swamps of the Mississippi and Red River. There was not a single spot to be seen, from the ground we trod, up to the highest top of the trees, uncovered by some vine or moss; the latter in particular, close to the lake, and in some parts of the bottom, appeared in perfectly palm-tree forms, in miniature. The little moss stems rose some four or five inches high, in straight, completely naked, wooden stems, spreading out at the top their moss leaves as beautifully as the fern-palms, and looking, with the mossy underwood, like little fair forests. Those air plants, also, growing upon the trunks and branches of other trees, appeared in inconceivable beauty and magnificence all around. In large clusters their strange-looking flowers were hanging down from the different trunks, their broad, grassy blades sometimes rising from the bend of a tree, straight up, and giving it the appearance of some singular-shaped palm tree, with its feathery crown and foliage-covered limbs, striking out to the right and left.

From some such plants, perfect bunches of flowers, in the brightest red and yellow colors, were swinging down; on others, single blue and grayish blossoms were hanging with a large purple spot, like sparkling beads; and wild vines were stretching over their living and flower-decked arms from one tree to another, hanging down here in large garlands and festoons, or climbing

up there to the highest top of a tree, to twine itself around it like a crown. Not one single spot was uncovered, or bare, except where a rhinoceros had put its foot, stamping every thing down before it; not only crushing the plants or smaller bushes, but burying them into the ground.

That afternoon late, I reached Lembang, to start next morning to the lower lands of Bandung.

Mr. Philippeau had bought a grown tiger lately from the natives, who had caught it in a trap, and kept it in a small wooden cage; but the animal becoming so unruly, and the cage being not over strong, he feared it might break out some night, and wished to shoot it. The caged beast was at the same time extremely wild and restless, particularly at night, roaring and howling, so as to make it almost impossible to reach the place after dark in a carriage, as the horses refused to go near the place. So this morning was to see its execution, and the natives collected around in large numbers, to witness the sport. But when the shot was fired, and we went to open the cage, they all broke in different directions, for fear the thing might be alive—my hero Peter being one of the first.

Peter was, in fact, a character: after having come in, extremely vexed with my refusal to travel with a parcel of lazy and good-for-nothing natives in my wake all the time, and having galloped by myself back to Lembang, not wanting a man even to show me the way; he next morning gave Mr. Philippeau an exact account of our hunting expedition, complaining how foolishly and carelessly I had exposed my body to the rage of the animal, and how he, just at the decisive moment had saved my life; he concluded by asking for one roopiah.

It was not dear, it is true, but he did not get even that for such a service—ungrateful world as it is!

While writing this, I have received a letter from Batavia proving the rhinoceros to be not always such a quiet animal. A friend of mine there says, dating from the 28th of November, 1852, just a year after my hunt: "Speaking of Bandung, I must let you know what has happened lately with a rhinoceros, to show you what could have been your fate here. A company of Batavian hunters had found the tracks of a rhinoceros, and determined to drive the animal. A macador, one of the small native chiefs, asked permission to be present at the hunt; and the rhinoceros

coming out just where he stood, frightened him so, that he did not dare to shoot. The monster running up to him, wounded him so badly, that he died a few hours after, and badly hurt another native also. The enraged animal attacked next day an aren-palm, the tree from which the sugar is taken, in which a native was sitting to get his palm wine. The man, frightened, threw down the small fruit of the palm upon the animal, irritating it still more; and there is no doubt it would have rooted up the tree had not the Javanese thrown down one of those immense fruit-grapes of the aren, which, falling upon the rhinoceros, he appeared to think it was the man, for he stamped the bunch under his foot, tore it to pieces, and passed on. But even on the next day a third fell a sacrifice to individual rage, being literally torn to pieces, and at last crushed under his feet."

While I was opening the tiger's hide, to strip him of it, the natives came cautiously nearer, and Peter asked me to cut the animal open, and let him have the heart—he did not want it for himself, he said, only for some of his friends; and as there was nothing to be done with the meat or heart either, I cut the tiger open, and offered him the wished-for piece. But, bless me, how eagerly they all grasped at it! There was nearly a fight about that little piece of meat; and Peter never would have brought a bit of it away, had he not offered to divide it. Cutting half of it into small pieces, he gave most of the by-standers one, and disappeared with the remainder. As I heard then, there is a superstition connected with the heart of the tiger, making those who eat of it, as fearless and courageous as the animal is said to be. That being really the case, Peter was perfectly right to take half of the heart, for himself, for he needed it badly.

They say the best cages for tigers are made of the wood of the aren palm-tree, as it breaks off in splints as soon as the animal takes hold of it with its teeth, and sticks into its mouth.

The same morning, the Assistant-resident of Bandong, with the Regent, was going to pass here, returning from an official visit to some of the neighboring districts. With them I had a very good chance of returning to Bandong; so packing up my things, I was soon ready, and taking leave of Mr. Philippeau, who had received me with unbounded hospitality, and with whom I had passed a very pleasant time, I started in the most wonderful train I had ever formed part of in my life.

The Resident, as well as the Regent, never goes upon any journey without having a train of followers—the latter, commonly, a very large one—and now being both together, they had a perfect crowd of such customers; I never saw a more motley group of courtiers in my life than those mounted gentlemen of honor.

In India it seems people judge their superiors, or men in general—for every native does the same if he gets a chance—by the swarm of useless people he carries with him. We find similar traits in Scottish history, and have a faint likeness to it in the orders and titles of Germany and France; but I had never before seen such a motley swarm as collected round our carriage when we started. Some of them were in sarongs and jackets, some had only their headkerchiefs on; some wore a cap, I shall never forget, but do not know how to describe; it looked very much like a kind that had been fashionable about fifteen or twenty years ago in our country—with a very round and high head, consisting of eight parts sewed with a thick seam, and a flat button on the top, and guarded in the front by a very large screen, which stuck straight out in front about ten inches. They had this cap pushed back, so that the screen was sometimes standing perpendicular, which made them look extremely funny.

At a short distance from Lembang the train, madly dashing on, came to the edge of the mountain, which slopes off here into the valley rather steep, and I thought they would come directly to a dead halt, and go slower—but no such thing. From both sides of the road dark figures rose up I had not noticed till then; and trailing a large and strong rope behind them, they fastened, while the carriage was going at full speed, the end of this behind, and clinging to it, all at once, went dragged down the hill—throwing their legs all the while as if they were going to shake them off, but stopping the progress of the carriage materially. We had run about a mile with this living tail, when we approached some bamboo huts, where another gang of natives came, cowering, half-crawling toward the wagon, as if they were going to stop the horses. And sure enough, when we came near they made a rush at the carriage, just as if they were going to enter it; but their aim being only the rope behind, the next minute they hung on, relieving the first gang, which let go, and went sneaking away in deepest devotion, half prostrate, and even in that attitude dodging the horses of our retinue.

But the most extraordinary specimens of our whole troupe were two horsemen, that took, as it seemed, the lead, keeping a good way ahead, and warning, most probably, the population of what was coming, that they might get in time upon their marrow bones. These were two native hussars, in red uniforms, with yellow facings and lace, but in every other respect as wild and dangerous-looking as the rest. Their uniforms were of the coarsest red woolen stuff, with ornaments of light yellow wool; the dress, too, was rather the worse for wear, the starboard one being out at his larboard elbow. They were bare-footed, of course; not with the kerchief upon their heads, but wearing the high shakko, commonly worn by hussars, with a bunch of red-colored horse-hair hanging down in front. In their hands they bore a long unwieldy instrument—I thought a lance at first, but soon found out that it was a state umbrella, with a long, silver-mounted handle; the whole being about eight or ten feet high. These two were taking the lead, the carriage following, while the mounted swarm of all colors of horses and faces, with the long tail of natives at the rope behind, came rushing after.

As soon as we reached the low and flat country, where it was no more necessary to hold back the carriage, they unfastened the rope, and squatting down on their haunches, right in the middle of the road, let the horsemen pass on both sides of them. A few minutes afterward they were out of sight; but to my utter astonishment I saw two more hussars in front, exactly, to the smallest details (even, it is astonishing to relate, to the hole in the elbow of one), the same as the former—only, the color was green, with red facings and lace, this time. Where they had come from, I did not know, but there they were, and on we madly rushed, down into the Valley of Bandung.

The scenery here was magnificent; from the very top of the mountain, rice-fields commenced, and the little bamboo habitations showed at least the banana or pisang, and the shaddock; farther down the more tropical fruits commenced again; and on approaching the plain, the stately cocoa-nut trees rose above the low cozy huts, shaking their dew upon the roof.

My time was too short to stay long in this beautiful spot, though I was invited nearly by every planter there to see his plantation; each treating me with as much kindness as if I had been a near and long-expected relation; not a mere stranger,

dropping as from the clouds upon their fair island ; in particular, Mr. Visher, the Assistant-resident, nearly made me forget that I was not at home.

In fact, my short stay in Java I could hardly call a journey ; all my hardships, all my privations were over, and my rambles amidst that beautiful scenery, enjoying a life so luxurious, seemed more a pleasure trip than any thing else.

I reached Batavia again without any accidents, visiting only a small lake nearly upon the highest ridge of the Megamendong—an old crater, now filled with water, which was hid up in a perfect wilderness of flowers, fern-palms, and the large beautiful foliage of these regions. But I have no room left for a description of all the beauties I saw ; scene so crowded upon scene, I should want volumes to give a minute description of those vegetable riches.

In Lembang I had met an English gentleman, a painter, who had come over here from Bengal, and was returning very sick from a tour over the mountains. He could not bear to ride in a carriage, and had natives to carry him. I overtook him in Tjanjor Hotel, and was sorry to find in him another specimen of those Englishmen who travel in the world with a pocket full of money, but not the least knowledge of any language but their own. This traveler had a Bengal servant with him, who could make out what he spoke in English, with a few Bengal words except that, the Englishman spoke neither French, nor Dutch nor German, nor in fact any thing else but his mother tongue ; while his Bengal servant could not get along with the Sunda, nor even the Java Malay. And with this the man was ill, exposing himself, without being able to make his wishes or necessities known, even in this most hospitable land, to the dangers of a perfect wilderness.