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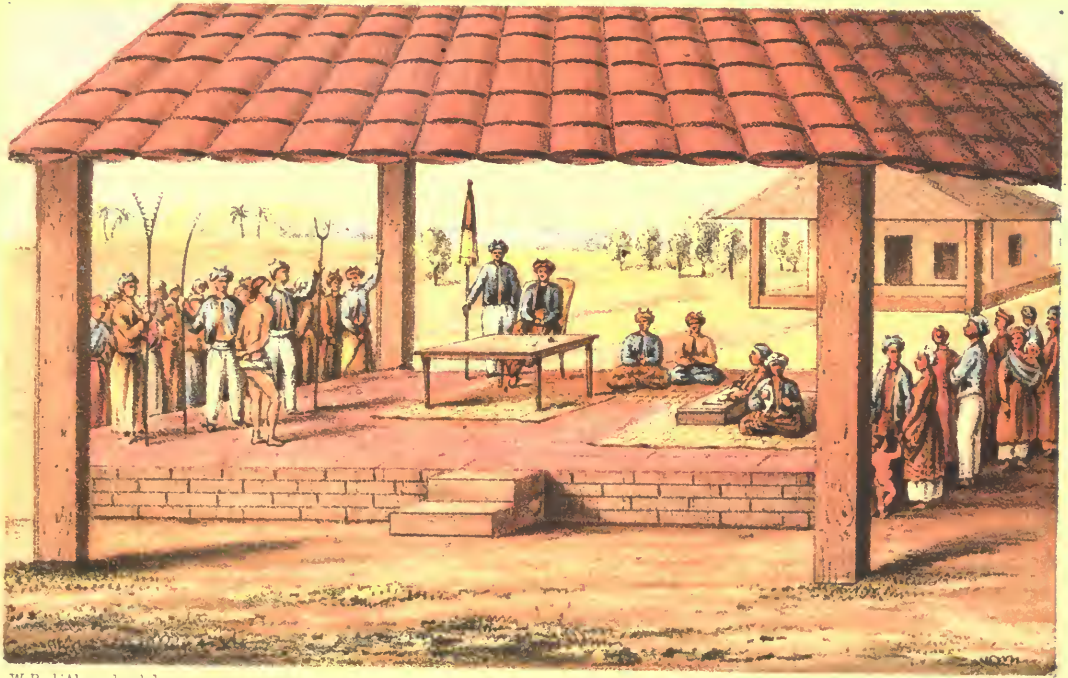
LIFE IN JAVA.

VOL. II.



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THE WODONO EXAMINING A PRISONER

London Hurst & Bl[illegible]

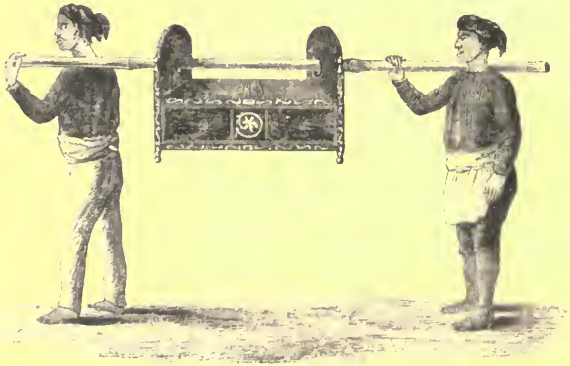
LIFE IN JAVA:

WITH

SKETCHES OF THE JAVANESE.

BY

WILLIAM BARRINGTON D'ALMEIDA.



THE JODANG.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II

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CHAPTER I.

EXCURSION TO GORENG-GARENG—TOMB OF ALI BASSA—WILD BOAR HUNT—GREAT EXPECTATIONS—TEMPORARY DISAPPOINTMENT—HOW THEY HUNT IN MADIOEN—WHO KEEPS THE DOGS—GOVERNMENT AUCTION FOR THE SALE OF OPIUM FARMS—A CHINESE READY RECKONER—BLACK TIGER—CRUEL SPORT—ARMS OF MADIOEN—YEARLY HUNT.

CHAPTER I.

Being invited by a Swedish gentleman to pass a few days at his country seat, we started next day, accompanied by our host; and as I had been promised a good day's sport, I made all necessary preparations for hunting.

Leaving the town, we crossed the Madioen river on a raft made of bamboo, and were landed on the opposite side with but little difficulty, though, when swelled by rains, the river, owing to the strong currents, is quite impassable.

We then drove through a flat country, of cane and rice plantations, not altogether uninteresting—the plain, which, otherwise, would have appeared almost interminable, being broken by the Lawoe

and Pajitan mountains. As we neared Goreng Gareng, our carriage passed between hedge-rows principally of the kelor—a tree not unlike the acacia—the leaves of which are a standing leguminous dish with the natives.

The house of the Swedish gentleman, whose hospitality we were about to enjoy, was situated in a wild neighbourhood—the only houses in his vicinity being those of his own workmen. He gave us a hearty welcome, and after introducing us to his family, showed us through his sugar factory, a short distance behind the house. As we were returning from inspecting the interesting process of sugar-making, we turned to look at the view behind us. The Lawoe appeared but a couple of miles off, though in reality, we were informed, it is above twenty. Below it is a range of low hills called the Geryporno, on the summit of the highest of which are the tombs of Ali Bassa and his family, who, from 1825 to 1830, harassed

the Dutch, causing them much anxiety for their safety in the island. In one engagement, it is stated, the Dutch force was so completely cut up that only a colonel and his drummer succeeded in making their escape, to report the terrible issue of the encounter. Fortunately, however, this daring defender of Javanese liberty was at last captured, and exiled either to Borneo or to some small adjacent island.

Next morning we went out hunting—the game we had in view being deer and wild boar, or any other wild animal we might come across, not excepting even the tiger. Our host, with his rough-and-ready kind of field equipment, gave me the impression of having been accustomed to wild sports in the black forests of his mother country. He carried a rifle and sword, and in his belt wore a dirk—a weapon with which he also supplied each of his guests. Mr. H——, who was constantly in the habit of joining in these jungle hunts, observing

me smiling at the idea of our being thus armed like wild corsairs, remarked—

"It is as well to be well armed—sometimes one comes to a close encounter when it is least expected. I well remember on one occasion it was well-nigh all up with me; I wounded a wild boar, which immediately turned upon me—a common propensity with them when not hurt in any vital part—so I've been careful ever since." And in corroboration of his statement, he showed me a large scar on his leg, which had been torn by the tusk of the savage animal.

Whilst we were on the subject of arms, our host showed me a very curious old sword which he had bought of some Javanese gun-smith at Batavia. It was rather a rusty relic, but the blade seemed still capable of doing good service. On one side were engraved these well-known words:

"No me saques sin razon,
Ni me embainas sin honor."

Mounting the ponies which were brought for us, and followed by several of Mr. H——'s men, carrying tombas or spears, and by a pack of village curs famous for scenting out wild boar, we sallied forth in picturesque guerilla style. Some distance from the house we had to cross a stream, the opposite bank of which we had no sooner galloped up than we beheld a most curious sight.

Hanging from the branches of two or three large trees growing close together, were myriads of what appeared to me long black bottles.

"These are some curious kind of fruit," said I to Mr. H——.

"Fruit!" replied he, "why, they are bats, or flying foxes, as some people call them—you will see, when we get nearer, how they will fly about the tree."

And true enough our near approach was the signal for a general flight. These curious-looking creatures are called by the Javanese the kalung:

their zoological name is *Pteropus edulis*. I had frequently seen this species of bat before, flying in the air; but never in such clusters on a tree. They were hanging by a claw, with their heads downwards, partially concealed by extensive wings of a dark brown hue, which, as impervious to wet as a piece of oil-cloth, were folded round each like a cloak.

As it was our object to get to the woods before the sun rose, we set forth at a brisk rate, alternately passing through plantations of indigo, sugar-cane, and cotton, till we nearly reached our hunting-ground—a jungle on one of the Bancha hills. On approaching our destination, we heard loud and repeated barking. Looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, we saw to the right a large wild boar pursued by the dogs—his little tail screwed up to a cuspidated point, and his ugly head inclining first to the right and then to the left, in order to ascertain the progress of his

pursuers. It was a most amusing sight, but destined to be of short duration, for the unclean brute suddenly took his tormentors by surprise, by turning suddenly to the right and entering the jungle, where he was soon lost to sight. A few smaller ones started up from furzy bushes and small clumps of trees, but these too soon proved they could outrun the curs.

When we were in the jungle, we dismounted, and left our horses with the grooms, directing them where to wait for us. Our host now posted us in different directions, so as to meet the game as they were driven towards us by the men. As, by this arrangement, we were each left alone, and far from one another, I took the precaution to place myself immediately before a large tree, to avoid any chance of being suddenly attacked from behind—for I was completely hemmed in by trees, which, like a curtain, hid from my view everything beyond their narrow limits.

I had not long waited in this position, before the sound of something approaching called my attention, and warned me to be ready. Crash, crash went the dried and withered leaves under the stealthy tread of some animal. "Now for a tiger," thought I, determined to be prepared for the worst; but no—out rushed a fierce boar, his back bristling with rage, and his tusks ready to tear whatever came within his reach. "Now I have him!" thought I; and with the delight of a sportsman, but with rather too much of the excitement common to novices in jungle sport, I fired, striking the animal in the hind quarter, and making him stagger under my shot. Then drawing my dagger, I stood ready to defend myself, expecting that the ferocious animal would rush headlong upon me. As I was left unassailed, I concluded that he was sagacious enough to consider "discretion as the better part of valour," for when the smoke cleared away, he was gone! I walked to the spot, and found a

pool of blood, by drops of which I traced a zig-zag track for a short distance.

Disappointed, but far from despairing, I reloaded, took up my station once more against the tree, and again waited my chance. No sooner was I thus prepared than the leaves crackled once more, but this time under a lighter tread; then there was a whirl and a whiz in the air, a scattering of leaves around, and a splendid peacock ascended between the network of branches; in a second my gun was off, alas, to my great annoyance, with as little good fortune as before.

The only subsequent disturbers of my solitude were some young boars, which, little dexterity being required in their pursuit, I captured without difficulty.

For an hour or two I heard loud barking, and knowing the dogs to be near, I quitted my post in order to see what was going on. As I approached I heard the voices of the men crying, "Malayu!

malayu!"—"Quick! quick!"—and when I came in sight they were pointing their tombas towards the jungle, to which a boar, after he had been hunted by the dogs for some time, was fast beating his retreat.

But why weary the reader with a further description of a kind of sport the full excitement and delight of which none but those who have joined in it can imagine? Suffice it to say, we did not return till evening, when we were quite done up with the heat and fatigue of the day, and brought home enough spoil to repay us for our exertions.

Wild boars are numerous in this as in all cane districts; and whilst the canes are ripening they are very destructive and troublesome. At that season the labourers and villagers assemble on appointed days for a *battue*. Dogs are sent into the different plantations, and the men station themselves outside in groups of from four to six, armed generally with the tomba, with which they strike

down their game—a few, however, carrying fowling-pieces, a weapon which a native is always proud to number among his possessions. I was told by our host that as many as twenty and thirty are killed on these occasions in one morning; and as few, if any, of the Javanese will eat pork, the carcasses are thrown away, or cooked for the dogs. The villagers, who keep and rear these dogs, receive as an encouragement, in addition to two guntangs (a native measure) of rice, five rupees a month during the season.

During our stay at Madioen, the gentleman with whom we were residing took me to see the sale of licences for the disposal of opium.

This is an annual auction, held in all the Regencies and Residencies of Java. At a fixed period of the year certain towns are named by Government as the localities on which the privilege of selling opium has been conferred. This privilege they enjoy exclusively for a whole year,

after which a selection of fresh places for the following year is made.

The Government, though deriving a considerable revenue from the sale of this deleterious commodity, is nevertheless endeavouring, in consequence of its pernicious effects on the Javanese, to lessen the quantity usually supplied for sale on these occasions; and in order to limit the number of persons applying for licences, the prices of these have been raised to a sum far beyond the means of any but the wealthiest Chinese merchants.

The object of Government in changing the localities selected for the temporary depôts of opium is to throw an additional obstacle in the way of such smokers and consumers of the drug as are anxious to renew their stock of it. As the towns or villages selected this year may be twenty or thirty miles distant from those named for the next, it is evident that the poorer native can ill afford to ride that distance very often, and the small quan-

tity he had previously purchased lasting him only a very short time, he is compelled to do without it. Vendors are bound by a strict regulation not to sell above a given measure when it has to be taken beyond the precincts of their shops, an arrangement which I feel assured has broken many a native off this pernicious habit. It would be highly interesting, as this is undoubtedly the case, were the Dutch to collect materials for a statistical account, the publication of which might enable us to compare the consumption of one year with that of another. The cultivation of opium, I was told, is strictly prohibited throughout the island, and the Government consequently purchase it in India and Turkey, two-thirds being imported from the former, and one-third from the latter country.

The auction, the great business of the day, was held at the Regent's house, which is situated opposite the *campong cheena* and the Pono-

rogo road. We were received, on alighting from our carriage, by the Regent, a mere youth, and his uncle the *Tumungong addy patti*, the acting Regent during the minority of his nephew. Several Chinese were seated on the straw matting which was extended over the stone floor of a large covered verandah in which the auction was to be held, and which formed a sort of entrance hall to the house. Others stood listlessly about, fanning themselves the whole time—their pates clean shaven, except a portion at the back of the head, the hair of which hung in long neat plaits nearly to their heels. All wore spotless white grass cloth bajus, and dark blue baggy trousers, the captains and lieutenants of each campong being easily distinguishable from the rest by their grey flowered silk robes reaching to the calves of their legs, and by their small skull caps with a red mandarin knob on the summit of each. Shortly after our arrival, a carriage drove up, bringing

the two assistant Residents of Ngawie and Ponorogo. After kirsch-wasser had been handed round in small glasses, the secretary, as representing the Resident, who was still an invalid, took his seat near the middle of the upper end of the table, the two assistant Residents placing themselves on each side of him. Opposite the secretary sat the accountant, already busy with his pen. The Regent and Tumungong sat on the right, and gentlemen of the district on the left, together with the *capitan cheena* of the town, an octogenarian, and the Chinese captain of Ponorogo. Not one Javanese merchant was present; the reason, I suppose, being that, as they are seldom so wealthy as the indefatigable Chinamen, the prices of the licence were altogether beyond their reach. Behind the accountant stood the auctioneer, hammer in hand, ready for action.

The proceedings of the day were opened by a short speech delivered by the secretary, in which

he gave a cursory sketch of what was contained in the more formal statement to be read by the accountant from an official paper. When the last named official rose, after bowing to all present, he read out the names of the towns and villages in the residency of Madioen where opium was to be sold that year, adding, as a precautionary warning, that all who infringed the rules published by Government, either by the sale of opium, or by smuggling it into the island, would be severely punished.

On the termination of this preliminary proceeding, he beckoned one of the attendant lookerson to come forward, and directed him to put his hand into a bowl which was placed upon the table, and covered with a white napkin. From this bowl, containing slips of paper with the names of the privileged towns upon them, this individual drew a paper on which was written the name "Ngawie," which he read out in a loud voice.

The announcement of the name caused no little excitement among the merchants, some of whom struck their thighs with the palms of their hands, while others beat their foreheads, accompanying the action with a loud exclamation, apparently expressive of disappointment.

When the noise and bustle had subsided, the auctioneer rose and said, that, in the name of the Government, the Resident of Madioen acknowledged Ngawie to be the principal and largest opium farm in the province, in consequence of which privilege the value of its licence was ten thousand florins (about £833 6*s.* 8*d.*) a month.

"Now," he added, "capitans, we are waiting for your bid."

The orang cheena, however, considering the price named very high, asked whether the Government could not be induced to lower it. The reply was a decided negative. A lull ensued, ominous, as some thought, of a dull market.

The Chinese, meanwhile, were not unoccupied. Some apparently absorbed in mental calculation, or lost in thought, were biting the ends of their fans in an evidently disturbed state of mind; others were talking together in low tones; and a few were consulting the "ready reckoner" by which the Chinamen assist themselves in making their calculations. This machine consists of an oblong frame of wood, divided lengthwise into two unequal compartments, with parallel wires fixed across, leaving equal spaces between each. On these wires are arranged balls, which can be shifted up and down, two being in each small division, and five in the larger one.

The auctioneer, in the meantime, was not idle. Three times he offered up the licence for the opium farm at Ngawie, and I suppose, if no one had bid above the price fixed, it would have been farmed by Government; but at the words "third and

last time," the merchants seemed suddenly startled into action.

"Eleven thousand!" cried out the capitan with the hoary tail.

"Twelve thousand!" said the energetic captain of the Chinese at Ponorogo.

And thus, step by step, they raised their bids, until no less a sum than fifteen thousand was finally offered.

"Satu kali, dua kali!" cried the auctioneer: words equivalent to our "once, twice." "Ti—ti—" he added, as he was about to pronounce the final "thrice"; whereupon a fresh movement was observed amongst the colleagues of the old Madioen captain, as if they were urging him to keep up the contest he had commenced and carried on so well. But the cautious old man shook his head, signifying that it was all over for him; and the tiga kali being pronounced, the licence was assigned to him who had bid the fifteen thousand.

The purchaser was next desired to sign his name to a document, in which he faithfully promised to pay the Government one hundred and eighty thousand rupees, or florins, in the ensuing year, by monthly instalments of fifteen thousand. The signatures of his two securities followed that of the purchaser. The same process was gone through with the licences assigned to other places, prices lessening as the localities declined in importance.

I was informed, on good authority, that the Government on that day made as much as a million of rupees.

On our way back we stopped to see a couple of fine tigers in two separate cages or inclosures made of palisades fixed close together. One of these formidable animals was what they call the *machan itam*, or black tiger, which has a very dark, silky coat, the black streaks of which are less distinct than those of the common kind. Both of these wild beasts had been entrapped in one of

the neighbouring forests, and, with the wild buffalo, were to form the chief amusement at the coming election of his Excellency the young Regent, to whom we had been introduced at the auction. The natives are very fond of the sports in which these dangerous animals are introduced, and it is the custom of the chiefs to preserve tigers, &c., for occasions of rejoicing. As their *festa basars* (great feasts) are more frequently held on the installation of a new Regent than on any other occasion, I will attempt to describe the ceremonies by which an event so important to the natives is solemnised. On the day appointed, platforms, erected on the *alown alown*, are covered with matting, bunting, and calicoes of various colours. These are for the Resident and his suite, and for the Regent with his friends and followers. Multitudes of natives, crowding the *alown alown*, listen to the sound of the gamalan, and of many other stringed instruments.

The Resident, at a certain stage of the proceedings, rises up, an example in which he is followed by all present. A few speeches are made, and the umbrella of dignity is handed to the new Regent, an act which is followed by loud cheers, waving of hands, *tudongs* (a kind of hat), and handkerchiefs, to testify the people's approbation of the new election. The son almost invariably succeeds his father in this office, as in the case of the young Regent of Madioen, who, at the demise of his parent, was too young to act.

This peaceful scene is followed by some Olympian games, and by deadly combats between wild animals. The tiger and the wild buffalo, or the tiger and the wild boar, are thus matched against each other; and contests even between snakes and herons, or cranes, &c., afford the natives no small excitement and delight on such festive occasions.

As no circus or arena of any kind is erected for the fêtes, several men, armed with long spears,

form a ring consisting of a vast concourse of eager spectators. The fight between the tiger and the buffalo is always considered the *sensational* scene of the day. The portable cage into which the tiger has been driven is placed in the centre of the ring, and that of his adversary exactly opposite, a few paces apart. When the doors are opened, the tiger, if he has lost heart by his long confinement, will immediately make a rush towards the circle of spectators, seeking for a gap through which he may make his escape—a vain attempt, for so formidable is the zone by which he is surrounded, and so threatening are the glittering spear heads, that, with his tail between his hind legs, he not unfrequently retreats to his artificial cover, out of which he must again be driven in order to make him come to the scratch. If, as is generally the case, he at last turns in desperation from the pointed barrier of spears, and encounters the buffalo, infuriated by pain inflicted by the points of the

same weapons, the king of the jungle raises his head, waves his tail from side to side like a cat ready to pounce on its prey, and looks at his adversary as though the glare of his fierce eyes were sufficient to inspire awe and dread.

The audience at this crisis becomes breathless with excitement. From the Regent himself, to the little boy who gazes at the scene seated on his father's shoulder, all are fascinated by the same dread spectacle, and an ominous silence prevails. The defiant roar of the tiger is responded to by the deep bellowing of the buffalo, which shakes the surrounding ground. The tiger, after stealthily advancing, stops to watch the movements of his foe; the buffalo, threatening his adversary with his formidable horns, stands ready to toss him in the air. But the cunning animal, by a kind of instinct, seems to understand the danger to which he is exposed, and crouching down, as though for a leap, while his enemy rushes forward to fling him up, he

leaps over his head, and with the speed of lightning saddles himself all fours on his back. Beyond the reach of danger from his opponent's horns, he now plants his teeth into the skin of the unfortunate buffalo, whose groans of rage and anguish are distinctly heard amid the loud shouts of the people. Should the tiger not succeed in taking his leap at the right moment, the buffalo throws him up into the air like a ball, and as he falls, stands prepared to goad him to death. If the tiger should come off victorious in the contest, he is carefully kept and tended, to display his prowess in another gala.

The arms of Madioen is a black bull with a large hump above his neck, "conchant" on the top of a square pillar placed at the junction of four roads. If I mistake not, Madioen in the vernacular signifies a wild bull, or buffalo, an animal which is very numerous in a wild state throughout the province, wherever there is a thick jungle or forest.

There is generally a hunt every year, conducted

by the Regent himself, accompanied not unfrequently by the Resident and other officials. On such occasions, a curious plan is adopted, but little I fancy in accordance with the taste of our sportsmen in India. The sportsmen are perched up in little huts, secured to the upper part of the trunk of some large tree, where they wait in readiness to pull the trigger on the appearance of any bird or beast, frightened to the spot by a large number of the Regent's men, who surround the forest, and, by their loud shouts, yells and cries, startle the animals from their lairs, compelling them to run, in a state of excitement and distraction, into the very teeth of danger.

CHAPTER II.

NGAWIE, ITS SITUATION—WE LEAVE FOR SOERAKARTA—DESCRIPTION OF A TIGER TRAP—CURIOUS TALE—DUTCH OUTPOST—RIVER SOLO—SOERAKARTA—ABJECT MODE OF SALUTING EUROPEANS—A BAD ALTERNATIVE BETTER THAN NONE—KIND FRIENDS—SHORT HISTORICAL SKETCH—PRESENT STATE OF THE PRINCES—THE FORT—THE TOWN TWELVE YEARS AGO—COLD-BLOODED MURDERS—WANT OF STRINGENT LAWS—EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS—THE GARRISON.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. V——, the secretary, our host in Madioen, most kindly pressed us to stay with him as long as we could; but, as we were anxious to be once more *en route*, we were unable to avail ourselves of his generous hospitality beyond a few days. Accordingly, having taken leave of our friend in need, the worthy schoolmaster, we bade adieu with some regret to our host, and left about six in the evening of a wet, gloomy day, for the small town with the nasal-sounding name of Ngawie, where we arrived very late. Some minutes elapsed before the landlord of the only logement the place afforded made his appearance, in answer to the summons of Drahman; but when he did come, and was made to understand our wants, he quickly shook off the effects of his

first short nap, and set to work briskly to supply us with all the comforts he was able to provide.

The country about Ngawie is charming, though wild in aspect, the Pundun chain forming a background to the town. There are no sights to be seen; but to a sportsman the adjacent woods must prove most desirable, especially for hunting tigers, which are so numerous that they are often seen by travellers lapping the water out of the ditches that flank the road.

The next morning we passed the extensive *alown alown* before the Regent's house, on our way to Soerakarta. Further on we perceived the formidable-looking fort called "Fort General van den Bosch," which defends the frontier of Madioen at the junction of the two rivers Solo and Madioen. Once fairly beyond the town, we saw before us sombre dense forests of teak, through which our road lay. We were told before starting that tigers frequently cross the road in broad daylight, either

in chase of deer, or in order to gain the other side of the forest; but we did not see one, only wild deer of very large size, and innumerable traps for tigers—some close to the road. One of these, which had only just been erected, we stopped to inspect. A tethered goat had been killed, and partially eaten, the remainder of its carcase being left as bait: for it is a known fact that the tiger will always return again, when hungry, to the meal he has left unfinished. The trap was a very simple contrivance, but answered the purpose remarkably well, perhaps better than many more elaborate and expensive ones.

The ground chosen is hollowed out to ten or fifteen feet in length, and about a yard wide. On the two sides are posts firmly planted close to each other, the roof, which is convex-shaped, consisting of poles tied like those of a raft. At one end is an opening, at the other a cage, almost impervious to light, in which a kid or bleating lamb

is confined for the night. The opening or entrance shuts with a heavy sliding door, attached by a rope to the end of a ponderous beam. This beam rests on the top of a pole, and its opposite end is kept down by a large stone connected with a spring in the interior of the trap, which is no sooner touched, than the weight flies up, causing the door to fall and debar the exit of the intruder. If the tiger is not required by the Regent for galas or festas, a few poles are taken away from the roof, and the poor brute is unmercifully assailed with spears, swords, &c. This steeping of the steel's point in the hot blood of their victim is considered by the natives as a potent charm to insure a deadly thrust with their weapons, or to parry that of an adversary. The mangled carcase is then placed on all-fours upon a frame, and taken to the Resident of the district, who rewards the men with a small donation; after which it is sold to the Chinamen, who give from ten cents to one dollar for a pound

of tiger's flesh, believing that more than ordinary strength is gained by eating this unnatural food.

Men who have the reputation of being expert in tiger-trapping, are supposed by the natives to possess some particular charm, inherited from their parents, or given to them for a special purpose in this world.

A curious story concerning these animals—proving the peculiar veneration in which they are held by the natives—was related to us by a gentleman as a fact. A friend of his, he said, having bought a large tract of forest land, had a small attap hut built in the middle of it for himself and the men whom he had hired to fell the trees. They had not been settled many days in their temporary abode, when one night, as the Dutch gentleman was lying awake, but with closed eyes, he felt a warm breath on his face, accompanied by a kind of snifling sound. Fearing it was some reptile, he

dared not move or breathe, but, by a terrible effort, kept himself perfectly still, until the sound of steps retreating from his bedside convinced him that his surmise was incorrect. Opening his eyes very slowly, he was, however, none the less horrified to see, sitting on his hind-legs, an enormous tiger, with its glaring eyes fixed on the bed and its occupant. Not having any weapon near him, the Dutchman felt he was defenceless, but had nerve enough to remain quietly where he was, keeping his half-closed eyes fixed on the unwelcome visitor. In a few moments, which appeared to him not only the most momentous, but the longest, he had ever experienced, the intruder stood on all-fours, and sniffed about a little. "I cannot live it out," thought the poor gentleman, "if he comes to my bed again;" and as he lay he could feel the cold perspiration dropping down his face. Fortunately, however, his ordeal was over sooner than he anticipated, for the tiger, making his way to the

opening which served as a door, jumped to the ground.

The astonished and terrified gentleman instantly arose, and calling up his men, asked them if they had seen anything of the tiger. Their reply being in the negative, he fastened up the entrance to his room as securely as possible, again retired to his bed, and, without any further interruption, enjoyed his usual repose.

Next morning, summoning all his wood-cutters, he proposed a hunt for the tiger, which he felt convinced was lurking no great way off. This proposition the men very respectfully declined, on the ground that the tiger, having done him no injury when it had him in its power, must have been a good one, who, he might feel assured, would preserve his cattle from the attacks of other wild animals. The very breathing of the wild beast on his face would, according to their conviction, act as a charm against all dangers by which he might be assailed.

The gentleman laughed incredulously, but, as he was the only European, gave way to them so far as concerned his proposed hunt. Notwithstanding, however, his labourers' good opinion of the tiger, he took care, before nightfall, to have an effectual barrier, in the shape of a rough door, fixed in the opening through which the dangerous animal had made its entrance and escape.

Near Sukowinangong, the eighth post from Ngawie, we came in view of some mountains, the Rajah Munko, and the well-known Marabo and Marapi, the smoke of the latter rising in misty clouds against the clear blue sky.

At the next station we found ourselves close to the river Solo; where, on an elevation, is still to be seen a house, surrounded by a low embrasured wall, formerly a Dutch outpost, the garrison occupying which, at a former period, had bravely encountered and resisted many savage and determined attacks by Kanjansinong, a Sultan of Solo,

who, an inveterate enemy to the Dutch, could ill brook their possession of the island.

The descent to the river's edge is very precipitous; and, as the stream is here both broad and deep, our vehicle and horses were ferried over on bamboo rafts. After we had crossed we continued our journey rapidly, and soon approached the capital of the Susuhunan, or Emperor of Java.

The coolies who were in waiting to push and pull up the carriage, appeared to me to be men of larger stature than the Javanese in general—prouder in their demeanour and bearing than their gentle and submissive-looking brethren with whom we had hitherto come in contact.

The entrance into Soerakarta is very pretty. For a mile or so before reaching it the road lies between native campongs, not quite so neat and clean-looking as those in Batavia, where they are regularly whitewashed once a year, but shaded by

lofty, noble tamarind trees, which form a shady avenue all along the road. The people we met seemed to be dressed more swellishly, with sarongs of every bright tint, reaching below the ankles; and many of the male sex wore hats like inverted flower-pots, made of bamboo, and covered with paper, painted black and varnished. Others had semicircular combs in their hair, fixed a little above the crown of the head—reminding me of the natives of Ceylon, who appear, in many ways, to have a greater affinity to the Javanese than any other Asiatic nation.

Their mode of saluting Europeans struck us at first as very singular; but after a few weeks of travelling, we soon became accustomed to it. Whenever we approached a native riding on horseback, he would immediately dismount, and wait until our carriage had passed by, bowing low as we drew near. Frequently a string of peasants, trotting briskly homewards, on catching sight of us, would

suddenly check their animals, lead them off the main road, and, with hat in hand, stand uncovered by their horses until we had driven past. I can perfectly understand now why the Dutch complain of the manner of the natives in our Eastern possessions, who, it must be confessed, are sometimes very impertinent to strangers, never having been taught by us such submission as the Javanese render to their masters.

We arrived too late to present our letter of introduction that night to Colonel J——, commandant of the fort. We therefore inquired if there was any place where we could rest for the night, and were directed to a dirty-looking hovel, the only lodging in the place, at which, to add to its other discomforts, we could procure no food fit to eat. Hoping, however, for better things on the morrow, we made the best of circumstances which could not be helped; and after passing a most uncomfortable night, despatched Drahman in the morn-

ing with our letter to Colonel J——. That gentleman at once called with his wife and invited us to his house, sending his own carriage to take us there, and showing us every kindness during our stay in Soerakarta, or, as the natives call it, Solo.

The traders of Malacca use this name as a kind of advertising medium to enhance the value of the weapons they import for sale.

Such a statement as the following may frequently be heard when they are anxious to push the sale of their goods:

"Where can you buy a finer kriss than this? Allah, Tuan, it comes from the tanah Solo (land of Solo); and where's the weapon that will match it for sharpness and strength? None can beat Solo krisses—no, not even those of Bugis!"

In all probability, except the hilt, which is of Malay workmanship, the kriss is all of Birmingham manufacture, as the Solo weapons, being highly prized, are very expensive.

Soerakarta is surrounded by five provinces. Its climate is very agreeable and healthy, the heat never being very oppressive, and the nights and mornings generally very cool and refreshing.

As several interesting events have occurred in the history of this province, I will here interrupt the narrative of my own journey to give a sketch of some of the more important incidents in the lives of its princes, which, to those who know little of Java and its history, may prove both interesting and instructive.

On the destruction of Modjophait by Moslem invaders, a descendant of the then reigning sultan fled, with a host of followers, into the interior of the island, conquering several petty chiefs who opposed him, and finally settling down in a small town called Padjang, which he quickly walled round and dignified by the name of Kraton. In process of time he extended his conquests eastward to Passeroewan; and all the land fifty or

sixty miles to the west of his Kraton was either virtually his, or its princes acknowledged themselves his feudatories. He was now styled the Ratu, or King of Padjang, a dignity which he was not long allowed to enjoy in peace. His foes, growing jealous of his increasing power, marched to the confines of his dominions, where they were met by a large force, headed by the Ratu's favourite chief, Pamanahan, who, after displaying great bravery, compelled the enemy to beat a hasty retreat.

For this signal victory the King of Padjang bestowed upon Pamanahan a whole province, conferring on him the title of Kiahi-gede Matarram, or prince of Matarram. The dignity thus acquired he enjoyed as long as he lived, which, unfortunately, was but a short time. On his death he was succeeded by his son, who styled himself Sultan Senopati Wongalogo.

This youth, full of ambition, and wanting in

gratitude, refused to pay allegiance to his father's benefactor, and commenced building a Kraton which he called Passar Gédé. The Sultan of Padjang, on hearing of this rebellious conduct, immediately sent messengers with orders for the instant demolition of the new Kraton. The young prince not only insulted the officers of the Sultan, but sent them back with a message of defiance to their master, whom he further offended by the completion of the Kraton he had been ordered to pull down. Finding his demands thus scoffed at and scorned, the Ratu resolved to pursue another course. As he neither sent any further demand, nor took any hostile measures against him, the rash youth began to congratulate himself on the success of the bold steps he had taken. But his joy was premature. Eastern potentates are not so easily turned from any course on which they have once decided. If they cannot accomplish it by fair means, they will by foul. So it

was in the present case; for in the year 1586, the Sultan found means to have the rebellious prince dispatched by poison or the dagger. The King of Padjang lost no time, on hearing of the success of his murderous scheme, in hastening to take possession of Passar Gédé, where he was speedily proclaimed Sultan of Padjang, and King of Matarram.

Passing over three lineal successors, we come to the fourth, who ascended the throne as Susuhunan, or Emperor, Mangkuraht I. This sovereign, deserting the Kraton of his forefathers, built another a mile from it, which he named Karta Soera, signifying the Work of Heroes. The fifth styled himself Susuhunan Pakoe Bowono I., or Nail of the Universe; and his son, who succeeded him in 1719, was called Hamaigku Raht II., his previous name being Mangko Negoro. Two of his brothers gave the Dutch incessant trouble for some years; and at last, on being found concerned in Elber-

feld's plot, were exiled to one of the Moluccas.

In the time of Pakoe Bowono II., who filled the throne nine years after the demise of his father, Hamanku Raht II., the Kraton was attacked and taken by Chinese insurgents, the Sultan and his followers narrowly escaping with their lives. Hamanku several times tried to drive out the unwelcome intruders; but as every attempt proved a failure, he called the Dutch to his assistance, and in conjunction with them accomplished his object. In return for the aid they had afforded him, he made several concessions of land to them. In consequence, however, of the Kraton having been seized, it was considered unlucky and deserted, the whole court and attendants migrating to a new Kraton which the Sultan had erected, and which, by a transposition of words, he called Soera-karta. But he was no sooner peacefully established here than fresh difficulties and troubles arose. His third brother, probably influenced by intriguing

parties both within and without the dominions of the Sultan, claimed a right to share the throne and the revenues of the country; and Hamanku, anxious to spare unnecessary bloodshed, decided to invite the Dutch to act as arbitrators and settle the dispute. This they did in a manner conformable to the political game they were then playing.

They divided the kingdom of Padjang into the provinces of Soerakarta and Djokdjokarta, thus weakening what was once a powerful state. The former and larger of the two divisions, situated about the middle of the island, they made the seat of the Susuhunan, or object of adoration; and in the latter they placed Hamanku's brother, with the title of Hamangkoe Bewono I., Sultan of Djokdja. From these princes are descended the present Emperor and Sultan.

The Susuhunan, whose person is held sacred by his subjects, dwells in the Kraton which I sub-

sequently visited. The Dutch give him the title of Kaiser, and to Englishmen in the East he is known as the Emperor of Java. In fact, both he and his neighbour are spoken of as independent princes; but all who visit the Vorsten Landen must know well that the movements of these two sovereigns are as rigorously guarded as those of the dissolute ex-king of Oude at Calcutta! The only real independence they now possess is in the management of their own affairs of state, and the power of letting the lands under their dominion to Europeans or Chinamen for cultivation, without enforcing the third of the produce from them.

The Susuhunan, and the princes who hold landed property, have cavalry and infantry of their own, a kind of Landwehr, or militia, subject to regulation, discipline, and equipment like that of the Dutch army; each regiment having, besides those officers appointed by the princes themselves, a Dutch major, captain, and ensign.

So far as we could see and learn, these native sovereigns are perfectly content with their present position. The titles, rank, and orders, which, from time to time, the King of Holland confers upon them, are regarded as marks of honour, which they receive with gratification. They are, however, given to petty jealousies and rivalries among themselves, and, probably, if left entirely to their own guidance, might prove the truth of the saying—

> "That he may take
> Who has the power,
> And he may keep who can."

The fort lies in the centre of the town, from which four roads branch off in opposite directions. It is surrounded by a deep ditch, continually filled with water, which is fed by two large tanks. The walls are mounted with guns of a large calibre, some of which, in case of an insurrection, could be easily directed against the outer gates of the Kraton, situated at no great distance.

Facing the fort are a number of European houses, and behind it is situated the Cota Blunda, or old Dutch quarter, the only part of the town in which, till within late years, for their safety and protection from the natives, who used to be troublesome and dangerous, European inhabitants were permitted to reside.

To the left, beyond the road, a portion of the old Kraton's ruined walls was just visible through the tangled network of wild plants and trees. On the right hand is the Peppay road, so called from a small river which runs past it, dividing the Chinese from the European quarter.

I do not know the exact date when the fort was built, but I am probably not far wrong in saying about the year 1672. Its construction is very similar to that of the other strongholds I had already seen in Java. The walls, which are not angulated, after the plan of Vauban or Descartes, are washed with a dark slate coloured preparation, as though the

nation were in the deepest mourning. This colour, I believe, is adopted on account of its durability.

The roads near the fort are shaded by avenues of trees, which, from a distance, completely conceal the walls from view. I noticed that all buildings of a similar description, which I had hitherto seen in the island, were planted round with tall trees, some of them so completely hidden behind bamboo hedges as to be almost concealed from sight. This arrangement is intentional—the argument in its favour being that the trees serve as a kind of screen, by which, in time of war, the number of guns would be concealed from the besieging force; and not only this, but in case of necessity they might answer the purpose of gabions, &c., to stop a breach, or strengthen a weak part.

I was told that, up to the period of twelve or thirteen years ago, the drawbridges of both front and postern gates were drawn up every evening, and lowered the next morning. A small guard, too,

was always stationed in the Cota Blunda. At this time, murders in the dead of night were very frequent in all parts of the town, especially in the Peppay road, one might almost say under the very walls of the fort. Yet the murderers always succeeded in making their escape; for if any of the native inhabitants saw the dreadful act, or if their suspicions were directed to the guilty party, they carefully concealed their knowledge, for fear of retaliation. Thus life—to use the language of a native—was as cheap as a withered leaf. The victims of assassination were mostly Chinese and natives, who were either butchered for the purpose of robbery, or from some private feeling of enmity. Sometimes the bodies of the murdered were thrown into the shallow river, and at others left on the road to be recognised next morning by some passer-by.

The state of things had become so fearful that no one ventured to walk abroad after dusk. The

Dutch, therefore, seeing the necessity of checking this growing evil, made representations regarding it to the Susuhunan, requesting him to make more stringent laws for the safety of the inhabitants. These representations had the desired effect. Strict watch was set upon certain suspected parties, who were finally caught, proved guilty, and sentenced to death. The execution of these criminals proved a salutary lesson, as the amount of crime committed began from that time to lessen; and at the present day there is not in the whole of Java a more peaceful town than Soerakarta.

The garrison is composed of Dutch, Swiss, and African soldiers. The latter are mostly tall, stout, and sinewy men, and generally make hard-working, patient, and enduring soldiers. After serving twenty years they receive a pension, and are allowed either to remain in the island, or to return to their native land.

As our host and hostess could not speak French

or English, and we were ignorant of Dutch, our conversation was carried on in Malay, which, as spoken here, differs in some points from that spoken in the Malayan peninsula. This difference is doubtless owing to its being mixed with many words of the Javanese language.

The evening following our arrival within the fort happening to be the colonel's birthday, he invited his officers and some of the native princes to a reception; but, as there were no ladies present except our hostess and my wife, the amusement of the evening was principally at the *vist* tables, a game of which the Dutch are particularly fond. The Resident and some princes were of the party, which was of sufficient importance to merit particular description.

The first who arrived was distinguished by the high-sounding title of Pangéran Addi Phati-sarie Munko-Negoro. The fact of his being a descendant of the Munko-Negoro already mentioned—a

name signifying literally, "the earth supported on the thigh"—entitled him to this imposing if not very euphonious appellation. This distinguished individual made his appearance in a grand carriage drawn by four splendid grey Arabs, followed by a small suite of attendants, escorted by two outriders of his cavalry, and accompanied by some of his sons.

He was about the middle height, his dark face was wrinkled, but his black eyes were full of vivacity and penetration. From his conversation, one could see at once that he was a lover of knowledge, and ever ready to gain information. In Arabic he was quite at home, and knew as much of the old Kawie as could possibly be gathered from the sinuous characters of that extinct language, which, as a Javanese once observed to me, "we can pronounce perfectly, but are ignorant of its meaning."

He was a most amusing companion to converse with. His knowledge of Eastern history being ex-

tensive, he was full of anecdotes of past and present times. When I asked him if he remembered Sir Stamford Raffles, he replied in the negative, but added—"I can never forget the splendid English horses my father used to keep, some of which were presents from Sir Stamford Raffles." He spoke loudly in praise of our saddles, fowling-pieces, weapons, &c., which, when they can be obtained by the Javanese, are prized very highly. He seemed to me to have a better knowledge of Dutch than he cared to shew. If such was really the case, his knowledge must have been self-acquired, the Dutch, as we have already remarked, giving no encouragement to the acquisition of their difficult language by the natives. He took great pleasure in his regiments, spoke with pride of the cavalry and infantry, comprising seventeen hundred men in all, and pressed me very much to remain in Soerakarta to see a field-day they were about to have.

The "Cron-Prins," as the Dutch call him, from

his being nephew and heir-apparent to the old Susuhunan, arrived soon after the Munko-Negoro, coming in a carriage gorgeously decorated with bright colours and gilding, drawn by six Australian horses, and escorted by four of his body-guard. He was a young man, about two-and-twenty, the father of a pretty boy, and of several daughters, who were left at home, as in this country girls are seldom brought into company. In person he was short, with a strong Hindoostanee cast of countenance. His eyes were large, dark, and brilliant; but expressive of mildness and tenderness. He was dressed in the Dutch uniform, as Major or Colonel—I forget which—of the Susuhunan's troops, his head only, like that of the other natives, being dressed up in a dark blue kerchief.

This native prince was not married at the time I speak of, though his union was then in contemplation; but he had a seraglio of bondays or concubines, by whom he had already a number of children. A

large suite of attendants, sword and kriss bearers, betel nut and hat carriers, &c., accompanied him, ever on the alert to minister to his wants. His father, Pakoe Bewono VII., died in 1859. He resides in the Kraton, having a separate house and establishment of his own.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO THE KRATON—FOOLHARDINESS—PRESENCE OF MIND—TIMELY SUCCOUR—MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A KEEPER FROM FRIGHT—THE MUSGIT—A VISIT TO THE SUSUHUNAN—UNREGAL VESTIBULE—PRINGITAN—CURIOUS CEREMONY—SHORT ACCOUNT OF PAKOE BEWONO VIII.—HIS DISLIKE FOR POMP AND STATE—NATIVE TALES OF TWO GREAT GUNS—A VISIT TO THE MUNKO-NEGORO—RESPECT FOR ROYAL BLOOD—TUAN RATU—SLAMAT GALAN.

CHAPTER III.

THE next day, while waiting for an answer to the request we had made to the Susuhunan, that he would grant us an interview, we amused ourselves by going into the Kraton.* This celebrated place, the lions of which we were anxious to see, is a mile square, and surrounded by a high wall about twelve feet in height, and two or three thick. Some of the Kratons have four principal gates, but this one of Soerakarta has only two. Within its walls are the palace of the Emperor, the houses of the princes and nobility about the court, and a large village of attap huts, inhabited by the servants of the respective households.

Having entered, we crossed the *Alon-Alon*, and

* The word Kraton is said to have been derived from Ratu —a king—and signifies, a place of kings.

went straight to see the tigers, which are kept here till some great occasion, when there is to be a fight similar to the one I have already described. After some delay the juru coonchie appeared, and conducted us within a small enclosed area, where, in a large cage, made of thick teak beams negligently put together, we discerned through the chinks four tigers walking from side to side. I was told that two soldiers came to see them, on a certain occasion; and one of them, anxious for a closer inspection, mounted a ladder and gained the roof. While stooping over the space purposely left open for the keeper to drop the food in, his cap came off, and, as he failed to seize it, fell on the floor below. Knowing that to return without it would subject him to punishment, he endeavoured to raise it up by means of a pole, but finding this ineffectual, he rashly jumped down into the den. His comrade, on witnessing this foolhardy leap, concluded he was lost, and ran as fast as his legs would carry him, to

acquaint the officers of his regiment. The report spread like wildfire, and before many minutes had elapsed several soldiers had hurried to the spot, calling out, "Franz! Franz!" the name of their comrade. To their great astonishment and delight, his voice was heard in answer,

"I am alive, but want to be out of this vile-smelling place."

"Himmel!" exclaimed a young German, "lose no time—hand up the ladder", and he climbed up to the top in a moment. "Now, Franz," he exclaimed, as he lowered it through the aperture, "be quick!—run up as fast as you can!"

Franz needed no second bidding. In less than two minutes he had joined his comrades, none the worse, and nothing daunted by his strange interview.

"When first I jumped down," said he, in reply to the queries of his comrades, "I came sprawling on all-fours, and had no sooner got up again, than

I began to think I had done a very silly thing. In one corner I saw, as I looked round, six glittering eyes—like golden balls—glaring at me; and at the opposite side a tiger, apparently bolder than the rest, advanced toward me. Seeing the beast's intention, and knowing how utterly defenceless I was, I gave utterance to an awful yell, and to my no small delight he turned, and, as though terrified at the unusual sound, cowered down again. 'You are not very hungry, my boy,' was my thought, as I picked up my cap, and took my seat on one of the cross-beams, to await the arrival of some kind friend; and you may judge with what pleasure I heard your voices as you came to liberate me—for, besides the fear of danger, the smell of the place quite made me sick."

This man's extraordinary coolness and courage, which was the topic of conversation for many days, gained him the admiration of the officers, and for a time he was quite the "lion" of the place.

Another but more fatal incident was related to me at the same time. A keeper, whilst engaged in throwing down the carcases of dogs, &c., to the wild beasts, slipped his foot, and falling into the den, lay flat on the ground, where he continued for some hours, until his wife, missing him at their meal-time, came to the cage in the hope of finding him. "Ahmet, Ahmet, are you up there?" she cried as she reached the foot of the ladder. Who can describe her horror when the expected answer came not from above, but from within the den. Her cries for help soon brought numbers to the spot, and poor Ahmet was, at last, with some difficulty, hoisted up by the aid of ropes. He seemed almost paralyzed with fear, and on being carried home, was put to bed, where he was seized with *dammum suja*, or ague, and died next day.

On the opposite side of the green stands the Musgit, or Mosque. The entrance of Europeans into their "sacred edifice" is not prohibited, as it

is in Calcutta; nor do they require you, as at Cairo, to wear slippers before you can step over the threshold. The interior, like that of all Moslem places of worship, is entirely devoid of images, and possesses but few objects of interest and curiosity. The apex of the roof is surmounted by a ball of gold, the weight of which is said to be a picul, an object of which the Mahomedans are very proud.

In the afternoon, accompanied by our kind friends, we visited the Susuhunan. On entering the Kraton, after skirting the Alown Alown, and passing through a lofty gateway, we drove along a road for some time between two high walls. Arriving at length before the entrance to the courtyard, the massive wooden gates were opened, and a file of the Kaiser's body-guard, composed of small men, with disproportionate-looking swords, saluted us as we entered. Passing from this into another large square, we were again saluted; and

in a third met with a similar reception. At last we reached the vestibule, which was very dirty. The mirrors, having, from neglect, lost part of their quicksilver, and the gilding having disappeared from their once splendid frames, had a tarnished appearance. The floor was strewed with ends of cigars, roccos, tobacco, and other refuse; and the walls were daubed with red in patches, marking the spots where the careless inmates had expectorated the betel-nut, &c., after having chewed it.

Here we waited while two dirty old women—who, to their profession of cake-vendors to the court, added that of porters also—announced our arrival; and a native band having almost at the same moment struck up a wild air, we marched in order, escorted by some officers of the royal household, to the Pringitan, or Audience Hall—a kind of large square verandah, on a level with the main buildings, roofed over, but open on three sides, and supported by pillars, on which figures of

birds and flowers are carved. It is reached by a flight of steps which extends along two sides. Being ignorant of the etiquette necessary in this foreign court, we determined to make good use of our eyes, and follow exactly the movements of the colonel and his wife, who, having been frequently at court before, were perfectly familiar with the requisite forms.

As we approached within a few steps of the Pringitan we bowed to his majesty, who graciously acknowledged this mark of respect by a slight inclination of his head. Mounting the steps, we stopped again on the top one, and all bowed, the officers saluting him with their swords. After advancing a little farther towards him, we came to a dead halt, for the third and last time, and when about a yard from his royal person, lowered our heads once more. When will this end? thought I, for we began to think the ceremony rather tedious. All that remained now, however, was

the process of introduction, and Colonel J—— having presented us to his majesty, who shook hands with us, we all sat down in a semicircle, in the centre of which, seated on a chair, cushioned with red velvet, was the Susuhunan. His sister-in-law, niece, and two daughters, the latter looking almost as aged and wrinkled as their father, were seated on his right hand. The niece was what one might term a good-looking Javanese girl, with large dark eyes, and complexion fairer than the generality of natives, probably owing to a liberal application of Bŭdda,* as well as to the fact that personages of her rank are but little exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. Her thick glossy black hair was skewered by diamond pins, the precious gems being of unusual size and lustre.

The Susuhunan was in his seventy-sixth year,

* Powder made of arrow-root and other farinaceous ingredients.

but appeared both healthy and active. He must have been a rather tall man, but lost some of his height by stooping, though he was less bent than most natives of his age. His head-dress consisted of a black kerchief, to which were attached several diamond ornaments. In the middle, just above his forehead, was a yellow dahlia, cut and trimmed so as to look like a brooch, in the centre of which blazed a large diamond. He is the only native prince who is entitled to wear this flower on his head, the ornament being regarded as a distinctive emblem, showing that he is looked upon as the most sacred of native princes throughout the whole archipelago. Round his neck were three long collars of diamonds, emeralds, and gold, in addition to a massive gold chain; and on his left breast some orders, one of which was that of the Lion of Holland. He wore, likewise, a medal which, having sided with the Dutch, he had gained during the Java war. A Geneva watch, the back of which

was covered with diamonds, and a number of splendid rings, completed the list of the old monarch's jewelry. The jacket he wore was of green satin, the vest of dark blue velvet, and the sarong, which completed his attire, a baték of the prang rusa, or deer fight, pattern, which, like that of the Chinese dragon, is only worn at court. Beside each individual present was placed a spittoon, or, as the Americans term it, cuspidore—a word, by the way, originally derived from the Portuguese—in the form of a brass vase, ornamented with flowers and filigree-work. The one for the especial use of the Susuhunan, which was of solid gold, was placed on a stand.

Pakoe Bewono VIII. (the present Susuhunan), was always unambitious, and so averse to filling the throne of the Bewonos, that, on the demise of his father, he steadily refused to occupy the vacant seat, giving up his right in favour of his brother, who ascended the throne as Pakoe Bewono VI.

This monarch's reign, however, was a very short one. Implicated in certain intrigues which were supposed to be detrimental to the interests of the Dutch, he was, by their orders, seized and exiled to Amboyna, where he died. He was succeeded by a third brother—the present emperor having again refused the seat of honour—who conducted himself till his death, which happened in 1859, to the entire satisfaction of all parties. Had the "Cron-Prins," his nephew, been old enough to reign when the monarch died, the present Susuhunan would, for the third time, have declined to take the reins of government into his hands. As it was, he had no alternative, and I believe he has had no reason to regret his exalted position, for his reign has been one of uninterrupted peace.

The King of Holland has conferred upon him several honours, one so recently as the year 1862, when he received the honorary title of Major-General in the Dutch Indian army. His native

names and titles are, Susuhunan of Soerakarta, Pakoe Bowono, Senopati, Ingalago, Ngabdoer, Rachman, Ponotogomo.

His wife died a few years ago, leaving him no male heir, and, contrary to Javanese habits, he has never remarried, or kept a seraglio. The natives themselves say of him, in allusion to the purity of of his life, "Diya punia ati puteh soongguh——soongguh sakali."—"His heart is perfectly white."

He passes the day in a house adjoining his palace, and at night never sleeps under a mosquito curtain, but occupies a sofa, which is never two nights consecutively stationed in the same position, or in the same room. Not unfrequently, when it is drizzling with rain, he insists on sleeping on a mat out of doors. These eccentricities are attributed to two reasons: the first maintained by the Dutch, who ascribe them to a dread of treachery from his own people; and the second by the Javanese, who

say he prefers the open air because he can commune, in the silence of night, with the spirits of bygone monarchs, or hold converse with his temporal and spiritual adviser, Ngaisatomy, who, by day, hides herself in a large cannon covered with red cloth, and caged round by trellis-work of bamboo, and is only exhibited to the public on grand occasions. This cannon stands in the Sitingil, one of the courts near the palace, and its inmate warns the Kaiser of the approach of danger; so, at least, the natives assert, and implicitly believe.

Simple and inexperienced as are the habits of the old Susuhunan, his exchequer has been so low of late that he has been constrained in many instances to borrow. In fact, matters had arrived at such a pitch before I left, that the tradespeople would neither sell, nor give credit for anything demanded by the members of the Imperial Court, without a written order from the Resident.

The Susuhunan generally drives through the

Kraton once or twice every day in a shabby yellow car, the shape of a boat, with poles at the four corners, supporting a leathern canopy. His ministers, and not unfrequently his daughters and grandchildren, accompany him, apparently more content in this simple turn-out than in his grand state carriages, phaetons, or broughams, of which he has no less than *one hundred and fifty!*

He is so much a state prisoner that he cannot drive beyond the Kraton without acquainting the Resident with his intention, and reporting, on his return, the places he has been to.

On Mondays and Thursdays he sits in the Pondopo, where he receives salutations and good wishes from his subjects, promotes his officers of state, and attends to the reports of his Regents, Tummunggongs, Pangerans, and Wodonos.

Beyond the Pringitan stands the Ruma, or palace. From the ceiling of the verandah hung numbers of candelabras, but, as the doors and

windows were all closed, we could see nothing more of the interior.

Behind the female portion of the royal family were seated several dancing girls and attendants, holding the tumpat syree, &c., ready, at a nod or look from one of the family, to envelope the necessary ingredients in a betel leaf. Their dress was very simple, something similar to that of the bride I before described—the sarong, which passed over the chest and under the arms, concealing the bosom, but leaving the shoulders and neck entirely bare. This garment was confined round the waist by a long scarf, called the stagen. The movements of these girls, as well as of any one who approached within a prescribed distance of the Kaiser, were very peculiar. Whenever they were required to minister to the wants of his majesty, or of the ladies, they crawled with knees doubled so that the heels almost touched the nether part of the thighs. How they managed to move along I

cannot think; to us the attitude seemed a painfully constrained and awkward one, and it is only, I should fancy, habit which can perfect them in this way of balancing their bodies, as, holding the article they may have been desired to fetch, they crawl from place to place, moving their arms, and never so much as suffering the knee to touch the ground, though within an inch of it.

The royal family were very affable, and conversed with us for some time. After we had been there about half an hour, tea was handed round, with the agreeable accompaniment of milk, an addition which was now made from their better knowledge of European taste.

Several servants, or men about the court, entered the court-yard during our interview, either out of curiosity, or in pursuit of their various avocations. All who came within twenty yards or so of the Pringitan, fell on their knees, and made obeisance to the Susuhunan by raising both hands, clasped

as though in prayer, till on a level with their nose. However frequently the same individual passes and repasses, this form must be repeated.

Wishing to have a bird's-eye view of the whole Kraton from the watch-tower, a short way beyond the vestibule, we were conducted to this building by one of the numerous mestizo officers in the household of the Susuhunan. These mestizos are generally taller than the Javanese, and slightly fairer, but their features, almost without exception, are of the indisputable native type.

On our way back to the vestibule we passed several large cannons, some of which are so old that no one can tell how they came into the island. One of them, which is said to have belonged to the Sultan of Padjang, had an inscription in native characters. This cannon is dignified by the appellation of "sapu-jagat," sweeper of the earth, and is reverenced by the natives as a dispenser of good and evil dreams. The following inscription was

on two others of smaller dimensions: "Conraet Antoniz me fecit. Hacœ, 1599." Above the trunnions are two eagles and a castle, and below these figures the words, "Middleburg and Jacop Beurel, Burgomeister." In the Sitingil we were shown the celebrated Ngaisatomy. There is a curious tradition concerning another gun, the Kyhaisatomy, which is said to have travelled across the country to Batavia without the aid of man or beast. Although brought back to Soerakarta, and chained inside the Kraton, so strong was its predilection for the large city that it broke loose in the dead of night and returned to Batavia, where it remained only for a short time, and was on the point of leaving for some other bourne, when it was caught by some men. To manifest its displeasure, it slipped from their hands and fell on the foot of one of them, producing elephantiasis. Such was the terror created by the imaginary prowess of this gun, that men refused to come near it. It was not until it

had been soothed by the prayers of a hadji, that men were able to convey it to the back of the Government warehouse, where we saw it lying on the ground, bound by strong ship's cables, in order to restrain its roving propensities. Two other cannon, placed to the right and left of the entrance to this court, and known as Kemborawo and Kumborawy, were cast and made in the island.

Our ascent of the watch-tower was very easy, the openings in the walls admitting plenty of light to guide us up the spiral staircase which led to the cupola. From this elevation a pretty good view of the country beyond Soerakarta is obtained. To the east stands the lofty Lawoe, said by the Javanese "to be seen everywhere." Opposite are the Marapi and Murbaboo, and beyond the latter the Sundoro, in the fertile province of Magelang.

On some of the towers and turrets in the Kraton wave the royal flag—red with a white

flower in the centre. The names of the principal cannons and gates of this fortification are thus arranged in Javanese rhyme.

CANNONS—
Kumborawo.
Kumborawy.
Sapu-jagat.
Ngaisatomy.

GATES—
Brodjonolo.
Mundunghan.
Siripanganti

The sacredness and greatness of the present Emperor of Java was foretold, as they assert, in their religious books. He is also said to be the possessor of an umbrella and sword of wondrous power, which has been in his family for generations. The general belief is that, if an individual touches either of these with an impure hand, he is sure to go mad!

The Javanese had an ancient custom of presenting umbrellas to their chiefs on the day they

were publicly installed in office, a custom which the Dutch have adopted, or rather revived. The workmanship and material of the umbrella differs according to the rank of the official to whom it is presented. Thus the state umbrella of the Resident is gilt all over; the Regent's all but a small space near the edge; and the Wodono's less than the Regent's. Those of the Pangerans, Radens, and princes of the blood are stuck upon long poles, and are always held over their heads by one of their suite whenever any of them go beyond their own grounds.

Our friends, indefatigable in their kind attentions, and anxious that we should see all that was worth seeing during our stay, took us afterwards to the house of the Munko-Negoro, which we had been invited to visit. This dignitary's estates lie about half a mile from the Dutch fort, on the road to Djokdja; and his house, which is very extensive, is approached by a long avenue, beyond which, on

each side, are the houses and huts of his subordinates. The sentinels stationed at the gate presented arms as we entered, and, as we drove through a large courtyard, a number of soldiers beat their drums on our approach. At the same time four heralds announced our arrival with the sound of the trumpet.

The grounds, outhouses, and yards presented a marked contrast to the interior of the Kraton, being kept in great order and cleanliness. We stopped at the Pringitan, where we were hospitably received by the Munko-Negoro, who, after a little conversation, conducted us into his Ruma, or apartments, separated from the Pringitan merely by a screen.

We were surprised, on entering, at the loftiness of the rooms, for the Javanese generally delight in low ceilings, and have no objection to close air. The furniture seemed very good and solid, most of it, I understood, of European manufacture. There

were many articles of curiosity and vertu, and the walls were hung with Dutch, French, and English engravings.

A flight of steps on one side conducted us to a platform, leading into three small side-rooms, which are only made use of on the occasion of a wedding. The centre or principal one is appropriated to any legitimate male or female child of the Munko-Negoro on the bridal night, whilst the two smaller ones are for his children by bondays, or concubines, on similar occasions.

From this room we were conducted by a side door into a large garden, surrounded by two low ranges of houses, in which the women of the seraglio, with their children and attendants, live. We did not see any of these females, however, as they are always kept in seclusion, only the one lawful wife being ever seen in public. I remarked in the garden one very fine Kamoony tree, the flower of which is white, and very fragrant.

The wood is used in Tringanu for sword and kriss hilts.

After partaking of tea and cakes, we all walked across the courtyard to see the Munko-Negoro's coach-house. The men in the yard saluted the prince in the manner before described, all going down on their knees the moment they observed his approach. They also retired to make room for our party, crawling away to what they considered a respectful distance, and then resuming their upright position.

The Munko-Negoro, like all Javanese, not only chewed the betel-nut, but also disfigured his large mouth with the ball of tobacco between the under lip and the gum. His son, whom we saw at the reception, was here with his father, and when we ascended the Pringitan, he left his sandals a little above the stone steps. Some of the ministers and other courtiers placed theirs behind those of the young prince, their succession being arranged

according to the rank of each individual. None but the Munko-Negoro wears anything on the feet whilst walking across or sitting on the Pringitan; and, unless the prince makes a sign to that effect, neither the son nor the ministers ever think of sitting in his presence. His wife, the Tuan Ratu, the only female we saw, was rather good-looking, fairer than most Javanese women, with a quantity of jet-black hair and very small hands. When we had seen all that was calculated to interest and amuse us, we shook hands with our entertainers and drove off, their kind wishes of a *slamat jalan* —"pleasant journey"—ringing in our ears.

CHAPTER IV.

ROAD TO DJODJOKARTA—THE OLD KRATON—CHANGE OF SITUATION EVERY CENTURY—RUINS OF BRAMBANAN—TEMPLE OF KALASSAN—TOWN OF DJOKDJA—KIND RECEPTION—BALL AT THE SULTAN'S PALACE—VISIT OF MY WIFE TO THE SERAGLIO—PASSAR GEDDE—THE KIAHDUDO AMBOLORO COONING, OR YELLOW VIRGINS—MYSTERIOUS SLAB—NUMEROUS TRADITIONS—TALE OF TYRANNY—GENEROUS SYMPATHY OF A JAVANESE GIRL—ITS REWARD.

CHAPTER IV.

Our first post on the road to Djodjokarta was Karta-soera, named from the first old Kraton, the ruins of which, but a short distance from the road, present nothing of interest, as little remains to be seen but low bare walls. It was a custom with Javanese princes to change the situation of the royal residence every hundred years. A new Kraton thus awaited the whole community, who made their exodus from their old home, carrying with them all the wooden materials requisite to erect a new one on the site allotted to each.

Some way further on we passed a kind of raised circus, walled in by mud mounds, and overgrown with grass. In this place the princes, as in days

gone by, mount their ponies, and practise the use of their *sundjata*, or native arms.

At the sixth post we alighted and walked to see the ruins of the temples of Brambanan, a short way off. On either side of the path, which branches off from the main road, were low pillars at equal distances from each other, now half buried in soil and rubbish, but which must at one time have had an imposing effect, when unbroken and free from earth and debris. This path, as we soon discovered, must have been ascended originally by means of a low flight of steps, which have now all sunk into the earth. On reaching its termination, we were surprised to find a great number of buildings, most of them in ruins, situated on a plateau, and occupying an extensive space. These are all that remain of the temples, eight in number, which stood in a circular form, and averaged from thirty to one hundred feet in height. The two situated at the radius of the

circle, are the largest of the group, one of which is known as the temple of Larajonkgrang, "the pure exalted Virgin."

Like others we had already seen, these sacred buildings are built of hewn trachyte, and the main features of the architecture are simple enough. Each temple stands upon a basement proportionate to its size, that which we ascended being from six to seven feet from the ground. Niches filled with figures are arranged on each side, and elaborate carvings ornament the exterior in every direction. Four great flights of steps lead to this basement, from which smaller ones conduct to fanes standing one above another, the highest surmounted with a superstructure like a small tower or pyramid.

Entering the first of these fanes, we found a chamber about six feet square, with a pyramidally formed roof, about twenty feet from the floor. The figure of Durga, or, as she is called here,

Larajonkgrang, the Minerva of the ancient Buddhists, is cut out of a solid block of stone. She is represented in a standing position, with a great number of arms, which, like branches, spring out in various directions from the body. On her head is a crown, and round her neck and waist are carved chains and ornaments of different kinds.

In each of her hands she holds some instrumnet, or implement of defence, transformation, and protection. In the first, to the right, is a *chakra*, or wheel, supposed to have small mirrors between each of the spokes, from the periphery of which issue flames of fire. With this the Javanese say she could, like Metra, Neptune's mistress, transform herself and others into whatever shape she pleased. The second brandishes a sword, the third a *panah*, or arrow, renowned for swiftness and its efficacy in raising the dead to life. The first, on the left, holds an object called a *clotok*, or shell, with

wings attached, the use of which my informant was not aware of. The second bears a shield, supposed to be invulnerable, as well as possessing the property of concealing anyone from view.

This figure stands on the back of a bull, called Sapigumaran, the tail of which the goddess holds with one of her right hands, while with the corresponding one, on the other side, she clutches the curly locks of Mahesasura, the imp, or personification of vice, as though determined to hold him fast, spite of his devilries.

Hence we ascended another flight of steps, and proceeding in a circular direction, entered a second fane, in which we recognized our old friend Siewah, the Elephantine deity to whom we were introduced at Singosari. Mounting a few more spiral steps, we came to another of these small chambers, at the end of which was the figure of a man, the bright yellow colouring of which was evidently of recent

date. His upper lip and chin being furnished with moustaches and beard, and his left ear with several ear-rings, I at once concluded him to be a native of India. From his neck hangs a chain of large beads, which he is apparently in the act of counting with his right hand. Resting against the breast of the figure is a kind of switch, very similar to those I have frequently seen carried by Bengalees in Calcutta to keep the flies off. He wears a conical shaped hat, and has a trident behind him, the meaning of which I could not understand. This figure is known as Kihaibudor, and is much venerated by the Javanese, who, in consequence of his having been the first convert to Islamism in the island, and very zealous in converting others to the faith, come here in great numbers to make vows. The steps leading to another fane still higher up were so broken, and the chamber itself appeared so full of stones, &c., which had fallen in from the roof, that it was impossible to enter it.

From this elevation we had a fine view of the surrounding country, and of the temples and ruins below us. Opposite to that in which we stand, is the one next in size. Near the road leading to Chundeysewu, a large space of ground is covered with temples and several tanks. On a clear day the tower of Chundeysewu is distinctly visible, being only about a mile and a half distant. It is situated amidst a plantation of trees, and is differently constructed from the buildings of Brambanan. Its principal entrance is guarded by two enormous figures in stone, holding swords in their hands, and very much like the large ones we saw at Singosari.

About a mile from Brambanan we passed the temple of Kalassan, a large, solid-looking building, with four principal entrances, and niches for figures on both sides. The chambers within are very dark and gloomy, and the figures in them few and insignificant. The temple is situated in the

middle of rice and cane plantations, and, unlike Brambanan, mortar has been used to cement the trachyte together. The tower is very much dilapidated, and in many parts the ruins are overgrown by weeds, grass, and shrubs.

Between the seventh station and Djokdja, we pass Gavan, the country-retreat of the Sultan, which, until six years ago, was the annual place of interview between him and his "elder brother," the Susuhunan. They came in great pomp and state, and, following an old-established custom, the younger sovereign sat on the ground, and, after a short preliminary ceremonial had been gone through, approached the throne without his sandals, knelt, and paid homage, or *hormaht*, to the "object of adoration." As these interviews drew a large number of people together, the Dutch thought it expedient to discontinue them; and, in order to reconcile the Sultan to this, represented to him that, so long as a prince rendered homage to another,

neither he nor his subjects could be considered by Europeans truly independent. On the next occasion the ceremony was discontinued.

On the day appointed, the Susuhunan was surprised to find the Sultan, contrary to all precedent, dressed in military uniform, and seated on a chair next to his throne, from which he neither seemed inclined to move, nor indicated the slightest intention of repeating what he now regarded as most humiliating to one of his dignity. Although the superior prince at first felt insulted before the eyes of his people, he soon wisely reconciled himself to the necessary change, and entered into conversation with those near him as if nothing to trouble him had occurred. The friendly meetings of the two sovereigns, which had been looked forward to each year by their subjects as a day of rejoicing and pleasure, were thus brought to an end.

Five miles further travelling brought us to the town of Jukja, which the Dutch write with a D,

to accommodate the name to their pronunciation. Driving up to the house of Mr. Z——, the Assistant-Resident, who had so kindly invited us when on board the *Oenarang*, we met with a reception which delighted us by its warmth and cordiality.

His house was built, in the interior, somewhat after the Pompeian style. Several massive pillars which supported the roof divided the hall into a nave and side aisles. Two doors on each side led from this into a large, roofed court, in the centre of which was a small garden of choice flowers, with an opening in the roof to admit light and moisture. Round this court were the private apartments, all lofty, and admirably adapted to a warm climate.

Djokdja, which has a native population of three hundred thousand souls, is laid out very much like Soerakarta, the principal street having the great sanitary advantage of rills of clear water running down both sides of it.

The Kraton, and most of the princely residences, are situated some distance from the town. As our friends were going to a ball at the Sultan's the evening of our arrival, they kindly pressed us to accompany them. We accepted the invitation, and drove to the Pondopo in the Kraton, where a band was playing. From thence we walked to the reception hall, which was gaily decorated, and brilliant with illuminations. This hall, like the Pringitans I have before described, was raised some steps from the ground, and open on three sides, the fourth being attached to his majesty's dwelling-house. Chairs were placed all round for the convenience of the dancers when fatigued, and at the side near the Ruma a Persian rug was laid down, and some more costly-looking chairs for the Sultan, his wife, the Resident, and some of the Sultan's relations.

His majesty received us very courteously on being introduced by Mr. Z——. The evening

passed off in dancing and card-playing, the Sultan taking no part in the former amusement, but entering heartily into the game of *vist*, for which he has quite a passion.

As the lamps were all of a very primitive description, they required trimming afresh every two or three hours. On account of the presence of royalty, this simple operation was performed with forms, the novelty of which afforded us much amusement. Two men, naked to the waist, approached the gay scene, one bearing a short ladder, the other a small lamp. Pausing a few yards from the Pringitan, they made obeisance to the royal seat, which at the moment was vacant, its usual occupant being deeply engaged in his rubber. After bowing three times nearly to the ground, they raised their two hands to their face in the manner I have previously described.

Ascending the steps, the same ceremony was gone through a second time. The man bearing

the ladder then placed it before the first lamp, and his companion put the light on the top step. Now, thought I, they will certainly proceed with the business in hand. But no; more yet remained to be done. Turning their faces to the empty chair, they knelt, bowed, and elevated their hands. One of them finally ascended the ladder, which was held for him by the other, and, while actually trimming the lamp, repeated the same forms which had been already more than once observed. On descending, they went through a similar series of genuflexions, &c., before removing the ladder and light to the next lamp. These obeisances, with all the mechanical patience of automatons, they repeated until the tedious work was done, when they retired backwards, saluting the unconscious monarch.

As no man except the Sultan is permitted within the precincts of the seraglio, I will here insert a description from the pen of my wife, who, by the

kindness of Mrs. Z——, was enabled to see and converse with these Javanese houries.

In a low kind of bungalow, some distance from the main building, not, however, so far off but that we could distinctly hear the sounds of music and mirth from the joyous scene we had just left, were assembled several women, mostly very young, and all dressed in a costly native fashion. Some of the party were playing a Chinese game of cards. All looked up on our entrance, but soon resumed their occupation, alternately playing, chewing tobacco, betel, and seri leaf, and using their spittoons, one of which was placed by the side of each person.

Most of them were good-looking, with magnificent dark eyes, drooping lids, and long, curling lashes. They make use of an immense quantity of powder, which, though very glaring, probably tends to heighten their charms. Their hair was dressed with care, being all drawn back from the face and

arranged in two loops behind, in which chumpaka and molor flowers were inserted by some, whilst others wore diamond pins. The ear was made unnaturally large by immense ear-rings, in shape exactly like a small cotton reel, about the size of one of Clarke's number sixty, the centre of each end being studded with brilliants. The large holes through which these singular ornaments were thrust are bored at a very tender age, and the apertures are filled from time to time with gradually larger and heavier ear-rings, until the lobes finally become so unnaturally elongated.

Unfortunately the beauty of the Javanese in general is spoilt by the prevalence of bad noses. It is very rarely one comes across a good nose, but when that feature is perfect, the face is usually pretty, provided always the mouth is kept closed, for, from the constant use of seri-gambier tobacco, &c., their teeth are very black. This unfortunately is considered a beauty. In children, of thir-

teen or fourteen, you see frequently beautiful teeth, like rows of pearls, either undergoing, or about to undergo, this disfiguring process.

Amidst the group before us, I was most struck by a very young girl, whose age, I thought could not exceed twelve or thirteen, and from whose face, though she appeared thoughtful, silent, and sad, the childish look had not yet disappeared. Who knew but that the instinct of her heart already told her a better destiny might have been hers than that to which she was probably devoted. She was doubtless intended to be the new toy of a middle-aged monarch, and although she might revolt against her lot, she could do nothing to change it. She was her master's property until he tired of her, and sought new charms. Most of them, however, looked cheerful and happy, and I was told, by one who knew many of them personally, that they are generally content with their lot, being allowed no end of finery and silly amusements. Turning to look

at the numerous birds, which hung in cages around, I could not help thinking how true was the comparison which likened these captive minstrels to the poor prisoners who attend to and pet them.

Next morning we went to see Passar Gedday, the Kraton built by Senopati Wongologo, contrary to the command of the Sultan of Padjang. Little now remains of this once famous place, save the Kobooran, or cemetery, consisting of several courts surrounded by turreted walls. The gateways leading to each of these courts still retain some of their old stone carvings. In the third court there is a large house, where most of the princes who resided in the Kraton have been interred. From this we passed through a smaller one, called Seliran, where we saw tombs on terraces rising like a series of steps. Descending from these we reached a small square tank, covered over with a tile roof, in which there were numbers of black fish, similar to the Simbilang of Singapore, called, by the Java-

nese, Lalay. Their sting is very venomous, but they are nevertheless very good eating. Our object in coming to this tank, however, was not to see the fish, but some curious white turtles, for which the natives have a great veneration.

The woman who attends to the place asked us if we would try our luck, to which we readily assented. She accordingly despatched a girl for some raw meat, and on her return, fastening a large piece to the end of a long stick, she leaned over the water, and mumbled a few words, amongst which we distinguished, "*Kiaidudo amboloro cooning*"—meaning "the yellow virgins." Recollections of the lake at Gratie came before us, and expecting a similar result, we were agreeably surprised when we saw ere long a large white turtle, about two feet long, rise nearly to the surface, place her fore paws against the side, and raise her head high enough to reach the tempting morsel, which she seemed thoroughly to appreciate.

I was anxious to obtain a couple of young ones, but was told that, on account of their sacred character, they were never sold. Miss Z——, our kind host's daughter, however, succeeded in persuading the old woman to procure a pair, which she promised to bring to the house.

Retracing our steps out of the Kobooran, we were shown an old portion of the Kraton, where, under the shade of a large old Verengen tree, I saw a slab of black stone, raised a foot from the ground, and about a yard and a half long by one wide—the object of which, from its strange situation, and the inscription upon it, I felt curious to know. In answer to my inquiries, I was told that a European sailor who was shipwrecked on this coast had been chained to this stone by order of the Sultan of Matarram. The reasons given for this poor man's punishment were numerous; but from a curious inscription in several languages, it

would appear that he was a linguist—a qualification which suggested to me the idea that he might possibly have been some missionary whose religious zeal had excited the suspicion or hostility of the higher Javanese powers.

To judge from the impression on the slab, I fancy he must have found a sedentary position the most comfortable, for the hard stone in one part is hollowed out like the floor of Chillon—"as if the cold pavement were a sod." The length of chain allowed him, according to all appearance, must have been very short.

Some of the stories related by the natives about this poor victim, though vague and uncertain, are worth repeating. One is to the effect that the sailor, when brought before the then reigning Sultan, refused to humble himself by bending his knees and paying homage to him—an act which so incensed the tyrannical monarch that he at once ordered him to leave his presence, and afterwards

condemned him to be chained for life to that stone.

A more particular account—for which I am indebted to Drahman, who gleaned the particulars from some of the old natives of that locality—makes it appear that, two or three hundred years ago, a vessel having been wrecked off the coast of Djodjokarta, the whole of the crew were lost except this man, who was picked up half dead on the shore by some fishermen, who took him to one of their huts, and succeeded in restoring him to life.

The news that a white man had been found under such melancholy circumstances soon spread far and wide, and numbers flocked to the fisherman's hut, in order to catch a glimpse of a sight more uncommon in those days than now. The Sultan of Matarram who then reigned was a very cruel, suspicious, and despotic man. Hearing of the curiosity manifested by the natives, and fear-

ing that the stranger might in time gain an influence over the minds of his superstitious subjects, he issued a command that the sailor should, without delay, be conveyed to his Kraton. This order was at once obeyed, and no sooner was the poor man in his power than he had him chained to the black stone, giving it out that he was a kind of sea-spirit of ill-omen, who, to deceive them, had taken the form of a white man. At the same time he issued a proclamation to the effect that whoever approached the prisoner after dusk should be severely punished.

At first a couple of sentinels were placed over him by night and day; but the unfortunate man conducted himself so quietly, and seemed so resigned to his fate, that, after a few months, this guard was dispensed with, and he was left to pass his nights and days in solitude, the fear with which the Sultan inspired all his subjects being so great, and their belief in his assertion that the man was

possessed by an evil spirit so assured, that no native who could avoid it would pass by that way after dark.

There was one, however, in whose breast the stranger's forlorn condition awakened feelings of sorrow and pity. This was a young girl, who, by signs, managed to make the captive aware of her commiseration, which she further showed by stealthily bringing him such delicacies, in the shape of fruit or food, as her slender purse enabled her to procure, and, for the protection of his limbs from the night dews, supplying him with a sarong, which he kept carefully concealed beneath some leaves by day.

A year or more elapsed, and, the feeling of sympathy which first actuated the girl beginning to ripen into the deeper and more absorbing one of love, she conceived the daring project of setting her lover free. Choosing her opportunity, she communicated her ideas to him. Longing for

liberty, he entered heartily into all her schemes, without reflecting on the risk to which the devoted girl was exposing herself. She accordingly supplied him with a file, and a small quantity of wax, mixed with some dark adhesive substance, the object of which will presently be seen.

In the dead of night, when all around were hushed in sleep, the poor prisoner, roused to energy by this ray of hope, set to work to file the chains which encircled his ankles, working by fits and starts, in order that the sounds, if heard by a chance passer-by, might be regarded as the buzz or whirr of some insect or night bird. Each night, after he had done working, having rubbed the prepared wax into the palms of his hands, he filled the groove he had made, thus escaping detection by daylight.

When, at last, the chains were ground down so fine that the slightest pressure would release his feet, a night was arranged for their hazardous

undertaking, and the young girl promised to bring two krisses—one for him, and the other for herself.

Silently, but with a heart full of joy, the captive broke asunder the now slender link of his chain, and the fragments fell to the ground with a crash which made him tremble lest he had been too precipitate. But the sound died away, and the unbroken silence of night succeeded. When he felt once more secure, he fell at the feet of his deliverer and poured forth his gratitude for her generous aid; but she, knowing the necessity for haste, bade him be silent, and taking his hand, prepared to leave the spot. Her anxiety for his safety, however, made her stop suddenly at the rustling of some branches behind them; but her fears were soon allayed by the sight of a moosang or wild cat running past them, an object which the girl, in her superstitious fancy, regarded as a good omen. Hastening by circuitous routes and

lonely paths, they left the town, and made the best of their way to the unfrequented parts of the country.

Great was the excitement that prevailed in Djodjokarta next morning when it was discovered that the white man had escaped, no one could imagine how or whither. The Sultan, on hearing of his flight, was greatly enraged, and despatched his ministers and officers in search of him; but all returned to the Kraton without having been able to obtain a single clue, and the Sultan was at his wits' end what course to pursue. A native of the town at length brought the intelligence that the escaped prisoner had been seen in the suburbs with a Javanese girl. The parents of the young woman were immediately sent for and questioned, but they were as ignorant of the circumstances as all present; their daughter not having been at home during the morning. As it was her habit, however, to bathe in the river

with her companions, frequently absenting herself from home for hours, they had not had the slightest suspicion or uneasiness until sent for by the Sultan. Finding that no information could be gained from these poor people, they were dismissed with a sharp reprimand for not having kept a better watch on their child.

The Sultan now despatched horsemen in all directions, with orders to scour the country, and bring back the fugitives, alive or dead. But the utmost efforts of the messengers proved fruitless, so cautiously had the lovers planned their movements, always taking the precaution to rest by day in some dark forest, and pursue their journey by night, until they were fairly beyond the confines of the kingdom of Matarram. After this they proceeded more openly till they reached the town of Bantam, before the Sultan of which they presented themselves with the story of the cruelty and tyranny of which the poor sailor had

been the victim. The Sultan readily took up the European's cause, granted him and his wife protection, allowed them full liberty to trade, and in a few years the once destitute sailor became an influential man.

Whether this account be true, or whether, as others assert, he dragged on a weary existence as a captive, and died on the very slab to which he had been for so many years chained, it is impossible now to say; but from the fact of the European characters inscribed on the stone, there can be no doubt that there is some truth in the tradition that a native of Europe had thus cruelly suffered.

CHAPTER V.

THE POURWORAJO KRATON—PALACE OF ARDJOWINAGONG—LARGE SERAGLIO—ANECDOTES OF OUR TURTLES—A VISIT TO TAMANSARIE, OR CHATEAU D'EAU—THE SPRING TANK OF SIRAMAN — COOL REQUEST — THE PASSAR — MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A BRAVE YOUNG ENGLISH OFFICER—FEMALE REVENGE—CURIOUS CONTRIVANCE—TREACHEROUS HOSPITALITY—SWISS CONSPIRACY—A MYSTERIOUS FOOT—AN EVENING AT THE TUMUNGONG MERTONEGORO'S—ROMANTIC SCENE—WE ARE ENTERTAINED AT PAKOE-ALAM'S—WAR DANCES—CLIMATE AND PRODUCE OF THE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER V.

About two or three miles from the last Kraton we reached another, built by the grandfather of the present Sultan, and known as Pourworajo, or "the commencement of prosperity;" though now, from having been long uninhabited and neglected, it presents an appearance totally at variance with the name originally given to it. It is quite melancholy to see the long avenues, once planted so regularly with fine tall trees, almost choked up with shrubs and saplings; the footpaths, formerly well tended, green with grass, moss, and rank weeds; the terraces, balustrades, and ornamental stone-work, now broken and dilapidated, crumbling under the "brazen hands of time." Beyond the fact of its being a

ruin, there is little or nothing of interest connected with the place, nothing to claim more than a passing glance from the traveller. Ardjowinagong (signifying "the re-establishment of good fortune") a large palace, two miles further on, is well deserving of a visit. It is situated near a river, which we had to cross in order to see the building. The stream is called by the singular name of Gajah-orang, or "elephant and man," the origin of which is explained by the following legend:—

A man was once engaged in bathing an elephant in the river, when a friend, passing by on the opposite bank, stopped to have a few moments' conversation; during the course of which the man who was washing the animal remarked to his comrade how shallow the stream was, so shallow that it was impossible for such a large, powerful beast as the elephant to be drowned in it. Scarcely, however, were the words out of his mouth, when the waters began to swell rapidly, and before the man and his

gajah could gain the bank, they were swept away by the force of the stream and drowned.

The grounds about the palace of Ardjowinagong have been very tastefully laid out. Fountains, ornamental tanks, artificial streams, flights of steps, and pillars abound on all sides, though now in many parts broken and gone to decay from time and neglect.

The entrance to the palace is across two large courts, the first of which is called Umbohl, from a spring bubbling in the centre of a pond. The interior of the building reminded me somewhat of a monastery. Except a few large rooms on the ground floor, the apartments, of which the number is considerable, are very small. The two wings, or towers, are covered with creepers and parasites, which extend their green covering, also, over part of the main building.

I could not ascertain exactly by whom this palace was built, but I was told that the Sultan who oc-

cupied it for some time was the possessor of no less than two hundred concubines; and I think it is not improbable that the same personage ordered and planned the erection, as the great number of small rooms would seem to favour the idea that the building, when inhabited, was occupied by an unusually numerous household.

On our return to the house of Mr. Z——, I found that the old woman had brought the turtles, and consigned them to the keeping of Drahman, who, on seeing me, said,

"It is quite useless, sir, attempting to keep these."

"Why?" replied I; "won't they stand the journey?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, looking very grave; "that would not signify; but what I mean, sir, is, they will not stay—it is their habit always to return to the place they are taken from."

Thinking the man was only trying to dissuade

me from taking them, in order to save himself the trouble of attending to them on the road, I merely added—

"Well, never mind, put them in a tub, we will try."

And with a good-natured smile at what he considered my incredulity, he went in search of an earthen pot, in which, half filling it with water, he left the young turtles to swim at pleasure.

While we were sipping our chocolate, about six next morning, a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," I said; and in walked Drahman.

"Well, Drahman, what is it you have to say?" said I, perceiving by his face that he considered himself to be the bearer of some important information.

"They are gone, sir!—they are off! They'll be home again by this time; you know, sir, I said so."

"Oh! the turtles," replied I, guessing what he meant. "Why, how did they go? Let me see—it has been raining all night, has it not? Did you

cover the vessel they were in, or bring them into the house?"

"No, sir, you never told me to do so."

"Then, that is why they are gone, Drahman," said I, laughing, in spite of my disappointment, at his superstitious notions; "the water rose as it rained, and the vessel once full their escape was very easy."

"I never thought of that;" said Drahman, retiring from the room without that triumphant expression on his face which it had worn when he entered.

Through the kindness of my friends I obtained two more turtles, one of which died on its passage back to Singapore; and the other from an accidental fall during our stay at Bath, which was the more disappointing as it had then been nearly two years in my possession. There is no specimen of the kind in the Zoological Gardens.

A short drive beyond the fort brought us to the

Castle of Tamansarie, which, from its being surrounded with water, the Dutch call the Château d'Eau. On alighting from the carriage, we passed through an old gateway, and walked to a kind of Pondopo, from whence we were conducted by the *juru coonchee* to a terrace commanding the best view of this singular palace. It is a heavy pile of buildings. The ends of each roof are turned up in the Chinese style of architecture. The palace is situated in the centre of an artificial lake, the springs of which are now in many parts dried up, leaving the bed only partially covered with water, and in some parts overgrown by tall weeds, giving it more the appearance of a marsh than of a lake. The only means of ingress and egress is through a tunnel, or subterraneous passage, lit by four small towers or turrets. The one near the centre, being much higher than the rest, was probably used as a post of observation.

Having traversed this passage, we ascended a

flight of steps and entered through the principal gate, the ornaments of which are in the Arabesque style. We walked through several of the deserted rooms and corridors. The sole article of furniture left in the palace is the bed of Sultan Hamanku Bewono IV., a low, long four-poster, with traces of gilding on many parts. Some of the rooms had even been divested of their flooring, the planks having been removed to other houses. Those which remain shew signs of having once been painted and partially gilt.

After passing through a number of courts in a lower part of the building, we were conducted down another flight of steps leading to a tunnel, at the end of which we came into a kind of circular-shaped court, with a large tank in the centre, and a gallery all round, supported by arches. This tank is known as the *Sumoor Gamalan* ("musical spring"), and is something similar to a bath-house in the grounds of the Rajah of Burdwan, in India.

Retracing our steps, we passed through large courts, ornamented with devices of serpents, flowers, &c., on the walls, and large vases with orange-trees on each side of the foot-path, showing that Tamansarie must once have been the abode of wealth and luxury. It is said that the Sultan who erected this chateau did so with the idea that no European could penetrate into the interior without the guard being well aware in time to warn those within to close the passage. This precaution was taken chiefly against General Daendels, whose character for temerity, almost approaching to rashness, was quite a proverb among the natives. Accordingly, when that general came, to make him—the Sultan—sign a treaty which he had often promised to ratify, and as frequently deferred, with trifling excuses, the native prince, perfectly safe as he imagined, and surrounded by faithful soldiers, felt himself quite able to play his own part with his opponent.

On the day appointed for the interview—which was to take place a short way from Tamansarie—Daendels and his officers waited in vain for the arrival of the Sultan, who deferred his appearance from hour to hour, sending excuses which, if not believed, were at least tolerated. Ere long, however, the delegates began to see that they were only a laughing-stock to the crowd, which momentarily increased in number—news of the intended interview having spread far and near.

Daendels, irritated by the delay, knit his brows, and ordering two of his aides-de-camp to follow, forced his way through the mass of human beings, and, walking to the subterranean passage that led to the chateau, boldly entered it without meeting with any opposition, as such a step had been wholly unlooked for. From here he penetrated into the audience hall, where the Sultan was seated, surrounded by his courtiers and officers, with whom he was in deep consultation.

The appearance of Daendels cut short the debate, and for a moment the assembled group seemed turned to stone, so petrified were they by the unexpected appearance of this brave man, who walked straight up to the Sultan, and, seizing him by the arm, compelled the astonished monarch to accompany him.

The situation, as may be well imagined, must have been a very humiliating one for the crafty Sultan, who, doubtless, would have offered some resistance, were it not for his knowledge of a European force then encamped outside the town. Making, therefore, the best of it, now that he could no longer frame any excuse, he ordered the Gamalan and musicians to proceed; and, followed by his suite, left the castle with Daendels. Anxious to make it appear it was a voluntary act on his part, he at once signed the treaty with the Dutch, which he had so long endeavoured to avoid.

From another source I was informed that Daendels actually dragged him out of bed, in order to compel him to fulfil his promise. The bed—the very one we saw—was ever after considered unlucky by the Javanese, and consequently never used. If this be true, it accounts for its being left in its present position, when every other moveable article was removed.

I cannot say which of these accounts is the true one, but there is no doubt whatever that Daendels entered the castle in the manner I have related, and forced the slippery Sultan to sign the treaty. The incident has been handed down by tradition even amongst the natives, by whom Daendels is still spoken of as a most daring man.

The spring tank of Siraman is about a mile from the town, and belongs to one of the present Sultan's ministers. It is situated in a beautiful garden, and fed by two running streams. In the centre stands a fountain with quaint relievos. A

few feet below the level of this is a shower-bath. The water running from the tank falls on the bather's head, after passing through the mouth of a peacock cut out of stone. On each side of this are two figures, in form half woman and half prawn. These are the Javanese mermaids, called *orang ayu*. Here we had a delightful bath, reminding one of those enjoyed by the luxurious Moors of Granada, or the Persians in the time of Sultan Ali Ven Moussah.

On our return we perceived two soldiers walking up and down before the house in which we were domiciled. As we approached, and were about to enter, they came up and asked most respectfully to see Mr. Z——, as they wished to speak to him very particularly for a few minutes. Mr. Z——, being made acquainted with their request, and concluding it to be some matter of importance, desired them to go to his Kontoor, where, as he afterwards related to us, the following dialogue took place :

"Well, my men, what do you want ?"

"Please, sir," replied the man who had spoken first, "we left the fort this morning and have now missed three calls, and, sir, we want you just to help us a bit."

Here he stopped and looked at his comrade, in the expectation that he would help him out with his story; but as he only looked down and said nothing, the first speaker began to rub the peak of his shako as though he were polishing it for parade.

"Well, I can do nothing for you that I see," said Mr. Z——, beginning to wonder what they meant; "you have absented yourselves without leave, and must abide by the consequence. I can't assist you; but my advice is, return immediately to the fort, for if the day passes over you may be considered as deserters."

"Yes, sir," answered the man, "we know that, and intend going back at once, but we want your help."

"My help! I tell you it is impossible."

"No, sir, it is not, excuse me," said he getting bolder, "all we want is a little gin, to enable us to bear our punishment like brave men!"

One morning we went to see the market, where native and imported crockery, linen, vegetables, fish, meat, fowls, and fruit were displayed in abundance. As I observed some *ayam alas*, or jungle fowl, to be sold, I purchased a pair, and though repeatedly told by my friends that they were too delicate to survive the voyage to Europe, I hoped, by some good luck, to bring them over safely. They were the size of Sebright's bantams, the cock having dark blue feathers on the breast, and tail tipped with gold, bright yellow hackles, black beak and legs, and comb of a bluish tinge. The hen was very like our hen pheasants, but much smaller, and with a much less brilliant plumage than that of the male bird. They are very timid, and rarely tamed.

Notwithstanding all our care and attention, feed-

ing them on grasshoppers and wild herbs, one died on the journey, the other some months after, at Singapore.

Beyond the *passar*, or market, is the *campong cheena*; and further on we came to a cemetery, where we saw several monuments erected to the memory of those Englishmen who fell at the successful assault of the Kraton in 1812.

A column, sculptured, or rather, I should say, cemented over with designs of leaves and flowers, attracted our attention, as marking the last earthly resting-place of a "brave and gallant youth," who, at the assault, was one of the first to penetrate into the private apartments of the Sultan. Breaking his way through a wooden door which barred his progress, he came suddenly upon an unexpected object in the person of a dark-eyed Javanese girl, who, from some cause unknown, had been left behind when the Sultan and his court made their hasty exit. Unlike Gonsalvo de Cordova, who, when he found

himself in a similar situation at the assault of Jaen, dismounted from his horse, kissed the fair and trembling hand, and then joined his men, he, without pausing to consider the imprudence of the act, rashly seized the girl by the waist, and attempted to carry her away by force, a design in which he was defeated. The princess, as she turned out to be, irritated at the capture of her father's Kraton, and the insult now offered to herself, stabbed the young officer in the neck with a kriss she wore concealed in the folds of her *sarong*, inflicting a wound from the effects of which he died shortly after.

A relative of our host's gave us a lamp so very primitive in its construction, that, had we not been told, we should never have imagined the use to which it was put. It consisted of a little box, cut out of a solid piece of wood, in the form of a leaf, and slightly hollowed out in the middle. A close-fitting lid, placed over it, can be shifted

from side to side by means of a small pivot at one end. When used it is filled with a dark adhesive substance. This simple but ingenious lamp was made use of by a daring housebreaker in a most singular manner. Prior to sallying forth on his nightly work of depredation, he placed several fire-flies in the hollow of the box, which he carried in a small bamboo cylinder, with a kind of wooden stopper to prevent the insects from flying away, and with slits cut in the sides to admit air. From this he replenished his box or lamp, when he perceived the light was not so bright as he wished it to be, and on account of the adhesive substance to which their legs became glued, the flies which gave the light were unable to escape.

When he succeeded in entering a house, he hid himself in some out-of-the-way place, and waited until he felt sure all the inmates were fast asleep. Then pushing the lid of his box aside, to give himself light, he stealthily moved from room to room, ap-

propriating ever article of value which came within his reach. The moment he heard the slightest noise, he closed the lid, and, in the darkness which followed, took to flight.

By this means, as he afterwards confessed, he had for seven years successfully plundered the honest gains of others. His boldness increasing with success, inspired him with a rash confidence in his lucky star, which finally led to his discovery and apprehension.

One day, as he was idly lounging before his door, two women from the country, who had come to Djokdja in order to dispose of some articles they had brought with them, stopped, and showed him their wares. On entering into conversation, the man learnt that they were perfect strangers to the town, and, as they seemed anxious to secure a lodging, he, with great apparent hospitality, requested them to enter into his house, where he showed them a room, which, he said, they might

look upon as their own during the time they stayed in Djokdja.

After partaking of a hearty meal, for which these poor creatures expressed themselves most grateful to their host, they all withdrew, the man advising them, ere he retired, to be sure and keep their goods and gains under the pillow, for, as he said, "no one knows who might enter by night."

The women, who were much fatigued, were soon buried in profound slumber. The wretch, having ascertained this, entered the room armed with a large staff, with which he struck his victims on the head. Wounded, but not deprived of life, they utterred a few faint screams, and the man, to prevent them from alarming the neighbourhood, held the pillows tightly over their mouths until life was extinct. Then, wrapping the bodies up in matting, he carried them to the back of his house where there was a very deep well, into which, after tying a stone round the neck of each, he dropped

them ; and having thus, as he thought, secured his safety, he returned to look over his unlawful gains.

Several weeks passed without a shadow of suspicion of this infamous murder. The wretch, confident in his safety, and fearing no detection, pursued his wicked course of life as actively as ever.

In the meantime, the friends and relations of the murdered women began to grow very uneasy at their lengthened stay from home, and to make inquiries about them. In none of the villages near had they been seen for weeks, but many had observed them enter Djokdja, and some had even bought goods from them. No one, however, had seen either the one or the other leave the place, nor did any one remember his having seen them after the day of their arrival.

This mysterious disappearance, which began to be the principal topic of conversation, at last came to the knowledge of the police. A knot of idlers were one day discussing the matter opposite the

house of an old blind man who lived near the unknown murderer. Hearing the subject of their conversation, the old man listened, and soon became interested in the sad story, upon which he felt convinced that he could throw some light. He accordingly joined the persons before his door, and that they might converse in greater safety, invited them into his house, where he informed them that about the time these poor women were first missing he was outside his door till a late hour one night, refreshing himself in the cool air, when he heard, issuing from the adjacent house, two or three faint screams, as of a woman crying for help. He was on the point of going in to tell his wife, when, the screams dying away, he concluded that they had only proceeded from some woman who had been chastised by her husband; and, therefore, beyond a passing remark to his wife, made no mention of the matter.

The police, being informed of this, their sus-

picion fell on the murderer. His house was searched, the well was dragged, and the two bodies found. A damning evidence against him was the staff, also smeared with blood, which the wretch had carelessly thrown into an exposed corner. He was taken, tried, and condemned to be publicly hanged. A short time before his end he made a confession, in which he detailed at length the means by which he had been so long enabled to accomplish in safety his deeds of crime and violence.

About three years previous to our visit the inhabitants of Djokdja were thrown into a great state of consternation by a conspiracy to overthrow the Dutch. The plot was formed by several Swiss soldiers who served in the army, most of whom had inlisted shortly after the disbandment of our foreign legion, having been encouraged to go abroad to Bandjamassing by promises of active service and rapid promotion.

On their arrival, however, they were, contrary to their expectation, drafted into regiments doing garrison duty at the different forts in the island, especially those of Soerabaya, Samarang, Salatiga, Ambarrawa, Solo, and Djokdja. Some of them patiently bore this disappointment, and made up their minds to serve out the time without a murmur. Others, however, who were more irritated by the deception which had been practised upon them, readily listened to the bold but mad projects of one Borjot, a clever, intelligent, and determined man, who proposed to massacre all the Dutch in the island, and to make Java a republic like their beloved Switzerland.

This man, having first sounded the sentiments of those in the other garrisons, and finding only too many glad to accept his propositions, fixed the day and hour when, in each place, the foreign soldiers should rise simultaneously and massacre every one of Dutch blood, extending mercy only

to the young wives and daughters, whom they intended to appropriate to themselves.

The night fixed upon was one of gaiety. The Dutch, ignorant of any approaching danger, were enjoying themselves at a grand ball given by the Resident. The pleasure of the evening was at its height, when an old lady, seated in the verandah of her house, which was close to that of the Residency, and listening to the music, was suddenly startled by the unexpected appearance of a soldier, who, apparently much excited, addressed her, to her great alarm, in a whisper.

"Madame, I am so glad to have seen some one," said he. "For God's sake send somebody to warn all who are at the Residency of the approaching danger: tell them to leave the house at once, or they will all be murdered. I belong to the party, but I cannot do it, I cannot bear to think of it, now the time has come."

The lady, to whom this incoherent speech ap-

peared like the ravings of a maniac, or the senseless talk of an intoxicated man, at first listened incredulously, and treated the warning lightly, but when the soldier persisted in the truth of what he had said, and insisted on the necessity for losing no time, she began to think there might be some foundation for his extraordinary statement; and as he would not leave until he had fully convinced her of the truth of what he had revealed, she promised to dispatch a servant immediately to the Residency.

The Resident, on receiving the message, carefully concealed its purport from all his guests, except the officers from the fort. To these he communicated without delay the knowledge of the peril in which they stood, advising them to proceed as cautiously as possible, in order to secure the persons of the rebels before they could have the slightest idea that their intended victims had been made acquainted with the murderous design.

The officers, concealing the consternation into which such an astounding revelation had thrown them, followed the directions of the Resident, and quietly withdrawing from the gay throng, proceeded with their commander in great rapidity to the fort, the gates of which were noiselessly closed as soon as they were within the walls.

Every Swiss sentinel was disarmed and taken prisoner by Dutch and native soldiers. The bewildered conspirators were seized in their barracks, and forced to lay down their arms. A few shots were fired, but so great was the excitement and terror caused by the unexpected discovery, that the conspirators who discharged them could take no certain aim, and they were consequently harmless. Telegrams were immediately sent to warn the commandants at the other forts of the impending danger. At Surabaya, the men's fire-arms were removed while they were asleep, so that, on awaking about midnight, they found themselves

unable to carry out their deadly purpose. The following morning, Borjot and a knot of the ring-leaders were tried, found guilty, and executed before the gates of the fort.

One morning, shortly after this event, Djokdja was thrown into an unusual state of excitement by the report that a dog had been seen carrying a human foot into the town. With the natives it soon became current that one of their own race had been foully murdered. On examination, however, the foot was found to be that of a European—a fact which roused the suspicions of the European community, who, from recent events, were easily excited; and supposing it to indicate the existence of a deeper plot against them, they began to look to their own safety, and lost no time in making inquiries from house to house, to assure themselves that none of the inmates were missing. Satisfactory answers were, however, returned, which made the case very mysterious. For several days it was

the topic of conversation in the place, and for all that we know, strange surmises would probably have been made regarding the foot to this day, had not facts stronger than suppositions pushed themselves under the noses of the learned doctors assembled to discuss the subject. It seemed strange to them that the heat of the climate, which decomposes animal matter in less than forty-eight hours, had not made the slightest impression on the foot; though four days had now elapsed since its discovery, it was still as fresh as on the first day. Some wag suggested that it might have been pickled or salted; and sure enough a lingual and nasal test proved that such was the case. But why had this been done? The grave conclave of doctors assembled every day for a week, vainly trying to solve the mystery.

At last they were about to give up the matter as inexplicable, when, to the surprise of all, a doctor who had been very silent during the

whole of that day's proceedings started up, and exclaimed,

"Good Heavens! can it be possible I have kept you so long in suspense? I do believe the foot is that of a soldier I amputated some years ago, since which time it was kept in the Museum of Anatomy; but being anxious to clear the space it occupied for more important subjects to lecture upon, I ordered my servant, about four months ago, to bury the bottle and its contents in some out-of-the-way place. But we shall soon see—I am determined to clear up this mysterious affair. Opus," cried he to one of the attendants, "go and order my servant to come here immediately."

On the boy's appearance, the doctor said:

"Kasem, do you know that foot?"

"No, Tuan, I do not."

"You *saitan*, don't you know the foot I told you to bury with the bottle?"

"Ya, Tuan, I do."

"Then how came it into the dog's mouth?"

"I don't know, sir—I buried it deep."

"With or without the bottle?"

The boy hesitated a moment to frame his excuse, then answered—

"Without the bottle."

"Why did you do so? How do you dare to disobey my orders?"

"Because," said the collected youth—"because we are not allowed by the Korahan to bury human flesh in a box or bottle."

"*Pigi fur Saitan*, you *orang chilaca!* Go to the devil, you rascal!" And the boy disappeared amidst such a burst of laughter as was never heard before within the walls of the hospital.

This discovery was soon spread through the town, to the amusement and relief of all who heard it. Thus ended a seven-days' wonder, caused by the negligence or covetousness of a Javanese youth, and the voracity of a dog—which, for the

time, kept the pulse of Djokdja at fever heat.

We were invited one evening to the house of the Tumungong Mertonegoro (signifying "the good of the land"), in order to witness some dances which had been got up for our entertainment. The residence of this prince is about two miles from the town; and we had a pleasant moonlight drive to it. The Tumungong was ready to welcome us as we alighted. He is a colonel in the Sultan's troops, and brother to the prime-minister. He made himself very agreeable, and seemed remarkably desirous for information, showing a great deal of curiosity on many subjects.

The ladies of his household, consisting of his wife, daughters, nieces, &c., blazing with jewels, were seated in a semicircle round the upper part of the Pringitan. The gentlemen were in the Pendopo, which had many stands full of glittering spears, and quite a museum of native arms.

To the right of the Pringitan was the orchestra.

consisting of thirty men playing different instruments, and composing what they call their full Gamalan band. This was the first complete native musical corps we had yet seen, and some of the instruments were quite new to us. One ponderous-looking affair, like a rude violoncello, was about four feet long, with an oval back—the finger-board, tail-piece, and pegs being of ivory. A very diminutive piece of wood, placed close to the finger-board, served as the bridge. Two wires composing the strings, on being tightly drawn, produced sounds far from pleasing. There was another curiosity in the shape of an enormous gong, so large that anyone could have used it comfortably for a bath. The Gamalan I have before described—the only difference between those used here and the ones we had previously seen being in their size. This instrument, when heard close at hand, is deafening and noisy, though never so unmusical as the Chinese gong; at a distance, it has a sweet lulling

sound, "like water drops trained into melody."

As Javanese music is always extemporary, the measure is almost invariably common time; though, in some of the allegro and presto passages, the beat is what musicians would term a two-four time.

Before the dances commenced, six vocalists rose up, conducted by one who appeared the leader, and who sang from a manuscript which had been written by the Prince at the express order of the Sultan. The subject was a eulogium on the last review of his Majesty's troops. The instrument sometimes kept time with the song, but as the accompaniment was altogether improvised, they more frequently appeared to forget the air which ought to have been the foundation of their variations. The first dance was performed by six young girls, two of whom were the daughters of the Prince, and the others their relatives. They came from the house which was at the back, and walked with stately

precision on to the Pringitan. They were very gaily dressed. Their *kabayas* were of rich silk, confined round the waist (in a manner I had never before seen, as that article of attire in Java is always left loose) by pindings sparkling with jewels. Their gay *sarongs* flowed below so long as to form quite a train as they walked. Brilliant looking coronets encircled their heads, and their ears seemed quite heavy with the weight of the jewels hanging from them.

Turning towards the ladies as they entered, they seated themselves on the ground, and raised their hands to salute the Raden Ayn, or wife of the Prince. Then rising up simultaneously, they separated into two parties, which, after crossing and recrossing each other several times, suddenly stood still in one attitude, as if they had been statues. After continuing still for some moments, they began to twist about and wave their bodies as only supple-jointed Asiatics can do; and there was fre-

quently so much ease and gracefulness in their movements, that they might have vied with those of a London or Parisan *corps de ballet*. One of their movements struck us as very extraordinary, though scarcely characterized by the same choregraphic grace which we had observed in their other movements. This was the curious manner in which they sometimes protruded the inner joint of the elbow, turning their hands backwards in a curve, until the middle finger touched the wrist, a position which had more the appearance of a deformity than of aught graceful or beautiful.

Four boys, dressed as Chinese mandarins, performed the next dance, which had a warlike signification. Each was accompanied by an esquire, carrying the weapons, &c., he was to use in the sham fight in which he was to engage during the dance. A bamboo clarionet was the instrument whose martial notes excited the mimic warriors, who, under the weight of the padded clothing

which they wore, soon became tired of their task, and exhibited a very fagged appearance. Six girls, who had already taken part in the first dance, again appeared. A table covered with white was placed in the centre of the Pringitan, and a vase of flowers was put on it by an old duenna, who, every now and then, rearranged the dress of the dancers, or smoothed out their tangled hair. The variety of their movements showed that this was a scenic performance.

In order that we might be able to understand their pantomimic gestures, I inquired what it was they meant to represent; and, in reply, was told the following romantic story, the foundation of the ballet:—

In ages gone by, there lived a king known as Praboe Sindolo, of Mendangkamolan, who, when very young, determined to abandon the world. For this purpose he lived in a hut, or cave, on the top of a mountain, where he was in the constant

habit of studying and meditating, keeping certain days as *tapa*, or fasts. Like Faust, however, he was frequently interrupted in the midst of his reflections by a Javanese Mephistopheles, who, that he might wean the mind of the youth from the perusal of the sacred books, artfully pictured to his imagination the pleasures of this world. Inwardly distrusting the strength of his own good resolutions, Praboe sent for a large bird, with whose language he was conversant, and for four vestal virgins, to exorcise the evil spirit which inspired him with worldly and sensual thoughts.

Previous to their arrival he transformed himself into a flower, in which form the young maidens began dancing round him to drive away the evil one. A princess, who happened to pass by, seeing a vase of beautiful flowers, plucked one, and carried it home. On placing it in water, her surprise equalled her admiration when the flower suddenly changed into a handsome young man, who, en-

raptured with the charms of the princess, at once made her an offer of his hand and heart, all love for a hermit life and for *tapa* having vanished when the young girl plucked him from the vase.

The dance or ballet founded on this story, called the Buksan, is a great favourite with every native.

After one or two other representations of a warlike nature, we all adjourned to the supper-room. As this apartment was across the court-yard, the Javanese gentlemen, following the example of the Europeans, offered their arms to the ladies. The innovation, however, did not seem to be generally acceptable. As I was leading in a lady, I saw one of the princesses without a partner, and, advancing towards her, offered my other arm. She hesitated at first, but on seeing some of her friends and relations handed in in the same manner, she appeared inclined to accept my polite offer. All at once, however, as if overcome by *mauvaise honte*, she

declined my assistance, and walked in alone.

It was very amusing to see the Javanese princes and gentlemen projecting their elbows as far as they could in order to keep the ladies' crinolines from touching their sarongs. A short European lady who was present, remarked,

"I had literally to keep hold of my partner's sleeve in order to keep pace with him."

The supper was prefaced with soup, and followed by hot dishes, after the Dutch fashion in Djokdja. At the conclusion of the repast, we re-entered the Pendopo, and were shown over part of the dwelling-house. Among other apartments we saw the "family bridal chamber," in which we noticed two painted wooden figures—one of a man and the other of a woman, standing at the foot of the "family nuptial couch." These figures, as we were told, are called Lorobonyhoyo, or the youth and maiden, and are placed there to cheat the devil, who, according to their belief, during the

wedding-night hovers round the bed, with the view of carrying off one of the happy pair. These figures, however, are their protection, for, deceived by their resemblance, he carries them off instead of the sleeping lovers.

In our round of native visits, a few days after this, we were entertained by a branch of the royal house (the Susuhunan's), who bore the titles of Pakoe Alam III. (or third nail of the earth), Pangéran Addhipatti, Soeria Sasraningrat—the latter signifying "arm of the earth." On this occasion we saw several war dances, in the execution of which the men, naked to the waist, showed great dexterity in handling both the sword and kriss. Their appearance, the eyebrows being plastered over with some black composition in the form of large arches, and their faces and bodies being coloured bright yellow, reminded me of some Ninevite figures.

After the dances, the Prince shewed us a large

book, about two feet long, and very thick, which was brought in by two men, and placed with ceremonious reverence on a table. This book contained a genealogical table written by the Prince's father, and several poems composed by his grandfather, relatives, and friends, which he seemed very proud of. The volume was bound in leather, and inlaid with precious stones and gold, two small yellow satin cushions being placed under the back when opened, in order that it might not be strained. Every page was illuminated with gold and colours, in a manner far superior to anything I had ever expected from the hands of the Javanese. The book, which is seventy-five years old, is called Menac.

We were introduced by the Prince to his mother, a woman between sixty and seventy, which for a native is considered very aged. She, however, looked very hearty and strong, and possessed a wonderfully retentive memory. She remembered

the names of most of the officers and Residents who resided at Djokdja during the English rule. This old lady presented my wife with a sarong, of the esteemed prang rusa pattern, strongly scented with a preparation called jabud, or ajubat, which is much used by the wealthier natives, and is said to be made from the fat of the moosang, or wild cat.

The Prince next took us into an inner court of the house, where he showed us an albino baby, fair as a lily, whose parents and ancestors were all pure Javanese. The native princes, whenever they hear of the birth of any singular children, immediately send for the parents, give them apartments within the precincts of their palace or house, and adopt their offspring. The birth of an albino is thus considered to bring luck to a poor man. The child itself, however, is generally weak and sickly through life, and its eyes, which are pink, are scarcely ever able to bear the light of day.

The climate of Djokdja Karta is very salubrious, the temperature, except at mid-day, being cool and pleasant. The sea-breezes and heavy dews, which refresh the air at night, are often so chilly that one requires a blanket in bed as a protection against them; and the absence of mosquitoes, which, in most parts of Java, buzz their terrible nightly trumpet when they are about to levy sanguinary mail upon your flesh, is a blessing the value of which all travellers in the East can estimate.

This province produces excellent coffee. Wheat and barley also grow in some of its hilly districts. It is in fact considered very rich in agricultural produce.

Twelve miles from Djokdja is Parangtritis, or Paman-jingan—a small village on the sea-board, facing the Indian Ocean. The meaning of the first name is "a stalactite rock;" from Parang—"a rock," and tritis—"studded with stones." Stalac-

tites abound all along the coast in caves, caverns, and hollows—some of them so remarkable as to be well worth seeing.

CHAPTER VI.

LEAVE FOR MOENTILLAN—TEMPLE OF MANDOOT—TRADITION OF RAJAH SLAMBÉ AND HIS TWO WIVES—SIMPLE BRIDGE—WONDERFUL PROPERTY OF STONES FOUND IN SNAKES' HEADS—VENOM OF A POISONOUS SERPENT SUCKED OUT BY A GALIGA—RUINS OF BOROBODOO—THEIR SINGULAR CONSTRUCTION—ALTO-RELIEVOS—JOURNEY TO TUMUNGONG—COLD RECEPTION—RATHER SLOW SUBSTITUTE FOR HORSES—LEGEND OF THE BUFFALO—WEARISOME JOURNEY—ARRIVED AT LAST.

CHAPTER VI.

We parted from our hospitable friends with much regret; and, after a most agreeable sojourn under their kind roof, left for Moentillan, where we passed the night at the house of a friend of Mr. Z——'s. We started next morning to see the ruins of Mandoet, or Mandoot, which consist of a large square-built temple surrounded by a fosse, and reached on one side by a small stone bridge. The exterior walls are sculptured with numerous figures of Durga, and other Javanese deities, much worn by time. Crossing the bridge, we mounted a few steps, and, traversing a short passage, gained the interior of the building. We observed on the walls of the passage a lively group, representing, as the guide told us, king (or deity) Briot, his

wife, and children, the latter no less than twenty-five in number. Some of them are climbing trees, others bathing and playing, the rest being taken care of by some of their older brothers and sisters. The height of the chamber we entered I should imagine to be about twenty feet close to the walls, and probably sixty or more in the centre, where the ceiling ended in a point similar to that of the fanes at Brambanan. Facing the entrance, there is a large altar, upon which stands a figure of enormous proportions, hewn out of a solid block of stone, of a dark colour, and grained something like granite.

We were informed that this was the statue of Rajah Slambey. The nose and mouth were better chiselled than any we had yet seen. The head was covered with frizzled-looking hair, cut in short stiff curls like those of a negro, and the ears were bored near the tips. We saw also two female figures, nearly the same height as the Rajah, with

hair of the same description. They very much resemble each other, and both wear crowns. We also observed that the left arms were stretched out very much in the same deformed manner as those of the dancers at Djokdja. Their right hands are held near the breast with two fingers raised, like the figure of St. Peter at Rome.

One of these figures is bound to the altar on which it rests by a chain carved out of the stone; and the other is nailed through the thigh. A curious tradition is related of these three figures. One of the Buddhist deities, whom the natives now call Rajah Bandong, is described as having paid his court to the goddess Durga, and, on being rejected by her, marched with a large force to compel her to submit to his wishes. Durga, fearing that her army might be defeated by so powerful an adversary, applied to Slambey for his assistance in the struggle. This deity, glad of an opportunity to serve the fair goddess, lost no time in summon-

ing his men, in order to lead them to her aid. But just as he was prepared to start, he was surprised to see his two wives ready to follow him, under the fear that the martial volunteer himself might yield to the charms of the beautiful divinity. Enraged at being thus suspected, Slambey ordered the women immediately to return home; and, on their refusal, commanded the one to be chained, and the other nailed to two stone altars, after which he transformed them into stone for their disobedience. Sallying forth, he then defeated the Rajah of Bandong, and freed Durga from his distasteful wooing. On returning to his home, he built the temple of Mandoot, in which he placed the two figures of his refractory wives, as a warning to other jealous women. The exterior walls are decorated with figures of Durga, and sculptures representing her exploits.

When the temple was finished, and he began to feel the want of something to employ his mind, the

memory of his two faithful wives returned to him, and he regretted the hasty part he had acted towards them. He happened one day to be ruminating before the altar, and regarding from time to time the cold faces of his wives on each side, when the defeated Rajah Bandong entered, and discovered his vanquisher.

"So, so!" cried he, in a voice of thunder, "I have caught you at last, have I? What is your power to mine, now you have not Durga near you? Be thou, cruel man, for ever seated on that spot, and become like those two poor victims of thy tyranny!"

So saying, he left the spot, and Slambey was at once metamorphosed into a cold stone figure.

About a mile from Mandoot, we stopped at a little village called Botchong, situated at the summit of a hill, below which flows the river Progo. Alighting, and walking down to the water, which we wished to cross, we had to wait until the

bamboo rafts, to serve us for a bridge, were tied together.

Whilst we are waiting, I will take the opportunity of relating a few incidents which were told me previous to leaving Djokdja. I am sensible that such digressions are not always liked, though, to my fancy, in a light work of this description, they sometimes serve as the oar to paddle the canoe when the lively breeze of interest has for a moment subsided into a calm.

Many of my readers have doubtless heard of the stones found occasionally in the heads of serpents, fish, and other animals, which are said to possess the property of curing different diseases, allaying the pain of stings, &c. A relative of Mr. Z—— showed me a dark green one, which had been brilliantly polished, and resembled a malachite. It was found, she told me, in the head of a serpent, and had already been the means of effecting many cures. On one occasion a native of the town, whilst

working in the country, having been bitten on the foot by a venomous snake, was taken to the hospital, where he suffered agonies for two or three days, at the expiration of which time his foot was swollen to an enormous size, every effort of the medical men in attendance having proved ineffectual to allay the inflammation. The poor man, in great torment, at last bethought himself of the stone in Mrs. V——'s possession, the fame of which had spread through Djokdja, and earnestly implored that they would try this remedy. The doctors smiled incredulously, but readily assented to gratify the man's whim, as they called it, and despatched a messenger with a polite request for the loan of the stone, which was at once granted. On application to the wound, and before many seconds had elapsed, it adhered so tightly to the flesh, that it was found impossible to remove it; and not until the swelling had completely abated, and the foot had resumed its natural size, did the wonderful

stone detach itself and fall, leaving the patient free from pain.

This stone, being porous, possessed the property of absorbing diseased or venomous matter. When it was placed in a basin of water the liquid soon became quite discoloured, and it was not till fresh water had been put into the vessel several times that the stone became perfectly cleansed from the bad matter it had absorbed from the wound.

A stone I saw, on a different occasion, which was found in a cocoa-nut, was marked with the same lines as those on the exterior of the shell. This was set in a ring, and was said to possess the property of curing weak eyes.

As our ponies are now on the opposite bank, we step into the Rees-Wagen, and are conveyed across the swift broad current. As soon as we landed in safety on the other side, the carriage was pulled up by coolies to the top of the hill.

Not far from this river is a building which the

natives call the dapor, or kitchen. It is built of that dark grey stone known as trachyte, a species of volcanic rock. The interior walls being much blackened by smoke, probably accounts for the Javanese name.

A mile farther on, over a rugged road, we came in sight of the ruins of Borobodoo, situated on the summit of a green hill, which, though much dilapidated, were yet sufficiently perfect to look very imposing from a distance.

Borobodoo is built in terraces, ten in number, the four topmost being circular, and the lower ones, which are built on the side of the hill, quadrangular. The walls of these terraces are surmounted by arches, underneath which have been figures; some still remaining, while others have been removed, or have fallen down from their elevated positions. On the summit of the temple stands a circular erection, now partly in ruins, like a large broken funnel, with a kind of temporary

roof for the accommodation of visitors. It is built quite *al fresco*, its passages and the main portions of the building being entirely exposed to all the changes of the weather.

There are four entrances to this singular ruin, but as the one now in use is on the opposite side, we had to walk round to the western gate. Mounting a flight of steps, we reached the first terrace, which we found to be about twenty feet broad, and from four hundred and twenty-six to thirty feet square. We could now examine the figures under the arches more closely, and if—as an author who had many opportunities of forming a correct judgment of pagan deities observes—"Buddha is invariably represented with curled negro hair and long ears," there need be no doubt as to whether Jainists, Brahmins, or Buddhists built this temple; for, with a head perfectly answering to this description, the deity sits on every wall, and in almost every niche. The date of erection

of this temple is supposed to be about the year 1344 A.D.

The terraces on our side are much encumbered with ashes and debris, ejected from the volcanic mountain Marapi. A great quantity of this, however, has already been removed, as it was found that the weight partially sunk the building.

The walls on each side of every terrace are elaborately sculptured with alto-relievos. Those on the inner wall of the first represent the history of Rama. The second terrace, with those rising above it to the circular tower, is reached by four flights of steps, corresponding with the four cardinal points of the compass. It is probably about two hundred feet less than the first, and only six feet in width. All the terraces thus gradually decrease until you arrive near the summit. The tableaux representing the legend of Rama are continued as we ascend, and are so numerous that it is impossible for any one to ex-

amine minutely the subject of each, unless, indeed, the traveller could repeat his visit several times. One represents two athletic figures struggling together for a box, while a man and woman from an adjacent house look upon the scene with great consternation and alarm. Next to this is seen a gigantic figure in a sitting posture, with one knee raised and tied to a tree. Two men, who look like attendants, are on the left, and on the right an altar with the flame rising in a pyramidal form. Beyond the altar is a figure leaning against a kind of pillar, holding in his left hand a lotus flower. This last alto-relievo is supposed to represent a giant overpowered, and about to be made an *auto da fé* of, a scene to which the procession represented above may probably be a prelude, as the giant is seated on an elephant, with an air of apparent resignation to his fate, amidst a crowd of people assembled to witness the triumph of their deity over mundane strength. Rama precedes the

captive giant, in a carriage drawn by a pair of fiery horses, which the bujangs running by their side are vigorously lashing.

This tableau is followed by one of a ship, which the sculptor has evidently intended to represent in a storm, but he has not been very successful in picturing the surging sea and lowering clouds. On the shore are several men, apparently begging mercy of a woman who is walking on the surface of the turbulent waters.

Further on Rama, or Logowo, as some natives call him, is seen displaying different feats of strength and agility before the Princess Cinto, the daughter of Muntilirigo, whose heart he is desirous of gaining. In one scene he is represented in the act of drawing his bow, the arrow being directed towards seven tall trees standing in a line, which he is to fell by a single shot, a feat which he is said to have accomplished, obtaining thereby the hand of the princess, and the title of Rama, or, as he

is often called by Hindus, Rama Goinda Samy. Three other groups, on a line with this, represent Rama carried in triumph, in a kind of chair on the shoulders of some men; then the marriage, and the grand procession after the nuptials.

A company of musicians playing before the Princess and her court is sculptured on the same terrace. Amongst the instruments I recognised the Gamalan, the only difference being that the metal gongs had not the knob in the centre like those now in use.

Archers, or bowmen, are displaying their skill before Rama and his wife, who appear seated in pomp on a raised platform or dais. The right leg of the deity is placed crosswise, the other doubled before him. As the men near him are in a similar attitude, this singular posture may have been regarded as regal and courtlike; and as if such were the case, it would have to be kept up during the time an audience lasted, they contrived the simple but inge-

nious plan of tying the leg and thigh together, in order to enable the courtiers of that age to sit for hours thus crouched up without much inconvenience. In many of the alto-relievos they are represented tied, so that we can scarcely avoid supposing that such was the purpose of so strange a posture.

Others represent the life of King Radjuno, a celebrated "pandawalima," or warrior, who, after fighting many battles, and gaining endless victories, retired from the world to a mountain, to do "wardinisy," as the guide termed it, or penance. Here he is disturbed in his devotions by Morodo, a priest, and his attendant Dawa, who flagellate the devout anchorite, but without being able to ruffle his temper. Seeing that he bears all with the patience of a martyr, they seek the assistance of Wodosarie, who despatches her Amazons to their help. In turning Radjuno from his tapa, these women shoot at him from a projecting wall, without injuring him, however, for the pointed barbs

turn into lotus flowers as they approach their intended victim.

The next four terraces are narrower than the two first, with relievos only on one side of the wall. The niches also are fewer and farther between. The last four, as I have before observed, are circular, and very broad; each having three rows of bell-shaped cages, hewn out of trachyte, in which is a figure of Buddha, in the same sitting posture as on the walls. These cages are from four to five feet in diameter at the base, and stand about three feet apart.

On ascending the last flight of steps we walked to the tower, and after gaining the summit, had an extensive and beautiful view of the surrounding country. A more lovely panorama of mountains, valleys, streams, and tropical verdure, is not to be found in any other part of Java. The tower can be entered by a door at the foot of the steps, where, half buried by an accumulation of sand and clay,

a stone figure lies, much broken and disfigured. From an opening above, the ashes of the dead were thrown down after the bodies had been burnt; incineration being a prevalent practice among the ancient possessors of Java.

Apparently very little cement has been used in building this temple, the stones of which have been placed together with great discernment, patience, and skill, more particularly at the corners and projections, where they are wedged together, or dovetailed, to insure the strength of the edifice.

The ruins of Brambanan are generally considered to be half a century more ancient than those of Borobodoo.

On descending the hill, we passed under a long avenue of trees to the Wodono's house, who informed us that the Dapor, or kitchen, the name applied to the place we had passed on our way to Borobodoo, was a misnomer, the right name being Chundi Pawon—Chundi signifying, in Javanese,

a temple. At no great distance lies the village of Brodjonolo, the gate, standing upon what seems to have been the site of a former entrance to the grounds of the temple.

After partaking of some refreshments, we started on our way back, recrossed the Progo, and then proceeded to Magellan, which is a nice clean-looking town. A splendid view of the twin volcanoes, Marapi and Murababoo, may be obtained from it. The road running through it is a very fine one, and a large Kraton, belonging to the Regent, stands on the left side. Here we changed horses, and continued our route to a place called Tumungong, where we arrived in the afternoon.

Being provided with a letter to a native chief, from a friend of his, we ordered the carriage to be driven up to the house, where an incident occurred which is worthy of notice, so far as it shows the difference of the native character when acting under restraint and when guided by natural impulse.

As we approached, I perceived a Javanese, whom I rightly imagined to be the chief himself, talking to a European gentleman. I alighted when the carriage stopped, and, advancing towards him, presented my letter. To my surprise, however, though the envelope was addressed to himself, he handed it over to the gentleman beside him. The European coolly opened it, as if such a proceeding were a matter of course, and, after glancing at the writing—not one word of which, I verily believe, he understood, as it was all in Javanese—returned it to the rightful owner, who, having read the whole, said, with singular coldness, more freezing, coming, as it did, from a native—from whom we had hitherto met with so much warmth of heart and kindness—

"There is a *logement* in the town—Tuan can go there; I have the Resident and Contrôleur staying with me now."

"Is there? I was not aware of it," answered I;

and, adding a *trimacasi*, or "thank you," I left this inhospitable chief, and drove off in search of the *logement*.

To many it may seem curious, nay, even presumptuous, for a traveller, though furnished with an introductory letter from a friend, to drive straight up to a stranger's house, and expect him to find lodging for him; but in Java it is the custom to give accommodation for days together, especially where there are no public resorts of any kind for the traveller to rest in.

On arriving at the *logement*, I perceived it was quite a new building, which accounted for the friend who gave me the letter not knowing of its existence. We were glad to get under the verandah, to be sheltered from the rain, which now began to fall fast, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning.

Here we were pretty comfortable, the fare, though simple, being good; and in the anticipa-

tion of to-morrow's journey, we soon forgot the disagreeables of the past day.

Before we retired, a handsome young Javanese called and asked to see me, announcing himself as the son of the chief we had that afternoon seen. He was accompanied by a small suite of attendants, all wearing krisses, who sat cross-legged on the floor, and, whenever their youthful master accosted one of them, saluted him in the prayer-like manner already described.

He was a very pleasant gentleman, and showed a great *penchant* for British sovereigns, about twenty of which he wore as jacket buttons. As I was rather at a loss to understand the purport of his visit, I bowed to him, begged him to take a seat, and waited for him to begin the conversation, which he did by making apologies for his father's coldness, who, that day, he said, was rather *bingoong* (meaning out of humour, or in a dilemma), in consequence of having been awakened from his

noonday siesta by the unexpected arrival of the Resident and the Contrôleur. His own house, he added, was at our service as long as we liked to stay in Tumungong.

I thanked the young chief for his kind invitation, but as we intended leaving for Wonosobo early next morning, we were obliged to decline it.

Having been informed by the landlord that I should find a difficulty in procuring horses for the journey, I asked our visitor how we could obtain them, thinking he might be able to order them for me. To my surprise, spite of the landlord's surmise to the same effect, I was told that two Government officials had already monopolised every post-horse in the town, a right which, as experience had on one or two occasions before taught me, they frequently exercise to the great annoyance of travellers.

Whenever these Government Amtanars contemplate a tour of pleasure or duty, all consideration

for travellers appears to be set aside, or made subservient only to their will and convenience. You may happen to arrive in a town a full week before these functionaries, but if previous notice has been given by them to the eqnerry of the posts, bidding him keep horses in readiness for their appearance, woe to the unfortunate individual who, having enabled you to continue your journey, is unable to satisfy their demands. The traveller must patiently remain in the town till they return from their inspection, unless he can manage to procure coolies, or buffaloes, to continue his journey. This arrangement is undoubtedly very conducive to the travelling comfort of Government servants; but it is rather arbitrary, and exceedingly disagreeable to travellers.

As horses were procurable neither for love nor money, we arranged for relays of coolies to pull our carriage to Wonosobo, its next destination, which was more than eighteen miles off. This

idea was a novel one, and far from pleasing to us. Loyalty will sometimes lead subjects to yoke themselves to the carriages of monarchs, but I am sure even the greatest enthusiasm would require horse flesh to aid human power, if eighteen miles of hilly road were to be traversed with a heavy carriage, rightly termed a *Wagen*.

Next morning by half-past six, twenty-five coolies, headed by a mandoer, lashed themselves with ropes, made from the plantain tree and rattan, to the carriage, and with loud shouts of *ayu! ayu!* set off with a run, which, before long, degenerated into a quick march, and gradually dwindled down to a walk, the poor men all the time good-humouredly talking, laughing, and singing snatches of native melodies.

About half a mile from Tumungong, we passed the gates of the town limits, surmounted with battle-axes, which are the arms of the place. Beyond these, we had on all sides extensive fields undergo-

ing the operations of ploughing and irrigation. As in the time of the Buddhists, the only animals employed for this heavy, muddy work are buffaloes; and lazy though the animal seems, it is astonishing what an amount of work he goes through, patiently toiling on, though in many instances subjected to great hardships and cruelties. When one native quarrels with another, and desires to inform him that he will not stand any ill treatment, he uses this quiet beast as a metaphor. "Don't take me for a buffalo," he says; "I am not to be led by the nose." In some of their legendary tales, this mode of leading the lazy-paced animal, is said to have been adopted in consequence of his having refused to quit the world with Gragasi, a giant, and Singa, a word which in Sanscrit means lion. These two, determining to leave a place where they were in danger of being one day made to serve mankind, endeavoured to persuade some other animals to follow their example, and such as refused were

condemned to some degradation. Thus the horse was fated to be henceforth ridden or driven, the buffalo to be led by the nose, and the ass to be for ever despised and tormented.

Added to his docility and gentleness, the buffalo is an inexpensive animal for a peasant to keep, the food he consumes being chiefly grass, with an occasional mash of boiled rice. At night he sleeps under a rough attap shed, but his favourite spot, when he is fortunate enough to have a master who cares for his comfort, is near a burning pile of leaves and rubbish, which, when set fire to, smoulders away for some time, keeping the tiresome mosquitoes off. When the poor animal is no longer of any use, he is sold to a butcher, who retails the flesh in small quantities, impaled on short sticks like *kabaubs*.

Six miles from Tumungong we stopped at the small village of Kinang Kudoe, where our men refreshed themselves with rice and other condiments,

served in a plantain leaf. After this simple repast, they uttered their usual shout of *ayu! ayu!* and we were again on the move.

A short distance beyond this village the mandoer pointed to two hillocks in an open country to our left, known as the hills of Murgowatti, and famous for the ponies bred there; which, he added, owe their strength, agility, and swiftness to drinking from a certain running spring on the slope of one of the hills, said to have been the frequent resort of Simbrani's horses, "the bucket used by them, now become hard as stone, being still to be seen."

Our road, after leaving these famed hills behind, began to be very steep, and by the time we reached Paponan, a small village on the top of a hill, we were two hundred and fifty feet above the town of Tumungong. Here, as from an eagle's eyrie, we had a wide bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. Our coolies, relieved by others, here also received their money, and ran down the

hill, shouting like boys released from school.

We came next to the little hamlet of Gamoe, about two miles and a half from Paponan. Here we were shewn two spots, to both of which a tradition is attached. The first was the cave of Gundohl, on the opposite side of the river Gundohl, and the other the mound of Sukorini, covered with wild-looking trees and shrubs.

According to tradition, the king of some part of Java being dangerously ill with a tumour, which baffled the skill of all the court physicians to cure, some learned men who were near at hand were consulted, and they advised that his majesty's two sons, Gundohl and Sukorini, should set out in search of some healing salve. Nothing loth, the brothers sallied forth, one taking a northern, and the other a southern direction. Gundohl diligently traversed various countries, losing not a single moment of his waking hours, and inquiring of every one he met for this wonderful specific;

while his brother, on the contrary, soon grew weary of a journey which, as he thought, would prove interminable, and began to amuse himself on the way, squandering his money in extravagance and dissipation; till, at last, afraid to return home, he bethought himself of turning his steps northward in search of his brother.

Gundohl, in the meantime, had been unremitting in his inquiries and search for the medicine, which hitherto, however, had proved quite fruitless. Arriving one day at a river—which now bears his name—he laid himself down on the bank, and was just falling asleep, when a fear of alligators crossing his mind, he proceeded farther up the stream, till he perceived a cave, which he was just on the point of entering, when an old woman suddenly appeared, saying it was forbidden ground, being the dwelling of a Tuan Patrie, or virgin angel. On hearing the words of the old woman, Gundohl told her he would not attempt to intrude on the

Tuan Patrie's privacy, but begged for a handful of rice, which she readily gave him. Having eaten it, he fell fast asleep.

The duenna, returning to the cave, found the virgin in a sound slumber, which continued for so many hours, that her old protector began to feel quite alarmed; but at last, after an unusually long sleep, the fair damsel started up, opened her eyes, and said—

"Haste, Minda, call the youth in to whom you gave the rice some time ago; I saw you in my dream, and I am told that this young man is sent hither for the medicine which my father left in our charge."

The obedient old body immediately went out, and finding Gundohl, brought him to the Tuan Patrie, who, after a few questions, delivered the medicine to him. Instead of setting off at once with the remedy, the young man delayed from day to day, till he and the virgin angel were desperately

in love with each other, and a day was fixed for their wedding. Just at this crisis Sukorini, who had for some time been in search of Gundohl, made his appearance, and was informed by his elder brother of his success in the discovery of the precious medicine, with which he intended to return soon after his marriage. Sukorini, who was full of deceit and cunning, feigned great joy at the success of his brother, who unsuspiciously took him to the spot where the balm was concealed, and showed it to him.

That night, when the inmates of the cave were wrapt in sleep, Sukorini crept noiselessly in, and taking the medicine from its hiding-place, secured it about his person, and fled from the spot, resting neither night nor day till he reached the palace of the king, his father.

Gundohl was very much annoyed when he discovered the deceit which his brother had practised upon him, and repairing instantly to his betrothed,

he acquainted her with his loss, and intreated her to consent to an immediate marriage, in order that she might accompany him to his father's court, to frustrate the wicked designs of Sukorini, who doubtless hoped to supplant him in his father's affection.

Tuan Patrie did not hesitate a moment in consenting both to marry him and to accompany him to the king, thinking that probably her voice might be needed to confirm Gundohl's statement.

In the meantime, Sukorini's arrival had been hailed with great joy, and a day was appointed on which a large number of courtiers and subjects were to assemble, to see the medicine applied, and the king's health restored. But great was the disappointment of all present when, on its application at the appointed time, the remedy was found ineffectual.

The king, still suffering from his malady, grew sad, having now lost all hope of ever being cured.

Sukorini betrayed great astonishment and vexation, as each trial was followed by the same ill-success: and the courtiers, doctors, and people whispered together, or exchanged glances which seemed to say, "I am not surprised; I never believed in this tale about the medicine, it was only told to divert the mind of the poor king."

At this moment a messenger came to the foot of the throne, and after making a profound obeisance, said there was an old blind man at the palace gate who craved leave to speak a few words to his majesty.

"Let him be admitted," said the king, for the old man was a well-known seer, and much respected by all the court. On being led up to the king, he was told to speak, and stretching out his wrinkled hand, he said, in a tremulous voice—

"Thou, O king, wilt still live—the cure is indeed here, but it has been served with foul hands!"

When he ceased speaking, as though to gain

time for breath, a murmur of displeasure ran through the assembly, and many partisans of the young prince, who were anxious that he should disinherit the rightful heir, advanced to check the old man; but a stern glance from their sovereign, who took upon himself to answer the speech of the seer, obliged them to retire.

"Perhaps, old man," said the monarch, mildly, "you are not aware that the young prince Sukorini was the bearer of the medicine; you dare not impute a thought of dishonour to him?"

"I was perfectly aware, O king, of this; and if I may be so bold as to ask a few minutes' conversation with him, I may be able to convince you of the truth of my statement," replied the old man.

On being told that Sukorini stood near him, he asked him if he had seen his brother since he left the court; and, upon the prince answering in the negative, said:

"As Allah lives, I have ; this day a young man led me here—the only one who would lend me any assistance, whilst everyone else I asked was hurrying to the palace, and would not stop for me—that young man is thy brother."

Everyone present began to think the old man was mad, and Sukorini loudly protested against the manner in which he had been spoken of, and entreated his father to have the seer sent away from the palace. But the king, whose heart yearned for the presence of his good and favourite child, paying no heed to these outbursts, commanded that the young man who had accompanied the venerable seer should be brought before him.

When Gundoldl entered, he was so disguised that even his own father did not recognise him ; and he approached the throne amid the half-suppressed jeers of the assembled multitude. Perceiving at a glance how matters stood, he felt that the moment was a critical one for him. Advance-

ing boldly, however, he took the box of medicine, which stood on a table close by, and applying some to the wound, in less than a minute the king stood up, crying out, in a voice of great joy, that he was cured, and felt perfectly well. Gundohl then threw off his disguise, embraced his father, and, turning to the people, was as loudly cheered and welcomed as he had before been jeered at and hooted. Sukorini was banished from the court; and, dying in poverty, was buried under the mound which now bears his name. Gundohl and his wife lived long and happily, the former succeeding to the throne on the demise of his father.

By three o'clock, the weather, which had been fine all day, began to change—wind and rain making the air damp and cold, and the country cheerless and uninviting.

We arrived at the village of Rotjo, about six miles farther on, soon after the rain set in, and here had to wait a full hour for coolies, who, either

from negligence on the part of the *avant courrier*, who was sent on horseback to collect them, or from their own dilatory disposition in getting ready, did not seem in the least prepared for the journey.

We were told we had yet six miles to go, and as the road was a steep ascent, and very rough, there was every chance of our being a long time on it. As night came on, we began to think of the Buddhist saying, "that when it grows dark, people think of housing themselves." But we had little hope, for several hours yet, of finding any shelter except what the carriage afforded, and therefore resigned ourselves to our lot.

Again and again Drahman and I jumped down to lighten the weight and lend a helping hand; but the night being dark and gloomy, the route seemed interminable. The torches which some of the men held were constantly extinguished by the rain—all of them becoming at last so thoroughly wet that not one would burn.

About midnight, we heard the joyful sounds which intimated that we were in the town of Wonosobo. We drove up to the house of the Assistant-Resident, where the comfort we met with made us forget in part the tediousness of that day's journey.

CHAPTER VII.

TOWN OF WONOSOBO—EXCURSION TO THE DIENG—LAKE MENDJER—HEAVY RAIN—SHELTER—PRIMITIVE FIRE—VALLEY OF THE DIENG—RUINS OF TEMPLES—DANGEROUS RESORT FOR A NIGHT'S REST—HOT SPRINGS LIKE FOUNTAINS—BATOOR, COLDNESS OF ITS CLIMATE—ANCIENT ROAD OR CONDUIT—LAKE OF MANY COLOURS—MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A CONTROLEUR—NEW USE FOR A BLANKET—THUNDER-STORM—JAVANESE IDEA OF THE LAST DAY—RULE OF THE DUTCH FORETOLD—TEA GODOWNS.

CHAPTER VII.

Wonosobo is a small town, with several very pretty European houses, and an extensive tea godown. It is situated on high ground, on the slopes of which are rice fields, and occasional plantations of trees. Mountains and hills are seen in all directions, the former particularly beautiful. The view, as seen from the house we were staying at, was very lovely, reminding one more of a scene in Switzerland, or the Tyrol, than the tropics. Unlike the towns and villages in the low land, Europeans walk about during the day without any solo-topee, or umbrella, the climate being cool and agreeable.

Our reason for visiting Wonosobo was to make it the starting-point for the Dieng, which, besides

being one of the most elevated situations in Java where Buddhist ruins are still to be found, is a locality teeming with a greater number of volcanic lakes and hot springs, within a limited space, than any other in the island.

We left Wonosobo early in the morning to make our excursion, and had proceeded about two or three miles in the carriage, when we came to a stop on account of a broken bridge. Here horses and coolies were in readiness to take us on, and mounting the former, we galloped onwards to the lake of Mendjer. The tortuous river Srayu, rushing several feet below us, enlivened the scene by the noise it made in dashing against the dark brown rocks and broken spars wedged in between the stones. In some deeper parts it flowed on in a gentle lull, bending in its course the grass and leaves which, growing by its sides, waved gently under the influence of the soft breeze.

Lake Mendjer, a small sheet of water, is situated

immediately at the foot of the Gunong Sorodjo, which rises three hundred feet above it. The sides of this mountain abound in caves both large and small, looking dark and gloomy in the distance.

The aspect of the lake, which is nearly two miles in circumference, is sombre and dreary. Its depth, we were told, is unfathomable. To the left of the lake is seen, at the foot of a chalky escarpment, a large, deep hole, serving as an outlet to the water, which would otherwise overflow during the rainy season.

"No one," said the Mandoer, who had accompanied us as guide, in a low, mysterious tone, "but Tuan Allah can tell where the water goes to from this hole."

This lake, in all probability, has at one time been an active volcano, which, when the fire was extinct, became gradually filled with water.

About two thousand feet above the Mendjer

but completely hidden from view until you are close upon it, is the Tologo Chabong, the lake of Tadpoles, situated somewhat similarly to the one we had last seen, the Gunong Pkaoewodjo in this instance being the name of the hill which towers above it.

Sulphur, from this hill and the Mendjer, occasionally impregnates the water, its influence lasting sometimes more than a week, during which time abundance of fish, called palong, float in a lifeless state on the surface, affording both amusement and profit to the natives of the surrounding districts in collecting them.

Quitting this curious spot, we rode on for some miles, through extensive tea plantations and winding mountain passes; the rain, which began to fall soon after we left the lake, descending in torrents on our unprotected heads. After a long ride we arrived at a little hamlet, and took shelter in the house of the Pakal Désar (the head of the fields),

who immediately lit some fagots, and made the best fire he could to warm and dry us. As the fire was on the ground in the middle of the floor, we seated ourselves close to it. The poor natives also crouching near it for warmth, we looked like a group of Maories holding a council of war.

When the rain began to clear off a little, we started again. The road now being very steep and slippery, we could not proceed quite so rapidly as before, but we urged our horses forward, determining not to lose more time *en route* than we could help; for we felt thoroughly chilled by the cold, which, in consequence of the rain, and our being then about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, was very severe.

As we approached the Dieng we could see, on the level plain below, Wonosobo, and the district of Bagelang. As the lofty chain of Brambanan, with their summits undistinguishable amid the clouds, rose before us, the mountain peaks hid

the view from our sight. The mountain we were on was called the Prau, behind which were various mountains known as Talerép, Sumbing, and Sindoro, &c., rising to different heights.

Our route was a very wild and desolate one, the rough path sometimes winding immediately above a steep precipice, at others between rocks and mountains, the bases of which were encrusted with sulphur, and full of holes and crevices, from many of which, as from the vent of a boiler, smoke or steam was puffing out, filling the air with strong sulphuric smells; while, in accordance with the character of the place, a kind of distant rumbling noise was constantly heard, sometimes increasing and sometimes decreasing, but never subsiding until we had nearly reached our journey's end.

When we were at the summit of the Prau mountain, the guide directed our attention to an opening, whether natural or artificial I cannot say, in the shoulder of the mountain, from which we

looked down on the valley of the Dieng, about a hundred feet below us.

To our left, before making the steep descent into the valley, I saw that the mountain side in one part was embanked, and flagged with large slabs of granite, in which steps had been cut. Whether these stones were the remains of walls of protection, which had fallen back and become imbedded by time in the earth, or whether they had been placed there to prevent the slipping of sand and stone into the valley, I was unable to learn; though, from the fact of this having been once a place of importance to the Buddhists, the former supposition may probably be the most correct.

As the day was well-nigh spent, and rain again fell in torrents, we took shelter in the large, cold Passangrahan, in which we were to pass the night, and from it we looked out on the dreary view before us. The valley below covers an area of about a mile in circumference, a chain of hills, shaped

almost like a crescent, forming the boundary to the left, and the road to Batoor that to our right. On this plateau, which is now a complete swamp, and covered in many parts with blocks of stone, we saw the ruins of five small temples, built with hewn trachyte, ornamented with a few decorations, which time and the climate had here and there permitted to remain. Behind these temples is the remains of a road, which had formerly been paved, leading to a larger temple on the brow of a hill. There are numerous other small ruins, the stones of which they were built being, in some places, thickly strewn about. Indeed, the remains of buildings are so numerous, that the whole place has the aspect of a town razed to the ground. Whether these ruined buildings were once habitable houses, or only temples, as the name Chundi Dieng signifies, it would be impossible to determine. Coins, rings, bracelets, and other ornaments, are frequently picked up amongst the rubbish; and, in fact, I had previously

seen many such articles which I had been told were found here.

The Tologo Leri, the latter name meaning water in which rice has been washed, is between two and three miles to the east of the Passangrahan. Our way to it lay under the Prau and Mondrobo mountains. The lake lies in a shallow basin, surrounded by hills; and the water is of such a milky colour that the native name of Leri is most applicable. It seemed to be in a boiling heat, the steam rising thick and bubbling, as though over a large fire.

Continuing our route, we came to a small village, at which we dismounted from our horses, and then ascended on foot to the ridge of a deep hollow, called Pekaremau, situated under the Gunong Giemat, a part of the Prau chain. This hollow is a hundred feet in depth, with a dried-up bed about thirty feet in diameter, coated with a reddish brown mould.

The Wodono told us that at one extremity of the hollow there is a noxious escape of gas at certain

seasons of the year, the effects of which would be fatal to any person who ventured too near. As the vapour was now escaping, the Wodono, to prove the truth of his statement by actual experience, procured some fowls to throw in. The first bird no sooner found itself at liberty, than it ran in an opposite direction, and did not stop until it reached some brushwood, under which it crept, and soon vanished from sight. The second was not so fortunate, being thrown more directly over the fatal spot. The moment, however, it regained its feet, it attempted to rush up the mountain side, as though some evil genii were at its heels. But before many seconds had elapsed, the whole neck and head seemed suddenly convulsed, and flapping its wings in agony, it rolled over and expired.

Natives, when afflicted with melancholy, *ati bingoong*, repair to this spot to try their luck. If their low spirits arise from the frustration of any desired object, they sleep near the lake a whole night, and

if they live to see the light of the following day, they feel assured of gaining the object of their wish. If, on the contrary, the poor, credulous individual breathes his last before the morning breaks, his death is attributed, not to the gas, but to the vengeance of a Pungooroo, or evil spirit.

Prosecuting our excursion still further, we went to see another lake, or rather pond, called Chondero di Moeko. It covers a space of about twenty feet, and its waters flow away in a narrow streamlet which runs steaming along. Near the centre we saw three or four jets, like fountains, the boiling water rising to fully four or five feet above the level of the pond, and the hot spray falling around. The margin and sides consisted of soft, hot mud, sulphureous deposits, and small blocks of limestone, which, from time to time, had been ejected with the water. At a short distance are two small orifices vomiting forth boiling muddy fluids, and from the sides of a rock, not many yards off, volumes of

water were gushing forth with a tremendous force, foaming like a troubled sea. These phenomena of nature, accompanied by a continuous rolling subterranean noise, together with the indescribably wild character of the scenery, struck us with wonder and awe; and, after having seen all, we were not sorry to turn our backs on a locality so startling.

In perfect contrast to the scene thus described, was the lake which we were next shown, about a mile from Chondero di Moeko, called Sumoor Tjototundo, which is situated higher up the Prau, at the foot of a tall peak, and surrounded by tropical trees and vegetation. So quiet is the scene, so calm the sheltered waters, that our approach seemed the only sign of life; and so still was everything, that one might well have fancied that the trees and their bright-tinted foliage had all, with the lake beneath, been petrified by the touch of some fairy's wand.

All these lakes and springs, being situated within two or three miles of each other, and chiefly on or near the Prau mountain, form an easy day's excursion from the Passangrahan at Dieng.

We stopped, on our way back, to obtain a glimpse of Batoor, which is six miles from Dieng. It is situated on the spur of a low mountain of the same name, and is remarkable for some ruins, and a small, unmixed Chinese population, who go about in furs throughout the year, no Javanese caring to reside there, on account of the cold.

As we approached the Dieng, on our return, I perceived several low pillars standing at equi-distances from each other, and extending in an oblique line from the road to the temples. The surface of the ground on which they stood was convex, and overgrown with thick grass, under which it seems probable there was once a subterranean passage—such, at least, was the Wodono's opinion. The ancients, he added, used to tether elephants to

these pillars. On entering into conversation with the Wodono, he told me that the great battle, known in Javanese history as the Brotoyudo, took place here. The story of this battle may be told in very few words. Ardjuno, the brother of Biemo, became, on the death of his father Pandu, the heir to the whole Dieng, but, being too young to manage his own affairs, they were intrusted to the care of an elder member of the family, who, giving offence to Ngastino, king of the country now called Pekalongan, this sovereign marched with a great force up the Prau, and, before many days, brought desolation to the once populous town of Dieng. After this it became a penal settlement, or land of exile, for the refractory, who, during the period of their banishment, erected these temples to expiate their crimes.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, we rode to the Talogo Warno, a lake of many colours, about a mile beyond the Dieng, in an opposite di-

rection to those we had seen before. On our way we passed by the temple of Biemo, or, as he is also called, Vlukudoro and Sana. This fane is on a hill to the right of the road, and is more perfect than any of the others on the plateau. The lake Warno is at the base of the Brambanan mountains, and is about three hundred yards long, covered in part with rushes. The water presented a diversity of colours truly extraordinary. One portion was bright yellow, another a beautiful emerald green, another light blue, then rose, orange, and milky white, the various hues gradually passing into each other. We could not attribute this wonderful effect to atmospheric influence, for we were told that the lake was always the same during the dry and wet monsoons.

Three black ducks were the only living objects we saw, which, to judge from their glossy plumage, seemed to thrive well in these sulphureous regions.

From here we walked to the Chundi Bumie,

a temple above thirty feet high, the style of architecture differing slightly from that of those we had seen in the valley. In the four facades of the tower, besides several empty niches, are recesses still filled with monstrous-shaped heads. A good view of the Dieng, with its temples, and of other mountains in the neighbourhood, also crowned with sacred buildings, is obtained from this position.

The clouds, which for some time had looked dark and lowering, now rained down upon us such a pelting shower, that we urged our horses on to a brisk pace, in order that we might see all there was to be seen, and return as soon as possible to the Dieng. After a tedious series of ascents and descents, we at length arrived at the Kawa Kedung, a hot muddy valley between the Brambanan and Modrodo. The base of the latter mountain is thickly encrusted with sulphureous matter, running down like lava from the crevices on its sides, accompanied at intervals with dense volumes

of smoke, and a rumbling noise, so deafening that we had to speak very loudly in order to hear each other.

About the middle of this steaming valley is seen a slough, or pond, from which a spring, constantly bubbling, spouts volumes of boiling water into the air. There are also smaller pools near it. The whole scene is indescribably dreary and melancholy, rendered more so by its association with a sad event.

A contrôleur who had visited this spot, being desirous of making an accurate sketch of the hot springs, ventured most rashly to walk across a portion of a pool which appeared to him perfectly safe. He had not proceeded many steps, however, before the ground began to give way under him, and he sank up to his waist in boiling mud, sulphur, and water. His friend, and the natives present, spared no effort to extricate him from his perilous position, and after considerable difficulty, and great

risk to their own lives, succeeded in doing so, and conveyed him immediately to the hospital of Wonosobo, where the wretched sufferer lingered in great agony for a few hours, and expired, the lower portion of his person having been literally boiled. When his boots were drawn off, the flesh fell off with them, leaving only the bare bones, so complete had been the work of destruction in so short a space of time.

On our return we took a hasty lunch, and started for Wonosobo. As we had not provided ourselves with any waterproof clothing, a most essential desideratum for Oriental excursions, we followed the example of our attendants, and borrowed blankets from the villagers. These we wore doubled in two, a handkerchief being passed between the folds, the ends of which served as strings by which to tie them round the neck. Thus each blanket was converted into an admirable cloak, and proved almost as impervious to the wet as a

Macintosh, and certainly much warmer. The rain, which only drizzled when we left the Passangrahan, poured down in torrents soon after we lost sight of the gap leading to the Dieng. Vivid flashes of lightning followed each other in quick succession, and when the thunder rolled, the mountains, which hemmed us in on either side, reverberated its sound, each time apparently louder and nearer than the last. No one seemed to be in a talkative humour as we descended, the grandeur of the scene having awed us into silence.

It began to clear up just before we reached the village at which we stopped on ascending; and the Wodono seemed more lively and anxious to converse. He told me a curious native belief, which, he said, was mentioned in their Korahan, or holy book—namely, that the Island of Java, from its volcanic nature, would be the first place in the world to ignite at the last day; but that the natives were to be kept in a safe place until the conflagration was

over, when they should return as masters of the whole island.

In speaking of Javanese prosperity under the Dutch rule, as compared with their abject state when governed by native princes, whose ambition and tyranny frequently knew no bounds, the Wodono said that the conquest and occupation of Java by the Dutch was foretold in the books of the kings of Modjophait.

"We are told to look up to them," said he, "as our fathers; and as they were predestined to be our rulers, we are commanded to render them *hormakt*, not only as a mark of respect to them, but as a part of our own faith. To show you, sir, that the King of Holland is related to our ancient line of kings, we find a tale which I will relate to you from one of the sacred books. A king of Modjophait had a daughter who was very beautiful, but afflicted with an incurable disease, which the father considered a stigma on the royal blood. He

ordered the poor girl to be taken out in a boat into the open sea, and there left alone, to drift into some friendly harbour or perish. For two days the frail bark floated at the mercy of the wind and waves, but on the third day it was espied by the captain of a vessel, on board of which was a European king. The captain turned his ship's head immediately in the direction of the little boat, which he soon reached; and every one on board was astonished to find in it only a young girl, who, the boat having neither sail, oar, nor rudder, was drifting helpless on the waters. The European king, notwithstanding the objection of some of the crew, who said this must be an *orang ayu*, or mermaid, had the boat hauled alongside, its inmate taken on board, and kindly treated. On arriving in Europe the monarch placed the *putrie*, or virgin, under the care of a learned man, who soon healed the disease under which she had been labouring. When she was restored to perfect health he married her to his

own son, who, on the demise of his father, ascended the throne. The white king was doubtless the King of Holland; and thus one of our old sayings, which in olden times puzzled the heads of priests and learned men, is now fulfilled: 'The *patrie*, though a castaway, will eventually sway the sceptre of Java.'"

This cunningly-devised story, as will be observed, might apply equally well to any European nation, but one cannot help admiring their adroitness in concluding it to mean the one to whose rule they are compelled to submit. The sacred books, called the Joyoboyo, appear to have been written by the Sultan Agong, some of whose sayings, or prophecies, have come true, or, at least, have met with wonderful coincidences, whilst others are still shrouded in mystery.

When we came in view of Wonosobo and Bagelang, we found the sawahs so numerous, and so swollen with rain, that, from a distance, they

looked like a succession of lakes, one above the other. Any one who, unaware of the manner of cultivating rice, had looked down upon them as we did, would have concluded, from the quantity of water in every direction, that there had been very extensive inundations.

Before leaving Wonosobo, we went to see the tea godowns. So much has been said and written about the planting and preparing of tea, that it would be superfluous in me to make any remarks about it. Indeed, I think we only require, now, to be taught how to *grow* the plant in our native soil, in order to produce as good tea as John Chinaman, and thus become independent of his yearly exports!

The regular process is gone through at the godowns. The tea is dried and rendered fit for exportation to Holland, where it is used to mix with pure China. The leading *employés* are Chinese, who seem to be considered indispensable as super-

intendents in this peculiar business. The flavour of Java tea bears, however, no comparison with that of Bohea, Souchong, or Pekoe; but whether this deficiency is attributable to a reluctance on the score of Chinamen to impart to *fanquis*, or strangers, the mysteries of their flavouring art, or to the difference of soil and climate, I was not informed.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVE FOR BANDJARNEGARA—HOSPITABLE NATIVE—HIS MUSEUM—BREAKFAST WITH THE JAVANESE REGENT—LATE INUNDATIONS—ARRIVE AT TJILATJAP—GOOD HARBOUR—SALT DEPOT—THE FORT—STALACTITE GROTTOES—ADJIBARENG—CURIOUS MISTAKE—TAGAL—CHERIBON—CURIOUS BUILDINGS—COOL SLEEPING ROOM—PROCEED TO SAMADANG—FROM THENCE TO BANDONG—TAKOE BEN PRAU—DESCENT INTO ONE OF THE CRATERS—JAVANESE VENERATION FOR THEIR CHIEFS—OUR REES-WAGEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next route we proposed taking was to Tjilatjap, *via* Bandjarnegara and Banjoemas. A drive of thirty miles, through a hilly country and sandy districts, shaded by thick groves of betel-nut and cocoa-nut, brought us to the Regent's house at Bandjarnegara. We found this gentleman a most hospitable host, and quite a Javanese virtuoso; having a museum in his house, filled with an enviable collection of antiquities from the Dieng, and other localities, consisting of cooking utensils, round trays, adorned with embossed figures, some of which resembled those representing the signs of the zodiac on an old bronze cup which I obtained whilst at Djokdja. Some of these ancient

articles are not unlike those we ourselves have adopted from the Romans.

By six o'clock next morning we were on our way to Banjoemas, a town in the Residency of the same name. The roads on this route were very heavy and hilly, in consequence of which buffaloes were again brought into requisition. When we arrived, we drove up to the house of the Regent, with whom we breakfasted. Radhen Adipatti Jakra Negara, for such was his name, spoke with great pride of the visit of Sir Stamford Raffles to his father, which he well remembered, his present house being then in course of completion. What struck his then boyish mind was the manner in which the active governor, in some mountain excursions they made, outstripped his suite of gentlemen and attendants.

We were informed by him that Banjoemas had recently been the scene of fearful inundations, in consequence of the river Serayu having overflowed

its banks, although forty feet in height. The inhabitants were quite taken by surprise, the water rising so rapidly in many places that they had to swim to house-tops, trees, &c., and there wait to be picked up by some more fortunate neighbour who had succeeded in obtaining boats. Three hundred lives were lost, besides a quantity of cattle and goods of various kinds. Some Europeans, amongst whom were the Resident and his wife, were obliged to seek a safe retreat in the top story of their houses, where for a few days they subsisted on the scanty food they had seized in their hurried flight up-stairs.

Though a few months had elapsed since this disastrous occurrence, unmistakeable traces of its sad effects were still observable in the ruined huts, orchards, and grass land, the latter being of a sickly yellow colour, while the boughs of the fruit-trees were broken by the weight of the water.

Another drive of the same length as the last

carried us through flat, uninteresting, sandy country; the open and exposed route being occasionally sheltered by groves of teak. Crossing the river Serayu, we arrived at Tjilatjap, a small seaport town situated at the bend of a bay in the Indian Ocean, opposite the little island of Nousa Kambungan. Its harbour bears the palm before all others in Java, as the safest, the deepest, and most accessible place of refuge in stormy weather.

The town, which is neatly planned, is an extensive government salt depôt for the southern provinces of Java—the salt being conveyed here by vessels from the mines of Sumanup in Madura. It also serves as a penal settlement for native criminals. The chief attraction of the place is its proximity to the island of Nousa Kambungan, on which are some beautiful stalactite caverns, and a fort called Karang Bolong, commanding the south-east passage.

The harbour is like a miniature lake, the entrance at the west being completely hidden by projections of land from the island and mainland; and that at the east only just sufficiently open to enable one to catch a glimpse of the sea beyond. Nousa Kambungan is about fourteen miles in length, and very hilly; but the eye seeks in vain for a barren spot, all being clothed with a varied combination of the most luxuriant foliage, extending from the hill-tops to the margin of the water.

The fort is at the eastern point of the island, overlooking the sea, and, being built on the shelf of a rock, is considered by Dutchmen as the Gibraltar of the East. As there are more ways than one by which an enemy could get to the rear of it, from adjacent eminences, and literally look down into the stronghold, I could not exactly see what they could say to an attack from that quarter; but that, I was informed, was rendered impossible by another fort in the middle of the island, called

Bangoe Njappa. Being no strategist, I yielded to their better judgment on such matters.

The name Karang Bolong is derived from a Roche Percée, which stands prominently in the sea a short distance from the fort, whose walls are very thick, and within which there is plenty of accommodation for men, provisions, and ammunition, to stand out a lengthened siege, an event which I hope heaven may long forbid.

Returning from the fort, and sailing a short distance beyond the town, we came to the Grotto of Lusumo Buntoo, which we reached by ascending a path cut through the wood. The entrance is small, and thickly surrounded by trees. On passing in, we found ourselves in the most spacious-looking grotto I ever remember to have seen. The floor in part is formed of stalagmite, and from the vaulted summit or roof of the cave and the sides hung most beautiful stalactites, like rich drapery, pure white, and glittering in many parts like dia-

monds. Numbers of columns, some perfect, others broken, were to be seen on all sides, several encrusted with stalactites presenting the appearance of bunches of grapes or the leaves of trees. As we advanced farther in we found almost a perfect-shaped dome, from the outer edge of which were suspended stalactites resembling a fringe of icicles. The men who accompanied us lit some *damar* torches, the effect of which was startling and grand.

Before we entered the boat to return, the men gave us some curious fish which they had just caught, called by the natives *cuda* and *sapi laot*, sea-horse and sea-cow. The former we have all most probably seen, but the latter I never saw before they were shown to me in Java. It is a small fish, very thick in the body, which in form is almost the *fac simile* of a cow's head and neck, even to two small horns which crown its head. It has two fins at the sides and one at the end of its

short body—its chief distinguishing marks as a fish. About a mile and a half from this grotto are two small ones, which, the stalactites having formed themselves into shapes somewhat similar to a chair and a tomb, are respectively called the pulpit and the grave of Jacob. The tradition attached to the island of Nousa Kambungang is curious and amusing. It is said that this island was formerly a part of the Gunong Slamat, but in consequence of the encroachments of the sea on this part of Java, the waters, as the natives term it, "eating the coast," it was thought necessary to place some barrier to the rapid advances of the ocean. Accordingly some genii devoted to the service of the natives brought away a portion of the Gunong Slamat, and planted it where the island now stands, thus breaking the force of the advancing waves and preventing the gradual disappearance of the land. Soon after a wealthy Rajah came to see the place, and being delighted

with the new island, fixed his abode on it, and before long became a powerful independent prince.

The name, Nousa Kambungang, signifies, according to some interpretations, "floating island," and, according to others, "a garden of flowers," an interpretation supported by the fact of its producing, amongst several other beautiful flowers, one called Wejoyokesumo, which was supposed only to open on the occasion of a Sultan's coronation or the marriage of a royal prince or princess, and could be found only by a virtuous man, the touch of a reprobate causing it instantly to shrivel up and die.

A mission, attended with great "pomp and circumstance," was sent out in quest of this singular flower, which they were so fortunate as to discover. The official appointed to bear it returned with it mounted on a richly caparisoned steed, shaded under a canopy of gold, and followed by a long

retinue and a band of music, many of the villagers in the different hamlets through which they passed joining the cortége, until, by the time they reached the gates of the Sultan's Kraton, their company had swelled into a large crowd.

This flower, which is believed to be now extinct, has been succeeded by one of another kind, called the Patma. Whenever this flower, which is about the size of a goblet, opens, it is said to burst with a loud report like that of a pistol. Its leaves are described as being large in size and brown in hue—the flower is tinted with the varied colours of the rainbow.

The echo in this harbour is very fine. A gentleman who commanded a vessel at anchor in the bay fired his cannons on purpose for us to hear the grand effect produced by the reverberation of sound. The phenomenon was really remarkably impressive, the waves of sound rolling from one end of the island to the other, with a noise like thunder, and

ending in a loud crash, like that of an explosion.

The climate of Tjilatchap is warmer than that of Bandjarnegara, resembling more that of the towns on the northern coast; but towards evening we found the air cool and pleasant. The thermometer during the day averages from 80° to 85° Fahrenheit.

We left next day for the interior of the island, going northward to Agiebarang *viâ* Bandjarnegara. Here we found the Passangrahan better provided with some of the luxuries of life than most of them are. As we arrived late, we decided on retiring early. About eight o'clock, however, we heard a strange hollow sound, which, so far as it took any articulate form, resembled "tok, tok, tok, tok." Supposing this to be the primitive music of some ignorant natives who had stationed themselves before our house on purpose to serenade us, I told Drahman to tell them I would rather they would come on the morrow, as we were so fatigued

with the day's journey, that we were not in the key to enjoy a nocturnal concert. Drahman's reply, though amusing in its way, was by no means cheering to those who, exhausted with fatigue, were anticipating the comfort of a night's repose.

"These," sir, said he, smiling, "are the night watches; they will go on like that till four o'clock in the morning!"

The village of Adgiebarang is prettily situated in the vicinity of a mountainous district. Putey and Karang are the loftiest peaks in the neigbourhood, and the rich valleys beneath them are seen to advantage from a hillock not far beyond the Passangrahan.

The two following days were employed in crossing the chain of mountains dividing the residences of Tagal and Banjoemas—a very tedious journey, entailing a frequent change of coolies and horses. Some parts of the road, indeed, being quite impracticable to the latter, we were obliged to employ

men, as we did on our journey to Wonosobo.

On our arrival at Tagal, we stayed at an hotel, and proceeded next morning to Cheribon, passing over the numerous small streams between that town and Losari, the fifth post from it. We came once more in sight of the sea at Cheribon, which is situated on the coast. The harbour is considered to be one of the best on the northern side of the island. The town struck us as more like a Dutch one than any we had yet seen in Java. A drive of two miles in the country brings the traveller to the ruins of a kind of *château d'eau*, once the property of Sultan Adewijaya, a descendant of Sheik Maulana, an Arab adventurer, who, after subjugating the petty princes who came in his way, made himself Sultan of this province in 1480. Adewijaya, following the example of his ancestor, gained possession of Bantam, and converted all his subjects to Mahomedanism. The present Sultans of Cheribon, who are pensioners of the Dutch Govern-

ment, are said to be the descendants of these conquerors.

The *façade* of this singular building consists of several towers, like kiosks surrounded with verandahs, each of which is ascended by a spiral staircase in the interior. At the back of the château is an artificial lake, studded with numbers of isles and islets, communicating with each other by means of subterranean passages. This lake, which now unfortunately has more the air of a swamp than of a clear sheet of water, is thickly grown with tall rushes. In the interior of the main portion of the building are several apartments connected with each other by small bridges, spanning narrow dry channels, which were once running rivulets.

The object of the luxury-loving Sultan in erecting a place of this kind seems to have been an eccentric desire to enjoy the alternate periods of amusement and repose, in which his life was passed,

amid an incessant sound of rushing and falling water. When the lake and rivulets were full, and the primitive fountains played, his abode must have resembled some of those enchanting habitations described in the "Arabian Nights." Almost in every room there is a fountain. The water still continuing to flow in many of the upper chambers, rushes in torrents from the top of the towers, falling over steps, arranged on purpose, into the basins below. In the courts adjoining are numerous tanks, profusely ornamented with birds, fish, animals, and serpents in stone. These sculptured figures are placed in every direction—some appearing to glide through artificial brushwood, and others perched on trees. The water must once have been ejected in glittering streams from every mouth and nostril; but, as I concluded, owing to something wrong in their internal mechanism, or the deflection of the water into some other channel, few now discharge their office. One room, rather

apart from the rest of the building, which is approached by a bridge, goes by the name of the *uyer chumboo*, or curtain of water. In a large alcove in this apartment, once gorgeously fitted up, the Sultan used to enjoy his siesta, the curtain that protected his privacy consisting of a cascade, which, like a transparent veil, fell gently before him.

The materials employed in this building are the same as those used by the Chinese in making their artificial grottoes and rockeries, viz, mud, mortar, and cement, studded profusely with shells, flint, and large round pebbles.

I was told that this château was the work of two ingenious, hard-working Chinamen, whose patient toil and unwearied labour the cruel and jealous Sultan rewarded by depriving them of their eyes. Fearful lest any of the neighbouring princes, his rivals, might attempt the construction of a similar palace, he conceived that this cruel act was the only means by which the accomplishment of such

a design could be prevented, satisfying his conscience for depriving the poor architects of sight by the bestowal of large sums upon them in the form of pensions for life.

Although there are many interesting mountain excursions in the province of Cheribon, we shall only mention that to the Talaga, a lake of clear fresh water on the summit of a mountain bearing the same name, situated about thirty miles from Cheribon. It is a deep lake, much larger than the Mendjer, and surrounded by mountains of a lofty altitude. From one of the mountains may be obtained a fine bird's-eye view of the rich, hilly, and alluvial country of Cheribon, the sea spreading in a wide expanse before the delighted eye of the gazer.

Leaving this town and its very comfortable hotel, we pursued our journey, and soon entered into the Preanger Regent Schappen, or Regencies of the Preanger, which are under the jurisdiction

of a Regent and Assistant Resident. These provinces, which are the most mountainous of all the Residencies in Java, are called by some Europeans the Switzerland of the island.

After crossing the broad river Tji-moenock, which, with the Tarum, includes within its wide embrace a portion of the Preanger, and the Residencies of Krawang and Indramayoe, we drove under the shadow of the Gunong Tamponas, and arrived at Samadung, a village with some fine European houses. The dwellings of the natives are mostly tiled, showing the wealth and position of their occupants.

The next day we proceeded to Bandong, where there is a seat of one of the Regents, renowned for his hospitality, and, like his *confrère* of Tjandjor, very fond of horse-racing and the chase.

We arrived at Bandong in the afternoon; and next morning drove in a light carriage northwards to the hamlet of Lembang, passing by houses and

huts belonging both to Javanese and Sundanese, the population along the whole road being much mixed. I could see no difference in physiognomy between these two races, though, as a general rule, the Sundanese are stouter built, and their muscles better developed.

The most prominent object in the view before us was the Tanko-ben-Prau, or the inverted boat, so called from its resemblance to a boat with its keel upwards. When we reached Lembang, the mountain seemed quite close to us, though still fully five miles off. To our left, covered with a forest of thick trees, we saw the Bourang-rang, a mountain about the same height as the Tanko-ben-Prau, while to the east our eyes ran along the Samadung chain.

Having mounted the first ponies that were ready for us, we were soon galloping over a well-beaten path leading to the Prau. We passed along under an avenue of wide-spreading trees, upon the trunks and branches of which hung air plants, or orchids,

with a variety of leaves and beautiful flowers gracefully hanging on their slender stems. The air, which we found cool at Bandong (two thousand feet above the level of the sea), began now, as we neared the summit of the mountain, to grow chilly.

Issuing out of the sombre shade formed by the trees along the whole route up the mountain, we came suddenly on the ridge of the Kawa-opus crater, which the Mandoer told us was a mile in circumference, and seven hundred feet deep. A large lake, the water of which is yellow, bubbles at the bottom; the vapour which rises from it ascending in dense clouds above its surface. Trees and shrubs grow on the sides of the precipices, softening the otherwise sterile aspect of the place. Those, however, which have imprudently sprung up near the margin of the lake, are either burnt up, leafless, or withering.

Separated by a shelving ridge, we found on the

opposite side another crater, called the Kawa Ratu, which is seen to better advantage by descending into the interior. The way, which at a first glance seems easy enough, we found before going many steps to be quite the reverse. The descent is almost perpendicular; and there being no regular path, you are obliged to pick your way amongst loose stones, and hard cakes of clay, which in some places were very slippery. When we had descended about half-way, we came to an escarpment, from which we looked down on the active portion of the volcano, whence issued sounds like the moaning of the wind on a stormy night. These sounds the superstitious natives believe to be the groaning of certain giants chained underground by a wicked gnome.

Venturing to descend still lower, we had a more distinct view of the chimneys or apertures in the Kawa Ratu; some of which only present the appearance of extinct craters in miniature, while from others the smoke forces itself in dense volumes,

preceded by hoarse noises, as though the vents were too small for the great rush of vapour proceeding from them. The sounds we heard were very distinct and loud, in consequence of our proximity. The orifices are encrusted with thick deposits of a red and yellow substance, the ground on all sides being of a yellowish brown hue, in consequence of the quantity of sulphur with which the air is impregnated. A few of the holes were filled with water, blue as the sky above us, and apparently boiling hot. We lingered to gaze on this wondrous scene as long as we could stay, but the smoke, which sometimes rose in clouds before our faces, obliging us to close our eyes, compelled us at last to retreat, glad of having had the opportunity of seeing thus much.

This crater, if not more, is at least four hundred feet long, and I should say about three hundred wide.

On our way back, we saw the extensive plains

of Bandong, famed for the stag hunts which take place there during the dry seasons of the year, after the paddy has been gathered in. On these occasions, the Regent and his sons are accompanied by a large retinue of huntsmen and Europeans, who take part in the exciting sport. An incident occurred some time ago, during one of these gatherings, which shows the strong feeling of veneration with which the natives regard all who are above them in rank. A young chief, son of the Regent, was following close upon a deer, when a huntsman, in the act of plunging his kriss into the animal, accidentally inflicted a slight wound in the leg of the young man. As the only alternative left, in order to expiate what in the eyes of the natives is regarded as a dreadful crime, the huntsman immediately withdrew and committed suicide; thus averting, as they believe, the vengeance of Allah from the heads of his family and relatives.

As we passed the shed under which our Rees-

Wagen had found a shelter, we were astonished to find a crowd gathered before it. Chiefs, followed by their payong bearers and retinue—and numbers of natives, men and women, many with children on their shoulders—stood gazing at what think our readers?—not at the Rees-Wagen itself, for such a vehicle is so common as to be considered no object of curiosity—not at our collection of birds, fowls, skins, horns, &c. &c., which were stowed away in every available corner of the carriage; but at the two white turtles, which not even the oldest inhabitant in the whole place had ever seen anything like before.

CHAPTER IX.

ROAD TO TJANDJOR—VIEW OF THE PANGARANGO—ANOTHER DIFFICULTY WITH HORSES—UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY—SITUATION OF SINANGLAYA—ASCENT OF THE PANGARANGO—QUININE TREES—VARIETY OF ORCHIDS—WATERFALLS—A NIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN—GATEWAY OF RATO PAJAJARRAN THE GHEDDÉ—THE DOCTOR'S "ÉTABLISMENT"—MEGAMUNDONG MOUNTAIN—ARRIVE AT BUYTENZORG—GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE AND GROUNDS—FEAST OF SEDAKA BUMIE—RETURN TO BATAVIA—VISIT TO RADEN SALEH—WE BID ADIEU TO JAVA.

CHAPTER IX.

EARLY next morning we left for Tjandjor (Chanjor), the road to which, through a mountainous district, is a continuous ascent and descent. Beyond the second post we drove under a high, rocky mountain called Hawa, or the kitchen; a peculiar appellation, derived from some stones of enormous size, shaped somewhat like culinary utensils, which the Sundanese assert to have formerly belonged to the Gragassees, or giants, who inhabited these parts hundreds of years ago.

About five miles farther on, we came in sight of the Pangarango and Gheddé mountains, as familiar to Batavians as Mont Blanc and Vesuvius are to us.

After the fifth post, Rajahmundula, the road

descended so abruptly, that horses were dispensed with, and, to prevent our too rapid progress, ropes were attached to the back of the carriage, which were held by coolies, who gradually let it wheel down for some distance. On approaching the foot of the hill, they raised a loud shout, and our vehicle, being allowed to take its course, dashed on at a tremendous rate, until, after a sharp and sudden turn, we found ourselves brought to a pause in safety on a bridge spanning the Gitarang river. The pushing and hauling our Rees-Wagen up the opposite side was not so rapidly accomplished.

Continuing our journey, we passed through scenery wild and romantic beyond description. Tjandjor, like Bandong, abounds in native and Chinese houses, but possesses few of those beautiful European mansions and seats which make the former one of the prettiest inland towns of Java.

Here we were again annoyed about post-horses, which we found it impossible to obtain. "The

Governor-General being at Tjapanus—only twenty miles off—amusing himself, no horses whatever could be supplied, as they might be telegraphed for at any moment." Such was the answer given to every inquiry we made, and how to proceed we knew not. To remain at Tjandjor would only be waste of time, as in any case we must have awaited the Governor's pleasure; so, after a short council between ourselves, we decided to hire buffaloes, and trust to chance for picking up help on the road. Drahman was accordingly despatched in search of the animals, but returned very soon with the dispiriting intelligence that none could be found, all being at work in the fields, and not one for hire. Disappointed, but not discouraged, we sent him off a second time, and after some delay he came back, accompanied by a man leading a yoke of oxen, which were quickly attached to the carriage by means of sundry ropes. As soon as the necessary preparations were made, we entered the vehicle,

and the huge animals began to move forward; but at such a snail's pace, that it took us fully an hour to reach the gates of the town, a distance which any ordinarily good pedestrian might easily accomplish in ten minutes. This rate of progress was anything but desirable; but as all the talking and praying in the world could not increase it, we resigned ourselves to our fate. Long after evening had given place to night, we reached the station on the road where we had appointed to meet the avant-courrier whom we had despatched, before leaving Tjandjor, to obtain a relay of buffaloes.

The man, whose animals had dragged us so far, was on the point of unyoking them, in order to return to his home, when I interposed, and induced him, by a promise of extra pay, to leave them attached to the carriage, for I felt convinced that without their assistance the single pair of fresh ones would take an endless time to accomplish the thirteen or fourteen miles of journey that still re-

mained before us. Some two miles farther on—when our boy whipper went to a neighbouring village, in search of a fresh relay, our first pair being quite unable to continue their exertions—we were again detained a considerable time. We succeeded, however, in getting four oxen, which, with the last two, made six. "Now," thought I, "we shall go a little faster." But, alas! there seemed no perceptible difference. After a while we had eight, and then ten attached, but still our progress up the hilly road was slow and tiresome. The animals appeared to toil on with a slow and wearied pace, until, at last, after a journey which seemed interminable, they stopped before the door of the Sanatorium at Sindanglaya between four and five in the morning.

Here we were directed by the servants, whom we aroused from slumber, to a house beyond, belonging likewise to Dr. Ploëm, the one we pulled up at being full of invalids. This was an awkard predicament, for making sure our journey was at an

end, I had paid the men, who had vanished with their buffaloes. There was no alternative but to walk it. The morning was clear, and the sky glowing with stars, but the air was very keen and piercing; so deciding not to disturb my wife, who was fast asleep in the carriage, I obtained the help of three of the doctor's servants, who, with Drahman and myself, succeeded, after some difficulty, in dragging the heavy vehicle to the other house, a distance of about a quarter of a mile.

The sight of a European grate, on which we made the men pile logs of wood, was, indeed, cheering. We rubbed our hands with delight as we felt the warmth of the fire; and felt glad that one of our longest and slowest journeys was over.

Sindanglaya is situated on the plateau of a hill, in the vicinity of the Pangarango, and surrounded by hills and mountains. Three or four years ago it was a dense jungle, but has been gradually, and rather indiscriminately, cleared of its loftiest trees,

and converted into a Sanatorium for civil and military patients. Two bungalows are set apart for the former, and three or four attap sheds for the latter, who are frequently conveyed here from the garrison at Batavia. Prior to the erection of these hospitals the invalid soldiers were sent to Holland.

At noon we started on ponies for the Pangarango, which is one of the highest mountains in Java, being ten thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. After passing through some coffee plantations, the road dwindles to a mere footpath, and nothing can be seen but a dense forest of wild trees, amongst which the Chaumara, Chantigy, and Sarundong are conspicuous from their height and size.

When we were about two or three miles from Sindanglaya, we stopped at a small hut, serving as a Passangrahan, in the grounds of which strawberries and European vegetables were growing most temptingly. We also perceived two quinine

trees, which, on inquiry, we found had been placed in their present position in order to ascertain whether they would thrive in the cool mountain districts of Java; and so far, I believe, the trees have flourished very well.

As we ascended higher, the road appeared to have been cut deeper than usual, so as to leave in some parts two banks covered with a variety of moss, ferns, calladiums, and lilies. Myriads of different coloured creepers and orchids clung to the bark and branches of every tree, in some instances literally covering them. The flowers of many of them, blooming on long spiral stems, seemed to float in the air above our heads. It was like riding through miles of the choicest stocked garden it is possible for human mind to conceive. In fact, it would be difficult for any one who has not travelled in this land of terrestrial orchids and epiphytes, to imagine a scene at once so singular and beautiful as the one I have attempted to describe. Similar scenes,

indeed, are to be met with in many mountain regions, but none, I should think, excelling that of the Pangarango, in the variety, beauty, and abundance of its rare exotics.

By the time we reached the second Passangrahan —a miserable-looking hut, little better than a cow-shed—it was very cold. Ordering the coolies, therefore, to light a fire, we set off on foot in search of some waterfalls, which we had been told were worth seeing. Our way lay through a perfect labyrinth of trees and shrubs, and almost at every footfall we heard the cluck of some startled bird, as we came suddenly on coveys of quails, or, as the natives call them, puyos. These birds are about the size of our partridges, with bright black eyes, and a white excrescence immediately below each. Their breasts are brown and red, and the wings grey. Several were kindly sent to me before I left the East, but my utmost care to keep them alive proved futile.

Our walk, as we continued, grew very stony and

wet, huge pieces of rock sometimes barring our progress, and obliging us to retrace our steps a few yards, and try a fresh route. Streams of water also rushed down the mountain side, over which we lost some time in placing old trunks of trees and large stones, to enable us to cross them. When we reached a hollow formed between the Geger Bentang and Pangarango mountains, we came in sight of the scene which we were specially anxious to see.

On one side of the precipice opposite to us, was the Churook Chikoonoor, falling almost perpendicularly from a height of four hundred feet, the creepers clinging to the sides of the mountain seen clearly through the water. To the left, gushing out of a rocky projection, was the cascade of Tjapanas, spreading out like a peacock's tail. Both waterfalls are surrounded by large trees and shrubs, and so close to each other that anyone standing between them would be sprinkled with spray from both sides.

Entering the hut, on our return, we could not at first distinguish any human form through the dense smoke which filled it. Advancing farther in, however, we soon saw the crouching figures of the poor shivering natives, who were seated on the ground around the fire. The interior had a very uncomfortable appearance. It was lit by small windows, the little broken panes in which admitted feeble rays of light by day, but gusts of wind by night, sufficient to chill any one's blood. As the room was perfectly destitute of any article of furniture, we followed the example of the coolies, and squatted ourselves on the bare ground, for there were no boards even to cover the earth. Before long the smoke began to make our eyes feel quite sore, and as there was no chimney, we ordered every window and door to be opened as wide as possible to let it escape; but all to no purpose, the faggots would smoulder, and the smoke rose in thicker clouds than could find vent. So

with our eyes suffused with tears, as painful as those which "live in an onion," we waited the cooking of our repast, it being too cold and rainy to sit out of doors.

The scene would have formed the subject of a curious sketch. Perched on three large stones, which served as a kind of temporary grate, sang and hissed a huge black kettle; whilst, close by, the mandoer was employed in boiling rice, and next to him a man was warming a cold fowl, which he held near the fire by means of a bamboo thrust across its wings. The other occupants of the hut were squatted as near the fire as the mandoer would allow them to come; some engaged in chewing betel, their cud of comfort, and others puffing away at their rocos, and rubbing their eyes from time to time, apparently by no means in their element. My wife, soon after entering, had tied a bandage over her eyes, and I partially followed her example by holding a pocket hand-

kerchief up to mine as a protection, removing it now and then in order to gaze at the group around us.

When tea was made, our comestibles were spread upon plantain leaves, and we set to with the avidity of hunters, the men apparently enjoying their meal with equal zest in a circle of their own.

A small room like a closet formed our dormitory, and here upon a few rough planks, over which our servant threw a blanket, we slept the sound sleep of travellers fatigued with a long day's work and the want of rest the previous night.

By five next morning we rose and continued our upward route, the summit of the Pangarango being eight miles distant from the hut of Tjiburrum. We had not proceeded far before we saw two large rocks standing opposite each other like the pillars of a gate. The mandoer, on passing them, took off his *tudong** most respectfully, an

* *Tudong*, a species of conical-shaped hat.

example in which he was followed by all our other attendants as they approached the place. On inquiry, I found that these rocks were called Lawang Sakatun, and had been placed here by order of a king named Rato Pajajarran Raden Suryakanchama, to mark the entrance to this dense forest, once a portion of his domain. The respect in which his memory is held is shown by the almost universal custom among the natives of taking off their hats as they approach the place. Higher up we crossed over two streams running parallel with each other, the water of one being icy cold, whilst that of the other was boiling hot. The path afterwards descended into a large hollow, or amphitheatre, called Sabuksaha, hemmed in by the bases of three mountains, and strewn over with enormous blocks of stone and boulders of granite, which have probably been carried down by the force of the water, at a time when the stream, running between the Gheddé and the

Gejer Bentang, has been considerably larger and more violent than it was when we saw it. Except for a path leading to the Gheddé, the ascent was now unbroken until we reached the top. Misty and damp as a November day, the air seemed to penetrate to our bones, whilst our clothes soon became as wet as though we had been exposed to a heavy shower. Sometimes a passing cloud would completely envelope us in its cold embrace, concealing almost everything from view; fitful gleams of sunshine would then dispel it, and make the way clear and bright before us.

On reaching the summit, up to which we rode through a large opening, we were surprised to find so great an extent of flat table-land, covered in some parts with thick shrubs and brushwood, and in others abounding with wild strawberries. A hut, similar to that of Tjiburrum, is situated about the centre.

At our approach several wild boars, which had

probably been feasting on the strawberries, scampered away, and soon vanished under the thicket. Dismounting, we walked a short distance from the hut to a piece of ground slightly elevated, from which we had a most extensive view of the surrounding country. To the north we had the province of Buitenzorg, with its principal town of the same name, forming, from the number of its white houses, a conspicuous object in the view, like some holy city on a pleasing eminence. Not far from it was the Residency of Batavia, beyond which was the sea of Java. The mountainous country of the Preanger was to the south, with the Indian Ocean just discernible in the distance. At a first glance the hills and mountains looked quite small, like so many miniature or toy mountains; but, as our eyes became more familiar with the vastness of the scene before us, we seemed better able to understand our own exalted position, and their height and extent. On the west lay the province of

Bantam, and to the east a large tract of the Preanger, with part of the province of Krawang, &c. A more extensive view could not well be obtained.

It was very fortunate we had such a clear day, as many who have taken the trouble to ascend the mountain have only met with disappointment on reaching the summit, which they have found enveloped in clouds and mist.

Before starting on our return, I felt desirous to smoke a cigar, in order "to keep the cold out;" but finding I had forgotten my fusees, I asked one of the men if he could give me a light. He immediately picked up a dried piece of wood, and holding it fixed on the ground, asked one of his companions to rub another across it. This being quickly done, in less than five minutes the friction caused the upright piece to burn. The man soon blew it into a flame, and handed it to me. I had often heard of this simple process, but never before witnessed it.

Leaving this lonely-looking summit, we descended rapidly till we reached the path to the Gheddé, when we climbed a steep ascent over loose stones and rocks till we reached this brother mountain of the Pangarango; for, singular to say, they both rise from one base, and are both the same height. The Gheddé, however, unlike its neighbour, is an active volcano, with a large crater, portions of which are now extinct. We stood upon the edge of the yawning abyss, from which the smoke rose in dense volumes, accompanied with loud noises, reminding one of Dante's description of Limbo—

> "The dread abyss, that joins a thundrous sound
> Of plaints innumerable. Dark and deep,
> And thick with clouds o'erspread, mine eye in vain
> Explored its bottom, nor could aught discern."

The strata opposite and above the ridge we stood upon appeared to be of sand, brown rock, lime, and grey stones, the latter running in lateral lines one over the other, like steps of different colours.

Retracing our steps, we made our way down to Sindanglaya, stopping at the miserable hut where we had suffered so much discomfort from the wind blowing and whistling through the night. Here we made our midday repast and rested our horses, after which we collected some rare and beautiful plants which had struck our eye the day previous. One orchid in particular, with a small mauve flower on a very delicate stem, I had never seen before; and I have been since informed by amateurs of these beautiful plants that it is a very rare specimen.

On our return, a very heavy shower fell, drenching us to the skin, and making us rejoice in the cheerful fire which awaited our arrival at the Passangrahan. After discarding our wet clothes, we walked to the doctor's house to dine.

We found him surrounded by his patients, in whom he seemed much interested. He was very affable, and during my stay I heard two anecdotes

from him which amused me not a little. Though the remedies are certainly singular, both may fairly be entitled "a cure for dysentery."

A Dutch soldier, who had suffered for months from dysentery, the cure of which, in his case, the doctors declared to be impossible, had recourse to a powerful remedy. Placing at the bottom of a tumbler a handful of chili paddy, the smallest and most pungent of all Indian chillies, he poured over it raw gin, or kirsch, till the glass was half full. This mixture he drank off at once, and retired to bed, where, burying himself under several thick blankets, he soon fell into a sound sleep. After several hours' rest he awoke, and finding himself in a violent perspiration, prudently kept his recumbent position until he was quite cool, when he rose and refreshed himself with a cold bath, and, after a few days, completely recovered his former state of good health.

The other anecdote was of a gentleman, who,

for more than a year, had been ill with the same disease, which was gradually undermining his constitution. Calling one morning at the house of an intimate friend, he found him, with his family, seated at breakfast, partaking, amongst other things, of stewed haricots and salt meat. On being requested to join the circle round the table, he accepted the invitation, and requested his friend to help him to some of the dish before him, for which he felt that longing peculiar to invalids. The host, reluctant to comply with his request, salt meat being always considered one of the worst things for persons in his state of health, strongly urged him to partake of some other viand. The sick gentleman, however, offended by the friendly remonstrance, actually rose to leave the table; seeing which, his host bade him help himself as he pleased, though he thought it a great risk. The wilful invalid accordingly set to work voraciously, taking two or three plates of the savoury dish, and declar-

ing he had not enjoyed such a hearty meal for many months. Breakfast over, he lit his cigar and took leave of his friends, thanking them for the delicious repast. After he was gone the gentleman began to feel uncomfortable as to the results of his sick friend's indulgence in his appetite; but his surprise knew no bounds, when, in a few days, the latter paid them a second visit, declaring he had had no return of the disease since the morning he had breakfasted so heartily with them, that now all he required was change of air to recruit his strength, and that he had come to say good-bye before setting off for Sindanglaya.

"Had I known the efficacy of haricots and salt meat before," he added, with a laugh, "it would have saved me many a doctor's bill."

The next morning we started for Buitenzorg, on our return to Batavia. For eight miles the road was one continued gradual ascent, up the side of the Megamundong mountain, which is richly

clothed with trees, shrubs, and ferns. Our carriage was drawn the whole way by four horses and six buffaloes; and even with these "ten in hand" we proceeded but slowly. On arriving at the summit, we walked for about half a mile under a beautiful forest of trees, to see a prettily-situated lake, called the Tologo Warno, which is like a square basin in the bosom of the mountain, surrounded by trees and shrubs, growing from the sloping banks down to the edge of the muddy-coloured water.

The man who looks after this place informed us that the water was once beautifully clear, and no less than eight hundred feet deep; but during the eruption of an adjacent volcano—now extinct—such a quantity of stones and rubbish had been thrown into the lake, that its depth was diminished to seventy-five feet, and the water became thick and muddy.

The road now began to descend rapidly. Fur-

ther on we passed several small mountains, amongst which was another Tunkoe ben Prau, and a Gunong Chisalak—"the forbidden"—so named from a fruit known to the natives as the *bua salak*, or forbidden fruit, growing wild upon it, the kernel and juice of which are very sour, and the rind dark brown and scaly.

After driving through a charming country of mountains, hills, forests, and lands smiling with luxuriant cultivation, we came in sight of Buitenzorg; and in a very short time were whirled up to the door of the Hotel Bellevue. The Governor-General of Java has a palace here, at one time a place of great resort during certain seasons of the year. It is now, however, the permanent dwelling of that high dignitary. The house is a commodious-looking building, standing in extensive grounds, which are beautifully laid out in artificial lakes, arbours, avenues, and gardens, in regular European style.

There are several European mansions and bungalows in the town; and the Chinese, who muster strong at Buitenzorg, have erected some very fine dwellings.

As the air is cool, and the temperature in general varies but very little, it is considered a healthy retreat for invalids; and being only fifty miles from Batavia, it is the favourite resort of business men who can steal a week or so from their constant routine of work.

About two miles from the town is the Batoe Tulis. On this stone, or rock, is an inscription in characters somewhat resembling Javanese, but intelligible to no native. Below it is a long dark slab, on the surface of which are footprints like those of a child, the feet close together, and the toes distended. No one seems to know anything about these curious stones. Even tradition, which is ever ready to supply the blank left by history, is silent respecting them. Notwithstanding their

ignorance, however, the Chinese, as well as the Javanese, regard these stones with superstitious veneration, making their offerings and "chin chin joss" to them. Gilt papers, bits of incense, &c., were lying scattered about all round them.

Between two and three miles from Buitenzorg, on the road to Batavia, is the village of Kadong Badak, another resort for invalids. Being situated in a retired nook, it is greatly appreciated by those who prefer quiet to the bustle of such a place as Buitenzorg.

The fifth post is Bidara Cheena, once a very large populous Chinese village. Here we saw a number of men and boys carrying gilt poles with red banners flying from them, and preceded by a band of music, of which little was heard save the loud drums. I was told they were going to a feast called the Sedaka Bumie, "charity of the earth," an annual festival given by a landlord, on which occasion a fat sapi, or ox, is killed and skinned. The

head, being severed from the body by some expert man of the party, is placed on a salver, and after being strewn and decorated with flowers by the peasant girls, is carried in procession, and buried with a great deal of ceremony. The body is then roasted and eaten by the assembled tenants, who afterwards dance to the merry sound of music.

Beyond this post, as well as many miles before reaching it, the country is very low, flat, and uninteresting; but the road being good, we got over the ground pretty quickly, arriving at Batavia after a five hours' drive under a scorching sun, and through clouds of dust.

Before leaving Batavia, we called on Raden Saleh, a Javanese amateur artist, whose residence is situated a short distance from the quarter of the town in which we were staying. Sending in the letter of introduction with which a friend had kindly furnished me, we were shown into a large hall, artistically fitted up with furniture both

antique and modern, amongst which I noticed some chairs the backs and legs of which were formed of deer horns.

Raden Saleh soon made his appearance, and we conversed in French, a language which he spoke most fluently. He was also acquainted both with German and English, but he did not appear to be quite so much at home with the latter as with the former. He was about the middle height, with a cheerful, intelligent countenance, and a broad but slightly receding forehead.

We had a long conversation together, during which he stated a fact which I remembered having previously seen in the papers, that he had been commissioned by our talented and much regretted Prince Consort to paint two subjects relating to Javanese life and scenery. He spoke in high terms of the Prince, with whom he appears to have had several interviews during the three-and-twenty years he spent in Europe, the greater part of which

time was passed in Holland and Germany, where he was educated at the expense of the Dutch government. The rest of the time he employed in travelling through France, Switzerland, the Tyrol, &c. His, however, was an exceptional case, the reason of which I do not think it necessary to mention.

At our request he took us to his studio, a short distance from the house, which we reached by a walk covered with trellis-work, thickly entwined with creepers. Like the *sanctum sanctorum* of all artists, the room was filled with models, busts, frameless and unfinished pictures, together with other appurtenances connected with the fine arts. Amongst this confused mass two large subjects, requiring only a few last touches to finish them, claimed our especial attention. One was a landscape taken in the province of Kadoe, including a view of the Murbaboo and Marapi. The grey smoke rising from the volcano was clear and distinct

against the sky, which was tinted with the mingling hues of evening. The other, called the Inundation, represented a touching scene in the melancholy catastrophe in Banjoemas which I have before related. On a small mound or hillock, decreasing in size at each roll of the water, we see a Wodono, or village chief, waving his handkerchief as though for help, his eyes evidently fixed on some object in the distance, and his face expressive of the deepest anxiety. Near him are boys with terror-stricken countenances. An old woman clings to the neck of her son, who having swum with his precious burden to this place of temporary safety, now appears almost exhausted with his efforts. A young mother has apparently lost all sense of the surrounding danger in the contemplation of her babe, which she presses fondly to her bosom, as though in hope that warmth might rekindle the life she fancies is only partially extinct. A few are seen swimming towards the mound, hoping to

reach that small haven before their strength fails them. Two buffaloes, with blood-shot eyes and distended nostrils, are rapidly approaching the desired spot, apparently determined to gain a footing there, on perceiving which the more energetic of the group assail the poor brutes with stones, in order to deter them from venturing on the limited space. All in the background is dreary waste and ruin, and the dark clouds, charged with rain, seem to be the gloomy presages of inevitable death to the melancholy group so closely pressed together. But all hope is not lost yet—far off in the horizon is a small craft, which I had not previously noticed, the prow of which is clearing its way towards the mound, to save the little band of sufferers who have taken refuge there. With the exception of some slight extravagance in the Circassian-shaped features of the women, and the too classical figures of the men—an exaggeration pardonable in a native artist de-

picting native subjects—it is certainly a fine, animated scene, boldly conceived and executed in a masterly style.

After inspecting the paintings, the artist took us into his grounds, which are tastefully laid out, and showed us a new house he was having built after a peculiar style of his own. I asked him whether there were any other Javanese artists who had attained to proficiency in the art, and he replied, not that he was aware of, adding humorously:—"*Café et sucre, sucre et café, sont tout-ce qu'on parle ici. C'est vraiement un air triste pour un artiste.*"

Next morning we bade adieu to Batavia, and on the second day touched at Mintok, where we went on shore for an hour or two. The third day saw us at Rhio, and on the noon of the fourth we hailed once more the deep, well-sheltered harbour of Singapore; its hills, verdant plantations, and white line of spacious houses facing the sea, opening before

us, as we glided smoothly between a forest of ships, like the unexpected scenes in a diorama. At the word "Stop 'err!" we dropped anchor opposite the esplanade, or padang; and not until the sound caused by the splash of the cable had died away in the calm water, could we fully realize the fact that the noise and bustle we had of late so constantly experienced were now over, and that our three months' tour, like all things earthly, had come to an end!

Readers, I have done. Let me now say to you, in the words of the people amongst whom we have, as it were, been living through these two volumes, and whose manners, customs, habits, and dispositions I have faintly endeavoured to portray, *Slamat Tingal!*—"Farewell!"

I humbly trust my efforts as guide have not proved vain. The finest scenery has often many drawbacks. The traveller may be wearied either by

its lengthened monotony, its sombre colouring, its cold, uninteresting outlines, or by the heated, dried-up plains over which he has to pass. I apprehend the reader may sometimes have been fatigued by my descriptions of the scenes over which I have conducted him. My aim, however, has been to supply a deficiency of information on a part of the tropics often trodden, but of which we have few trustworthy records. If I have succeeded in giving a true description of what I saw, and if the foregoing pages should prove both a source of amusement and instruction, I shall indeed feel well satisfied.

To my book, ere we part, let me say, *Slamat jalan* ("Happy journey!") May thy way be as pleasant as ours was, during our interesting excursion through the happy, smiling land of Java!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE rate of posting through Java is as follows:—

	Rupees.*	Cents.
For four horses for one post of ten miles	1	25
For six ,, ,, ,,	1	50
For six horses and two buffaloes ,,	1	75
For six horses and four buffaloes ,,	2	0

The names of the different posts between the principal towns and villages at which we stopped for relays of horses are, as far as memory and note-book will supply, in the following order :—

FROM SURABAYA TO PASSEROEWAN—SEVEN POSTS.

Seratin.	Kondanglegie.
Sroeni.	Bangil.
Tjandie.	Bundoongan.
Porong.	Passeroewan.

* One Florin or Rupee = 100 Javanese Cents.

FROM PASSEROEWAN TO PASSERPAN.

Cobontjandie. Passerpan.

To Tosarie on horseback.

PASSEROEWAN TO PROBOLINGO.

Rajussa. Woedoesan.
Benongan. ——
Bagnio Biro (Blue water). Probolingo.
Gratie—(Noted for ducks and alligators).

FROM PROBOLINGO TO KLAKA.

Jorong-an. Klaka.—(Fine lake and scenery.
Letids.
Malassan.

Return by the same road to Passeroewan.

FROM PASSEROEWAN TO MALANG.

Redjajan. Sawang.
Areng-areng. Singasarie. — (See the Ruins).
Wonosarie.
Protong. Malang.
Jatasarie.—(Teak flower.)

FROM MALANG TO BATOE.

Aruman.	Batoe.
Bedju.	

Batoe to Nagntang on horseback. Fine mountainous country and charming scenery. See the Cascade of Tretes *en route*.

FROM SURABAYA TO KEDERIE.

——	Terongan.
Gedongtoerie.	Denanyha.
Trosobo.	Tungoong-an.
Krian.	Brandjejer.
Wonosarie.	Groppio.
Kedongmangoe.	Brompo.
Modjokerto.	Kedirie.
Madjaagong.	

KEDERIE TO MADIOEN.

Grenging.	Saradan.
Patjie.	Tjaroeban.
Posso.	Balongeboap.
Bogar.	Bagie.
Wilangang.	Madioen.

MADIOEN TO NGAWIE.

Maliaspati.	Poerwodadi.
——	Ngawie.

NGAWIE TO SOERAKARTA.

Ngalay.
Bogo.
Gendingan.
Poolly.
Kanatan.
Mongkong.
Sukowinangong.
Jogomassan.
Jorong.
Solo, or Soerakarta.

SOERAKARTA TO DJOKJOKARTA.

Karta-soera.
Talangoo.
Karanggoony.
Klatten.
Tankisang.
Brambanan.—(See the Temples).
Soo-ka-nain.
Djokjokarta.

DJOKJOKARTA TO TUMUNGONG.

Moentilan.
Mandoet.—(See the Temple.)
Borobodoo.—(See the Ruins.)
Probolingo.
Magelan.
Setjan.
Tumungong.

TUMUNGONG TO WONOSOBO.

Paponan.
Rotjo.
Wonosobo.

WONOSOBO TO BANDJARNAGARA.

Cumpong Tungoro.
Brayot.
Sawangan.
Bandjarnagara.

BANDJARNAGARA TO BANDJOEMAS.

Bawang.
Poerwandara.
Pantar.
Poerworodjo.
Peassa.
Banjoemas.

BANJOEMAS TO TJILATJAP (CHILACHAP).

Bantoe.
Sumpung.
Maos.
Vlahar.
Gometer.
Tjilatjap. — (Return to Banjoemas.)

BANJOEMAS TO ADJIBARENG.

Sukarajah.
Poerwokerto.
Mungal.
Kali Mungis.
Adjibareng.

ADJIBARENG TO TAGAL.

Prukansinjang.
Krang-Gaing.
Mugasaric.
Runcharingo.
Balapulang
Labuksee.
Lawie.
Bandjaran.
Tagal.

TAGAL TO CHERIBON.

Lumbungan.
Klampok.
Kloewoet.
Tandjoeng.
Losarie.
Gebang.
Pangarengan.
Moendoe.
Cheribon.

CHERIBON TO SAMADUNG.

Wadas.
Cumpol
Banjeran.
Tjikoeroe.
Baturoejoek.
Karangsambong.
Chaplong.
Banaspanten.
Chunda.
Tjiberan.
Samadung.

SAMADUNG TO SINDANGLAYA.

Chiarung.
Tanjong Sarie.
Tjinoenoek.
Sindanglaya.

☞ Sindanglaya one post to Bandong.

BANDONG TO TJANDJOR

Tjimalie.
Tjipadalarang.
Tjisitoe.
Tjiyattat.
Rajahmundala.
Tjissokkan.
Soekamantrie.
Tjandjor.

TJANDJOR TO SINANGLAYA.

Ride to the Pangarango and Gheddé.

SINANGLAYA TO BUYTENZORG.

Megamendong.
Tugoo.
Passangrahan.
Guddok.
Wangon.
Buytenzorg.

BUYTENZORG SO BATAVIA.

Chiloor.
Tjibinong.
Tjimanies.
Tanjong.
Bidarachina.
Batavia.

THE END.

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