

**THE CHERSONESE WITH
THE GILDING OFF. IN
TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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The Chersonese with the Gilding Off. In Two Volumes. Vol. II by Emily Innes

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EMILY INNES

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TWO VOLUMES. VOL. II**



THE TUNKU MUDA.

Frontispiece to Vol. II.

THE CHERSONESE

WITH THE GILDING OFF.

BY
EMILY INNES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
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1885.

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THE CHERSONESE WITH THE GILDING OFF.

CHAPTER I.

UNSOPHISTICATED NATIVES.

I FOUND more difficulty in buying fowls at the hill than at the Bandar. There were not nearly so many running about, for there was as yet no village, but only a few scattered wigwams here and there. If I sent a servant to one of these to buy some of the owner's fowls, I was as likely as not to receive the answer that they were kept as pets, not as food. In fact, I found that to

an unsophisticated Malay, who has not mixed much with Europeans, or with dwellers in towns, and learnt their mercenary ways, it is quite an insult to ask if he will sell anything.

Malays from the up-country used sometimes to find their way to my door, with their hands full of fowls, which they said they wished to lay at my feet. They were the poorest ryots possible, with nothing on but a ragged and dirty sarong, yet they were quite horrified at my asking if they had brought their fowls to *sell*. They carefully explained that the fowls (perhaps several dollars' worth) were a present to me; but in the same breath they suggested that if out of my compassion for them I would give them a small trifle to buy rice, it would be very acceptable. It seemed to me that the distinction between selling and this proposed proceeding was imaginary, so

I used to force them in a hard-hearted way to mention a price.

I generally found that the more delicacy and refinement of feeling they had paraded, the higher was the price they wanted, and the less the fowls would bear examination. The owners appeared to think that the fowls would taste better on account of having belonged to a noble race that had never soiled its scutcheon by commercial dealings, but I did not find it so. I thought it simply a very troublesome way of marketing; but there was often no help for it, as fowls were not to be obtained in any other way, unless I sent to the Bandar.

We were able to get a walk here of about a mile long, besides the path up the hill, which hardly counted as a permanent path, for the incessant growth of the jungle closed it up in a few days, if not kept cleared. There was but the one walk, as at the

Bandar, but it was a far more interesting one. The first bit was really beautiful; it took us down a picturesque winding carriage-road, bordered on both sides by bright flowers, waving cocoanut-palms and fruit-trees. At the foot of the hill this road swept round along the edge of the river for a little, and then turned inland towards the Sultan's house, having reached which it ceased; but we used to return by a bridle-path which coasted along the side of the hill, following all its inflections and gradually ascending until it reached the spur on which our house stood. This last part of the walk was extremely pretty, little streamlets gushing out from amid granite rocks and ferns at every turn.

Before we reached the Sultan's, I used generally to be surrounded by from half a dozen to a dozen little brown children asking for flowers. This practice had grown out of