

and on our way saw several piratical prahus apparently laid up. Twenty of these were counted, of about thirty tons burden, evidently built for sea-vessels, and capable of mounting one or two long guns. We landed at a small streamlet, and walked a short distance to the Datu's house, which is of large dimensions and rudely built on piles, which raise it about six feet above the ground, and into which we were invited. The house of the Datu contains one room, part of which is screened off to form the apartment of his wife. Nearly in the centre is a raised dais, eight or ten feet square, under which are stowed all his valuables, packed in chests and Chinese trunks. Upon this dais are placed mats for sleeping, with cushions, pillows, &c.; and over it is a sort of canopy, hung around with fine chintz or muslin.

The dais was occupied by the Datu, who is, next to the Sultan, the greatest man of this island. He at once came from it to receive us, and had chairs provided for us near his sanctum. After we were seated, he again retired to his lounge. The Datu is small in person, and emaciated in form, but has a quick eye and an intelligent countenance. He lives, as he told me, with all his goods around him, and they formed a collection such as I could scarcely imagine it possible to bring together in such a place. The interior put me in mind of a barn inhabited by a company of strolling players. On one side were hung up a collection of various kinds of gay dresses, here drums and gongs, there swords, lanterns, spears, muskets, and small cannon; on another side were shields, bucklers, masks, saws, and wheels, with belts, bands, and long robes. The whole was a strange mixture of tragedy and farce; and the group of natives were not far removed in appearance from the supernumeraries that a Turkish tragedy might have brought together in the green-room of a theatre. A set of more cowardly-looking miscreants I never saw. They appeared ready either to trade with us, pick our pockets, or cut our throats, as an opportunity might offer.

The wife's apartment was not remarkable for its comforts, although the Datu spoke of it with much consideration, and evidently held his better half in high estimation. He was also proud of his six children, the youngest of whom he brought out in its nurse's arms, and exhibited with much pride and satisfaction. He particularly drew my attention to its little highly-wrought and splendidly-mounted kris, which was stuck through its girdle, as an emblem of his rank. He was in reality a fine-looking child. The kitchen was behind the house, and occupied but a small space, for they have little in the way of food that requires much preparation. The house of the Datu might justly be termed nasty.