

DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

VILLAGE OF MALAY PIRATES NEAR THE SPANISH TOWN OF SULU.

THE MALAY PIRATES OF THE PHILIPPINES.

WITH OBSERVATIONS FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.¹

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NEAR many of the more important Philippine villages the traveler finds old stone towers, which show evident signs of neglect. The heavy rains have washed the mortar from the chinks between their stones, and occasional earthquakes have widened the crevices

thus formed; but the injuries go unrepaired, if not unnoted. Twenty-five years ago this would not have happened, for the village watch-tower was then a most important institution. Day and night, during the time when the southwest monsoon was blowing, it furnished a vantage-point for vigilant sentries, who turned their keen eyes seaward and watched for the approach of a fleet of the dreaded *Moros*, or Malay pirates of the southern Philippines. They seldom watched a season through in vain.

The *Moros* entered the Philippines from Borneo at about the time of the Spanish discovery. They first settled in Sulu and Basilan, but rapidly spread over the numerous small islands of the Sulu and Tawi Tawi archipelagoes, and eventually occupied the whole of the great island of Mindanao to the east, and Balabac and the southern third of Palawan to the west. Before their conquest of Palawan was completed they had their first serious collision with Spanish troops, and have not since been able to extend their territory; but what they had taken they have continued to hold.

Hostilities between *Moros* and Spaniards were precipitated by an unprovoked attack by the latter upon one of the Moro chiefs of north Mindanao. The attacking force was



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

OLD WATCH-TOWER BUILT FOR DEFENSE AGAINST THE MOROS. SIQUIJOR.

¹ With two exceptions, the pictures which accompany this article are from unpublished photographs made by Professor Worcester and his companion Dr. Bourns.

almost annihilated, and the fanatical passions of the Moros were aroused. They forthwith began to organize forays against the Spanish and native towns of the central and northern islands, and from the outset met with great success. Their piratical expeditions soon became annual events. With each recurring southeast monsoon hordes of

affairs continued. Emboldened by continued success, the Moros no longer confined their attention to the defenseless natives. Spanish planters and government officials were killed or held for ransom. But the delight of the grim Moslem warriors was to make prisoners of the Spanish priests and friars, toward whom they displayed the bitterest hatred.



TWO MORO CHIEFS. MINDANAO.

them manned their war praus and sailed north, where they harried the coasts until the change of monsoons warned them to return home.

Thousands of captives were taken. Men were compelled to harvest their own crops for the benefit of their captors, and were then butchered in cold blood, while women and children were carried away, the former to enrich the seraglios of Moro chiefs, the latter to be brought up as slaves.

For two and a half centuries this state of

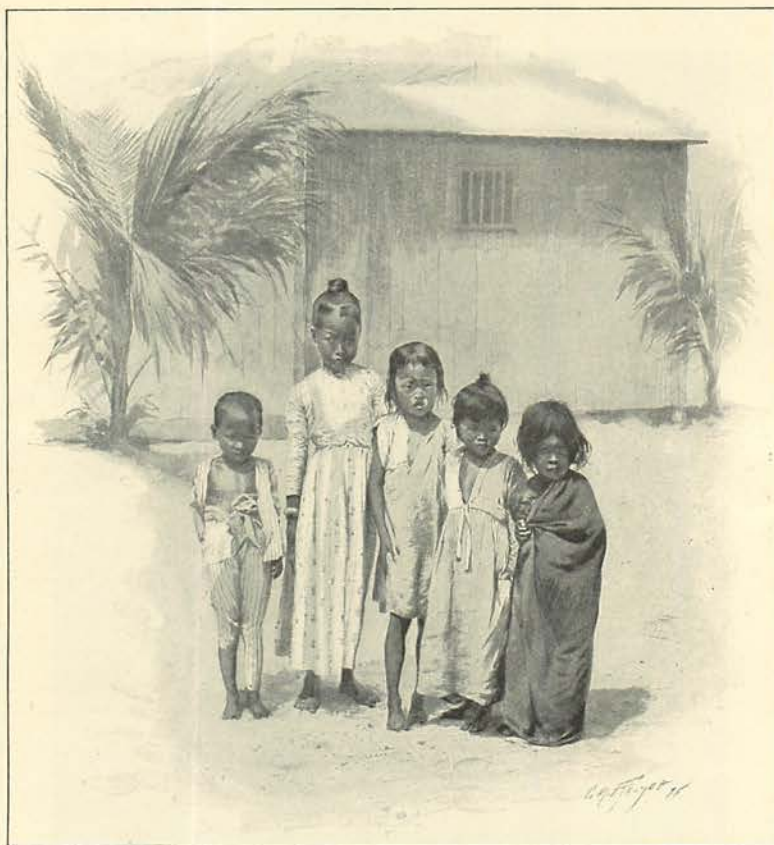
Islands which had once been prosperous were almost depopulated. Even foreign sailing-vessels were attacked and captured.

The Spaniards did not tamely submit to this state of affairs. Expedition after expedition was organized. Millions of dollars and thousands of lives were wasted. Temporary successes were gained, but they resulted in no permanent advantage. On several occasions landings were made on Sulu itself, forts built, and garrisons established, only

to be driven from the island or massacred to a man.

The steel weapons of the Moros were of the best, and for years they were really better armed than the Spaniards; but with the improvement in firearms the Spaniards gained an advantage in which the Moros did

As opportunity offered, the gunboats shelled the Moro villages, which were built over the sea and so could be easily reached. Sulu, which had always been the seat of government and the residence of the reigning sultans, was destroyed in 1876, and a Spanish military post established where it



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

MORO CHILDREN, IN THEIR BEST CLOTHES.

not share. Such cannon and rifles as they possessed were antiquated, and they had difficulty in getting ammunition; but it was not until the day of rapid-fire guns and light-draft steam-gunboats that they were finally confined to the southern waters of the archipelago.

An efficient patrol of gunboats was established, and the Moro praus were forbidden to put to sea without first obtaining a written permit from the nearest Spanish governor. They were also ordered to fly the Spanish flag. When a prau was encountered that did not show the flag, or was not provided with a *pasaporte*, it was rammed and cut in two, or sunk by the fire of machine-guns. No quarter was given.

had been. At first the Moros had a disagreeable habit of dropping in from time to time and wiping out the garrison. It was constantly reinforced or renewed, however, so that from 1876 to the present day the Spanish occupation at this point has been almost continuous.

Other points in Mindanao, Basilan, Tawi Tawi, and Balabac were taken and fortified by the Spanish. Many of the Moro coast villages on these islands were burned, and the inhabitants driven inland; and there finally arose a sort of armed truce, which was not infrequently broken by both of the parties to it.

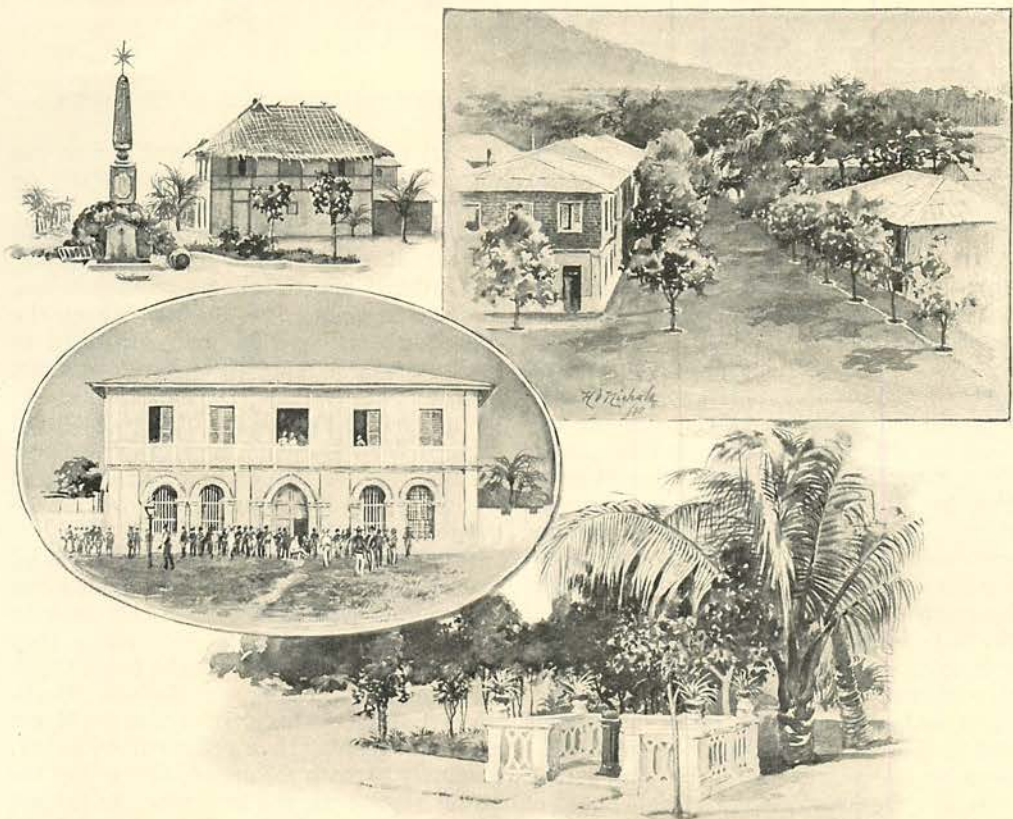
This was the condition of affairs at the time of my two visits to the Philippines, in

company with Dr. Bourns. Our study of the birds and mammals of the larger islands necessarily took us into the Moro country. We began our work in Mindanao with some uneasiness, but found, to our surprise, that blue eyes and light hair were a passport to the favor of our piratical acquaintances. Their hatred of the Spanish was fanatical, but they were very kindly disposed toward *ingleses* (Englishmen). They took us for ingleses, and we made no effort to undeceive them.

In Basilan we got on less well, but had no serious trouble. In Sulu it was another matter. When we first touched at this island in 1887, heavy fighting was going on between the Spanish garrison and the Moros, and it would have been madness to attempt to reach the forest. When we returned in September, 1891, it was not without misgivings. Our Moro acquaintances in Mindanao and Basilan had passed their hands significantly across their throats when we men-

tioned our intention of visiting Sulu. Not only were the inhabitants of Sulu "the Moros of the Moros," and bitterly hostile toward all outsiders, but additional danger for us arose from the fact that one of our party had shot and killed an insane Moro in Mindanao. The man was running amuck, killing women and children, and there was no other way to stop him; but his brothers had not taken kindly to his death, and one of them lived in Sulu, so that we had a blood feud on our hands.

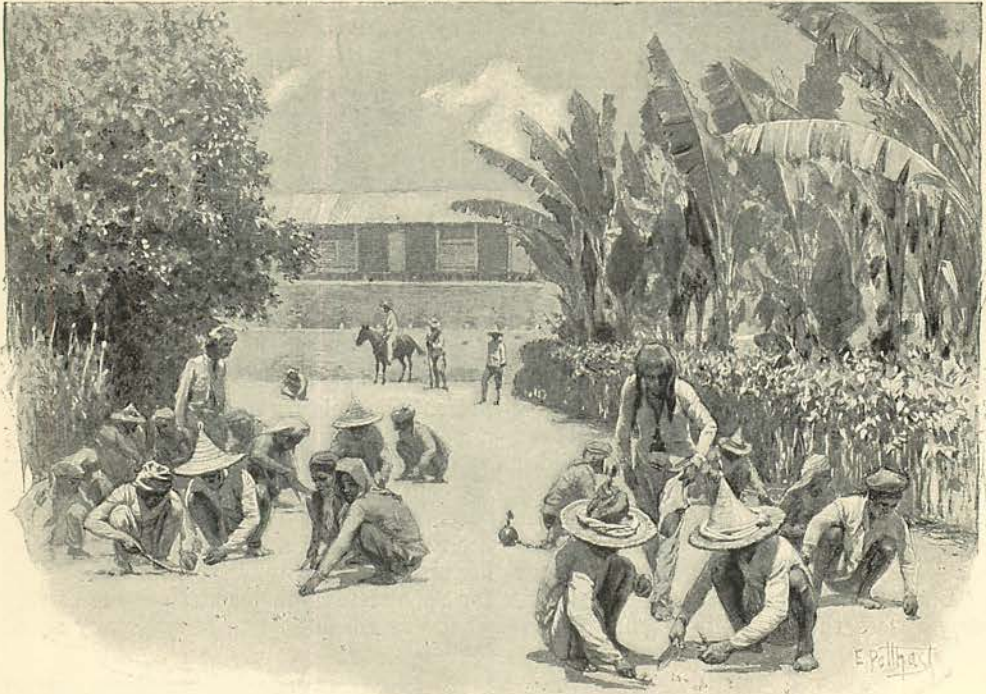
General Juan Arolas was the governor of the island at the time. Arolas, who is at present the military governor of Havana, is a man with a history. He has always been an outspoken republican, ready to fight for his convictions. In the days of republican success in Spain he is said to have cast the throne out of a window by way of showing his respect for royalty. After the fall of the Spanish republic he continued to display what was considered to be unseemly activ-



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

VIEWS IN SULU.

1. Pest-house in which we were obliged to live while in Sulu. Monument on spot where first successful attempt to land was made by the Spanish; 2. Post-office and part of one of the main streets, Sulu; 3. Palace of the sultan set up by the Spaniards, Sulu; 4. A quiet corner within the walls, Sulu.



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

MOROS CAPTURED WHILE ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN PIRACY, AND COMPELLED TO WORK ON THE STREETS.

ity; and there is little doubt that when he was "honored" with an appointment as governor of Sulu, it was with the intention of exiling him to a place from which he would be unlikely to return. The town was very unhealthy, the defenses were inadequate, and the garrison was in constant danger of annihilation.

Arolas was a man of many resources and of tremendous energy. His wretched town was peopled by native troops, Chinese traders, and deported convicts; but in spite of the unfavorable conditions which confronted him, he at once set himself to improving things. He made prisoners of the Moros, and compelled them to work in strengthening his defenses until these had been made impregnable. He improved the sanitation of the town, changing it from a perfect pest-hole to an unusually healthy place. He constructed water-works, built a splendid marketplace, and established a free-school system and a thoroughly equipped hospital. His town became the wonder of the Philippines.

Meanwhile he was making soldiers out of his slovenly native troops. After putting his town in a satisfactory condition and teaching his soldiers how to shoot, he sent to Manila for authority to attack the Moro stronghold at Maibun. It is said that his

request was three times refused, and he was warned that his two regiments would be wiped out if he made the attempt.

One evening he summoned the captain of a gunboat which was lying in the harbor, and ordered him to take up position before Maibun and open fire at daybreak on the following morning. The officer refused to start. Arolas is reported to have given him his choice between obeying the order (which, by the way, he had no authority to give) and facing a firing squad in the plaza. The officer decided to go to Maibun, and a strong guard was placed on his vessel to see that he did not reconsider his determination.

At eleven o'clock that night Arolas placed himself at the head of his two regiments, had ammunition passed, and gave the order to march. The men had no idea where they were going, but before daylight found themselves hidden in the rear of Maibun. Meanwhile the gunboat had arrived, and the Moros were busy training their rude artillery on her. Promptly at dawn she opened fire, and as the Moros replied for the first time, Arolas and his men swarmed over the rear stockade. The Moros were taken completely by surprise, and although they fought desperately, suffered a crushing defeat. The sultan contrived to escape, but many of the important

chiefs were killed or captured, their heavy guns were taken, and their fortifications destroyed. Arolas followed up his advantage, and attack succeeded until the fanatical Moslems were cowed as they had never been cowed before.

An armed truce followed, and continued in force at the time of our visit. Arolas had several times escaped unscathed from deadly peril, and the Moros believed that he had a charmed life. They called him "papa"; and when "papa" gave orders, they were treated with considerable respect. He was strictly just, but absolutely merciless. Every threat that he made was carried out to the letter. For once the Moros had met their master, and they knew it.

This was the condition of affairs when we reached Sulu on the morning of a glorious September day in 1891. We called immediately to pay our respects to the governor. We had heard much of his unconventionality, and were not surprised to find him in his office in his pajamas. He greeted us cordially, and took occasion to express his admiration for our country as the type of what a republic should be. We asked him whether he would allow us to hunt outside the town, and received his permission to do so. He said

that he could not guarantee our safety, but thought that if we followed his directions we should come through all right. The directions were simplicity itself: "If you meet armed Moros outside the town, order them to lay down their arms and retire; if they do not obey instantly, shoot them."

Arolas then did us a great favor. He summoned a renegade Moro, one Toolawee, who served as guide and scout for his own expeditions, repeated in his presence the instructions he had just given us, and ordered him to take enough of his own people to put up a good fight, and accompany us each day.

Our future guide was a character. A Moro by birth and bringing up, he had thrown in his lot with the Spaniards. As a slight safeguard against possible backsliding, he was allowed a fine house within the walls, where he kept several wives and some forty slaves. Arolas reasoned that rather than lose so extensive an establishment, he would behave himself. Later we had reason for believing that the precaution was a wise one.

So our life among the Sulu pirates began. Each morning we went our way; each night we sought the protection of the Spanish town. We saw the *Joloanos*, as the Sulu Moros call themselves, at home, at their



INTERIOR OF MORO HOUSE, AND WEDDING GUESTS. ONE OF THE WOMEN HAS HER FACE ORNAMENTED WITH RICE PASTE. (FLASHLIGHT PICTURE.)



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

FLEET OF MORO HOUSE-BOATS, SULU.

great markets, manning their boats, fighting with one another, and burying their dead. We took snap shots at them with our camera, and they took snap shots at us, showing the very bad taste to use rifles.

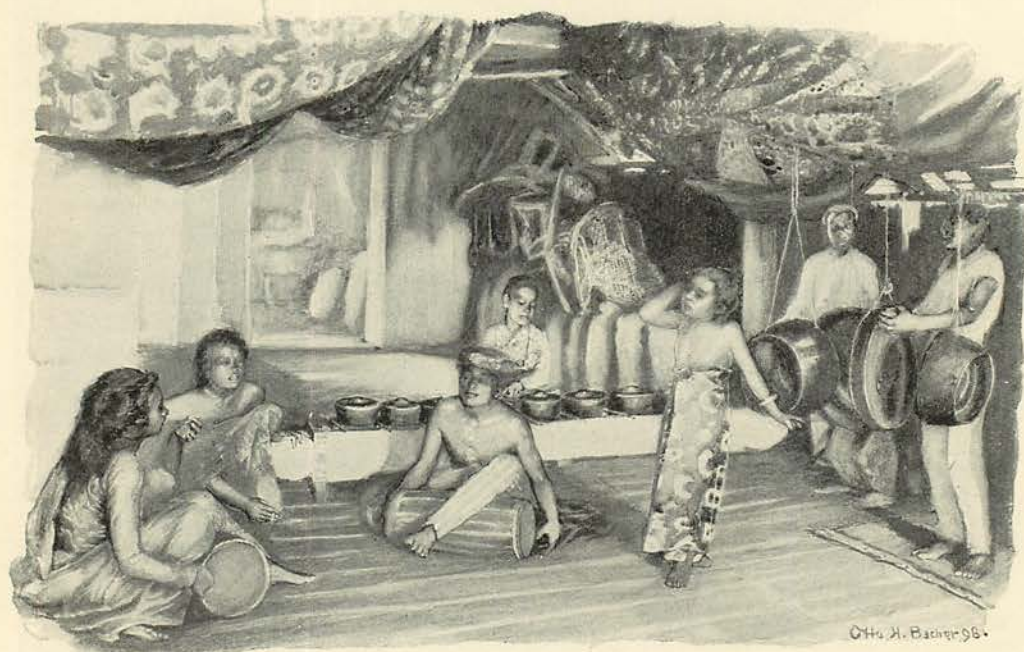
Photography, by the way, is attended with many uncertainties in Sulu. The Moros are Mohammedans, and are unduly influenced by the remarks in the Koran on the subject of making pictures of living things. Furthermore, many of them believe that if they are photographed they are sure to die within a year. Most of our photographs were stolen, with the help of a rapid shutter. Some of our best pictures were obtained at a wedding-feast to which we were invited. We smuggled in our dismounted camera, and, under pretext of contributing our share to the entertainment by *making artificial lightning*, touched off magnesium powders and made exposures.

The houses of the Moros are by preference built on piles over the sea. Some quiet cove is selected for the site of a village, so that heavy waves may not injure the houses.

Rude bridges afford communication with the shore, and the praus are tied at the doors, so that their owners can board them and be off at a moment's notice.

The men are of medium height, and their physical development is often superb. They dress in pantaloons, waistcoat, jacket, sash, and turban. Their garments are gaudily colored, and are frequently showily embroidered or otherwise ornamented. Their pantaloons are skin-tight below the knee, and very loose above, unless they are out looking for trouble. In the latter case they wear very loose black pantaloons. The rank of a Moro is indicated by the way he ties his turban.

All males above sixteen years of age go armed. The Moros make their own steel weapons, which are often beautifully finished, and are always admirably adapted to the purposes for which they are intended. The weapon most trusted in close combat is the *barong*. It is made somewhat on the plan of a butcher's cleaver, with thick back and thin razor edge, and is capable of inflicting



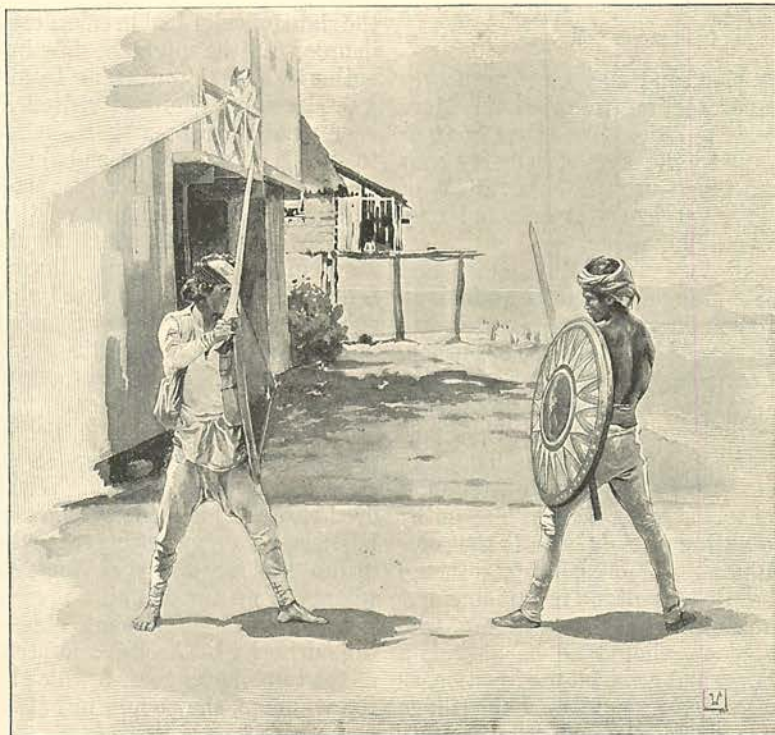
OTTO H. BACHER '98.

DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

MORO GIRL DANCING AT A WEDDING. TOM-TOMS AND SKIN DRUMS. (FLASHLIGHT PICTURE.)

frightful injuries. To lop off a head, arm, or leg with a barong is mere child's play. The strong and skilful Moro prides himself on his ability to halve an opponent with this weapon, if he can catch him fairly across the small of the back. The straight *kris* is a narrow-bladed double-edged sword, used for cutting and thrusting. The serpent *kris*, with its wavy double-edged blade, is used for thrusting only, and inflicts a horrible wound. The *campilan* is a heavy two-handed sword, with

to work, and his wants are supplied by his wives and slaves. He endeavors to terrify an opponent by making hideous faces at him, uses his shield very skilfully, and keeps his legs in constant motion so that they may not be disabled by a blow below the shield. In battle he is absolutely fearless. He is inhumanly cruel, and will cut down a slave merely to try the edge of a new barong. The price which he sets on human life may be judged from the fact that soldiers who deserted



DRAWN BY G. VARIAN.

METHOD OF USING STRAIGHT KRISSES AND SHIELDS.

a blade wide at the tip and steadily narrowing toward the hilt. It is used for cutting only, and is tremendously effective. Under all circumstances a Moro carries barong, kris, or campilan thrust into his sash. If he expects serious trouble, he has, in addition, a shield of light wood, and a lance with a broad, keen head. The Moro's conveniences for working steel are of the simplest, but the blades of his weapons are highly finished and beautifully tempered. He sometimes works silver in with the steel, or even inlays with gold. The hilts of his side-arms are of hard polished wood or ivory, and are often beautifully carved. We were surprised to find some chiefs provided with shirts of excellent chain mail, made by their own armorers.

The Sulu Moro is a warrior. He disdains

from Sulu were always brought back by the Moros, if they failed to take gun and cartridge-box with them, in order that their captors might receive the standing reward of four dollars for returning deserters. If soldiers deserted *with* their arms they were invariably killed for their weapons and ammunition. Comparatively few of the Moros have firearms, and those who possess them are usually bad marksmen.

The women are inordinately fond of bright colors, scarlet and green being their favorites. Their garments are a skin-tight waist, which shows every line of the bust and arms; a baggy, divided skirt; and a *jabul*, made by sewing the two ends of a long piece of cloth together. The *jabul* is draped about the body in various ways to



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

SULTAN HARUN'S MOSQUE.

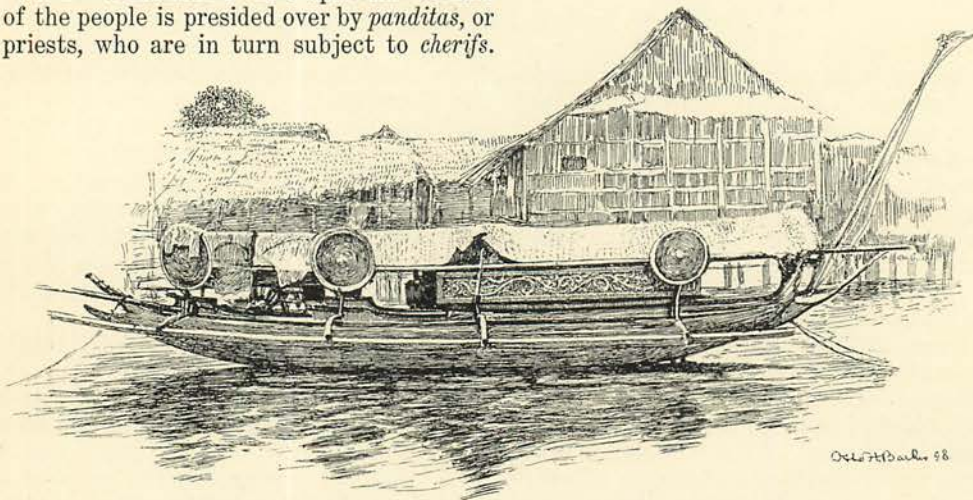
suit the occasion, and may be thrown over the head as a protection from the sun. Moro children possess clothes like those of their elders, but up to the age of puberty they seldom make much use of them. Most of their time is spent in the water, and they swim and dive like ducks.

The men are very skilful boatmen and sailors. Their praus are small, frail-looking affairs, and their largest sailing-vessels are of not more than six or seven tons burden, yet they sometimes journey as far as Singapore. Diving for pearls is one form of labor in which Moros deign to indulge. Their performances are almost incredible. They can remain under water from two to three minutes. All pearls above a certain size go by right to the Sultan of Sulu, who is the ruler of all the Philippine Moros, although there are two subordinate sultans in Mindanao.

Under the Sulu sultan are a regent, who acts in his place, should he be absent, a minister of war, and a minister of justice, as well as numerous *datos*, or chiefs. Each village is under a mandarin. The spiritual welfare of the people is presided over by *panditas*, or priests, who are in turn subject to *cherifs*.

The latter dignitaries have authority in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. The Mohammedanism of the Moros is of a rather washed-out description. Their mosques are built of bamboo and palm-leaves, and are far from imposing. Their language is said to be based on Sanskrit roots, and is written with Arabic characters.

At the time of our arrival in Sulu things were in a rather disturbed condition. It had been decreed that the sultan should hold office under the "protection" of Spain, and the rightful ruler had been ordered to Manila in order that he might be duly invested with authority. Taking warning from the fate of a predecessor, who had visited Manila and been made a prisoner there, he had declined to go. The Spaniards had then selected a prominent chief, and had "appointed" him sultan, under the imposing title, "His Excellency Paduca Majasari Maulana Amiril Mauinin Sultan Muhamad Harun Narrasid." Sultan Harun had not proved an unqualified success. He was backed by Spanish bayonets, but his following among the Moros was very small, while the rightful sultan was supported by some ten thousand fighting men. Harun lived in a "palace," which incidentally served the purpose of a fort. He was in constant fear of assassination. Within five hundred yards of his palace was a settlement of hostiles, who showed a strong tendency to utilize him as a target for rifle practice whenever an opportunity presented itself. Although the prominent chiefs admitted the authority of Arolas, and stood in dread of the terrible vengeance which he dealt out to evil-doers, they could not always control



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

STATE BOAT OF SULTAN HARUN. SHIELDS OF HIS MEN AT THE SIDES.

their fanatical followers, who took occasional pot-shots at the sentries about the town, stole cattle, and made themselves generally disagreeable.

Finally there was a rumor that a band of *juramentados* were about to attack the place. Now, a *juramentado* is a most unpleasant man to encounter. The Moros believe that one who kills a Christian thereby increases his chance of a good time in the world to come. The more Christians he has killed, the brighter his prospect for the future; and if one is fortunate enough to be himself killed while killing Christians, he is at once transported to the seventh heaven. From time to time one of them wearies of this life, and being desirous of taking the shortest and surest road to glory, he bathes in a sacred spring, shaves off his eyebrows, dresses in white, and presents himself before a *pandita* to take a solemn oath (*juramentar*)

that he will die killing the enemies of the faithful. Hiding a kris or barong about his person, or in something that he carries, he seeks the nearest Christian town, and, if he can gain admission, snatches his weapon from its concealment, and runs amuck, slaying every living being in his path until he is finally despatched himself. So long as the breath of life remains in him he fights on. I have been repeatedly informed by eye-witnesses that a *juramentado*, upon being bayoneted, will often seize the barrel of a rifle and push the bayonet farther into himself, in order to bring the soldier at the other end of the piece within striking distance, and cut him down. The number of lives taken by



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

SULTAN HARUN, WHO MAINTAINED HIS POSITION BY THE AID OF SPANISH BAYONETS, DRESSED IN EUROPEAN COSTUME IN HONOR OF GENERAL AROLAS. HE KILLED THE SUCCESSOR OF AROLAS WITH HIS OWN HAND.

one of these mad fanatics is sometimes almost incredible. He is eventually killed himself, and his relatives have a celebration when the news of his death reaches them. They always insist that just as night is coming on they see him riding by on a white horse, bound for the abode of the blessed.

The Jesuit priest of Sulu begged us not to hunt in the forest, and some of the Spanish officers made unpleasant insinuations as to our probable fate; but the spirit of Arolas and of our daredevil guide was infectious, and we went about our business as if the Moros did not exist. We did not lack for reminders that we were watched. Every shot that we fired in the forest was a signal for

cries from the front, sides, and rear, showing that hostile men were on every side of us; yet, watch as best we could, we never once caught sight of them. At such times Toolawee was well worth seeing. As he stalked at the head of our little company, with his barong loosened in its sheath, and his short rifle at full cock, his flashing eyes searching the cover to right and left for an ambush, he was the warrior personified. I must confess, however, that the dignity of his expression was somewhat marred by the fact that he carried his mouth crammed full of cartridges.

Toolawee was considered a good Moro, and we were therefore interested in certain incidents which gave us an insight into his real character. After satisfying himself by observation that we could use our rifles with some effect, he made us a rather startling business proposition in the following words: "You gentlemen shoot quite well with the rifle." "Yes; we have had some experience." "You desire to get samples of the clothing and arms of my countrymen for your collection?" "Yes." "Papa [General Arolas] told you, if you met armed Moros outside the town, to order them to lay down their arms and retire?" "Yes." "Papa does not understand my people as I do. They are all bad. When we meet them, do not ask them to lay down their arms, for they will come back again, and get them, and probably attack us. Just shoot as many of them as possible. You can then take their arms and clothing, and I will cut off their heads, shave their eyebrows, show them to papa, and claim a reward for killing juramentados." He never really forgave us for refusing to enter into partnership with him on this very liberal basis.

Just before our final departure from Sulu, Toolawee presented himself, and said: "Señor, I want to buy your rifle." "But, Toolawee, you do damage enough with the one you have; why do you want mine?" "My rifle is good enough to kill people with, but I want yours for another purpose." Pressed for an explanation, he confided to me that he had heard that "papa" was going back to Spain, and after the governor left he should be *afuera, i. e.*, offshore, waiting for victims. He explained that he never fired at the people in a canoe, but shot holes in the canoe itself, so that it became water-logged. The bamboo outriggers which are attached to all Philippine boats would serve to prevent it from actually foundering, while the occupants, being up to their chins in water, were easily despatched with the barong, thus economiz-

ing ammunition; and he added: "My rifle makes but a small hole in one side of a canoe, señor, while yours would make a much larger hole, and the ball would go clear through." Toolawee was nothing if not practical! He was a good Moro, as Moros go.

We found the forest of Sulu composed almost entirely of trees which produced edible fruits. In the old days, when slaves were numerous, the virgin forest was cleared from the island, and fruit-trees planted in its place, making a veritable garden. I have never seen tropical fruits in such variety and perfection anywhere else.

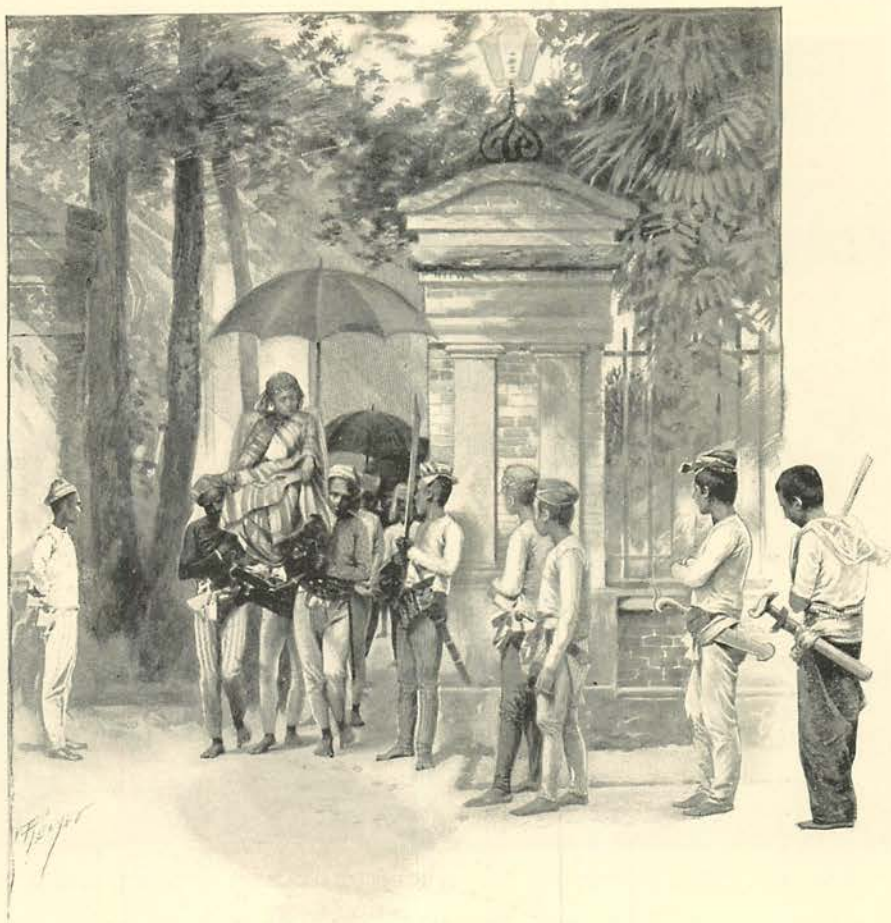
Various incidents served to enliven our stay. We were in constant fear of being ambushed, and it proved that our fears were well grounded. After going out along a certain path for several weeks, we one day, by the merest chance, took another route. A squad of soldiers, while hunting for some stolen buffaloes, chanced to pass along the path which we usually followed, and fell into an ambush skilfully laid in high grass, which had undoubtedly been intended for us. As nearly as we could ascertain, the result was a Spanish victory of the usual sort.

A few days later my companion fell ill, and I was heading for the forest alone, except for my escort, when a Moro dodged out of the grass, and fired on me at a range of less than forty yards. How he contrived to miss me I could never see, unless he shut his eyes. The big round ball from his antiquated musket struck in the sand just under the heel of the boy who carried my bird-basket. Even as I dropped my shot-gun, and snatched my rifle from my gun-bearer, I had to laugh at the effect of the shot. I am positive that the jump that boy made broke the record. It seemed to me that his legs began to work before his feet touched the earth. He uttered no sound, and he looked neither to the right hand nor the left. The picture which he presented as he sped down the path with his shirt floating out behind him is indelibly impressed on my memory. He ran clear out of sight without once looking back, and we did not see him again until evening, when he reappeared, put in his resignation, and left our service.

At the time of our visit the *mayor de plaza* of Sulu was a Captain Aguado, a very good fellow. Like Arolas, he was an exiled republican. His countenance was of a melancholy cast, but he dearly loved a joke. When he dropped in on us, one day, and suggested that we all go over and pay a visit to the sultan, we suspected that he was trying for

a bit of a laugh at our expense, for the sultan's neighbors did not always treat his callers with due respect. We promptly accepted Aguado's invitation, and, rather to our own amazement, soon found ourselves headed for Harun's palace, without escort. We arrived without misadventure, but were compelled

and had refused to see any one on the plea of illness. Aguado gave the assemblage a little vigorous advice, which seemed to put them in a better humor; and as Harun wanted to see him, we soon found ourselves in the presence of his Excellency. We exchanged a few compliments with him, and



DRAWN BY C. M. HELVEA.

THE OLD SULTANA, WIFE OF THE FORMER SULTAN, AND MOTHER OF THE RIGHTFUL SULTAN, LEAVING THE HOUSE OF AROLAS WITH HER BODY-GUARD. THE MAN AT THE RIGHT IS IN FIGHTING DRESS.

to hand over our rifles to the guard at the door before they would admit us. When we reached the audience-room, I, for one, was sorry that we had come. We found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of datos, panditas, and their followers. Every man of them was armed to the teeth, and the looks they cast at us were anything but reassuring. There were friends and enemies of Harun in the room, and trouble was brewing. Harun himself was shut into his sleeping apartments,

took our departure, glad enough to get away with whole skins.

Harun seemed a physical and mental wreck. There was nothing to show that within that shrunken frame the indomitable Moro spirit and the unquenchable hatred of the Spaniard were still alive, yet subsequent events proved this to be the case. Shortly after we left the Philippines, Arolas returned to Spain. His successor was idiot enough to imagine that he could collect taxes from the

Moros, and published a decree ordering the men to come to town on a certain day, and pay *tributo*. Harun called the people of Sulu together, and simply laid the case before them. They, of course, decided not to pay.

On the day appointed, Harun presented himself at the town, with a large following of armed men at his heels. The governor

in a subterranean passage leading from under one of the forts. The town was razed.

This would never have happened in Arolas's day. He is the only man who ever cowed the Sulu pirates, and it would be well for us if he were keeping them in order at the present juncture. I have seen him take raw levies of native troops and make *soldiers* of them in six



THE RIGHTFUL SULTAN OF SULU, WITH SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS. ONE OF THEM IS CLAD IN CHAIN MAIL.

hesitated to admit so many Moros, but they assured him they had come to pay their taxes, and he finally let them in, after drawing up his troops in honor of the event, and placing himself at their head. The man must have taken leave of his senses, for it is said that the rifles of his troops were not loaded, nor were their bayonets fixed. Harun came forward, presented the governor with a bag of pearls as a mark of affectionate regard, and then, suddenly drawing a barong, split his skull to the teeth. The Moros fell upon the surprised soldiers like wolves upon sheep, and won a complete victory. Only two or three men escaped, and they owed their lives to the fact that they were not with the troops, and were able to hide until nightfall

weeks. When the true history of the war with Spain is written, I venture to prophesy that the present military governor of Havana will prove to be the man who conceived and carried out the improvements in the defenses of that city. If any living Spaniard can put discipline and fight into the Havana volunteers, Arolas is that man.

Should a land attack on Havana prove necessary, it is safe to say that our troops will find a hard proposition in the forces led by the man who took Maibun; and if, by any chance, the Philippines should become part of the territory of the United States, we cannot do better, in dealing with the Malay pirates of the southern islands, than to carry out the policy which General Arolas initiated.