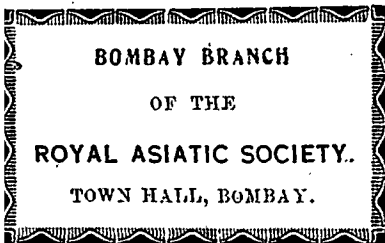




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# LIFE IN JAVA:

WITH

## SKETCHES OF THE JAVANESE.

BY

WILLIAM BARRINGTON D'ALMEIDA.

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TOP ENGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
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LONDON:  
PRINTED BY MACDONALD AND TUGWELL, BLENHEIM HOUSE,  
BLENHEIM STREET, OXFORD STREET.

**M Y W I F E,**

**THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY**

**DEDICATED.**





## P R E F A C E.

STERNE says in his *Sentimental Journey*--“What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in everything, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetually holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on.”

In presenting these volumes to the public, I am reminded of the above quotation, which, being in some measure apposite to the pretensions of this work, will best convey to the minds of my readers the object I had in selecting from my journal descriptions of the scenes through which I passed, and reminiscences of the adventures I encountered *en route*.

Other writers—though very few and far between—have written upon Java, but the impression left upon my mind by such of their productions as I have perused, has been far from satisfactory. Without wishing to detract from their merits, I am compelled to acknowledge that they failed in communicating to me any adequate idea either of the appearance of the island or of the life of its inhabitants. The work I now offer to the public will, I trust, be found to contain a faithful account of this valuable possession of the Crown of Holland.

Through the kindness and attention of my friends and acquaintances in Java—for which I beg, with deep gratitude, to offer my sincere thanks—I enjoyed many opportunities of witnessing the most remarkable physical phenomena of the island, and was introduced to scenes of public and domestic life in which I became familiar with the manners and customs of the peculiar people inhabiting it. Adopting a simile suggested by the illustration on the cover, I may venture to express a hope that

I have succeeded in striking a light, the rays of which, illumining a spot hitherto comparatively little known, will reveal to my readers some new and interesting features in the almost endless diversity of human life and character.

W. B. D'A.

The Grange,  
West Moulsey.



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## CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE TO BATAVIA—DESCRIPTION OF HARBOUR—LANDING AT THE JETTY—EXAMINATION OF LUGGAGE—OUR WELCOME TO JAVA—DRIVE TO PARAPATTAN—DUTCH LIFE IN THE EAST—FONDNESS FOR THE WEED—POLICE ARRANGEMENTS—GUARDOS, WEAPONS USED—TOK-TOKS—WYKEMESTER—PUBLIC HOSPITAL—TOPENGS—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—JACATRA—THE HEAD ON THE WALL—PETER ELBERFELD—CONSPIRACY—A LOVE TALE—DISCOVERY OF THE PLOT—PUNISHMENT OF THE OFFENDERS.



## CHAPTER I.

FOUR days' steaming from Singapore, in the Dutch mail-steamer *Padang*, brought us safely into the sea-port of Batavia. It is a large bay, studded with a number of islands, some of which are fortified, while others, being found-eligible for that purpose, have been converted into docks, partly by Government, and partly by private individuals. These islets are not large enough to protect the harbour from the violent winds blowing during the east monsoon, but they are sufficiently numerous to make the passage into it intricate and dangerous, requiring great caution on the part of the mariner. The harbour is not so imposing as that of Singapore.

The coast-line is marshy, and covered with

bushy marine plants; beyond it the country, as far as the eye can reach, is quite flat, and but for the diversity of tropical foliage seen everywhere, would present the appearance of "a weary waste expanding to the skies."

Leaving the *Padang*, we entered a small boat, with an enormous mat sail, which, notwithstanding its dimensions, the crew were not long in raising, apparently with ease, before the favourable breeze.

Half an hour's sail brought us to the mouth of the canal, from which the town of Batavia is about two miles distant. This canal is from thirty to forty feet in width, with low walls about five feet high on each side, to protect the channel from being choked up with sand and mud.

After some time the men lowered our sail, and commenced pulling, for we were now threading our way through numbers of fishing and trading boats, and consequently could not maintain the speed with which we had started. Beyond the

walls which enclosed the canal, the ground was very muddy, and partially filled up with concrete and other debris, on which some small attap huts have been erected, probably inhabited by fishermen, if we may judge from the number of nets which are exposed to dry.

In the swampy regions alligators are frequently seen, and afford some sport to Europeans.

Presently we passed the old light-house, an ugly wooden structure, which formerly marked the limits of the canal; but as, in consequence of the encroachments and accumulation of alluvium, it has been found necessary to deepen and extend the latter, a new light-house is in course of erection, about a mile further down. A little beyond this we passed a battery, or small fort, in the appearance of which there was nothing remarkable to excite our curiosity.

A few more vigorous strokes of the oar, and we reached the "boom or jetty" of the Custom-house, the

façade of which rests upon round pillars. Although extremely simple in its architectural character, our attention was attracted to it by the dense flotilla of clumsy-looking boats moored before it. On landing, our luggage was immediately put under the surveillance of a Custom-house officer, who, after receiving our replies in answer to his questions, made a cursory examination, and then very civilly told us we might retire.

Entering the carriage of a friend who had come to welcome us on Javanese soil, we proceeded rapidly along, passing numbers of Government godowns to the right, with a grass plot immediately in front of each; and, going through a gateway, we left what may be termed the city, or business quarter of Batavia, the houses of which, as we particularly observed on a subsequent visit, are remarkable for their size. They are built of red brick, and are decorated with florid ornaments above and on the sides of the windows. They are



very ancient, and were formerly occupied by Portuguese and Dutch families, who, finding the quarter very insalubrious in consequence of the miasma arising from the river and neighbouring marshes—which obtained for Batavia the name of the unhealthiest of Eastern cities—deserted these commodious-looking buildings for the more salubrious localities of Weltervalden, Parapattan, Cornelius, &c., four miles farther in the interior. Now, with the exception of a few inhabited by mestizos, with prolific families, they are chiefly converted into warehouses.

The Kali Basar, or Great River, passes through the town, having some fine offices on one side, and on the other inferior native buildings; then flowing through the walled canal I have before mentioned, it disembogues itself into the harbour. Beyond the gates, situated to the left of the inner canal, we had a peep of the Chinese campong,

easily distinguished by the regularity of the rather low-built brick houses, with the corners of the roofs turning upwards. To the right we passed a range of shops facing this campang, and several attap houses shaded by trees.

We next came to the quarter at present inhabited by Europeans, and were surprised to see not only a number of fine, spacious-looking shops, occupied by European tailors, chemists, milliners, &c., but also elegant mansions, situated in the midst of carefully-tended gardens, large Government buildings, and a fine club-house, which goes by the name of the Harmonie.

Farther on our eyes were charmed with the refreshing sight of an extensive green called the Koningen's Plain, which is a mile square, faced with fine large houses, and traversed by roads lined with rows of trees on each side. At one corner of this plain there is a race-course, owing its origin mainly to the English residents, whose

proverbial *penchant* for the turf is manifested here as in every other region where they are found.

We stayed in Batavia for about a fortnight, and were entertained by our friends with that hospitality which seems so natural to people in the East, and which can never be forgotten, suggested as it is by every recollection of the scenes we have passed through.

Next morning, being supplied with active Javanese ponies, we rode out soon after five o'clock, to make some pleasant suburban explorations, our friends accompanying us, and pointing out each object of interest we came across.

In the afternoon, near sunset, we took a drive in a phaeton, drawn by fast-trotting ponies, whose speed was really marvellous. We thus saw a great part of the town and its environs in a most expeditious and agreeable manner; for as we wished to proceed as soon as possible to the interior of the island, a visit to which was our main object in

coming to Java, we were anxious to make the most of our time.

The principal features which strike the eye in European Batavia are the numerous canals by which the town is intersected. The streets on either side of these canals are very regular, and the tall Verengen trees with their long spreading branches, covered with foliage, form avenues pleasing to the sight, and afford a delightful shade from the sultry heat of the day.

In our morning rides we used to be interested by the animated scene the canals presented. We were particularly amused by the numerous ponies undergoing their morning bath, a common practice throughout the East, though accompanied by some risk from more than one cause; the first and foremost being the chance of catching the glanders, or some other infectious disease.

Farther on, in a more retired part, we saw, not unfrequently, tiny boats—formed from a plantain

leaf—laden with flowers, gliding down the stream. These were votive offerings, probably placed on the water by some Javanese maiden, and doubtless watched with no little anxiety until they were lost sight of. This pleasing custom, which I should fancy to be a relic of Buddhism, reminds one of the Hindoo girl who, placing lights in boats of a similar description, allows them to float on the surface of some river, till distance hides them from her view.

We used to meet the Dutch fashionables walking about, quite in a state of *deshabillé*, apparently bent on taking life easy. No hat covered their heads, which are generally so closely cropped that, at a distance, they look as if they were completely shorn. The white baju, a kind of loose jacket, is generally worn, while the loose pejamas, or night-drawers, flap about their legs like sails courting the breeze, which swells them out. Sometimes, when a long walk is premeditated, a sort of

shooting-coat is added to this singular attire, which only increases, if possible, its ludicrous effect. The cigar, I need hardly say, is their constant companion. The ladies adopt in-doors a kind of native dress, wearing the sarong and kabaya. The upper garment, however, which is long, is invariably white, and often very daintily trimmed with lace, &c.; but in this costume they are seldom seen beyond the house or grounds, though we have observed a few taking their morning promenade thus attired.

The Dutchman's mode of life in Java is as follows. He rises generally at five A.M., lights his cigar, and then sallies forth to take his stroll, or, as the natives term it, *makan angin*, signifying, literally, to eat the wind. About seven he returns to partake of a collation of eggs and cold meat, after which he drinks his tea or coffee, and smokes again. He then takes his bath, throwing buckets of water over his head, after the manner adopted

by all who reside in Eastern climes. After the enjoyment of this necessary luxury, he puts on his day suit, always of light texture on account of the heat, and generally white, and entering his carriage, is driven to his kantor, or house of business. If he is a wealthy citizen, he probably returns home at 12, at which hour the breakfast—as it is termed, though at mid-day—awaits him, consisting of all kinds of Eastern delicacies, rice, curry, and endless sambals, or small piquant side dishes. After this heavy meal, Morpheus waves his wand over Batavia, and all his votaries who can spare the time, retire to digest their food in a siesta of from two to three hours' duration.

Rising from this sleep, the first cry is *Spada*—a contraction for *Sapa ada*, “Who is there?”—which is immediately followed by *Api*—“light”—a demand promptly attended to by some boy, who, prepared for the summons, quickly appears with a cigar-bo;

containing five hundred or more Filippinos, or primeros, in one hand, and a lighted Chinese joss-stick in the other; while another boy brings a tray, on which is a cup of tea and some cakes. Another delicious cold bath generally succeeds the smoke, after which the luxurious European retires to dress for the evening, reappearing with the usual mouth appendage, and a stick in hand—no hat, of course, for the Batavian fashion is for neither gentlemen or ladies to wear anything on their heads, except when they go to church on Sundays. Thus attired, he wends his way quietly to the Koningen's Plain, or to that of Waterloo, to gaze on the *élite* and fashion walking or driving about, which the ladies do in full dress—*décolleté*—and wearing ornaments in their hair.

The carriages containing gentlemen are distinguished by the lighted joss-stick in the hand of one of the footmen, who stands behind his master, ever ready to present the aromatic torch. The quantity



of cigars consumed in a day by one individual is really astonishing, and the rapidity with which each is smoked is remarkable. From personal experience, I should say Dutchmen in the East are much greater smokers even than Spaniards.

On reaching home after his promenade, our Dutchman partakes of orange bitters, diluted in *Kirsch-wasser*—Hollands—or brandy, as a stimulus to the appetite; and then, after the enjoyment of another weed, the *Mandoer*, head-servant, or butler, announces dinner. When the ladies retire from dessert, cigars are immediately handed round, and cups of excellent Java coffee. And here, I may beg leave to observe, we were told that a great quantity of the coffee which is sold as Mocha in reality comes direct from Java, assuming the name of the famous Arab port on its arrival in Europe. The gentlemen generally sit but a short time after the ladies leave, adjourning after them to the drawing-room,

where they continue to puff vigorously at their lighted cigars, to the perfume of which the ladies never make any objection. As this room always opens on a verandah, some retire to seek the coolness of the night air, while others, while away the time by music and chit-chat, &c., retiring generally about eleven or twelve, to renew the same life next day.

In one of our evening drives we saw the Governor's town palace, now converted into public offices. It stands on one side of Waterloo Plain, a large level green, in the centre of which is a pillar supporting a lion. Two long ranges of low bungalows, with a row of trees in front, filling up two sides of this square, are occupied by military officers. Extensive barracks are situated contiguous to these quarters, and twice or three times a-week the band plays on the plain before a large audience of Europeans and natives.

Throughout the whole of Java there is no standing police ; an assertion which may appear scarcely credible regarding an island the breadth of which varies from fifty-six to one hundred and thirty-six miles, and the length of which is about sixty-six miles greater than that of Great Britain. Such, nevertheless, is the case—there is no regular police force. And yet, curious enough, perfect order and quiet are maintained throughout the island, without the moral restraint which our broad-chested London police might inspire, or the fear with which the presence of the sallow-faced *sergent de ville* would be regarded. The system adopted is an improvement on that which was once common in Europe, and must be fresh in the memory of men still living.

The police of Java is composed of the townspeople of each respective quarter of the town. The different localities are designated by the national names of the races by which they are in-

habited ; hence there is the Malay Campong, the Chinese, the Arab, and, of course, several Javanese Campongs ; and each of these quarters is under the supervision and, to some extent, the jurisdiction of the most influential man in his neighbourhood, who is generally of Royal blood, or very high standing, and distinguished by the titles of Pangeran, Addipatti, Raden Addipatti, Reghent, Tumungong, and the like. Under this official are several officers, known, according to their respective stations, as Paksal, Capalla, Pungooloo, Lora, Woedono, Mantrie, &c.

Some of those occupying the first-named office have hereditary claims to the responsible situation they hold ; but if the son, when called to occupy the seat of his father, prove distasteful to his fellow-countrymen, or to the Government, he is obliged to give place to another, named by the Resident, in his stead.

The principal official over the Chinese is known

as the Capitan Cheena, and the sub-officers are dignified by the name of Lieutenant. Like the Tumungong, the Capitan is held responsible for the good conduct of the Chinese population. The Capalla, or head, in particular, is the machine, as it were, which keeps the working parts in order. It is his duty to see that three men from his Campong are placed on the watch night and day—the male members of every family taking in turn the duty of watchman, which require their presences for about twelve hours at a time. The Capalla also visits the stations occasionally, to see that all goes right, and reports accordingly to his superior. He likewise supplies the night-passes to those who are known to him as honest and trustworthy, without which none can stir out of their campong after eight in the evening. All delinquents are brought first before him, and if their fault be trivial, the *juru tulis*, or clerk—seated crosslegged on the ground, before a small, low, square box, on

which his writing materials are spread—notes down the important features of the case, and the Capalla disposes of the matter. But should the offence be one of a serious nature, he shakes off all responsibility by placing the whole affair in the hands of the Tumungong, or Pangeran, who, in turn, if the matter proves too intricate for him, sends it up to the European magistrate, who settles it according to Dutch law.

Simple as the whole machinery seems, it is in our opinion worthy of admiration, and certainly well adapted to native society. Every orang campong, or villager, feels a kind of responsibility for the good conduct, not only of himself and family, but also of his neighbour; for every one who acts in any wise unlawfully, lays himself open to be reported, perhaps by his most intimate friend, who, should he hesitate to give evidence against the delinquent, loses caste at once with his fellow-men, being considered as a conniver at his friend's mis-

doings. Personal ambition also secures fidelity in the discharge of this civic duty. If the sub-official is at all an aspiring man, he feels that he may entertain a hope of some day filling the capallaship; and thus, small as this ambition may seem, it is frequently sufficient to stimulate a man in the performance of his duties.

The system, on the whole, interested me not a little; and knowing, as I do, something of our possessions in the East, I regret that this admirable plan of village government has not been adopted in some of them. It would not only be a means of curtailing local expenditure, but it would also insure the safety of the subject, by bringing criminals to speedy justice.

A building connected with this police is the Guardo, or guard-house, a small shed, with an attap roof, open in front, and its three sides walled in by poles fixed in the ground, and not unfrequently also covered with attap. In some

parts of large towns, and chiefly in the interior, these guardos are more substantially built; having roofs of tiles instead of attap, and brick walls in lieu of rough hewn poles. Before this building is a stand of arms, peculiarly Javanese, which, though simple, I cannot pass over unnoticed. The three implements which are seemingly indispensable for constabular use are the bunday, the kumkun, and the toyah. The first is a short pole, about four feet in length, upon the top of which are tied two pieces of wood, so placed as to meet in an acute angle, and open towards the ends, like the distended jaws of an alligator; the resemblance being made greater by the addition of dried stems of sharp thorns, tied on the two pieces of wood, and looking somewhat like rows of teeth. These effectually serve the purpose of detaining any runaway around whose neck they are fixed, lacerating the flesh to a terrible extent should he offer the slightest resistance



The man into whose keeping the bunday is confided is called upon to act on the escape of a prisoner. In pursuing him he runs at full speed, endeavouring to fix the instrument round the neck, waist, arm, or leg of the pursued, who, as soon as he feels the sharp thorns encircling his body, generally comes to a full stop. Should he prove, however, one of those determined ruffians who are dead to all feelings of pain, another instrument, the kumkum, is brought into play. This heavy-looking weapon, which is of a very formidable aspect, consists of a bar of iron in the shape of a small sword, attached to the top of a stave some five feet long. The third of these singular instruments is the toyah, which is as simple in its construction as the use to which it is put is novel. It is in the shape of a pitchfork, the points of which are purposely made blunt. This is certainly the most humane-looking of the three, and it is to be hoped therefore the one first tried against the de-

linquent. The object for which it is used is that of bringing the pursued down on his knees, and thus effectually stopping his further progress. This is accomplished by thrusting the open space between the prongs against the knee-joint—from the back of course—and so compelling the man by the force and suddenness of the attack, to make a genuflexion; the result of which is, that he becomes an easy prey to the pursuer. In the interior of some guardos there are other weapons, or sunjata, such as the tomba, or long spear, but none of them so ludicrously novel as those I have just described.

A curious object, always to be seen near the Guardo, is the Tong-tong, or Tok-tok, as it is called from the sounds produced when it is struck, though there is another name for it, which I have forgotten. This instrument is formed of a portion of the trunk of a tree, from three and a half to four feet long, and a little more than a foot in diameter,

which is hollowed out perpendicularly the whole way down the centre, to the depth of three or four inches, commencing about four inches from the top, and leaving about the same space below. When suspended from a wooden stand, and struck, as it is at each *guardo*, every hour during the night, with a thick piece of wood, it gives out a hollow sound, not only warning the villagers or townspeople of the fleeting hours of time, but also assuring the *Capalla*—should anxious fears arouse him from his slumber—that his men are on the *qui vive*. They are also sounded on occasion of a fire, and as those at the different posts are struck one after the other, the news of the disaster is soon communicated to the whole town. Some of the *Tok-toks* which I saw had been so recently cut from the tree that the sprigs, soon to be hammered and dried out, were still fresh and green on the sides of the condemned trunk.

The day after our arrival, we, in accordance

with Dutch regulations, sent our passport to the Wykemester, who is what we may term a kind of European Capalla Campong. His duties, however, are neither so heavy nor so multifarious as those of his native counterpart. The office is, I believe, honorary. An old resident in the district, who is regarded with respect and esteem, is generally elected to fill the post; and he is usually supposed to know each European resident within his circuit, and also to be perfectly well acquainted with their several professions and incomes.

Every visitor, on his passport being proved to be *en règle*, is required to fill up a certain form which is sent to him for the purpose. In this, together with other questions of trifling import, he states his profession, last place of residence, and what length of stay he purposes making in Java. The over-scrupulous and unaccommodating traveller often regards this measure on the part of the Dutch as "an infringement of personal liberty," &c.; but

there is, in reality, no more inconvenience attendant on the system than at present exists in all Continental hotels; and though I am by no means an admirer of such regulations, I see no reason why we should kick against a rule which cannot injure us individually, when it suits the Government of another nation to adopt it for the better security of its people.

If any European resident is anxious to leave the locality in which he resides for another in the town, he must acquaint the Wykemester with his purpose a month before he intends carrying it into effect, in order that that worthy gentleman may have time to inform his brother Wykemester presiding over the other district, of the arrival to be expected.

Through the kindness of a friend, I obtained an order to visit the public hospital, which occupies a large space of ground in one of the European districts. The road before the gate is lined on each

side by an avenue of flourishing young trees, and the open plot of ground within the inclosure, near the building, is planted thick with bushes and shrubs, giving a pleasant air of cheerfulness to what must ever be a dismal and painful retreat.

On entering, I presented my order, and was desired by a young medical officer, in a most polite manner, to accompany him. It is hardly necessary to dwell long on a subject so well understood in England; nevertheless, it may not be uninteresting to give a slight sketch of this establishment, to show how institutions of this description are managed in these remote parts of the globe.

The hospital consists of several ranges of buildings, distinguished as first, second, third, and fourth classes. The shape of each of these is oblong, and the floors in all are a few feet elevated from the ground. Altogether they resemble the bungalows of India. The ceilings are very lofty, and they appeared to me to be very well venti-

lated. In speaking of Dutch institutions, their cleanliness scarcely requires comment, for we well know none can surpass them in this respect.

One range of buildings is devoted to sailors, soldiers, employés receiving small salaries, and natives. The highest charge, including attendance, food and baths, is four florins per diem, and the lowest one florin—equal to 1*s.* 8*d.* of our money. Those who enjoy good salaries are expected to pay additionally for attendance; whilst the very poor are exempted from all expense.

A separate range of buildings is set apart for the medical officers, servants, &c.; and several rooms are furnished, and fitted up with all the comforts of an hotel, for such bachelors as prefer the quiet of the hospital, in case of sickness, to the noise and bustle of a Batavian “logement.” These pay six florins a day, for which sum they receive the first medical care, as well as every attention and comfort required by an invalid.

An anatomical museum, in which there are some objects of interest, and a library, are attached to the hospital; connected with which are also two medical schools for native students of both sexes. The doctor pointed out to me about five and twenty of the male students, who rose and bowed very respectfully as we entered, and to several questions which were put to them gave most satisfactory replies. They struck me as having a more intellectual cast of countenance than the generality of Javanese; though this may be owing, as some philosophers say, to a constant habit of study. The whole conversation was carried on in the Malay language, as it is the Dutch policy not to teach any native their own tongue.

The Javanese, like the natives of India, are fond of dancing spectacles, or notches; and when a "company" assembles in the street, or in any compound or yard of a house, it arrests the steps



of every passer-by. Hearing one day the sound of the drum and other instruments outside the gate, our friends at our request kindly sent a servant to invite the players in. As may be concluded, they lost no time in obeying the summons, and were followed down the walk by quite a small crowd from the opposite village, who, but a moment before, would not have dared to trespass beyond the entrance except on business. The orchestra was composed of the *Gamalan*, consisting of several gongs varying in size, and placed on a wooden frame standing on four legs. These gongs are struck according to the fancy of the player, each producing a different tone. It is the sweetest native musical instrument I have ever heard, and is capable, I think, of being brought to great perfection in the hands of a European *maestro*. Beside this was a large gong, suspended, like a gipsy's kettle, from three short poles. There was also a drum, a large oblong-

shaped instrument, which the player, sitting cross-legged on the ground, placed on his lap, using the palms of his hands for drum-sticks. Lastly, there was a kind of hybrid fiddle, awkwardly made and roughly finished, called by the natives *Rabup*, the sounds of which were so faint, that though I stood near and watched attentively the fiddler, as he bent his head ever and anon to the motions of the fiddlestick, apparently rapt in enchantment, I must confess I could not catch a single note harmonious or otherwise.

The *danseuse* was a plain-looking woman, with a face of the ordinary Javanese type, coarse features, high cheeks bones, and very large mouth, disfigured with black teeth, which, however, they consider a mark of beauty. Her feet were small, as is the case with all of this race, both male and female. Her hair was dressed in the usual manner, tightly drawn back from the forehead, and rolled in a large *conday*, or knot, at the back, through

which a large solid-looking pin, like a silver skewer, was thrust; whilst a few flowers of the *bunga-molor*—a sweet-scented white flower—were inserted between the knot and the head. The skirt she wore, called by the natives *sarong*, was fastened to the waist by a *pindeng*, or ceinture of silver. A long *cabaya*, or kind of loose coat, with sleeves to the wrist, formed her upper garment, and reached below the knee, being fastened together in front by two *croçangs*, or brooches of silver, so as to leave a small portion of the chest exposed. Beneath this, and attached to the *sarong* by the *pindeng*, were no fewer than fourteen handkerchiefs of different colours, folded corner-wise and placed one above the other. Her movements had some degree of natural grace. In one hand she held a Chinese fan, which in the dance she coquetted with as well as a Spanish donna might have done; whilst in some stages of the performance she concealed her face beneath a

frightful mask, removing it occasionally with the unemployed hand.

. Her partner was more simply dressed, but certainly not with equal modesty, for his body down to the waist was naked. His trousers were short, and faded in colour, and he wore a coloured kerchief on his head, which concealed all his hair—rolled like that of the woman in a knot behind. On rising to dance, he threw a sarong over his right shoulder, which partially concealed his body, giving him a style, as the capote does to the Matador.

I cannot say the combined performance of the company inspired us with the wish to applaud. The music was poor and unmelodious, and the dances very monotonous. It was, however, highly appreciated by their own countrymen and women, who clapped their hands, and made loud and hearty *basoras*, or cheers.

Jacatra is that part of the residency of Batavia

to the east of the town, and the spot where the English troops disembarked prior to marching to attack the city in 1811.

It is said that a portion of Batavia itself stands on the site of the old Sundanese capital, once called Jacatra, or *Work of Victory*. At the present time, the part known as Jacatra is a small village, through which passes a good macadamised road, planted on either side with poplar trees, beyond which are numbers of small cottages or bungalows—at the doors or verandahs of which the traveller will see, as he passes in the cool of the evening, the occupants—most of whom are small salaried clerks—seated in their loose bajus and baggy pejamás, enjoying the fragrant weed—to them indeed the calumet of peace, after the toil and turmoil of a city life. Further on to the left, under the sombre shade of bread-fruit, jack, and cocoa-nut trees, with its base almost concealed by thorny bushes, there is a gate walled up, the two

pillars on either side denoting that it was once a place of ingress. Immediately above it is an object somewhat resembling at the first glance a cannon-ball, transfixed to the top of the wall by a spear; but on examining it more closely, we discovered that the supposed cannon-ball was in reality a human skull, all now remaining of one Peter Elberfeld, thickly plastered over to protect it from the influence of time and weather. Immediately below the transfixed skull, we observed a tablet, bearing the following long inscription in the Dutch language :

“Uik eene verfoeyelyke gedachtenise tegen den gestraften landverrader, Pieter Elberfeld, zal niemand vermogen ter dezer plaatse to boumen, Simmeren, metselem, planten, nu, of tencurrige, dage. Batavia, den 22nd April, 1722.”

The translation of this is as follows :—

“In consequence of the detested memory of Peter Elberfeld, who was punished for treason, no one shall be permitted to build in wood, or stone, or to plant anything whatsoever in these grounds, from this time forth for evermore !”

The father of Peter Elberfeld—I subsequently learnt from a friend, who recounted to me all he knew of that individual's history—was a native of Westphalia, “the land of hams,” who had come to Java for the purpose of making his fortune, and who, on arriving in the island, had set up in business as a merchant. After some time he formed a connection with a native woman, by whom he had six sons, the five elder of whom followed the manners and European habits of their father; but Peter, the youngest, born in the year 1663, with strange pertinacity, from childhood clung to native ideas and customs, which subsequently led him to become an enthusiastic and daring patriot. Hating the Dutch, and all connected with them, looking upon everything done by them as an injury to those whom he regarded as his own people, he resolved on the extermination of every foreigner from the soil of Java, and directed all his thoughts to the consideration of the time when, and the

means by which, he might best accomplish this great object. Hearing of the disaffection of some of the princes in the interior, he privately communicated his designs to them, endeavouring to gain their support to his bold and dangerous plans; for courageous though he was, Elberfeld could not have dreamt of success in carrying out the scheme he had formed, without the promise of assistance and co-operation from men of more power and influence than himself; and he ultimately succeeded in gaining over to his side the two sons of Pakoe Boewono, and several minor princes.

The Emperor Pakoe Boewono I., whose empire of Matarram comprised almost a third of the island of Java, died in the year 1719, and was succeeded by his son Mangkoe Nagoro, under the title of Hamangkoe Raht II., who, but for a fortunate circumstance, might have occupied the throne of his fathers only for a very short time. Two of his brothers, the princes alluded to above, growing



jealous of his ascendancy, and aiming at imperial power, allied themselves with Elberfeld for the express purpose of dethroning him; making this condition, that if their designs succeeded, one of them should assume the title of emperor, and the other that of sultan of some small independent state cut off from Matarram; while Elberfeld should be raised to the dignity of Sheik al Islam, or High Priest of all Java.

The plan they adopted was a very bold one, measures being taken by which the different leaders might carry it out simultaneously. While Elberfeld, with thirty thousand followers, was to attack and blow up the town, and slaughter all the European inhabitants throughout the whole residency of Batavia, the two young princes, with their adherents, were to dethrone Hamangkoe Raht, take possession of Matarram, and proclaim themselves emperor and sultan.

Elberfeld's house was situated a short distance from the gate, which opened on the road, and here it was determined to hold the nightly meetings of the disaffected chiefs and people, amongst whom were several women.

Here members were sworn and enrolled, and all the proceedings connected with this terrible plot discussed, such caution being used to avoid detection that the conspirators never raised their voices above a whisper; and, were it not for the fortunate circumstance before alluded to, there is not the slightest doubt that some, if not all of the Dutch inhabitants, and the adherents to the reigning native Emperor, would have fallen by the hands of their midnight foes.

Elberfeld had living with him a niece, a brother's child, whom, at her father's death, he had adopted and brought up as his own, separating her from her brothers and sisters, and educating her as a native. Meeda, for such was her name, whose

mind and tastes, spite of the love she felt for her uncle, inclined her to the European side, was very beautiful, inheriting the fair skin of her grandfather, with the dark eyes and locks of her grandmother, and could not help expressing the disgust she felt for every suitor for her hand her uncle approved of. In her walks and drives she had frequently observed a young Dutch officer attentively regarding her, and this circumstance inspiring her with the desire of marrying a European, she ardently hoped that the young soldier would pay his addresses to her, little doubting that she would be able to gain her uncle's consent to such a union.

The Dutch officer had, indeed, frequently attempted to speak to Meeda, but, so closely was she watched by her anxious relative, that, really aspiring to be her suitor, he saw that his only chance of obtaining her hand lay in openly demanding it of the wealthy uncle. He accordingly did so, and his surprise exceeded all bounds when he was informed

that no child or relative of Elberfeld's should marry a white man; and that, fondly as he loved his niece, he would rather see her dead than the wife of a Dutchman.

At once disappointed and exasperated, the officer left the house, determined on defeating the views of the uncle by some plan; for though the lovers had never interchanged words, their eyes had faithfully interpreted those feelings of the heart by which both were inspired.

Affairs connected with the conspiracy in which he had engaged demanding Elberfeld's utmost attention, and the vigilance with which he watched Meeda being in consequence relaxed, it was not long before the officer found opportunities to meet his *inamorata*, and soon obtained her consent to a private marriage.

Meeda, however, could not thus set herself in opposition to her uncle without some conflicting feelings. The remembrance of his uniform kind-

ness to her, the thought of the sorrow her desertion would cause him, often, in the solitude of her room, banished sleep from her eyes, till long after the other inmates of the house—as she thought—had retired to their beds and mats. Still love conquered every other feeling, and one night, when she met her lover, she was induced to give him her faithful promise in three days to become his bride.

The thought of her disobedience to her uncle rendered her that night even more restless than usual, and she was unable to sleep. It was a warm sultry evening, and the air of the room seemed to stifle her. Opening her window, therefore, she stepped lightly into the small verandah which was attached to her apartment, where she remained for some time gazing into darkness, for the air was thick, and the moon obscured. By-and-by she was startled from her reverie by a gleam of light apparently proceeding from a lower window, which shed its rays across

the path; a circumstance which in itself would have seemed trifling, were it not succeeded by others of a more suspicious nature. Meeda had only just recovered from her momentary alarm, and had settled in her mind that her uncle had business which obliged him to sit up late, when, on looking down again, she was surprised to see the light on the path frequently obscured, as if by some dark body passing over it; and this occurring again and again, she discovered, to her inexpressible surprise, that it arose from the entrance of several men through the window from which the light issued.

Meeda, who was a girl of no ordinary courage and strength of mind, at once determined on the course to pursue. Gaining her own room, she proceeded noiselessly to cross the passage which separated it from Elberfeld's, determined to acquaint him at once with—as she imagined—their danger. To her surprise, however, she found her

uncle's room empty ; and, by the light of the oil lamp, she perceived that the pillow on the mat, which her uncle, true to native taste, would make his sleeping couch, had never been pressed that night.

Quite perplexed as to what step to take next, the bewildered girl regained her own apartment, and probably would have remained there in fear and trembling till daybreak, but for a footstep which she heard cautiously stepping along the passage, and which caused her again to venture forth to watch unseen the movements of the man whom she had dimly perceived entering the room of Elberfeld. In a few minutes her vigilance was repaid ; the door re-opened, and her uncle appeared within a few paces of where she stood, shaded by a projecting wall, a paper in his hand, and a dark sinister expression on his face. Meeda's first impulse had been to rush up to him and acquaint him with what she had seen, but second thoughts

determined her to wait and see what he was about to do ; for the expression of his face filled her with an undefined dread. Cautiously he stole along the passage, and down the stairs, followed at some distance by his niece, who carefully selected the most shadowy side for her dangerous midnight adventure, fearful lest a false step, or even a loud breath, might betray her. Having followed Elberfeld to that part of the house near which the dining-room was situated, she found all in complete darkness, all the night lamps having been purposely extinguished—a circumstance which by no means tended to lessen her apprehension that something was seriously wrong. Her uncle, meanwhile, had disappeared, and she stood irresolute what next to do, when, her attention being attracted by the sound of a door opened gently, she perceived, to her astonishment, their large dining-room dimly lighted, and full of people. Perplexed and alarmed by this unexpected cir-



cumstance, she was deliberating whether she ought to proceed or retire, when the door was again closed, and she was left in total darkness.

Resolved not to be baffled in the desire to penetrate this mystery, she groped her way to the door; and determined to ascertain what was the secret object of this numerous assembly at such an hour, she placed her ear to the key-hole. It was some minutes before she could catch any distinct word; but as her ear became accustomed to the whispers in which the members spoke, it was not long before she became acquainted with the nature of the plot in which they were engaged; and it was with inexpressible horror that she heard her uncle himself, addressing the assembly, name the day and hour when every man, woman, and child of purely Dutch parentage was to fall by the sword or by fire. Putting her eye to the key-hole, she then distinctly saw every man in the room place his hand on his kriss; and after kissing the hand which had

touched the weapon, again perform the same ceremony with the koran. Horrified at what she had heard and seen, Meeda turned from the door, and in a very few minutes succeeded in finding her way back to the lighted part of the house, and from thence to her room, where, carefully fastening her door, she sat down to consider what step she ought to take on the morrow.

Next morning, she contrived to write a letter secretly to her lover, informing him of the whole affair, only begging of him, if possible, to avoid mentioning her uncle's name as one of the conspirators. The young officer, on reading this communication of his mistress, was equally perplexed and horrified; for he saw no means by which he could avoid naming the principal in a plot so daring, more especially as it was at his house the secret meetings were held. He therefore divulged the whole matter to the authorities, who lost no time in warning the young susuhunan (emperor),

and their own agents in different towns, of the impending danger ; at the same time advising them on no account to allow any indications of the fact, that the plot had been discovered, to become known to the conspirators.

All, therefore, went on as usual till the night preceding the one fixed for the massacre. On that night nearly all the conspirators had met for the last time to concert their final measures. "Be ready an hour before daybreak," were Elberfeld's parting words, as he stood by his door ready to close it when the last of his accomplices had gone forth. But already the troops sent out to secure the conspirators had surrounded the house. Before the last man had left their place of meeting, a clashing of swords, and the loud report of fire-arms, were heard. "We are betrayed!" cried Elberfeld ; "escape those who can!" This, however, was now impossible ; for even while Elberfeld and his fellow-conspirators were debating in

fancied security, every place of exit had been carefully guarded by soldiers, and a strong body now entered the house, calling on all to lay down their weapons, and mercilessly cutting down every one who showed the slightest sign of resistance.

It afterwards appeared there were several females among the conspirators, most of whom were smothered with pillows, a few only of both sexes being pardoned, one of whom was a woman of high rank in the court of Hamangkoe Raht, called Karta Drya. Four royal princes, after undergoing the penalty of having the right hand cut off, were publicly beheaded; but the most appalling punishment was reserved for Elberfeld, the ring-leader of this infamous plot. Like a second St. Hippolyte, his arms and legs were tied to four horses, which, on a given signal, being vigorously whipped, started in opposite directions, wrenching every limb from his body. His head was afterwards severed from the bleeding trunk, spiked

with a spear, and planted before the town gate, while the dismembered trunk was drawn and quartered. Not content even with this dire revenge, the Dutch razed the Eastern *Rye House* to the ground; the gate was walled up, and the inscription I have already given was placed there. The fixing of the ghastly head by a spear to the top of the wall, at the spot where the gate had formerly stood, and where Elberfeld had frequently meditated on his dangerous plot, was the last act of vengeance by which their European masters hoped to transmit to future generations of natives the fearful punishment with which they had visited treason against their authority.

To this day the ignorant natives will tell you, with a very grave face, that on certain nights ominous sounds are heard at this spot, and that apparitions even have been seen by some people, but never, the narrator takes care to add, *by himself*.

The brothers of Hamangkoe Raht were left to

himself for punishment, and in return for the service rendered to him by the Dutch, he begged their acceptance, as a proof of his gratitude, of certain lands on the confines of Matarram.

This conspiracy took place in the year 1722, exactly a century after the one in 1622, mentioned by Commodore Roggewein, who, on his arrival in the country a few months after the event, was informed at the same time of the plot, of the means by which it had been discovered, and of the punishment inflicted on all who had taken part in it.

## CHAPTER II.

THE CHINESE—EMPTY FLOWERPOT—ADVERTISEMENT—MUSEUM  
—PORTRAITS—ON THE MOVE—OUR REES-WAGEN—BOY  
DRAHMAN—WE LEAVE BATAVIA—BRIEF EXPLANATION—  
SOME OF THE PASSENGERS, RADEN RIO, AND RADEN MAS,  
MAKING THEMSELVES COMFORTABLE—HOSPITALITY OF THE  
DUTCHMAN—WHAT WE SEE EN ROUTE—SAMARANG HARBOUR  
—THE CANAL—DRIVE TO TOWN—HOTEL—EVENING DRIVE—  
RICE SAWAHS—RECEPTION.





## CHAPTER II.

IT is no difficult matter for a traveller in the East to decide, amongst the various oriental nationalities that come under his notice, which is the most active and enterprising. Enter what large town he may, he finds the Chinese indefatigable in their efforts to gain money; success so far crowning their endeavours that the more indolent native of the soil is obliged to give way before them. In Java, notwithstanding all the difficulties the Dutch throw in their way, by levying considerably heavier imposts on them than on any other people, they "thrive," according to a simile of their own, "like the lotus plant." To a certain extent the severity of Dutch rule is beneficial to the Chinaman, for unless he is made subservient

by a strong hand, he too frequently becomes so impudent and insolent as to be utterly intolerable. The Dutch must have been aware of this when they introduced their system of mulcting the Celestials, who, when they enter Java as settlers, when they become citizens, and when they leave the country, are heavily taxed by these unrelenting masters. Spite of all, however, they get on well—some as merchants and planters, others as shopkeepers, the poorer of their countrymen contriving to gain a livelihood in the towns as hawkers.

Their quarter in Batavia being near the city, the very heart of business, is that which best suits a Chinaman; for in general he prefers the close pent-up noisy streets of a town to the free pure air of the country.

After the work of the day, the traveller will find him seated on a cool stone bench under his portico, indulging in the luxury of a very loose

baju, which, being unfastened, exposes to view the greater part of his chest; and should he be a fat man—the fatter he is, the more he is honoured by his countrymen—a considerable portion of his stomach, on which it is, to him, a luxury to feel the coolness of the evening air. Most probably also he will be found chewing the beetle-leaf and nut—a habit which he has contracted from the natives—<sup>or</sup> in drawing tobacco fumes through a long thick bamboo pipe.

As Europeans pass in their carriages, Chinamen rise, as a mark of respect—a striking contrast to their manner in Singapore and Penang.

The ladies in general associate more with their husbands than they are accustomed to do in the mother country, and are not usually considered so shy—partly owing probably to the fact that they are nearly all half castes, Chinawomen in general having a great aversion to emigration.

The houses in which these industrious people

live are nearly always two stories high, the spine or chief beam of the upper roof turning up at the two ends. The walls on two sides of the domicile are generally what are termed dead walls, even a single window to admit light or air being exceedingly rare. Two windows, however, are placed in a plank wall in front of the house; and immediately beneath them, lying horizontally on the portico roof, often gapes an empty flower-pot, the signification of which we found it difficult to divine. If it had been a religious emblem, there would probably have been one on each house. On inquiry we were amused to find that it was placed there as a kind of notice or advertisement, which, being interpreted, meant—"A young lady is in the house. Husband wanted." How would the young ladies of England like to be provided with a husband in this fashion? Not much, I suppose! After all, in such matters custom is everything. What would a Celestial say to some of those

strange advertisements that sometimes appear in our cheap periodicals?

There are but few sights to be seen in Batavia. The archæologist will doubtless be interested by a small museum of antiquities in the European quarter of the town, where he will find many relics of Buddhism, brought from the interior of Java, Bali, and Madura, especially from the ruins of Boroobodoo, Singasari, and Brambanan; and among the rest a group of Hindoo deities, found at Bali, where, Mahomedanism having but few converts, they are still worshipped.

There are also numerous kinds of weapons, shields, chain armour, and other arms, used by the natives of the neighbouring isles, and some ancient urns, vessels, and jewelry.

The Governor's town palace, as we have already mentioned, is now converted into public offices; all but one room, which is set apart for portraits of the Governor-Generals from the first to Pahud,

who gave up office during the time we were in Java.

During our short sojourn, the Dutch authorities had become possessed of all the knowledge they required respecting our position, "profession," and destination; all of which proving satisfactory, our consul, without difficulty, obtained for us a pass to enable us to leave Batavia, promising to forward the permission to visit the Vorsten Landen, or land of the native princes, as soon as my request to that effect—then under the consideration of the governor—should be granted.

Being informed that the hire of government carriages was very exorbitant, and the discomforts many and various, I was glad to hear of an opportunity of purchasing the very kind of vehicle we needed; and, accompanied by a friend, we went to an auction, where I became the purchaser of a cumbrous-looking but comfortable carriage, known in that country as a Rees-Wagen. It stood about

four feet from the ground, and was entered by means of three steps, which were afterwards folded in a compact space immediately below the door.

There was sufficient room in the body of the carriage for four persons, who, if they chose, might with ease stretch themselves at full length. Under the seats, boxes for stowing away provisions and other desiderata were arranged. Behind was a seat sufficiently commodious for two, and in front a coach-box with equal accommodation. The whole of the top, which was flat, was covered with leather, as were also the front and sides, that of the latter being so arranged as to admit of being furled or unfurled at pleasure. Below the back seat was a board for the lopers, or whippers-up, whose duty we shall have an opportunity of describing more minutely hereafter.

Previous to taking our departure, we engaged the services of a "boy," a euphonious term in general use in the East, as "garçon" is in France,

for a full-grown man with a wife, and perhaps a brood of little ones. His name was Drahman, and he acted as my interpreter with the natives in the interior, the language in which I communicated with him being Malay.

All preparations for departure being made, my kind friend had our Rees-Wagen conveyed on board the S. S. *Oenarang*, in which we embarked on the 4th of October, and left the harbour of Batavia for Samarang and Surabaya.

Some people have asserted that, in order to see a country well, you ought either to go by yourself, or only with an intimate friend, but by no means with a lady, who is more likely to prove an encumbrance than anything else.

In nine cases out of ten, I doubt not but they are right; and as for travelling in Java, if your wife persisted in carrying about with her numerous portmanteaux, band-boxes, carpet-bags, &c., &c., you would certainly have little chance, in a Rees-



Wagen, of seeing much of the country. Fortunately my wife had learnt by experience to avoid all superfluities, and to carry with her only what was actually necessary for the journey. Thus, although some luxuries had to be dispensed with, by which we might have been enabled to obtain a more unalloyed enjoyment of the beauties and wonders of nature, yet, with a limited quantity of luggage, and so spacious a vehicle, we had little in the way of discomfort to complain of.

Our frequent changes from one steamer to another since we left England having taught us the method of shaking ourselves into new quarters without much ado, we were not long in arranging our things in the very limited space allotted to us as a cabin; after which we hastened up-stairs to enjoy the breeze. Every available space on the deck was crammed with a miscellaneous cargo, the most prominent object being our own Rees-Wagen, which, being covered over with matting,

to protect it from the inclement weather to which it might be exposed, looked more like the wigwam of an Indian chief than anything else. On all sides were innumerable boxes, portmanteaux, and flower-pots, with their drooping and almost withered plants; besides cages of birds, turkeys, ducks, geese, and fowls, the latter keeping up a constant chorus of recognition with the condemned inmates of the opposite hen-coop. Baskets of potatoes hung threateningly over the heads of passengers in all directions, while plantains and cabbages of a pale yellow hue swung to and fro in clusters of four and five. Chinamen sprawled on mats, smoking, and drinking insipid tea, without sugar or milk; Javanese sailors, in appearance not unlike dressed-up monkeys, ran backwards and forwards, climbing the rigging, and, at the shrill whistle of the sarang, darting down again with the speed of an arrow. Gentlemen's boys, also were constantly ascending and descending the cabin

stairs with api for their masters. It was such a scene of confusion as one sometimes sees in the streets of Cairo, but without the tall camel or the string of donkeys to force their way through it. Gradually, however, something like order began to appear. Boxes, cages, and flower-pots were arranged to the satisfaction of their owners. Yellow-faced Chinamen and bearded Arabs, listening to the suggestions of the mate, were at length induced to subside into something like order; and the man at the wheel, now able to see the ship's head, could steer her with safety in her right course.

Amongst the passengers on board were two Javanese youths, whose rich costume and numerous retinue betokened persons of rank, and whom we afterwards discovered to be princes. Many came to see them off, and while the crew were raising the anchor, the last farewells were said—the ceremony, which occupied a longer time than our good-byes, being to a certain extent both novel

and curious. Each one advanced in turn, and taking the right hand of one of the princes in both his own, the two stood a short time repeating some words in whispers, after which they drew their hands away, simultaneously, and kissed them. Then shaking hands in the European fashion, they came closer to each other, and once more saying a few words, and kissing their hands, they separated. Only a few of the more distinguished visitors, however, took part in the ceremony; the others, who came within a yard of the princes, confining themselves to a low and lengthy obeisance.

We soon learnt that these two princes were Raden Mas and Raden Rio. The former, like the Javanese in general, was of short stature; his skin was very dark—almost black; his eyes were quick and restless, and his thick lips concealed teeth of the hue of ebony. The general expression of his face more resembled that of a Siamese than a native of Java. His hair, almost the colour of

jet, was pulled backwards, and tied up in a large knot behind, which, with a great portion of his head, was covered with a kerchief of the favourite blue. This style of dressing the hair struck me as resembling that of the Cingalese, with this difference, that the heads of the latter are always uncovered.

Being, as I was informed, a lieutenant in the native regiment of his uncle, Munko Nagoro, he wore a military shako and uniform, all the appointments, except a richly ornamented kriss and scabbard which hung by his side, being such as are worn in the Dutch service.

The other youth, Raden Rio, was the son of the prime minister to one of the princes in Djokdja. He was a young man of twenty, taller than the generality of natives, with more regular features than his companion, milder and finer eyes, but with that which, according to Javanese ideas of beauty, is altogether indispensable, equally black teeth. His hair was dressed like that of Raden Mas, but, in-

stead of the blue kerchief, he wore one of *baték*,\* with one corner left to hang slightly over his forehead; and over this a blue velvet cap, similar to those worn by jockeys, only that the brim projected more, and that on both sides, immediately above the ear, were fixed two wing-like appendages, made of the same material as the cap.

His jacket was of dark blue velvet, lined with golden cloth, and embroidered with flowers of gold and silver; and underneath was a kind of waist-

\* *Baték*, or *Batey*, is the name given to a cloth dyed in the Island. A piece of white calico, cut out to lengths required for a *sarong* or *salendang*, is thrown over a frame of wood like a towel-rail. Before this sits an old woman or young girl, holding a portion of the cloth spread above her knees, while with one hand she pours upon it boiling wax from a small brass vessel like a miniature kettle. With this she forms curious extempore designs of birds, beasts, and flowers, leaving spaces between to receive the dye for the groundwork. She then dips the cloth into some solution, and, after a saturation of some hours, it is exposed to dry. When the wax is taken off, the open spaces of the cloth have assumed the black, blue, or red colour of the dye, while those that were waxed over appear of a yellowish white. A good *baték salendang*, three yards long by half a yard broad, will fetch from two to three pounds,

coat, of a lighter shade of blue, and, like an officer's shell jacket, buttoned up to the throat with diamonds of the first water. His trowsers were of black cloth, with a broad band of gold down each side. The *baték* which he wore over all was of a gaudy pattern, and was fastened to the waist by a very rich silk scarf, worked with gold, from which hung tassels of the same rich material. Into the folds of this were thrust two krisses, one of which was sheathed in a scabbard of gold, minutely carved and profusely ornamented with filigree work, and the other with a hilt of ivory, also exquisitely carved, and studded with diamonds. From his neck hung a massive gold chain of European workmanship, to which dangled a bunch of charms, some of which were little boxes containing perfumes and aromatic preparations. Both princes wore shoes, in which, as they slowly waddled rather than walked along the deck, they seemed by no means at their ease.

His highness Raden Rio, after the steamer was

fairly off, began to pace the deck rapidly, but in ten minutes or so slackened his speed, and finally seating himself beside his companion, beckoned to one of the attending Ganymedes to approach. Without a moment's delay, three small youths rose from the lowly position they had assumed on the ground, and advanced towards their young lord, bowing most humbly, although, in consequence of the motion of the vessel, this act of obeisance was performed in a somewhat uncertain and tottering manner. As they knelt before the prince, after putting their hands before their faces as though in the act of prayer, the first held before him a tumpat syrée, a kind of salver, or box of brass, fitted up with numerous small partitions, and filled with no end of things unknown to me; the second a small brass vessel, shaped something like an urn, containing kapor, made from the ashes of burnt shells, which, being moistened with water, is then left to harden; the third a brass tray, richly embossed, on which



was a quantity of betel nuts, ready for chewing, neatly enveloped in the leaf of the betel.

The prince, who was probably in a fanciful mood, in consequence of the rolling of the *Oenarang*, preferred making his own buyéra—as the Spanish in Manilla<sup>2</sup> call the preparation—and motioned his friend to help himself, who, to save himself the trouble of making any, took one of those on the tray.

Neither of these royal personages remained long *en grande tenue*. Followed by three or four valets, they retired to their respective cabins, though certainly not more than one at a time could have entered the limited space at their disposal, to assist their masters in the operation of re-dressing. In less than ten minutes they reappeared, stripped of their finery, and apparently much more at ease in their new dress, which, if less costly than the former, exhibited considerable variety of colour. A loose silk jacket of rainbow tints, a long baték

sarong reaching to the ankles, heel-less slippers on their naked feet, and the never-forgotten head kerchief, constituted their new attire, in which, to say the least, they looked remarkably cool.

I succeeded, without any difficulty, in introducing myself to Raden Rio, whom I found so agreeable, that before long we became quite friendly. He repeated to me some pantuns, native verses, in Javanese, which, when I told him they were quite unintelligible to me, he at once translated into Malay. They were mostly in a very amorous strain, like all Eastern compositions of the kind, and flowed in graceful melody. I also spoke to Raden Mas, but he being of a taciturn disposition, only few words passed between us.

Raden Rio introduced me to the assistant resident of Djodjokerta, who, with his youthful daughter, had accompanied the princes on their visit to Batavia. We had good reason to feel thankful for this opportune introduction, for, on learning

that it was our intention to travel through the Vorsten Landen, this gentleman, in the kindest and most hospitable manner, invited us to pay him a visit.

Such an invitation to a complete stranger struck me at first as curious, but in our subsequent travels in Java, we discovered that this was no exceptional case, as friends and strangers are equally welcome beneath the hospitable roofs of the Dutch in that island.

In our four days' voyage there was little pretty scenery to be seen. We rarely lost sight of the coast, which from a distance seemed indented with bays and inlets, and, after being very flat for miles, gradually grew more and more hilly, till the Cheribon mountains, with their forest of trees, appeared in sight, forming a pleasing background to the glaring white line of shore. The highest of these mountains, Tagal, or Gunong Slamats—Blessed Mountain—as the natives call it, is from ten to twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea.

As we approached Samarang, the land became

again more undulating and defined; ranges of low hills appeared in the foreground, with here and there a great mountain, like a gigantic fortification commanding this Eastern sea. The view from the harbour is very fine. The Oenarang mountain in the distance forms an imposing object, while to the extreme right towers the Gunong Prau, a very high mountain, on the summit of which it is said there are some remains of Hindoo temples. The Sundara and Soembing, called by the Dutch, from their proximity to each other, the Two Brothers, are observed in the space between these two mountains; and far in the rear rise the twin volcanoes of Murbaboo and Marapi, the latter signifying "ejecting fire," and the former, if I may judge from the termination "aboo," which in the Malay means "ashes," and, I believe, has the same signification in Javanese, "throwing ashes." They are both from nine to ten thousand feet in height.

We arrived at Samarang after a voyage of not

quite two entire days, and, spite of the attention and kindness of Captain H——, we could not regret we were to land for a few hours. We therefore ordered Drahman to secure a tambangan, or passenger boat, which is shaped at the prow something like a Nile boat; and with the few requisites we deemed essential for so short a stay, we entered the craft and pushed off for the shore. As at Batavia, the shallowness of the harbour does not admit of an anchorage within from two to three miles of the mouth of the canal; and besides the inconvenience of being cramped in a small boat, and exposed to a broiling sun, the unfortunate traveller stands the chance of being swamped before reaching the entrance of the canal, where he may see from afar the surf rolling in waves of foam.

We foresaw what awaited us, but we did not care much for a little drenching. The motion of the boat and the ducking in perspective only amused us, much to the astonishment and annoy-

ance of our native servant, who apprehended danger in every wave that drenched him, and manifested his dislike in this strain: "Allah, Tuan, angin cras, glombang basar, apa kana, Tuan, cluar di capal ini ari?"—"Allah, Master, how the winds are blowing, and how high the waves are! Why did you leave the ship on such a day, sir?"

As we approached the shore our anticipations of a cold bath were fully realized, for although we received little more than a passing shower from many of the waves that passed us, the last we were exposed to overwhelmed us with such fury that both my wife and myself were drenched to the skin. The odours that exhaled from the canal as we approached it were also anything but agreeable.

For such a wealthy and commercial town as Samarang, which boasts of from six to seven thousand fishermen alone, the passage, or artificial extension of the small stream which passes through it, is so narrow as to be quite a disgrace to the

place—in fact, little more than a wide ditch. When we entered it, it was filled with fishing smacks, trading praus, cargo boats charged with merchandise, rafts formed of bamboo, or huge beams of wood; in fact, with a multitude of indescribable craft, displaying the versatile genius of the natives of Samarang in nautical architecture.

Through this incongruous mass of shipping our boat had to force her way, now coming in contact with a vessel on one side, and now with one on the other, till its sides must have lost some portion of the scanty covering of paint they once possessed. After a tedious pull of three hours, we reached the boom, or jetty, a small tile-roofed shed, situated to the right hand, and about a mile from the sea. There the *contrôleurs* of fishing and cargo boats levy a tax, and scrutinise both people and things on their “entrance or exit.” Close at hand is the Custom-house, and on the opposite bank are warehouses of brick and attap hovels,

forming a singular and grotesque picture.

Leaving the Custom-house, we entered a phaeton and drove into the town. The road for some distance is embanked on either side, to protect it from being flooded during the spring tides. Trees are planted near the raised work of mud and sand, and will probably soon form a pretty and shady avenue.

A short drive brought us into the Javanese campong, the houses of which are of attap, and built in regular rows, each having its yard and out-houses behind, with not unfrequently a neat garden of vegetables in front. The small verandahs, the windows, and other conspicuous parts of each habitation, are ornamented with wood carving, an art in which the natives of Samarang are considered great proficient. In this neighbourhood are many eating-houses, confectioners' shops, in the veritable Malayan style, and several greengrocers.

As the boom is fully a mile and a half or more



from the heart of the town, we saw a good deal of native out-door life during our drive. Some distance from the first Javanese campong, we came to a second, which formed the commencement of the town. It boasted of some red-tiled houses, which gave it altogether a more substantial appearance than the attap campong we had just left behind, and was evidently densely populated. The shopkeepers seemed to include a sprinkling of Arabs and Chinese, as well as natives of the soil. The former, who are allowed to trade in this quarter by day, withdraw at night to their own campong. Among them were tin, brass, and copper smiths, while others gained a livelihood by wood-carving, or by the manufacture of those broad-brimmed and conical crowned hats which the Javanese wear. All were equally solicitous to induce us to become the purchasers of some article that might remind us of their skill and ingenuity.

Ponies, small as Egyptian donkeys, are driven

through the streets, with enormous bundles of sticks on their backs, while the wood merchant, clad with a loose pair of blue trousers, and jacket to match, walks by their side, crying out at the top of his voice, "Kayu api"—"firewood"; his pony, meanwhile, browsing on the refuse of pine apples, sugar-cane tops, skins, and husks, with which the ground is covered, much to his master's annoyance, who belabours the spare-fed beast with many a hard thwack of the whip, whenever he imagines he has indulged in these dainties too long.

We were now passing the European business quarter—counting-houses, warehouses, and Government offices. There is a generally busy look about the place, bespeaking activity and prosperity in this old commercial city. We stopped at last before the Heeren Logement, or hotel, and on inquiry found, to our annoyance, that it was full. After some deliberation, however, the landlord decided on accommodating us, much

to our gratification ; for otherwise we had no alternative but to return to the steamer, there being no other hotel for Europeans in the place.

Having exchanged our wet garments for dry ones, we set to work to satisfy the inner man, and then waited patiently till the heat of the day was over. About five, we engaged one of the numerous carriages stationed in front of the hotel, and drove a short way into the country. After we had passed through thickly-populated streets, inhaling on our way different odours which made us long for the interference of some such goddess as Cloacina, we were glad to rest our eyes on the bright-green fields and forest-clad hills. I think one never more fully appreciates the country than after a voyage, during which little else but sky and water has met his gaze,

The scene we were now passing through was peculiarly lovely. As far as the eye could see, a fertile valley lay before us, well studded with trees,

and bounded by a hilly range at some distance. Rice fields extended on all sides, in which men, women, and children were busily employed in planting the young paddy shoots.

Half an hour's drive through this vale of apparent peace and plenty, brought us to the junction of two roads, one leading to Sorondal, Oenarang, and Ambarrawa (the fortified key of the inner provinces), the other the high road to Batavia. We took the former, but returned by another way into the town. At a distance, we saw the hills of Chundy, a pretty low range, so called from the number of wells and rills near it. A mountain elevating its bold head above the Chundy, is known as Gunong Sampé, signifying, in Malay, "reached."

The traveller in his journey through Java will be struck by the means employed by the natives for the cultivation of rice. Sawahs, or rice reservoirs, are always to be seen in the valleys, or at the

foot of hills, these situations being preferred on account of the greater facility they afford for keeping the fields under water. They are always so arranged as to follow one another consecutively, with embankments of mud around each. Situated on a slope, they look from a distance—before the paddy has attained to any height—like steps of shining mirrors; but a level view presents more the appearance of a marsh or swamp. The highest reservoir is fed from a spring by means of bamboo pipes, and at one corner of each embankment there is a small opening to conduct the water from thence to the next reservoir, and so on to the lowest ones. In the valleys, streams are deflected as feeders, for the purpose of irrigation. During the rainy season these contrivances are to a certain extent unnecessary.

When the reservoirs are filled with water, the husbandman ploughs his several fields, and then selecting an *ari slamat*, or lucky day, he throws

the paddy broad-cast over one or two fields, which we may call nurseries. After the lapse of a month, when the paddy has grown to the height of half a foot, he cuts it out in sods, and separating the roots, he plants them in sawahs, whose waters he has by this time lowered considerably, leaving only such quantities as will prevent the ground from becoming hard and dry.

The country appears like an extensive pasture, and numerous lanky rice-birds, with long necks, and plumage white as snow, known as the Burong Bangoo, are seen feeding on the numerous frogs and vermin which abound in the district.

The hardest work of the husbandman is now over, and for the two ensuing months he has no other occupation, until he is summoned to gather the rich yellow harvest by which his labour is rewarded. The sight then is as merry and pleasing as it is with us at home at harvest time.

In the course of our drive, we came to a hilly

road between hedgerows and trees, beyond which were open fields, but no voice of bird to charm us with its song—a circumstance to be regretted amid such a luxurious world of foliage. Further on, we passed along the Bodjong road, or “west end” of Samarang, with beautiful European-looking mansions on either side, before which were well-trimmed lawns and parks studded with trees. On the whole, we were well pleased with all we had seen, and returned to the hotel when

“Day’s declining light  
Yielded her pale empire to the mourner, night.”

Next day we accepted an invitation to a reception, as much out of curiosity as courtesy; and arriving at the house about eight, we found a number of guests already assembled.

We took our seats in the verandah, which was brilliantly illuminated with numerous candles in girandoles, argand lamps and coloured globes hanging from the ceiling. This illumination

among the Dutch colonists is understood as an intimation to friends and strangers of their being "at home." All visits in Java are made during the evening, and should the inmates feel indisposed to receive callers, the front verandah or the reception-room is not lighted, in which case the visit of any but the most intimate friends would be considered an intrusion.

After tea, while some of the company prepared for the game of "vist," others engaged partners to dance. Entering with many others into an inner apartment, we soon became spectators to several dances enlivened by a native band, who performed European music *con brio et con spirito*. Most of the gentlemen retired to don their white jackets before the warm exercise of the evening commenced—a change sanctioned by custom in Dutch colonial parties, and certainly more suitable to active exertion in such hot weather than cloth coats. The princes, our fellow-passengers, were



there, brilliantly ornamented with chains and diamonds, but taking no part in the dance; they gazed with a puzzled expression of face at the galops and vales which afforded so much enjoyment to others.

Refreshments were handed round about midnight, soon after which the guests retired; but on grand occasions, daylight often pales the burning lamps before the dancers can make up their minds to depart.

As the Dutch are in general very gay, seldom a night passes but you hear the booming of big drums close to your hotel, or in the distance sounding like random guns. The waste of parchment, we should think must be great; for even on Sundays the noise of merriment, so far from ceasing, becomes if anything even more deafening than on the six preceding days. We were allowed but a few days to rest in Samarang, during which time we were unable to see Oenarang, a pretty little

town, situated some fifteen or twenty miles off, at the foot of the mountain Oenarang, in the midst, we were told, of charming scenery.

As we passed through the canal on our return to the steamer, we found it even more crowded than before. There seemed to be several craft of a more bulky description, whose sides were innocent of paint; whilst the basket work and bamboo erections on deck, doubtless a feeble imitation of something in our saloons and cabins, threatened every minute to overtopple and crush the greasy-looking natives below, who, for want of better employment or amusement, were occupied, in different parts of their floating home, in examining minutely each other's flowing tresses—men as well as women—proclaiming ever and anon, by a dexterous movement of the finger and thumb, the capture made!—the victim slain!

As the sea was calm, we reached the vessel

in much less time than we had taken to come ashore, and were soon steaming away for Surabaya.



### CHAPTER III.

LEAVE SAMARANG HARBOUR FOR SURABAYA—ENTER THE STRAITS OF MADURA—ORANGE FORT—GRESSIK—SURABAYA—VISIT TO THE DOCKS AND ARSENAL—MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL VAN DEN BOSCH—FORT—IRON FOUNDRY—DRIVES ABOUT SURABAYA—THE GODOLDOK—TALE OF TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION IN BYGONE TIMES—PUBLIC GARDENS—ARTILLERIE CONSTRUCTIE WINKLE—OUR HOTEL—LIFE IN IT.



## CHAPTER III.

FROM Samarang the coast-line is flat and receding, but when we reached the province of Japara it rose abruptly in a mountainous range.

Next morning the Madura passage opened before us. To our right we had the well-wooded coast of Surabaya, and to the left the Island of Madura, which is hilly, and apparently well wooded. Like the opposite coast it is indented with inlets and bays, and its harbours are considered to be the most protected in Java.

The Orange fort next appeared in view, presenting in the distance the appearance of a white line above a dark basement. This fort was built by the redoubtable Governor Daendals, as a prison for refractory soldiers; but Ambarrawa, from its

elevated position, being considered a more salubrious locality, and therefore more desirable as a place of confinement for the military in that climate, the prisoners are kept there instead.

When we had left this fort far behind we saw the prettily situated town of Gressik, the harbour of which is very deep and safe. The town, which lies partly near the margin of the sea, and partly on the slopes of the hills, is not unlike Torquay from a distance. It carries on a large trade with Batavia in teak, which grows plentifully in the neighbourhood, several vessels being chartered by the Government, or Handel Maatschapij, for this purpose. There is also a salt factory in the town, the produce of which is a Government monopoly, and another in the village on the opposite coast of Madura.

The Arabs, under an Islam missionary, landed on the site of Gressik on their apostolical expedition, and from thence penetrated into the interior,



converting and trading as they went, and finally waging war; acquiring dominion, and establishing Mahomedanism almost throughout the entire island. One of them, Maulana Ibrahim, died here in the year of Salivana 1334 (A.D. 1412), and his tomb lies a short distance from the town.

As we approached Surabaya, the hills of Gressik gradually diminished in height, and low marshy ground succeeded the picturesque mountainous district we had just passed. The change of scenery on the coast was far from agreeable, but it was some compensation that the hills and mountains in the interior, covered here and there with patches of vegetation, gave variety and beauty to a landscape that otherwise would have been totally uninteresting.

Like Batavia and Samarang, the town, being situated above a mile inland, is not visible from the sea. A river, embanked like a canal, has to be ascended for some distance before reaching it.

Here, as everywhere else, the Dutch propensity for canals is remarkable. The one here is, in every respect, superior to those we had previously seen, being from eighty to ninety feet in width, and walled on both sides with solid stone work. To the left, facing the sea, is a raised battery, which, like some of ours in the East, being grown over in many parts with grass and moss, presents a most peaceful aspect. Between this battery and the canal are five or six large brick sheds, from whence issue Vulcanic sounds of all descriptions—the hammering of boilers, the hissing noise of steam, the constant whirr of machinery, and all the noises usually heard about an iron foundry. This, as we were informed, is the Government arsenal. The ground on which it stands was formerly a complete swamp. By order of the Government, the mud was dug out to a depth of fourteen feet, and the space filled up with sand and concrete. Ground to the extent of from fifteen to twenty

acres was gained by this means, and that which was not required for the arsenal, was built over with low bungalows for the accommodation of the workmen and their families. Behind the arsenal and bungalows is a large dock, which is of great service to the owners of shipping, as, prior to its construction, they were compelled to send their vessels to be refitted, or repaired at Singapore, Calcutta, or Whamboa. Now, fortunately, they are no longer subjected to such expense and trouble, as they are altogether independent of any port but their own.

Our *tambangan* was towed up to the town by two men, who dragged us onwards at a pretty quick rate. We passed on our way a large native village called Pandurang, built on reclaimed land; and in less than an hour reached the steps leading to the Marine Hotel, under the roof of which we were glad to seek shelter from the piercing rays of the mid-day sun.

The next morning, at half-past six, I accompanied Capt. H—— to the arsenal and docks. The air was cool, and the breeze, which blew in our faces as we rowed down the river, was very refreshing and agreeable. We visited the docks first, entering them by a wide and deep passage. Men of war, as well as merchant ships, in the cradles adjoining the basin, were groaning under the blows of countless hammers, while their sides were undergoing the process of caulking and coppering.

We were next shown through the various sheds previously alluded to, which are kept scrupulously neat and clean, the first six being of brick. All the workmen are Javanese. There are also several supplementary sheds at the service of Government in case additional working room should be required, some of them being used as depôts for boats.

Any one who has observed the regularity and

system with which all our naval establishments are conducted will be pleased to see a counterpart of them, on a smaller scale, here in the far East.

Beyond the bungalows of the superintendents, facing the sea, there is a monument encased with iron, cast at the naval arsenal. It is surmounted with a large gilt ball, and was erected by the naval officers, of Surabaya, in memory of General or Admiral Van den Bosch, whose exploits are represented on its four sides.

On our way back we passed some swampy fields, in which we saw the Attap or Bujok trees, which grow to an inconsiderable height, and spread their branches only a few feet above the ground. The leaf, which struck me as not unlike that of the palm or cocoa nut, is extensively used for thatching the roofs of houses. The root, somewhat resembling a small cocoa nut in shape, contains an esculent kernel, often preserved in sweet-meats or pickles.

Capt. H—— next took me to the Fort, which is situated in the town, and surrounded by a fosse, well supplied with water from the river Kediri. The walls are of considerable thickness, and, like all the Dutch forts I have seen out here, washed over with a kind of slate colour. The European soldiers occupy the upper rooms, and their native brethren those below, a small detached building serving for recruits before they are drafted into their respective regiments. There are several subterranean passages beneath the Fort; one conducting to some quarter beyond the town, and others to different adjacent redoubts or mounds, thrown up a short distance from Surabaya, during the time, I believe, of Governor-General Janssens.

The small Fort, which originally stood on the site of the present one, fell, during the occupation of Java by the French, into the hands of the English under Gillespie.

Outside the gates were a number of Javanese women, waiting to charm the poor soldier with their wiles and graces, and rob him of his wretched pittance. The women of doubtful character seen within and without the Dutch forts are a disgrace to the otherwise well-regulated system of Dutch military Government. Dutch soldiers, being discouraged from taking wives out with them, on the plea that the promotion of married men does not follow so rapidly as that of those who are single, form despicable unions; and the degenerate progeny that springs into being lead a kind of hybrid existence, and are regarded in an indifferent light both by Europeans and natives.

We next went to the Government foundry, built near the river. It is an extensive building, and gives employment daily to three hundred Javanese, besides a large number of convicts. One of the foremen asked us to look at a Nasmyth's hammer, which was just about to commence oper-

ations, and we accompanied him, more from curiosity to see what the natives thought of the novelty, than from any desire to see the instrument itself. When the ponderous hammer descended, crashing a block of wood to pieces, and scattering the fragments about, they seemed to regard such an exhibition of mechanical power with unfeigned terror; but their fear soon changed to astonishment when they saw it once more rise and descend with all the gentleness of a lady's hand: Had they been ignorant of the power of machinery, they would doubtless have attributed its operations to some unseen evil agency.

One of the greatest luxuries of Eastern life, is the evening drive, which every one who can afford it looks forward to as an indispensable pleasure after the heat of the day; and, in our opinion, it is more conducive to promoting a good appetite, than the orange bitters and kirschwasser awaiting you on the round tripod in the hall. It was during



our evening drives that we saw most of Surabaya and its environs, going each day in some new direction, till we had exhausted all the sights of the place.

Surabaya is surrounded by the river Kedirie, which takes its rise from a marshy lake in the interior of the province of Kedirie. When about three or four miles from the town, the river divides into two branches—one flowing northward, known as the Kali Mas, or Gold River; and the other to the south, the Permeang, the name, I believe, of some mythical goddess. By day and night these rivers present a very animated scene, but particularly at night, when the boats, with which they are crowded, rough-looking things in broad daylight, have the lanterns, with which the mast and stern are hung, brilliantly lighted; whilst the bamboo, which grows near the water, is covered with myriads of fire-flies, looking like dark ostrich plumes studded with gems.

The natives like to sit and enjoy the cool night air on the banks ; and as evening is the most favourable time for "teaching the young idea how to shoot," you hear ever and anon, in passing by the houses, the shrill treble of children's voices repeating their elementary lesson, "Ho no tjo ro ko, &c." The sounds of music also are frequently heard. The gamalan is seldom allowed to remain long idle, while from the domicile of some devout Mahomedan the nasal tone with which he chants his evening orisons attests the sincerity and soundness of his faith.

There is a curious story connected with the Javanese alphabet, whether founded on fact or not I cannot say, but I should rather be inclined to think an invention, devised to impress the letters on the mind of juvenile pupils. If such is the case, we cannot but admire the native shrewdness in adopting such a plan. A certain priest, whilst walking through a forest, found he had lost his

kriss; but feeling too fatigued to return in search of it, he approached a woodman busily at work, and begged him to seek it for him. The latter obeyed, and while he was absent, the priest and his servant, sitting on the clump of a forest tree, refreshed themselves with some food which they had brought with them. Some hours having elapsed without the return of the messenger, the priest began to feel uneasy at the prospect of not completing his long journey before nightfall, and despatched his servant in quest of the woodman. The former had not proceeded far, when he met the messenger returning with the kriss. As his master had given him strict orders not to come back without it, he requested the woodman to deliver it to him; a request which the man, who anticipated a reward for his services, refused to grant. The consequence was that a violent altercation took place, ending in the death of both.

The story, told in the following manner, serves as a sort of mnemonic aid to the young Javanese learning their letters :

Ho no tjo ro ko—He sent them both.

Dho to so wo lo—Who fell out and quarrelled.

Po do djo jo njo—They were equally courageous.

Mo go bo tho ngo—Both were killed.

The cemetery is fully three miles from the town, beyond the village of Penellay, in passing through which we were struck with the number of houses with long bamboo poles before them, and a stick fixed at right angles on the top, from the end of which was suspended a circular cage containing the Moro-bo, a beautiful small grey dove, with lines upon the breast like those of a shell parrot, or Australian love-bird. The Moro-bo is a household pet ; and is almost venerated by the Javanese, who consider their Dii Penates incomplete without one of them to charm away the “evil eye” with its sweet song.

Almost opposite the Resident’s house, but some distance from it, a green, or meadow, lying between

them, is the little village of Tagassan, within a few yards of which is placed a huge figure, called Godoldock, seated cross-legged, a circumstance which would lead one to suppose that it must represent some Buddhist deity, though many of the natives insist that it is the effigy of a Chinaman who suffered death for offending some former governor. A short inspection will soon prove that the latter idea is erroneous, for neither in dress nor feature has the figure the slightest resemblance to anything Chinese. That it has been brought from one of the many temples formerly devoted to the worship of Buddha, to serve as a monument to the unfortunate offender, is no unlikely story; though the removal of so ponderous an object must have been a work of no small labour.

It is well known that Mahomedans in general have a great objection to carve any large figure in stone, being fearful that on their death the weight

of it will retard their progress to heaven. The figure is now highly coloured, the face being nearly all red, the eyes, eyebrows, and moustache black, and the forehead yellow. Over the shoulder is thrown a scarf—which unquestionably proves its Buddhist origin—gaily painted, so that, in place of the pure cold stone, the figure is now positively illuminated with gaudy hues.

The tale of cruelty and oppression to which I have already alluded may be related before I proceed further. The road immediately before the house of the Resident is called Cobang, and that which branches from it, about a quarter of a mile farther on, goes by the name of Simpang. All this part once belonged to a wealthy Chinaman, who resided with his family, about the middle of his possessions, in a house which he had built after his own fashion. Chogius, who was at that time Governor-General of Java, lived in Surabaya, which, as all well know, was formerly the seat of Government

instead of Batavia. Thinking the estate of the Chinaman a most desirable situation for a residency and hospital, he determined to make a considerable offer for it, quite convinced that nothing would induce the Chinaman to give it up unless it were greatly to his advantage. Accordingly, Chogius sent a message to inform the possessor of the coveted property that the Government required his estate, but would pay him more than double its value for it. To this overture the Chinaman coolly replied that he did not wish to sell his estate for any money whatever; that he meant to live in it during his lifetime, and leave it to his children after his death. The Governor, nothing daunted in his selfish resolve, determined to send for the man and see what a personal interview would effect.

On his entering, Chogius thus accosted him :

“Why do you thus stand in your own light? Do you not see how much you would gain by ac-

cepting the offer I make you in the name of the Government?"

"Yes, sir, I see that; but no money could compensate me for the loss of the property on which I have spent so much time and thought. I am now old, and could not, during the few years left me, bring any other piece of land I might purchase to suit my taste as that does. There are other estates you can purchase, larger than mine, and for which their owners would gladly take their just value; I pray you, sir, turn your attention to some of these, and forget mine." This the poor landholder said in fear and trembling, for he well knew how unimportant was even the fact of his possession in these days of absolute power.

"No, no, man, all this is nonsense; I sent for you here not to inform me of other estates; but to tell you the advantage of taking the price offered. And as you are obstinate, I must now warn you that it is not with ordinary individuals you are dealing,



but with one who speaks in the name of the Government. Once more I ask, will you change your mind? Will you accept the offer I have made?"

The Chinaman made no reply, but stood—his lips tightly pressed—the picture of mute determination. Probably his silence irritated Chogius, who, taking two cents from his pocket, threw them on the table before him, saying,

“There, as you will not take what I have offered you, and refuse to name any price, in the name of the Government I give you a *coban*” (or *cobang*)—a common name for two cents in Java—“and I will *sim pang*” (rightly *simpan*, or keep) “your estates.”

Disgusted, mortified, and overwhelmed, the poor man left the room, inwardly determining, as life was now of little value to him, to risk it in his desire for vengeance on the haughty and tyrannical governor.

At that time the Dutch exacted from every

native the most humiliating obeisance, compelling them, immediately on the appearance of any European, to squat on the ground, and uncover their heads. This act of humiliation, whatever might be the consequence, the Chinaman resolved to omit whenever he happened to meet Chogius.

The first time, therefore, that cries of “the governor!—the governor!” were heard in his presence, in the most crowded street in Surabaya, he boldly stood up with his head covered in the midst of the crouching Javanese, and other natives. The governor, observing this act of disobedience, was infuriated, and fearful of the effect such an example might have on the minds of the high-blood Javanese—who all sympathised with the Chinaman suffering under the cruel oppression to which he had been compelled to submit—sent a messenger to order the man immediately to sit down.

“No, no—tell your master,” said the poor old

man, quivering with rage, "he will have to kill me first before I'll do that."

"Very well," replied the governor, as the man delivered his message, "we'll see."

That night the Chinaman was a prisoner, and the next day he paid the penalty of his rashness with his head.

One great want in Surabaya was the paucity of public gardens—a deficiency, however, which none endeavoured to supply; and those who had been cooped up in some heated office all day, were compelled by necessity to take the cool evening air on the roads about the town.

A short time previous to our visit, the Surabayans were gratified by seeing this want supplied. A whole village was razed to the ground, and the space, probably from twelve to fifteen acres, when cleared of the rubbish, was laid out in walks, by-paths, lawns, and flower-beds; which, together with the old trees that had been left standing, soon

assumed the appearance of a beautiful garden, with a river running on one side of it, to enhance the cheerful beauty of the place.

This work had been accomplished by two gentlemen, residents in Surabaya, who obtained permission of the municipal authorities to carry out their scheme, on condition that suitable dwellings should be provided for the villagers; and that, if it proved a failure, a new village should be erected where the former one had stood, and that solely at their own expense. Though still unfinished at the period of our visit, the works were so far advanced as to enable the inhabitants to enjoy the boon of so pleasant a retreat near the crowded town. We were agreeably surprised, on visiting it, to find how much had been made of such a limited space. Shrubberies, ponds, aviaries, were to be seen in all directions; suspended from the trees, were perches, with bright-coloured parrots, sheltered under parasols of tin, gaudily painted, to protect

them from the sun; and by the side of these were wire baskets of fragrant orchids. When I was told what this place had been a year ago, I seemed to realise the Arab tale of Sheddad's garden springing from a desert.

The Artillerie Constructie Winkel, or Military Arsenal, is situated in the town, not far from the Hotel, or Herren Logement. I will not weary the reader with a description of what they may see in our own arsenals. Suffice it to say that most of the men employed are soldiers, who offer their work voluntarily, and for it receive an additional allowance; and that the army, with the exception of fire-arms and guns of a large calibre, is supplied with all necessaries from this establishment.

Our hotel was a fine spacious building—that is to say, the house itself; but so anxious had its proprietor been to increase the number of dormitories, that almost every available space in the yard behind was crowded with small out-houses, like

stables, thus preventing the circulation of air. These chambers, too, were intolerably hot, from being so near the roof. We were unable to procure accommodation in the large house, for the hotel was crowded; and as many business-men make it their permanent residence, they, of course, had the choice of the coolest rooms. It was quite an amusing sight of an evening, in our "row," to see all our companions in misfortune turning out of their close rooms to sit outside the door, the ladies fanning themselves, or having it done for them, and the gentlemen in the cool *negligé* toilette I have before alluded to. As to sleeping at night, that was next to impossible, for with the temperature at ninety and ninety-five degrees Fahr., and mosquitoes thick as bees round a hive, it was not likely there could be much rest for anyone. Between six and seven in the morning, whether outside courting a little fresh air, or sipping weak tea and eating cold boiled eggs within your

quarters, the first cry which greeted your ear was "Api! api!" (light! light!) quickly responded to by "Ada! Ada!" from several small boys, whose chief occupation seemed to be running about from room to room, with a long cord of twisted cocoa-nut fibre, flaring at one end, and shouting responses in a broken and shrill treble voice.

From eight to nine everyone bathes, a luxury nowhere better understood than in Java; after which they dress for the business of the day, whatever that may be. At twelve, the breakfast is served (nominally so, of course), and all the inhabitants of the hotel, and those absentees who can leave their offices, assemble in the long dining-room, where we unsophisticated foreigners gazed with astonishment at the alarmingly rapid manner in which the Dutchmen ate their meals, gobbling them up as though they were eating for a wager, and calling "Api!" long before we could get through a quarter of that which was on our plate.

After this hearty meal, those who can, retire for a siesta, and those who can't return to work. At four P.M. tea and cakes are brought round to the several rooms, and then another bath is taken, followed by the evening drive.

As we made our way out of the hotel, and passed along the streets, we saw smokers in all directions, puffing most vigorously. When it is dark, dinner is served, and the same hurried scene of eating takes place, followed by calls for "Api," which resound on all sides before your first course is removed, the smoke mingling the while with the rich savour of European and Oriental dishes.



## CHAPTER IV.

TO PASSEROEWAN—POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS—STATIONS—BRIDAL  
AND BASUNAT PROCESSIONS—FOOT PASSENGERS—PASSEROE-  
WAN—DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN—JOURNEY TO TOSARI—  
TEMPORARY VILLAGE—PASSANGRAHAN—WILD BOARS—UN-  
TAHS—MALAY LEGEND—AYAM ALAS—KENG KIN—COOTHOO-  
KAN—PROCEEDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—ARRIVAL AT  
TOSARI—“ASPERSHE”—NOVEL MODE OF COOKING—BROMOK  
—DESCRIPTION OF SAGARA-WADI, OR SANDSEA—VOLCANO—  
CRATER.



## CHAPTER IV.

By the suggestion of some friends our carriage was arranged comfortably for the coming journey. A large flat matting, made of attap and bamboo, which is considered an indispensable addition for protection from the heat, was laid on the top, making the interior as cool as possible for those travelling during the middle of the day, which is frequently unavoidable. When we were told that everything was quite ready, we arranged matters for starting and retired, ordering the four horses to be at the door of the hotel by five next morning.

Unfortunately for us, who were anticipating the morning's drive in the coolest hours of the day, the man who had promised to waken our boy

forgot to do so, and we were thus thrown one hour behind time.

“Never mind, might be worse,” was our reflection, as we took our seats in the vehicle; and, after a hurried good morning to our host, who begged, if we again came to Surabaya, we would honour his hotel, we told the coachman all was ready; and he, as impatient to be *en route* as his restive steeds, cracked his long whip, which was twelve feet from the handle to the end of the cord, and we were off. Two lopers armed with short whips ran abreast of the horses, crying out in their native language, at the top of their voices, “Make way! make way!” and every now and then lashing the animals with their whips. This game, however, could not last long, especially as we were going at a pace of twenty miles an hour. So when we had cleared the town, these noisy individuals mounted the stand behind our boy, where they stood, clinging to the carriage on each side, and

uttering wild hoots and hies whenever the horses slackened their speed. These lopers are a disagreeable necessity, as they keep up the pace of the horses, like Cairo donkey-boys, by the terror of their voices and whips.

The road from Surabaya to Passeroewan is a good level one, from thirty to thirty-five feet in breadth, with smaller roads on each side for carts and pedestrians. These are separated from the main road by embankments, which, however, continued only for a short distance. As we got farther into the country, one road was made to serve the purpose of all, conveyances, vehicles, equestrians, &c. Tamarind, pepul, and jatty, or teak trees formed a delightfully shady avenue the whole way.

Fields of Neela (Indigo) Paddy, plantations of sugar-cane, and orchards with Bananas, Mangustin, Pulassan, and Rambutan, were seen here and there on all sides, with mountains in the distance, the view of which filled the gaps between the trees.

There are seven posts between Surabaya and Passeroewan, each calculated to be about ten miles apart from the other. We generally took half an hour to drive from post to post, the horses going at full gallop all the way, and as they were relieved by fresh ones at every station, our ride was, as may be imagined, rapid, agreeable, and exciting.

The coucer seldom exerted his voice with shouts like the “*Vous en! allez—diable!—sacr-rre!*” of the French diligence driver, or the “*Anda! Mariano anda!*” of the Spanish cochéro, but used his whip freely, not on the poor beasts, but on the air, producing such long and repeated volleys of cracks as none but a Javanese coachman can produce, sending the horses on *ventre à terre*, and causing the dust to rise and roll behind us in clouds.

As the post-masters of the different stations had been apprised the day before of our coming—for, on ordering his first horses, the traveller is expected to state the intended day's journey, and

the intimation to this effect travels from post to post—scarcely any delay is experienced, save that necessary for unharnessing the tired steeds and putting fresh ones to. In general, also, the coucer and lopers are new men; but if not, their pay is the same, the charges being so much per post for each man.

Immediately on the traveller's arrival at a station the cry is for *bagnio*, and stable-boys run forward with long bamboo cylinders full of water, which they pour over the axle-tree and spokes of the heated wheels. The established rate of payment to the men is twenty-five cents (a quarter rupee) to the coucer, and ten cents to each loper. The horses are paid for at the end of the journey, or before starting.

The *postes*, or stations, consist generally of simple sheds extending over the road, and supported by four rows of pillars, so arranged as to leave space in the centre for two carriages to stand abreast.

Before starting anew on your journey a book is handed to you, in which you are desired to write down your name and the hour of your arrival at that particular post. The postal system is managed with regularity and precision, and, with some exceptions in our travels over less frequented ground, we found the arrangements in every way excellent, and worthy of commendation.

From the number of villages we passed *en route*, I was led to conjecture that the population must be considerable. Happiness, industry, and fertility were everywhere visible, and few, very few wretched mendicants ever solicited our charity; proving in part, we thought, the absence of extreme poverty and want.

The provinces of Surabaya and Passeroewan are chiefly sugar manufacturing districts, though coffee also is largely cultivated on the hills and uplands. On returning to Surabaya, we visited a manufactory of considerable importance, regarding



which I shall make some slight observations in another chapter. Sometimes a marriage procession, or the *Basunat*, a procession in honour of circumcision, would pass us. The two are by no means unlike, the principal object of attraction in both being generally a youth seated on a pony, who, accompanied by musicians, is conducted with such parade as his circumstances will admit of. The greatest point of distinction consists in the difference of attire, the bridegroom invariably being naked to the waist, his face, neck, body, and arms entirely covered with a bright yellow colour, resembling yellow ochre, and his hair, which is allowed to flow loosely down his back, decked with flowers. His dress from the waist downwards is a *baték*, or a Bugis silk sarong. The *Basunat* is generally dressed from head to foot with unusual finery, and sometimes, though not frequently, he likewise is *yellow washed*.

The bridegroom has his ceremony to go through

for thirty days, riding through the various campongs, calling at several houses, and, should he be of wealthy parentage, distributing alms when he visits his poorer brethren.

The pony also has a share of the finery, being caparisoned somewhat after an Arabian fashion, with bright brass bridle, a collar of bells, and stirrups with morocco shoes turned up at the toes. On one side of the pony is a bearer, holding a large gaudy *payong*, or umbrella, on a very long pole, which he holds over the youth's head; while on the other side another man performs the office of fanning away the flies that torment his charge, the fan being nearly always made of peacocks' feathers, and fastened to a pole similar to that to which the *payong* is attached. These are preceded by musicians, and followed by Hadjees, relations, boys carrying incense, and others with trays of the indispensable syree and betel.

Such were the joyous scenes which we passed; and other processions nearly as singular, but by no means so merry, are occasionally seen. Sometimes the three bearers of the bunday, kumkum, and toyah appear in sight, accompanied by unfortunate law-breakers, who are forced to "plod their weary way" to Surabaya under the protection of the law. Happily murder is a crime of rare occurrence, which speaks well for the peaceful disposition of the natives.

We arrived at Passeroewan in the afternoon of a sultry day, and drove to Booth's Hotel, kept by an Englishman and his wife. A gentleman, to whom I had a letter of introduction, called for us in the evening, and we drove out with him in his carriage, taking the road to Malang. We now began sensibly to feel a slight difference in the temperature, which is cooler than that of Surabaya. The height of the banana trees also struck me as singular, the average in the low

countries being from ten to twelve feet, whereas here few were below twenty. The cocoa-nuts and betel-nuts were likewise much loftier than those seen on the coast.

The European part of Passeroewan is quite *rus in urbe*. The native population live near the sea and river sides, and the European houses occupy the rest of the ground, some situated in parks, and others with only small gardens facing the streets, which are lined with beautiful Verengen trees.

The European trade is by no means so considerable as that of Surabaya, the principal part of the coffee, cotton, sugar, and rice exported being conveyed in native craft to Surabaya, and there disposed of.

On our return from driving, we accompanied our friend to his house, and in the grounds saw an old Verengen tree, with fibres or strings hanging on all sides like an impenetrable veil. Many

of these had taken root and thickened into trunks almost half the size of the old parent tree, and looked like props or pillars to support the wide-spreading branches.

A Dutch acquaintance of ours, Mr. B., on being informed of our desire to visit the Tengerr mountains, kindly sent word to the keeper of the Passangrahan at Tosari to prepare for our reception, and engaged the horses and coolies necessary for our journey. He most anxiously sought to press upon us no end of preserved fish, soup, and meats, &c., without which he thought our discomforts would be greatly increased; and his surprise was very great when we declined to encumber ourselves with anything but rice and cold fowl, which had proved our only food on many expeditions, possessing the advantages of being easily carried and generally attainable.

At half-past six next morning we were on our way to Passerpan, where the coolies were to meet

us with the ponies. As we approached Cobontjandie, the conical-shaped mountain of Panongoenan was seen on our left, and the Ardjuno separated from it by a fertile-looking valley. Far on the horizon, to the right, lower than the two last named mountains, but clad with forests of dark trees, was the Tengerr range to which we were now bound.

In an hour we reached Passerpan, beyond which the journey had to be accomplished on foot, or on horseback.

The village is a small one, inhabited chiefly by Government labourers, the largest building being a coffee store-house, in and before which a number of men and women were busily employed in sorting, weighing, packing, and storing coffee, brought here by the peasants of the district, who receive twelve florins a picul from Government, for whatever quantity they are willing to dispose of.

Eighteen Javanese coolies, headed by a mounted mandor, or superintendent, three ponies caparisoned *mezzo* European and Oriental style, and one tandoe, in case my wife found the fatigues of the journey too great, awaited our orders; and after partaking of some cold repast and taking a few sketches, Drahman, by whom we were to be attended, appeared mounted on horseback, and we prepared to start.

These tandoes are a kind of covered chair, carried on the shoulders of four men. They are the sedans or palanquins of Java, and are greatly used in mountain excursions. Mr. B—— had sent one, feeling convinced “the lady” would find the heat too great to ride all the way. Thus in marching order, our mandor preceding us, we started, amid repeated “*slamat jalans*” (“pleasant journeys”) of the natives who had assembled to see our departure, and who gazed at us apparently with mingled feelings of wonder and amusement. The

coolies who carried the tandoe were relieved by an extra number of men who accompanied them.

The whole road from Passerpan to Pespo is rough and stony. Immense boulders of petrosilex, or rock stone, frequently obstructed our way, making the path impassable to vehicles of any description, and dangerous to persons on horseback, were it not that the ponies are trained to the work and very sure-footed.

The surface of each of these boulders is brown and black, the whole mass being thickly perforated like a honeycomb, and having very much the appearance of having been slowly and gradually burnt.

The impression of the natives is that these huge blocks have been ejected from the Bromok, which is about twenty miles off; but as some are from six to eight feet in diameter, we can only consider this as a most improbable supposition; for if they



were ejected from a volcano, it must have been nearer than the Bromok.

The route for more than an hour or so was very uninteresting. We observed hedges of bamboo on both sides, varied occasionally by Hibiscus; and, beyond these, tall trees, at the roots of which grew long thin grass of a light straw colour. As we proceeded, we saw horses descending with all the care and agility of mountain-goats, their backs heavy laden with bundles of fire-wood, baskets of cabbages, and other vegetables, for the towns and villages on the plain. These are met by others wending their way homewards, carrying bales of prints, calicoes, &c. for clothing; or food for the comfort of the families living in the mountains.

Further on we came in view of the Tengerr chain, somewhat like a saddle in shape, covered, like the lesser hills, with verdure and cultivation. Far in the rear of us, stood the Ardjunoe and

Panangoenan, bold in aspect, azure by distance and piercing the sky.

At ten, we reached the village of Pespo, a kind of temporary campong, built in the hollow formed by two hills. The huts here are made of bamboo, plaited at the sides, so as to present, when not observed too near, the appearance of fine matting. They are roofed with lalangs, which serve all the purposes of thatch. The poles, on which the houses are supported, are not planted in the ground, but rest upon other thick bamboo poles lying flat on the earth. These structures are raised by families whose homes are in the mountains, where their chief occupation is the culture of coffee, which at certain seasons they descend to the lowlands to dispose of. At such periods they inhabit Pespo and similar villages, from which, after attending to their rice plantations, they return to their mountain homes.

A little beyond Pespo we rested under a large,

shady Verengen tree, to await the arrival of the coolies and tandoe. These trees abound in the forests here, growing to an altitude of from fifty to sixty feet. The leaves of the Durian, the Mango, and other fruit trees seemed much smaller than those near Passeroewan, a circumstance most probably to be attributed to the elevation of the ground on which they grow, about 1500 feet above the level of the sea. On the approach of the men for whom we were waiting, we continued our march, appreciating the agreeable change of a cooler climate, for the air became more and more refreshing as we ascended.

We stayed at a Passangrahan, or, as the Dutch call it, Phasahangrahan, whilst fresh horses were being saddled to take us on. This is a sort of bungalow, built by the Government for the accommodation of travellers, who have merely to acquaint the Resident, or *contrôleur* of the district, with their wish to pass a few days within it, when per-

mission is freely granted, their only expense being for food, which is supplied by the chief native of the nearest village. The Passangrahan is generally built of wood, with an attap roof, and consists of one large room, with bed-rooms to the right and left, and generally one or two verandahs. It is committed to the care of the Mantrie or Wodono of the village, and not unfrequently to that of some pensioned soldier.

We now engaged fresh coolies, paid those that were leaving us, and dispensed with the tandoe, and the eight men by whom it was accompanied; for, as my wife preferred riding, it was quite useless. As the road was now broader and more even, we proceeded at a much more rapid rate, passing through jungles of lofty umbrageous forest trees, their sides and branches covered with lovely parasites and creepers, under which, in some parts, were coffee plantations, with husbandmen tending and trimming them; their white flowers,

something like those of the jessamine at a distance, impregnating the air with delicious perfume.

Wild boars are as common as rabbits in a warren. Fat, burly-looking monsters sprang out of the jungle before us, and crossed the road, apparently quite unconcerned at the appearance of strangers, though some of the smaller and more frisky ones scampered away grunting, probably with dissatisfaction at their privacy being intruded on. From the depths of the thicket, as it became more dense, issued sounds resembling a series of "ohs!" uttered in a melancholy tone. On inquiry we found that these sounds were made by the ape known as the Untah, some of which, before we reached our journey's end, we saw jumping from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, in a most agile manner.

A native gave me a curious version of his belief as to the origin of these monkeys. "Their ancestor," he said, "was the son of a Malay king,

who, although possessed of extraordinary power as a sorcerer, had but this one child, of whom he was, therefore, very fond. One day, whilst at their morning meal, the prince vexed his father, who became so enraged that he snatched the ladle from the rice p<sup>o</sup>rio, or pot, and struck the young man on the forehead, exclaiming as he did so, in a loud tone, ‘May you be known by that mark, and your children after you, until the last day!’ Instantly, like Epimetheus, son of Japetus, the prince was transmuted into an ape, with a white mark on his brow. Thus disgraced, he left his home to roam with the beasts of the jungle, until the judgment day, when he will resume his former shape. What makes these creatures cry in that sad way,” continued the man whose words I have translated, “is, that they pine to be readmitted to the society of men.”

The skin of the Untah is black, as also their coat, except on the breast and stomach, which are

covered with grey hair. On their forehead they have a white mark, like an arched patch, which is all the more conspicuous as the rest of the face is perfectly black.

The Ayam Alas, or Jungle Cock, is plentiful in all the thick jungles of Java. We heard their crow very frequently, though, like all birds of a wild nature, they are so shy and difficult of approach that we seldom caught a glimpse of one. It is, however, a curious fact that, wherever huts have been erected in the vicinity of a jungle, and the inhabitants keep fowls, these Ayam Alas mingle readily with them, perhaps attracted by the food. They are about the size of a pheasant, and have beautiful marks on the breast and back, often of a decidedly golden hue. The breed between one of these and a domestic fowl is called Bakissar.

In this way, amused with the novelty of the scene on which we gazed, ascending almost continuously, descending occasionally, we continued

our journey. Our ears were charmed with the songs of the forest minstrels, and our eyes pleased with their bright, many-tinted plumage. At length we arrived at another small station, called Keng-kin, the few villagers inhabiting which left their various occupations on our arrival, and stared at us most perseveringly while we rested our horses, which, as we were still a considerable distance from our destination, required a little repose to refresh them for the labour still awaiting them.

When we once more proceeded onward, we were surprised at the change we observed in the scenery, which now commenced to be wilder, in character, and very romantic. Here were deep ravines, the sides of which were clothed with verdant foliage, mountain torrents rushing impetuously down their rocky channels. Lofty trees, such as the Chantigy, with broad leaves like huge fans waving in the breeze, or the tall bamboo, whose bright emerald leaves glittered in the sun-



light, met our gaze on every side. The large leafed ferns, called, by the Javanese, pakis, which are mere dwarfs in the lowlands, grow here to the height of thirty and forty feet, stretching out their feathery branches with all the elegance of the date-tree.

The next station was Coothookan. Here we engaged new coolies, paid off the old ones, and mounting fresh horses, pursued our hilly course. We had not, however, gone far before the clouds began to lower, and the air to grow cold and chilly, presages which were speedily followed by one of those Eastern showers that fall so suddenly in drenching torrents. We were at first on the point of retracing our way to the station, as there was evidently no shelter near, our road now lying between high banks, beyond which the country seemed wild and barren. As we were anxious, however, to arrive as soon as possible at our journey's end, all thought of going back was

quickly abandoned, and we urged our horses forward as fast as the steepness of the route would permit. The rain poured down upon us in pelting streams, as with no little difficulty, we advanced; for the road had become soft and slippery, and it required all our care to keep the poor horses from stumbling almost at every step.

At last, after some trouble, we arrived before the gate leading to the Passangrahan, and the man in whose keeping it was, a broad-chested Dutchman, who had been duly warned of our coming, came forward to help us, followed by his wife, a Javanese woman, of short stature, who assisted my wife from her horse. The pitying expression of their faces showed that they commiserated us in our wretched plight, for we were wet to the skin, the water soaking our shoes, and dripping from our finger ends. As our portmanteau had not yet arrived, we gladly accepted the kind offer of dry garments, and before long my wife was

attired in the native sarong and kabaya; whilst I appeared in the mixed costume of native and European.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, the table was laid in the large room, at one end of which was a stove, sadly out of repair, at which we strove in vain to warm ourselves. When the dishes appeared, in walked our host, Mr. Van Rhée, whose custom it was to dine at the same table with any visitors to the Passangrahan. Without awaiting any invitation, therefore, he seated himself at the table, expressing his regret that his wife was too bashful to accompany him, but promising us the pleasure of her society at dinner-time.

After breakfast, as the rain by this time had ceased, he took us to his stables, and from thence to the flower and kitchen gardens; after which, notwithstanding the thick heavy atmosphere which had succeeded to the storm, we proceeded to examine the locality in which we temporarily found

ourselves. At the gate was a very steep declivity, which our horses had galloped up on our arrival, a feat to which they were doubtless accustomed. We now descended this declivity, and strolled on to the village close by, where between one and two hundred families live. Their principal food, as we were informed, is Indian corn, which, when gathered, is left to dry under a roof of attap, supported by four poles, about twelve feet high, with slighter poles placed crosswise, from which the heads of corn are suspended. The inhabitants of this village are employed by Herr Van Rhée in his extensive gardens and fields. They seemed very shy at the appearance of strangers; and this was not to be wondered at, few of them, as I was told, having ever been beyond the outskirts of the native village of Passerpan.

Our host was a gardener on a large scale, having under him about fifteen hundred men, to whom he let portions of land, purchasing the

produce from them, which he disposed of at the market towns. He was formerly a soldier, and had seen some fighting at Banjarmasin, in Borneo. After serving fourteen years, instead of returning to Holland, he turned his thoughts to vegetable cultivation; rented a considerable district of the Tengerr, where the soil is a rich vegetable mould, and engaged labourers to work under him in the manner already described. From the Passangrahan we had a fine view of a portion of the volcanic Bromok, which is distinguished by its barrenness, compared with the mountains and hills in its vicinity, which are covered thickly with tall trees and shrubs. Volumes of smoke were issuing from it, and flames, which are only discernible at night, or late in the afternoon when it begins to grow dusk. In a direct line it is about three miles from Tosari, or a little less, but by the road the distance is much greater. We were still separated from the volcano by deep ravines intersected by

irregular ranges of hills and small mountains, one of which particularly struck us by its singular likeness to the vertebræ of some huge animal, crawling among, and mingling, as it were, with the verdure which surrounded it. At dinner our hostess made her appearance, attired in the best native fashion. She was very short, dark, and rather good-looking; and after a little conversation we found that notwithstanding her shyness she was the real major-domo, the internal economy of the house being entirely entrusted to her. She seemed to be quick and industrious, and was evidently well suited to Van Rhée.

We had potatoes and cabbages, which were to us quite delicacies. Their flavour was exactly similar to that of our European vegetables of the same description.

“Here,” said mine host, uncovering a dish near him, “is a delicious vegetable—it is quite new out here, this being the first year I have ever grown it.

Do take some ; I think it is what the French call *aspershe*."

"Oh, *asperge*," replied I. "Yes, yes, I know well what you mean ; but surely this is not *asperge*," and I pointed to the dish, which more resembled a mess of Indian corn than anything else. However, I helped myself to some, and found the flavour something like that of asparagus, but I sought in vain for the heads of the vegetable, which were certainly not there.

"Well, how do you like it, sir,?" asked Herr Van Rhée, after a short pause.

"Not much, I confess," said I ; "I think it is cooked in a peculiar manner."

"To tell you the truth, sir, I don't remember tasting this in Holland, so I left no directions with my wife as to dishing it up."

"She has not boiled the heads," replied I, pointing to the dish, the appearance of which was so questionable.

“ Oh, dear no, sir,” said *me frau*, speaking for the first time on the subject, “ I cut off all the tops and threw them away, but all the *root* and *stalk* I chopped up carefully.”

This anecdote brought to my mind that of the German, in bygone ages, who, hearing of the new importation of potatoes, lost no time in planting some in his garden; and after viewing with pleasure for some time their daily growth, ordered them to be cut down when of a good height, that he might have a dish of *potatoe tops*.

It was our intention to start early next morning for the Bromok if the weather proved propitious. Great therefore was our delight, on awaking, to find the sun shining, and the air clear. We dressed with all possible haste, and strolled into the yard, whilst our morning meal, or first breakfast, was being prepared. The air was cold and fresh, a change which, after the enervating heat of the lowlands, was invigorating and bracing. Our



delight, however, was doomed to be short-lived, for whilst we were at breakfast a thick vapoury cloud came sweeping from the east, filling the rooms of the house with a damp atmosphere. This was soon followed by a heavy shower of rain, which made us fear our excursion must be postponed till next day—a great disappointment, seeing that the Bromok had been very active over-night, and was now growling like distant-thunder.

We stood some time in the verandah, looking in the direction of the volcano, which was veiled from us by a thick mist. We continued gazing, until our attention was diverted by the remark of one of our servants, who gave it as his opinion that the noise was made by the voice of some departed gnome, which he called Pungooroo Gunong, keeper of the mountains, who thus made known his appetite for human flesh. In talking about earthquakes, to which the subject naturally led, he declared it to be his conviction that the earth,

which was in the form of a tray, was supported on the horns of a great bull, and that sometimes proving a great annoyance to its bearer, he made occasional attempts to displace it, and the shaking of the world thereby caused he regarded as a sufficient explanation of the phenomena of earthquakes. This is the third version of the kind I have heard—the Chinese one being that the earth rests on the back of a tortoise, whilst the Hindoo's imagination places it on a monstrous serpent.

About eight the sky cleared a little, and we set off on horseback for the Bromok, our party consisting of my wife, Van Rhée, Drahman, a mandor, three coolies, and myself. It was still very misty, only occasional gleams of sunshine now and then brightening our road, so capriciously does the great orb of day allow the passing clouds to veil him from these mountain tops.

Our road for some distance was very steep and

slippery from the recent heavy rains. It was not until we had ascended considerably higher that we found the ground sufficiently firm and agreeable for riding. We then entered into a wilder neighbourhood, with here and there a few attap huts, perched on the slopes of the mountains. A little further on, the fields on both sides of the road were covered with European vegetables, such as peas, cabbages, beetroot, beans, artichokes, lettuces, &c.; the ground in which they grew still forming a portion of Van Rhée's plantations. Each field is surrounded by a deep ditch, about six feet in depth, called by the natives Bloombung, which serves as a fence against the predatory nocturnal incursions of wild boars. It seemed very strange to see such extensive fields of cultivated vegetables in the midst of a scene so solitary, where, except the husbandman or his labourers, few visitors are ever seen, though the locality is certainly as beautiful as any I afterwards saw in the island.

The road continued to wind through a picturesque country, until we reached the flagstaff mountain, where the beauty of the slopes began sensibly to diminish. They were covered with the *alang alang*, a tall, yellow grass, and studded with tall trees, amongst which were the *chum-ara*, a species of fir, and a bushy shrub called the *kut-i-sang*, which has a delicate little flower, with pink stamens, growing like the rhododendron, but more foliaceous. It affords excellent cover for peacocks and wild fowl, some of which started out on hearing the tramp of our small cavalcade.

A ride of an hour and a half brought us to the foot of the Munggal, where we dismounted, and walked to the top, from whence we had a bird's-eye view of the enormous extinct crater, said to be the largest in the world, being about four or five miles in diameter. Beneath us was the Dasar, or floor of the crater, which at first sight seemed only a short leap from where we stood. What was our

astonishment, then, when Herr Van Rhée told us it would take a quarter of an hour or more to accomplish the descent, as we were now about eight or nine hundred feet above it!

The mountain we were on forms one of a chain, which, rising in irregular bold ridges, surrounds the whole extinct crater.

Straight before us, but at a distance of fully two miles from the foot of the Mungal, is a cluster of mountains, which, rising about the centre of the crater, bisect it from right to left. The foremost of these is the Batok, or Butak, meaning bald; probably so called from its being bare of herbage at the summit, while the lower parts are covered with it. It is conically shaped, with deep grooves, or hollows, running regularly down the sides to the base, the result undoubtedly of a constant and rapid overflow of lava during the period of its activity as a volcano many years ago. To the right, a little

behind it, runs the sharp-pointed chain of the Dedari and Widadaren, signifying the "dwelling of fairies." On the left of the Batok, partially lost in volumes of its own smoke, groans the Bromok, perfectly nude of vegetation, and, like all its companions in the cluster, presenting a black, charred appearance. The Batok, indeed, contrasts favourably with the other hills, more than three parts of it being apparently covered with grass.

Having seen thus much, we descended by a very steep path excavated out of the mountain, leading to the Dasar. We found the declivity very tiresome and fatiguing to our ponies, and most uncomfortable for ourselves, as, spite of all precaution on our part, the poor animals would slip sometimes, and but for a tight rein they must have fallen, throwing the riders over their heads. The earth on both sides of us was composed of clay and sand, veined with lines of chalk; but by the time we had nearly

accomplished our descent, it changed apparently to a soil consisting of burnt stones and gravel, which, on a closer examination, we found to bear a resemblance to charcoal and cinders, as it crumbled in our fingers with the slightest pressure, a circumstance which confirmed our belief in what we had been previously told—that the whole Dasar, now called the Sand Sea, was once one enormous volcano.

Issuing out of the opening, we perceived, on looking back, that the mountain we had just left, together with the adjoining ones, presented the same charred appearance for about seventy or eighty feet above the level on which we stood. All around us now exhibited a barren deserted aspect. No tree was to be seen, but only occasional patches of dried, unhealthy-looking grass, similar to that seen on the Egyptian desert, growing on a similar sandy surface.

Save ourselves, there was not a soul to be seen

stirring in the vast expanse around us; nor was there the slightest sign of animal life in this dreary solitude.

We put our ponies to a gallop and soon reached the two huts which have been erected near the foot of the Bromok for the convenience of chance visitors. Here we rested awhile to gaze with wonder and astonishment on the scene around us, one altogether beyond any conception we had previously formed of it. In the most open parts of the Dasar, where the loose sand has been exposed to the wind, the surface is traced with wrinkles or ridges, similar to those seen on the sea-sand at the ebb of the tide—an appearance which has obtained for this locality the name of *Sagara wadi*, or the Sand Sea.

The form of the Bromok is something like a cone, from the summit of which about a third part, or even more, has been irregularly broken off. Projecting from one of its sides were many irre-



gular masses, or mounds of mud and sand, coated with a cake of baked clay like red lava. Some of these mounds have been wasted away by rain, leaving deep broad fissures in the Sand Sea, like the beds of dried-up rivers; while others, still supplied with liquid substance from the volcano, are advancing on the Dasar, covering that part of it in the immediate proximity of the crater. Imbedded in these mounds are large blocks of lime and iron-stone, also huge black stones veined like marble and shining like granite. These, with the light stones which, from their burnt appearance, resemble cinder, are seen scattered about in all directions, and are supposed to have been ejected at the last eruption of the Bromok, which Herr Van Rhée informed us took place a few years ago, the ashes coming as far as the gardens at Tosari.

We rode over some of the mounds to the foot of a series of dilapidated-looking steps, once protected by railings, which are now of little use, as,

in consequence of their exposure to atmospheric influences, they resemble rickety fishing-stakes. A few more visits of the annual tide of pilgrims will probably soon annihilate them altogether.

The ground on which we now stood—for we alighted at the foot of these steps—seemed literally to tremble under us, and the noise of the crater was quite terrific. The smoke, forcing its way through large apertures in the sides, made a hoarse grumbling sound like that of an impatient steam engine; and sulphureous odours impregnated the air, almost choking us with their powerful odour. We ascended the rough steps, and soon gained the ridge, where a new sight struck us with wonder and amazement. The crater, when we looked down into its dreadful abyss, seemed a perfect pandemonium; and one could well fancy, on beholding a spectacle so grand and appalling, what must have been the conjectures suggested to the minds of ignorant, superstitious natives. What more

probable than that they should regard the sounds issuing from its profound depths as the shrieks, yells, and groans of a multitude of discontented spirits, calling in misery to be delivered from the prison-house in which they were suffering unutterable torments? The crater of the volcano is like a large basin, about three hundred and fifty feet in diameter, sloping gradually to a depth of fully two hundred feet. The ridge is very irregular, which accounts for the broken appearance it presented to our eyes when seen from the plain. The part we stood upon was almost a level surface, about three feet wide. The interior is rugged, and crusted over with deposits of sulphureous matter. The floor is formed of three steps, thickly coated with yellow. From a large aperture in the centre issued dense volumes of smoke, completely hiding everything beyond from view, and so thick as effectually to conceal the opposite side of the crater. Enormous cakes of a red substance, like baked mud,

were to be seen on and near the ridge, some of which I took up, hoping it would prove to be lava, but it all crumbled away in my fingers, leaving only a handful of powder.

## CHAPTER V.

CLIMATE OF TOSARI—SECOND JOURNEY TO THE BROMOK—  
ANNUAL FESTIVAL—SLAMAT OF THE VOLCANO—MAHOMEDAN  
ANTIPATHY—GAY SCENE—BLESSING THE OFFERINGS—  
THROWING THEM INTO THE CRATER—FOWL PITCHING—  
PRESENT TO MY WIFE—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAND SEA—  
BATTU CUDA—SINGULAR MODE OF MARKING THE ROUTE—  
BATTU BALANG—GOOD LUCK OR BAD—RETURN TO TOSARI—  
LEAVE FOR PASSERPAN, AND FROM THENCE TO PASJEROEWAN.



## CHAPTER V.

THE climate of Tosari reminded me of that of England towards the latter end of the months of October and November. It was either misty all day, or, if clear in the morning, would generally change about noon, the atmosphere then becoming thick and heavy, followed by a kind of Scotch mist. A fog would sometimes hang all day over the landscape like a curtain, veiling every distant object from view, the dampness that everywhere prevailed making you feel cold and chilly, and everything you touched moist and clammy. The average temperature all the year round at Tosari varies from  $60^{\circ} 65'$  to  $70^{\circ}$  Fahr., water being invariably, I was told, at  $52^{\circ}$ . On rare occasions, in

very warm weather, the glass has risen to 70, and even 80°.

The day after our excursion was the one fixed for the Slamát, or Slamátan Bromok, *i.e.*, the blessing or worshipping of the volcano, a ceremony which, with its accompanying feast, the Javanese in this and the surrounding neighbourhood hold regularly once a year. The pilgrims who frequent it, unlike the Javanese in general, are Brahmins, though not so strict in their rites as their brethren in India. They inhabit the provinces of Probolingó, Malang, a great part of Bezúki, and part of the island of Bali, as well as that of Lomboc.

Their language is Javanese, disfigured by some provincialisms and peculiar accents, by no means pleasing to the *correct* notions of my Batavian boy, who considered himself a competent critic in such matters.

As we were anxious to see this curious ceremony we determined on again riding to the Bromok.



Indeed, we should have postponed our excursion there in order to wait for the Slamát, of which Van Rhée had given us intimation, but we were afraid the weather might change from doubtful mist to drenching rains, and therefore took advantage of the fair opportunity, determining, if fine, to go again next day.

We left Tosari at seven A.M., reached the Mungal about half-past eight, and, as the descent was less slippery than the day before, soon gained the Sand Sea. As we approached the two huts, the lively scene before us presented a strange contrast to the utter loneliness of yesterday. A large number of people were assembled in groups, variously occupied—some eating, some praying, and others talking, laughing, singing, selling, and buying. There were vendors of amulets, charms, and stones found last year near the Bromok, which were sure remedies against every illness flesh is heir to. Bearded Arabs were offering for sale

otto of roses, and small vials of "Kohol's jetty dye."

Food of all kinds was provided in abundance for sale, and placed for show on economical stands formed of a plank resting on two stout poles. Wodonos and Mantries, with their small suite of followers, paraded up and down, gaily dressed, their burnished krissees glittering amid the folds of their batek sarong. Old men and women, who had come to pay their last respects to the shrine, moved feebly along. They watched with eyes of delight the frolics of their grandchildren, for there seemed no end of juveniles, from the screaming babe in arms to the romping child. All appeared bent on pleasure, and the Dasar, which, on our last visit, presented a barren aspect, solemn in its very solitude, was now as gay as a fair.

My servant, Drahman, who was a strict Mahomedan, shewed the light in which he regarded these devotees, by refusing an invitation to partake

of some of their viands. On my asking him his reason, he replied,

“They eat unclean animals, sir, such as swine and other beasts of the forest.”

Before the principal hut was a bench, covered with white cloth, on which sat Nonyha (or Mrs.) Van Rhée. Her dress, partly Javanese, and partly European, consisted of a pair of white trowsers, over which was the sarong. Her kabaya was made of muslin, and she wore a salendang across her shoulder. The most comical part of her dress, however, was the broad-brimmed felt wide-awake, round the crown of which a white muslin pugrie was wound.

A short distance from this bench were twenty mats, placed on the Sand Sea, on each of which knelt a young priest, having before him a box of myrrh, aloes, frankincense, and other spices, which are sold for offerings. At right angles with this row of mats was another row, with the same

number of priests, all kneeling in the Arab fashion, their bodies partly resting on the calves of their legs. They were all more advanced in years than the others, probably the patriarchs of their respective villages. Some of them even looked bent with the "weight of years!" Behind each sat a payong bearer, sheltering his master from the sun. The sacerdotal dress consisted of a white gown; over sarongs of batek, which were tied to the waist by broad red belts. Over the shoulders hung two bands of yellow silk, bound with scarlet, with tassels and coins hanging from the ends. Round the head was a large turban, ornamented with gaudy silk scarfs. Before each priest were small packets made of plantain leaves, containing incense, chips of sandal-wood, and other preparations; wooden censers, from which arose clouds of aromatic perfumes; and a basket of plaited rattan, containing water, near which was a goupillon, made of plantain leaves, with flowers fixed at the top.

Crowds stood within about six paces of the priests, waiting for the consecration of their various offerings, which were placed on stands made of bamboo. The offerings generally consisted of cocoa-nuts, plantains, pine-apples, mangoes, and other fruits; baskets of chickens recently fledged; pots, pries, and baskets of rice; trays piled up with a variety of cakes exhaling incongruous smells; strips of calico and silk; coins of silver, gold, and copper; besides numerous other objects.

After some minutes spent in prayer, the people going through all the external forms prescribed by their creed, which often constitute the whole extent of their knowledge of it, each priest dipped his goupillon into the basket of water, which he took into his left hand, and muttering some words, sprinkled the offerings as they were brought to him. All the holy men then bowed down, and repeated a loud prayer, which was echoed by the young ponditas and some of the bystanders.

The oldest of the priests next rose up, followed by all the others, repeating words which sounded like "Ayo! Ayo! Bromok!" probably meaning "Forward, forward, to the Bromok!" This was the signal anxiously expected. The mass of human beings now made a tremendous rush for the volcano, the first who succeeded in gaining the ridge believing himself favoured by fortune, and certain of future good luck. Some of the old priests would stop every now and then, bid their followers spread the mat, and prostrate themselves in prayer for fully five or ten minutes, a proceeding which struck me as savouring strongly of sham, for no doubt they were fatigued, and made a virtue of necessity. The roaring of the Bromok seemed greater than it was yesterday, a fact most probably attributable to the lightness of the atmosphere.

The various families and individuals then handed their offerings to the priests, who again mumbled a few words over them, after which their owners

hurled them down the crater, repeating, as they did so, some prayer or wish. Cocoa-nuts produced a faint boom, boom, as they came in contact with the shelving sides, and were lost for ever. Plantains, rice, and cakes were thrown down in baskets, sending back columns of dust as they gradually disappeared. Our hostess threw down a number of coins, and several small pieces of muslin. On my remarking this afterwards to Van Rhée, he laughed heartily, and replied, "Oh! she wishes for a child; but she need not be in a hurry, she will have one in time, without doubt; but you see, sir, she is superstitious—and no wonder, she is but a child yet in years."

Some live fowls were thrown in, one or two of which, I was very glad to see, flew on some of the ridges not far from the top, from whence, doubtless, their next flight would be to a place of greater safety.

On descending the volcano several games were

carried on, amongst which the most cruel was that of taking young chickens from their baskets and throwing them into the air, to be scrambled for as they fell to the ground. This produced a scene of great excitement, everyone being anxious to secure one of the poor creatures, or even a leg or wing, for good luck. Mr. Van Rhée succeeded in saving two of these devoted little chicks, which he presented to my wife. She accepted one, and handed the other to our hostess. Ours travelled with us in the Rees-Wagen all through Java, lived some time in Singapore with other live stock, and finally returned with us to England, where she excites no little admiration in our "farmyard," in which she is known by the name of "Bromok."

I went, accompanied by the Mandor, to the east side of the volcano, where some huge boulders of black, burnt-looking stone, known by the name of *Batu kuda*, or Stone Horse, covered a great portion of the Sand Sea. Here I had a view of the other



arm of the Dasar, though from no point can you see the whole extent of it at one time. On our way back we had to walk across a dry channel fully twenty feet in breadth, similar to those I have already described on the other side, but longer and wider, completely separating the Dasar into two parts for some distance!

We returned by a route but seldom traversed, and that only by pilgrims from Nādasari. I perceived small heaps of stones every now and then, along the road to the huts, reminding me of the means adopted by the Egyptians in the desert to mark their camel tract. This is one proof of the vast extent of the Sand Sea, as, without some marks of this kind, travellers would either be lost, or lose much valuable time in endeavouring to find their way.

We passed a large pyramidal mound called by the natives *Batu Balang*, or stone-throwing. On one side of it a number of young men and women

were gathered, throwing stones by turns, and endeavouring to launch them with such force as to clear the top of the mound. Each one, as we were informed, was compelled to walk three times round the mound before throwing his stone; those who performed the feat successfully regarding it as a sign of good fortune, and feeling confident that during the ensuing twelvemonth their most cherished wishes would most certainly be accomplished.

We returned very quickly to Tosari; and having partaken of lunch, mounted fresh horses, and proceeded to Passerpan, where our carriage was waiting. We reached that place at a late hour, feeling very tired with our fatiguing but most delightful excursion.

## CHAPTER VI.

START FOR PROBOLINGÓ—BAGNIO BIRÓ—OUR POST-HORSES  
TAKEN BY A CONTRÔLEUR—LAKE GRATIE—NOTED FOR WATER  
LILIES, DUCK EGGS, AND ALLIGATORS—OFFERINGS TO THE  
ALLIGATORS—PROBOLINGO—LEAVE FOR KLAKA—BAD ROAD  
—KINDLY HELP—NIGHT VIEW OF THE VOLCANO—THE PAS-  
SANGRAHAN—CHAIN CONNECTING THREE VOLCANOES—  
CURIOUS FACT—ROW ROUND THE LAKE—DELICIOUS DIP—  
PROXIMITY OF TIGERS—LEAVE KLAKA—HARBOUR OF PRO-  
BOLINGO—DANGEROUS NAVIGATION.



## CHAPTER VI.

NEXT morning we started for Probolingo, turning off to the right before reaching the thickly-populated village of Rajussa, which was our first post for Bagnio Biro, which signifies blue water. On arriving at Benongan, we found, to our great annoyance, that the post-horses we had ordered to be in waiting for us had been coolly appropriated by a Contrôleur.

“Who is this Contrôleur?” said I, nettled by the *contretemps*; “what right has he to make use of the horses I ordered and paid for?”

“He is a Government officer, sir,” replied Drahman, in a *sotto voce* tone, as though anxious to conceal my ignorance of such a personage; “he takes

in all the coffee of this district. Don't be angry with these men, sir—no one can prevent a Contrôleur from taking any horses which may be at the Poste. They would be turned out of their places if they dared to deny him.”

Finding this to be the case, I saw it would be useless to make any further complaint; and therefore resigning myself to what could not be avoided, determined to proceed with the horses we had, and arrived at Bagnio Biro about half-past eight.

Our carriage drew up under an avenue of trees, where we got out, and along which we walked, taking the first turning to the right. It led us to an extensive garden, in which was a large square pond fed by spring water of the deepest blue, on one side of which was a bath-house, and on the other ruins and fragments of Buddhist images, collected from the surrounding neighbourhood. The place is shaded with beautiful Ansana trees

and the broad-leafed teak, the former reminding me of our stately elms.

The water, either from its clearness or buoyancy, gives a ludicrous appearance to the bathers; the boys who had jumped in for cents seeming unnaturally dwarfed in stature, while their limbs were apparently doubled in number, making them look like Indian deities. Many come here for weeks or months, for the benefit of pure country air and bathing. One great source of amusement to such visitors is that of feeding the monkeys which abound here, and, from a naturally wild state, have become so tame as to approach strangers, and in some cases even eat from their hands.

We were curious enough to pay them a visit, and ordered Drahman to purchase several bunches of Bananas. Our messenger returning shortly with the fruit, we held some of it temptingly in our hands, when down from numbers of trees came a troop of the animals, old and young, making

the air ring with their yells and screams of pleasure. They were soon, however, interrupted by the appearance of three very large specimens of their kind, for whom, to my great surprise and amusement, the others immediately made room—some skulking away to a neighbouring tree, from the branches of which they could see their more favoured brethren, others only retiring to a short distance, from whence they looked longingly at the fruit, the first bit of which they were ready to snap up. Some of it we threw beyond the powerful trio, who would turn and stare at us with a truculent visage, followed by a fierce, angry growl, and an occasional dart at those whose *penchant* for plantains made them more than usually bold.

The largest of the three is called by the natives the Rajah, and the other two may be considered in the light of *aides-de-camp* to his serene highness.

These monkeys were all of a dark grey colour, with black feet and hands; their faces were gene-



rally nearly black, with the addition, in the three large ones, of a long beard, hanging, like a semi-circle, from their cheeks and chins.

The principal antiquities round the tank were an enormous head, called by the natives Buta, a corruption, I daresay, of Buddha, and a tomb, ornamented with figures, called a Kramat or shrine, on which, even now, they often burn incense.

Gratie is at the distance of one post from the Blue Water. We proceeded there next, passing on our way several very extensive sugar factories, strong with fermented odours, and noisy with the voices of Chinese and native coolies, and the jarring discord of machinery.

The ditches on either side of our road were full of water-lilies; and endless numbers of ducks were bathing in them, or diving for animalculæ in the muddy bottom.

The village of Gratie, and the surrounding neighbourhood, is famed for its breed of

ducks, and for the excellency of its salted duck eggs, which are not only sold in quantities throughout the country, but are likewise largely exported to many of the islands near Java. The receipt for pickling them is very simple, and as it is a delicacy many Europeans are fond of, I will give it for the benefit of those who might like to test its excellence.

The egg is first rubbed well with ashes, to clear the shell from all grease, as well as to make it more porous. A paste of red clay, or mud, ashes, and salt, is then spread entirely over the egg, leaving no space for the air to penetrate. After remaining in this condition for ten days, it is boiled hard, cut in two, and served without taking the shell off.

On arriving at the lake, we alighted by the roadside, and walked to the little hut near the water, where we seated ourselves on the benches under the shade, it being now near mid-day and very hot.

Opposite to us was the Gunong Gadong. Two-thirds of its slopes, from the base upwards, was cultivated, and some cottages were built on its sides. To the right was the Smeroe, a faint line of smoke, just discernible in the distance, issuing from its summit. The fields on all sides of the lake were cultivated, and cocoa-nut, date, bamboo, and plantain trees were to be seen near the water, which was of a sickly greenish hue, not at all inviting for a bath; though the natives' appreciation of their Danao, or Lake, seemed higher than ours, as several were disporting with great delight in it.

The Javanese have a superstitious belief that if a duck is put into this lake and swallowed by an alligator, its owner will meet with success in all that he does. Wishing to gratify ourselves with the sight of one of these formidable alligators, we ordered our importunate boatman to procure a couple of ducks. He was not long gone, when

he returned with them, accompanied by a boy who carried two small rafts, made from parts of a plantain tree. To each of these the man fastened one of the poor victims by its right leg, allowing it just sufficient space to touch the water with its breast. When he had got them ready, we were desired to step into a cockle-shell of a canoe, about ten feet long and two broad, formed out of the trunk of a tamarind, or teak tree, with all the wood scooped out, leaving a thickness of two or three inches to form the boat. It was soon shoved off, and when we had got some distance from the shore, the boatman asked Drahman where we came from, and whither we were bound? Being satisfied with our replies, he cried out in a sing-song voice some Javanese words, which my servant interpreted:

“Oh, Bajul (alligator), come out of the water! A gentleman and his lady have come from Batavia to offer you a couple of ducks! Come, come quickly, delay not, but bring good luck to this

Tuan and his wife by taking their offerings!"

We remained some time cramped up in a kind of half sitting, half kneeling posture, unable to move our limbs freely for fear of destroying the equilibrium of our frail canoe, our backs undergoing a slow process of baking under the burning sun, which did not contribute to render our position more comfortable. We waited with all the patience of martyrs for the appearance of the reptile near one of our ducks, which the man had committed to the water previous to uttering his ejaculations to the alligator; but as the rafts floated far into the distance, apparently unmolested in their course, we began to think seriously of returning to the shore.

"Once more, Tuan, only once more!" said the boatman, in a tone of entreaty, as he again besought the uncomplying alligator to seize the offerings.

Finding all his eloquence vain, he took to his

paddles, and turned the canoe in the direction of the land, saying as he did so, "Ah, sir, how sorry I am for your ill luck!"

But the excitement was not quite over yet. We were still some hundred yards from the shore, when Drahman cried out, "Tuan, Tuan, here he is, look, look!" and, turning our eyes in the direction he pointed, about three hundred yards to our right, we saw what looked like the trunk of a small tree floating on the surface of the lake. In a few minutes this object seemed to rise partially out of the water, and very soon the long jaws, head, and part of the body of an enormous alligator were clearly visible on its surface. The glance of his ugly pachyderm which he permitted us to have, however, was only momentary, for almost instantaneously he again dived down into the depths, and was lost to us for ever.

On landing, the boatman again expressed his sorrow for our bad luck, adding, by way of *comforting*

*us under our misfortune*, “Many, sir, stop for hours, and leave without even seeing the nose of one.”

“Ah,” replied I, in Malay, as I handed him a rupee for the ducks, and a present for himself, “*you are the lucky man, I think—you have not only got a good price for your ducks, but also, when we are gone, will take them home again to serve for a future occasion.*”

“Oh no, no, Tuan, never!” said he, looking very grave, “we dare not take what has been given to the Bajuls, it would bring great misfortune upon us.”

We smiled and looked incredulous; on seeing which, Drahman, with true native ardour for anything of a superstitious tendency, took the part of the boatman, and seemed to think we were tempting the alligators by laughing at them. A gentleman has since told me that he was present when an alligator seized one of the ducks sent by him on the lake, and he declared it to be a fine sight.

The formidable monster rose partially out of the water, the better to see the exact whereabouts of his prey, and after diving below, re-appeared once more just in front of the raft, and darted upon his poor victim with the greatest velocity and violence, causing the water around him to froth and foam. The duck firmly grasped between his jaws, he raised himself above the surface till half his body was visible, and placing his fore paws on the raft, swallowed the dainty morsel.

Early in the morning, or towards sunset, is considered the best time for seeing them, as they are then occupied in the search of food. The greater part of the day they generally pass in sleep under the shade of projecting stones, or beneath a clump of trees.

My servant told us a curious tale about alligators. The incident, as he asserted, took place during the time he lived in Sumatra, and had been related to him by some one he had no reason to



disbelieve. For my own part, I can only consider it one of those strange legends which the credulity of the natives is ever so ready to receive.

“A short time, sir,” said the narrator, “before I went to Indragiri (in Sumatra), as servant to the Sultan of that place, a man was missed from the town and as such an incident occasionally happened, it was supposed that he had been caught and eaten by an alligator whilst bathing in the river. A report to this effect having reached the ears of the Sultan, his majesty summoned the three keepers of his alligators, named Saguntang, Sachupa, and Sumati,\* and before a large concourse of people complained to them that one of their children—as the natives term them—had killed a subject of his. The keepers expressed great regret at this breach of good conduct on the part of one of their charge. ‘But, *Tuan-coo*’ (my lord),

\* The two first of these names signify certain native measures, the last means death.

they added, rising to take leave, 'rest assured full vengeance shall be taken upon the offender.' Saguntang, Sachupa, and Samati accordingly wended their way to the river side; on reaching which they stopped at the spot where they were accustomed to feed the alligators. As these immense reptiles were called by name, they responded to the summons in such numbers that the water, far and near, seemed covered with them. Although they looked like beams of wood closely packed together, the sharp-eyed keepers perceived the absence of one of them. 'There is one missing,—Bassar, where is he?' said Samati. A slight movement of the water was seen, and the culprit rose abashed, and timidly took his place. 'You—it is who are guilty,' said Sachupa, 'come forth and receive the due punishment for thy crime. You have killed one of the king's own subjects; and therefore here, in the sight of thy brothers and sisters, thou must expiate this dire offence. Hast thou

aught to say in thy defence?' The alligator lowered his head in silence, in acknowledgement of his guilt. 'Samati,' cried Saguntung in a loud voice, 'cut off the fore feet of this vile wretch, and then chop his body into a thousand pieces.' Samati—who appears to have been a sort of Calcraft in his relation to the alligators—immediately obeyed; and when the merciless sentence had been executed, the pieces of the alligator's body were carefully collected, and thrown into the river, to be food for the fishes."

At Woedoesan, the first post after Gratie, we were struck with the size of two very large Verengen trees. Any traveller who happens to take this route will do well to stop and look at them, as it is not very probable that he will see any of much greater magnitude, if so large, during the whole course of his excursion. One of them was above twenty-seven feet in circumference, and the other about five feet less, round the trunk. They

were really noble-looking trees, thickly covered with foliage. Beyond the next post we came in view of Lamongan, the Tengerr range being to our right, and the Ardjuno, Panangoongan, and Indrokito fast receding from our view.

At one P.M. we reached Probolinggo, a small clean town, intersected by fine broad streets, lined with avenues of Yetty and Verengen. As we had learnt beforehand that there was nothing worth seeing at this place, we determined on proceeding to Klaka with as little delay as possible, whither notice of our intended visit had already been sent. Mr. H——, a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction, immediately gave orders to procure horses for us, and dispatched a messenger to order relays to be in readiness at all the intermediate stations. Our stay at Probolinggo, therefore, was very short. In about three hours from the time of our arrival we were again *en route*.

For three posts from Probolingo, the country was very flat and uninteresting, nothing but endless open fields of sawahs, with an occasional forest of teak and other wild trees. As we approached Klaka, the land became more undulating, gradually rising as we proceeded onward. Wild boars we saw in abundance, many intently searching for food in the field or common on each side of the way, on which the wild long grass grew to an enormous height; others scampering across the road, some ten yards before our horses, and then, as though terrified by the sight of our large vehicle, suddenly darting across the fields, and vanishing into the adjacent thickets.

It was growing quite dusk as we neared our destination. The road, which was one seldom traversed by carriages, was very bad, in some parts scarcely passable. At one time, indeed, we came to a dead stop, as, in spite of all the efforts of the coucer and lopers, with the exertions of the poor

horses themselves, the rees-wagen would not stir. Several men, seeing our difficulty, came in a short time from the neighbouring fields and huts to render us assistance. Putting their shoulders to the wheels, they eased the horses of the weight that dragged them back, and thus facilitated our progress. When they had helped the carriage up the crest of a steep hill, I felt for my purse to reward them; but Drahman, seeing my intention, begged me by no means to offer any recompense, as the Dutch, he said, never did so, and it would, therefore, only be a bad precedent. The land which they cultivated was given to them by Government, with the express understanding that they should gratuitously help all travellers in difficulties, a service for which they were exempted from the usual tax of one-tenth of their produce.

Close to Klaka our horses stopped again, and we once more owed our progress to the assistance of

the native labourers, who this time helped us all the way to the Passangrahan. I could not resist the temptation of giving them each something for their work, as, in addition to the labour, they were exposed to the rain, which was now pouring down in torrents, and the evening was dark and miserable.

The Mandor soon appeared, and before long we were made as comfortable as we could reasonably expect to be. After partaking of tea, we walked out on the back verandah, to have a night view of the volcano.

The rain had ceased, but the night was dark and gloomy. On looking to the summit of the mountain, we saw a red flame of light issuing from the Lamongan, vividly illuminating the sky immediately over the crater, and reflected again on the placid waters of the lake. The sight was a most striking one, such as, once seen, could never be effaced from the memory—so grand, so beautiful,

in the solemn darkness and weird-like silence of night, was the spectacle on which we looked. On retracing our steps to the large sitting-room, we were much amused by seeing our servant peering into several rooms, first into one and then into another, till I really began to fancy he was seeking the Pungooroo Ruma, or House Spirit, which, according to a native superstition, presides in every dwelling.

“Well, how now, Drahman,” said I, “what is the matter?”

“Are you not afraid, sir, to pass the night in this lonely house, after what the Mandor has told me?”

“What did he tell you?” inquired I, scarcely able to suppress a smile.

“Why, a tiger walks past the house every night; and one,” he added, lowering his voice, “was actually seen on the verandah a few evenings ago.”



“Oh! is that all!” said I; “then ask the Mandor for a gun, and we will shoot the machan when he comes. I am most anxious to get a good skin.”

“Sta-par-alla, Tuan!” exclaimed Drahman, a look of terror on his face. “Don’t, sir! don’t say so! If the Dato (father) of the forest does come, it will only be to scent us.”

“To scent us?—what do you mean?”

“Why, that is the way they find out whether we have a good or a bad heart.”

“Oh! if that is your opinion of tigers,” said I, laughing outright, “I see no need for your fear.”

“Well, I beg you, sir, not to have a gun. There are a few bad ones among the lot, and these will attack human beings, but the generality mean well towards mankind, and it will be unlucky for us, sir, if you shoot a good tiger.”

Next morning we were up early, to inspect our

new locality. The Passangrahan was a large bungalow, reached by four steps leading to the front verandah, which, together with the one at the back of the house, was ornamented with trellis work, tastefully entwined with woodbine, passion-flower, and other native creepers. The house was approached from the road by an avenue of wild trees, extending up to the garden gate, between which and the Passangrahan was a neatly-trimmed and well-weeded garden, presenting, with its parterres, in which bloomed many a European flower, and its pretty walks and smooth lawns, a curious contrast to the avenue beyond, on each side of which nature was left in all its wild luxuriance.

The lake of Klaka was behind the house, and on the opposite side rose the Lamongan, apparently close at hand, but in reality four miles distant. It is an active volcano, six thousand five hundred feet in height, broken at the summit, which, consisting apparently of red stone or clay, is of a yellow

reddish shade. The vegetation on the upper part of the mountain is exceedingly sparse. A deep ravine, clothed with masses of dark green forest trees, apparently divides the summit on one side, causing it to appear like two mountains. The lower part of the volcano, as well as the space between it and the lake, was covered with a dense jungle, which, stretching downwards to the margin of the water, encircled it with its verdant arms.

Between the Lamongan, the Smeroe, and Bromok, there is supposed to be some connecting link, as it is a curious fact that flames seldom issue from more than one of these mountains at the same time. A gentleman told us that he once ascended the mountain of Ardjuno, and, during the night which he passed on the summit, amused himself by watching the flames issuing from the three craters, whose respective situations, though the night was pitch dark, he well knew. The first one which ejected fire was the Smeroe, and in a few moments

after its flame had died away the Bromok was seen topped with a tongue of fire, on the subsidence of which flames were observed issuing from the Lamongan. And thus, to use my informant's own words, "they carried on until I went to sleep."

We breakfasted—or rather took our early cup of tea—in the back verandah, just over the lake; after which, running down the steps, we wended our way through an avenue of orange, almond, fig, and other trees, to the water, where we entered a clumsy-looking boat, in which we were rowed round the lake, about three quarters of a mile in circumference. We steered under the shade of leafy bowers, occasionally emerging into the broad sunlight, until we reached the head of the lake, where, on lofty trees, the bark and branches of which were completely hidden by the loveliest creepers I ever saw, monkeys, known as the Lotong, Si-a'-mang, and Budang, were swinging from branch to branch. The mothers of

this curious tribe we could easily discern carrying their young, whose tiny arms and legs were tightly clasping round their careful parents. The Lotong, which seem to be the Anaks of the three tribes, being larger and longer than the others, are of a jet black colour, and have very long tails, apparently possessed of great power and strength, for they often made use of them as a sort of hook or lasso by which to hang from one branch while busily occupied in eating the fruit from another.

Covies of small wild ducks, called Bebeck, very much resembling our teal, swam in companies on the water. On our first appearance they allowed us to come within gunshot, but the noise of our oars, joined to the sound of our voices, soon made them wary and shy.

The Pucho is a large bird with beautiful jet black plumage, richly streaked with feathers tipped with gold, and darts through the air with the

speed of an arrow. Its neck, which is much longer than the body, is something like that of the crane, or the rice bird, but not so graceful; the feathers on it are of a greenish hue. The length of the neck, together with its small head, and an eye like a little black bead, made it somewhat resemble a winged serpent. It is sometimes called the Melewis, and in the Philippines the *Corvo Marino*, or Sea Crow. Their principal food is fish, but they live also upon fruit and insects. The *Mum-ti-ara* is of a similar species, but smaller.

Wild pigeons also flew from tree to tree, seemingly undisturbed by our presence, and turtle and ring-doves kept up an incessant chorus, while kingfishers of varied plumage shot through the air with their piercing, discordant shrieks. The presence of these feathered denizens gave variety to a scene of mingled beauty and wildness.

After spending two or three hours on the water, we returned to the bungalow; and whilst they

were preparing the rice and curry for our late breakfast, we bathed in the lake—a most convenient bath-house being erected on poles in the water, which serves for a dressing-room to any traveller wishing to enjoy the luxury of a cool plunge.

A pole was pointed out to me by the Mandor, about thirty yards from the house, placed there, he said, to mark the spot where, three months previous to our visit, a labourer was attacked by a tiger as he was returning home from his work. Near it was erected a clumsy-looking trap, in which a kid was nightly confined; but in spite of the tempting bait, the wily tiger had, up to the time of our arrival, proved too wide-awake to be caught.

We arrived at Probolinggo at eight, but notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, Mr. H——, the Dutch gentleman who had so kindly lent his aid in securing post-horses for us the previous day, would take no refusal of his invitation to dinner.

We therefore made a hasty toilette, and spent the rest of the evening most agreeably at his house.

Before leaving this district, we may add, for the information of those Europeans resident in the East who contemplate the culture and manufacture of sugar, that the province of Probolingo is one of the best fields in Java for a practical observation of the process of sugar-making in all its branches.

The harbour of Probolingo is very exposed during some months of the year—especially January and February, when the *ghendeng*, a stormy wind, blows in hurricanes from the south, and all vessels near the coast run great danger of being cast on shore. I was told by several Dutch captains, with whom I happened to converse on the subject, that there is a great want of lighthouses on this coast. They have long been promised by the Government, but never yet supplied. In the intricate and narrow straits of Bali, where the currents are strong and variable, and the rocks and shoals unprovided with



proper marks for safety, the want of one or more is much felt. The scanty provision made by Government for lighting this narrow passage has given rise to reiterated complaints, which, I was led to understand, had hitherto produced no favourable result.

I have often wondered why European nations have never come to a mutual understanding on the subject of providing lighthouses, &c., on such a coast, or in straits virtually under their own dominion, and known to be dangerous to the navigation of the mercantile marine of all nations. If such a treaty were made, it would prove one of the several means we as a nation are always ready to adopt for averting as much as possible the dangers of the sea.



## CHAPTER VII.

RETURN TO PASSEROEWAN—START FOR MALANG—INCONVENIENCES WHICH MAY ARISE FROM NOT KNOWING THE DUTCH LANGUAGE—CASCADE OF BAÖNG—OUR INCREDULITY—SEEING IS BELIEVING—RUINS OF SINGASARI—NATIVE TRADITION—MALANG—INTERVIEW WITH THE RESIDENT—PERPLEXING DIFFICULTY—IMPORTANCE OF KNOWING FRENCH—ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—FERTILITY OF THE SOIL—THE SAWAH SERPENT—A DISTURBED SIESTA—SINGULAR STOCKING—NARROW ESCAPE—TOBACCO FIELDS—VISIT TO THE REGENT.



## CHAPTER VII.

WE started next day early in the morning, which was bright and balmy, for Passeroewan, arriving there about eight A.M. Here we supplied ourselves with monetary and other necessaries, after which we made preparations for a long drive on a blazing hot day, by no means the most agreeable prospect.

I sent my inland passport to be viséd as usual, and when the hotel servant returned, I perceived the words "for Batavia" endorsed on the back, to which was affixed the Resident's signature. The whole composition, being in Dutch, was to me perfectly unintelligible. I therefore referred to my landlord, who, from his long residence in Java, had acquired a good knowledge of the language. On my showing him the superscription, he called

for his boy, and asked him if he had told the Resident of our wish to go to Malang? On the servant replying in the affirmative, the landlord turned to me, saying, as he handed the paper back,

“It looks queer, sir, but no doubt it is all right—at all events they will make it all clear to you at Malang.”

Encouraged by this assurance of our landlord, we at once started, for the horses had been for some time impatiently pawing the ground, and the coucer had several times turned his head to see if we were coming.

During the drive we passed through a variety of scenery. The country was occasionally open and wooded, sometimes undulating and flat, with occasional glimpses of mountains, the Ardjuno and Indrokito being those first seen after leaving Passeroewan; and those called Kawi, Kresi, and Kloet near Malang.

Between Protong and Jatasari we stopped to see the waterfall of Baöng, which is about twenty minutes walk from the road. On approaching the spot, I found the source of the water to be on a level with the ground on which we stood, but separated from us by a deep, wide chasm, whose sides and floor were completely concealed by wild shrubs and bushes. We descended a short distance, and then, looking up, saw the rushing flow of water, issuing apparently from the trees themselves, so densely thick was the foliage around. The fall is but trifling, not more than sixty feet. Above the chasm, at some distance from it, is a fine range of low hills, covered from crown to base with a jungle of tall trees.

This waterfall is renowned for the tigers and leopards seen in its vicinity, and many assured us it was no unusual sight to see them amid the trees roaming about, more particularly near the reservoir. As we were very incredulous regarding this

statement, we felt no hesitation in venturing nearer to the cascade, in order to obtain a better view of it. We accordingly threaded our way through the jungle, followed by our servant, and had proceeded about half-way down the slope, when we heard a rustling among the trees, and just before us, a little to the right, jumped out a small leopard, which, apparently terrified at the unusual appearance of strangers, darted off in an opposite direction, and was lost to sight in little more than a second. No longer disbelieving the assertions of those who had kindly warned us, we hastily retraced our steps, passing on our way the skins of some small wild animals, evidently, to judge from the prints of large paws imprinted on them, the remnants of poor creatures on which the tigers had made their repast.

The road to Jatasarie was very uneven and full of ruts. Between it and the next post, Lawang, we passed four high square columns, called Watas,



or Tanda-han, boundary marks by which one district, or residency, is separated from another.

Malang is in the residency of Passeroewan, and under the control of an assistant resident, nominally supported by a Javanese regent, or, as the Dutch call him, Reghent. We passed the village of Singasari, once probably boasting of a large Hindu population; if we may judge from the sculptural remains they have left behind them, displaying some art in the use of the hammer and chisel. A few scattered houses are now all the habitable part of the village; but these, being the dwellings of wealthy Javanese ryots, are generally substantially built of brick and mortar.

As we were anxious to see the ruins, we ordered the coucer to drive as near as he could. A ride of about five minutes brought us to within a short walk of the place where they are situated, a kind of natural amphitheatre, no doubt selected for the celebration of worship on account of its

sheltered position. The first objects we remarked were two altars of hewn trachyte, the stones composing which were cemented together with mortar. On one of the altars, which are fully fifty paces from each other, was seated an enormous figure, cut out of a solid block of granite, twelve feet in height, by six or eight in thickness, and in wonderful preservation. With large protruding eyes, prominent nose, curved at the nostrils and point, wide mouth, thick, sensual-looking lips, two upper and two lower tusks, it presented a very remarkable and by no means pleasing appearance. On the head was a tiara studded with cleverly chiselled death's heads; the long ears were pierced with ornaments very minutely cut, and from the cartilage of both were suspended hideous skulls. Numbers of chains were hung round the neck, and a loose scarf fell across the broad chest from the left shoulder to the right. Massive bracelets encircled the wrists and biceps, and the right arm

was slightly raised, the two first fingers being pointed, as if in the act of commanding, or giving emphasis to an oracle. A belt of skulls encircled the corpulent stomach, and the left hand rested on a walking-stick or sceptre of stone.

The second altar is much broken, and overgrown with Guava and Suma trees, the roots of which have penetrated into the interstices, and dislodged many of the stones. The figure formerly upon it now sits slantingly in a damp hollow, into which it has fallen, probably finding that its position on the pedestal had become uncomfortable and unsteady from its broken condition. I could find no Javanese who could tell me the names these figures went by, though, from the fear and reverence with which they were regarded, they were doubtless believed to have been sent down from Heaven, in God's wrath, to terrify the inhabitants of the island. My conjecture is, from the number of

skulls with which both are ornamented, that they represent the gods of death. There were several small figures, all more or less mutilated—some with clasped hands, as though in prayer, others with clubs and other weapons in their hands.

The chariot of *Dārāwatti* is very curious ; it is a square of solid stone, with wheels, like large roses, sculptured on either side. Seven horses, called *Sambrani*, are cut out of one end of the block, and are supposed to be drawing the chariot. The two end ones alone stand out in relief, the others being distinguishable only by the fore leg.

On the opposite side of this amphitheatre is the figure of a large bull, gorgeously caparisoned, called *Ninda*. On his back rests a saddle of roses, and from his broad neck hang chains ornamented with flowers, meeting at a point in front, to which is attached a large bell. The figure measures four feet in height, and three in thickness, and is hewn out of one solid block of stone. Near it were two

smaller ones, headless and disfigured. Another very important figure, to the right of the broken altar, is that of an elephant, about six feet high, in a sitting posture, on a pedestal, round which is an ornamental circle of skulls. The head of the animal is surmounted by a conical-shaped crown, surrounded by two bands, in the centre of which are minor crowns. The feet and hands are like human ones, and from the ears, which are large and flabby, are suspended death's heads. In each hand is held a bowl beautifully chiselled, one of them partially hidden behind the long proboscis. This figure is known by the names of Siewah and Durga, and is frequently seen in Java. Whether the live elephants which served as models were imported from Sumatra by the Buddhists, or whether that island, according to the native idea, was connected with that of Java, and these animals roamed at large throughout the whole land, is subject for conjecture; but this we know for a fact, that at the

present day they are not indigenous to the soil, nor were they when the Portuguese first visited Java in 1522.

A short distance from the circle in which we saw these figures is the ruin of a temple, thickly surrounded with bamboo, and the Suma, a plant which bears a flower with white leaves and a yellow centre. It has a pleasant odour, and is always to be met with at shrines and in cemeteries; and the fact of its growing so plentifully here, to some extent establishes the truth of my conjecture respecting the figures which I suppose to be those of the gods of death in the Hindu time.

The temple is built in the shape of a tower standing on a large square basement, raised two or three feet from the ground, and reached by a flight of steps. It is in three stories, but the upper one has almost entirely crumbled away. The lower ones are in pretty good preservation, and it is from them alone we can derive any idea of the former

beauties of the fane. The stone used is trachyte, hewn and chiselled in a superior manner. Little or no cement appears to have been employed in building, and yet in many parts the stones seem quite wedged in, or dove-tailed, as carpenters term similar work in wood. Moss and ferns cling to the walls on all sides, with here and there a large shrub rooted in the recess of the windows, or over the doorways.

The principal entrance is arched over, having two niches on each side, in which are two large figures. These being altogether of disproportionate size compared with the magnitude of the building as a whole, must, I imagine, have been found elsewhere, and recently put in their present position. Above this entrance, on the outside, stares a huge face, with large round eyes, a wide mouth, regular rows of enormous teeth shaped like leaves, and numerous ornaments bedizening the head. The stone in which it is cut is freer

from dirt and less broken than that of most of the other figures and sculpture. The entrance on the right side of the temple must also have been adorned in a similar manner, but the head has fallen from its former exalted position, and now lies on its occiput, staring up at the throne of eminence it once occupied. The second story is a counterpart of the first, but smaller. The arched recesses have been elaborately finished with leaves and flowers—emblematic, I daresay, of the name of the temple, Singa-sari, meaning Lion-flower—and the niches have been filled with figures, of which, however, so effectually has the unsparing hand of time done its work, little that is perfect now remains. The recess on the right side of the temple contains a recumbent figure, about which the Javanese have a tradition. Their legend says it was formerly a young prince, who came to this temple to carry away a lovely princess serving in it as a vestal virgin. His attempt, however,



being discovered by the keeper, he was attacked, disarmed, and killed, and his body being immediately transformed into stone, it was placed in this niche as a warning to others equally daring.

Having spent an hour or more in inspecting these ruins, we drove back to the village, and from thence to Malang, where we arrived between eight and nine, rather tired with our day's work.

The next morning I sent my passport to be viséd for the places we contemplated visiting; and whilst I was seated in our room, busily occupied in writing my journal, our host, a tall Dutchman, entered, and in a very civil tone told me my passport was not right, and the Resident wished to speak to me on the subject after breakfast.

“Bother these passports,” thought I, “they are bad enough when you enter the port as a stranger, but to be pestered with them eternally in this way is nonsensical humbug.” However, I said “Very

well" to the man, and he made his exit, bowing in true military fashion, for he had once been a soldier, and was particularly anxious all should know it.

At the time appointed I went to the Resident's house, which is situated in a beautiful garden adjoining the outer wall of the hotel in which we were residing, and was directed, by the *opus*, a messenger and watchman combined, to go to the *kontoor*, or office. On presenting myself to the Resident, he seemed at first rather inclined to show his displeasure at my having broken through the usual regulations; but my plea of ignorance of the Dutch language, together with the fact of my being a family man, soon dissipated any pre-conceived suspicion he might have formed as to my intentions in visiting Malang, and obtained for me a promise that he would communicate by telegraph with the Resident at Passeroewan, asking him to grant me the few days I requested in order that

we might be able to visit some of the adjacent places.

Our conversation was carried on in French. Without some knowledge of this language travelling in Java would be very difficult, as few Dutch gentlemen in the interior understand English, though the greater number speak French fluently. Lines for communication by means of the electric telegraph are seen throughout the island of Java, which is a great convenience, especially as the mode of travelling is still by posts, and consequently slow.

Malang is a province under the residency of Passeroewan. Until of late years both these districts were under the supervision of the Resident of Surabaya; but the increase of population, the extension of trade, and other circumstances, decided the Government in detaching them, and forming Passeroewan and Malang into a distinct residency.

The valley of Malang is said to be fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. The air consequently is not so hot as in the lower lands. The cultivation of coffee is carried on to a great extent in it; also tobacco, cocoa, rice, as well as European grain, which grows well on the slopes of the neighbouring hills and mountains. The temperature averages generally from fifty to sixty degrees in the morning, and seventy-five to eighty degrees in the middle of the day. It is a lovely country, and though thickly populated, so healthy that it is considered quite a sanatorium, and hospitals have been built in it by Government for their invalid soldiers and civilians.

In whatever direction you drive from the town of Malang, you will soon find yourself in face of mountains—as the Smeroe and Tengerr to the west, and the Ardjuno, Kewi, and Kresi, to the east, besides many minor hills, which cannot fail to please the eye by their variety. The valley is

well irrigated by rills and rivulets. The largest river near the town, which is known as the Kali Malang, is a branch of the Kedirie. The adjoining fields are mostly meadow-land, studded here and there with trees, giving the landscape quite a European appearance, and carrying us in fancy home again.

The traveller who comes as far as Passeroewan, should certainly extend his journey to this delightful country, which, for beauty, climate, and prosperity, can well bear comparison with any of the Preanger Regencies.

The town, like most provincial ones in the East, is very quiet, free from popular excitements and "sensations." It boasts of a literary society, owing its origin to Count Von S—; and several other gentlemen.

Before the hotel, but separated by a road, is the Esplanade, or Alown Alown, as the natives call it, a large square, planted with verengen, yew, or

fir, and other trees. To the right is a wall, almost hidden by the foliage of a plantation of bread-fruit, jack, mango, and betel-nut; and a little beyond this, again, is a gate guarded by two native soldiers. This is the residence of the native Regent, who attends the mosque—which is situated nearly opposite to his house—regularly twice a day. On his progress to and from it he is generally preceded by his own band, playing sometimes native and sometimes European music, and followed by his payong bearers and suite of attendants.

The grounds of the hospital are extensive, and beautifully laid out. There is a small bath-house at the foot of a hill, where a large volume of water rushes down, passing through a punchurun, or large bamboo cylinder, falling rather too heavily, perhaps, to be agreeable, on the bather's head—at least, I should fancy so. It is highly recommended, however, as being very efficacious in cases of rheumatism.

When we visited this hospital we were shown an enormous Sawah, or rice-field serpent, measuring twenty feet in length, with a girth of eighteen inches. I believe it was the doctor's intention to send it to Amsterdam.

These serpents are by nature shy and timid, and, unless very ravenous, seldom attack human beings. A native of Malang, fatigued with his day's work, was indulging in a nap on a plot of meadow-land adjoining that on which the serpent we saw was found. He had not slept long when he was awoke by a curious sensation in his right leg—a warm, moist, creeping feeling. Opening his eyes, and looking down, he beheld, to his horror, the whole of his foot and the calf of his leg in the mouth of a huge serpent. For some moments he remained motionless, too terrified to make any exertion for his own deliverance, or even to cry out; but finding his leg gradually disappearing within the jaws of the monster, he was roused to a sense of his

critical position, and found voice to call out loudly for help, at the same time moving his leg rapidly to and fro in his endeavours to shake the serpent off. It was now, however, in no humour to relinquish its prey, and consequently, when the poor man's cries had brought several other labourers to his side, they all tried vainly to draw the huge reptile off, and were at last compelled to cut it in two before it could be made to release its hold. The man was laid up for some time, his leg, though not broken, being much bruised. This story was told me as a positive fact, and, though the Sawah serpent is toothless, yet such is its enormous size, that there is no reason why one should not give credit to so extraordinary an incident.

Count von S——, to whom I had a letter of introduction, drove us next morning to Singoro, his estate. A garden, stocked with rare plants, and grounds tastefully laid out, are attached to the house. Here we were shown the vanilla plant,

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the pointed leaves of which are of a bright green. In most parts of Java it flourishes remarkably well, but it was thought the climate of Malang would be too chilly, until on trial they found to the contrary.

Opposite the grounds of the count's house are his tobacco fields, which we walked through on our way to the drying-sheds. The tobacco plant is cultivated in rows, two or three feet apart, on flat ground. When it has attained the height of from four to five feet, it is cut down and defoliated. The leaves are then tied up in bundles of fifteen, twenty, or thirty, and suspended from bamboo poles running across the interior of the shed, where they are left to dry for twenty days or more, according to the state of the atmosphere. In wet or damp weather they naturally dry less quickly; but artificial heat is seldom, if ever, resorted to, as the premature drying is apt to render the leaves too brittle and flavourless. When the leaves assume

a yellow tinge, they are taken down, piled one over the other in bamboo frames, and left for a fortnight or three weeks to ferment. They are then examined, and if found quite brown, are tightly pressed and packed up, either in boxes or matting for exportation, or in the bark of the tree plantain for immediate sale.

On our return we called upon the Regent. He lives, like all Javanese chiefs, in a large kind of bungalow, with a pondopo, or covered shed, before it, in which he takes his meals, receives his visitors, and listens to aggravated cases, on which the Wodono has not the ability or power to adjudicate. Several birds, in cages, were hung around this shed, amongst which we saw the Tur-coo-coo, or Morobo, and the jungle cock, which is so prized by all wealthy Javanese.

I found the Regent a very agreeable man. We had a pleasant chat with him in Malay, and he promised to acquaint the Wodonos of Batoe and

.Ngantang of our intended visit to the districts over which they preside. He was about the middle height, rather inclined to corpulence. His features, for a native, were pretty good, but slightly pitted with the small-pox. The shape of his under lip was spoilt by a constant habit of holding a large piece of tobacco on it, which, after chewing, he was in the habit of keeping in this unbecoming fashion for hours together.

This indeed is quite a common practice with the Javanese. The Malays, on the other hand, generally keep theirs under the upper lip, giving the ignorant stranger an impression that some hard body, which only a surgical operation could extract, is embedded in it. The Regent introduced his wife and daughters to us, and then tea was handed round, accompanied by European cakes and biscuits. His wife, Tuan Ratu, and her two daughters, who were pretty fair specimens of Javanese beauty, were, like the *paterfamilias*, very

talkative and agreeable. The Regent seemed to enjoy his Manilla cigar; but his way of smoking was very peculiar. Drawing a long volume of smoke from his cigar, just as the Bengalees do from their hookahs, he swallowed it. Then taking the cigar out of his mouth, he turned to the person with whom he was conversing at the time, and, after retaining the smoke fully a minute, exhaled it in occasional puffs from his nose and mouth.

## CHAPTER VIII.

TO BATOE, OR BATU—STUBBORN HORSES—LEGEND OF ARUMAN  
—JAVANESE DISLIKE TO A BROKEN TALE—ARRIVAL AT THE  
PASSANGRAHAN—BATH-HOUSE—RUINS OF SINGORITE—HOT  
SPRINGS—PETRIFACTIONS—JAVANESE PILGRIMAGES—THEIR  
REVERENCE FOR THE RELIGION OF THEIR ANCESTORS—EX-  
CURSION TO NGANTANG—WATERFALL OF TRÈTÈS—COFFEE  
FACTORY—THE JODANG—FANCY BALL AT MALANG—JAVA  
SPARROWS—SUGAR FACTORY—EFFECTS OF FREE LABOUR—  
TORCHES AND LAMPS FOR EVENING WALKS—NATIVE GAME  
OF FOOT-BALL.



## CHAPTER VIII.

BATOE lies to the north-west of Malang, in a mountainous, and, as its name implies, a stony locality. It is a small village, very prettily situated, and, as soon as I had obtained permission from the Resident of Passeroewan to stay a few days more in the neighbourhood, our Rees-Wagen was on its way to the place. We left Malang at half-past six P.M., and passing the hospital, took the road to the left, near the river. We had not proceeded very far before we came in full view of the Kawie, distinguished from the adjacent mountains by its conical peak, and said to be eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. To our right, but far in the distance, was the range of the Bañyha—much or many—so called from the

number of spurs which proceed from it, and the lesser hills which rise in its neighbourhood.

We had several stoppages *en route*, in consequence of the sudden and numerous steep ascents. The horses, accustomed to be assisted in these parts, made an obstinate stand, their nostrils distended, and snorting as though they were invoking the aid of Simbrani; nor would they "budge one inch" until the men from the neighbourhood arrived, and put their shoulders to the wheels. We had frequent occurrences of the same kind, which exercised our patience in no small degree, but as nothing we could do or say helped us, we determined to take these little inconveniences as philosophically as possible.

The first station we arrived at was Aruman. Here we had no sooner left the shed than Drahrman, throwing away his *roko*, or cigaret—which, as it was not offensive to my wife, I had given him leave to smoke whenever he felt inclined—and



turning to me with a serious expression of face, said,

“There is a *charita*” (a tale or legend) “about the name of this place; would you like to hear it, sir?”

“Oh certainly,” we both replied, glad of something of the kind to while away the time on this tedious journey.

“Well, sir,” began Drahman, “there was a little boy whose name was Aruman, who when quite a child had the misfortune to lose a good kind mother, whose place in their home his father soon filled up by marrying a woman called Ma Qualoan. They had not been married long before Aruman complained bitterly to his father of his stepmother’s cruelty. The father expostulated with Ma Qualoan, who so fully satisfied him of the justice of her actions, that on the little boy’s making a second appeal to his father’s feelings, informing him that he had not even had enough to

eat, the infatuated husband warmly reproved the child, and, on his refusing to deny the truth of what he had said, beat him.

“In great distress Aruman fled to his *baboo*, or nurse, and on her faithful bosom poured forth all the grief of childhood, mingling with his sorrow the recollection of his mother’s kindness and affection. Sumarr, whose memory cherished the image of her late mistress with love and respect, often contrasting her gentleness with the pride and severity of Ma Qualoan, felt much for Aruman, and tried to soothe his grief by the narration of tales associated with his mother’s memory, in listening to which the little fellow would soon fall asleep. Sumarr would then seek the child’s father, to see if anything she might say could move his heart ; but her expostulations were all in vain. The man was so entangled in the wiles of a perfidious woman that he readily lent an ear to all she said in disparagement of his first-born, and now began to

think him the wicked little boy she had described.

“ At last, wearied with his repeated complaints, and fearful, from Ma Qualoan’s representations, that his son might prove a disgrace to his family, the unnatural father determined to rid himself of the child, whom he now considered a plague. Accordingly one day, when Aruman was seated sorrowfully by the banks of a stream, thinking sadly of his bitter lot, he perceived his father advancing towards him with a coil of rope in his hand. Impelled by a feeling of filial affection, Aruman rose to meet his father, who answered his affectionate greeting with a frown of displeasure, and throwing him down, secured his hands and feet, and then threw him into the river, saying, as he did so, ‘ Thou art the plague of my existence, begone from my sight for evermore !’ ‘ Father ! father !’ cried the poor boy, ‘ you shall see me again !’

He would have added more, but the waters bore him away, floating on their surface.

“Whilst this tragical event occurred in one part of the river, a fish and an alligator, in a lower part of it, were talking (in piscatorial fashion of course) about the scarcity of food at that particular period. ‘Nothing,’ said they, ‘has made its way for weeks down here, not even a log of wood, what can be the reason of it?’ These words had scarcely escaped from their mouths when Aruman floated past. A drawn battle would probably have taken place on any other occasion between these amicable denizens of the river, but ravenous as they were they allowed this tempting morsel to pass unmolested.

“‘Why,’ asked Aruman, who saw them as he passed—‘why do you not swallow me up? I am persecuted by my stepmother, beaten and despised by my father. Kill me now, for I want to die!’

“‘No, we cannot, we must not,’ replied the kind

and considerate alligator and fish. 'You are destined for some great end.'

Saying this, they led him in safety to the bank, and there untied the cords by which he was bound.

" 'Stay a moment,' said the alligator, as he disappeared in a deep part of the water, quickly reappearing with a pair of tumpak cunchang, or floating shoes, which he put on Aruman's feet, telling him that with these he could traverse the broadest river and widest ocean as easily as though he were walking on dry land.

" Aruman thanked the alligator and fish for their kindness, and stepping on the water, commenced his progress down the river, the mouth of which he soon reached. Venturing out on the ocean, he wandered about on its surface with no fixed purpose. In a short time, however, he conceived in his heart a violent longing for the sight of a human being. Catching sight presently of a native vessel, he turned his steps in its direction,

and was soon observed by the Nakoda, or captain, who was looking through his telescope. On first perceiving Aruman, the captain took him for an apparition, but when he came closer, perceiving that he was of real flesh and blood, he invited him on board, where he ordered to be set before him a sailor's usual repast in the East, namely, rice and salt fish, much to the annoyance of the crew, who for some time could not divest themselves of the idea that the little boy must have been buoyed up in the water by some evil spirit.

“During the meal, of which the child partook plentifully, he recounted his adventures and sorrows, his story calling forth the sympathy and indignation of his hearers. In the meantime, the eye of the Nakoda had not been idle; he had discovered the tumpak cunchang which Aruman wore, and was very desirous to obtain them.

“‘What use are those shoes to you?’ said he.

‘Some day, when you feel the safest, mind what I say, you’ll sink. Give them to me, and I will let you have in exchange my Baju-unta-kasuma, with which you can fly in safety over land and sea, you can skim over the water like a swallow, or soar up into the very clouds like the strong-winged kite.’

“ ‘Very well,’ replied the anxious boy, ‘give me the Baju, and here are my shoes.’”

“So the bargain was struck, and Aruman, clad with the garment of volition, darted through the air like Icarus, but without incurring the fate which so soon brought that daring adventurer’s flight to an end. Nakoda fared differently with his acquisition. In attempting to walk on the surface of the water he sank, and, had he not been an expert swimmer, must have been drowned. As it was he was nearly exhausted when he reached his own ship, and was helped upon deck by the crew.

“Aruman, perceiving the sad condition of the captain, approached the vessel, and looked down

compassionately on Nakoda, who, vexed at his disappointment, already bitterly repented the bargain he had made, and called the boy a cheat, rogue, and other abusive names.

“Aruman, however, only laughing at these, the captain steered his vessel close to the land, and getting into a small boat, loudly challenged the boy to single combat. After some hesitation, Aruman descended, hoping to appease the wrath of the captain without fighting, but Nakoda was too angry to be easily satisfied.

“Come on! come on! I’ll soon do for you, my boy!” he exclaimed, as he drew his kriss, never dreaming of any difficulty in a duel with such a youngster.

“But he was mistaken. Aruman, though young, was firmly built, and possessed of extraordinary muscular strength, so that before long he slew the captain, and then flew off in the direction of his father’s dwelling. He passed over valleys and



forests, his sharp eyes observing even the gloomy caverns under the sombre branches of gigantic trees. Prompted by curiosity, he stopped to look at one of these caves. The mouth of it was so black that it seemed to be the entrance into a region of impenetrable night. Whilst he stood peering into it, a figure appeared, lighting up the recess like a sudden meteor. As it left the cavern, the figure changed its shape, becoming a terrible-looking witch, with a pigeon in one hand and a skull in the other. She held the former over her head for a few minutes, and then, repeating some words of incantation, opened her bony hand, and the bird flew away, making circles in the air as it mounted, and ever and anon, to the boy's terror, assuming the form of a man, on whose face a look of horror and remorse was imprinted.

“The old hag now placed the skull on an altar, on which incense and other preparations were burning. Flames immediately issued from the eye-

sockets and fleshless jaws, making it look a very ghastly object. The witch then took up small pebbles, with which she pelted the skull. As these pebbles fell to the ground, they became dwarf warriors, who, with headless bodies, danced round and round the altar, until they fell down exhausted.

“By the side of one of these prostrate warriors, appeared the form of a young girl, beautiful as a bida-darie, or angel. Aruman gazed on this vision with astonishment and admiration, but as he looked the whole vanished from his sight, leaving him in complete darkness. Trying to grope his way out of these haunted regions, his foot slipped on the marshy ground, became entangled amidst thorny bushes, or stumbled over rocks and stones; but this ordeal did not last long, for the weird woman, who, unseen, watched him, satisfied that he was a bold boy, despatched two tigers to walk on each side of him, and by the light of their eyes,

which shone like lamps, to guide him out of the jungles.

“Aruman now made straight for his paternal home, on approaching which he met his cruel father a short distance from the house. The memory of his past sufferings rising before his mind, at sight of him his anger was aroused. Seizing his father, he would have despatched him with his kriss, but the recollection of the strange vision of the pigeon arrested him, and he released the wretched man, whom remorse and fear had made helpless in his hands.

“‘Go to Mecca, and wash your heart clean in the waters of Zem Zem,’ said Aruman; and his father, flying from his presence, was never heard of again.

“Aruman next went indoors, where he found Ma Qualoan sitting, counting over her ornaments. He would have killed her at once, but for the same vision, which constantly flitted before his

mind's eye. Before retiring to rest, however, for the night, he securely bound her with cords. In the middle of the night he was awoke by a voice, which, in a whisper, told him what he was to do with her. He accordingly arose, and unbinding the wretched woman, told her to follow him. After some hours walk they reached the black forest, where, although they heard many voices, they saw no one. By some unseen hands the stepmother was carried into the forest, and placed between two rocks, immediately over a pit full of all kinds of horrors; and there she is believed to remain to this day, groaning from hunger and thirst, as well as from the weight of the rock which is above her. Her miseries are said to be increased tenfold by thousands of little imps, which make a target of her head, for their daily exercise in archery. No well-inclined person dare venture near this locality night or day, and the sufferings of Ma Qualoan often prove a

warning to other stepmothers as cruelly inclined.

“For some time Aruman lived on quietly in his home, waited on by the faithful Sumarr; but the news of his sorrows and his exploits reaching the ears of the King of Java, he invited the daring boy—now grown a fine youth—to live in his palace. There, to his great astonishment, he again beheld the lovely vision he had seen in the forest, in the person of the king’s only daughter, whom he subsequently married; and his baboo, Sumarr, became nurse to his children.

“The king did not live long, and at his death appointed Aruman as his successor. The latter reigned long and happily, waging war with other nations, and, like all Javanese heroes, always coming off conqueror. He is the idol of the people, and therefore all bow before him.”

The story of Aruman is a favourite tale among the Javanese, and is often represented in their wyangs, a kind of puppet-show, of which the

natives are very fond, frequently sitting up several hours after midnight to listen to the improvised tales of the fantoccini manager, as they consider it very unlucky to break the thread of a story, never by any chance doing so when they can possibly avoid it.

As Drahman could not speak a word of English, I have been obliged to translate his wonderful narrative from the Malay, endeavouring to convey the sense as he told it.

The Passangrahan at Batoe is situated in a neat plantation of fruit-trees, to the right of the road. On entering we found attendants ready for orders, and apparently anxious to serve us. The bungalow had a very unpretending appearance, but was much more comfortable than many larger ones in which we had been. Beyond the hedge which surrounded the compound, several temporary sheds and huts were erected for a fair which had lately been held there for the sale of ponies, fowls,

crockery, &c. Behind these, on the rising ground, are the Government coffee godowns, kept in the true Dutch style of order; and a little farther off is the villa of the Contrôleur, designed after a European model. A range of buildings, the property of a coffee planter, Mr. P——, is erected near the Contrôleur's residence. To the right of the temporary bazaar is the Wodono's house, from which place all our food was sent, cooked, in a jodang.

No bath-room being attached to the house, as is generally the case, I was conducted, by one of the men, to a small bath-house outside the village. Our way lying through hedges of coffee-trees, some of which were six and seven feet high, an altitude I never saw them reach before. Here and there I observed the Dadup plant, which yields a bright red flower. We passed several women and children carrying water in urns, which they generally supported on their hips, with the right arm round

the neck of the vessel; in some cases, however, they bore them on their heads, as in India.

The bath-house is situated just above a little brook, and the bath is formed by a stream which rushes down the hill behind.

In the afternoon we drove to see the ruins of Singoriti, two miles distant from Batoe. They are situated a short way from the village of the same name, in a hollow under the Banyha range. The most striking object is a large square, slightly elevated, in the centre of which, on a floor of hewn trachyte, is an altar ornamented with figures, many of which are now completely decayed, and others fast crumbling away. We observed on the altar the remains of a small pillar or obelisk, with the figure of a woman, in a long dress, and a kind of ruff round her neck, reminding me of those worn in Elizabeth's reign.

On one side of this altar was a square tank, with two bubbling springs of hot water incessantly dis-



turbing its surface; and on the opposite side another of the same description, but smaller. At the corners of the large square were placed spouts, representing the heads of hideous serpents, connected with a conduit which ran all round the square, and by means of which the waste water from the tanks emptied itself, flowing from thence to the adjacent brook, and petrifying in its course everything it touched.

In all probability this was formerly a sacrificial altar, used in the time of the Buddhists, as the Hindoos of the present day frequently bathe their calf or goat before laying it on the altar for sacrifice.

In a small hut, a short distance from this, there are several of these mineral springs, the water of which we found, on tasting it, to be ferruginous. The deposit on the sides and bottom of each tank was quite red, and the water clear as crystal. Between the hut and the square was a large flooring,

or coating of petrified matter, comprised of tree-roots, pieces of bamboo, &c., having all the appearance of being solid plaster, and in many parts from three to four inches thick. The brook, which runs close by, seems to have the same property<sup>1</sup> for turning everything it comes in contact with into stone. Even the branches of the shrubs growing near the banks of the stream, and long enough to reach the water, were undergoing a petrifying process, being covered with a beautiful coating like crystal or hoar frost.

At certain periods of the year the Javanese make pilgrimages to these ruins, strew flowers upon the altar, and burn large quantities of incense; for though Mahomedans, they have a superstitious reverence for all the old ruined temples and altars of their ancestors, and still follow some of their ancient rites. One Javanese tradition concerning these remains will recall to the reader's mind, very probably, some

portions of the old Roman mythology. Many believe this was formerly the forge of Supo—a kind of Javanese Vulcan—who, with his son Suro, manufactured krisses in a very curious fashion. The iron, cut into the lengths required, was heated, and then beaten into shape with a round stone; the one used in *tempo dulu kala*, or bygone ages, for this purpose, being shown by the credulous native. The most singular part of this tale is that these celebrated smiths are believed to have finished off the point of each kriss, when red hot, with their fingers, a circumstance which added a peculiar virtue to the weapon.

Drahman found a burnt bit of incense, or benjamin, as they term it, in one of the little recesses in the altar. He was so pleased with it that he folded it up in a corner of his handkerchief, intending to take it back to Batavia.

As we were leaving Singoriti, he turned to look at the ruins again, apparently wrapt in thought; on

perceiving which, I asked him what it was that thus occupied his mind.

“Sir,” he said, “before my father died, he had a presentiment that I should some day see this place. He had one of Supo’s krisses, he told me, but unfortunately lost it on some mountain where he went to gather wood. How I wish I had his kriss now, sir! The blow given by one of these is unerring, and possesses a powerful charm in parrying the thrust of an adversary.”

I could not help smiling at the credulity and superstition displayed in the simple speech of the man. He saw it, but only remarked, “Ini soongoo skali, Tuan.” “This is a fact, sir.”

That evening we made preparations for our intended excursion to Ngantang, or Antang, next day, as the limited “extension of leave” granted by the Resident obliged us to economise time. The Mandor declared it to be thirty-six miles there and back, which, in his opinion, was far too long

a journey for us to perform in one day on horse-back, the road he said being so bad and hilly, that every Dutch gentleman who visited the place always made a two days' excursion of it.

A quarter before six next morning, while the village was just waking from its slumbers, our ponies came to the door, and we were soon off at a rapid rate up and down the undulating road past Singoriti. A little farther on we came to a very awkward, steep ascent, on the shoulder, so to speak, of the Banyha mountains. It is at this spot that the carriage road to Ngantang ceases, as it is almost impossible for any horse conveyance to proceed farther, the road in many parts being a mere pathway, and in some places almost entirely covered with pebbles.

When we had ascended about two hundred feet above the level of the road, we had a very good view of Batoe and the surrounding country. The ride, on the whole, was a delightful one, for the

scenery was very pretty and varied. Now we were winding up the sides of a hill, then galloping through thickets, and afterwards through a plantation of coffee, white with bloom, and very fragrant, at the end of which we came suddenly in full view of the Indrowaty, which appeared like an unexpected scene in a dissolving view, its sides luxuriantly clad with verdure.

A Dutchman may well be proud of his colony, as he gazes on the interminable fields of cultivation, extending from the hill-tops to the valleys below, where you see the hand of industry upturning the rich earth, or, when the soil is arid, irrigating it by means of their bamboo conduits. Nature has blessed Java with a healthy climate, genial temperature, and fertile soil, and the Dutch—notwithstanding their former arbitrary measures, modified of late years by a more liberal system of government—have made it what it is, a happy, contented land, yielding a splendid revenue.

The air became very chilly as we neared the end of our journey, but it was fortunately very clear, and free from damp. Through dense masses of foliage, the Kali Konto is often seen on the route, as it runs in a zig-zag direction for many miles, sometimes close to our horses' feet, dashing against spars of wood in its rapid course, or falling with loud-toned music on shelving rocks and broken slabs of stone. It was also occasionally seen far away in the hollow of some ravine. Numbers of rustic bridges, of simple construction, made principally of bamboo, each with a roof or covering of attap, are thrown across the river, and are supported by bamboo poles and fern trees in quite a primitive method.

At Kodongbiroe we stopped to change ponies, and then proceeded to Trétes, a village of scattered huts, in a narrow valley formed by two hills, and covered with vegetation. Ferns in almost every variety are here seen in abundance by the road-

side, and on the banks, many so delicate in appearance that you might fancy the slightest shower would wash them away, root and all.

The Passangrahan at Ngantang is visible from the road long before the traveller reaches it. The path to it winds through a forest, and the river, which has accompanied you at intervals so far, now falls into the beautiful valley to your left; and you look down on a shallow ravine, gradually opening into lakes of sawais.

The trees on each side, as we passed through the forest, were of gigantic height, festoons of creepers, and many-leaved orchids, bright with flowers, hanging to their branches and clinging to their bark.

The bungalow is said to be situated 1,700 feet above the level of the sea, and the view from it is very fine. In the grounds I saw a large slab circularly finished at the top, with the curious unintelligible Kawie characters below—a singular



looking figure. The Wodono called it the Dawo, or disciple. I was told the average yearly produce of Ngantang in rice alone was 25,000 piculs.\*

On our way back we dismounted between Ngantang and Kadangbiroe, and crossing a small bamboo bridge over the river Konto, walked a short distance to see the waterfall of Trétes, said to be 109 feet high. The water rushes, foaming snowy white, out of a narrow gap formed by two rocky sides of the hill, its spray moistening the bamboo, banana, pakis, and nibong above and around. A few feet from the gorge it falls on a rock, over a mass of creepers which cling to the sides; and so transparent is the water; that each leaf and stem is seen distinctly through the watery veil, bending under the weight of the constant flow. From thence it tumbles, with unmistakeable hollow sounds, into a reservoir which reflects the varied foliage of the trees above it, and is surrounded

\* A picul is fully 133lbs. English.

by the large-leafed Calladiums, some of which had drops on them from the waterfall, running from side to side of each leaf, and, on the green velvety surface, appearing like quicksilver. It is a beautiful little cascade, and I should have been very sorry to have missed it.

At twelve we reached Batoe, having accomplished the journey in less than six hours, to the no small astonishment of the Wodono; and after an hour's rest we went to see the coffee factory of Mr. P——. The fresh berries, when gathered, are thrown into a dentated cylinder, which is turned round by means of steam, and, as it revolves, grates the pulpy covering off the husk or shell in which the berry is contained. These fall into running rills or conduits, which convey them to reservoirs outside the factory, where, by means of rakes and brooms, they are washed clean. The reservoirs are then partially opened to allow the exuvia to escape into some neighbouring ditch. The coffee

is afterwards taken out and carted to some two and three-storied sheds, where it is strewn upon the floors, and left until all moisture is gone. In a day or two it is taken out and spread upon receivers of wood or brick in the open air; and when the husk is found to be thoroughly dry and brittle, it is carried away into another building to be shelled. Were the berries exposed to the sun immediately after being taken from the reservoir—which would certainly appear to be the most expeditious plan—they would rot from drying too quickly.

We were next shown a kind of threshing-machine, the stand of which was something like a capstan, placed in the centre of two circular broad grooves, having four good-sized poles fixed into it, to keep the heavy wheels revolving in their respective orbits. The dried coffee is thrown into these grooves, where the pressure of the wheels as they turn round soon takes all the husks off. When

this process is completed, the berries are put into sieves, to be cleared from dust; after which they are finally taken to another large shed, where from two to three hundred women are employed in sorting those that are good from those that are black, or bad. All that remains to be done after this is the packing into large bags, a specified portion being set aside for Government.

I have before alluded to the *jodang* in which our meals were brought from the Wodono's; but as it is quite a curiosity in its way, a slight description of it may not be amiss. It is a painted box, suspended from bamboo poles, and carried on the shoulders of two men. It was quite amusing to see the dishes handed one after another out of this Pandora's box—for such it must have appeared in the eyes of my wife, who regarded all these strong-savoured Oriental dainties as so many distasteful compounds, while Hope, which lay at the bottom, appeared to her in the shape of a plain roast fowl,

generally served in a large dish placed on the lowest compartment.

At eight P.M. the same evening we were at Malang, and as there was to be a fancy ball at ten, an invitation to which we had previously accepted, we determined, though fatigued, to go.

On our way back to Surabaya next day, we returned by the route we had come as far as Protong, where we turned off into another and shorter road, across a heath of from four to five miles in extent, and almost covered by large blocks of stone and boulders of grey rock, many overgrown with moss and small ferns. These blocks are believed to have been ejected from the Ardjuno during an eruption of that mountain, which now towers so majestically to our left.

We passed through several villages, densely populated, where we saw numbers of boys engaged in taming Java sparrows, which, as the name implies, are very numerous in this island. The

method of educating them adopted by the boys is very simple. Young birds or hens—on account of the greater facility with which they are trained—are generally selected for the purpose. A long piece of twine is tied round the neck, one end of which the boy keeps in his left hand, holding a small perch in his right. In training he allows the bird to fly for a few yards, and then invites it to return on to the perch. In process of time it comes as soon as called; and when that is the case, the twine is dispensed with, and bets are frequently made as to the interval at which the bird will return at the trainer's call. The hens are easily distinguishable from their being of a lighter grey, and from the pink on the head being paler.

We stayed awhile at Boedoeran to look at a sugar factory worked by steam, which had all the newest inventions that were found to be good and useful in the process—such as the centrifugal machine for turning the molasses into dry sugar in

a few minutes, and other valuable discoveries for economising time and labour. The men employed to boil the juice are Chinese, but the most important branches of the machinery are managed by Javanese. The coolies employed in cutting and carting the cane are likewise natives.

Previous to the emancipation of the Javanese from forced labour, which took place a few months before our arrival, the canes were gathered and carted by a certain number of coolies supplied to the proprietors of those factories to which the Government had advanced money. It may not be generally known, that in this country the Government advances money and a grant of land to such planters as are unable to purchase the latter, claiming in return two-thirds of the produce, to be delivered on a certain day appointed for its receipt.

Since the emancipation, men are hired by the day, and as no pressure can be made, as heretofore, to expedite their labour, the canes are but too fre-

quently left until they are over-ripe, thereby entailing a deterioration in the quality and a delay in the delivery of the sugar, and thus bringing the planters into disagreeable collision with Government, which, in the face of such difficulties, expects to receive their produce as punctually as usual. Those, therefore, who had to pay for unavoidable remissness contended that since the Government had thought proper to institute free labour, its agents ought to make allowances for unavoidable delays; as, like all Europeans in Java, they must be aware that the Javanese, without the pressure of superior power, fall into those procrastinating, lazy habits common to all Asiatics, thereby rendering it impossible to carry on all the processes of sugar-making with the regularity formerly usual in the factories.

We remained in Surabaya four days, waiting for our passport from the Governor-General, to enable us to visit the Vorsten-Landen, or land of



the princes. In no town or village of Java are the natives allowed to walk after seven in the evening without a light. Some make their nocturnal rambles with torches of small thin split bamboo, made up into bundles, and lit at one end. Others carry about a tumbler filled half-way or two-thirds with water, and the rest with oil, upon the surface of which floats a wick made of pith, and pierced with a couple of sticks having corks at the end. I saw many carrying these tumblers in white pocket handkerchiefs, through which the light shone. How they kept them from igniting was always a mystery to me, unless it be that the handkerchief has been previously dipped in some incombustible solution. Some natives carry torches of damar or rosin, the extract of some indigenous plant, or sticks of wood tied in a bundle and rubbed over with ignitable compounds, which generally give the most glaring but the least durable lights.

The Javanese, as a nation, are not athletic. They are not, like the natives of India, fond of wrestling, jumping, &c. Football, however, is one of those out-door amusements which has become quite a national game amongst them. The ball is made of basket work, with many apertures, so that it may be easily caught when falling or rolling. This forms the people's recreation in many parts, after the work of the day is over.

## CHAPTER IX.

LEAVE SURABAYA FOR KEDIRIE—LOCKS—MARRIAGE OF VER-  
RENGEN TREES—MODJOPHAIT—REVERED BIRDS—A POOR  
MAN'S PET—DRIVE TO THE TOLOGO—BATHING PLACE OF  
THE SULTANAS—REINS OF THEIR PALACE—THE KOOBOORAN,  
PLATAHARAN, OR WISHING-SHEDS—THE REQUESTS OF LUCK  
SEEKERS—DARAWATTI'S TOMB—TROUBLESOME HORSES—  
LATE ARRIVAL—KEDIRIE—WRETCHED HOTEL—SIMPLE FOOD  
—WE RIDE TO SALOMANGLAIN—TIGER HAUNT—BLITAR, PA-  
NATHARAN, AND TOLOGO.



## CHAPTER IX.

HAVING obtained the passport, we started for Kedirie, at half-past five A.M.; for as we had a long day's journey before us, we wished to have as much of the cool morning air as possible.

The road, after passing Gedongtoerie, was the prettiest we had yet travelled over. Dense jungles of teak were on each side of us for a long distance, succeeded by very picturesque scenery, through which a large river directed its course, fertilising the fields and meadows between which it passed. Near Kola-Lengtrong we crossed a large lock, with several minor ones close by, all of which were well and substantially built, being considered quite the *chef-d'œuvre* of this kind of work in

Java. The object of these locks is to keep the water at a certain level, so as to irrigate the fields during the dry months, as well as to prevent too great a flow on the crops when an inundation takes place.

On the other side of the bridge we passed through a thickly populated part of the town of Modjokerto, and pulled up before the gates of the Regent's house. An extensive maidan, or alown alown, fully half a mile in circumference, separated us from his large bungalow; and on the other side of the alown alown were the dwellings of the Resident and Pungooloo.

Amongst the number of Verengen trees, two grew directly opposite the Resident's and Regent's houses, known as the married trees, the marriage of Verengens forming a native ceremony. On the wedding-day, numerous guests are invited by the Regent, among whom great feasting and merriment goes on, in the midst of which the young

couple are planted. The Hadji, or priest, in pronouncing his slamat, or benediction, goes through a certain ceremony, on the conclusion of which a low brick fence, ornamented to suit the Regent's taste, is built around the trees, and they are watched and tended until they are considered old and strong enough to bear the "vicissitudes of life." The trees, when thus married, are called Verengen Kuroong, and are henceforth regarded with almost superstitious veneration.

Between five and six miles from the town of Modjokerto are the ruins of Modjop Hait, in the direction of which, as soon as fresh horses were put to, we started. These ruins are situated about two miles from the post of Gema Khan. From the quantity of shells and portions of boats which have been found in various parts of the ruined city, as well as in the adjacent forest, the natives firmly believe that they cover the site of what was once a seaport town, which is said to have

been destroyed by Mahomedan invaders in the reign of the Sultan Brodwidjoyo, A.D. 1400. The site is now thickly surrounded by wood, and such is the veneration of the natives for all that remains of the town which they believe once to have been the capital of their forefathers, that, in their opinion, the birds always sing sweeter in this locality than in any other.

A man in one of the adjoining provinces had a Morobo, which had been caught in a wood by his son. This songster, much thought of, like all birds from Modjophait, was perfectly white, and consequently rare and valuable. Some wealthy prince, hearing of the wonderful little creature, offered its owner a large sum for it, which he refused. This royal personage, however, not yet despairing of gaining the object he so much desired, despatched a second messenger with four pure white and four jet black horses from his own stables.



“Bid him,” said he to the messenger, “choose between these. Surely four of my own horses will amply recompense him for the loss of a little bird.”

But the prince was still doomed to disappointment, for the poor man would not consent to part with his favourite.

“Poor as I am,” said he, in reply to the prince’s message, “I would not give up my little bird for the richest gift from the Soesuhunan’s Palace. A great blessing has been given to me; if I sell it, I forfeit all my luck.”

I have told this simple tale merely to prove the estimation in which any bird from these woods is held.

On a large mound stands the ruined gateway of the city walls. The towers on each side are now about thirty-five feet in height, but, from the appearance of their ruins, must once have been much higher. They are built of red brick, closely ce-

mented together, and are about ten feet apart. On a level with the ground are still to be seen the sockets in which the pivots of the gate turned, apparently much worn from the constant use to which they had been put. The tower to the right has on one side an upper and lower abutment, the angles being of bricks and dove-tailed. Below these is a niche, in which, probably, a figure was formerly placed. The wall is continued from this gateway, and is supposed to have been ten miles in circumference, but little of it now remains perfect. The tower on the left hand is completely netted over by the entwined roots of a tall tree whose outspread branches cover the gateway like an enormous umbrella.

From here we drove about a mile further on, to the artificial lake or bathing place of the ancient Sultanas of Modjopahit. The shape of the lake is oblong, and the walk round it is said to be half a mile. The walls are four feet in thickness, con-

sisting of solid masonry, only a small part of which has given way, attesting its former strength. At the two farthest angles are the ruins of two small houses, probably at some former time used for retiring before and after the bath. At the head of the lake is a flight of steps in a sad state of dilapidation.

This *Tologo*, as it is called, is partially surrounded by Banyan, Yetty, and Verengen trees, between which and the edge of the lake is a fine broad walk. Beyond the top of the Tologo rises a thick jungle, in the many labyrinths of which the very foundation, and some pillars of the palace, said to have been that of the Sultana, are still to be seen, as well as the former site of many a dwelling, around which the trees have grown for centuries. We surveyed with feelings it would be difficult to define a scene in which the sounds of human merriment were once heard, but which is now the haunt of wild beasts, who, at

night, rend the air with their discordant yells.

The Tologo is very low, and, in many parts, full of rushes and weeds. Buffaloes now stretch their cumbrous proportions on the spot where clear water once reflected the limbs of royal beauties, and the kingfisher shrieks as he flies over the ruins which once doubtless echoed back the music of the Gamalan.

No man, it is said, was allowed to venture near the precincts of this lake, except the few who acted as body-guards, or those who were specially invited by the Sultan on gala days.

Near this we visited a large cemetery, known by the name of *Koobooran*, covering about three acres and a half, and consisting of four large and two small courts, varying from twenty to thirty-five feet square, most of which are filled with tombs. Each square is surrounded by a brick wall, about five feet nine inches high, of Modjop Hait solidity, with passages and doors leading from one

to the other. It is worthy of notice, that this is the only large kooboran of such ancient date still extant.

In the first court is an attap shed over a raised floor of brick. This is called the *Plataharan*. People come to it from distant parts as pilgrims, and remain for days and nights to invoke the spirits of the great departed to aid them in the accomplishment of any desired object, or to inspire them with some dream from which they may glean hopes of coming good fortune. In reply to the inquiries of Drahman, whom I requested to put some questions to the pilgrims we met, one old man, almost blind, said he had come from a great distance to pray for good health and a *long* life. A thoughtful-looking young man asserted he had walked from Gressik, a distance of fifty miles, to see if he could dream of anything portending future success to some speculations on which he had lately ventured, in a vessel bound to

a port in Sumatra. The replies of all we questioned were much to the same effect—the object desired being, of course, different with each individual, except in the case of health and long life, which many concurred in praying for.

One young girl seemed very shy about revealing to us her secret wish. “Depend upon it,” said Drahman, “she has come here to ask for a husband, or else to get rid of one.” It was a curious scene altogether, for, as the shed was open on all sides, to permit the devotees to gaze on the tombs, we could see them distinctly. Some were lying down, apparently asleep, supposed to be favoured with visions; others were seated, for what object I cannot say, with one leg under them, their sarongs wrapped tightly round the body, and their two hands clasped round the other leg, on the knee of which rested their chin. I was told they would sit thus for hours, gazing on vacancy.

The natives have a great veneration for these

tombs of their departed royal family, and the keepers were so strict at one time, that no European was permitted to enter the sacred precincts. They would not even allow their own countrymen to set foot inside until they had gone through certain preparatory forms of prayer, ablutions, and other ceremonies. But frequent contact with Europeans has abolished some of these strict prohibitory rules, and they now seem quite pleased to show strangers through the gloomy place.

In the second court there are two sheds, called pondopos, which are used as a kind of *salle d'attente* for the *cortège* or suite attending any royal personages who may have visited the third court, in the centre of which is another plataharan, for royalty to dream and wish in. In this royal court are interred the mortal remains of Prince Modjaagoang, who, having died a little more than forty years ago, owes the honour of being deposited in this Koobooran to the fact of his

having been a descendant of the Brodwidjoyo or Modjaphait family.

Leaving this court, we mounted to the left a flight of steps leading into another smaller one, where, raised from the ground by a few steps, is the tomb of the Sultana Darawatti, "a great and wise woman in her time," say the keepers, whose knowledge of her life only extends thus far. When she lived or died is a matter of great doubt, although from the appearance of the tomb one would be inclined to believe that the Darawatti must have reigned, to say the least, about a century ago. There are several other tombs in the same place, one of which was pointed out to us as that of Darawatti's favourite baboo or nurse.

The Suma, or Sumaja, as the Javanese call it, and the Nogosarie, a fine large tree with a beautiful white flower, which has a yellow tuft in the centre, shade this quiet retreat. The latter tree is



always seen in royal cemeteries; as well as the Kuppoo, a large cotton tree, producing a very inferior kind of cotton.

Having seen all that interested us, we refreshed ourselves with cocoa-nut water, for neither here nor in the Straits does it go by the name of milk,\* and proceeded on our journey through a very uninteresting country, in which we saw only fields of dried sawahs, looking like scorched-up stubble, with an occasional plantation of teak.

Madjaagoang, our next station, was formerly the dwelling-place of the prince whose tomb we saw in the Koobooran. About fifteen miles from this station are the ruins of a town of the same name, said to have been destroyed about the same time as Modjophait.

\* When the kernel of an old cocoa-nut is grated, mixed with a portion of the water, and squeezed through a cloth, the liquid pressed out is called Susu Klapa, or cocoa-nut milk, and is made use of to flavour curries and other native preparations.

After we had arrived at Groppio, our thirteenth post from Surabaya, and sixth from Modjokerto, the fresh horses took an obstinate turn, and gave so much trouble and annoyance to the coucer and lopers on starting, that the post-master was obliged to change them two or three times before we could proceed, the animals quarrelling amongst themselves whether in play or anger I know not, but the refractory ones did nothing but prance and kick one another. As it was quite dark by the time we started, we were obliged, for safety, to obtain torches, that Drahman might carry one at the back of the carriage. These torches, which are made of split bamboo, are very large and thick, and when seen from a distance present quite an imposing effect. This is the usual mode of lighting the vehicles unprovided with lamps, and when many carts or carriages are passing to and fro on the same road, I should think they must make quite a lively appearance. In our journey in

the interior, however, we seldom came across a carriage of any description—except in the large towns—and only buffalo carts by daylight.

It was very late when we arrived at Kediri, after a sixteen hours' journey, the latter part of the road appearing almost interminable.

The hotel we stayed at was small and dirty, and the food so bad, that the few days we spent in Kediri we lived almost entirely on rice, and on fresh or salted duck eggs.

Kedirie lies between the provinces of Madioen, Rumbang, Surabaya, Pagitan, and Passeroewan. It is a very fertile province, abounding in paddy fields, the rice of which is so large grained, white, and farinaceous, that the natives say that "one chupa\* of Kediri rice will feed a man two days." There are also a number of sugar factories, and the coffee is considered to have a very rich flavour. In its numerous forests the wild buffalo and bison

\* Chupa<sup>2</sup> is a measure, containing about a quart.

have been seen; and notwithstanding the various means contrived for catching and hunting them, tigers infest many parts.

Horses, which are considered to be the finest and swiftest in all Java, are largely bred here.

Kedirie is said to be often spoken of in a Javanese tale called Döo, as one of the most ancient kingdoms of the island. The town is situated on one side of the river Kedirie, or Brantes, nearly opposite the fort. The wooden bridge across the river was undergoing repairs when we were there, and, owing to the strong currents, two men had already lost their lives while engaged in the work. "Their fate had arrived, sir," said one of the workmen who was standing by when we were looking at the bridge; "what more could be done? Besides, we have an old saying, that the Brantes never allows man to build over her without making him pay the penalty in one way or another."

The Residency being situated on the other side

of the river, I crossed next morning in a boat, which, during the time the bridge was undergoing repairs, was provided for passengers, and made my call upon the Resident. In his garden I saw some figures which he subsequently told me had been found in the neighbourhood. They were different from those we had seen at Singasari or Malang. Two were painted quite black, had prominent eyes, flat noses, and long hair running in rows of curls across the back of the head, and partially down the back. The left hand grasped a Titanic club, and the right rested on the left knee. They were seated, and looked so fierce and warlike, that I fancied they probably represented the war-gods of ancient times.

The Resident gave me an account of everything interesting that was to be seen in the environs, and kindly promised to lend us ponies for an excursion to the hills of Salomanglain, where, he said, we should see some remains of the Buddhists.

Later in the afternoon, we crossed the river, and mounted the ponies waiting for us on the opposite side. Our road for a long way lay between plains of sawahs, at the end of which we turned to the left, and proceeded along a very uneven path leading to a shallow ford, after crossing which we rode on till we came to a broken wooden bridge, which it was impossible to pass. As the stream it spanned was not very wide, and did not appear deep, we endeavoured to urge our ponies to ford it, but neither with whip nor spur could we prevail upon them to make the attempt. The Resident's mandoer and Drahman, who had accompanied us, thinking we could not proceed by this route, set off in search of some other road; and during their absence we again tried our timid animals—this time with better effect, though we well-nigh had reason to regret our rashness. I succeeded in gaining the opposite side, though not without some difficulty, for the bed of the stream

was so muddy that my pony had considerable trouble in extricating each foot from the compact mass into which it sunk. My wife, however, was less fortunate. When nearly across, her horse sank up to his haunches, and for some seconds struggled and plunged, apparently quite helpless, in the mud; but before I could render any assistance, the persevering animal, having succeeded in getting his forefeet on the bank, made a dart, leaped forward, and escaped with his rider uninjured. When the mandoer and Drahman came up, they managed to scramble on foot across the broken bridge. After we had ridden for some distance further, we dismounted, leaving our horses in the care of a man who had followed us. We were met at the same time by the *juru coonchee*, or keeper of the keys, belonging to the temple of Salomanglain, whither we were bound.

Our path now lay between wild trees and shrubs. One of these, the *Jarah*, has a berry from which

the natives extract a myñiha, or oil. This oil is used medicinally, and is also rubbed over the wood-work of houses, for the purpose of protecting it from the destructive white ants, to which its strong scent acts as a powerful resistant. A few coffee trees here and there showed their sweet white flowers, and the wild pine-apple and cane grew almost in our narrow pathway.

We walked in front, followed by the juru coonchee, mandoer, Drahman, and one or two villagers. The former was provided with a fowling-piece, without which he never visits the temple, as all this neighbourhood is infested with tigers and leopards. When a number of wood-cutters are walking through a jungle or forest, the post of danger is always in the rear, and they draw lots for the purpose of deciding who is to walk last in the file. It is the habit of the tiger, when he has marked his prey, to creep stealthily by and wait



for the last man, on whom he rushes, suddenly bearing him off in an incredibly short time. Unless prompt assistance be rendered, there is no hope in such a case of saving the unfortunate victim, or of overtaking the savage animal. I asked the juru coonchee if he had ever seen a tiger on the path along which we were walking. "Not often here, sir," was the cheering reply.

The temple of Salomanglain\* consists of a series of chambers hewn out of the solid rock, about twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. There is a flight of steps, much worn, by which we managed to scramble to the openings, resembling, from a distance, two apertures in a bee-hive, the shape of the rock itself somewhat favouring

\* I learnt subsequently, from the Mungko-Negoro of Soerakarta, that it was excavated by the order of Kilisuchie, the sister of four brothers who were kings respectively of Kedirie, Singosarie, Bojonogoro, and Gongolo. She was a fanatic, and is said to have lived here, self-exiled from society.

the likeness. Each of these rooms is capable of holding twenty men; the two in front being the lightest, as those at the back are divided by a wall, with only an opening left for communication. At the further end of the two first chambers there are seats, and a kind of alcove or recess, where Buddhist priests or patriarchs may have probably sat, grim and silent, watching the fitful flame of the offering, while the voice of hundreds upon hundreds of devotees, standing in and at the foot of the vaults, made the gloomy caverns resound with their songs and prayers.

In both of these rooms is an altar, placed in the centre of the floor, on each side of which are two figures, standing erect, with their arms crossed on their breast, known to the natives by the names of Dunawang and Gewymongsajie. On the ceiling are sculptured several faces, disfigured by time, and the head of an alligator, the scales of which are minutely chiselled.

In one of the caverns is a large cavity, said to be the opening to a tunnel which extends far into the bowels of the Klotau mountains. I felt a great inclination to penetrate this mysterious place, thinking I might meet some more remains of Buddhism; but the guide persuading me not to attempt it, on the ground of its being considered a tiger haunt, I gave up the idea.

On our way back I asked the juru coonchee, who I found spoke Malay well, if he himself had ever seen a tiger in the temple. His reply was,

“Oh! yes, sir; one morning in particular, I remember, I was ascending the steps, when an enormous one suddenly rushed out of the opening to the left, and stood looking at me; before, however, I could take a good aim at him he made a speedy retreat down the side, a few yards from me, and was soon lost to sight. But,” he added, “when the paddy is sown, one always sleeps in this temple the first Tuesday in the month, to propitiate the

good spirits for the growth of the grain, and on that day I would on no account kill a tiger seen near the spot, as it might bring a darakha (a curse) upon me."

By the time we reached our hotel it was quite dark, as, on account of many little unforeseen difficulties, we had been much longer on the road than we had anticipated.

Blitar is less than half a day's journey from Kediri, and is a delightful excursion for those who care for beauty of scenery. The neighbourhood is lovely, and the view of Kloet and Kresi forms quite a superb panorama. From here it is but nine paals further to Panatharan, where are to be seen many tombs of old kings and chiefs, some of which are well worth a visit; and at Tologo, three paals distant from Panatharan, there is a Swiss-looking village surrounded by mountains, with the ruins of an ancient temple close to the margin of a small lake.

## CHAPTER X.

ROUTE TO MADIOEN—DADUP TREE,<sup>6</sup> A SUBSTITUTE FOR ROPE—  
THE CUPPOO—TALES OF PONTIANA, THE NATIVE EVIL SPIRIT  
—ARRIVAL AT MADIOEN—A DILEMMA—VILLAGE WEDDING  
—THE WAKSIE—THE LENGTH OF TIME A JAVANESE MARRIAGE  
MAY CONTINUE—SITUATION OF MADIOEN—NUMBER OF JAVA  
SPARROWS.



## CHAPTER X.

WHEN we left for Madioen; our Rees-Wagen had to be transported across the river on a raft, the horses being conveyed over in boats and attached to the carriage on the opposite side. We were again unfortunate in our horses, or rather large-sized ponies, some of which were so obstinate and vicious that it appeared to us as though they were scarcely broken in. Two or three times we seemed in imminent danger of capsizing, and, in one instance, the four front ponies leaped over the low embankment which separated us from a field, and was but a few yards from a deep ditch. Had our Rees-Wagen been a carriage of light construction, probably the result would have been far from pleasant; but fortunately it was too cumbrous to

follow the freaks of the young animals, and so, instead of going over the bank, it came to a dead halt before it, giving us a violent jolt by the suddenness of the check. This occasioned a momentary panic and a short detention, some portions of the harness being broken; but, when all was once more ready for a start, the coucer, who seemed determined to make up for lost time, lashed the refractory beasts so unmercifully that they started off like an express train, carrying us rapidly through dense forests of teak and dadup, the bark of which latter tree, by the way, is often used as a substitute for rope.

As we approached the second station, Patjie, we had before us, in a direct line, the range of the Pundan mountains, which separate Madioen from the province of Rembang. We also caught sight of Ngabull, or Ngebell, one of the same range, but partially hidden by the high peaks of Leiman and Dorawaddy. At this post I saw a few broken



statues, two of which had heads like those of tigers, with a leaf above and on each side of two large staring eyes. These leaves, which are called *jayang-patie*, or *archomawan*, are supposed by the natives to have been used by the deities as *topengs*, or masks, and were brought from the forest of Kamal, through part of which we had already driven.

After passing this post, we entered sombre jungles of Teak and Kasamby, the latter not unlike the Verengen, and held in great veneration by the natives, who were showering flowers and burning incense under some of them. The Cuppoo, or common cotton tree, is likewise very common here, growing to the height of fifty and sixty feet, and with but few leaves on the branches, from which hang the pods, about four inches in length and one and a half in thickness. When ripe, these pods become quite hard and dark, generally splitting from top to bottom, and showing the raw cotton

which runs in parallel lines like rows of pearls. This cotton is known as Cappas. The tree is frèquently seen in cemeteries, and is said to be the favourite resort of the *Poontiana*, an evil spirit whose name signifies child-destroyer. According to the belief of the natives, the *Poontiana* possesses the power of transmuting itself into any shape or form it pleases. There are several stories connected with this spirit, which is said to appear most frequently in the guise of a female. One or two of these are worth mentioning.

A syce, or groom, was walking his horse up and down, to cool it after a drive, when he was startled by seeing a large black dog close to his heels. With an aversion peculiar to Mahomedans, he endeavoured to frighten the animal away; but instead of taking to flight as he expected, it grew bolder, and, to his great disgust, began licking the calves of his legs. Irritated at the animal, he turned round and kicked it, but, to his astonishment, it

instantly vanished, and the figure of a young woman appeared in its place. Although in a state of great trepidation at such an unexpected event, such was his curiosity that he ventured to touch her hand, and, to his amazement, felt that it was cold as death.† Terror-stricken, he left the horse to find its way to the stables, and, trembling in every limb, rushed home, where he was pronounced to be ghost-seized, and a native doctor was sent for. He lay many days in a dangerous state from ague fits, his friends and relatives perfuming the house with incense and prepared herbs, and going through a variety of rites and ceremonies to drive away the evil spirit.

† Another story I have heard is of a nurse, who slept with a little child in a part of the house close to a Cuppoo tree. One night, as she lay with her charge by her side, she heard the cries of a cat, and the mocking laugh of a woman, followed by the plaintive wails of a child. The baboo remained

in tremulous silence for some minutes, until roused to action by the sensation that the child was going from her side. Instinctively she grasped it in her arms, and approaching the window, poured forth a string of abusive incantation which silenced the Poontiana for that night. Still, so terrified was the woman, and so frequently was this nightly visit repeated, that, in her superstitious fear for herself and the child, she insisted on the destruction of the Cuppoo tree, which accordingly was cut down.

It is seldom you see one of these trees without a tuft of hair nailed to the bark, as a charm against the evil effects of the Poontiana.

After Balongchoap—the last post before reaching the town of Madioen—we turned southward, skirting a branch of the river Solo; and, passing through a pretty country, entered a neat avenue leading to the town whither we were bound.

We passed a small battery, powder magazine, and some Government offices to the right; and a little further, on the opposite side, we drew up at the house of the Resident, to whom I had a letter of introduction from a friend at Surabaya, who, when he handed me the letter, accompanied it with these warning words: "Mind you try to reach Madioen before one P.M., as everyone goes to sleep there after breakfast!" Unfortunately, however, though we left Kèdirie at half-past five, the vicious ponies had delayed our journey so much, that it was now between two and three, and I hesitated at first whether to call at that hour or not, but finally decided to send my servant with the letter. He soon returned to the carriage, accompanied by an opus, who told us we could not see the Resident or any of his family then, as all were in bed fast asleep, and would not be up before four. To wake any member of the family

prior to that time might lose the man his place.

“Give the Resident the letter as soon as he awakes,” said I.

We were now in some difficulty to know where to put up, for I had depended on the Resident's kindness in directing us to a quiet lodging, as Madioen has no hotel of any kind. The coucer was no less puzzled than ourselves as to what we ought to do.

“Surely,” said we, “there must be some place where we can go and wait till the Resident awakes. How do gentlemen manage when they come here without a *surat tangan* (hand-letter)?”

A lucky thought at last dawned upon the coucer's mind. He remembered that there was a house known as the *société*, whither he proposed at once to drive us; a proposition which, of course, in our circumstances, we were very glad to accede to.

The société is a small, low house, containing one large billiard room and two small dormitories, for the convenience of country subscribers, who occasionally pay a visit to the town. On reaching it we could not see a soul; but on inquiry of the coucer, learned that the schoolmaster who lived opposite would tell us how we could be accommodated. Accordingly I sent Drahrman to apprise that functionary of the awkward dilemma in which we found ourselves; and in a few minutes our servant returned, accompanied by the master himself, who most kindly invited us to his own house, where we were introduced to his wife, and most hospitably entertained.

Towards evening the Resident's secretary called upon us, to present the Resident's apologies for not being able to see us, as he was suffering from ophthalmia, and consequently could not venture out. He, however, very civilly asked us to stay with himself while we remained in Madioen—an invitation

which we gladly accepted ; and thanking the worthy schoolmaster and his wife for their kindness, we entered the carriage of the secretary, and drove to his residence, where we were very comfortable, and soon made ourselves quite at home.

Next day we took a pleasant drive through the Chinese campong to the Ponorogo road ; and on our return passed through a native village, where they were celebrating a wedding. Being anxious to see something of the ceremony, we told the coucer to stop whilst we alighted. We accordingly entered by the gate before the house, within which a number of people were assembled, who welcomed us with smiles of approbation. One man, advancing from the rest, signified to Drahman his wish to conduct us through the principal rooms. On either side of the front room, on white Samarang mats, were seated the elders of the village, priests, various friends, relations, and acquaintances,



all squatted cross-legged. Cups of tea, *à la Chinoise*, that is, without milk or sugar, were placed on handsome trays before each guest, as well as betel nuts, cakes, a quantity of *rokos*, and other native delicacies.

On threading our way through the mass of human beings attracted by the ceremony, we waved our hands, saying, "Tabéy, tabéy"—equivalent to our salutation of good day—which they all gladly returned. I was told that they considered our coming to see the wedding as a lucky omen. Followed by several of the guests, we entered another room, which was very gaudily decorated, and furnished with a low bed, the curtains of which were of white calico, ornamented with lace, gold, silver, beads, and coloured bits of silk. At the foot of this bed was a platform, raised about half a foot from the ground, on which was spread a spotless white mat, with several bronze trays containing cakes, &c.

Whilst we were inspecting this apartment, we were startled by the din of voices, followed by the sound of music, which, from its peculiar character, was too near to be agreeable. "The bride is come," said Drahman. The crowd was so great that it was some minutes before we could catch a glimpse of her. Our curiosity was at length gratified, while they were pouring water upon her small, naked feet. After this ceremony an elderly man, who, I was informed, was one of her relatives, carried her in his arms to the inner room, and placed her on the platform, where she sat down on the left side of the bridegroom, who had followed her in. She had a rather pleasing expression, but was much disfigured by a yellow dye with which her face, neck, shoulders, and arms were covered, and which effectually concealed her blushes.

Her dress was very simple, consisting solely of a long sarong, of fine *baték*, passing under both arms

and across the chest, so that, though her shoulders were quite naked, her bosom was modestly covered. This garment reached nearly down to the young bride's ankles, and was confined round the waist by a silver "pinding." Her hair was arranged in the usual Javanese style, with the addition that on the knot at the back of the head rested a kind of crown made of beads and flowers.

On the left side of the girl sat an old, haggard-looking woman, the Waksie, or bridesmaid, on whose shoulders, according to the wedding etiquette of the Javanese, rests no small share of responsibility. Before the marriage is arranged, she acts as a go-between, to settle matters for all parties, though it does not always follow that she becomes the bridesmaid on the occasion; but as the natives have a superstitious belief that ill-luck will surely fall upon the young pair, unless everything is done with becoming propriety, a woman of this profession is very frequently selected to act as Waksie.

She is expected to adorn the bride in the most attractive manner, so as to please her husband and the assembled guests; and she superintends all the ceremonies during the celebration of the wedding. The Waksie now before us, we must say to her credit, was most indefatigable in her attention to her charge, fanning her with a scarf—fans not being in general use amongst the Javanese—and assisting her to betel-nut, &c., very frequently.

The bridegroom, like his bride, was yellow-washed down to the waist; his eyebrows were blackened, and painted to a point; he wore a variegated baték sarong, fastened round the waist by a bright silk scarf, through the folds of which glittered the gilt hilt of a kriss. His hair fell on his back in long thick masses, whilst a conical-shaped kind of hat, made of some material resembling patent leather, was placed on the top of his head. On one side of him was seated his

Waksic, or best man, a boy dressed very much like himself.

I was told that the parents of the young couple were absent, as, according to the usual custom in this country, their presence is not expected at the wedding ceremony.

As we were returning to the carriage, I questioned Drahmañ concerning Javanese weddings and courtings, and was surprised to learn that the man and woman we had just seen were not yet married, though, according to the rites of the Mahomedan creed, they had been legally allied for nearly a whole week. The young couple were as yet only passing through a probational period, during which they live apart. Among the princes and the wealthy this separation sometimes continues three months, during which time the bridegroom meets his bride every afternoon, in the presence of a number of friends invited on such occasions, for whose entertainment music

is provided. When food is set before them, it is the duty of the sposo to feed his sposa with rice before all the people. After the meal, of which they generally partake heartily, finger-bowls are handed round, that each of the guests may wash his hands; after which the never-to-be-forgotten betel-nut, &c., is distributed. All goes on merrily till midnight, when the bridegroom conducts his bride to her bed, drawing the curtains aside, and assisting her in. When he has seen her comfortably settled, he closes the curtains, and tucks them in, so as to exclude the mosquitoes; after which, retiring with the guests, he is not permitted to see his bride again until the middle of next day.

This temporary separation is instituted for two reasons: the first, that the lovers may have some time for a novel kind of courtship, as previous to their marriage they are frequently complete strangers to each other, all necessary arrangements

having been previously made between the parents by the officious old person before alluded to. The second, but the most important reason—in their eyes—is that if either party should feel dissatisfied with the other, the Imam, or high-priest, may be able to divorce them while they still stand to each other only in the relation of an eligible youth and maiden. What, however, seems somewhat unfair, is that if the objection exists solely on the part of the woman, be her reasons ever so valid and cogent, she must defray all the expenses of the betrothal festivities.

Madioen, seen from any point of view in the suburbs, appears to be situated in the centre of a circle of mountains, which look like gigantic towers, from which an aggressive host might be successfully repulsed. Of these, the Pundun mountains are seen to the north; the broken-edged Patjitan, like an enormous saw, to the south; the volcanic

Lawoe to the west—on a spur of which some ancient ruins are still to be seen; and lastly, to complete the circle, the Whelis Lieman and others figure on the eastern side of the town.

In the Werengen trees, which 'studded' the grounds of our host, were congregated myriads of Java sparrows. Neither before nor since have I seen such a number of these pretty little birds collected in one spot; and the noise they made was perfectly astounding. Before five in the morning they began to twitter; and then, as if by one consent, all deserted the tree to seek food in the paddy fields. The branches looked quite dotted with nests; for, like our common birds, they build quite close to the house, and breed as prolifically.

The impression generally prevalent among bird-fanciers, that a Java sparrow is incapable of singing, is erroneous. We have tried the experiment, and



found that if the cock bird is placed in a room by himself, he will, after a short time, begin to whistle softly, but very melodiously.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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