

MISSION TO BALI

AN ADDENDUM TO THE BOOK
MISSION TO CHINA
HOW AN ENGLISHMAN BROUGHT
THE WEST TO THE ORIENT



JOHN HOLLIDAY

Addendum to Mission to China: How an Englishman Brought the West to the Orient, by John Holliday

First Missionary Exploration to Bali.

During the period when the writer was seeking a publisher for the book, it was suggested that the manuscript should be reduced in size. The result was that the chapter describing Medhurst's exploration of Bali was removed. The information for this chapter was largely taken from Medhurst's journal, which is the earliest published account of the history and culture of Bali. Here then is the missing chapter presented as an addendum to the book.

Walter Medhurst left London in 1816 as a nineteen year old printer to join the London Missionary Society in Malacca and his journey was subject to a three month delay in Madras. Here he met, fell in love with and married his wife Betty, who joined him in what was to be a career as a missionary in SE Asia and China. By 1822, Walter was ordained and he arrived in Batavia to take over the LMS mission in what is now the city of Jakarta. From here he undertook various exploratory trips of Java, Malaya and Borneo. We join the story after Walter returns from his visit to Borneo.

Walter Medhurst arrived home in Batavia in January of 1829, having been away for five months, to discover that his family had been suffering with severe sickness. For several months, two of his children, followed by his sister-in-law Sophia Martin, had been suffering from a violent fever and Betty had nursed them all until she too became sick. By the time Walter arrived in Batavia, the children had recuperated but Betty had broken out in an acute infection of the skin called erysipelas. Walter was immediately taken up with nursing the family, realising how indispensable his partner was to his life and family, and he prayed to God for her speedy recovery.

Sophia Martin, however, was in a much poorer state of recovery and her condition completely baffled the local doctor who gave faint

hope for her recovery. Walter's letter to the Directors lamented the state of the affliction to Miss Martin, praised her attainments in the Chinese and Malay languages and emphasised how important she was to the success of the Chinese Female Schools. He asked them to pray for his family, but rejoiced to add that his own health was good.

It was decided that Sophia should move to Singapore for the good of her health. Batavia was known as the "Graveyard of Europeans" because of the high mortality rates among citizens, mainly living in the Walled city. The Medhursts' home at Weltevreden should have kept them safe from the worst impacts of malarial mosquitoes and polluted water supplies but their missionary work did take them into the old city, especially Sophia who was working in the Chinese schools. Often a sea voyage alone would help a person recover but Sophia's case was serious and relocation to a healthier climate was considered to be the only solution. Walter wrote to his friend Thomsen asking him to take care of Sophia and advised that once she recuperated, she would be a great asset to the Singapore Mission. Betty once again had to say farewell to her sister but this time she would not be as far away as India and they could assure her they would meet again soon. Happily Sophia did recover some weeks after arriving in Singapore and became quite active in the Mission, helping to establish and run the Mission's schools. Three years later she married Thomas Whittle, a surveyor, and in August of 1833 gave birth to her own child, a daughter named Sarah Sophia Whittle.

Once Betty and the family recovered, Walter returned to his missionary duties, of which the English and Malay preaching had been taken care of very capably by William Young. William Young continued to conduct the Malay preaching, freeing Walter up to undertake some additional tasks. The first of these was to preach in Malay every Sunday afternoon in the Dutch church, which had recently been closed on Sundays owing to the absence of Dutch ministers.

The other service that Walter had commenced was to preach every Sunday afternoon, following the service in the Dutch church, to around 300 convicts who were quartered near the town. The Superintendent was supportive of the project and assembled the prisoners, making them sit down under the trees, shackled together in heavy chains, while Walter preached the gospel which would set them free. In a letter to the Directors he said that when they first assembled, some thought they were going to be sold while others thought they were about to be released and thus they were agitated either by hope or by fear. These men were without exception the poorest yet violent individuals, which only a missionary would attempt to help. They had been so long accustomed to being treated with indifference and contempt that they could hardly believe that someone had concerns for their welfare, and to hear words of kindness and the assurance that Jesus loved them made them beam with joy. After the service each of them wished to express their thanks by falling down at Walter's feet in the native manner, but Walter assured them that this was not necessary and he only hoped that they would return to their dungeons and reflect on what they had heard.

Another Asian-born European by the name of Benjamin Keasberry came to live at the Mission Centre in 1829 and was converted into Christianity after the death of an atheist friend in a cholera outbreak. Keasberry was born in Hyderabad, India, in 1811, the son of Colonel John Palmer Keasberry and a likely former colleague of Betty's father in the Madras Army. Sir Stamford Raffles had appointed Colonel Keasberry as the Resident at Tegal, Java, during the period when the British ruled the country. The Colonel died in Tegal in 1814 and his widow remarried a merchant in Surabaya. Benjamin moved to Batavia as a clerk with a British trading company and became friends with Walter, who taught him printing and bookbinding and gave him experience preaching in Malay among the local people. When Benjamin's stepfather died in

1834, he used his inheritance to study theology in the USA with a view to further missionary work, culminating in a long and illustrious career as a Singapore-based missionary. Walter may have regretted his apparent lack of success in converting the Chinese, but his achievements in launching the careers of other missionaries was highly commendable.

The Mission was running three Chinese schools around Batavia in 1829 with a total of nearly 100 students. William Young had been acting as the superintendent and had been ably assisted by Sophia Martin until her recent sickness. One of the teachers was a young Chinese who could read and write Dutch and he was rotated through the three schools to give the boys a few lessons in the Dutch language using a schoolbook which had been printed in Dutch and Chinese at the Mission printing centre. One of the more enlightened Muslims had approached Walter to consider opening a Malay school, something that had previously been attempted by the Batavia Mission and by the Baptist missionaries. This man was highly concerned about the ignorance of his countrymen and lamented the fact that nothing was taught in their schools but the Koran in Arabic. Together they agreed to set up a Malay school and the Muslim expressed his willingness to admit into the school whatever books Walter thought proper. Accordingly Walter printed a schoolbook in the Arabic characters with which he could make a beginning. Like the Mission centres of Malacca, Penang and Singapore, the Batavia Mission has gained a reputation for running schools with a largely secular curriculum, teaching only as much religion as they believed would be accepted by the parents of the children they were teaching. This was a more sensitive matter with the Muslim community and the Dutch government than it was with the Chinese. Since the only books available to the students had been supplied by the missionaries, however, there was ample opportunity to include the Christian message in most subjects.

At the end of October 1829, Mr and Mrs Tomlin arrived from Singapore with the intention that Jacob Tomlin would accompany Walter on the missionary tour they had spoken of about two years before. This would be to the eastern end of Java and possibly across to the island of Bali. The Tomlins brought news of their missionary friends in Singapore, including the fact that Sophia had completely recovered and was active in supporting the Chinese missionary schools. The missionaries enjoyed such occasions when like-minded colleagues could get together and support each other. It was a pleasant change to engage with kindred spirits about their beliefs and aspirations after the mostly negative reactions they received from the general population. The Tomlins had only married in August so the visit was effectively their honeymoon, but Mrs Tomlin was about to learn what being a missionary's wife was like with her husband about to depart on a dangerous journey into the unknown for two or three months with no means of contact until his return.

On 14 November 1829 Walter set off with Jacob Tomlin in the brig *Banjer*, commanded by Captain Livingston, bound for Semarang and Surabaya, along with their usual supplies of books and religious pamphlets, this time in Chinese, Malay and Javanese, and a supply of medicines. The voyage was initially beset by calm weather resulting in a slow journey, which meant they did not arrive in Semarang until six days later. Since Walter's previous visits the Java war against the Dutch had come to a conclusion and the trade had opened up with the natives of the interior. Many of the Chinese recognised Walter from his previous visits and eagerly accepted his books and tracts. A crowd of Javanese also gathered around, and were offered a Javanese tract. This was the first test of the new printing in Javanese and the reaction from the locals showed that the document was easily understood and admired for the quality of the type. This was the first time many people had seen their language in a printed form. They spent a week in and around Semarang, taking every opportunity to speak with the locals and handing out books and tracts.

On 27 November, they set sail for Surabaya, where they arrived on 29 November. This being the Lord's day and having arrived early they attended the Dutch church and met with Mr Van Emde, the pious watchmaker who had been Walter's host on his last visit to Surabaya. He invited them back to his home where a group of his friends and neighbours were gathered, along with a number of orphans Mr Emde had taken in. After he welcomed them to Surabaya and gave thanks to God for their safe arrival, the whole group burst into song with a favourite hymn, which brought joy to the visitors in the midst of these pious and simple-hearted people. Among the group was a young Chinese who had for some time been learning the scriptures. He was skilled in Arabic, Javanese and Roman characters as well as fluent in Balinese. It turned out that he was the copyist of the missionary society which had helped translate the texts that Walter had arranged the printing for after his last visit. His name was Tek Sey and it was decided that he should accompany them to Bali and act as their translator with the Balinese.

The next day they landed their books, medicines and possessions from the vessel and said goodbye to Captain Livingston. During the day they travelled out among the Chinese people, passing out books and spreading their Christian message to a polite and friendly group, some of whom remembered Walter from his previous visit. They came across an older man lying on a sick bed and offered to help him with some of their medicine. It turned out that he was the master of a Balinese proa and he was so thankful for the little medicine they gave him that he offered to take them to Bali for free and to give them an introduction to the King. The offer was graciously received and it was agreed that they would sail in a few days.

They sailed on 7 December and on 10 December they came in sight of Bali and observed the smoke rising from the active volcano on the island. They arrived in the kingdom of Buleleng, on the north coast, situated on a rising plain with mountains in the background, including the smoking volcano. They took up lodging with the

Shahbandar, the Chinese superintendent of the port, who gave them a room that had recently been occupied as a beef store. There was still a pile of putrid hides in the corner and the floor was damp from the recent rains. Jacob Tomlin described it as, “a large, dirty outer room, more like a barn or stable than a human dwelling place.” The welcome was tolerable but far from friendly. The Shahbandar’s house was filled with the comings and goings of Chinese sailors and traders coming to pay their customs duties. Walter took advantage of this traffic to talk with the Chinese and hand out his books, which were all well received.

They went out into the neighbourhood where the most prominent building in the area was the mosque of no recent construction, which showed that the Muslims had a head start on the Christians in converting the Balinese from their idolatry. The Muslim population, including the Malays and those Balinese who had converted, were all living in the campongs, which stretched about half a mile into the interior. The real Balinese lived in a town called Singaraja, where the king’s palace was and where the population amounted to several thousand, besides the many thousands who were scattered about in the villages and paddy fields, employed in the cultivation of the country. The missionaries observed the making of bricks and the construction of a house, the walls of which were totally made of mud. The rains would soon wash the walls away if they were not protected from the weather by a covering of bamboo on the top of the wall. The outside of the wall was sometimes white washed with lime and the doorways were generally more solid and substantial, being constructed of burnt bricks and mortar.

In the afternoon, they were visited by several of the king’s people, arriving in a procession with the king’s young cousin, a boy of about eight or nine. A few people bearing spears preceded the procession, after which followed a line of women with their hair full of flowers. The boy was carried by an extremely fat man, whom they learned was a priest. The boy sat down by the missionaries and proceeded to

ask a number of questions, some of which shocked them by the familiarity this young boy must have had with vice and depravity. His attendants, instead of guiding the youth in steadiness and propriety, laughed at and applauded his wit, adding fuel to the flame of his lust. The missionaries did not report the questions asked but it was certain that the meeting was a clash of cultures. The strict Christian values of the missionaries were offended by whatever statements were made by this young boy.

The following morning the king sent down two horses for them to ride to his palace in Singaraja. The horses were without saddles but the missionaries had brought their own with them so this was not a problem. The first thing that struck their attention on their ride to the palace was the fact that almost every house had cages full of fighting cocks. In some places they saw them arranged in sheds built for the purpose, with space for the public to come and watch. This cruel sport seemed to be a national pastime among young and old and children had their own sport in cricket fighting. At the top of the town was a market attended entirely by women, who were the principal buyers and sellers. The women were by no means decently attired here and the Balinese were so jealous of their wives that no strangers were permitted to enter the market.

They arrived at the palace, dismounted and waited under the shade of trees until the king saw fit to send for them. During this time a number of people surrounded the missionaries and Walter addressed them on the principal doctrines of the gospel. One of the locals understood Malay so he undertook to become the interpreter and explained to the bystanders in Balinese what Walter said in Malay. Whether he gave a faithful translation of the meaning or not, is not known, but Walter did observe that they were extremely ignorant of the most common ideas, hardly supposing that cock fighting was improper or that deceit was a sin. Again, a great chasm was evident between the two cultures.

After some time they were told they might proceed and went forward to the steps leading up to a gateway, in front of which were several long sheds full of fighting cocks. After another delay they were told that they could enter but only by a hole at one end of the mud wall, the principal gateway being too grand for this occasion. Here they were obliged to pick their way across muddy ground into an enclosure containing a wooden house about 40 feet square and two brick buildings of about 20 feet wide. The king they were told was in the one to the right and they were directed to sit on the veranda until the king appeared. Given that there was only one very old broken chair, they both sat down on a mat where several dogs were already comfortably reposed.

They waited for another quarter of an hour until the door opened and a poor miserable-looking young man of about 20 years of age came and sat in the doorway. He was extremely dirty, his hair was all over the place, and he wore nothing but a sarong round his waist. His name was Gede Ngoorah, a king in name only since the power seemed to be held by his chiefs, in particular a man named Gusti Anam. Gede Ngoorah had succeeded his uncle and his cousin, both of whom had been murdered and then his brother, who had been dethroned by the chiefs. Walter got up to greet the King and shake hands with him but was met with such a wild stare that he instinctively sat down again. The King paid no attention to anyone and when some of the people put forward the missionaries' present, he did not so much as look at it. He was thin and meagre and his countenance wore a look of dissatisfaction and discontent. He was playing with a cricket that he had tied to the end of a string and was amusing himself by tormenting it.

Some of his people asked the missionaries why they came to this country and the missionaries answered to do good by administering to the wants and needs of their fellow creatures and to bring books which would inform him and his people on subjects of the highest importance. Walter was then asked to read from one of the books,

which he did as far as the second page, but no attention was being paid so he stopped. They asked him to summarise it and he told them that it was intended to reveal to them the truths of religion, that there was but one God, the Creator of all things whom we were called on to serve and love with all our heart and soul. They replied that Balinese knew this and did not need to be taught. Walter proceeded further to tell them that it was the will of God to abstain from theft, murder, adultery and lying and that they should serve God and love their neighbour as themselves. They replied that they were sufficiently acquainted with these things and revealed that they had no heart or interest in discussing the subject further.

The missionaries then spoke to them about their intended journey into the interior, across the hills to Jimbarwana in order to return to Java. The king's people replied that at this season it was very difficult to travel over the hills as the rains were just setting in and the roads would be very much obstructed. Besides which, the tigers were so numerous and fierce that they would not be allowed to go, lest anything should happen and the king would share the blame.. The missionaries tried to reason the case with them, indicating that they were prepared for difficulties and would brave the tigers but only got an inconclusive response. In order to inspire a quick decision, the missionaries did say that a brig on which they could get passage was leaving next day, sailing first to the eastward and then back to Java, to which the response was, go by the brig if you choose.

When they returned to the horses they discovered that the natives had stolen one of the girths from the saddle and they had a fairly good idea of who might have stolen it. One of the Chinese, however, advised them not to say anything about it, for if they complained, the real or supposed thief would certainly be discovered and would be put to death with the creese, without judge or jury. With that the missionaries said that they would rather let them steal the shirt off

their backs than have a poor individual suffer death for so slight an offence.

Taking the decision of the Balinese as a definite denial of the overland trip, they once more enquired about passage on the brig, which would allow them to see more of Bali before returning to Java. Notwithstanding that the captain had promised them passage on the previous day and even pressed them to go with him, the captain now showed a definite unwillingness to take them on board. Obviously some pressure had been brought to bear on him to deny the missionaries passage to other parts of the island.

Disappointed, the missionaries took a walk along the seashore to inspect the effects of a tremendous volcanic eruption about seven or eight years before, in which many thousands of people died and many miles of the country ruined. The mountain was situated about 10 miles from the seashore and yet the earth and rocks strewn about had been driven that immense distance by the eruption. One rock of enormous size had been thrown far into the sea. The natives say that the fall took place about seven o'clock in the evening when the people had finished their evening meal. Several shocks of an earthquake had been felt throughout the day and portended something fearful. The earth, they say, shook like the rocking of a vessel at sea, when suddenly a crash was heard and the top of the mountain was precipitated into the sea, transforming a large tract of country that was blooming with lush vegetation into a vast waste of red earth which had buried houses, trees, cattle and men. The hill that fell was immediately behind Singaraja and Buleleng and if it had taken a straight course it would not have left an individual of that populous district to tell the mournful tale. Providentially, it took a devious course and just before it reached the town, it turned off into the sea. The town escaped the crash by only a few hundred yards but the sea was so agitated that the waters rose 20 feet in an instant, sweeping away the houses along the shore. The line of waste red ground which marked the course of the falling hill the natives

imagine to be a snake, and the rise of the waves which flooded the houses was caused by a dragon coming up to meet him. There are those who say they saw the dragon rising out of the sea with a tremendous roar, seeking the snake on shore. The missionaries claimed the natives perversely interpreted these things to encourage and abet their idolatries rather than direct their thoughts to the One who rules over all and who does these things according to his will. Now science tells us that this was probably the eruption of Mount Batur of 1821.

Detained in Buleleng without any immediate prospect of returning to Java, the missionaries decide to do what they do best; get out and preach to the people in the various campongs. In the first group they visited, they found a number of people assembled for the purpose of making a sacrifice to their gods. Animals were slaughtered, flowers prepared and an air of celebration was present as the missionaries entered, looked on by the natives with a good deal of suspicion. The young men among them were exceedingly rude and boisterous but an older man stood there having the appearance of a little more gravity, and looked to present a better opportunity for communication. The missionaries spoke to him about religion in general, covering God, death, heaven and hell. They found it extremely difficult and had to repeat themselves over and over again, even with the help of Tek Sey, their interpreter. After a short time they produced some of the books and several of the Balinese exclaimed that the characters were indeed Balinese. Two of them showed that they could understand a little and were given a book each.

They went to several other places to see if they could engage people in conversation and found the people to be lamentably ignorant, knowing nothing beyond what they saw and felt around them. They saw a great number of fighting cocks and on expressing the view that these must be very expensive for poor people to keep so many, they were told that they all belonged to the king and they had to have them ready when he wanted to fight with them. Thus the king

had a large army of these fighting cocks not only at his own palace but also among most of his subjects who were required to keep squadrons for him.

They had not been back at the house for more than half an hour when a message came from the king that they must keep out of the campongs, nor move off the public road lest anything should happen to them of an unpleasant nature. The Balinese, it appears, do not like strangers to enter their dwellings because their women were very much exposed. They were assured that if a stranger even touched a woman by accident in passing and she happened to cry out as frightened females do, then immediately the creese would be out and without ceremony thrust into the offender, no questions asked. The missionaries assured them that they wanted neither to look at nor touch their women and that in going among them, they sought only their best interest. The Balinese replied that no matter how pure their motives might be, it would be difficult to convince the people of this and in order to avoid trouble it would be better to keep away.

On 15 December, the missionaries met again with the king's man of business and they asked him for assistance in getting away from Bali. After some discussion he offered to allow them the king's proa of war if they would pay for the people who would navigate it. To this they agreed and it was settled that they would sail as soon as the weather moderated. A man called on them that day and brought them an English prayer book that he was able to read. He had been given to an English captain when very young and taken to England where he had learned to read and write. After many wanderings he ended up in China where he received this book from Mrs Morrison. Strange that an English prayer book, given away in Macao, China, should find its way to the shores of Bali. This was a lesson for the missionaries of how far their gifts may travel and how much good they may do.

For the next few days, they received many applications for medicines and two for the vaccine inoculation. A Chinese man who

had been cured of a lingering fever of five months came to acknowledge his gratitude to the missionaries, or perhaps to give thanks to God for his recovery. But instead of this, they watched him prepare a large sacrifice to his Chinese idol in thanks for his recuperation. A feeling of anger erupted in Walter to see the true God robbed of the glory due in his name and the merit of the man's cure put on a worthless idol. He challenged the man to explain what power the senseless image could have to restore him to health and, if it had any power, why was it not exerted during the five months that the fever had lingered with him. During all that time it has done nothing for him until the messengers of the God of Heaven came and he was almost immediately restored to health. Now, instead of expressing his gratitude to the person to whom it was justly due, he ascribed the merit to his benefactor's worst enemy as though he intended to put a direct insult upon him. "I hate your foolish gods!" Walter burst out and he concluded by telling him the next time he was sick he might go and pray to his gods for medicine and even if he prayed for a hundred years he would get not a drop out of them. The man himself had little to say but his companions stuck up for him and defended their idols, entering into an inflamed discussion about the manner in which Walter had expressed himself. "Who sent you to Bali?" they demanded. "Why do you scold us for being gamblers and opium smokers and say that we will go to hell?" Several of them were quite enraged against the missionaries and remained cool right up until their departure. The sacrifice went ahead in spite of Walter's interjection although in a slightly quieter manner than such events normally provoke.

The next day they took an excursion into the interior beyond Singaraja and found the country to be studded with villages and quite heavily populated, but it seemed few could read and none could make out the characters in which their books were printed. They visited two blacksmiths and examined a few rifle barrels that they had manufactured, complete with spiral grooves from one end to the

other. It was a surprising demonstration of an advanced manufacturing skill among such a rudimentary people, although they did notice the use of English flintlocks. Knives, creeses and spears are commonly made by these workmen, along with a few simple agricultural implements.

Walter wrote that the men on Bali employ themselves in no other labours than those involving cultivation of the soil. They get two crops annually, which occupies them altogether about a quarter of their time. This done, they busy themselves in cock-fighting, gambling, opium smoking and sauntering from place to place to see what they can pick up or steal. The women are sadly circumstanced and miserably ill-used on Bali. If left orphans without brothers to take care of them they immediately become the property of the king, to use or abuse, hire or sell as he thinks proper. Courtship of a young woman involves being overpowered and carried off to the woods by their brutal lover and when brought back, the poor female becomes the slave of her partner, to mind the house, cook the food, attend the market and see that she brings home gain enough to support the family and the extravagance of her husband. Added to this, if she has no sons she can expect no other than, if rich, to be burned with her husband and if poor to be sold and prostituted at her husband's death.

Although the arrangements to travel on the king's war proa were still in place, it appeared that the royal interpreter had deceived them by demanding a deposit on the understanding that this would be deducted from the fees for hiring the boat. This now being obviously not the case, the missionaries asked the interpreter for a refund of the deposit, in response to which he began to make excuses. Sensing that their deposit may have been gambled away, Walter insisted on having the matter rectified immediately, to which the interpreter replied that if he wanted the matter settled then he should complain to whoever he thought proper, knowing that the only person to complain to would be the king and he would stand by his own

people. Since there was no European government here they had no option but to put up with the loss.

On 19 December they set off for the town of Sangsit, about four or five miles to the east of Buleleng. Much of their journey was along the beach and included four considerable streams that they had to wade through, making the journey tiresome, and they longed for a land where bridges had come into fashion. Having arrived at the place they found the town to be much smaller than Buleleng. They entered a temple and examined the various idols and images on display. Most of them were made of clay hardened in the sun and consequently were not able to resist the ravages of time, some having missing heads and arms. The whole appearance gave the impression of a people too lazy to give much trouble about their religion or that the materials of which their temples and idols were constructed were too frail to endure as long as their followers. Here they met a Muslim priest whom they described as being very intelligent and he was able to educate them in the religion and beliefs of the Balinese people.

The next day being the Lord's Day, they decided to rest and enjoy the sacredness of the Sabbath in the vicinity of the Shahbanda's house. On this day however, the people had no objection to their entering their compounds and houses and indeed, they were invited and pressed to come, largely because of the missionaries' offer of medicines for the relief of their various maladies. Once again the missionaries were able to spread a little of their message while administering to the needs of the people.

That night they boarded the proa, which they found was small but quite new, and they were given a cabin in the stern. The crew were all opium smokers and were hard to rouse after the ship lay at anchor at night or when it was opposed by wind or tide. During the voyage, the Chinese crew recounted how their countrymen were angry with the missionaries for having denounced their idols and threatened punishment for their sins. What was it to them if they chose to gamble and smoke opium? They would do as they pleased. Later that

day, three out of the four of them were taken ill, but none of them would venture to ask for medicine.

At the mouth of the straits of Bali lies a low island called Menjangen where deer came to feed in vast numbers. They came to graze on this island but since there was no water there, they had to return to the mainland to quench their thirst. In order to avoid being carried downstream by the current, which could be quite strong, they adopted an ingenious method to ensure their safety. Each rested his chin on the rump of the one preceding him and so formed a long unbroken chain, the first steering the course and guiding the rest. When the leader tired, he left his post, retired to the rear and the second took the lead, and so on.

The next morning, with the current against them, the crew ran the proa into shallow water near the beach and endeavoured to track along the shore by means of towing the proa with a hawser. The experiment soon brought them into imminent danger as the boat was pulled across beds of coral, which was quite pleasing to the eye but threatened the safety of the vessel. The crew was dancing and singing, overjoyed by the new method of coasting which they had discovered, when suddenly the proa came to a stop and was stuck so fast that they could hardly get the vessel off. Notwithstanding this, the crew went on and struck again and would have continued to do so until the ship was knocked to pieces if the missionaries had not remonstrated with them to stop the process. An upcoming reef of rocks added to the missionaries' arguments so the crew eventually abandoned the project. Walter could not help comparing the crew to the sailors with whom the apostle Paul embarked and was thankful that the voyage did not terminate in such a calamitous result. That evening they arrived off their destination of Banyuwangi, relieved to be back in Java and away from their opium-smoking crewmates.

The Dutch government Secretary for the town arranged accommodation for the night and horses and men for their onwards travel which would be overland, a distance of about 700 miles to

Batavia. The transport involved a pony for one of them and a doolie and bearers for the other. The doolie is a covered wicker chair, affixed to two poles, which is carried on the bearers' shoulders. They left the following morning (Christmas morning) at four o'clock to travel a distance of 21 miles to the town of Bajul Mati, where they arrived just after noon. The route took them through a large forest infested by tigers but these were only dangerous to travellers at night. They did see some black monkeys, a tapir and occasionally, some splendid peacocks, which ran into the jungle as they approached.

At Bajul Mati they stayed the night in a post house (or native inn) where they dined on venison shot in the neighbouring forest. These inns were placed by the government at regular intervals all the way to Batavia. At four the following morning, the travellers moved on again, this time joined by a group of army recruits. They were escorted by two Javanese soldiers and various others amounting to about 50 people and 30 horses in all. The ground levelled out and they had an excellent carriage road, equal to the high roads in England, hedged on each side by a neat green shrub fence with the sea a few miles to the right. The land was not very fertile and was mainly used as pasture for cattle. Further on, the soil improved and the land became very productive, with rice on the low wet grounds, and maize and castor oil plants on the higher dryer parts. The country was very populous with farmhouses and villages in every direction. Birds were so abundant and destructive to the grain that farmers had built bamboo sheds in the middle of their paddies, like sentry boxes. Strings ran out from the sheds in all directions, so that whenever a bird landed, the man pulled on the strings to scare the birds away.

By 30 December, they reached Probolingo where they planned to take a side trip to the volcano at Mount Bromo, which Walter had visited on a previous occasion. Feeling unwell, Walter decided not to join Jacob on the trip and arranged to meet him at Pasuruan, which was the next town some 24 miles along the highway. Jacob Tomlin spent two days and nights up in the mountains and visited the

volcano at Mount Bromo. On returning to Pasuruan, he found that Walter was ill with a fever and unable to leave his room. Tek Suy had also become sick and had returned by post carriage to his home in Surabaya and Jacob's servant boy had also taken ill with the same fever. The next morning they took a post wagon to Surabaya where they found comfortable lodgings with their friend Mr Van Emde and, after a few days of relaxation, Walter's health improved and he believed he could continue the journey to Batavia. In order to make it a more comfortable journey they purchased their own wagon.

The overland journey back to Batavia took them three weeks to complete, with some delays waiting for repairs to their wagon. During this part of the journey, they had opportunities to distribute hundreds of Javanese and thousands of Chinese tracts, but their zeal was dampened by sickness and returning home to recover for another day became the priority. As it was, much seed had been sown in places that no missionary had ever visited and much had been learned which could be applied to future efforts to convert the Balinese.

Walter and Jacob Tomlin returned to Batavia on 24 January 1830 to find that their wives and the Medhurst children were all in good health and that William Young had been managing the affairs of the Mission during their absence. Mr and Mrs Tomlin remained in Batavia until the middle of April, assisting the Medhursts at the Mission and by this time Walter had fully recovered from his fever. Jacob Tomlin took Walter's journal and his written account of The Island of Bali, which was printed at the Singapore Mission Press. A copy of the journal and his report on Bali is held at the National Library of Singapore.

Mission to China is published by Amberley Publishing.

<http://www.amberley-books.com>

ISBN 978 1 4456 6134 6 (hardback)

ISBN 978 1 4456 6135 3 (ebook)

<http://www.waltermedhurst.com>