

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VII.

BORNEO, MACASSAR AND CELEBES.



SULUS AT SILAM, BORNEO.

I HAVE before now been in tropical forests and jungles, and they always produce the same awe-inspiring, and indeed depressing effect on me. The almost solid green walls on either side of the narrow track; the awful stillness that prevails, only occasionally broken, or rendered more intense, by the shrill note of a bird, the cry, or rather pitiful wail, of a monkey, the crashing of some large creature through the dense undergrowth, as well as the profound solitude, will easily account for these feelings.

Continuing our difficult way, we at last emerged

from the green darkness of the forest and found ourselves within view of the limestone rock or mountain in which are the marvellous birds'-nest caves which we had come so far to see. The cliff presented a striking effect, rising white and shining in the bright sunlight. The dark entrance to the caves, stuffy as it was, and obstructed by the curious framework of rattans on which the nest-hunters sleep and cook and stow their arms, was a pleasant relief to the heat and glare without. Still more welcome was the sight of the coolies bringing refreshments and cooling drinks. If I, who had been carried all the way in comparative luxury, felt glad to see them, it can be imagined what must have been the feelings of the rest of the party, including Mabelle, who had walked the whole distance, and struggled gallantly over a most