THE SUSUHUNAN OF SURAKARTA.

PEEPS AT MANY LANDS

JAVA

BY

J. F. SCHELTEMA, M.A.

WITH TWELVE FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOUR

BY

HUGO V. PEDERSEN

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1912

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	A TRUE FAIRY-LAND	1
II.	A LAND OF PLENTY	9
III.	THE QUEEN OF THE EAST	16
IV.	OUT OF TROUBLE	23
V.	THE GARDEN OF THE SPIRITS	30
VI.	JAVA'S FIRE-MOUNTAINS	38
VII.	THE BRIDE OF THE ENDLESS WATER	46
VIII.	THE HEART OF JAVA	54
IX.	THE NATIVE COURTS	61
X.	AMUSEMENTS	69
XI.	PUBLIC FEASTS	76
XII.	ARTS AND CRAFTS	82

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE SUSUHUNAN OF SURAKARTA . . . . FRONTISPIECE

Facing Page

IRRIGATED RICE FIELDS IN JAVA 9

A JAVANESE HOUSEBOAT 16

DWARF BODY-GUARD ATTENDING THE SUSUHUNAN . . . 27

BOATS ON THE RIVER BEHIND THE OLD GASWORKS AT SAMARANG . 32

VOLCANOS—SAND-SEA OF THE BROMO WITH THE SMERU IN THE DISTANCE 41

AN OLD BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT MENDOOT 48

ONE OF THE SUSUHUNAN'S GUARD 57

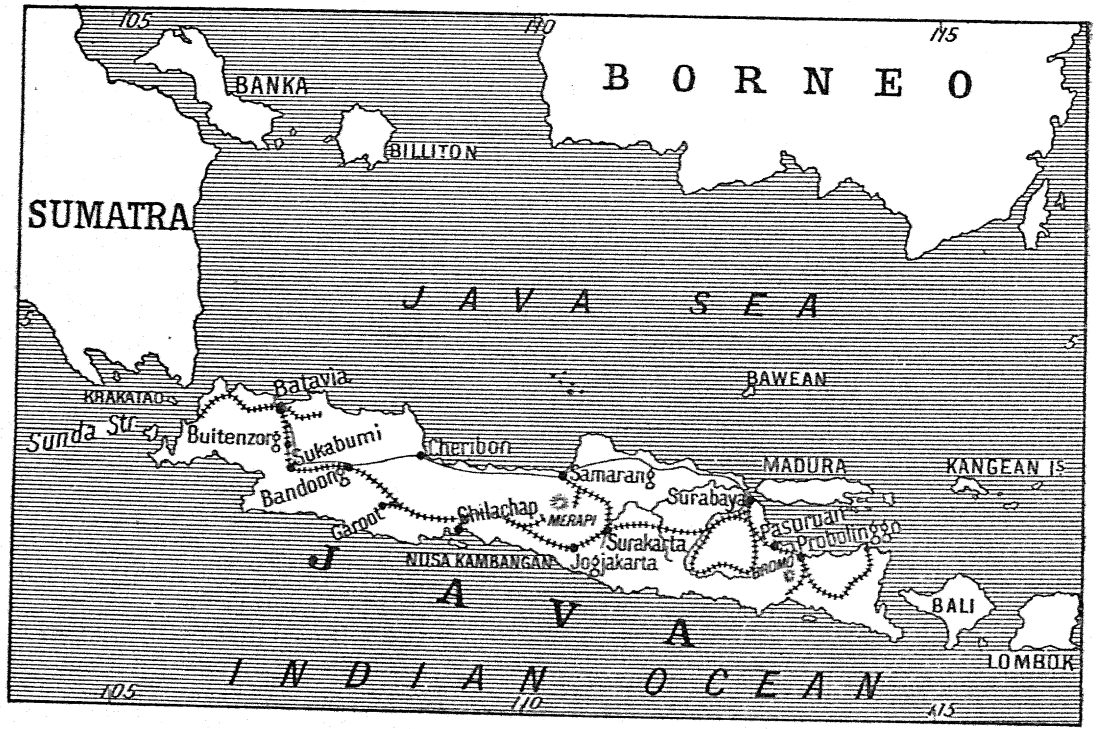
A MESSENGER FROM THE SUSUHUNAN TO THE RESIDENT OF SURAKARTA 64

NEW YEAR GREETINGS ON A PLANTATION 73

HINDU GIRLS OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES 80

CLIMBING FOR COCOANUTS . . . . . ON THE COVER

Sketch-Map on page vii



SKETCH-MAP OF JAVA

A PEEP AT JAVA

CHAPTER I

A TRUE FAIRY-LAND.

JAVA is the most important island of the Dutch East Indies, but anyone looking for it in an ordinary atlas, without paying attention to scale and proportion, will not be impressed by its size. Among the many islands of the Malay Archipelago to which it belongs, it is by no means the largest. Borneo, Sumatra and Celebes are much bigger and yet Java contains about four times the area of the Netherlands, whose richest colonial possession it forms. The fast increasing population passed the thirty million mark at the beginning of this century and may be divided into three groups: the Javanese proper for the central, the Soondanese for the western and the Madurese for the eastern part. Among the Europeans living in their midst, the Dutch are, of course, in the majority; among the oriental strangers within their gates, it is John Chinaman who claims special attention by his thriving activity.

The natives are of small stature, wiry and graceful in their movements. Their colour is brown in various shades and the features of the artistocracy remarkably delicate and intelligent, running to the pale golden hue which makes the poets sing of a skin like the rind of the mellow, yellow *lansat* (a small, juicy fruit resembling a prune in shape but not in taste). The *sarong*, a wide piece of cloth hanging down from the waist or taken up under the arms, is the principal part of their dress. When showing themselves in public, the women wear nowadays a longer or shorter sleeved jacket in addition and generally a scarf, which they put to many uses. Their heads as a rule remain bare, but the native sense of decency compels man to cover his hair with a kerchief, adjusted in an endless variety of folds according to provincial fashions; neither does he consider himself properly attired without his *kris* (a kind of dagger) stuck behind in the doubling of his *sarong*. The higher the social standing, the more elaborate and costly the toilet of both sexes, but the choice of light materials is essential in a warm climate and young Java, if some festive occasion does not require dressing up, declines to be bothered with any wearing apparel at all. Misses of six or seven, going to market with their mothers, resplendent in one or two bracelets and perhaps a necklace for sole raiment, may be met any fine morning, gravely parading their many-coloured sunshades. Their little brothers, just as innocent of clothes, minus even their finery, are probably absorbed

in some game or hunting crickets which, trained to fight, offer glorious sport. Children have a good time in the native quarters and much is made of them by their elders. The important place assigned to the bairns can be understood from the common practice among married folks to drop their old names when blessed with a baby, and to call themselves after the new arrival; Sidin and Sina, for instance, will from that moment be known to their family and friends as Pa and Ma Kechil (Tiny One) or Gemoq (Fatty).

The natives of Java are Muhammadans though the Badooy, in the western part of the island, still keep to almost pre-historic religious observances and Hinduïsm still lingers in the eastern part where it found its last refuge. But even among the most fanatical followers of the Prophet, the rites connected with the old gods survive side by side with the devotional exercises ordered in the Koran, and primitive animism (or the belief that the forces of nature, etc., are each animated by its own soul) can be traced in the influence on human affairs attributed to the spirits that are supposed to produce rain and storm, to bring floods and earthquakes, to move sun and moon, and to keep the sea, mountains and lakes in their appointed places. These spirits are often baptised with the names of Hindu gods and goddesses, and their worship, together with remnants of ancient Polynesian fetichism and a traditional cult of the dead, leads to all sorts of superstition. A man-eating tiger will be respected because somebody's departed grandfather is thought to have taken

that disguise; one kind of bird cautions against thieves and venomous snakes, another forebodes illness and death. Nearly every animal and insect, if well watched, may impart valuable information to help in one's plans; flowers and trees give warning of coming events; there are omens in the stones one hurts the toes against; dreams are prophetic visions sent by the invisible deities of this Fairy-Land, who stand between man and his beautiful surroundings of mysterious woods, teeming with jungle life, and majestic volcanoes always threatening death. Yet the people of Java pride themselves upon being zealous Muhammadans and it is a treat to see a batch of *hajis*, just promoted to that dignity, return home, welcomed by relatives and acquaintances. *Hajis* are men, and women too, who, in obedience to the teachings of their faith, have made the pilgrimage to Mecca and henceforth will be regarded as specially holy. Under the cloak of this sanctity a good many set up in the money lending business, fleecing without mercy the unthrifty who fall into their clutches. Nevertheless, every addition to their number meets with a rapturous reception; turbaned, they strut arrogantly along, the crowd pressing round, touching the hem of their flowing robes with the inbred politeness that distinguishes the natives from the highest born to the lowest of the low.

It can be best observed in the homage they pay to their nobility, to the descendants of old families who fill high positions under the Government, Dutch rule being based on the principle of controlling the

natives by means of their own native chiefs, controlled in their turn by Dutch functionaries,—a principle more and more disregarded, however, owing to circumstances it would take too long to discuss here. In this system of official relations the Residents, or provincial governors, with their Assistant Residents, figure as the older and the Regents, native chiefs of the first degree, as the younger brothers in the colonial household. The Regents are chosen among the worthiest in the land and act through their minor chiefs. They have the right to hoist the Dutch flag before their residences and the *payoong* (sunshade) carried over a Regent's head or behind him with the other tokens of his rank—his gold *sirih*-box, containing all that is needed for the chewing of betel, his private spittoon, his mat to sit upon, his handkerchief, etc., etc.—denotes his importance in the official world. The sunshade of a Regent has a gilt stick while the lesser native officials must content themselves with a black or white one. The circles in brighter colours, painted on the covers, show an almost endless variety of public authority and social station, which is very minutely laid down in many acts and edicts: permission to wear the golden *songsong* or *payoong* all gold and gilt, is a rare and coveted distinction.

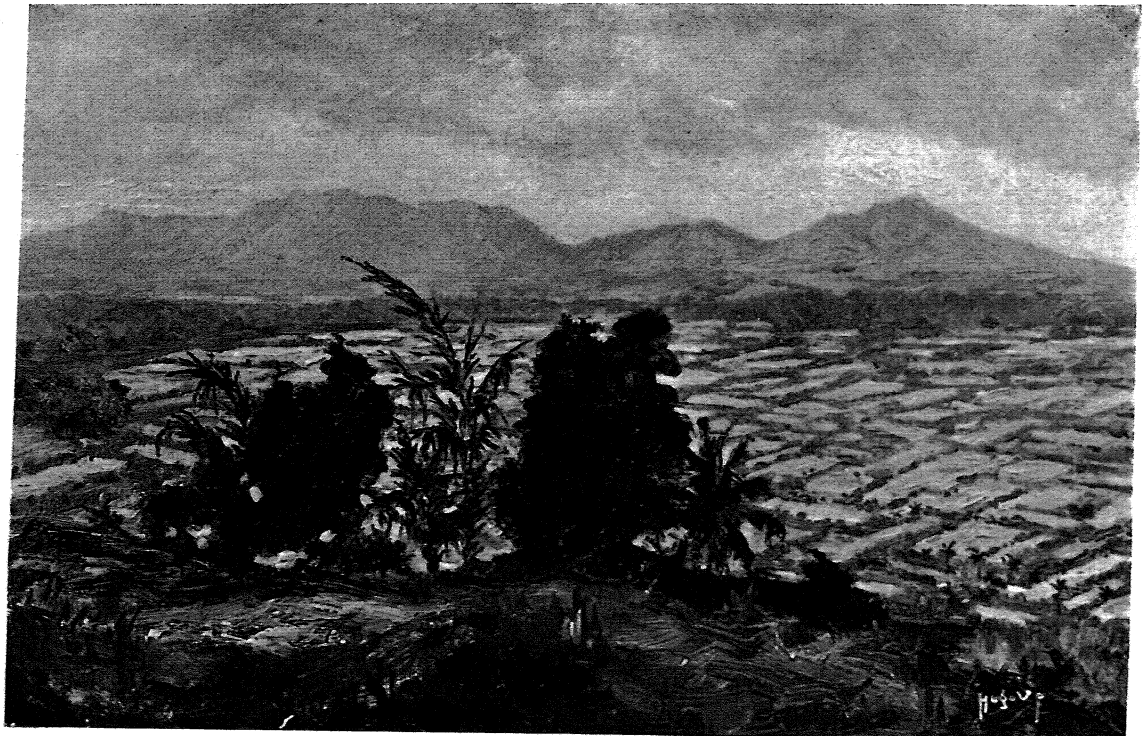
Ceremonial behaviour coming natural to the natives, their conduct in all conceivable situations of life is guided by customs and habits which clearly show the enormous influence exercised on the early inhabitants of the island by the Hindus who came from India,

centuries ago. All these customs and habits are covered by the one word *hadat*. It is the *hadat*, the ancestral mode of doing things, that directs them in whatever they undertake, from the most momentous affairs to the paring of their nails and the burying of the parings after the operation is finished. No more sufficient excuse can be imagined for shirking reform, however desirable, than "it is against the *hadat;*" no more convincing praise of existing conditions, however objectionable, than the fact that it has been so for a long while. There is a story of a Regent who always answered his Resident, when his attention was drawn to necessary improvements: "Certainly, the *kanjeng* (a title of honour) is exactly right; it needs change." Invited to explain why then he delayed bringing about the needed change, he said at last: "Yes, the *kanjeng* is exactly right—in *his* opinion, not in *mine*." Such mental reservations do not encourage frank discussion and in dealing with natives one must be prepared less for misrepresentation, of a set purpose to deceive, than for truth in unfamiliar guise, often muffled up and veiled into the bargain. In feelings and thoughts and ways of communicating them, orientals are quite different from western people. A native servant, asked whether it rains or the sun shines, will as likely as not answer: I have not yet looked into the matter, though he knows that it is pouring, and yet he does not tell a deliberate fib; he only dislikes to cross, by a positive statement, the intentions of his superiors—of his master who makes ready to walk to the club-house, or of his mistress

who wants to go shopping. And his master or mistress, given some experience of native speech and turn of mind, will understand his meaning perfectly well.

The Javanese and Soondanese are the mildest and quietest creatures imaginable, averse to quarrelling but, like the more explosive Madurese, they rarely or never forgive an insult. Offensive treatment or injustice suffered rankles deep in their hearts and will flame up at the slightest provocation, seeking revenge. Though they do not mind a sound beating from their equals on equal terms, it is not advisable for a European to touch even the most submissive or for anyone to inflict an indignity upon him. He may instantly reach for his *kris* or he may brood over his wrongs for days and weeks until an occasion presents itself to satisfy his craving for the offender's blood. Then he will become *mata glap*, that means darkness will settle on his eyes and he will run wild, forgetting everything in his desire to go for his enemy, killing everyone he meets on his murderous errand; in fact, sometimes the person aimed at escapes, while several innocent victims fall before his hand is arrested. From guard-post to guard-post the dreadful *amok* signal will be given and, shuddering at the sound, the timid will flee to their homes and barricade their doors. Pluckier neighbours will arm themselves to assist in running the *amok*-maker down. He is seldom taken alive. The men at the guard-posts have for that purpose a forked instrument, provided with barbs inside the prongs, which prevent their captive struggling free after he has been

caught and, at the same time, keep him at a distance where he cannot harm them; but, since the police in Java, as in certain other countries, if we are to believe a French song, stick pretty closely to their privilege of always arriving too late, they generally find the *amok*-maker dead when they show themselves on the scene of carnage. Stalking him as they would a ferocious animal, volunteers, directly concerned, have already despatched him with their pikes and lances. From such sanguinary encounters it may be concluded that the invisible powers in charge of Java do not all belong to the friendly sort. Some stir man's soul with violent passions as they shake the soil he lives on in this country of beauty and unexpected revelations, with volcanic eruptions, reminding him continually of the tremendous forces at work under his feet and of Mother Nature shaping his destiny apart from his hopes and wishes.



IRRIGATED RICEFIELDS IN JAVA.

CHAPTER II

A LAND OF PLENTY

JAVA is one of the most fertile countries in the world, its inhabitants are born husbandmen and yet in this land of plenty, where the scantiest effort ensures the richest harvests, extensive territories are periodically visited by want and famine. The cause of this extraordinary state of affairs has to be sought in a system of colonial exploitation which made the natives raise products for the European market by forced labour and deliver them into the Government storehouses whence they were shipped to Holland and sold at an enormous profit. This system, called after Count van den Bosch, on whose recommendation it was introduced to meet Holland's financial difficulties, has now been abandoned though the *corvée*, the calling out of the villagers in unpaid service for the mending of roads, etc., continues as before. Even now, however, it would be too much to say that native toil, when demanded by direct or indirect pressure, always commands wages sufficient to keep body and soul together. The word "coffee" has still an especially ominous sound in native ears, for it reminds them of the oppression connected with the growing of that commodity for Government purposes.

Rice, the principal food of the people, if they can afford it, is also their principal crop and yet, for reasons closely connected with the Government methods referred to, the production does not come up to the consumption. Though Java exports rice, particularly rice of superior quality, it imports a far greater quantity of the coarser kinds. Rice is cultivated both on ground unsuitable for artificial irrigation and on irrigable land in the terracing and watering of which the native shows an astonishing practical knowledge of hydraulics. The planting and preparation for export of coffee, tea, sugar, tobacco, indigo, cinchona, pepper, cacao, etc., is now almost wholly in the hands of companies working with European capital which, lately, has also paid a good deal of attention to rubber. They who know only what passes in this part of the world under the names of coffee, tea and cocoa, have a revelation in store for them when sampling those delicious beverages at the source, where their full aroma can be enjoyed. Then they will sympathise with a friend of mine who, served at his first breakfast in Europe, after a long residence in Java, with the regulation hotel slops, said to the waiter: "If this is what you call coffee, please bring me tea; and if it is what you call tea, please bring me coffee."

Fruit distinguishes itself in Java by a thick, often very hard rind protecting the juicy contents. Opinions are much divided as to which deserves the palm for flavour and succulence: one prefers the pineapple, another the *mango*, a third the *sawu manila*, which has

been described as a large and very savoury medlar. There is no accounting for tastes and epicures who have learned to conquer their dislike for the nauseous smell of the large, substantial, prickly *durian*, maintain that this delicacy easily leads the long list because it seems a compound of whatever delights pineapple, *mango*, *sawu manila* and all the rest have to offer to tongue and palate. Nothing is more luscious than the *durian;* enthusiasts pay incredible prices for the first and finest obtainable; it plays even, like the *sirih* quid, a part in native courtship: the bashful maiden, long and patiently wooed, can think of no better gift than a slice of *durian* to intimate to her lovesick swain that at last she consents to be his. After mentioning the coco-nut which, with the tall, slender palm that produces it, serves the native in a thousand ways, the banana or *pisang*, as it is called in Java, has to come in for more than a passing notice. From the dainty milk banana, not much bigger than the little finger, to the coarse species of an arm's length and girth, given to horses to keep their coats glossy, there are said to be seven hundred varieties. The banana in the land of its birth is also quite a different article from the poor, greenish yellow, spindle-shaped things in bunches, picked for export before they have had time to ripen and the peels of which make our streets so dangerous. The banana being very wholesome and nourishing, native mothers stuff their infants with it to an alarming extent. It is the first fruit they give to their babies as *mangos* rank last according to their notions of nursery

hygiene. On this subject a word of advice to intending visitors to Java may be permitted, namely to beware of fruit with numerous pips, such as the *jambu biji*, and to leave the fibrous parts of all fruits alone. Oranges in their tropical form, for instance, should be sucked and not eaten. And then we have the old saying, well worth remembering: "Fruit is gold in the morning, silver in the middle of the day and lead in the evening."

Java possesses a marvellous variety of flowers, which are not subject to set seasons as in Europe and other parts of the world. They do not depend on spring to bud, on autumn to shed their leaves, on winter to sleep, but keep wide awake the whole year round. Gardens present a continuous summer aspect and it seems a pity that in gardening so little is done by the European community, the climate and the soil doing on the other hand so much, making the country such a perpetual feast to the eye on such a large scale, that every effort of man to improve upon their work cannot fail to sink into insignificance. The Europeans living in Java cultivate their flowers mostly in tubs and pots; they prefer to keep their belongings in a shape conformable to the exigencies of the general auction of their household effects when returning home after having feathered their nests, or when ordered to another corner of the archipelago as frequently happens in the case of officials and army officers. Horticulture cannot thrive in such conditions and as to the natives, they are content with letting bountiful Nature provide if coquettish Isa wants fragrant *melati* to adorn her hair, or Kario the

seeds of the white-flowered *kachuboong* to prepare soothing salves, supposing he has no more sinister object in view. Sometimes there is a rage for special kinds of plants, for ferns or for crotons, the more curious the speckling the finer.

The creature that forces itself most persistently upon the attention of the visitor to Java, after he has admired the jaded, wretched ponies of the public vehicles and the mean-looking, stiff-eared curs infesting the streets, will be, at night, the horrid mosquito. Let snakes, crocodiles and tigers do their worst, the greatest enemy to human life is the *Anopheles claviger* species of this insect family. It spreads the germs of malarial fever and all the different species, without exception, are enemies to human peace of mind, making life a burden by their insolent buzzing as they spy out their chance to drink their fill of human blood. Fortunately, these vexatious intruders have their enemies too. Sitting at the tea-table one may hear a sudden smack near the sugar-pot and see a small reptile run off, leaving something smaller wriggling behind. It is a *chichak*, fallen down from the ceiling in its curiosity or uncontrollable desire for sweets, which has dropped its tail in its hurry to escape; the sacrifice does not matter much for the lost member will grow again. A larger and uglier lizard, which also frequents the dwellings of man, is the *gecco*, so called from the sound it makes. A *gecco* in the house spells good luck and the special kind of good luck it will bring, is foreshadowed by the number of times it repeats its own name. Among

insects, so numerous and in so great variety that, whenever a hole or a crevice opens, one of the proper size will be sure to come forward and inhabit it, the white ant enjoys an especially bad reputation for its destructiveness. Many are the means devised to keep it away from bookcases, wardrobes, provision rooms, etc., but somehow, if not constantly watched and scared by the noise of sweeping, it bores its way through all obstacles and eats everything. On several occasions its healthy appetite has even done away with large quantities of bullion, not to speak of banknotes in heaps—that, at least, was the excuse of those in charge and responsible for the shortages.

The jungle teems with wild animals and hunting is a pastime much indulged in. There are no elephants in Java, as in Sumatra, but the rhinoceros roams in herds. If one of them is, for some reason or other, expelled by its mates, it becomes much more ferocious by forced seclusion and, like an elephant in the same circumstances, requires a good deal of nerve to deal with. Wild cattle are hardly less dangerous but the shooting of deer and birds, either for the table or for their plumage, entails less excitement. Wild pigs are generally killed with the gun, nobody caring for pig-sticking, and old boars can be very nasty as I have strong cause to remember, for my left leg was on one occasion ripped up by the fangs of one that objected to my presence dealing death to his tribe. Panthers and tigers are getting comparatively scarce, and one seldom hears now that the post is delayed because they

made a meal off the horses and the conductor of the mail-car. Yet, driven from their lairs in the woods by drought or want of food, they still prepare disagreeable surprises to the inhabitants of districts remote from the main roads. These people regard the tiger with superstitious fear and reverence, and only can make up their minds to put a stop to his depredations after great provocation. The method of capture usually resorted to is that of traps or falls. If, however, a man-eater has devoured the wife or son or daughter of a native he may consider it a purely personal affair and track the enemy to his den, challenging him to single combat, armed with nothing but *kris* and lance, and often come out of the struggle victorious too. After killing a tiger, the successful huntsman has to take care that the natives do not spoil the skin by pulling out the beast's moustache and hair from other places, which, like the vertebra of the neck, are supposed to possess medicinal qualities. The claws will also be appropriated by the native if he gets a chance, as he believes that by wearing them he will become invulnerable. However savage the lord of the woods may be, the crocodile is responsible for many more sudden disappearances, a result due to the habitual washings and consequent loiterings on the banks of rivers and creeks without which the people of Java are unable to feel happy. One of these monsters, shot two days after it had seized and pulled into the water the mother of eight children who stood helplessly looking on, was found to contain the head of that woman and part of her body, the legs and arms of

another human being, two large bones of a horse, twenty smaller bones of various animals and fifteen stones of the size of a chicken's egg.

CHAPTER III

THE QUEEN OF THE EAST

It is narrated by travellers in the old days of sailing vessels that they could smell Java long before they could see it when, nearing the coast, the land wind greeted them with the fragrance of its flowery forests. Now everything goes quicker and, as we cleave an emerald sea, studded with innumerable wooded islets, glittering under a sapphire sky, soon, over a hazy bank of clouds, the blue mountains of the interior come into view. Then, lower on the horizon, appears a white line of surf, the waves breaking on the beach. The aspect of Tanjoong Priok, the harbour of Batavia, like that of Samarang and Surabaya, entered from the seaside, is not at all suggestive of the wondrous beauty lying behind. A train, waiting at the station, will convey the newly arrived passengers to the upper town, where they have a choice of good hotels. The lower town, Old Batavia, is now wholly given up to business; it is the "City" of the Queen of the East, the merchants who have their

offices there, retiring in the afternoon to their homes at Weltevreden, a Dutch name which means Well Satisfied. Fine houses in spacious gardens, large squares connected by wide, straight roads, fully explain that name. The largest open space is the King's Plain, surrounded on its four sides by the stately mansions of high officials and people of importance in finance and trade, with the railway station to the east, the Museum to the west, the Residency to the south and the palace of the Governor-General to the north. Waterloo Square, with its army officers' quarters, has on one side a huge structure, set apart for Government uses and flanked by the High Court of Justice and the military club Concordia; in the midst rises a column with an animal on top, supposed to be meant for a lion but more like a poodle dog, and it is a standing joke that Jan Pietersz Coen, the energetic first Governor-General of the Dutch East India Company and founder of Batavia, whose statue graces the grass-plot before the Government Offices in an attitude of command, as if ordering the poodle dog to climb down, has, after so many years, not yet succeeded in making it obey.

To see the sights and enjoy the early morning, which is the best part of the day, one should rise with the sun and not neglect to pay a visit to the old town. It is much more interesting than the new one, notwithstanding its squalor. One can drive or walk thither, either along Molenvliet (Mill Race) or, first skirting the Gunoong Sahari Canal, along the ancient Jacatra

Road. Whichever way we go and at whatever time, bathing will be in full swing, crowds of men, women and children splashing in the water with the utmost relish and decency; at dawn and just before sunset the bathers are most numerous but the refreshing element is never wholly deserted. Following the Gunoong Sahari Canal to return by Molenvliet, we pass a good many coco plantations where the wealthy citizens once had their country-houses, of which little more is left than here and there a tottering pavilion, the former orchards being encroached upon by strangely shaped Chinese tombs. In the Jacatra Road is a gruesome monument to the memory of a certain Pieter Erberfeld, the ringleader of a conspiracy, two centuries ago, to murder all Christians. A native girl discovered the plot to a Dutch officer with whom she had fallen in love. This officer informed the authorities, and Pieter Erberfeld was arrested with his confederates and condemned to death. In six places his flesh was torn from his body with red-hot pincers, his right hand and his head were chopped off, his remains quartered and the four parts exhibited where the warning they conveyed seemed most needful. His house, which stood on this spot, was razed, with the exception of a wall whereon his head was spiked down, and his skull can still be seen in that position, preserved by thick layers of whitewash periodically applied by the Department of Public Works. Underneath is written: "In accursed memory of the punished traitor to his country Pieter Erberfeld. No one will be allowed to build

here in wood, brick or stone, or to plant here now or eternally. Batavia, April 14, 1722." The other conspirators had their flesh torn from their bodies, their hands cut off, their arms and legs broken, and were thrown out of the town gates to die their miserable death. The next Sunday a special service to thank God for his mercy in frustrating their design was held in the city church, which dates from 1693 and still exists, near by, with its fine pulpit, escutcheons and antique furniture.

The big cannon, a few paces from the Pinang Gate, is highly venerated by the native women, and so also is the grave of a Muhammadan saint from Hadramaut, at Luar Batang near the Fish Market. Of the castle, the stronghold of the Dutch East India Company in the first days of European settlement here, nothing above-ground is left. The Town Hall dates from 1710 and not far from it flow the muddy waters of the Kali Basar, whose quays form the chief centre of business. The princely dwellings of Old Batavia are transformed into counting-houses and godowns; the stately halls where the Company's captains and commanders, renowned in war and peace, used to congregate, discussing affairs of State, resound now with words of barter and sale. The Tiger Canal, once the fashionable quarter, inhabited by the cream of society, where, for instance, the Governor-General Jeremias van Riemsdijk (1775-1777) had his town residence, with rooms large enough for his wife to receive forty ladies in a batch, says a publication of that

time, presents now a picture of misery and decay. More unsavoury streets lead over dirty ditches, spanned by narrow bridges, to the Chinese Camp, always full of life and colour. The greater part of the thirty thousand Mongolians seeking their livelihood in Batavia as shopkeepers, hawkers, artisans, or by means of any other profession which enables them to turn an honest penny, are crowded together in this locality. Here a spectacled apothecary weighs out to one of his customers a powder to be swallowed with a pill, composed of heaven knows what, but guaranteed to relieve all ills that flesh is heir to; there a party of friends are regaling themselves with soup made from edible birds' nests or *bami*, a delicacy in the composition of which a kind of macaroni and pork dominate. Pork is an important item of Chinese cookery and makes it perfectly detestable to the Muhammadan natives, especially the *hajis*. Passing a Chinese butcher hawking his joints and chops, they may often be observed spitting before them on the ground and muttering: *Babi sama babi*—Pig to the pigs! The Chinese temples with their idols and gaudy decoration are well worth a visit and the absence among the worshippers of a deferential attitude, in our sense of the word, is not the least striking feature. I remember in one of those joss-houses a boy, servant to one of the priests, cleaning his master's saucers and chop-sticks on the steps of the principal altar under the nose of a sweetly smiling, big doll, Kwan Ti, the god of trade. Pillows and flower-pots on the roofs of Chinese houses tell curious tales of the happenings within. A

pillow placed in a particular manner means a death in the family. Empty flower-pots notify to the passer-by the number of unmarried girls living inside; such as have their openings turned toward the street represent the young ladies looking out for a husband; if turned the other way they signify: already provided for. Chinese youths who wish to enter into the conjugal state and have not yet fixed their choice, are, of course, deeply interested in the movements of those flower-pots and keep a particularly keen watch on the roofs of wealthy fathers of pretty daughters.

The sun climbing higher and the heat growing more intense, the rest of a morning can be spent in a drive through the cool, well-shaded avenues of Weltevreden, past Parapatan with the English church, to Salemba and Meester Cornelis. Or the ladies may go shopping in Noordwijk and Rijswijk, and the gentlemen may meet their friends at the club, the Harmonie, housed in a roomy building given, to promote social intercourse, by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles when Lieutenant-Governor of Java during the British interregnum, in perpetual acknowledgment of which gift the directive committee always has a representative of the British community among its members. At lunch there will be an opportunity for sampling the "rice-table", highly praised by epicures whose example will teach how to bury the snow-white, steaming mass from which it derives its name, under strongly spiced *sambals* and *curries*, chicken, fish, shrimps and many things more in endless combinations. After reposing for an hour or

two and having taken tea, the Chinese quarter of the upper town can be visited, Pasar Baharu, with its *tokos* or stores where, if the customer does not find what he seeks, John Chinaman will get or manufacture it for him. Once an inquisitive person, penetrating into the back portion of such an emporium, asked the proprietor what two of his servants, ladling and stirring a dark fluid in a petroleum tin, were doing. *Bekin angor prot, 'nyah*, he answered: "They make port-wine, ma'am." Noordwijk with its restaurants and confectioners' shops, thronged and brilliantly lighted up, creates of an evening the impression that Batavia is always feasting and banqueting. Carriages wait in long files for the consumers of ices and refreshing drinks, or move at a rapid pace to bring their fair occupants to receptions and dinners, perhaps to a performance of a French opera troupe in the theatre or a concert; on Saturday nights to Concordia, the military club, where the excellent band of the army staff discourses sweet music. Extravagant hats and costly dresses prove that the pride of ornament, cavilled at by fault finding preachers of two centuries ago, has outlived their censure with a vengeance. This is the European side of Java. But the natives of Batavia, too, will turn out in numbers when something extraordinary is going on, a dance at the Governor-General's for instance, the ball- and general reception-rooms of his Excellency's palace facing Noordwijk. They will sit for hours and hours enjoying themselves by looking at the fun of others, by *nontonning*, to use the native name of this

passive kind of happiness, which even finds its votaries among the ruling race, particularly the ladies who often prefer to attend an opera or concert outside the theatre, snugly seated in a landau or victoria, to braving the stifling atmosphere of boxes or dress circle, profiting from open doors and windows better adapted, it seems, for giving a wide range to vocal and instrumental efforts than for the admittance of cooling breezes.

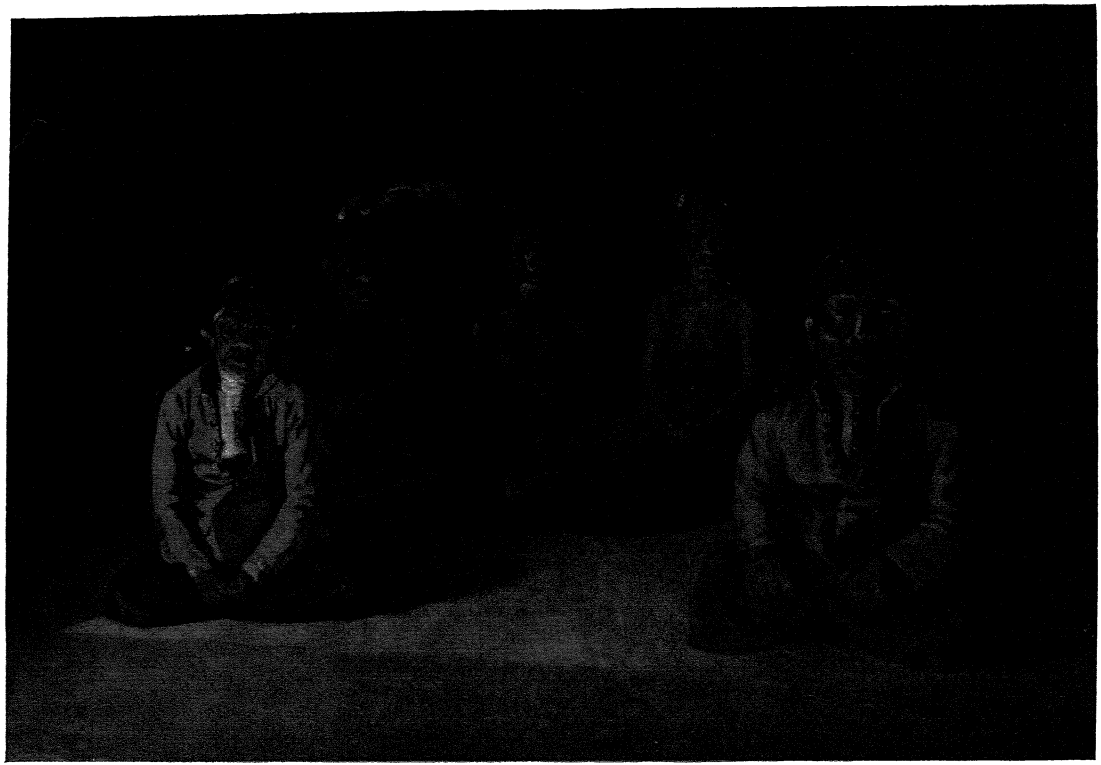
CHAPTER IV

OUT OF TROUBLE

With all her glory of being the Queen of the East, Batavia is not the true Java. To observe the natives in their village life, their old manners and customs, and to appreciate the majestic beauty of their country, we have to travel into the interior. Our first station will be Bogor, called Buitenzorg, which means Out of Trouble, and worthy of that name as a place of refuge from the cares of business at Batavia, enticing to rest in a site which Nature seems to have intended for week-end recreation. The Governor-General lives here, except during the hottest part of the hot season, when he takes up his residence at Chipanas, higher up in the cool climate of the Preanger mountains. Weltevreden sees

him only on rare occasions, when his presence is required for grave affairs of State or periodical functions as on the Queen's Birthday. The railway is now much more patronised than the great post-road, constructed by the Marshal Daendels to connect the capital, via Samarang, with Surabaya at the other extremity of the island. Taking the train, we pass Depok, a settlement of native Christians on the estate of Cornelis Chasteleyn who, in 1714, bequeathed his landed property to his slaves on condition that they should be converted, some of them already having been baptised. Arriving at Buitenzorg in the afternoon between two and five o'clock, one is almost certain to have rain and those regular showers, all the year through, assure a deliciously fresh temperature, quite different from that on the coast, though the height is little more than 860 feet.

Buitenzorg, too, has excellent hotels. In fact, good or at least fairly good accommodation can be found wherever tourists are likely to penetrate. If private enterprise does not supply what is needed, local authorities will permit the use of rest-houses built for the convenience of officials on their tours of inspection. And Dutch East Indian hospitality, however badly requited in many instances, is still practised to an almost unlimited extent both by Europeans and native chiefs. Truly, the good old days are past when every house stood open to every newcomer, who could stay as long as he liked, come and go as he pleased; when, on a visit to the palatial country-seats of wealthy Batavians, every guest found a horse ready for him in the stables, and at the



DWARF BODY-GUARD ATTENDING THE SUB-HUMAN.

door of his room a couple of servants to assist his own native valet in the arduous task of waiting upon him, and, at the whist-table after dinner, a purse filled with gold and labelled with his name, his host undertaking to pay his losses while he pocketed his gains. Professional spongers and changed circumstances all round have made an end of that but, especially in the interior, away from the great ports, where mean advantage has too often been taken of hospitable entertainment, kindness to neighbours and strangers alike remains a distinguishing feature of social intercourse.

One of the most frequented hostelries at Buitenzorg is the Hotel Bellevue. It does not belie its name. From the rooms at the back one enjoys a splendid view of Java's blue mountains, here much sharper in outline before the clouds gather round their tops, than when looked at from Batavia, because so much nearer. The Salak stands out most clearly with its burnt-out crater. In using this expression, I mean simply that no eruption has taken place in historical times. A sleeping fire-mountain in volcanic Java may suddenly become distressingly active, as happens too often for the repose of the people who build and plant on its slopes and, in a moment, see their dwellings and crops destroyed, have to consider themselves lucky if they escape with their lives. But no one thinks of such terrible possibilities in the merry crowd of men, women and children amusing themselves in the river which completes the charming scene. The green banks of the Chidani are always alive with dark figures, wrapped in *sarongs* of the gayest hues,

going to or returning from their bath between their daily occupations or breaking the sameness of doing nothing in particular. Even the babies take to the water like ducks; wee boys and girls frolic and gambol in the swift-flowing stream from morning till night, daring their elders to follow and catch them in the eddying currents, a continuous ballet of youth and contentment to the melodious tune of the glittering wavelets dashing against the boulders and snags. The force of example will make one stroll down to the swimming-bath of the hotel or, still better, enter one of the many vehicles always ready for a drive to Suka Dingin, Tirtasari or Kota Batu, where one can have a swim in the open, screened by impenetrable thickets, flowers clustering over one's head and with birds of brilliant plumage for sole company.

A morning may be profitably employed in a walk round the famous Botanic Garden, which owes its beginning, in 1817, to Professor Reinward. Since then repeatedly enlarged, several laboratories have been attached to it, a museum, a herbarium and a library; also a garden at Chibodas, high up on the north-eastern slope of the Gedeh, for the study of trees and other plants that grow only in the mountains, and a garden at Chikeumeuh, in the outskirts of Buitenzorg, for the study of medicinal herbs and products cultivated for export and used in various industries. The principal entrance to the Botanic Garden is through an old gate, not far from the Chinese Camp, which leads into a magnificent avenue of *kanari* trees and, to give an

idea of Java's luxuriant vegetation, one of the first things that meet the eye is an enormous liane winding from stem to stem for a considerable distance. The collection of palms is extraordinarily rich and the lover of orchids will find rare specimens of *vandas*, *phalaenopsis*, *dendrobiums*, etc., flowering in pale, delicate tints or glowing in brilliant red and yellow, shaming the *fuchsias* and *begonias*. In an island formed by the Chiliwong, a new addition to the garden, where climbers are brought together in great diversity, a second avenue of *kanari* trees has been laid out which promises to surpass that of Teysmann in beauty as it does already in length and width.

Among the curiosities are the travellers' tree, which keeps a supply of water between its leaves to oblige the thirsty wayfarer; the insect eating pitcher plants, which allure unwary flies and bugs by their sweetness and, when they have them safely landed, close their valves to digest their prey at leisure; the *myrmecodia*, whose spongy stems are inhabited by numberless ants which make themselves quite at home in the dwellings thus constructed for them by Dame Nature, whence the less learned name of "ants' nests". The notorious Upas Tree, though the natives distil a very active poison from its juice, is not so diabolically bad as its reputation. The tales of weary wanderers seeking rest and falling asleep under its foliage, never to wake again, succumbing to its deadly exhalations, belong to the realm of fables. It is not the only fiction dispelled by the research work done in this renowned garden where

botanists and naturalists from all parts of the world can be met, attracted by its wonders to improve their knowledge, often in the most unexpected way. One of them stood once discussing a certain snake-shaped plant, maintaining that its preservation in the struggle for life was due solely to that form, even the most stupid animal in search of food being sure to avoid anything so misleadingly like a reptile. . . . "Look behind you, professor," said a disrespectful youth among the disciples he was giving the benefit of his superior learning and who were not in the least impressed, on the contrary seemed to derive a good deal of amusement from it. The professor did look behind him and saw the cause of their mirth: a goat finishing, with the utmost relish, one of the very plants he had been lecturing on.

The palace of the Governor-General is situated to the north of the lotus pond, in a garden of its own, to which the public has, of course, no access. A story is told of one of its high occupants who, in the habit of taking long morning walks rather negligently dressed, was refused re-admittance to his private grounds by a sentry posted there to keep trespassers out.

"But I am the Governor-General," said that high functionary.

"It is funny to hear a scarecrow talk like that," answered the other. "You are too shabby and too ugly even to look at the Governor-General. You cannot pass."

Repeated remonstrations resulted only in the sentry

getting angry and calling out the guard to run the importunate "scarecrow" in. The officer in command, however, knew his Excellency, made his men salute in the proper fashion and offered an apology, which was accepted. After a severe reprimand, the sentry is reported to have vented his feelings to his comrades in the following words:

"The world is coming to an end, boys, when a decent soldier has to say 'Your Excellency' and present arms to a fellow rigged out and with a mug like that."

A quiet and lovely spot is the little cemetery belonging to the palace and hidden in a corner of the Botanic Garden reserved for the different species of *bambusa*. The Governor-General de Eerens lies there, surrounded by several near relatives of his predecessors and successors. Among their graves, overshadowed by the slender stems and feathery leaves of the bamboo stools rustling in the wind, are those of two young naturalists, Kuhl and van Hasselt, who came to Java to continue their studies and found a premature death. To the south of the lotus pond is a monument erected by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles to the memory of his first wife, Olivia Mariamne Davenish, widow of Surgeon Fancourt of the Madras establishment when he married her. Though she died at Buitenzorg, November 26th, 1814, she was buried at Tanah Abang, Weltevreden, not far from the last resting-place of Dr. John Leyden of Denholm, Roxburghshire, who departed this life at Meester Cornelis, August 28th,

1811. The pedestal of her memorial urn in the Botanic Garden bears, underneath a short inscription, the lines:

"Oh thou whom ne'er my constant heart
One moment hath forgot,
Tho' fate severe hath bid us part,
Yet still forget me not."

CHAPTER V

THE GARDEN OF THE SPIRITS

Leaving Buitenzorg, the express train from Weltevreden will bring us in ease and comfort to the Preanger Regencies, "a piece of heaven fallen on earth," as this large and most beautiful residency has been called in the words of an Italian enthusiast. But Daendels' post-road, though little frequented in these days of steam and electricity, presents greater attractions to lovers of mountain scenery who are not in a hurry. The provincial boundary line is passed on the Poonchak, the high saddle between the tops of the Pangerango and the Megamendoong, the trouble of a toilsome ascent finding plentiful reward in magnificent views. To the left, on the Poonchak, is a trail which, mounting through a tangle of trees and underbrush to the edge of an old cone of eruption and then sloping

down into the burnt-out crater, leads to Telaga Warna (Lake of Many Hues). Silent and deep and changing its colour when the sun's rays, reflected by its wooded banks, penetrate for a short time, at noon, its mysterious recesses, it shows at the very threshold of the Tanah Priangan (Garden of the Spirits) the truth of the saying that the beauty of Java's volcanic landscapes is set off by lakes and lakelets as is the beauty of her sky by the languid moon and the sparkling stars. Well do I remember a night spent at Telaga Warna, "the moonlight sleeping on its banks," with a nervous pony that refused to jump the trunk of a tree fallen across our path, blown over by the last west monsoon. In going it had not objected but returning in the dark it refused to obey. To go round the obstacle in the dense undergrowth was out of the question and so I had to wait for daylight, not wishing to leave my borrowed mount, chancing an encounter with a mad, solitary rhinoceros which, according to native reports, frequented the place in the small hours of morning to quench its thirst. Alone and unarmed, I could have climbed a tree if the worst had come to the worst, but no rhinoceros showed up, notwithstanding an occasional rustling of leaves and snapping of twigs as if some animal was forcing a passage, probably a wild pig or deer. My pony getting more tractable with dawn, after a watch extremely tedious except when such noises broke the deep silence, I was at last able to make it clear the barrier and trot back to Sindanglaya where my unaccountable absence had begun to cause anxiety.

Sindanglaya is a finely situated sanatorium but its military hospital has been vacated; sick and convalescent soldiers are sent to Chimahi since the railway gives easy access to the more elevated Bandoong plateau. Not far distant lies the Governor-General's country-seat Chipanas, its name being derived from a hot spring in its grounds. With Sindanglaya as headquarters, several interesting tours can be made, a visit to the crater of the Gedeh crowning all, especially if, by camping overnight at Kandang Badak (Rhinoceros Pen), one arrives at the summit with sunrise to enjoy the beautiful views in all directions before the clouds gather round the mountain tops. It is good advice for excursions everywhere in Java and in tropical countries generally, not to let the first streaks of light in the east catch you sleeping. Up to Kandang Badak the path leads through a dense forest past Chibodas, the hill annex of the Botanic Garden at Buitenzorg referred to in the preceding chapter, past the waterfall and the echoing *guwa lalaï* (bats' grotto) of Chibeureum. Beyond Kandang Badak the surroundings assume an Alpine character, then vegetation ceases and both the old and the new crater are reached through a desert strewn with the large boulders flung out on different occasions. To good pedestrians I can recommend, from experience, the descent to Sukabumi (World's Delight) on the other side, first traversing a meadow with white flowers sadly nodding at the disturbers of their rest when stirred by the sea breeze; they are the never dying

people of Pajajaran, a mighty empire which had its capital at Kota Batu and ceased to exist centuries and centuries ago.

Most travellers will go to Sukabumi by train, the railway following the Chidani for a little distance and then winding up and down between the coffee and tea plantations on the slopes of the Salak and the Gedeh. I shall not detain my readers in the pleasant climate of the World's Delight, despite its fine environs and the attractions of a trip to Palabuhan Ratu and the Bay of Chiletook with its splendid cascades. Palabuhan Ratu means Royal Anchorage and right royal it is, encircled by a beach of dazzling fairness at the foot of cliffs hollowed out by the incessant pounding of the Indian Ocean. Continuing our voyage to Bandoong over cultivated plains and round wooded hills where the cheerful sound of running water is always heard, past Chanjoor, we come to a station called Rajamandala, a good starting point for a visit to the Churooq Halimoon, the largest waterfall in Java and also the least known because out of the beaten track and hard to get at through the jungle. Exactly for that reason I shall treat of it more in detail than of the wonders of the Tanah Priangan included in the sightseers' usual programme, giving the main points of my last walk thither in 1903. Leaving the Rajamandala station, crossing the Chitaroom and Chihea, I found accommodation for the night in the house of the *lurah*, the head of the village of Chi Petir, who convened the chief men of the community to consider and discuss this

singular case of a white stranger falling from the sky for an excursion to the Churooq Halimoon, and on foot too! Their meeting, which lasted till three o'clock, the wheezy coughing of the *lurah's* father, who evidently suffered from a disease of the breathing tubes, the mosquitos, rats and mice combined to keep me awake and it seemed to me that I had just dozed off when it was time to get up again.

Setting out in the dark and crossing the Chihea once more, I found the steep road quite lively with people going to market at Pankean. From there on, passing through a teak wood and ascending steadily, I met hardly anyone before getting to Chi Chabang where the upper ten of the hamlet received me in the house of the local police officer. The split bamboo walls of the room they entertained me in, were ornamented with portraits of Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Hendrik of the Netherlands, taken from a Malay illustrated paper; of an English actor and actress together with Cecil Rhodes, taken from the *Sketch*. I did not stay long in this picture gallery but pushed on, clambering up to a place where the noise of the river in its impetuous course could distinctly be heard though as yet nothing could be seen. To behold the "invisible waterfall" I had to struggle hard with briars and brushwood, half a dozen men clearing a passage with their choppers from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet down into the ravine in three different directions, to the Sanghiang Heloot where the Chitaroom, raging and

roaring, forces its waters through a narrow opening in the rocks; to the Churooq Halimoon proper, "the torrent which comes from the tops of the mountains in the clouds and loses itself in the bottomless gulf," a whirling mass of foam; and to the Chukang Raon, the "abode of thunder," where the river, dashing through another gate, plunges into the chasm below. Listening to the voice of the mighty torrent and marvelling at its tumultuous fury while standing in the spray which reflects the rays of the sun in a thousand rainbows, no one will regret having taken a little trouble to enjoy a scene of so much beauty. A climb up the beetling Gunoong Guwa for a look at the picking of edible birds' nests, is also to be recommended, though not to those who suffer from dizziness or object on other grounds to swinging over yawning abysses with nothing to support them except the rickety, shaky, slippery ladders used to enter the caverns inhabited by the swallows which furnish those delicacies.

The capital of the Preanger Regencies is of high importance in the island's present system of defence, which accounts for the military camp of Chimahi, Java's Aldershot, five and a half miles to the west. The head office and principal workshops of the Government railways are at Bandoong itself and the removal thither from Batavia of the several departments of the central administration has been long in consideration. The tourist will find it convenient for a trip, among other excursions, to the cinchona plantations of Lembang and the two craters, just now rather playful, of the Tang-

kuban Prahu, which means "the barge that has t
turtle," a name given to that volcano in connection
its form and also with an old legend. Proceedi
Garoot and passing Chichalengka, we reach the
part of our journey by rail as we ascend to the N
Pass and then descend into the plain of Lèlès, m
many turns between hill-tops, over rivers and ra
which offer a panorama of wondrous magnificence
Lèlès we can enjoy a view of the way we
the three white viaducts standing out hazily in t
of golden light that floods the valley, all warm
misty under the blue sky. Lèlès is a place of pilgr
where on certain days the natives flock togethe
prayer at the holy graves which lie scattered on is
a deep and tranquil lake. A great author ha
that Java is a land for hermits and certainly this
be a spot to select for seclusion from the world i
stant communion with Nature.

Another and larger lake, nearer to Garoot, i
Bagendit, a name it owes to its form, which re
one of the sheath of a *kris*. The following
gives, however, a different explanation. Once
a time a king lived here, called Wira Suta
possessed great wealth and decided to build a
the like of which had not been seen in the
Priangan. He ordered his architects to make
and his subjects throughout his realm to furni
stones and the rafters and the beams and whatever
be necessary. At length the day arrived for the
of the foundation stone and a feast was prepa

which numberless musicians and dancing-girls were commanded to appear. While the workmen dug the hole in which, as everyone thought, some slave or prisoner of war was to be thrown and crushed by the heavy foundation stone as a sacrifice to the gods to ensure good luck, the famous Nyi Indit of Cheribon was just stepping forward to win new triumphs with her art, when the king gave a sign to his guards, who seized and bound her and threw her into the pit. Everyone stood transfixed with horror, seeing the beautiful maiden hurled down and the heavy stone dropped on her sweet body. A cry was heard and the stone was seen to fly out of the hole and come down on King Wira Suta, killing him instantly, and a column of water rose from the ground and huge waves covered the palace grounds and all the king's courtiers and retinue and guests were drowned. So came the Situ Bagendit into being. And the fishermen paddling visitors round the islet-studded lake will show the exact spot where the dancing-girl Nyi Indit was sacrificed. It is indicated by a cluster of water-lilies not far from the pole which marks the goal in the yearly canoe race, held after the month of fasting.

CHAPTER VI

JAVA'S FIRE-MOUNTAINS

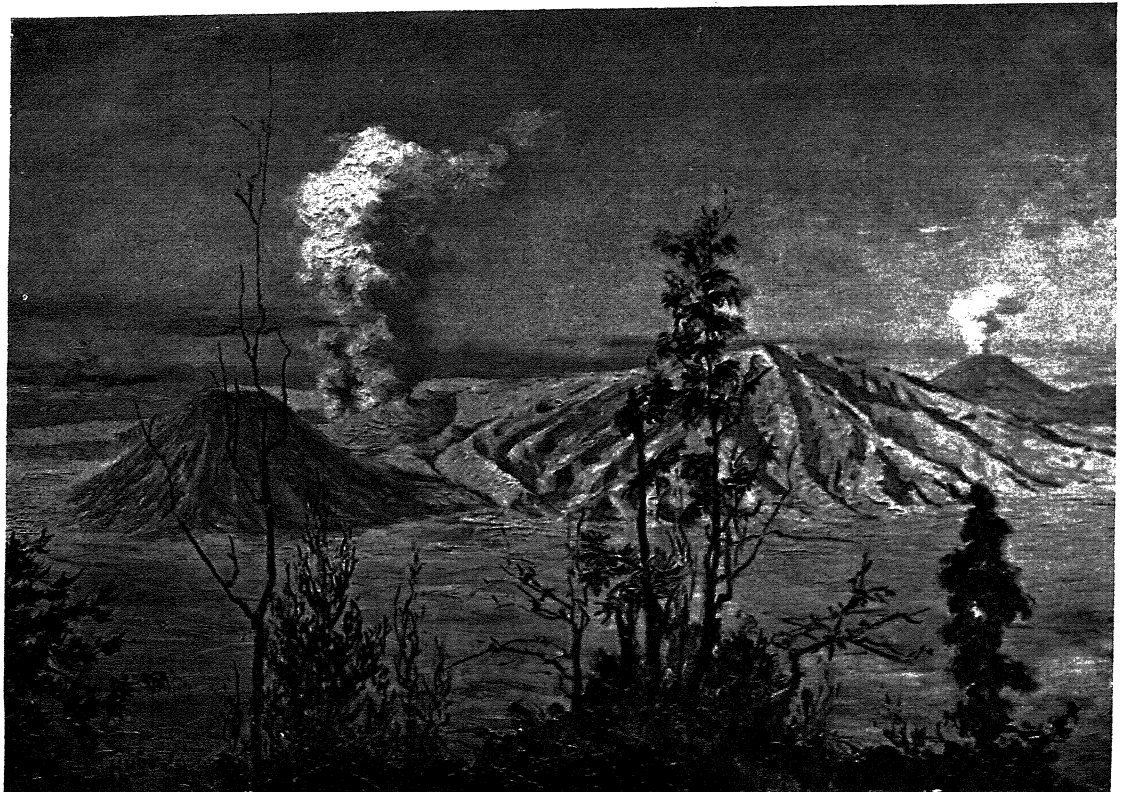
AMONG the finest excursions from Garoot, which lies in a nest of volcanoes, are those to the mud-geysers of the Kawa Manook; to Telaga Bodas, the sulphurous "white lake"; to the crater of the Papandayan (Smithy), entered through a large breach in its walls. This opening was made when the sides of the mountain were forced out to the north and north-west by the terrible eruption of 1822 which destroyed forty villages and three thousand human lives. This sounds bad enough but is nothing compared with the terrible, though not very credible tales of its eruption in 1772. Another volcano, supposed to have been very disorderly in that year, is the Cherimay in Cheribon, whose crater, according to local tradition, owes its existence to Sunan Gunoong Jati, first preacher of the Muhammadan religion in those parts. The *walis*, his assistants, inflated with pride, so the story goes, refused to render him the homage he considered due to his dignity. On a certain day again, when he had convened them for a meeting where the Cherimay raises its head to the sky, they neglected the necessary preparations and treated

him with disrespect. To teach them a lesson, he lifted his little finger and by that token a thunderbolt struck the mountain, hurling the arrogant *walis* into the hole it made. There they sat on the bottom of the crater thus formed, sheepishly looking up to the Sunan, who helped them out after they had promised to obey him and the law which teaches that self-conceit is abominable in the sight of heaven.

There are no fewer than 109 volcanoes in Java and 13 of them are at present continuously active. It has been calculated, for instance, that the Kloot threw out, in 1901, about 70,000,000 cubic feet of solid stuff; the Galoonggoong, in 1894, about 770,000,000; Krakatao, in 1883, after two centuries of rest, about 635,000,000. The most destructive feature of the eruption of the little island Krakatao, when it blew itself to pieces and changed the whole channel of the Straits of Soonda, was a tremendous tidal wave which swept away the cities of Anyer and Cheringin as if they never had been and landed big steamers far up in the hills of Sumatra at the other side. The loss of life was appalling; more than 70,000 people perished; sharing the fate of the inhabitants of Anyer and Cheringin, the fisherfolk of the neighbouring islets and many of the population of Telok Betong in the Lampongs were drowned by the tidal wave or suffocated by and buried under the falling ashes. All the volcanoes in Java responded more or less; so far away as Ceylon, Manila, Perth in Australia, the air vibrated with loud reports as of a heavy cannonade; the steam and vapour rose to a height of 40,000 feet,

mixed with dust and ashes which, coming down again, devastated large tracts of land while the finer particles travelled round the world, causing, after sunset, a red glow in the atmosphere, observed even in Africa, Europe and America. At the time of Krakatao making things lively in the straits of Soonda, the Moluccos suffered from a strange agitation in the depths of the sea and Australia from an earthquake, which proves the existence of subterranean means of communication between points widely distant on the surface of the globe.

If not in Australia, earthquakes are of frequent occurrence in the Malay Archipelago, notably in Java where, of course, popular belief holds them to be connected, like volcanic eruptions, with political events, epidemic diseases, floods, famine and other disasters. They are often preceded by a rumbling sound, the warning voice of the spirit Lampor: a plaintive outcry rather of the trembling ground. The shocks, up and down or from side to side, repeated after shorter or longer intervals, make one feel exceedingly small, the slipping feet and the waving trees or, at home, the swinging lamps, the moving ceiling and walls almost producing a feeling of seasickness. It is advisable, after the first indications, to leave the house, doors being left open or ajar on purpose to prevent their getting jammed in the twisted frames and so hindering escape. The drying up of wells is always a suspicious sign and may generally be taken as a warning that the hidden fire prepares a volcanic eruption or an earthquake,



though the latter often has a different origin. For the rest it springs upon man unawares; but animals possess a much keener sense of perception in this respect: horses in harness are known to have stopped in the middle of the road, quaking and perspiring, several minutes before the first shock came, and dogs to have slunk away, seeking shelter under beds. Taking it altogether, a great earthquake in a land perpetually unstable to some degree, such a one, for instance, as that which agitated Central Java in 1890, is an uncanny experience, though never without its horrors being relieved by humour, especially in that part of the archipelago where the natives try to ward off the evil by running round and shouting *Hidoop! Hidoop!* which means: "We are alive!" They imagine that their island has risen from the ocean on the back of a turtle which is anxious to return to the water but may not do so as long as it is inhabited by men. To find out whether his time has come, he occasionally shakes his shell and so causes an earthquake, when it must be brought home to him that the islanders are still up and doing, otherwise he will take his plunge and drown them.

The prince of volcanoes in the island, almost right in the middle, is the Merapi, *the* fire-mountain, its rugged summit, its frowning crater, its desolate looking slopes, ploughed up by dark lava-beds, presenting a sharp contrast with the charming scenery of the wooded Merbabu close by, both together forming an extremely picturesque background to the life of

the Principalities of Central Java I shall speak of further on. The most remarkable volcano in many respects is the Bromo (derived from Brahma), the holy mountain in East Java. Properly looked at, the Bromo is only the lowest of four peaks, the other three being called Widodaren, Segorowedi and Batok, in the Dasar or Sand-Sea, the big crater of the Tengger; but in common parlance the names are interchangeable. The Bromo or, more correctly, the Tengger, belongs to the triad of which the Arjuno and the Smeru are the second and third members, native belief dividing the active volcanoes of the archipelago into groups of three which, by a secret understanding, work in shifts, two resting while the one whose turn it is, makes the noise and does the smoking and blowing and spitting of fire. I have pleasant recollections of rides and walks up the Tengger from Lawang and Toompang in the interior, but it is more easily reached from Pasuruan on the east coast. Tosari, a sanatorium in its neighbourhood, 5,830 feet above sea-level, offers excellent accommodation and the dwellings and customs of the hardy, conservative mountaineers show at once that we have arrived among a race quite distinct from the rest of the inhabitants of Java. These are the Tenggerese, direct descendants of the people of Mojopahit, a mighty Hindu empire at the overthrow of which by the Muhammadans, the old religion took refuge farther and farther to the east.

From Tosari it is about a mile and a half to Padakaya and three more to the Moonggal Pass where, ascending

to the left, we see the crater of the Tengger stretched out far below us. With the five-topped Arjuno smoking in the distance to the north-west, we have had on our way through fields of cabbages, potatoes, corn and onions, varied with plantations of *chamara* (a pine-like tree), beautiful views to the south of the double-topped Smeru, the highest volcano in the island (more than 12,000 feet) and at present the most boisterous of the formidable group of three. The disastrous eruption of 1895 has been followed by new manifestations, the last in November, 1911, which, though on a less gigantic scale, caused enormous damage. No description of the crater of the Tengger, as seen from the Moonggal Pass, can do justice to the reality. Six miles long and five and a half wide at the top, by five and a half and four at the bottom, it makes the impression of a billowy sea of sand, whence the name, the cones of eruption rising from the yellowish grey surface like islands: the greenish grey Batok in the foreground; half behind it the dark grey Bromo, generally capped with a cloud of smoke; farther to the right the Segorowedi or Giri and the ribbed slopes of the Widodaren. In the background appears the high Edèr Edèr, which forms part of the crater wall, turning round to the place where we stand and closing the Dasar from west to east, the towering Poondaq Lembu (Shoulder-blade of the Ox) keeping watch over the Gate of the Spirits, the breach in the ridge through which in clear weather still another volcano, the Lamongan, and the Jang Mountains can be discerned. For the descent of

a thousand feet to the Dasar, the floor of this immense crater, we have to dismount and, if the day is windy, the whirling sand will prove very troublesome as we proceed to the Bromo. But it is a grand experience just the same, plodding on in that silent, wonderful desert to the little hillock from which suddenly death and destruction may thunder forth.

Once upon a fine morning I left Tosari at daybreak for a ride with two friends. Having crossed the Sand-Sea, we looked down into the depths of the Bromo which was behaving so innocently, with only a few slender, light-blue curls of vapour from holes far beneath the edge where we stood, that a strong temptation came over us to go down a little way and do what no one had done before,—pull the fire-spitter's nose as it were. But we received an abrupt warning to desist by an explosion, followed by what sounded like a broadside from a man-of-war, a column of smoke shooting up and enveloping us in darkness. It took us but a moment to scramble down the steep cone, on the outside, not on the inside, and join our ponies, which had been left in charge of a servant at its base, and jump into the saddle and gallop off. The plume on the giant's head spread out in a cloud, scattering ashes and sharp fragments of stone upon our heads as we galloped over the sand. At a distance of a mile or so we saw the blue sky again and reined in, black and dirty as chimney-sweeps, and looked round. It had been only a little puff of breath from the old grumbler; quite enough, however, to teach us that the volcanoes of Java do not like to be trifled with even in

their gentlest moods. No wonder that in ancient times the powerful spirits, supposed to inhabit the fire-mountains, were publicly worshipped and appeased by sacrifice, in the case of the Bromo, the holy one, by human sacrifice. This traditional offering at the shrine of the mighty god of gods is still recognisable in the yearly holiday taken by the Tenggerese when they assemble and camp in the Dasar. Before Muhammadanism interfered with their Hindu customs, first introducing the throwing of stones near the Watu Balang (Rock of Hurling), the high-priest with his assistants, dressed in robes of gay colours with cabalistic emblems, used to climb to the brink of the cone of eruption, burn incense and cast rice, chickens, copper and small silver coins into the crater, invoking the protection of the deity Dewa Bromo. The conversion of the Tenggerese to the Islam, however, and other influences tend to a gradual falling into neglect of this picturesque May festival, and the holes dug on the hillsides for the propitiation of the spirits of fire before entering their abode, are also far less numerous than of yore.

CHAPTER VII

THE BRIDE OF THE ENDLESS WATER

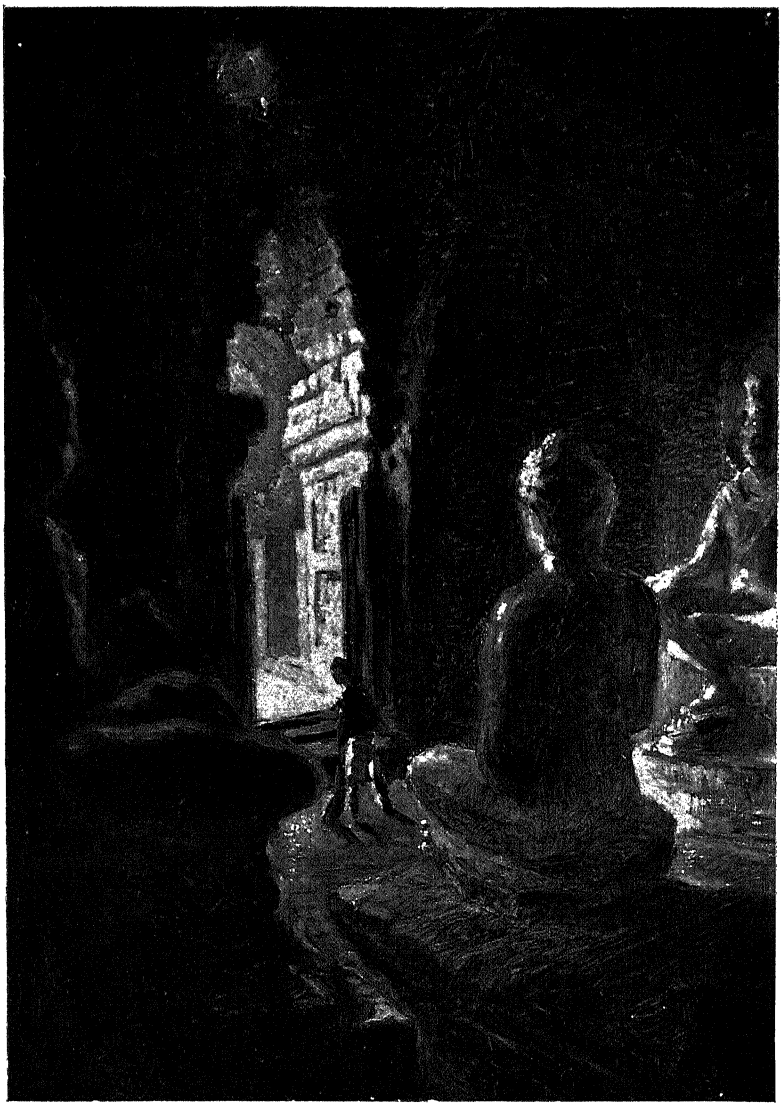
THOUGH the Sand-Sea looks a picture of loneliness, the bleached bones of animals, scattered here and there, tell their tale. At night it is a happy hunting-ground for tigers and panthers, preying on wild horses and wild cattle, packs of wild dogs feasting on the leavings of the royal table. Returning from the Tengger to the coast by way of Probolinggo, one has a good chance of bagging a *banteng*. Those who do not care for an encounter with a headstrong bull or scarcely less dangerous cow with calf, had better keep to the much-travelled road from Tosari to Pasuruan. The latter place once enjoyed the reputation of being, for its size, the wealthiest in Java, and the spacious club-house and palatial private dwellings still testify to the princely style of living of its sugar lords in the palmy days of high prices before beet began to compete with cane in the manufacture of the article. A very pleasant excursion can be made from Pasuruan to Banyu Biru, which signifies Blue Water, a name so well adapted to many secluded nooks frequented for bathing, that it is almost as common as Chipanas. A drive of about an hour

brings the lover of a refreshing plunge to this Banyu Biru where a colony of monkeys, living in the trees which overshadow the spring, beggars by profession, will amuse him with their antics. These monkeys club together under the sovereign rule of their *rajah* or king, a big ape that asserts his authority with teeth and nails, appropriating the best morsels of the offered food to himself. The natives, who seem to prefer for bathing purposes a spot called Oombulan, where the water wells up with even greater force, pay homage at Banyu Biru to some statues and sculptured stones, remains of ancient Hindu temples.

Their worship is connected with an old legend. Once upon a time a certain Pangeran Prabu, son of the king of Winongan, near by, was hunting, when he came to a river which flowed calmly between its flowery banks. He ordered one of his retinue to find out where it originated and whither it shaped its course, in the hope that it might be utilised for the irrigation of a stretch of waste country. The man discovered its source and reported to Pangeran Prabu, who wished to see for himself. Disappointed because he was led to an insignificant little spring, he pierced the unhappy servant through and through with his lance. When the blood of the poor fellow mingled with the trickling streamlet, suddenly it gushed forth in mighty waves which overwhelmed Pangeran Prabu and his courtiers and retainers, and formed the rich well of the Blue Water. By its agency the waste lands which the prince had wanted to reclaim, were irrigated, he himself falling

as a punishment for his hasty temper. And here the descendants of his father's subjects still assemble to pray for abundant harvests and other boons. Favours of a different kind are solicited at the cavern of the snakes near Lorokan, between Wangkal and Kedoong Pingaron. Of their own free will the reptiles seldom leave their home, where they get plenty to eat, feeding principally on their lodgers, bats and mice; but one wanting to make their acquaintance, has only to express his desire to the men of Lorokan who, for a consideration, entice them to the entrance of their den with a burning torch, dexterously catch the foremost and drag it outside. The enormous size of these monsters makes them fetch a comparatively high price and, many being caught, they are becoming scarce.

The north-bound train will take us in two or three hours to Surabaya, the first commercial town of the island. It has completely eclipsed Gresik, a once flourishing settlement of the Dutch East India Company and, through the teachings of Maulana Malik Ibrahim, a nursery of Muhammadanism in the east as Cheribon was in the west. Surabaya is situated at the mouth of the Kali Mas, the Golden Stream, a branch of the Brantas, the second largest river of Java. Except in the newer parts of the town, the closely built European quarters of Surabaya do not present the roomy, park-like aspect of Weltevreden, interspersed as they are with Chinese and native habitations. The same applies to Samarang, the most considerable port and centre of trade of the middle



AN OLD BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT MENDOOT.

provinces on the north coast, which is flat, with many creeks and coves, extremely convenient for smugglers. The south coast presents, on the contrary, almost over its whole length, a wild and rugged appearance, rising abruptly from the Indian Ocean which, quite near the shore, gives soundings from 5,000 to 10,000 feet. Sea-girt and at the mercy of volcanic upheavals, to which she owes her existence and which may sink her any day, Java has been sung as the Bride of the Endless Water, from whose bosom she awakened to life and to whom she must return. She holds communion with her lord in the delightful recesses of the southern mountains, far from the troubling pleasures of the world, where nothing disturbs the meditations of the seekers of what the natives well express by a word meaning "oblivion of the soul." His messenger to her is Ratu Loro Kidool, the Queen of the South, who dwells in the waves and has for her herald the spirit Lampor, to announce her approach in spring-tides and the rumblings heard underground and overhead in the air before she prophesies in earthquakes and outbursts of fire and ashes.

Ratu Loro Kidool, when she still walked among men, was the daughter of Prabu Moonding Wangi, king of Pajajaran, and her name was then Loro Wudu. Beautiful and virtuous, she had been promised in marriage to the son and heir-apparent of another mighty king, a young and accomplished prince who had won her heart. In the midst of her happiness, however, she began to suffer from a terrible, contagious disease, for

which none of the royal physicians knew a remedy. Secretly leaving her father's Court, Princess Wudu took up her abode in a cavern near the sea, devoting herself to religious exercises and to the care of the poor and needy, hoping against hope if perhaps the gods who had afflicted her so cruelly, might relent. But, though she gave relief to all who sought her assistance, though she performed many miraculous cures, herself she could not help. Then, continues the legend, the wonders she wrought acquiring her a great reputation throughout the land, the prince, her lover, who wailed her loss, searching for her in vain, decided to consult the famous female saint he heard everyone speak of, on the ways and means to recover his lost bride. Repairing to her cavern, he recognised Princess Wudu and implored her to become his wife notwithstanding her horrible malady. She refused but he insisted and, seeing that he would not give her up and afraid that she might consent at last, because she loved him, she asked him to leave her alone until the next morning, promising to reconsider her decision. Instead, when he was gone, she made straight for the edge of the cliff and threw herself into the foaming surf, intending to end her life. But the billows took her up gently and cleansed her, so that no sign of her disease remained, and carried her to a palace in the ocean, which she found full of courtiers and waiting-women and servants who did homage to her as Ratu Loro Kidool.

In her castle of opalescence, enthroned as Queen of the South, she seems to have forgotten the prince, whose

constancy ought to have reaped a richer reward and on whose further fortunes tradition remains silent. The lady was evidently destined for a wider sphere of usefulness than attainable by marriage with a mortal even of royal blood. Javanese kings, before they ventured on any momentous undertaking, were in the habit of repairing to Ambal, on the south coast, for the sake of Ratu Loro Kidool's advice, wading out in the sea to meet her messengers, one of whom manages the district in which Ambal is situated, for as a wise ruler she has appointed, subject to her authority, captains of the different provinces of her kingdom and of the different divisions of her army. The natives believe it to be risky to wade out too far because whoever hears the heavenly music of the Queen's orchestra or gets a glimpse of the golden streets of her capital, cannot help wading on and on until he disappears, never to be seen again. On the beach at Rongkob, where Jogjakarta and Surakarta meet, stands a house consecrated to the service of Ratu Loro Kidool. There and at Ambal the people congregate in great numbers after the month of fasting, to burn incense and honour the Queen of the South with feasting and bathing, a plunge into her favourite element ensuring remission of all sins committed in the year just ended. One of her Majesty's lieutenants is in charge of the headlands at Rongkob and another of those at Karang Bolong in the Bagelen, where edible birds' nests are gathered in the outskirts of her domain. The dangerous work of picking them is preceded by festivities, dancing,

theatrical performances, eating and drinking, not to forget sacrifices to the female deity whose frown means death to the lithe, intrepid toilers when they climb down the beetling cliffs with nothing for support besides their shaky rotan ladders, and swing themselves into the dark caverns hollowed out by the angry surf. The poor little swallows they are going to rob, bewildered by their presence, fly off and on, tiny dark specks in the white spray as the heavy swell of the Indian Ocean now fills the caves with booming noise, then retires, the green water spouting out in frothy turbulence.

Chilachap is the principal harbour on the south coast, fortified or not fortified according to the necessities of systems of defence which follow one another with amazing rapidity. At present the sound of trumpets and drums can be heard there once more. Whether for long or for short, the island of Nusa Kambangan, protecting the natural roadstead and bounding the Segara Anakan (Children's Sea) will remain, with or without its batteries and powder cellars, until the foundations of Java sink away. A boat may be taken thither to visit a remarkable grotto, called the Stone House of Prayer, the abode in life, and now even in death, of a saint who brought the island to the place it still occupies. Neither this nor the other caves, nor the birds' nest cliffs of Nusa Kambangan are, however, its chief curiosity. That distinction belongs to the Wijoyo Kusumo, the glorious Flower of Victory, with which every Susuhunan of Surakarta, succeeding to the throne of his fathers, adorns himself on the day

of his coronation. This flower is to be found nowhere else in the world and blossoms only when required for this particular function. High dignitaries of the Imperial Court at Surakarta are sent to cull it with great solemnity. This must be done on an unclouded night and when the principal ambassador has placed it with suitable ceremonial on a silver platter, it is carried over sea in a gaily decorated barge and over land in a stately procession under a richly tasselled canopy, everyone on the long way to the Susuhunan's capital crouching down and saluting it respectfully where it passes. But the descriptions of the mysterious Flower of Victory in different legends do not tally very well and so it has been identified by some with the gigantic *Rafflesia* and by others with the more modest *Pisonia sylvestris*. Further difficulties in its determination have arisen from the allegation that, after having figured in the coronation, it is seized upon by the *chef* of the imperial kitchen to be transformed into *rujak* (a favourite native dish) for the benefit of the Susuhunan's Ratu and wives of lower degree.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HEART OF JAVA

In the central part of the island lie the so-called Principalities, Surakarta and Jogjakarta, with capitals of the same name or, for short, Solo and Jogja. Ruled, under very strict supervision of Batavia and Buitenzorg, by native Princes, Surakarta by a Susuhunan or, for short, a Sunan, to whom sometimes by courtesy the title of Emperor is given, and Jogjakarta by a Sooltan, they form together the heart of Java, the real Java of the Javanese. In manners and customs they keep alive the memory of the mighty empire of Mataram; not only of Muhammadan Mataram which was gradually subjugated by the Dutch East India Company, but of a much more ancient Hindu Mataram. It would take too long here to explain how reduced Mataram dissolved itself into the two Principalities with their Susuhunan and Sooltan, dependent first on the East India Company, now on the Dutch Government, and how each of these two Princes is balanced in his own dominions by a lesser, also quasi-independent Prince, bearing in Surakarta the title of Mangku Negoro and in Jogjakarta of Paku Alam. At every succession the new Sunan or Sooltan

has to sign a new contract, restricting his authority within always narrower limits, his princely rights over his subjects being continually cut down so that both the present rulers possess but a shadow of their ancestors' power. There is no chance in our days for a second Mangku Rat, a "harsh barbarian", as the Governor-General Rijklof van Goens described him, to starve a hundred women to death, hoping to find distraction in the mourning of their families for the loss of a favourite wife, his thirst for blood increasing with his years until he finished his murderous career as a filthy imbecile, roaming through the gardens of his palace with a drove of goats, his privy councillors as he imagined them to be.

Jogjakarta is a good starting-point for visits to some of the finest mementos in stone of Java's golden age: the Hindu temples of Prambanan are on the main road to Surakarta, just where the Principalities meet; the majestic Boro Budoor and lovely Mendoot, masterpieces of Buddhist architecture, are in the Kadu and easily reached by steam-tram and carriage. Without leaving the capitals, a profitable couple of hours may be spent in studying native life in the *pasars*, the markets, always crowded before the sun gets too hot. The market plays an important part in the people's commerce and in the villages, unlike the large towns, it is held only once every five days so that within a given district or sub-district on five successive mornings five different localities offer an opportunity for selling and buying, which at the same time

helps social intercourse. Markets like the excellently appointed one at Jogja, which occupies a vast tract near the fortress and is provided with sheds, open on all sides for the best display of the goods, tempt the native women no less by varieties of bargains than the attractive shops of Bond Street, Regent Street or Oxford Street do their sisters of London. Signboards announce in gilt letters the speciality of each shed: choice fruit, vegetables, fish and game, tobacco, betel and chalk and areca-nut, household utensils, clothes and even curiosities of all kinds for tourists.

Native medicine can also be had there in the form of herbs, fresh and dried. Different mixtures to be applied in different ways, are mostly sold by old women going from house to house with their preparations, preventives or curatives for all ills that flesh is heir to. Or they may be bought from the wise ladies who act as native physicians and are consulted not merely in cases of illness but likewise to interpret dreams, to recover lost or stolen objects, to select seed-grains after the harvest, etc. The more advanced in years, the more confidence they will inspire and the greater will be the effect of the amulets and simples they sell. Their art, besides incantation and exorcism, consists in the application of salves and poultices, of pills and charms to regulate the patient's temperature. With the exception of quinine, the native mistrusts the remedies of the white man and rather believes in the supernatural properties of certain plants and animals to produce certain effects:

ONE OF THE SUSUHUNAN'S GUARD.

a spray of *daoen tidor-tidoran* under the pillow of a child will make it sleep quietly; a decoction of *chichak* tails will stay the ravages caused by lepra; etc. It must not be concluded from this that native medicine is to be despised. On the contrary, many a one given up by the European medical profession, owes his life and health to a native doctor and native prescriptions begin more and more to attract the well-deserved attention of European scientists.

So do the native poisons, arsenic and other deadly substances being openly for sale in the markets. They are used in hunting and fishing, killing the game without trouble or stunning the catch; to get rid of a hated rival or enemy without awakening suspicion, or simply to stupefy the inhabitants of a house, as by means of the smoke of burning *kachuboong* leaves and seeds, before entering it on a thieving expedition. The natives have the reputation of being expert poisoners, proficient in calculating the sufferings, agonies and modes of death of their victims, hastening or retarding the process agreeably to the requirements of their revengeful disposition. The most subtle poisons are derived from the vegetable kingdom, a refined skill mixing the juices of different plants in varying proportions to escape detection while obtaining exactly what was intended. But minerals, including copper in several compounds, are not neglected and experience has taught to a nicety the effects of pounded glass, bamboo fibre, the hair of men, women and animals, preferably the whiskers of a male tiger, minutely cut up. For the

concoction and ministration of both medicine and poison, as for all business of any consequence, a lucky day must be chosen in accordance with the intricate rules which control matters of this kind.

It will be noticed that the colour of the *sarongs* and jackets and scarves of the lower classes is here almost uniformly dark blue. Brighter hues suggest a somewhat higher social position or at least more wealth than possessed by the great majority, the word "wealth" to be taken in a strictly relative sense for even the gentry, appearing in state with their followers, who carry their sunshades, are usually far from well-off. As everywhere, those sunshades show their rank and degree of nobility. Only the Susuhunan and the Sooltan have the right to display the *soongsoon* (literally "roof"), wholly gilt with pendant fringe, while the Crown Princes are distinguished by a *soongsoon tiga* (three-roof), which consists of three fringeless sunshades one above the other and increasing in size from the top down. It would be a very great offence to go about with a sunshade one is not entitled to and for the common people to aspire in any way to the privileges of the higher classes. These are divided, to take Jogjakarta for example, into the princes of the blood and other legitimate members of the royal family, under the supervision of the Crown Prince; the illegitimate members of the royal family, under the supervision of the eldest legitimate brother of the Sooltan; the officials with their families, under the supervision of the Prime Minister; the warriors with their families, under the

supervision of the commander of the Sooltan's body-guard; the clergy, under the supervision of the high-priest; the women and children belonging to the royal family and living in the royal palace, under the supervision of a lady with the rank of a Regent. A numerous nobility complicates social distinctions still further.

While strolling about the market our attention may be diverted from the selling and buying and commending of wares to hesitating purchasers, by a noisy band escorting a bridegroom in his wedding dress, with painted and powdered face, on his way to the house of prayer where his marriage will be solemnised. The bride stays at home, waiting for his return, but is represented at the ceremony by her male relatives, who accompany her intended lord with *his* male relatives and friends, headed by musicians and the irrepressible small boy in numbers. The Javanese marry early, husbands of sixteen or fifteen and wives of thirteen or twelve being frequently met for it is not considered correct to wait too long before entering the state of matrimony. Parents and guardians conduct the preliminaries and when they agree, the youth is allowed to see the girl, supposedly for the first time, but very often the two have already taken their sly personal part in the match-making. The father of the young man then seals the betrothal by sending to the father of the girl a pledge, namely a ring, also dresses and sweetmeats, to be followed, after a few days, by a more substantial gift of money, rice, pans and pots to cook it in when keeping house, together with presents

for her parents, who join his parents in issuing invitations for an entertainment, a brilliant affair, a grand effort to outshine their neighbours. This jollification, which means a heavy expense to the hosts, sometimes goes on without interruption for several days and nights, including the one preceding the religious ceremony and during which the bride and bridegroom must remain awake; their slightest nodding will offend the spirits and result in terrible calamities. They pass the ordeal sitting in state, side by side, he as already described, adorned with a white or blue cap in the form of a flower-pot, his bare breast and back smeared with *boreh* (a yellow salve), strings of flowers and, if he can afford it, of jewels hanging down from his ears and *kris*. She, too, is powdered in the face, her eyebrows are painted black, her arms and shoulders daubed with *boreh* and profusely hung with flowers and jewels; her *sarong*, the kerchief covering her breast and her scarf are of gaily patterned silk, while finger-rings, bracelets, armlets, necklaces and an extraordinary, crown-shaped head-covering complete her idol-like appearance.

CHAPTER IX

THE NATIVE COURTS

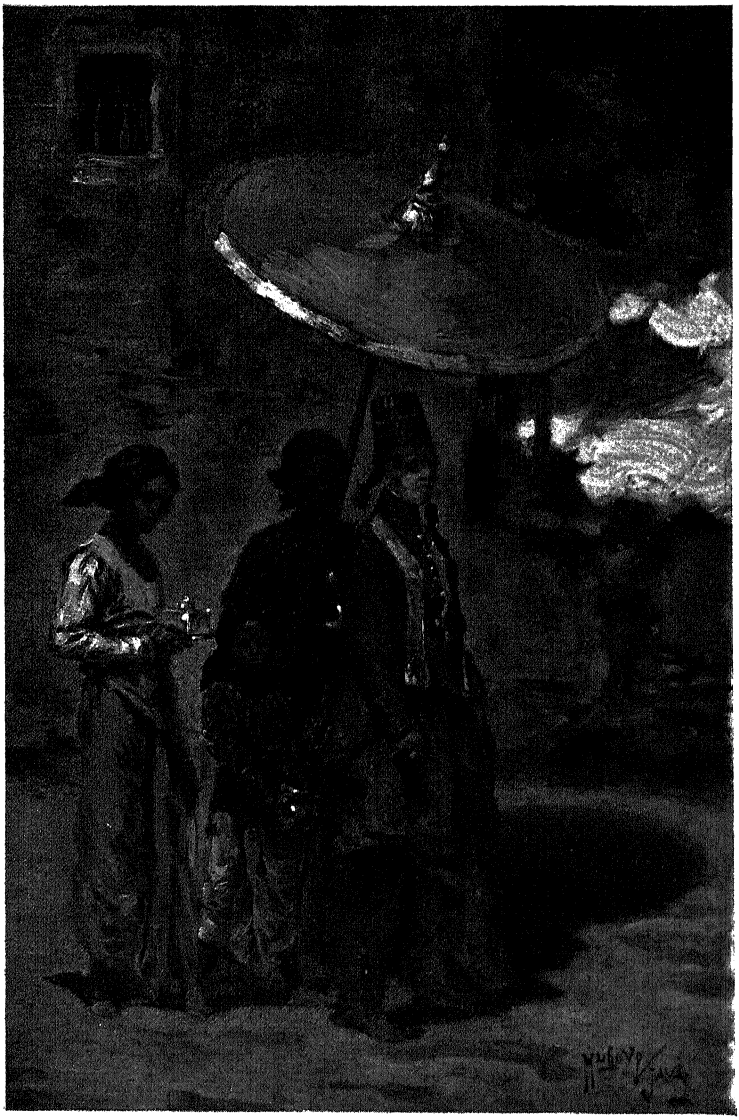
THE full official titles of the Sooltan and the Susuhunan, which means the "adorable", would fill about a page of this volume. Their names are Hamangku Buwono (Holder, *i.e.* Ruler of the World) VII. and Paku Buwono (Pivot of the World) X. The Crown Prince of Jogjakarta is the oldest legitimate son of the Sooltan; the Sunan having no legitimate male issue, one of his illegitimate sons has been appointed Crown Prince of Surakarta. The imperial and royal residences are called *kratons* and contain not only the palaces proper with the quarters assigned to the imperial and royal families, but also the dwellings of the Court dignitaries and functionaries and servants and hangers-on; they form in reality walled towns with many gates and streets and open places. In the *kraton* of Solo live no less than ten thousand of the Sunan's subjects, directly connected with his household. Within its precincts is a large house of prayer, the gilt cupola of which can be seen from afar, and quarters for the officiating clergy, for the imperial gold- and silversmiths, carpenters, masons, armourers, wood-carvers, musicians, etc., not to forget the *kampong*

of his Majesty's trumpeters. Old pieces of ordnance are to be seen in different places, mounted and unmounted, the most famous being the Kyahi Satomi, husband of Nyahi Satomi, the cannon near the Pinang Gate at Batavia, spoken of in Chapter III. and inhabited by a spirit which cautions the Susuhunan against dangers threatening him. The *kraton* at Jogja, built in 1760 and covered by the batteries of the Dutch fortress Rustenburg of the same date, distinguishes itself from that at Solo by the more elegant arrangement of the reception-halls in the *dalem*, the Sooltan's palace in more restricted sense, separated from the outer world by several ramparts, the inner gate Sri Manganti being closely watched by a female body-guard under the command of a Nyahi Tumenggoong, a lady of high rank. The Susuhunan's strange body-guard of dwarfs recalls the courts of Europe in the Middle Ages when emperors and kings kept official jesters to amuse them by their quick wit or physical infirmities.

It has always been remarked that the Court of Jogja is more conservative than the Court of Solo, the Sunan even going to the length of sending three of his sons abroad for their education. The repulsive habit of blackening the teeth finds less and less favour among the royal and especially among the imperial ladies of a younger generation, and Prince Mangku Negoro is said to be considering the gradual adoption of the European mode of dress among the gentry of his domains. The advantages gained from Europeanising tendencies as the last mentioned, seem very doubtful.

For the present, whatever reforms are contemplated, keeping pace with and helping forward the encroachments of the Dutch Government on the quasi-independent existence of the Principalities, ancient Javanese manners and customs can be studied nowhere so well as at the native Courts. Strict regulations govern every private or public act, both in the relations of the Princes with their own grandees and in their ceremonious intercourse with the Residents at Solo and Jogja, the Assistant Residents, and lesser officials. The *garebegs* or three great Muhammadan feasts, which in the Principalities are celebrated with much pomp and circumstance, together with other Court functions, the festive observance of imperial and royal coronation- and birthdays, offer splendid opportunities for observing what life in the *kratons* is like and invitations to attend are seldom refused if applied for in the right way. Those invited assemble at the Resident's in evening dress, though the time of meeting is between nine and ten in the morning, with the heads of respectively the princely houses of Mangku Negoro or Paku Alam, the officials of the Civil Service and the officers of the garrison in full uniform, the chiefs of the Chinese community in their national garments for such occasions, etc. The programme differs somewhat for Solo and for Jogja, for the three *garebegs*, for coronation- and birthdays or other celebrations, the *kraton* troops sometimes turning out in greater and sometimes in smaller numbers but, in general outline, the ceremonial is as follows:

At an early hour the native officials have repaired to the *kraton* to do homage to their ruler, the *garebeg puasa*, which marks the end of the month of fasting, having been preceded by more intimate functions on the 21st of Ramadan for the "adorable" and his royal colleague at Jogja, on the 23rd for the Crown Princes, on the 25th for the other Princes, on the 27th for the Raden Adipati, on the 29th for the Tumenggoongs. The native officials, with the troops and their banners and musicians, taking up their positions on the large plain before the *kraton*, two envoys of the Sunan or Sooltan are sent to the Resident, notifying him that his Imperial or Royal Highness is ready. These being bowed out, the Court carriages arrive to convey to the palace the Resident with the commander of the Dutch garrison in the first, the Assistant Resident with Prince Mangku Negoro or Paku Alam in the second, escorted by a squadron of the dragoon bodyguard, the rest of the visitors bringing up the rear in their own vehicles. On the plain the procession is received with a tremendous noise proceeding from the drummers, pipers and trumpeters of the *kraton* troops whose officers and ensigns salute, lowering swords and colours. The Resident, alighting at the outer gate, enters under his golden sunshade and is welcomed by three Princes of the blood; then, a little farther, by the Crown Prince, who offers him his arm to lead him into the presence while in the reception-hall an orchestra attacks the Dutch national hymn and a melodious greeting is given by native musical instruments unless



A MESSENGER FROM THE SUSUHUNAN TO THE PRESIDENT OF SURAKARTA.

it happens to be a Friday, when these may not be touched.

At the entrance of the throne-room the Crown Prince crouches down with his brother Princes, and the Resident, advancing, is met by his imperial or royal host, who shakes hands with him and the other authorities, bows to the throng of guests behind and conducts him to a chair on his left, the commander of the garrison, the Dutch officials, officers and visitors unconnected with Civil Service and army, being seated still farther to the left, according to rank and degree, while the heir-presumptive, brothers and uncles of the reigning Prince, are placed on his right. After sitting down and exchanging compliments, the next ceremony is the salutation of the Susuhunan's or Sooltan's spouse, for which purpose the Resident, arm in arm with his Highness and accompanied by the commander of the garrison and the Assistant Resident, betakes himself to her Highness's reception-room. They soon return and then, moving to a covered terrace near the plain, there is a grand review of the *kraton* troops, who march past, the officers rivalling one another in *tandakking*, that is in the exquisite performance of dancing steps forward and backward, poising their arms, squirming and wriggling in remarkable postures. Meanwhile enormous quantities of food, mountains of rice, cakes and sweetmeats in conical baskets, are blessed and divided among those entitled to partake. Then the procession, now also including the Susuhunan or Sooltan, winds its way back to the official dwelling of

the representative of the Dutch Government, the arrival of his Imperial or Royal Highness being announced to the populace by a salute of nineteen minute-guns fired from the fortress, and an official dinner, at which twelve official toasts are proposed, concludes the whole.

Whether the entertainments at the native Courts bear a more public or more familiar character, they are in the highest degree expressive of the scrupulous etiquette which controls not only princely relations but the intercourse of all classes of society without distinction. This reminds me of an occasion when a young Dutch official's flippancy was severely but politely rebuked by an old Regent. Verdant Green had come to pay his respects to that officially "younger brother" of his chief and was received with high-bred dignity. In the course of the conversation he asked suddenly: "How many children have you got?" sinning against two important principles of decorous small talk, namely not to change the subject in too abrupt a manner and not to mention, not even to allude to a native gentleman's domestic affairs unless they are referred to by himself. The Regent turned gravely to the nearest of his dependents and retainers crouching round, and gave the order: "Send someone to the women's quarters to inquire how many children I have got." The man spoken to repeated the question to the next in rank and that one to the next to him, and so it went to the last of the row at the back, who rose and disappeared. Verdant Green, conscious of his error, did not find anything to say while this was going on; in fact, could

not have said anything before the Regent deigned to answer the previous question. After an interval which seemed like a century to him, the messenger returned, crouched in his appointed place and imparted the desired information to the man in front of him and that one to the next, and so on until it reached the Regent who then replied: "I have great pleasure in letting you know that the number of my children is eighty-five." Quite abashed, Verdant Green soon craved permission to retire and, taking the lesson to heart, became in time a Resident of high standing, known for his perfect knowledge of native ceremonial.

Foreign visitors to the native Courts will need and always find someone to explain what is going on before their eyes and often looks more like a succession of scenes from a fairy tale or like a dream than waking reality. Among the principal actors, from the Susuhunan or Sooltan downward, a host of servants glide off and on, different attendants for every different little service required, moving noiselessly in a crouching position since it would be a serious breach of decorum to walk upright in the imperial or royal presence; distant members of the household, lesser dignitaries, *panakawans* and retainers not on duty, a crowd of *nontonners* outside, heighten the fanciful effect by creating a fit background to the formal proceedings in the open reception-halls. Lady visitors will probably take the greatest interest of all in the Princesses, who appear on such occasions magnificently arrayed after the fashion of the land, sparkling with diamonds, their faces

and necks, their hands and even their feet, which they try to hide under their *sarongs*, powdered white; their hair combed back and taken up in a knot, kept in place by jewelled pins; each with her waiting-women behind her, carrying her handkerchief, her sirih-box, her spittoon, whatever she may want for her comfort. And dancing as perfected in the *kratons* of Solo and Jogja, can be seen nowhere else. The Court dancers, *srimpis* and *bedoyos*, are chosen among the relatives of the reigning Princes, with the exception of their sons and daughters. The *srimpi* dances are always performed by girls, of which the *corps de ballet* of the Sooltan of Jogja counts thirty or forty between thirteen and seventeen years of age. The *bedoyo* dances can be performed either by girls or by boys in female dresses corresponding with the characters assigned to them, personating, for instance, the damsels in waiting on Ratu Loro Kidool, the Queen of the South. *Srimpis* and *bedoyos* are not allowed to show their art anywhere else than in the *kraton* before the Prince who keeps them and in whose suite they attend the receptions on New Year's Day, the Sovereign's birthday and other important occasions. They do not dance in the European sense of the word; they do no hopping and skipping; their motion is slow and stately, expressing by the attitude of the upper part of the body, by the twisting of arms and fingers in conformity to well-defined rules, the emotions of the personages they represent. Before they commence an introduction is read, the musicians intone the leading melody and the singers interpret still

further, starting the accompaniment when the noble virgins are led up by four female officials whose task it is immediately to repair all damage sustained in dress, ornament and make-up while hovering to and fro. Nothing can be compared to the elegance and graceful gestures of those slim, lithe figures in rich, fantastic costumes, embodying the legends and marvellous tales of their Isle Delicious.

CHAPTER X

AMUSEMENTS

THE *srimpis* and *bedoyos* are the cream of the cream of the dancers in Java. Though some of the Regents, too, keep their own dancing-girls of whom, however, no more than seven perform at a time, the common people have to content themselves with the professional *ronggeng*. She is the public dancing-girl, who goes about offering her services to everyone willing to employ her, either privately at home for the amusement of his family and guests, or in the street. Dancing as practised by us is considered highly indecent by the native, who does not approve of young folks in their teens, still less of matrons and the husbands of their lady friends, whirling round in each other's arms. He

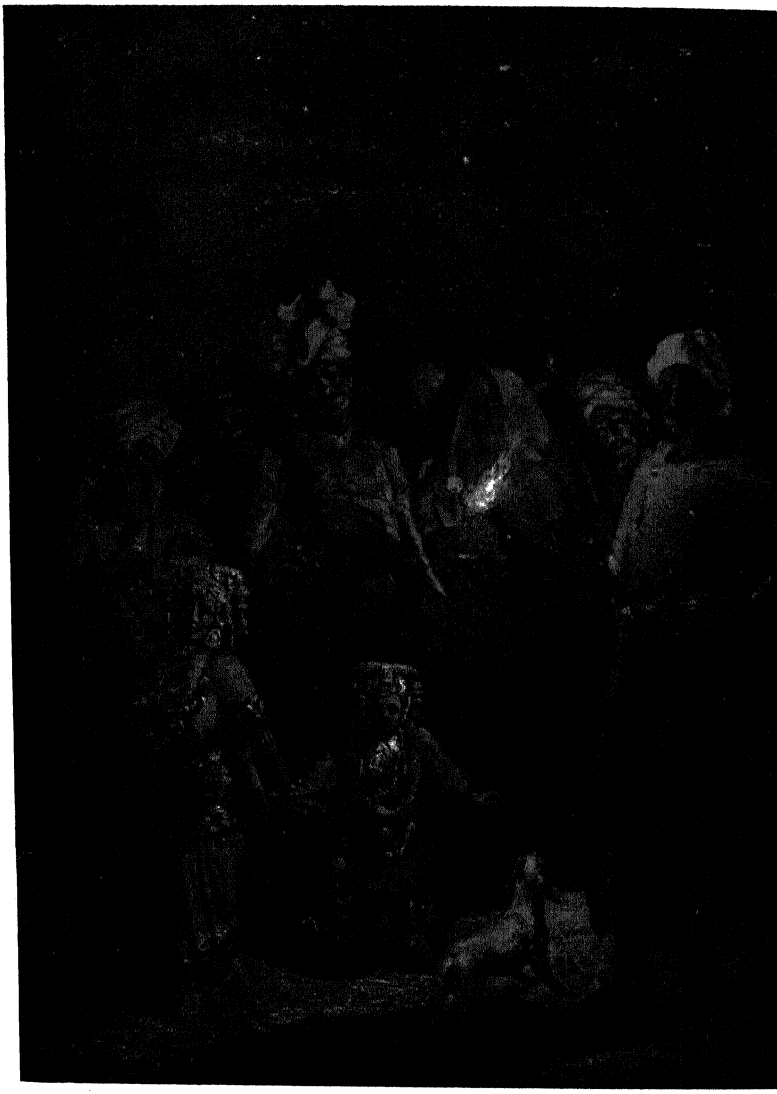
prefers to look sedately at the performances given by trained artists, though occasionally he joins, in fact has to join, according to custom, when the professional dancer confers the favour upon him of reaching him her scarf. *Ronggengs* are accompanied by their own musicians or, rather, it is the chief of the musicians who manages the show. Not in the Principalities but in other parts of the island the *ronggengs* give a running comment on their dances by singing, muffling the sound of their screechy voices with their scarves. Public singers, who generally cultivate that trade as a side issue of dancing, are often heard in combination with the *gamelan*. This is the native orchestra, composed of percussion instruments, variously shaped in different sizes, and stringed and wind instruments, also of varying character. The *angklong*, frequently played together with the flute, may be called an imitation in bamboo of the gong portion of the *gamelan;* its tones, especially in the higher register, are, however, far less sonorous and melodious. Precisely as in the early morning the proximity of a village, hidden among the trees, will be revealed on a ride across country by the sound of the women stamping the rice, it will discover itself by the *gamelan* in the evening or at any hour on a festive day.

No wonder that some gongs, the handiwork of famous coppersmiths in Java's golden age, are held in great esteem. One of these is kept in Lodoyo, a district of the residency Kediri, noted for its abundance of tigers. Tradition says that a certain Hindu king, fleeing before

the victorious army of Raden Patah of Demak, the Sword of Islām, sought refuge in this inhospitable region. Discovered and surrounded by the warriors of Raden Patah, he began in his despair to beat the large gong of the royal *gamelan* he always carried with him, knowing that it possessed miraculous power. Then thousands and thousands of the savage animals, responding to the sound, assembled from the woods, leaped upon his enemies and devoured them to a man. He settled among them, they continued defending him and the gong which summoned them to his rescue is still shown in Lodoyo. With two other instruments of the same royal *gamelan* and three *wayang* puppets it gets a ceremonial bath twice a year and, if approached with prayer and sacrifice, is still supposed to prove a helper in sorrow and distress; but whoever intrudes upon its holiness in a spirit of levity is thought to be liable to get into trouble with the tigers told off to guard it. The *wayang*, or Javanese theatre in its original form, deals largely with the legendary lore of the island, the shadows of figures cut in leather being thrown on screens to represent the marvellous feats in peace and war recorded in ancient chronicles and epics. Gradually the puppets themselves were shown and living men began to take the place of the puppets but, particularly in the Principalities, the shadow-play retains its popularity in spite of all innovations. One of these, the Comedy Stambool, the latest novelty in the theatrical field, tries, by means of Malay-speaking actors and actresses, to introduce, after a fashion, the masterpieces

of the European drama, not without success, notably so in the coast towns. Instead of Prabu Suyudono, King of Astino, baffled in his pursuit of the beautiful Princess Pregiwo by her brother Angko Wijoyo, the Comedy Stambool exhibits for instance Hamlet, robed in something between a dressing-gown and the uniform of Napoleon's grenadiers, discussing the merits of a dusky Ophelia, who violently agitates her Japanese fan, with the rollicking ghost of his father in turban and top-boots, and given to the most daring puns. Though there is much of the tragic element in the Comedy Stambool, jealousy, frenzy, madness and murder galore, out of regard for a mirth-loving public the clownish low comedians are entrusted with any part and permitted to make it attractive after their own sweet will, to crack their jokes, and sometimes very good ones too, independently of the characters in which they appear.

Among the amusements more privately indulged in are *dakon* (faintly resembling back-gammon), draughts, chess and cards. Of games falling under the latter description there is a great variety, both of European and Chinese origin. Played accordingly with European or with the smaller but more numerous and intricately marked Chinese cards, they offer opportunities for satisfying one of the native's worst passions. He is an inveterate gambler and, when seized by the gaming fever, will stake all his possessions, and put even his future liberty on the hazard of a throw. Discontinuing this unpleasant subject, a few words may be said on the games of the children, who know as well as their elders how to amuse



NEW YEAR GREETINGS ON A PLANTATION.

themselves. They play blind man's buff, hide and seek, puss in the corner, dibs or cockal, fly kites, drive tops, fling quoits, shoot with pop-guns, like children in Europe, the shapes and materials of their playthings being somewhat different, pebbles or seeds of certain fruits, for instance, supplying the want of marbles and coco-nuts or stones taking the place of balls, but with this strange conformity that, by a law of nature never explained, every game prevails almost exclusively in its own fixed season. Among purely native pastimes the boys are very partial to *machanan*, one of them making believe that he is a tiger, twenty-three of his mates running him down; or the honour of representing the king of the forest is divided by two urchins who, hunting instead of being hunted, attack a herd of twenty-three buffaloes represented by the others. Girls are especially fond of *nini towong*, also called *towok* in Solo, *buyoot* in the Preanger Regencies, *soondring* in Samarang, *chuwong* in Batavia. This diversion, blended with a good deal of superstition, is only possible if one or more old women lend a hand in making a doll of rags and other things that have outlived their primitive usefulness. It is dressed as a bride; soot, rice-powder or anything that will stain, answers well enough for the make-up of its face. When ready, the spirit of Nini Towong, patron saint of the kitchen, is supposed to animate it, answering questions: where one should go to gather medicinal herbs, or to find lost objects, or to buy the finest clothes, and so forth. The most common

question is, however: "Who will be my husband?" Playing with Nini Towong and seeking information from her, which must be done after sunset when the moon is full, the young ladies are most particular that no boys shall be near to pry into their awful secrets.

I have already spoken of the boys training crickets to fight. With that end in view these are attached to a thread, numbed by ducking and imprisoned in a bamboo case where they remain until the time arrives for exciting them to give battle. Pigeons and quails are also used for this kind of sport; of the latter only the hens which, being larger and more quarrelsome than the male birds but equally shy, require an inexhaustible patience in those who train them. They are caught in nets and a thoroughly schooled, contentious quail reflects great honour on her owner. Certain fishes, which change colour when their wrath is kindled by squabbles over their food, cunningly meted out, afford similar fun. On land again, I may not omit the cock-fights and the fights between billy-goats or rams and wild boars, the former being provided, in addition to their natural means of attack and defence, with a spiked iron frontal while a table is put in the middle of the ring for them to jump on to and get out of the way if too hard pressed. Leaving the encounters of buffaloes with tigers for the next chapter, cock-fighting deserves special attention because it is a powerful incentive to betting and because in Java, as in the whole Malay Archipelago, it is assiduously cultivated, subject to precise rules which raise it almost to the rank of a

fine art. The chances of combatants unequal in strength, dexterity or mettle, are equalised, as much as possible, by the form and length of their iron spurs, to the satisfaction of the umpire and the manager of the pit while a third person of consequence superintends the financial side of the business, taking deposits on the wagers, collecting forfeits, etc. The battle is not decided before one of the game-cocks dies of his wounds or, running away, has suffered his victor to pick him thrice on the head. One of the fowls giving in, his backers try with uproarious cries and all sorts of tricks to revive his courage, but they are sharply watched by those who have staked their money on the other side. A lost spur may not be replaced, the assailing rooster may not be touched at all, etc. Wild, shrill music is believed to stir the champions to mighty deeds. A gong marks the beginning and the end, and signals the stopping of the fight for a foul—or the approach of the police. Cock-fighting is not allowed since it leads frequently to serious disturbances, to fighting among the spectators and murder; but laws and regulations are seldom closely observed in the Dutch East Indies and the native lovers of an interesting main need not despair.

CHAPTER XI

PUBLIC FEASTS

THE natives are very sociable and fond of feasting as the foregoing has already made clear. Indeed, every excuse is welcomed for a *sedakah* or *slamatan* to please the invisible powers who, they imagine, derive an enormous amount of satisfaction from the spiritual part of the repasts which accompany those acts of sacrifice while they themselves do the eating, listen to the music, look at the dancing and the theatrical performances. The celebrations begin with prayers, recited by some pious person, and, taking leave, each of the guests hands to his host a present in silver by way of compensation for the expenses incurred. Everything is regulated by the *hadat:* the kind and quality and quantity of the food, the manner of preparation and dishing it up, the size and shape of plates and platters, and so on. No event of any importance in the native's life can take place without a *sedakah* or *slamatan*. I have already mentioned his prodigality at weddings: the birth of a child, recovery from illness, burial in case of death, escape from danger, petitions granted, are all eagerly utilised for more or less festive gather-

ings, not to speak of the appeals for protection against impending calamities, drought, floods, famine, or the rendering of thanks for a rich harvest, or simply the going up to sow or replant rice, or to cut the first crop of the season.

The Queen's birthday is set apart for the great national holiday and at Batavia, of course, the rejoicing assumes its most brilliant aspect. Already the night before, the people from the surrounding districts crowd in their best clothes to the Pasir Gambir, the vast King's Plain, and camp there in expectation of the joys morning will bring in the form of popular games, the shows, the booths filled with everything the heart can desire; last, but not least, in the evening, the wonderful fireworks. Local custom prescribes also a visit to the Museum on that general holiday. It is but a step from the city of bamboo with its bamboo porches and gates erected for the occasion; a city of marvels to the thousands of men, women and children who walk round and round in quiet rapture. After sunset, weary of increasing delight, they leave it to the Batavians proper, including the white element, to soldiers and sailors, more boisterous in their recreation. As they wait outside for the final display, the initial rockets are greeted with a long-drawn "A-a-ah!" and when the sparkling Dutch Lion, fashioned like the one in Waterloo Square, where the troops have been reviewed earlier in the day, —when the dazzling emblems of Dutch Sovereignty disappear in smoke against a star-lit sky, they get up to march home, tired but content.

It is a pleasure to see native crowds amusing themselves without pushing, elbowing or unseemly remarks, always well-behaved. Pasar Glap, celebrated at night, whence the name (Dark Market), gives another opportunity for watching them in their dignified merriment. This feast, which lasts a week, falls together with the Puasa, the end of the month of fasting, one of the *garebegs* observed throughout the island but nowhere else so sumptuously as in the Principalities. And I should not forget the Chinese jollifications of which, perhaps, Chap Gomeh exercises the greatest attraction on native *nontonners* by the fantastic processions connected with it. Little girls in gorgeous costumes are carried round, fastened to swinging poles between artificial flowers of gigantic size, bright and shining as fairies blossoming from the red glare of numberless torches to appease the fierce-eyed dragons and other monsters that wriggle along and scare the spectators already terrified by the deafening noise of barbaric music. The horrid scenes of self-torture witnessed at the Loya revels in Rhio are fortunately absent from Chap Gomeh.

In the 'twenties of the nineteenth century a Race Club was founded by the English inhabitants of Batavia who held their contests in the King's Plain. Though dissolved after a few years, it set the example for other societies of the kind, first in Buitenzorg and the Preanger Regencies, until now horse racing has become a favourite pastime all over the island. The races generally last three days in connection with popular games

of a different description, exhibitions of cattle, agricultural products and local industries. The natives take a very lively part in them, especially at Jogja and Bandoong where they assemble round the tracks in myriads, their chiefs mingling with the European community on the stands and in the paddocks, bands playing alternately with the *gamelan*, banners fluttering, pennants streaming, the bright colours of a sea of sunshades moving up and down in the excitement of a dead-heat or of an outsider winning the prize. The riders are sons of the land and remember with pride the signal victory one of them gained in 1889 with a horse of the Regent of Chanjoor over two trained jockeys sent from Europe to beat it with full-bloods belonging to a renowned stud. A racer of a Regent or, still better, of the Sooltan, coming out triumphant, is adorned with flowers by enthusiastic admirers, the most zealous preceding it *tandakking*, that is facing and guiding it with gracious dancing steps when led out of the enclosure to its stable. Not infrequently the races are concluded with performances of a comical nature, scantily dressed villagers contending on unsaddled ponies, and dolls, representing foreigners of every imaginable nationality, strapped to the animals' backs, being sent careering round the course to the immense gratification of the populace.

Horse racing in Java has this disadvantage that it gradually supplants public amusements more peculiar to the country as, for instance, buffalo racing. The buffalo is one of the finest possessions of the native.

Strong and so docile that a little boy easily manages a whole herd of them, he is an almost indispensable help in cultivating, especially in ploughing the soil. In his leisure moments he loves to refresh himself with a mud bath or may be seen browsing, with his young master lazily stretched out on his back. Another companion, the third in this trio of friends, is a bird which sits for hours and hours together on the buffalo's hind-quarters, attracted by the ticks which infest the animal's skin and suffered to remain because of the relief it gives in eating them. But in popular belief this bird, discharging the same duties as the pilot fish to the shark, warns against approaching dangers, more in particular against tigers. And it is a remarkable fact that buffaloes never desert their tiny herdsmen; they will take position in a circle round him, catching on their mighty horns any enemy bold enough to try their strength. For all their deliberate slowness they can be quick enough as proved by the buffalo races still held in Madura, and sometimes, on short distances, it is more than a good horse can do to keep up with them. The race-buffaloes, splendidly decorated with flags and with embroidered cloths covering their flanks, with jingling collars and ornamental sheaths for their horns, are harnessed in couples to bamboo sleds. The course is in a meadow and the goal is a pole fixed in the ground for which they make with amazing speed at the word of command, seemingly conscious of the honour they will bestow, if victorious, on the village they belong to.

TYPICAL HINDU GIRLS OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

Public Feasts

Buffaloes are put to less innocent uses when pitted against each other in single combat or against tigers. In the first case, a measuring of strength by butting and pushing, head to head, the struggle ends in the death of the vanquished only if he is sent to the butcher because he has brought disgrace on his owner by bolting, declining to fight a fellow-bull he has no personal quarrel with. In the second case he can be counted upon to kill his adversary or defend his life to the bitter end for with the tiger he is habitually on the worst of terms. It is a pretty even match and a fight between a tiger and a buffalo derives additional interest from the natives identifying themselves with the former and their white rulers with the latter so that the anxiously awaited issue, when the striped brute, supple and alert, has charged and fastened his teeth and nails in the quivering flesh of his foe, means a tickling of national pride or a disappointing symbolic defeat. For the same reason they enjoy the *rampokking* of tigers so much, that is the letting loose of those terrible animals after they have been caught in nets or traps and kept for a while. The beast, encircled by two or three rows of men armed with lances is daunted at first but soon becomes infuriated by being prodded when it comes within reach. It sneaks round and round, looking for an opening to escape and at last crouches, preparing for a wide leap when it sees a chance, to attempt to free itself by bounding over the living hedge bristling with spear-heads on which it is caught and spitted like a fowl and killed. *Rampokking*, too, is a sport not so

frequently indulged in now as some thirty or forty years ago when in Blitar alone every season a hundred tigers and panthers were despatched in this way.

CHAPTER XII

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Though the Javanese like to enjoy themselves, they do not wholly give themselves up to amusement. They know a few things besides playing and gaming or simply sitting on their haunches to watch the clouds roll by. I have already spoken of them as industrious tillers of the soil, and in arts and crafts, too, their work would be much better if they had not lacked proper encouragement for centuries past, the great object of the Government being to make them swell the colonial revenue by the cultivation of products for the European market. Native industries, principally of a domestic character, have sadly degenerated in that process of squeezing out of the country for immediate profit what it could possibly yield with a minimum of outlay. But, notwithstanding the decline of carpentry, plaiting, weaving, carving, metal founding, and other arts, the Javanese still show in their manual occupations a remarkable invention, sense of proportion and love of harmonious effects. Whatever leaves their nimble fingers serves its purpose

well and is finely balanced in line and colour. Certain regions have preserved to some extent the secrets of some manufactures. So a few districts of Kediri are known for their pottery, which combines great durability with lightness and elegance, marvellous results being attained with very simple means. Pesantren enjoys a well-deserved reputation for its flower-pots and Trenggalek for the porous vessels to be found all over Java, which keep the water they contain deliciously cool by an ingenious application of the physical law that evaporation lowers the temperature.

Batikking is the name given to a no less ingenious method of dyeing cloth by applying wax to it in such a manner that, when dipped in the dye, the figures of an elaborate ornamentation are left untouched either to remain untinted or subsequently to be dyed with other colours. Some figures and patterns are entitled to reverence, almost veneration, which proves the ancient origin of this industry. Though the theory of *batikking*, as briefly indicated, is simplicity itself, in practice many things have to be observed upon which depends a successful blending of delicate hues in a tasteful design. Not every woman makes even a middling *batikker;* it requires uncommon skill, patience and the right artistic touch to turn out the *batikked* goods for which Pekalongan and Jogja are justly famous. But first the cloth must be woven, and before the yarn goes to the loom it must be spun. The spinning-wheel, where such an instrument is employed, and also the spindle and the loom are somewhat different

from those used in Europe when clothes were still home-spun. Imported fabrics, cheap linsey-woolseys which flood the country, are also in Java supplanting the more carefully made native stuff. But the pleasant tok-tok of looms driven by the wives and daughters of the men labouring in the fields, can still be heard in the villages and the more distinctly for an arrangement which increases the noise to frighten away the evil spirits who might tangle the threads or do even worse.

Of all articles of dress the *sarong* is the one most persistently of native make. The word means covering, case, sheath, and the thing must be woven in one piece. A *sarong* cut off by the yard will never do; it must have a *kapala* (head or beginning) and a *badan* (body). The oldest form of *kapala* is rectangular; a later variety gives the spear or turret pattern. The *pinggir* or border runs along the sides that come uppermost and nethermost in wearing it. Like the weaving and *batikking*, the wearing is subject to endless rules. Those unaccustomed to the *sarong* will look in it as if they have put on a bag or bloomers; the native women, neatly arranging the folds with a single movement of the hand, impart to it an inimitable elegance. It is the fashion to keep the *kapala* behind, a little to the right, where the cloth is doubled to bring it to the correct width, and taken up to the left hip so that the part adorned with the straight or spear or turret pattern, hangs gracefully down. Then it is tucked in round the waist or under the arms and securely kept in place by its own weight. The fastening of a *sarong*

in any other way betrays at once inexperience or a free- and easiness looked down upon with scorn by the native fair ones, who are extremely handy in its manipulation. They can put a clean, dry one on over the head and let the wet one they have worn while bathing drop to their feet on the grass of the river's bank so dexterously that they seem transformed by magic from water-nymphs into the Minas and Isas presiding over kitchens and nurseries.

Besides the weavers and *batikkers*, there are the plaiters of mats and the makers of wickerwork who, with their clever handling of rushes, split bamboo and such materials, keep up the industrial reputation of the Kadu, the Bagelen, Singaparna in the Preanger Regencies, etc. Wood-carving still flourishes or vegetates in a few corners as, for instance, Yapara, native artists ornamenting houses, their principal and sometimes only tool being a sharp-pointed knife. Beautifully carved screens can be had there and the wooden and ivory hafts and hilts of *krisses* frequently show most clever workmanship. So do the productions of the gold and silversmiths who, since olden times, have been held in high esteem like the coppersmiths and workers in bronze, masters of the art to which gongs and *gamelans* owe their existence, and especially the armourers. Among the regalia of the Sunan and Sooltan and the heirlooms kept for luck by private persons as well as by those potentates, weapons play an important part. Generally speaking, they are divided into heirlooms

proper, arms of gala, arms for attack and defence in battle, arms used in hunting, and every-day arms. Space forbids describing them all. Of the *kris* alone, the native's weapon of preference, without which he is not himself, more than a hundred kinds, straight, curved and serpentine, are distinguished by native experts. The well-tempered blade is often damascened; the haft, deviating from the blade's axis, is sometimes exquisitely wrought in wood, ivory or gold, and ornamented with jewels; the wooden sheath, if valuable on account of its carving or for other reasons, is protected by an outer scabbard of some precious metal. A small *kris*, the *patrem*, is resorted to by women who seek vengeance for real or imagined wrongs. The native loving his weapons dearly and especially those descended to him as heirlooms, little is necessary to endow them in his mind with supernatural power as possessed in superlative degree by the implements of war the demons forged for King Baladeva in the Valley of Death.

The martial spirit of the Javanese, except by their enlisting in the colonial army which, however, finds more zealous recruits in the Ambonnese and Buginese, occasionally seeks an outlet by means of bouts with quarter-staffs of *rotan*. Kromo and Wongso swishing each other unmercifully, the blood pouring down their backs, such mock fights often degenerating into pitched battles in dead earnest with loss of life, the authorities do not encourage that sport any more than mains of game-fowl. What the quarter-staff is to the lower classes, the tournaments are to the

nobility. They present many points of resemblance with the tilting matches in mediæval Europe, the knights, mounted on their splendidly caparisoned steeds, striving to unhorse their adversaries. The native chiefs who participate, assemble on the plain before their Regent's dwelling, their retainers clearing a path for them through the admiring crowd. Their weapon is a long, blunted lance, painted yellow and ornamented with a pennon of brilliant hues, and the higher the official position of its owner, the more superbly it is decorated. They wear their gala caps and garlands of flowers round their necks; the upper part of their bodies is bare and salved with *boreh*, the *sarong* hanging down over their many-coloured lower garments; their old-fashioned saddles and stirrups, inlaid with silver and covered with red cloth, complete the fantastic appearance of their ponies, hung all over with red tassels and trinkets. The *gamelan* plays a melody set to an appropriate motive, exciting to brave deeds.

When they have all arrived, they ride round the plain, two by two, the highest in rank taking the lead, first slowly, then, the measure of the music quickening, at a sharp trot, finally in full gallop. Suddenly they halt and back out of the field; a couple detaches itself and, wheeling apart, the two champions face each other, dash headlong forward and clash together, their lances bending and quivering at the shock. If one succeeds in lifting his opponent out of the saddle or breaking or knocking away his opponent's lance, a loud applause cheers his prowess. It

happens but rarely, however, that one of them loses his seat: they are too good horsemen for that. The vanquished knight and his victor, with whom he is desirous of trying conclusions once more, after an interval of rest, join the ranks while the next couple rushes up, and so everyone gets a fair chance in the chivalrous contest. This is further enlivened by the clowns, an indispensable item of Javanese festivals, who mimic the combatants, mounted on miserable, worn-out little ponies, tilting with sticks that are ornamented with wisps of straw, tumbling down before they meet and rolling over the ground, mistaking their animals' tails for the heads when jumping again to their feet, or standing up on their saddles and imitating a dancing girl, presenting her scarf to a simpleton, a third buffoon, executing the most ridiculous steps. Their drollery is in sharp contrast with the grave demeanour of the principal actors who, when the *gamelan* announces the end of the joust, ride round the plain a second time, in the same order as before, and then disperse to their homes. Though still of the greatest interest, tournaments are no longer what they used to be. In this respect, too, the native saying holds good: *Lahin dahulu, lahin sakarang*, which means: "Different of yore, different now."