

DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

MALAYS DIVING FOR MONEY.

## DOWN TO JAVA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JINRIKISHA DAYS," "AN ISLAND WITHOUT DEATH," ETC.

SINGAPORE (or S'pore, as the languid, perspiring, exhausted residents near the line most often write and pronounce the name of Sir Stamford Raffles's colony in the Straits of Malacca) is a geographical and commercial center and cross-roads of the Eastern Hemisphere like to no other port in the world. Singapore is an ethnological center, too, and that small island swinging off the tip of the Malay Peninsula holds a whole congress of nations—an exhibit of all the races and peoples and types of men in the world, compared with which the Midway Plaisance was a mere skeleton of a suggestion. The traveler, despite the overpowering, all-subduing influence of the heat, has some thrills of excitement at the tropical pictures of the shore, and the congregation of varicolored humanity grouped on the Singapore wharf, where Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, Malays, Javanese, Burmese, Cingalese, Tamils, Sikhs, Parsees, Lascars, Malabars, Malagasy, and sailor folk of all coasts, Hindus and heathens of every caste and persuasion, are grouped in a brilliant confusion of red, white, brown, and patterned drapery, of black, brown, and yellow skins; and behind them, in ghostly clothes, stand the pallid Europeans, who

have brought the law, order, and system, the customs, habits, comforts, and luxuries, of civilization to the tropics and the jungle. All these variegated heathens and picturesque unbelievers, these pagans and idolaters, Buddhists, Brahmans, Jews, Turks, sun- and fire-worshippers, devil-dancers, and what not, have come with the white man to toil for him under the equatorial sun, since the Malays are the great leisure class of the world, and will not work. The Malays will hardly live on the land, much less cultivate it or pay taxes, while they can float about in strange little hen-coops of house-boats, that fill the river and shores by thousands. Hence the Tamils have come from India to work, and the Chinese to do the small trading; and the Malay rests, or at most goes a-fishing, or sits by the canoe-loads of coral and sponges, balloon-fish, and strange sea treasures that are at the wharf.

The Dutch mail-steamers to and from Java (Batavia) connect with the English mail-steamers at Singapore; a French line connects with the Messagerie's ships running between Marseilles and Japan; and independent steamers, offering as much comfort, leave almost daily for Batavia. The five hun-



dred miles' distance is covered in forty-eight or sixty hours, for a uniform fare of fifty Mexican dollars, or ninety Dutch gulden—an excessive and unusual charge for a voyage

able exchange of the far East to the gold standard of Holland dismays one at the start. The completion of railways across and to all parts of the island of Java, however,



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A STREET IN SINGAPORE.

of such length in that or any other region. The traveler is usually warned long beforehand that living and travel in the Netherlands Indies is the most expensive in the world; and the change from the depreciated Mexican silver-dollar standard and the profit-

has greatly reduced tourist expenses, so that they are not now two or three times the average of similar expenses in India, China, and Japan.

At Singapore, only two degrees above the equator, the sun pursues a monotony of ris-



ing and setting that ranges only from six minutes before to six minutes after six o'clock, morning and evening, the year round. Breakfasting by candle-light and starting in darkness, there was all the beauty of the gray-and-rose dawn and the pale yellow rays of the early sun to be seen from the wet deck when our ship let go from the wharf and sailed out over a sea of gold. For the two days and two nights of the voyage, with but six passengers on the large Blue Funnel steamer, we had the deck and the cabins, and indeed the equator and the Java Sea, to ourselves. The deck was furnished with the long chairs and hammocks of tropical life, but more tropical yet were the bunches of bananas hanging from the awning rail, that all might pick and eat at will; for this is the true region of plenty, where selected bananas cost one Mexican cent the dozen, and a whole bunch but five cents, and where actual living is far too cheap and simple to be called a science.

The ship slipped out from the harbor through the glassy river of the Straits of Malacca, and on past points and shores that to me had never been anything but geographic names. There was a magic stillness to air and sea; the calm was as of enchantment, and one felt as if in some hypnotic trance, with all nature chained in the same spell. The pale, pearly sky was reflected in smooth stretches of liquid pearly sea, with vaporous hills, soft green visions of land beyond. Everywhere in these regions the shallow water shows pale green above the sandy bottom, and the anchor can be dropped at will. All through the breathless day the ship coursed over this shimmering yellow and gray-green sea, with faint pictures of land, the very landscapes of mirage, drawn in vaporous tints on every side. We were threading a way through the Thousand Islands, the archipelago lying below the point of the Malay Peninsula, a region of unnamed, uncounted «summer isles of Eden,» chiefly known to history as the home of pirates.

The high mountain-ridges of Sumatra barred the west for all the first equatorial day, the land of this «Java Major» sloping down and spreading out in great green plains and swamps on the fertile but unhealthy eastern coast. The large settlements and most of the cultivated land are on the west coast, where the hills rise steeply from the ocean, and sugar, tobacco, coffee, and cinchona plantations succeed one another in successive levels. Padang on that coast is

a center of trade, more particularly of the coffee-trade, which now has more importance on Sumatra than on Java. There are no government plantations on Sumatra, and private owners have brought immense areas under cultivation, purchasing or leasing the lands direct from native chiefs. When the British returned Java after the Napoleon scare was over, they retained Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope, and sovereign rights over Sumatra, relinquishing this latter suzerainty in 1872, in exchange for Holland's imaginary rights in Ashantee and the Gold Coast of Africa. The Dutch then attempted to reduce the native population of Sumatra to the same estate as the more pliant people of Java; but the wild mountaineers, of the north, or Achin, end of the island in particular, warned by the sad fate of the Javanese, had no intention of being conquered and enslaved, of giving their labor and the fruit of their lands to the strangers from Europe's cold swamps. The Achin war has continued since 1872, with little result save a general loss of Dutch prestige in the East, an immense expenditure of Dutch gulden, causing a deficit in the colonial budget every year; a fearful mortality among Dutch troops, and the final abandonment, in this decade of trade depression, of the aggressive policy. Dutch commanders are well satisfied to hold their chain of forts along the western hills, and to punish the Achinese in a small way by blockading them from their supplies of opium, tobacco, and spirits. In one four years of active campaigning the Achin war cost seventy million gulden, and seventy out of every hundred Dutch soldiers succumbed to the climate before going into an encounter. The Achinese merely retired to their swamps and jungles and waited, and the climate did the rest. One's sympathy goes naturally with the brave, liberty-loving Achinese; and in view of their unconquerable spirit, Great Britain did not lose so much as it seemed when she let go unconquerable Sumatra. British tourists are saddened when they see what their ministers let slip with Java, for with that island and Sumatra all Asia's southern shore-line, and virtually the far East, would have been England's own. Geologically this whole Malay Archipelago was one with the Malay Peninsula, and although so recently made, is still subject to earthquake change, as shown in the terrible eruption of the island of Krakatoa in the narrow Sunda Strait, west of Java, in August, 1883. Native traditions tell that anciently Sumatra, Java, Bali, and Sumbawa were one island, and



«when three thousand rainy seasons shall have passed away they will be reunited»; but Alfred Russell Wallace denies it, and proves that Java was the first to drop away from the Asiatic mainland and become an island.

While the sun rode high in the cloudless white zenith above our ship the whole world seemed aswoon. Hills and islands swam and wavered in the heat and mists, and the glare and silence were terrible and oppressive. One could not shake off the sensation of mystery and unreality, of sailing into some unknown, eerie, other world. Every voice was subdued, and the beat of the engines was scarcely felt in that glassy calm, and the stillness of the ship gave a strange sensation, as of a magic spell. It was not so very hot,—only 86° by the thermometer,—but the least exertion to cross the deck, to lift a book, to pull a banana, left one limp and exhausted, with cheeks burning and the breath coming faster, that insidious, deceptive heat of the tropics declaring itself—that steaming, wilting quality in the sun of Asia that so soon makes jelly of the white man's brain, and in no way compares with the scorching, dry 96° in the shade of a North American hot-weather summer day.

At five o'clock, while afternoon tea and bananas were being served on deck, we crossed the line—that imaginary parting of the world, the invisible thread of the universe, the beginning and the end of all latitude—latitude 0°, longitude 103° east, the sextant told. The position was geographically exciting. We were literally «down South,» and might now speak disrespectfully of the equator if we wished. A breeze sprang up as soon as we crossed the line, and all that evening and through the night the air of the Southern Hemisphere was appreciably cooler. The ship went slowly, and loitered along in order to enter the Banka Straits by daylight; and at sunrise we were in a smooth river of pearl, with the green Sumatra shores close on one hand, and the heights of Banka's island of tin on the other. A ship under full sail swept out to meet us, and four more barks under swelling canvas passed by in that narrow strait, the rocks and reefs of which are fully attested by the line of wrecks and sunken masts down its length. The harbor of Muntuk, whence there is a direct railway to the tin-mines, was busy with shipping, and the white walls and red roofs of the town showed prettily against the green.

The open Java Sea was as still and glassy as the straits had been, and for another breathless, cloudless day the ship's engines

beat almost inaudibly as we went southward through an enchanted silence. When the heat and glare of light from the midday sun so directly overhead drove us to the cabin, where swinging punkas gave air, we had additional suggestion of the tropics when a passenger from Macassar, returning from Penang and Malacca, showed us fifty freshly cured specimens of birds the gorgeous plumage of which repeated the most brilliant and dazzling tints of the rainbow, the flower-garden, and the jewel-case, and left us bereft of adjectives and exclamations. Here we found another passenger, who spoke Dutch and looked the Hollander by every sign, but who quickly claimed citizenship with us as a naturalized voter of the great republic. He asked if we lived in Java, and when we had answered that we were going to Java *en touriste*, «merely travelers,» he established comradeship by saying, «I am a traveling man myself—New York Life.» This naturalized one said quite naturally, «We Dutchmen» and «our queen»—Americanisms with a loyal Holland ring.

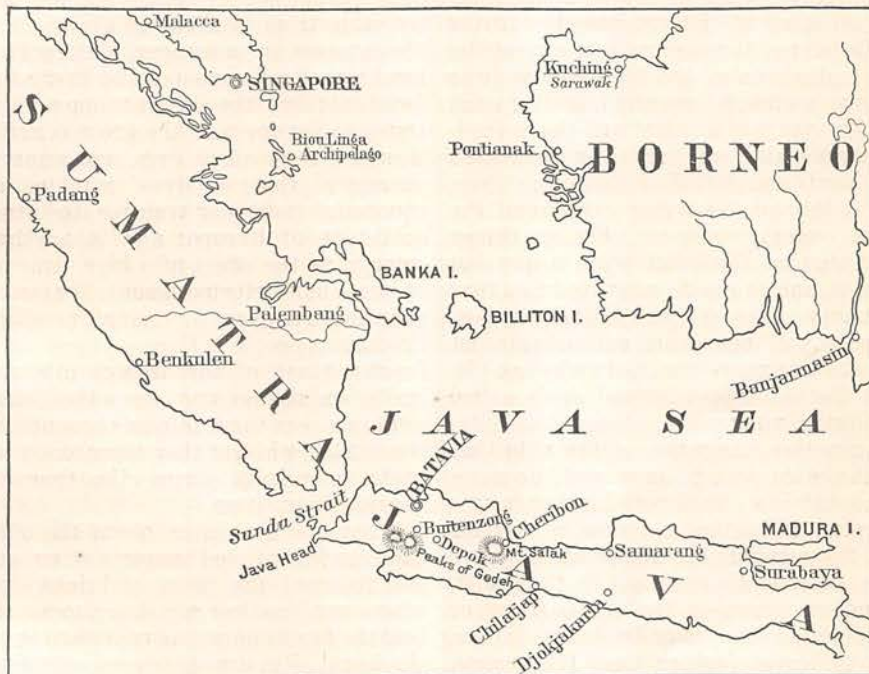
In the earliest morning a clean white lighthouse on an islet was seen ahead, and as the sun rose, bluish mountains came up from the sea, grew in height, and outlined themselves, detached volcanic peaks of most lovely lines, against the purest pale-blue sky; soft clouds floated up and clung to the summits; the blue and green at the water's edge resolved themselves into groves and lines of palms; and over sea and sky and the wonderland before us was all the dewy freshness of dawn in Eden.

It was more workaday and prosaic when the ship, steaming in between long breakwaters, made fast to the stone quays of Tandjon Priok, facing a long line of corrugated-iron warehouses, behind which was the railway connecting the port with the city of Batavia. The silting up of the shallow Batavia harbor obliged commerce to remove to this deep bay, six miles farther east, and the colonials have made it a model harbor. The customs officers at Tandjon Priok were courteous and lenient, passing our tourist luggage with the briefest formality, and kindly explaining how our steamer-chairs could be stored in the railway rooms until our return to port. It is but nine miles from the Tandjon Priok wharf to the main station in the heart of the original city of Batavia—a stretch of swampy ground dotted and lined with palm-groves and banana-patches, with tiny woven baskets of houses perched on stilts clustered at the foot of tall



cocoa-trees that are the staff and source of life and of every economical blessing of native existence. We leaped excitedly from one side of the little car to the other to see each more and more tropical picture: groups of bare brown children frolicking in the road, and mothers with babies astride of their hips, or swinging comfortably in a scarf knotted across one shoulder, and every-day life going on under the palms most naturally, although to our eyes it was so strange and theatrical.

iron of the East,» dates from 1621, when the Dutch removed from Bantam, where quarrels between Portuguese, Javanese, and the East India Company had been disturbing to trade for fifteen years, and built Fort Jacatra at the mouth of a river off which a cluster of islands sheltered a fine harbor. Its position in the midst of swamps was unhealthy, and the mortality was so appalling as to seem incredible. Dutch records tell of eighty-seven thousand soldiers and sailors dying in the



DRAWN BY JOHN HART.

SKETCH MAP OF SINGAPORE AND JAVA.

At the railway-station we met the *sadoc* (dos-à-dos), a two-wheeled cart which is the common vehicle of hire of the country, and is drawn by a tiny Timor or Sandalwood pony, with sometimes a second pony attached outside of the shafts.

No Europeans live at Tandjon Priok, nor in the old city of Batavia, which from the frightful mortality during two centuries was known as «the graveyard of Europeans.» The banks and business houses, the Chinese and Arab quarters, are in the «old town»; but Europeans desert that quarter before sundown, and betake themselves to the «new town» suburbs, where every house is in a park of its own, and the avenues are broad and straight, and all the distances are magnificent. The city of Batavia, literally «fair meadows,» grandiloquently «the queen of the East,» and without exaggeration «the grid-

government hospital between 1714 and 1776, and that more than one million people died within the city walls between 1730 and 1752, the place at no time claiming over forty thousand inhabitants all told. The people were long in learning that those who went away to the higher suburbs to sleep, and who built houses of the most open construction, to admit of the fullest sweep of air, were free from the fever of the walled town surrounded by swamps, cut by stagnant canals, and facing a harbor the mud banks of which were exposed at low tide. The city walls were destroyed in this century, the quaint old, air-tight Dutch buildings were torn down, and streets were widened; and there is now a great outspread town of red-roofed, white-washed houses, with no special features or picturesqueness to make its street-scenes either distinctively Dutch or tropical. Mod-



ern Batavia has one hundred thousand inhabitants, less than a tenth of whom are Europeans. While the last-century *Stadhuis* might have been brought from Holland entire, a steam tramway starts from its door and thence shrieks its way to the farthest suburb, the telephone hellos from center to suburb, and modern inventions make tropical living possible.

The Dutch do not welcome tourists, or encourage one to visit their paradise of the Indies. Too many travelers have come, seen, and gone away to tell disagreeable truths about Dutch methods and rule; to expose the source and means of the profitable returns of twenty million dollars and more for each of so many years of the last and the preceding century—all from islands the whole area of which only equals that of the State of New York. Although the tyrannic rule and the «culture system,» or forced labor, are things of the dark past, the Dutch brain is slow and suspicious, and the idea being fixed fast that no stranger comes to Java on kindly or hospitable errands, the colonial authorities must know within twenty-four hours why one visits the Indies. They demand one's name, age, religion, nationality, place of nativity, and occupation, the name of the ship that brought the suspect to Java, and the name of its captain—a dim threat lurking in this latter query of holding the unlucky mariner responsible should his importation prove an expense or embarrassment to the island. Still another permit—a *Toetlakings-Kaart*, or «admission ticket»—must be obtained if one wishes to travel farther than *Buitenzorg*, the cooler capital, forty miles away in the hills. The tourist pure and simple, the sight-seer and pleasure traveler, is not yet quite comprehended, and his passports usually accredit him as traveling in the interior for «scientific purposes.» Guides or efficient couriers in the real sense do not exist. The English-speaking servant is rare and delusive, yet a necessity unless one speaks Dutch or Low Malay. Of all the countries one may ever travel in, none equals Java in the difficulty of being understood, and it is a question, too, whether the Malays who do not know any English are harder to get along with than the Dutch who know a little. Thirty years ago Alfred Russell Wallace inveighed against the unnecessary discomforts, annoyances, and expense of travel in Java, and every tourist since has repeated his plaint. The philippics of returned travelers furnish steady amusement for Singapore residents, and none bring back the same

enthusiasm that embarked with them. It is not the Java of the Javanese that these returned ones berate so vehemently, but the Netherlands India, and the state created and brought about by the merciless, cold-blooded, rapacious Hollanders who came half-way round the world and down to the equator, nine thousand miles away from their homes, to acquire an empire and enslave a race, and who impose their hampering customs and restrictions upon even alien visitors. Java undoubtedly is «the very finest and most interesting tropical island in the world,» and the Javanese the most gentle, attractive, and innately refined people of the East, after the Japanese; but the Dutch in Java beat the Dutch in Europe ten points to one, and there is nothing so surprising and amazing, in all man's proper study of mankind, as the equatorial Hollander transplanted from the cold fens of Europe; nor is anything so strange as the effect of a high temperature on Low-Country temperament. The most rigid, conventional, narrow, thrifty, prudish, and Protestant people in Europe bloom out in the forcing-house of the tropics into strange laxity, and one does not know the Hollanders until one sees them in this «summer land of the world,» whither they threatened to emigrate in a body during the time of the Spanish Inquisition.

When one has driven about the old town and seen its crowded bazaars and streets, and has followed the lines of bricked canals, where small natives splash and swim, women beat the family linen, and men go to and fro in tiny boats, all in strange travesty of the solemn canals of the old country, he comes to the broader avenues of the new town, lined with tall tamarind- and waringen-trees, a species of *Ficus*, with plumes of palms, and pyramids of blazing Madagascar flame-trees in blossom. He is driven into the long garden-court of the Hotel *Nederlanden*, and there has presented a spectacle of social life and customs that nothing in all travel can equal for distinct shock and sensation. We had seen some queer things in the streets,—women lolling barefooted and in startling dishabille in splendid equipages,—but concluded them to be servants or half-castes; but there in the hotel was an undress parade that beggars description, and was as astounding on the last as on the first day in the country. Woman's vanity and man's conventional ideas evidently wilt at the line, and no formalities pass the equator, when distinguished citizens and officials can roam and lounge about hotel courts in pajamas and bath slip-



pers, and bare-ankled women, clad only in the native *sarong*, or skirt, and a white dressing-jacket, go unconcernedly about their affairs in streets and public places until afternoon. It is a dishabille beyond all burlesque pantomime, and only shipwreck on a desert island would seem sufficient excuse for women being seen in such an ungraceful, unbecoming attire—an undress that reveals every defect, while concealing beauty, that no loveliness can overcome, and that has neither color nor grace nor picturesqueness to recommend it in itself.

The hotel is a series of one-storied buildings surrounding the four sides of a garden court, the projecting eaves giving a continuous covered gallery that is the general corridor. The bedrooms open directly upon this broad gallery, and the space in front of each room, furnished with lounging-chairs, table, and reading-lamp, is the sitting-room of each occupant by day. There is never any jealous hiding behind curtains or screens. The whole hotel register is in evidence, sitting or spread in reclining-chairs. Men in pajamas thrust their bare feet out bravely, puffing clouds of rank Sumatra tobacco as they stared at the new arrivals; women rocked and stared as if we were the unusual spectacle, and not they; and children sprawled on the cement flooring, wearing only the most intimate undergarments of civilized children. One turned his eyes from one undressed family group only to encounter some more surprising dishabille; and meanwhile servants were hanging whole mildewed wardrobes on clothes-lines along this open hotel corridor, while others were ironing their employers' garments on this communal porch.

We were sure that we had gone to the wrong hotel; but the *Nederlanden* was vouched for as the best, and when the bell sounded, over one hundred guests poured into the vaulted dining-room, and were seated at the one long table. The men wore proper coats and clothes at this midday *riz tavel* (rice table), but the women and children came as they were—*sans gêne*.

The Batavian day begins with coffee and toast, eggs and fruit, at any time between six and nine o'clock, and the affairs of the day are despatched before noon, when that sacred, solemn, solid feeding function, the *riz tavel*, assembles all in shady, spacious dining-rooms, free from the creaking and flapping of the *punka*, so prominent everywhere else in the East. Rice is the staple of the midday meal, and one is expected to fill the soup-plate before him with boiled rice,

and on that heap as much as he may select from eight or ten dishes, a tray of curry condiments being passed with this great first course. Bits of fish, duck, chicken, beef, bird, omelet, and onions rose upon my neighbors' plates, and spoonfuls of a thin curried mixture were poured over the rice, before the conventional chutneys, spices, cocanut, peppers, and almond went to the conglomerate mountain resting upon the «rice table» below. Beefsteak, a salad, and then fruit and coffee, brought the midday meal to a close. Squeamish folk and unseasoned tourists complain of loss of appetite at these hotel *riz tavel*s; but we forgot all that had gone before when the feast was closed with the mangosteen—nature's final and most perfect effort in fruit creation.

After the *riz tavel* every one slumbers—as one naturally must after such a very «square» meal—until four o'clock, when a bath and tea refresh the tropic soul, the world dresses in the full costume of civilization, and the slatternly women of the earlier hours go forth in the latest finery of good fortune, twenty-six days from Amsterdam, for the afternoon driving and visiting, that continue to the nine-o'clock dinner-hour. Batavian fashion does not take its airing in the jerky *sadoe*, but in roomy «vis-à-vis,» or *barouches*, and comfortable «milords,» or giant *victorias*, that, being built to Dutch measures, comfortably accommodate three ordinary people to each seat, and are drawn by gigantic Australian horses, or «Walers» (horses from New South Wales), to match the turnouts of *Brobdingnag*.

Society is naturally narrow, provincial, colonial, conservative, and insular, even to a degree beyond that known in Holland. The governor-general, chosen from the resident Dutch, and whose salary is twice that of the President of the United States, lives in a palace at *Buitenzorg*, forty miles away in the hills, with a second palace higher up in the mountains, and comes to Batavia only on state occasions. This ruler of twenty-four million souls has a standing army of thirty thousand men, more than half of whom are natives, but only Europeans hold officers' commissions. The island is divided into fifteen provinces or residencies, a resident, or local governor, ruling, or, as «elder brother,» effectually directing the few provinces ostensibly ruled by native princes. All these residents are answerable to a secretary of the colony, appointed by the sovereign at The Hague, and much of executive detail has to be submitted to the home government for ap-



proval. Naturally there is much friction between all these functionaries, and etiquette is punctilious to a degree. A formal court surrounds the governor-general, and is repeated in miniature at every residency. The pensioned native sovereigns, princes, and regents maintain all the forms, etiquette, and barbaric splendor of their old court life, elaborated by European customs. The Dutch officials condescend equally to the rich planters and to the native princes. The planters hate and deride the officials; the natives hate the Dutch of either class, and despise their own princes who are subservient to the Dutch; and the wars and jealousies of rank and race and caste, of white and brown, of native and imported folk, flourish with tropical luxuriance.

Batavian life differs considerably from that in British India and all the rest of Asia, where the British-built and conventionally ordered places support the same formal order of England unchanged, save for a few luxuries and concessions incident to the climate. The Dutchman does not waste his perspiration on tennis or golf or cricket, or on any outdoor pastime more exciting than horse-racing. He does not make well-ordered and expensive dinners his one chosen form of hospitality. He dines late and dines elaborately, but the more usual form of entertainment in Batavia is the evening reception or musicale, for which the spacious houses, with their great white porticos, are well adapted. Batavian residents have each a paradise park around their dwellings, and the white houses of classic architecture, bowered in magnificent trees and palms, shrubs and vines and blooming plants, are most attractive by day. At night, when the great portico, which is drawing-room and living-room, and as often dining-room, is illuminated by many lamps, each lovely villa glows like a fairyland in its dark setting. If the portico lamps are not lighted, it is a sign of "not at home," and mynheer and his family may sit in undress at their ease. There are weekly concerts at the Harmonie and Concordia clubs, where the groups around iron tables might have been summoned by a magician from some Continental garden. There are such clubs in every town on the island, and they furnish society its center and common meeting-place. In these tropical gardens one sees fine gowns and magnificent jewels; ladies wear the heavy silks and velvets of an Amsterdam winter and men dance in black coats and broadcloth uniforms. Society is brilliant, formal, and by lamp-light impres-

sive; but when by daylight one meets the same fair beauties and bejeweled matrons stockingless, in sarongs and flapping slippers, the disillusionment is complete.

The show-places of Batavia are easily seen in a day: the old town hall, the Stadkirche, the lighthouse, the old warehouse, and the walled gate of Peter Elberfeld's house, with the spiked skull of that half-caste rebel against Dutch rule pointing a more awful reminder than the inscription, in several languages, to his "horrid memory." The pride of the city, and the most creditable thing on the island, is the Museum of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences, known sufficiently to the world of science and letters as "the Batavian Society," of which Sir Stamford Raffles was the first great inspirer and exploiter. In his time were undertaken the excavations of the old Hindu temples and the archæological work which the Dutch government and the Batavian Society have since carried on, and which have helped place that association among the foremost learned societies of the world. The museum is housed in a beautiful building resembling a Greek temple, the white walls of which are shaded by magnificent trees. It faces the broad Koenig's Plein, the largest parade-ground in the world, the Batavians say. The halls, surrounding a central court, shelter a complete and wonderful exhibit of Javanese antiquities and art works, of arms, weapons, implements, ornaments, costumes, masks, basketry, textiles, musical instruments, models of boats and houses, silver and metal-work, and all the industries of these gifted people. It is a place of absorbing interest; but with no labels and no key, except the native janitor's pantomime, one's visit is often filled with exasperation.

The Tjina, or China, and the Arab *kampongs*, or villages, are show-places to the stranger in the curious features of life and civic government they present. Each of these foreign *kampongs* is under the charge of a captain or commander, whom the Dutch authorities hold responsible for the order and peace of his compatriots, since they do not allow so-called "European freedom" to these yellow colonials. Great wealth abides in both these alien quarters, the leaders of which have been there for generations, and have absorbed all retail trade, and as commission merchants, money-lenders, and middlemen have garnered great profits and earned the hatred of Dutch and Javanese alike. The lean and hook-nosed followers of the prophet conquered the island in the fifteenth century, and have built their *messigits*, or mosques, in



every province. The Batavian messigit is a cool little blue-and-white-tiled building, with a row of inlaid wooden clogs and loose leather shoes at the door, and turbaned heads within bow before the mihrab that points west toward Mecca. Since the Mohammedan conquest of 1475, the Javanese are Mohammedan if anything; but they take their religion easily, and are so lukewarm in the faith of the fire and sword that they would easily relapse to their former mild Brahmanism if Islam's power were broken. The Dutch have always prohibited the pilgrimages to Mecca, since those returning with the green turban were viewed with reverence, and accredited with supernatural powers that made their influence a menace to Dutch rule. Arab priests have always been enemies of the government and foremost in inciting the people to rebellion against Dutch and native rulers; but no evangelical work seems to have been done by Christian missionaries to counteract Mohammedanism, save at the town of Depok, near Batavia.

In all the banks and business houses is found the lean-fingered Chinese comprador, or accountant, and the rattling buttons of his abacus, or counting-board, play the inevitable accompaniment to financial transactions, as everywhere else east of Colombo. The two hundred and fifty thousand Chinese in Dutch India present a curious study in the possibilities of their race. Under the strong, tyrannical rule of the Dutch they thrive, show ambition to adopt Western ways, and approach more nearly to European standards than one could believe possible. Chinese conservatism yields first in costume and social manners; the pigtail shrinks to a mere symbolic wisp, and the well-to-do Batavian Chinaman dresses faultlessly after the London model, wears spotless duck coat and trousers, patent-leather shoes, and, in top hat or derby, sits complacent in a handsome victoria drawn by imported horses, with liveried Javanese on the box. One meets correctly gotten-up equestrians trotting around Waterloo Plein or the alleys of Buitenzorg, followed by an obsequious groom, the thin remnant of the Manchu queue slipped inside the coat being the only thing to suggest Chinese origin. The rich Chinese live in beautiful villas, in gorgeously decorated houses built on ideal tropical lines; and although having no political or social recognition in the land, entertain no intention of returning to China. They load their wives with diamonds and jewels, and spend liberally for the education of their children.

The Dutch tax, judge, punish, and hold them in the same regard as the natives, with whom they have intermarried for three centuries, until there is a large mixed class in every part of the island. The native hatred of the Chinese is an inheritance of those past centuries when the Dutch farmed out the revenues to the Chinese, who, being assigned so many thousand acres of rice-land, and the forced labor of the people on them, gradually extended their boundaries, and by increasing exactions and secret levies oppressed the people with a tyranny and rapacity the Dutch could not approach. In time the Chinese fomented insurrection against the Dutch and the native princes, until they were restrained from all monopolies and revenue-farming, and restricted to their present humble political state. The Dutch vent their dislike by an unmerciful taxation. The Chinese are mulcted on landing and leaving, for birth and death, for every business venture and privilege; yet they prosper and remain, and these «Paranaks» in a few more generations may attain the social and political equality they seek. It all proves that under a strong, tyrannical government the Chinese make good citizens, and can easily put away the notions and superstitions that in China itself hold millions in the bondage of a long-dead past. The recent exposure of Chinese forgeries of Java banknotes to the value of three million pounds sterling have put the captains of Batavia and Samarang kampongs in prison, and have led to wholesale arrests of rich Chinese throughout the island.

Native life swarms in this land of the betel and the banana, where there seems to be more of inherent dream and calm than in other lands of the lotus. The Javanese are the finest flowers of the Malay race—a people possessed of a civilization, arts, and literature in that golden period before the Mohammedan and the European conquests. They have gentle voices, gentle manners, fine and expressive features, and are the one people of Asia besides the Japanese who have real charm and attraction for the alien. They are more winning, too, by contrast, after one has met the harsh, unlovely, and unwashed people of China, or the equally unwashed, cringing Hindu. They are a little people, and one feels the same indulgent, protective sense as toward the Japanese. Their language is soft and musical—«the Italian of the tropics»; their ideas are poetic, and their love of flowers and perfumes, of music and the dance, of heroic plays and of every emotional form of art,



proves them as innately esthetic as their distant cousins, the Japanese, in whom there is so large an admixture of Malay stock. Their reverence for rank and age, and their elaborate etiquette and punctilious courtesy to one another, are as marked in the common people as among the Japanese; but their abject, crouching humility before their Dutch employers, and the brutality of the latter to them, are subjects for sadder thinking, and something to make the blood boil.

These friendly little barefoot people are of endless interest, and their daily markets are panoramas of life and color that one longs to transplant entire. Life is so simple and primitive, too, in the sunshine and warmth of the tropics. A bunch of bananas, a basket of steamed rice, and a leaf full of betel preparations, comprise the necessities and luxuries of daily living. With the rice may go many peppers and curried messes of ground cocconut, which one sees made and offered for sale in small dabs laid on bits of banana-leaf, the wrapping-paper of the tropics. Pinned with a cactus thorn, a bit of leaf makes a primitive bowl or cup, and a slip of it serves as a sylvan spoon. All classes chew the betel- or areca-nut, bits of which, wrapped in betel-leaf with lime, furnish cheer and stimulant, dye the mouth, and keep the lips streaming with crimson juice. In China, across the peninsula, and throughout India, men and women have equal delight in this peppery stimulant. The Javanese lays his quid of betel tobacco between the lower lip and the teeth, and so great seems to be the solace and comfort of it that dozing vendors and peddlers will barely turn an eye and grunt responses to one's eager "*Brapa?*" ("How much?")

Peddlers bring to one's doorway fine Bantam basketry and bales of the native cotton cloth, or *battek*, patterned in curious designs that have been in use from time out of mind. These native art fabrics are also sold at the daily markets, and one soon recognizes the conventional designs, and distinguishes the qualities and merits of these hand-patterned cottons that constitute the native dress. The sarong, worn by men and women alike, is a strip of cotton, two yards long and one yard deep, which is drawn tightly around the hip, the fullness gathered in front and by an adroit twist made so firm that a belt is not necessary to native wearers. The sarong has always one formal panel design, which is worn at the front or one side, and the rest of the surface is covered with the intricate ornaments in which native fancy

runs riot. There are geometrical and line combinations, in which appear the swastika and the curious latticings of Central Asia; other freer ones as bold and natural as anything Japanese; and others where the palm-leaves and quaint animal forms of India and Persia attest the other art influences that have swept over these refined, adaptive, assimilative people. One favorite serpentine pattern running in diagonal lines did not need explanation in this land of gigantic worms and writhing crawlers; nor that other pattern where centipeds and insect forms cover the ground; nor that where the fronds of cocoa-palm wave, and the strange shapes of mangos, jacks, and breadfruit are interwoven. The deer and the tapir and the "hunting-scene" patterns are reserved for native royalty's exclusive wear. The sarong's value depends upon the fineness of the drawing, the elaboration of the design, and the number of colors employed; and, beginning as low as one dollar, these brilliant cottons, or hand-painted calico sarongs, increase in price to even twenty or thirty dollars. The Dutch ladies vie with one another in their sarongs as much as do the native women, and their dishabille dress of the early hours has not always economy to recommend it. The *battek* also appears in the *slandang*, or long shoulder-scarf, which used to match the sarong and complete the native costume when passed under the arms and crossed at the back, thus covering the body from the armpits to the waist. It is still worn knotted over the mother's shoulder as a sling or hammock for a little one; but Dutch fashion has imposed the same narrow, tight-sleeved *kabaia*, or jacket, that Dutch women wear with the sarong. The *kam kapala*, a square handkerchief tied around men's heads as a variant of the turban, is of the same figured *battek*, and with the *slandang* often exhibits charming color combinations and intricate Persian designs. When one conquers his prejudices and associated ideas enough to pay seemingly fancy prices for these examples of free-hand calico-printing, the taste grows, and he soon shares the native longing for a sarong of every standard and novel design.

One's most earnest desire, in the scorch of Batavian noondays and stifling Batavian nights, is to seek refuge in "the hills"—in the dark-green groves and forests of the Blue Mountains, which are ranged with such admirable effect as background when one steams in from the Java Sea. At Buitenzorg, only forty miles away and seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea, heat-worn people find





DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

A MARKET IN BUTTENZORG.

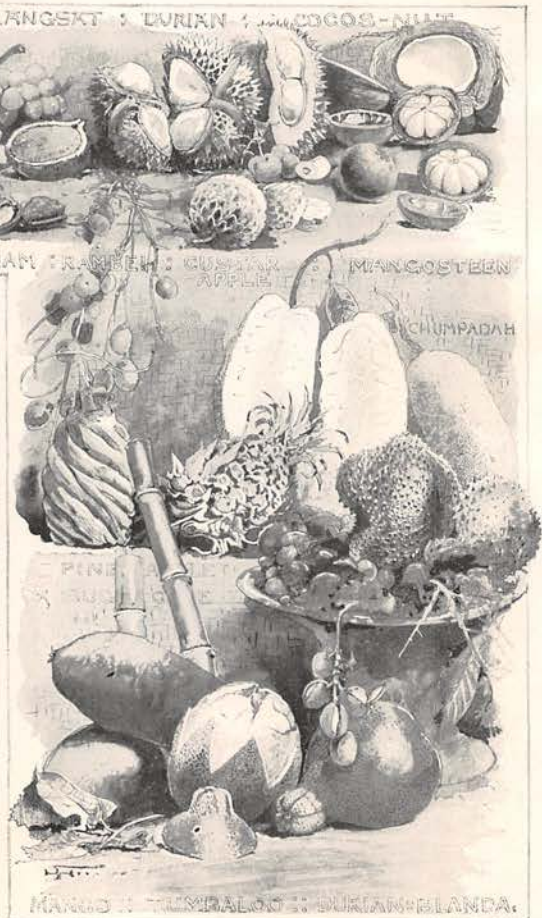




floored building the airy halls and waiting- and refreshment-rooms of which are repeated on almost as splendid a scale at all the large towns of the island, was enlivened with groups of military officers, whose heavy broadcloth uniforms, trailing sabers, and clanking spurs transported us back from the tropics to some chilly European railway-station, and presented the extreme contrast of colonial life. The train came panting up from Tandjong Priok, and during the hour-and-a-half's ride from Batavia to Buitenzorg gave us an epitome of tropical landscapes as it ran between a double panorama of beauty. Everywhere the soil was a deep, intense red, as if the heat of the sun and the internal fires of this volcanic belt had warmed the fruitful earth to this glowing color, which contrasted so strongly with the complementary green of grain and the groves of palms and cacao-trees. The level rice-fields were being plowed, worked, flooded, planted, weeded, and har-

refuge in an entirely different climate, an atmosphere of bracing clearness tempered to moderate summer warmth. Buitenzorg («without care»), the Dutch Sans Souci, has been a general refuge and sanitarium for Europeans, the real seat of government, and the home of the governor-general for more than a century. It is the pride and show-place of Java, the great center of its social life, leisure interests, and attractions. The higher officials and many Batavian merchants and bankers have homes at Buitenzorg, and residents from other parts of the island make it their place of recreation and holiday trips.

Undressed Batavia was just rousing from its afternoon nap, and the hotel court was surrounded with barefoot guests in battek pajamas and scant sarongs, a sockless, collarless, unblushing company, that yawned and stared as we drove away, rejoicing to leave this Sans Gêne for Sans Souci. The Weltevreden Station, on the vast Koenig's Plein, a spacious stone-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

TROPICAL FRUITS.





DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

PAINTING SARONGS.

vested side by side, the several crops of the year going on continuously, with seemingly no regard to seasons. Nude little boys, astride of smooth gray water-buffaloes, posed statuesquely while those leisurely animals browsed afiel; and no pastoral pictures of Java remain clearer in memory than those of patient little brown children sitting half days and whole days on buffalo-back, to brush flies and guide the stupid-looking creatures to more luscious bits of herbage. Men and women were wading knee-deep in paddy-field muck, transplanting the green rice-shoots from the seed-beds, and picturesque harvest groups posed in tableaux, as the train shrieked by. Children rolled at play before the gabled baskets of houses clustered in toy villages beneath the inevitable cocoa-palms and bananas, the combination of those two useful trees being the certain sign of a kampong when the braided-bamboo houses are invisible.

At Depok there was a halt to pass the down-train, and the natives of this one Christian village and mission-station, the headquarters of evangelical work in Java, flocked upon the platform with a prize horticultural display of all the fruits of the season for sale. The record of mission work in Java is a short one, as after casting out the Portuguese missionaries the Dutch forbade any others to enter,

and Spanish rule in Holland had perhaps taught them not to try to impose a strange religion on a people. All mission work was prohibited and discouraged until very lately, the government being content to let the natives enjoy their mild Mohammedanism, and taking no steps even to educate the Javanese. Our Mohammedan servant spoke indifferently of mission efforts at Depok, with no scorn, no contempt, and apparently no hostility to the European faith.

Once above the general level of low-lying rice-lands, cacao-plantations succeeded one another for miles; the small trees hung full of fat pods, just ripening into reddish brown and crimson. The air was noticeably cooler in the hills, and as the shadows lengthened the near green mountains began to tower in shapes of lazuli mist, and a sky of soft, surpassing splendor made ready for its sunset pageant. When we left the train we were whirled through the twilight of great avenues of trees to the hotel, and given rooms the veranda of which overhung a strangely rustling, shadowy abyss, where we could just discern a silver line of river leading to the pale-yellow west, with the mountain mass of Salak cut in gigantic purple silhouette.

The ordinary bedroom of a Java hotel, with latticed doors and windows, contains



one or two beds, each seven feet square, hung with starched muslin curtains that effectually exclude air as well as lizards or winged things. The bedding, as at Singapore, consists of a hard mattress with a sheet drawn over it, a pair of hard pillows, and a long bolster laid down the middle as a cooling or dividing line. Blankets or other coverings are unneeded and unknown, but it takes one a little time to become acclimated to that order in the penetrating dampness of the dewy and reeking hours before dawn. If one makes protest enough a thin blanket will be brought, but so camphorated and mildew-scented as to be unsupportable. Pillows are not stuffed with feathers, but with the cooler, dry, elastic down of the straight-armed cotton-tree, which one sees growing everywhere along the highways, its rigid, right-angled branches inviting their use as the regulation telegraph-pole. The floors are made of a smooth, hard cement, which harbors no insects, and can be kept clean and cool. Pieces of coarse ratan matting are the only floor-coverings used, and give an agreeable con-

trast to the dirty felts, dhurries, and carpets, the patches of wool and cotton and matting, spread over the earth or wooden floors of the unspeakable hotels of British India. Yet the Javanese hotels are disappointing to those who know the solid comforts and immaculate order of certain favorite hostelries of The Hague and Amsterdam. Everything is done to secure a free circulation of air, as a room that is closed for a day gets a steamy, mildewed atmosphere, and if closed for three days blooms with green mold over every inch of its walls and floors. The section of portico outside each room at Buitenzorg was decently screened off to serve as a private sitting-room for each guest or family in the hours of startling dishabille; and as soon as the sun went down a big hanging-lamp assembled an entomological congress. Every hotel provides as a night-lamp for the bedroom a tumbler with an inch of cocoanut-oil, and a tiny tin and cork arrangement for floating a wick on its surface. For the twelve hours of pitch-darkness this little lightning-bug contrivance burns steadily, emitting a



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

A JAVANESE DANCING-GIRL.





ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

A JAVANESE YOUNG WOMAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

delicious nutty fragrance, and allowing one to watch the unpleasant shadows of the lizards running over the walls and bed-curtains, and to look for the larger, poisonous brown gecko, the unpleasant voice of which, calling «Becky! Becky! Becky!» in measured gasps, six times, over and over again, is the actual, material nightmare of the tropics.

The order of living at the up-country hotels is the same as at Batavia, and the charges are the same everywhere in Java, averaging about three dollars gold each day, everything save wine included. It has been said that «no invalid or dyspeptic should enter the portals of a Java hotel,» and this cannot be insisted upon too strongly to deter any such sufferers from braving the sunrise breakfasts and bad coffee, the heavy riz tavel,

and the long-delayed dinner-hour, solely for the sake of tropical scenery and vegetation and a study of Dutch colonial life.

At daylight we saw that our portico looked full upon the front of Mount Salak, green to the very summit with plantations and primeval forests. Deep down below us lay a valley of Eden, where thousands of palm-trees were in constant motion to the eye, their branches bending, swaying, and fluttering as softly as ostrich-plumes, but with a strange, harsh, metallic rustle and clashing different from the whispers and sighs and cooing sounds of temperate foliage. As stronger winds thrashed the heavy leaves, the level of the valley rippled and tossed in green billows like a barley-field. We watched the dark indigo mass of Salak turning from purple and



azure to sunlit greens in the light of early day. The breakfast of the country was brought to our porch—cold toast, cold meats, eggs, fruit, tea, or the very worst coffee in all the world, something that even the American railway restaurant and frontier hotel would spurn with scorn. Java coffee, in Java, comes to one in a stoppered glass bottle or cruet, a dark-brown fluid that might as well be walnut catsup, old port, or New Orleans molasses. This double extract of coffee, made by cold filtration, is diluted with hot water and hot milk to a muddy gray-brown, lukewarm drink that is uniformly bad in every hotel and public place of refreshment that a tourist encounters on the island. In private houses, where the fine Arabian berry is toasted and powdered, and the extract made fresh each day, the morning draught is quite another fluid, and worthy the cachet the name of Java gives to coffee in far countries.

Buitenzorg is one of the enchanted spots where days can slip by in dateless delight; one forgets the calendar and the flight of time, and hardly remembers the heavy, sick-

ening heat of Batavia stewing away on the plains below. It is the seat of the governor-general's court, and the social life of the island, a resort for officials and the leisure class, and for invalids and the delicate, who find strength in the clear, fresh air of the hills, the cool nights, and the serenely tempered days, each with its reviving shower the year round.

There are strange pictures to be seen, since the sarong is as much the regular morning dress at the cool, breezy hill-station as in sweltering Batavia. Buitenzorg is the Simla of Netherlands India, but it awaits its Kipling to record its social life in clear-cut, instantaneous pictures.

The famous botanical garden at Buitenzorg is the great show-place, the paradise and pride of the islands. The Dutch are admitted to be the best horticulturists of Europe, and with the heat of a tropical sun, a daily shower, and a century's well-directed efforts, they have made Buitenzorg's garden first of its kind in the world, despite the rival efforts of the French at Saigon,



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

JAVANESE COOLIES GAMBLING.



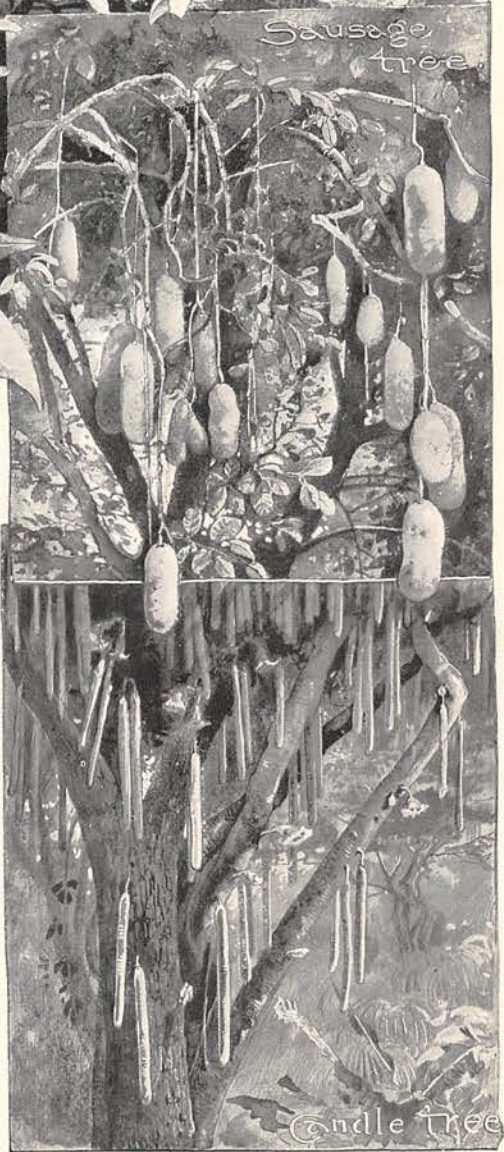
Frangi banni  
Malay flower of the dead.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FRANGIPANI, SAUSAGE-TREE, AND CANDLE-TREE.

and of the British in Singapore, Ceylon, Calcutta, and Jamaica. The governor-general's palace is in the midst of a ninety-acre inclosure, reached from the main gate near the hotel by what is undoubtedly the finest avenue of trees in the world. These graceful kanari-trees, arching one hundred feet overhead in a great green cathedral aisle, have tall, straight trunks covered with stag-horn ferns, bird's-nest ferns, ratans, creeping palms, blooming orchids, and every kind of parasite and air-plant the climate allows; and there is a fairy lake of lotus and *Victoria regia* beside it, with pandanus and red-stemmed *Banka* palms crowded in a great sheaf or bouquet on a tiny islet. When one rides through this green avenue in the dewy freshness of the early morning, it seems as though nature and the tropics could do no more, until he has penetrated the tunnels of waringen-trees, the open avenues of royal palms, the great plantation of a thousand palms, the grove of tree-fern, and the frangipani thicket, and has reached the knoll commanding a view of the double summit of Gedeh and Pangerango, vaporous blue volcanic heights, from one peak of which a faint streamer of smoke perpetually floats. There is a broad lawn at the front of the palace,



shaded with great waringen-, sausage-, and candle-trees, and trees the branches of which are hidden in a mantle of vivid-leaved bougain-



villea vines, with deer wandering and grouping themselves in as correct park pictures as if under branches of elm or oak, or beside the conventional ivied trunks of the North.

It is a tropical experience to reverse an umbrella and in a few minutes fill it with golden-hearted white frangipani blossoms, or to find nutmegs lying as thick as acorns on

feet in air, and spreading there a solid canopy of graceful foliage.

The creepers run from tree to tree, and writhe over the ground like gray serpents; ratans and climbing palms one hundred feet in length are common, while uncommon ones stretch to five hundred feet. There is one creeper with a blossom like a magnified white



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A VIEW IN BUITENZORG.

the ground, and break their green outer shell and see the fine coral branches of mace enveloping the dark kernel. It is a delight, too, to see mangosteens and rambutans growing, to find bread, sausages, and candles hanging in plenty from benevolent trees, and other fruits and strange flowers springing from a tree's trunk instead of from its branches. There are thick groves and regular avenues of the waringen, a species of *Ficus*, and related to the banyan- and the rubber-tree, a whole family the roots of which writhe over the ground, drop from the branches, and generally comport themselves in unconventional ways. Bamboos grow in clumps and thickets, ranging from the fine, feathery-leaved canes that are really only large grasses, up to the noble giants from Burma, the stems of which are solid trunks easily soaring to a hundred

violet, and with all a wood-violet's fragrance; but with only Dutch and botanical names on the labels, one wanders ignorantly and protestingly in this paradise of strange things. The rarer orchids are grown in matted sheds in the shade of tall trees; and although it was then the end of the dry season, and few plants were in bloom, there was an attractive orchid show, in which the strangest and most conspicuous bloom was a great butterfly flower, or pitcher-plant, the pale-green petals of which were veined with velvety maroon, and half concealed the pelican pouch of a pitcher filled with water. It was an evil-looking, ill-smelling, sticky thing, and its unusual size and striking colors made it haunt one longest of all the vegetable marvels. There were other more attractive butterflies fluttering on pliant stems, strange little woolly white



orchids like edelweiss transplanted, and scores of delicate Java and Borneo orchids, not so well known as the Venezuelan and Central American orchids commonly grown in American hothouses, and so impossible to acclimate in Java.

Lady Raffles died while Sir Stamford was governor of Java, and was buried in the section of the palace park that was afterward set apart as a botanical garden, and the care of the little Greek temple over her grave near the kanari avenue was provided for in a special clause in the treaty of cession. The bust of Theismann, who founded the garden and added so much to botanical knowledge by his studies in Java and Borneo, stands in an oval pleasance called the rose-garden; and there one may take heart and boast of the temperate zone, since that rare exotic, the rose, is but a spindling bush, and its blossoming less than scanty at Buitenzorg, when one remembers California's perennial prodigalities in showers of roses. After the death of the learned curator, Dr. Treub, in 1895, Professor Lotsy of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, was called to the charge of this famous garden, which provides laboratory and working-space for and invites foreign botanists freely to avail themselves of this unique opportunity of study. Over one hundred native gardeners tend and care for this great botanic museum of more than nine thousand living specimens, all working under the direction of a white head-gardener. The Tjilewong River separates the botanic garden from a culture-garden of forty acres, where seventy more gardeners look to the economic plants—the various cinchonas, sugar-canes, rubber, tea, coffee, gums, spices, hemp, and other growths, the introduction of which has so benefited the planters of the colony. Experiments in acclimatization are carried on in the culture-garden, and at a mountain garden high up on the slopes of Salak, where the governor-general has a third palace, and where there is a government hospital and sanitarium.

All Java is in a way as finished as little Holland itself, the whole island being cultivated from edge to edge like a tulip-garden, and connected throughout its length with post-roads, as smooth and perfect as park drives, all arched with waringen-, kanari-, tamarind-, or teak-trees. The rank and tangled jungle is invisible, save by long journeys; and great snakes, wild tigers, and rhinoceroses are almost unknown now. One must go to Borneo and the farther islands to see them. All the valleys, plains, and hillsides are planted

in formal rows, hedged, terraced, banked, drained, and as carefully weeded as a flower-bed. The drives are of endless beauty, whichever way one turns from Buitenzorg, and we made triumphal progresses through the kanari- and waringen-lined streets in an enormous «milord.» The equipage measured all of twenty feet from the tip of the pole to the footman's perch behind, and with a cracking whip and at a rattling gait we dashed through shady roads, past Dutch barracks and hospitals, over picturesque bridges, and through villages where the native children jumped and clapped their hands with glee as the great Juggernaut vehicle rolled by. We visited the grave of Raden Saleh, a lonely little pavilion or temple in a tangle of shrubbery that was once a lovely garden shaded by tall cocoa-palms; and we drove to Batoe Toelis, «the place of the written stone,» and in the little thatched basket of a temple saw the sacred stone inscribed in ancient Kawi characters, the original classic language of the Javanese. In another basket of a shrine we were shown the veritable foot-prints of Buddha, with no explanation as to how and when he rested on the island, nor yet how he happened to have such long, distinctively Malay toes. Near these temples is the villa where the poor African prince of Ashantee was so long detained in exile—an African chief whose European education had turned his mind to geology and natural sciences, and who led the life of a quiet student here until, by the change of Ashantee from Dutch to British ownership, a way was opened for him to return to and die in his own country. There is a magnificent view from the Ashantee villa out over a great green plain and a valley of palms to the peaks of Gedeh and Pangerango, and to their volcanic neighbor, Salak, silent for two hundred years. Peasants, trooping along the valley roads far below, made use of a picturesque bamboo bridge that is accounted one of the famous sights of the neighborhood, and seemed but processions of ants crossing a spider's web. All the suburban roads are so many botanical exhibitions approaching that in the great garden, and one's interest is claimed at every yard and turn.

It takes a little time for the temperate mind to accept the palm-tree as a common, natural, and inevitable object in every outlook and landscape; to realize that the joyous, living thing with restless, perpetually thrashing foliage is the same correct, symmetrical, motionless feather-duster on end that one knows in the still life of hothouses



and drawing-rooms at home; to realize that it grows in the ground, and not in a pot or tub to be brought indoors for the winter season. The arches of gigantic kanari-trees growing over by-lanes and village paths, although intended for triumphal avenues and palace driveways, overpower one with the mad extravagance, the reckless waste, and the splendid luxury of nature. The poorest may have his hedge of lantana, which, brought from the Mauritius by Lady Raffles, now borders roads, gardens, and the railway-tracks from end to end of the island. The humblest dooryard may be gay with tall poinsettia-trees, and bougainvilleas may pour a torrent of magenta leaves from every tree, wall, or roof. The houses of the rich planters about Buitenzorg are ideal homes in the tropics, and the Tjomson and other great

tea and coffee estates are like parks. The drives through their grounds show one the most perfect lawns and flower-beds and ornamental trees, vines, and palms, and such ranks on ranks of thriving tea-bushes and coffee-bushes, every leaf perfect and without flaw, every plant in line, and the warm red earth lying loosely on their roots, that one feels as if in some ornamental *jardin d'acclimatation* rather than among the most staple and serious crops of commerce. Yet from end to end of the island the cultivation is as intense and careful, entitling Java to its distinction as "the finest tropical island in the world." It is the gem of the Indies, the one splendid jewel in the Netherlands crown, and a possession to which poor Cuba, although corresponding exactly to it geographically and politically, has been vainly compared.

*Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.*

## A DAY IN NORWAY.

**I**T was after 11 o'clock P. M. of a July day that I looked down from the high deck of the Hull steamer, which had been stealing through the silent Christiania Fiord, and now was made fast to the quay at the foot of the city. There was an apparent mystery about our approach: there had been no light in the city; we had passed scarcely any other craft; and, to my imagination, the little crowd gathered upon the quay spoke in whispers. I tried to make out in the strange light the pleasant face of my expectant hostess, Fru G—, and heard her voice first; the sound was more reassuring than the face, for speaking ghosts are rare. In the dim silence it was easy to believe that we had sailed from busy, draggled England to another world which borrowed all the light from the moon. I clambered down the plank, and took my place in the phaëton by my friend's side, while the driver perched behind us, gathered his reins, which were always on the point of boxing my ears, and telegraphed some message to the little Norwegian pony, which seemed to be the leader of a tandem that had lost his companion.

The stucco fronts of the buildings added to the enchantment; they looked as if quarried from moonshine. And what were these little children flitting through the streets? Were they gnomes? I touched my companion. I threw an added cheerfulness into my

voice as we bowled along out of the city and through suburban roads to where Frogner lay, amid dark-green trees, looking down upon the waters of the fiord. It seemed impossible to speak of ordinary things; were not we ourselves of mysterious flesh and blood? I wanted to get into the light to look at myself and my companion, but in the house no lamps or candles were lighted. It was the strange shadow of day which broods in those high latitudes during the nights of the summer months. It was not twilight, but a strange deepening of shade which did not grow darker as the night went on, but changed its tone, so that the dark greens seemed to take on a purplish tinge, and a spectral light transfigured all objects. I am very sure that in the dying out of the race of fairies, the last haunt which they will leave will be the midnight hills and waters of Scandinavia.

Often as I sat, late into the night, watching the strange *belysning*, as the Norwegians term it, I never escaped the glamour which crept over me; and Fru G— confessed that the weird scene was as novel to her now as when she first saw it, nearly a score of years ago. The long day, which knows only a faint shading in the middle of each twenty-four hours, lasts for a few weeks, and during that time bewitches the people. They travel indifferently by day or by night,—called so by courtesy,—and take long excursions with children who are playing out of doors till