

At last we reached the mouth of the river, and were once more on the bosom of the open sea. Rather an agitated bosom it was too, just now, heaving in such a manner as to toss the cutter about a good deal and threatening to completely upset the native boat with its heavy load. In fact, the prahu behaved in the most alarming manner, absolutely refusing to steer, and turning broadside on to the constantly increasing swell. The islands, however, soon afforded shelter, and the moon rose over a scene of comparative calmness and repose. We found ourselves alongside the yacht before we had any idea that we were near her. It was half an hour after midnight, and Tom was delighted and greatly relieved to see us, having quite abandoned all hope of our appearing until morning, and having conjured up all sorts of gloomy forebodings as to the ill-effect of sleeping in mangrove swamps, besides attacks from hostile natives, and other horrors. With a grateful heart for pleasure enjoyed and difficulties overcome, I went to bed, completely worn out, at the end what may fairly be regarded as another red-letter day of the present cruise.

Tom had been unable to accompany us on our expedition, considering it a public duty to put together the very interesting information which had been communicated to him by the authorities charged with the administration of affairs at the numerous ports at which we had touched on the coast of Borneo. He wished to complete his work, so that it might be read to Governor Treacher before being despatched to England.

*Friday, April 15th.*—Although it was nearly two o'clock before I went to bed, I was up before seven this morning ready to go ashore with Tom and Mabelle to say good-bye to our friends, and to see how Silam looked by daylight. It is a neat, picturesque little village with most of its wooden houses standing upon piles. The people in Darvel Bay have evidently very little curiosity, for they scarcely turned their heads to look at us, though European ladies have rarely landed here before.

The bay looked quite animated this morning, a fleet of small boats having arrived during the night, filled with Sulus, Eraans, and Bugis. Each boat carried enormous outriggers projecting on either side, and had an awning thatched with kajang mats; while dried fish, arms, gongs, cooking pots, bags, and odds and ends of all kinds hung from the poles which supported the roofing.

Our friends at the bungalow were up and dressed, and none the worse for their fatigues of yesterday. Having mutually congratulated each other on the success of the expedition, we heard how lucky we had been in escaping the Borneo pest of leeches. Not content with attacking the passing traveller from the ground,