

TEN DAYS IN THE JUNGLE

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Ten days in the jungle by J. E. L.

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THE JUNGLE**

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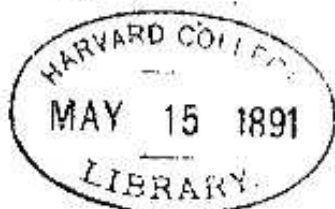
By J. E. L



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*Gift of
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TO

My Father and my Mother

**THIS HURRIED SKETCH OF OUR TEN DAYS
IN THE JUNGLE**

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



TEN DAYS IN THE JUNGLE.

ON BOARD THE "NEPAUL,"
Dec. 19, 1883.

It is early morning in the Straits, between Singapore and Penang, smooth and calm as if we were on a lake. We have had a very good run down the China Sea; it was fairly rough, but the wind was with us; we had left cold, autumnal weather at Hong Kong, and each day it grew warmer, so that we could live on deck in long chairs. There were about thirty passengers, and accommodation for nearly two hundred. The saloon was very dreary, but there was an advantage in having few passengers,—it gave us plenty of room to walk about the deck, at least for those who were accustomed to the motion. I usually prefer

to keep myself inclined at one angle, moving only at rare intervals.

It was a comfort and relief to approach land once more ; and at Singapore I had my first glimpse of tropical vegetation.

A long pier, covered with coal-sheds, was the first thing that greeted our eyes. As the steamer drew near we saw many natives, with bright-colored garments, which gave a dash of color to the scene ; queer looking bullock-carts, for merchandise ; gharries, drawn by ponies, waiting for the passengers ; and, for a background, beautiful, tall, forest-like trees, picked out here and there with palm trees. Small boys were soon swarming round the steamer, paddling little boats hollowed out of a single log. "Make a dive !" "Ha ! a dive !" "Make a dive !" was shouted on all sides. We threw a few pennies into the water, and in less time than I can write, the small boys were out of their boats and in again with the pennies in their hands. They were like ducks, quite as

much at their ease in the water as on land.

We drove to the hotel along a pretty road, with beautiful trees and lovely flowers on every side. It looked so very attractive, but, alas! the charm was only on the outside, and we were nearly starved. It rains here every day. After a hard shower we thought it safe to take a drive; soon the big drops came down; it poured in torrents; the top of the gharry leaked, and we were forced to put up an umbrella, and in this way we saw Singapore. The next morning we strolled through the town,—damp and hot and uncomfortable it was. I believe the bungalows and gardens are very lovely, outside of the town, but there was no time to see them, as the steamer was to leave in the afternoon. We found Sir W—— on the steamer among the new passengers; he is a delightful travelling companion, and we tried to persuade him to go into the jungle with us, but he thought he must push on to England. After