

of Brunei must have been put to great expense by the Sultan's desire to do us honour. Just as we were starting, the large candles, hastily blown out, were put into our boat, as a last and very special compliment.

We returned straight on board the *Lorna Doone*, and had scarcely arrived ere we saw a long, smartly ornamented thirty-paddle canoe emerge from among the houses near the Sultan's palace, and come swiftly towards us. It had a white flag at the stern and a green flag at the bow, and was crowded with people carrying umbrellas of all sorts, sizes, and colours, which served as insignia of the rank of their owners. Among them two very large yellow Chinese umbrellas, surrounded by three little carved galleries, were conspicuous. Two royalties, without their umbrellas, came on board the *Lorna Doone*, and were received by us in the extremely small deck-house, the remainder of the suite having to content themselves with looking through the windows and strolling about the deck. It was very puzzling to be obliged to invent fresh civilities, for we felt that our recent visit had quite exhausted our stock; but I luckily bethought me that there was some connection by marriage between the Sultans of Brunei and Johore; and the discussions of this point, which must have cost the poor interpreters much mental effort, lasted us a long time. In fact, with the exception of a short interval spent in inquiries as to our respective ages, it carried us on until it was time for our visitors to take their departure, which they did with many effusive hand-shakings, and many no doubt charming little farewell speeches.

Brunei looked very pretty as we left it, in the light of the now setting sun. The *Pucknam* had already started on her return journey, and there was not much time to spare if we wanted to save the tide and the light. By five o'clock we had arrived alongside the *Sunbeam*, with quite a cargo of purchases, and soon afterwards, having said farewell to our friends and entrusted to their care a very heavy mail for England, we steamed away.

*Friday, April 8th.*—At 6 a.m. we opened out Ambong Bay, behind which rose Kina Balu (in English "the Chinese Widow"), 13,700 feet high, looking most beautiful through the morning mist. At 2 p.m. we reached the northernmost point of the island of Borneo, which used to be the favourite place of assembling for the large fleets of pirate prahus, formerly the terror not only of the neighbouring Straits but of much more distant seas and countries.

We landed at the usual rickety Borneo pier, took a few photographs, including one of a house on piles, and another of a long